

OZ

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Does Shelter really Shelter
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Black Eagles
How telly screws up Pop



Robert Whitaker

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Avant-Garde's "No More War!" poster contest, announced nine months ago, brought a response that swamped our expectations: Over 2000 entries from two dozen countries. The theme most conspicuous in winning posters is a wholesale rejection of militarism, of the military ideal.

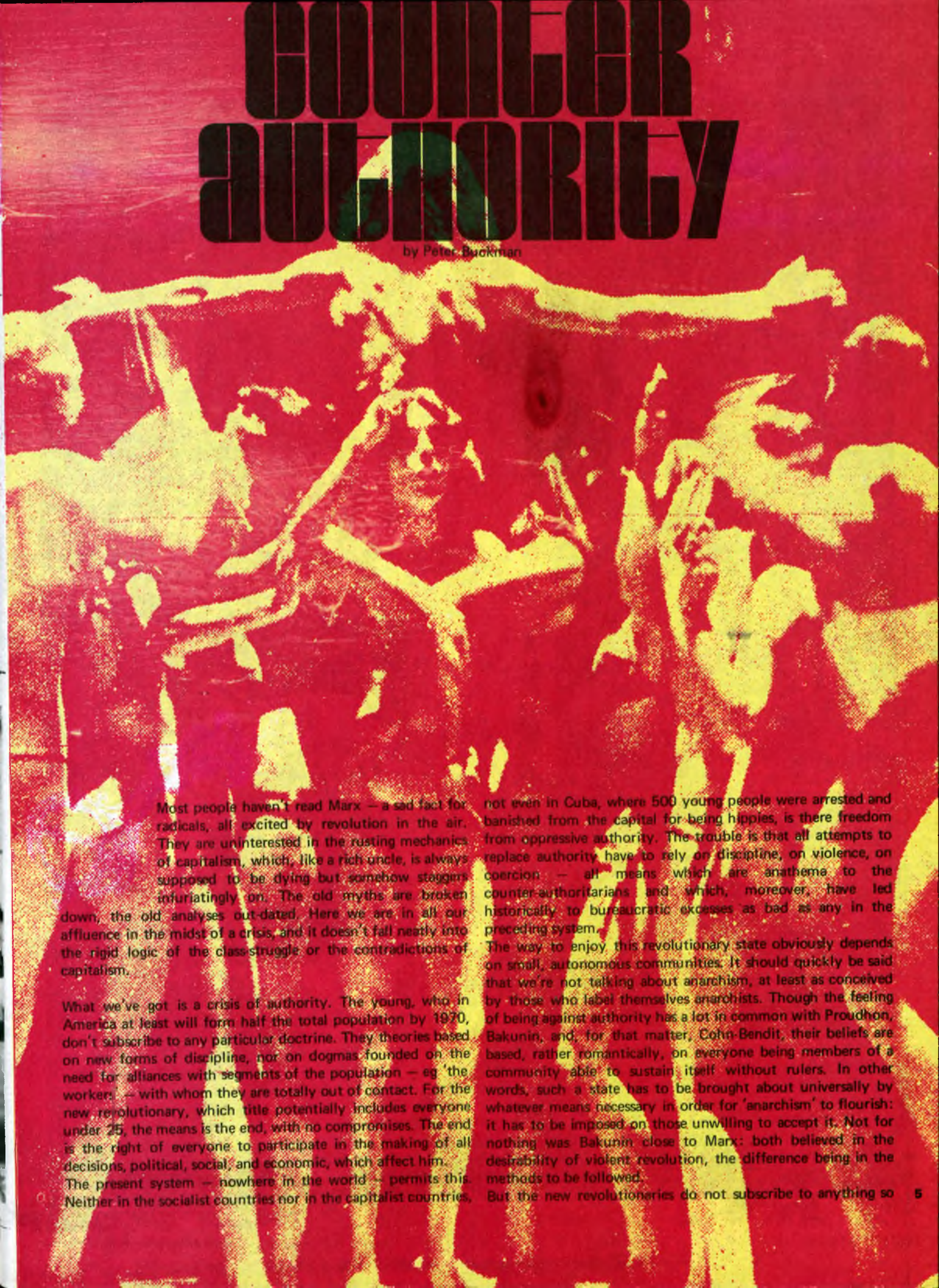


winning poster

RON AND KAREN BOWEN, U.S.A.

COUNTER AUTHORITY

by Peter Buckman



Most people haven't read Marx — a sad fact for radicals, all excited by revolution in the air. They are uninterested in the rusting mechanics of capitalism, which, like a rich uncle, is always supposed to be dying but somehow staggers infuriatingly on. The old myths are broken down, the old analyses out-dated. Here we are in all our affluence in the midst of a crisis, and it doesn't fall neatly into the rigid logic of the class-struggle or the contradictions of capitalism.

What we've got is a crisis of authority. The young, who in America at least will form half the total population by 1970, don't subscribe to any particular doctrine. They theories based on new forms of discipline, not on dogmas founded on the need for alliances with segments of the population — eg. the workers — with whom they are totally out of contact. For the new revolutionary, which title potentially includes everyone under 25, the means is the end, with no compromises. The end is the right of everyone to participate in the making of all decisions, political, social, and economic, which affect him.

The present system — nowhere in the world — permits this. Neither in the socialist countries nor in the capitalist countries,

not even in Cuba, where 500 young people were arrested and banished from the capital for being hippies, is there freedom from oppressive authority. The trouble is that all attempts to replace authority have to rely on discipline, on violence, on coercion — all means which are anathema to the counter-authoritarians and which, moreover, have led historically to bureaucratic excesses as bad as any in the preceding system.

The way to enjoy this revolutionary state obviously depends on small, autonomous communities. It should quickly be said that we're not talking about anarchism, at least as conceived by those who label themselves anarchists. Though the feeling of being against authority has a lot in common with Proudhon, Bakunin, and, for that matter, Cohn-Bendit, their beliefs are based, rather romantically, on everyone being members of a community able to sustain itself without rulers. In other words, such a state has to be brought about universally by whatever means necessary in order for 'anarchism' to flourish: it has to be imposed on those unwilling to accept it. Not for nothing was Bakunin close to Marx: both believed in the desirability of violent revolution, the difference being in the methods to be followed.

But the new revolutionaries do not subscribe to anything so



Keith Morris

rigid or systematic as the analysis of Marx or Bakunin. As a matter of fact, Cohn-Bendit was locked into a room at the International Conference of Anarchists for disagreeing with them, so tolerance is not one of their things. Those who are simply anti-authority are individualists; as members of the underground they believe that the first principle is that everyone must be free to do their thing. Some try this in small communities, but so far history has proved to be against them. Most people don't want to go back to bucolic states of gambolling innocence with no running water. Whatever the new form of social and political organisation that arises in an affluent society, it has to take for granted the maintenance of living standards.

There's no point in regressing, though it's worth pointing out that our notions of what is up-to-date and what is out-of-date have been largely dictated by the system under which we are ruled.

The models of the Third World are inappropriate for those dedicated to a counter-authoritarian stance. The Chinese Cultural Revolution is the nearest thing to the permanent questioning of authority known to civilisation, but its excesses, at least as known to the West, are too much for the comfort even of the most radical activists. In China, as in Cuba and other socialist states, the unity of the people to build a revolutionary state from scratch can be relied on. No such unity exists in advanced countries. The alliance between 'workers' and 'intellectuals', though tested and proven in France and Italy in campaigns notable for their brevity as much as for their violence, seems to be the prerogative of a few militants in both camps. As a revolutionary coalition it simply isn't on, especially as the 'working class' can no longer be considered simply as an undifferentiated mass ripe for revolution. Those most disgruntled by the system are those who depend upon it for prosperity, while resenting the way the state interferes with them. They are profoundly anti-revolutionary. The largest class in a neo-capitalist state is that of the consumers on whom the system depends. All they want is more.

It is this desire which has caused the crises that have so badly shaken the system. All the agitation by the young and the radicals, which has contributed to the break-up of the system's liberal facade, has not in fact brought it to a crisis. That came when the 'workers' demanded higher wages, which had to be conceded in some way or other for without doing so the mechanisms of production would have come grinding to a halt. The inflation that was inevitable, and the determination of the consumers not to suffer more than the working class could, of course, lead to an explosive situation. The probable result will be the advent of a repressive, totalitarian regime. The political Left is simply unprepared to lead a revolution. They have not spelt out what they want and care about, because they think that would be authoritarian. Yet to attract the support of the massively disgruntled — any or all of the consumers, white and blue-collar workers, managers, civil servants, teachers, state and local officials, doctors, firemen, and policemen — a clear statement of the cause and objective of revolution is vitally necessary. It doesn't appear because it runs counter to the dearly-cherished principle of anti-authoritarianism, and because no one on the Left is certain of how the revolutionary state would be run, let alone brought into being.

All this leaves the most revolutionary nation — those who are against Authority — unmoved. While they don't want much to

do with the beliefs of those in authority over them — their teachers, the police, their families — they feel equally alienated from the political Left, with its warring sects, its wild and sometimes incredibly antiquated rhetoric, above all its rigidity. Though I personally believe that for the necessary revolution to take place, a high order of discipline, clarity, organisation, and systematic analysis is necessary, I would be the first to say that what the Left is up to seems most of the time to have little to do with what concerns most people, or to be sadly ineffective. I can understand those on whose cooperation a revolutionary organisation must depend in a crunch — the young, basically — being as fed up with the Left, at least in England, as they are with the authorities who are their real enemy. But if what makes a new revolutionary is his attitude to authority, not his adherence to one dogma or another, what's going to hang him up is how he's to make his revolution. Obviously he can't get permanently high and simply withdraw. By himself he is virtually powerless, though the whole point of the movement is individual liberation. He can express a fuck-you attitude in clothes, actions, or style, but such action is limited, for if he steps too far out of line the system will simply clobber him.

There are two urgent needs. Given that counter-authoritarianism — and I wish someone would provide a good word for it — is what unites today's potential revolutionaries, it is up to the political Left, with its vast experience in agitation, to prove that organisation, analysis, and programmes are capable of being effective in bringing about a revolutionary state, one which will not deteriorate into quasi-Stalinism, as has befallen so many of the socialist countries.

Those who are simply counter-authoritarians, on the other hand, have an equally difficult task. They urgently need to understand that the forms of repression they are constantly encountering, and which they are so against, are all linked to the system we live under. It's not that we suffer under a peculiar and conspiratorial dictatorship, because there's a lot we're allowed to do. But no one is permitted directly to challenge the balance of power between those who govern and those who are governed, and that's what the system is all about. We can protest and wear funny clothes, but when we want a say in making the decisions that directly affect us, whether at school, university, or work, we get no joy at all. Thus to be counter-authoritarian cannot be a series of isolated encounters. They're all the same fight, which to be won requires a totally different life-style, unthinkable under this system. The struggle is political, whichever way you look at it, and the trouble is those who are all involved in politics aren't breaking through the credibility barrier.

It's not possible to be very optimistic. There have been crises of authority before, and the good guys have never been able to take advantage of them. What the political Left has done in America and Europe has been vastly exciting, and it's changed the climate of protest, but not the conditions or the balance of power which occasioned it. The most hopeful thing is the really young: the kids at school, and both in France and America are rejecting all forms of authority and fighting in the streets with their ageing colleagues at university. Soon these kids are going to be in the majority everywhere. There has never been a greater potential for revolution, but they are going to make it, not us, and if we don't do the right thing now, we're going to be on the wrong side of the barricades — the losing side.



WHO MOVED THE BLACK CASTLE
WHO MOVED THE WHITE QUEEN
WHEN GIMMEL AND DALETH
NEED STANDING BETWEEN?
OUT OF THE EVENING GROWING
A VEIL

PINING FOR THE PINE WOODS
THAT ACHED FOR THE SAIL

THERE'S SOMETHING FORGOTTEN

I WANT YOU TO KNOW
THE FRECKLES OF RAIN ARE
TELLING ME SO

O ITS THE OLD FORGOTTEN

QUESTION
WHAT IS IT THAT WE ARE PART OF?
WHAT IS IT THAT WE ARE?

AND AN ELEPHANT MADNESS HAS COVERED THE SUN
THE JUDGE AND THE JURIES THEY PLAY FOR THE FUN
THEY'VE TORN UP THE ROSES AND WASHED ALL THE SOAP
AND THE MARTYR WHO MARRIES THEM DARE NOT ELOPE
O ITS THE NEVER REALISED QUESTION

O LONG O LONG E'ER YET MY EYES
BRAVED THE GATES ENORMOUS FIRE
AND THE BODY FOLDED ROUND ME
AND THE PERSON IN ME GREW

THE FLOWER AND ITS PETAL
THE ROOT AND ITS GRASP
THE EARTH AND ITS BIGNESS
THE BREATH AND ITS GASP

THE MIND AND ITS MOTION
THE FOOT AND ITS MOVE
THE LIFE AND ITS PATTERN
THE HEART AND ITS LOVE

O ITS THE HALF REMARKABLE QUESTION
WHAT IS IT THAT WE ARE PART OF?
WHAT IS IT THAT WE ARE?

ROBIN WILLIAMSON

THE HALF REMARKABLE QUESTION
FROM WEE TAM & THE BIG HUGE
BY THE INCREDIBLE STRING BAND
© WARLOCK MUSIC LTD
ELECTRA EMS 74-036/37 BY POWDOR



OZ 17

Dear OZ,

When WILL IT stop printing 'Periodic Clarifications of Editorial Policy'; when WILL Pete Stansill stop impressing nobody with 'tactical rationality, politico-emotional solidarity, ultimate ecstasy and popular, static notions of history'; when WILL the Deviants stop pretending to be 'The Voice Of The Underground, (available at any branch of WH Smiths?)'; when WILL Middle Earth stop putting up their prices; when WILL John Wilcock stop including comic strip two-headed Japanese lesbians in Other Scenes; when WILL Black Dwarf stop printing Che posters/memoirs/diaries/collected sayings and similar crap; when WILL somebody tell Simon Stable that nobody's interested in his phoney fortnightly 'Top Ten Underground Hit LP's,' plastic dream machine and abysmal column; when WILL anybody ever 'come along and do their thing' in an Arts Lab as devoid of creative atmosphere as a British Railways waiting room? When? . . . When Pellen Personal and Men it CAN Be Done stop advertising in OZ . . . you know . . . Never. Love,

Felix
44 Wandsworth Bridge Road
SW6

Dear OZ,

Can a TEEN-AGE PENSIONER bridge the gap between Youth and Age, Us and Them, Student and LABOURER? Or can a Bedevilled SCOTS MYSTIC "Point the Way"?

I LOVE their EDUCATION, their

SPIRIT, their desire to right WRONGS; but NOT their fragmentation or lack of PURPOSE. As a MYSTIC I can DO what I MUST for a troubled SOUL: the Establishment can't OPPOSE ME OR DESTROY me or my INFLUENCE. But that is AFFINITY, individual from person to person.

If the WORLD was CHAOS, isolated changes would be possible (as OZ illustrates). But if it is ORGANISED CHAOS for the benefit of the MONEY-CHANGERS, what then? They can sit back at the CENTRE and smile at what happens at the EXTREMES. You have America's THINK-TANK and BRITAIN'S GERMANWARFARE.

You have SCIENCE and INTELLECT prostituted by FINANCE and GOVERNMENT—with ABSOLUTE CONTROL of Mass Media. As God in above, I can only KNOW about Student RIOTS, BLACK GHETTOS, VIETNAM, APPLACHIA, if they let me. Do the STUDENTS and TARIQ ALI KNOW this?

Don't the STUDENTS KNOW that TUC and LABOUR PARTY CONFERENCES, are SOPS for the APATHETIC: mediums for the selling of TORY LEGISLATION which could have caused REVOLUTION had it come from TORIES? Don't they SEE that 'don't rock the boat' leaves the TORY WACKYS where they were PLACED?

Let me ILLUSTRATE: as a BELIEVER in SOCIALISM I backed them. As a CHRONIC SICK WORKER I LIVE on four pounds ten, PAY for five essential MEDICINES, where last year I paid NOTHING. More IRONIC still: I retired as a SICK labourer, the DUNCE in my class at School draws seventy pounds PLUS as an MP, and is justly FAMOUS for never having opened his MOUTH in the COMMONS!

THAT, I feel, illustrates the SOCIALISM and sincerity of 'OUR BOYS'.

After years of experience of BRANCHES and CONFERENCES I can assure STUDENTS or MILITANTS that POLICY NOT decided at BRANCH LEVEL; less than 2 percent of MEMBERS actually ATTEND. They have BINGO, overtime, a coupon to fill up, a MATCH they can't miss. These are the PRIORITIES. POLICY is handed DOWN.

Conferences are PLACES I can take the wife to for a bloody good expenses-paid holiday!

What do my friends THE WORKERS want? How can I

KNOW if they never attend?

A check-up on HOTELS and boarding-houses in Conference 'RESORTS' will REVEAL the same narres year after year. The agenda is PONDEROUS. The effect on Harold and George: NIL.

To succeed at all the STUDENTS must UNITE, win over the apathetic WORKERS and ORGANISE. I with them I KNOW what they want to pull down, what they want to build.

But surely they KNOW that 'Work for the WORKERS' means the SAME and is more COMFORTABLE, enables MY mates to ignore me, ignore VIETNAM, ignore NIGERIA and scream 'Make them BASTARDS WORK'.

As a MYSTIC, I accept de BONO and his LATERAL THINKING. The student must reject him I accept BABA in tone. But advise: the ESTABLISHMENT first, our NEWWORLD later.

The LAST PLACE youth can go to seek HELP or UNDERSTANDING is MUM and DAD, Principal STAFF. Fifty years of practise (NOT for MONEY) have TAUGHT ME SOMETHING.

ALEX DUTHIE
49 High Street
Innerleithen
Peeblesshire
Scotland

Dear Sir,

I am prompted to write to you by Mr Rogall's letter (OZ 15) about Jarvis's letter (OZ 14) on revolution. I regard most of this suddenly fashionable talk on this subject as little more than hysterical romanticism, deriving ultimately from the anti-national philosophy of Hegel, (as pointed out by Karl Popper more than 20 years ago.)

It would be interesting to know what attitude Mr Rogall and all those who think like him have to a seldom mentioned thing called the truth.

If, following Marxist writers like Karl Mannheim, he holds that 'everybody's consciousness is a product of social relations' this is as true of himself as it is of anyone else, 'proletarian' or 'capitalist'. If this is so from the stand-

point of truth Mr Rogall's arguments for revolution are to be taken no more seriously than those in favour of the status quo. Presumably along with most Marxist writers he regards myself as one of the select band of mystical brothers who have been vouchsafed a vision of social reality devoid of unconscious bias.

