OZ 46

Description

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

This serial is available at Research Online: http://ro.uow.edu.au/ozlondon/46
Welcome to OZ 46, a rich, juicy, bumper stew, which won’t win friends or influence anyone, but tastes fingerlickin’ fantastic. It spans 1930 to, well, eternity . .

You can singalong with Cole Porter while trudging through the long line of little red bookshops with John Hoyland. You can Squat in it Yourself, with our street talking guide, and increase your word power with our lexicon for screaming queens. What else? There’s the cut-out sensation to end them all (save it and make a fortune), a sad inside account from PROP, the prisoners’ union, a true confessions putdown of prick piggery, a portrait of Paris for those who think the Commune will make a comeback, Richard Neville on his favourite subject, himself, a call for an amnesty for all dope offenders, and a full colour flashback to the Great Moments of Rock . . who says that Oz has lost its sting? And there’s all the stuff we haven’t even told you about. Now read on.
Richard Neville, revolutionary bon viveur and gadfly of the Oz editorial collective, pens his annual state of the nation message and wonders, as he drifts in ever-decreasing circles around the backwaters of his mind, whether we can harness our presently dissipated energies and rescue ourselves from our self-created cultural and political myths.

"It seems so shallow to occasionally pick up the gauntlet of the State with a flourish of plagiarised slogans or to fight a journalistic revolution upon a barricade of underground press cards."
It was dusk in Miami Beach as the crowd gathered outside the Albion Hotel. The Democratic Convention was over and A J Weberman and the zippie park kids had come with a birthday cake. It was for Jerry Rubin, 36 years old this day, to be presented along with certificates of retirement from the youth movement, for himself and other yippie super-entities, Abbie Hoffman, Stew Alpert and Ed Sanders.

The cake was inscribed: "Never trust anyone over 30", signed, "Jerry Rubin". The zippies (breakaway yippies), began making speeches through a portable amplifier about how the yippies were ripping off the Movement, had lost touch with the kids in the streets and anyway people who live in Penthouses shouldn't get stoned. In retaliation, the yippies splashed water from their overlooking bedrooms and sent their most muscular members to confront the park people now jostling outside the lobby.

A J Weberman: How come yippies live in luxury hotels with black maids? A Yippie: All hotels in Florida have black maids. What have you done for Jerry Rubin, 36 years old this day, signed, "Jerry Rubin".

Voice in Crowd: Yeah...recycle A J Weberman. During this confrontation, which escalated in anguish and aggression as the afternoon wore on, I found myself standing on the sidelines clutching a tape recorder, desperately hoping it provided a pretext for a position of neutrality. Friendly with various disputants in this ludicrous sideshow, I was quite unable to offer an impassioned endorsement of either side. Again I was a victim of my own ambivalence. In a ritual act of self-recognition, I extended my hand for a portion of the birthday cake. The time had come to eat Jerry Rubin's words myself.

Ever since, things have gone from middle aged to worse. I remember someone buttonholing me in a Sydney street telling me that last year's magazine articles about an Aussie Ozes launched their libertarian offensives. "You'll change when you're middle aged...everyone down there has changed, and realized that such people as Bertrand Russell had not succumbed to a reversion to conventionalism. The rapidly fading pink cheeks of the Angry Young Men I saw as exceptional, not irrevocable.

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

Because of the prevailing atmosphere of militant repression, I have ever since been inclined to draw a causal connection between the state of affairs and the sufficiency of ailing and Stalinism. It was this attitude which prompted me to embrace the 60's youth culture with such hysterical rapturousness.

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

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

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

"It was the last relic of my family and we can trace my family back through 11 generations. It used to matter, that sort of thing. But now all that matters is that my daughter should have an abortion." - A Passage to Tunbridge Wells, Sunday Times Colour Supplement.

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

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

It is not that anger and frustration diminish so much as a slow dim dawning that the world is not explicable as a dramatic tapestry of good guys and bad guys. Such organisations as the Socialist Labour League and its tom toms, Workers Press, parades forth a cast of Idiot and danger-wings with their black mustaches, to whom are appended epithets like Tory, Communist, hippie, as though they were all synonyms for Dracula, and in themseves a pure expression of complete social abhorrence.

The mindless belligerence of its tone and sheer deceit of its import offers an intriguing insight into exactly what society would be like if such people were ever taken seriously. I think of E M Forster's observation that if he was ever faced with the choice of betraying his country or his friends, he would undubitably push for some unsavoury hairbrained nationalism of the revolutionary left is the relih with which they dispose of doctrinal renegades. Longtime friendships can be crushed with the nod of a Northern Ireland..."

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

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

A startling number of those reared on a Russian diet of respect for scrupulous rationality have joined those who realise that a purely materialistic interpretation of the
Drugs have been instrumental in this change. White coated drones in University laboratories inject huge quantities of cannabis and alcohol into mice (while boasting: "I have never tried pot in my life and don't intend to") in the grip of a delusion that their investigations are relevant. The important question is not whether dope damages the brain, it does, but in what ways does its long term consumption alter one's consciousness? How can this alteration be interpreted philosophically? (i.e. Is getting high good for my soul?). Be Here Now, a current cult best seller which was extracted in December OZ, is the spiritual autobiography of Baba Ram Dass, former partner of Timothy Leary under the alias of Richard Alpert. Once a sour and alcoholic student of the Rockies, attracting pilgrims from all over the world, and radiating an uncanny aura of tranquility, wisdom and love; elitist though it may be.

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

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

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

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

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

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

— An adaptation of Omar Khayyam.

While I participated in the emergence of London's counter community, both in private life and while working with others on OZ and related phenomena, I have always been handicapped by a copywriting mentality and an...
inability to remember much of what happened the day before yesterday. I still tend to think of the Paris Commune as a mixture of Moulin Rouge and a Kibbutz. Yet up until the OZ trial I felt useful in propagandising the Movement and denigrating the values of the assassins of the Spanish Civil War, when assistance from international volunteers was specifically prohibited. Recruits were disapproved of by middle class intellectuals, but appreciated as dedicated idealists, who put Lee Edwards, who's ambition was to be a philosopher, and couldn't, because "cheerfulness was in the middle of a big party and Neal couldn't stand it another minute, and he rushed out without a jacket, without his cigarettes and went to the highway and hitched down and called me from a friend's house. They'd put him to bed, he'd collapsed ... He said he couldn't stand it another minute, the life he was living.

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

Once upon a time in a country far away, when I was caught up in the mesmerising trivia of battling local smut squads, there was an oasis of placid domesticity, wherein lived a friend called Anne. Over the years I saw her casually, never thinking of troubling her with the many cares of dismantling the Old Jerusalem. At that time she was a career-modal model and behaved like those women in hair spray commercials. Later in London we kept sentimental track of each other, both playing our opposing roles. On the morning awaiting the jury's verdict at the OZ trial, looking up from the dock I noticed Anne in the public gallery, sun-tanned and elegant, back no doubt from some hideous modellng excursion in Malta, now loyally supporting an old friend. After the gaol days, when released on appeal, I learnt she had been arrested on the steps of the Old Bailey for "assaulting a policeman.

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

Oh, bullshit.

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

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

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

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

**bumping pussies** the embarrassment of two homosexual men who find themselves too passive, active, or in other ways too similar to create a sexual situation.

* He thought you and I were carrying on together - what would we do, bump pussies?*

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

**catalogue queen** homosexual who collects physique magazines for masturbation purposes.

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

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

**chicken** any boy under the age of consent.

*chicken dinner* sex with a teenager.

*chicken pox* (Las Vegas slang, mid 60s) the urge to
have sex with young boys.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cheesy: having the foreskin lined with smegma

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

hung estimating cock size — especially used of long penises. “Is he well hung?”
— like a field mouse. To possess a small penis. “It was dismal. He was hung like a field mouse and I wasn’t in to being tickled to death.”
— like a horse, bull, old mule, showdog, stallion, rudd. Equipped with a large penis.

jack off to masturbate.
— dishonourable discharge Coming home and jacking off after failing to score.
— the housewives hour (San Francisco ‘70) midafternoon. A masturbation period enjoyed by housewives, shut-ins, stay-at-homes as an interruption to boredom.

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

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

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

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

ribbon clerk homosexual with a desk job.

scenery general word for anything admired lustfully “I didn’t care for the steam room though — fogged up the scenery.” Related term: have a lot of scenery to be cruisy le packed to the roof with eligible men.

Lace (curtains): dangling, uncircumcised foreskin


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

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

spray somebody’s tonsils to come in his mouth.

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

underwear (camp) a drag queen’s five o’clock shadow. “Your underwear’s showing = you need a shave.”

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

Vaseline Villa a gay YMCA.

vegetarian man who does not suck cock.

