Description
Contents: Ad for Yoko Ono's Approximately Infinite Universe. 'My How We Laughed!' - Felix Dennis' editorial that is "in a sense, an obituary". Ted Heath photo. Spike: My Lai. 'Water... And Air' – thinking about the planet by Alf Moorcraft + photos by Roger Perry. 'Gentlemen of the jury... Obscenity is Like an Elephant' – Jerome Burne talks to one of the jurors on the Nasty Tales trial. Ad for Super Fly. 'Equal is as Equal Does' – Michelene Wandor on equal opportunities + illustration by Adrian George. 'Masters Of All You Survey' – Nick Leach on politics and the US media + Wyndham Raine cartoon. 2p porn ads. 'White Society is Breaking Down Around Us... Even its Myths are Dead' Peter Collier interviews Vine Deloria about Native Americans. 'One of Our Satellites is Missing' –freaks divert communications satellite + Pearce Marchbank graphic. Centrespread - Enoch Powell on a pogo stick – "Revealed! Enoch's send 'em home brainwave". Nasty Tales & Cozmic Comics ads. 5p OZ mail order. 'The Heroes Unwelcome Return' – Nick Leach interviews Hakim Gahtan Abdulla, General Secretary of the American Servicemen's Union. + veterans photos. 'Beheadings': 6p photos by Charles Harbutt. 'The Seeker' – Roger Hutchinson on poet Derek Elm + photo by Edward Bell. Pierce Marchbank photo illustration. LP reviews: Nuggets: Original Artyfacts from the First Psychedelic Era, Solid Gold Rock & Roll (reviewed by Jonathon Green). Woody Allen Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex ad. Kraftwerk ad. Flying saucer illustration. LP reviews: Will the Circle be Unbroken, Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, Joe Cocker, Soft Machine, Loudon Wainwright III, Barbra Streisand, Yoko Ono + cartoon portrait. Book review: Women, Resistance and Revolution by Sheila Rowbotham (reviewed by Alison Fell). A&M Records ad. Back cover sun over the sea photo.

Publisher
OZ Publications Ink Limited, London, 60p

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.
APPROXIMATELY INFINITE UNIVERSE
YOKO ONO

New Musical Express
January 13, 1973
"... Yoko has a sense of humour which seems to keep her going. She is the real thing.
Yoko is an artist in the throes of creativity, forced to cope with the axe-grinding politics of reality. She won't quit. She'll work it all out and she'll tell the world 'I have a woman inside my soul' and she does."

Melody Maker
January 6, 1973
"The Album, in fact, weeps sensitivity and tenderness. There's a true poetic consciousness at work here ... a lyricist who can express her pain with as much cogency as Lennon.
... she can create a unique ambiance with her voice ... like that of a child on the edge of tears. And wistful."

New York Times
January 12, 1973
"Approximately Infinite Universe is very much Yoko Ono at many levels."

APPLE SAPDO 1001
This is an editorial and, in a sense, an obituary. Let us begin with the obituary, the better to have done with corpses:
‘You see, there is a lie in the air. The underground press is a self-indulgent bore and a rigged up, bullshit fraud. The underground press is operating out of an abstract policy and not from any concrete need. The newspapers of the underground exist in an invincible fatherland, aloft in a heaven of international popularity and longhair prosperity...' We are, and always have been, a visually orientated publication. The number of artists, illustrators and photographers on our files, for example, outweights our writers by more than three to one. This imbalance is not a profound phenomenon. It has bedevilled us for years and there are several factors to account for it, but if one eliminates the predilections of our editorial team we find ourselves staring two old and familiar spectres in the face – publishing schedules and money.

The flow of money which our publishing company turns over is continuously in a state of flux. This erratic behaviour endangers and hampers us in two ways. Firstly, it creates an unhealthy and inevitable tension between our distributors and ourselves, leaving our weary printers stranded nervously in the crossfire. This in turn creates an enormous credibility gap with our advertisers, without whom we could never have survived the past five and a half years. Secondly, and more importantly, it severely limits the scope of our editorial horizons. OZ has never been concerned with ‘news’ as such, but the number of potential editorial suggestions and ideas that we are currently forced to discard due to our inadequate and unpredictable print schedule is a criminal disgrace. Time and time again we find ourselves rejecting first-rate contributions simply because ‘...we won’t be out in time...’ And who wants yesterday’s papers?

And the solution to this vicious circle of events? Well, raising capital is certainly part of it. OZ Magazine was launched in 1967 with barely a penny in the bank and, financially speaking, it is a miracle that we have produced forty-seven issues and survived the longest obscenity trial in British legal history on such slender resources. And we aren’t about to forget that the sustaining force and central energy drive of that miracle emanates chiefly, dear readers, from your good selves.

Now it’s a bold cock that crows before the sun has risen, but perhaps we won’t be stepping too far out of line if we let you into a little secret, a brief, open telegram: ‘THE MAGAZINE THAT YOU HAVE JUST BOUGHT IS EFFECTIVELY DEAD+ WE MURDERED IT GLADLY + IT HAS SERVED US ALL WELL + IT WAS FUN + SEND NO FLOWERS.’

Thus we stand, our monster offspring slain and buried. And the future? Oh, we’ll be publishing alright. OZ Volume II is just around that proverbial corner. But we’ll be publishing regularly: we’ll be searching for new writers and authors, we’ll be emphasising current affairs, we’ll be increasing the number of pages, putting a smile back on our printer’s face (and yours we hope), using new brooms in old rooms and we think you’ll hardly recognise us! Oh, we’ll be bitching, and slandering, and whoring and interesting; we’ll be ‘committing savagery upon the English language’ and swearing and pointing the finger, and ranting and raving and analysing and fucking the system’s backside in the hope the beast will bleed to death.

But OZ is not an ‘underground’ magazine. Not any more. Maybe we never were. To bury ourselves in the nostalgia of a late sixties conscious ness would be an easy trip. But in the words of my dear friend ‘Pretty Boy’ Neville, it would display the foresight of an ostrich. They say it’s always better the second time around. See you in June. Felix Dennis.
WHAT'S A NICE GIRL LIKE YOU...

Cops in New York's Midtown North precinct, whose beat covers Times Square—Squash (Soho) equivalent, and then not a little—have been getting into a good samaritan trip as regards the hookers who ply their elderly profession in the area. When a girl gets busted, and she gets sent along to the cells or goes out on bail, her local friendly patrol man hands her a little card. On it, above the signature of the boss of the Midtown North precinct house, is an exhortation to give up this terrible life before all is lost and the girl is at the very edge of The Pit. A phone number is added with instructions to dial the relevant digits if the lure of the Lord happens to exceed that of the streets. Unfortunately for the police no-one has bothered to call up yet, but maybe the process isn't aided by the number being that of the Midtown North vice squad, and they're shut after 6 pm. But then, the city's 'Red Squad', pledged to fight the red-light-jew-faggot menace operates out of a simple building labelled, "Police Gym and Social Club" down on 12th Street, so maybe there's more in the cards than meets the eye. They may even be connected to yet another branch of the sex rackets that has started up in the Big Apple: after massage parlours (hoho) come Sex Psychotherapists. Its very simple. $1000 on the table (hoho) Sex Psychotherapists. Its very simple. $1000 on the table (hoho) come Sex Psychotherapists. Its very simple. $1000 on the table (hoho) come Sex Psychotherapists. Its very simple. $1000 on the table (hoho) come Sex Psychotherapists. Its very simple. $1000 on the table (hoho) come Sex Psychotherapists. Its very simple. $1000 on the table (hoho) come Sex Psychotherapists. Its very simple. $1000 on the table (hoho) come Sex Psychotherapists. Its very simple. $1000 on the table (hoho) come Sex Psychotherapists. 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YUMMY YUMMY YUMMY
I'VE GOT POISONED SQUIRREL IN MY TUMMY

Our dear government, with the people whose destinies they deter-
mine never far from their hearts, has recently turned its atten-
tion to the increasing problem of food: that is, the fact that the
have made its prices so high that soon
not only will the 'roast beef
of old England' be the myth it
might well have always been, but
too will be the bacon, eggs,
coffe, tea, bread and similar
commodities that were hitherto
staples. Last autumn they attempt-
ted to force Kesp down the un-
suspecting throats of Lancashire
schoolkids and it was gratifying
to see how speedily this compound
of plastic waste and the old soy
bean was rejected.

Now there are dread rumours of
the return of an old horror which, mercifully, those who were born
after the last war managed to avoid. So too, of course, did those
who could afford other goodies, and
who'd be that surprised if such foods were included in the present
government. The horror in question
in Snoek, a dish that started life
as the South African killer pike.

The health minister of the post
war years admitted 'this is one of the
dullest fish I have ever eaten' and
it was discarded as soon as possible
and mixed in with catfood to
dispose of surplus stocks. Now Mr
Neil Kinnock (Lab) MP for
Bedwellty, Monmouthshire has
asked the Minister of Food how
much snoek still hangs around Her
Majesty's warehouses. The reputa-
tive quality of the dish a balanced by
its protein content, so Mr Kinnock
would have us believe, and
anyway 'the British palate is
far more cosmopolitan than it was
then—what with curries and chop
suesy all the rage'.

But the real clue to government
plans to feed our rapidly shrinking

stomachs may be in two reports in
last month's Times. The first
explained that the current plague
of grev squirrells has reached
such proportions in Westminster, the
popular rat poison, might well be
turned against their surging ranks,
and perhaps the dread myximetiosis
scourge of the bunnies, as well.
Then, about a week later, we find,
in the thunderer's somewhat
muted columns: 'Squirrels as Food:
The grey squirrel, which has
an "excellent flavour" would make a
tasty addition to Britain's meat
diet and eating it would help to
preserve the oaks and beechwoods,
the Country Landowners Associa-
tion suggests'. So who do you
suppose makes up the CLA?

TRUCKERS' BIBLE

What about those trawlermen brav-
ing the elements to bring you your
fish fingers—and didn't the US mail
always give through, once? Here they
are, these gallant bands of men,
getting public acclaim by the bucket-
ful while nobody sees the hash
impostor as a knight in shining
armour. Has it ever occurred to you
that when dope's legal people are
going to make Easterns about the
trade routes of the dope culture?
Traffickings is the last great adven-
ture. Oh, but watch them come
down. When they go down for a
ten-year stretch in a Turkish jail
there are plenty of so-called heads
who'll say 'they were in it for the
money, they're parasites, they
deserve all they get.' This is sancti-
monious hype. Accept the fact that
you have to pay for your dope at
all, and you're accepting your role
as consumer of a commodity in
short supply. You're dealing with
things as they are, not as they ought
to be, and if you think importers
are parasites, you can either grow
your own or fly to Nepal every
time you want to score.

In a game where everyone seems
to be an amateur (You're a profes-
sional if you don't ever get busted)
the kids are the worst off of all.
They can't be as desperately through Customs with a couple of
kilo's sewn into their waistcoats, the
ones who get busted in a campaign
to tidy up the streets. Release are
brinnging out a book about what-
not-to-do-on-your-summer-hols.
It'll tell them that unless they have
an iron nerve, the acting ability of
an Olivier, the cunning of a fox,
oodles of bread and powerful
friends—forget trafficking as your
chosen career. And if you have all
these advantages, Installah we may
all benefit from your resourceful-
ness.

So Release are trying to do some-
thing for people busted abroad. So
far they've found quite heavy dealers
were always the most desperate as the optimistic novices,
when it comes to the crunch. They
need a lot of info for their foreign
busts. They know about the worst borders,
the best lawyers, legal procedure
in various countries and so on. One
gets the impression that there's a
completely one-sided war going on.
The police and customs have
'intelligence' services who are right
in there informing on anyone who
buys dope, but heads rely on hear-
say which simply isn't good enough.
It can't be otherwise, people's
wouldn't run the dumb risks they
do. It's exasperating to see people
falling into the same old traps,
people who on home ground would
be perfectly cool ending up in the
same old jails abroad through sheer
naivete. They know they risk jail,
but there are countries where one
can score cheaply and go down for
ten years for a couple of kilos, and
others where one can score just as
cheaply and get away with six
months in jail for a hundredweight
of hash.

Release are also trying to do
whatever they can for people in jail already. They need a fat fund
to pay 'bail' if possible or just
to keep people reasonably healthy
not-to-do-on-your-summer-hols.

It'll tell them that unless they have
an iron nerve, the acting ability of
an Olivier, the cunning of a fox,
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So, if you’ve got news of a grass, a lawyer, a border to avoid, or other news items, get in touch with Release. If you can give some money for the foreign bust fund send it to Release. And if you want to place an order for the Trucker’s Bible, when it comes out soon, send it to Release. The address is 1 Elgin Avenue, London W9 3PR. If you want to phone, dial 01-289.1123.

DRAC POWER

Eng Lit., Maths, Engineering, History, Mod Lang., etc, etc ... Christ, college curricula are tedious. The same old crap they handed out for your last decade or so and now they claim that to stick out the next three repetitious years is some kind of privilege. Now if we had a course like 'Dracula, the Man and the Myth' currently offered by Boston College, Massachusetts, under the guidance of Prof. Radu D Florescu things would be infinitely improved. 60 students are enrolled in the course, the only one with its subject in the world, though Universities in Bucharest, Germany and Turkey have documentary evidence of the carnivorous aristocratic star of the silver screen. Professor Florescu claims that course is popular for various reasons: ‘One is the tremendous interest among the young in the occult, and students are bored with current problems. They want to escape from these things and become involved more in things spiritual.’ Students do term papers on such topics as ‘Jack the Ripper’, Bela Lugosi and other screen portrayals of their main man. They must also study German and Russian literature on him. ‘I teach that Count Dracula was a 15th century prince who lived in the Transylvania region of southern Roumania. He ruled for ten years and during that period killed over 100,000 people. He was finally captured by his enemies and beheaded. He wasn’t really a vampire, but a very cruel man who killed his enemies by impaling them. There was also some evidence that he was a cannibal.’ Maybe they’ll devote a semester to Blacula, too.

FREE PICCADILLY RECORD

Songwriting team Alan Wakeman, who wrote the lyrics, and Michael Klein, who composed the music, have produced a 45rpm stereo single for the Save Piccadilly campaign. The whole pressing of 2,500 copies of the record will be given away free to anyone calling at the Save Piccadilly Campaign’s headquarters at 9 Rupert Street, London W1. All the costs of the record have been donated by supporters of the campaign.

The two songs ‘The Circus Keeps On Turning’ and ‘Motor Car Madness’ were written especially and highlight the twin problems facing Piccadilly Circus at the present time: the destruction of the city centre by property developers and traffic planners.

Alan Wakeman, author and songwriter, and Michael Klein, singer and leader of the group ‘Everyone Involved’ and owner of the only antique shop in the Circus area both live and work behind the Coca-Cola sign in the Circus itself — in Denman Street on the Monico site which is threatened with demolition. ‘The City Council has kindly given us four options’, says Alan Wakeman, ‘To be demolished, to be demolished, to be demolished, or to be demolished.’

JACK THE KNIFE JNR.

We all love John-John Kennedy. Not as much as his topless mum, not anything like Princess Anne, and despite excellent parentage he ain’t in the same field as Prince Charles, but 11 year old John John, remember the cute kid at JFK’s funeral, sure beats them all on style. Not so long ago it came out that four evil West German hippie revolutionaries were planning to lift the kid from his home on stepfather Aristotle Onassis’ yacht and hold out for the big bread. Someone gabbed and the four, Ernst Zoren, Werner Robbers, Jurgen Obermoyer and Suzanne Bausinger were lifted themselves. Since then JFK Jr. has been looking out for himself and taking precautions over and above those paid to look after his valuable skin. On a trip to check out the antiquities that abound on the Greek mainland John John was seen going into a trinket shop. And, according to the redoubtable hacks of the National Tattler—one of the last bastions of yellow journalism we have—he purchased himself a knife. ‘He took the biggest he could find,’ said the owner of the shop, ‘and he tested it to make sure it was good and sharp. ’I think it’ll be sharp enough,’ he told me.’

