9-1968

OZ 15

Richard Neville
Editor

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OZ 15

Description


Publisher
OZ Publications Ink Limited, London, 48p

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

This serial is available at Research Online: http://ro.uow.edu.au/ozlondon/15
black fascist, a blue-haired fascist or a long-haired fascist.’ I pray that readers will stick to a beautiful alternative of OZ rather than the Tyranny of ‘Black Dwarf’.

John Dougill
Lockner Fanni,
Chilworth,
Guildford.

Dear Sir,

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

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

Sincerely,
Brian Morley

Thirdly, all the old cliches—Berke’s bourgeoisie.

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

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

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

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

Yours sincerely,
Neil Rogall
38 Primley Park Cres.
Leeds 17.

Dear Sir,

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

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

Dear Sir,

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

Dear OZ,

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

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

The best hash (resar) comes from either Bursa or Gaziantep. Don’t buy form Istanbul, it’s too expensive.

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

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

Turkish prisons are like hotels caged with animals.

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

Robert Pontin
Merkez Ceza Evi
Erzincan
Turkey

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

In receipt of yours of Sept. 10, very sorry about never writing that piece on Kingsley Amis (some day it will be done) and yes, I would like to ‘generalise my criticisms of the Underground’, elaborating my point about its ‘deathwish’, I do not mean the one of the CND generation, words, boyol, ‘phony culture’ (yours again), ‘etc’ (again). The ‘etc’ has its place, about never writing that piece on Kingsley Amis (some day it will be done) and yes, I subsequently come to be regarded down there among you all as the four-cornered, hard-edged perimeter of absolute squareness. Well, even though I would never dream of assigning Underground politics a ‘deathwish’, I still think that on present showing, they have their own doom built in, whether they wish for it or not. Obviously Underground politics, such as they are, wish for most of the things which the liberal-humanist tradition has long cherished as the very opposite of death: love, peace, creativity and the dream of the caboodle. But as Hannah Arendt pointed out at the end of one of her classic studies of totalitarianism, politics is not the nursery.

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

But of course the Underground is right and my generation was wrong on this subject: they can’t smash the set-up by peeing down the manhole of an RSG, parking your arse on a V-bomber runway, or even blowing up Battersea powerhouse. The only way to fight City Hall is by providing a rearguard of existing life and keeping it running long enough for the industrial complex to become humainised by penetration and by example. This is the real politics of the Underground, a politics it inherited from the CND generation without gratitude or understanding, just as the CND generation inherited the old radical tradition without gratitude or understanding, and so on all the way back to Christ Jesus, whose followers first landed us with the continuous historical problem (not merely a problem but an insoluble problem and never to be laughed or sung or ‘mediated’ out of existence) of moving thelegions out without moving the priests in. And what I originally objected to about Underground politics I still object to, re-piggybacked about what really has become the Underground’s blindness to the fact that it must guarantee the continuity of its own intelligence by clarity and by study, its blindness to the fact that a down-grading of technological complexity would mean suffering on a large scale, its blindness to the fact that its own present liberty was created in the past by men it has not the knowledge or the discrimination to recognise as heroic, its blindness to the fact that any revolution open to a power-grab is a defeat.

My idea of an unmitigated, catastrophic boredom is to listen to a convocation of dropouts mumbling about Britain’s similarity to, say, Greece. The subject of the differences, of how these differences came about and how best they can be preserved, never comes up. As a psychological climate, the Underground in Britain is essentially an atmosphere in which a single cloud generally trusted for not being smart enough to hide his pot can imagine himself to be in the same political condition as a middle-aged, committed Greek intellectual being tortured for what he knows. And so on around the ring, until every distinction is blurred. We are - the Viet - Cong and - what is done - to - the Viet - Cong is done to us. (And what is done by the Viet-Cong is done by us?) Che lives. (But have you ever had to decide who dies? He had to. Lovely smile, of course, the crates.)

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The true significance of the Underground is as a political movement and political movements are not in themselves creative—all they can do is the possibility for creation. And after all this, am I basically for or basically against? Basically for: and will remain so until the point when the Underground goes irrational by conviction. That point is not yet, but it could come. Every bad poem, 2nd epigram and brutal paragraph brings it nearer.

Clive James,

Pembroke College,

Cambridge.
MAN, I WAS A HIPSTER LIKE YOU
LAST YEAR... VERY... NEW... YEAR
BUT I CAN'T SOURCE CHECKS WITH HAIR LIKE
THAT MAN...
of allowing their premises to be used. The other two were charged with being in possession of cannabis; one of them pleaded guilty and was fined £10 at Marylebone Magistrates Court. The other was later placed on probation when the case was heard at sessions.

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

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

Dale and Kathy pleaded ‘not guilty’ to both charges, they were found ‘guilty’ of being in possession of cannabis, and ‘guilty’ of allowing their premises to be used. The case was remanded so that Mr RE Seaton, Chairman of Inner London Sessions, could order probation and medical reports. Kathy was allowed bail, but Dale was remanded in custody.

Before the case was finally heard we contacted three people who knew Dale very well, had given him ideas for Interzone A and would act as character witnesses for him. One was a psychologist and two were priests, but Mr Seaton was not persuaded by their evidence to follow any other course than that which the probation officer had recommended. The probation officer’s report to Mr Seaton recommended that Dale would benefit from a period of Borstal training.

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

Borstals are overcrowded, and it is almost impossible to go from the Court to Borstal—benefit from a period of Borstal training. Dale’s flat was raided in April when there was a gathering of 29 people on the premises. The police managed to find a very small amount of pot, and some skis. Nevertheless they proceeded to arrest all 28 people, the 29th was a Russian Orthodox priest who had been allowed to leave.

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

Dale, and his girlfriend, and two others were the only ones finally charged. Dale (19) and Kathy (19) were charged with being in possession of cannabis and for months, until there is a place for him at a Borstal.

He is appealing...

A True Story

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

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

What cannabis resin?!

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

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

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

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

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

This seemed a miraculous piece of detective work and their theory was put to the test. Our solicitor was not convinced.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Assasination of Maurogenesis: Who is next?

