7-1969

OZ 22

Richard Neville

Editor

Follow this and additional works at: http://ro.uow.edu.au/ozlondon

Recommended Citation


Research Online is the open access institutional repository for the University of Wollongong. For further information contact the UOW Library:
research-pubs@uow.edu.au
**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.
For our border units we gratefully acknowledge the cover design by Dave Loxley of the new Third Ear Band L.P. "Alchemy" on EMI's Harvest label.
Music is the natural high. 

JUST... 

laugh, 
sigh, 
snarl, 
scream, 
lurch, 
move, 
be silent, 
fall about, 
love, 
be alone, 
drop out, 
work, 
turn on, 
be a head, 
groove, 
grope, 
grovel, 
fly, 
float, 
swim, 
sleep, 
speed, 
protest, 
energise, 
own up, 
crap, 
creep, 
or just be yourself... 
don't go short 
(by courtesy of Alan Skidmore)

do it to Marmalade Records

On July 4th Marmalade is releasing:—

'Streetnoise' 
Julie Driscoll and the Brian Auger Trinity

'If only for a moment' 
Blossom Toes

'Battersea Rain Dance' 
Chris Barber Band

'3,000 years with Ottile' 
Ottile Patterson

'Thinking Back' 
Gordon Jackson

'Extrapolation' 
John McLaughlin

'Oliv 1 and 2' 
Spontaneous Music Ensemble

'100% Proof'
The Marmalade Sampler—priced 14/6d

MARMALADE BRINGS MUSIC TO A HEAD

MARMALADE
The $1,000,000 Underground

'Rolling Stone is not,' cried Jane Nicholson, 'repeat not an Underground paper,' as OZ and IT were busted.

'Well,' the friendly policemen might have replied, 'you use four letter words like rock and fuck and dope, don't you?'

Poor baby. It's awful to be so misunderstood. You just want to talk about music and fucking and dope, that's all. We know you have no intention of overthrowing this Vichy government; nothing is clearer than that English Rolling Stone presents no threat to any political institution of any kind. Well, sister, events of the past weeks should prove even to you that Rolling Stone had better develop some political principle and subservive knowhow, because when the Man decides he wants you for saying fuck and all that, he isn't going to check with the underground whether they claim you, let alone whether you think you belong.

Recent publicity in the Melody Maker (yet) for the Lyceum, filled Mecca magnates with terror & disgust. When Mick Farren fronted down there with a chick shortly after Tony Wilson's mild rave (which was mainly about how much more comfortable it was than the Roundhouse) he was barred from entering because they didn't want any 'superfreaks', who were not underground, didn't want to know. After some agro they were let in free, just as arbitrarily as they had been excluded.

The real reason why Miss Nicholson and Mecca Ballrooms want to dissociate themselves from the underground is that they have to make money. Both want to be allowed to keep on making it, and that means keeping in with the cops and with the users of dope, rock and sex. Society will permit a brothel but not a house full of happyfuckers: the kids will be allowed to have their fun at the Lyceum within limits and for a price. Lyceum means high school, I believe, and this one is a 4½ million pound shit-heap, with flesh-coloured lights and withithing stucco ornaments more obscene than anything the underground has ever spontaneously emitted. To see hippikins and hippettes milling miserably around among the Mecca gorillas, who hate them, almost blinds the memory of police collaboration at the Roundhouse, and UFO seems another part of Summer '67. The Midnight Court (once associated with John Peel's name) without his consent—a trick more underground than above board—has been dissolved, and Thats the crust on the top, and changes vitality for money. It's humus, the matrix that the city fathers pin down with foundations, spread asphalt over and crush under piles of glass and steel and concrete. Where it reappears in the Overground it is known as dirt. It is used as a repository for waste, shit, offal, dead bodies. From circumstance to circumstance through this old terrestrial ball whereon we all in darkness crawl, it extends, the wormy, undermined, intermind Underground. Most things that live in it communicate by smell and feel. Some are so primitive that their systems of sexual distinction and forms of copulation are utterly confused. They crawl and grope in the humming darkness, their unmapped, unremembered paths intersecting occasionally and tunnelling on. No supports because there are no strangers and nothing to point at. You may take refuge there from the catastrophes of the overground. No fallout in the alleys where the moles root from it, and so plunders and is plundered by, waiting for the non-establishment newspapers, for UFO and Middle Earth, because they are set up by consumers to satisfy their own requirements, which were not the acceptable ones of profit by exploitation. The political content of these manifestations was at first negligible, and in some cases still is, but confrontation is political awareness, and by trying to do their own thing, the phenomena now described as underground pretty soon re-discovered the machinery of repression. The political character of the underground is still amorphous, because it is principally a clamour for freedom to move, to test alternative forms of existence to find if they were practicable, and if they are more gratifying, more creative, more positive than mere endurance under the system. This partly explains the lack of ideology which combines so oddly with the growing peevishness of the underground, peevishness now developing into belligerence, with the threat of violence.

It is commonplace to remark that a politically decided elite may use the force of this generalised discontent to establish a more repressive system still, but so far the difference between Bolshevik revolution, Maoist revolution, Trotskyite revolution and revolution for the hell of it, has only resulted in grotesquely confused skirmishing within the underground. The Establishment however will hope in vain that the underground will destroy itself; the signs of internal disintegration are the signs of continuing life; complacency and inertia are qualities prized only by the Establishment. It is in our interests to let the police and their employers go on believing that the underground is a conspiracy, because it increases their paranoia and their inability to deal with what is really happening. As long as they look for ringleaders and documents they will miss their mark, which is that proportion of every personality which belongs in the underground. That is what responds to the peculiar poetry of rock, and feeds on the insecurity of the unlimited possibility. To silence that, it would be necessary not just to kill all the prophets of the new thing, but to utterly eradicate the memory.

The people who belong to the underground all the time are very few, but almost everybody has spent a season there. The Establishment has to draw nourishment from it, and so plunders and is plundered by, the underground. Despite the venal patronage of Elektra, Transatlantic, Polydor, EMI, Track, Apple, the Inland Revenue and Radio 1, the underground remains uncharted, unreliable, unrewarding, and irresponsible. If every head who clamours to be of it today were to deny it tomorrow it would exist still.

Miss Nicholson may tell the fuzz anything she pleases—her aunt knows better.

Germaine
Dear OZ,
I have very sad news for you. The 20 copies of OZ 20 that you sent me have been open in the post. The South African security police have been on my track, and all is very grim. Love and Peace,
Jerry Tussons,
PO Box 1652,
Durban.

Dear OZ,
Having read most of your editions I know the general standard of your articles. But are you honestly trying to tell me that Hell's Angels (OZ 20) are for real?? Granted, I don't know all that much about them, but I laughed my cock off when I read your article! Where the hell are they going? A musician (who knows where he's going)

Dear OZ,
I subscribed OZ on the grounds that it is a good substitute for reading and OZ is not a bad substitute. Your telephone tapping test is NOT infallible. If the telephone does not ring back it MAY be tapped; however there is another possibility. If, after having waited for the phone to ring back and it hasn't, you lift the receiver again, you may hear a pre-recorded voice saying: SIFTER OUT OF ORDER (whatever that means).

Love and Peace,
Bob.

Dear Editor,
I subscribed OZ on the grounds that it is not to be taken seriously — that the magazine is such and such and such to a certain kind of class/society etc.

Re: Dr Schoenfeld in OZ 20

Agreed no gentle man would want to give his woman cervical cancer, and evidence seems to show that the uncircumcised run a horrid risk of doing that. But before all good men rush to the nearest hospital to offer their foreskin in tribute to an anxious Matron
Mr. Quartermain

and what have you that what OZ.21
suggests is insane.
cold-blooded murder.
And only an insane
person could think of
such a thing, let alone
bloody well publish it. 
Roast Trafalgar pigeon alright.
But God, not your casual 'perhaps
6d for the use of a lure'— of a
child's life. And even more so your
bold, typed lettered word 'Method'.
You convert this quoted material from
the survival manual, and turn it, quite
deliberately, into a beyond mockery,
v�pulsive, sick humoured title 'Leg
of long pig'. A child of all things.

It's no joke, not even in such a magazine
as OZ. We are all human, no matter who
or what society each one of us fall into.
I am sorry to find this particular piece of
material, which has such ill and inhuman
characteristics, in a magazine I had
thought to be broadsheeted and
informative. Indeed, I believe it is
morally wrong to have perfect
dwellings. Last
week, I read that two
families had been
evicted and the
property
was
bought
by
Barrie
Quartermain and is not even a
member of the British Association of Private
Detective Agencies. Quartermain
supplies and leads a private army that specialises
in evictions. "Councils who employ me don't
have a squatter problem any more."

In the three illegal but successful
evictions, and various other unsuccessful
ones that he has carried out, he has shown
what sort of an animal he and his 'lads' are.
On 20 March 1969 during the attempted
eviction of the Mercer family from 84,
Courtlands Avenue, Ilford, he hit Mrs Olive
Mercer in the stomach with an iron bar, she
was visibly pregnant and lost her child as a
result. Two days later he followed her to the
doctors and on the way back, stopped and
beat her saying "Next time you or any of
you cunts in that house interfere with the
job we're set to do, and we'll be back to
finish it, you won't get a chance to get
once". There are pages and pages of sworn
affidavits, evidence of this man's brutal
activities. He is NOT
a certificated bailiff.
His certificate was
taken from him by a
Kingston magistrate in 1967
for some dubious activity which
we can't go into here. NOR did
Quartermain or Redbridge council
have court orders for any of the three
successful evictions or the attempts last
week. So in fact what we are witnessing in
Ilford by Redbridge council is an illegal
action. A senior member of Redbridge
council has intimated that the squatters
could probably quite successfully sue the
council. They don't mind being 'told off' as
they have achieved their aims.

It is difficult to see any sort of logic
behind the action the council is taking. A
few empty houses filled with homeless
families. There would seem to be certain
men on Redbridge council who are so
desperate about the redevelopment scheme
that they are prepared to push it through at
all costs. Their deep involvement indicates
just how much they stand to lose if the large
property development is even vaguely
threatening.

The squatters seem to have no qualms
about another battle. They are well
prepared. While I was at 23 Audrey Road, a
white Zephyr drove slowly past with four
hard-looking guys staring out. Immediately
there was a sort of organized panic. The
Flemings and their three children were
quickly moved into a neighbouring house.
While in 23 everybody suddenly acquired
weapons and helmets. Stocks of bricks and
shovels were uncovered by the windows. The
toilet etc.) the council
goes round smashing up
dwellings. Last
Wednesday following the
brick came the Barrie
Quartermain and
his 16 men.

They were helmets,
carried shields and
various weapons, iron bars, clubs etc.
and were organised into a small fighting unit.
They charged the house screaming and
hurling bricks. Carrying two ladders they
attempted to take the house by storm, but
the squatters occupying the upper floor
retreated behind the bricks and smashed the
bailiffs and their ladders as they appeared.
The gang realised after twenty minutes fighting
that they could not gain access, so lit two fires
to try and burn the squatters out. It was at this
time that the police decided to intervene.
though they had been standing by since the
beginning, and all they did was to move on
the gang. They moved on, alright, to 23
Audrey Road, Ilford, where another battle
commenced. Luckily for the Flemings, who
squat there, this had not time to move their
three children out, though Quartermain did
not know this.

Under the Statute of Forcible Entry if a
person has a rightful claim to land that is in
the possession of another, he must not
attempt to recover this land by force, he
must use only the remedies provided by the
court. It was this legal authority which
supposed this statement which was passed at a
time when Barons were returning from the
crusades to find other Barons had occupied
and taken possession of their lands. The
purpose of the act was to prevent Barons
employing private armies (like Quarter-
main's) to take back their lands.

WHETHER OR NOT THEIR CLAIM TO
LAND WAS RIGHTFUL OR WRONGFUL
WAS IN ???

When a council decides to make an
eviction it must a) employ a certificated
bailiff, i.e. a man who has been granted a
bailiff's certificate by a court, b) it must
serve a court order for the eviction, i.e.
notifying the persons to be evicted and the
property. Redbridge council has done
neither of these. It hires its 'bailiffs'
from Bridge council is an illegal
organization.

Mr. Barrie Quartermain

Under the Statute of 1878, it is
illegal to use force on quiet
Tenants or their families.

Mr. Quartermain

It is morally wrong to have perfect
empty houses while there are homeless
families. Redbridge Council, by smashing
houses which will be empty for years and
taking extreme measures (including a special
agreement with the London Electricity
Board to have the cables disconnected at the
mains) and above all their incredible blunder
by employing the Quartermain
organisation to deal with them, have
revealed their absolute
bankruptcy of any
kind of a human
housing policy or
fitness to act as
servants of the
local electorate.

John Crowley
With a few exceptions, London's critical response to the Living Theatre revealed less about what went on at the Roundhouse than about the destitute aesthetics of those paid to evaluate our culture. From JW Lambert in the Sunday Times to Milton Shulman in the Evening Standard, the critics stumbled triumphantly over each other in their bid to demonstrate that Julian Beck & Co failed to conform to the classical requirements of legitimate theatre. They can't act, they can't dance, they can't sing, snorted classical requirements of legitimate theatre. The night at the Roundhouse guests were randomly distributed by the taut aploomb of Nicol Williamson; but within ten minutes Rogers in Mame, Judith Malina didn't kick her legs as high as Ginger Rogers in Mame, angry black Rufus didn't deliver blank verse with the taut aploomb of Nicol Williamson; but within ten minutes most people had abandoned their seats and were roaming the auditorium tense, confused, excited and involved. It is commonly judged miraculous if British audiences even humsaling, like Butliners at a jamboree, yet Roundhouse guests were randomly engaging each other and the cast in belligerent debate; some stripping, others kissing, some in trance, others fleeing in a state of shock. This was not a cozy night at the Opera; a few laughs, a few tears, home to pay the baby-sitter, a witty post mortem over supper, then back to the grind in the morning and absolutely no alteration in lifestyle.

The man who was spat upon will never be quite the same. One member of the cast (Steve Ben Israel), outraged by the vociferous friegidity of the audience pranced threateningly about like a caged ape, shouting: 'You people scare me...you really scare me'...finally spitting at a gentleman in a brown suit and drooping mustache. This man lunged furiously forward, as we are trained to do, grabbing Israel, ready to strike. Suddenly half a dozen of the cast melted into view, immediately improvising on the situation, and began to spit on each other and on Israel. Look at this. Spit! Spit! Does it hurt? Is it painful? It's just water. Did you want to kill him?' The spectacle of the caste of the Living Theatre bathing in each other's phelgm and brown suit's symbolic brutality that a girl at his feet tears, home to pay the baby-sitter, a witty post mortem over supper, then back to the grind in the morning and absolutely no alteration in lifestyle.