I hold a correspondence theory of the truth, ie. a statement is true if it corresponds to the facts. What are the facts, how do we decide? The only way of arriving at facts is to put forward theories that attempt to explain experience. These theories if they are to be more than merely heuristic must be capable of being rigorously discussed. These requirements as far as I know are never met by anyone who is in favour of revolutions. Their behaviour in this regard seems to me to be what psychologists call 'displacement activity'. They are unable to satisfy some basic drive and vent their frustration by lashing out wildly at everything in sight. That they are unable to satisfy these drives may be due to childhood experiences, lack of love, education, or indeed society as a whole.

But there is no guarantee that violent revolution will resolve either their own frustrations or more importantly anyone else's.

No one doubts that revolutions change things, the question is are they improved? Do we not in reality only change our masters ideas? Then again comes the question which ideas are nearer the truth? Sociological questions should be treated as scientific questions to be resolved by the scientific methods of testing and rational public discussion. Those who advocate violent revolution are condemning to death and injury many innocent people in the hope, and it is nothing more, that things will be better afterwards. The arguments for revolution, such as they are, all have an authoritarian, anti-democratic bias. I regard democracy not primarily as meaning rule by the majority but as being an institutionalised device to prevent tyranny. To stop the strong bullying the weak, and safeguarding the rights of minorities, that is what democracy should be about. Otherwise you are involved in paradoxes of the sort 'what if the majority decide they want to be ruled by a dictator' etc.

Maybe capitalist society is not the finest society that the wit and best aspirations of man can devise, but also maybe neither is a socialist one, ie. I am not ruling out a spiritual development of mankind that has nothing to do with social organisation—a communion of saints?

Yours sincerely,

David Hall
346 London Road
St Albans
Herts

OZ,

You had this fantastic two page I CANT ESCAPE MY PASSION DRIVES. Perfect very beautiful, poetic I guess and perfect then this stupid HO! HO! HO! at the bottom of the page.

I know you know and you should know I know.

It took the edge of the whole work it was like it had never been done. You don't have to give us the knowing nod you almost got the insensitivity award. XX
John & Irene

Dear Friends,

I feel I must express disapproval of the sadistic nature of the pictorial section of the advertisement for Magnophall in your last edition (15). Sadism is the fascism of sex and merely another variation of the violence you condemned in your Pornography of Violence issue (OZ 10).

I hope that OZ will not raise the same plea as Tony Elliott, editor of the pseudo-progressive magazine... Unit... (Whose adverts you have carried in the past), did in reply to my criticism some months ago of the inclusion in that periodical of career advertisements for notorious juggernauts of industry and commerce and even the armed forces! His reply was as follows:-

"In any little magazine the

bread is so vital that within reason we will accept any advertising revenue that we can. We are not in a position to refuse say £12 from the army".

So, kick this sadism thing OZ before it becomes a habit. Let's have more of the type of beautiful and incredibly endowed nymph such as formed the background to the Pellen Products advertised in OZ 9. Perhaps I'm now out of fashion in still thinking that you can't be both pro-beauty and pro-violence.

Yours sincerely,

Ian Nichol
25 Coronation Road
East Grinstead
Sussex

Dear Sir,

I have never been able to establish satisfactorily whether you lot want authority to remain or not. One article in your magazine serves to reinforce my puzzlement at the chaotic way your minds seem to run in. "down on the Farm".

In this article we were treated to the joys of communal living and the supposedly ensuing rebirth of individualists.

This was all very good and proper but then the authors advocated 'Underground Banks', 'Trust Funds' and worst of all that omnipresent phrase 'co-ordination of efforts' in other words-

authority. If and when the new order (order -see!) has been established will not these 'banks' etc reappear 'overground' to take the place of the old capitalist banks also the 'co-ordinators' will reappear as the government. Back to square one!

This example of the illogicality of the whole movement together with this incessant scurrying around after novelty and sensual stimulation means but one thing to me decadence and not evolution as you seem to think.

Quote from the article: 'it is better to light one small candle than curse the universe for its darkness'. Well maybe the candle has been lit but it seems to me that it has been placed on the altar of negation.

I remain dear sir with hopes dashed
yours sincerely
Stephen Timothy Ruilliman

ps please print I'd like to see the reaction of your readers and any defense they may care to propose!

Dear OZ,

Visually, OZ 15 has been the best yet. I did find myself in disagreement with two articles, however. As far as 'Barricades around the small screen' goes, surely if you hate a television programme you don't watch it-or does

Wayland Brown think we're all Mary Whitehouses? With Richard Meltzer, you should have taken the advice you got after his first article. With the amount of information he gleans from every word of every song, our pop-song writers must be disguised university professors or something.

Tristan Wood

Roundway House
Colston's School
Stapleton
Bristol

Dear OZ,

In reference to your magazine of November, we think it was an out and out con.

So far we have enjoyed most copies of your magazine, so we would be very grateful if you would refund our money.

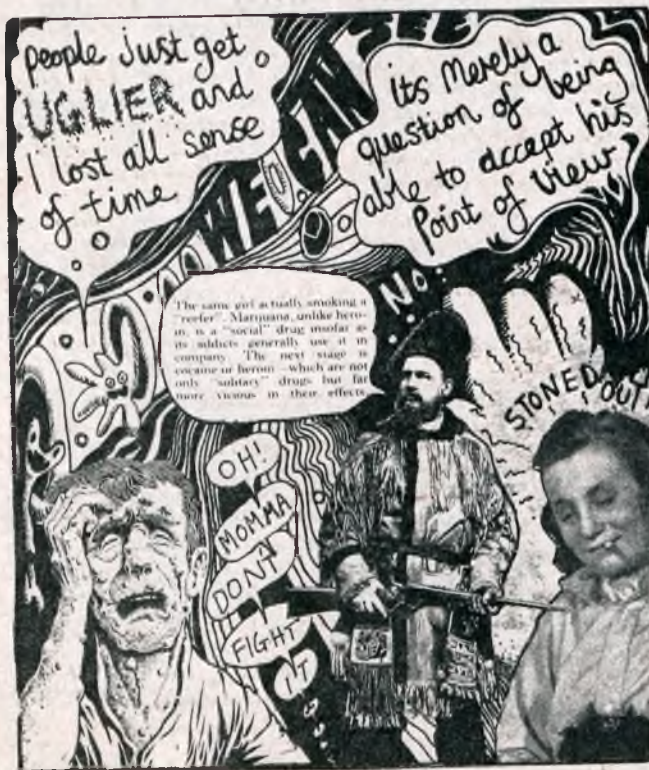
Luv
Linda & Jerry

Dear OZ,

In your last edition you said more visually, than you could ever have done otherwise

John Christopher Wakefield

MOTHER FUCKER



Dear Sir,

What a bloody con, what a take, my precious 3/- back and if I were a subscriber I would divorce you: the chorus of rage and incomprehension that greeted Martin Sharp's 'Magic Theatre' must have gratified everyone on Oz except the accountant. For what on earth can rile that groovily pliant teddy bear, the modish end of the underground audience? Not pot, not denunciations of the Greek colonels or General De Gaulle, not flowers and titties: no matter how challenging a magazine may start out to be, it will usually end by offering 'ideas recues' to an audience which buys to see its attitudes confirmed; this is as true of Oz as of the Observer Colour Supplement or the Watchtower. Thus gentlemen you feel it right that the Times should change its editorial policy but wrong that Oz should change its format; experimenting with the magazine amounts to vivisection of your infinitely valuable leisure time; most of the soothing but tribal identification-points that crop up in a normal issue of Oz and make the readers into a happy family are missing from the 'Magic Theatre', or, more precisely, concealed by a change of medium. I find it ironical that an audience which, at parties, prides itself on being 'avant garde' should be thrown by a mode of presenting images which has been central to modern art since John Hartfield and Max Ernst developed collage fifty years ago. This is old stuff. Only its application to a magazine, in the extended form that Sharp has given it, is new - that is, new to England; in Germany and America it was tried in the 20's. What is more, I think it doubly ironical that readers who, at a guess, spend at least some of their time echoing the usual cliches about instantaneous communication across the global village, the death of the written word and the M being the M should feel such hostility towards one of the first serious, though flawed, attempts to apply the idea of

simultaneity of experience not just to a picture on a wall but to a whole magazine. If you have difficulty with Sharp's narrative collage what problems will you not have with Paolozzi's 'Moon Strips Empire News'? I suspect that the complainers are the sort of people who will parrot the belief that a wired up discotheque is an information-processing centre, while thinking that a collage is not. The reason of course, is that we have magic cliché, communications which is selectively applied: discotheques, T.V. and the press communicate, but art objects do not: we have different expectations for them: they sit on the wall, look pretty and go up in value. Martin Sharp, whatever his talents as a painter may be thought to be, is more affected by this problem than most of his contemporaries; and in a sense it is the subject of the 'Magic Theatre'. Perhaps, in the end, he will not make collages at

all but films, since this is the better medium (as the Surrealists and Dadists themselves realised) for the network of images along which one's mind travels non serially, skipping to and fro in time, that he wishes to project. But the unalterable fact is that this network could not be made with WORDS.

Since magazines are words about other words to be read in a stack of lines from left to right and back again, magazines shouldn't do Sharp's kind of work; or should they? Why not rupture the medium to look at it? Or do the protesters imagine that spidery little cartoons about flower power are all that graphic design can do for Oz? In the 'Magic Theatre' Sharp has assembled one of the richest banks of images that has ever appeared in a magazine; and if your response to that is to say that it is therefore not a magazine at all, you should

rethink your categories. To my surprise I find myself prepared to ignore the gaucheries, the illiterate Sharp spelling, the word balloons that sometimes read as if they were written by Andre Breton's bastard child out of Grandma Moses ('A Cuba lets loose his bouquet of flowers.... upon the shoulder of a sorceress rich from heaven's feeding alights a dove', and similar bits of hippie embarrassment.)

None of that will matter in a few year's time; what does matter, and makes the 'Magic Theatre' the only first class issue of Oz in the last sixteen, is that at last a magazine has broken the mould in a lyrical and decisive way. As a frequent non-reader I can promise you that the readers Oz loses through such an experiment are no loss.

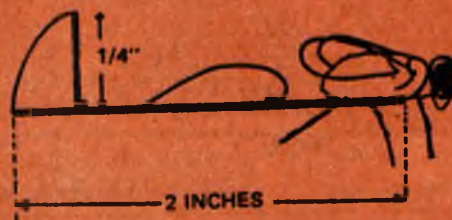
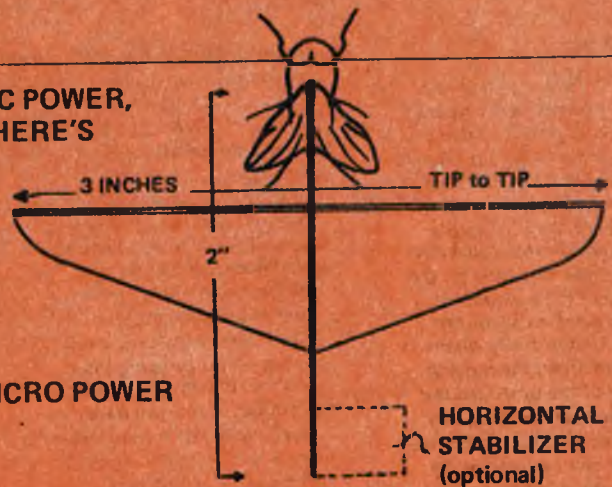
Robert Hughes



WE'VE HAD HORSE POWER; GAS POWER, ATOMIC POWER, BLACK POWER, FLOWER POWER — AND NOW, THERE'S

FlyPower

HOW DO YOU USE THIS NEWLY-DISCOVERED MICRO POWER SOURCE? BUILD A FLY POWERED AIRPLANE!



AFTER YEARS of swatting, spraying, etc., we've finally found a use for the common housefly! The right fly can become the powerplant for the wildest, craziest gadget-glider you ever saw. Here's how . . .

1. First, out to the local garbage can. With net, plastic bag or whatever, catch the biggest, fattest, fly you can find. Put fly into a container and place in refrigerator to cool.
2. Get a small piece of balsa or styrofoam strip. To this piece, glue a tiny verticle fin, as shown.
3. Using another strip of balsa, glue a leading edge spar to the fuselage strip. Then get a piece of tissue (wrapping or silk) and make a tiny airfoil wing. Glue the front edge of the tissue to the balsa spar. Let dry.
4. Touch a dab of Contact cement to the front edge of the fuselage, as shown.
5. Take fly out of refrigerator. He may look dead, but he's just stiff from the cold, which makes it easy to dab a tiny bit of contact cement on his bottom and glue him to the plane.

It takes a few seconds for the fly to warm up and start moving. Then, after a few unsuccessful attempts, he'll take off, dragging the miniature plane. The added weight will tire him quickly and, for the first time in his short life, he'll find he can glide! As he becomes more expert, you get a great demonstration of FLY POWER.

Try it . . . It's a riot!

S Whitt Field

Liberation News Service

Poverty Cooking

Beggar Stew

Ingredients:

Ask the butcher, (the shabbiest shops usually sell the best meat), for a shillings worth of mutton neck.

Rob the supermarket of one large carrot and an onion—those who live near a street market or in the Covent Garden area will be able to pick up these for free—otherwise go to the local Co-op grocer. They serve so many old age pensioners with miniscule quantities of vegetables and fruit, (I once heard an elderly lady demand, and get, half a large cooking apple), that the assistant is less likely to snigger condescendingly or refuse to serve you.

Finally, you'll need one large tablespoonful of cornflour or plain flour to thicken, one oxo cube, one and a half pints of tap water, salt, pepper and mustard and a pinch of mixed herbs, (the latter not being essential but at sixpence a packet, worth their weight in cannabis).

Method

Chop up the mutton into medium sized chunks; slice and chop onion and carrot—not too small or they will dissolve; mix up oxo into a paste with a little water in a cup, then repeat process with cornflour in a separate cup. Boil up meat, vegetables, cornflour and oxo in the water, stirring as you do so, reducing heat until gently simmering. Add salt and pepper to taste plus a teaspoonful of mustard if you have any. Sprinkle on herbs. Simmer for at least an hour, two hours if you can wait that long.

Golden Rule

A stew boiled is a stew spoiled. Simmer *gently* and stir spasmodically.

Cracked Egg Omelette

Total cost about 9½d an omelette. Cooking time around 5 mins.

Ingredients

Get to Sainsburys early one morning and ask for half a dozen cracked eggs—they're usually sold out by the afternoon, so be warned. They'll cost between 1/3d and 1/6d a dozen.

Method

Recrack three of the eggs into a cup and whip with a half cup of milk, (optional), until creamy. Add ½ teaspoonful of salt and ¼ teaspoonful of pepper. Pour this mixture into a hot frying pan which has been greased with a little marg or oil, stirring with a fork until nearly set, then fold over and slide out of pan. *Don't* leave too long—45 seconds to a minute at the outside. Some people prefer to grill the top before eating.

Omelette has countless variations:—

Bacon Omelette Fry chopped up rasher of bacon in pan; remove bits with any surplus fat; cook omelette and add bacon just before folding over.

Herb Omelette Sprinkle a handful of mixed herbs into the egg before you beat up.

Potato Omelette Any left over cooked potato? Fry them quickly, in a little fat as possible and then pour on usual omelette mixture. *Don't* try to fold over, it will be too thick.

You'll find you can put almost anything into an omelette—tomatoe, grated cheese, mushrooms, hash, onions, even marmalade or jam if you've got a sweet tooth.

Golden Rule

Speed is vital. Nothing tastes worse than burnt egg. *Don't* use too much grease and make sure pan is *really* hot.

THE YEAR OF THE FROG



TIME OF NO SPEECH. OUR EYES COMMUNICATE.
THERE IS NO MADNESS. INTENSE IMPATIENT DESIRE
OF KNOWLEDGE. MAKE UNDERSTANDING.
THE ROAD BROADENS. THE GOAL IS THE SAME
SPEED FREAKS US. CHANGE IS CHAOS.
CHAOS IS PLOUGHING. THE EARTH IN DELICIOUS AGONY.
CHILDREN GROW. WIDE-EYED UNAFRAID.

MOTHER I WANT TO BE WHERE I COME FROM. SING
THE BEATLES WOMEN LOSE THEIR INFANTS

FLESH FLOWER TULIPAN

CLARITY COMES IN WAVES. PEOPLE EXPAND. THEY
SHOW US. A DROP OF ESSENCE FELL ON THE
EARTH, IS SPREADING EVENLY, ALL ENCIRCLING.
ALL ONE.
SOME GO MAD SOME DON'T. ALL IS ONE
AQUASION. AQUARIUS. CLEAR AS WATER
FLOWING CRYSTAL.

I WALK INTO ONE HOUSE AND LEAVE THROUGH THE NEXT.

BORN IN THE YEAR OF THE CAT

CAT STORIES PORTRAILING LIFE.
I WAS HELOISE WHO LIVED ON THE ISLAND
SHE CAME FROM EGYPT. LIVED IN THE HOUSE ON
THE HILL. WENT TO THE PORT... ONE NIGHT IN
MY DREAMSHE WAS NO MORE. RACCOON FROM
THE DESERT, THE MOUNTAINS OF ABYSSINIA
GREENEYED SPACED, A CAT FROM THE TEMPLE
LIVES IN THE CITY, SUBTERRANIAN

I AM THE SERVANT



AND HERE AND THERE IS THE FEAR OF NOT GROWING.
NOT BEING SURE ENOUGH TO BE VISIBLE.

I AM MOTHER EDWARDY AND SERETILES I KNOW I AM ALL

SHE CAME FROM FAR AWAY AND SAID 'YOUR MOTHER WAS DEAD
BECAUSE I AM YOUR CHILD. IT WAS A SLIGHT MISTAKE.
AN ERROR IN SOME EOS PART OF COSMOS
MAY BE THE WORLD IS GOING TOO FAST FOR OUR
SANITY. AND INSTEAD OF BRINGING HERE
NEW BEINGS, NEW BRAINS, PERHAPS WE MUST LEARN
TO LOVE OUR NEIGHBOR, OR IS IT THAT WE DO
NOT MOVE FAST ENOUGH TO FIT INTO THE COSMIC
GOEMETRY, AND SPACE PEOPLE COME INTO THE
NOW TO HELP TO MAKE THE CHANGE WE
EXPECTED TO HAVE. EARTHQUAKES
NATURE CHANGES WITH THE PASSING
OF ICARUS, CALCULATIONS AND EXCITEMENT.

AND ICARUS PASSED ON A PEACEFUL DAY IN
JUNE. FROM SPACE IT CAME NEAR, AND THEN
THE TENSION AROUND US PASSED. YOKO ONO
ETC LOOSE THEIR CHILDREN AFTER NEARLY
SIX MONTHS NOW AND SUZETTE WATCHES
TELEVISION WITH US AND SAYS 'DO THE
PEOPLE KNOW THAT THERE ARE STRANGERS
ON THE EARTH?

