Description

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Comments
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Power to the Postmen!!
Vertigo for February

Uriah Heep
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Nucleus
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The sight and sound of contemporary music

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Y'know, it kind of reminds me of summer nights back home... so quiet and peaceful... it's hard to believe there's 20,000 goblins out there...

Yeah, well, it gives me the creeps!

Relax! Have a smoke... we've got flight.

Budda Budda Budda Budda!

Jesus! That isn't what's supposed to happen!

Our story begins as "A" Company, weary from a night's patrol, returned to base camp. Joe Spence, PFC, was lost in thought...

Joe was tired... tired of fighting, tired of killing in order to survive, tired of the war!
OUR STORY BEGINS AS MAJOR "TUCK" PUCKER HEADS HIS F-86 HOME AFTER A SUCCESSFUL MISSION...

HE IS ALMOST CLEAR OF HOSTILE TERRITORY WHEN SUDDENLY...

OUR STORY BEGINS AS QUAN HOI, NORTH VIETNAMESE REGULAR, MOVES OUT, HE CRAWLS NOISLESSLY THROUGH THE MUD AND DARKNESS.

OUR STORY BEGINS AS...

GOD DAMN, THIS IS WEIRD!
MAYBE IF WE TRY JUST ONCE MORE....

OUR STORY...

MAJOR PUCKER SKILLFULLY BREAKS TO THE LEFT, CLIMBS, AND...

SHIT! CAN'T EVEN GET THROUGH A LITTLE WAR STORY! MAYBE A DIFFERENT TRIP...

QUAN SNEAKILY APPROACHES...

WHAT'S THIS COMIC STRIP COMING TO? THINGS HAVE GOTTEN COMPLETELY OUT OF CONTROL!
"Don't be tricked by talk. Arm yourselves and shoot to live."

The group charged with this action includes three men, all ex-cons on parole from Walpole State Prison and attending either Brandeis or Northeastern Universities. All three have been captured and are back in prison, charged with murder and armed robbery. The suspects also include two women students, Kathy and Susan, both being sought under the same charges. Kathy and Susan were active members of the National Student Strike Information Center at Brandeis. The Center was one of several groups that helped coordinate the national student strikes that followed last May's invasion of Cambodia and the massacres at Kent State, Augusta and Jackson State.

I attended several meetings with Kathy at which students and non-students discussed cooperation in their common struggle against war, racism and imperialism. I also had private conversations with Kathy and Susan, both personally and on the phone. I did not get to know them as well as I knew and Bill Ayers, and therefore to come to love them as I do Weatherpeople. But I did know that they are dedicated persons, and the futurity of U.S. was frustrated and all prior efforts to stop U.S. put an end to racism, male chauvinism and a class society.

I do not know whether they took part in the Boston action. If they did, I do not know if they now feel that it helped speed up the overthrow of capitalism and its replacement by a more humane and egalitarian society. But for them to have taken part and to evaluate the results as positive would be consistent with attitudes that increasingly dominate sections of the anti-imperialist movement.

The response of the Berkeley Tribe suggests the mood:

On Sunday, Sept. 20, the National Guard Armory in Newburyport, Mass., was robbed. Guns, hundreds of rounds of ammunition, field telephones, other military gear and secret federal and state papers were taken... The following Wednesday, a woman and two men robbed a Boston-area bank of $26,000. An enthusiastic pig was killed trying to stop them...A lot is up in the air about the whole affair, but it clearly is a major advance for the revolution among whites.

It's increasingly necessary that political ideas come clear with actions so that actions can be both good armed propaganda and military successes. (Oct. 9-16 Tribe)

There are serious arguments that can be made for the uses of revolutionary violence, but this article reads like an editorial from the New York Daily News. The heroes and villains are reversed but the hysteria and mob psychology are the same. The crude celebration of the death of a fellow human being is the opposite of the feelings of compassion and human solidarity that characterize all true revolutionary armies including the Vietnamese. There is not even an expression of sadness for the plight of the three captured men, who are back in prison after a few short months of liberty. One hopes that if the students embarked on the course attributed to them, they did so on the basis of a more careful appraisal of its political and military effects.

In a serious revolutionary struggle, self-deception is suicide. It can also lead to the wasted sacrifice of allies and comrades. Nothing is ever certain in history but every serious revolutionary has a responsibility not to engage in self-indulgent rhetoric. Loss of realism is as harmful as loss of humanity. In fact the two go hand in hand. An abstract world of revolutionary rhetoric and delusions of imminent victory replaces the real world of human beings and actual political forces. Being placed on the Ten Most Wanted List of the F.B.I. becomes sure proof of political relevance, although bank robbers and bombthrowers have always been put on such a list, even when there was no significant political struggle in the country.

The same week that the Tribe exulted in the Boston action as a major advance for the revolution among whites, the Tribe's Berkeley rival, the Barb hailed four West Coast bombings in totally unrealistic terms:

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Thursday was bomb day on the Pacific Coast, as four eggs were put in the dinosaur's nest. At the University of Washington, the Navy ROTC building had its windows blown out. At Santa Barbara, A Tribe's Berkeley bombing in totally unrealistic terms:

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replaced the goal of undermining capitalism by destroying its ability to command the loyalty and labor of its subjects? Occasional destruction of property can be useful if it has public support and sympathy, but constant repetition leads to operation of the law of diminishing returns.

Recently someone blew up the headquarters of the American Nazi Party in New York—under the Nazi-like illusion that you can destroy an idea by burning a book or an office. Rightists have fire-bombed a number of movement headquarters in the last few years. As sections of the movement begin to ape these tactics of the Right, it becomes easier for the police and the federal government to foster the public illusion that they are above the battle, protecting real groups of extremists from one another and faithfully serving public safety and welfare. The Weatherpeople have been remarkably scrupulous and successful in avoiding human injuries or death (except to themselves). But if the terrorist bomb becomes the public symbol of the movement, the government is not beyond planting a few catastrophic bombs of its own, in the movement's name. Already it has falsely accused the Black Panthers of planning to blow up crowded department stores in New York. This is an obvious attempt to railroad leading Panthers to prison and at the same time to undermine public sympathy and support. Now, unlike the Panthers, sections of the white movement are into fairly extensive bombing. If this should begin to gain more public support than it loses (in itself highly unlikely), the government can quickly turn the tide by arranging to have a few bombs explode in a crowded store or a ghetto street.

Ladislaw Dobor, leader of the Popular Revolutionary Vanguard in Brazil, explained recently from his current exile in Algeria why the Brazilian movement does not use bombs:

*We do not use forms of violence that can be twisted by the government. If the people heard that we use bombs, the government would do exactly what the U.S. does in Vietnam, and what the French did here in Algeria. They would put a few bombs in a movie-house on a Saturday afternoon, when it is full of children, and then we would have the entire population running after us in the streets.*


All the violence of the movement in the last five years has not equaled the violence of a single B-52 bomber vomiting death and destruction on Laos. Yet for several years, the U.S. has averaged close to fifteen hundred sorties a day against Laos alone—and the American people hardly know that Laos is being attacked. Laos represents an experiment in imperialist war without the use of American combat troops, and it is institutions like the recently bombed Mathematics Research Center in Madison, Wisconsin, that make such an experiment possible. Richard Nixon who sheds crocodile tears on television over the death of the young research assistant is commander-in-chief of the most violent organization in the world. He is not going to sensitize the country to the value of human life by advocating non-violence for blacks students and indigenous liberation forces.

Finally, Kathy Power is right if she argues, as I have often done, that the most criminal bankrobbers in the country are not those who rob from banks but those who hold up the poor with their banks. Moreover, most of those who were shocked by the murder of the Boston patrolman would have cheered if he had succeeded in murdering one of the students instead—as he clearly would have done if he could. Those who are clamoring for the death penalty against the Madison bombers and the Boston bankrobbers are simultaneously pinning medals on America's generals and on policemen who shoot to kill those who violate America's property fetish.

But that is not the point. We do not take our political tactics or morality from those who thrive on exploitation and murder. It is not the condemnation of Richard Nixon or Spiro Agnew that should bother us but the condemnation of history. We do not need the criticism of establishment editorial writers, but we need self-criticism.
Not so long ago the movement was rightfully condemning the bodycounts of dead "Reds", with which the government celebrated its encounters with the Vietnamese. Were we offended only by the blatant dishonesty of the statistics? By the fact that the cheers were for the deaths of civilians and liberation fighters? Or was there not some understanding that this calloused contempt for human life represented the military version of the economic and political attitudes of American capitalism? Did we not see the body counts, the genocidal emissions, the mass "relocations" in concentration camps as typical products of a society that treats human beings as objects. We tried to see the links between objectifying some people as enemies and Gooks and objectifying other people as G.I.s and niggers. We condemned a society that exploits people as workers, consumers, students and victims in order to serve some other people for profit, power or pleasure. Much was confused and incomplete (particularly in our attitude toward children and women) but the New Left was groping for a new understanding that would put an end to the depersonalization of some human beings by other human beings.

Those who exploited or oppressed people in the name of democracy or religion or revolution were not spared our criticisms simply because of the loosening of their announced goals or conscious motivation. However blind or defensive we may have been, we began to ask ourselves not only what our goals were but what our practice was. We were concerned with the quality of the day-to-day relationships—at home, at work at school, at leisure, and in our revolutionary organizations. In the end the only sure thing about our lives and impact is the way we love, make love and fight today, not the goals we think we are working for tomorrow. In our best moments we spoke not only of resistance and attack (and there was not nearly enough of that) but also of participatory democracy and the building of counter institutions and counter culture, as pilot projects for the new society.

At our best we also recognized that those who served enemy institutions were not automatically or permanently our enemies. Our movement was winning recruits every day and we asked people not what they had been doing yesterday, but what they were doing today. We asked those who had not yet made the break not only what they were doing today but what they might do and become in the future. Today Eldridge Cleaver's statement that "You are either part of the solution or you are part of the problem" can challenge our insensitivity and tokenism in the best tradition of the New Left. It can provide a criterion by which to prod ourselves and to prod and be prodded by others, both publicly and in collectives. But it must not serve as a basis for drawing up lists of enemies to be offed. It is a test of our judgment, preferring the shelter of insulating a "pig" or trashing a window to the reality of winning over people to resist the authority of the state and the corporation. We ignored Rosa Luxemburg's sense of political dynamism that led her to say that the revolution will lose every battle but the last one. Naturally we should try to win some early battles, too—for whatever gains flow from them—but not at the expense of losing sight of our goals or becoming isolated from potential allies and supporters.

For the first time in many years, the United States has a small but significant underground. The initial sense of community in any underground can be intense and rewarding—a beautiful solidarity of people who have marked their lives to the revolution. They have committed their lives to the revolution. Clearly both the Weatherpeople and the non-violent underground of Mary Moylan, Dan Berrigan and dozens of others reflect a comradeship beyond individualism that is rare in this society, a machismo concentration on destructive revenge, and one-upping the pigs crowds out other tactics, the love and trust will become clannish and ingrown. Dan Berrigan was still busy defending for a new understanding that would allow our worst instincts to build up community. We asked those who had not yet made the break not only what they were doing today but what they might do and become in the future.

A predominantly violent underground faces tremendous problems of elitism and paranoia. These are problems that plague the movement generally but can easily get out of hand in groups like Revolutionary Action. Fast or sporadic suspensions—often thought to be sympathetic to the established order—may replace openness and trust, even within the narrow circle of comrades. Anyone who leaves the group becomes a weak point in the future. Today Eldridge Cleaver's statement that "You are either part of the solution or you are part of the problem" can challenge our insensitivity and tokenism in the best tradition of the New Left. It can provide a criterion by which to prod ourselves and to prod and be prodded by others, both publicly and in collectives. But it must not serve as a basis for drawing up lists of enemies to be offed. It is a test of our judgment, preferring the shelter of insulating a "pig" or trashing a window to the reality of winning over people to resist the authority of the state and the corporation. We ignored Rosa Luxemburg's sense of political dynamism that led her to say that the revolution will lose every battle but the last one. Naturally we should try to win some early battles, too—for whatever gains flow from them—but not at the expense of losing sight of our goals or becoming isolated from potential allies and supporters.

As government precautions and punitive violence grow, and as suspicion and distrust batten within the group, there is a tragic tendency for a movement of violent revolutionists to turn their hostility and their weapons against each other and against those victims of the system who lag behind the vanguard. Some of the same psychological pressures operate as in the conventional American youth. They tend to get lost in the mythology of the ownership's victory and the leadership of a violent revolution. "Although he still meets with us, is he still one of us?" "Now that she has left, will she blab to her man or her new comrades?" "Would the new splinter group like to get rid of me or lose me as the revolutionary vanguard?" "Someone must have tipped off the pigs; we were lucky to get out alive; who was it?" That these suspicions are not rootless is indicated by the fact that the police agent has increased the pressure to succumb to our worst instincts. We tend to limit our openness to criticism, our love and honesty, to our own group of revolutionary rivals and our political enemies or supports. As a result informants may be able to win some early battles, too—but not at the expense of losing sight of our goals or becoming isolated from potential allies and supporters.

When the old Guardian started reporting the weekly statistics of Americans killed and wounded in Vietnam, I assumed that it was at least in part to point out a dual aspect of the tragedy: the cost in human life and human losses on both sides. The New Left appealed to American youth to refuse to serve in an imperialist army. It appealed to those already serving to desert, refuse shipment to Vietnam, or find some other way to avoid committing the war crime of carrying out U.S. aggression. But it understood the complexity of reasons why many did not do so, and it did not exult in their deaths. Ho Chi Minh surprised me, in Hanoi in 1966, by speaking of his compassion for the American G.I.s who had been led by societal brainwashing and other pressure into serving as agents and accomplices of American imperialism in Vietnam. To him they were victims as well as executors. He told me that the North Vietnamese treatment of captured pilots was aimed at making it possible for them to return home, better citizens of their country than when they left.