A further example of contemporary cultural insularity is evidenced by the decision of every major British publisher to reject Abbie Hoffman's incendiary treatise, Revolution. For the Hell of It (Dial Press, New York). People's are said to have justified their refusals with the observation that although they recognised it as a landmark, Revolution would be slammed by every single established critic, and they did not want that to happen to one of their titles. It has been reprinted three times in the U.S. and slabs have been reproduced in the Black Dwarf and IT. So much for the values of British publishing, which is currently fawning over the name dropping innuendos of a failed press tycoon and yet another wanking delineation of the I'm-a-poor-lonely-Jew syndrome which began with 1848 and continues with Bellow, Malamud, Podhoretz etc, threatening the majority of the brahest city in the world and culminating in the grapes of Roth. Revolution for the Hell of It celebrates not the Jewishness of its author, but the lifestyle of tomorrow, and it will infect the culture of today despite the stricte practices of those literary scribophile's who see significance only when they look over their shoulder.

And living means understanding
(from Penguin Education Special)

SCHOOL STUDENTS: DISCOVER THIS ALTERNATIVE AT THE LIVING SCHOOL. A three day school which is living and not dead...a communal experience of discussion action ideas ways of communicating ideas.

Five themes running continuously:
on EDUCATION - the general ideas behind it, teaching methods, class and education, exams, authority, nursery schools; apprentices and industrial training; further education. In all, what it's like now and what it could be, from the basis of these discussions, a more general programme on POLITICAL ACTION - talks with squatters, tenants, shop stewards, schools, militants - how they started and what their problems have been.
on POLITICAL IDEAS: THE SITUATION HEREx ABROAD: imperialism and national liberation, Black Power, the industrial scene and the White Paper, the student movement, the position of women.

MAKING PRINTING ACTING DOING: our media; posters leaflets news-sheets street theatre reaching out and being heard and being understood.

AND ALL THE TIME: pop groups, music, play groups, puppet show, films, acting and endless surprises.

July 28, 29, 30 at the London School of Economics. All letters to LIVING SCHOOL c/o LSE Socialist Society, LSE, Houghton Street, Aldwych, WC2.
Bath recreation Ground is a huge grassy corral, and on Saturday, June 28, it was filled with gentle people who paid more than they might spend on food in three days to get in. They queued hundreds deep for the latory or warm 'pop' (f they had any money left), or mounds of spun tallow called 'soft-whip'. A conservative estimate, made about noon, said there were 15,000 people. By five o'clock there were many more than that, and a gate in excess of £15,000 for smiling Mr Frederick Bannister.

For their money, the People get nineteen

15,000 people. By five o'clock there were many more than that, and a gate in excess of £15,000 for smiling Mr Frederick Bannister.

For their money, the People get nineteen

15,000 people. By five o'clock there were many more than that, and a gate in excess of £15,000 for smiling Mr Frederick Bannister.

For their money, the People get nineteen

15,000 people. By five o'clock there were many more than that, and a gate in excess of £15,000 for smiling Mr Frederick Bannister.

For their money, the People get nineteen

15,000 people. By five o'clock there were many more than that, and a gate in excess of £15,000 for smiling Mr Frederick Bannister.
SAVILLE THEATRE
Shaftesbury Avenue WC.2. tel: 836-4011
by arrangement with Bernard Doherty
Michael Wint presents
THE NOTTINGHAM PLAYHOUSE PRODUCTION

LEONARD ROSSITER
in the Resistible Rise of
ARTURO Ui
by Bertolt Brecht directed by Michael Blakevmore

After its triumphant success in
Glasgow, Edinburgh and Nottingham

Opening July 1st 90% of seats priced at 5/- to 20/-
Evenings 8.0 p.m. Matinees Thurs & Sat 3.0 p.m. Previews June 28 & 30 (Prices 5/- to 15/-)

"Heroic acting in gangsterland . . . one of Brecht's finest comedies" Ronald Bryden, THE OBSERVER

"I am not alone in thinking this the finest English-language production of Brecht we have yet seen" Irving Wardle, THE TIMES

"Chicago racketeers and Runyon rogues make a fascinating, vivid and funny study" Eric Shipton, DAILY TELEGRAPH

"From Leonard Rossiter a superlative comic performance in the title role" Michael Billington, THE TIMES
LORDS

The Lord Chancellor took his seat on the Woolsack at 2.30 p.m.

LORD DERWENT (C.) asked whether it was in accordance with the Government's policy to allow entertainments in the Royal Parks which attracted audiences of 70,000 to the detriment of the usual amenities and the peaceful enjoyment of the parks by other citizens, and whether the regulations forbidding sleeping in the parks when they were closed were enforced on the night of June 7-8.

LADY LLEWELYN-DAVIES of HASTOE, Baroness-in-Waiting. — Royal Parks are preserved a places where the public can enjoy relaxation and recreation. It has always been customary to allow a very limited number of events with special appeal and these last two summers concerts of popular music have been arranged as an experiment.

The crowd attracted by these concerts is a measure of their popularity, especially with young people. The behaviour of the audience has been admirable and comment on the event of June 7 had been overwhelmingly favourable. However, so many people remained in Hyde Park that it was recognized as impracticable to enforce the regulations and clear the park at night.

LORD DERWENT. — That is an unsatisfactory answer. There are risks to health of a large number of people sleeping in the park all night when children will be playing the next day because of the quite inadequate lavatory accommodation.

LADY LLEWELYN-DAVIES. — On future occasions there will be discussions between the organizers, the police and the park authorities about the provision of lavatories and so on. Considerable help has been offered by the organizers both in the collection of litter and the provision of extra lavatories.

LORD DERWENT. — Would Lady Llewelyn-Davies consider whether the Royal Parks are suitable for this type of entertainment because although they give pleasure to a large number of young people they prevent a large area of the park being used by other people.

LADY WOOTTON of ABINGER. — Is not the implication of Lord Derwent's question that young people are inherently insatiable and objectionable and ought to be done away with? (Laughter.)

LORD BYERS (L.). — The Government should resist this Tory attack on the right of assembly. (Cheers.) It has come to a pretty pass when 70,000 youngsters go to a park and behave responsibly and this House should be seen to be criticizing them. (Renewed cheers.)

LADY LLEWELYN-DAVIES. — Said the dangers of disrupting the ordinary activities of the parks were not great.

She was sure the Opposition had not heard of the groups who took part. They included The Cream, The Move, The Pink Floyd, and one which she was sure would delight Conservative peers, The Elec tion. (Laughter.)

LORD STRABOLGI (Lab.). — Would Lady Llewelyn-Davies assure us that these concerts in the Royal Parks cannot be considered a rival to similar pop concerts organized in the grounds of several stately homes? (Laughter.) The House then debated economic problems in Scotland and rose at 8.29 p.m.

Hyde Park
sleep-in after pop concert

PARLIAMENT, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25, 1969
WHO CARES ABOUT SEX?

jeremy

The magazine for people who don't care about sex!

SEND FOR DETAILS:

66 BOLSOVER STREET LONDON W.1
American meals and gambling. Even the entertainment is thrived in Las Vegas and this issue, in fact, is the spearhead for an attack on the system by concerned natives who want to see local musicians get a chance. Aruba has one interesting asset: a desalinization plant with oil-powered generators which can supply this almost-barren coral island with almost 3 million gallons of fresh water per day at a monthly cost of about $12 for each family. These plants to extract fresh water from the sea are the wave of the future but very few communities have been far-sighted enough to invest in them.

Smut: Lennox Raphael's 'Che!' (OZ 21) which depicted fucking on stage with honesty, poetry and humor got busted as obscenity whereas Ken Tyman's new hit, 'Oh Calculas' which depicts fucking somewhat more satirically (and sleazily) will probably make a fortune for all concerned. Which isn't necessarily to put it down: it does present sex more honestly than previous commercial hits and it will free the theatre (and its predominantly middle-class audiences) that much more. But will 'Oh Calculas' ever see the light that it owes to 'Che' And, more importantly, will its owner acknowledge that debt publicly with money or support?

A commune: calling itself the Kingdom of Ender
tried to plan The Great Aspen Freak Festival in the little Colorado town for this July but carelessly announced that 100,000 hippies could be expected and that blew the whole thing. Suddenly the available land wasn't available any more and threats of 'vigilante' action scared off what few rector company commitments that had been made. What finally brought matters to a head was a claim - untrue - that the Beatles would be coming. Meanwhile, the Colorado legislature passed a statute to allow 90-day jail sentences for kids convicted of squatting on unoccupied property in the mountains west of Boulder. Apparently there was quite a bit of it last year and no law to cope with it.

The Movement: Chicago indictments against the yuppies and others charging 'conspiracy' ('the first time that the majority of the US government has been used to make criminal charges against a put-on', says Michael Harrington) is successfully shaping us all into a conspiracy - an open one that everyone admits is to be the overthrow of the US 'government'. Here's a question for the Abbie Hoffman fund-raising party shows how widespread The Conspiracy is becoming... Veteran publisher and Peace Eye freak Ed Sanders, meanwhile, is completing his novel about Abbie tracing the growth of the Yippie conspiracy right up to its current position as an 'international cartel of chromosome-damaged diplomats, Swedish generals, Yippie agents with the pentagon, war correspondents, bank presidents, nuns, poets, streetfunkers and peace ape's... Black Panthers' brilliant and humane national campaign to provide breakfasts for undernourished children so they can learn better ('we must survive this evil government', so we can build a new one') is outlined in the April 27 issue of their paper, the Black Panther (25c from Box 2967, Custom House, SF, California). Malignant: if Craig Karpel's profile in the first issue of US is any criterion, David Eisenhower's at least as dumb as his father. And he apparently told the Times that he was marrying Julie Nixon before graduation because he didn't have the 'will power' to wait two years before fucking her... As he busted Screw and Kiss for 'obscenity' (his definition), NYC assistant DA Richard Beckler became judge, jury and executioner by threatening to arrest any newstand that carried the papers. Apparently he's trying to save money by dispensing with the need for trials although it's doubtful that the US government would agree with him. Al Goldstein and Jim Buckley, the editors of Screw are suing the city for damages, and with help from the New York Civil Liberties Union, plan to take the case to federal court. The first issue of Screw (January 69) is now a collectors item worth 25 dollars, and by the time of the bust, the circulation had jumped from a few thousand to 120,000. Screw was the first into the underground sex field, and is famous for its gutsy down to earth approach, and sense of humour. It exposed male and female genitals and the relative endorsements of the mayoral candidates, and ran dirty movie reviews which made an assessment, based on a 'peter meter', of the number and quality of erections each one produced.

Are hustlers the only chicks answering those stu-dumb-to-fuck ads in the sex classifieds... The Nation doesn't agree with James Forman's campaign to pressure the rich WASP churches for financial reparations. Why? Well, maybe the Nation's financial backers include some of those rich, white churchmen... SF's Society for Individual Rights (SIR) is battling with Pacific Telephone for the right to be listed in the Yellow Pages under 'homosexual'. Scores of indignant readers complained to Hamburg's Der Spiegel magazine about its ads showing a bloodsuckin chick illustrating the theme that 'Fernet-Branca helps against vampires' - but sales of the aperitif rose 25 per cent... The movie, 'If It's Tuesday This Must Be Belgium' ran out of whimsy before it ran out of title, says film critic Burt Prelutsky who suggests renaming it 'Europe On Five Dollars A Day'... More financially insolvent underground papers can be expected to follow the lead set by Seattle's Helix and SF's Good Times (which has since folded) by reincorporating as a nonprofit religious foundation under the umbrella of the Universal Life Church, staffs thus becoming worker-peers... Toby Mamin explains that he asked the copyright people in Washington about the name 'New York Herald Tribune' and was told nobody was using it. And that's why NYC's highschool kids can buy this new, livelier tabloid (110 Riverside Drive, NYC 10012), and with the original logo, yet.
There were several members of the County Police Force at each end of the narrow alley. They were hiding behind garden walls, uncomfortable under bushes, and up in the trees, waiting. A Police Psychiatrist had examined the facts in the case of the Blackhound Lane Slayings and had decided that it was inevitable that the killer would attempt to strike again, soon. The Police had therefore decided to prepare a trap. A decoy, Policewoman Elsie Griswold, would walk this way each night until the killer was Miss Griswold. The bodies had been mutilated beyond recognition. All that had been reported missing. Or, rather, parts of their bodies had, for they had been mutilated beyond recognition. All that had been left of three fine young girls had been a pile of crushed bones, a smear of blood, and a few teeth, from which identification had been proven.

As the policemen waited, a cat stalked the night air across the lane, playing with its tail. It paused at the side, sniffing suspiciously, tail crooked and twitching nervously.

Not one of the policemen noticed when the cat disappeared, nor did one notice later when a small mess of blood and bones lay steaming on the surface of the earth, in the centre of that dark lane.

A car drew up noisily. The decoy alighted, unescorted, and as the men grew tense with anticipation, started to walk along the darkness, heels clicking on the gravel.

There was an earsplitting shriek, then the ground beneath her feet cracked open. Fingers of earth gripped her ankles and started to pull her into the blackness. She screamed, kicking her legs wildly, but the earth entwined around her legs pulling her deeper into its bosom. The men, too stunned to move at first, recovered slightly, and raced forward bumping into each other in their haste. Chaos.

As the first man reached her the earth covered her mouth Attempting to scream through the soil she succeeded only in producing a feeble gurgling sound.

Before any man could find a suitable grip on her head it disappeared beneath the soil. The men stood around the bubbling earth, stunned and powerless.

The ground bubbled wildly for a short while, then lay calm and still. Much later the earth convulsed and vomited the remains of the female body. It lay on the ground, a circular mess of bones, framed with a splattering of blood, and one fine pair of N.H.S. dentures.

The earth belched, then fell asleep.
stimulant personal massager

Scientifically designed shape—no uncomfortable protruber-
ances—1¾" x 7"—easy to keep clean—can be used with
creams and oils—absolutely safe to use on any part of the
body. De-luxe model, batteries included. 80/- p & p included.

From:
Room 3
Pellen Personal Products Ltd
47 Muswell Hill Broadway
London N10

or send for details (free) of this and other products.

AN EVENING WITH STEVE DWOSKIN

That’s just one page from our new programme!
It takes 35 more to describe the other films on show in what the Times calls ‘a continuous London Film Festival’. Our presentations are unscheduled for any public London opening. Some await distributors, some await cinemas, some have been banned by the censors. Only New Cinema Club members can risk tomorrow’s films today.

New Cinema Club,
122 Wardour Street, London, W.1. 01-734 5888

* I’m over 16 and I’d like to join The New Cinema Club. Here’s 25s. for my first year’s subscription.
* Send me your free illustrated 36-page programme

Name Date
Address

* Delete as appropriate

AN EVENING WITH STEVE DWOSKIN

A repeat of the ICA’s recent retrospective, including the four films that won Dwoskin the Solvay Prize at Knokke-le-Zoute—Chinese Checkers, Alone, Naissent and Soliloquy—and his latest films Take Me and Me, Myself & I.

“...Steve Dwoskin is a 29 year-old New Yorker who has lived in London for the past three years and teaches graphics at the London College of Printing...He dislikes being called an underground filmmaker. ‘The word underground completely ignores the variety of films shown outside the commercial cinema—animation, realism, documentary, fantasy. If you need a description I suppose “individual” is probably the best word’, Dick Gilbert, The Guardian.

“Dwoskin’s films have a kind of poetic realism. They render what is. And they comprise a facet of the current revolt against secrecy which is our most urgent need.” Philip Crick, Cinem.