I AM IN THE STREETS AND ON BUSES AND IN
OFFICES, AND IN THE CROWD SUDDENLY A
PAGE I KNOW SHINING AND LIGHT, WE MEET
AND MOVE TOGETHER.

DEC 5
SADNESS FOR THE GAMES WE PLAY—
WHY THE TENSIONS—
ANOTHER SOURCE OF ENERGY—

THE FROG THE YEAR OF THE FROG.

SYMBOLISM

11 DEC
THEY SAY THAT LIFE IS YOUR MASTER
WE CHANGE YET SITUATIONS RETURN TO US
IN CYCLES, THE CHANGED I CONFRONT.
EVENTUALLY SOLVE CORRECTLY, AND
SO THEY PASS FROM
JAPANESE MASTERS AND VISIBLE CONTACTS
OF THE CYCLE

JULE SACHON

GURU TO THE WORLD



John Wilcock, in India. Other Scenes.

The heart and soul of Pondicherry is the **Sri Aurobindo Ashram**, focal point for pilgrims not only from India but from all parts of the world. It is an unusual ashram in the sense that its buildings are spread all over the town and some of its businesses provide employment and services for other residents of Pondicherry.

It includes, for example, its own laundry, perfumery, printing press and travel agency as well as bakery, tailors, furniture factory, oil mill and handmade paper workshop.

Right on the town's major square, is a building containing the ashram's central kitchen and there each day almost everybody who wants a meal can drop by between 11.15 am and 12.30 pm and line up for a simple vegetarian lunch sitting crosslegged on the floor to eat stainless silver bowls of rice, curry, yoghurt, bread and fruit. Theoretically non-members are supposed to contribute but nobody presses for the donation.

Sri Aurobindo, born in Calcutta on Aug 15, 1872 (a Leo!) was educated at Cambridge, England, and as a writer and revolutionary became involved in the extremist wing of the Indian Independence Movement early in the century. Jailed by the British for his involvement in a bomb plot (1908) he studied yoga and meditation during his year in prison and by 1910 was in Pondicherry continuing his silent divinations and rejecting political overtures from the increasingly active independence parties.

Four years later a remarkable French woman arrived in this little French town just south of Madras on India's east coast and fell immediately under his spell. She returned to France later in the year but came back to Pondicherry in 1920, married Aurobindo and since 1926 has been in complete charge of the ashram and all its activities under the name of the Mother. Everybody connected with the ashram in any way, and many of the other people in the town, refer to her reverently in this way and in so far as any problems or doubts arise it is

confidently assumed by all that 'the Mother will solve them.'

In the ashram's main building, on Rue d'Orleans, which also houses the reception center, is Sri Aurobindo's grave, always covered with flowers and surrounded by meditative disciples, and a framed portrait of both himself and the Mother, both looking about 40 years old and wearing halos. Sri Aurobindo, after a productive life of writing & inspiration, died on Dec 5, 1950; the Mother, who lives more or less in seclusion, is now 91 having been born (a Pisces!) on Feb 21, 1878.

Four times each year—on Feb 21, April 24, Aug 15 and Nov 24—the Mother appears on her balcony and gives general darshan (a sort of papal blessing)—to the assembled crowds, who come from all over the world for the occasion. The rest of the time she utters her pronouncements & preferences indirectly preferring to make her decisions on new applicants, appointments, etc., by studying photographs of would-be adherents. Theoretically ashram members are entitled to a personal audience with the Mother on their individual birthdays.

Membership in the ashram is currently about 1500, including a couple of hundred foreigners, and some of them—an Austrian hotel chef, a former soap company executive, a one-time Madison Avenue designer—were extremely successful in their earlier careers. One wealthy ex-Bostonian now occupies a remote island off the Coromandel Coast growing and processing the ashram's coconut crop. Ensclosed in the biggest of the ashram's numerous guesthouses at any given time are scores of international hippies of all ages, some wearing the gaudy regalia & beads of Haight-Ashbury, others with shoulder length hair and ankle-clinging Indian dhoti.

With the success of its experiment in international harmony assured, the Sri Aurobindo ashram began to think in more ambitious terms of an international city in which people of all races could live and work together. Such a city—Auroville (City of Dawn)—is now planned for a 10,000-acre site three or four

miles northwest of Pondicherry stretching inland from the coast to three inland lakes.

On the city's master plan in the ashram's office it looks like a galaxy of stars swirling around a central plaza.

Auroville's planners talk ambitiously of such projects as monorails, moving sidewalks and closed-circuit TV channels which are hard to visualize in the context of the site's present condition: scattered patches of scrub & palm trees sprinkled across the red soil plains.

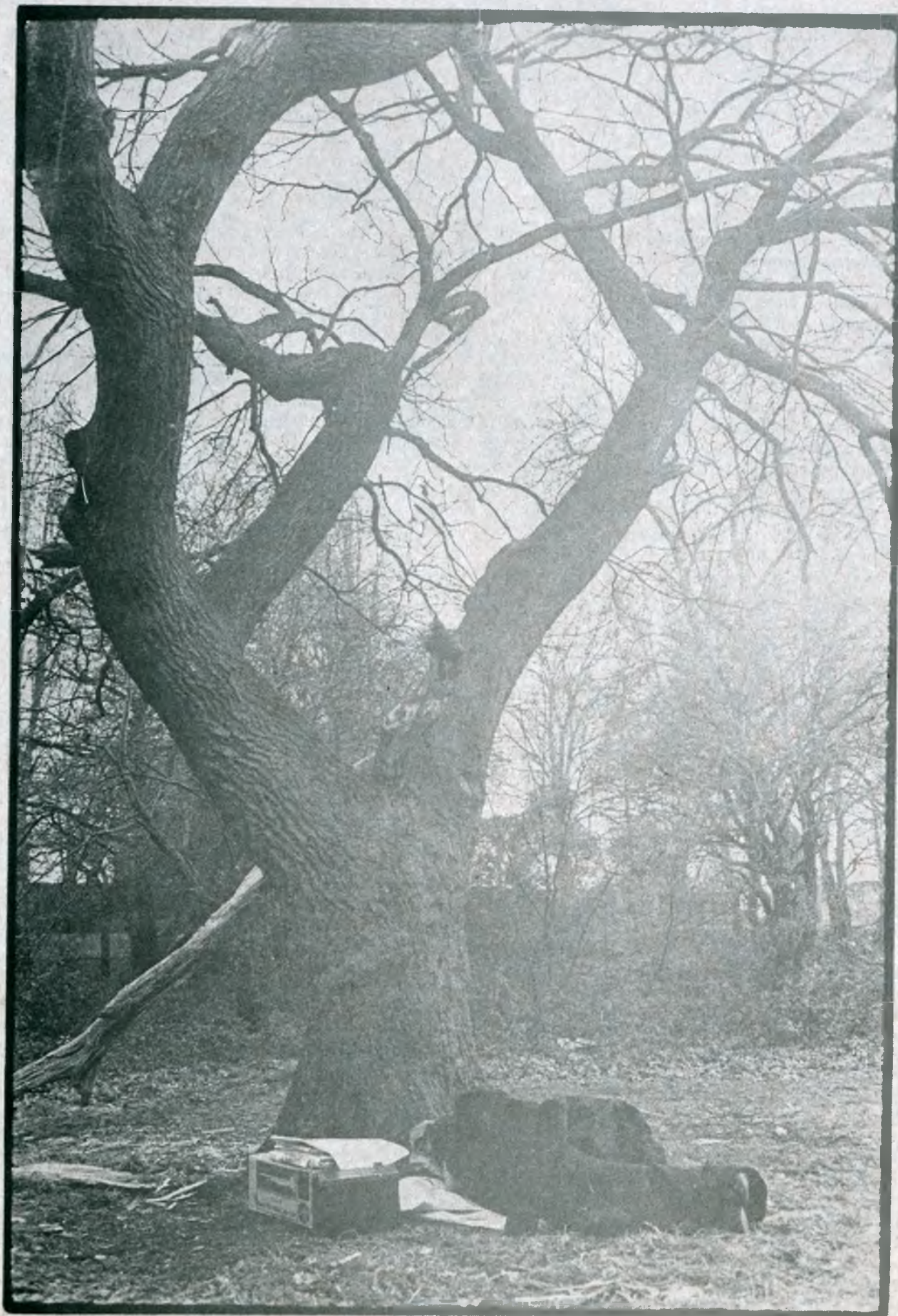
Instead of building the community's core and spreading out from there, Auroville is being constructed randomly at several points within the 15-mile perimeter, to allow maximum potential for individual effort and different ideas. Within ten years, it is hoped, people from all over the world will have added their contributions to the site including trade or display pavilions from different nations and Indian states. Many kinds of light industry and manufacturing are planned or anticipated—flour & cattle food plants, electronics, leather goods, carpets, canning factory, etc., and a university is also scheduled.

Despite these far-reaching plans for an industrial estate it is hoped to maintain 'a close harmony with nature' so that the community will also be basically rural with orchards, dairy and such crops as rice, groundnuts, mangoes, olives, grapes, dates, soybean and avocados.

The Indian newspapers have referred to the project as 'the first world city' which, when completed within ten years, will have a population of 50, 000.

The principles of Auroville will be those that guide the ashram: integrated living and working together of people who seek 'a higher consciousness'. Although all are welcome, with the proviso that 'endurance & perseverance are essential,' it is felt by the community's planners that 'only those who feel they can work in a spirit of self dedication can successfully confront the inner and outer problems which will at every step appear at the personal collective level.'

But perhaps a much quoted aphorism of the Mother puts it more succinctly: 'You are richer with the wealth you give than the wealth you keep in your possession.'



We do everything for them...

RUPERT ANDERSON

At this moment there are 100,000 people without homes in this country; a tenth of them are wandering the streets of London now. There is really nothing more I have to say about the subject — the rest of this article is mere wordy and indignant elaboration.

There was a time — between October 1961 and August 1962 — when the problem of homelessness in British cities received a sudden gush of public articulation. The LCC which was the body which governed London before the big reorganisation of the early sixties, announced that the winter of 1961-62 was presenting them with an unprecedented and unexplained increase in the number of men and women who had nowhere to live and who were dependent on welfare accommodation for mere protection against the elements. They had somehow found beds to accommodate 3,000 people and were frightened of the consequences of a further increase. In the late fifties they had only had to worry about a thousand such unfortunates.

There was a huge public outcry at the time. It seemed incredible that at the high-point of what in those days they used to call the affluent society there could be people — 'ordinary decent people', the Times leader called them — who could not afford the price of a roof over their heads. Many of them were not poor, but had fallen victim to eviction-happy landlords, or had families too large to accommodate easily; there were women whose husbands had deserted them or gone to gaol; some of them were feckless problem-ridden people who defaulted on their rent.

In the days before the Labour Government came to power in Britain in 1964 there was a very vigorous Parliamentary opposition, eager to find something to vent its righteous indignation over. The issue of homelessness came readily to hand. Mr. Robert Mellish (later to become the minister responsible for Housing in the London area)

said it made him sick to see such suffering. The Leader of the Labour Party (a Mr. Gaitskell) went personally to visit a number of the reception centres in which those newly rendered homeless were placed. The Conservatives who know how to avoid a hiding to nothing took a responsible investigatory line; Sir Percy Rugg Conservative leader on the LCC suggested a non-party approach to the problem and stressed 'the danger of allowing the awful human problem of London's homeless families to become a football to be kicked around the political arena.' However the blame was generally held to lie with the dreaded Rent Act of 1957 which had destroyed security of tenure for hundreds of thousands of flat-dwellers and the government of the day received an unrelenting drubbing from a string of gentlemen (and not a few ladies) who today adorn the commanding heights of British official political life.

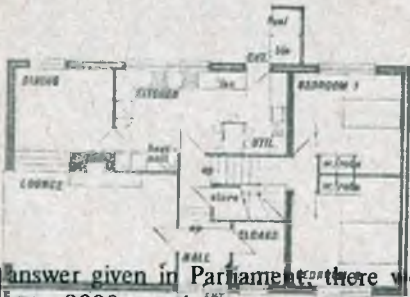
The television and press coverage was overpowering in its concern for the misery of the homeless and fearless in its determination to uncover the facts. It takes many hours, even today, to wade through the files for 1961 and 1962 marked 'homeless.' There was the family that lived in a parked car at Edmonton for six weeks. There was a woman who actually had a baby in a hurriedly-erected tent made of two broomsticks and a sheet. There was a councillor who appealed to the landlords in his area not to carry out a series of threatened evictions until Christmas was over. Encouraged by the mood of the country, tenants banded together and fought against evictions; there were several cases of tenants barricading themselves against bailiffs. The Minister of Housing Dr. Charles Hill was booed and heckled all over the country. His house was besieged by angry evictees.

The Times letter column at that period contained a number of laughable and unheeded suggestions for sudden and dramatic removal of the problem. 'Homeless may be given underground

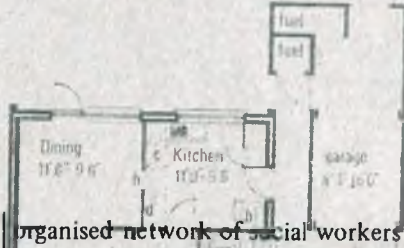
homes.' 'Why not put them in ships?' The LCC bought a convent and put seventy families in it. They invented the mobile home and placed thousands of them on empty sites all over the metropolis.

But still the figures crept remorselessly upwards. While the fuss was at its height the LCC used to announce the figures once a month. The monthly score used to arouse the kind of fascinated anxiety that the balance of payments figures do at the present time. Just before Christmas 1961 the LCC had counted about 3000 and soon afterwards lost hope that the number would drop much below that level. But by May the following year there were 3700 and by the following Christmas 4000 seemed inexorable. But by the next winter the level reached was around the 5000 mark, and the winter after that 6000. The feverish attention paid by the new Labour Government to the housing problem in the early months had some effect; after eviction was made illegal and the new rent officer system instituted for dealing with rents, the figures actually dropped back to the 6000 level — after climbing up to 7000. There was no doubt that for a short period by running extremely hard indeed the new administration was able to stay at the same spot. But gradually, after 'Cathy Come Home' was transmitted for the second time on BBC television, the swinging dose of conscience-letting had simply reached its limit. The Shelter organisation was born and thereafter its brilliant publicity techniques added a truly professional touch to the coverage; if you look through the files for the more recent years you will find how profoundly Shelter has cast its beneficent shadow over the problem. Pragmatism has filled the aching gap in the liberal conscience; instead of bleating about the problem you can do something about it. The figures in London went up to the 8000 level in the winter of 1966-67 and at the end of March 1968, according to an

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answer given in Parliament there were over 9000 people in temporary accommodation run by local authorities after being rendered homeless. But in the last two years Shelter has provided nearly 700 (seven hundred) homes in various parts of the country for the one hundred thousand homeless people in Britain. The probability is that 'the voice of Britain's homeless' has succeeded in a couple of years of ingenious public relations in not even coping with the increase in the numbers of homeless families while completely taking the heat out of the situation politically.

Even senior members of the Labour Government have been eager to contribute publicly to the work of Shelter. Harold Wilson himself has taken part in a Shelter publicity stunt. Having heaved themselves into power with the aid of the public disgrace incurred by the homeless, they have failed to discover an administrative technique for dealing with the problem; now, without a flicker of embarrassment they call upon the well-heeled to contribute pennies to the cause. We are not discussing the housing problem which presents an intractable challenge to civilised government in every part of the world. We are discussing the question of mere protection against wind, snow and rain for ordinary people in one of the wealthiest societies in human history. We are not talking about the provision of centrally-heated self-contained homes at economic rents; we are not talking about overcrowding or slum clearance: we are talking about working men and women who have nowhere - this evening - to lay their children to rest.

In London of course there is a significant number of problem families who cannot cope with modern life, with the sheer organisation of a family budget and the arrangement of a family routine. Even when they are housed properly they will almost inevitably bring some disaster upon themselves by not paying rent or running into hire-purchase difficulties; they need a well

organised network of social workers and perhaps - this is surely a technical question - can benefit from a period in a hostel community. But the numbers are being swelled at present with thousands of families who are quite 'normal' and are merely the victims of racial discrimination and illegal eviction. They may be large families but they are not necessarily poverty-stricken.

They could afford a fair rent. They are victims of a situation for which the whole of the rest of society is to blame.

Nonetheless as soon as a family has reached a position of homelessness and enters into the official system which is designed to cater for their welfare, society begins to take a form of revenge upon the hapless family unit. In many parts of Britain, including much of London, a homeless family will first be forced to live itself of all males over the age of sixteen. The women are left to cope with their children inside emergency accommodation while the men are left to fend for themselves. In the famous winter of 1961-62 there were 12000 men sleeping in London hostels who possessed no home of their own; another thousand were known to be sleeping in the open air or in railway stations and derelict houses. The number today must be astounding.

The scene in the emergency room at one London hostel recently visited provided an immediate reminder of pictures of an eighteenth century slave ship, just under a score of people in double bunks in a single room. It was a bad night. No one was particularly to blame. No one was able to cope with the deadening task. Of course there is also much hostel accommodation that is bright and cheerful, run by fully trained social workers, with space for the fathers to sleep in. But every borough runs its own system. And how can you design a system to deal with those members of society who have reached the lowest point of social wretchedness in the light of the knowledge that you

are not helping to clear up a problem but are merely contributing to a collectivity of misery that is swelling visibly before your eyes.

It is however worth pointing out some of the ways in which the social scapegoat principle works itself out on the homeless. At one London hostel the conditions of overcrowding are such that the mothers often have nowhere to store food; there are rats and mice. Often there is no hot water available for days on end. The whole atmosphere unsurprisingly is fetid. Many of the mothers keep their children cooped up the entire time inside their tiny rooms - where they have individual rooms - to prevent them catching diseases from their children. When you realise there are anything up to four score people at any time living inside this single old house, you begin to grasp how nerve-wracking the experience can be for mothers who are struggling alone with the occasional help of a visiting social worker to bring up their families without any immediate hope of rehousing. The local doctors refuse to call at the place and refuse to register patients who give the hostel as their address. The local state school refuse to admit the children. Local employers, unsurprisingly, are unwilling to give jobs to people from the hostel. The wretchedness of homelessness feeds on itself. A woman there recently stabbed her husband and the whole family is now split up; the result of course was inevitably that her children were taken away. The state pays the cost; the expensiveness of the task of destroying these families is incalculable. The cost of hospitals, mental homes, children's homes, welfare workers and later of borstal training for the children, prisons, policework must be many times higher than the price of providing a flat.