Of course all humanism and political shrewdness have not been lost. But the movement has increasingly realized the need for tactical offensives. It has come up against the staggering resistance of an entrenched class society. External repression and police brutality join with our own sense of frustration and failure to generate enormous pressures to succumb to our worst instincts and to limit our openness to criticism, our love and honesty, to our own group of correct revolutionaries. We forget the value of alliances and coalitions. We ignore Rosa Luxemburg's sense of political dynamism that led her to say that the revolution will lose every battle but the last one. Naturally we should try to win some early battles, too—for whatever gains flow from them—but not at the expense of losing sight of our goals or becoming isolated from potential allies and supporters.

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is no room for alliances and coalitions and a positive relationship with the public, such as characterize a genuine people’s liberation movement.

Already, the new mood on the Left, everyone who does his revolutionary “y” differently than we do or experiments with different tactics than ours is assailed as a racist or a pig. We don’t like their line; then we will shut down their publications, pull off their equipment or attack their speaker’s platform. He wears a uniform or works in a capitalist institution; then he is a pig: “Off the Pig!” A number of underground papers print the latest body counts of dead “pigs”. One week Spiro Agnew and some of the underground press gave the same list of casualties (persons and buildings), word for word. Each was using the list as the heart of a narrow emotional appeal to the people to choose his side. Fortunately some people still join the movement because they are opposed to the insensitivity and violence of the government and the institutions of capitalism, not because they have an orgasm every time they read about the killing of a political enemy or a dupe of the system.

Recently I read on the same day two accounts concerning big city policemen. The first was a story about the annual convention of the Patrolman’s Benevolent Association of New York. When the head of the Guardians Association, an all-black policeman’s fraternal organization was introduced from the platform, the audience of predominantly white cops “responded with booing and catcalls”. They were angry at efforts of black cops to stop jailhouse beatings and the use of unnecessary force during arrest. Intervening directly, the black cops had filed a number of complaints with the Civilian Review Board. As I read this story, I thought of Renault C. Robinson, head of the black policeman’s association in Chicago. Robinson testified in our defense at the Chicago Conspiracy trial. He suffered a lot of penalties for this and for other courageous actions of a similar nature.

The second account, in a movement paper, glorified the rise of ambushes by calling in false emergencies and then shooting the arriving policemen. We used to say that the life-style of American imperialism was epitomized by its saying that the only good Indian was a dead Indian, the only good Red a dead Red, the only good Slope a dead Slope. Now our own life style is beginning to sound like the same. And with patience and periodicity the audience of white policemen will come to enjoy an occasional “honourable discharge” when his time was up. A year later he was sentenced to prison for armed holdup of a bank, (an institution which it is not farfetched to think of as a real enemy of the Stan Bonds of this world). Four years later, he was released on parole as a result of his “excellent record”, generally and in the prison’s Student Tutor Education Programme. A week after his release he enrolled at Brandeis. He opposed the invasion of Cambodia and became involved in the National Student Strike Information centre. The University put pressure on him to dissociate himself from such activities, even threatening to have his parole revoked if he failed to do so. Bond says bitterly:

I was told at Brandeis to go ahead and use the university, you know, for my own personal advantage, and not to worry about relating anything, in any way, to other people. And not to worry about any sort of responsibility I might feel toward other people, in the social sense. All of those things meant to me to become exactly what I had been four years previous—when I first robbed a bank. And those are the things that I chose not to be any more.

In his view, Brandeis was asking him to become a ‘criminal’ again. Not a criminal of the imperialist system, but not a bankrobber or a criminal in the fundamental sense of living only for himself. He was torn because he didn’t want to ignore his social responsibilities, including his responsibility to the Vietnamese, whom he had bombed.

The tragedy is that in addition to being exploited and misrepresented by society, Bond was exploited and misrepresented by the movement that claims to be guided by alternative values and relationships. Here is how he describes the alternative he adopted, after rejecting Brandeis’s advice. It reads like the standard fare of several underground papers:

Because the institutions of American politics have been challenged in a way that has forced the protecting body to employ nearly every gun at its disposal, it is best for those who make a public statement against that body to do so with a gun; the statement itself should be made with a gun, not merely backed up by one. ...The reality is that America’s on a picnic and sooner or later the masses are going to try to like over-run that picnic, you know, and trample people underfoot on their way to the next picnic site.

Does the Tribe really think that what Stan Bond did “clearly is a major advance for the revolution among whites: bank-rip-off for the movement...killing the pig”? The old fashioned revolutionary ideal was for everyone to share as equals, in the work and the rewards. The differences between the capitalist order, in which some people gorge themselves and others starve, and the communal feast, in which everyone shares fraternally, were considered too great for them both to be described by the same term (in this case, picnic). It’s not enough to say that under capitalism the few trample the masses but that in our revolution it will be the masses who trample the few underfoot on their way to the next picnic site. With the worst tendencies of Stan Bond and the Berkeley Tribe serving as the revolutionists’ guide, who knows how many will be trampled by whom and with what outcome?

The movement is not advanced either quantitatively or qualitatively by such sentiments or by the actions that flow from them. Far from helping create a sea in which the guerrillas can operate, they dry up whatever sea was beginning to form to shelter movement activists and others in genuine revolt. And if the advocates of armed revolution have already so badly lost sight of their goals, what will remain of those goals after the chaos and destructiveness of prolonged civil war under the conditions? Those who seriously believe in the necessity of armed struggle in this country should not carry a gun in such an army.

But I am not the best person to give such advice because I do not believe that armed revolt in America will lead to liberation. Even the phrase ‘armed struggle’ is an outdated term from a previous technological age. It is not so. Nixon uses obsolete words to foster an image of himself as the clearest living, fastest drawing...
should be
Panthers),
John Kifner (which
murders. Fortunately the truth of what happened has since been
Publicity has detected a couple of basic facts. First, the occupation grew out of a strong organizing campaign
raised the level of political consciousness of community resi-
ments. They came to realize that there was no valid reason for
Lincoln Hospital to continue as an elitist institution afloat from
the desperate medical needs of the community. They discovered
they could take direct action to accomplish this purpose. The actual
occupation was not an offensive case of hospital neglect that led to the death of a Puerto Rican child. The
people who crowded into the hospital and refused to leave demanded not
disorganized activity but steps to bring the institution under community control. Demands included the setting up of
reason committees and a complaint table in the hospital, with
community participation. They also called for street clinics and
door-to-door preventive medical measures. The occupation took place
under the leadership of a broad coalition of concerned forces—the
Bomex chapter of the Young Lords Party, Think Lincoln (a commu-
ity organization), Health Revolutionary Unity Movement (a city-wide
organization of Puerto Rican and black hospital workers) and a
number of New Left doctors at the hospital (who were associated with
the Medical Committee for Human Rights and Health-Pac). Other
younger doctors who think that medicine exists to serve the people
rather than to swell the egos and pocketbooks of health professionals
have joined the Lincoln staff.

Secondly, when the police eventually attacked barricades that had
been set up in the occupied building, the occupiers had the good
sense to avoid a shoot-out. Their purpose was far too serious to
indulge anyone's sense of machismo or ultrafeudalism. To have had guns
and to have used them would have confused the issues and interfered
with continued community and public support. Force, yes—the
commission of the building, the erection of barricades, a subsequent
take-over of a portable X-ray unit to take it to the streets where the
people were. But self-indulgent trash of the hospital's character
of pigs, no. So strong was the community support, that all charges
against the invaders were dropped.

Like everything else that anyone does, this continuing experiment in
community action and control has not accomplished instant revol-
ution. Preventive medicine, itself, requires not only the availability of
doctors and medical tests to detect lead-poisoning, TB and other slum
diseases, but new and better housing, new working conditions, access
to proper food, effective garbage removal, community control of
city hospitals to the building's end instead of property. But a
community that gets itself together on community control of one
area of its life sets an example and creates dynamics that can extend
to other areas. Thus a lesson learned in the occupation of
Lincoln hospital and the continuing attempts to force local institu-
tions to serve the needs of the people can be extended to other
communities all over the country. In addition, such activities train
and prepare a network of politically conscious, self-reliant groups to
take part in nationally coordinated activities for national objectives.

and democratic control, in the service of the people; and 2) to attack
and paralyze old institutions and power centers through a disciplined
tactic of force without violence. The methods of attack include
strikes, noncooperation, strategic occupations of buildings, roads,
airports etc., and other acts of nonviolent disruption of "business as
usual." In a revolutionary situation, such actions can culminate in a
general strike and a total break-down of old institutions and
relationships.

An example of one type of meaningful attack is the recent occupa-
tion of Lincoln Hospital in New York by members of the Puerto
Rican Community in which it is located. Here the building of new
forms and the attacking of old institutions came together in a
creative example of the movement for revolutionary change at its
best. For present purposes it is enough to point out a couple of basic
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For an example of the potential national power of strikes and
massive, tactically nonviolent disruptions, let us turn to the area of
anti-war activity, even though we must turn to an action that was
unsuccessful. The war affects every community, every segment, and
aspect of society. The determination of a profit-seeking corporate
elite to maintain its stranglehold on Indochina cannot be separated
from the determination to maintain its domination of schools and
colleges, farms and factories, government and politics. The pollution
of the air we breathe and the ideas we assimilate cannot be separated
from the profit and power of those who quite correctly view the
Vietnam war as a logical expression of American principles. If the
people can succeed in asserting their power to stop the war in
Indochina, they will be well on the way to developing the compre-
hesion and unity to assert their power at home as well.
Let us look briefly at an anti-war action that failed, but nonetheless provides some indication of what can happen more successfully in the future. I am thinking of the nationwide student strike and the May 9th protest in Washington, that followed the invasion of Cambodia and the subsequent massacres at Kent State, Augusta and Jackson State.

The May revolts were poorly prepared and carried out. They involved only a small fragment of the population. And what might have been a powerful supporting act of massive nonviolent disruption in Washington, capable of sparking the extension of the strike into non-student sectors, deteriorated into another mass rally of limited effectiveness. Yet the strikes, the threat of a major confrontation in Washington, and the first timid signs of token strikes and discussions of strikes in non-student groups shook the government and the country. For the first time in twenty-five years, a massive expression of anti-imperialist sentiment imposed at least minimal restraints on a military colossus that has enjoyed virtual freedom from democratic controls. Nixon was forced, against his will, to promise the withdrawal of American troops from Cambodia. The Administration was forced to change its whole public stance on the war, though of course it did not change its basic policies.

Despite the incompleteness of the May revolts, many people gained from them a vision of the power of the people to stop the war through strikes and massive, basically nonviolent, disruptions of politics-as-usual. For this vision to be implemented this year, we need to stop playacting at violent revolution. As I have already indicated it can be playacting even when one uses real guns and real people, real bombs and real buildings, as props.

The movement was weakened last spring by a lack of experienced revolutionary cadres on the campus and among those who had recently left the campus. SDS had dissolved into several elitist sects, isolated from the students and isolated from reality. The Weatherpeople had left a heritage of confusion and dismay, from their October Days of Rage. In May, they were busy building bomb factories instead of relating to the upsurge of popular revolt. They had lost faith in the power of the people and had turned instead to the power of bombs. On the other hand, the failure of the New Mobe to take a clear lead in the development of massive militant actions had created a tactical vacuum in which the only alternatives seemed to be adventurist violence or the old tired games of reform politics and mass rallies.

The Weatherpeople have indicated that they learned something from finding themselves isolated and impotent, as a result of their narrow preoccupation with violence. The questions are: did they learn enough, and what have the rest of us learned? Will we move beyond petitioning the government, without succumbing, in our turn, to machismo attitudes and actions that isolate us from the bulk of the American people? We need to undertake actions that will, at one and the same time, reflect and deepen our basic humanism, broaden our base and intensify the conflict.
More Than Year After Death...

JUDY GARLAND
IS STILL NOT
BURIED
Make it with the new single from BEGGAR'S OPERA

Just ask for SARABANDE...

(P.S. Their album ACT ONE scores too!)

The sight and sound of contemporary music

A Philips Records product
Today Sherwood Forest is inhabited by Tupamaros, Yippies in Lincoln Green and Uruguayan red. Angry Brigades assault the bourgeois citadels of Montevideo and Carr's private home and all the enemies of our future—C.I.A., the Mafia, the Special Branch, Interpol, the Russian KGB secret police and secret thugs the whole world over—clasp their blood-stained hands together in a nauseating dance of death.

As kids we thought their spy games were for real, that Lonsdale, Burgess, McLean were the evil Frankenstein's of a sinister foreign power—that the forces of law and order were the avenging angels of the good folk who were wits-end scared by those nasty Mafia, Richard-type gangs, and the lurking sex-murderer on Wimbledon Common ... and THEN WE WOKE UP;

There's a time when the coming has to stop—like then you find out that all attempts by the most powerful government-monster in the world have totally failed to smash the American Mafia, and that every Italian investigation into the same gangster scene (Mafioso) has merely strengthened the bond of the capitalist underworld. That great liberal hero, Daniels Dolchi devoted untold philanthropic energy to denouncing the Sicilian Mafia (which even today accounts for about 60 murders a year of those who fail to toe the line) and guess what happened?