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

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

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

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

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

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

April, 1972:

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

But on this particular day I didn’t make it down that road. Large grey van of Paris police, crowd of innocent bystanders. Bourgeois housewives craning from the safety of their apart­ ment windows. Diversion. 'Allez-y par là, s’il vous plait.' I trudged round the outskirts of what I at first thought must be some huge and unimaginable car­ crash until I reached a vantage­point from which I could look down from a hill upon the science building. It was then that I first heard the dull ‘thump’, and saw the arching smoky trace of the gas canisters. There must have been easily as many flics (fuzz) as stu­ dents. Small, tense looking men in black uniforms. Rifle at the shoulder, club swinging nervously, itchingly in the hand. Endless lines of the sinister Blue and grey buses in which they arrived. Steel helmets and plexiglass shields. They had the students surrounded, but everyone knew that the stu­ dents wouldn’t attack; the accel­ erated history of the past five years has taught them a lot about tactics. On this occasion a few stones were thrown, a bit of gas, and eventually the heroic police occupied the nearby faculty of Censier, cause of all the trouble. It is the kind of scene I have seen at least four or five times in Paris in the year I’ve been here, and I don’t go out looking for such scenes. The experience is terrify­ ing (to an English person, salu­ tary) but the point is impossible to miss. When you see the sheer numbers of police, and the amount of weaponry that the authorities are prepared to deploy for a thou­ sand or so students and young people, you begin to wonder, rightly enough, who it is who’s really frightened. Any Saturday night in summer, down in the Latin Quarter (the part of Paris where the rioting first started in May 1968) you will see a line of six, seven, even ten grey or black buses. And out in the working class suburbs, where the natives are, if anything, even more restless, the situation is the same. Each bus carries about thirty 'flics'. Somehow you don’t get the impression they are there to help old ladies across the street.

In France, the ‘underground’ as it is known at the moment in England or America has never really existed as anything more than a hollow and self-conscious imitation of an imported fashion. (I speak here of the underground on a social, rather than on a polit­ ical and artistic level). If you’re coming to Paris looking to score and get wasted for a thousand or so students and young people, you begin to wonder, rightly enough, who it is who’s really frightened. Any Saturday
I go to help out at the APL (Agence de Presse Liberation), doing translations of material from Northern Ireland and odd things like that. APL I think one of the most interesting things happening at the moment; it is now gathering momentum, opening soon an office in London and also producing a weekly 'gauchiste' daily paper. It is a drawing-gather of people of many political colours, people who two years ago would have been much too involved in the minutiae of their abstract theories to even talk to each other.

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

D. M. Sharp.

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

PAPERS:

ACTUEL (nearest thing to a French OZ). Good for ads as well.
2 Impasse Lebouls, 14eme. Tel: FON-47-20.

LA CAUSE DU PEUPLE (socialist)

LUTTE OUVRIERE

Trotskyist

LE FLEAU SOCIAL

Gay Lib (Font homosexual d'Action Revolutionaire)

LE TORCHON BRULE

'The dishcloth is burning'

CHARLIE HEBDO

Satirical politics

LE NOUVEL OBSERVATEUR

Mass circulation left magazine

LE MONDE LIBERTAIRE

Anarchiste paper.

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

BOOKSHOPS

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

LA COMMUNE

Rue Geoffroy St Hilaire, near Censier.

LA JOIE DE LIRE

Rue de la Harpe, Latin Quarter.

LA COMMUNE

Rue Geoffroy St Hilaire, near Censier.

LA COMMUNE

Rue de la Harpe, Latin Quarter.

There are two AMERICAN CENTRES, one in the Boulevard Raspail (Metro Raspail), the other Rue du Dragon (Metro St Germain) both good for putting up ads, writing to publishers, etc.

BRITISH COUNCIL is in Rue des Ecoles, Metro Maubert Mutualite; library can sometimes help with jobs.

PROVOYA will get you a lift (paying petrol) if you pay them ten francs. 209 Bd. St Germain, 7eme. Tel: 544-12-92.

APL, 14 Rue de Bretagne, 3eme. Tel: 508-84-44.
CIA killed Sharon Tate.

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

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

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

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

This untypically Krasner became obsessed with the missing bits and started his own research. He even hired private detectives to check out facts.

The result? Krasner suffered what he calls a 'paranoic freakout'. He also ran out of cash. But he produced an excellent Parts Left Out of the Manson Book'. It's been printed in the 5th anniversary issue of the Realist. Here, for OZ readers, is a foretaste.

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

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

In order for the unholy trinity — military intelligence, corporate power and organised crime — to maintain control, they must divide and conquer. And what better target — along with blacks and Chicanos and poor whites — than the hippies? The logical extension of their life-style would upset the economy.

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

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

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

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

In a letter to me, Charlie asserts that although he knew what was going to happen, it was Tex who told the girls what to do. When Jerry Rubin visited Manson in prison before the trial, he admitted his guilt this way: "As far as any connection with the Tate murders and myself, and the family that I live with, I'll say it isn't evolve out of the hippie ethic. You which don't expect to be chastised for being basically middle-class, perhaps, and indeed there is a key to understanding this case.

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

WORSHIP HIM! KILL FOR HIM! DIE FOR HIM! MAKE LOVE FOR HIM!

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Californian Crime of the Century will now shock the world on film!

EXCLUSIVE ENGAGEMENT

27th STREET THEATRE

Robert Hardy as Head

March 18

We are gradually being set up for the worst piece of Law Reform since Henry VIII introduced boiling in oil as a legitimate method of execution. That is the legal system. We are delighted that the jokes which once echoed through the自从al noives of the Old Bailey are now rocking the people in the aisles in Greenwhich Village. It is called, of course, "guerrilla entertainment". The Daily News, "and one that raises a number of disturbing questions during its mostly lighthearted course"; which is exactly how we felt about the original.

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

Afterwards we're told that the benefits will probably include: The old self does not attract you any longer. No boredom. Lack of energy to do the things that have to be done. Acceptance of whatever happens, whichever way.

No mental effect from morphine, hashish or LSD. Not much need for medicine. No wish to take advantage of another. No willingness to be taken advantage of.

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

Good luck — Keep Humming.

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

George says he sent copies of his complaints to other publications and went to lawyers and accountants for help — without much satisfaction. He basically says that Owen won't communicate with him, only pays royalties in a grudging condescending fashion, doesn't pay enough considering the books sales and didn't support George in his two drug busts and went to lawyers and his complaints to other publications. His trade mark is the Royal Coat of Arms with the lion and the unicorn being beaten up by a worker, black, and a schoolkid with long hair looking in stoned approval. It's Sp and if you live in the area you'll see it being sold in the streets.

From Australia comes issue 2 of the Grassroots Express primarily designed to circulate information about the Aquarius Festival in May 1973 — an attempt to produce an Antipodes Woodstock. Because of Australia's isolation most of the radical impetus comes second hand via books or imported papers and people tend to get sucked into trips that everyone else is taking. If one is lucky enough to be out of the mainstream then one can be smug and say 'well we're better than those Americans'.

The writer, one John Alexander-Sinclair writing from the Athenaeum, admitted that the sport was legal but said: 'Just as slavery was once legal but still wrong and had to be outlawed with cock fighting and bear-baiting as is the pursuit of pleasure through terrorizing any of God's creatures by menace of pain and death and wicked and the subject of legitimate protest. The principle is much wider than just blood sports. And how about 'The pursuit of pleasure or profit through terrorizing any of God's creatures by menace of pain etc etc?'

The writer was not alone. The Grasroots Express seems to be the most popular publication of the moment.

Chairman Whitlam! Grassroots Express seems to be free of the vapid and empty-mindedness Foundation, 344 Victoria Street, North Melbourne 3051, Victoria.

Anyone who hasn't started buying Spare Rib (the magazine for women or men) can't stand male chauvinism, should do so immediately. It gets better all the time and unlike any other alternative publication comes out regularly and is sold by WHSmiths. Every issue has something in it that's good or useful or exciting.

This month they did a reverse role cosmetic job on artist Michael Ramden to make a point about what happens when you treat women as objects to be decorated and exhibited. OZ however treats Spare Rib to it. Ramden was OZ jail bait of the month in issue 29 in a futile attempt by us to get rid of our male centric reputation. Subscriptions £2 a year to Spare Rib Ltd, 9 Newburgh Street, London, W1A 4XS.

We are going to be rid of that provocative anachronism, the Royal Family? Still amidst all the bullshit written in the press about Princess Anne's fox hunting activities one letter made a serious point. The Times, surprisingly, gave it the lead spot on its front page on December 6.

The writer, one John Alexander-Sinclair writing from the Athenaeum, admitted that the sport was legal but said: 'Just as slavery was once legal but still wrong and had to be outlawed with cock fighting and bear-baiting as is the pursuit of pleasure through terrorizing any of God's creatures by menace of pain and death and wicked and the subject of legitimate protest. The principle is much wider than just blood sports. And how about 'The pursuit of pleasure or profit through terrorizing any of God's creatures by menace of pain etc etc?' Try telling it to your Landlord when he wants you out of the flat. Or the drugs squad next time they call. (Most of them are under arrest — Ed.)


12. 'Comeback 2': An American softback containing everything you will ever need to know (or forget) about domes. Strictly for dome freaks. £2.10 + 6p p&p.


15. 'Massage Book' by George Downing (Random House). Communication without words — a beautiful extension of sexuality — everything you need to know about massage... and more. £1.90 + 15p p&p.

