

OZ

MAGAZINE

Issue 41

25p

CRIME & CONSPIRACY!



**MURDER,
RAPE, THEFT, FRAUD,
GUNPOWDER, TREASON & PLOT**

OLD FRIEND

Old friend don't you know it's over
Old friend can't you understand
Slap your back, I can no longer
I can only shake your hand

It's been so long, things are so different
Memory lane's a dead end street
Your present tense is reminiscence
I can't rehash it, I won't repeat

Lyrics from Loudon Wainwright III, Album II, Atlantic 2400142.

You're not so sure about tomorrow
You try to beg and steal and borrow



(A NOTE TO OUR READERS)

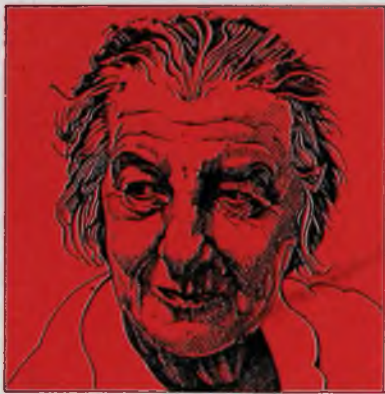
Yesterday's sweet parting sorrow
You hold it over my head like a rusty axe

The good old days are good and gone now
That's why they're good, because they're gone
But our conversation turns to kow tow
We've kissed the past's arse all night long

Old friend don't you know it's over
Old friend can't you understand
Slap your back, I can no longer
I can only shake your hand

Illustration by John Hurford. Capricorn Graphics 01-637 1585.





MURDER AND GENOCIDE
WANTED

GOLDA MEIR
also known as Bloody Mama



Meir is wanted for questioning about the leading part she is alleged to have played in the notorious Final Solution of some 3 million Palestinian Arab citizens between the years 1949 - 72. She is currently leader of 'The Zionists', a gang of armed over-world mobsters who took over the Holy Land patch in 1948. Meir has already tacitly admitted that she "kept shtumm" about the Krem liners' campaign to rub out several million Jews in residence on Kremlin territory during the spring of 1949. Communication has since broken down, and the Kremlin has moved into open hostility with Meir. Reports of mob warfare have been received.

Description: AGE: 74; HEIGHT: 3'7"; WEIGHT: 4 stones; BUILD: Stocky; HAIR: Steel grey; OCCUPATION: Gunrunner; EYES: Red; COMPLEXION: Swarthy; RACE: Jewish; NATIONALITY: Israeli-expatriate Russian

Caution: Meir is reported to be under the constant guard of a picked and highly trained para-military force known colloquially as 'the Israeli Army'. Exercise of citizen's arrest in this instance is inadvisable.



WIFE BEATING RELIGIOUS FANATICISM

WANTED

MAHATMA GHANDI



It is not common knowledge that Mahatma Gandhi's pacifist politics sprung from an exhaustion with violence in his own home, and that in later years he was to vent the day-to-day frustrations and stress of his professional life upon his unfortunate spouse. Neighbours have given credence to the once unthinkable rumour that the more staunchly Britain clung to the Indian Empire, the more frequently issued the crack of bullwhip against flesh from the Gandhi residence. His longstanding advocacy of Hindu-Muslim unity has also been thrown into disrepute by the recent disclosure that Gandhi refused to live next door to a Muslim and stubbornly forbade his daughter to marry one.

Description: AGE: 103; HEIGHT: 4'8"; WEIGHT: 6 stones; BUILD: Skeletal; HAIR: Bald as a coot; OCCUPATION: Political mystic; EYES: Weak; COMPLEXION: Tanned; RACE: Hindu; NATIONALITY: British Subject.



NARCOTICS TRAFFICKING
WANTED

WALT DISNEY



Walt Disney is the man behind illicit traffic in a new and highly dangerous form of narcotic. This drug is known to be claiming victims at an alarming rate among the young. It induces a state known as 'The Big Sleep'. Symptoms include distended pupils, blinking eyes, and an obsessive need to sit in darkened places eating popcorn. ECG tests on addicts have revealed that these symptoms are accompanied by depressed brain activity, the imagination being capable of forming only facile images akin to those in childrens' picture books.

Description: AGE: 71; HEIGHT: 5'8"; WEIGHT: 14 stones; BUILD: Chubby; HAIR: snow-white; OCCUPATION: Puppeteer; EYES: Glazed; COMPLEXION: Flaccid; RACE: White; NATIONALITY: American.

Caution: In 1966 Disney circulated extensive rumours that he was dead. The increased activities of the Disney consortium, however, indicate otherwise. He is currently reported to be in occupation of a large area of Southern Florida, possibly disguised as a small mouse with large black ears.



-FRAUD

WANTED

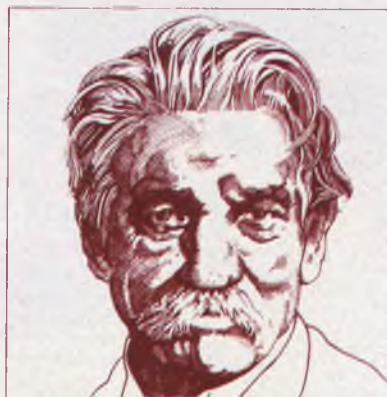
HO CHI MINH
also known as 'Uncle' Ho



'Uncle' Ho has twice used murder and blackmail to manipulate the Vietnamese people: in the summer of 1945 and in 1956. Evidence of Ho's activities and intents have since been clouded by the clumsy intervention in his affairs of a strangely myopic Western power clique claiming to be the American Government. A wire-tapped conversation between Hanoi & Moscow, however, revealed the following: "Yes, Igor, Ho speaking . . . Sure, I'll support the Polish regime's action against Gdansk workers. I backed you in Hungary & Czechoslovakia, remember? . . . useful, these proles, just have to be shown their place occasionally. Stop 'em thinking they know what's best for them . . ."

Description: AGE: 82; HEIGHT: 5'; WEIGHT: 6 stones; BUILD: Stooped; HAIR: Thin; EYES: Inscrutable; COMPLEXION: Yellow; RACE: Asian; NATIONALITY: Vietnamese.

Caution: Ho Chi Minh has been known to insert bamboo shoots several inches beneath the fingernails of people who excite his displeasure.



SYSTEMATIC PATRONAGE OF BLACK PEOPLE

WANTED

ALBERT SCHWEITZER
also known as Bwana, Zambezi Al



Albert Schweitzer, the notorious 'saint', is known throughout the world as the zealous moonlight organist. His nocturnal concertos have been solely responsible for the mass insomnia of whole villages in the Lambarene district of Equatorial Africa. As a direct result of this the entire works of Bach and most German drinking songs are outlawed in Third World countries. He is also wanted for questioning with regard to the infamous 'Jungle Camp', where Schweitzer systematically patronised thousands of native Africans between the years 1946 - 65.

Description: AGE: 95; HEIGHT: 20'; WEIGHT: 16 cwt; BUILD: Olympian; HAIR: Dishvelled; OCCUPATION: Uncertain; EYES: Blue; COMPLEXION: Fair; RACE: Egg & Spoon; NATIONALITY: Alsatian.



CONSPIRACY TO COMMIT CRIMES AGAINST HUMANITY

WANTED

JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY



While a leading member of the 'Cosa Kennedy', JFK initiated terrorist activity against the people of Cuba, culminating in the historical 'Bay of Pigs', a repelled attack upon the island by JFK's thugs. He followed this tactical failure by dragging thousands of young Americans from their homes and ordering them (under threat of prison) half way around the world to kill Asians. Frustrated by the Cosa Kennedy's slowness in the highly competitive 'space-race'; he subsequently proceeded to construct his own moonscape in Vietnam through careful use of defoliants and anti-personnel explosives. In 1963, following a sordid dispute with rival patriarch J. Edgar Hoover, JFK retired from public life and emerged shortly afterwards as a Greek millionaire with the unlikely pseudonym of 'Aristotle Onassis'.

Description: All American.

Caution: Kennedy and his 'familia' are dangerous, and are likely to resort to international warfare if threatened with arrest. **APPROACH WITH CARE.**

Dear OZ,

One can almost hear the acne bursting forth with middle-aged glee from Auberon Waugh's face as he proudly wrote: "One can almost hear the acne bursting forth with adolescent pride from David Widgery's young face as he proudly wrote: 'Private Eye is Andrex pretending to be Kleenex, Tampax pretending to be Durex ...'"

The trouble is, Auberon, that forced as Widgery's analogy may be (and I don't think it's *that* bad) his point is perfectly valid: Private Eye assimilates society's more embarrassing discharges with the hidden assumption that to do so will ultimately cure them. Or cure something. You're not too sure about what, so it doesn't matter, does it Auberon? Of course you prefer the pacific hazy hippies to the aggressive protagonists, not

because of the latter's desire to 'change events' (that's a serious criticism?) but rather because the disparate activist groups which you appallingly lump together as 'the revolutionaries' have the unmitigated gall to suggest that writing clever little lampoons ain't quite good enough. You can scream jokes at Maudling until you're blue in the face: he'll still be Home Secretary and his government's legislature will be just as repressive. Not that repressive legislature is ever going to bother you. You've got as much idea about the quality of life on the Upper Clyde under Tory government or in Ghana under colonialist exploitation as has Elizabeth Taylor. Or Ted Heath.