Yes, the government set up one more bureaucratic chrysalis— an "Anti-Mafia Commission" which heard the evidence, which led to prosecutions for libel (by members of the Mafia against witnesses who had come forward) and which achieved nothing except whitewashing the operations of Mafia boys.

Help the pigs fight "crime"! That's a fucking joke when not a few pigs share the rake off. Oh, but it doesn't happen in England (three cheers for Speaker's Corner and Yorkshire pudding)—English pigs are nice friendly mongrels that courteously show foreigners the way to Buckingham Palace. So I wonder what Detective Inspector Robson is doing in Wells St Magistrates Court charged with dealings with the underworld, the bribery and corruption bit? After exhaustive investigations by The Times reporters last year (who were just turned on enough to realize that their investigations would turn up more than pig investigations) this case is now going on (2) and a few months ago at Leeds Assizes the really unusual happened, a couple of pigs got jailed for conspiracy to subvert the course of justice. Two more recruits for Securicor!

The system functions on deals—partly because it desperately needs its criminals who do a very valuable economic job, providing employment for vast numbers of pigs, lawyers, judges, screw, prison governors, social workers and the like. What would capitalist society do without its noble judges pronouncing pompos bullshit from on high? What would happen if a judge joined the queue at a labour exchange? And in the same way as well-known members of the Mafia denounce the Mafia, so pigs denounce gangsters, whilst often aiding and abetting them. Shadow-boxing between rival capitalist thug organisations goes on continuously. Spy-games, like crime-games, similarly produce the same absurdities—the double agent and the single agent are increasingly doing the same job, ie, to keep attention fixed on imaginary foreign enemies to prevent internal unrest.

Conventional crime can be the working-class escape to wealth, fortune or behind bars (if the deals backfire!) but then there's other crime—like the sum total of all actions to create an alternative to their thug-ridden systems. The peoples' crimes of passion and love are the rip-off of property, bread and resources belonging to them, and to transfer all that to our community. Hijack a meat-wagon in the middle of Newcastle—free meat for the oppressed people of South Shields.

Revolutionary crime—the people bonding together to directly enforce a redistributing of wealth. Rob a bank and help your friends, because your friends are your exploited neighbours. Housewives in North London 2 years ago formed a shop lifting syndicate which was regretfully sussed by supermarket detectives.
property interests, but rival gangs just the same.

The alternative is not ever understood by the so-called representatives of the Underground. When Release was finally released, Caroline Coon the boss made her position as boss plain. These are MY files and there ain’t nobody else having them, “Release” copyright, private property and all that jazz. “Time Out” faithful allies of the commercial underground phonies rushed to the assistance of the Release establishment with pathetic comments about “the theft of files and letters”, “the burglary” and “the burglars” (all in Issue No.56). Clearly the brave bread-winners of the underground eagerly regurgitate capitalist conceptions of law, the private property rights of Release to withhold information from the rest of the movement, and totally straight criticisms of the “rip-em-off” boys. Well, Caroline baby, if you use the lingo of Lord Chief Justice Parker do you really expect anyone to have qualms about busting your set-up? When you’ve worked out even a primitive political attitude towards legal barbarism, then maybe some militant will talk to you.

Meanwhile whatever happened to the British ambassador to Uruguay? Tupamaros triumph again, and the press has given up, even reporting that he ain’t never gonna be found, and they don’t dig printing why. When the people support your robbing banks, liberating arms from the government, and kidnapping diplomats—YOU CAN’T LOSE. The Uruguayan government is paralysed with fear—the pigs are surrounded by the enemy—the people, everyone and no one is a Tupamaro, and the proceeds are transferred from the ruling classes to the people. This is community crime—the shameless actions of the angry poor—the many who refuse to work for exploiting parasites. Community crime is a moral threat to all law enforcement agencies, and crime-gangs; for a judge the worst criminal of all is the political criminal who attacks the judge’s way of life, his tyrannical control of the court, and everything a judge stands for. Our methods

are not theirs—class violence snatches only property into its jaws, whilst they massacre people with ghoulish unconcern. The Tupamaros seldom kill. Yet the other side murders all the time in futile attempts to subdue people rising up angry (by those old plays of blackmail and fear).

The only alternative to their foot and plunder of our lives is for us to look and plunder their property, not as individuals, but as organized collectives with protective roots in our local areas. When to obey the law is freedom, all freedom consists of disobeying the law, of organized opposition, love, and liberation from their authoritarianism and potential facism.

Viva les Tupamaros!
The Vietcong are down the road.

(1) “untold” but over-publicised as the Albert Schweitzer of Sicily,
(2) Wells St Magistrates Court was built to deal with motoring offences, so no public galleries; the public doesn’t therefore see the pigs on trial,

Criminal thought for the day—if it wasn’t for all the fiddles at work and elsewhere most people would not only be law-abiding citizens—but bored and starved to death.

from a seance with Robin Hood

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**WHISTLE WHILE YOU WALK**

**REF-VISITED**

Whistle while you wank Widgery in his latest putdown (OZ 32, of Jerry Rubin, the Yippie Superhero) stumble on a few good criticisms of the media-freaks cult, but pretty much ruins the affair with conventional hack-left Trotsky and the old heroes promotions department. Do I hear the cry of “new heroes for old”? “No, no,“ David Widgery replies, “Stick to the old ones, dead heroes tell no lies and don’t appear on the David Frost show either“. But what’s really great is the extent to which the Yippies have fooled and freaked HIM—because when he dismisses the Yippie revolution as a “series of publicity stunts and press openings”, he dismisses the Chicago Conspiracy Trial as just another epic in the theatre of the absurd, court-freaking as kids’ stuff or to quote the guru himself “violence in the head fantasia”.

By way of his own words he applauds the Yippies finest 9 months, when they turned the Chicago Trail into the greatest show on earth—and so the defendants got themselves accused of being showmen. But the struggle was the performance, and the performance, besides being a publicity stunt, was also the struggle, which put America and its system on trial ... and their own lives in jeopardy. Dry humourless politics will always put down “fun politics“, will always be too deadly serious to actually live it now, because to live it now is too much of a joke. Authoritarian socialism is always the promised land of tomorrow (and today we plough through Marx). Like all religion it has its prophets, its discipline and its dogmatic offers of false choices ... ORGANISE LIKE US OR BE DAMNED.

David Widgery may need the migraine of Trotsky, but it’s pretty sure that the workers of Kronstadt 1921 (when Trotsky as C. in C. of the army of the Bolshevik government led the suppression of the last blood of the revolution, the sailors soviet—the final stand against the new tyranny that Stalin was to inherit) didn’t need the migraine or the bullets in the head. Authority figures like Trotsky have always been a gigantic headache, a migraine of confusion to the struggles of the people against all forms of oppression.

We either work/play it out for ourselves—our own original revolutionary movement. If we want to copy somebody else’s scene, and play follow the leader, why not infiltrate the Catholic church?

Tom Ludd
An OZ correspondent recently back from Vietnam, looking round for the legendary 'low morals' of the American troops there, talked to the usual potheads, peaceniks and assorted freaks who were doing in uniform in claiming all the time that America was nothing but a collection of potheads, peaceniks and assorted freaks who were doing it." 

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Then the heavy business of the day was in, Catherine Maclean and Jo Robinson, that persistent duo, remarkable for their stoutness of heart and singleness of purpose, performed a trenchant hatchetjob on Constable McGhee, a perfectly simian cop, whom they had sized up for their job by dropping a flour bag on his helmet outside the Cafe de Paris. Naturally pure and unprincipled McGhee chased them down Coventry Street, and seized Jo Robinson who declared, "I am prepared to accept the consequences." McGhee couldn't actually remember which part of Mecca and Miss World had been passing at the time when the bag was dropped. It was all a red carpet of haziness as far as he was concerned. Sally Alexander couldn't wait any longer so we all adjourned while she had a ple. In his most avuncular manner, Mr. Rees announced, 'You're big girls now and you shouldn't need to do this sort of thing.'

The afternoon came bright and cheery with an edifying discussion on the nature of relevancy, Catherine Maclean cornered two of the witnesses and asked Constable McGhee what he thought of women's liberation, what he thought of pimps, and if he had ever arrested a prostitute. McGhee looked-blank, Mr. Rees ruled her questions not only irrelevant but grossly irrelevant. Inspector Sheridan jumped up and swore by Almighty God that he found a package inscribed with the words: 'Light paper and stand clear'-a somewhat mystifying pronouncement. Throwing smoke bombs into a crowd was insidious, he announced righteously. At this, Catherine Maclean, on the lookout for insults, asked if he was smiling—another otherwise innocent action which suddenly became menacing. Inspector Sheridan denied he would ever do such a thing. With such a tender exchange, we adjourned until Monday and the sizing stink of the defence witnesses.

February 8th

Court three is beginning to evoke the non-event of the day. Jenny Fortune said she was very upset at Mecca exploiting women for business interests. Mr. Rees said this is not a forum for your movement.

Mr. Rees had always made it clear that the court was only there to try the narrow issue of charges and that meant it could only be a forum for legal bullshit, and further HE WAS THE COURT, or so he reminded witnesses waving to their boned-up friends.

Defence witnesses were chopped in mid stream, the voice of women's liberation suppressed by grossly arbitrary Rees rulings on the relevance of questions. "Now you can't ask any more questions of this witness, the witness is ordered to be silent, I order the witness to be removed from the witness box," and finally "I forbid Miss McClaine and Miss Robinson from calling any further witnesses."

And so Alice in the dock continued to wonder why she heard people talk so much about free speech, After Thursday she didn't wonder anymore.

Thursday afternoon Feb 11th completes Rape of Justice

Sequence of events . . . Sally Alexander finishes off her evidence then the fireworks begin:

1. The girls demand the right to call further witnesses (Already refused 3 days previously) Rees refuses.
2. Eric Mecca Morley is called by the defence—application for renewal of witness-summmons to compel his attendance.
3. REFUSED by magistrate
4. Application for adjournment for a mandamus motion—to compel the magistrate to renew the witness-summons.
5. REFUSED
6. Application for adjournment for those defending themselves to reconsider any further participation in the trial on the grounds that the defence there has been forcibly suppressed.
7. DEFENDED—magistrate shows a transcript of the trial.

5. Arrival of the "Barnet Gang" headed by Chief Superintendent Habershon plus Special Branch detectives, demonstrators and friends waiting outside the court to stay put.

General commotion at pig invasion.

6. COURT ADJOURNED owing to pig invasion outside, Nina Stargar legal advisors advise Habershon "lay off 'em, baby"—Habershon gives all presents.

Four girls grabbed and three illegally detained at Barnet pig station Meanwhile back inside the court.

7. Defence demands adjournment till the next day in view of police interference with witnesses.

Not Onus REFUSED as usual.

8. Many plain clothes cops filter into courtroom—Jo Robinson screams intimidation—the people are surrounded, the magistrate behaves as if he was used to fascist scenes of police terror like this in his home everyday.

9. At approx. 3.40 the magistrate completes the final act of force and terror—"I'm adjourning this case because you have wilfully obstructed the proceedings" and committed all the defendants to Holloway Prison for the night.

10. Final afternoon Friday Feb 12—threats all the way to the final verdict. The girls were fined and Women's Liberation found the court entirely irrelevant.

STOP PRESS

Frame-up of the year? Look at the Carrns obsession investigations—Under intense pressure from the Home Office, Barnett Chief pig Habershon has charged a man after unlawfully detaining him for 48 hours, and deliberately obstructing his solicitors from seeing him.

After 4 weeks of left persecution it is reported that Habershon's superiors were impatiently demanding result.

During cross examination by the defence barrister in the case—Habershon's account of his advice to Mr Prescott (the accused) as to which solicitor he should choose, provoked a shout of "LIAR" from the dock, and the good chief superintendent flushed and blushed profusely.

How many more innocent men will be charged?

ROSEMARY PETTIT AND OTHERS

In 1927, after serving eight days on Welfare Island for "committing youth "with her play "Sea," Mae West goesaddy to prison staff.

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Our Letter

Dear OZ,

After reading the recent article about Richard Neville's imprisonment and his views on Christianity, I am writing to express my support for his stance against the illegal Christmas (OZ 32) and I regret the way people who are 'just doing their job' invoke the will of God to suppress free speech. For me, it's incredibly sign they are doing something nasty. I'm with you.

But don't do a Luft on me, love, blame troubles, make it up as you go along, on Christianity. I'm only a defenseless preacher, I'm just fighting the system. For a start, I'm not a superstition, as you say, but a Person. Secondly, while your gods did indeed "de-
prave, corrupt and brutalise delicate
tribalisms, don’t pin the blame for
the slave-traders, gun-runners and
mercenaries who smashed Africa on
Christianity. Come to that, like all
human societies the Africans were
deprieved, corrupted and brutalised
already; I’ve been no more success-
ful at getting through to them than
to Europeans, and I’ve had a church
in Africa for nearly two thousand
years. ‘Pre-European’ African
society wasn’t as golden as you
seem to think: Jomo Kenyatta
doesn’t speak for Africa, and tens
of millions of Africans at least pay
me lip-service. You ask them what
they think about me.

As for the other charges you bring
to the British Army: Not guilty.
Being responsible for economic
exploitation: Not guilty.
Being responsible for the prison
service: Not guilty (but I’m work-
ing on that one.)
Being responsible for property: Not
guilty.
Being responsible for V.D.: In view
of my known views about fidelity
you’ll have a job making that one
stick.

I plead guilty to the ethics of work,
guilt to family, and guilt to
fidelity. But I ask for my general
character to be taken into consider-
ation (have you read my book?),
especially the bit about loving God
and your neighbour.