The Tattler continues with revelations of our junior hero’s conversation with his ‘girlfriend’, the daughter of Onassis captain: ‘You know what, Mother explained to me that I needn’t worry because there’s always a whole bunch of guys looking after me. I’m not really scared in fact, but they did kill my dad—and he always had bodyguards around him. And it was the same with my Uncle Robert.’

As John John stalks the unfriendly Aegean replete with knife he could take heart from one, albeit fictional, counterpart. ‘Why should I worry,’ said Don Corleone, ‘men have been coming to kill me ever since I was 12...’

First there was The Sensuous Woman ... Then came The Sensuous Man ... and couple ... and child. Now there’s The Sensuous Coloring Book. It’s filled with page after page of fine, healthy smut to amuse the depraved mind. All the drawings are of heterosexual couples and are soft-core with the exception of five pages of color-by-number pictures which get moderately raunchy. It probably won’t improve your sex life or make you a wiser person but it is lots of fun and an entertaining way to fill a few hours with your intimate friends. The Sensuous Coloring Book is available from Creative Advertising Enterprises, Box 33540, Seminole, Florida 33540, USA. (From Screw, The World’s Greatest Newspaper).
LITTLE PEOPLE POWER

Charlie Brown, not the cartoon character, but a 4'3" dwarf from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, has started Dwarf Liberation to unite yet another oppressed minority, the dwarfs and midgets of the world. Brown, who looks strangely like Teddy Kennedy, is an industrial advertising exec and head of the Pittsburgh chapter of Little People of America, wants the rest of the world to accept the fact that short stature isn’t automatically the sign of one’s profession being a clown or some other type of entertainer. ‘Midgets and dwarfs no longer want to be known as entertainers... today short people are accountants, clerks, educators, draftsmen, almost every occupation imaginable...’ Maybe they were better off as clowns.

DADDY

One little morsel of info eluded the plucky provers at the Sunday Times in their recent feature on Liberace. The bejewelled pianist who puts mere camp to dowdy shame has one big regret: ‘I’ve always wanted to be a father and have a family, but I guess it just wasn’t meant to be.’ He’s tried, though: ‘I’ve been engaged three times to three different girls but each time something went wrong and I never did get married. When I did get to know someone we eventually had to part because I just had no idea. Finally in agonised frustration, I said “Look voice, I don’t know what you are. And if you think I do, you’re out of your mind. So please tell me”.’

And then, you’ll never guess, or maybe you already did, a seagull vision materialises from out of thin air, lays a few nifty bestselling paras on our author and vanishes into the night from whence it came. Not so swiftly, of course, that Bach wasn’t able to get everything down on paper. Eight years passed; 1967: the Summer of Love, was in full spate and as luck would have it, back to Bach came the feathered vision, and out came the rest of the tale.

‘People think I’m a nut or that I’m putting them on,’ says Bach, ‘but I didn’t write the book. Jonathon did.’ And as an author, conscientiously proud of his good job, he gives the final proof: the style of writing is just not mine. I also disagree with many of Jonathon’s decisions in the book and would never have put them in if I’d written it myself.

SORRY

John Hoyland’s article ‘The Long March Through The Bingo Hall’, published in OZ 46 was originally written for Macmillan publishers, not Hutchinsons as we mistakenly printed. Sorry for any confusion caused.

LETTERS

The Pit,
Flat 6,
45 Alexandra Drive,
Gipsy Hill
S. E. 19.

Dear Cunts
Wot the Fuck! We have noticed lately that your highbrow magazine (price 25p) has dropped its line in Obscenity. What the fuck’s the matter with you cunts, OZ has gone downhill, the beautiful cartoons you used to publish, that we used to gloat over for hours, eg Honeybunch, Charles Tunson, etc. have disappeared. It has also come to our notice that many more newsagents are selling your product, because its clean now? We don’t like to be funny but we reckon we could do better job than you, and also all your articles seem to be extracts from other articles.

As for OZ46 what a load of crap. No fucking letter page, what’s your goddam game, and we say who says OZ hasn’t lost its sting, yet more fucking bullshit, Neville’s brains gone to pot, and your magazine (bug paper) doesn’t cater for the people anymore, just for the sociologists and other pratts that
like to read long words which mean as much as two can say.

Fock, Fuck, Fuck, Off, Off, Off.

Back to Women's Own. We handed over 25p and rushed off to a dark place to read it and not happened, fucking hell, tuneful sanis, ads, meaningless reviews. A single fucking line devoted to those black girls getting beaten by the pigs—you should have devoted the whole cockswearing issue to it.

So nowadays the magazine is well printed and pretty. But we preferred the grubby, ill-printed, obscene, degraded [for the fun of it] filth, it meant something then. We were inside in those days, and what a fuss when they caught us reading OZ, we had our time put over to the pigs. We did a cartoon for them. It should have been on the front. Good grimy black and white. Give them some credit after all. We were inside in those days, and so do I have my say in it now, that's still sane, plenty of cartoons, demands, they're on our side, you bastards. Good grimy black and white. Give them some money, they need it. Oh and last of all, we gonna have to go over to bum and tit magazines if we don't get some foul obsequies soon.

Al, Steve and the Communal Raincoat.

FS. Enclosed is some Mud!! We didn't think you ask your worth wasting money on a new envelope. Up yours cocksuckers!

Sir:

I object to your piece in OZ 46, which is inaccurate and libellous. Our friends at the World Service Authority, George Andrews, have confirmed that he has been paid punctiliously as per contract, which was signed by both parties. In fact in view of his pressings and the cheques have invariably been sent two months before they were due for payment, as our record can prove. George sent us his accounts to inspect our records several years ago, and then they told him that royalty payments were accurate. Surely that is the proof?

I do not know what either George or you mean by stating that we only have to present our documents to the Immigration Authorities until the MS was delivered. Whilst George was working on the MSS we gave him letters stating this fact so that he was granted a visa. Once the MS was delivered, I could not, without perjury, continue to say that he was working on the MSS.

Yours faithfully
Peter Owen Ltd
12 Kendrick Mews
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To whom it may concern:

As of this date the misunderstandings which existed between myself and Peter Owen have been cleared up. I no longer feel it necessary to focus public attention on the details of our differences of opinion.

George Andrews,
Earlam Street,
London, WC2.

Hello OZ,

Knowing that you OZ people enjoy cordial relations with that amazing exile, Jim Haynes, I thought that perhaps some of your readers might be interested in one of Jim's latest ventures, the World Service Authority passport. Perhaps I should state right away that my personal contact with Haynes up to now has been virtually negligible, and therefore the opinions expressed about this venture are purely my own. A second thing to note is that what I have to say on it is not just hot air. You see, I have recently purchased one of these passports, and I have it before me as I type this.

The idea behind the WSA passport is a nutshell, to implement Article 13, Section 2, of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights which states that 'everyone has the right to leave any country, including his own, and to return to his country.' A sentiment that perhaps most of us individuals agree with, but which many states blindly disregard as it is politic to do so. The trouble really is that the national passport acts more as a hindrance to the implementation of the above declaration rather than an aid. For a state can grant or withhold a passport as it so wishes, one state bars all people from another simply because they happen to carry a passport granted by that state, most states require the individual to obtain a visa and sometimes other pieces of paper bureaucracy before that individual can enter those countries.

The immediate reaction is to say fuck passports, let's forget about them. But this is foolish as it is short-sighted. Going abroad by its very nature means that the individual must have a passport, otherwise travelling abroad becomes impossible. Therefore, the passport is a necessary means of breaking down all these bureaucratic hurdles is not to spurn a passport altogether, but instead to obtain more than one, i.e. you become the citizen of more than one country. And what more true passport is there than the one that states that you are a citizen of the world—a WSA passport. Moreover, this passport comes on just like other ones. I don't mean that in a derogatory sense, rather it looks splendid-enough to blow the minds of most customs guards, etc.

But the passport is not just looks, and the size. We have been granted official recognition by Ecuador, India, Kuwait, Laos, Upper Volta, and Yemen, and furthermore visas have been issued to WSA passport holders by the following 24 countries: Afghanistan, Algeria, Austria, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria, Cook Islands, East Germany, Gabon, Iran, Italy, Liberia, Libya, Luxembourg, Netherlands, Pakistan, Poland, Portugal, Romania, Spain, Thailand, Turkey, and Yugoslavia.

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Ten things that Alf Moorcroft thinks the informed young citizen of today should know about the waters of the planet on which he lives...

1. Water is the most common substance on this planet — covering three fifths of its surface. All the water contained in the earth’s rivers, lakes, inland seas, swamps, bogs, rain, snow, soil and living things — i.e. all the water in the forms in which we most commonly encounter it — amounts to a minute two-hundredths of one percent of the world’s total inventory of water. The world ocean comprises another 97.2% of that total. The rest is contained in ice caps and glaciers and in the groundwatersthat supply our wells.

2. Earth is the only one of the sun’s nine planets having large quantities of liquid water. Its position, 93 million miles away from the sun, keeps it near the middle of a narrow band where temperatures permit water to exist in all three states: as a liquid, solid and gas.

3. Although it seems commonplace to us, water has many extremely unusual properties — without which life would never have evolved and could not continue. It has an ability to dissolve chemicals which is not exceeded by any other liquid (which is why sea-water has such a rich chemical composition; it contains almost every known element in solution). Water’s capacity for the storage of heat is exceeded only by liquid ammonia — it takes a lot of heat to raise its temperature by a small amount (it is estimated that a one percent increase in the quantity of solar energy reaching Earth would raise the atmospheric temperature by 15 degrees C whilst the oceanic temperature would rise by a mere 0.01 degrees C). Because of this property the world ocean exercises a considerable stabilising influence over the temperature of the atmosphere and of the continental land masses. If it were not for the ocean the greater part of our continental land masses would experience temperatures similar to those on the surface of the moon. Like most substances, water decreases in volume as it cools. However, beneath 4 degrees C down to its freezing point it does something very odd; it expands as it cools. Consequently very cold water sinks and is replaced by warmer water. Furthermore, once the surface layer freezes the solid formed (ice) is less dense than liquid water and floats on the surface preventing lower water from freezing. If it weren’t for this peculiar behaviour most lakes would be permanently frozen from top to bottom and water vapour from the equatorial regions would collect as frost or as snow on these frozen bodies of water until most, perhaps all, the planet’s water supply was solid.

4. The composition of sea-water is remarkably constant. Although it is a good solvent and receives a wide range of solids to dissolve (including material brought in by rivers, rain, snow and melting ice caps) and although the nature of these materials varies greatly from place to place and from time to time, the relative proportions of sea-water’s many constituents are found to be the same everywhere in the world’s oceans and are thought to have been constant for over 600 million years. The complex self-regulating mechanisms which maintain this stability are still far from fully understood.

5. The rich stable environment provided by sea-water is now thought to have been the origin of life and the site of most of its evolution (land plants and animals appear to be a recent phenomenon). Life still bears unmistakable stamps of its origins. It may seem remarkable that the relative proportions of constituent elements found in a drop of arctic sea-water millions of years ago is the same as that of a drop of today’s equatorial waters but it is even more remarkable that the relative proportions of the elements of living things — from one-celled organisms to man — is also fairly constant and is peculiarly similar to that of sea-water. Man starts off life as a foetus buoyed in amniotic fluid which is virtually sea-water. Blood plasma has virtually the same composition as brackish sea-water — this has lead some people to describe the human bloodstream as a ‘portable ocean’. Some biologists are starting to talk of sea-water as if they regarded it as being alive. If the bloodstream can be seen as a portable ocean then the ocean can be seen as a global bloodstream. The flow around it is seen as being analogous to the role of sea-water in relation to the microscopic plants, the fish, the mammals and the other beings which move around in it. It provides a constant self-regulating environment and acts as a transport medium for nutrients, waste products, dissolved gases and heat.

6. Man can live for several weeks without food but without water the longest anyone can survive is ten days. No form of life can grow without water. The average man carries around approximately 50 quarts of water in his body and replaces about 2½ of these daily. He obtains about 1½ quarts by drinking and about another quart by eating.

7. Although his bodily requirements for water are relatively small man uses an enormous amount of water to survive. In Britain the average daily per capita domestic consumption of water is a staggering 38 gallons (over 70 times as much as the body needs). National consumption is 14,000,000,000 gallons per day and is rising at 3% per annum — of which 4,200,000,000 gallons is used by industry.

8. The Nabateans managed to live comfortably in the Negev Desert off an average annual rainfall of 2.5 mm. (They grew over 60 varieties of fruit alone). We’re hard pushed to make do with generous rainfall that sometimes falls at the rate of 1 mm per hour. In the summer of 1971, over half our water supply organisations ran short of water, at least fifty new housing schemes had to be shelved and thousands of people were laid off work because of a long dry period. Many areas of Britain (even the Lake District) now run low on water nearly every year. The Water Resources Board has warned local authorities that difficulties will arise ‘in the next few years’ in supplying even existing homes. It is highly unlikely that this will be avoided.

9. The immediate prospects for global water supply are even grimmer than those for Britain. A joint report produced last year by the UN’s health, meteorological and food and agriculture organisations sees water shortages as the biggest imminent problem facing man. For more than one third of the land area of the earth (where much more than a third of the population lives) water is already the main limiting factor on human activity. Two thirds to three quarters of the water used by man is used in food production. The report expects food production to be hit very soon (within a few years, not decades) by water shortages. More than enough water exists, if it is used as wisely as the Nabateans used it, to overcome these shortages. The blocks are not technical, they are political.

10. If man can turn water, the commonest substance on this planet, into a resource problem, then he can turn anything into a resource problem. 99.999% (sic) of the water on this planet is not used’ by man yet he is still apparently running out of it. Maybe the millions being spent by rival cybermen to prove/disprove that this or that resource is running/not running out could be more intelligently spent.
We live on the seabed of a giant ocean of air — five to six thousand million million tons of it. Although this enormous mass of air stretches over 20 miles from the surface of the earth out to space we are fortunate that half of it is concentrated in the lowest 18,000 feet. A mere six miles up the air is too thin to breathe; at twelve miles there isn’t even enough air to burn a candle; for every million molecules of air at sea-level there is only one 60 miles up.

Just as the ocean is more than a giant puddle, the atmosphere has a distinct layered structure. The lowest layer is known as the troposphere. It is six miles thick and contains 70% of the earth’s air. We tend to equate air with oxygen, but even in this layer air is mostly nitrogen (75% to oxygen’s 23%). Like the ocean, the troposphere is in continuous patterned motion. We experience this motion as the winds which play upon us. They act as another planetary bloodstream, carrying vast masses of water, gases and solids vital to life at an even greater rate than the seas. Calculations suggest that it takes only two years for a complete interexchange of all the air masses circulating around the planet. A local air parcel only takes a month to circumnavigate the globe: measurements of fallout showed that material from a nuclear device exploded in China in May 1965 had circled the world twice by July of that year.

Material picked up off the surface of the earth by winds may well be carried thousands of miles before being dumped back on it again. Residues of DDT sprayed on crops in Africa have been detected in rain falling over Barbados on the other side of the Atlantic. If you run away to a distant dream we might become a little thinner (equivalent to us all moving up into the Andes) and the world’s population etc. etc. is responsible for the production of a third to a half of the emissions resulting from fuel combustion — the principal cause of air pollution (source: Report of the Study of Critical Environmental Problems — entirely sponsored by the US government and industry). There is not a hope in hell that these bastards will significantly reduce, in the near future, the rate at which they increase this load (deceleration is all you can talk about, actual reduction is a distant dream). Meanwhile we all have to breathe the resultant shit.