Thirty years ago a Tory anarchist was a fun thing to be. Today, Auberon, we seem to have grown out of it. Thank Christ.

W. Gohtraw,
Barnsley, Yorks.

Dear OZ,

Why is everyone so glum, wallowing in nostalgia and masochistic defeatism unseen since the Partisan folded in 1961 (hands up who remembers the Partisan) for chrissake, we've only been going for approximately a decade as a movement, which historically speaking is no time. Even considered as a manifestation of the spectre of Bohemianism which has haunted Europe since the Romanticks, the Movement is but two centuries young which again is no time (where was Xtianity 200 a.d.?). I like OZ though it has perhaps got a little less adventure-some since the Magic Theatre days, (OZ 28 excepted of course). I like the sex, the pictures, the articles and about half the adverts and have never found it seriously illegible. (Though what the hells Auberon Waugh doing here?).

Miscellaneous comments on last ish: I can't believe a substance with an absurd name like Romilar is the repository of the Wisdom of the Universe. To deal with Jung

without mentioning his utter sociological naivety which led to his albeit brief collaboration with the Nazis is a little chicken and not to mention the fantastic Seven Sermons to The Dead is to overlook his most important contribution, (7 out of 10 only for you Matt). Did Dylan *really* say that about Joan Baez?

Right on gay Irish miners,
Graham.

Dear OZ,
When I was at Armley nick in Leeds, me sister sent me two OZ mags which were put into me private

property.
I didn't say too much at the time cos I knew that I was being transferred to this nick in a couple of days time.

About a week after I arrived here, I began to get on their nerves because I kept asking them for me OZ mags (there is nothing in the prison rules banning any kind of periodical).

Finally, after putting up with about six weeks of abuse from yours truly they decided to send the two OZ mags to the Home Office for "analysis". Explosive material?

A week later I was called into the Deputy Governor's Office. He told me that he had in front of him a letter from the under secretary of state for the Home Office (Ministry of the Interior), which, he informed me in a supercilious manner, stated that OZ was not allowed into any prison so you can call that ban *official* censorship of a legally produced periodical namely OZ and the other underground mags. There is also censorship of political periodicals such as the Daily Worker etc.

Love and Peace, John.

Dear OZ,
Your last issue was really far out, but if Richard Neville writes that article ("A hundred reasons why the underground is dead") just *one more time*, I will personally do him some physical injury.

I don't know what sign Richard is, but I have my suspicions.
Happy birthday.

Love,
Elizabeth Windus,
Kingston-upon-Thames, Surrey.



Dear OZ,
The extracts from Ed Sanders' book published in your last issue horrified me. Charlie Manson's indescribable atrocities certainly make 'good copy', and Robert Crumb's nauseating illustrations may well be motivated by high moral principles, but the inevitable result of such a professional, clinical combination is simply to undermine what I assume were your intentions — that of exposing and debating the banality and utter futility of violence.

It's all very well to print "The truth about violence is not, in reality, beautiful or dynamic. It is banal. It is mundane. It is committed by rather small minded people for petty reasons. Why create myths about it?" Great stuff — but to follow it up with a blow by blow, chop by chop and stab by stab account of the mutilation and murder of five human beings in glorious technicolour smacks of the same hypocrisy that you yourselves abhor in the News of the World and similar "straight" papers.

Are you really an 'alternative'. Is there *really* any difference between OZ (certainly the best British 'underground' paper available) and Tit-Bits. Sometimes, I have my doubts.

Power to your elbows,
Noel Coe,
Walsingham Mansions, Fulham,
London S.W.6.

Dear OZ,
What does chauvinism mean?
Love,
Peter.

Dear OZ,
It is sad to see letters of such harsh criticism on your last issue (OZ 39). I often wonder if people think that "OZ should cease publication", because of the poor standard of articles and "declination in its sense of fun, reality", etc etc, why do they not contribute some worthwhile articles with a sense of fun, and reality. I support Chris Dauson's plea of less talk and more action, *but on the part of the reader* in participating in a genuine effort of improvement and balance within the magazine.

I leave you critical "fun lovers" out there with the thought — what would there be left if there were no OZ? I suggest these dissatisfied people subscribe to the 'Telegraph'; I piss myself laughing everytime I open it!

Jaydee Doublyoung,
Stratford-on-Avon, Warwickshire.

Dear OZ,
Early in June of last year our son Kenneth (see OZ obituary last issue — Ed.) went out to Morocco intending to travel, and come home at the end of August. His letters were very interesting and at the time of the trouble in Rabat he was travelling through the mountains, and knew nothing of the bother until it was over. His last letter was wonderful, telling us how he bought a donkey and travelled through the middle Atlas mountains, staying first with the Berbers and then with the Nomads.

Each place he went to, he was fussed over, everyone wanting him to stay with them. He said he ended up never being alone. Everyone worked together, the men singing all the time, one day working at one family's plot and the next someone elses. He described the snow on the mountain tops and the beauty of

would have to be sent almost immediately.

We knew we must have him home but were thrown into a panic, when they asked for £400 right away. We were helped by friends and relatives — some with gifts of money, others with loans. We were told it would take 7 to 10 days. It ended up by us waiting 4 weeks. Four weeks of agony, torture — wondering — all the time — all they could say was 'natural causes'.

He must have been loved and respected by every one he met, by the many, many letters and cards we have received, many from people unknown to us. He was only 24 years old but in his young life he did many things that many people of 80 years will never do. He may not have lived the life we would have wanted for him, but he lived it, as he wanted and now we are glad we never ever stopped him.

It wasn't until after everything was over, that we received official notification that he was found on November 10th, a mile and a half in the hills, from the village where he was staying, outside of Yangiers. He had gone out walking, very early on a very cold morning and collapsed from a fatal heart seizure due to the cold.

Yours faithfully,
Mrs J. Petty,
4 Retford Road, Redhouse
Estate,
Sunderland.

two lakes.
He was in hospital for a short while with a foot infection caused through walking barefooted and getting a sort of pine needle in the sole. He wrote this letter from hospital, telling us not to worry, and that if he wasn't home for his brother's wedding (25th September) he would probably stay until the cold weather set in.

He said he was very happy and loved the gentleness of the people, and their way of life. The next we knew we were into November (the letter was sent at the end of August) and Police came to tell us Kenneth had died, (as they thought then, November 13th). We had to let the British Consulate know immediately, if we wanted him brought home, and that the money

Dear OZ,
May I say that OZ is my light in a land of darkness, my only sight of the outside world.

Yours,
Simon Stitte,
The Vicarage School, Belchamp,
St. Paul.

Dear OZ,
Assuming that some manner of editorial discretion is exercised in the composition of OZ (a shaky assumption, admittedly); I am extremely interested in your selective process. How, for example, does Auberon Waugh fit in between Robert Crumb and David Widgery? A Big Name? A sympathetic stance? Partly, yes, but I get the peculiar impression that Mr Waugh was nudged in there as an unwitting sacrifice to the great god Eclecticism, the U/G press's insatiable patron. OK, we all love variety, our tastes superficially span a galaxy of subjects, and maybe our magazine should reflect this. Unfortunately, however, in such reflection the very infancy of our culture becomes puerility; clumsily fingering one complicated subject after another, regurgitating that subject's more simplistic theories with a remarkable air of innocent

concern, then dropping it like last week's diaper.

Take ecology. After running ecological pieces in two of your last three issues, the portion of your social consciences labelled 'environment' must have been quite aglow. A lot of people get nicely upset about the world ending by next January, and we flick to Honeybunck Kaminsky. Get a fucking grip, OZ; distinguish the hyperbole from the logic, realize that this ecological claptrap is the biggest red herring since Moby Dick — along with your Sexual Revolution, lifestyle and flying saucers. While you've been diverting the youth of this country from constructive politics, the real pigs (the capitalists) have been laughing all the way to the bank. Ten years of my life in radical politics up the spout because you cunts haven't the gumption to sit down and take in elementary Leninism. Menshevism was unacceptable in 1918, it's more so now. Divide your issues, OZ, and you confuse. Confuse, and you dissipate. Locate your enemy. Gear your magazine accordingly. Begin to build.

P. Waterson,
Jarrow,
Northumberland.

Dear Readers,

In an effort to encourage the 'readership participation' called for by J. Doubleyou elsewhere on this page, we intend to increase our letters column in forthcoming issues. Please mark any correspondence intended for publication with the words 'Editorial Material' on some part of the envelope. And don't forget that OZ has recently changed address and moved into the very belly of the beast at: 19, Gt. Newport Street, London, W.C.2. 01-836 8395

Note: We reserve the right to cut, chop, mutilate and edit any letter that we find offensive, boring, libellous or more than usually insulting.



Paul Waterson '72



CHARLIE WAS A BASTARD

CHRISTOPHER
PRIEST

Not counting children, there were fourteen people in the house. They were all in one room, sitting in a group and wondering what to do.

First there was Alexander, in whose name the house was rented. Though he was quick to disclaim any kind of leadership instinct, it was he who generated the momentum in the group, he who stayed on when others drifted away. The American couple: Buz and Victoria, Buz still waiting for the draft amnesty. Mike, the kid thrown out of his school for selling grass. The guy who'd blown in from Iran the previous week, and whose name no one had yet learnt. Brendan, from the Derry Creggan, whose front door had been busted in by the RUC and who kept talking about going back and joining the Provos, but who never actually got around to it. The three girls, Jenny, Chris and Pip,

who'd come down from Manchester, and stayed. Robbie, the freak who'd discharged himself from hospital and never wanted to go back. The girl from Greece: Zetta. Karl and Lotte, from East Berlin.