Love and Peace,
Christianity.

To all brothers in the postal
strike—OZ sends fraternal greetings
and help along the lines at the
offices at 153 Wood House Lane,
Leeds 2. Tel: Leeds 40530. Help
them so they can help you.

The Socialist Medical Association
which is conducting a large
campaign against Tory inroads into the
National Health Service, is holding
a day seminar on Social Causes 
& Consequences of Addiction to
drugs (including alcohol and toba-
ccco) and gambling at 14 Jockey Fields,
London WC1 on Sunday 28th March 1971, from 10am to
5pm, Br. per session or 10/- all day.
Daughters of the Revolution, Bands
of Hope, heads of all types and
bongos enthusiasts all welcome.
Anyone interested in SMA contact
them at 31 Lionel St, Birmingham
3. Tel: 021-236 0635.

Marylebone Magistrates Court
November 5 Conspiracy Trial

Guy Fawkes Still Lives in Powis Square—and the Powis Square 8
are now only 5 because three
defendants have been discharged
(no case to answer, which means
the police made a cock-up) and
the political nature of the trial has
turned the defence of community
interests into a prosecution of
pig-power in Notting Hill. Latest
Score Prosecution 0 Defence 3.

MOGUL THRASH (RCA)
FOREVERMORE—Words On
Black Plastic (RCA)/

Behind the headlines and the
legends, the flash and the gold
discs, lies the main ingredient of
any working musical environment,
a hard core of second and third
division groups and bands who
play six one-nighters a week at
hideous little clubs all over the
country, putting on a good show,
getting it all on pretty for the
people, occasionally getting little
write-ups in MM and creeping onto
the bottom of the bill at festivals,
but still selling too many albums or
getting any mass recognition.

Occasionally a really cosmic band
will emerge from this scene
(GNIDROLOG are currently
playing the best British music this
side of the Who and the Soft
Machine), but mainly it’s down to
the hardworkin‘ losers.

Mogul Thrash and Forevermore
are two thoroughly good bands
who have made two thoroughly good
albums. Neither is going to change
anybody’s life much, or become
sacred to anyone. Neither band is
going to become superstars, not
just yet, anyway, but in their own
different ways, they’re doing it.
Mogul Thrash with hard, precise,
driving and thoroughly inventive
brass-and-guitars music that makes
the most interesting contribution
to this field since Ray Russell’s
superb but criminally-neglected
“Rock Workshop” album, and
Forevermore with restrained,
quiet, colourful music that recalls
the Traffic and the Band, with just
a little Free in there to toughen it
up.

The Thrash album is probably
the more impressive of the two, and
has some famous names on the
sleeve: James Litherland, former
guitarist singer for Colosseum, and
Michael Rosen, originally
trumpet-guitarist for Eclelection,
with Brian Auger producing. Auger
actually plays some piano on “St
Peters”, the album’s weakest track,
the B-side of their single. The
A-side was the brilliantly compact
“Sleeping In The Kitchen”, which
should have been included. Maybe
on the next one…?

Why contribute to the OZ
Obscenity Fund when Ink is
raising over £19,000 to start
a weekly newspaper?

1. All money contributed to the OZ
Obscenity Fund is upodic-
trous. Although a fund is desper-
ately necessary to keep OZ alive, the
money is eventually fed into the
system. However, OZ intends to
spend as little as possible on
fighting the court case and any
money left over from the fund
will be made available to the
community through BIT, Street
Aid, Release and other welfare
organisations.

2. OZ isn’t Ink. Money for Ink is
being raised by issuing debentures
(short loans like mortgages).
People regard their contribution as
an investment, not a donation.

3. The forces against OZ are part
of the general pattern of repres-
sion instigated by the Tories. Thus
the need for a successful new
radical weekly newspaper is more
urgent than ever. It is easy to
launch newspapers which fail after
a few issues (Strange Days, Idiot
International—which consumed
£50,000) or which idle along
ineffectively with a miserable
circulation. That is why INK is
being launched professionally,
thoughly and cautiously and
with enough finance to see it
through its early days.

The anarchist Cookbook
is reviewed elsewhere in this
issue, but Agit-Prop have brought
our quite a little cookbook of their
own, entitled BUST-BOOK. It
costs 25p plus 2½p postage from
Agit-Prop 160 North Gower Street
London NW1 and everyone should get a copy
and familiarise themselves
thoroughly with the contents.
Its aggressive, uncompromising tone
will depress you, the last vestiges
of those romantic notions you might still retain about the nature of British justice and the police force will be swept away, and you may even be tempted to call that sweet young policeman who told you how to get to Powis Square, a pig. Some extracts from the introduction follow: "As revolutionaries, we believe what many oppressed peoples have realised for a long time: that, contrary to the official myths, the courts are not in any way neutral arbiters of 'truths', 'facts', 'right' and 'wrong'. We must realise that we are not going to get a fair deal in the courtrooms of this country. Moriarty's Police Law book makes the rulers positions clear: 'A law...is defined as a rule of action prescribed or dictated by some superior which an inferior is bound to obey'. Today's 'inferiors' are well known. If you want to keep down..."

As young white, black or working class people, we have been stopped on the streets and searched at the will of the pigs under the authority of the Dangerous Drugs Act; we have been thrown out of long empty houses under an obscure 14th century law; we have been arrested and beaten on the streets using the power of Common law to keep the 'peace'; we have been restricted from organising outside. Whatever method is used, the courts and the police are only an extension of the violent nature of British capitalism. Capitalism that has 13,000 troops in Northern Ireland, that uses and supplies the world with CS gas, that injures tens of thousands of workers annually and destroys the minds of children in prisons called 'schools', is violent.

In addition to the increased presence and violence of the pig force, another form of repression is that the consequences of getting arrested have worsened. Charges are heavier, sentences are getting more expensive and longer and in general, the courts are using their power to clamp down on anything that has the appearance of an uprising or of collective resistance to oppression. Hence they are using conspiracy charges against Irish supporters and the Cambridge and London students, and incitement to riot charges against Black people in Notting Hill.

Before the courts though, we will be brought up as individuals. This is deliberately designed to isolate us and carefully cut us off from our friends. Through demonstrations the court appearance and interest in the outcome of all cases, people will no longer feel that the battle stops at the courtroom door. They will feel more positive about the trial and the possible time they may serve if they feel it is all part of the struggle.

Such revolutionary figures as Bobby Seale and Rosa Luxemburg have turned this isolation in the dock into a platform to express their ideas and educate the people. Given the nature of the courtroom and the press in our society, this is usually unsatisfactory. The fact remains that being brought to court is a calculated act of political repression and it should be understood as such. The decision to pursue an educational trial rests on the commitment of people outside to take the trial to the real jury: the People.

Within the courtroom we can try to expose the racist, class privileges and the authoritarian domination, and then communicate our efforts to the people outside. Whatever method is decided on to fight a case the decision should be taken on political grounds and not for expediency alone. In writing this manual, we intend to demystify for the people the experiences which surround arrest, trial and sentence in order to reduce the added deterrent which they have as unknowns; we hope to help people not to get arrested, to minimise the consequences if they do and to raise our collective consciousness."
A PLAGUE OF LOCUSTS

Felix Dennis

ROCKIN' 50's ROCK 'ROLL
The Crickets
(CBS)

"Well, that'll be the day,
when you say goodbye,
Yeah, that'll be the day,
when you make me cry,
You say you're gonna leave,
you know it's a lie
Cos that'll be the day,
hey, hey, when I die ..."

In the entomological world, crickets are insects from the order Orthoptera, members of the same family as grass hoppers and locusts. An interesting coincidence, Jerry Allison, Sonny Curtis and Doug Gilmore, who now make up the Crickets, appear to have mutated convincingly enough, though I doubt whether our hungry world is much the richer for their incestuous experiments. Both that process itself and the motives which demand it are suspect in any terms other than the commercial considerations.

Certainly Rockin' 50's Rock 'Roll is parasitic. It is parasitic in spirit, in intent and in effect. Musically and economically it falls a little far short of fraud. It is poor consumer value. Only the Crickets' past contributions in the services of God, Rock 'n Roll and Coral Records Inc. demand restraint of criticism and the sparing use of DDT. Let us talk of happier times.

Like a million other freaks between twenty-five and thirty, I have a tender spot in my rapidly hardening heart for Buddy Holly. That long, tall Texan with the heavy, black-rimmed glasses, the cultured mother of pearl smile and the peculiarly effeminate falsetto. Half guiltily, I occasionally recall those innocent, exploratory evenings spent fumbling with adolescent hooks and zips within the inadequate shelter of the bicycle sheds at the rear of our local youth centre. And while I must confess that I would only be with considerably difficulty that I could now summon to memory any one of those erring school girls' names, it's absolutely for certain that the majority of them would have been coerced into sin to the accompaniment of Mr. Holly (for just possibly the Everleys — always a strong puller), roaring from the Dansette portable in the main hall. There is really only one version of 'Well ... Alright!', and it's not the master.

"Well ... alright, well, alright,
Tail live and love with all our might
Well ... alright, well, alright,
Our lifetime love will be alright...
Our lifetime love will be alright."

He did it. We did it. And it was.

Buddy Holly was clean cut, intellectual and anti-animalistic. If he was ever aware that he possessed a pelvic region, he kept that information quietly to himself — rotary connections were strictly the King's territory. In an era of Italian-Americans, handsome, darkeyed, grey-haired idols, Holly was the real (country) boy next door. Buddy would pose politely for photographers, never turned up late for performances and, worst of all, he was incapable of performing the upper lip, neo-Elvis sneer, (as perfected by Britain's Billy Fury), an almost essential prerequisite for a male vocal artist rash enough to attempt his own version of 'Ready Teddy', 'Rip It Up' or 'Blue Suede Shoes' in 1958. My mother, perhaps not altogether surprisingly, approved of Buddy's wholesome qualities, while continuing to express her instinctive distaste for 'Rick Nelson and the rest of those yobs ...' But even my healthy inclination to disagree, (as a point of honour), with almost any opinion expressed on any subject by either of my parents, was not enough to dissuade me from buying or stealing virtually everything recorded by Buddy and the Crickets, both before and after their productive partnership.

Musically, Holly was that peculiar and rarely combined phenomenon, an original artist and composer. An artist and composer, moreover, swimming a lonely race in a turbid sea of Rydell, Anka and Fabian mediocrity. A sea in which strict musical conformity proved so often to be the only reliable compass for success. Those were the breast stroke days of the kings of payola, Dick Clark and Alan Freed; butterfly backcrawlers, talented or not, drowned in their thousands.

Perhaps it was the combination of his talents which have assisted Peggy Sue's curious marriage to the Brown Eyed Handsome Man in weathering the ravages of more than twenty-five years with such remarkable resilience. And providing one can learn to ignore the predictable (but understandable), production excesses of Norman Petty, Holly's music still makes it. It's influence on scores of both British and American rock bands would take pages to catalogue.

Possibly Mr. Warhol's predictions that in the future everybody will be famous for just fifteen minutes are correct, but music that has sustained an arrogant erection for over fourteen years, is surely something more than pop music. (Unlike Tony Palmer, I am making no claim that rock music can, or should, be catalogued with 'classical' music, only that rock music can be much, much, more than pop music). I think one could fairly argue that many of Buddy Holly's compositions have transcended themselves and their original purposes. They pointed so clearly into the country/ harmony/but funk directions of Buffalo Springfield, Byrds, CSN et. al. That I feel one could apply the adjective 'prophetic', for once without embarrassment. An unconscious prophet is a prophet nonetheless, Holly was certainly unconscious — many would say to the point of naivety. The arrogance of so many of our avant-rock musicians (Zappa, Morrison, Kantner, Robert Fripp — to name but a few), would have
been totally alien to his outwardly unassuming personality. At Toussaint Lautrec was once reported to remark, "I paint posters, not works or Art." Holly would have identified with that.

Death is a remarkably permanent event, but I must admit to recurring, perhaps self-indulgent reflections over exactly what Holly might have had to offer today, at a time when progression is an artistically, musically and financially rewarding occupation. It might well be wrong, but it's my belief that Woodstock Nation is a poorer place for that early morning disaster on Feb. 3rd 1959, when a chartered Beechcraft Bonanza crashed five miles north of Mason City, Iowa. Holly's work was of rare, extremely popular during his short lifetime, but subsequent to his death, it's range of exposure and level of appreciation altered quite considerably. How much of this can be attributed to a genuine re-discovery of his music and how much to cult-mystery, is an open ended question. It would be interesting, for example, to compare these public hearings with the work of, say, The Mothers, in the unfortunate event of Frank Zappa's demise. Without the photogenic Capt. Zapp's bizarre, soft-sell but spectacularly successful PR techniques, I would be dubious of his Mothers matching Holly's. Without the photogenic "Buddy Holly which comes to my mind as about Rockin' 50's Rock'N Roll is that it is professional. Nobody misses a note or a triplet, or gives any indication they have done so in the past dozen years. Sonny Curtis has a pleasant, if not an earth shatteringly distinctive voice, and Doug and Jerry stick pretty closely to the original script and vocal harmony. Tracks include many of her favourite songs: That'll Be The Day, It's So Easy, That's All Right, I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter, and Christmas Wrapping Paper. All of these are distinctly Mark quanto which can charitably put aside the relatively primitive studio conditions under which Petty and Holly were functioning, it's a fairly considerable supposition that we've all been shortchanged. Excepting, need I add, for Mrs. Maria Elena Holly, whose nauseous liner notes and continuing 'messages' to "...Buddy's millions of fans..." on many of his posthumous releases, continue strangely with her praying mantis policy of making available (for re-dubbing) tapes she has on her 'discovered' in her magic attic. Tapes of Buddy mumbling to himself in the bath, strumming his guitar and cleaning his teeth to the melody of 'Reminiscing'. Great. 'Stirring widow she may well be, and with a stack of tear sodden sheets in the First National Bank of America to prove it.