“Even if Knokke and organiser Jacques Lauton had only allowed us to see the four Dwoskin films, the Festival would have been wholly justified.” Cahiers du Cinema.

An Evening with Steve Dwoskin U.S.A./U.K.

At Nash House, The Mall, S.W.1,
Wednesday, July 16th, 18.00
Wednesday, August 6th, 22.00 all seats 6/6
QUESTION: Where can I get myself CASTRATED? I'm tired of sex. I hate sex, I don't want to be controlled by women any longer! I hate the two-faced, double-think, hypocrisy, I can't stand living in the Sexual Contradiction any longer: sex is condemned, sex is admired; sex is dirty, sex is fun; If I ask her or imply that I want sex, she hates me (What? You think I'm a WHORE?) but if I don't ask her and in fact act, like 'I don't want sex' (and I have done this) she says, 'What, I'm NOT GOOD ENOUGH for you? I think all morals should be destroyed, the Church should be destroyed, the educational system, the family, the state, the culture, male supremacy, money, competition, the TV, Power, the police and the courts should be destroyed as the only way in which we can live in a sexually free society. Maybe we should all have to be brought up nude to eliminate the sex hang-ups. And why should we hide it? To protest this social atrocity and hypocrisy, masses of people should fuck in the streets!

But in the meantime, I can't stand it. Will a hospital do it? I don't mean just removing the tubes. I mean cutting off the dick and the sac, so there won't be any more desire for sex. Would I still be able to live? What would happen if I did it myself? Is there any way to put the sex organs to sleep to eliminate the pain?

ANSWER: I think you should call the Department of Mental Health of your county or City Health Department to learn of psychiatric services available to you. Other sources of information are the local medical society or the nearest medical school. Don't cut off your nose to spite your face.

QUESTION: I am writing to you in regard to my weight problem. I am 22, five feet six inches tall and I weigh 134 pounds. I would like to weigh 125 pounds. I have been as heavy as 145 pounds and really have had no trouble losing the first ten pounds but the second are a problem.

I perform fellatio on my boyfriend an average of four times a day. My girlfriend told me the average caloric value of one ejaculation is 100.

It is true that I am gaining calories by ingesting his semen? Should I keep an account of this and add it to my chart?

ANSWER: Dedicated medical researchers have found that the average ejaculation has a volume of 3 to 6 cubic centimeters — about a teaspoonful. Since the caloric value of a teaspoonful of pure sugar is only 18, it would seem likely that these felines committing with your boyfriend lead to a net caloric loss for both of you. *Fellatio is a crime punishable in California by prison terms of 1 to 14 years for each offence. Most other states have similar penalties.

QUESTION: Could you explain please the results of a conversion operation for either a male or female trans-sexual, is it possible to develop a penis for a woman or a vagina for a man?

ANSWER: To answer your question briefly, it is possible to construct an artificial vagina for a trans-sexual male but not a penis for a trans-sexual female. In a male the penis and testicles are surgically removed and an artificial vagina constructed, usually from the lining of the scrotum. Female hormones are given to cause enlargement of the breasts and a decrease in facial hair.

In females, male hormones are given to increase the amount of facial hair and to deepen the voice. The breasts are often surgically removed but thus far no technique has been developed to give a penis to a trans-sexual female.

QUESTION: I have six children and would like to find a way to present my soul-mate with a more shrunken area to play in, D Ig?

My physician told me that I had an unusually good pelvic floor for having had so many children (whatever that means). I have exercised my vaginal muscles but think I have accomplished all that can be done that way. My husband is sweet and says it doesn't make that much difference, but .

Incidentally, I called my doctor to ask if I could have some kind of surgical repair. But the nurse had to clear it through was grossly offended, wouldn't bother the doctor with it and called me a "perverted slut."

How do them up-right apples grab ya?

ANSWER: If there's any perversion here it comes from the nurse and not you. I think you should bring this matter directly to the attention of your physician — he may not know the harm being done by his nurse.

Surgical procedures are sometimes performed in a case such as yours and a gynecologist could give you a definitive answer.

HIPPOCRATES is a collection of letters and their answers now published by Grove Press, at $5.00. Dr Schoenfeld welcomes your letters/questions. Write to him c/o PO Box 9002, Berkeley, California, 94709. Mark your letters OZ.

POVERTY COOKING

After the gastronomic excesses of last month, our expert offers a couple of recipes, delightfully simple and morally impeccable, which might have come straight from the pages of George Oshawa's Zen Cookery. Macrobiotics does not necessarily mean brown rice and beatific starvation in a damp North Kensington basement. Eat cheaply, grow happy and fat, and taking into account that you are living in London in the middle of the 20th century, grapple once more with the yin/yang principle.

Backed Rice

For four.

Total cost: 2s 6d.

Ingredients: 4 eggs. Use only fertile eggs from hens which have been organically fed. Don't despair, cracked eggs from Sainsbury's will do, and despite what you may have heard from your macrobiotic friends, it is not essential that the hens were in the lotus position when the eggs were laid. For the batter: ½ cup of wholewheat flour, ⅛ cup of water, a pinch of salt, ⅛ teaspoon corn starch.

Method: Mix the batter, not worrying too much about lumps. Put ¼ of the batter into a small bowl,

into which you then break one egg. Gently scoop batter around the egg, and then quickly slip the egg and batter into deep oil, hot enough to cook the batter, but not to overcook the egg. By the time you've done the fourth egg, you've probably worked out how to do it perfectly.

Eggs in Batter

For four.

Total cost: 2s 6d.

Ingredients: Two cups of short grain brown rice, three cups of water, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon Tamari soy sauce.

Method: After washing the rice, place it in a dry frying pan, and roast it until it is golden and begins to pop. Then place all the ingredients in a casserole and bake for 45 minutes in a 350 degree oven.

If you think that this sounds just too dull for words, melt as much hash as you can afford (but no more than ¼ oz) in a spoon with a little corn or sesame oil, and stir it in instead of the Tamari soy sauce. Call it Rice Delight, and make sure you lick the bowl.

In females, male hormones are given to increase the amount of facial hair and to deepen the voice. The breasts are often surgically removed but thus far no technique has been developed to give a penis to a trans-sexual female.

QUESTION: I have six children and would like to find a way to present my soul-mate with a more shrunken area to play in, D Ig?

My physician told me that I had an unusually good pelvic floor for having had so many children (whatever that means). I have exercised my vaginal muscles but think I have accomplished all that can be done that way. My husband is sweet and says it doesn't make that much difference, but .

Incidentally, I called my doctor to ask if I could have some kind of surgical repair. But the nurse had to clear it through was grossly offended, wouldn't bother the doctor with it and called me a "perverted slut."

How do them up-right apples grab ya?

ANSWER: If there's any perversion here it comes from the nurse and not you. I think you should bring this matter directly to the attention of your physician — he may not know the harm being done by his nurse.

Surgical procedures are sometimes performed in a case such as yours and a gynecologist could give you a definitive answer.

HIPPOCRATES is a collection of letters and their answers now published by Grove Press, at $5.00. Dr Schoenfeld welcomes your letters/questions. Write to him c/o PO Box 9002, Berkeley, California, 94709. Mark your letters OZ.
SEE Heironymus Merkin
fall in league with the evil satyr
Good Time Eddie Filth.

SEE Heironymus Merkin
fall for the tantalising nymphet
Mercy Humppe.

SEE Heironymus Merkin
fall into the arms of
Polyester Poontang,
Filligree Fondle and just
about every girl who dared
to listen to him sing.

SEE Heironymus Merkin's
mum fall off her rocker at her
singing dancing son's
incredible performances.

HEAR twelve new songs,
featuring the voice of death
as he sings the enchanting
'When You Gotta Go You Gotta Go.'

HEAR Uncle Limelight
sing the beautiful pastoral
ballad 'Piccadilly Lily.'

HEAR your conscience tell you
to miss this film the first chance you get.

TELL it to go to...*****
See it!

WE'VE silk screened a poster sized version of the multi
coloured Jimi Hendrix page in OZ 15, captioned: OZ IS
INSIDE. Let us know if you think you can persuade your
newsagent to display one. You'll be sent two copies. One
for his window; the other for lucky you. OZ, 52 Princesdale
Road, London. W.11.

1967's giant quaint celebration of flower power plus two
other back issues sent free with your subscription to OZ.

Name:
Address:

I enclose 36/-(overseas $5) for a year's subscription to OZ
(12 copies) plus two back issues, plus the historic poster all
Free. OZ 52 Princesdale Road, London, W.11.
BY JOEL RALEIGH, EDITOR

THE GREAT HIPPIE HOAX

Stripping the petals off the Flower Children reveals them to be floundering in a cesspool of sex, half-crazed with weird drugs, parasitic, self-ish, diseased and above all—coldly calculating!

a report to the people

The germination for this book as a public service document began several months ago in San Francisco in the twilight of a raw and blustering day.

In a state of hallucinatory coma, a young woman had been brought by an ambulance to the city hospital. Babbling and screaming, the patient was utterly oblivious of sights and sounds outside of herself.

Stripped of all the verbiage by toxicologists, by officers who had filled in the proper forms, by surgeons, by the hospital's own records as prepared by nurses, the facts of the case were as follows:

For the purpose of this report her name is Ella Willcox, aged 17.

She was listed under the archaic heading of "spinster," but as shall be seen she was anything but that at the time of her arrival at the intensive care sector of the hospital.

She was lying nude when she was found on the grubby floor of a foul tenement basement in the notorious Haight-Ashbury District, feeding grounds of an estimated 60,000 hippies.

Her body was a classic of splendor—except for several factors.

Her belly was distended with pregnancy and it was later determined she was approximately in the fifth month.

Starting at the top and ranging down, her once-golden hair was crawling with body lice. The hair itself was matted and gummy and stank of perspiration.

Her ears were clotted with filth that had accrued on the natural wax and her hearing was somewhat impaired until washing with high-powered syringes brought out blobs of congealed sediments.

Her teeth were rotting and her breath was foul from noxious gases stemming from her stomach and internal organs. Her teeth hadn't been brushed for several months, it was plain to see, and were stained with cigarette and marijuana secretions.
Her globular breasts were bitten severely and the left one had a festering sore with a tooth mark revealed about the nipple. Lactation had set in and it was apparent that someone had been feeding off her.

Her swollen belly, inflated both by pregnancy and the onset of an early malnutrition, was crisscrossed with scratches presumably made by a sadist. Several of the scratches were oozing with pus.

Her pubic hair was also acrawl with lice of the vulgaris variety familiarly known as “crabs.”

The insides of her thighs, which because of her pregnancy showed distended veins, were also bitten severely. From her vagina, a fluid, yellowish in character, flowed.

Her ankles and feet were filthy. The soles of her feet had developed a horny surface of callused skin which indicated the girl had not worn shoes for an extended period.

The room itself, if it can be called that since the boiler of the tenement rook up a great deal of space, was a shambles.

Worse, in one corner, someone had defecated and a hole near a steam pipe was obviously used as a urinal. Near this was a tin box that obviously served as the storing place for food.

The air was rank. It sickened the ambulance attendants and officers who had been called to the scene by alarmed neighbors.

No one in the neighborhood would talk. No one would say with whom the girl had been living. An expired driver’s license established her identity. She had come from the Middle West and was the daughter of a prosperous hardware merchant. In short, she had come to San Francisco the previous year, had obtained a job, had even written faithfully to her parents until her letters became confusing and discordant.

She had joined the ranks of the hippies, her father, who came posthaste, found. She refused to give up what she called her “new-found freedom,” and dropped out of sight except for infrequent appeals for money which was sent her.

It is the goal of this document to show that the hippies—both here and abroad—are nothing but swindlers, liars, conmen, cheats, and that, above all, their primary concern is to keep themselves sensually excited.

They are frauds; they are shams. And the proof is simple, direct and easy.

The proof that the hippie is a hoax may be gathered from those officials who have had close and extended contact with them. With those who know them well and who have remained undeceived by pretensions and by lies.

The hoax that the hippie has perpetrated on the public is enormous.

Hippies are not fun-loving. They are vicious.

They are not pure and spiritual. They are degenerate.

They are not kind. They are often insufferably cruel.

They are not simple, natural and spontaneous. They are cold, calculating self-servers who constantly seek to get something for nothing.

And they are succeeding. Because society has been gullible and supportive.

That the hippies are this way can be gleaned from the people who assembled, most willingly, to assist in giving from the fund of their knowledge and experiences.

No one has been paid to contribute information to this book. It was given free in the hope that exposure may lead to some concerted public action against a movement now infecting the nation and many countries abroad.

To shield themselves against criticism, to insure that they will not lose their jobs, to make certain that they are not revealing much from confidential files, the names of the authors included here are pseudonyms.

But the facts are true. Some sections which were recorded on tape have been edited only to afford a readable continuity.

We salute, with great gratitude, those who have assisted in this documentation of a great hoax that is running rampant and is, in many serious respects, endangering the nation.

You cannot afford not to be involved.

Your daughter, your son, your wife, your husband may be a victim of the consequences of what the hippie has wrought in this land.

There is a sadness, a disgust and a cold anger in the presentation of this book.
"please come home! our hearts are breaking!"

The distraught parents of a girl hippie tell of their agony when she vanished into hippie limbo.

We, as parents of a daughter, forever lost and gone to us, stretch forth a hand to other parents who today are bereft of their children.

No, our sweet child is not dead. No, as people who believe in the Almighty, we cannot wish her dead. For it is a sin to wish anyone dead—even though it be for her own good. That must be in the judgment of God, in His hands.

There is little point in recounting what we gave to our dear child, our own Belinda. Suffice it to say she had a good home, a room of her own with her own private bath; her own television set; a wardrobe of fine clothes; charge accounts at the best stores; an allowance of $15 a week; her own little red sports car; a vacation in Europe with three friends; tuition paid for in a famous Eastern college.

Are we wealthy people? No, not as wealth is measured these days. I suppose we are affluent in the sense that we are financially secure and reasonably comfortable.

But we feel we gave Belinda more than material pos-
sessions. We gave her love and tried to inculcate spiritual values.
Where did we go wrong? Where did we fail to keep her on the path of an orderly life so that she turned to the lowest dregs for her companions and threw away her future that may have been a golden one?

Our Belinda ran away from home when she was just 16. Just 16, mind you. It seems like yesterday that she told us triumphantly that she had begun to menstruate. We are not prudes. We discussed sex freely and openly with her. We told her what is known as "the facts of life."

She ran off without a word and we heard from her four days later—after four days of sleeplessness and sorrow. We had an inkling where she had gone. For several months, she seemed to be going about with boys not of her set, not of her class. Untidy looking boys, some of them sporting beards.

This kind of life is not unknown in California today. We did not worry overmuch. The beatnik had had his day and we read vaguely and with disinterest about the hippie, the new kind of citizen who despires the world he lives in.

When she left she withdrew her $200 savings and also took money from her father's wallet and her mother's purse. She probably had a total of about $350.

Four days later, she called from the Peninsula, about 15 miles south of San Francisco.

Her voice was fuzzy; she giggled hysterically.

"Mom, I'm not a virgin any more." That was her greeting.

Then she began to ramble and used the foulest language we had ever heard in our lives. We listened to her quietly. It was hard to believe she was our daughter.