The fourteenth was Charlie. Charlie was a bastard. Charlie had the pox. Charlie had jumped bail. Charlie wouldn't leave, wouldn't work, wouldn't pay rent, wouldn't take a hint. Charlie liked playing with children's genitals. Everyone had hated Charlie.

And now Charlie was dead.

He lay on the floor in a foetal position. He had been found like that, and no one had moved him. The others sat around him in a silent group, staring at his body and waiting for someone else to make some suggestion.

Alexander sat silently like the rest of them, the fists of both hands tightly clenched.

In the kitchen the gas-ring on the cooker was still burning. No one had turned it off. In the night, someone had lit the gas and stood over it, holding a steel knitting-needle in the flame. When the needle was glowing white-hot, that someone had walked into this room and driven it hard into Charlie's ear. It had penetrated several inches, and now only half of it protruded from the scarred outer membrane.

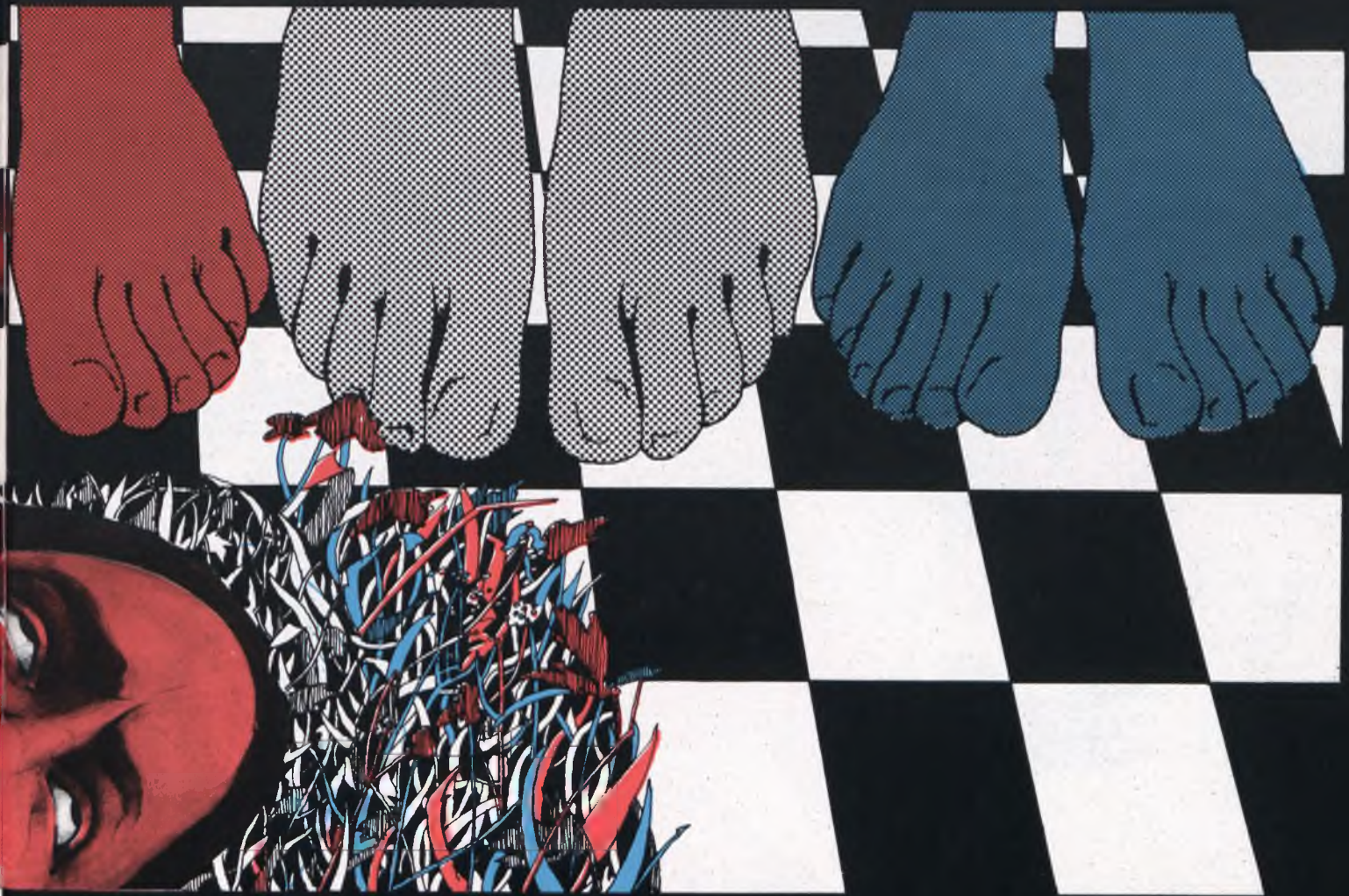
At first, Jenny had cried. It was her needle.

Now all were quiet, stunned into an outer calmness that concealed the true reactions inside.

Alexander felt that there was an unspoken horror at the murder, but one tempered with a relief. It was a solution to the problem of Charlie, a problem they had been unwilling to confront either individually or as a group.

Charlie had threatened the house, both practically and in spirit. They had known the police were looking for him, but that didn't matter so much. They just hadn't wanted the police at the house, that was all.

More significantly, Charlie's presence had disrupted the *idea*. No one had ever enunciated it in so many words, but the house was an attempt to live without the stresses of



the outside city. If people wanted to live at the house, then OK. If they wanted to leave, then OK. People did what they wanted, contributed what they could to the running of the house. When Charlie had arrived, he had been as welcome as anyone else might have been. But when one day Buz had discovered him with Pip's three-year old daughter, Charlie was no longer wanted at the house.

But no one — least of all Alexander — wanted to disrupt the *idea* by kicking him out.

Now Alexander stared down at his hands, saw how his knuckles whitened with the tight clenching of the fists.

"... What I can't understand," Buz suddenly said, "is how the needle was held. It must have been almost red-hot where it was gripped."

They stared at the few inches of grey metal, saw the marks where the metal had cooled.

"So what do we do?"

"We ought to call the police."

"No"

No one in particular said this; they all felt it. To call the police was a breach of the *idea*. The house did not want the police.

"We could bury him in the garden."

"Wait until night, then we could put him in the road."

"Do you know where he comes from?"

"Couldn't we find another house? We could leave him here."

"They'd trace us. We've got to hide him."

Then Alexander realized: whoever had actually driven the needle into Charlie's head, everyone in the house was a party to the murder. If not in fact, then certainly in spirit.

"It was one of us who did it."

"I was asleep."

"So was I."

"We all were."

"No." Alexander, spoke, opening his left hand and

staring at the palm. His right hand was still clenched. "No, one of us was awake."

"Look, this is out of all proportion. Charlie was a bastard. A filthy fucking bastard. I wanted him dead."

"Right."

"I'm glad too."

Victoria stood up, and walked towards the door.

"Where are you going?"

"I'm going to call the fuzz."

"You do that," Alexander said, "and that's the end of everything. They'll come in here and they'll blow everything wide open. It'll be just an excuse to start in on every commune in London. Look what the press would do. Drug-crazed hippies . . . right? Manson rides again . . . right? You know how much shit we've got stashed away here? How much acid? They'll go through this place and if they don't find anything they'll plant it."

"So we throw away what we've got."

"It isn't the grass that matters. It's the house . . . the whole *idea* of our living here. That's the most important thing. We've got it good here, and we're not going to have it broken up."

Victoria looked at him coldly, then stared deliberately at Charlie's corpse.

"Yeah . . . we've got it good here."○

She walked out of the room, and a moment later they heard her pick up the phone in the hall.

"You going to stop her?"

They were all staring at Alexander.

He said nothing for a moment, and then lifted up his right arm. His fist was still clenched, and for a moment he sat in a parody of the black-power salute. Then, painfully, he opened his fingers and displayed the palm of his hand. The burn-scar was still fresh, a read weal running straight across his fingers and palm.

"No," he said. "I'm not going to stop her. It's what she wants to do."

○

THE 1ST PRIME

Featuring
THE PEN OF
GEORGE SNOW
AS IT WILL BE
SEEN AFTER THE
REVOLUTION

FLASHBACK

ADAM AND EVE
HAVE
DISOBEYED
GOD AND
EATEN
THE FORBIDDEN
FRUIT FROM
THE TREE OF
KNOWLEDGE.
GOD, IN HIS
WISDOM, HAS
EXPELLED
THE COUPLE
FROM THE
GARDEN OF EDEN
AND THEIR
SUBSEQUENT
IMODESTY HAS
RESULTED IN THE
BIRTH OF TWO
SONS, CAIN AND
ABEL.

CAIN IS A
GOOD SON!

AND
ABEL THE
SHEPHERD
IS A FINE
LAD TOO!

GOOD
DAY
FATHER!

Now
Read
On...

ONE
DAY ABEL
DECIDED TO MAKE AN
OFFERING TO THE LORD - CAIN
MADE AN OFFERING TOO,
BUT HIS HEART
WAS NOT
IN IT.