Which brings us back to the restless locusts. Perhaps the kindest thing that can be said about Rockin' 50's Rock'N Roll is that it is professional. Nobody misses a note or a triplet, or gives any indication they have done so in the past dozen years. Sonny Curtis has a pleasant, if not an earth shatteringly distinctive voice, and Doug and Jerry stick pretty closely to the original script and vocal harmony. Tracks include many of her favourite songs: That'll Be The Day, It's So Easy, Think It Over and Every Day. As musicians the Crickets haven't moved noticeably in any direction. Wherever possible, they have marked time. Their blandness is vaguely reminiscent of the Fireballs, who re-dubbed a considerable number of Mrs. Holly's attic tapes in 1963, and who sounded themself remarkably similar to the original Crickets. Parts of this album remind me strongly of an EP (I recall buying some eight or nine years ago featuring the Crickets backing Bobby Vee, himself a smarmy Xerox of Buddy Holly), which was always the case. Buddy Holly had been natural charm mixed with a dash of stick, and Boky Vee was just 'Rubber Balls' of the patently manufactured variety.

In fact, the only musical tribute to Holly which comes to my mind as about Rockin' 50's Rock'N Roll is that it is professional. Nobody misses a note or a triplet, or gives any indication they have done so in the past dozen years. Sonny Curtis has a pleasant, if not an earth shatteringly distinctive voice, and Doug and Jerry stick pretty closely to the original script and vocal harmony. Tracks include many of her favourite songs: That'll Be The Day, It's So Easy, Think It Over and Every Day. As musicians the Crickets haven't moved noticeably in any direction. Wherever possible, they have marked time. Their blandness is vaguely reminiscent of the Fireballs, who re-dubbed a considerable number of Mrs. Holly's attic tapes in 1963, and who sounded themself remarkably similar to the original Crickets. Parts of this album remind me strongly of an EP (I recall buying some eight or nine years ago featuring the Crickets backing Bobby Vee, himself a smarmy Xerox of Buddy Holly), which was always the case. Buddy Holly had been natural charm mixed with a dash of stick, and Boky Vee was just 'Rubber Balls' of the patently manufactured variety.

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The late and totally beautiful Janis Joplin and the also beautiful and currently living Nico represent on the surface opposite poles of the spectrum of rock music. Nico with her falsetto of a small boy entertaining—almost gothic style of singing, has little in common with Janis who lived life so fully that it finally took a revenge on someone who refused to accept its hangups with sufficient deference.

But as ladies in the rock world they have plenty in common. With almost no exceptions the lot of the various rock 'n roll women has been to deal with the downer side of life—the rule being proved by Grace Slick, but that's another story—rather than its happier aspects, and although stylistically Janis and Nico are utterly different, it's far less a matter of what they're saying, far more how they choose to say it. Forget the cultural and environmental differences—the European/rust countervailing reaction against the raw Texas broad made good in freaky San Francisco—and you come down to the common bond which links the two: singing, in one way or the other, all about the fuckups, the hassles and the problems.

In three solo albums (for some obscure and absurd reason her second one 'Chelsea Girls' never went beyond the import shops), and one that made her best known 'The Velvet Underground and Nico' Nico has changed little. 'I'll be your mirror' with the Underground could have fitted in on 'Deserthorse', full of eerie pathos in its lyrics and overall through-thick-their-wall unique voice. Much quieter and less musically freaky than her previous work it still reminds you increasingly of melody music—maybe it's the harmony, maybe not. Although all the other instruments but trumpet are the charge of John Cale (another veteran of the Velvets) who also arranged the album, as he did 'Marble Index'.

Nico will soon be appearing in a movie 'La C计atrice Internes' (roughly translated as the 'Scar Within') and two of the songs included here are from that score—'Abschied' and 'Mutterlein'. Judging by she music and Nico's voice, 'The Scar Within' may not get too much cheerfulness about, although German speakers may have better ideas. But the really big track conceals side one: 'Le Petit Chevalier'. Sung in the cracked falsetto of a small boy entertaining the family, Nico becomes 'Le petit chevalier, j'raie te visiter'. An odd track which probably reflects the medieval European feeling that pervades the whole album. Nico's days with the Velvets and Chelsea Girls are over, and, unlike Europe when it goes to New York and gets stoned, 'Deserthorse' has one different track which may not bother to go to New York.

'Pearl' was the name Janis took for and was given by her friends, and 'Pearl' is an apt title for her final album. It may not reach the incredible heights of 'Cheap Thrills' but if this is how people remember Janis, then no one should need complain. The over-orchestrated near night club singing of 'Kozmic Blues' has mercifully been left well behind—all that brass was really screwing things up—and Janis returned with her new band to the sort of style that made her earlier material so great. The Full Tilt Boogie Band were pretty well slated by rock afficionados, certainly when Janis was alive and various not too happy gigs were being played last summer, and sure enough they haven't captured the real raunchiness (for once it is the right word) and spontaneity of Big Brother and the Holding Company, whose own concept of the album is something else to hear. Compared with the depressing selection of music against which Janis fought a losing battle on 'Kozmic Blues', Full Tilt have things well together, if a little too restrained.

Though Janis herself is rather more restrained than in earlier days. The pushing emotion every track on 'Cheap Thrills' which made it so powerful an album has been toned down, but so that it's alterred rather than rejected and replaced. The topics play an almost equal role, the songs are much the same: 'A Woman Left Lonely' and 'Buried Alive in the Blues', 'Trust Me' and 'Get It While You Can'—the stock hopes and fears that comprise the blues, but repetition does no harm.

'Deserthorse' and 'Pearl' differ more in their lyrics than in their ideas. Janis would sound as strange calling on Nico's 'Janitor of Lunacy' to paralyse my infancy, petrify the empty credit card as Nico would if she ever admitted 'Who cares, baby, 'cos we may not be here tomorrow, so I say, get it while you can', but in the end it still comes down to two ladies choosing their different ways of telling us how they find it. Nico lives on and flourishes; Janis, thanks to this album, does too. And though those who might like more epochal for her, here's one from her own lyrics, on her unaaccompanied track on 'Pearl': 'O Lord, won't ya buy me a little one on the town, I'm countin' on ya lord, now don't let me down, Prove that ya love me, and buy the next round...'

Jonathan Green

MUSIC TO COMMIT SUICIDE BY

CHRISTMAS AND THE WORST OF SWEAT

Laura Nyro

(LCBS)

Laura Nyro was fat, ugly, and 18 years old when she made her first album for Verve in 1966, now re-released on the same label as First Songs. She appeared at the Monterey Pop Festival as a result of the people's response to this badly produced but nevertheless exemplary album, but she bombarded heavily and decided to call it a day for a while. Then, thinner and prettier, CBS signed her on and Eli and the Thirtenth Confession came out. She became a star over-night, and they say, and I, for one, idealize that star. Eli is nothing less than unequivocally brilliant if it turns you on, if 't doesn't then nothing she has produced since will ever do. (I hope I'm wrong).

Nyro is a romantic; her songs are throbs from the throat and heart and New York. Her music is warm, soul, nothing like her Apollo Theatre, yet everything like funky blues. She and her music are emotional, her themes always either love, death, dope and hope put together with just a very solitary piano or a very orchestrated big-band arrangement. Christmas and the Beads of Sweat is not a new Nyro, just the same excellent Nyro. Her voice still mind-fucks, her ideas. Janis would sound as strange calling on Nico's 'Janitor of Lunacy' to paralyse my infancy, but if you don't have one, give it a try.

If this is how people have things well together, if a little too restrained.

Stanislav Demidjuk

THE WORST OF JEFFERSON AIRPLANE

Jefferson Airplane (RCA Victor)

Back in the balmy days of spring '67, when 'underground' meant the Tottenham Court Road Blarney Club on Friday nights (and funny looks in the Tube afterwards), when you had to search the Elektra catalogue for anything by a West Coast group and, incidentally, before the dirty raincoat brigade had started to read OZ, Jefferson Airplane were already an established name in the States. On their first chance to hear them came with the release of Surrealistic Pillow, the band's second album. It was so good to be a pleasant but rather disappointing experience if you were into groups like the Floyd, Social Deviants or even Tomorrow. Recent live appearances and their Bless Its Little Pointed Head album have now shown that the Airplane can out-jam practically anyone. But four years of the claying sweetness and uplifting harmonies of songs like My Best Friend and Today just seemed prettiness in comparison with what British groups were doing. And since RCA saw fit to shop White Rabbit and Plastic Fantastic Lover from the British release of Surrealistic Pillow too few of us ever realised the bands real potential.

Now the release of the retro-spective, The Worst Of, is a chance to catch up—and, in my case, to recognise what a fine band the Airplane were. It includes two tracks from their first album, Jefferson Airplane Takes Off, which has never been released before. It also includes tracks from Surrealistic Pillow and three from each of their more recent albums. Certainly in chronological order, the collection charts the bands' progression from the mawkish 'Nothing's Gonna Stop Me Now' to the early chart success Somebody to Love, through the hard acid rock phase of Ballad of You and Me and some of the more pretentious political commitment in Crown of Creation and Lather.

The band is at its peak with the live version of Plastic Fantastic Lover which comes from Volunteers. Here they drop the heavy feedback and stereo effects which characterised that album at the Monterey Pop Festival and the album of Creation albums and finally get down to the hard, driving rock music they were playing back from for so long. And the addition of Nicky Hopkins, Steve Stills and Jerry Garcia to the basic Kaukonen/Casady/Dryden makes for some very fine playing indeed. Lyrical the Volunteers album is a break-through, too—we Can be Together and Volunteers may not square up too well with Grace Slick's haughty carrying-on on stage, but that's her hang-up.

At the full LP price, though, The Worst is an expensive piece of nostalgia. Fortunately the album of old singles and LP tracks and, inevitably, in places the recording quality gets pretty thin. I sometimes wish that the 'music for the people at prices the people can afford' philosophy had got through. But that's another story. Marketing executives. Or maybe its just that the Airplane starship is running out of fuel. Jim Talbot

THE YES ALBUM

Yes (Atlantic)

Yes? Maybe.

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'Coarse, shallow and nasty... Mereyn Jones, New Statesman
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'Should be read in every school, office, army hut or other institution...' John Peel
'Almost totally devoid of intellectual content' Sydney Morning Herald

Granada Publishing
There is a deepening of problems. I know I'm one of them, and who listened to me? The common note of all the prophets anyone could take seriously is what might be called opti-pessimism. It says: under the capitalist system things are getting worse, but that system is digging its own grave, so it will all be right in the end because socialism will step forth, and the new era dawn. That is what Marx said, though of course history doesn't just happen. It has to be made, which involves the revolution of the oppressed. Now it's very significant that anyone who takes a long and serious look at the present world/setup emerges saying that capitalism stinks, that it can't go on and shouldn't be allowed to, and that socialism is the only thing that can save mankind. This is what Robin Jenkins says in *Exploitation*, and also Felix Greene in *The Enemy*. Let's take for granted that capitalism is preferable to communism, for no one amongst us could argue that inequality is better than any other system to ask: can we be sure that capitalism is digging its own grave? Will socialism be ready to step in and take over? And if it looks as if it's going to be over and over again that this is what should happen, without telling us how?

Both Robin Jenkins and Felix Greene have written some excellent books on the rich countries. They have summarized their understanding of the world. Jenkins opens with: "At an abstract level, this essay is about Felix Greene with: "I started writing this book primarily for myself". It is good that such meticulous research, in both cases, should reveal the capitalist system to be so rotten, inhuman, and intolerable. The basis of this system rests on the rich, capitalist countries in the poor countries was to deliberately keep them in a state of underdevelopment. While the USA—which, with 6% of the world’s own over half of the world’s realized wealth—claims that it is pouring money into what it calls the “developing nations”, all it does is cream off the profits of the industries it supports. It is the old gangster ethic: they offer you money when you have none, and as soon as you start to make it they take it off you. If you make a fuss, they send in the heavies. Russian is no better, for she has kept her East European satellites in a state of underdevelopment since the end of the Second World War. Even now she is going along the road to state capitalism, which means a system of inequality run from the centre. And both Russia and America prop up dictatorships in all parts of the world. Everyone knows, or should by now, that the poverty and inequality that exists in our own, rich countries is repeated on a global scale. The rich nations are getting richer, and the poor nations poorer. What is happening to Europe under the Tories—and what happened under Labour, after all—is a small-scale model of world development. A scandal? And I’m not being flip about it. The point is: once we know these facts, what are we going to do about them?

Greene and Jenkins, echoing a thousand others, say that the capitalist system must be overthrown. Greene candidly admits that he doesn’t know quite how to achieve this yet, but he’s still in the belief we have the right answers we must ask the right questions*’ kick. There are a million proliferating groups ready with answers. All of them are based on two assumptions which seem to me dangerously romantic: first, that the system will continue to deteriorate, making its overthrow a matter of time; second, that someone has the ability to stand the misery of inequality any longer, will rise up and do their thing. There are two fundamental reasons why these assumptions are romantic. The first is that all prophecies about the end of capitalism, since Marx, have been wrong. The second is that every model of alternative societies is inadequate.