Man breathes, on average, three thousand gallons of air per day. Compared to the amount of oxygen available in the atmosphere, this is a large amount — explicable because of air’s low density and because his body does not make much use of the nitrogen which comprises three quarters of the volume. Two years ago a group of eminent American scientists engaged in a creepy debate about the possibility that rampant technocracy was burning up oxygen at a dangerous rate. Remember that more oxygen is required for a car to travel 600 miles than for one person’s entire lifetime and then think of all the fuel-burning activities man engages in and then think about the rate at which these activities are increasing and one begins to see what they might have been worrying about. The discussion had absurd passages reminiscent of the ‘overkill’ bullshit associated with nuclear weapons in the sixties. The sums they did took into account what would happen if we burnt up all our fossil fuels (oil, coal etc.) and destroyed all forests and all other plants (i.e. the producers of oxygen). They were very encouraged to find that although the air might become a little thinner (equivalent to us all moving up into the Andes) things would be basically OK. No doubt they will now continue apace at the great work of burning all our fuel and destroying all our vegetation. Even though the debate ended on an optimistic note it should be observed that the ‘optimists’ keep slipping in statements such as: ‘I have made calculations which suggest that within the 48 cotermious United States we are using about 40% more oxygen each year than our green plants are using. In a heavily industrialised city, of course, the effect must be intensified, especially during times of reduced atmospheric circulation. At present one can only speculate about the prospects of transient oxygen crises in cities...’

The debate has since moved on to the effects of increased carbon dioxide on our climate. Whilst the amount of oxygen in the atmosphere seems to have been constant within one part per thousand for the last 600 years, the content of carbon dioxide (produced by man’s combustion of fossil fuels) has increased by an impressive/depressive 550%. Some people think this will melt the ice caps (possibly within a few decades), others think we’ll have another ice age. Others don’t give a shit. Another debate centres around the effect of SSTs on the ozone in the stratosphere. The emphasis of the debates is now shifting away from assessment of quantitative effects to the basic one: at what point will the balance of the atmosphere break down. The main concern is that the atmosphere acts as a subtle radiation filter and that we know very little about the ways in which it does this. Before we find out we could screw it up — in which case life stops dead...

It’s gonna be a pretty ending.

Apparent increased air pollution (particularly particulate pollution — by dust and so on) over industrial areas is causing them to have redder, more beautiful sunsets. The only trouble is that you often can’t see them for smog.

... and seven things that the informed young citizen of today should know about the atmosphere of the planet on which he lives.
With the new jury laws and the lowering of the voting age, people like you and me can get called to jury service much more easily than before. Few people go to court, most have no idea that you can argue round, that the Judge isn’t infallible. How do juries react sitting on that side of the court?

In the Angry Brigade trial—a mate of mine was on the jury for that—they didn’t even know that they could say that they couldn’t come to a decision. The fact they didn’t know that was the pressure that forced them to come to a decision. Otherwise, there would have been a hung jury. In my case it would have been a hung jury—through most of the trial it was nine to three—but one guy wanted to get home so he changed his mind because the reality of it interfering with his private life was too much. People may actually get four or five years in jail based on the fact that one character is neither one way or the other about what he thinks.

The court tries to keep the jury on lines it lays down. They depend on individuals in the jury not being able to communicate with each other and being habituated to doing what they’re told. They sit there and think ‘I’m so liberal or so open’ and then the judge says ‘Do this’ so they all do it.

Can we go through what happens in order? You got a summons through the post saying you were required to appear on such and such a day for jury service?

There’s a lot more forms. There’s a yellow form saying that on such and such a date you will be entered in a ballot for jury service. In my case it said ‘On the 7th of the 5th you were put in a ballot for jury service at the Central Criminal Court for January 1st to January 26th. Please do not attend the ballot for jury service’.

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Well there were three reactions. As I said my mate was on the Angry Brigade trial jury and he’d jokingly said I’d be on Nasty Tales so when I was picked I thought this was too incredible a coincidence. My second reaction on that line was that he was doing quite well out of it breadwise so I’d be doing quite well out of it breadwise and maybe clear off all my debts which I did. But my major reaction was a sort of combination of ‘Thou shalt not judge’ and the fact that I would have to find anybody not guilty no matter what they were up for. I would have to argue that they were not guilty from any conceivable, factual, or philosophical point of view.

Had you ever been to court before?

Only as a defendant, at a Quarter Sessions but not before a jury as I’ve always pleaded guilty. Three of my busts were for drugs and one was for unlawful sexual intercourse. But I’d never been to the Old Bailey before.

What was it like when you got there as a juror?

I had to get up early; I had got my jeans on and a sports jacket—very straight— I put this on because I thought, this is going to be very straight and I hadn’t got any pants so I had to wear my jeans and this one vestige of straight gear that I had. I thought ‘I’m getting the bread for it’ and then I thought ‘Well, on the other hand, I’m probably going to be challenged on any jury anyway so I’m just going to be sat around all day and meditate.’

I was quite content, like when I go to the Social Security office. I sit there and meditate, so it’s no hang-up. I got there, walked in and the attendants there asked me what was my business and I said I was a juror. They directed me upstairs and I saw another attendant who told me to sit down and he told me to sit down in the wrong place so I sat there in the court hall looking down at all the artwork and the bust of the judge which I thought was too incredible because that’s what judges do look like. You only see their head and shoulders ... a sort of figure there—an object judging.

Did you then relate to any of the other jurors that you were to serve with?

No. Then I was on my own and there were these other guys who were obviously jurors but I was sitting in the wrong place so I was like the working class kid having his first day at public school. Too big a leap. Then I went down to the other jurors and hung around and I identified more with them. They were more obviously working class guys and obviously didn’t know each other. They were talking to each other and mumbling and...
Everybody has watched those films where the camera pans slowly across the blank anonymous faces of the jury. Everybody knows that rather pompous phrase ‘Gentlemen of the Jury’. But who actually are these Gentlepersons of the Jury?

What goes on behind those often very bored faces? What happens during those interminable recesses that may decide between freedom and life imprisonment for somebody? The fact is that nobody really knows.

A while ago it was decided that only a majority of 10 to 2 was needed to convict rather than a unanimous decision. The idea was that this would mean more convictions but in the best legal tradition nobody bothered to find out what actually goes on in the jury room. In America however there has been a lot of research done and this came out most clearly in the Angela Davis trial. There the defence built up an incredibly detailed psychological picture of the sort of person they wanted and then spent over three weeks questioning and rejecting hundreds of possible jurors.

That could never happen here, firstly because the defence is not allowed to question prospective jurors: they have to make their decision on appearance alone. And secondly because each defendant is only allowed to challenge (reject) seven people. Despite this at the recent Nasty Tales trial by making fullest use of their challenging rights (28 people in all) they managed to exhaust the pool of jurors for that day. That’s probably part of the reason why Bill (that isn’t his real name) managed to get accepted and not be challenged by the prosecution.

Jerome Burne talked to one of the jurors on the Nasty Tales trial to get the first ever in depth account published in this country of what it’s like to serve on a jury.

walking up and down looking very agitated. Then we had our names read out by the usher who starts forming us into a little group and then I was still reading my meditation book trying to be inconspicuous.

But I wasn’t even called up that day and at mid-day we were told to go home. So on the Tuesday morning I went back down again and they threw out the old jury, the ten they had selected the day before and started again going through the jury list in order. At that stage I had an extreme fit of butterflies in the tummy. All over nervous shaking because I knew, somehow or other, that heavy premonition, that they would get to me. They called out my name and I walked up fully expecting the prosecution to challenge me and I stood there and sort of mumbled the oath and sat down and at that stage the depersonalisation was very strong; you just know that you have been fitted in and it will now commence. You’re the piece that doesn’t fit and it really got heavy then.

What was your idea when you knew you were going to be a juror and that you would be part of making the decision?

I realised my function within the group. I realised the process of coming to one mind, the process of argument and self-justification, so I realised that Enshlah or Kismet – the will of God – was my function within the group. I didn’t have any ego about it but I did have the problem of how to express it because I couldn’t go in there and say, ‘Look, Friends Romans and Countrymen ...’ I thought ‘There are eleven other guys here and they have obviously got obs and they are obviously straight and how are they going to react to me? Are they going to put me in a cocoon and sit me way at the end and say, ‘Shut up we know you’re going to find them not guilty’? or were they going to communicate or what? Were there any other jurors you thought might be sympathetic? I’m grounded in prejudice and I live against a wall of hypocrisy and hate without being paranoid about it. ‘He has got a good suit on and he can say fuck and it’s jolly decent and he’s a freak and he says fuck it’s obscene’ so that I was more bothered about this personal relationship with the rest of the jury than about what they would think about these scruffy freaks in the dock, because if you can sympathise with a guy personally then you are all ready for the next stage of the argument so it’s an identity thing before the argument can be expected.

First thing after the trial began we all went out to read the magazine. Immediately there was a split between one guy saying ‘Guilty’ and another who stood up and throwing it down and said ‘Man, what kid has got 20p these days? That’s rubbish, I don’t know why we’re here’. I thought it was rubbish too, just childish rubbish, sexual drawings, so I felt I could make contact with him and I established a father-son or electrician-and-mate type of relationship with him. Then there were two of us.

One guy wasn’t bothered about the so called obscenity he was worried about the story of Israel getting the biological bomb. That guy shouting prejudices against Israel nearly had a nervous breakdown, so I established another relationship with him on an emotional level. ‘I will support you and you will not guilty’. As soon as I got these relationships and got a chatty, friendly thing going, I found their relationship towards me was quite open because I was a freak. The solicitor for oy Farren they used to call Ronnie Corbett and the prosecution partially became Ronnie Barker so we had this joke relationship as a group.

Was there an equal and opposite force? People who thought; ‘This is so awful, we must make sure they get convicted’?

The main opposition was the foreman, the guy who looked like a rocker. He was married and he pinched his wife’s bottom the day after he had read it so she said it had corrupted him. But I’m pretty much into communal group situations so I realised that it was no good waiting until we got into the jury room for the final recess to win converts. Fortunately the opposition didn’t realise this. Nor did they even realise that there was an opposing pressure group to them. They thought that the overwhelming pressure group was the court and that the facade of justice would be sufficient to swing the jury against me. They thought that my mate was one of them, so this factor of me being strange and the defendants being strange made them fall into a false complacency.

How did you choose the foreman?

At first I thought, ‘If there’s going to be a Not Guilty then I want to have the honour of saying it. I want the orgasm of standing up in court and saying Not Guilty’. But then I remembered that Mao Tzu says that if you want to overthrow somebody you must first extinguish him, so when we were in the jury room towards the end and the question of choosing a foreman came up, I said ‘If its Not Guilty then I’d like to stand up and say so.’ The guy who was leasing the Guilties said ‘No, we can’t have you’ thinking he had support with the rest. ‘I’d like to do it’ so I said, ‘OK, I’ll
It sounds as if the trial is irrelevant in terms of putting up witnesses and detailing arguments because you just have a number of people who are either for or against and nothing is going to make them change their minds.

Well we had five guilty and three not guilty and four waverers. The four waverers were listening to the arguments and were quite open. Obviously regardless of the evidence the others would have stuck to their positions. Obscenity is such a nebulous thing that nearly all the goings on in the jury room were around the definition. Most of the case though was more of a game, like Germaine Greer and the prosecution. It was a classic fight; one of the people said it was better than Between Two Worlds. The rapport between Joy and Mick Lawrence was also superb. The way they presented things as evidence that wouldn't have got out any other way, like saying 'What would Dirty Dick do in this situation' as if he was a real character because he was real as far as the prosecution was concerned. There was also a great sexual thing for Germaine Greer; coupled with a vindictive feeling for Women's Lib. (If I could), sort of scene, 'If I was half the man I thought I might be, given three quarters of the chance I might have had.' But at the same time there was the thought, 'Thank God they aren't all like that!'

But basically it is irrelevant, although the to-ing and fro-ing does indoctrinate the jury into realising its function. 'Yes sir. Now it's time for us to go sir. Thank you sir. Now can we have a cup of tea. Now can we go to the toilet.'

Can the jury ask questions about the case?

The only question to the court is which involves an ability to express yourself. It involves quite a bit of nerve to actually make a move in court. You have to indicate to the usher that you have a question which is again very embarrassing and very awkward. So the pressure is against you asking questions. The only thing you can try and do is through questions to try to tell the defendants what the jury considers the major point which is a very difficult thing to express. The major thing I wanted to say to the defendants was, 'You're arguing Nasty Tales is in the public good—that's irrelevant because they think it's just a comic.' But how could I get that across?

Did you at all use the arguments that come up in court to bolster your own position?

I think that definitely did come down to the jury dividing up into those repeating the prosecution arguments and those repeating the defence arguments.

How did the judge come over?

The major statement of the judge was that obscenity is like an elephant. You know what I'm talking about. 'Obscenity is like an elephant.' Like I was saying in the car afterwards, 'Gentlemen of the jury I think the defendants are guilty. I would like to emphasise this point because I think it is very important. I think the defendants are guilty.' That's what the judge was saying virtually all the time.

Did the jury at any time regard him as being in a neutral position?

Very early on. The guy who swayed the last when it was nine to two and who was voting it was obscene although he didn't think it was obscene but it was obscene for children, he thought the judge's summing up was beautiful. Actually the judge was amazing, his whole attitude was, 'Gentleman of the jury: Little plastic dummies of the jury, do what you're told when you're put on trial!' People are kept on trying to make people to rebel. He was like a fantasy character really; I've often wanted one of those Chinese chairs that's like a throne so I could sit there and say 'I'm king in my pad.' and 'Bang, bang, guilty: Off with his head.'

When you were discussing the case did you talk about the defendants as actual people?

To some of the people who thought they were guilty those were some freaks who were totally insane beings and have got super brains and super powers over everybody because of those drugs that can change the psychic to their way of thinking and corrupt out children and have them running around mad. They were very sympathetic towards Joy as a woman but generally this realisation of somebody in the dock as another person is very hard to grasp. The whole structure of the court room is against it.

Does it help if the jury can identify with the defendants?

Oh yes. To become a real person to the jury is the most important thing a defendant can do. Of course it could go the other way. They could look at you and say, 'You could be my son and if you were fifteen years would be too good for you.' But generally people should defend themselves when they can. If they are defended by a barrister then they just stay part of the court furniture, but if they defend themselves they become people. Mick was very good with his questions and even his weakness with the legal position was helpful all the way through but he ruined everything in his summing up. What he took 20 minutes to say was, 'If you, members of the jury, are so f**ked that you find this obscene then find me guilty.' and he sat down. But you should never underestimate a jury, never talk down to them. They can easily see an honest argument. The whole thing is improved should be done with 'Your boy in the street at your school. Are they going to blow up your home, is it going to do them any good'. It's got to be on that level.

The defence was very worried about Edward. He seemed pretty stoned most of the time but I don't think any of the jury noticed anything. You see it was the way a freak ought to be.

The underlying thing in a conspiracy or obscenity trial is that there is this Wicked Force and unless the state is there it will be let loose on the land and the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse will ride again. If you can show that you are just an ordinary bloke who drinks bitter and smokes No 6 and nothing to be worried about then you have a chance of getting through to them.

But even if the occasional defendant comes through as human the legal process must come over as very artificial.

Some people believe that in prison they've got their own private room, a private bathroom and a colour TV, only they can't go outside. They may even have a maid come round. They believe the surface reality. The surface reality is: this is the legal system, this is justice and this in the Queen's name who is on the throne by the power of Almighty God. The judge is sane because somehow he is a QC and has tea with the Queen who's the model of sanity so there's sanity behind it all somewhere there's someone who knows what is happening.