OFFERING
PLEGGED
BUT HIS
FOR GOD'S
GOODNESS I
FEEL I SHOULD
SACRIFICE A
LAMB FROM
MY FLOCK
TO HIM

GOD, LOOKING INTO THEIR HEARTS
COMMENDS ABEL BUT NOT CAIN.

WELL, I CAN
OFFER HIM
SOME OF
MY FRUIT.

ABEL,
YOUR
OFFERING
IS PLEASING
TO ME

I'LL
NOT BE
OUTDONE BY
MY BROTHER
ABEL!

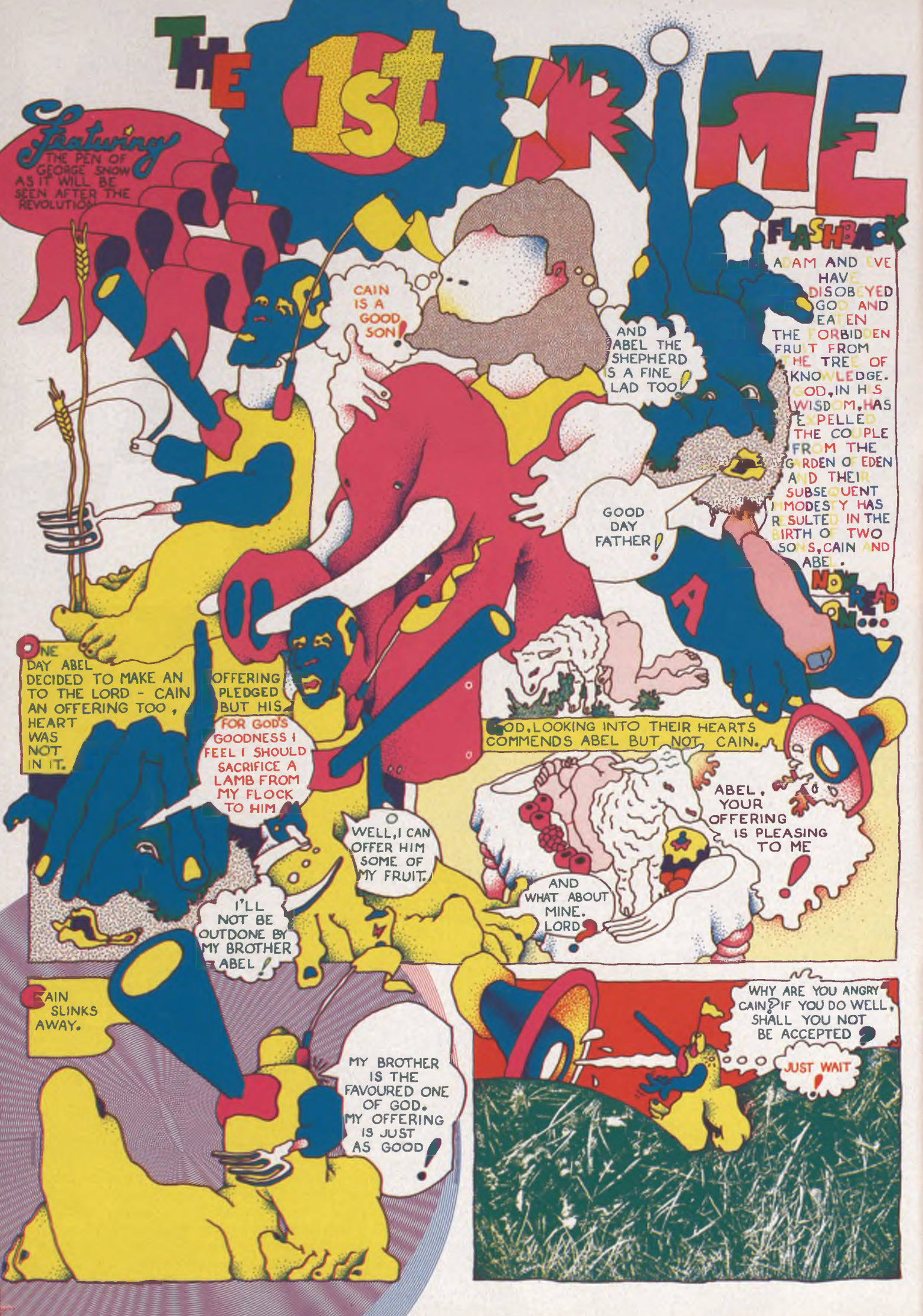
AND
WHAT ABOUT
MINE,
LORD?

CAIN
SLINKS
AWAY.

MY BROTHER
IS THE
FAVOURER ONE
OF GOD.
MY OFFERING
IS JUST
AS GOOD!

WHY ARE YOU ANGRY
CAIN? IF YOU DO WELL,
SHALL YOU NOT
BE ACCEPTED?

JUST WAIT!



LATER

CAIN!
DON'T
FEEL SO
BADLY!

ABEL,
COME INTO
THE FIELD
WITH
ME! I MUST
SEE
YOU ALONE

YES
CAIN!
NOW?

NOW!
LET US GO
AT ONCE!

THEY
CAME TO A
FIELD AND
SUDDENLY
CAIN
ATTACKED
AND
KILLED
ABEL

YOU
ARE
GOD'S
FAVOURITE,
FOR THAT I
HATE
YOU!

WHERE'S
ABEL
YOUR BROTHER

AM I MY
BROTHERS
KEEPER
?

WHAT
HAVE YOU
DONE?
FOR THIS
DEED YOU
SHALL BE
CURSED.
YOU SHALL
BE A
FUGITIVE
AND A
VAGABOND
ON THE
EARTH

MY
PUNISHMENT
IS GREATER
THAN
I CAN
BEAR-
WHOEVER
FINDS ME
WILL KILL
ME

I SHALL
SET A
MARK UPON
YOU
LEST THEY
DO
THIS,
AND IT
SHALL BE
THE BRAND
OF CAIN

SO
CAIN
WENT
OUT FROM
THE LORD.....
...BUT
GEORGE
WENT
IN TO THE
OZ, FOR
HIS
CHEQUE-
TEE HEE.

THE END

"If I should die, think
only this of me,
That there's some corner
of a foreign field
That is forever England.
There shall be
In that rich earth a richer
dust concealed..."

'The Soldier'
Rupert Brook
(1887 - 1915)



"Well,
I don't wanna be a soldier,
Mama, I don't wanna die,
Oh no,
Oh no,
Oh no..."

'Imagine'
John Lennon
(b.1940)

To the glorious memory of our men who fell in the Great War. Their name liveth for evermore.



2nd-Lieut.
R. ANDREWS
Killed at Beaumont
Hamel, 15.11.16.



Private
A.W. BRAGG
Missing at Aubers
Ridge, 9.5.15.



Sergeant
W.E. HAWKINS
Killed at Neuve
Chapelle, 7.11.16.



Corporal
H.L. HALES
Died from Influenza
whilst on leave, 3.1.18.



1st Air Mechn.
F.J. MOORCRAFT
Killed in action in
France, 3.8.17.



2nd-Lieut.
D.V. DRURY
Died of wounds at
Rouen, 2.9.18.



Rifleman
F.E. PARFITT
Killed at Neuve
Eglise, Belg, 4.5.18.



Driver
R.A.J. WYNNE
Killed at Le Cateau
near Cambrai 2.8.18.



Private
C.T. DURLING
Died of wounds in
Palestine, 14.3.18



Sergeant
W.G. GENAWAY
Killed at Bellcourt,
France, 5.10.18.



Private
C.D. CAMPBELL
Killed in action at
Tel-el-Sheira 2.2.18.



2nd Lieut.
D.E. STEPHENS
Fell at his gun at
Tilloy Wood, 7.3.18.



Sergeant
G.M. HEATH
Killed near Passch-
endaele, Belg, 9.5.17.



Private
C.R. RENWICK
Killed in action at
Arras, 9.4.17.



Capt.
L.D. HEAD
Killed in action on
the Somme, 2.7.16.



Prob. Flight Off.
K. STUART
Killed at Chingford
Aerodrome, 13.6.17.



Rifleman
G.C. HINDE
Killed at Ypres.
19.12.15.



2nd-Lieut.
A. KING
Killed at the taking
of High Wood, 2.4.17



Lance-Corporal
W.E. DANIELS
Killed in action on
Western Front 1.2.18



Grenadier
L. MOORE
Wounded & Missing
in Somme, 29.8.1916

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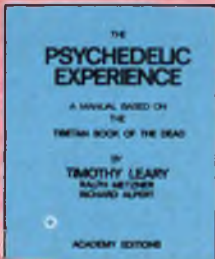
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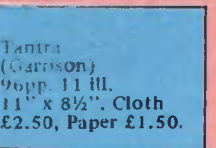
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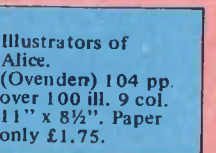
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PLANET OF THE APES



ENVIRONMENTAL CRIME

Michael Allaby



If crimes are being committed against mankind, against the planet itself, there can be little doubt about the identity of the criminal.

We live in a civilisation that is based on the fastest possible consumption of energy and materials. We measure our prosperity in terms of it. We have imposed our culture on much of the world, condemning whole continents to poverty, because wealth is defined as possession of those things which we monopolise.

Yet up to now we have been innocent. It is only within the last few years that we have begun to realise that we live on a finite planet whose resources must be shared. We are only partially aware of the damage we may be inflicting on the global environment that sustains us.