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

From: Domocrita, June 19

A Quote from the New York Times

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Decca bureaucracy is notoriously cowardly and conservative. The only thing they like about the Rolling Stones is the money they earn. Despite this, the Rhythm and Bluesweek, Decca still refuses to accept the Stones' LP lower and have again delayed issue of the

EIGHT

THE ROLLING STONES

TEN

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

Middle Earth have asked OZ to print the following warning:

In future, anyone found pushing, carrying or fixing will be grabbed and turned over to the police immediately.
GROOVE IN YOUR OWN 7TH HEAVEN
WITH MILD CURED PLAYER'S NO 7
GOVERNMENT APPROVED

£1 for 20
INCLUDING GOVERNMENT TAX
Legalise Pot rallies are so beautiful; hundreds of doe-eyed painted people stirring slowly under the soft sky, bound together by their sense of gentle daring in a common cause, holding smoking incense sticks like they were precious aphrodisiacs or opium pipes at least. Not less beautiful, but probably more so because their beauty is not compromised by utility. If pot is legalised it won't be capitulation to this kind of demand: when our masters decide to have pot on their side it is dubious whether it will be to our ultimate advantage.

It is clear that nobody wants to be penalised for doing something harmless and pleasant, but do we really want our pot legal? Champions of legality do, because the law against marijuana is too clear an example of the arbitrary nature of the law, but to many of us the notion of law itself is antipathetic. The law exists, we are told, to protect life and property. It protects life by outlawing abortion, euthanasia and suicide, i.e.: it insists on life even when it is unbearable to the liver. It cannot be proved ever to have prevented a murder or an assault, and can be proved to have legally killed and to have penalised those who refused to fight and kill. Police brutality is legal massacre. In the interest of life, it proscribes marijuana, as a dangerous drug less habit forming than tobacco and coffee and considerably less harmful to the organism than alcohol and aspirin. If the law did protect life or could protect life against war, madness, or disaster perhaps there would be some point in wooing legality, but there seems to be no point at all in respecting it as the safeguard of property. Many of us do not believe in the inalienable right of property, to the extent that we possess little or nothing, and do not complain when it is used or carried off by others, and tend ourselves to use and carry off the goods of others, especially department stores and bookstalls, and yet I do not find posters saying

Legalishe Theft.

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

Legalishe Offensive Behaviour.

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

Fuck The Law.

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

The rest of you, stop and consider before you rally again, what legalisation would mean. Our masters will not legalise marijuana until they have worked out how to control it, which means how to exploit it. When the cigarette companies have finally lost their battle to conceal the relationship between smoking and lung cancer, they will begin pressurising for legalised marijuana (and ought to be designing the scene right now). Their economic pressure is more powerful and more subtle than the unintelligible ravings of a few unamplified hysterics among the doe-eyed crowds of Hyde Park. Governments get a useful slice of revenue from cigarettes, otherwise tobacco would already have been outlawed. The potential rakeoff from pot is enormous—it's even more than what goes to the pushers.

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

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

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

Any London con can tell you that you’re more likely to get caught when you aren’t doing anything wrong than when you are, so it’s nonsense to think that you need not develop any routines to protect yourself because you’re not doing anything wrong. The law is not concerned with right and wrong. Any criminal knows that the police will manufacture any evidence that they cannot find, and better it should be pot than detonators and gelignite, or heroin. He also knows that in all but the rarest cases (like if you’re a bishop in mufti) it is worse than useless to claim having been framed. Learn how to deal with the police. The great evidence manufacturing industry is part of that legalisation pot smokers are so anxious to get on the right side of. Fuck it. (One way you could fuck it, if you are caught, is to insist on the exact amount you were carrying being declared in court, so the cops don’t keep half of it to plant on somebody else.)

Most criminals know the law very well: pot smokers don’t bother to find out. You should know exactly how little you have to tell the fuzz. If the cops stop you on the street asking what’s in your paper bag, especially if it’s obviously records, pause before letting them search the rest of you long enough to hurl your gear into the nearest front garden or down the grating or into a crowd, or somewhere. Even if they find it, it’s a different matter to prove that it’s what you threw. Even if you’re not carrying anything you could throw something else just to confuse things. Another way is to carry some harmless substance like basil leaves, or sugar cubes, or sugar pills, so that they think that they’ve found the gear and don’t bother to fit you up, and only after tests discover their error. The tests are too documented and too public to be rigged (I think). Learn the criminal’s rule, to protect your own, especially your connection, and don’t as one idiot did toss your gear to someone else when you’re getting busted. Remember ignorance of the contents of a parcel is no defence. If you’re in a public place which is getting busted drop the gear on the floor because it can’t be traced to you and the management is for it anyway, that’s if you can’t drop it in the can in time. Awful to think of the stuff the fuzz gets hold of for free. Don’t leave gear at home: if you must have it around it’s safer on you, especially if you’re staying with a friend. Don’t stockpile it: let the pushers do that: for them it’s a calculated risk.

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

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

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

by Myra Norris

I had the dream again last night. It was so real that I awoke with my body sweat-drenched. Even after I was fully conscious, I seemed to feel the hands roaming over me, taking their pleasure, meeting no resistance on my part. I rolled over in our huge double bed. I reached out my hand. My fingers touched Don's undented pillow. I withdrew them as if they had touched a loathsome reptile. With growing awareness, I recalled that Don would be away another ten days. The swing through the mid-west district wouldn't be curtailed for hell or high water. These junkets never are.

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

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

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

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

At breakfast I managed not to betray my innermost feelings to the kids. I packed their lunch boxes, herded them into the Mustang and got them to school. I hoped that their innocence would not be destroyed by their mother. Yet I knew there was a distinct possibility that it would. Supposing Don found out.

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

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

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

Then; "Hello?"

"Jack, darling."

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

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

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

"The usual place?"

"The usual, naturally."

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

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

(Continued on page 54)
I demand his passion and I hate myself for it. My sick hunger has made me worse than a common street-walker; it has destroyed my hope of ever being a normal woman my husband married.
Alan Aldridge's book jacket for 'Drop Out' by Robin Farquharson (Blond 25th October). Last winter Dr Farquharson suspended a successful career and dropped out; his book is an impression of contemporary society seen from the bottom up.