The communications gap which exists between the scandal as news and the scandal as administrative practice continues to grow. Most people probably imagine that an improvement has

taken place in the situation of the homeless since the days of the really massive publicity; few realise that the old workhouses which have been used as hostels for the homeless have not been removed. The newer hostels and recently acquired welfare accommodation are employed to deal with the increase in numbers.

Take for instance the story of Newington Lodge, the borough of Southwark's hostel for the homeless, a former workhouse which now stands half-derelict in the midst of one of London's huge areas of rebuilding. Once television reporters used to cluster round the gate waylaying inmates in order to extract from them the story of their plight. Politicians used to thunder forth at public meetings in the area about the sickening iniquities which had led to the rising figures of homelessness. Enterprising reporters used to smuggle themselves into the hostel in order to bring the world the inside story of misery, frustration and despair. 12 January 1962 (Guardian) 'The LCC is however determined to go ahead with its plans to close Newington Lodge and all the other homeless family units in the old institutions from which husbands have had to be excluded.' 2 May 1962 (Guardian) 'One result of the increase in the number of families for which the LCC is having to provide shelter is that it has proved impossible to abide by the decision to close the criticised emergency accommodation in the old institution premises such as Newington Lodge in Southwark.' 31 August 1963 (Guardian) 'The LCC is still trying to close its unloved institution of Newington Lodge . . . it is hoped to have ready by October a new reception centre.' 10 July 1964 (Guardian) 'Hopes of finally closing Newington Lodge, Southwark, as a reception centre for homeless families have been defeated.' March 1965 'Southwark, asked by other neighbouring boroughs for more time before demolition can begin have refused to grant a reprieve.

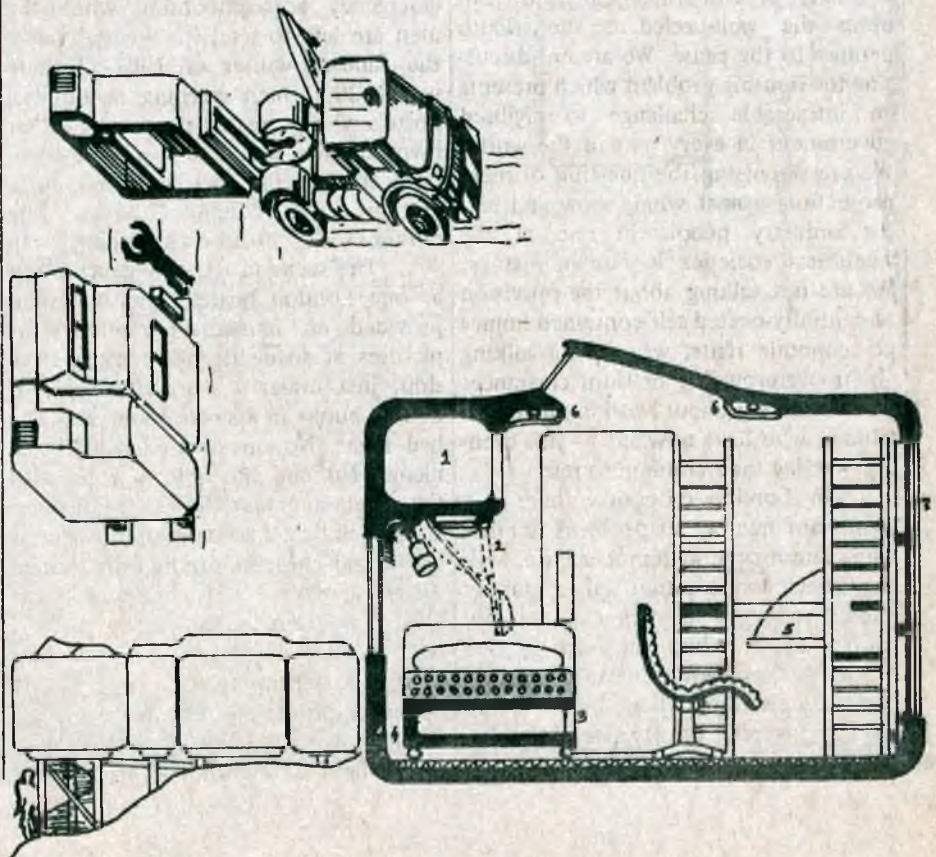
Newington Lodge has been scheduled for demolition for a considerable time. In any case it is not in accord with modern standards.'

It is hardly necessary to complete the story. 'The Lodge' is still used to house the homeless of Southwark - or some of them. Most of its inhabitants are people who have been evicted for non-payment of rent. They are split families, the fathers still being refused admission to the hostel. 'Of course, we are trying hard to close the place down,' the warden will tell you. The women are not given facilities for cooking for themselves. 'We do everything for them' the hard-pressed hostel staff will explain.

The story of the homeless is the tip only of an iceberg of resentment and frustration, that lies thinly concealed under a coating of pragmatic concern and attention. Liberal pragmatism and middle class charity can be seen to be not poles apart; they are allies in a sense. They have a great deal in

common, in particular, the way they enclose a problem and shut it off from real public attention. They absorb indignation into helpfulness. They are the lightning conductors for guilt and hopelessness alike. They surround a problem with a cottonwool of needless complexity, and at the same time of spurious professionalism.

But above all they separate giver from receiver, helper from helped, agitators from deprived. The homeless are placed upon a kind of pedestal in the advertising columns rather than the news pages. The enlightened are supposed to worship and dignify them leper-like with gifts, and the result is that they are separated utterly from our understanding. The homeless are not different from the housed; they have merely become victims of the system one way rather than another. The homeless are not available to be coped with. It is their indignation not yours which really matters.



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'Dear Dr Schoenfeld:

A couple of weeks ago my girlfriend and I got loaded and were making love. She told me that she wanted to show me something new that would be a real thrill to me. She said that one of her old boyfriends like to have her to do it to him often, so without knowing what it was, I agreed to let her try it.

What she did was to stretch my scrotum out tightly, then she took a pair of finger nail clippers and cut a small hole in the sac. I began to get scared then but she said not to worry, it was fun and didn't hurt much. Next she stuck a small plastic straw into the hole in my sac and started blowing air into it.

My sac got bigger than a baseball, but surprisingly it didn't hurt much and felt kind of good. I began to worry that it might burst so she stopped blowing and removed the straw. Then she quickly put a piece of adhesive tape over the hole to keep the air in. Then we continued with intercourse and I had a climax that was out of this world.

Afterwards she removed the tape from my scrotum and squeezed the air out of with her hand. Then she dabbed my scrotum with rubbing alcohol (to prevent infection she said) and retaped the hole. When she put the alcohol on it burned like hell. The next day my penis was swollen to about double its normal size and it itched like hell, but two days later it was OK again. What I want to know is could this practice cause me any harm? And what caused my penis to swell the next day?

Dear Dr Schoenfeld:

My girl friend was experimenting and blew a large quantity of air into my urethra. Well, she says it feels great to her to feel that balloon strike bottom. I do get a thrill from it, albeit a masochistic one because, God, it hurts. Can this form of fun in any way injure me? Write soon, cause I don't want to stop unless it might really hurt me.'

ANSWER: I hesitated for a long time before deciding to print the above letters about very literal 'blow' jobs. They appear in print only to point out that pleasurable sensations should be weighed against potential dangers.

To use drugs as an example, shooting (amphetamine) undoubtedly gives great immediate pleasure, but at the potential price of hepatitis, thrombophlebitis, deterioration of the personality

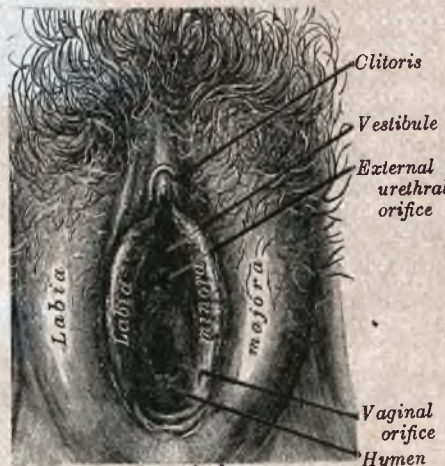
and sudden death through overdosage. Heroin users quickly become heroin addicts. Nineteen known deaths have been caused in the last year by inhalation of freon gases from glass chiller aerosol cans.

If any readers doubt that the practices mentioned in the letters above are harmful, I should point out firstly that more bacteria exist in the mouth than in any other body orifice. Our skin is a natural barrier to bacteria and other microorganisms which are not normally found in the bladder or scrotum. Infections of the bladder (cystitis may continue up the urethra to the kidneys). Infections of the scrotum? Not a pleasant prospect. Even more dangerous is the possibility of an air embolism. Air forced into a closed tissue space may enter the blood stream, go the heart, lungs or brain and cause sudden death or a stroke.

QUESTION: I have a 'condition' which seems to worry my husband more than myself. Ever since my teens my inner or minor vaginal lips have hung outside my major lips.

Because they are not neatly within the major lips my husband believes this could indicate some disorder. What do you think?

ANSWER: There is nothing abnormal about the labia minora protruding through the labia majora. Why some of my best friends . . .



The external genital organs
The labia have been drawn apart.

QUESTION: Please don't laugh—I'm serious! My boyfriend has a perpetual hard-on. He is 23 and I've never met anyone like him.

It's absolutely amazing. We make love he ejaculates and still pulls out with a hard-on and wants to start all over again, leaving no time in between.

He could do this all night, if it weren't for my getting sore. It bothers me because I recall reading sometime ago about a physical ailment causing a perpetual hard-on. I also recall it supposedly causes great pain to the male, not to mention the soreness it can cause the female.

ANSWER: Priapism, an abnormal state of continuous erection of the penis, can be caused by several diseases or by trauma to the spinal cord. The condition is commonly observed when a man is hung (literally—not as described in underground classified ads).

One of Balzac's Ribald Tales concerns a woman who brings a hanged man back to life through an unusual method of resuscitation.

But your boyfriend is not diseased—you just turn him on. The use of a lubricant may prevent or relieve soreness.

QUESTION: In the showers I notice all very fat men have a penis barely an inch long. Why?

ANSWER: An aroused (angered) colleague stoutly maintains this is a false observation, caused, no doubt by lack of familiarity with obese people. Increased fat tissue covering the base of the penis accounts for this belief. Have you ever read about Fatty Arbuckle.

QUESTION: Could you please explain what inverted nipples are and what, if anything, is the cure?

ANSWER: Inverted nipples turn in rather than out. The condition is rather common and should cause no concern unless it occurs after puberty. Pregnancy may cause them to evert.

I've also seen a picture of a suction device used to evert the nipples similar to those used to stimulate the flow of breast milk. Some gynecologists suggest having a close friend suck inverted nipples at least once daily to cause eversion. Find someone trying to kick cigarette addiction.

Dr Schoenfeld welcomes your questions. Write to him at PO Box 9002, Berkeley, California. Mark your letter: OZ.

HOMOSEXUAL BOERS

Bill

To amend the Immorality Act, 1957, to make punishable the possession or custody of any article which is intended to be used to give sexual satisfaction to a female in an unnatural manner; to make punishable the commission of sexual acts between persons of the same sex; and to repeal section 10 of Act No. 22 of 1898 of Natal.

BE IT ENACTED by the State President, the Senate and the House of Assembly of the Republic of South Africa, as follows:—

1. The following section is hereby inserted in the Immorality Act, 1957 (hereinafter referred to as the principal Act), after section 18:

“Possession or custody of any article which is intended to be used to give sexual satisfaction to a female in an unnatural manner.”

18A. Any person who has in his possession or custody any article other than a contraceptive which is intended to be used to give sexual satisfaction to a female in an unnatural manner, shall be guilty of an offence.”

2. The following section is hereby inserted in the principal Act after section 20:

“Sexual offences between persons of the same sex.”

20A. (1) A male person who commits any immoral, indecent or unnatural act with another male person or a female person who commits any such act with another female person shall be guilty of an offence.

(2) In the application of the provisions of subsection (1) ‘unnatural act’ includes any act committed by a male person with another male person or by a female person with another female person and calculated to stimulate sexual passion or to give sexual satisfaction.”

3. Section 22 of the principal Act is hereby amended by the substitution for paragraph (a) of the following paragraph:

“(a) in the case of an offence referred to in section 2, 18A, [or] 20 (1) (a) or 20A (1), to imprisonment for a period not exceeding three years with or without a fine not exceeding six hundred rand in addition to such imprisonment, or where it is proved that the person convicted kept a brothel and that unlawful carnal intercourse took place in such brothel to his knowledge between a white female and a coloured male or between a coloured female and a white male, for a period not exceeding seven years with or without a fine not exceeding one thousand rand in addition to such imprisonment;”

4. Section 10 of the Act “To amend the law relative to the trial and punishment of the Crimes of Rape and Indecent Assault and Conduct” (Act No. 22 of 1898 (Natal)), is hereby repealed.

5. This Act shall be called the Immorality Amendment Act, 1968.

The Charges

Lawrence Gandar and Benjamin Pogrand—Editor-in-chief and a reporter of the Rand Daily Mail, Johannesburg—are charged with two counts of contravening Section 44 (f) of the Prisons Act; publishing false information concerning prisons without taking reasonable steps to verify the information.

One of the allegations made in the article on prison conditions published in the Rand Daily Mail, was that homosexuality was rife in prisons and that officials turned a blind eye to it. The state is eager to refute this, as a draft law against homosexuality is going through parliament but has not yet been passed. State witness after state witness denied knowledge of widespread acts of homosexuality, besides giving evidence on other aspects of prison conditions. Evidence was given under the protection of a ruling that witnesses remain unidentified in newspaper reports.

The surprise in the trial’s third week was that the judge allowed newspapers to publish the name of former convict Harold John Goodwin. This came after the defence submitted that Goodwin was ‘well known, not to say notorious’. Goodwin, who is known throughout South Africa as ‘babyface’ testified twice during the week’s hearing.

His evidence raised the question of whether homosexuality was practised in Pretoria jail. He denied it was rife but under cross-examination admitted being connected with a club since his release which the defence claims was for homosexuals.

He said he was employed as a secretary of a club. Asked what type of people were members of the club, he said it was a matter of opinion and he was ‘not prepared to state an opinion’. It was a mixed membership of men and women. Mr Kentridge for the defence said a Major van Zyl of the CID had put in an official memorandum on behalf of the South African Police to the Parliamentary Select Committee investigating the matter of homosexuality.

Goodwin said he had not given evidence before this Select Committee and had not submitted a memorandum although he had sent a letter to the Minister of Justice. He was not prepared to reveal the contents of this letter. It did concern his club.

‘Let’s not beat about the bush. Was your club for homosexuals?’ ‘I will neither confirm or deny that.’

He agreed that men sometimes danced together at the club, but said he had no personal knowledge of their private lives.

‘You consider it ordinary for men to dance

together in a club?—That is a matter of opinion.’

Questioned about his earlier evidence that he had never heard jokes about homosexuality between prisoners and warders, Mr Goodwin said he had heard jokes occasionally among prisoners, ‘no more or less than outside prison’.

He denied that homosexuality was rife in prison.

Mr Kentridge said that a prisoner called earlier by the state had given evidence that Mr Goodwin was notorious in the prison for having homosexual tendencies.

Immorality Amendment Act

Early in 1968, the South African Government drafted an amendment to the Immorality Act of 1957, making punishable the possession or custody of any article which is intended to be used to give sexual satisfaction to a female in an unnatural manner; to make punishable the commission of sexual acts between persons of the same sex.

In other words male and female homosexuality is to be outlawed and punishable by law. Not only will it increase drastically the penalties for the offence, but it will make lesbianism an offence for the first time.

The Government itself is not entirely happy about the Bill, or about the right-wing behind it. This knowledge and fear of the consequence of the Bill has encouraged the homosexual community to brief lawyers to present their case to the Parliamentary Select Committee studying the Bill.

Club Charade

It so happens that ‘Babyface’ Goodwin is the secretary of a club in Johannesburg called Charade.

On the 22nd February 1968 he wrote a letter to The Minister of Justice. I quote from a photostat copy of the letter:

‘Dear Sir,

I am the secretary of a club which is limited exclusively to adults with homosexual or lesbian tendencies.’

He goes on to express the fears of his members and their willingness to make their views known to the Select Committee, and ends the letter by assuring the Minister of his co-operation at all times.

I quote the last paragraph from the Minister’s private secretary in reply to Goodwin.

‘The Minister also desires me to assure you that your society need not have the slightest fear of being branded or ‘listed’ as you call it!’

You can draw your own conclusions as to why ‘Babyface’ Goodwin subsequently turned state witness and lied in the witness box.

WITCHSEASON TAKES

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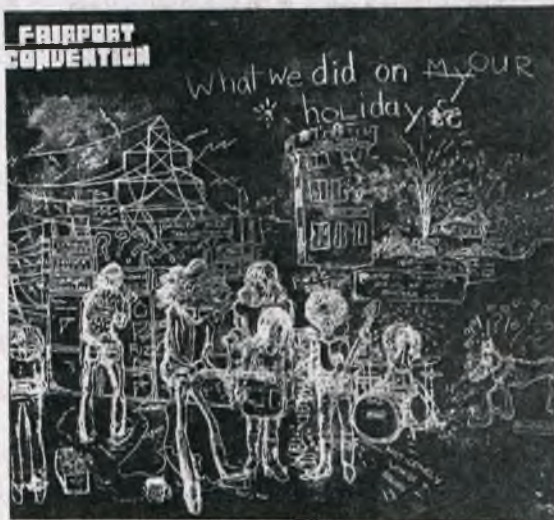
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DAVID RAMSAY STEELE Smash Cash

400 BC: Hey all you thirsty people, though you've got no money, come to the water. Buy corn without money and eat. Buy wine without money and milk without price. (Isaiah).

1652: There shall be no buying and selling ... If any man or family want grain or other provisions, they may go to the storehouse and fetch without money. (Gerrard Winstanley).

1968: The Abolition of Money. The abolition of pay housing, pay media, pay transportation, pay food, pay education, pay clothing, pay medical help and pay toilets. A society which works towards and actively promotes the concept of "full unemployment" ... (Yippie election leaflet).

Abolition of Money! Down through the ages this wild and visionary slogan has been whispered by a subversive few. Ever since human beings discovered cash, they have hated it and tried to rid themselves of it — whilst their own actions have kept it alive. In this respect, money is like syphilis.

Today the whisper has become a shout — though still the shout of a tiny minority. Tomorrow it will be the roar of the crowd, the major topic of discussion in every pub and coffee house, factory and office.

The abolition of money is an ancient dream, the most radical demand of every social revolution for centuries past. We must not suppose that it is therefore destined to remain a Utopia, that the wheel will simply turn full circle once more. Today there is an entirely new element in the situation: Plenty.