16. 'Dylan — A Commemoration' by Stephen Pickering (Book People). Forget boring A.L. Weisman and his garlic can exploits. Here is an author who really knows his subject and who has produced an extraordinary selection of reports, facts, data and speculation on Bobby Dylan. An excellent book. £1.05 + 8p p&p.


18. 'Little Red Schoolbook' by Sarah Hassan and Jasper Jensen (Stage One). This is the censored, mutilated edition, courtesy of the DPP. It's still worth reading though and is recommended to all children interested in their own rights. 50p + 5p p&p.


21. Survival Scrapbook (Part 2). Here is the sequel to the three scrapbooks, this one all about food. You don't have to eat out of the capitalist civilization set — you'll be amazed at what you CAN do for yourself. £1.25 + 12p p&p.

22. With Nut Kids’ by Mick Farren (Open Gate): He’s doing it again — The Farren Memores (or at least what he can remem- ber). £1.50 + 8p p&p.


24. ’Ugly When Shy’ by Bill Pollard (Crest Press): This highly unlikely story should be propping up every bookshelf - lasts a curious fantasy. 50p + 10p p&p.

25. Bob Dylan Lyrics. All he’s ever done, including bootlegs and some of the extra material. A must for all Dylan freaks. 80p + 8p p&p.

26. ‘Confessions of Aleister Crowley’. The Beast de-flowered. The best biography — the rumours you were afraid were true — and most of them are: The de-mytho-logisation of Dylan. 60p + 10p p&p.

27. ‘The Mind of the Dolphin’ by John Lilly: How and why these amazing creatures will inherit the earth by the first man to realise their potential. 50p + 5p p&p.


29. ‘The Eternal Man’ by Louis Pauwels and Jacques Bergier (Fleming). The follow-up to the ‘Morning of the Magicians’, then the intrepid authors turn their attention to Global History. How many millions have we been watching through this movie before? £2.50 + 15p p&p.


31. ‘Drop City’ by Peter Rabbit Here we have the history of America’s new past and most famous communes. 75p + 12p p&p.

32. ‘Whole Earth Catalogue’ — really the final compilation. Where, and who, what, where and why and at the rock bottom price of £1.75 + 30p p&p.


34. ‘Sisterhood is Powerful’: the Richard Wilbur translation, with foreword by Jung. THE authoritative version. I know it’s £3.00, but it’s the best (plus 30p p&p).


37. ‘The Centre of the Cyclone’ by John Lilly. ‘What I believe to be true is true or becomes true, within the limits to be found experimentally. These limits are further beliefs to be transcended.’ An autobiography of inner space. 50p + 8p p&p.

38. ‘Real Magic’ by Philip Bonewitz. At long last, the whole world of magic and the occult is brought into modern perspective by the holder of the World’s first every degree in Thaumatology. Generally recognised as essential reading by the Magic Freaks. Bonewitz attacks the Showboots with devastating logic and awful puns. £2.80 + 15p p&p.


40. ‘The Rose of the Smoking Mirror’. An incisive study of the psychology of drug smoking — also including thirteen folded in paper patterns. 55p + 8p p&p.

41. ‘The Use of Vegetable Dyes’ by Violetta Thurston. A complete guide to using natural dyes, from tree bark to lichens and blackberry to onion skins and pine cones. 55p + 8p p&p.


43. ‘Children’s Rights’ edited by Hall. Essays towards the liberation of the child, i.e. Parent’s property into self-determination. 50p + 8p p&p.


45. ‘English Smocks by Alice Arnott’— a collection of traditional smocks — also including thirteen folded in paper patterns. 55p + 8p p&p.

46. ‘The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test’ by Tom Wolfe (Bantam): No comment. When you have nothing to say it’s better to say nothing. 30p + 8p p&p.

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


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Beautiful, handpainted plaster Honeycomb models, obtainable only through OZ. Each one is produced entirely by hand and stands almost seven inches high. Here is delectable Honeybunch...
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Bruce The Mail Order King takes time out with an OZ groupie.

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


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

CANDLES

NEW NEW NEW

OZ Candles — courtesy of Captain Swing.
1. The exquisite figurine Bodhisattva, the perfection of wisdom. Along with this delightfully detailed statuette comes a complete explanation of the origins of the conception. Charmingly fragrant and beautiful. 80p + p&p.
2. The OZ Chinaman — the legendary figure of Poti: fat and intriguing. 50p + p&p.
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MEDICINE

Ginseng is one of the most valuable medicinal herbs known to man. Wars have been fought for it. The Chinese regard it as a panacea, stating that it increases virility, general vitality and protection against disease and also promotes longevity. Russian scientists have demonstrated recently that it is a stimulant, but unlike most other stimulants, ginseng also has a prolonged beneficial effect on health. Ginseng doesn’t just go to your head, it gets everywhere.

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OZ BADGES


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TECHNOLOGY

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Bit as always depends on donations and sale proceeds from the underground's two best sellers "Overland to India" 50p and "Overland to Africa" 75p. We also need blankets, Ascot hats, gas cookers, and a deep freeze for our cash-aid office. Hours 10 a.m.-10 p.m.

CLAIMANTS' UNION etc, Contact: Dave, 16 Long Marsh Lane, Lanchester. Tel.: 0524 63094.
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LOCAL label, c/o Johnny G, 63 Kingsdown Avenue, Ealing, W.13. Tel.: 01-567 9658.
This record label is dedicated to making cheap records, run by myself and a few friends. We have already recorded an E.P. featuring 5 songs for 25p. LOCAL is free from normal business rigmarole, no contracts, no censorship. It's all acoustic stuff with a gritty sort of friendly sound that seems to get lost in a 32-track studio. Ring me if you would like to be involved or would like to buy a copy.

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TRAVELS

by JOSEPH HANSEN

A California thriller about a special kind of private eye — 'An unusual thriller... thoroughly and contentedly homosexual' New Yorker

UK Edition Just Out £1.80

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

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

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

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

Counter-culture

One of the ways in which people have been tied to the status quo in the past has been their acceptance and internalisation of the puritan work-ethic, with its values of hard work, dependence on the monogamous nuclear family, abstinence from sex and other forms of pleasure etc. Born in times of scarcity with the function of uniting the different social classes behind Britain's Imperial and Capitalist Destiny, this system of values became totally inapplicable in the consumer society of the 60s, yet it continued to deter people from demanding more than the cramped life-style that capitalism had traditionally offered them. The youth culture, and its concommitant, the student movement, changed that. Significantly internationalist in character, attacking the absurdity and boredom of most people's work, demanding sexual freedom and looking for alternative living units to the modern family, rejecting capitalism's attention to the endless private acquisition of material goods at the expense of people's biological, personal and communal needs — in these and many other ways the counter-culture produced a critique of capitalist ideology which was long-overdue and which opened up new vistas of social change.

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

This colonisation of daily life, this utilisation of human relations, this personal and culture oppression, is not only experienced by the working-class. In fact those who are relatively well-educated, those whose very freedom from toil and whose future role in society gives them the opportunity to worry about the quality and meaning of life under capitalism, are often those who experience these ideological contradictions in a particularly acute way.

If the goal of life under capitalism is material acquisition, then what has capitalism got to offer those who already have material affluence, in terms of personal fulfillment and decent human relations? Precious little, many people feel.

The counter-culture was a reaction to this situation. Its importance was its assertion that many of the problems experienced in the realm of personal life were not private but general, public problems. Sexuality, the family, urbanism, community, madness, the use of leisure, the meaning of education and work, the whole consumer ethic — these questions were no longer to be resolved on the psychiatrist's couch, but to be brought out into the open and discussed socially. The right to personal fulfillment became a political demand.

Parasites

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

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

The picture that emerges, if we do this, is not a particularly happy one. Apart from certain pockets of relative militancy — the group of libertarians who took over Ink and Frends, a few of the people working in the field of avant-garde art, the voluntary
social workers involved in BIT and various information and help agencies around the country—the bulk of the latter-day hippies are a pretty reactionary bunch, and the ideology they adhere to is quite dangerous. Five years ago the classical hippy was often vociferously anti-political. The very nature of his ideas were either so naive, or so individualistic and self-indulgent, as to make most revolutionaries shudder with horror. But his very existence as a being demanding certain types of love and fun, his rejection of society's power and money grabbing, was an effective irritant to the system. But now the best of the lessons taught by the hippies have been learned by people who can put them to much better use than the hippies ever could. The underground stressed the importance of lived daily experience, and correctly attacked left-wingers who proclaimed the brotherhood of man but conducted their affairs in an authoritarian, sanctimonious and insensitive manner. Now this mantle—the connection between personal and political life—has been taken over by Women's Liberation, who are daily putting it into practice without the sexist garbage that accompanied it before. And many sections of the straight left have absorbed the more progressive ideas of the hippies and are reflecting their own ideology accordingly.

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

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

The bast rock festivals were always mounted by the capitalists anyway!

(Notes: Exception: 'Glastonbury'—Type-setter.)