She said she needed money. We did not ask her what had happened to the $350 in a few days. We did not reprimand her. We just wanted her home.

She said she needed $500 in a hurry. We went to the bank the next day in a state of shock and wired her the money.

Then weeks drew into months and one day a second call was made. This time she wanted just $25. We wired that to her.

In the interim, of course, we had enlisted the police who sent out a Missing Persons alarm over 10 Western states.

The police lieutenant was kindness itself. He warned us exactly what would happen.

"I know the hippies. They'll take her for everything she can get for them. They'll spend in one night what it costs you weeks to earn. They'll threaten to kick her out if she doesn't come up with more money."

Then he cautioned us not to expect to find her.

"Your description is meaningless. She no longer looks like the same girl. She's probably dressed up in one of those weird costumes and it would be hard even for you to pick her out. Moreover, she probably looks different. Drugs do that, you know."

One day we received a letter from her. It was the only one we had ever gotten in almost a year. It reads like this:

"Dear Parents: I think you stink. You make me sick. You make love with the lights out. Are you ashamed of your bodies?"

"I'm surprised you ever got pregnant, Mother. You are always so holy and virtuous. Why you never even let Dad take a shower with you, I'll bet. And I'll bet you never let him do things he would like to do in bed. And I'll bet you would love to do things with him in bed but you're too stupid to tell him that. You're too loused up."

"Mom, did you ever do this with Dad? (And here was a crude, crude, drawn sketch in the margin of her letter that is too disgusting to describe.)"

"Dad, did you ever do this with Mother? (And here was another drawing showing another sexual posture.)"

"Send me money. Send me money every week from now on. You'll never hear from me unless you send $25 a week via Western Union. I'm letting you off lightly. I could get more from you. Maybe I'll ask for more later. Belinda."

This from our own daughter. We were torn between sickness and despair. Did she think we had never been young? Did she not stop to think how she was traducing her very own parents who had never harmed her. Why did she do this? Does she hate us that much?

The answer is that she does have a consuming hatred for us.

It took a deal of courage, but we took the letter to a psychiatrist. He twirled his eyeglasses for a while and then spoke.

"Do not for a moment blame yourselves," he said. "You will have a tendency to do so. The girl has completely lost touch with reality."

Then he said something astonishing. "It's not all a matter of drugs either. We have a tendency to blame those peculiar actions, this drive towards self-destruction, on drugs. Don't forget that the very act of taking drugs is a kind of suicide. She hates herself and so she turns the hatred on you."

"There are some women who are desirous in bed and get a deal of joy from their husbands. There are others who are cold and who don't care about sex one way or the other. And there are the tramps, the ones who do it for sexual passion or for money. Your daughter is the tramp who does it for sheer viciousness. She loves her body and wants to enjoy it to the hilt. Accept the fact that she is a tramp, as is true of all the hippies, and you will understand her all the better."

Or course the question remains this: Would she have become a tramp had there been no hippies? We are certain she never would have become the tramp the psychiatrist spoke about. She would have gone to college, would have married, had children and gone through life in the familiar pattern. She might have been unhappy in her married life and wanted other men. Perhaps she would have committed adultery many times over. I do not know. But even adultery, even many divorces, even many a mess in her personal life would have been better.

It would have been better than no life at all.

We are not so blind as to say that the hippies ruined her. That would be ridiculous. That would be a lie.

The fact of the matter is she is a hippie herself. Why do we parents always go around blaming the others?

Someone has seen our daughter. We are told she looks like a woman of 35 or more. She has lines beneath her eyes; her skin is grey; her body hangs limply. Drugs will do that, we are told.

We also should like to exhibit another letter she sent us not long ago:

"Dear Has-Beens: Well, you will be glad to hear that I've turned you into grandparents. Yop! You are the happy grandfather and the happy grandmother of a beautiful little baby who was buried this morning. Like that? I thought you would. Love, your ever-loving, Belinda."

Why is she so vicious? Is it the drugs? No. It is Belinda herself. Drugs could not do that. She has a fateful defect somewhere in her makeup, in her composition.

It is therefore with great emotion, with a sense of believing that we are grownups and intelligent, that we indict our own daughter, Belinda, along with all the other hippies.

Our daughter Belinda is to blame for her own destruction and for destroying our lives. We are of course different people. We see no one, go no place. Her presence and her absence hangs over our house.

With heavy hearts, before God, we cannot hold her blameless for this would be an injustice to those whom she probably has harmed in her own, cruel way.

We indict our own daughter Belinda and may God have mercy on her—and on us. •
The indictments have been drawn; the charges have been made; the evidence has been presented. What is to be done now? There is much that can be done—and done right away. A national crisis requires action against the human plague.

what must be done?

During World War II, the United States placed more than 100,000 persons into detention camps. Most people are unaware of this. Today, the U.S. Government should round up draft dodgers and put them into detention camps. Those who interfere with the draft process must be put into other and similar camps. That's what can be done! (UPI)
The really serious contemporary stereotype mongering over drugs began in 1964, with a spate of articles about the drug scene at Cambridge and Oxford. It is a rich experience to come across newspaper cuttings showing that 500 Oxford students smoke hash with the familiar remark, "in this case Dr Linford Rees, that refuer smoking opens the way to heroin addiction. If all the hash smokers over the years had really turned into heroin addicts we'd probably have an addiction problem numbering tens of thousands."

The activities of undergraduates at our two most respectable universities continued until 1967 partly due to the Fleet Street trend of employing graduates from these institutions. They brought with them the screaming cries of midnight smoking debauches - good stuff for the gritty editors anxious to please a mass audience which has always felt antagonism to the privilege associated with Oxford and Cambridge. It's difficult to know whether these newcomers to Fleet Street belonged to the smoking groups - I think not. They were more the establishment student who could hardly wait to rush to London to reveal the distasteful goings-on at their colleges. The Express at the time breathlessly recorded that students bought drugs from an attractive Swedish blonde at undergraduate parties. One couldn't help wondering whether she was the same girl who cropped up in a Daily Telegraph article almost three years earlier. The Telegraph said: "'Reefer Andy at Cambridge' inquiries about a Swedish blonde. Six people are suspected of manufacturing the kind of reefer causing a stir at Cambridge and Oxford."

Needless to say the Baltic beauty was never named: she remains a part of the drug mythology which Fleet Street has constructed over the past ten years. The gutter press did not take an interest in our main university cities until 1967 when the People sent Trevor Aspinall to investigate. "Drug Sensation at Oxford" was the predictable front-page headline. He quoted the local police chief as saying: "Only the other day three fathers came to me about their daughters. All these men were from the upper echelon of society and their anguish at the state of their children was distressing. The horrors of this twilight drug world are dreadful."

In considering sensationalism of the drug scene, no newspaper can be mentioned in the same breath as the News of the World, which has the remarkable talents of Mr. Simon Regan. After the Wootton Report on cannabis was released, Mr Regan filed a story which said: "'Reefers dealers flew into London the same morning the Wootton Report was published. In a matter of hours the capital became one of the easiest places in Europe to buy cannabis in the form of hashish concentrate.' In four hours he returned to his office with enough hash to make 500 reefer drugs. No one doubts Mr Regan could buy that amount of hash. But the assertion that London overnight became the drug capital of Europe is arrant nonsense. Mr Regan knows it, and the editor, Mr Somerville, knows it. Yet by a naked political manoeuvre the News of the World was able to mobilise the entire Alf Garnett community against a document which could have gone a long way towards removing myth and misunderstanding from the drug scene.

The authoritave drug specialist on that bastion of Aquithian liberalism, The Times, is Mr Norman Fowler. He enjoys the confidence of the present Home Secretary, Mr Callaghan, and one cannot help but notice the consistency with which Mr Fowler advocates the Home Office line. Now obviously Mr Fowler cannot be blamed for accurately reflecting Mr Callaghan's views in the Times. It's his job. But as we all know Mr Callaghan has made some notorious errors in his ministerial career since 1964. He, more than any other minister, is more responsible for our present economic chaos. He rejected devaluation two years ago. He allowed the pound to be devalued. He has accepted the Social Contract and the recent enactment of regulations making entry certificates for dependants mandatory.

The really serious contemporary journalism about drugs other journalists on the paper are not given the opportunity of presenting conflicting views. It's a question of office politics. If one reporter has the ear of a cabinet minister he has a tremendous advantage over his colleagues. He is more likely to be trusted by his editor and can exercise conscious or unconscious editorial influence over the paper's policy.

Within the Times organisation it would be difficult for one of the junior reporters to present a view contrary to that of the Home Office or Scotland Yard, so eloquently expressed by Mr Fowler.

A reporter being half-bright about any subject makes difficulties. For instance I have written about the effects of hard and soft drugs which I have claimed from personal and professional association with the drug scene. What am I to do then if Dr Elizabeth Tylden the London psychiatrist comes to me with a statement about reeferers causing serious psychological disorders? I know already, for instance, that she has claimed that cannabis allegedly leads to genetic malformations. But in the statement she's presenting she makes no mention of this far graver accusation. And if Dr Max Glatt came to me with the story he gave the Daily Mail in January this year I would have serious misgivings about presenting it the way the Mail did.

By a Sunday Times Reporter

Dr Glatt said: 'Young people habitually taking hash always claim they have lots of "ideas". But they don't translate these into activity. Their preoccupation with the drug results in the neglect of their interest in furthering their education or training. They don't grow up - they just withdraw into their own hash world.'

I would challenge Dr Glatt's basic assertions. His presumption is that society is being run correctly and that young people are given the fullest opportunities to develop their personalities. From my observations the majority of children in this country are thrown onto the scrap heap at sixteen or seventeen - they're obliged to repress their imaginations and their aspirations to become wage-slaves in a society whose goals are materialist-oriented. Now, Dr Tylden and Dr Glatt may feel justified in accusing me of misusing the freedom of the press. They could charge me with suppressing my views, their answer is that reporters have a right - more precisely a responsibility - to be sceptical of all views and all information which they receive. It is a common justification of gutter press journalists that they are merely expressing the views of that ubiquitous fellow the man in the street. But we all know the man in the street's views.

He wants to send home the blacks, put our youth in the army and rusticate the dissident students.

Exploring the cuttings covering five decades revealed an unbelievably shallow approach to the reporting of drug affairs. For instance in all the thousands of column inches that have been written about drugs I could not find one article which dealt with the reasons why people or individuals look to hard drugs. I want to see explained the social background and the thought processes which makes a teenage boy or girl take a hypodermic needle, fill it and plunge it into his or her arm. It cannot be explained away by the cliché about teenage trends. My own newspaper, The Sunday Times, produced the ultimate in mindless journalism about drugs in a story last year headed 'Crawley has seventy heroin addicts because one boy went to Worthing.' The article recounted how a 16 year old Crawley boy studying in Worthing caught the heroin habit and spread it when he returned home. For all the academic talk about gregarious addicts I am not willing to believe that one boy turned on 70 teenagers. This proposition is intellectually insulting. A more satisfactory reason lies in the sterile environment of Crawley new town, another of the hideous artificial societies created by our town planners.

The mindless coverage of drugs by mass media stems from an inability to understand the problem - the relationship between cannabis smoking and alienation of youth from their enforced middle class values. An insight into this estrangement can sometimes be gained from the Underground Press. Fleet Street journalists should approach this new media not with a professional abhorrence but in a spirit of compassionate curiosity.
THE DAILY MIRROR

Just a cigarette, you’d think, but it was made from a sinister weed and an innocent girl falls victim of this TERROR!

24 JUL 1939

Marihuana

Marihuana is a plant that is made into a drug. Does that sound mean anything to you? That’s nature’s way of warning that marihuana is a plant that is made into a drug. But do you know that in every city in this country there are addicts of this dangerous drug? In Las Vegas, there are thousands of them. Young girls, once beautiful, whose faces show the ravages of the weed they inhaled smoking for a thrill. Young men who, in the three of a hangover from the drug, find their only relief in drugging a yet another marihuana cigarette. How do they obtain this drug—since the police are hot on the trail of all suspected traffickers? They obtain it from so many unsuspected sources that as fast as one is chased by the police, so another opens up. Night clubs, reputable hotels and salons are frequented by agents. They operate from the least likely places—salon owners, barbers, antique shops. Not in Bobs, in little lodging houses run by colored men and women, the smile can be had for a secret password, and a very small sum of money. And many terrible tales are told about marihuana addicts.

One girl, just over twenty, known among her friends for her quietness and modesty, suddenly threw all caution to the wind. She began staying out late at nights. Her parents became anxious when she began to walk about the house without clothes. They stopped her when she attempted to go into the street like that. At times she became violent, and showed abnormal strength. Then she would flop down in a corner, weeping and crouching like an animal. Soon she left home.

One trace could be found of her, but cigarettes and ends in her room were identified as marihuana.

Marihuana? That word means anything to you? It’s the best known of all drugs, and yet it is rarely recognized as such. Marihuana has an insidious way of creeping into the victim’s system, forcing them to violence, often murder.

Marihuana drives its victims into society, forcing them to violence, often murder. One man, in the delusion that his faults were going to be cut off, killed his mother, father, brother and two sisters with an ax.

It is easily the most sinister menace to our young people to-day. And to be forewarned about it is certainly to be forearmed. For ignorance is spreading this habit more than anything else.

There’s only one way to treat the fellow with the case of “doctored” fags which he offers to young folks. Give him! For he’s engaged in committing moral murder.

For women, the menace of the cigarette is greater than for men. Here is a true story that illustrates this fact.

A girl of twenty-one was persuaded by an older man to elope with him. For months her father searched vainly for his daughter. One night he saw a girl, her eyes staring wildly in front of her, her hands drooping, her head leaning on a man’s shoulder. He was horrified, but even more horrified when a second glance told him that this was his daughter, engaged, by repetual and songs.

“I am not going home. I’m going to America,” she wailed, when she saw her father.

The man with her refused to give her up. The girl chose slavery to him.

There might have been a brawl but the father said:

“I have a friend outside who will sell the police if I’m not outside with my daughter in ten minutes.”

Reluctantly his daughter went with him. In a few months she was cured of these nightmarish works. It may happen to any man or woman. The next victim may be your best friend.

A cigarette seems harmless enough. It is not so easy to check the craving. For marihuana can turn happy lives into hell.

SPEICLALLY POSED FOR THE "DAILY MIRROR."
SMALLS
GAY PAPERBACKS, PHYSIQUE MAGAZINES, PHOTOS etc. I will buy, exchange or loan and have large selection of American, British and Scandinavian material available. Box No 8.
Gay/Pub/Club/ Drag-Show Guide 10/-.
Gay Paperback 10/-.
London 22
3. Osborn
Gay Paperback 10/-. John: BM/FBGH.
London VVC1.

ALLEGRO YOUNG DOLLY SWINGERS. INSATIABLE MALE (23)
NEEDS YOU FOR ALL WAY-OUT ACTIVITIES. HAVE MUCH BREAD FOR WITH-IT CHICKS
INEXPERIENCED KITTENS ALSO WELCOME. Box No 9.
Would any intelligent chick with London Area pad care to give occasional sanctuary to young blond man 22. Personality preferred to looks. Both OK. Will share rent etc. Write urgently. Box No 10.