What they don't ask is: 'What is real in this room? Why is he sat up so high and wearing a funny wig?'

The reality of a courtroom is that there's a few people in a room and an atrocity is being committed. A farce in the name of justice is being enacted and this farce, this unreality, gets through to the jury in the form of emotional breakdowns. People who were suddenly whipped away from their normal occupation, kept away from their families, suddenly realise, if they are reasonably enlightened or reasonably aware, that they have got to make decisions about someone else's reality when they can't even make decisions about their own. So they're in this position. Normally my boss tells me what's real and I accept but now the judge is telling me what's real and he's telling me to do this to this guy. He's saying 'Find the defendants guilty and I can put them away' and I'm thinking 'Why bring me into it. Why don't you just say 'You can go outside. They may even have a maid come round. They believe the surface reality. The surface reality is: this is the legal system, this is justice and this in the Queen's name who is on the throne by the power of Almighty God. The judge is sane because somehow he is a QC and has tea with the Queen who's the model of sanity so there's sanity behind it all somewhere there's someone who knows what is happening.'
even though they may be losing money.

What was really the factor that made the one guy change his mind?

To go back a bit ... there was the fact that the police had walked past the porn shops to bust them upstairs in an office. One guy was saying, 'If you will explain to me why they sell cigarettes with a warning on them, I will vote guilty.' In other words, 'Why don't the government ban cigarettes if they're dangerous.' This argument about the porn barons financing the police so they won't get prosecuted, this power in the economy, the power of money to promote tobacco and alcohol. These all became part of the political factor. The judge was obviously against them, the prosecution was against them, they were doing their best. It all boiled down to using this one 8 year old child as a scapegoat. 'Here you are Mummy, here's some porn for you to look at.' I mean, did the child know what it was showing to its mum? I mean, the mere fact that he showed it to his mum showed he didn't know what it was. This was the borderline thing, with this guy. The fact that it could come into the hands of a child. The fact that it looked like a comic. And the fact that he was old and embarrassed by sexuality. So I said, 'You don't think it's obscene but you're worried by it being a comic. What's the logic of that? And if you hang the jury up, we're going to be here for another two days.'

After you'd reached your decision and announced it, were the jury pleased?

I was ecstatic. Another two people in the guilty thought we had come to the wrong decision. The guy who changed his mind was fed up; the 'I've had to do something distasteful, I want to get home to my wife' scene. Another two guys were saying, 'Wow, we're suddenly liberated, we can talk to these freaks, we have helped them.' One said, 'If it wasn't for the fact that I've been assimilated into society I'd be with you, I agree with a lot of things you're doing;' they wanted contact.
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This column is free and available to all community services and anyone in need. For insertions write to 'Help Yourself', OZ, 19 Great Newport Street, London WC2.

Community Arts Workshop, at Theatre Centre, Victor Road, (off Harrow Road), N.W.10.
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Campaign for the Legalisation of Cannabis, needs: petition signatures; active members; local organisers to collect petition signatures, canvas for active members, vet and seek publicity in local press, organise public meetings and demonstrations, local education programmes, etc; regional organisers to co-ordinate the activities of the local organisers, to vet and seek publicity in regional and national newspapers etc. For further information send SAE to CLC, 86 Bromley Road, Beckenham, Kent BR3 2NP


CAG, 37 Blackwell Gate, Darlington, Co. Durham. A free info, advice and help service about drugs, police, rent, landlords, abortion, contraception, squatting, etc. We need money, paperbacks, records, clothes, etc., to set up a community shop and people willing to help.

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BIT Free Information Service, 132 Great Western Road, W.11. (please check correct address as at press time there was a move afoot). Tel: 229 8219. 'Overland to India and Beyond' is a new BIT publication with info (on visas, health, student cards, dope laws, border hassles, the black market, food, shelter, hitching buses, trains, boats, planes, prices, etc etc) for every inch of route from Istanbul to Indonesia; plus BIT's complete European address network. 50p (minimum donation!) all money to BIT Free Information Service.

In December last year, a friendly freak from Dublin wonaid into BIT - friend had inherited £20,000 a year ago, which was still just sitting in a bank, and he was now contemplating spending it in constructive ways - could we suggest anything? Between them, they fancied the idea of a commune, so £18,000 is probably going to be salted away for that use, for the rest, freak from Dublin kept £650, he gave BIT £100, and not knowing particular projects well enough to hand them money, on January 8th 1973, he sent a cheque for £1,250 to start the 'Alternative Society Ideas Pool'. Do you need (up to) £1,250 on offer to any worthy scheme(s) Please phone Alternative Society Ideas Pool c/o 01-229 8219 to be sent details.

Can anyone help a 19 year old friendly unmarried mother with a child of two who desperately needs to find a room, willing to pay rent and will re-decorate if necessary. Contact Mary Clarke c/o 'Help Yourself', OZ, 19 Great Newport Street, London WC2.
On February 2, 1973, the Anti-Discrimination Bill was talked out of the House of Commons for the second time. The Speaker of the House would not allow a vote to be taken since the Bill had run fifteen minutes short of the two hours' debate.

The Bill is a Private Member's Bill, presented by William Hamilton, Labour MP for Fife, and is a modified version of a similar Bill first presented by Joyce Butler, Labour MP for Wood Green in 1968. The Bill, if passed, would make it illegal for anyone to be discriminated against on grounds of sex, in the fields of employment, education and training, and provides for an anti-discrimination body to be set up to test cases under the lines of the Race Relations Board, where cases can be tested.

Part of the Bill's immediate legislative relevance would be to block some of the escape routes in the Equal Pay Act, due to come into full force by 1975, in which women will be entitled to equal pay for the 'same or broadly similar work'. This phrase provides a convenient loophole; it allows employers to rearrange their work force so that some work, by being graded as 'women's work' will remain low-paid. All they have to do is make sure there are no men doing the 'same or broadly similar work'; the question of upgrading women to equal pay with men doesn't arise when there are no men to be equal to. The Anti-Discrimination Bill would allow women to challenge this partitioning of their labour so that they can still be kept in the lowest paid sectors of employment.

The question of equal pay and promotion opportunities for women is by no means a new issue; in 1919 a Sex Disqualification Removal Act was passed by Parliament, which in theory was meant to achieve the same results as the present Bill, but it has never been really used. The TUC have had the principle of equal pay on their books since the end of the last century, but they have put very few political shoulders behind it. In relation to a competitive job market the question of equal pay and opportunities for women arouses antagonism from many men; it will reduce everyone's possibilities; they already have too many responsibilities at home, and thus gives employers an excuse to pay them less, and to use them as profiteers won't disappear in a froth of benevolence towards the fair sex; we have been objects for long enough not to be oblivious to the possibilities.

Women have long been kept in their place by being given the doubtful compliment of being 'different but equal'. As Audrey Wise, shopworkers' leader, and Labour Parliamentary candidate for Coventry, has said at a number of public meetings to discuss the Bill and its implications, 'Don't be misled into thinking that equality is an abstraction'. The corollary to the 'women are different but equal' argument is the aggressive 'If you want equality then you'll have to go down the mines, fight in wars, do nightshifts, etc'. Audrey Wise points out that we must not accept a superficial definition of 'equality'; we do not want the more disadvantageous, the protected, to allow ourselves to be equalised out of protective legislation, but insist that it be extended; wages should be realistic enough so that no-one, male or female, need work nightshift in order to earn sufficient to live on; if the economy makes inhuman and exploitative demands, then women do not want the right to be equally exploited along with men. We must want another economy. Equality is not a one-way draught, in exchange for improved employment and promotion opportunities women must fight against exposing themselves to further forms of exploitation beyond the ones they now experience.

Equality, as a concept which is meaningful in a progressive sense involves an examination not only of areas where women are not (top jobs, particular areas of industry and professions), and demand the right of entry, but of the areas where women are, and redress the inequalities there. In the professional field women are to be found overwhelmingly in two occupations: nursing and teaching. There are very few fields, either professional or non-professional, where absolutely no women at all are found, but whatever the field, women are to be found clustered on the bottom rungs of the ladder, thinning out rapidly as they 'get to the top'. (Leonora Lloyd, on the Equal Pay Act, in 'The Body Politic', an anthology of British women's liberation writings, Stage One, 60p). Equality will mean a redistribution of the male labour force as well as the female force. It will mean that fields which are low-paid, because they have women and are professional extensions of women's extra role as wives and mothers—nurses, nursery teachers, primary school teachers—will have to be invaded by men, and men will have to want to. We must demand from men that they take equal responsibility in the home, in looking after children, and in upgrading the status and pay of employment at present dominated unwillingly by women.

That kind of demand on men to be equal with women, paralleled with the demand by women for the right to be equal to men alters the emphasis of the argument. It is not as though there is some natural 'male' given standard or cache which women want their share of. In an economic system based on and feeding off inequalities between groups—on the exploitation of men at work, of women at work and at home, of immigrant workers—equal demand for equality across the board would mean total abolition of the social and economic disadvantages by one in which equality was a real political fact extending into every area of peoples' lives. At the moment the most we can demand is relative equality, and on our terms, and to be aware that what in fact we're demanding is unequal rights, until such a time as the term 'equal rights' has real meaning.

In a system based on such inequalities getting women into more top jobs and executive positions is no automatic guaranty that they will make 'better' decisions than the men already there. That is not to say that women should not have the right to reach those positions, but that women's absence from them does not mean that we think they're necessarily worth preserving. To quote Audrey Wise again, 'I'm not in women's liberation to get women into top jobs—I'm in women's lib to get top jobs abolished'. With that kind of approach women are far more likely to get more out of the Anti-Discrimination Bill, than if they adopt its simplistic better decisions for women in top positions.

It seems fairly clear that the Bill will probably be passed fairly soon; it has got increasing support from members of all parliamentary parties; women's organisations have been campaigning for support. More and more official bodies are concerned to point out areas of discrimination against women; the House of Lords select committee which is looking into discrimination has been flooded with evidence. The question is whether women work out the best way to use the Bill, or whether it will be the Bill that uses us for more efficient productive labour, which finds more efficient ways to exploit us. The interests of profitiers won't disappear in a froth of benevolence towards the fair sex; we have been objects for long enough not to be oblivious to the possibilities.
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...THE ROUTING OF THE EFFETE SNOBS OF THE LIBERAL MEDIA...
No American politician has suffered so much from the truth as Richard Nixon; none has been so hurt or responded so fiercely to interference of truth in the course of his career. He has not been much bothered. The American media, as with media everywhere, view issues of 'truth' as a matter of text-book and notebook efficiency and accuracy; if the quote reads as it was spoken, if the film has been edited in accordance with house style, the main business of the day has been settled and a speedy adjournment to the nearest bar can be undertaken. Wider matters of truth involve the positioning of current affairs within a scheme of historical interpretation, a practice which reporters everywhere hold in the deepest contempt as a species of dilettantism.

Several truths are, however, self-evident in the relationship between Nixon and the national media. They detest each other with all the spitting violence of warring cats for whom the mountain is too small. The media has been trying to put Nixon out of business since 1952, when they got after him over his corruption of the Republican Party in California. Twenty years of acrimony in which no low deed has been stinted seem about to conclude with Richard Nixon putting out of business most of his enemies in the American media.

The story of the Nixon administration's attack on the liberal newspapers—especially the 'New York Times,' the 'Washington Post' and the 'Boston Globe'—has been recited many times in Europe. The opening volleys were fired by Spiro Agnew in the 1968 campaign when, acting as ventriloquist's doll to his master's sentiments, the Vice President-to-be claimed that the Republican campaign was suffering an unfair besmirching from the 'effete snobs' of the liberal media who sought the power of self-appointed arbitration over affairs of state. The press and the administration ran into major open conflict in 1969 with the publication, by the 'New York Times' and the 'Washington Post,' of the Pentagon Papers, which the administration tried to suppress through appeal to the Supreme Court of the US. In the last year or so, the attack on the press has taken the form of imprisoning journalists who refuse to reveal their sources to the courts (the case of Daniel Ellsberg being the most prominent of these trials).

In the face of such activity from the White House, together with the harassment of reporters by members of the executive and damaging government interference in the dealings of the papers' management with their trade unions and distributors, the press in the US is indisputably running scared.

The main thrust of the administration's attack on television is directed toward the major networks—NBC, CBS and ABC—their offices in New York, and their power in the 589 network-affiliated local stations throughout the nation which take and broadcast the networks' current affairs shows. Nixon always believed that he was cheated out of the Presidency in 1960 by the unfavourable showing that he made on television compared with Kennedy. He felt that he had been set-up; he and his colleagues were rattled by the CBS coverage of the Watergate spying affair and the corruption within the 1972 wheat negotiations with the Soviet Union. The major strike against the networks was unveiled a matter of weeks after the election last October and only days before the Americans began their densest and most murderous bombing of North Vietnam.

At the beginning of December, Nixon appointed Clay T. Whitehead, aged 34, as director of the White House Office of Telecommunications Policy. Whitehead's first act, delivered in a speech in Indianapolis, was to announce the administration's intention of bringing a bill before Congress by which station managers would be held responsible for excesses of 'liberal bias' or 'ideological plugola' as Whitehead termed it. Station managers found guilty of bias would run the risk of revocation of their station licences.

The effect of this announcement was immediate and startling. The networks, knowing that their financial security depends on retaining the contracts of the affiliated stations, have withdrawn support for news or documentary work which might endanger the status of the local station managers. The last major documentary to carry an undisguised attack on a political office was CBS' 'Attica' film, made a year after the police had fired on the prisoners in Attica jail, and a film that was deeply critical of Governor Rockefeller's part in events. Not least of the reasons that the American population was silent over the renewed bombing of North Vietnam over Christmas was the silence of the networks. In one swoop the administration had passed a muzzle of fear over the networks' sensitive snout.
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WARNING: Not for sale to minors.
'THE FIRST AMERICANS ARE THE MOST DEPRIVED AND MOST ISOLATED MINORITY GROUP IN OUR NATION. ON VIRTUALLY EVERY SCALE OF MEASUREMENT—EMPLOYMENT, INCOME, EDUCATION, HEALTH—THE CONDITION OF THE INDIAN PEOPLE RANKS AT THE BOTTOM'. RICHARD NIXON MAY MAKE SUCH STATEMENTS BUT HE'S DOING NOTHING TO MAKE LIFE BETTER.

AMERICAN INDIANS ARE TIRED OF WAITING AND HAVE STARTED TAKING THE SITUATION INTO THEIR OWN HANDS (WOUNDED KNEE, COLORADO). THEY HAVE THEIR OWN NEWSPAPER CALLED 'ACKWESASNE NOTES' PUBLISHED EIGHT TIMES A YEAR. THE FOLLOWING INTERVIEW WITH VINE DELORIA IS TAKEN FROM THE CURRENT ISSUE. HE IS THE AUTHOR OF 'CUSTER DIED FOR YOUR SINS' AND 'WE TALK, YOU LISTEN', BOTH OF WHICH DISCUSS THE ROLE OF THE NATIVE PEOPLES IN WHITE AMERICA. HE HAS BEEN WORKING AS SPECIAL COUNSEL TO THE NATIVE AMERICAN RIGHTS FUND IN BOULDER, COLORADO, ON THE SPECIAL PROBLEMS OF RE-ESTABLISHING TERMINATED TRIBES. HE IS INTERVIEWED BY PETER COLLIER.

MOVIES LIKE SOLDIER BLUE AND LITTLE BIG MAN HAVE EXPLORED THE ATROCITIES COMMITTED AGAINST INDIANS DURING THE LAST CENTURY, AND A SYNDICATED NEWSPAPER COLUMN HAS COMPARED THE SAND CREEK MASSACRE OF 1864 TO MY LAI. IS INDIAN HISTORY BEING REVIVED AS A WAY OF UNDERSTANDING WHAT'S HAPPENING IN AMERICA TODAY?