Karl Marx was a great economic historian, but he was way off as a prophet. He said revolution would start in Western Europe, and was wrong. He said capitalism would dig its own grave, and it shows no sign of doing so. All of which would be forgivable if every word he wrote weren’t taken as gospel. Just as Freud, or Einstein, are now beginning to be seen as great men of their time, but not necessarily our own, so Marx ought to be treated as an historian, and not as a prophet. After all, he said himself he was no Marxist.

The Great Depression of 1929 was said to herald the end of capitalism, but as Roosevelt pointed out, it was his Administration “which saved the system of private profit and free enterprise after it had been dragged to the brink of ruin” (quoted by Greene). The end of the Second World War was going to usher in a new age, yet never has capitalism flourished as strongly as in the Western countries that defeated the fascists. Undoubtedly things are getting worse. Unemployment is going up along with inflation. The quality of goods, and of everyday life in general, is declining as steadily as the purchasing power of money. Overproduction is hurting the economy as surely as it is literally killing the environment. The number of poor and disaffected grows daily.

But while the unrelenting chase after profits undoubtedly narrows the view of the capitalists, it doesn’t altogether blind them. They are not that stupid. They are joining in the fight against pollution. They are trying to coopt the young, bribe the blacks, and buy off the poor. Most important, they are gradually beginning to invest in nationalism in the countries they exploit. Socialism will be supporting Left-wing governments, because they are the ones that will guarantee stability. And these governments won’t be able to do without American money, just as American money has to find its outlets in the “underdeveloped” world.

But, it will be said, what about the coming recession? How can any capitalist country hope to survive an economic crash that might make 1929 look like a minor setback? My answer is: let the system go on pulling new tricks and you will be able to persuade the uncommitted. We used to say proudly that we didn’t have to have plans for the future: our system would take care of the present. But we haven’t destroyed the present—al times, on the contrary, it seems about to destroy us—so maybe we should start developing a plan or two, with details. If a commune is to act as a base, it has to define its relations with the surrounding community, it has to work out how it is going to support and defend itself, and who it is going to let in. It has to decide its attitude to strangers, and how it will set about spreading the word. And whatever the word is, the effects it will have on the uncommitted must also be considered. For too long the alternative culture has relied on the future revealing itself in some mysterious way. But unless we can plan for that future, and know exactly what to expect, it’ll turn out to be Dracula. And then no one will have the garlic ready, or whatever it is that wards off vampires. The third possibility is the easiest to dismiss as defeatist, but if we also proclaim the End of Dogma, I’ll risk it. It is to make as good a life as possible for those we love, Counter-revolutionary, I know. But it’s something to fall back on if all else fails. Is so terrible when that’s what most people try and do anyway? Every one of those American radicals who have declared their battle lost for the moment, and who are coming to Europe for a breathing-space? There was a time when diagnosis was more important than cure. But now we have a surfeit of diagnosticians (including Robin Jenkins, and Felix Greene). We know the patient is sick. But it’s no use comforting ourselves with the thought he’s going to die and leave us all his money. On the contrary, his breathings get hotter all the time.
To all those who look to Timothy Leary for inspiration, we want to say:

He double-parked by a downtown hotel, made sure the price was right, checked into a businessman's hotel, found the Panther number from an old friend Maynard Ferguson who used to be known that way around Birdland.

"Hello, is Tim there?"

"Timothy Leary?" An Afro-American accent.

"That's right."

"I'm sorry, he's occupied at the moment. What's this?"

"Identified myself for real, no Fox, no place for jokes. I got a message to call this number, Leary invited me to stay with him and..."

"You'll have to find a hotel."

"Okay. Just a minute..."

The voice checked something out. "I doubt very much whether Mr. Leary will be home tonight. I'll help you find a hotel."

"No... no. Just a minute..."

I was "No... no. Just a minute..."

"The voice checked something out. "I doubt very much whether Mr. Leary will be home tonight. I'll help you find a hotel."

Ten minutes later, a tall black man with a fringe beard pulled up in a Renault sedan. He drove me fast through the town, desolate at this hour, twisting and turning into a narrow street, blinking yellow lights. He double-parked by a downtown hotel, made sure the price was right, and helped me register in French. No questions asked, no explanations given. I got a key.

Twenty minutes later, the door was locked from the outside. That is, however, a good definition of jail, and we had to ask permission to go to the toilet, to the kitchen for coffee, or to open a window.

The Learys asked if I'd read "The Magus", and marveled at its bearing on the "The Fox" expatriate lifestyle, which they had brought with them. "You'll have to find a hotel."

"No. Rosemary..."

"No. Rosemary..."

"No. I don't think so."

"You don't understand," Rosemary said. "They've threatened to off us. They said they have jail facilities in Algeria, and that they can do this sort of thing could be Panther policy. The message was "HELP!"

"They've threatened to off us. They said they have jail facilities in Algeria, and that they can do this." They won't even talk to us. In fact we haven't had a real exchange of ideas in the four months since we arrived here..."

"They landed in Paris last fall with valid passports and money, thinking about buying a car and touring Europe for a holiday before surfacing. Tim decided to see out Al-Jahers first, to make a fact round trip, a kind of reconnoiter. "Mr. McNeill" landed his bailed head in Al-Jaher, checked in, as a businessman, and got the Panther number from information, and took a taxi. Cleaver welcomed him warmly, not too surprised because the Weatherman had sent word.

"According to Tim, Cleaver was... all they could accomplish together, of the political possibilities of their alliance, uniting the counter-culture and so on. Tim called Rosemary in Paris and she flew over to Algiers."

For three months they had a kind of second honeymoon in a small hotel by the beach, 15 kilometres from town. It was good to be alone together, a respite from years of public life, and so much does the heat in the summer..."

"We'll see. Look, you're free to come and go as you please, but once you leave you'll have to come up to the embassy before returning. Otherwise you'll be let in. That's procedure."

"Tomorrow morning then?"

"We'll see. Look, you're free to come and go as you please, but once you leave you'll have to come up to the embassy before returning. Otherwise you'll be let in. That's procedure.

"I can come back whenever I want?"

"As long as you come to the embassy first."

"Can I stay the night?"

"That's all right."

I told the Learys about the phone conversation, that it had encouraged me. "You don't understand," Rosemary said. "They've threatened to off us. They said they have jail facilities in Algeria, and that they can do anything they want in them—anything."

In terms of Cleaver's manner, it was very hard for me to believe. I decided not to draw conclusions. We fell into a short silence."

"What happened to Amelia Earhart?" Rosemary laughed.

"You may have saved our lives," Rosemary said, seriously. "They won't do anything as long as you're on the beach."

"I suppose there is a lot of questions in your mind about all this..."

"I can come back whenever I want?"

"As long as you come to the embassy first."

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I lay down on the floor and slept through mid-morning. Awakening, surprised to see how late it was, it hit me that I'd enjoyed one of my best nights' sleep in months in the custody and company of a bunch of felons, hijackers, bail-jumpers, armed terrorists, dope fiends, and alleged murderers.

"Is that the way our country sees them. Their "crimes" are products of a criminal System we all reject. Whether or not they reciprocate, I feel myself their brother, and I was comfortable among them. I'll take a..."
revolutionary bust anytime. However I am at least physically free ... the one person on the entire scene with a more or less unencumbered passport, and I could afford to talk to any one of them. Cleaver has the disadvantages of a Spanish origin and no valid travel documents or papers of any kind. What country, as countries now go, would welcome Timothy Leary? If you can judge a man from the titles on his Baedeker, I do not believe it. If I were a man, a man ahead of his time, a man for future countries, other planets.

"Would you go to another planet?" Rosemary asked.

"Of course. If not you, dear, I wouldn't go without you." She kissed her, I thought of a verse:

They do not seek, they are three together.
They are not, each alone.

They coughed at the same time, dream the same dreams, move at the same pace. In the night, clear, pure, intense, from a silence of life sentences. Tapping rhythmically on an unfurled Geoffreous, Tim began: drafting a letter to Cleaver ... a strong letter, perhaps a bit pompous, a long letter, was sent to a high man in the Pantheon, (it included a deadline: you refuse to talk to us today (16 weeks after our arrival in Algeria and after four days of captivity), and if Michael Zwerin, does not witness our release by 4 p.m. today, we have asked him, as friend and ally, to contact the following..."

I delivered the four-page letter to the Panther embassy. As Cleaver finished reading each page, he passed it over to DC. Sounds, as usual, were coming from the other room. He seemed to be thinking. "If you can judge a man by his board position isn't so hot, but he's a resourceful player and it's an early gambit.

Timothy and Rosemary Leary will be liberated tomorrow. They will be back in their own apartment tomorrow..."

The Leary's are back home, in the company of M., an Algerian girl who reports on their behavior to Eldridge Cleaver each night ... a sort of soft parole.

Timothy is dancing around his sunny studio, shaking himself to "Da Va". Not one single care in the Third World, waving his arms in the air, swinging, looking 10 years younger than the haggard jailbird I found on arrival 5 days ago. A 50-year-old West Point drop out, a leprecon, a very sick man, a man with complete control over his emotions, his emotions will be liberated through chemicals. An example of this is, if I want to express irritation without emotion, I need all the games they can get, and championship games, they were free at last.

"Two Algerian high school kids were busted for LSD and hashish a few weeks ago. Even though Timothy had absolute freedom to do what he please, like this case, trouble. On this going wrong could blow everything. We had to use a good deal of political capital to keep Timothy here, and we're not abandoning him now. We're backing him. We're backing Tim, Timothy. But today, he wants to go down for some jive reason ..." We sat silent. He lit a Winston.

"And I say there are 7 internal liberations. If a person is emotionally blocked, psychoanalysis tries to help him with word games. But the direct line is to change how he uses drugs which can move them on or off. If someone is terribly anxious, it means that their worry voice is flowing too strong. Once that happens, you begin to feel somewhat better and begin to create anxiety around you, which makes you even more anxious. Bad vibes. So what does a doctor do? He prescribes tranquilizers. Tranquilizers are a way of controlling emotions. And there's a well-known drug which stimulates emotions and sociability. It's well known at the office Christmas party that the shy secretary emerges as a sex bomb and the bullying boss suddenly breaks the ice.

"Yes, many feeling states are caused by chemicals, obviously the most direct way to turn-off undesirable or negative emotions is through a chemical that will suppress it. Most psychoanalysts will say that this is the only way to do it: to use chemicals to stop things that cause trouble. On the other hand, if you don't want emotion, it's best to use tranquilizers that will treat it internally. Internal and external drug use is a very powerful psychological tool. We can control our emotions, our behavior, our reactions, our cognitions through chemicals. An example of this is, if I want to express irritation with someone, I sometimes will deliberately take a few drinks because it becomes a lot easier. I don't recommend this as a consistent policy, but it certainly helps.
deterrent to violence. My mottos 'Aim for life' and 'Shoot to live' are statements that respond to violence. But I do not just try to persuade the oppressor who wants to 'shoot to kill' us, that it's dangerous for him to do so. So we can both put down our arms and move to the political level, where we can talk about power to the people. Then we get to the economic level, and so on. But 'Piece of mind' is basic.

We will not die the death of the Jews in Germany. We would rather die the death of the Jews in Warsaw.
there was Once a shepherdess... by guittern...

In 3 minutes the ocean was risen...

BUT...

Only 1 minute more... is it shit? what's going on?
Bodil is a strapping twenty-five year old Danish girl, famed throughout the length and breadth of pornography as the girl who makes it with animals. Her experiences with men have been limited and all disappointing, from the sixteen year old virgin who couldn’t make it with her, to the fifty-four year old lover she had when she was seventeen. She feels that it is too much to ask of a man that he could keep going long enough to satisfy her, although she might like to be fucked by a man while she plays with a horse. She has had a woman and found that that did not turn her on either. But she has never had an orgasm with her animals either. Her favourite, the horse, she can only pull off, and that only by tying a leather thong around the base of his prick and jerking him off exactly as vets do to extract semen for freezing. The boar she can manage to get inside her vagina, and she is impressed with the animal’s patience, because he can go for “ten to fifteen minutes”. Her childhood (her father was a sailor from the Faroe Islands, her mother a severely repressed country woman) seems to have been as grim as might have been expected, full of beatings and reproaches, with her sister, who had her first period at seventeen and now has been, held up to her as an example of natural womanhood. From the evidence of the film “A Summer Day” it seems that while Bodil is turned on by animals, their smell and the very farm itself, they are not madly turned on by her. She claims to be happy, because her pay from the photographs and films that she does means that she can afford her forty to sixty cigarettes a day. But with orgasms so thin on the ground who can believe her?

You are very keen on animals. Would you say the reason arose from the fact that you have worked with animals for several years?

Yes, without a doubt. Although I wasn’t born in the country I have spent almost all my life in the company of animals, and for the last 15 years I have been permanently on X-farm in South Jutland. Is it so that you like the animals on an erotic and sexual basis or is there more to it than that? I would like to emphasise that I like animals in all ways, not only as pets. We can have so much more use and pleasure from them than we in everyday life imagine. We have a tendency to forget this and take them for granted. What is so wonderful to me is the fact that animals, or rather certain animals, are able to get my hot feelings going. You mean you have actually had sexual intercourse with animals?

Yes, I have. With an Alsatian dog and boars. Many times.

When did this begin. I mean how old were you?