Revolution '68
The right story's the left one

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

Even more so if you also read The Student Revolt: the Activists Speak with contributions, interviews and so on from Cohn-Bendit, the March 22 Committee, etc., etc. Both 6s
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It moves. After two decades of devout leaning against locked doors, the left has walked into two or three of the boudoirs of power and begun to convince people about the secret passages they found there. 1968 is decisive historical punctuation quite as important as 1917, 1872 and 1848. What makes side; `needed after '53 and '56, that public mind as to be able to stop at in the streets as long as it stays certainly operate, to prevent our thinking thing to do with socialism and effect that would have on our industrial of dev'gut leaning againeocked.

Just to take one example, that of the struggle of council tenants, now almost entirely working class since the Town Hall has largely replaced the private landlord who can make a bigger profit in building office blocks and middle class commuter estates. In 1915, a group of Glasgow housewives decided to knock the rent increases and they fought on their own with broomsticks, dustbin lids and pails of water to throw at the council bailiffs. The court cases were blockaded by thousands of workers from the shipyards, the foundries and the munitions factories. Soldiers informed by letters to the front began to talk of mutiny. In instructional ary cases, the first Rent Act was passed fixing the rent at the pre war level... many tenants are still living on the gains of this victory. In 39 tenants took over the control of their buildings during rent strikes in Birmingham and the East End, at Langdale Mansions Police had to negotiate with tenants pickets before being allowed through to interview a man who had committed a crime. In St Pancras in 1960 when 400 police and 28 bailiffs sprung a surprise raid, housewives waving frying pans ran to building workers on the Shell south bank site and and railmen in the Camden Goods Yard who marched back to the estate and routed the forces of law and order. The bailiffs report describes the list of one of the evicted tenants: The original door has been removed and a bulkhead lined with steel plates six inches thick fastened in its place; buttressed with heavy stulls of timber. The windows too, were firmly secured with thick planks. Work was commenced on the door but no impression made. Attention was then turned to the window and a hole made, through which the defendant kept up a steady fire of bottles'. This October 240,000 GLC tenants face the first of four yearly increases in rent with...
wages frozen and unemployment the highest since the war, there are already signs that if the Council try evictions it could be on the scale of Glasgow, already dockers and car workers have promised support and there have been massive tenant demonstrations in Central London which the press has systematically ignored.

But if the systems growing economic jerkiness will generate new political failure will express itself in the ideological responses of the middle class. Not only does the system creak at its arthritic joints and its trade pulse wander and grow more reedy. But as a civilisation, as a set of abstract values, as a way of life, modern capitalism is not just in a state of terminal melancholia, it has actually ceased to exist. The tone of its ideology is prematurely drained of any optimism, just listen to the language of Humphrey's speeches, stall-born in his tonsils. Its rhetoric meanders from a mystified scolding to an irrational violence. For not only did the 2nd of the Undemocratic Convention in Chicago exemplify the systems inability to recognise the one man, McCarthy, which might be able to save it from within, but McCarthy himself was unable to do anything outside the definitions of the system except go on thinking like Thomas Aquinus and acting like Florence Nightingale.

Middle class rebelliousness and bourgeois hooliganism has other intriguing results. It seems to be leading the guilty sons and daughters of the British bourgeois to adopt, as a grotesque toughness, the romantic illusion that violence of itself is strengthening and purifying. Certainly the evidence suggests that the revolutionary class is always the subject of attack and that without self defence the active non-violence of socialist society cannot be created. In that sense, soft core pacifism is not only a delusion but a dangerous snare because it leaves the aggressor in possession of the initiative. But the sons of gentle folk bragging of how hard they hit a copper is as repulsive as violence for its own sake is anywhere, and has nothing, repeat nothing, to do with socialism. The idea of violence as the highest form of class struggle and the superiority of racial nationalism to socialist internationalism are simply crude rationalisations of the absence of support in Britain and the inability of the rationalisers to go about getting any. In all probability, the demands in England to demonstrate 'that power is in the street' will in fact simply demonstrate that power is sitting in front of his TV watching the Golden Shot. Students, layabouts and undergraduates simply lack any point of purchase on the system. Which is not to say there are not a great deal of things that can be clearly said.

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

Doors, Army plane concert, devoted themselves to throwing accurate yoghurt bombs at the Queen or undressing in Court we would be a lot better off. And the more obsessive of the Guevaristas ought to start realising that our Sierra Miestre is the council estates and skill at duplicating leaflets is more valuable than knowledge of a carbine. And everyone ought to start realising that words like redundancy and unemployment, so effortlessly slotted into political diagrams means grown men with families and without jobs not sure how to replace last years school uniform which has holes in it, wives forced to do three hours cleaning floors before most of us are up, husbands doing the washing up and sitting broken in the kitchen; real holes, real floors, real people. The new present is about these people, their needs and their fight to defend and win them. The mixture is more combustive now than at any time since the War; intellectuals of the world, ignite.
By far the most costly war in terms of human life was World War II (1939-45), in which the total number of fatalities, including battle deaths and civilians of all countries, is estimated to have been 54,800,000.
Theological striptease

Why New Statesman editor
Paul Johnson is so bloody successful in bed with the English Free!
Dolores Keane's Strictly Private Eye: the Death of President, Celine Maire and Michael predator. Don't miss the

I Johanson is so bloody successful in bed with English Free, Muriel McAllister and the Grenfell Tower.

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'If you want to make a revolution first take over the television.'
'If only we had our hands on television we could transform society.'
'If THEY didn't have firm control of the BBC and the ITV they wouldn't stay in power another week.'

How true is all this?

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

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

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

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

At the same time there is an automatic simultaneous demand on the part of the authorities to exercise control. Both government and viewer share the identical underlying supposition: that to communicate pictures to half the population is to be able to mould society. Every individual viewer knows of certain things that he doesn't want his fellow citizens to hear or believe for fear that this will ultimately alter the way society operates; every government fears that its functions will be, in some mysterious way, usurped or its own political structure altered or disrupted, if certain categories of ideas and information circulate on the enormous scale on which the television medium operates. In other words both series of pressures upon television are pressures towards censorship and self-censorship: all discussion hitherto conducted about the organisation of the medium of television has been discussion about ways to tie it up, to prevent it realising its believed potential. But there is in fact no reason to accept that it has any such potential, any power to influence people much beyond the point they've already reached.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I don't know. Perhaps you have to have the revolution first.
You thousands of Underground children who will queue up all night in the cold and pay ludicrous prices to squat on a concrete floor and worship a fashionable, imported pop group, with your vision obscured by a plethora of tv cameras should remember that Her Majesty’s Courts provide regularly, free of charge, spectacles of even greater absurdity and entertainment.