I GUESS SOMETHING LIKE THAT IS GOING ON. BUT THIS IS THE WHITE MAN'S PROBLEM AND IT'S HARD TO GET INVOLVED FOR INDIANS. IF YOU'RE AN INDIAN, YOU AUTOMATICALLY HAVE WHAT THE MAJORITY OF AMERICANS WOULD PROBABLY THINK OF AS A 'DISTORTED' VIEW OF US HISTORY. YOU SEE THE INDIAN WARS NOT AS SOME KIND OF GLORIOUS ADVENTURE WITH BUGLES BLOWING AND ALL THAT, BUT AS THE FIRST FOREIGN WAR IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

WHEN THE US CAME CHARGING ACROSS THE CONTINENT, IT WAS NOT SOMETHING THAT HAD TO DO WITH MANIFEST DESTINY OR ANYTHING MYSTICAL LIKE THAT. IT WAS TO CREATE AN EMPIRE. THE GOAL WAS THE LAND AND THE WEALTH ATTACHED TO IT. INDIANS WERE IN THE WAY. A LOT OF THEM, INCLUDING VILLAGES OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN, GOT WIPED OUT. IT WASN'T AN ACCIDENT, IT WAS GENOCIDE. THE WORST OF IT IS THAT THIS COUNTRY STILL HASN'T OWED UP TO WHAT IT DID. MAYBE THAT'S WHY IT KEEPS DOING IT ALL OVER AGAIN.

IN CUSTER DIED FOR YOUR SINS YOU SAY, 'WHAT INDIANS NEED MOST IS A CULTURAL LEAVE-US-ALONE AGREEMENT IN SPIRIT AND IN FACT. WHAT EXACTLY DID YOU MEAN?'

PARTLY, I HAD IN MIND THE ANTHROPOLOGISTS, MISSIONARIES, AND OTHER FRIENDS WHO'VE BEEN SWARMING ALL OVER US AND OUR RESERVATIONS FOR GENERATIONS AND GUIDING OUR LIVES. BUT IN A LARGER WAY, I WAS THINKING OF THE LEGISLATION, THE POLICIES AND PROGRAMS THAT ARE THROWN AT US BY CONGRESS. THEY'RE NOT MADE TO HELP INDIAN PEOPLE, ALTHOUGH THAT'S WHAT EVERYBODY IS TOLD. THEY'RE ACTUALLY MADE TO PUT CERTAIN WHITE CULTURAL CHARACTERISTICS INTO A PROCESS THAT IS MEANT TO CHANGE INDIANS. THE ISSUE BECOMES HOW THEY CAN GET US INTO THE MAINSTREAM AND MAKE US NEUROTIC AS MIDDLE-CLASS WHITES.

SO YOU WANT TO SEE INDIANS THEMSELVES TAKING RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE DIRECTION OF INDIAN POLICY?

OBVIOUSLY, ALTHOUGH THE WORD 'RESPONSIBILITY' BOTHERS ME A LITTLE. USUALLY, WHEN WASHINGTON SAYS THINGS LIKE INDIANS SHOULD BE 'MORE RESPONSIBLE' AND 'HAVE MORE CONTROL OVER THEIR OWN LIVES' THEY HAVE IN MIND LITTLE PIDDING ADMINISTRATIVE FUNCTIONS THAT DON'T MEAN ANYTHING. PEOPLE ARE ALWAYS TALKING ABOUT HOW
complex the Indian scene is.

But actually, what we need is a simple—recognition by the Federal Government that Indian tribes are sovereign nations as guaranteed in the hundreds of treaties that were made and broken, and that you can’t interfere with our property rights, life styles, or anything that is important to us. That is where the real crisis is, not in giving Indians ‘increased responsibility’, as the phrase goes.

What course should the Government follow for economic development on the reservations?

There are more than 300 Indian tribes in the country. Maybe 30 of them—Navajos, Sioux, etc., have the population, size, and potential for development. There should be a revolving loan fund for them, and eventually they’d generate a budget the tribe could live under self-sufficiently. As far as the other tribes are concerned, they’re mainly small and poor, without much in the way of resources and land. But there are hundreds of thousands of dollars spent every year studying Indians, having conferences, and all that nonsense. This money should be collected and put into a grant fund and given outright to the small tribes so they can get going...

Speaking of the way Indians have become fashionable, in We Talk; You Listen you say that you feel the Indian tribe is coming back as the model for future social organization. Why?

...The point is that ‘white society’ is breaking down all around us. It can’t offer people support any more; even its myths—like the melting pot—are dead. People are regrouping. The Indian tribe is the logical model because it always allowed the individual dignity and also identity as part of a larger body, so that he doesn’t have to live for himself alone.

But a lot of Indian people complain about tribal governments as well as the BIA, calling them ‘puppet councils’ and charging that they’re under the thumb of the Bureau and other interests and not representative of Indian people per se. What does this mean to the progress [of the Indian tribes]?

When you work inside Indian Affairs, you know exactly which councils are puppets and which aren’t. When I was executive director of the National Congress of American Indians, I could sit down on any given issue and check off almost exactly which tribes would be for it and which wouldn’t be. Indian Affairs is a small world and pretty quick you know who’s in somebody’s pocket...

What about the Bureau of Indian Affairs? It is one of the most criticized agencies in government, the one people pick out as the epitome of the Government bureaucracy, filled with paternalism, incompetence, and even malice. How do you see it?

A lot of what is said about it is true... But despite all its flaws, the BIA is something Indian people are ambivalent about. Remember, they are very worried about termination—the ending by legislation of Federal services and the trust relationship. If the Bureau were just done away with, as some of our white friends want, then Indians would be absolutely without protection... The people who get all hot about the BIA and blame it for everything forget that it doesn’t really make policy...

But there are hundreds of thousands of dollars spent every year studying Indians, having conferences, and all that nonsense. This money should be collected and put into a grant fund and given outright to the small tribes so they can get going...

This tribalism we were talking about is one way to begin to rebuild things. There has to be an all out effort to humanize life and bring back the Indian sense of what real community is... It’s ironic, but after all this time, white America is not only going to finally have to recognize that Indians are here to stay, but if it’s smart, it will also start to study them for knowledge about how to live.

In this book, you also say, ‘For the white man to continue to exist, he must adopt a total Indian way of life.’ Aside from this social reorganization toward tribalism, what did you have in mind?

The fact that we’re all in trouble. There’s got to be a recognition that you can’t go on and on exploiting the earth. I’m talking about an insight that goes further than the current ecology movement, further than recycling old newspapers and that sort of thing. There’s got to be a return to some kind of meaningful relationship with natural things, such as Indians have had...

This country should be appreciated for not its government or any of that, but for itself. There’s got to be a rethinking of how the process of life affects the land, in the way that every aspect of Indian life—from government to ecology—was what you might call ecological. The frontier the whites killed Indians to get at is all gone now... There’s got to be an owning up—not just saying Indians were right, and whites were wrong, but an understanding that the earth, or nature, or whatever you want to call it, can’t stand the greed and exploitation which are built into Anglo values...

There is no fixed subscription rate to ‘Ackwesasne Notes’. But that doesn’t mean that the paper is free—it is supported by the readers in the Indian way. That means some people have lots of money, others have none. If you want the paper, they will gladly send it to you. And if you can help with the costs—or the other necessary things—they will appreciate it. They give what they can, you give what you can—that’s the Indian way, make it work.

The address is ‘Ackwesasne Notes’, Mohawk Nation via Rooseveltown, New York 13683, USA. ‘Ackwesasne Notes’ is a member of the American Indian Press Association (AIPA) and the Underground Press Syndicate (UPS) and is published twice each season (eight times a year).
In order to amalgamate the separate kinds of stations like Goonhilly Down in England, a single path to the satellite from the relay stations. All the species of information mentioned above are transmitted in a single path to the satellite. The transmitted information is relayed to them from fixed point receiving stations; thus too, missile control and detection systems. Much of this information is vital production decisions and plans. International police outfits are dependent on the satellites for information. The satellites also carry a massive variety of information, and information is relayed to them from fixed point receiving stations. Every speck of information is transmitted in a single path, a single 'language' of impulses, so narrow is the path of impulses that it can be transmitted in a single interface in the relay station. A production system is controlling impulses for the satellite to go on course, which is the satellite's flight. The information which the satellites carry is related to them from fixed point receiving stations around the world. The information which the satellites carry is related to them from fixed point receiving stations. The information which the satellites carry is related to them from fixed point receiving stations. The information which the satellites carry is related to them from fixed point receiving stations. The information which the satellites carry is related to them from fixed point receiving stations.
REVEALED!
ENoch'S
SEND'EM HOME
BRAINWAVE

‘I estimate, that with their natural sense of rhythm and a stiff tail wind, they could get back to Jamaica within a fortnight...’
NASTY TALES IS BACK!!

Hiya Justice Lovers! To celebrate our only real victory in the British courts to date, H. Bunch Associates is proud to publish the first in a series of chilling court room comics - "The Trials of Nasty Tales"! With a script based on the actual transcripts of Regina (v) Barker, Farren, Farren, Lewis and Bloom Publications this comic is the product of the "Cozmic Comics" mob in league with editors of "Nasty Tales" featuring a motley crew of British comic strip artists...

*It's Mean* *It's Filthy* *It's All Original* *It's On Sale Now* *It's the "Trials of Nasty Tales"

*But not for you kids - "Snicker"!*
CATALOGUE

Commencing with the next issue, the Mail Order Section is to be considerably enlarged and improved and will become available as an entirely separate entity—The OZ Mail Order Catalogue. Only certain selected items will appear in the magazine itself. Primarily, we are publishing the catalogue to limit the amount of space and increasing number of pages that the Mail Order Section currently requires, but in addition we intend to expand what we hope has proved to be a useful service for OZ readers, especially those living at a distance from London and other major cities. The catalogue will attempt to cater for as broad a spectrum of readers as possible, and to do this, of course, we'll need feedback. We want to know your likes and dislikes and welcome your suggestions for new inclusions to the catalogue, and ways in which you'd like to see the service expanded. Depending on the level of incoming mail, I will endeavour to answer queries and problems personally, and any correspondence that seems to be of particular interest will be reproduced in the magazine. Finally, as no doubt some of you are aware, we have encountered problems of availability in the past. Although these problems are always likely to arise (due, I'm happy to say, to the increasing numbers of readers who use the Mail Order Service) we hope to minimise these risks in the future by a thorough check on all sources and stocks.

King Bruce.
**BOOKS**

1. "The Diary of a Drug Fiend" by Aleister Crowley
   - A terrifying slice by slice exploitation of Jamaica and the American underground press,
   - £1.90 + 15p p&p.

   - £3.00 + 20p p&p.

3. "The Diary of a Drug Fiend: Charles "Charybdis" Pickering"
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   - OZ Famous Elephant Vest
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   - A beautiful extension of sexual experimentation.
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   - £2.50 + 15ppip.

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46. "The Use of Vegetable Dyes" by Violetta Thurstan A complete guide to using natural dyes from tree barks to lichens and blackberry to onion skins and pine cones. 35p + 8p p&p.

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Amazing, stupendous and unbelievable offer from OZ Mail Order. Right now, two books recently published for people living in London.

★  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 foreign visitors there is a section on how to pass effortlessly through immigration. Fix yourself up with a visa renewal and land a work permit. 10p + 5p p&p.

★  Alternative London III New, published, improved and checked edition of Alternative London includes hundreds of readers' suggestions and many completely new sections. 1) How to Grow Hash without Breaking the Law; 2) Bulk buy your health food; 3) Detailed overland trip to India; 4) Children's education - how is it done in the state system; 5) Ecology by 'Friends of the Earth'; 6) Improved homosexual section. 100 cc at just 60p + 12p p&p.


★  Egyptiana A blend of gums. 100 cc at just 60p + 12p p&p.

★  Either of these books are offered to OZ readers placing orders for over £1.00 for goods equivalent to musk. Useful fixative qualities.

★  The OZ Micay Steadfast "not so much a magazine". 10p p&p.

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Sunshine Oils are natural plant extracts. No synthetic chemicals have been added. Selected carefully from the finest grades available, they are presented in beautiful hand made stoneware bottles. Delightful in their own right, these fragrances may be combined to create perfumes of extraordinary variety and subtlety.

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★  5.鳗鱼

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A magnificently fragrant Shakespearean statuette comes a complete explanation of the origins of the conception. Charmingly fragrant and beautiful. 80p + 5p 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. Ginseng protects against disease and for it. The Chinese regard it as an important medicinal herb. Wars have been fought in recent years that it is a stimulant, and scientists have demonstrated by putting together three brilliant young graduates to demonstrate the political charades of modern day war. £1.60 + 15p p&p including full instructions.

TOYS

★ The Pentagon Game (the only Waddington's got). This is the World Famous war game as featured in the press and TV's "Late Night Line-Up" - put together by three brilliant young graduates to demonstrate the political charades of modern day war. 95p + 15p p&p.


★ Trashman Out of the glistening night comes Trashman. And onto our wall for only 40p + 12p p&p.

★ Van Box Here's Mr. Van Gogh with the gloves off! A disturbing portrait. 55p + 15p p&p.


★ David Hockey Large picture of the three OZ editors in the raw, drawn by David before their hair was shorn. And when they still had a pair of balls between them, Black and white. £1 + 15p p&p.

PRINTS

Genuine Tibetan Prints! Tantric woodcuts by Lobang Samtan and Tashi Deleg and printed in the middle Himalaya on silk and calico. OZ features 3 designs.


★ 2. Padmasambhava is his magical palace surrounded by Siddhas

★ 3 Yamantaka, Lord of Death in flaming union with the Devas of the void.

These come from the only source available to the Western World. £1.25 + 15p p&p.

YET MORE!

★ New OZ offer Sequin glitter wristbands and necklaces. These are hand-made with love and affection and completely unique. Available in black, ivory or mixed colour combinations (please specify) we have: Wristband normal size 60p + 5p p&p

Wristband giant size £1.65 + 5p p&p

Please specify whether for guy or girl.

Necklaces 90p + 5p p&p

Leather trimmed sequin chokers £1.20 + 5p p&p.

TAROT CARDS

★ The Waite Pack of Tarot cards designed by A E Waite and drawn by Pamela Coleman-Smith were first issued in 1910. Waite and Smith were both members of the magical Order of the Golden Dawn. The 78 cards are beautifully printed in Switzerland on shiny, durable card. £2.25 + 8p p&p.

★ Desiderata 17th Century text prayer offering advice and consolation. 'You are a child of the Universe.' 50p + 15p p&p.

★ Magic Food In a determined effort to spread around the good food, I am considering, as a first step, the mail ordering of organic, rice and mustard base. Bearing in mind the economics of postage, the minimum quantity would be, say, five pounds (weight). If this seems like a good idea, would you let me know and any other thoughts you have on the subject. — Bruce
Sons returning Stateside from Vietnam and elsewhere are, in many cases and most places, experiencing a hard and bitter resumption of civilian life. Jobs are scarce, dope expensive, the society at large concerned to dismiss the collective memory of the war as fast as possible. The Veterans' organisations like the Vietnam Veterans Against the War (VVAW) and the American Servicemen's Union (ASU) are now the most powerful sources of militancy in the nation. The Nixon administration has signified its understanding of the Veterans' position by bringing to trial a total of eleven veterans' leaders (on charges relating to explosives and guns) in the last six months. Now that the campus kiddies are back to the clean-living pranks traditionally to American colleges — bun fights, pinnings and proms have regained their brief lost popularity — and are no longer anxious to test the batons and bayonets of the National Guard, the Veterans are really the only organised and organisable force within American society which offers resistance to the silent monster in Washington.