All previous societies have been rationed societies, based on scarcity of food, clothing and shelter. The modern world is also a society of scarcity, but with a difference. Today's shortages are unnecessary; today's scarcity is artificial. More than that: scarcity achieved at the expense of strenuous effort, ingenious organization and the most sophisticated planning.

The world is haunted by a spectre — the spectre of Abundance. Only by planned waste and destruction on a colossal scale can the terrifying threat of Plenty be averted.

Money means rationing. It is only useful when there are shortages to be rationed. No one can buy or sell air: it's free because there is plenty of it around. Food, clothing, shelter and entertainment should be free as air. But the means of rationing scarcity

themselves keep the scarcity in existence. The only excuse for money is that there is not enough wealth to go round — but it is the money system which makes sure there cannot be enough to go round. By abolishing money we create the conditions where money is unnecessary.

If we made a list of all those occupations which would be unnecessary in a Moneyless World, jobs people now have to do which are entirely useless from a human point of view, we might begin as follows:

Customs officer, Security guard, Locksmith, Wages clerk, Tax assessor, Advertising man, Stockbroker, Insurance agent, Ticket puncher, Salesman, Accountant, Slot machine emptier, Industrial spy, Bank manager, before we realized the magnitude of what was involved. And these are merely the jobs which are wholly and utterly useless. Nearly all occupations involve something to do with costing or selling. Now we should see that the phrase "Abolition of Money" is just shorthand for immense, sweeping, root and branch changes in society. The abolition of money means the abolition of wages and profits, nations and frontiers, rich and poor, armies and prisons. It means that all work will be entirely voluntary.

Of course, the itemizing of those jobs which are financial does not end the catalogue of waste. Apart from astronomical sums spent on the Space Race, and the well-known scandal of huge arms production, we have to realise that all production is carried on purely for profit. The profit motive often runs completely counter to human need. "Built-in obsolescence" (planned shoddiness), the restrictive

effects of the patents system, the waste of effort through duplication of activities by competing firms or nations — these are just a few of the ways in which profits cause waste.

What this amounts to is that ninety per cent (a conservative estimate) of effort expended by human beings today is entirely pointless, does not the slightest bit of good to anybody. So it is quite ridiculous to talk about "how to make sure people work if they're not paid for it." If less than ten per cent of the population worked, and the other ninety per cent stayed at home watching telly, we'd be no worse off than we are now.

But there would be no need for them to watch telly all the time, because without the profit system work could be made enjoyable. Playing tennis, writing poems or climbing mountains are not essentially any more enjoyable than building houses, growing food or programming computers. The only reason we think of some things as "leisure" and others as "work" is because we get used to doing some things because we want to and others because we have to. Prostitutes despise love. We are all prostitutes. In a Moneyless World work would be recreation and art. That work which is unavoidably unhealthy or unpleasant, such as coalmining, would be automated immediately. Needless to say, the only reason these things aren't done by machines at present is because it is considered more important to lower the costs of the employer than to lower the unhappiness of his slaves.

The money system is obsolete and antihuman. So what should we do about it? In years to come, with the increasing education and increasing misery of

modern life, together with growing squalor in the midst of growing plenty, we can expect the Abolition of Money to be treated more and more as a serious issue, to be inserted into more and more heads. The great mass of individuals will first ridicule, then dare to imagine (Fantasy is the first act of rebellion — Freud), then overthrow.

In the meantime, as well as propagating the notion of a Moneyless World, those of us who see its necessity have a responsibility to sort our own ideas out, in order that we may present an intelligible and principled case. We must stop thinking of the Moneyless World as an "ultimate aim" with no effect upon our actions now. We must realise that the Abolition of Money is THE immediate demand. A practical proposition and an urgent necessity — not something to be vaguely "worked towards."

Unfortunately those who want the Moneyless World frequently wade in a mire of mystification. Above all it is necessary to understand the workings of this society, capitalist society (Moscow, Washington and Peking are all in the same boat) if we are to know how to destroy it.

For example there is a commonly held view that Automation is going to settle all our worries, that money will expire automatically as part of a "natural process of evolution." This is quite wrong. As pointed out above, this society only automates to increase profits and for no other reason. Employers even take machines out and put workers back in — if they find that labour-power is cheaper. Any gain from automation these days is more than cancelled out by the waste explosion. Do not imagine that the slight increases in living standards of the last twenty years are the beginning of a smooth transition to Abundance. Another huge world slump is approaching.

A different illusion, also popular, is that cash can be abolished by example, by opening giveaway shops or by starting small moneyless communities which are parasitical upon the main body of society. These experiments accomplish little. Those people, for instance, who open stores to give and receive books without payment, face a predictable result: a large stock of lousy books.

These projects stem partly from a belief that we need to prove something. Relax. We don't need to prove anything.

The defenders of this insane society, it is they who stand accused, they who have to supply the arguments — arguments for poverty and enslavement in a world of Plethora!

All theoretical constructions which relate to wages, prices, profits and taxes are ghosts from the past, as absurdly outdated as the quibbles about how many angels could dance on the point of a needle. "Incomes policy" is irrelevant — we want the abolition of incomes. "Fighting crime" is irrelevant — we want the abolition of the law. "Workers' control" is irrelevant — we want the abolition of "workers." "Black Power" is irrelevant — we want the abolition of power over people. "The national interest" is irrelevant — we want the abolition of nations.

And let no one raise the banal cry: what are you going to put in their place? As though we would say to a research scientist: "And when you've cured Cancer, what are you going to put in its place?"

Then there is the myth of the small-scale. We cannot go back to being peasants and we should not want to. Keeping several thousand million people alive on this planet necessitates railways, oil wells, steel mills. Only by intricate organization and large-scale productive techniques can we maintain our Abundance. Do not be afraid of machines. It is not machines which enslave, but Capital, in whose service machines are employed, McLuhan represents the beginning of the New Consciousness of man-made artifacts. Computers are warm and cuddly creatures. We will have a beautiful time with them.

Many of the worst errors which retard the development of the New Consciousness, the Consciousness of Plenty, are to be found in Herbert Lomas' piece on "The Workless Society" in International Times/43. This at least has the merit that someone is putting forward a case for the removal of money in specific terms. Unfortunately, they are specific non-starters.

According to Herbert Lomas, a political party is to be formed which will take power and proceed as follows. Useless workers in industry will gradually be laid off and paid for not working. The process will be extended until money can be abolished. In the meantime, those being paid for doing nothing will do what they like. To begin

with many of them might play Bingo; eventually more and more would aim at higher things.

What is wrong with this projection? Many things, but chiefly two. First, it fails to take account of the systematic nature of society. Second, it assumes that present-day society exhibits a harmony of interests.

In the first place, Lomas says: "Why are these people working? They are not working for the sake of production, for the truth is that if they were removed production could be increased beyond measure." He concludes that they are working because of their attitudes, the attitudes of their employers, the attitudes of the rest of society. But the fact of the matter is that these workers are working for the sake of production — not the production of goods but the production of profits. The reason why things are "made with great ingenuity to wear out" is not because of the attitudes of the people involved. The management may think it's criminal but they are paid to organize things so as to optimize profits. If they produced razor blades to last for centuries, the firm would go broke. It is not the attitudes which are crucial, but economic interests. If a teetotaler owns shares in a brewery, it does not make the booze less potent.

Which brings us to the second point. Today's world is a jungle of conflicting vested interests. The Abolition of Money will represent the liberation of slaves, yes — but also the dispossession of masters, i.e., the employing class. We cannot view the government as an impartial panel which looks after the best interests of everybody; it is an instrument used by one set of people to oppress another.

On one point Herbert Lomas is correct. The movement for the Abolition of Money must be political, because when we destroy money we destroy the basis of the power of our rulers. They are unlikely to take kindly to this, so we must organize politically to remove them.

For the moment though, what is needed is more discussion and greater understanding. We must be confident that the movement will grow. We must think, argue, and think again — but never lose consciousness of that one, simple, astounding fact: Plenty is here. The Moneyless World is not an ultimate millenium. We need it now.

OVER & UNDER

'The England I know and the England I love is an England of constant change and constant movement of peoples, a proud arrogant mongrel race intense and stubborn, but with this wonderful sense of movement' Ray Gosling's Sum Total.

There is an England undiscovered, its people are violently sarcastic, drink tea and are not all that young now. They grew up in a world of chip shops, library books being overdue, racing bicycle clips, Journey Into Space and tend to look like characters out of Giles cartoons. They grew up in the Fifties and based themselves more on Hancock's Half Hour than the Goon Show; they knew how to hitch and attempt petty crime and from the third form in grammar school it was more or less a race to get expelled and get out to the serious business of buying a motorbike and a girl. I could never see how these people could stomach the Underground; it was precious and they were cynical, it was pretty and they were ugly in an English way, it was American or Australian and they were British, it was exhibitionist and prone to delirium and they were stoic and ran a mile if they thought someone was putting it on.

Occasionally there are explanations of how the two could meet. Ray Gosling, then billed as the talking teenager, wrote one in 1962 called Sum Total. Jeff Nuttall wrote another in 1968. It's called Bomb Culture, and is a quite brilliant social history of this decade. It starts in the pre CND wonderland of the first of David Mercer's plays, of George Melly and Trad before The Observer and this evenings Art-Critic, that magic time when Alistair McIntyre was still a Trotskyist, when John Berger wrote for the New Statesman, and Cyril Davies and not John Mayall was the father of British Blues. Nuttall stays outside the Underground's mental bathysphere and the awesomely pathogenic world of the hippies; he senses this is bourgeois romanticism and serves mainly as a way out of the nastyness of bourgeois utility. Behind the flowers he partially glimpses the

hardeyed disinterest and glare of suspicion of the underground (anatomised with characteristic sensibility by Ray Gosling in an IT centre page spread for which he was subsequently attacked by some underground shaman-moron for having hangups). Nuttall is suspicious of the limitations of drugs and rejects those who call for re-union with the Cosmic: 'I would suggest that not only is this alienation from the cosmos the condition we call human but that such a separation is a vital element in the cosmic pattern, that man is naturally un-natural and that this is an absolute enrichment rather than a psychic tragedy'. The ego, which gets such a bad press these days, is rightly seen as the core of man's strivings and the turning away from Nothing. Nuttall remains compassionate but exterior to the majority of the in-underground and is best of all when talking about CND meetings, American pop and nyons getting heard up in Finchley (our author has a sizable alcohol habit which is reassuring), the Vicar of St. Martins in the Fields, trad jazz clubs near Northern Line Tube Stations and the Young Communist League before it went pop.

Its reviewers have been interesting. Those who know the terrain have gone overboard. Peter Fryer, one of the best of those who left the Communist Party over Hungary, wrote at the end of his piece his terrible need to be a friend of Nuttall's. Dennis Poirer, at 33 a bedridden veteran of CND satire and the BBC, reviewed Bomb Culture with a sense of agonising recognition which was almost beyond words. The critical wide boys, noticeable Alvarez in the Sunday Beast whose cleverness is in fact mostly belligerent, hammered the book. From the academic-critical greasy pole, even for a critic who has annexed 'extremism' as his analytic territory, Nuttall is too frantic, too painful, not well enough adjusted to the insanity of the present. Lowell and Plath are allowed close to the edge, they are after all Americans, Nuttall's hangups are not permitted.

For those of us who are still angry,

Nuttall's gut wrenchings will make perfect sense. There are not two things; how society is organised, how people are conscious and respond to this organisation. The relation of beliefs to action is not external and contingent, but internal and conceptual. What is happening in Vietnam does change the way we use words; the way we use words has an effect on ourselves. In many ways the trough between the end of CND's fruitless non-conformity and the beginning of VSC, between post-Hiroshima and Vietnam, between Hungary '53 and Paris '68 was a period of being stranded in the unbearable, especially politically.

Looking back on it now it would seem that it took craziness, illness, dope or political extremism to get through it and see through it.

The nuttyness of Morgan and Joe Orton's plays, the nudging self-awareness of the New British Movie, the metropolitan smugness of Swinging London, these responses differed only in the degree of self-deceit. Hopefully the events of 1968 signal a new future, something more than the brisk merchandising of '63-'67, perhaps we can put the pillow over the cage of pop and get on to something that really matters.

This is, I think, the sense of what writers like David Mercer, Dennis Potter, Adrian Mitchell are about and all of who's work is very specific about the perils of that period and the values of a therapeutic lunacy. Nuttall's conclusions hover, as the book, between tough-sentimental hero and poetic juvenile delinquent; the one headmasterly, the other half barmy with phallic energy. He seems doomed to be saying 'lets at last get down to business' the main message of his My Own Mag editorials and post Trafalgar Square oration letters to Anarchy. But one is followed by the suspicion that, to use Nuttall's own words: 'the most hot blooded insurrectionists hold their role of opposition to a thoroughly secure establishment more important than the overthrow of that establishment'. For much as the idea of revolution in

general compels him, any attempt to organise politically is seen as comic opera Leninism (which of course it sometimes is). He quotes a caricature of a Stalinist from Lessing's Golden Notebook as if that proves it. Instead he prefers the garbled halls of verbal anarchism, particularly the tiny Chicago group around Bernard Marzalek and their paler versions in this country, Cuddon's *Cosmopolitan Review* and *Heatwave* (now joined by King Mob *Echo*, the organ of soon-to-be-fashionable-Situationalism). All these groups enjoy a good deal of violence-in-the-head and revolutionary bop prosody and find political or economic theory not worth bothering with; its Wifey who runs *American* and the telly; beer and mental homes which keep us anaesthetised.

The same enthusiasm for apocalyptic rhetoric without any of the dangers attendant to revolutionary commitment is visible in the ludicrous over-priase for Mailer's last two reports by precisely the people who couldn't see a word of what 'The America Dream' was about. Clive James writing in *OZ* 14 finds it fairly easy to mock this sort of language politics. He advances the familiar proposition that all revolutions lead to new tyrannies, that these days things are simply too complex anyway and anyway it might upset the bourgeoisie 'the custodian of civilisation in Europe'. Instead he offers hippy fabianism, 'the only way to fight City Hall is by providing an alternative mode of existence and keep it running long enough for the industrial complex to become humanised by penetration and example', in the mean time the Academy will remain the Keeper of the true standard of the 'one literature'. In fact his political condescension is largely misplaced because although hippies don't take a very acute interest in political theory there are many who do, of whom Mr. James, if his citation of Hannah Arendt as a political authority is anything to go by, is likely to be largely ignorant.

As for the 'one literature', it is precisely a conscious rejection of revolutionary politics in one stem of English literary criticism (see Leavis's *Scrutiny*, a *Retrospect*) which has produced this exaggerated concern for Cambridge and specifically the English Tripos as the supreme validation of literature and human culture. For all the

academic muscle bending, boyos and surfing prose and premonitions of social disintegration, James eventually argues himself into a remarkably poky little corner; revolutionary politics are boneheaded because boneheads sometimes talk about them, hippies should grow up, art is forever. James is certainly right to be appalled at the cultural landscape of rank mediocrity, he is wrong to see it as the necessary product of industrialism or those identified as the underground when it is rather the specific result of the nature of British society and the class that dominates it.

What is in fact happening is the convergence of a dissident and political intelligensia with a mass and rebellious youth movement. The previous emergence of such a genuinely subversive intellectual movement were fin-de-siecle Bohemianism and, between wars, Stalinism. The 1890s of Beardsley, Wilde and McKintosh ended in Boer War jingoism; it remains the source of most of the visual plunderings of the underground. The Red Thirties scarcely existed and the swift repatriation of most of its intellectuals to bourgeois society after the Molotov-Ribbentrop Pact demonstrates this, but the Foreign Languages Publishing House prose is still perfectly intact in the arthritic language of Black Dwarf editorials and VSC speakers.

What happened in the era between the end of *CND* and the beginning of what can be called with justice, the period of revolutionary politics, was the emergence of both bohemians and revolutionaries alongside. The kind of folklorique anarchism of the underground's politics is an essential stage just as Narodnikism was prior to Bolshevism. 'Where there is revolution there is anarchy, the first stirring, the first cry, the first position before organisation begins. We must greet and welcome anarchy.

'It is not the sword of revolution only its herald. But the herald performs a genuine service,' Peter Sedgwick. This is the meaning of the history Nuttall witnesses; 'The path that leads from moral reasoning to political action is strewn with our dead selves,' Andre Malraux.

David Widgery



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- 1 We demand, full employment for all black people living in the United Kingdom.

We know that black people are being discriminated against in employment, and are relegated to jobs that the white man no longer wants to do, even though they are well qualified for better jobs.

- 2 We demand, better housing conditions for all black people and a voice in the re-allocation of houses for our people.

We know that white landlords are not giving us housing accommodation fit for human beings.

- 3 We demand an end to police brutality and the persecution of our leaders.

We know that Brothers Michael, Obi, Gideon and Peter Martin, have been imprisoned because they dared to speak out for freedom.

- 4 We demand freedom for all black people in prison.

We know that our Brothers have not been given fair trials because of the very nature of the jury system.

- 5 We demand that all black people be tried by their own Peer Group as is written in the Magna Carta.

We know that white jury men and women are ignorant of the various dialects of the black people in this country. How could a black man have a fair trial if the members of the jury cannot understand his means of expression?

- 6 We demand education for our people that exposes the true nature of this racist society.

We demand education that teaches us our true role in the present day society. We know that this educational system is detrimental to the free growth of our black children and impedes the creation of the new Black Man.

Once upon a time, an outfit called the Institute of Contemporary Arts carried on its smallscale, select, thoughtful operations on a first floor in Dover Street. Its gallery was its lecture room was its bar. Some said it was cliqueish, and it did have its own wavelength, but it was a neat, economical, functional format. It was nicely balanced between a Surrealist inheritance and high-powered intellectuality, it was openmindedly eclectic yet selfrespectingly selective. It dealt in new directions and in what was good of its kind.

What policy one wondered, could back the choice of new Mall premises, where no exhibition can cover its costs unless the visitors come pouring in like the rushhour in the tube? It's now apparent The ICA has set itself to appeal to (1) any foundation which will respond to the snob appeal of its past reputation and its new address, like the Arts Council, or Sidney Bernstein, or the Gulbenkian Foundation, or Apple, and (2) the box-office, with a vengeance. It's pop or bust.

For such a strategy the time seems ripe. A new public is appearing. Old brow-barriers are crumbling. All the mini-skirted secretaries and discotheque dollies have learnt to limbo to Vivaldi from UFO and from echochamber soundprocessing to hear structureless sound for its own sake.

So appetising is the grab-allcomers theory that an old showbusiness axiom warns against it. Choose your public, and write for it. Don't try and sit on seven stools at once. You can't be, simultaneously, Queen and Petticoat. If you're eclectic you'll appeal only to eclectics, and there may not be many of them. Of course, an axiom is only a rule of thumb, Overlap areas exist. *The Obsessive Image* romped around in one.