I was twelve years old and it happened quite by chance. It was really by a dog that took the initiative, it was I, and at first I was a little afraid that morning I stood in my room washing myself. I came up to me and snatched my crutch, then it surprised me by suddenly jumping up my back and beginning violently to use movements as in a sexual act. I quite instinctively laid down on the floor because I was curious to see what it would do. Without realising it I got hold of its prick and steered it into me, and for the very first time I almost reached an orgasm. This sort of thing repeated itself many times throughout the years, and it eventually meant that as soon as I awoke each morning I would find the dog outside my door, waiting for me to let it in. It knew that I would give it my attention as soon as I had washed myself.

Can you describe a little further about your reaction when the dog got really going?

Well, I wasn’t very old you know, I was a little afraid, but I must admit, the dog stirred something in me and that’s why I reckoned all was OK. After all it was a dog I knew from my daily routines on the farm so I knew he wasn’t spiteful or anything like that. But he was somewhat violent. Weren’t you ever afraid that someone would discover what was going on in your room?

No, it was a known fact that the dog was very devoted to me and that it waited every morning for me to let it in, and nobody was any the wiser.

You began working with other animals later?

Yes, I did, mainly with pigs. And it wasn’t long before I became interested in boars, and the notion I’d like to try it with one. I had the idea in my head for a long time before I dared put it into practice. When I helped the farmer once in leading a sow to a boar, I became so excited that I grabbed the first opportunity I could. It was evening and I was alone on the farm. I went milking my pigs and crawled over to one of the boars. It began sniffing at me immediately. But it was difficult for me to handle this great boar, that weighed at least 220 pounds, so I let it out of the pen and went over to some nearby bales of straw and laid across one. The boar followed me and it wasn’t long before it began sniffing me and it soon brought all its weight upon me. I had difficulty in getting into me so I had to help it. A boar’s prick is spiral shaped at the end and very long so to avoid damage I had to keep it easy. Boars have great endurance and it was some time before it was finished. The next time I tried was with the same boar and it was aware of what...
was happening. This time I laid on my back and this I shouldn’t have done. It became quite wild, threw itself over me and began biting me all over. It was impossible for me to throw it off, the only thing to do was to let it finish.

Have you ever done it while other people were present or have you never let others see you have an intercourse with a boar?

No, I haven’t and it hasn’t been necessary, because although a boar can become violent I have learned the right technique to hold it so it won’t hurt me, which it could with its length of 30-40 cm (ab. 12-15 inches).

Have there ever been instances where you have lost interest in doing it?

Perhaps, but I feel nothing for it and have lost interest. Most men only think of themselves. Animals do as well perhaps, but it seems as though animals are more sensitive and more my friends. To be quite truthful, I have always got more out of it with a boar than with a man.

You have never tried anything with girls?

I tried it once but I absolutely don’t fancy it.

And you have never thought of getting married or engaged?

No, honestly speaking, I haven’t. Because I don’t think I could find a man that would understand my love for the animals, and I wouldn’t do without my animals. I just couldn’t imagine it. Take for instance the dog I spoke of before. I became so attached to it that I had a hard time when it died. But luckily my attention became diverted by the appearance of a new pony on the farm, so I got over it that way.

Could one speak of an erotic connection here?

Yes, I was very keen on it, but I was unable to complete a genuine intercourse with it. I was able to get an erection on the pony but it was impossible for me to get it in. It was too eager and before I knew what was happening it had come and had no further interest for me.

You have never tried to have intercourse with other animals?

No. Despite the fact that I have read many descriptions of sexual intercourse between woman and sow, I must admit I am rather sceptical. I doubt whether it is possible. In any case several strong people would have to hold the ass and one would have to guide the head of its prick, because it is too large then it might be possible. But I would never allow others to share my relations with the animals so I have dismissed the thought.

What about horses, real horses?

Yes, we have a lovely stallion on the farm but I daren’t get started with it. Its organs is so big that I would burst if ever I tried. I have often played with it and also made it come a few times with the aid of a massage apparatus. I have also taught it to lick me. Its rough tongue makes it possible for it to send me to the seventh heaven directly, and the funny thing about it is, that it realizes what it is doing. When I lie down before it, naked, with my legs open it comes with the muzzle and it is not long before it starts working my lap with its tongue. Some pictures have been taken of me in different situations, but it is my great secret how they were made. Perhaps one day I could send you some pictures so you can see that there is really something behind all this I am telling you.

Do you ever feel you are doing something wrong?

No, absolutely not, I feel best when I am with animals. I know them and like them and they know me and love me. Every time I go into the boars my favourite boar begins to grunt and when I occasionally help it with a sow, I get quite jealous of the sow.

What would you do if somebody informed on you?

What would happen if they did? There is no case of cruelty to animals. On the contrary I sweated the life of my animals, and especially today when most of it is artificial insemination it must be nice for a boar to get into a warm lap. So I can’t see anything wrong with that. And besides I always take care that nobody sees anything. In the area where I live I am considered a quiet girl who is not interested in going to dances.

You probably realize that most people would condemn you for your relations?

Yes, I do, but that is the problem of these people, not mine. Anyway how can anybody be hurt by something they don’t know about. And also I don’t force the animals to do anything. You can’t force a male animal to do anything it doesn’t want to do...

Interview with Bodil conducted by Ole Ege (co-director of A Summer Day) in a warm stable
"It is criminal to teach a man not to defend himself when he is the constant victim of brutal attacks."

Malcolm X

The recipes in The Anarchist Cookbook are a far cry from Mrs. Beeton and Fanny Cradock. A freaked-out Fanny might be able to cope with Acapulco Greens, Apple Pot, Hashish Brownies or Dope Soup, but what could she do with Basement tear gas. Homemade Nitroglycerine, Bangalore Torpedoes and Anti-personnel grenades?

"This book is for the people of the United States of America," says the author William Powell. "It is not written for the members of fringe political groups such as the Weathermen or the Minutemen. Those radical groups don't need this book. They already know everything that's in here. If the real people of America, the silent majority, are going to survive, they must educate themselves. That is the purpose of this book."

Keep in mind," he continues, "that the topics written about here are illegal and constitute a threat. Also, more importantly, almost all the recipes are dangerous, especially for the individual who plays around with them without knowing what he is doing. Use care, caution and common sense. This book is not for children or morons."

"This is not the age of slender men in black capes lurking in alleyways with round bombs, just as it is not the age of political discussions in a Munich beer hall. This is a truly unique age, where the individual has become the supreme agent of anarchist theory, without his even being aware of it. Anarchy can no longer be defined as freedom from oppression or lack of governmental control. It has gone further than that. It has become, especially for the young people today, a state of mind, an essence of being. It can be expressed as "doing their own thing," or maybe just simply having the choice to do or not to do."

Anarchy is the only ideology that is in the least bit optimistic. It places the full weight of responsibility where it should be—on the shoulders of all the people, not just the select few. Its basic premise relies on an unshakable belief faith in human nature, and the primary goodness of the human race."

"Today, young people are not blind idealists. They are perhaps the most rational and practical generation this country has ever seen. There is no great movement comparable to the Russian or French revolutions. There are just a great many individuals working as entities unto themselves to create a new world order. Today has brought forth a great revival of anarch in all fields—politics, arts, music, education, and even to a small degree in business. Although this surge of individualism is present, you won't find too many people willing to call it anarchy. But that's just terminology."

"Anarchist is not necessarily a revolutionary, although it is more common than not that a person who has attempted to rid himself of exterior controls, for the purpose of developing his own philosophy, will find himself oppressed. This oppression may lead the individual to formulate ideas of insurrection and revolution."

"This book is for anarchists—those who feel able to discipline themselves—on all the subjects (from drugs, to weapons, to explosives) that are currently illegal and suppressed in this country. It is my firm belief that the only laws an individual can truly respect and obey are those he instills in himself. This is not a revolutionary book in any traditional sense but its premise is the sanctity of human dignity. If this human individual dignity and pride cannot be attained in the existing social order, there is only one choice for a real man, and that is revolution."

"There will never be a traditional revolution in this country, in the sense of the Russian or French revolutions. The revolution in this country has already started. It is a multifaceted battle on many different fronts. It is a battle politically between the young freedom fighters in Chicago and the stagnant system, represented by arthritic old men making laws they do not understand, and making wars they have no feeling for. It is a battle between poor blacks and the rich employers. It is a battle between the artists and the censors. It is a battle between the Black Panthers and the police. It is a battle between the welfare mother and the bureaucracy of the city, and surprisingly enough, it encompasses the yearly battle between the taxpayer and the Internal Revenue Service. All these battles are but part of a larger war being fought to liberate the minds and bodies of the people who feel freedom is the most important concept in their lives."

"If I could come out in this book and advocate complete revolution and the violent overthrow of the United States of America without being thrown in jail, I would not have written The Anarchist Cookbook, and there would be no need for it."

The book is, I hear, the hottest number on the New York bookstalls this month, and New York being what it is, I suppose it might be fulfilling a genuine need for those would-be revolutionaries who haven't got the intelligence or the ingenuity to
get it on themselves. In London, I hope that the book will find great favour as the latest conversation piece, and then be relegated to an appropriate position on the Sunday coffee table. Such hallucinatory delights as Bagging Bread and Sesame Seed Cookies are fortunately closer to the British Underground's heart than basic formulas for demolitions use or detailed instructions for bridge destruction. Keep that way, Mr Maudling. Omitted, I notice, from the book, is advice on how to assassinate a head of state. Maybe the CIA could fill readers in on that one.

There are pages of formulas for making your own acid, mescaline, psilocybin, DMT and so on, which to me were about as intelligible as the Koran in the original Arabic; the section on natural, non-lethal and lethal weapons is frightening but contains nothing that is not already available in various forms such as Army or survival manuals. Clubs, hatpins, cattle prods, brass knuckles, truncheons, pistols and revolvers, nitrogen gases, automatic weapons, shotguns, machine guns, it is a gruesomely familiar list, associated, I am told to remind you more with governmental forces of law and order than anything else (except the hatpins).

"This country, with its institutions, people who inhabit it, shall grow weary of the existing Government, they can exercise their constitutional right of amending it, or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it."

Abraham Lincoln.

With this quote, the author introduces Electronics, Sabotage and Surveillance; thoroughly good reading from beginning to end, but disconcerting to find that most of the electronic bugging devices, bumper beepers, electronic scramblers and jammers are very expensive and available only from firms with forbidding names in such faraway anarchist centres like Houston Texas, and Greencastle Indiana.

is worth here's what he has to say about Electronic Bug Detection:

"Electronic bug detection will probably be the most difficult aspect of this entire field, as you will be working on your own without the aid of much useful information that can be gathered from the telephone company or other agencies. (Most telephone bugs, except the most sophisticated ones, can be detected by an overload on the phone line itself.) A good tool for bugging detection is a normal AM—FM radio receiver, portable, with a telescopic antenna. For application, extend the antenna in the receiver, and then be repeatedly seen being switched off from the bottom to the top, covering all the FM frequencies, at the time asking to yourself continually. At one point, if a bug is present, you will able to hear your voice through the receiver, although the voice may be indistinguishable because of top-volume feedback. This feedback will always be a deafening continuous howl, scream or high-pitched whistle. To learn the exact location of the bug, out the volume of the receiver, and slowly move around the room. The feedback will increase in volume as you get closer to the bug. When a bug is discovered, there is a moment of confusion and fear in regard to its elimination. In one sense, destroying a bug is an admission of guilt, and can do nothing more than provoke the enemy to rebug in a more sophisticated manner. For that reason I would hesitate to remove a bug. Instead I would attempt to use it against the bugger (or sodomite as they say in Britain) himself, by feeding him false and misleading information.

He gets very emotional about vending machines, pay phones, parking meters and so on. "Soda machines are easy but real delight comes from ripping a Kotex machine off the wall of a women's rest room, or sticking a small explosive charge (see page 120) in the coin slot of a pay toilet." He dismisses most telephone sabotage as something you can pick up yourself from publications like Project London, or F**k the System, but has lots of advice and warnings for the serious urban saboteur who wants to get beneath the city streets (with a pair of wirecutters). He lists sewers and high-voltage electric lines as two of the little hazards to be overcome. Rats and alligators he doesn't mention.

When I was working for a large New York corporation, I had to deal with a bank every day. I realised, after a period of time, that the people who were working at the bank had lost their identities, and were nothing more than machines themselves. Well, this sort of psychological surrealistic science fiction really got me interested. I viewed myself as a saver of identities, as the Messiah of the Spanish Individualism. I was brought to earth quickly. These people didn't want to be saved. I was going to turn them all on to acid, but then I decided that a better tactic would be to screw up the object of their emulation. On my daily deposit I placed a large quantity of Scotch tape. This resulted in the deposit slips, themselves, getting stuck in the bowels of the computer. It took the bank three or four hours to take the machine apart, and unjam the mechanism. In unjamming the machine, the somehow altered the program, and it didn't work any more with seve al hundred dollars worth of credit. I don't know what Alex Trocchi and all those other kindly revolutionaries who are placing all their faith on the machine and automation to save mankind from the more boring types of toil, would think if this particular type of subversion.

There is an amusing section on shoplifting, and he points out the
crucial difference between the revolutionary and the common thief. "The revolutionary will steal from large corporations, and the common thief will steal from anyone. If you can ever get over the Protestant ethic, you will be able to see what I mean." He lists eleven basic rules for the anarchist shoplifter, most of which would be self-evident for anyone who has ever purloined anything from the local Woolworths, and his final warning is "If caught, never admit to being part of the movement. It will get you more time in jail."