Tell us about the origins of the ASU...
The American Servicemen's Union was first organised back in 1967, at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. It was organised by the chairman, Andy Staff, and a few other antiwar GIs, who of course were on active duty at the time. The Union was specifically organised to fight for the rights of the enlisted men and women in the military, as it seems that when men and women go into the military (either because they're drafted or coerced in some way) they lose their basic democratic rights supposedly guaranteed by the constitution.

Like what?
Well, number one, we've paid virtually slave wages by the military and we don't have the right, in court martials say, to be tried by a jury of our peers, but are tried by a jury of officers or higher ranking NCOs who are definitely not our peers. Number two, the Union demands that we end the sir-ing and saluting of officers, and that the black GIs have the right of self-determination in the military without the interference of any racist whites.

What about the system of immediate obedience to orders?

That's also one of our demands — that enlisted men and women have the right to disobey illegal orders, such as the way we view the American presence in South East Asia, which of course is illegal, and brothers and sisters should be allowed to refuse orders to go there. This movement seems to have developed initially amongst people who were actually enlisted and serving, now it seems to have something to do with veterans.

Our membership within the military itself has increased since 1967 to ten, eleven thousand members. The veterans section of the American Servicemen's Union was organised last November (November of '71) specifically after the events that occurred in New York City's 'Job Fair' for veterans, which with the help of the veterans, the American Servicemen's Union exposed as a hoax, a cruel hoax. The employers weren't giving the jobs that they said they had. The Union took a survey of 1,260 veterans, and only four of them got jobs at the fair.

Whose idea was this?
Well it was Mayor Lindsay and some of the corporations and companies, and some of the other politicians...

Businessmen?
I believe so, but basically the idea of the Job Fairs came from the government themselves as they were having them in different areas across the country. You're saying that it was a hype?
It was a hoax. It was proved to be a hoax by the survey we took. You have a high unemployment level among veterans, about 50% of the veterans who were at the New York Job Fair were unemployed black or latin. What happened there in fact was that the corporations that sent us to Vietnam, and for whose profits we fought, gave the veterans forms to fill in but weren't actually giving them jobs as they had promised. Of course the brothers were very, very angry, rightfully so. A hoax had been perpetrated upon them and they were being used. Then Mayor Lindsay came, in the afternoon, and he was shaking hands with some of the vets and got himself on the 6 o'clock TVs; but the veterans had got so angry that he had to go out the back door. Then the anger culminated into a large rally and the vets came. We had made certain demands of the people who were running the fair. We demanded that they had the jobs posted, the qualifications listed, and if the veterans didn't have the qualifications, then the employer should have a training program — which of course they didn't do. We realised that what was actually going on was that they were attempting to use us to get over this image to the American public that the government is really trying to do something for the veterans, which they are not. The same thing happened at the Chicago Job Fair in May. This one was heralded as the largest job fair that was ever held in the country and it was the same situation. Vets were going in and filling countless numbers of application forms, and weren't really getting any jobs at all.

How many veterans are unemployed?
In NYC there are 30,000 unemployed Vietnam war veterans and a majority of these veterans, in fact 20,000, are black or latin — as compared to something like 10,000 whites.

I know it's difficult finding jobs anyhow but why are vets at such a disadvantage?
The way that we view it here in the Union, the Vietnam war is a very unpopular war. The Vietnam war veteran is a different type of veteran than the veterans of past wars. Generally the Vietnam vet is much more militant and a lot of the companies and corporations don't want to employ the Vietnam vets, particularly because they're afraid that they will come into their factories and start organising the workers to fight for higher wages — just like the way they struggled in the military.

Do you have case evidence of discrimination against veterans?
A Puerto Rican brother went up to Alexanders department store here in Manhattan to get a job. He was given an application form, he filled it out, then the woman who interviewed him asked him if he was a veteran, and he told her, and she said she was sorry but she could not take his application right now. The drug situation is tied in with this also. In Vietnam, you know, heroin is very easy to get and of course we know that heroin is grown in areas that are patrolled by the CIA and Nationalist Chinese and the Royalist Laoist Forces, which are all hooked up with flying dope into South Vietnam. (In
GI's HOME NOW ACTION DAY COALITION
The GIs get it very cheaply over there and they get strung out on it. But what happens when you come back to the States is that dope is much higher priced and of course it's not as potent.

Not as pure?

Yeah, not as pure. Another thing about this discrimination. What the military is doing now is that they are actually putting codes on our DD 214's, which are our discharge papers. Employers look at these codes and they might not say anything to you, and you might not be aware that these codes are even on your DD 214's, but they'll turn you down and say that they can't use you. That's a reality. They have different codes for you if you were political, or what they call trouble-makers. They've got another code for dope addicts and they break everything down like that.

In one of your leaflets there was mention of some people having gotten bad discharges, threatened with bad discharges, that sort of thing. You can't use these codes on our DD 214's, which are our discharge papers. Employers look at these codes and they might not say anything to you, and you might not be aware that these codes are even on your DD 214's, but they'll turn you down and say that they can't use you. That's a reality. They have different codes for you if you were political, or what they call trouble-makers. They've got another code for dope addicts and they break everything down like that.

Being a black veteran I know the situations that push the blacks and latins, in particular, into the situation where they may get into trouble. Now the officers and the enlisted have generally very racist attitudes, very racist. What can happen might be that an officer would say something or do something very racist to a black man or woman, and if this brother or sister speaks out against this treatment, or if the officer says something bad enough to make the GI want to punish him or something like that -- which he may do -- then he's sent to the stockade or may be discharged with an undesirable discharge. We look at the bad discharges as generally being what the brass use against GIs to beat them into submission and keep them from struggling. They know that most GIs, the average enlisted GIs, hate the brass. They have life and death power over the rank and file enlisted GIs and they use this. They know that if a GI gets out of the service with a bad discharge, he or she cannot get a job when they get back here, and that's why the Union feels that bad discharges of all natures should be abolished completely.

I wonder how far you limit yourself to the specifics of job discrimination and racism in employment, and how far you feel that the problems of the veterans challenge something more general.

Well, the general who spoke at that rally yesterday said that we wanted to destroy America. How can he say that we want to destroy America? Are you demanding what is rightfully yours, that is, decent jobs at decent wages, and aren't you doing 2,500 dollars cash compensation for money and time lost in the service. This to me is not destroying America. If anybody's destroying it, I certainly think that they are, by allowing veterans to suffer so much. Veterans are being driven into the position where they have to commit crime for survival. They talk about the high rate of crime in the streets, but they never stop to look at what is the cause of it. This is what we're trying to deal with. We certainly are not trying to destroy America, not in the sense that they mean it anyway.

Tell me about this demand for 2500 dollars.

Well, 2500 dollars is the difference between what the average working person made on the outside over the two year period and what we lost. Now we thought this was the least that we could demand and we didn't want to raise the figure too high. But we know that the corporations that sent us there made billions off the war, and billions are appropriated for defense, yet they say they can't do anything for Vietnam war veterans.

Has any politician either talked about that or taken it up, or discussed it?

No. They know about it, because we have had many distributions of our leaflets out in the streets and we've sent some to politicians here in the city. But none of them have acted upon it, and we haven't heard anything from them, whether or not they support it.

Why has the plight of the veterans not been taken up as a useful means of advancement by some sharp liberal politicians? Very little of what you've said is generally understood in this country -- a country where old soldiers are traditionally held in great esteem...

First of all, the new media, the majority of the news media, is controlled in this city by business interests. They have really white-listed us. We go out on the streets to raise issues and the suffering of the veterans of the Vietnam war, but most of the time we don't get any coverage. They don't want to organise the veterans. There is a war against veterans in reality. The politicians and the high-up's like Mayor Lindsay are part and parcel of the war against the veterans; they're perpetrating it. For instance, there was a recent scandal here in New York City around the jobs that were supposed to be for veterans under the emergency employment act. Now what happened, of course, was that the politicians gave the jobs that were supposed to be ours and the poor people's, to their political friends and relatives.

Deputy Mayor Hamilton went as far as to make a public statement in the New York Times that the city had had trouble getting Vietnam veterans jobs in the program, and of course he also said something about the fact that we didn't have the correct qualifications. We sent a letter to the deputy mayor demanding that he retract that statement, because what he was really saying was that the veterans didn't want to work, that they were lazy. And since the majority of the veterans were unemployed are black and latin, it was also a racist statement. We went down there with a delegation and we told him we were coming down. We wanted him to publicly retract that statement, because he had made it in public, so why shouldn't he retract it in public? But they refused to call the press in and one of the representatives, Mr Irish, and I quote this, said 'we do not do business in the public eye'. That was down at City Hall. Well, the American Service-men's Union does not do business behind closed doors, so we called off the meeting. This is the type of thing that has been happening to us and yet we see that the only way that veterans are really going to get what they deserve is to come together and make a strong organisation and fight for our rights. We can't depend on any politicians -- liberal Democrats included.

It's obviously not in the interest of the politicians that you should be organised. That's right, that's perfectly right because, like I said before, the Vietnam veterans are very militant. They know that if we become organised, we may discover that we have to use the military skills that they taught us against someday...
The American Charles Harbutt established himself as one of the world's finest photo-journalists in the last fifteen years. In the sixties, Harbutt worked constantly for every major photo-news magazine in America, covering, for example, the American invasion of the Bay of Pigs, the Arab/Israeli war, the Kennedy assassinations and the Chicago riots of 1968 and placed his work in magazines all over the world through the immensely prestigious Magnum Photo agency of which he was a two-term President. There is effectively no question that, during this period of his career, Harbutt stood high in the ranking for the world's best news photographer.

Sometime towards the end of the last decade, Charles Harbutt seems to have drawn his horns in upon himself, withdrawing from the constant hysteria of news photography to concentrate upon teaching and shooting personal pictures. In the middle of last year, on the subway bound for his office and carrying a case full of these personal pictures, he found himself doing a rapid job of editing and realising that he had created a book. He describes this experience as being similar to 'spirit writing',
a process over which he exerted little or no conscious control. The shape and outline of the book was conceived subconsciously as were the pictures themselves. Possibly the most pertinent remark that Harbutt makes about these pictures is his assertion that, 'I don't take pictures; pictures take me.'

The pictures we publish here are taken from the book which will be called *Travelogue* and will be published in America in the fall of 1973 by the MIT press. Generally called ‘Beheadings’, they typify the book’s overall method, especially in that Harbutt says of these pictures that if he knew why he removed people’s heads from his pictures, he feels sure that he would know more about himself.

*Travelogue* marks a unique departure for the photographic book. This collection of ‘Beheadings’ shows but one of the improvised themes that Harbutt has woven into the book. It shows the jazz-like relationship between the photographer, his instrument (the camera), and his subject (his head and the world). Nobody has come closer to a photographic representation of his own psyche and its trips.
Charles Harbutt’s comments on his pictures:

1. The topsy-turvy Park Ave shot. I guess I beheaded the people in this picture because I feel the milieu (world) they’re in is basically inimical to human life – the world of giant corporation headquarters and petty bureaucracy. Sometimes I beheaded because I don’t like what I see; sometimes in recognition that the subjects have killed themselves by false allegiances and bad trips.

2. Don’t really know anything about the Vermont sunbathers except maybe I couldn’t deal with the sexuality of a family with Mom watching in the background.

3. The ‘Yellow Submarine’ hand at the Democratic convention came out of what happened to the woman’s question there. The ‘pursuit’ picture in Washington (opposite) has the shadow of a tree which is like a negative of the hand.

4. I noticed the model beheaded herself by getting into this situation of the sex object game. I may also have beheaded her because I felt her unavailable. This is where the ‘femme’ trip goes.

5. Pursuit in Washington – Guess this and 3 have to do with guilt about male chauvinism in myself, but I think they have more to do with (since both sexes are beheaded) the idea that everyone goes down in flames if sexual relationships are so full of terror that they sometimes seem to be and that both sexes are guilty of complicity if terror exists for either. (Are you sure you want to print all this?)

6. The MP’s were beheaded because this is where the macho trip can go – a degradation of religion, politics and economics, secured by force.

7. Torso with erect nipples. Feel the posture and hands are a bit menacing. Beheaded because sometimes with eroticism comes harsh psychological warfare, some of which is deserved, some someone else deserves.

8. The child looking at the penis with the lovers walking by in the background. Don’t know. The statue’s head was gross and pop-eyed. Maybe I felt going down the physical road, rather than the emotional road represented by the hand-holding lovers, is the wrong road. That love needs both.
Roger Hutchinson obituarises the man of whom it has been said that 'his work represents the most articulate voice of working-class culture since William McGonagall' (Spectrum) and 'his poetry has taught us more about our art than we would ever have thought possible' (C P Snow).


'The only way to reach the English working class', he once proclaimed, 'is through the standard of culture that they've been educated to accept.' He paused at this point, I remember, to swallow some more beer and fix his fellow-students with a typically piercing gaze before continuing. 'And whether you choose to accept this or not, the English working class has been educated to accept a very low standard of culture.' It seemed unsayable well-argued, admirably articulated, and positively resonant with good sense. But then, this applied to everything Derek said; from his aphorisms on social change ('I am pleased to be called a crank. A crank is a small instrument that causes revolutions') to his commitment on receiving a fail grade for his final university thesis ('The capitalist educational system rejects those for whom it has no use. I am happy to be numbered amongst them.').

Derek Elm died two weeks after Christmas, and this is supposed to be his obituary. What can you say about a 29-year-old poet who loved Blake, the Beatles and Bolton Wanderers? That he was born the son of a Lancashire doctor, who provided him with the bourgeois luxury of a public-school education, bought him any book he cared to read, and finally sent him to Hull University—cloistered hall of bricks and pens. And all things middle class, as Liz was versified it—which is where I first met him; and where, I think, he first began to write his poetry for the people. Even then he was possessed of so large an appetite for working class culture that many deemed it affected. There was a definite incongruity about the sight of his lank figure strolling awkwardly into the university on winter Saturday evenings, feversly cold after an afternoon on the football terraces, chewing a bag of congealed chips and scanning the Pink 'Un enthusiastically. When questioned on what other students could only regard as these unjustifiably masochistic activities, Derek answered 'Why be so contemptuous of common people's experiences?' Indeed, such common people's experiences provided the grist for many of his earlier poems, such as the lengthy 'Swansong for United':

'O Trafford Park! Full many a goal Your antique stands have seen; And sheltered each true local soul About your laundered green or the prosodic 'Streetcorner Ode'; The chip-shop ladies stand around

...in overalls, not lace; While steam and grease and unwashed hair Obscure their simple grace'

These were not what Derek called his finer poems. He saw them more as experiments in observation, accurate reflections of a society which he knew his art could help change. 'Presenting the working man with an artform that he can relate to is expanding his cultural awareness, which is itself a liberating experience', he once wrote to me. 'One of the traditional artforms of the common people, beside theatre and good music, is poetry. These artforms have been usurped by a handful of upper-class academics and it is for them to job to return them.' With this intent, his work took on an almost missionary zeal:

'Your birthright: England's Working Man, Is one of pride and strength Your ancestry: a noble list Of true colossal length.'

O'Connor, Tyler, Big Jack, Straw, Keir Hardie, Blake, Tom Call, John Lennon, Orwell, Gully Foyle, Jake Prescott, Robin Hood.

His politics were more encyclopaedic than eclectic—once summarised by a cynical acquaintance as 'if it breathes and forms a union: it's good'. The artist's task, Derek would have answered, 'is to inform, not administrate.' An undeniable dictum, but one that attracted ferocious criticism from those artistic circles which dismissed as 'effete' and 'irrelevant' A P Knapp wrote in 'Encounter' magazine on the publication of Derek's first and only book ('The Common Cause', Poems 1965–71, Axemish & Huston, 60p): 'In attempting to communicate directly with the under-educated masses, Elm is reducing his adopted art to its lowest common denominator. He is skewing the subtleties of form and philosophic sophistication that is great poetry's hallmark, in favour of cheap political pamphleteering; sacrificing the sublime to the commonplace. He is worthy of no further consideration.'