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

On August 29, Butler was convicted by a car salesman, a Labour Exchange manager (retired) and an auctioneer’s wife for selling obscene prose and poetry, and fined £230 plus 180 guineas costs. When passing judgement, the Chief Magistrate, Mr (laughing Jack) Ripper commented: ‘May I say how appalled my Colleagues and I have been at the filthy that has been produced at this Court, and at the fact that responsible people including members of the university faculty have come here to defend it. It is something which is completely indefensible from our point of view. We hope that these remarks will be conveyed to the university authorities. As far as the book Poems by John Giorno, this is the most filthy book I have ever had to read.’

At one stage during the proceedings, Bill Butler was asked by the Prosecution, who hoped to embarrass him, to read aloud from that book of poems by the filthy John Giorno. Butler did so— with a rich, resonant bellow that delighted the gallery, discomforted the Prosecutor and educated the Bench. Another high-light was when the exasperated Prosecutor (Mr Michael Worsley) asked Butler: ‘But why do people read such poems?’ ‘Because’, answered Butler wearily. ‘poetry is one of the few things left that makes life worth living anymore’.

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

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

3,000 copies of OZ and some issues of IT were also seized by police at the time of the raid. Although these had been dropped from this prosecution it was clearly hinted at in Court that separate action may follow against the publishers. We cannot give official opinion on the verdict, because Butler has decided to Appeal and OZ does not possess the immunity of ‘The Times’ from sub judice proceedings. However, know your enemy. We offer a condensation of the Prosecutor’s final address to the Bench. It also should be pointed out that almost all of the iniquitous items are available in London bookshops or were at the time of publication. One final sadness; none of the publishers of the works prosecuted (eg, Corgi, and New English Library) offered any assistance to Butler. Evergreen Review didn’t even bother to answer Butler’s letters.

Extracts from Mr Michael Worsley’s closing speech:

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

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

As to Mrs Anne Graham-Bell, she is a lady, if I may say so, of the utmost respectability and honesty. She told us that this material would help publishers, but this of course is irrelevant as we are only concerned with the publication which was intended under these circumstances. As to the extract from The Story of O in Evergreen 31 the disclaimer any desire to deal with this which shows clear evidence of bias. She thought that once a person became an adult they could not be corrupted, this is of course wrong as you (the Magistrates) well know. She is not to know the evil to which these sort of things lead.

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

Objection by Defence

This was a completely hypothetical point and indeed a silly hypothesis. It was my recollection that Mr Mottram said if they did that and nothing else and if this was the only way they could satisfy themselves there being no other way then it would be a good thing, this changes the context of the remark and, therefore, the shades of meaning given to it. (There seemed to be some dispute between the notes on evidence taken by the Prosecution and the Defence as to precisely what Mr Mottram did say).

Worsley continuing.

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

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

I rely on you (the Justices) knowing a dirty book when you see one. I would only repeat that you know a dirty book when you see one.
obscene. It’s official!

Hank's Journal
Hitler Painted Red
Poems by Bill Baumer
Poems by John Giorno
Ritual
Say My Name by Gibson
I Want to Fuck Ronald Reagan by J G Ballard
Cuddons No 11 (with 'Fucknam' by Tuli Kupferberg)
Gris
Kulchur No 9 (with 'Toilet' by Le Roy Jones) No 16
No 19 (with 'Yoga Exercises' by Tom Veith)
Best of Olympia
East Village Other
The Last Times (contains Plymel)
The Seed
Evergreen Review: No 15; No 16 ('Justine' by de Sade)
No 27 (Robert Ce Soir)
No 31 (Lovers of Roissy from 'The Story of O' by Pauline Reage)
No 34 (Last Exit to Brooklyn)
No 35 (Pinktoes) No 36 ('Justine' by de Sade)
and Nos 38, 40, 41, 43–50.
The following text is an interview between a group of people, which included children, and Dr Allan Cohen, Counselling Psychologist at the University of California. He was a colleague of Dr Timothy Leary and Dr Richard Alpert during early researches into LSD and similar drugs. His disillusionment with chemicals as a means to consciousness enhancement brought him to Meher Baba who says that true self-knowledge can only be gained through a natural process of evolving and unfolding consciousness. Dr Cohen was recently in London to give a series of lectures.

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

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

Baba is simply saying about drugs, and he says this specifically, that if drugs are a dream into a dream, an extension of illusion, and that taking that dream into a dream as reality is as he says, like taking a mirage to find water, and if the purpose of life is to drink of that self knowledge then faking drugs can harm one to waking up.

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

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

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

Q: What's to stop me going out in the street, going up to someone and saying, 'I AM GOD'?

AC: Turning a lot of people on to the fact that I am God.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mike McKinnery.

For more information on universal love, it's mystical and real meanings. The mechanics of the universe, the perception of illusion, the understanding of true self-knowledge, write to--
The Universal Spiritual League, 87 Harbour Street, London W1.
My coat with pockets inside out.
Covers youthful with that high loved,
How strange they feel.
Their breasts are naked.
Just meet the mere above.
Cleavage covered, my love, and said
and we grow away in cuts
They dropped me off her under c....
With hills the size of small brown loves.
Occasionally the hair a dirty joke.
The red head one is known as devil.
Cannot my spine between his finger.
and in the course of duty others could
Each of them waiting at least 200 likes.
They do not like unreasonable fragrances.
These lines are dull.
She is the only one who makes me come.
She is my love.
She is my love.
Those good lads.

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

Pic B.

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

Pic C.

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

Pic D.

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

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

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

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

The pieces of plastic may be considered as pieces of information and the passive self-maximising system as a model of the information processing system of the brain. Traditionally information processing in the brain has continuity so the arrangement may not be the best possible pure arrangement of pieces but the best one that follows on from a previous arrangement. The rectangle was the best arrangement at the first stage. At the second stage the longer rectangle was the best arrangement given the preceding shorter rectangle. Yet at the second stage the square was obviously the best pure arrangement.