"Pink" disease sometimes causes skin discolouration and it produces a general weakening of the body, headaches, giddiness and aching limbs. Harmless in itself, if the victim takes an infection this could be very serious. It is caused by mercury poisoning and it has been increasing in South-East Wales since autumn 1969.

On the 14th April, 1970, people living close to one section of the Manchester Ship Canal complained to the police about a smell of gas. At about 7.15 in the morning policemen were calling at houses to check the complaints and one policeman was standing on the canal bank. A mist hung over the water and through it he could see a small boat in mid-stream. The boat seemed to be in trouble and was drifting aimlessly. There was a group of men in the boat. One of them looked as though he was unconscious. As he watched, the policeman saw another man climb into a boat further along the bank and row out, apparently to help.

The man's name was Bernard Carroll. He was 24 and he worked as a ferryman. He never reached the men he set out to help. When he was within 20 or 30 yards of them the water burst into flames which engulfed both boats and which spread along the Canal surface in both directions. Five men survived and three were never found. Bernard Carroll's body was recovered. The inquest said he died from burns. No one knows how the fire started, but there have been other cases of heavily

polluted water catching fire. Putrefying organic matter on the bed releases inflammable methane which bubbles to the surface.

In 2,000 tests conducted in a maternity hospital it was found that women subsisting mainly on a diet of forced fertilised, processed or frozen food were more prone to anaemia. They had diminished levels of blood serum iron, vitamin B12 and folic acid.

There was an argument current at that time among environmentalists as to who should pay for pollution. Should the polluter pay or should the public? The feeling now is that it should be the polluter who pays. Be that as it may, in this case we know who paid. Bernard Carroll did.

The incidence of mental disturbance among children increased during the period 1964-68 by 35 per cent among the 10-15 and 15-20 age groups and by up to 100 per cent among the 0-10 age group. In a paper published in May, 1971, Prof. D. Bryce-Smith, of Reading University, suggested the cause might be the increase in the environmental load of heavy metals, particularly lead, that occurred during the same period.

We consume all our resources at an unprecedented speed. We know that our children will have to live without petroleum, natural gas and many metals, but are we handing on to them a civilisation that can survive without them. Are we mortgaging our children's future? What is more serious is that we may be disrupting the physical and biological cycles which maintain the planet's life support systems. Oxygen, carbon, nitrogen, water, energy, all move cyclically through the biosphere in patterns of complexity, and delicacy. Any serious interference with any of them could produce profound changes in conditions on the planet's surface. We burn fossil fuels, releasing carbon dioxide into the atmosphere. Does this affect plant growth? We remove forests and green cover, replacing them with

In October, 1969, 27 people were admitted to hospital in Sheffield suffering from poisoning after eating potatoes taken from a field that had been sprayed with a herbicide. They had taken the potatoes without permission, immediately after spraying.

concrete or with the less dense plant cover of farmland. Does this affect the balance of oxygen and carbon dioxide? We pollute the oceans. This is affecting marine

phytoplankton, the microscopic plants which form the base of all marine life. Is this affecting fish? Is it affecting the atmospheric oxygen balance? We plan to fly fleets of large aircraft in the lower stratosphere. Will this release so much water vapour in that very dry region that a thin blanket of cloud will form, high above weather systems, reflecting back into space incoming solar radiation? Will the oxides of nitrogen affect the stratospheric layer of ozone that protects us from harmful ultraviolet radiation? We don't know. Is it a crime to perform long-term experiments on the entire race, experiments whose results we cannot foresee and whose effects we cannot reverse?

In August, 1968, 12 people from Sheffield, Bedford, were treated for ammonia poisoning. A cylinder containing ammonia and potash fertiliser leaked ammonia gas which affected people sleeping in houses nearby.

We pour our sewage into rivers and into the sea while our soils are in need of the organic matter it could provide. Sewage should be regarded as a raw material, a resource, not a waste. They see it this way in China. They have always seen it this way and as a result they have sustained a farming system for 4,000 years. Ours has lasted barely a quarter of that time and already it is in trouble.

Each year we remove thousands of miles of hedgerow in order to create larger fields for our farm machines, to release more land for cropping and to save the cost of maintaining them. By doing so we alter drainage patterns in the soil and in some places may be accelerating soil erosion. More seriously, we may be oversimplifying the environment, reducing the diversity of species which is essential to ecological stability. Our children and their children may find it more difficult to grow food. As it is, our farming systems are damaging soils and the overuse of nitrate fertiliser is causing pollution of water that could become dangerous to babies. Would it be a crime if some babies died from nitrate poisoning? They have in Germany and in America.

When we abuse the planet we abuse ourselves. Nowhere is the Asian doctrine of Karma more clearly demonstrable. Poison the air and it is we who must breathe it. Poison the water and it is we who will drink it. Are we suffering? Is there an environmental crisis or is it fiction?

Britain imports half its food and in spite of all our efforts domestic production is not increasing. In the world as a whole the demand for food will increase sharply as populations continue to rise in the next few years. We are vulnerable. Britain is short of water, which is vital to the

industry we need to pay for our food. The pressures of modern urban life are associated with an increase in the incidence of mental illness, suicide, crime and social disorder. The quality of the food that we eat leads to an increase in degenerative diseases of all kinds. Our faith in the power of economic growth to bring benefits to all has been shaken by the growth of unemployment. Ulster teeters on the brink of civil war. There are cyanide drums on the beach, oil in the water, sulphur dioxide in the air. We have too few houses and too many cars and too little land. In our search for minerals and fuels we are beginning to disembowel our National Parks and areas of outstanding natural beauty. The list is endless.

There are certain areas where the incidence of cancer and multiple sclerosis are higher than elsewhere. Prof. Henry Warren of the University of British Columbia, in an article published in February, 1972, in the Journal of the Royal College of General Practitioners, suggests that high levels of heavy metals, such as lead, molybdenum and zinc, found in vegetables grown in those areas, might be the cause. These high amounts are found in traditional mining areas, like parts of Devon and North Wales, but also in Liverpool and Birmingham.

If it is a crime to restrict the reasonable freedom of action of others, we are all criminals, for not only do we suffer now as a result of our actions, but we are restricting the freedom of choice and action of all those who come after us.

We have thought of nature as hostile or as beneficent, depending on our outlook. Both are wrong. Nature is simply implacable. The laws we break are not man-made laws that can be repealed, but physical and biological laws that govern the systems of which we are no more than a part. We know now what it is that we are doing. We know the dangers. It is not too late to reform ourselves and we have the power to do so. If we act now we can earn our parole and in time rehabilitate ourselves. If we do not act soon the planet itself may pass its final, irrevocable sentence on us. Then it will be too late. There is no right of appeal.

Michael Allaby



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BACK ISSUES

- OZ 19 — Groupies. Dr G probes Viv Stahshall. The first English appearance of Dylanology.
 OZ 20 — Hells Angels. The author of this piece is still in hiding.
 OZ 24 — The Beautiful Freaks and Honey-bunch Kaminski — the real little yummy herself.
 OZ 26 — Candy Darling and Hollywood's best hung stud.
 OZ 29 — Female Energy. Germaine and cohorts parade their thing — when she still had balls.
 OZ 30 — Fun, Travel and Adventure.
 OZ 31 — Yippies. Richard Neville pontificates in the days when he too still had balls.
 OZ 37 — Double pack — Angry and Horny.
 OZ 38 — To live or not, and the latter seems much more likely. Get the horrible facts.
 OZ 39 — The one that got away. Masquerading as a West Coast comic, this is the prettiest issue yet.
 OZ 40 — Fifth Anniversary issue. 64 pages of nostalgia.

OZ 28 School Kids Issue

You've read about it! You've heard about it! You've battled for it in the streets! But have you actually read it? Scotland Yard's Obscenity Squad finally returned the last remaining copies of OZ 28, the School Kids issue, the mag that cost the tax-payer £100,000. We cannot send this issue through the post **Under Any Circumstances**. However, even the ludicrous provisions of the Obscene Publications and Post Office Acts cannot prevent OZ 28 being legally and freely obtained by anyone who cares to come to our office and get it. Notoriety, rarity and kindred events have inevitably upped the price of this issue: For longhairs, freeex and the ideologically sound the mag will cost 50p. For academics, librarians and wholesale dealers in pornography there will be a charge of £1.

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ERRANT GUARDIANS

of the LAW

With media sharpshooting at our stalwart boys in blue running at an unprecedented high, and public respect for the police tottering, OZ flicked carelessly through a few back issues of the *Guardian* and turned up the following snippets: these are the unlucky ones. The ones that got caught.

Our thanks are due to the Guardian's research library.

23/1/71: Detective-Sergeant Philip Blanchard and Detective-Constable Raymond Goodhead were convicted of uttering a forged hotel bill at Rhyl, Wales, and obtaining cash by deception. On appeal their fines were reduced from £75 to £25 each, and prison sentences of three months were upheld.

3/2/71: Scotland Yard was reported to be investigating allegations that a 19 year old borstal escapee, Stephen McCarthy, died after two policemen forced his arm behind his back, held him by the hair, and 'rammed his head into a bus stop'. It was also alleged that members of the Islington police force subsequently removed Stephen from hospital, against medical advice, and made him sign a statement that his injuries were caused when he 'fell against the bus stop'. Stephen died on January 26, 1971.