Derek, of course, would have none of this. He pointed out that it is through the refinement of poetic expression that the commonplace achieves sublimity, and that the concept of sublimity is irrelevant and as repressive as any other hierarchical notion unless it is available to the majority of the people. He said with much justification, that England's greatest poets, from Chaucer to Blake, had taken the lives of common people as their sources of inspiration and study. The scathing review notices, however, took their toll. Never a healthy individual, Derek sickened, began to drink more than ever, and for a period of about six months he gave up writing altogether. In late 1971 he returned to his art; but not, as he emphasized to all who knew him, for publication in book form. The miner's strike of winter '71/72 was his inspiration and his theme: he set about writing an epic poem which would, by content and effect, answer all his critics. Named 'Jerusalem Revisited', Derek finished the 86 three-line stanzas in four days, had 2000 copies printed in poster form on the fifth, and had them fly-posted across the West Riding of Yorkshire within a week.

'When from the depths Of Jet-black earth The Coal Board's lackeys rise To stand serene, Enlighthened, bold: Neath unaccustomed skies, Then should the limbs and limousines Of Capitalists wide Deport them fast; Far from our shores The lemming deathward flies.'

Technically, it was his first experiment in free form. Philosophically, it was his last vital attempt to infuse working-class communities with a fine artform which recognised and related to their everyday struggles. In the later verses of 'Jerusalem Revisited', Derek exhorted the northern mining communities to 'Rise like angels/ Caress the sky/ Throw off the humble cloak'. He was heart-broken when the Union settled for 18%, mortified when Joe Gormley, the Union President, on being asked to comment on Derek Elm's work, was widely quoted in the local press as replying: 'Who?'

A year later he died. His small flat, littered with enough manuscripts to keep Hell burning for a year, caught fire one evening and Derek's charred body was discovered in the gutted room. The coroner returned a verdict of death by misadventure, and it is not a verdict that any but those who knew him well would question. I prefer to think that he died almost as he had lived: caught up in the fire of his own prodigious imagination, and that he wrote his own epitaph in a letter to his mother two days earlier: 'I have tried,' he said, 'to revolutionise through pure language a stifled people, to urge them into articulate thought. Because until the working classes refuse to accept the anaesthetic dreck that poses as their popular culture and choose a truer, more vital mode of expression they will be incapable of appreciating fully either the benefits or the confines of their lifestyle, and consequently incapable of effecting the slightest degree of worthwhile cultural change.' It was probably the truest thing he ever wrote.
Reviews

OLD GOLD

Nuggets: Original Artyfacts from the First Psychedelic Era. 1965-68. (Elektra)
Solid Gold Rock and Roll, Vols 1 & 2. (Mercury).

We've been American for so long now. In rock music that is. In plenty of other commodities and trinkets too, but, for the purposes of this piece, it's that monumental US influence over the music of the last couple of decades that is of relevance. Sure, for those brief halcyon years of the early to mid sixties, when Beatles and Stones and even Jerry and the Pacemakers seemed to have the States sewn up, it seemed as if the Mother Country was reneging somewhat.

So if our pop (or lack) music was coming across the Big Ditch and tiny teens were tripping to whatever happened to be the current light weight, what were we getting? The Fifties, in the parlance of sociological change that has made up the last two decades, were the years when the look or sound of them or their lives, were not merely occupying some ambivalent position between childhood and adult status. Some time around 1947 an unconscious epichanp made the white teenager. The group so typified never looked back. They had jobs, they had money, they had independence, they had sex. For ever and always. The American salesman, that central figure in the great Stateside drama, had mixed views on the new young. As a father he may have hated everything about kids who seemed to reject everything he stood for, as a businessman he revelled in the fact that they seemed to lap up everything he produced. With the enthusiasm of the newly rich the teenagers went on a huge party. They were the greatest single consumer group available, and what Babbit was going to reject their fast cars when he could enjoy the fast bucks.

And what was central to that consumer boom, the number one pleasuring and leisure of the emerging group of pop and roll music: Every side of their lives was there, every artefact of the high-school existence was there on the shelves of singles and albums. In England, where the culture was catching on slowly but surely, we didn't go to high schools, at least not the guys, and the local uniformed crocodiles were hardly the gueuss of the Junior High Prom. But we had the records, and if anything could be termed the 'ambassadors' from the new age, it was the rock idols and their product. Central to all the music was young love and every permutation of that parlous state. The songs told the tales of love come true, love sundered, love betrayed, love rejected. Paul and Paula epitomised the modus vivendi: 'True love means planning a whole life for two; being together the whole day through; waiting and hoping that soon wishes we made will come true'; it makes a change, for those who like amatory definitions, of 'never having to say you're sorry'. It was also assumed by the lovers in question that they'd been together for a while already, that the sole bar to instant and eternal happiness was school, which, for P&P, was 'through'. Perhaps the Diamonds are a perfect example of the genre. Banal lyrics, a bass 'doo-wah' background, falsetto singer, a spoken break was always on the cards. The actual music was all but irrelevant, certainly the obsession with the fingerpickin' excellence of rival lead guitarists would have sounded too much like hard brain work for these teenagers. It was ideal music for necking. Get down there in the back seat at some convenient drive-in, let the local rock station drift over your writhing bodies... you don't actually notice the individual songs but the repitition of 'love', 'darlin', 'forever', etc. may well have had some subliminally encouraging effect on the progress of those probing digits.

Of course, the course of true love didn't always run smooth. Dickey Lee was a specialist in the broken heart. Indeed, his songs were rarely even about a love still for this earth. 'Laurie' concerns a girl already a year beneath the soil, 'Patches', who had the misfortune to come from the wrong side of the tracks and as 'a girl from that place will just bring me disgrace', cannot be married to the hero. She is found standing on the big sleep floating face down in the snow. 'Patches I'm coming to you', 'Death wasn't a constant for Dickey, but in 'I Saw Linda Yesterday' just when I thought I was really OK back comes the love of his life to stir up those miseries again. Lesley Gore didn't actually last for death, but her 'It's My Party' bears the stamp of high-school muzak. The ultimate degradation: 'Juicy was wearing his ring.' Oh boy.

One aspect of life that was conspicuously absent from the sounds of the time was sex. You might be a paid up, card carrying member of the 4P Club (Find 'em, feel 'em, fuck 'em and forget 'em) but your music wasistine. If you were listening to whites that is. Of course those niggers down south like Chuck Berry couldn't be trusted to keep a decent tongue in their head, but them clean kids with white skins were OK. The Big Bopper provided the one exception. 'Chantilly Lace' lays it delightfully on the line. From the jingle of coins through the phone box to the final 'You know what I like!* the song positively dripped with the pleasures to come. Or, for those who can see it that way, it's the anthem of the obscene phone-caller. And there was always Jerry Lee Lewis, like JP Richardson a southern boy, to put a little jolt in all that syrupy happiness. If one thing symbolises the split between the fifties and sixties in youth attitudes, it was the reception given to Lewis' marriage with his 13 year-old cousin. To our eternal shame a few critical comments in the press turned a generation against the touring rocker. These days such a blatant flight in authorities' and convention's face would have been accorded its enthusiastic praise.

Fifteen years ago, so attached were the teens to their traditional ideals - ie those of their parents - that Jerry Lee was crucified. Today more of a country singer, Lewis maintains his belief: 'You are either hot or cold. If you are lukewarm the Lord will spew you out his mouth.'

Rock, white high school rock of the fifties and through to the early sixties, was essentially laid on its listeners and buyers, it did not usually come from them. There were certain norms, certain archetypes, these were replicated for all that they were worth. The true masters of the form, the originators and still champions... The Platters, who, like all exceptions paradoxically proving rules, were black but tried so hard to be white that they vanished into ignominy 'took banality to the point where it nudged real inspiration'. NIK Cohn: Awopbopaloobopamobamamombam, the "new" style that continued with decreased power or prestige, not to mention originality, though once the norms were established that was always a commodity in short supply (the no-one seemed to object) into the early sixties. The Beatles and Stones and their better imitators and contemporaries were able to strike so mighty a blow because they had the sense to redress the greats of the mid-fifties, Berry and Little Richard, Elvis Presley. It cut through nearly a decade's crap and a new set of teenagers who'd been too young to appreciate the originals first time around just had to love it. Come the mid sixties, a new element infused the scene. As much an architecture as a youth culture, the new necking of the fifties, dope, in particular cannabis and LSD, became staples of the youth culture of the new decade. Their main attraction was their illegality, and their attack on those parents held dear. But necking and 'parking' were unpopular among parents of the fifties. It was not merely rebellion that...
If you want to know how Woody Allen made a movie out of this book...you'll have to see the movie!
made the break. It was another

effect of acid and pot: a few trips, a

steady consumption of one mind

expernder or another, and one's

lifestyle slowly but undeniably

changed. For the first time in a
decade or more, the mode of the

culture changed, and, as IT put it at
the time, gloatingly quoting Plato:
the walls of the city shake'. They
didn't, not that hard anyway, but
then they began to emerge a number
of bands trying very hard to break
ew ground. Here we had such as the
Deviants, some of whose members
battle on still as the Pink Fairies,
John's Children, with embryo
superstar Marc Bolan (or was he
still Mark Feld in those days) singing
backup vocal on 'Desdemona' whose
exhortation to 'lift up your skirts
and fly' duly removed the cut from
the BBC playables list. There was
Keith West's Tomorrow who released
ground. Here we had such as the
and possibly the centre of the whole
nascent psychedelic circus. The
Creation, who were always into
'outfiveness' and were wont to
flood the floor of their club off
Regent Street or some such (at the
time) mindtwisting surprise. But
once again the staples of the move­
ment all came from across the
water. Acid may have peaked over
here in time for the 'Summer of
Love' of 1967, but in the States the
weirdo wonderlands had taken over
at least a year earlier. The music
changed to suit it.

Freakouts wherever possible. The

'60s was all about the

Exposition of the whole

Story of the

Disindeed. The

Nazz, The

Shadows of Knight

(who were still

playing out of the Bay Area alone,
and the lowly sugar lump was elevat­
ed to Holy Grail status. And they,
like all prophets, had to wait a while
for more than local acceptance. As
for the rest, they have vanished,
the lucky few into other bands, the
majority into anonymity, or maybe
running headshops or making can­
dles. And as Lenny Kaye, who com­
piled 'Nuggets' points out, what
better sixties equivalent could you

The Book of the

Tapes, called the

Knickerbockers, originally called the
Castle Kings and from New Jersey,
obviously depended on a close learn­
ing of Beatle styles from their first
few albums, especially the non-movie
side of Hard Day's Night. Released
late '65, it's a pity the Knickerbock­
er didn't wait till Rubber Soul came
out.

Naturally there was some real
rubish, or perhaps high camp
would be a kinder description. Top
of the list must come 'Moulty' by
the Barbarians. Let Moulty, their
one-handed and be-hooked drum­
mer do himself: 'I remember the
days when things were real bad for
me. It was right after my accident,
when I lost my hand... and Moulty
finds himself in music and comes
to declare 'Now there's one thing
I need, not sympathy, and I don't
want your pity, but a gun, a
good rurl, and then I'll be the com­
plete man...' 'Nuff said. But at least
Moulty has human interest,
popular, make the best of 'In
the Midnight Hour' et al... Some of
the output of that time is undeniably
excellent. From Detroit, from which
Motor City the MCS would exhort
us to 'Kick out the Jams, Motherfuc­
ters!!!' came the Amboy Dukes,
with, among other things, 'Baby
Please Don't Go'. Even if they did
not copy Hendrix's riff off 'Third Stone
from the Sun', they still deserved their
populatity. The Nazz, led by
Tod Ridgend, who came onwards from
its, usually those of the record com­
piling and having a second hand
base, one assumes on the Stock Market
reports: 'Heart attacks up 2 1/2, Men's
illness split 3 for 1, General Chaos
up 1 point...' 'Stirring stuff, but it

hardly makes you to the box offices!
'A Public Execution' by Mouse might
well have that effect, but for re­
actionary, not right reasons. A

gross Dylan imitation, Mouse, who
subsequently grabbed a band called
The Tramps, kept singing on 'Like a
Rolling Stone' but just resists going all
the way. 'Some words are best not
spoken, some things are best not
done...' he menace, then says the
lot in pure Dylan, images and voice
all there. One point, Mousse does to
the word 'you' much the same as
Adam Faith used to do to 'love'.

Of course these early burgeonings
of psychedelia are hardly the warped

creations of the later sixties and
possibally even early seventies. The
bands, all of whom sound slightly
amaturish and hardly fit for the
local hall let alone big tours, some­
thing I need, not sympathy, and I
don't want your pity, but a gun, a
good rurl, and then I'll be the com­
plete man...' 'Nuff said. But at least
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hardly makes you to the box offices!
'An imaginative drawing' (to quote) from 'The Eternal Subject' by Brinsley le Poer Trench (Souvenir Press,
£2.50); the author is the former editor of 'Flying Saucer Review' and heir presumptive to the Earl of Clancarty

Jonathon Green.

(N.B. Anthologioe have certain limi­
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piling putting them out, or of the
taste of the person who compiles.

For the rock'n'roll duo the tracks
are naturally only those which Mer­
cury can lay their copyright dom­
rin. Apart from their relative lack of
ability, and for some it was under­
standably scant, they were represen­
tative of this era of transience, and
their fame was duly short-lived.

'Pushin' Too Hard' by the Seeds.
'Oh Yeah' by the Shadows of Knight
and 'Psychotic Reaction' (a fine-track
which like so many early freakout
guitar solos sounds strangely like the Flight of the
Bumblebee with which I am known)
by Count Five are all good rock­
er or hip, with, among other things, 'Baby
Please Don't Go'. Even if they did
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WAILING DOBRO & FLAT PICKING

"Will the Circle be Unbroken" (United Artists UAS 9001). Mother Maybelle Carter, Earl Scruggs, Doc Watson, Roy Acuff, Merle Travis, Jimmy Martin plus Vassar Clements (fiddle), Junior Hussey (bass), Norman Blake, Pete "Barnes Brothers" Oswald Kirby (both dobro) and The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band featuring Jimmie Fadden (vocals and harp), Jeff Hanna (vocals, washboard), Jim Ibbotson (vocal, guitar, snare), John McEuen (fiddle), Les Thompson (mandolin).

Let me declare an interest - I am white, male, and was born in the suburbs of Chicago, one of the Nashville "in absentia" of the English-speaking world (two of the other ones in Britain are Liverpool and the Shetlands, and Jim Reeves is from Ireland).

That said, this three-record set, although priced slightly on the side of extortionate, is unique in bringing the giants of the country genre together with the Dirt Band, one of the best of the groups of younger musicians who have moved into the music instead of sticking with rock and attempting some kind of synthesis.

What could have been a confrontation - long-hairs versus red-necks - turned out to be a gas mixtute. The boys in the Band, playing straight to the plastic jug, put just the right background sound for the veterans to do the numbers which made them the darlings of the South.

Recorded in Nashville in August 1972, these 34 songs and instrumentals span something like two hours and take in the three main strands of Dixie's music - mountain or old-time country, bluegrass and Country and Western.

One musician in particular links these strands, and that's Vassar Clements, a little-known fiddle-player from Florida. He is equally at home with the single note melody line of the mountains as with the chunky chording of Country and Western, and he revels in the bluegrass flash like "The Orange Blossom Special".

Country music, outside the outposts, has never been really fashionable over here, but in spite of that it has had its effects on mass culture. Most of the Stones' albums from Let It Bleed onwards have had tracks either imitations of, or in influence by, 'country'.