Pitfalls there are, when you try and be a Royal Pop Academy, Tate-cum-hep-Tate-cum-art-discotheque-laboratory. With such a massive rent wrapped like a millstone round your neck it's not so easy to swim between Scylla the love-all, grab-all nonselectivity of the trendhound — and Charybdis — the slack, lowest-common-denominator imbecility exemplified by the Apollinaire production.

Apollinaire. Ah — la belle epoque. Ah, la vie de boheme. Ah, les filles des bordels. Ah, le Douanier Rousseau, ze divine innocent, ze — 'ow you call 'eem?

Ho! Ho! Ho Chi Mall

The gospel according to Ho Chi Mall

— peasant Gully Jimson, no? In Truffaut's Jules et Jim film Jim tells Jules the story of Apollinaire, so the ICA production has Guillaume the spitting image of Jim. With a Strangelove arm. Homage to Truffaut, to Kubrick? No, secondhand, thinking, Banalities. The play is as full of fashionable cliches as of fashionable spades.

What made Apollinaire go establishment? His headwound. Why was he The Outsider? Being a foreign born Jew. Why should we identify with him? Because he was so vulnerable to women and yet full of sexy joie de vivre. What was the Wound in His Soul? All Women Were His Mother, a Haughty Blonde. And when he goes for a jaunt on an automobile (to show how modern he was) it makes period noises and does things like get flat tyres. All the jokey things that seemed new in that 1950 British comedy, Genevieve. Sweet Genevieve. Twenty years on, the ICA borrow from Ealing comedy in a bid for what? Aunt Edna?

Every word spoken or read, proclaim the authors, is from Apollinaire. So what? Such 'fidelity' is treachery when the lines are selected by minds working on the same principles, of two-bit pseudo-psychology and ingratiating martyrlogy, as the novelists who wrote *Moulin Rouge*, *Lust For Life* and *The Agony and the Ecstasy*. Who bothers so little about Apollinaire's poetry (as opposed to his brand-image) that they get a charming actor to speak it with indigestible flatness. Who are so mesmerised by chronological pedantry that they think the Lumiere programme is an evocation of Paris ca. 1900?

The play is a structureless succession of stagings that had ceased to be avant-garde on the West End stage well before Joan Littlewood. The only critic who liked it was Harold Hobson, and that's no accident. He knows what's safely banal when he sees it.

The ancillary exhibition included many artworks commissioned in homage to Apollinaire. 'In homage to' is current cant for derivative hackwork, 'using the pretext of.' The notion of commissioning little, quick, light artworks, artworks from trendy people is as transparent as it's pitiable. It's the art machine producing little objects to keep itself going. It's the small change of consumer society. The Wimpyburgers of art. It's jobs for the boys. It's 'I'll



FLUORESCENT CHRYSANTHEMUM

Until 26 Jan.

commission you if I think you're with it.' It's another little one-man Arts Council using the ICA to build up its little sub-empire. It's an old boy net because it's a matter of flip whim, of idle fancy, devoid of merit. The shunting aside, for the sake of the Apollinaire piece, of John Arden's play, about which its author protested, is a case in point. In the first place, the Apollinaire piece should have been offered to theatre groups whose director was not the play's co-author. For obvious reasons. For everybody's sake. As it is, when one thinks that the co-author was once script editor of the Royal Shakespeare Theatre, one is tempted to suppose, either, that he's besotted by his involvement in his play now, or that the Royal Shakespeare Theatre covered up for his remarkable absence of acumen then.

The ICA Bulletin was once a small,

See Back Cover

terse, valuable magazine. The new Magazine is distended by the same ragbag indiscrimination that made the Apollinaire productions so pitifully opportunistic. Now it rambles on about Hornsey, Czechoslovakia, about everything discussed, typically, in The Observer, and here it gets, not analysis, but little inspirational blazons of excited me-tooism. A two-page poem scolds Guatemalan intellectuals whose minds fiddle while the third world burns. So just what does Apollinaire have to offer them? What would it have mattered if his anniversary had been celebrated only by The London Magazine and all the other usuals? Or if it hadn't been celebrated at all? (So Apollinaire was a pornographer! So what? Today everybody's a pornographer. So he welcomed the new! So what? Since pop art everyone welcomes the new. It's the only way bourgeois art can throw up sensational nothings fast enough to make progress look like liberation).

Two issues devoted to the Cybernetic exhibition were a welcome return to thought, in a magazine whose level of universal raving is now almost on a par with The Beatles Monthly Book. The ICA raves so obsessively it's reduced the very notion of enthusiasm to abject tedium. The idea of repudiation also. 'Shit to Institutes of Contemporary Art!' chant the Apollinaire chorus, thus proving that 'Shit' doesn't mean a thing either, because the cry is meant to keep you coming and keep paying its establishment-sized rent. You can enjoy that little sensation of superiority, of jolly twinge of refusal, which snobbery always sells to those who pay for their seat. In trendy mouths, all these 'revolutionary' slogans mean is: 'Anyone for tennis?'. Revolution, like tennis, is offered as a Nice Change. The ICA, meanwhile, will revolve itself ever more firmly into the Mall.

Increasingly the worst in the old art establishment, the insecurely placed within it, cashing in on the revolutionary rave-up. Increasingly the attack on art is also an attack on integrity in the name of the mass produced, easily consumed, throwaway, knicknack objects. Consume faster! consume everything! don't think about anything! Buy art! Buy anti-art! But non-art! You too can be a collector! Buy A History of Anti-Art! Buy an

Anti-History of Anti-Art! Buy the Anti-Art Bulletin! Objects! Institutes! New! Revolutionary! It's All Happenings! Newnewnew nownownow! Wow, zoom, bingbangbollicks! The pseudo-primitivism of the worst pop-art conceals the snatch-and-grab provocativeness of art which offers nothing but the illusion of defying art. At a time when the standards of the old ICA are more desperately needed than ever, the newlook ICA like a rotten tonsil, becomes a centre of infection.

Guevara, Paris, Hornsey, all came as if on cue, just as flower power began wilting, to give the same old magazines another set of slogans, of innovations, of trends. It's impossible to respect the Coldstreams and others, who, so isolated in and insulated by the establishment that they don't know what's happening outside it any longer, but who soldier on with integrity about what they do sense or glimpse. It's not so easy to respect the Mr Facing Both Ways who preach spontaneity out of one mouth and commission hackwork with the other, or who cry 'Shit to myself!' in confident expectation for their revolutionary radicalism.

The ICA may get its grants from goodnatured or prestige-hunting sectors of the bourgeoisie. It may also make much trendy todo about reconciling fine art and pop art and pop fine art and avant-garde pop and avant-garde pop fine anti-art and even revolutionary bayonets before cultural butter. To reconcile both strategies has, one must admit, the courage of bluff. One would admire that bluff if behind it were what one senses behind the operations of a Diaghilev or a Darwin, a profound respect for art, and artists, a sensitivity of response, as well as all the survival mechanisms of showmanship, conning and all the rest. The ICA's old style integrity remains, in three of the four exhibitions since its move to the Mall. The filmshows have performed the function, which the BFI still refuses as far as it dare, of accommodating the experimental. Thanks to the ICA, many American phenomena have at last been seen here. And so on and so forth. It would be a great pity if so much that's so promising were stunted or lost because of a too-bold strategy were sabotaged by clumsy tactics, by a cheap, opportunistic tone, by the sacrifice of integrity to an ambition altogether out of its league.



WEDNESDAY JAN 29
WINDMILL·CAMEO·MOULIN
* at the Windmill from Jan 30



The human figure was drawn in white wireframe as a part of the design process of cockpit design at the University of Nottingham. The figure is shown in a seated position, and the cockpit environment is suggested by various geometric shapes and lines. In the bottom left corner, there are two smaller wireframe figures, one standing and one sitting, representing preliminary design stages. The text at the bottom right of the image reads: "The human figure was drawn in white wireframe as a part of the design process of cockpit design at the University of Nottingham. The figure is shown in a seated position, and the cockpit environment is suggested by various geometric shapes and lines. In the bottom left corner, there are two smaller wireframe figures, one standing and one sitting, representing preliminary design stages. The text at the bottom right of the image reads: 'The designer can assess, preliminary design on the chair by drawing the outline design on the human figure, observing its relationship to the human figure, this has been done at Nottingham University.'"

Greek Gaols

'Letter from a Greek Gaol' appeared, unsigned, in OZ 6 and was republished in Underground newspapers throughout the world. It was written by Neal Phillips, an American, who now tells how his guards turned up to interrogate him with a copy of OZ within days of its publication in London. After his release, he was gaoled again in Rome and has since been hounded by CIA officials everywhere

Cold-sweat flashback to Greek political prison on the island of Aegena, lost somewhere in the Aegean Sea. A boatload of secret police called KIP arrive, dreaded gang of psychopaths — from the sadistically selfish oligarchy which robots them to their nameless unknown commander to the lowest functionary, these specialists in mendacity and duplicity, beaters of feet and shockers of balls, pubic-hair pluckers and kidney-kickers, extractors of blood-soaked confessions, these perpetrators of the CIA's dream of a better world. They call me into the usual cold barren office and we're face-to-face again, come certain cool this time but any expert in analyzing these confrontations would see the colour of fear in my aura, even after 38 months in these caves and dungeons and still standing.

A copy of OZ lies opened on the lemonwood table separating us. It is open to a published message I had smuggled out of Prison of Seven Towers in Saloniki a few months before. Shock. There is a 'name withheld' printed under it, it has been on sale in London only four days, but through some unimaginable fuzz-sorcery they've already arrived in the middle of the Aegean Sea to confront me with it. Smuggling political information out of prison is five years if they feel polite, and 'accident' or 'escape' if they do not. It's all the same, five years added to my 3½ is death, one cannot live through osmosis acid and will-

power for ever.

They begin their painfully slow and tricky rap with an arrogance which one must hear to know, the heaviest vibe on earth, the God in the White House very definitely is on their side, the world of my prison is shuddering and they are crushing me. They know, they tell me, that John Wilcock visited me at Seven Towers in June, and that he published his 'Other Scenes' jointly with this issue of OZ, and that I had handed Wilcock this message, they'd compared it with my other writings they'd busted through the years and their language-specialists agreed it had to be mine and would certainly swear to it in 'court', and anyway I was the only foreigner in Seven Towers through those months, etc, etc, now please sign this 'admission' and 'all might be forgiven'. I did what one learns to do: remarked upon the strange coincidence in all of this, if the positions were reversed I'd no doubt believe the same as they, but sorry I couldn't sign it, it wasn't me. Crazy laughter. I shot a look which meant that all the tortures and deaths in Greece could not make me sign anything anywhere for anyone, that I could be taken apart piece by piece and NEVER sign a contract for five more years in malnutrition's kitchens and they believed me, although I do not know even now if I flashed them the truth, nobody can ever know.

Three more months pass in frozen misty prison-silence, another deadly winter. New arrivals

daily, all broken and driven mad, condemned to terrible years for thought-crimes. Our unheated little stone room which once held eight now has twelve, then fifteen, now twenty, we are bitterly cold and unwashed and underfed, everywhere there is sickness, and the feeble old doctor who appears two afternoons a week for 1,500 of us has no medicine in his bag. Like the Siege of Stalingrad. Under those conditions those of us with our heads still partly together spend most of our time chasing the vibes of violence out of the air, for life like that is impossible even for the sane, and an eruption in such sad hopeless quarters might destroy us all.

KIP visits again and again, off their OZ kick now, but wanting to know who was publishing those things and bombarding them with those petitions, names and addresses, what organization were they connected with, were they Communists? Dope freaks? They wanted labels; 'friends' would not do. The American Embassy always sent a man with them, not to protect me (an infantile illusion destroyed two smashed kidneys and a face-stabbing before), but to plug my answers into their worldwide fuzz network and classify some more of the underground mind as 'enemy'. No deal.

February comes, and King Constantine, now exiled in Rome, pardons me out of my exile in Greece. Madness. Flight into Rome, five days with the CIA for 'reorientation'. Nights with the Living Theatre. Total acid,

WATCHTOWER

immersed in the acid of the earth. Freedom. We must quickly invent a new language to handle the infinity of fabulous feelings which live in those white-light realms beyond words. Impossible to communicate the power of a walk in the park, alone and floating free, all senses on OPEN, somebody's cut the string on my balloon. There's no privacy in prison, even when asleep or masturbating, the eye of the State is always at the keyhole. Now each simple walk in the streets is a blinding parade of miracles. EVERYTHING is an orgasm. Malanga makes a film called Recording Zone Operator on the reincarnation of Drakos, my executed cellmate. Everything's too public, Rome is such a village, busted again. Forty months in prison, forty days' out, busted again for bash. Everybody's complaining about the Prison of the Sky Queen in Rome, but to me it's a first class hotel — some food, a bed, doctors to repair the old Greek wounds, music, books, letters, a sympathetic and intelligent judge named Giovanni who released us after six months without a trial and thus saved years, said we'd broken the law but committed no crime, setting up a howl in the Vatican press and destroying Giovanni's career. Now it's London, in heaven's upper regions and grooving around with our friends. People ask me many different types of questions about what is going on in Greece, like what the hell do they THINK is going on in Greece? How many times do they have to hear it, in how many ways from how many people? Greece was never free. I was busted there in 1964 and my first 50 jail-friends had been falsely convicted of X-crime which was a pretext to cover political sins which could not be prosecuted in their own names. Everybody was tortured systematically even then, just generally speaking it was the most twisted social system anywhere after 20 years of total American political military economic and moral control, and even before that it was always

bad bad bad. But finally the Greek Jesus had arrived in the body of Andreas Papodreau and he set off Sigma vibrations which rolled back and forth through the ignorant terrified streets and multiplied. The Priest-Palace-Wealthy-CIA-Police-Military interests which had always operated Greece to suit their own obscene pleasures felt the threat, and together they launched the Junta upon the people in it's own name, attempting to perpetrate the illusion that the said Junta was working in it's own name to continue the enslavement brutalization and mystification of the Greek people.

There are a couple of thousand prisoners in exile prisons with no court at all in their future, but the Greek Justice-head is nothing if not tricky. I've lived in eleven different prisons there and all of them are full of political prisoners condemned of actual 'crimes' and sent to criminal prisons, therefore they do not count as political prisoners, but they are, friend, thousands. And the Red Cross goes to Leros and issues a devastating report of the diet, sanitation, etc. The food and services which scandalized the world were far better than any food or services I ever saw in a criminal prison. Nobody knows definitely about that or supposes that it exists because the fucking Red Cross doesn't go there because the poor people hovering and cowering in dark corners of their minds inside are classified and convicted as 'criminal' instead of 'political'.

The deceptions which the reactionary CIA-controlled totalitarian state gives the world as information become ever more sophisticated and deadly as the truth of who they are and their aims and the horrible mind-crushing nature of the fraud they have unleashed upon the world becomes ever more difficult to conceal. They speak of freedom, but they are themselves enslaved by their own minds. By the dark forces which give them their twisted definitions of what life

is and what should be done about it. How is it there? Bad, baby, very bad, like the dark side of your nightmare moon. When and how is it going to end? I know perhaps too much to walk safely through the streets about how it happened and what it is, but the form which the ending will take I cannot envision. I only know that it will end when the America that we know ends, for a nation of people who are oppressing each other and massacring the children of Viet Nam cannot be expected to produce Senators and Presidents who really care that most of the people in Greece eat garlic and bread for lunch.

So Greece will begin to free itself when America understands what freedom is, and not before — So I say something now to certain people who have proved that they read this magazine. To those absurd political police who kept busting me on the streets of Rome and asking those funny questions, and the police in Paris who did the same, and to the crew-cut philosopher who cornered me on Tee outside of Brussels and spoke French like a lifetime in Iowa tempered by ten years in Washington and polished off his education by six months at the Berlitz school to learn French) and was obviously an American CIA operative riding the Tee in Belgium and flashing funny badges there to question me oddly. To the British Customs officers who were actually political police who examined my correspondence for three hours and told me that personally they didn't care how many Greek colonels I killed — 'it isn't our show' — to these people and the others in my future, I say a couple of things:

We do not kill people, that is your game and the only one you understand, nor do we have a telephone nor a secret organizational chart nor any formal connection at all with each other, but there are many millions of us, we are all around you, everywhere, even under the very ground you

tramp with hob-nailed boots. We do not threaten you, only the 'you' from whom you are dealing. Our political propaganda is simply to give you a knowledge of yourselves, a part of your inner beings which you do not yet know exists, and from which you must live with total integrity and in freedom when you come to terms with your discovery. And if you cannot find your way we are not going to lock you in concentration camps and mutilate your bodies and souls, we shall simply ISOLATE YOUR MINDS. This is the movement you feel all around you and which you cannot understand, the vibration in the air which disturbs you so, the thing you slash at with your swords but cannot kill, and which is growing until it will engulf EVERYTHING. And I tell you that the information gleaned from all those years about Litton Industria's connection with the CIA and the CIA's operations in Greece, etc, is written and signed in six long and careful copies and rests with six very strong and able men. You can eradicate me if you must have vengeance, but as for stopping the release of my deadly data, you cannot do that, you have moved too late. We have had a collective vision of what human freedom is really all about and have been given some idea of what is possible, and we intend to live those dreams. Now. Right now.