'EVICTED' The Squatters' story of the illegal evictions in Ilford. Prince 3/- including postage. Obtainable from:
3, Dalhn Street, London E1.

MASTER FATHER FIGURE GIVES FREE TRAINING, EXERCISES CORRECTED, I'M EXPERIENCED NOT COOL, AND GENUINE. Box No 22.
CMC offers male friendship, correspondence, holiday companions, ads. Details 1/-, Box No 22.

LONELY! JOIN THE PATRA CORRESPONDENCE CLUB. Friendly, private and confidential. Share your hobbies, find new friends, both sexes, all ages, world-wide. Send stamp for details to Mrs P. Gill, 66 Laburnum Road, Redcar, Teeside, England.

Sexual adventures unlimited! Couples/ Individuals. Meetings arranged throughout Britain.
TOZ, 23 Arcadian Gardens, London NW2.

Miami bachelor wants correspondence with girls objecting marriage, Bill Brackins 8380 NW, 37 Terrace Miami Springs, Florida 33166, USA.

NEEDS YOU FOR ALL WAY-OUT FOR WITH IT CHICKS.

EIGHT FIRST CLASS PHOTOS OF YOUNG MEN AT PLAY, and in a relaxed, 'informal' mood for only 16/- or a sample of 4 for 10/-.

FIVE SUPERB FEMALE MODELS in 'interesting' poses for only 10/- or 8m and 5f photos at a reduced price of only 22/-.

ALL THESE PHOTOS WILL COME UP TO YOUR EXPECTATIONS, OR YOUR MONEY REFUNDED, sent by first class post in plain sealed envelope. Cheque or P 0 to: G B MAGAZINE, 5 County Road, Stafford, Staffs.

SEND YOUR SMALL ADS TO OZ AT 52, PRINCEDALE ROAD, LONDON, W11 RATES: 1/- PER WORD.

SEND YOUR SMALL ADS TO OZ AT 52, PRINCEDALE ROAD, LONDON, W11 RATES: 1/- PER WORD.

CAR CARE. OZ recommends the friendliest garage in London. Get your car repaired there - pay cash - and we'll all prosper. CAR CARE, Princedale Road, London W11. 01-727-7485.

Girls earn extra money in your spare time (also full time available) by joining the crowd scene in the new nude movie craze. All films exported only, mostly to America. Completely legal, not pornographic, all expenses paid plus a fee while testing. Riviera Line Cine Productions, 46 Hereford Road, London W2. 01-727-9934 (Provincials welcome)

PUSSYCATS - A BRAND NEW SET OF FIVE SUPERB FEMALE PHOTOS IN INTERESTING POSES YOURS FOR ONLY 10/-.

'LES-BITCHES' A SET OF FIVE SUPERB FEMALE PHOTOS FOR ADULTS - ONLY 10/-.

'DANDY JIM' - A SET OF THREE SUPERB MALE PHOTOS FOR ADULTS - ONLY 7/-. SPECIAL OFFER PUSSYCATS AND LES-BITCHES FOR ONLY 16/- OR ALL THREE SETS FOR 12. ALL SENT WITH A SEVEN DAY REFUND GUARANTEE. By 5d post in a plain envelope. Send cheque or P 0 to: "MANNERS ART" Department 26, RAVENSDALE LTD, SPRINGFIELD ROAD, LONDON BN15.

SECTION
RAVENSDALE PRODUCTS LTD
SPRINGFIELD ROAD
LONDON N15
TELEVISION
THE BANKRUPT MEDIUM

OZ TV supplement: introductory notes.

The burgeoning underground press reflects the failure of traditional media to cope with the consciousness of a new generation. Television in particular has repudiated the demands of those supposed to be most affected by it. In the following supplement, Tom Nairn takes the fatalistic view that it is the natural function of a virgin medium to belch forth reactionary propaganda for the first hundred years. Less patiently, others are exploring and developing facilities for an alternative, underground television network (See John Hopkins: Video Now). From the inside, a producer offers hints towards humanisation (A tired producer’s notes . . .).

Official reaction to any expression of discontent is (1) “Of Course! But you have seen how bad it was five years ago”. (2) “You speak for a ludicrous minority. Mums & dads who after all buy the soap powder and pay the license fees, love us”. The same ludicrous minority responsible for escalating the circulation of OZ, IT & Rolling Stone (As those of the New Statesmen and the Listener irrevocably subsidise), who pack Hyde Park for adventurous pop (Could Des O’Connor or Simon Dee fill Sloane Square?), who compel extension of the Living Theatre’s Roundhouse season, who nurture arts laboratories all around the country . . . An infinitesimal market? Apparently so. Its existence is not even acknowledged by anything currently on television.

Digression: Who said this: “No single group of viewers, even if it is the majority, will be served to the exclusion of all others, no single type of television will predominate . . .”. Answer: David Frost and Aidan Crawley when applying to Lord Hill for London Weekend’s ITA Contract.

Any week’s Radio or TV Times reveals television to be one marathon series of All Our Yesterdays, itself still running. Peaks times: Show of the Week (“The good old days, a special Scandinavian edition of old time music hall) yet Once More with Felix, Mirror to a (stone) Age, the Glen Miller Sound, Time to Remember (“. . . the camera recalls the events of 1919”), The Fifties (“Robert Robinson looks back to the death of King George VI”), Film Night (“A Dig into the Past”), Giving a Dinner Party (who does anymore?), Princess Grace, former film star conducts a musical tour of Monte Carlo, Fyne Robertson asks: “Why Zoos” and the 1969 Methodist conference from the central hall, Coventry, gives us Songs of Praise.

There is nothing new one can say about the pitiful assembly of milk-advertisement celebrities that bounce in and out of each other’s shows night after night, except to stress that most are manipulated by a handful of boardroom magnates, who, at the mention of the words quality, originality or culture reach for their export awards. That ex Vaudeville family, the Grade Brothers, know what the public wants. Lew runs ATV and its myriad subsidiaries. His brother, Bernard Delfont, runs everything else and he is a director of EMI, which owns Associated British Pictures (which has TV holdings), which has an interest in the Grade Organisation, which owns Harold Davison Agency (which provides many of the artists appearing on TV) which is connected with countless other showbiz institutions. Even the Daily Express once cooed: “Impressario Bernard Delfont has just done a deal . . . which gives him virtual control over live entertainment in Britain”. That was three years ago. The Grades have more control now.

Here’s how it works: Bernard Delmont runs the Royal Variety Show, a TV special, which takes place in a theatre (London Palladium) owned by his brother, which raises money for a charity presided over by himself, employing artists managed or promoted by the Grade organisation or Harold Davison and who are often concurrently appearing at theatres run by Delfont or Grade, costumed by Monty Berman, an ATU offshoot, and recorded by EMI.

The same numbing obsession with the gaudy, tinselled, second rate, sentimental, bygone, showbiz glamour era also permeates the BBC. When Billy Cotton died, Mr Tom Sloane, head of Light Entertainment, intoned: “He represented everything good in this country”. And certainly the Cotton musical philosophy (viciously anti-rock) still represents the contemporary mood at the BBC, which, politically, is similarly dancing to its own gruesome fox-trot (one step to the right, two steps backwards).

Adams or compare Lord Hill’s BBC charter with that of his predecessor (Encounter, November ‘68).

One indication of contemporary critical standards is the cultish infatuation with Rowan & Martin, a programme with a dazzling array of human gadgets, of breath-taking pace and intermittent wit, but which is deceptive in its achievements. It is not outspoken. No-one is threatened. No-one is named. A typical ‘strong item’ consists of a song and dance attack on censorship, with no-one ‘exposed’, nothing achieved, nothing altered, nothing new sung, nothing publicly uncensored, but all reassured.

Some of those working within media have become so embittered, that they have created the Free Communications Group, which believes that newspaper, television and radio should be under the control of people who produce them. The first issue of their magazine, Open Secret (2/6, 6 Swan Walk, London, S.W.3) publishes almost in full, the hilarious and confidential application by London Weekend Television to ITA. This Group which has also established a committee to enquire into the television industry, seeks to provide a long term alternative for those on the inside. For the rest, it might be more fun to take John Hopkins’s advice, and do it in the road with your own portable video.

When the poor-hard-done-by-underground-avant-garde gets on its financial feet its first purchases are, in that order, clothes, hi-fi, colour TV, and a sports car. The last as a joke of course. But why the TV, you ask? Because it nourishes, and extends that boredom with which drop-outs defend their inverted elitism against the facts of life. They never could communicate: now, just like Mr Jones, they’ve found their excuse not to. And they, they laugh at it, but they keep on watching, whoever calls, while on the phone the Saint, Jesse James, The Virginian . . . We’re all tired businessmen now.

Why do we prefer watching boring TV to our boring friends? Because the picture might change at any moment, while our friends won’t.

TV from a miracle it became a hypnosis, then a habit, and now, wallpaper. Intermittently, a window.
by David Sharp, a tired producer.

I want a television that the people can use, just as they use the town hall, labour exchange, clinic or supermarket. In the mass society people have a need to transfer their experiences, perceptions and frustrations to their fellow citizens, to their functionaries, representatives and leaders. They should no more feel that the apparatus of electronic contact is alien and embarrassing to handle than the dentist’s equipment or the garage mechanic’s. They have to humanise the media of communication by taking possession of them.

All discussion about television in the past has been about finding means to tamel and control it. Let us talk now about how to free it. Let us stop talking about expanding the area of expression in terms of individual words or actions, watching the area of permitted nudity increase inch by inch over the months, or the total permitted vocabulary of sexuality increase four-letter word by four-letter word. There are no stable yardsticks for the measurement of freedom — there is only the clarity of purpose of communicators determined to say what has to be said. The most powerful form of censorship is the mind of a writer or producer calculating what he can get away with.

Everywhere the content of the television screen is the major guide to what it is possible to think openly with the particular society, the exercise yard in the cultural prison. This is true in Russia, as much as in Portugal, in Britain as much as in America. We are too complacent in the West. Our screens are almost just about as open as our societies. Television everywhere is socially controlled, nearly always state-controlled as well. The healthier the society, the better the situation for the professional communicator, the less he is obliged to look over his shoulder. There is therefore, even in Britain with the freest screen and the freest society of all, no room for complacency. The battle-lines merely change from decade to decade. You spend the whole of a professional life pushing them to the farthest extent in one direction and as you pause for breath, turn round — you will see the next generation hemmed in somewhere behind you. In places they are fighting for the right of opposition politicians within the national parliament to use the most powerful medium of all to address their voters; they turn to Britain with admiration and surprise, because here

all the politicians have some right of access to the screen. Do not be fooled — the next fight is to get the politicians off the screen.

Be very careful when people speak to you about quality in television, especially if they are critics, shareholders or programme controllers. They are nearly always referring to something that looks good, not on the screen, but in print; they are anxious to adorn their company reports or to achieve the satisfaction of writing patronising passages or simply to appear in the Honours’ List. When they talk about quality programmes they are actually talking about programmes which they think ought to be on television; that is very different from good television, which is almost impossible to legislate for. Good television occurs usually by accident when the producer is merely indulging himself and accidentally succeeds in communicating something to his audience at the same time — when that magical fusion of maker, artifact and public occurs, in which all three are inseparable. Good television isn’t even something that can be seen on the screen and later stored in a box; it is a living presence that leaves an indelible impression on the minds of all who saw it and all who were in the first place responsible for it. It is as much the product of the audience acting through the decision-making processes of the producer as a product of the producer reacting to the appreciation-processes of the audience.

Good television isn’t just a flicker that disappears at midnight; it lives in the way a

Nausea, liberal: Julia or, “Negresses! Forget the ghettos, for sweet suburban grit will make you Black America’s answer to Phyllis Calvert!” (And if you know who Phyllis Calvert is, you shouldn’t be reading this article.)

Nausea, radical: All My Loving, which sees pop music as the expression — equivalent — antithesis of shooting the Vietcong in the head (blows his mind, man). This thesis is sentiment-sensationalist slop, slanted at News of the World readers who think they’re New Statesman readers, at New Statesman readers who think they’re Melody Maker readers, and at London Magazine readers who tremble with thrill at the thought of being Fuck You readers.

printed. However, you have chosen to produce television instead, and the public will not leave you alone. In vain you suggest that they pass by on the other side. You are not in the print business. That which bores the audience they will turn off. That which pleases them they will eventually turn on. That which impresses them they will try to watch next time. That which enrages them they will watch avidly.

A good proportion of the audience reacts positively to what it feels ought not to have been put on. A smaller proportion reacts passively to what it feels ought to have been put on. You will be exposed without much protection to the ravages of the former. No telephone exchange however

We Need Must Love the Highest When We See It (Arnold), but

I know what England ought to want because God speaks to me on my Hi Fi (Lord Reith and his Pals), but

inefficient will keep the enraged audience from you. No postal system ever devised will succeed in losing their letters or diverting them from you. You will be exposed without much protection to the ravages of the former. No telephone exchange however
THE CULTURAL LUDDITES

Hand-loom Intellectuals

Among the machine-breakers of 1812, the historian E P Thompson pointed out, ‘pride of place went to the hammer-men, who wielded enormous iron sledges called Enochs to break open doors and smash the frames’. They had a song which went:

Great Enoch still shall lead the van,
Stop him who dare! Stop him who can!

One feels trepidation, therefore, denouncing the new machine-breakers of 1969. In many circles, both Left and Underground, to hint that new-fangled television machines are good for anything but smashing invites instant Enoch-ing. Raised eyebrows turn one into an accomplice of the system, like the evil West Riding mill-owner who used to wait on the hammer-men coming of a night, with ‘barricades of spiked rollers on his stairs, and a tub of oil of vitriol at the top’. But whatever the risk, and without in any way condoning the machine-owners and magistrates, I must condemn the new Luddism. More than that. There is a sinister — and far from revolutionary — significance in the fact that the Underground and part of the Left intelligentsia come together in rare harmony just here, of all places. That is, on the lowest possible common denominator of corporate, backward-looking, hopeless, helpless, anti-historical stupidity. Not looking forward to a future together, but weeping over a past. Not in constructive, collective action, but at the point of maximum inertia. Not as revolutionaries, but as pathetic, dispossessed, hand-loom intellectuals menaced by the dread culture-mills of Shepherd’s Bush and Kingsway.