7/2/71: A Scotland Yard Detective-Constable, Duncan Bayliss, was cleared of allegations that he planted drugs on a Jamaican to secure conviction. The Jamaican, 52 year old Arnold Francis, had been acquitted by a sessions jury of possession of amphetamines and cannabis; and Mr Francis then brought an action for malicious prosecution against Detective-Constable Bayliss. After the jury returned a not guilty verdict on Bayliss, Mr Justice Talbot thanked them for their services in a 'difficult and anxious case.'

19/2/71: The inquest jury on Stephen McCarthy returned a verdict of 'death by natural causes'. Relatives of Stephen began shouting 'You killed him', 'murderers', 'pigs', and 'This is a police state' at police in the inquest courtroom. More police were called in to deal with them.

26/4/71: A jury at North-east London sessions called for an independent inquiry into police procedure for detaining alleged offenders; after Stephen Goff (17) was acquitted of three charges of assault on police at Romford police station. Judge Murray Buttrose told Goff: 'Your behaviour at the police station is nothing but a squalid nuisance. Police officers should not have their time taken up by little boys like you who resent authority.'

21/7/71: Scotland Yard ordered an 'immediate investigation' into allegations of corruption made against senior drugs squad officer Detective Chief Inspector Victor Keleher.

It was claimed that Keleher was corruptly involved in a conspiracy to acquire a quantity of imported cannabis.

4/9/71: The Ombudsman dropped his investigation into the death of Stephen McCarthy, stating: 'The Parliamentary Commissioner Act precludes me in general from conducting an investigation into any action in respect of which the person aggrieved has or had a remedy by way of legal proceedings' John Grant, Labour MP for Islington East, said that he was 'extremely disappointed with the Commissioners decision.'

7/10/71: Detective-Inspector Ronald Griffiths was fined £250 at Shropshire Assizes for stealing £88 in notes from Longton Police Station. The £88 had originally been confiscated from arrested burglars.

16/11/71: Malachy James Naughton, a 32 year old labourer, was awarded £87 damages against two policemen and the Metropolitan Police Commissioner in the High Court. Mr Naughton alleged assault, false imprisonment, and malicious prosecution after a struggle with two police constables in Hornsey Rise. The PCs had accused Mr Naughton of trying to steal a car. Mr Justice Nilmo pointed out that 'it was common ground that Naughton could not drive'.

17/11/71: Jack Cunningham, Labour MP for Whitehaven, announced that an investigation was being carried out by Cumbria police into allegations of police ill-treatment of strike pickets at S. Branan Ltd., Whitehaven. Two plain clothes police were infiltrated into the pickets, and allegations were made against these two men.

24/11/71: Former police inspector Geoffrey Ellerker and police Sergeant Kenneth Kitching were sent to prison for 3 years and 27 months respectively at Leeds Assizes on various charges of assaulting Nigerian David Oluwale. Oluwale was found dead in the River Aire at Leeds in the spring of 1969. Charges of manslaughter against both Ellerker and Kitching had been dismissed by the jury under direction from Mr Justice Hinchcliffe. Mr Hinchcliffe commented before passing sentence: 'The verdict of the jury will add fuel to the fire of those who spend most of their time sneering at police officers and making brash criticism of police officers.'

2/12/71: Reginald Maudling, Home Secretary, commented in reply to a request by James Callaghan that an independent element be introduced into the procedure for examining complaints against the police: 'It's too jolly easy to complain against the police. If he (the complainant) scores, he gains, and if he loses, he loses nothing.'

7/12/71: Maudling ordered a 'top level' investigation into Leeds City Police, following the Ellerker and Kitching convictions. Over the past two years complaints have led to the conviction of 12 Leeds policemen.

8/12/71: Five Flying Squad detectives faced 14 charges at Greenwich, ranging from conspiracy to blackmail. Sgt. Peter Holmes, Sgt. Frank Marshall, and Sgt. David Norris were accused of attempting to obtain from a Mr Philip Soltz £200 as an inducement for showing favour to him in relation to a drugs charge.

18/12/71: Mr Stanley Mayne, vice-chairman of ILEA's Further and Higher Education sub-committee complained that, following the peaceful delivery of a petition by 14 students to him, the police had requested him for the names of the 14 students involved. Mr Mayne, who told the police 'to go and take a jump at themselves', commented later: 'I think this is scandalous. One wonders whether the police are constructing a blacklist... No one would call this a Police State, but such developments are thoroughly disturbing.'

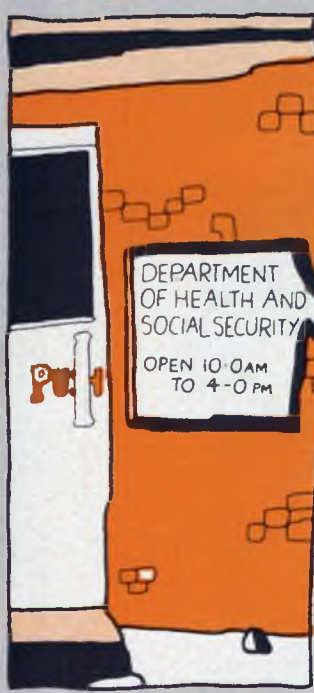
7/1/72: Local police prevented the Coventry community relations officer, Mr Paul Stephenson, from seeing a number of West Indian youths arrested during the Christmas period. A police officer told Mr Stephenson that he could not see five youths because 'he (Mr Stephenson) was not being helpful'.

26/2/72: A formal complaint was lodged in Kirkby, Lancashire, alleging that 14 year old Paul Barton was seized from outside his house by police officers, frogmarched 300 yards to the scene of a burgled shop, hit several times, punched into the already broken shop window so that it cracked again, taken into a police van, hit several times over the head, and taken to the police station. He was later acquitted of the burglary.



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~ MOBS ~ & PLOTTERS

Conspiracies,
as we all know, are hatched in whispers. *Andrew Sinclair* investigates
the clandestine mutterings of the last two hundred years....

Oppression makes the difference between brigands and guerillas, just as occupation makes the difference between secret societies and national heroes. Small political groups dedicated to the overthrow of the current political system have existed in most societies. Without alien or minority rule, however, these groups rarely achieve the conditions to take over the government through subversion, infiltration, rebellion or coup d'etat.

Irish secret societies were similar to other nationalist secret groups of the period. They began by pressing for constitutional reform within English law; they ended by taking revolutionary action against the British army. They splintered apart into squabbling groups during the negotiations with England and after independence was won. (The Sinn Fein leader, de Balera, refused to recognize the treaty with England for many years, though he later became Prime Minister of Ireland.) They learned through many bitter failures the lessons of security, and learned them so successfully that the role of the revived I.R.B. in the Easter Rising was not recognised for many years. And they succeeded in their long-term object — what Arthur Griffith defined as “making England take one hand away from Ireland’s throat and the other out of Ireland’s pocket.”

The Irish secret societies, like the continental nationalist societies, had middle-class, educated leaders who capitalized on a tradition of agrarian lawlessness. But there was one important respect in which they did not follow the continental pattern: they never succeeded in influencing the city mob, which was usually hostile to them, if not in sympathy with the English. The nationalist secret societies of Europe, which formented many insurrections in the 19th century, often relied on mass urban revolt. The British historian Sir Lewis Namier in his acute examination of the causes of the European revolutions of 1848, found that the revolutionaries were almost exclusively middle-class intellectuals who capitalized on popular outbursts, many of which originated in the crowded slums of capital cities.

It was the French Revolution that set the pattern of the urban revolts. In the capital of France, conspirators plotted, rose to power, and were overthrown; as Paris went, so went the nation. The French revolutions before the time of Bonaparte proved that a small and determined body of men, such as the Jacobins, could seize power

and hold on to it briefly by using their agents and armies to put down opposition at home and abroad. The so-called “Conspiracy of Equals”, Francois Babeuf’s failed rising on behalf of the *sans culottes* in 1796, ushered in the age of the professional revolutionary — of men like Filippo Buonarroti (1761-1837) and Auguste Blanqui (1805-1881). These men, in love with the revolution, its preparation, and its ritual, made the small secret society an instrument of nationalism.

Though its ritual was often ludicrous, the nationalist secret society was probably the most important agent of political change in the early 19th century; its effectiveness was unquestionable in times of disorder. The most famous of the secret societies of that time the *Carbonari*, had a Masonic ritual that bypassed ridicule and approached incredulity. They helped to win constitutions for Spain and some of the Italian states and independence for Greece, yet they never attracted popular support. They did, however, set a successful pattern of conspiracy which was widely imitated. For in the revolutions of 1830, when mass support was forthcoming for risings in Paris, Belgium, Poland, Spain, and various parts of Germany, Italy and Switzerland, the secret societies were no longer isolated groups of conspirators. Those who plotted to win concessions for the middle classes found themselves, almost willy-nilly, the leaders of nationalistic agitation. They became the leaders of the people, particularly where large areas speaking one language were split up into a series of petty principalities, as in Germany and Italy, or where many different language groups were forced together in an uneasy union, as in the Austro-Hungarian Empire. The result of the revolutions of 1830 was the creation of one new European nation, Belgium, and of several liberal constitutions on the continent of Europe. Perhaps their most significant after effect was to split the moderates in certain countries, such as France, from the radicals. Once the middle class of a principality, a nation, or an empire, had won a share in the legislative power, it showed as much zeal in suppressing radical secret societies as any aristocratic regime.