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

A computer is an example of a physical information processing system. In a physical system everything is at rest or in uniform motion in the same straight line unless acted upon by some force. In a biological system everything is not at rest unless so constrained by opposing tendencies.

The principles of biological information processing are fundamentally different from those of physical information processing. In spite of the traditional view it seems very likely that the brain is not a physical information processing type of system but a biological type.

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

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

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

Words and categories tend to magnify this inherent defect of the information processing system since they freeze development at one stage. They imply that future arrangements can only be arrangements of these earlier stages rather than a complete disruption with proper reformation of patterns. It is as if in the arrangement of the plastic pieces the rectangle was given a special name and all future arrangements were supposed to be based on this rectangle. This is in fact exactly how many people do tackle the problem.
There is a great hunger for hard words, fixed categories and rigid definitions. Most people feel a need for something tangible to build with and to build upon. Useful as this tendency may be in matters of technological development this use of hard words nearly always leads to philosophical word games which are fun to play but as important as nuns' knitting. A caricature of this use of hard words is shown in the supposedly true story of the bank which employed a large computer to work out what characteristics would define the best credit risks among its customers. All sorts of information on each customer was fed in. At the end the computer gave the unexpected answer that the most dependable indication of credit worthiness was being out of a job. The best credit risks were the unemployed! It is easy to see what had happened.

It is not a matter of rejecting the hard use of words as being harmful outside technology. It is not a matter of fleeing from the Western habit of pigeon-hole polarisation to the complete Eastern fluidity and rejection of categorisation. It is a matter of using words not as definitions but as triggers. These are soft words. A soft word is a word that triggers off the appropriate response or image. The function of a word is given by its effect on the mind. Such an awareness leads to the emergence of a much more useful idiom.

Humour may well be the most significant phenomenon of the mind since it indicates the nature of the system better than does the negative which is the basis of the arbitrary and useful yes/no system. In its place there is only one possible arrangement of information according to the programmed instructions. There may not be a reason for saying something until after it has been said. Usually a point arises from a context but sometimes the point has to come first and then the context will follow.

It may be necessary to be at the top of the mountain in order to find the best way up. It is usual to move only if there is a direction but sometimes it may be necessary to move in order to generate a direction. These things are made essential by the behaviour of the type of information processing system involved. There has to be a break in continuity or a disruption before the new pattern can re-form. The disruption does not itself have to offer an alternative. Nevertheless disruption is not an end in itself but a stage in the development of the new order. For that reason methods of disruption are useless if they impair the faculty for recognising the re-formed pattern even as it snaps together.

It may be wondered what there is to be gained by an awareness of the workings of the information processing system of the mind other than an opportunity to construct new word games. It may be mistakenly assumed that self-awareness is but another name for self-consciousness and the rigidity of pseudo-complete analysis. Apart from the fascination of the process and an acknowledgement of the limitations of the system it is possible to be specific enough to show that there is an important functional word which is missing from every language.

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

What does one know of the mad mud of mind?

Pic.F.

the Use of Lateral Thinking, Jonathan Cape 1967. 18s.
The Five-Day Course in Thinking, Allen Lane the Penguin Press, October 22nd, 1969. 25s.
Edward De Bono, c. 1968.
Finally America is living up to her adjectives. The first time you go, say, to New York, everyone will warn you how frenetic, neurotic, and generally sick the country is. When you arrive you discover it's a city that moves at a tenth of London's pace, where the biggest decision is whose party to go to. Now, however, there is a sickness in the air which has little to do with the election. It is a more general malaise, a feeling that life cannot be coped with, that has spread amongst the Right as well as the Left and left only the Yuppies untouched.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Approximately transcribed from
(Street Fighting Man, Jagger, Richards,
Essex Music)
According to its memorandum of association, the British Film Institute (BFI) was established to encourage the development of the art of the film, to promote its use as a record of contemporary life and manners, to foster study and appreciation of films, and television programmes generally, to encourage the best use of television.

It has a board of Governors, all according to the Articles of Association, appointed by that eminent art run of contemporary manners, that the connoisseur of film and television, Chancellor of the Exchequer as a result there is not one member of the board elected by the 80,000 or so members of the BFI.

Only the Income Tax authorities seem to produce the same sort of helpless rage that the BFI induces in many of those that deal with it. Remember, too, that the BFI get £300,000 a year from the Government. Recently Paul Rotha, Tony Richardson, Ken Loach, John Schlesinger, Susannah York and Clive Donner, amongst others, signed a letter to Jennie Lee expressing no-confidence in the Board of Governors, Derek Hill (Short Film Service and New Cinema Club) has waged a campaign against the BFI—particularly over the short film issue. At the last AGM some members went along to try and do something about the Board of Governors. They thought that the provision of the Articles of Association about each member having one vote meant something. They soon learnt the dreadful truth about the omnipotent Chancellor. Oz has been given a mass of facts and complaints about the BFI. Some proved inaccurate when we checked them, others are reproduced below:

Stanley Reed, the director of the BFI, is a good press relations man. Flushened with his success in this field, and the associated one of subsidy-gathering, he has now set his sights at turning the BFI into the Rank Organisation of 16mm. Reed's response to all criticism is a shrug of contempt and the reply that the only thing wrong with the BFI is its lack of money. Look at some of its departments. 1. British Film Institute Production Fund: In 1951 the film industry gave the Experimental Film Fund £5,000. Over the next nine years it got about £40,000. Out of this came four or five Free Cinema movies (though Every Day Except Christmas, and We Are The Lambeth Boys, are Ford-financed). Almost all of the fund's films were mediocre or bad. The shows scarcely attended, press comment transparently kind; the films wretchedly distributed. Several have never had a booking. Even more startling: of every six projects to which money was given, only one was ever completed.

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

The only passionately concerned committee member was Karl Malden, who doesn't like anything that's not in the spiritual tradition of Free Cinema i.e. socially conscious left-wing and tormenting confusion. Fund footage was a standing joke in London laboratories for years before the fund went broke. About two years ago the Fund was re-innovated, with £5,000 a new budget, the word experimental, be it noted, and Bruce Beresford, a young Australian, in a technical-production liaison post. So he probably the only person in the whole BFI who knows how to put a film together.