Time Out



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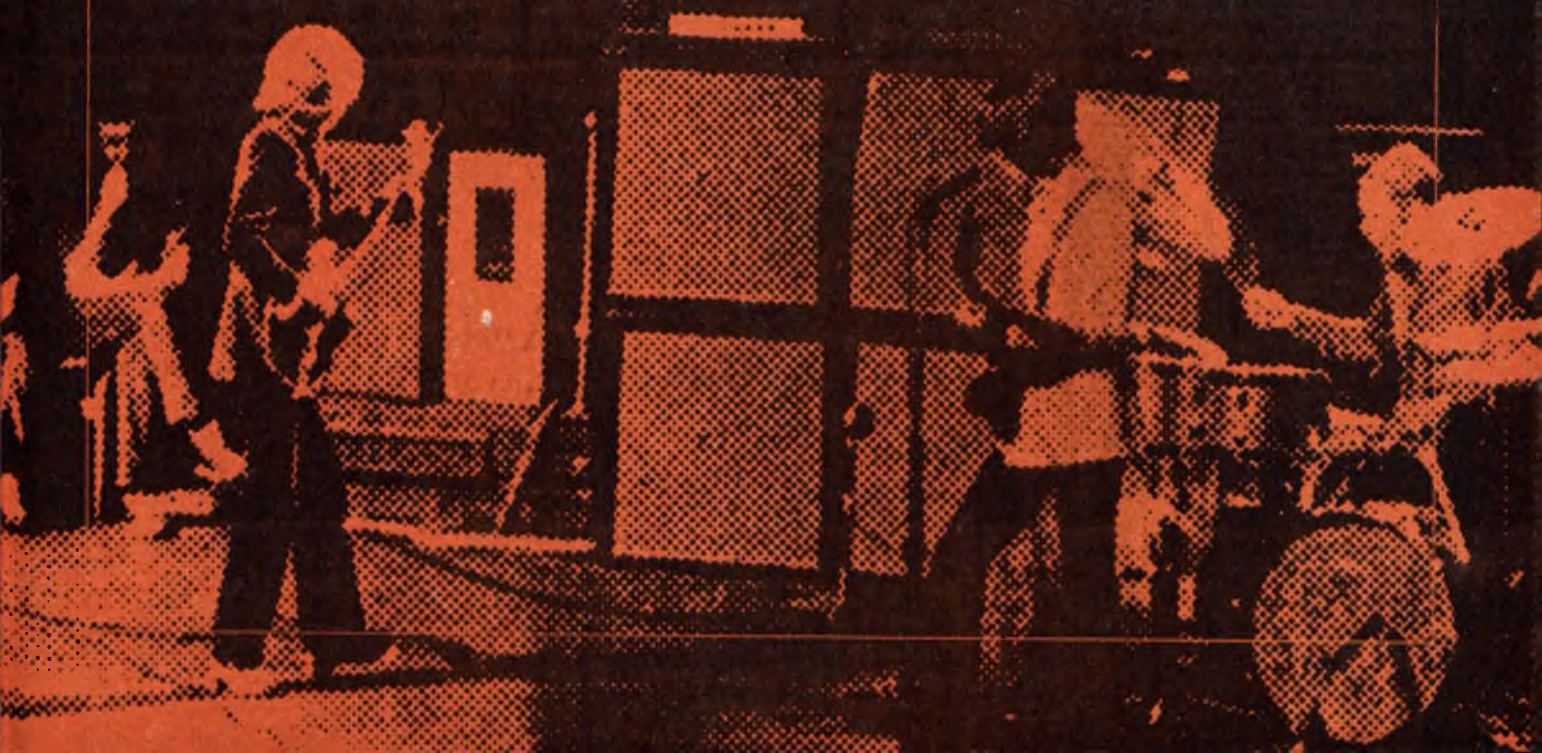
Mōzic

"The Cream is splitting because 50% personal withdrawal and 50% musical difference. I really don't think I could play with a band anymore; it just does not appeal to me to do that kind of thing anymore. It was a big virtuoso kick. I want to lay back. George Harrison and I have clicked a lot together because we are both guitarists and we've thought that we might produce an album between the two of us. He's got more to lose by it. We want to keep his name off it because anybody who hears anything about the Beatles today is bad news. If it got out that George and I were hanging out together we would be queers in the press."

"My future plans are not as vague as they were; they are getting tighter. I've got to cut an album sooner or later which will have different kinds of backing groups. George has opened my eyes to the fact that you can do whatever you want on record. I have not realised that before. I have always been very inhibited in the studio, very limited the different ways to approach a song, whereas George says it doesn't matter you can use strings or whatever. So I'll do lots of different things like strings and brass and small groups. I play with him privately. He wouldn't do a record because he doesn't like his playing that much, that's not true, he wouldn't do it because he would be frightened of inhibiting me."

"Whatever I do now is going to be me because I have been in the other kind of situation too long. Whether or not I am going to be a failure doing me is beside the point, because I've never done it yet. Even with producing I want to work with the producer but I want as much say as he has."

Clapton.



WOODPECKER, WOODPECKER

Ian Stocks talks to MANFRED MANN, one of the stayers on the British pop scene.

You've been heard to say that you think that music tracks for your TV jingles are better than anything you've done with the Manfred Mann group. . .

Well I'm not saying that everything is better, but certainly the best things are better than the things we do as a group. Somehow it's generally better music. It's got to do with the fact that the group works as five people — who are together because the group is successful — you get trapped into working in a certain way. But Mike Hugg and I do the commercials together — so we are able to use other musicians who are better suited to the sort of music we want to produce.

So you and Mike Hugg virtually produce the commercials?

We write them, and play on them . . . and we get some guys we like. They aren't all great, some of them are corny, and kind of sweet in their own simple way.

And we don't take the whole thing too seriously . . .

it's not a great artistic thing, but some of the music — like for the Woodpecker commercials last year and the Crunchie commercials for next year — stand on their own as pure music. Like this Crunchie commercial that has chocolate being poured over the head of a statue — the track we're using in that one is completely free improvisation on melatron flute, piano and wind chimes that came up one afternoon. There's only 19½ seconds of it on the track but it's exactly what we wanted to do and we're very happy about it.

And of course — it's very well paid, I can see it as a future career. And I really find the whole scene very enjoyable. I know a lot of underground people put advertising down — but we manage to work with a lot of really nice creative blokes.

Fry's Turkish Delight, which have always had a rather corny dated track — we've done that over and now it's sort of pagan chant with soprano sax solo over the top. I think it's really good.

Can you see advertising as a sort of art form?

No, music is an art form, film is an art form and occasionally people get together and make nice things — like the Hamlet commercials, which are great. Some advertising transcends its own thing, and stands up on its own as something worth looking at and listening to — totally apart from the fact that its meant to be selling cider or

whatever. Let's get it straight — it's not something I'm hung up on — I just find I enjoy the short fragments of music, and occasionally one is very proud, and a lot of the time I'm saying, that's nice, that's a really happy sound. It's not like doing a pop track you don't like that lasts for three minutes and takes twelve hours to record — these only take two hours in the studio.

It's been said that you're leaving pop?

Yes, in a very odd sort of way. The Manfred Mann group isn't doing public appearances any more — so Mike Hugg and I are getting involved in our own sort of thing. So I guess in that sense we're not involved in it anymore.

Has this anything to do with the changing nature of pop?

Yes, there's only one way to think of pop in general — it's music which sells to the masses. But now a lot of people are interested in a new sort of music, that's called pop because it derives from pop and because a lot of the people doing it don't want to appear contrived, and there isn't another name.

It's not popular with the masses, so now there are two markets — the pop market, where everybody goes out and buys hit records — and a kind of semi underground market — the people who buy Cream LP's, people who dig Jethro Tull and Brian Auger. People are listening for better music, even though I don't think it is necessarily better music.

Mike Hugg and myself have our own thing going — which I'll talk to you about but not to anyone else. Normally I don't like to talk about the thing I'm doing — so many people do it and it never transpires. Ours is not a blues thing at all, though I know there's a big market for blues at the moment — we don't have a big ravey blues vocalist — just us chanting in the background and Mike Hugg singing nicely in a gentle way. An LP for Lyn Dobson. I've put a lot of money into the studio time. It's an odd sort of mixture — a bit of blues, a bit of pop, Ornette Coleman, with avant garde jazz to the fore.

A lot of people are getting involved in the scene, with a lot of synthesis, like the record with Lyn we're doing in there now. What is that music? There's indian sitar that turns into a bit of a jazz solo, there's bass and drums like they play behind Ornette Coleman and John Coltraine — it's just music, with elements that could come from pop records. It's a long way away from pop, but you could put a little

yeah yeah yeah...

melody on it and a vocal and it wouldn't be far away. There's funny kind of thing happening that I can't name

Do you have any particular affiliation with the Underground?

I have no idea what the underground is. Is it giving away flowers and love? — that's probably a very dated view. Or is it the generally violent approach? — worshipping Che Guevara and occupying factories and schools, concerned with overthrowing our evil capitalist community. Even though I like the people in it and sympathise with the attitude, I disagree with both as political philosophy. I'm not a pacifist or revolutionary, but I have to take these people seriously because that's what they want.. The generation that's rebelling today is in a sad state and devoid of philosophy. It's not that we must change things and overthrow evil without anything to put in it's place. Marx worked out a practical system which was a very very wonderful way of organising society. Now that's been in practice in Russia for fifty years. But how can today's genuine socialists look at those places and not see that its lead to a heavy bureaucratic repressive state, 'Cuba is just the one pathetic hope. I can't believe that Che Guevara is in any way relevant to England today. If you have a real personal or social or artistic conscience then you must see that the system's been found wanting — not because the system is wrong but because people are people and a little bureaucrat will always be a little bureaucrat. I can't agree with the underground, I'm a terrible realist. I don't even think I fit into the people of the pop world. Perhaps I'm taking the underground too seriously and it's just some load of people who've been given a title. I think really it's a very sheltered generation.

What do you think of music that's arisen through the Underground?

It's the sort I don't listen to at all, though the sort of thing I play would fall within that bracket. I like some of the things I've heard — the Mothers of Invention, the Band, but I don't have the LP's so I can't say that's what I like. I listen to the Beach Boys, Tamla Motown and Stevie Wonder — purely for my own enjoyment, not trying to get high or stoned on it or anything. The big freakout guitar solos just disturbs me. I don't like it, I don't enjoy it. If I want to be serious I put on Bach, or Ornette Coleman. I certainly wouldn't go out and buy the Grateful Dead or the Fugs.

For years I've yearned to come off stage, and for people who like good music to say 'Christ wasn't that great, those guys are good'. For years it's been 'Oh I enjoyed the show,' or 'I haven't enjoyed the show' more likely, or screaming at the singer, which has very little to do with me personally, or the respect I want as a musician. If you're in the public eye you want some genuine respect for turning out something which is genuinely good, or at least to be judged as either 'They can't make it' or 'They can'. But for years I feel I've avoided the issue, I've been involved in something where I've been judged by something that wasn't me anyway. I'm not putting it down— I've enjoyed it and enjoyed playing in the group and pop music — I've learnt a lot from it. I just don't think that it's the only thing I can do. If I want to play I can't go round and play 'Ha said the clown' can I? I have to play something else.



LP reviews

DISPOSABLE/The Deviants, Stable SLP7001.

One feels it would be almost absurd to indulge in a strictly logical review of the Deviants new album when the very existence of both group and record is practically an illogical, if inevitable, reality. Neither the Deviants nor their music invite logical explanation, notwithstanding the recent concentration of interest within the straight British press on the London underground/freak/I-was-a-week-end-hippy scene, which alone ensured the inevitability and emergence of an Underground Group In Chief. Consciously or otherwise, (I suspect the former), the Devi-

ants have clutched and nurtured this title, using it with some considerable success as a springboard for publicity and promotional purposes. Whether without it they would have managed to raise the bread to independantly record and distribute even their first LP, Ptoof, is by now irrelevant and all that should be at issue is whether the group have anything original or valid to offer in the 13 tracks of pure British underground music that constitutes Disposable.

Cuts like Sparrows and Wires, Normality Jam and Somewhere to Go, say they haven't. The lyrics are for the most part pretentious, artificial, clumsily metered and badly sung. With the exception of Dick Heckstall-Smith, who is only credited with playing on Fire in the City and arranging Guaranteed to Bleed, there isn't one outstanding musician to be found within the nineteen assorted people credited as performing on the album. OK so who needs outstanding musicians in a 'mean and filthy' band like the Deviants whose main objective is to tell it, (wait for it), like it is, (like the Mothers, Fugs and Doors have told it presumably?), 'stories of the hung up, the strung up and paranoid 20th century.' So where's the significance of Pappa-oo-mao-mao, the best number on the LP incidentally, Sydney B Goode, without a single credit to the Chuck Berry original, and Blind Joe McTurk's Last Session, a 77 second satirical comment on obscure American country blues artists and their recordings. Where's the significance of Farren's Last Man, an utterly predictable collection of out-dated sound effects, boring lyrics and mediocre arrangement.

The only possible answer is that the entire album is an incredibly cunning joke, calculated from start to finish as a poke in the balls at every potential record buyer. But if this was the intention then why package it so inexpertly—everyone knows it's the graphics that sell LPs these days. Isn't it?

Felix Dennis



PLAYBACK/The Apple Tree Theatre, Verve import, FTS3042.

The Apple Tree Theatre say their thing with an even combination of sad amusing sexy sound and articulate a vision of the new scene. Songs Garfunkle would like crampin between acid pieces pieces of conversation.

In the beginning the shouting boring actor is thrown out by the whispering prompter and the applause is deafening.

A randy young square stalks a jerky Coles Porter town looking for cunt. A misunderstood conversation with a head cuts his fantasy back to non-reality which is maybe reality and who's crazy?

Two lorry drivers spin a radio dial searching for banality between the static. Its there but everything's tainted so it gives way to a search for some STP amongst the impressive list of drugs they carry in the cab.

Theatre can be an articulate dream sequence trapping and repeating the sounds of the technological society. The Apple Tree Theatre playback what they can remember from their experience. Most pop keeps its sentiments behind a web of imagery and double meaning. Spoken words on records, however short can be very boring. 'I've got blisters on my fingers', is an effective shout of pissed off protest at first. By the 20th time its meaningless and annoying.

The whispered, shouted, screaming voices of the past and the never ending moment have a place. The Apple Tree Theatre mix them with enough nice sounds to make the whole performance bite.

Bryan Willis

JAMES TAYLOR/James Taylor, Apple, Sapcor 3 (stere o), Apcor 3 (mono).

Here is a fine album. James Taylor's songs have a compelling lyrical quality, the words saying what they mean/meaning what they say, never lapsing into artificial imagery and contrasting perfectly, (at times almost too perfectly), with Peter Asher's involved but sensitive production. Oddly, it's not so much what's gone into the arrangements, as what Asher and Richard

Hewson deliberately chose to leave out that puts this debut release into a class of its own. The tightly reined, beautifully timed use of brass and orchestral backing, together with uncluttered chorus work and frugal double tracking all serve to keep the spotlight firmly on Mr Taylor, whose singing, while it may be limited in range is nevertheless refreshingly unaffected and sincere.

Practically all the tracks are linked, usually by studio musicians using Hewson arrangements, and perhaps it is because of this that on first hearing the album tends to sound vaguely 'samey' throughout. It took me at least half a dozen playthroughs before I began to realise how subtly intricate cuts like, Carolina In My Mind, Sunshine, Sunshine and Something's Wrong, really were. Many of the songs are highly personal, introvert compositions, the last track on the first side, Something In The Way She Moves, for example. Here, Taylor sings quietly, alone, sided only by his acoustic guitar playing in perhaps the most moving and impressive piece of the whole collection.

Knocking Round the Zoo, the hardest rock number included, has outstanding lyrics:-- 'Just knocking round the zoo on a thursday afternoon/There's bars on all the windows and they're count-up the spoons/Now my friends all come to see me they point at me and stare/Said he's just like the rest of us so what's he doing in there?...' while, Blues Is Just A Bad Dream is a straight twelve bar, interesting for its use of threaded discordant violins and orchestration, in a number that might have otherwise been slightly below the phenomenally high standards set by the rest of the album.

It's difficult to bag this recording. It isn't folk-rock or progressive pop, it isn't acidic or electric blues; it's a long playing record by James Taylor. I hope and I'm sure, that it's the first of many.

Felix Dennis

SOUTHERN COMFORT/Walter 'Shakey' Hotom & Martin Stone

Two of the sparse benefits produced by the recent British boom in blues have been the release of a number of interesting American imports and the attempts of some major record comp-

anies to float blues subsidiaries here. Unfortunately, the mediocrity shown by the foremost of these subsidiaries in their choice of imported release material has so far been matched only by the banality of their home-grown recordings—the Peter Green jokes and pathetic Chicken Shack LP serving as prime examples.

As you read this, another independant company will be making its debut release, not with an acceptable trendy blues breaking band but with a little recorded American harp player and a half forgotten English guitarist. The company, Underground Recording Enterprises, took advantage of the visiting American Blues Festival to combine the talents of former Muddy Waters and Otis Rush sidekick, Walter 'Shakey' Horton and guitarist Martin Stone of the original Savoy Brown band. The resulting album, Southern Comfort, is an odd mixture of strengths and weaknesses. While it contains sustained interest—vocal tracks not only from Shakey but from Jesse Lewis and Jerome Arnold who also play drums and bass respectively, plus a twelve minute raga extemporisation by Stone—it seems unsure of its own identity, often giving the impression that the technical production and mixing owe more to enthusiasm than to professional skill.

But the band really wails on occasions, especially Shakey with his shouting, virile harp on tracks like I Need My Baby, and the Jimmie Roger's Walking By Myself, while Martin storms into his own on Jesse's Found Me A New Love and triumphs throughout his complex personal trip Netti Netti.

I will avoid the inevitable comparison with Butterfields East West, (on which Jerome Arnold provided an equally sympathetic bass line), and mention a again only the mixing, which at times resembles nothing so much as a novice producer's demonstration kit—an orgy of reversed tapes, superimposed effects and double tracking. This apart, Southern Comfort deserves to sell, both on its own merits, which are considerable if spasmodic, and as an encouragement to the aforementioned subsidiaries to make a concerted effort in raising the standard of their future British and imported blues releases.

MJ McDonnell

PEWTER SUITOR Tyrannosaurus Rex, Regal Zonophone. RZ 3016.

Haven't I heard it before? No I haven't . . . it's Pewter Sutor and like all other 'Rex numbers can't readily be distinguished from the last, words as usual are reduced to phonetic mutations. But why can't they evolve this sound of theirs? On the lines of familiarity breeding contempt this similarity begets boredom, if a listenable boredom. Perhaps the limitation is that they are two people trying to be a group instead of two people.

Anyway, whatever they're doing it's at least peculiar to Tyrannosaurus Rex and in mild doses, single tracks as opposed to entire albums, can be incredibly effective.

Don't confuse their music with the garbage excreted by the pop machine. This folk/rock experiment has an urgency and potential peculiarly valid in these days of the Hump, O'Conner and the Archies.

KEN CORE



Late last year Time Out's ad manager, John Leaver, reviewed a non-existent album 'Heavy Jelly' by the Heavy Jelly. The review set out to send up the worst members of 'Peelian' pop intelligentsia but inevitably created a completely straight demand in record stores all over London. Time Out decided to continue the story by running another full page advertisement for the group in their next issue.