The new leaders of the middle classes came from the constitutional and cultural clubs. Various political clubs rose briefly to power in 1848; but religious divisions, allied with the irrational hatreds of nationalism, brought them into conflict and dissipated their



success. Teutonic peoples and Slavs could no more agree than Irish Catholics and Orangemen; the result was that both the Austro-Hungarian Empire and British control of Ireland were able to survive into the 20th century. The early 19th century was the period of the revolutionary middle class, which often had to go underground and form secret societies to win concessions from aristocratic regimes and to gain representation in parliament. But after 1848, the nationalist secret society in Europe changed its nature. Once the wealthier middle classes were accepted within the framework of aristocratic European government, the secret society became a focus of petty bourgeois or proletarian discontent. Thus conspirators like Blanqui, who spent most of his life plotting or in prison, eventually succeeded in winning the mass support of the Paris workers. Blanqui's League of the Just, and the League of Outlaws (a secret society of German workmen in Paris), were the fore-runners of the Communist League of Marx and Engels, which dropped the ritual paraphernalia of the older brotherhoods — what Marx described as "superstitious authoritarianism".

In some respects, the political secret society after 1848 was more international than national. Marx and Engels, the German-born authors of the *Communist Manifesto*, preached a class war across national frontiers, though every Communist insurrection was actually carried out within the framework of a single nation. The history of the Bolshevik movement, indeed, is a history of Russian conspirators, who imitated the Blanquists in their small, close-knit band of trained revolutionaries, the Carbonari in their appeal to officers in the armed forces, the Irish rebels in their exploitation of agrarian disaffection, and the Paris Communes in their use of the urban mob. The Bolsheviks were the most successful national secret society of all time, despite their claim to represent the working classes everywhere. The Communist Revolution failed to spread after the Bolshevik success in Russia only because the Bolsheviks were Russians before they were internationalists. The middle-class conspirators of 1848 had given up international solidarity for national squabbling; the Bolsheviks gave up international revolution for national strength.

The theory of conspiracy, as the American historian Richard Hofstadter has pointed out, lies at the grass roots of democratic society. The people must always search out villains, real or mythical, to explain their ills, for democracy, by its very nature, can hardly oppress. Conspiracies may be attributed to any secret group, to bankers, armaments manufacturers, Jews, Catholics, Masons, heretics, anarchists or Communists. Once the group is named, it is believed to have power. When a real conspiracy against the government is named and feared by government supporters, it will win the support of those who regard the government itself as a conspiracy against the people. But it must prove its power by committing acts of terrorism or martyrdom if it is to gain the publicity necessary for segments of the people to accept its leadership in future insurrection. (The success of the Bolsheviks, for example, was due to their acceptance as revolutionary leaders by the workers of Moscow and Petrograd after their exploits in the revolution of 1905.) If its insurrection is successful, the revolutionary secret society becomes the government. Only the anarchists, who declare all governments to be secret conspiracies against the people, are consistent in remaining a revolutionary secret society, permanently out of power; for they cannot, by their own declarations, form any national government whatsoever.

The political secret societies of the 20th century in Europe have

fed more on hatred and dreams of conquest than on real oppression. In Asia, the Middle East and Africa, nationalist societies have run through the 19th century European pattern of a middle-class revolt against imperialism, backed by mass popular support; but in Europe theories of persecution and racism have muddied their drives. The Italian Fascists, who were members of a secret paramilitary conspiracy under Mussolini before they became the rulers of Italy and the agents of Italian imperialism, preached a virulent nationalism, that proved attractive to the Italian masses. The Nazis emulated their example; they appealed as an open nationalist group to the dark springs of anti-Semitism and Aryan superiority. Though their leaders were known, their conspiracy to take over the state remained secret.

The perfect example of a nationalist secret society taking over the reins of government by pacific means and putting its program into action is supplies by the *Afrikaner-Broederbond*. This society grew up among Afrikaners of Dutch descent after they had lost their independence in the Anglo-Boer War (1899-1902), and had become part of a united South Africa. They were, numerically, a minority of the white population; but they believed they might be a majority in the future. The Broederbond was founded in 1918 as an Afrikaans cultural society; by 1934 it had become a nationalist splinter group within the ruling elite. It aimed to break away from the English-speaking South Africans, and the Commonwealth. Its declared solution for South Africa's ills was "that the Afrikaner-Broederbond should rule South Africa." And eventually it did so when Dr. Malan (a founder member of the Broederbond) became Prime Minister of South Africa in 1948, and put his fellow Bond members into the highest offices of state. The history of South Africa since is of a happy Bond of brothers who seem to forget the rest of their brethren, black and white, with vigilant blindness. Their policy is even now conjuring up in the Bantustans secret political societies which feed and grow on racism and oppression.

Wherever any minority rules a majority of another race or creed, a nationalistic secret society representing that majority plots to gain power. Its means are legal or illegal, depending on the chances of revolution. Thus in 1964 the Negroes in Zanzibar succeeded in ousting their Arab rulers in a nationalist and racist revolt by the majority, sparked off by a secret society trained in revolutionary techniques; but groups with as small a hope of success as the Scottish or Welsh nationalists have done little more than put candidates forward at elections. Whenever a minority fears the oppression of a majority within a given country, it also may plot for independence through secession or partition; both the Kurds of Iraq and the Nagas of India, for example, are led by nationalist secret societies in their respective fights for independence.

There is no limit on the demands of any group for self-rule, once it considers itself to be a nation. (The Bengalis struggle in East Pakistan provides a perfect example.) And any group can be persuaded that it is a nation, separate and indivisible, by the propaganda of a small political society prepared to lead it to independence. In a world split into rival areas of influence — American, Russian and Chinese, and to a lesser extent, British and French, would-be political conspirators have little difficulty in obtaining supplies of money and arms from foreign powers. Mass disaffection in a particular area or group can be exploited by trained agitators to produce a revolt, and to enable them to seize power. Nationalism is still the cry that rallies the mass of the people to the side of the plotters; until its fires are spent, the political secret society will remain a major instrument of change.



A ROOKY GUMSHOE'S

Los Angeles Free Press/U.P.S.



"Ordinary appearance — any outstanding physical characteristics may attract subject's attention..."

*Illustration far right:
"Officers should carry cap and glasses to effect quick changes..."*

This text is used by the Federal Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs to train so-called law enforcement officers in methods of surveillance. Save and study it.

DEFINITION

Surveillance is the secretive and continuous watching of persons, vehicles, places or objects to obtain information concerning the activities and identities of individuals.

NEEDED QUALITIES

- A. Ordinary appearance — Any outstanding physical characteristics may attract the subject's attention.
- B. Ability to act natural under all circumstances.
- C. Alertness.
- D. Resourcefulness.
- E. Good powers of observation and memory.
- F. Patience and endurance.

SURVEILLANCE METHODS

- A. One-man foot surveillance.
 1. Surveillance is extremely difficult for one man and should be avoided if possible.
 2. The subject must be kept in view at all times.
 3. One-man surveillance will usually be very close and somewhat

dependent on pedestrian traffic and physical characteristics of the area.

4. When walking on the opposite side of a street, the officer should keep almost abreast of the subject.
5. It is necessary at all times to be close enough to immediately observe the subject if he enters buildings, turns corners or similar sudden moves.

B. Two-man surveillance.

1. The use of two officers affords greater security against detection and reduces the risk of losing the subject.
2. On streets crowded with pedestrian and vehicular traffic, both surveillants should normally remain on the same side of the street as the subject.
 - a. The first officer trailing the subject fairly closely.
 - b. The second officer trailing the first agent some distance behind.
3. On less crowded streets, one officer should normally walk on the opposite side of the street nearly abreast of the subject.

C. Three-man surveillance (ABC) method.

1. The use of three officers reduces still further the risk of losing subject and, under ordinary conditions, affords still greater security against detection.
2. The three-man method permits a greater variation in the position of

A.B.C.



of the officers and also permits an officer who suspects he has been spotted by the subject to drop out.

3. Use of the ABC method under normal traffic conditions.
 - a. The "A" officer keeps a reasonable distance behind the subject.
 - b. The "B" officer follows "A" and concentrates on keeping "A" in view.
 - c. The "C" officer walks on the subject.
 - d. The "B" officer is also responsible for detecting any confederate of the subject being utilized to detect surveillance.
4. Use of the ABC method on streets with little or no traffic.
 - a. Two officers may be on the opposite side of the street or,
 - b. One officer may be in front of the subject.
5. Use of the ABC method on very crowded streets.
 - a. All three officers should generally be on the same side of the street.
 - b. The leading officer should follow very close to the subject to observe his actions at intersections or if he enters buildings.
6. As in the two-man method, the officers should frequently alter their positions relative to the subject.

D. Progressive or "leap frog" method of surveillance.

1. Use of this method is not too common because of the time involved and the poor chances of obtaining good results.
2. It involves the observation of the route, with the officer stationing himself at a fixed point until the subject disappears from view.
3. If the subject follows the same route each day, his destination can be determined without following him, if the officer stations himself each day at the spot where the subject disappeared the previous day.
4. Disadvantages.
 - a. No assurance that subject will follow same route each day.
 - b. No assurance that subject will go to the same destination each day.
5. This method may be of value in locating hideouts or meeting places when the risk of actually trailing the subject is too great.