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

Why doesn't the BFI sack the dué Committee and set up another with a Peter Brook, Ken Tynan, Bruce Beresford, Don Levy, Stephen Droskin, nucleus, perhaps? The answer is: the BFI is too embarrassed with its Old, Old cog.

2. The BFI and Short Films:

Short films are demonstrably vital to new talent and to history of the cinema. For years Richard Roud, National Film Theatre (NFT) Programmes Officer, made a policy of making up no programmes of shorts (except the BFI's own, or in response to pressure BFI men 'further' it may be illustrated by a paper on Godard, at the NFT festival bookstall, until veiled as the BFI is his lack of money. It's up to them to put the BFI in its place.

5. The BFI as a Publisher:

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

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

The BFI is supposed to further film appreciation. Just how it "furthers" it may be illustrated by two interesting facts. It repeatedly refused to supply a copy of the NFT's mailing list to Studio Vista, alleging that it was "out of print"; it was in fact freely circulated in all BFI departments from which Studio Vista deviously obtained it. It also refused to stock the rival book on Godard, at the NFT festival bookstall, until veiled..
threats were uttered. Once again, the pattern is quite obvious. The BFI will go as far as it dare in obstructing the sales of publications other than its own. How this constitutes ‘furthering’ film appreciation is hard to see. The issues are exactly those aroused by the BBC’s subsiding of the Listener, with the difference that the BBC doesn’t try to obstruct sales of the New Statesman.


In a Sight and Sound Article in 1958, Basil Wright said, ‘What we need at this stage is an anarchic paper, run by a group of probably rather scruffy young men between about 17 and 22, who will let off squibs and roman candles and rockets in all directions and generally stir up the whole thing.’ The early Sixties saw three such papers—Movie, Motion and Definition. Did Sight and Sound give them any encouragement? It called Definition (from the London School of Film Technique) ‘cultural gaullists’, didn’t list Movie as out for kicks from violence, and ignored Motion, which had carefully documented Sight and Sound’s attitudes. When the London Film-Makers Co-operative was founded, Sight and Sound went out of its way to delve into the political past of one of its members and libellously misdescribed him as a ‘professional witness’ for the McCarthy Committee. Sight and Sound also runs the Monthly Film Bulletin and overlaps with the NFT Programmes. It maintains its reputation for ‘authoritativeness’ by—

A: Being distributed free to all BFI full members—it automatically increases its circulation by several thousand.
B: All opinions other than its own are either viciously attacked (as above) or ignored. Reference to almost any issue will show reiterated attacks on ‘the critics’, The NFT programme cite Sight & Sound critics ad nauseam, newspaper critics rarely, and other specialist film critics (from Films & Filming, Movie, Film Culture) almost never.
C. The BFI is an important information centre, and never loses an opportunity to find second ‘jobs for the boys’—suggesting one another as festival jury members, press critics, etc. The BFI old boys network includes Richard Roud and Peter John Dyer on The Guardian, Tony Milne on The Observer, Penelope Houston on The Spectator (where politically, her heart, if not her head, is) David Robinson on The Financial Times (though capable of an independent line)
D: The acquisition of films is equally slapdash. A visiting Professor recently had to make four appointments before the films he was offering were even looked at, a film delivered by hand still hadn’t been looked at four months later, despite numerous reminders, and was simply withdrawn.

7. BFI Response to Criticism

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

When an employee of the Central Office of Information (C.O.I.) made a perfectly fair criticism of the BFI in the correspondence columns of a magazine, a BFI Department Head wrote a personal letter to his Head of Department, on the thin pretext that the letter could be taken as the C.O.I.’s official opinion; the correspondent almost lost his job as a result. Again, when Films & Filming criticised the recent increase in the price charged by the BFI for stills, the BFI officer responsible wrote to the editor accusing the assistant editor of abusing the BFI’s facilities by paying member’s price for stills subsequently used for publication. This accusation was not merely false, but, again, libellous. In point of fact, that assistant editor had, over the past ten years, given the BFI stills library many thousands of stills, on condition of retaining free reproduction rights. Once again, the BFI’s response to perfectly reasonable criticism could hardly have been more spiteful and ungrateful.

8. BFI Had Faith.

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

9. Miudle and Apathy.

A: A student at the London School of Film Technique ran a film society which managed to attract, as its special speakers, men of the calibre of Francois Truffaut, Hitchcock, Fritz Lang, Nicholas Ray, etc. The BFI is in an unparalleled situation to arrange for such events at the NFT. Over the years it has consistently failed to do so. In this connection it should be noted that the Berkeley and Rouben Mamoulian programmes were part of a ‘package’ arranged by a New York archive, to tour all European cinemathesques, and the NFT’s sole initiative in this respect was making its theatre available.

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

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

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

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

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

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How to start: 6-12 friends who know each other and enjoy each other's company, and look for a large house at an op. or ex-prob. H.B. (agent, classified advert, etc.) for a rent of £10-£12 per week. This works out at about £2 per week each, with two persons sharing a room, adding up to 12-15 per week to cover overheads (rates, electricity, gas). An initial deposit of £2-3/4, each should cover the agent's fee. Initially, the bare essentials: mattress, a little, some chairs, a cooker, etc., could be purchased either second-hand or on hire-purchase, then gradually increased by bargains from humble sales, car Boot, second-hand shops or outright bits of furniture from sympathetic secondants. To provide for this, a common fund should be set up, also to cover cost of minor repairs, decorations, etc. One person (the one with the most stable income) would sign a long lease with the landlord, with option to sublet. In group situations, a person's hang-ups from childhood and early adolescence tend to come to the surface. Constant depth communication among all concerned should gradually bring about greater insight and understanding of oneself and others. This is not easy, and is wisdom gained through tears and crises. But there can also be moments of fun and enjoyment when one participates in group singing, dancing, picnics, love-ins, etc. It would be foolish to introduce drugs into the scene, as this would be providing the life with an open invitation to bust.
up the community, and all its constructive aspects as well. If you want a successful community, you had better make sure that the people give a commitment towards an outside social goal, such as community service, underground information and liaison service, raising funds for a project, etc. Selection and screening of applicants and a probationary period for newcomers would tend to protect the group from undesirable or parasitic hangers-on.