Co-produced, comixed and coengineered by Bob Johnston, the dobro player of those days, Norman Blake, is part of the Circle band. And Dylan's early guitar style was Woody Guthrie out of Maybelle Carter, the last surviving member of the famous Carter family.

On a different plane, millions of box-watchers must know backwards Earl Scruggs' theme music for The Beverly Hillbillies' TV show, and if that's not your bag, most will have seen 'Bonny and Clyde' in which Scruggs' banjo rat-tat-tats along with the hardware.

Still at the movies, a lot of the desperately dopey effect in the last picture show was created by Country and Western, notably Hank Williams accompanied by sliding steel guitar - everytime a car door, saloon door, pool-room door, apartment door was opened, out wafted Williams or a contemporary.

If any of these phenomena turn you on, you'll find them in the Circle, instruments played to well-nigh perfection, acoustically so you can get the texture, and singing plaintive enough to make you reach for a slab of Jack Daniels.

William McEuen, manager of the Dirt Band and brother of banjo pickers John, produced the set, and aimed for spontaneity. There's studio chat between some of the tracks, which over a period of a week or so were in the can after one or two takes each.

Roy Acuff, doyen of Country and Western singers, with a voice like Cuban heels on a gravel path, sets the mood early on with the pronouncement of his policy in the studio: 'Whenever you decide you're gonna record a number, put everything you've got into it, because - don't say 'we'll take it over and do it again' - every time you go through it you lose a little something. So let's do it the first time and the hell with the rest of it.'

Of the songs Acuff puts across, Hank Williams' 'I Saw the Light' is probably the most famous. Scruggs' long-time associate Kirby accompanies the lyrics into the land of maudlin sentimentality. But this isn't my bag so maybe I'm biased. This also applies to Jimmy Martin's 'Grand Ole Opry Song' opens the album, a roll-call of honour of all the stars who have appeared at the celebrated Ryman's Theatre (which sadly is being moved out of town). Consumption of a bottle or so of hard licker is recommended to produce the necessary state for listening to these Country and Western cuts.

Moving sideways from C&W, Merle Travis gives out with his meticulous finger-picking guitar with the famous educated thumb bass lines (is that where Johnny Cash got his sound?). Travis wrote 'Sixteen Tons', a million seller in the 50s, and also 'Dark as a Dungeon', which he sings here. The miner's complaint became one of the most known protest songs during the Ad-  derminister marches and associated activity.

Going further back into the Blue- ridge Mountains, you get the tag: my money - the three ace on the album, Mother Maybelle Carter, Earl Scruggs and blind Doc Watson. Scruggs - what can be said that hasn't been said already? Only that his multi-note syncopated banjo style seems to have taken on a new lease of life since he parted with guitarist Lester Flatt. When you hear him weld his own invention, the Scruggs peg which makes the characteristic twang on 'Earl's Breakdown', you know you're listening to Big Daddy.

Back in 1959 the first bootleg Scruggs album arrived in Glasgow, everyone thought it had been speeded up in the re-recording. I still wonder.

Also awe-inspiring is the flat-picking guitar of Doc Watson. He is the direct descendent of the old-time country bands of the 20s and early 30s, in which the free-running line of the guitar was the backbone. When he knits his brow and sings 'Way downtown just a-foolin' around' and the licks and runs come spilling out of his machine you know why, like Scruggs, he becomes something of a legend in the South. And then there's Mother Maybelle. She was one of the initial protest song singers during the Al- derminister marches and associated activity.

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Cocker Comeback

Joe Cocker 'Something to Say' (Cube).

In this age of the Rock-Star-As-Entrepreneur, Joe Cocker still seems destined for a career along the lines of Rock-Star-As-Victim. He sang and sweated for peanuts for half a decade, and has been perennially neglected, under-rated, ripped off and sinned against. The Woodstock and Mad Dogs movies and With A Little Help notwith-standingly, he has never been that big and With A Little Help notwithstanding, he has never been that big.

In the three years since his last album, Mad Dogs, audiences here and Stateside superstar. One of our lastest regrets of the Sixties was that I never saw him with the Grease Band. Even now the luckless Joe finds this LP issued in the shabbiest sleeve imaginable. And in February his longtime partner and pianist Chris Stenton quit, causong the cancellation of a Scandinavian tour and two sold-out shows at the Rainbow. In the three years since his last album, Mad Dogs, audiences here have become thoroughly entrenched in middle of the road pulp, acoustic solo singers and endless permutations of slick snazzy art-rock and jerk-off keyboards. As ever England is deaf to the festive, colourful and heartfelt sounds which made Joe a Stateside superstar.

Consisting of some old cuts, some new and a couple of live tracks, this album exceeded expectations without equaling the overall brilliance of his classic second studio album. It lacks the tender loving care which went into the arrangements and selection of material. Bird on a Wire, Something, Hitchcock Railway and Darling Be Home soon remain masterpieces of interpretation which will be marvelled at ten years from now. The usual routine collective playing includes some tasty, original guitar work from Neil Hubbard. Pardon Me Sir is a good rocker with Cocker's inimitable groanings embellished by a crackling beat, ripe sax and wailing chick chorus. An example of the much-improved songwriting of Joe and Chris.

Midnight Rider was a highlight of last year's Rainbow gig, with drummer Alan White triggering the tempo changes like a man possessed. This studio version never quite ignites in the same way, but the rendition of St James Infirmary is fine stuff. A million times more convincing as a slow blues than Rod Stewart's I'd Rather Go Blind. The title track is a gorgeous ballad which swells and flows for five minutes around an immaculate milking riff, recalling much of the mood and flavour of Joe's Still Figuring Your Life. It's as good as anything he has ever recorded, which is saying plenty.

In career terms, 1973 may not be his finest hour, but in artistic terms 'Something to Say' is a creditable comeback. May the Lord have mercy on the fools who said Joe was finished. Cocker has struck another blow for living, breathing, believable rock'n'roll. In a line, music for the discriminating. There aren't many of us left.

Myles Palmer.

ELECTRIC HEARTBEATS

Soft Machine 'Six' Album (CBS)

Back in the years before the greasy Beatles began rocking Hamburg and Elvis was the king, four Canterbury music school mates started experiment- ing with their own form of electric jazz.

With the middle 60's came the good Dr Lary and his universal care-all and this group, with a few new faces and a name borrowed from Bill Burroughs, became 'Pop Stars', blowing a million minds with their electric acid Music. Right to the end of the decade Soft Machine was a familiar name to the teeny in the street: together with those other master electricians Pink Floyd they provided the back-ground music to thousands of trips at such pleasure domes as the legendary UFO and Middle Earth, they toured the States with Hendrix, won awards on the Continent and produced three successful albums.

But the Secondon seventies brought the collapse of psychedelia and the Soft's popularity dropped sharply. Despite the exit of drummers Robert Wyatt to Matching Mole and saxophonist Elton Dean, the Soft Machine played on to their dwindling, though often devoted, fans. Their, sixth album which adds a sound downstairs pianist Karl Jenkins and drummer John Marshall to the two originals still remaining (Hugh Hopper and Mike Ratledge), is proof of the group's ability to master their own complex, highly developed compositions; an ability that has taken them years to evolve. The first two sides of this double album are cuts from last year's concerts at Brighton and Guildford and, driven by Marshall's tight, expert drumming (reaching it's zenith in the solo 'Shorty'), these tracks, this fine album certainly won't be scoring any Cashbox red bullets either. But with their long developed talents now producing probably the closest thing yet in rock to contemporary classical music (I doubt if Hopper and Ratledge regret the end of their acid high. They were always musician before superstar.

Don Atyeo

WAITING!

Loudon Wainwright III 'Album III'

We are all human. We all make mistakes. Even Press Officers from major record companies occasionally cease drinking long enough to exhibit lamentable mortal frailty. And who can blame them? Knowing, as we all do, the intolerable conditions under which these wretches toil—the grinding receptions, the compulsory three hour lunch breaks, the sickening arse-licking of tyranni-cal 'journalists', the high medical risks involved in shaking hands with hundreds of their compatriots—knowing all this, it would be uncharitable of us not to make enormous allowances. And, of course, it is for this reason that I refuse to waste the valuable and limited space of these review pages to publicly put the finger on an unfortunate individual currently in the employ of CBS (The Muzak People).

Suffice it to say, that this miserable scum-bag, foul, brain-damaged gibbering idiot, this alcoholic incompetent—(edited for reasons of brevity—Ed) ... slimy son of a bitch has forgotten to mail me a copy of Loudon Wainwright's third album. It's bad enough that having filled out his companies' heartily forms requesting review copies that nothing arrives. It's bad
enough that this deranged mone-
goat’s inactivity forced me to write
a personally signed letter begging
him to hasten as our copy date
rolled closer. Telephone calls and
personal emissaries emitted nothing
but empty mailboxes and the grasp-
ing of teeth. For weeks I have been
building up to this high point of my
critical career. For months I have
been slapping Wainwright’s name
into other reviews, reciting the
lyrics on Albums I and II until I
know them better than Section 4
of the Obscene Publications Act and
personally boring the arse of friends,
colleagues, acquaintances and even
bozoz in the street, leasing Loudon’s
inherent genius and sensitivity. Who
was it who sat for night after
drearv night attempting to persuade
Richard Neville that Album I wasn’t
‘Leonard Cohen on Mandrax’? Who
was it who wrote to the Democratic
Party of America suggesting Wain-
wright for Vice-President? How
many thousands of albums have
been sold as a result of this relent-
less promotional activity on my
behalf? And this is the thanks I get?
Well? I’m waiting.

Felix Dennis

QUASI-HIP

RALC hesitation

Barbra Streisand Live (CBS)
A startling voice which hits and
holds notes no other popular
singer can make: the power to
communicate songs, and good
ones, in a way that doesn’t grip an audience
but startles it; an
interpretative power that comes
not merely from actesship but
from intelligence and soul, the
single greatest talent of the
type that used to make a song
like ‘My Man’ After Billy
Holliday has had her way with it
and not just give an account of it
but make it devastating all over
again. This last thing alone is
sufficient to make an artist worthy
of our interest however much pre-
judice forbids. Other reasons clinch
it.

Barbra Streisand is younger than
John Lennon which besides being
ever so slightly incongruous is also
a nett loss, for everyone. Had she
been born twenty five years earlier
she’d have been the all time presid-
ent of our interest however much pre-
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RAGE,
TENDERNESS & BOREDOM

Yoko Ono ‘Approximately Infinite
Universe’ (Apple)
The lady is weird and the lady is
strange; sometimes her pain is all
too obvious. The hatred that Yoko
Ono arouses in many people is
generally half-concealed behind a
dismissal of herself and her art.
‘She’s a phony, a clever hustler, a
woman’s rage and pain at the world,
her parents and her lovers. Others
are tender, gentle love songs. A
couple are just plain boring. The
music is nowhere near interesting
and the best Yoko product yet. Certain-
ly it will be valued by women. I’m
not so sure that many men will be
able to take or ever understand its
deepest cuts.

The words on the album sleeve
and the lyrics of the songs are more
important than the music on this
album.

‘I am proposing the feminization of
society, the use of feminine
tenderness as a positive force to
change the world’ – Yoko Ono.

The tracks vary, both in quality
and quantity, the double album
seems too long, a single album
would have been too short. The
music and voice are deceptively
pleasant. Occasionally Yoko
manages to produce that same
shiver of horror that Love in their
heyday produced. That incredible
mingling of beautiful sweet music
and harsh, almost crude lyrics.
Some of the tracks scream out
a woman’s rage and pain at the world,
her parents and her lovers. Others
are tender, gentle love songs. A
couple are just plain boring. The
screaming is still there, but not so
harsh. Sometimes Yoko’s voice is
not strong enough for the song,
(particularly on ‘Move on Fast’ a
heavy rocking number). Best tracks
‘I Felt Like Smashing my Face
in a Clear Glass Window’, ‘Winter
Song’, ‘Yang Yang’ and ‘What a
Bastard the World is.’

Joy Farren
OF THE WOMEN

Women, Resistance and Revolution
By Sheila Rowbotham (Allen Lane, Penguin)

In History we read the story of the dominant class, its kings, its generals, its sources of achievement, its rewards. This topsy-turvy outlook firmly on its feet again and give us our first glimpse of the masses—serfs, wage labourers, artisans—the real agents. Yet even in the parallel pan of the exploited, one group has remained subsumed. Women—producers and reproducers. To know exactly who we are, and who we might be, we have to ask what have we been, where have we been? History takes on some clarity when understood in terms of the changing modes of production, the struggle between classes, but the picture is incomplete. 'Not only have liberal anthropologists failed to consider the problem of the interaction of modes of reproduction and production, and the relation of this to the position of women and change in the organisation of society, but Marxists themselves have ignored the important point about reproduction, as part of the material world, being a determining factor in history.'

The present day feminist consciousness of Women's Liberation points to the gaps in Marxist theory, and asks new questions about psychology and history, demands new documentations. Sheila Rowbotham describes her book as an attempt to trace the fortunes of an idea... 'It is a very simple idea, but one with which we have lost touch, that the liberation of women necessitates the liberation of all human beings.'

And indeed this book will shatter any preconceptions still held even among feminists. Women, Resistance and Revolution tells us how we can retain traces of contempt for our own sex when we see that women throughout the centuries have neither been unaware of their own subordination, nor at all silent about it? Sheila delineates the various ways in which feminist ideas manifest themselves in different historical conditions, different classes and different societies.

We begin to see how the breakdown of the medieval community and the beginnings of capitalist relations affected the house-"whether farm or family business, an independent productive unit up until then—and how the aspirations of a new class—the bourgeoisie—to economic and political power brought a new mode of life to its women. 'Not to work, for the women of the middle people, became the mark of class superiority at the very moment when their men were establishing work as the criterion of dignity and worth... Bourgeois women did not make capitalism, they merely attached themselves to its makers and lived off their men's activity. Their dowry helped him to accumulate.

Lower down the social scale, however, women's position was becoming less secure. Their place in the guilds weakened when it took over trades formerly recognised as women's—brewing, candle-making. And male doctors began to predominate as medicine aspired to be a science. Women surgeons disappeared in the seventeenth century; midwifery was downgraded and reserved for the poor. The rise of unprotected industries found in laborers. Women—at lower pay rates than regulated trade. Textiles became 'women's work'—they could also be done at home. In both classes female resentment and anger found a voice—but not surprisingly, since their devaluation took a different form. If bourgeois femininity was often showed a tendency to emphasise female education as a cure-all—the acceptance of a certain number of privileged women into the existing state of society—the proletarian women felt the threat of the exploiting class more concretely than male superiority as such. The book describes their tendency to short term, collective organising in communities in response to situations of need. This was often around consumption—for instance, the Bread Riots of the eighteenth century. 'In the French Revolution the feminist aspirations of the privileged and the tradition of collective action of the underprivileged women encountered each other.'

Women pooling their resources in 1789 demanded better medical provision, education, and protection of trades from male competition. Women were not inactive when it came to the struggle to organise at the point of production—nor were they unaware of the contradictions, the prejudice they faced in the early labour movement. Flora Tristan, feminist and socialist, whose 'Union Ouvriere' laid out one of the first formulations of a Women's International wrote in 1843 'I have nearly the whole world against me—men, because I demand the emancipation of women, the owners. I demand the emancipation of wage earners.'

By 1848 Paris working women were going towards ideas of workers control—the middle classes saw socialism as the only solution to bad conditions and low pay. Women now know that they have the right to vote and be used as an instrument of struggle.

'Vesuviiennes', they called them— you're afraid to see us rise.' Also 'When my apron strings hung low I'd follow me through frost and snow.

Alison Fell
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