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

Sexism

In one respect particularly the structural limitations of the counter-culture have been starkly revealed, and that is in the area of sex. The breakdown of capitalism's ideological control structures in the last five years has led to an enormous increase in licencing. But in spite of this happy development we are nowhere near a state that could be called sexual liberation. Relationships between boys and girls are still largely defined by the old pattern of male domination and female submission. Sexual stereotyping still denies girls the fully independent and equal life companionship a reality. Many of us, if not all, still carry with us the hang-ups and inadequacies that we have inherited from our parents and the culture. We must, therefore, reject the naive and simple-minded hope that what we inherit is something we can pass on to our children. The parts of the society that are most symbolic of what we inherit are those that are the most formative for children and young people. Liberation, in this context, must be a positive social philosophy which is not the same as the struggle for sexual liberation, but which works to change the society into a world in which human relationships are free of convention and in which people can enjoy the richness of different forms of love and creativity. In one respect particularly the structural limitations of the counter-culture have been starkly revealed, and that is in the area of sex. The breakdown of capitalism's ideological control structures in the last five years has led to an enormous increase in licencing. But in spite of this happy development we are nowhere near a state that could be called sexual liberation. Relationships between boys and girls are still largely defined by the old pattern of male domination and female submission. Sexual stereotyping still denies girls the fully independent and equal life companionship a reality. Many of us, if not all, still carry with us the hang-ups and inadequacies that we have inherited from our parents and the culture. We must, therefore, reject the naive and simple-minded hope that what we inherit is something we can pass on to our children. The parts of the society that are most symbolic of what we inherit are those that are the most formative for children and young people. Liberation, in this context, must be a positive social philosophy which is not the same as the struggle for sexual liberation, but which works to change the society into a world in which human relationships are free of convention and in which people can enjoy the richness of different forms of love and creativity.
exploitation. In other words, there is a correspondence between productive relations and personal relations, though this correspondence is a complex and shifting one, and it is not one which I could pretend to understand at all clearly. In the same way, there is a whole range of other activities and struggles which fall somewhere between these two polarities. In the sphere of culture, in our understanding of mental illness, in our attitude towards the upbringing of children, in our relationship to the environment, on the question of town-planning and housing, In the fight against capitalism, - in the communities we live in - in all these areas the old concepts are being challenged, and people are looking for new and different ways of conducting things. Above all in Education - apart from the family, the main instrument for conditioning people to capitalist society - both teachers, parents and children are increasingly dissatisfied with the present system. If it was merely a question of adding these things up collectively, it would be possible to state that we are witnessing a total assault on capitalist society.

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

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

"A theory" - that sounds something very static and cerebral, like some kind of mechanical formula that will open the door to revolution by magic. But this is not what I mean. Marxists have traditionally talked about "unswerving development" between different nations, between different political or economic systems. The poor Latin American country will require different revolutionary tactics and organisation to a rich European country. It is also true that there is unswerveness of development within nations. Economic, political and ideological developments do not necessarily run parallel and simultaneous. The poor may need to pay particular attention to one rather than another at different times. The theory I am talking about is the understanding and ability to make this unswerveness of development, to keep pace with the exigencies of the situation. It is not a received understanding of the world, but rather an ongoing practice. And no theory, no matter how integrated, can ever be complete. It will never be possible to anticipate the complexity and diversity of forms that will be thrown up in an actual revolutionary situation.

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

It should be obvious from all this that without the grounds for optimism, I do not think that the revolution in Britain is going to be a straightforward business, that "it's all a question of time". The main advantage of the working-class, but the working-class is not revolutionary. That fact alone means that the struggle ahead is going to be a long one. The revolution isn't there, waiting to be found by somebody. The revolution has got to be made, and this means a lot of very hard work.

Vicious Society

This is what I believe must be done if the contradictory and vicious society we live in is to be abolished, and a new and happier one is to be created in its place. It is abundantly clear to me that the process has already started and that in the years ahead of us we will see it developing and accelerating. But I should fool no-one into thinking that there is any guarantee of immediate success as it gains momentum. A lot of the advantages lie with the other side. It is easy for them to capitalise on the legacy left in people's minds by hundreds of years of ruling-class propaganda, and dependence on authority. And the overt manipulation of consciousness is controlled by them, not us. It should be obvious from all this that it is more important than ever before to be able to make our revolution, the beauties and the struggles of the revolution, the beauties and the dangers of the revolution, the beauties and the struggles of the revolution, the beauties and the dangers of the revolution.

What is more, there is no guarantee that an economic and political crisis, with its resulting bitterness and insecurity, will cause the pendulum to swing more to the right than to the left. In a time of crisis the voices calling for "pulling together" and "strong government" are often those that are closest to the reality of the people's lives, repressive and violently on the increase, and it has the tacit support of most of the population. The present situation is a time of decision, a time to work things out and make up our minds, a time to fight for a better world. Yet amidst all this necessity to think and fight, one last danger remains. It is that as we dedicate ourselves to politics and make our revolution, the beauties and the dangers of the revolution will be smothered through our fingers. We can be deformed by our very dedication to making life more worthwhile, so that we end up dehumanising ourselves from within. I would suggest that unless we get it right, the situation will become more dangerous than ever before. And we can only win if our view constantly accords more closely with reality than theirs.

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

Connections

The struggle for liberated personal relationships complements and reinforces the struggle of the working-class to abolish sexual oppression must also fight to end class oppression. And in the same way, since the whole complex of authoritarian and dependent attitudes of which sexism is a part work to hold people back from fighting to change the social order, those who wish to end class oppression must also fight to end sexual oppression.
The Story Of Abdul ben Kassem

A drunken tale from the days of the roaring twenties in old Morocco.

The following is extracted from a feature article in The Marrakesh Express, June 4, 1928, and describes the "horrible level of villainy" discovered to be flourishing in the local police force. (Translated by Ronald Ramsden, who came across this edition of the newspaper while travelling in Morocco. The language has been freely updated.)

Abdul ben Kassem was a highly respected senior officer of the Imperial Marrakesh vice squad. On certain matters of police policy he dealt directly with the King and the day before his death he had been appointed to a post of honor and was awarded an exemplary conduct medal for twenty years of devoted service in the Moroccan Constabulary. His task was to keep the illegal importation, sale, and consumption of alcohol to a tolerable level.

A couple of years earlier, Abdul's name had cropped up in connection with allegations made by a private investigator who had been employed to expose corruption in the local police. Abdul was deeply implicated.

Another enquiry into Abdul's vice squad was undertaken. This time the local community decided to go on strike. This community had traditionally handled all supplies of hard liquor passing through Morocco. Amidst the panic and confusion mounting in Abdul's squad, an Oriental whisky dealer was sent to gaol. This violates a long-standing agreement between the Vice Brigade and traditional hard liquor traders.

Meanwhile, the top Palace official recovered from his illness and was offered a deal. If he kept his mouth shut he would be put in charge of a new nationally co-ordinated anti-alcohol squad. He agreed. Unfortunately, other senior police, who resented the way the Moroccan Police force was being overhauled by an upstart commissioner, refused to work with him. Finally, the Palace caved in and launched a prosecution against Abdul and a handful of offenders.

Of course there were many other factors involved in the decision to prosecute Abdul. Some newspapers and privately circulated pamphlets, claimed to have unanswerable evidence of independent investigatory units of their own, refusing even to associate with the Moroccan police.

Most observers at the time stated that Abdul was quite successful at organising the hard liquor trade throughout Morocco and even in handling exports to foreign countries. Apparently he overstepped himself when he entered the softer, less addictive beers and wines market, drinks which were becoming increasingly popular among the young, and thus profitable. In his greed to expand his market, Abdul made a number of silly mistakes. It is also believed that of a total number of men under his command (between 80 and 90) only about a dozen were completely innocent of involvement in the alcohol traffic.

Translator's Note: I was unable to locate subsequent editions of the Marrakesh Express which would have contained details of the fate of Abdul ben Kassem and his colleagues. Apart from presuming the Marrakesh police force was cleaned up as much as possible, I am not able to offer any more information as to the consequences of the trials of Abdul. There was some suggestion at the time to review the circumstances of those gaolled by Abdul and his vice squad, but little is thought to have come of it.

Above: Abdul is the gent in the middle. Above right: Hard liquor camel train arriving in Marrakech.
The activities of Scotland Yard's drug squad have long been a matter of deep concern to the underground press, Release and several solicitors experienced with drug cases. As long ago as OZ 19 (early 1969) attention was drawn to Norman Pilcher, who now faces serious allegations of perverting the course of justice. Four other former members of the drug squad have been similarly charged. These four officers face additional allegations of perjury. All the summonses are returnable on January 22nd. In addition, a warrant dealing with the same alleged offences was issued against former Det Sgt Norman Clement Pilcher, who left the Metropolitan Police in July. Pilcher was picked up in November when he landed in Australia.

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

**OZ MAKES THESE DEMANDS**

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

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

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

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

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

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A few issues later, OZ slammed into "well connected heads" who bought off busts instead of going into court and exposing police corruption. OZ reported the allegation by Thom Keyes that he handed Det Sergeant Robin Constable £150 in consecutively marked £10 notes in return for the dropping of certain charges. Mick Jagger made similar allegations against Constable. The libel case bought against Jagger and OZ by Constable was never pursued.