Revolt of the Book-worms

The old machine-breakers had a mythical leader called General Ludd. Our new General Ludd, Angelo Quattrocchi, spoke out recently on the front page of the new Paris daily Action (descendant of the revolutionary newsheet of May ’68). ‘Break your telly into little pieces’, he cried. Then, go and see the man who runs the telly, and ‘ask him to give you back all the time he has stolen from you, all those hundreds of hours he has taken out of your life’. If he can’t do so, break him in little pieces too: you’ll find he is full of valves, wires, nuts and bolts — ‘Alors tuiras!’ The same message scorched the valves and wires in John Goldsmith’s recent TV documentary about art students, where suddenly an earnest face loomed out so, break him in little pieces too: you’ll find stolen from you, all those hundreds of hours your telly into little pieces’, he cried. Then, the valves and wires in John Goldsmith’s he is full of valves, wires, nuts and bolts he has taken out of your life’. If he can’t do revolution: ‘You can smash your television the old machine-breakers had a mythical the most reactionary of cultural phenomena for long after its birth. For a century it propagated little but mediaeval bigotry and prejudice, treaties on the detection and torture of witches, unreadable Reformation and Counter-Reformation polemics, and assorted theological rubbish. It put the manuscript-scribes out of business and (I don’t doubt) made them feel like smashing the presses. Would they have been justified in doing so? How alien the coldly impersonal, lead-stamped book must have seemed, after the unique, lovingly transcribed, human manuscript! To a progressive manuscript-clerk the situation must have been intolerable: the devices had not only put him out of work, they were filling the world with cultural junk! Imagine his withering scorn on seeing printed books in a friend’s home. How — to employ General Ludd II’s favourite term — how plastic book culture must have looked: neatly-packaged brain-poison from faceless leaden men, a new barbarism spreading into every home.

But we know — and certainly the telly-haters ought to know — that this ‘barbarism’ contained the industrial revolution and political democracy within itself. Neither could have existed without it. It also signified the end of an ancient elite culture founded on mediaeval ignorance and squallor. Opponents of the presses looked back to Dante; but the presses themselves looked forward to Shakespeare, Marx, and Joyce. And of course, to Quattrocchi & Co. too, the new elite threatened by a newer barbarism, solemnly identifying its own senile decrepitude with the ever-shining light of human culture.

You Can Burn All Your Books, Now!

General Ludd II and his men have forgotten what the fate of print-culture was, in its own early existence. They have forgotten that, as McLuhan pointed out, it was the most reactionary of cultural phenomena for long after its birth. For a century it propagated little but mediaeval bigotry and prejudice, treaties on the detection and torture of witches, unreadable Reformation and Counter-Reformation polemics, and assorted theological rubbish. It put the manuscript-scribes out of business and (I don’t doubt) made them feel like smashing the presses. Would they have been justified in doing so? How alien the coldly impersonal, lead-stamped book must have seemed, after the unique, lovingly transcribed, human manuscript! To a progressive manuscript-clerk the situation must have been intolerable: the devices had not only put him out of work, they were filling the world with cultural junk! Imagine his withering scorn on seeing printed books in a friend’s home. How — to employ General Ludd II’s favourite term — how plastic book culture must have looked: neatly-packaged brain-poison from faceless leaden men, a new barbarism spreading into every home.

But we know — and certainly the telly-haters ought to know — that this ‘barbarism’ contained the industrial revolution and political democracy within itself. Neither could have existed without it. It also signified the end of an ancient elite culture founded on mediaeval ignorance and squallor. Opponents of the presses looked back to Dante; but the presses themselves looked forward to Shakespeare, Marx, and Joyce. And of course, to Quattrocchi & Co. too, the new elite threatened by a newer barbarism, solemnly identifying its own senile decrepitude with the ever-shining light of human culture.

Bubbles in the Primeval Ooze

It would be too much to expect originality
from the TV wreckers. They are in the unfortunate historical position of being able to enunciate only cliches, the receding echoes of a (fortunately) moribund culture. When television was younger, even good-bad writers like Raymond Chandler denounced it more effectively:

Television is really what we've been looking for all our lives... television's perfect. You turn a few knobs, a few of those mechanical adjustments at which the higher apes are so proficient, and lean back and drain your mind of all thought. And there you are watching the bubbles in the primordial ooze. You don't have to concentrate. You don't have to remember. You don't miss your brain because you don't need it. Your heart and liver and lungs continue to function normally. Apart from that, all is peace and quiet. You are in the crouching in the corner of the living-room. In a society like this, to expect most TV programmes to be other than garbage would be naive. But the responsibility for this plainly lies with society, which manufactures the TV that suits it. And society includes us. Chandler understood that, at least:

To me, television is just one more facet of that considerable segment of our civilization that never had any standard but the soft buck. Hasn't today and probably never will have... Perhaps in some ways the worse television is, the better... Perhaps enough of those people will realize after a while that what they're really looking at is themselves. (Ibid)

To think that cracking a few telly-valves will stop or cure this state of affairs is even more naive. To think the valves are somehow responsible for it carries one perilously close to that traditional Right which has always thought that 'more' means 'worse'.

May and the Media

Yet this is what the neo-Luddites really think: a culture forced on the defensive is in fact capable of such regressions. If they were really interested in a revolutionary attack on the corporate capitalist state, the correct strategy would be — naturally — to fight for power within the media, and ultimately for control over them. It has not been sufficiently recognised that one of the central weaknesses of the May '68 revolt in France was its indifference to such issues. France, where conventional bourgeois print-culture was at its most powerful, where — the old apparatus of literary academia — has left a deep mark on the whole intelligentsia and infected the Left with its archaic narcissism, where the most rabid revolutionaries retained until 1968 the fossilized cultural mentality of a 19th century village schoolmaster — France was, in this vital respect, the last country where a 20th century revolution should have occurred. Marx said that the Communard revolutionaries of 1871 failed because they hesitated at the gates of the Banque de France, and did not appropriate it. The revolutionaries of 1968 failed because they hesitated too long before the gates of the ORTF, the Paris telecommunications centre. They wrote bravely on walls, like mediaeval scribes. But they despised the electronic walls in every living room too much to write on them. No other revolution can afford to make the same mistake.

Concern for minority audiences is a minor matter. All mass media exploit the overlap between middle and working class culture. The best ideas admit these tensions, within and between them with the banalities conceal. Wrestling is the last outpost, in this middle-class medium, of pure lower working class roughness.

Contrary to intellectual misreporting, whereby the good guys always win, the real anti-heroes are the hateable, unbeatable villains, like McManus, Pallo and Rann. For those blissfully ignorant of how it's fixed, wrestling can hurt, in the sense that the old fashioned boxing booths could hurt, when purely innocent kids were ready to have a go against the booth plagiarists.

True, French television may have been the most odious and cretinous of any western country. Yet even in the ORTF, the television workers showed they had more in them than valves, wires, nuts and bolts. Does Ludd II believe that the journalists and technicians who waged one of the most stubborn of the May-June strikes, and later lost their jobs, are machine-men who would...
be better employed wielding quill-pens? In other countries like Britain, where even the existing structure of the medium is more flexible, and the contradictions in its functioning are consequently greater, where TV could obviously be something quite other than what it is — here similar attitudes on the Left are inexcusable. They are only a hair's breadth from being frankly counter-revolutionary.

Narcissists with Hatchets

As print-culture contained the possibility of the bourgeois-democratic world, so the electronic media contain the possibility of a communist world within themselves. That is, of an effective common culture which can overcome the last vestiges of restrictive elitism without thereby reducing humanity to a lowest common level of mechanical conformity. Television is still in its earliest, crudest phase, corresponding to that of the printed word a century or so after Gutenberg. The great developments certain to come, in technique, transmission, reception, educational and local-community use, personal recording and projection, will transform the medium and its social meaning. They will realize its (literally) revolutionary possibilities. Through them, technology will help to shatter the primitive bourgeois social framework, by generating within it the foundations of the first great and truly communal culture — the first free culture — tomorrow. But this is just what the Luddites fear, though they cannot portray the fear openly without betraying themselves! What contempt for technology lies in the disparaging picture of the ‘valves, wires, nuts and bolts’ in the telly-man’s brain? What dismal fear of the mass culture which would remove for ever their own pretensions to the inheritance of ‘art’, their own aristocratic, last-ditch elitism masquerading as the avant-garde! In brutal fact, their own dark reflection. How many hours has the sensibility, upon that wretched, mindless extension of the reign of books over the printed page stolen from humanity’s last vestiges of restrictive elitism? Though they cannot portray the fear openly — they are incapable of seeing that the new medium might be different; that it might be more than an infinite, calamitous primitive bourgeois social framework, by the last-ditch elitism masquerading as the avant-garde! In brutal fact, their own dark reflection; their own aristocratic, last-ditch elitism masquerading as the avant-garde!

Sorry OZ, I really tried. When you rang up on Wednesday about doing a piece on TV entertainment, I got onto it right away. I called Keith Smith at BBC publicity and said OZ was doing a survey of TV programmes, and could he tell me about Light Entertainment? Yes he could — What week did I want; I said Monday to Sunday. He started chuckling and said ‘You know We’ve never had a call from OZ before, can you hear all right with all that hair?’ (Chuckle). I could hear papers rustling, and then he said ‘22nd of June — Ah yes, the first of a new Lulu series recorded in Sweden.’ I remembered what he said about showing the same artists appear on every show and asked him who the guests were. He chuckled again and said — ‘Well, My Generation, — the Rolf Harris dancers — they’re very good’. Anyone else, I said, yawning. ‘No’, he said ‘they’re all foreigners and you wouldn’t know them’. More paper rustling. ‘You must send us a copy of OZ — I haven’t seen it since the first issue. Very hippie, isn’t it?’ I said it wasn’t but couldn’t raise the energy to say why. (Send him a copy will you.) But by this time he was telling me about the N F Simpson show with Ned Sherrin producing. ‘Of course we’re not trying to send anyone up — if you want an intellectual name for the type of show, its oh no, not satire — parody in the best sense. But, really, if we make people laugh we’re happy.’

By this time he was humming catchy little tunes and the papers were rustling like crazy. It was time for a joke again — ‘If you like tennis you have Wimbledon every night for a week’. I started awake. What — a satire on Wimbledon? But he said ‘no no just a joke.’ ‘On Wednesday night we have the second of the Bobbie Gentry shows, (she wrote Billy Joe) which is very good if you like that sort of thing,’ he said, archly. I thought briefly that perhaps she stripped, but already he was giving a list of guests — ‘I’ve got Joe South, Billy Preston, Alan Price and James Taylor, and also John Hartford.’ He said something about John Hartford but I couldn’t catch that.

‘On Thursday and Friday we’ve got nothing’. He didn’t seem particularly upset by this catastrophe, and went on to tell me that BBC1 were repeating Not in front of the Children.

Wednesday, there’s a fifty minute show of Les Reed’s greatest hits — he did all Tom Jones’ big songs — he must be a very wealthy man by now. Humperdinck, Donald Peers, Cleo Laine, and Jackie Trent are going to sing the songs. On the same night there’s the third programme in the Beryl Reid series’, I said I liked Beryl Reid, and he said the show had had mixed reviews and really wasn’t very funny, ‘Some people seemed to like it.’

The papers were still rustling at the same breakneck pace, when we came to Saturday.
SHOOT IT, SHOW IT! VIDEO NOW!

John Hopkins, Co-ordinator of TVX.

Funny thing about our society is that most of the machines we need are all around us, and it's just a case of figuring out how to get hold of them. This article helps fill the information gap about what machines there are, what they can do: the figuring is your business.

In a word, portable TV is here. By portable I mean that there is an outfit consisting of a shoulder-pack videotape recorder (weighs 13 lbs) and a hand held TV camera (weighs about 5 lbs) which works off its own internal batteries. A microphone mounted on the camera picks up sound, and synchronised sound and vision are recorded on a half inch wide videotape, running time 20 minutes.

The batteries last an hour and are rechargeable. Cost, about £575. To see what you've recorded, the tape is put onto a larger record/playback machine, rewound, and played back through a TV set adapted to the larger machine's output. The total cost is just under £1000, including accessories like battery charger etc. Made by the Japanese company Sony, whose head office (01.695 0021) will tell you where your local Sony dealer is.

For the technically minded, it works to 405-line standard, with 220 line definition, bandwidth of about 3MHz, negative modulation, automatic gain control for audio, automatic exposure compensation for video. Standard C mount lens is a 4:1 TV zoom, viewfinder is a miniature 1” screen mounted at the back of the camera. The portable camera and recorder code no. DVK 2400, playback machine code no. CV 2000.

A similar machine made by Japanese company Shibaden will be on the market soon, which uses 625 line system. UK distribution by GVS (01.202 8056). The real differences between Sony and Shibaden emerge when you look at the overall systems developed by these two companies, and how the portable recorders fit into these systems. The tapes from a Sony portable can only be played back on one machine, as it was produced originally for the domestic market. The tapes from the Shibaden portable can be played back on a variety of machines, all of which are compatible with the entire range of Shibaden equipment. In certain applications these differences in back-up systems are important, and the Sony system has greater limitations.

There's another difference too. Each time you edit in the camera (stop shooting and then start again) you make a discontinuity in the sequence of control pulses put onto the tape when you record. When playing back, this discontinuity causes the picture hold to be lost for a short time. With Sony, this can 'tear' the picture for up to 2 seconds, but with Shibaden all you get is a 'flash' lasting perhaps a tenth of a second. It means that on Shibaden you can do a series of very short jump outs and get away with it, which on Sony will produce just jagged torn pictures. And with Shibaden you can also dub on sound at the playback stage. To be fair, the Sony felt better balanced and easier to operate, a question of design hipness; and the actual picture quality is at least as good as Shibaden if not better.

Well that's as concise as I can make it. Now read on. Two other questions. Can I play back from one of these machines thru my ordinary TV set? Not without modification, cost £35 or if you know a friendly electronics freak, maybe £10. The manufacturers ought to produce a cheap connect box for this purpose, but they don't. Can I go to a shop and buy this equipment as an individual? No. You've got to buy it thru a company and prove educational or industrial use. What happened was that the UK electronics lobby, realising that they couldn't produce equivalent machines, pushed a restrictive law thru Parliament to protect their sales of what I'm reliably told is relatively inferior equipment. Well, what do you expect from a country whose economy is on its last legs?
HERE IS IT! The first book from KNULLAR publishing, SOME OF IT is a full-length anthology of the best writing and graphics from IT/1 up to current issues. This is all material original to IT over the last 2 1/2 years. 180 pages of William Burroughs, Claes Oldenburg, Alex Trocchi, Allen Ginsberg, Miles, Antonin Artaud, Jean-Paul Sartre, Peter Brook, Jeff Nuttall, Michael X, Pete Townshend, Maharishi, Jakov Lind, Philip Lamantia, John Peel, Buckminster Fuller, Tuli Kupferberg, Michael McClure, Julian Beck and dozens of others, all bound in MELANEX.

SOME OF IT is available now, by post from Some of IT, 27 Endell St., London WC2. Price is £1, including postage.

TIME OUT in London

LONDON'S VERY OWN HIP WHAT'S ON

Every fortnight, 1s 6d.
Where do we go from here?
The cat's out of the bag. Although certain technical problems remain, the chief of which is electronic editing, we can now make our own television. What's more, the mystique of TV studios, technicians and administrators, and hard-to-acquire expertise, and the hurdle of the ACTT (cameraman's union action), have been exposed for the bullshit they are, in one fell swoop. Want to join the ACTT so you can work in TV or films? It'll cost you plenty in free drinks and expensive meals. Want to do a Granada TV directors course? You need a degree. Well, it's all downhill from now on. The speed with which we can develop alternative circuits in Universities, Arts Laboratories and Neighborhood-Local situations depends now only on our resourcefulness, the figuring-it-out I spoke of earlier. It's interesting to compare the obvious stirrings of grass-roots TV with the statements made by our beloved Minister of Technology, Mr Wedgewood Benn. He seems to understand better than most of his colleagues the inevitable nature of electronic technology which is to decentralise the media. He also expresses concern (on TV!!) that TV in particular needs to be made more available to more people, and that this is a social necessity. Fine words. Well, unlike the administrators who hold the reins of commercial TV — and that includes the BBC — we haven't got vested interests in prolonging our own jobs where they are obviously due for a shake-up.