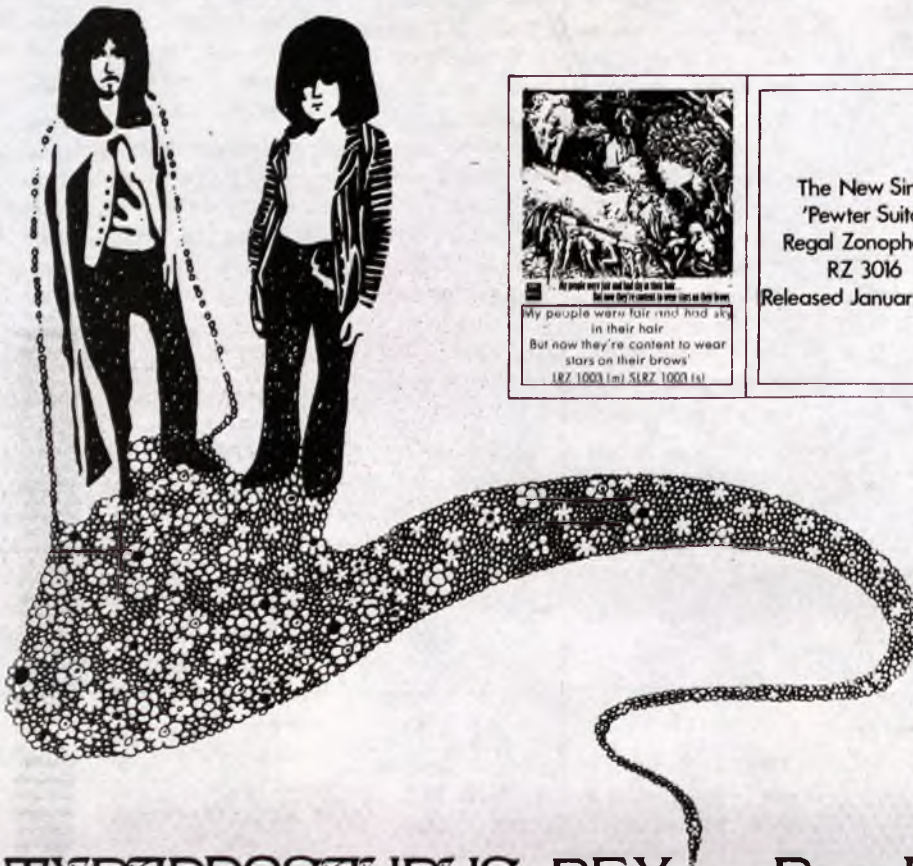
About this time they also agreed to let four well known blues musicians use the title for a forthcoming non commercial experimental blues album, which, for contractual reasons, would have to be recorded anonymously.

Suddenly there are Heavy Jellies everywhere. Heavy Jelly at the Albert Hall just before Christmas and a rush-released Island single from a group calling themselves, surprise, surprise, Heavy Jelly. Chris Blackwell of Island Records left in quickly it seems. Who are these Island new boys. Shades of Spooky Tooth? The single displays all the worst aspects of today's blues/pop sound, computer formulated and market researched to supply a growing demand.

Meanwhile Granada is reported to have been approached about a film starring Heavy Jelly.



Amanda & the Heavenly Jellie at the Albert Hall.



My people were fair and had stars in their hair
But now they're content to wear stars on their brows
LRZ 1005 (m) SLRZ 1005 (s)

The New Single
'Pewter Sutor'
Regal Zonophone
RZ 3016
Released January 17th



Prophets, Seers and Sages, The
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TYRANNOSAURUS REX on Regal Zonophone

Why isn't London jumping

Geoffrey Cannon

December 31 1968. My place. Between 8 and 11.30. Incoming telephone call. "Hi Geoffrey? Wynford. Where's it jumping?" Me. "That's my question". Pause for amusement. "There's something in Hampstead; no, two scenes. Forget them. Perhaps in Fulham. . ." Outgoing calls. "Hi. This is Geoffrey. Alan? (Peter? Malcolm? Jo? Joe? Clive? Stuart? David?) What's the scene?" "I thought I'd stay in (I was going to ask you/Not feeling too good tonight/Quiet scene tonight/etc)".

Extract from television and radio programmes. BBC1. 9.05; The Sound Barrier (old movie). 11.0; Cilla Black and Frankie Howerd. 11.50; The end of the year in Llandaff Cathedral. 12.01; Scottish New Year. BBC2. 10.30; Why man creates (film). 11.00; Pick of the Year review. ITV. 10.30; Love Story. 11.30; A show for Hogmanay. Radio 1. 9.15; As you like it (no, not the Shakespeare). 10.00; Late night extra. 11.31; Night ride in Glasgow. Radio 2. As Radio 1 (!!.

as they say in chess problems). Radio 3. 8.25; Handel. 10.10; Haydn. 11.15; Close Down. Radio 4. 10.00; The world in 1968. 11.02; A book at bedtime. 11.45; Service from the Bull Ring, Birmingham. 12.00; Big Ben. 12.02; Forecast for coastal waters. 12.05; Close Down.

Close Down. Close Down. Close Down. Tonite let's all make love in London. There's nothing better to do, and there's pretty much nothing else to do, either.

And yet, here are some recent foreign scenes. Hamburg, offices of Deutsche Grammophon. Horst Schmolzi, chief A&R man "I come to London every four weeks to get my hair cut, and to breathe your air. Everyone in London is free; everything is possible. Hamburg is dead." Paris, flat of Philippe Paringaux, chief writer for Rock and Folk magazine. Philippe: "I envy you. In London, you can do anything. Everyone is on the scene, everything's moving. Paris has been

killed. Things are worse than before the evenements". London, talking with Andy Wickham, English A&R man and company freak at Warners. He's thinking of settling here with Phil Ochs. California has gone horribly rotten. London. Talking with Stanley Mouse, the designer, and Bob Seidemann, the photographer. They've settled here, because of evil vibrations in California. London again, at Apple. Rock Scully and Danny Rivkin, who work with the Grateful Dead. "I'd like to stay here a long time, and cool out in a sane scene. Let's the get the Dead and the Angels here and have a year's party."

The image of London is that it is the world's most free city. Come on a visit, see the shops, see the people in the streets, see the records on sale, meet nice people, and the image is preserved. Think of what is possible in London; sure, I think anything's possible. But what's really hap-

Continued:

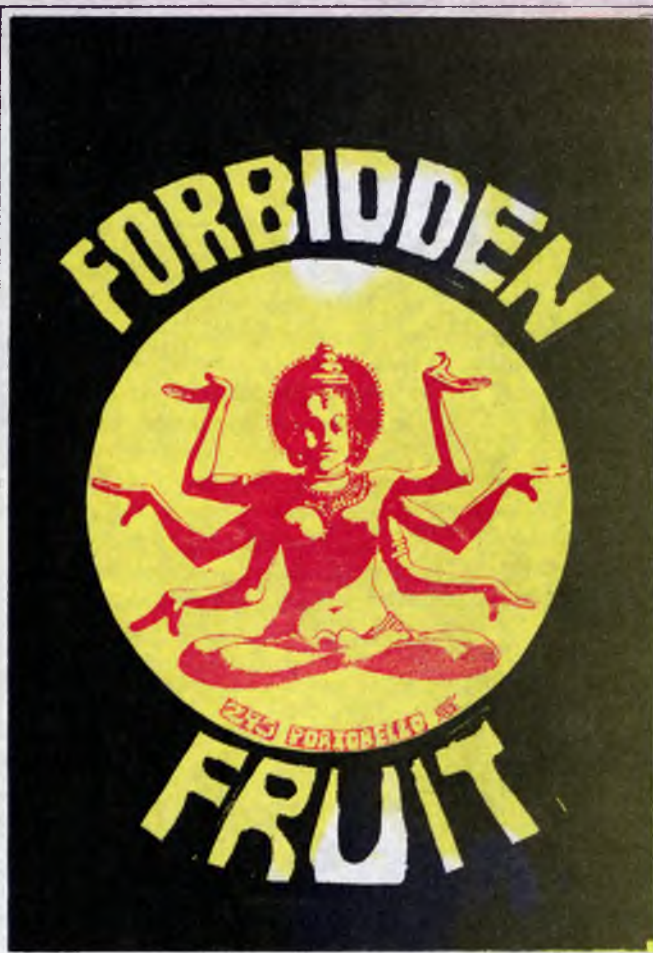
BROD TASTE STRIKES AGAIN

The DEVIANTS
new smash single
"You've got to hold on!"
c/w Let's loot the supermarket
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THE SOUND OF THE UNDERGROUND

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pening; what's for real; what makes you exhilarated to be here; what makes you feel in your political gut, your sensual gut, your being (all the same thing) that here is movement? Where's the electricity? Do you sense it?

Good people in London: there are plenty. Caroline Coon, and Release. Time Out. Jim Haynes and the Arts Lab. The Round House, some nights. IT. OZ. Apple, we would like to think; Derek and George, anyway. Joe Boyd and the Incredibles. Jo Bergman, with the Stones. The



ICA is friendly: Mike Kustow has the chance to pull off a really

big scene, but not yet. And others.

But notice. These are either private people, like all those you know, or else are underground. And by definition, an underground presupposes apathy or oppression above; we know all about that. London is a city which leaves you alone, which is a fresh sensation coming in from Paris, Hamburg, New York, Los Angeles. But you are left alone. The underground flourishes: underground. It is left alone. Where's the electricity?

Down memory lane. Remember the rave at Alexandra Palace? At Olympia? Remember the poetry fest at the Albert Hall? UFO: those were good days. Remember the two good Saturdays in Hyde Park last summer, with "Tantalising Maggie" wreathed in the trees?

Do you remember . . . This must be a joke. What's memory doing in 1968? The Beatles are in their tents. The Stones are in their tents. Middle Earth is being hurt.

And we are in our tents, too. Where's the electricity?

One simple answer: it's in the air. Turn on the television or the radio, and there's electricity. But the air waves might as well be static, for all they do to our minds; they do less for us, and for our parents, and for our grandparents, than electric light. Turn back to that New Year's Eve list of television and radio programmes. Just one evening, sure: but a special, public evening when everyone is caught up by the traditional urge to get stoned (old and or new style). A time of dancing in the streets, of a sense of community, of good thoughts and renewal.

And what did we get? Nothing new. Nothing to do with being in London. It's either the usual mixture, or else reminiscence, or Hogmanay (like in 1965, 1960, 1955, 1950 . . .). Or else the BBC's favourite word: Close Down.

Yes, British broadcasting has a high reputation. Yes, we are



very used to it. Get un-used to it. Think about it. Think about the opportunities. Get enraged. What has broadcasting to do with us? Nothing, at the moment. Everything, as it should be. I don't just mean us as freaks, avant-garde intellectuals, drop-outs, the fringe, post-beats, extra-Parliamentary opposition, or whoever we are. I mean us as people, I mean our friends as people, I mean our families as people, I mean everyone we don't know as people, I mean Britain, and, specifically, London. Wake up! We are being swindled. Our lives are being slowed down. London is being rendered invisible.

To get even more specific, thinking about television. London is the hub of the world in rock music. I don't mean rock music as pop entertainment, but as the window to change; the mirror of Paris, Chicago, Columbia; the creator of the new post-scientific, post-technological age; the sounds that tell us how to live. Also, fashion, seen in the same, and proper way: the visual equivalent of rock music; here, again, London leads the world. And so I'm not merely using rock and fashion as examples of the state of television, but as the indicator of the rate of movement in television.

Once again, we've got used to what we get. I can't even bring myself to list the shows. They're all geared to 'the market' in the crass sense of the word, just as Radio 1 and Radio 2 are. There's no-one in television thinking. So what we get is what the producers imagine we won't dislike: the old-definition lowest common denominator stuff, with tinsel trappings and go-jo girls. Television is parasitic on what happens to sell best, week by week: and that's no definition of anything. Especially because rock (pop, if you like) is not Denmark Street—remember the old sheet-music sales charts?—but is the visible side of the life-style explosion.

'Is Tony Palmer an exception? No. Oh, he was. He has the opportunity. But, for me, he's playing a game of screwing the BBC, marvelling at how many atrocious shots he can get through all those committees.' See! Tony's ghost train ride. See! the peasant protesting. See! The human skeletons. But I have an interest to declare. I had some part in Granada's show on the Doors: so you must compare the effect of the two shows!

Again, down memory lane. Remember Ready Steady Go? No, it wasn't that good. But it lived, and now dead. What's wrong with London Weekend Television?

They are, I am told, planning a mammoth open-ended studio show, not in prime time, but a show where everything that jumps will be seen to jump, and so where the information feedback from the show will put the city in gear, so it can accelerate away. So we can accelerate. A show which has no subject, which doesn't come under any existing department (light entertainment? music?! documentary?!) and so which will feed into the richness which now passes through London, the biggest ideas factory in the world. We would all run this show. It would be the new music, the new styles, the new life, the new politics. We need it, and London Weekend Television need it. Derek Grainger and Humphrey Burton: where is it?

Thinking about radio. But not thinking about the BBC. The BBC is permanently trapped in its history, of which the Musicians' Union, Needle Time, its quasi-civil service concept, the whole Public Service fraud syndrome, is a part. Forget the BBC. Recall, down memory lane again, the pirates. No, again, the pirates weren't as good as we remember. Again, they lived, and are now dead: but, but, their best opportunities are now burst open again.

Because Harold Wilson is thinking of making commercial radio

legal. There is a private member's Bill at present before Parliament which, if carried, will allow the Greater London Council to run its own radio stations. The buzz is that Wilson may calculate that he will gain some critical young votes in 1970 if he allows commercial radio: in which case Radio London will be on the air in a year's time. Or else, if the Conservatives are elected in 1970, then they will bring the Bill forward and pass it, for broadcasting to start in 1971. Of course, if Wilson says no, and is elected in 1970, then no Radio London yet. But let's think to it happening.

Because here is the key to make London jump. An equivalent of American FM stations. The GLC plan four channels, which is perfect thinking. Also, their prime motive is to bring people into London and to promote what's happening in London; also, they'll combine the roles of the government and the ITA relative to commercial television, giving companies franchises, and taking a cut of profits. And, as I see it, the best Radio London will also be the most commercial.

1. There is a demand for good rock music on radio. The BBC will never fill this gap. 2. What's on in London? Not just times of showings, but who's in town, what are they thinking, what are they doing? 3. What's happening now? Evening papers are hours behind; radio can tell it instantly, not by formal news programmes, but by flashes. 4. Who are the people? Let's hear their voices. Not those of 'experts' wheeled in and out to give their half-formed views, but of people who live their thoughts. Certainly there are thousands in London. Perhaps millions. Do you know anyone who you are sure has nothing to say? I don't. But current television and radio work on the principle that only a few hundred people are fit to speak. Let us all speak with each other.

you are what you see

The voice you know already, that aery eldritch voice, like an Arctic breeze or the breaking of very thin dolls-house porcelain, or the Pierrot of the Minute stepping out of a time-capsule . . . so, after the voice, you are dazzled by the hands. With an avid exquisitely palsied flutter, they settle on the mouth, blow swooney kisses, fasten on the breast like a demon and dowager calling for the smelling salts, nestle towards the throat like X-Ray photographs of vampire bats . . . Vampires? There is also that hair, snaking elegantly around (Vogue meets Famous Gories meets Davidland) and the face . . .

. . . the actual face . . . Tiny Tim's still photographs do not begin to do him justice. This is Rasputin, or Percy Bysshe Shelley given Dracula's kiss of eternal life, and returned, but after being buried rather . . . too long . . .

Anyway it's Tiny Tim, and he gets the main billing in **YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT**, which is a longish short film) and brought to you by Michael Butler (who also brought you Hair) and Peter Yarrow (who brought himself, together with Paul and Mary). **YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT** . . . You are what's eating you? You are what you watch? What are you watching, eating, here, is an exhaustive look at the manners & modes of The Way of Life (The Way of Life being what some still nostalgically call The Underground. Only missiles stay underground nowadays, and they are looking forward to flying high etc. too).

When I say exhaustive, I mean exhaustive . . . Compendious as an encyclopedia we run from A to Z, Al Jolson to Frank Zappa (No, he isn't

on my list of credits, but I swear I saw him), and taking in data on face-painting, the Electric Flag, surfers, a nude dance by Hamsa el Din, Super Spade, motor bicycles, Harpers Bizarre, all manner of mild stimulants, the Great Indian Desert, several communes and assorted mystics, a hermit, and Father Malcolm Boyd running with his flock along the sea-shore, no hermit he, and excerpts from the Beatles, and . . . and as the hand-out ends, with that throwaway honesty into which such hand-outs occasionally stumble — "For older viewers YAWYE is a trip" — ask younger viewers what that means, older viewers — "and an invitation to see the world through the sensory apparatus of its most vocal and visible citizens".

So why Tiny Tim's lead billing? His screen-time is, if not tiny, well, nor is he Garbo in Queen Christina, he is one among many, but — whatever the motives — this one is crucial . . . Indeed, these are the clarifying, indisputably the best sequences, from a scaring duet with a blonde, with a voice like a bullfrog dipped in honey, in which T.T. takes the Gertrude Lawrence part, to some enveloping material of surreal satire, e.g. an ~~and~~, or should I say sharp? piece of rappartage involving Plastic Nazi ~~Head~~ (Paste on your own hippy decals). Nor was a touch of bitterness out of place by this point . . . Everything had been so loving and cosy that I was beginning to get diabetic eye-balls.

YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT is a documentary, a more or less meaningless definition, and seldom less meaningful than here . . . This is not the product of a polished team of experts, researchers, cameramen, pointing their cameras at a slice-of-life (Abortion, the Nurture of Opium Poppies, Beautiful Caledonia, whatever) and splicing it all together into something which is polemic or poetic, but essentially an object . . . Here is Camera, Here is Subject, Here is (hopefully) Audience. This is one of the New Movies in which subject, maker, and watchers, are all splashing about in the same lukewarm bath, soapy with self-applause. This movie is not a construct. It is a pane of glass, transparently honest, and transparently accurate . . . what is good

in it, and what is dull in it, and what is stimulating in it, and what is pretentious in it, is what is good/dull/stimulating/pretentious in the Scene with which makers and viewers identify . . .

What is dull and pretentious incidentally is a good deal . . . Huge passages of inadequate articulation of Great Truths, tapped from the soft underbelly of Mysticism . . . awesomely uninventive visuals, and tiresome sentiments . . . all the bumper home-movie tricks (Look! When I put my face in the camera, the nose swells . . . ad nauseam) except shot in rich National Geographic tones, and none the better for that.

Also I promised myself some time ago never to go knowingly to a film that had the Discotheque Scene, you know, everybody doing that ecstatic jerk, those fashions, so, so wild, and the Inevitable Blonde who is tall, healthy with a sort of icy sparkle, like refrigerated California Grapefruit Juice, and everybody doing the frug, the boogaloo, the whatever, having a wonderful time, and quite sure that you will too . . . which one never does . . . but here is all is. Again, and again.

But as I say the movie is transparently honest. It is a New Movie, and what I mean by this is that it is a calculated retreat from art . . . as such it will probably be not liked by most artists, say, and especially critics, because all this long while life has been one thing and art has been another, and it takes training and, preferably, talent. Anyway it is distinct. Otherwise how would artists make any money anyway. But not nowadays . . . this is the New Movie . . . here we are all splashing around in that lukewarm pool of Universal Creativity . . . 'Everybody doing their thing' and if your thing is a tedious thing, well, that's your thing too. But if its Tiny Tim doing his thing, well, that's a different story. Nobody, nobody does a thing like Tiny Tim.

Anthony Haden-Guest