In July 1971, Release issued a poster concerning Kellaher. In a statement to Ink, Rufus Harris, then a Release administrator, said: "We have put out this poster at the end of four years of trying to get allegations of police corruption properly investigated." In December, Ink pointed out that even if Kellaher was finally brought to trial, the outcome would be of little help to those already in gaol as a result of malicious indictments by Scotland Yard.

Some of the circumstances behind the recent spate of police arrests and the chilling extent of police involvement in drug activities is known to OZ. This information is also known to the authorities. Details cannot be published until the court cases are over, but the story reads like a grotesque penny-dreadful melodrama and is almost beyond belief. Some of this extraordinary saga may emerge in court, but if not, watch this space in the underground press.
From an original drawing 10 feet by 7 feet, by Martin Sharp. Life goes on...
Has Fame Gone To Her Head?

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

Illustrated by Mike Moore.
Photograph by Keith Morris.
WHY NOT SQUAT?

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

In London, and all over the country, there are many thousands of houses standing empty. Mostly they're gonna be knocked down. Councils, Landlords, speculators, all have their greedy eyes on the land on which old houses stand - land which they feel could be 'developed' much more profitably.

In all the big city centres, whole neighbourhoods are being cleared to make way for offices, multi-storey car parks, banks and shopping centres. Pity about the people of course, but then that's life, you've got to take the rough with the smooth etc.

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

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

Looking For a Home?

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

If you've got your eye on a house, ring the Planning Dept, and find out if it's Council owned or privately owned. Avoid private places if you want a long term home. Private Landlords won't hesitate to act against anybody who stands in the way of them and their loot, they'll boot you out as quickly as they can. It's not quite the same with the Council, they're more vulnerable - after all they're supposed to be housing people, not throwing them out onto the streets at the first opportunity.

Also, avoid empty houses with LEB OFF, GAS OFF painted on the wall, or a new tarmac patch outside. This usually means that all the services have been cut off for good.

"I walked in, didn't I?"

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

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

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

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

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

Welcome to your new home!!

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

It is possible that your househunting might be disturbed by the arrival of the blue meanies, whereupon instead of freaking or running away, just say you are squatting and not burgling the place. Insist that you are living...
there — "It's got nothing to do with the police, it's a civil matter between me and the landlord." If the police realise what's happening and that you aren't casing the joint they should leave, though you have to be firm to get your rights, and ignore all the stuff about "it's people like you that's bringing the country to its knees" etc. The more bedding and change you have with you the better.

Up Against The Law

Despite what a lot of people think, SQUATTING IS NOT ILLEGAL... provided you do it properly. Don't be tempted by less than scrupulous agents of the Council or anyone else telling you that you are acting criminally.

Squatters are trespassers, that's all, and despite what the signs say trespassers cannot be prosecuted. Trespass is not a crime. It is a civil matter between two private parties. The wronged person can take action against the trespasser through the civil courts, but can proceed in no other way. In other words they have to get a court order before they can get you out.

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

Of course, while there is no law about squatting, there are plenty of laws that the authorities can use against you if you give them enough reason. (Just like the law against squatting, there are also be expected to pay rates). There's all different kinds of people squatting at the moment. There are Family Squatting groups who arrange for temporary homes for homeless families from the Council and charge a small rent. People say that Family Squatting Associations are as bad as the Council (Family Squatting Advisory Service, 44 Nelson Square, London SE1 Tel: 928 9521).

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A Proper Mess

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

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

The first illusion was that PROP was involved in organising ALL the demonstrations last summer. Demonstrations had been happening with greater frequency from the beginning of the year. In April, for example, the Home Office admitted to two large protests at Albany involving 578 men. PROP certainly did plan commando raids, but its role was as the co-ordinator rather than the initiator of protest. PROP's effectiveness as publicist of events inside is self-evident. For the first time, the public were made aware of what really goes on inside. How many millions of British people, they could no longer lock a man away and forget him. PROP had been officially launched on May 12th, after the famous two-weeks' remission in Brixton, and although in touch with the 'leaders' inside, did not 'arrange' the protests to herald the arrival of the organisation, as was claimed at the time.

The second illusion concerned the actual size of PROP. Figures quoted by the Press proclaimed over 500 members after four weeks, and nearly 1,000 by the time of the national strike. The national strike in August was certainly PROP's greatest achievements. Coordination was done skillfully, and the image of a massive organisation, backed by millionaires, was accepted by the media. But success went to the heads of the organisers, particularly to the head of Douglas Curtis, then PROP's Press Officer, who threatened a walk-out from opposition radio stations if they wouldn't report the singularly most important mistake made by PROP. It frightened the Prison Officers into thinking that a friendly attitude and 'disciplinary and good order' were not re-established in prisons, and this united the media against PROP. A media which had been turned both by the number of dem's and by the validity of the claims of the prisoners. Up to Curtis's wild statement no one had ridiculed the Statement of Intent and Charter of Rights. After it, the media seized the chance to divert attention away from prison conditions and scream for "Law and Order" to be restored.

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

Forty-eight hours after his touchdown at Heathrow, Curtis had split from PROP, and proceeded to take out bankruptcy proceedings against it. Pooley was seen as irresponsible and without much backing, and PROP was unable to raise any protest when vicious disciplinary action was taken against over 1,750 men, some of whom lost up to two years' remission. Unfortunately, Dick still believes that PROP has massive support inside. On 29th September he told an interviewer: "In Gartree, for example, we have 100% support, and when we call for a sit-down they do it. But there are people in there who'd burn the place down. Luckily in Gartree there are responsible blokes behind us, who will not let the violent element get out of hand....." (Peace News)

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

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

The movement was only beginning, when the leader thought it had ended, its task completed. What is needed now is an injection of new blood, a gathering together of people committed to PROP's ideas rather than to its leader. Charisma has served its purpose. What is required is an affirmation of support from people outside for the prisoners inside. One of PROP's biggest failures was that of being unable to mobilise large demonstrations outside the prisons. (At Gartree on August 4th, less than 20 people turned up. At Brixton in May, five arrived with ten placards.) As it becomes apparent to the men inside that support is offered outside to prevent the savage disciplinary reactions of September going on unheeded again, so solidarity in prisons will begin to build, and the British prisoners' movement will establish itself as a strong, coherent and consistent force which will seek to make the real criminals in this society pay for their crimes.
We are used to the phenomenon of the teenybopper and the hysteria which accompanies the arrivals, departures and concerts of the idols — there is screaming, scuffling, pant wetting, sweaty showing, an irritated but fairly tolerant contingent of controlling police. Everyone works over their hysteria somehow, and most of the fans have a good time. No-one gets hurt or arrested. But what happens if the Superstars are The Jackson Five, and the teenyboppers are black?

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

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

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

The girls moved on, but complained at the pushing, Alison was grabbed around the neck, and pulled towards the van; Anita ran over and shouted "Leave her alone!" By now one of the policemen was hitting her in the face. Another of the group of 6 police ran over and pulled her first up against a wall, and then into the van, where both girls were given a thorough beating that included use of a truncheon.

Cecille Palmer, a friend who had heard the sound of the beating, and who was crying, banged on the closed door of the Black Maria, and was also dragged into the van, and included in the beating. Shortly afterwards, all three girls were taken to Paddington Green Police Station. One of the people who worked in the Churchill Hotel, a coloured chef, had seen it all, and came out to one of the girls' friends and said that if they saw him a little later, he would arrange to speak as a witness for them. Before they could get any further, his boss came out and told him to get back. He tried to stay out for as long as he could, but the police kept him separate from the girls, and eventually he had to go inside.

Back at Paddington Green Station, things didn't get much better; the girls were kept in the cells for five hours, and got threatened with further beatings by everyone from the women police to the cleaning ladies. All three girls were searched by two fat, very nice to us." It's not that surprising. The Osmond fans are weeny boppers. They are white, too.

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

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

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

"While I was at the station, one of the coppers said, "You're going to turn into another Angela Davis; you're just like her."

"Every time he saw me, he pointed me out to whoever he was with, and said, "There's the leader, she's Angela Davis."

— Anita.

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

— Alison.

"When the Hearing had finished, my sister stood up and said, "Do you think I could be allowed to say anything?" And he said, "Well, it's too late now." And she said, "Do you really mean to tell me that you do not really like this girl?"

Do you mean to say that you believe one policeman stood up there, and he got a beating from these girls, while the other policeman stood around and watched?" — So the Magistrate said to her, "Well, I'm sorry, it's too late, you can't say anything now."

— Carol.

Illustration by Mitch

Jackson and Osmond scenes were placid compared to the reception to say The Beatles and The Stones; going further back, Elvis, the Very Brothers and Tommy Steele all elicited reactions that out-do anything that has happened since pop concert reactions were lumped in with the general threat to Law n' Order. Press reaction was the same to the Osmonds and the Jacksons — it was hysterical and uninteresting about the receptions to both groups. The police, however, were more discerning. That same week, they arrested some Osmond fans — well, not quite. The police used a Black Maria to give them a lift home; were released at about half-past six, that if they saw him a little later, he would arrange to speak as a witness for them. Before they could get any further, his boss came out and told him to get back. He tried to stay out for as long as he could, but the police kept him separate from the girls, and eventually he had to go inside.