What's more, we are now beginning to produce the answers to the questions that Mr Wedgewood Benn has been asking. OK Mr smart guy, how would you run local TV? Actually it's quite simple. To start, a couple of portable recorders. Two rooms to operate from: one a small studio for videos, the other with editing facilities. Your video journalist goes out shooting: children, entertainment, revolution, town hall meetings, conversations, opinions ... he comes back to the editing room, rewinds, edits if necessary, makes duplicates, and the tapes are sent out to various parts of the district where playback sets are located. Pubs, cinemas, meeting places, dances: places where people are used to get together. Pay for it from advertising (no sweat to put ads together), maybe paid admission if it's a cinema, and public funds. Yes, you heard me, PUBLIC FUNDS.

This is the point where the town councils have got to fork out some cash, and it's not much, to provide a public service. Within a short time any basic system of local TV like the one I just described could undergo considerable sophistication. Instead of sending tapes to the playback points, you tap the existing GPO video lines already laid down for this sort of use. Then, you can transmit without the tedious business of tramping across town three times a day. Then, you might set up a low power transmitter to use one of the broadcast bands not used in that place. The point about all this is that it is possible now. So let's go ahead and do it.

So what are the prospects?
On the level of local TV, all that has to be done is to find one town or borough council that will give support to a scheme that will turn a lot of people on. The difficulty that they may actually want to control what is put out on local TV can be avoided by giving the council as much time as it thinks it wants to tell the people whatever it wants to tell them. In fact, it's not down to a them-or-us control battle: it's down to letting as many people, factions, opinions as possible be aired, and this in itself is the opposite of a potentially dangerous influence. It would be just as socially harmful to allow the 'revolutionaries' to control such a facility as it would be for the 'reactionaries' to control it. Before my colleagues on Black Dwarf — long may they thrive — get uptight, here's an example. Imagine a situation where Mr Barry Quartermain is allowed to give his opinion of how to treat squatters and earn his living, and Squatters who have been set upon by his men are allowed to say what they think. Give a man enough rope and he'll hang himself. The trouble with broadcasting is the moment things get interesting, the interviewer closes the conversation with some neutral remark. What would happen if you let Enoch Powell and Tariq Ali talk it out, all day if need be? Or the local grocer or pusher starts to say where he's really at? In some respects we have a better idea of what not to do than what to do. Why is the news always read in a serious tone of voice, and religious programmes held in the atmosphere of a morgue? Could it be that they really think 'the news' has much relevance to the man in the street? Or that god vanishes when you crack jokes about him?

On the level of Universities, Sussex, Brunel, Leeds, Strathclyde, Birmingham, York, and Imperial College London, and Brighton and Plymouth technical colleges have their own closed circuit systems, and there are probably more I don't know about. I'm under the impression that TV in these places is still treated as something available to only a few people, which has to be done in a studio, and by means of which only 'neutral' topics may be discussed. However, what is more important is the very existence of the systems themselves. Jim Haynes announced at the recent FACOP meeting at St Katherine's dock that the Arts Labs throughout the country want to set up a circuit and exchange material, and the first steps have already been taken. The open-ended no-holds-barred attitude in the London Arts Lab is going to be very productive when it comes to exploring the possible uses of video.

Recently a meeting was held at the ICA between film makers and the setting up of a parallel video circuit was mentioned. So we can see that already there is a number of small circuits and viewing situations, which with a little co-ordination form the basis of an alternative network. The task at present seems to be to promote mutual awareness and realisation that, once again, what we are looking for is all around us, and all we have to do is to get it together.
RECORDS FOR THE STARVING MILLIONS - FROM A HUNGRY RECORD COMPANY

MARITHA VELEZ

FIENDS & ANGELS

HAK 8395  SHK 8395
To Begin with could you tell us something about the film you’ve made?

We made a movie called ‘Uncle Meat’. It’s got a lot of pictures of the Mothers in it; it also has a story line around it which will require some straight-life-type actors to execute and we need some more money to finish it.

Isn’t the plot explained on the sleeve of the Uncle Meat LP?

The beginning and the end is in there – the middle isn’t.

Was the album written with the film in mind?

It’s quite possible to make a film to match music, so I made some music and I made up the story line around it.

Basically what sort of a film is it?

It’s quite possible to make a film to match music, so I made some music and I made up the story line around it.

What is the point of the film? Is it more of a social commentary or a political statement?

It’s a fantasy film with political and sociological overtones.

Is it possible to make a film that is about politics?

Yes, it’s been surprisingly good... Plus you can make them see it.

Are you pleased with the way that the concerts have been going?

Yes, it’s been amazingly good... Plus you can make them see it.

Did you put a lot of work into the music?

No, as a matter of fact I wrote most of it on the plane on the way over here, and I-er- usually just get some paper out and start drawing dots on it, and wait for someone to play it so that I know what it sounds like.

That’s the chamber music stuff.

Are you pleased with the way that the audience has been responding?

Yes, it’s been positively overwhelming.

Did you tell the audience about the film before the concert?

Yes, usually just get some paper out and start drawing dots on it, and wait for someone to play it so that I know what it sounds like.
1 ½ oz hash
2 ½ cups of flour.
1 cup of honey.
1 cup of treacle.
cup sugar.
1 egg.
1 tsp cinnamon.
1 tsp baking soda.
1 cup water.
¼ lb. butter.

Finely powder hash add cup of water bring to boil and simmer for five mins. stirring all the time.
Beat the egg in sugar add and mix flour, baking soda, ginger, cinnamon, melted butter, honey, treacle and hash water. pour into a greased baking dish. cook for one hour at 350° or regulo 5.

eat. wait.
and listen to

A BLIND MAN'S MOVIE
MURRAY ROMAN
Track 613 015

DISTRIBUTED BY POLYDOR RECORDS LTD
That's one of the reasons why their music is out of touch with the youth.
And it shouldn't be, because I think that they are doing important things artistically, but it's very difficult to bring that to the attention of large numbers of people; And the largest single body of people are the teenagers - and how we get our music across without lowering our standard is that we just play it in places where the serious composers never go. We go to the Fillmore, and we play in all those little psychedelic dungeons all over the United States. We play schools and we play hockey rinks and we play bowling alleys and we also happen to play concert halls when we come to Europe.

**How much of your music is notated?**
50 per cent of it. The other 50 per cent is improvised and it's very carefully structured, and the live shows we do are all different, not just because of the improvisation but because of the way the building blocks of the show can be assembled.

**Could you explain some of the lyrics on the album?**
I am very interested in things which are absurd, and so the lyrics of that album are absurd, but some people think they are too sophisticated to appreciate an absurdity now and then. **Some people may think that there's some deep sociological significance in the lyrics.**

Well, as a matter of fact they do have sociological significance but it isn't as literal as most of the intellectuals would like to make it. You know, it's a pretty subtle thing. First of all it's an art statement that we are working in this medium, and it's also an art statement that the package looks like it does for that record. It's an art statement that the words are what they are against the music being what it is. It's all very carefully balanced out.

**So the lyrics are used also for a pure 'sound' purpose?**
Right. Rundy rundy rundy doody mop mop sounds very well in that context, it looks stupid on paper but that's the thing with lyrics you know, lyrics on paper generally speaking don't look well at all, like, why did any body bother to put them down on paper. In fact I usually cringe when I write 'em, but it's a different thing when you realise it as a sound and especially depending on what register the voice is singing it in and all those other variables like the reference in the Uncle Meat variations to 'fuzzy dice and bongos, fuzzy dice, I got 'em at the pep boys at the boys, brodie knobs and spinners, chromium plated'. OK now those words on paper don't look like very much and if you say them they don't sound like very much, but if you take 'chromium plated' and sing it on an operatic melisma like the soprano is doing in that thing it becomes something really absurd you know. What she's singing there is a very difficult piece of music and she's being forced to sing those words on it. Of course I don't think you even know what brodie knobs are over here which makes it even less accessible. What are they? A brodie knob is a plastic knob which is screwed on to the steering wheel of a teenage automobile, generally it's clear blue plastic - some old men have them too, and they have these little pictures you know that you turn one way then you turn the other way and the picture moves, and the picture is generally a nude girl, her hands behind her head, so that it looks like she bounces her tits up and down for you when you turn your wheel.

*Frank Zappa/Pete Drummond*
THE ROLLING STONES

You can't always get what you want
Honky Tonk Women

45 rpm F12952

DECCA

photograph Ethan Russell

The Decca Record Company Limited Decca House Albert Embankment London S11
Lenny Bruce THE BERKELEY CONCERT Bizarre Tra 1965

Somewhere along the line Lenny Bruce became known as a 'dirty comedian'. Well, he's no comedian, he was the first to admit that. One might be tempted to be a bit sympathetic, if one wants to believe what he says, and this isn't the way I feel at all. I haven't been very funny - but you see I'm not a comedian, I'm Lenny Bruce. But THEY thought he was funny, at his first season, the Establishment Club he drew some comments: 'The man with a sewer for a mind', America's vilest export, and a 'fossil of shit at 6:00 a week'.

When he tried to come back to London he was met with a deportation order at the airport as the Home Secretary had decided that his presence in England was 'harmful conduct to the public interest'. In Sydney there was much of the same. Lenny Bruce had several attempts at giving performances and was stopped by police as a theatre, and more or less in a dub when he got into a bar with some female who didn't appreciate him, and then finally when a University concert was organised, the Vice Chancellor stopped and cancelled it. So Lenny went back to the States, where he didn't exactly get it easy. What with drugs and obsession he was always getting shut. Whenever he spoke, the audience was half asleep, listening for him to drop one of the magic words they had written down in their little books as 'shibarone'. And sure enough, drop one did he did - he wouldn't let a challenge like that go by. Once in court, he always insisted on acting as his own lawyer, which only complicated things for everyone.

Well, he's dead now, and he died a lonely and unnecessary death, but this album is, if anything, even more important than the first. Lenny Bruce was talking to you, and somehow it's like listening to someone you know and like and respect, someone who's got something to say and wants to make it funny as well. As I said, he's no comedian, there's nothing facetious about him, no well-rehearsed patter produced by a booklet or scrapbook: - it's all out, it wouldn't do any good trying to get down anything he says, you've got to hear it for yourself. He just talks about things that concern him, his justice, and the law, religion, girls, and being Jewish, etc. Some people are saying that Lenny Bruce on record is dated (well, he does talk about Vietnam), I think it's growing out of fashion now, as it was. Recorded, just a man getting up and talking openly and thoughtfully, - and filmed, funny and human as he well might be.

There's such a thing as recording quality, of course, no frills - in fact, it's a bit too rough and ready.

Lenny Bruce. The abrupt cut-off at the end, as if the original tape just ran out; and the last word, 'Ralph Gleason, his ad and partner and one who struck him, writes some very good above axes. But he was lucky enough to know Lenny Bruce first-hand. This album is the closest we'll get.

Vela Pau

VELVET UNDERGROUND.

The Velvet Underground have always been a group who formed as many stools as they blew minds out, not everyone can grove on them. Their attraction (or repulsion), lies in the extreme areas in which they operate - relentless rhythm... hysterical organ and guitar... wracked vocals. A cut like Sister Ray on their last album makes a direct hit on the metabolism; you either escape in surrender. Their music is always startling and disturbing; their beats are due somewhere in William Burroughsaland, a shivery gospel song in the air... songs of Strange Pleasures, subversive and corrupt.

Yet here we are with Jesus, a long way to travel from freaks in the space of one LP. Have they really hung up their spurs and the whip of shiny, shiny leather, with the sinner's suit and cap? Have the Fowers of Evil started to bloom?

Perhaps they haven't gone through the Changes, too much as 'modifications'; the wolf and the lamb walk hand-in-hand. For the first time 'velvet' shares space with 'underground'. They've stopped trashin' on their run and slowed the pace to a processional dawdle. But though everything has been toned in low key it's still unmistakably them. It's got 'feeling', but it's a kind of studied, corporate feel. Come the walls of sound and vast textual contrasts: Jesus is a sad, lyrical droppin' of the constructed gross (but with his tongue sky in his cheek). One doesn't really have faith in their faith, and it's probably wise to give up very early tryin. Cop out of being a wise man, write it off as some variation on a camp (which UV have always been strong on anyway), and you can relax and enjoy it. Tony's on this album are shoes, boots, hats, and the casual listener will be forgiven if he doesn't quite notice the difference. Jesus is more, simple, moving and underliney sincere. But then there's Some Kinda Love, which is another thing altogether... shall we say 'hard core accomplishes'? The lyrics: 'You tell on my shoulders and lie down on the carpet... or...

In some kinds of love the possibilities are endless, and for me to miss one of them would be pointless... No, I'm just glad Maureen Tucker takes to song, a cross between the Mothers and the Billy Cotton Band. There's a nice Walter Jeffries on White Light/White Heat. Maureen also takes the honours on Afterhours, and gets into a nice Vera Lynn bag... in fact she wartime delightfully.

Velvet Underground don't really sound together on this album, either as a group or as individuals, which is a troubling suspicion as what they might have been aiming at. Luckily too, for if they made it they would lose their quality as a group... fragmentation is more their style. The style of this album is the antithesis of their style before. By replacing blatant cheap value with subtle meaning they end up sounding more 'Blaine' than ever. Odd cliché, but this album really does grow on you... like a malignant tumor.

Adrian Ribolla

KING OF THE BLUES GUITAR

Albert King Atlantic 588173

While both BB and Freddy King have visited this country and have more than lived up to their reputations, Albert, the most recent of the Kings to do so, has yet to make a trip to Europe. However, when he does, he should be a sensation, at least if his records are anything to go by. After the excellent live set, Live Wire/Blues Power, comes his latest release, King of the Blues Guitar, which though on Atlantic is in fact, a reissue of some of his Stax work of a couple of years ago, five tracks of which were released on the Stax album, Born Under a Bad Sign. If you haven't the Stax LP, this is the better bet, excluding as it does, the two mawkish ballads, 'The Very Thought of You' and 'I Almost Lost My Mind', which so marred the first album; and including several of his excellent single releases - 'Lucy' and 'Cold Feet'. Recording for the Memphis based Stax label, King has been influenced by the soul sound for which the label is famous; and on his studio work he uses Booker T and the usual house musicians. As some blues purists would say, the country object even to the use of horns, they might find this hard to take. Nevertheless, they must accept it, for they came to terms.

Walter Jeffries on White Light/White Heat. Maureen also takes the honours on Afterhours, and gets into a nice Vera Lynn bag... in fact she wartime delightfully.

Velvet Underground don't really sound together on this album, either as a group or as individuals, which is a troubling suspicion as what they might have been aiming at. Luckily too, for if they made it they would lose their quality as a group... fragmentation is more their style. The style of this album is the antithesis of their style before. By replacing blatant cheap value with subtle meaning they end up sounding more 'Blaine' than ever. Odd cliché, but this album really does grow on you... like a malignant tumor.