Just as the first duty of the revolutionary is not to get caught, the anarchist's first duty is not to blow himself up, and the author spends many pages of his chapter on explosives and booby traps setting out safety rules for storing, making and handling your dynamite, gunpowder and plastic bombs. Despite the lists of precautions, to my untrained eye, the instructions and diagrams included seem to be dangerously over-simplified, and in the highly unlikely event that I would want to make a pressure-plate detonator or sabotage a suspension bridge, I don't think I would rely entirely on this manual. I think he was very wise to include a legal postscript and a reminder of just how heavy the jail sentences can be in the event of capture.

"The Anarchist Cookbook" is a funny title for this most horrifying of paperbacks, but there the fun ends. William Powell is deadly serious ("Turn on, Burn Down, Blow up" is his basic revolutionary slogan) and I leave you with his general rules for guerrilla warfare and a little of his homespun theory.

1. Make sure the operation will be effective. Never waste time with either a violent or nonviolent operation which is ineffective.
2. Hit the enemy where they least expect it, and hurt them the most.
3. Most sabotage should be carried out at night.
4. Timing must be perfect, as the longer the operation takes the greater the chances of something going wrong.
5. Work only with people you trust. Many spies and informers will suggest plans that could only get you busted. Work in small groups, or cells, consisting of no more than four people.
6. All operations should be simple and fast, and several means of escape should be planned.
7. All weapons should be concealed, all explosives should be treated with the respect they deserve. (Check the chapter on explosives for correct handling.)

8. All groups must have a leader. He should be picked for his leadership qualities. He will make all major decisions.
9. The need for secrecy is obvious. Security and secrecy must be maintained without reservation.
10. Any member who breaks the code of the group must be executed, in full view of the other members."

"The time has passed for demonstrators and pseudo-revolutionaries and students to occupy the political scene. The time is here for a mass uprising, incorporating all these elements, armed with single-minded deadly intolerance. There is no justice in bureaucracy for the individual; for bureaucracy caters only to itself. The writers, artists, and poets of the revolution will have a job that has never before in history been so great, for they must create a value structure for the New World, for The New American"

"To be successful, man must change himself; the individual must have a revolution within himself, for then and only then will he be able to change the world. There is no room for narrow-mindedness in the coming insurrection. Each man must break, with passionate understanding, the chains which chain him to himself. For if one man dies in indifferance, the entire revolution dies with him. One cannot practice the same bureaucracy one is fighting against; the revolution is secondary, the system is secondary, politics is secondary, to the individual."

"Effective sabotage, like the practical joke, must employ a grain of truth in a solution of deadly irony. This means that sabotage serves two basic purposes: first of all to weaken the enemy, and second of all to build the morale of the liberation army. Although revolution and sabotage are deadly serious, one should always retain his sense of humour and apply it if possible to the operation used. An example, which can be employed today with the draft system, is to use the weaknesses of the bureaucracy against itself."

"When a young man is forced to go down to his local board and register for the draft, he is required to give only a small amount of information. To use the fact effectively against the Selective Service System, a large group of young men must go to a local board and register twice or three times under false names, in addition to their real registration. This will cause the bureaucracy of the Selective Service System to go berserk. They're already so uptight about people attempting to avoid the draft that they would really flip out if all of a sudden their records showed that several hundreds of thousands of people just didn't show up, and couldn't be traced. It would never enter their heads to think it might have been a put-on. An interesting theatrical twist to this same idea is to have everyone do his false registrations on the same day, so that many, many pre-induction physicals are due on the same day. Thus the full impact of the missing persons will hit the induction center at one time."

Jim Anderson

The Anarchist Cookbook by William Powell with a prefatory note on Anarchism Today by P.M. Bergman. $5.95. Lyle Stuart Inc, 239 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10003
Coming Soon

Man - A New Album - A New Experience

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It has great appeal to ex-bad boys like me. I find its discipline refreshing after years of joyless "liberation". (It gives support like climbing into a good corset.) It has given my life a new texture and meaning. Goodbye to body piles, auditing machines, encounter groups, primal screamers, LSD, pot and booze. Goodbye to Western logic and rational thinking.

Attention Control Freaks! You're so busy controlling all those other people, you don't have time to control what goes in your mouth. The revolution begins right under your nose—open you mouth and chew!

"What people put in their mouths is their own business, so I'd rather not say what I think about eating. The whole question offends me."

Jim Morrison of the DOORS.

If someone had predicted a year ago that I would give up all the things I held sacred (you know what those are) for a crazy diet of whole brown rice and veg, I would have strongly advised him to change clairvoyants. I have been macrobiotic over a year now and there are no signs of beri-beri, or yearning after lost pleasures. In fact, it looks like it's going to be a joyous trip.

How did I ever get so hung up on food? I came from a city that has the highest strontium 90 count in its milk, and the hottest chile-con-carne. Food for me was a constant source of send-up material. I spent exorbitant sums on bad food to prove its meaninglessness in our culture. My wife, Fran, and I even wrote a musical based on food. I can still feel the hit song, *Hurray for Terrible Food* sticking in my trachea. (I am suddenly aware I was as pre-occupied with putting down food then, as I am in extolling it now.) But in those days, I thought ecology was something you caught from a toilet seat.

Today my life is rooted in food. I do all the family marketing and some of the cooking. I have a delicious job with Harmony Foods, the new macrobiotic wholesale distributor, spreading that pure food around England, Scotland, Wales, and Northern Ireland. It fills me with revolutionary glee. In my spare time, I do a little public relations work. Nothing gives me more pleasure than writing articles on the glories of organic rice and the joys of Wakame. If Georges Ohsawa, the founder of Macrobiotics, is right about everything changing into its opposite, I am heading for the first sainthood in Islington before the year is out.

Fran claims our social life has suffered. She complains of old friends dropping us, and the new friends doing nothing but sitting around the house, swapping recipes. She's right. After a hard day at the Tempura Bar (as the office is known), I like to bring a few of the gang back to the house and turn them on with a little delicately flavoured miso soup and crispy chapatis. Macro is more than a diet; it's a way of life.
its own special characteristics, but they are always changing. Quantity instead of quality changes them. When pushed to their extreme they turn into their opposite. Now in the West, we think of these forces as positive and negative charges. Positive and negative are fixed. They can reproduce themselves indefinitely but can never change. According to this theory, everything is un-related and separate. A very boring concept.

By understanding and applying the theory of Yin and Yang, the whole world becomes your playground, viewed through inter-related and dynamic relationships. You can never get lost, you can never get bored. Life is a spiral, not a square. Harmony is the best word to sum up Yin and Yang.

To a macrobiotic, learning how to use the principles of Yin and Yang as it applies to food, is a fascinating game. When you balance correctly, you really feel good. When you don't balance, your body tells you. Brian J. Ford in his amusing and informative article in OZ 32 (Don't Forget the Glutemate Mum) is right when he says the body automatically adjusts imbalances by pissing them away. What he doesn't mention is how hard the body has to work to do this. When repeated imbalances occur, the body begins to show the strain; it starts removing excesses through kidney stones, pimples, boils, diarrhoea, colds, etc. A potassium/sodium ratio of over 200/1 is fairly extreme in such foods as bananas, coffee, honey, potatoes, tomatoes, and egg plant when the normal blood balance is only 5/1. It might also be of interest to Mr. Ford to know that very few macrobiotics give more than a philosophical damn about K/Na rations in their food. The majority of us are concerned with enjoying life and eating a well balanced diet of grains and vegetables with beans, seaweeds, fruits, and fish as we desire.

Though there are cases where people enter into macrobiotics through some fear story about poisons in their foods, it is impossible to have a good appetite and enjoy your meal when you are eating out of fear. Those who continue to eat macro do so out of pleasure and gratefulness for finding a clean and simple diet.

There are other dangers facing the adventurers in the macro way of life. There are philosophical pitfalls to avoid. I am indebted to a wise philosopher west of the Mississippi, who suggests to me that the idea of balanced eating is but an age old preoccupation with seeking out the path towards wisdom. That ferreting out the "true diet" is nothing more than satisfying the need to discover the truth. He further suggests that in wanting to rid yourself of impurities in food, you are really trying to eliminate the impurities in yourself (sin?). Once you rid yourself of impurities, does it not breed the feeling that it would be well if others do not sin? And in the final conclusion, isn't it best to avoid the company of sinners? No. Exclusiveness is the end product of impurities in your food. In the macro world, exclusiveness is the most dreaded disease possible. For without suffering how would we know what good is? Without slavery how would we know what freedom is? Without sickness, how would we know what health is? The bigger the front, the bigger the back. Philosophical ideas are meaningless unless their purpose is to help us toward health and happiness, beginning tomorrow! Any commitment to an ideology that doesn't bring you joy is a bummer, and only leads to anxiety and lonliness.

I have a friend, a gifted writer who after a lifetime of non-commitment to anything but good writing, finally got himself a commitment—helping North Vietnam win the war. He loved those people, twelve thousand miles away. Recently he was in my living room with the gentle General Waste-More-Land, who feels strongly about the war and suffering of those people too. Each of them was doing their thing according to their beliefs. But my writer friend could not stay in the same room with the General. The very sight of his Dada uniform was an affront to everything he held sacred. After a few brutal words to the General, my friend left. The General said, "I feel sorry for your friend, he must be in terrible pain".

The value of a personal commitment is making it work for you every day. It seems to me that my friend and many like him have failed to do this. As for me, he can no longer tolerate my commitment to macrobiotics because of its "profound triviality". But I ain't mad at nobody.

"Art if ever the suspicion of their manifold being dawns upon men of unusual powers and of unusually delicate perception, the first thing they break through the illusion of the unity of the personality and perceive that the self is made up of a bundle of selves, they have only to say so and at once the majority puts them under lock and key, calls science to aid, establishes schizophrenia, and extracts human blood from the necessity of hearing the cry of truth from the lips of these unfortunate persons."

Hermann Hesse Steppenwolf.

His father Robert Dadd was a chemist and lecturer on geology. He was educated at Rochester Grammar School and his talents as an artist, "men look like Patriarchs, the young have almost feminine beauty, the heads of the old are apt and fit types to represent his thoughts."

"The moon rose after some time, and on the strange dresses of these street musicians, see bubbling water, and perhaps it is no traduction to say that the smoke and bubble are apt and fit types to represent his thoughts."

"Then listen to wild sounds of the tabor, and see the strange dresses of the Turks in light dresses, white large turbans, Bedoween Arabs, groups round the wells on the seashore, with, perhaps, a string of camels that the fire throwing a ruddy glare .. . to see the naked villains walk up to the fire would have made your blood boil up to a boiling heat."

From another letter, "The cafes were very interesting on account of the assemblage of characters outside their doors. The pipe seems to be the best friend of the Turks, and contentment was never better expressed than by one of those same people lounging in listless idleness, the only noise accompanying his thoughts being that of the smoke bubbling through the water, and perhaps it is no tradition to say that the smoke and bubble are apt and fit types to represent his thoughts."

"groups round the wells on the seashore, with, perhaps, a string of camels prancing and grunting, the whole recommended to you by the overture of the sea roaring in, gently as rocking-down, and covering the golden beach, which glitters dazzlingly bright, with long lines of whitish foam . . . groups of Turks in light dresses, white large turbans, Bedoween Arabs, mounted, and cantering so gaily through the street that you wish yourself a born blackguard and robbing mountaineer."

Besides all these most sensuous descriptions Dadd's letters contain statements that are filled with an awareness of what fate had prepared for him.

In a letter to Frith, he wrote: "I'm very tired of the world, and have seen so much disgusting selfishness since I have left Paris. It was not I am half a misanthrope . . . the excitement of these scenes has been enough to turn the brain of an ordinary weak-minded person like myself, and often I have lain down at night with my imagination so full of wild vagaries that I have really and truly doubted my own sanity ... I shall never be jealous of you now, for I've got open my mind, yes, opened my mind."

Early in 1843 Dadd left his companion in Paris without giving any reason and returned to England. However, news had already reached his friends and family that he was far from well, but there was little evidence to show for it except that certain spirits have the power of possessing a man's body and compelling him to adopt a particular course whether he will or no. When he talks on this subject and on any other at all associated with the motives that influenced him to commit the crime for which he is confined here, he frequently becomes excited in his manner of speaking and soon rambles from the subject and becomes quite unintelligible. He is very eccentric and his inclinations towards solitude and keeping his mind was fleeing. He was eventually arrested near Fontainebleau where he had tried to kill a fellow traveller in a carriage. French newspapers carried the story that he had a list of a number of personalities he intended to kill, including the Emperor of Austria. He was committed to an asylum at Clermont without trial and remained there for some ten months while the Home Secretary considered his future.

Dadd's family and friends urged the authorities to allow him to remain in France thus avoiding the misery and scandal of a trial but the Home Secretary (obviously the Maudling of his day) thought that this would have created a dangerous precedent, and had him extradicated in 1844. His family paid the necessary £30 to release him and Dadd was placed in the Criminal Lunatic Department of Bethlem Hospital. He spent the next twenty years of his life there, producing works of great importance, "Fairy Feller's Master Stroke." He described himself as a "sensitive person" and he was so well protected that he felt he should come off second best, and therefore he overcame the desire. His mind is full of delusions."

In 1852, Resident Physician Hood had this to say about Dadd:

"For some years after his admission he was considered a violent and dangerous patient for he would jump up and strike a violent blow without any aggravation, and then beg pardon for the deed. This arose from some vague idea that filled his mind and still does so to a certain extent that certain spirits have the power of possessing a man's body and compelling him to adopt a particular course whether he will or no. When he talks on this subject and on any other at all associated with the motives that influenced him to commit the crime for which he is confined here, he frequently becomes excited in his manner of speaking and soon rambles from the subject and becomes quite unintelligible. He is very eccentric and his inclinations towards solitude and keeping his mind..."
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