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

LOVE FOR SALE

Verse.

When the only sound in the empty street Is the heavy tread of the heavy feet That belong to a lonesome cop, I open shop.

When the moon so long has been gazing down On the wayward ways of this wayward town That her smile becomes a smirk, I go to work.

Refrain

Love for sale.

Appetizing young love for sale.

Love that's fresh and still unspoilied,

Love that's only slightly soiled.

Love for sale.

Who will buy?

Who would like to sample my supply?

Who's prepared to pay the price For a trip to paradise?

Love for sale.

Let the poets pipe of love In their childish way, I know ev'ry type of love Better far then they.

If you want the thrill of love, I've been thru the mill of love, Old love, new love, Ev'ry love but true love.

Love for sale,

Appetizing young love for sale.

If you want to buy my wares Follow me and climb the stairs,

Love for sale.
I'M A GIGOLO

Verse
I should like you all to know,
I'm a famous gigolo.
And of lavender, my nature's got just a
dash in it.
As I'm slightly undersexed,
You will always find me next
To some dowager who's wealthy rather
than passionate.
Go to one of those night club places
And you'll find me stretching my braces.
Pushing ladies with lifted faces 'round the
floor.
But I must confess to you
There are moments when I'm blue.
And I ask myself whatever I do it for.
Refrain.
I'm a flower that blooms in the winter,
Sinking deeper and deeper in "snow".
I'm a baby who has
No mother but jazz,
I'm a gigolo.
I get stocks and bonds
From faded blondes
Ev'ry twenty-fifth of December.
Still I'm just a pet
That men forget
And only tailors remember.
Yet when I see the way all the ladies
Treat their husbands who put up the dough,
You cannot think me odd
If then I thank God
I'm a gigolo.

PILOT ME

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

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

I GET A KICK OUT OF YOU

Verse
My story is much too sad to be told,
But practically ev'rything leaves me totally cold.
The only exception I know is the case
Where I'm out on a quiet spree
Fighting vainly the old ennui
And I suddenly turn and see your fabulous face.
Refrain
I get no kick from champagne.
Mere alcohol doesn't thrill me at all,
So tell me why should it be true
That I get a kick out of you.
Some get a kick from cocaine.
I'm sure that if I took even one sniff
That would bore me terrifically too
Yet I get a kick out of you.
I get a kick ev'ry time I see
You're standing there before me.
I get a kick though it's a little too
You obviously don't adore me.
I get no kick in a plane.
Flying too high with some guy in the sky
Is my idea of nothing to do,
Yet I get a kick out of you.
Books

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

In which Anthony Haden-Guest takes up a political position slightly to the left of Winnie The Pooh and rushes off to look at the way the world was. He does this with a series of delightful stories, each one bringing to life a character in his own right. The book is a pleasure to read, and it is a shame that it is not more widely known.

The Beatles' split was clearly a terrible tragedy for the world at large and for them individually. Main credit for their initial success is given to Brian Epstein, the only figure in the book who emerges at all sympathetically. (He had "class, integrity and charisma"). Epstein cared about the group (admittedly at the cost of the individuality). He protected them from the nasty world of business while being more concerned to foster their career than to make fast bucks either for himself or for them. When he died (because the mon-Basic mentality to one of "clutching on to their wallets""). Yet again, commerce triumphs over art.

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

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

And obviously there is no shortage of candidates for inclusion in a list of those: from the police right through to an education system organised along class lines.

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

Apple To The Core Subtitled "The Unmaking of the Beatles" by Peter McCabe and Robert D. Schonfeld. Published by Martin, Brian and O'Keeffe. Price £2.00.
This is a novel of rampant superlative. Presley and Major Marble which caricature of the American war funny and often succeeds. It's a fictitious book that tries very hard to be real by Peter Smalley.

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

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

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

The idea of possession is the link between the various parts of the book. Art, which celebrates the possession of privileges, has become a privileged possession and as such is just another cog in the consumption machine. It begins to come clear why so few people feel they are being forced to do as they are told — buy, work, own, stay in line, make no trouble. It has already been predetermined that their own thinking will lead them to the trough anyway. The language that most people have for describing themselves has kept right in line with every new economic and ideological twist along our historical route to 20th century lunacy.

Through the glamour invested in them by the colour magazines and the publicity machines, the privileged few, by their very existence, pronounce themselves the natural inheritors of everything civilised and good. Of whom you are fortunate if you are a pale civilised and good. Of whom you are fortunate if you are a pale, and ideological twist along our historical route to 20th century lunacy.

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

Stuart Wooler.

A Warm Gun
by Peter Smalley,
Published by Andre Deutsch.

This is a novel of rampant superficiality. It tries very hard to be funny and often succeeds. It's a caricature of the American war machine using names like Elvis Presley and Major Marble which are in themselves part joke and part symbol. The book sounds like this: "And then Lasater told him things that made his scalp shrink and his stomach bunch up. "I gave the order that scattered John Kennedy's skull across a Dallas street. I had the word passed to Lyndon Johnson so that he shivered and withdrew. I made a phone call and Robert Kennedy lay on a kitchen floor. I met a man and Martin Luther King crumpled on a motel balcony. I know everything."

There's little meat and too much obvious technique. Nevertheless it sometimes works and it manages fairly well.

The Body Politic
Women's Liberation in Britain 1968-72
Compiled by Micheleni Wandalor. (Published by Stage 1, 21 Theobalds Rd, London WC1, 1972. Price 50p)

Women's Liberation in Britain began with more than the usual disadvantages given to such movements. For the popular straight press it was quite a bonanza, and it churned out their version of what Women's Lib was all about: bra-burning, groups of neurotic women demonstrating in New York being booted by passers-by, lesbianism, etc., etc. Other papers scarcely mentioned it. The Underground press occasionally gave it space, and even devoted special issues to women editors. This was for confused reasons, however, not for any real belief in it (with the notable exception of Friends, madam — Typesetter), but because of their tradition of publishing. On the Left, some individual women were allowed to put forth their feelings in its press. More recently the media has had to deal with the subject more seriously. Some women journalists in the straight media have become involved in the movement and written about it in their papers. Individual books, such as The Female Eunuch, have brought serious consideration of women to a much wider public. Reluctantly the straight media has had to come to terms with the fact that Women's Liberation is something a little more than the fulled merriment of hysteric and ideological twist along our historical route to 20th century lunacy. Of course, there are scores of sneering references to the movement still, even in the sporting pages of papers like The Sun.

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

"Their music encompasses a wider emotional range than practically any band you can think of.... Everything Matching Mole are playing these days is of world class!"

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FILMZ

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

As a scheme it is simple, perhaps predictable. But the simplicity is deceptive. We are made to see the strange curve from an oddly ironic viewpoint. The Mudpeople are introduced in a 1920's documentary style in black and white, complete with MGM titles - one of which exclaims that "tribal elders are often distinguished by pebbles in their teeth, though this is not the case here". Suddenly, an un titled German narration starts. Not understanding German, I was struck by a comic mock scholarly effect.

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

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

A danger of this sort of 'film essay' is that - as with other experiences - one can get bored between the climaxes. And SAVAGES is not entirely free from this - particularly where the suggestion wears thin or the humour becomes merely slapstick satires. The main difference between the climaxes. And SAVAGES is not entirely free from this - particularly where the suggestion wears thin or the humour becomes merely slapstick satires. The main difference between the climaxes. And SAVAGES is not entirely free from this - particularly where the suggestion wears thin or the humour becomes merely slapstick satires. The main difference between the climax....
and Indians parody directed by New Yorker Robert Downey. Their similarity is that, as wholes, they both pretty much fail.

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

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

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

Cutting in and out with footage of American violence and backed by music from the MC5, Ramblin' Jack Elliott, and Tom Brown, among others, Gold rekindles in rather desperate fashion the hopes and dreams of half a decade ago. Its message is government which governs best governs least. But when California voters can smash a simple legal possesses of grass statute and re-establish the death penalty by the 2-1 majority required, ... Greaser's Palace is just too

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

Greaser's Palace, which takes much too long in taking off, is the story of the second coming of Jesus as a zoot-suited song-and-dance man in the West. Jesse, as he is known, makes his way through the wastes walking on water, resurrecting Lamey Homo, latent son of constipated saloon owner Seaweedhead Greaser — three whores murders Lamey, producing water in the desert, etc. MickeyRiding with hands and "If you feel, you heal," he tells all he is heading for Jerusalem to become an "actah-singah dancah". "It is written the agent Morrise waits for me," he exclaims.

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

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

family his death resurreets.

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

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

Marjoe

Directed by Howard Smith and Sarah Kernochan

Marjo Gortner is an ex-southern California born-and-bred fundamentalist evangelical, a regal author who has felt himself 30 who has hippily given up the lucrative game. Descendant of four generations of Pentecostal ravers, he delivered his first sermon at age four, and his extraordinary life is the archrhythmic documentary, Marjoe. For Mary + Joseph.