Adrian Ribolla
ROCK QUIZ

Here are sixteen authentic quotes about rock music, ranging from 1956 through to 1969. Each quote has three possible alternative origins. Tick your choice and turn to the astounding answers on page 44.

1) 'Rock 'n' Roll is a means of pulling down the white man to the level of the negro. It is part of a plot to undermine the morals of the youth of our nation.'
   The Secretary of the North Alabama White Citizen's Council
   Richard Daley, Mayor of Chicago
   Judy Garland

2) 'I don't know anything about music. In my line I don't have to'
   Yoko Ono
   Elvis Presley
   Timothy Leary

3) 'Viewed as a social phenomenon, the current craze for rock and roll material is one of the most terrifying things ever to have happened to popular music. Musically speaking, of course, the whole thing is laughable.'
   Billy Cotton
   Frankie Vaughan
   Steve Race

4) 'Nothing really affected me musically until Elvis.'
   Eric Burdon
   John Lennon
   Donald Peers

5) 'The kids accept almost any form of rock and roll, even the lowest and most distasteful. . . . It seems to encourage sloppy clothes that become the accepted uniform. It's one step from Fascism.'
   Malcolm Muggeridge
   Milti Miller
   The Editor of the New Musical Express

6) 'I am one-hundred per cent Christian and everything I do is done with my religion in mind'
   Billy Graham
   Little Richard
   Cliff Richard

7) 'It's so fabulous being young and a girl and you can have nice clothes and can dress up, and that's the nicest part about it, being famous and people admiring you.'
   Sandie Shaw
   Mrs Jeff Banks
   Sandra Goodrich

8) 'In the old days you'd drag your old man out on the lawn and kick the shit out of each other, and he'd say, 'Be home by midnight!' and you'd be home by midnight. Today, parents don't dare tell you what time to get in — they're frightened you won't come back.'
   Dick Gregory
   Frank Zappa
   Simon Dee
9) 'The same goes for my stripper routine. Nobody has ever objected ... why should they? All that happens is that the stripping music plays and then I take off my jacket and ...'

Engelbert Humperdinck
Janis Joplin
Danny La Rue

10) 'The effect of rock and roll in young people is to turn them into devil worshippers to stimulate self-expression through sex; to provoke lawlessness, impair nervous stability and destroy the sanctity of marriage. It is an evil influence on the youth of our country.'

R D Gaiman, Public Relations Officer to the Church of Scientology. Rev Albert Carter, Minister of the Pentecostal Church. Marjorie Proops  
(Compiled by Felix Dennis & Jim Anderson).

11) ‘Uh-oh, I think I exposed myself out there.’

P.J. Proby
Jim Morrison
Judith Durham, ("Big Boobs" to her friends)

12) 'Too many people are becoming obsessed with pop music. The position of rock and roll in our sub-culture has become far too important, especially in the delving for philosophical content.'

Mick Jagger
Tiny Tim
Jan Wenner

13) 'Pop's not a culture, it isn't an art. If rock and roll is a culture it's a great big boil and when it bursts it will leave a nasty scar.'

Mick Farren
Simon Dupree
Che Guevara

14) 'When I perform am I producing art? Am I fuck!'

Mary Hopkin
Terry Reid
Jimi Hendrix

15) 'Pop is the perfect religious vehicle. It's as if God had come down to earth and seen all the ugliness that was being created and chosen pop to be the great force for love and beauty.'

Mike Heron
Donovan
Liberace

16) 'I had a banana band in highschool.'

Bob Dylan
Duane Eddy
Sir Malcolm Sargent

... AND IF YOU ARE SEARCHING FOR TRUE HAPPINESS, YOU MUST DECIDE FOR CHRIST AND ACCEPT JESUS AS YOUR LORD AND SAVIOUR!!
A MEAL YOU CAN SHAKE HANDS WITH IN THE DARK. Pete Brown and his Battered Ornaments. Harvest SHVL 752 Stereo.

The whole process of reviewing is really a product of the popular mass media with its demands for 'instant copy' and so on. It's incapable of dealing with anything less ephemeral than yesterday's headlines since it's based on first impressions, and first impressions are so often not worth the paper they're printed on. Anybody who's noticed that a headline since it's based on first impressions, and that rust impressions are so often not worth the paper

One of the most welcome by-products of the revival of interest in both the older and younger negro bluesmen. While Albert will never receive the adulation or financial reward of the Claptons of this world, he is now at least playing to a wider audience and his album sales are picking up. Of the Albert King albums available (five, including imports) this is the most representative of his work at its best.

Pete Dalton

with the fact that most of the post BB King bluesmen and even BB himself have made use of horns, and are influenced by gospel and soul styles. This can, as in the case of Buddy Guy's treatment of Knock On Wood, be simply a commercial play to retain the interest of soul conscious black youth. Or it can, as in Albert King's case, be an extension and development of the blues form, in the same way as BB King extended it by introducing gospel influenced vocal mannerisms and a strongly jazz influenced guitar style, derived from Django Reinhardt as well as T-Bone Walker. Albert's guitar style has its root in BB's, but it has a thicker, meatier tone to it: a more limited guitarist, certainly (at least on record), but none the less effective. He owes a lot to BB, but without being too derivative. Magic Sam, Jr Wells, Albert Collins, Buddy Guy etc. Albert King has probably the freshest approach, his is almost certainly the most interesting development of the BB King style while still remaining within the strict blues form.

'Born Under A Bad Sign' is best known to most people through Cream's version, but the version contained here is the original and one of the album's standouts. Other highlights include two brilliant slow blues, Personal Manager and Laundromat Blues. In complete contrast to the slow moodiness of those two tracks are Lucy, a tribute to his guitar in which he speaks of her as a woman, and Cold Feet, where he bemoans his lack of the musicianship is very positively West Coast, in terms of the colour and structure of the music: occasionally there are momentary glimpses of America and Americans, a suggestion of the Airplane, a hint of Beefheart, something which made me think of Steve Miller, but these are just the memories from which musical language is made and communication established. The imagery is essentially English, an experience drawn from an environment that includes us all, acid freaks, politicians, warriors and children moving in a world that sways between dream and reality without ever belonging to either.

With an album where people working as a group achieve a high level of performance as a group (rather contradictory to single out parts of the whole. However, my personal highs were Jim Cregan's playing on Indian Summer, harmony guitars, Billy Boo, Brian Godding's guitar solo on Wait A Minute, the rhythm section throughout and perhaps Giorgio Gomelsky's greatest contribution to pop music so far, bass vocal harmony on Love Bomb.

Blossom Toes have listened, lived, evaluated and evolved into their own thing, I hope you like it as much as I do.

Graham Charnock

IF ONLY FOR A MOMENT Blossom Toes Marmalade 608010 Stereo.

There is a side to me that doesn't like record reviews, particularly underground reviews. Nine times out of ten they just end up as a kind of public wank by the reviewer who is living in his fantasy as best he can. However now and again an album comes along which although not a point of departure for other people's dreams, does something beautiful and unique in such a personal way that those of us who have heard feel a need to ask those who haven't to listen.

It's about two years since Blossom Toes' first

Answers to Quiz

Bob Dylan June 1966
Donovan, 1968
Terry Reid Jan 1969
Tom Dowd, Apr 1969
Michael Cretu, Feb 1977
Phil Spector, March 1969
The Procol Harum, Old Charing Cross
Pete Brown, Career, Minister of
Edward Heath, Dec 1965
Saw's madman, unraveled and sliced
The three extravaganzas are: Alice in Wonderland, April 1965
April, November 1973
Stevie Wonder, Apr 1975
May 1966

16
15
14
13
12
11
10
9
8
7
6
5
4
3
2
1

44
OUR FIRST SPIRITUAL EFFLUENCES,
OUR FIRST MUMMY-MADE MEDICINE,
SHALL BE PHYSIC MADE FROM THOSE
WHO SHOWED THEIR ECCENTRICITY
BY THEIR UNNATURAL PERSISTANCE
IN RETAINING THE APPEARANCE OF
LIFE, AND FROM THOSE, WHO WHILE
IN THIS LIFE, MIMIC'D MORTALITY.

A MEAL YOU CAN SHAKE
HANDS WITH IN THE DARK
PETE BROWN AND HIS
BATTERED ORNAMENTS
SHVL 752

WASA-WASA
EDGAR BROUGHTON BAND
SHVL 757

ALCHEMY
THIRD EAR BAND
SHVL 756

BLACKHILL ENTERPRISES LIMITED

E.M.I. RECORDS (THE GRAMAPHONE CO. LTD.)
Do you think of your hair as an aggressive sign?
No. Listen, how did my hair happen? My hair happened because I was wearing it in Shirley Temple curls and it rained one day and got very frizzy. I looked in the mirror and saw how easy it was going to be to keep it that way. The manager, or somebody at Work for me and I've been able to exploit it into it, like totally into it. It got a lot of work for me and I've been able to exploit it that way and then I really got into it. I found it was easy to maintain it that way and

But as far as the political thing goes that's not your object in wearing it. Definitely not. Somebody came to me saying that one of the large newspapers was doing a story about 'naturals' and black girls going into this very heavy identity with African heritage and whatever. I told the man I couldn't possibly discuss that with him because that wasn't why I was wearing my hair like that. Of course it's kind of nice for people to associate that with me, but that's not really where it's at in my head at all, because my hair could just as easily be straight as kinked. There are a lot of things happening down on the plantations and there are a lot of things that the hair can do.

How are your relationships with the black activist groups in London? Have they approached you or have you wanted to do something with them? It's very strange. They approached me on a very naive and beautiful level, really. Somebody from the black power group came up to me and said: 'We're doing a show, can you come?' and 'We're having a meeting, can you come?' and I went down to see what was happening. I went down in face because I wanted to set up a nursery for black children in London since I had this nursery in Berkeley. I thought that I could tie it in with the Movement and that in some way it might help, but when I got to the meeting I just felt that it was going to take so much time and energy to make them aware of the fact that I wasn't a foreigner and that I wasn't standing apart from the Movement — our Movement — that I just didn't get into it. I found the vibrations very funny at that meeting. I was treated like an outsider and I didn't expect that, you know. I expected that being black, I would be treated like everybody else in that room.

Was the reason that you were treated like an outsider that you had made it in... I don't know. Perhaps it was the fact that being American sets me apart from the blacks in England. I didn't really understand why I was treated like I was, but I did definitely feel some strange attitude towards me.

Hair said: 'It would be very nice for you to wear that in the show.' I said maybe sometimes I'll wear it that way and sometimes I won't. I found it was easy to maintain it that way and

Many black musicians coming to England, mainly rock, but jazz as well, often say, in press releases anyway, that they really dig England more than the States and that they feel much less of a prejudice here. What do you think of that sort of statement?
I think they feel that way because they don't really live here. Unfortunately nearly everywhere in the world there's this really blind prejudice. I thought when I first arrived here that none existed, but as soon as you start looking for a flat, as soon as you start talking about anything, as soon as people start asking you about music, about your hair, about the entirety of your being, you realise that there are great prejudices existing in almost everybody's mind.

You find this less now or not, I mean for you at the moment?
My position is really very strange because I find that before Englishmen identify me with being black they first identify me with being American, you know. Perhaps if I were West Indian the treatment I would get would be totally, but totally different. But when you get into the working class and the middle class society, you find that all the prejudices are the same. In fact, because I lived in Berkeley, I find more here than there. I think the prejudice in England is diabolical because nobody really discusses it. Ladbroke Grove really exists but nobody does anything about it. Discrimination in housing is an accepted thing and is something that everybody is very courteous about and refuses to discuss. They try to throw it off as being irrelevant or whatever. I can't understand the English position on the racial situation at all, but there is definitely a very strong problem here, which I think makes the blacks position here worse than in America. At least we're getting out there and discussing it, at least we're hassling over it.

What's discussed here is always in Enoch Powell's terms, too, that's the level of discussion.
Oh, exactly. Unfortunately there's somebody in that position to say something like that down and have, seemingly, most of public opinion with him, and yet there's no black back-lash, there's no liberal back-lash, nobody seems to get upset about it. I mean Powell can make these statements and nobody blows him off the face of the earth. I don't understand it.

Vogue Magazine had some beautiful pictures of you awhile back but their little précis talked about you as a golliwog, as if you were some kind of man from the moon.

How do you feel about that sort of thing?
I think makes the blacks position here worse.

And also about the way IT ran your ad, with emphasis on WOGS for Walk on Gilded Splinters, which probably was a mistake. Yeah, there was a mistake, in that before that happened I wasn't wise enough to approve all my ads before they went out. I mean, that Vogue article happened because Ray Connolly did an article about me in the Evening Standard and the
headlines were that I was the prettiest golliwog in London. Unfortunately I can’t get upset about the word ‘wog’ because it doesn’t seem real to me. If they were talking about ‘niggers’ there would be some very heavy anti-vibrations coming, but ‘wog’ doesn’t mean anything. The word has no bad connotations for me. It’s just some English thing. The only reason I was opposed to them calling me a wog was because I realise that in this country the word is used adversely against dark-skinned people. That’s what made me uptight. Whoever made that ad had a lot of bitching to cope with from me because of it.

Your first single, Walk on Gilded Splinters — you took Dr John’s sly, jazz orientation and made it into a real voodoo chant.

I left the Hair evening show at 12 and I got to the studios to record and found that there was a group in the studios so I had to wait for another hour and so by the time it happened I was really uptight and I must have sung that feeling song about twenty times. I realised I was getting very uptight about something I really believed in, so I sat in this funny little room, and it was so hot it was ridiculous. I always smoke when I’m recording, cigarettes, and I couldn’t smoke because there was no ventilation, I couldn’t sing because it was too hot. It didn’t work with my clothes off, so I put my clothes back on, it still didn’t work so I decided to sit down and calm down, and get into the motion of the music, which to me was a very spiritual thing.

It sounds like a heat trance.

No. Three years ago I met these two Americans who said that they had had a seance and that there were spirits in their house. I went over there laughingly to prove how wrong they were about seances and spirits and this whole thing happened and since then I have had great communication with something that’s with me all the time, and that’s how I eventually got into the song.

When the song was recorded by me it had nothing to do with voodoo, it had to do with something that I have that’s greater than that. Because when I think of voodoo I think of poisonous snakes, you know, and what I did with that record had venom in the lyrics, but not in the over-all feeling.

You were talking before about the whole pop scene in terms of the superstar scene.

I mean what is that, what is a superstar? If someone uses that word again I’m going to like freak-out, because I should think the people who are called superstars are considered superstars simply because they play their instruments very well, but to even allow themselves to be associated with that label takes a hell of a lot out of it.

The real superstars have very little to do with that label.

Yeah. I guess you’re right. I mean, nobody calls Jagger a superstar.

But he is one.

You’re joking, he is one. In my heart and in everybody else’s I don’t know. There’s so little happening in the business at the moment. Things are stagnant — I don’t mean that in somebody’s back yard somebody isn’t creating something beautiful, something new, something really fresh — so what they’re doing now is to get cults going around super-stars, and super-stars don’t exist. As soon as you call yourself a star, you’re really taking yourself seriously aren’t you.