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

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

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

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

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

If we look at communitarian groups, we can quote Bexville Community in New Zealand, a group of about 30 people who started about 15 years ago as a small beginnings as a pacificist group. They are self-supporting on 30 acres, 12 of which are in permanent orchard, and have set up a small pre-cast concrete factory, a modern honey-processing plant and building with 480 bee-hives, and a repair workshop.

Another pacificist commune, Koinonia Farm, in Georgia, USA, consists of about 10 adults who make a living by operating a pecan plant to process their pecan nuts, and by selling fruitcakes and pecan via small mail orders of 100.

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

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

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

In Israel, over 85,000 people live in about 223 kibbutzim (agricultural communities), many of which are reputed in the country for their high cultural and artistic achievements. A number of kibbutzim pool their resources to set up industrial and further education training centres, and to manufacture agricultural and other equipment for their own use and for export.

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

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

We too in the UK can do the same if we get together with a will to create constructive alternatives to the Status Quo and its robotisation. To do that we need to set up our own Underground Co-operative Bank or Trust Fund to provide interest-free loans to capable but moneyless radicals with skills or good ideas. We also need to establish an information-pool on casual work (without context and geographical needs), and to set up our own Underground Co-operative Bank or Trust Fund to provide interest-free loans to capable but moneyless radicals with skills or good ideas. We also need to establish an information-pool on casual work (without context and geographical needs), and to set up our own Underground Co-operative Bank or Trust Fund to provide interest-free loans to capable but moneyless radicals with skills or good ideas. We also need to establish an information-pool on casual work (without context and geographical needs), and to set up our own Underground Co-operative Bank or Trust Fund to provide interest-free loans to capable but moneyless radicals with skills or good ideas. We also need to establish an information-pool on casual work (without context and geographical needs), and to set up our own Underground Co-operative Bank or Trust Fund to provide interest-free loans to capable but moneyless radicals with skills or good ideas. We also need to establish an information-pool on casual work (without context and geographical needs), and to set up our own Underground Co-operative Bank or Trust Fund to provide interest-free loans to capable but moneyless radicals with skills or good ideas. We also need to establish an information-pool on casual work (without context and geographical needs), and to set up our own Underground Co-operative Bank or Trust Fund to provide interest-free loans to capable but moneyless radicals with skills or good ideas. We also need to establish an information-pool on casual work (without context and geographical needs), and to set up our own Underground Co-operative Bank or Trust Fund to provide interest-free loans to capable but moneyless radicals with skills or good ideas.

With a view to co-ordinating efforts and providing contacts and information on libertarian ventures, the 'New Life' movement (15, Camden Hill Rd, London SE19) has been publishing 'NEW LIFE', an international newsletter, since 1965. We are now conducting a workshop/course on 'The Dynamics of Social Change' to explore together techniques of mutual aid, creative living, practical projects for personal and social regeneration, re-education and psychological re-orientation. We invite all constructive activists to join us in this exciting adventure and to link up with each other. 'It is better to light one small candle than to curse the universe for its darkness' (Chinese proverb).
THE: ELECTRIC CIRCUS
Richard Meltzer made his controversial debut in OZ 11 with The Anglo American Pumice Factory*, and is this issue we present selections from his unpublished book: A Sequel: Tomorrow's Not Today. Extracts were first published in Crawdaddy, the amazing American Magazine of Rock, which revealed that Grove Press had "wrestled with Meltzer's book for seven months before finally turning it down because 'they didn't understand it'". It was written originally in the summer of 1965 for an undergraduate aesthetics course. The editor of Crawdaddy writes: "The intent of the book is to simply offer a sideways insight into the workings of rock as an art form; it is certainly the most careful, well handled approach to the subject I've ever seen".

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

In a world of such things as random values, metaphysical inconsistency, and the constant unavoidable interruption of pure aesthetic perception by random events from within and without, eclecticism is the only valid position; and other stances may be measured by virtue of their distance from the eclectic. Andy Warhol has devised one of the simplest of all schemes, the selection of a popular motif, from Troy Donahue, to floral prints, to Campbell's Soup, followed by mechanical multiple reproduction of this motif, with the consistency and inconsistency being a function of the mechanism of creation. Rock 'n' roll, however, cannot rely upon the selling power of random circumlocution of the originally acceptable motif, but turns toward the utter compression of popularly acceptable, yet eclectically arranged, images. A Little Bit Better by Herman's Hermits begins with the instrumental introduction from the the Four Seasons' Coca-Cola commercial, proceeds with the sinister spirit of the Rolling Stones' Play With Fire (of course rendered innocent by Herman's contradiction), sung with the vocal style of the Zombies, to the tune of Chuck Berry's Memphis, and in possession of a title clearly reminiscent of the recent hit by Wayne Fontana and the Mindbenders, A Little Bit Too Late. Wayne Fontana himself sounded like a clear version of the Kingman in his first hit, like the Searchers in his next. The Beatles have taken from viciaral jazz saxophonist John Coltrane in Love Me Do, the gay Four Seasons in Tell Me Why, Larry Williams in I'm Down, and Bob Dylan and Scottish marching bands in You've
Get to Hide Your Love Away. They have used elderly African drum in Mr Moonlight, violins in Yesterday, tympani in What You're Doing and Every Little Thing, packing case in Words of Love, and unusual amplification manoeuvres in I Feel Fine and Yes It Is. They have used double tracking on several records, sometimes so obviously that it can be easily noticed (in Hard Day's Night, John Lennon's harmonica line can be heard while he is singing lead vocal in I Should Have Known Better. It does not matter if part of the Beatles' formula is visible; after all, even Lennon's bathing suit is clearly visible in a bathtub scene).

Tellhard de Chardin's philosophy of education as expounded in The Phenomenon of Man is readily visible in the eclecticism of rock. Just as branches of life strive for continuation, sometimes to succeed and sometimes to reach a dead end, with nature always using a multiplicity of interrelated strivings in its drive toward the Omega Point, rock 'n roll is clearly visible in a bathtub scene.