As a member of revivalist royalty — a Paul Atreides of White Trash — the hell-bent rush toward making The Great (and/or Hip) American Movie, Gold succeeds better than Greaser's Palace only because it isn't trying. But neither in the prurient do they even meet. Arnie Passman.

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Marjo Gortner is an ex-southern California born-and-bred fundamentalist evangelical, a regal author who has felt himself 30 who has hippily given up the lucrative game. Descendant of four generations of Pentecostal ravers, he delivered his first sermon at age four, and his extraordinary life is the archrhythmic documentary, Marjoe. For Mary + Joseph.

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

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

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

Charles Sharr Murray

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

Old Testament prophets, Siberian shamans, witch doctors, witches and warlocks, black and white, have used it — or used by it. The whole business is a total, universal, to totally blow it.

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

Obviously, the really rock-bottom rancid albums of any given year are cuddy no-hopers who nobody expects to be on, but the albums that are usually most irritating to the sensitive, trained intellect are those by artists who, while being given the magnificent opportunity to do anything their unerring instinct of true creative souls, to totally blow it.

Perhaps the most outstanding 1972 example of planes of perfection in action was John & Yoko & Elephant's Memory's Some Time in New York City (Apple). Here we have the thoroughly unpleasant experience of seeing one of modern rock's finest minds wasting itself in self-indulgent nonsense. Sure Bob Dylan fumed because one was writing emotional, proselytising political songs, but we were so much older then, right? Complete the quotation.

"The Luck of the Irish" may well be the worst song of the year, far exceeding in offence quotient in contempt of the Irish by a mile. It doesn't help that the IRA, the Women's Movement, the Attica People, Angela Davis, John Sinclair and all the other anti-entities just because Ioko do? More important still, they understand them?

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

Again I get incredibly frustrated when I see record companies pushing crap out onto the market in the sacred name of Jimi Hendrix. I suppose you can't blame two-bit, one-horse labels for putting out terrible old jam tapes, but when his "official" record label pulls similar bummers, it gets actively offensive. War Heroes (Polydor) is a collection of assorted garbage, unfinished tracks, off-nights, and a sneaky little reissue of a '67 B-side. It appears that rock critics are expected to react to rip-offs like this by parading their grief for the dead master, and enthuse extravagantly about his genius, but the fact remains that Jimi blew it a few times, and also that his record company, by issuing these leftovers, are damaging the consumer, their own reputation, and the reputation it strains the drix. On the other hand, I suppose they get some bread.

Lou Reed (RCA) was one worthy soul who should have done a lot better than he did. His first solo album was a colossal bomb, despite the ghastly-smooth backings, production and engineering jobs. Even the sleeve was super-nifty. The trouble was, that the songs weren't any good. Apart from "Wild Child", "Lil' Santa" and "Walk It And Talk It", none of the songs said any coherent whatsoever, and Lou's gift for incredible incite lyrics seemed to be on an extended long week-end in Max's Kansas City. His second solo album, Transformer (RCA) was a considerable improvement. It contained one good song.

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

Born To Boogie
Directed by Kinga Starr

Apple Films

Marc Bolan's film opened at the smallest cinema in the West End, Club No. A week after the premier, I went to see the film. I found the cinema three-quarters empty, just the facts, ma'am, you know what I'm talkin' about. But I mustn't be ......... skip it. Born To Boogie is an inept piece of garbage. The band plays something abominable, the shots are cheap, the lighting is drab, the acting is bad, the filmEdited by Howard Sharp, whose work has appeared in Oz with varying frequency ever since the earliest days in Australia, has published (Mathews, Miller & Durban, £ 1.50) an ART BOOK. The subtitle of the college he has made by combining his name, as in his English course, to go into a Christian setting, to be a thorough going into retirement.

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

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

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

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

He helped make Beefheart's "Safe as Milk" a stand-out album of the 60's. He (and Clapton) made a good bluesman out of Keith Richards. His first two solo albums were erratic ones and launched him as a singer. His voice isn't startling, but as R. B. King and Hendrix (among others) have shown you don't have to be Cezar to take care of business.

Boomers Story contains the same odd assortment of songs as the previous album. A mixture of straight country blues, Woody Guthrie type Depression ballads, "lovely" songs, patriotic anthems from the Civil War and WWII and a couple of superb instrumentals. But musically there's no clash at all. The same blend of Cooder's guitar (acoustic or electric) it hardly seems to matter. Piano, drums and bass or tuba runs through the whole set, added to at times by mandolin, harmonica, clarinet and horns. (Randy Newman figures on one track). Cooder's gift for jerky irregular rhythms which still rock along is more exaggerated than ever. A gift handed straight down from the country blues greats, especially Robert Johnson.

The album is a sort of tribute to Sleepy John Estes, who plays and sings on one track, "President Kennedy", and has composer credits on another. Cooder appears to have learned a lot from him, particularly in his choices of chord progressions (as in the jazzy melodies from Skip James). "Cherry Ball Blues" is one of the finest guitar instrumentals ever put down, demonstrating how to overdub without fighting yourself.

The only potential bum track is that repulsively slushy Latin tune "Maria Elena" but he even saves that (by a hair's breadth) from the vomit-bag. If there is a thread running through Cooder's choice of material, it is his fascination with the 1930's and 40's, how unlike nostalgia, he sees in that period not the showbiz glamour and extravagance but the Great Depression and its music. The songs of hungry people, black and white. That's just one more, non-musical reason for finding Ry Cooder a breath of fresh air in a stale, slightly putrid, rock scene.

Dick Fountain.
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Dear Oz,

When I came up to London three years ago I was happily promiscuous as well as being bogged down in what I eventually realised was a maso-masochistic affair — me being the idiot masochist and him the sadist (partly because of my promiscuity) and therefore vengeful sadist. Ironically, when we first ploughed into the short-lived bliss of this youthful relationship that was later to become so sordid, my beloved had said "Of course you understand you're free to sleep with anyone you fancy." A kindly permissiveness which I naively believed to be heartfelt and accordingly acted upon. I thought I was fairly liberated sexually as I never screwed anyone I didn't want to, our relationship. But then I screwed anyone I didn't want to, a large part in fucking up both him and our relationship. But then I

felt degraded by this grovelling and insincerely. It took a year before I got around to wondering why I was taking all the shit he piled on me — public insults etc — but even then I would probably have never got around to bringing this messy affair to an end, because I was still vaguely in love and anyway had got used to having him around. I suppose I enjoyed feeling I had power over him (I'm a nasty little bitch sometimes). Then one drug-crushed January I fell under the influence of kind generous Tom who to my acid-wrecked brain seemed like my Saviour — when he walked into the room he had a halo round his head, even. He persuaded me to move in with him and tended me hand and foot for six months before he became disillusioned — by this time I had become ungrateful, bone-idle, depressed, withdrawn and secretive. I didn't even dare to tell him I was screwing around — he had to read my diary to find out what I was doing and thinking. (Oddly enough he too had promised before I moved in with him that there'd be "no strings attached" under the condition that he didn't mind if I screwed other guys. There was whenever I casually said "I scored X last Monday" I was bewildered to find myself in the middle of a painful and often violent scene of accusations on his part and which I had to employ the traditional female devices of tears, sobs, frantic assurances that things now on I would be faithful to him. I now see that these promises which I never kept played a large part in fucking up both him and our relationship. But then I

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and again I believed him). But our relationship survived (just about) a poverty-stricken and physically booted winter in South Wales. As Tom and the dole were supporting me, I didn't bother to get a job. I just lay in bed, generally atrophying, sometimes talking to the cat (who disappeared this summer, or, possibly, committed suicide), and I was carrying on a long, monotonous and mutually distressing cold-war with my mother. Tom took to nagging and booze.

Back in London at Easter, thank

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

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

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

Though I'm pretty self-confident (sometimes!) I still find it hard to walk down a street and be invited for a bit of slap 'n' tickle by — frequently repulsive — men who jeer at my breasts. Sometimes I get so angry at being treated like an erotic plaything that I yell "Stop fucking staring" at them — then feel cross with myself because after all it's bad grammar and I should feel sorry for them. Once I beat a large Irish labourer about the head with my heavy shoulder bag because of this; he was amused and surprised at first, then a little scared by my virago-like appearance and savage blows. I know it was childish, but it made me feel great. Straight and often nonstraight guys are taken back when you show anger at what they feel is a compliment to your sexuality; you're not supposed to show displeasure at their admiration of your body, nor express anger which is an emotion that "truly feminine" (for feminine read submissive, docile masculine-approval-seeking) women aren't even supposed to feel — anger is "unlady-like", a threat, just like it's a threat to his ego if instead of faking an orgasm you yawn in a man's face


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Nothing But The Best
(Rod & Van & Mike & Alice)

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

I guess you could say 1972 has been the year of Alice Cooper, and don’t be fooled by my apparent reluctance to make such a statement. The AC5 have loomed large in my landscape ever since I first stumbled on the superfine hardrock highlights of Love It To Death some 15 months ago, and lemmetellya, I flipped when those ultra-vulgar drag-desperadoes brought it to life on the stage of the Rainbow last November.

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

Before we get into this random collection of remarks from the bottom of my heart and the top of my head, I should own up about in-born biases. I listen to a wide variety of stuff, check out heaps of records, and don't be fooled by my obvious characteristics, like they're mostly American and there are no girl singers. No apologies. The selections are based only on my evaluation of ENDURING ARTISTIC MERIT IN THE FACE OF CONTINUOUS PLAY.

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

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

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

Seeing the miraculous Jackson Five was another of the year’s big turn-ons. That kid Michael is everything you’ve heard and maybe more: the most exciting voice in pop music, poetry in motion, pure dynamite. They are far bigger and better than most people realize, and if you haven’t tumbled to it yet, treat yourself to the 14 songs on their Greatest Hits. I promise you won’t regret it.
gets my best also-ran-of-the-year award. Catchy songs and lavish arrangements from the guvnor blue-eyed soul band. Uptown expertise used to great effect. It's foolish to comment that Jackson Browne, will soon be a Force To Be Reckoned With, as anyone with ears can tell he's already a Major Artist. His debut on Asylum is the most engaging fusion of words and music to come down the line in many a moon, bulging with poise, devoid of mannerism. I don't expect him to camp around in 8" platform boots and saucer-sized sun-goggles, and I bet there ain't a songwriter alive who wouldn't be proud to have written Rock Me On The Water, Doctor My Eyes or Jamaica Say You Will. Apparently he's put a band together to tour with him and play on his next record. An obvious move but a wise one. It's about the only way he could give his excellent songs more width and force.

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

Rod Stewart is an object lesson in how to be a rock star and a human being at the same time, and like Don McLean he's able to combine good music with massive commercial success. His heartrending vocal performance on In A Broken Dream was a reminder that Rod's been good for a long time, it's just taken the masses a long time to pick up on him. His records, like his stage act, are an extension of his football-playin', booze-lovin' guy-next-door persona. His charm is his accessibility: you can relate to him. I'm still convinced Never a Dull Moment is a better album than Every Picture: "I don't object if you call collect Cos I ain't forgettin' that you were once mine But I blew it without even tryin' Now I'm eatin' my heart out tryna get a letter to you."

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

Myles Palmer
November 1972
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NEWS BULLETIN! WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED AN UNCONFIRMED REPORT THAT A PLANE CONTAINING BUDDY HOLLY, RICHIE VALENS AND THE "BIG BOPPER" IS MISSING...

GOSH!

RICKY...
PLEASE... YOUR...
...HAND...
Being the adventures of a young man whose principal interests are rape, ultra-violence and Beethoven.
Great Moments In Rock

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

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

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

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

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

But what’s this got to do with heroin?

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

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

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

"a big"
'big' appears many times and is generally linked with dope — "I am gazing into the big dipper" "compared to the big day you find Lord Byron shooting craps" "Up in Toronto on the big day" "So I shoot dope once in a while —
big deal? "Lay across my big brass bed / Stay lady stays while there's still a head / 'It can't wait to snift that air if it's snuff / I won't have no care that big rockin chair..." (Dylan ghosting for the perfume ad) "...but moon is gonna shine like a spoon. "Big is often linked with 'fat' another heroin symbol. Die Open The Door Hover over this. 'There's a certain thing that I learned from my friend Jim. This is what I'd always make sure I'd understand" (italics) And that is that there's a certain way a man must learn to swim (you've got to go along with the mainstream of political thought and not be too radical) and if you're part of people you must off the fat of the land (If you want to be a superstar & use junk) Open the door Homer (open people's minds) and you'll still know it said before but I ain't gonna hear it said no more (he ain't gonna do it anymore)

"white" 2 "the contemporary fix along with black winds and white Fiddler's Green why horses never did promise" 2 "white heap sneezes, passes out and rips open Autumn's gag" 2 "while mouth budge nationalist (see Marie under 'up references' - Sweet Marie)

"goose" 2 "Goose John Henry the Negro medicine man" 2 "spray chancellor Erhard with goose's" 2 "big goose (tie and loose) are all heroin linked words or heroin symbols

"tie me on" 2 This is 'junk-slang' pure and simple meaning 'tie a belt or string or need be round one's arm so that your veins will fill with blood & become better targets for my needle

"and turn her loose" 2 "tie" or a word linked to it often precedes 'turn &' or 'loose' 2 "The myrtle branch and lock is taking then I turn" (Shoelace is similar to 'gag' (e.g. 'Autumn's gag') under 'white' references and also in 'I'm felling out my girl' gonna turn you loose like an old cobobble ('cabbage' rhymes with 'goose') 2 got a tall I need to drag (got a habit I have to support) so "tie me on and turn her loose" means "prepare me for a shot and let her rip - shoot me up Can you dig it? If you do this to me it's a pretty good shot and that for a long time Dylan was super-subly (this is the key word) singing about junk....

The next work in this series. Jim Morrison's Cock. shows sex symbol. Jim keeping the customers satisfied in Miami Beach. In the upper left hand corner of the painting there's a couple making love in the ocean. The West Indies is shown as a water metaphor that appears throughout his poetry. For example in Horse Latitudes he wrote - "When the ship's no" (when the poet longer into making love) "Conspires an armour and their aullen & aborted currents breed tiny mon­sters. (Impalpable distorted parahetical ideas in the minds of the young) "True sailing is dead" (uninhibited sexuality is made impossible). In

Locked In A Prison Of Your Own Device he advises virgin to 'get it' so they 'won't miss (they) chance to swim in mystery' and Moonlight Drive contains myriad sex-water metaphors -- "Let's swim to the moon let's climb through the tide / Penetrate the evening that the city sleeps to hide" "Let's swim out tonight love, it's our turn to fly / Parked beside the ocean on our moonlight drive" "Surrender to the winking worlds that lap against our side / Down by the ocean side / Gonna get real close / Get real tight / 'C'mon boy gonna drown tonight" The inset in the upper right hand corner is the way Ann visualised the lines 'Dead President's corpse in the drivers car' (a genocidal madass rules the land). The engine runs on glue and tar (whose system uses organic material - like the human flesh of the Vietnamese as fuel) 'C'Mon along not goin very far / Goin East to meet the Caesar' chop on the butcherwagon and join the feast of flesh as America heads for internal totalitarianism.

Yeah, Jim knew where the swope who rule America are at and that's why he tried to excite kids to riot at his concerts, that's why the pigs maced him, that's why he was barred from so many cities and that's why the people loved him. It's really tragic that a powerful symbol of sexuality and life was destined to meet with a premature death. I really find it hard to believe the dude had a heart-attack - why was he buried a week before his demise was publicly announced if not to avoid an autopsy? Judging from the kind of poetry Jim was writing just before he died it was an overdose of heroin that stopped his heart from beating....

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

AVENGE JIM MORRISON!

The next picture shows Abbie Hoffman gettin hit on the head by Peter Townsend of The Who at Woodstock while attempting to do a rap about political prisoner John Sinclair. This was one of Abbie's better moves and I can only admire his courage. Lately Abbie's changed - he's been calling off demonstrations he hasn't organised (like the one during the Democratic Convention in Miami and has been branding the leaders of the Zippies - the action faction of the Youth International Party - 'police agents', myself included! What's worse, he's been using his access to the media to tell people 'it's the wrong time for street demonstrations' while America bombs North Vietnam back to stone age! In return for becoming a collaborator most of the charges against him have been dropped at the Govern­ment's request and ten to one he'll never do any time....

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


The painting of Janis Joplin 5 minutes after having OD'd is worth a look to at least see what culture vultures do to people with talent. Janis was managed by happy hood & Woodstock Regular John Singer who, if ya ask me, specialises in handling strong-out performers (Dylan, Paul Stickey of Peter, Paul and Mary). He be listening to the business card that reads "Albert Grossman Management Services Inc. Los Angeles With Everything - fame money groups-dope Cable SMACKSTAR"

Lately I've been doing a little artwork of my own - it's called 'Yoko Ono, whom I respect, I also believe that as America piles the bodies higher, as she eats her way through her wealth, artists have got to at least tell the world about it... if not to avoid an autopsy? Abbie's better moves and I can only admire his courage. Lately Abbie's changed - he's been calling off demonstrations he hasn't organised (like the one during the Democratic Convention in Miami and has been branding the leaders of the Zippies - the action faction of the Youth International Party - 'police agents', myself included! What's worse, he's been using his access to the media to tell people 'it's the wrong time for street demonstrations' while America bombs North Vietnam back to stone age! In return for becoming a collaborator most of the charges against him have been dropped at the Govern­ment's request and ten to one he'll never do any time....

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GREAT MOMENTS IN ROCK

Above: Pete Townshend hitting Abbie Hoffman over the head at Woodstock.
Right: The Death of Janis Joplin.
Below: Jim Morrison flashing his cock in Miami.
Below right: Bob Dylan shooting up.
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