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is the cradle of science. The unit of rock "roll and roll" and this is not merely the result of the failure of reductio, it is the unit of historical significance of all of history seems as permissible, anyway it is a very interesting new phenomenon. The thing which resembles the end of history, 'No more study of history'.

The possibility of artistic evolution presupposes questions of evolving legitimacy and illegitimacy. A period that is essentially critical is in a period where acceptance it may be repeated, in the case of rock 'n' roll, the very process of legitimization itself can pertain to rock 'n' roll's total picture and the emotion of course is driven into the ground, just as I have obliterated the concept of the '80s in overuse so far in this paper. Rock has dealt with legitimacy and illegitimacy in a period that is frequently a symbolically charged one. Often to shut the rock of being observed as a step in a rock context and ultimately, when Elvis Presley followed his early hard core rock hit with a ballad "Love Me Tender", the music of which had been played by most black. Could Elvis, who was a white, could "legitimately" be a musician in the rock and roll sense? We all know that even three years ago Elvis Presley's movement, called rockabilly, was put into "rockabilly."

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The usual label for segments of artistic evolution and renewal are mostly superficial manifestations of the deep respectivity. A customary examination of the terms used to designate the "rockabilly" song, the necessity of an orientation different from that of the traditional country to which those labels were originally applied. A song can be a "hit", a "scream", or even a "gospel", robust, "chesty" and "appropriate", destruction is inherent in the success.

Stylistically, Conway Twitty resembles closely Elvis Presley, who's brother-in-law and songwriting partner, John Lennon, said he was "more than just a singer. He understands the human condition, and has a way with words that is both artistic and musical."

The inclusion of the Dog, babbling, ducking, Dilller beyond, as well, might still indicate no importance of the One and only by beyond speech. Mike Carter actually offers a variation of this position at the conclusion of the "Stones" writing the Dog, babbling, ducking, Dilller beyond...not a walking, not its profound revelation that he is, as said above, famous, and "not a walking, not an instrument, the "Mondex" of an instrument, the "Rambones" of a Johnny, and the "Hurricanes" display no distinct difference. Mel Carter is not exactly distinguishable from the 'late great' Sam Cooke. Some vocal and harmonious solos by Dylan and Lennon have been compared to that of rock 'n' roll magazine work, that they might be the same person in different disguises: Jay and the Americans sound like the Fortunes, who sound like the We Five, who sound like the Ivy League, who sound like the Beatles, who sound like the Zombies, who sound like the Searchers, who sound like the Everly Brothers, who sound like a multitude of white country blues singers, who sometimes sound like Negro country blues singers, who sometimes sound like the Rolling Stones, who sound like the Nashville Teens, who do not even look like Jay and the Americans.

At the close of Plato's Symposium, Socrates has imagined complete control of the situation and has, by keeping them on the verge of boredom and sleep, forced them into acceptance of anything he chooses. "Socrates was arguing with others" not that Aristodemus could remember very much of what he said. For, besides having missed the beginning, he was still more than half asleep. But the last of this was that Socrates was forcing them to admit that the same man might be capable of writing both comedy and tragedy— that the tragic poet might be a comedian as well. Socrates here is spoken of tragedy and comedy as a matter of Man's key form, is Plato's Symposium, said complete, that the tragic poet might be considered a comedian as well so.

The creation of comedy is considered a tragedy in the ancient world. In the ancient world, comedy was considered a tragedy in the ancient world. It was considered a tragedy in the ancient world. Comedy and tragedy were seen as the opposite ends of the same spectrum, with comedy being the more serious of the two. This is reflected in the ancient Greek theater, where comedy was performed in the same buildings and at the same time as tragedy. The ancient Greeks believed that comedy and tragedy were complementary, that they were both necessary for a balanced view of life. In this way, comedy was seen as a balance to the serious nature of tragedy.
societies disguised the fact much better than others, above all Britain and North America (the area of 'Anglo-Saxon democracy' in its different forms). Now, the disguise is wearing thin.

SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL POLICE
KEEP THEM INDEPENDENT!

The battles of Chicago and Grosvener Square have made the biggest holes in it. But the evidence accumulates every day that these were not brutal accidents, that the old garment can not be sewn up around them — that they were, instead, symptoms of a social problem (which in Britain naturally states are police states. But some)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The film shows police corruption as having three main aspects. First of all, it is a highly bureaucratic institution, torn by a cesspools, unscrupulous scramble for promotion. Leland gets his promotion to Lieutenant by sending the wrong man to the chair, against his inner convictions. Then when he finds a subordinate using Nazi techniques to extract a confession, he is powerless to protest because it reminds him of what he has already done. Secondly, the policemen are riddled with petty-bourgeois prejudices of outside society, in a peculiarly crude and rigid form: this is conveyed vividly by their attitudes to the homosexual milieu shown in the film.

Leland fights a lone, losing battle for tolerance. Thirdly, the police are helpless before the massive political and financial pressures of an outside society which is itself totally rotten. When some agitators are arrested, Leland remarks angrily that the
Who had preferred to commit murder—and assault!

Out of the universe whose values have collapsed and disappeared, who is this one good guy? One can't understand the nymph and her pornographer. Greene lets himself be betrayed by the swinging-scene mythology into a picturesque vision of a Hampstead nymph and her pornographer-guardian: as anyone who glanced at the reviews knows, they make a blow film of P.C. Strange in bed with their ward. This is the same trendy terrain which proved so disastrous in Greene's last film, Sebastian.

Still, the brilliancy of these parts of The Strange Affair is outweighed easily by its virtues. Its vision of a London old ruins and half a raw novelty which undermines the archaic routines of the fuzz; its accurate register of the British class hierarchy, both of its norms and of its private lives. Here, P.C. Strange comes off best, with a relatively creditable routine talent of Douglas and Siegel very obvious. And he is helped both by a very good musical score by Basil Kirchin (The Detective is burdened by the conventional noises of Jerry Goldsmith), and by a marvellous acting performance from Jeremy Kemp as Pierce. Unfortunately, at his worst he is a lot worse than either of the other two. The weak bits of The Strange Affair are precisely those singled out by most critics as constituting the film's main interest.

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