E. Combined foot-auto surveillance.

1. This method involves surveillance on foot by one, two or three officers, and additional surveillance at the same time by one or two officers in an automobile.
2. By use of this method, officers will always be assured of transportation if the subject should board a bus, streetcar or taxicab.
3. Several officers can also be carried in the car, and the officers on foot can be frequently changed to avoid compromise.
4. Caution must be exercised in the operation of the automobile as a slow moving car may become conspicuous.

FOOT SURVEILLANCE PROBLEMS

A. Subject enters building.

1. Ordinarily, at least one officer should follow the subject unless the building is of such a type that the entry would expose the officer. (Private home, small shop, etc.)
2. In the case of large public buildings with many exits, all officers should follow the subject into the building.
3. In some buildings where the subject might be lost easily, it may be advisable for one officer to remain in the lobby or at a door to spot the subject as he leaves the building.

B. Subject enters an elevator.

1. If the subject is the lone passenger and has reason to suspect surveillance, it may be best not to accompany him into the elevator, but rather to watch the indicator for the floor stop, and then proceed to that floor to try to pick up the subject's route.
2. In other cases, one or two officers may accompany the subject, wait for him to announce his floor, and then ask for a higher or lower floor and use the stairs to get to the subject's floor and attempt to pick up his trail.
3. At all times, one officer should be left in the lobby since the subject may be using the elevator in an attempt to elude surveillance.

C. Subject enters restaurant.

1. At least one officer should enter behind the subject, order approximately the same amount of food and be alert to not any contacts made by the subject.

2. If possible, the officer should pay his check before the subject does so that he can be ready to leave with him.
3. In some cases, it may be desirable for the officer to leave shortly before the subject and wait for him outside.

H. Subject meets a contact.

1. A complete detailed description of the contact should be noted, together with time and place of the meeting.
2. If possible, the contact should be photographed.
3. If practical, attempts should be made to overhear the conversation.
4. The subject's attitude toward the contact should be noted.

I. Subject registers at a hotel.

1. The subject's room number may be obtained from the manager, house detective, or room clerk.
2. If the hotel management is cooperative, it may be possible to



procure a room near the subject's which can be used as a base for surveillance.

3. All outgoing telephone calls made by the subject will normally be recorded by the hotel's switchboard operator and such records should be examined for leads.
4. Abandoned trash should not be overlooked; however, under no circumstances can trespass be made to retrieve it.

J. Officers lose subject.

1. The officer in charge should be immediately notified.
2. Known hangouts or addresses frequented by the subject should be placed under observation immediately in an effort to find him.
3. It is generally advisable to station an officer in the area where the subject was last seen, as he may reappear there after a short time.
4. Phone calls may be made to home or places frequented by the subject under a pretext and will often yield information of the subject's whereabouts.

K. Subject discovers officer.

1. If an officer is recognized by the subject as a surveillance agent, he should normally drop out and be replaced by another officer.
2. In some cases where concealment of any investigative activity is paramount, surveillance should be stopped as soon as the subject is known to suspect surveillance.

L. Decoys

1. A clever subject who has discovered that he is under surveillance may not reveal his discovery to his surveillants, but may attempt to "shake" them from his trail by means of false contacts or decoys.
2. For example, a subject may leave a brief case or package full of worthless papers or materials with a contact and thus cause unwary officers to redirect or discontinue their surveillance, thus leaving him free to make his real contacts unobserved.

M. Traps.

1. A subject may attempt to lure an officer into a trap.
2. A thorough knowledge of the locality, coupled with good judgment and the alertness to realize that trailing becomes suspiciously easy, is good defence against traps.

DETECTION OF FOOT SURVEILLANCE

- A. A subject who is suspicious of being under surveillance may resort to trickery in order to verify his suspicions.
- B. When a subject resorts to such trickery, it is good policy to change officers, for the subject may have spotted one or more of his followers.
- C. Common methods used by suspects to test for trailing:
1. Stopping abruptly and looking at people in the rear.
 2. Casually looking around.
 3. Reversing course and retracing steps.
 4. Boarding busses and street cars and alighting just before they start.
 5. Riding short distances on busses and streetcars.
 6. Circling the block in a taxi.
 7. Entering a building and leaving immediately via another exit.
 8. Stopping abruptly after turning a corner.
 9. Using convoys.
 10. Watching reflections in shop windows.
 11. Walking slowly and rapidly at alternate intervals.
 12. Dropping a piece of paper to see if anyone retrieves it.
 13. Stopping to tie shoestring, meanwhile looking around for surveillants.
 14. Arranging with a friend in a shop, tavern, or other places to watch for surveillants.

ELUDING FOOT SURVEILLANCE

- A. Common methods used by cunning subjects.
1. Jumping off a bus, streetcar or subway just as the doors are about to close.
 2. Leaving a building through the rear or side exit.
 3. Losing oneself in crowds.
 4. Entering theatres and leaving immediately through an exit.
 5. Pointing out one's surveillant to a policeman, who will generally require the officer to explain his actions.
 6. Using decoys.
 7. Using traps.
 8. Taking the last taxi at a stand.
 9. Changing clothing.



Cunning subject jumping off subway as doors are about to close

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THE POLITICS OF RAPE

“The same men and power structure who victimize women are engaged in the act of raping Vietnam, raping Black people, and the very earth we live upon. *Susan Griffin* examines the mythology of rape as a masculine instrument of cultural and political repression.

Like most women, I have never been free of the fear of rape. From a very early age, I have thought of rape as part of my environment – something to be feared and prayed against like fire or lightning. I never asked why men raped; I simply thought it one of the many mysteries of human nature.

I was, however, curious enough about the violent side of humanity to read every crime magazine I was able to ferret away from my grandfather. Each issue featured at least one “sex crime” with pictures of a victim, usually in a pearl necklace, and of the ditch or the orchard where her body was found. I was never certain why the victims were always women, nor what the motives of the murderer were, but I did guess that the world was not a safe place for women. I observed that my grandmother was meticulous about locks, and quick to draw the shades before anyone removed so much as a shoe. I sensed that danger lurked outside.

At the age of eight, my suspicions were confirmed. My grandmother took me to the back of the house where the men wouldn't hear, and told me that strange men wanted to do harm to little girls. I learned not to walk on dark streets, not to talk to strangers, or get into strange cars, to lock doors, and to be modest. She never explained why a man would want to harm a little girl, and I never asked.

If I thought for a while that my grandmother's fears were imaginary, the illusion was brief. That year, on the way home from school, a schoolmate a few years older than I tried to rape me. Later, in an obscure aisle of the local library (while I was reading *Freddy the Pig*) I turned to discover a man exposing himself. Then, the friendly man around the corner was arrested for child molesting.

My initiation to sexuality was typical. Every woman has similar stories to tell – the first man who attacked her may have been a neighbour, a family friend, an uncle, her doctor, or perhaps her own father. And women who grow up in New York City always have tales about the subway.

But though rape and the fear of rape are a daily part of every woman's consciousness, the subject is so rarely discussed by that unofficial staff of male intellectuals (who write books which study seemingly every other form of male activity) that one begins to suspect a conspiracy of silence. And indeed, the obscurity of rape in print exists in marked contrast to the frequency of rape in reality, for *forcible rape is the most frequently committed violent crime in America today*. The Federal Bureau of Investigation classes three crimes as violent: murder, aggravated assault and forcible rape. In 1968, 31,060

rapes were reported. According to the FBI and independent criminologists, however, to approach accuracy this figure must be multiplied by at least a factor of ten to compensate for the fact that most rapes are not reported; when these compensatory mathematics are used, there are more rapes committed than aggravated assaults and homicides.

When I asked Berkeley, California's Police Inspector in charge of rape investigation if he knew why men rape women, he replied that he had not spoken with "these people and delved into what really makes them tick, because that really isn't my job . . ." However, when I asked him how a woman might prevent being raped, he was not so reticent, "I wouldn't advise any female to go walking around alone at night . . . and she should lock her car at all times." The Inspector illustrated his warning with a grisly story about a man who lay in wait for women in the back seats of their cars, while they were shopping in a local supermarket. "Always lock your car," the Inspector repeated, and then added, without a hint of irony, "Of course, you don't have to be paranoid about this type of thing."

Like most women I have spent considerable time speculating on the true nature of the rapist. When I was very young, my image of the "sexual offender" was a nightmarish amalgamation of the bogey man and Captain Hook: he wore a black cape, and he cackled. As I matured, so did my image of the rapist. Born into the psychoanalytic age, I tried to "understand" the rapist. Rape, I came to believe, was only one of many unfortunate evils produced by sexual repression. Reasoning by tautology, I concluded that any man who would rape a woman must be out of his mind.

Yet, though the theory that rapists are insane is a popular one, this belief has no basis in fact. According to Professor Menachem Amir's study of 646 rape cases in Philadelphia, *Patterns in Forcible Rape*, men who rape are not abnormal. Amir writes, "Studies indicate that sex offenders do not constitute a unique or psychopathological type; nor are they as a group invariably more disturbed than the control groups to which they are compared."

Another canon in the apologetics of rape is that, if it were not for learned social controls, all men would rape. Rape is held to be natural behaviour, and not to rape must be learned. But in truth rape is not universal to the human species. Moreover, studies of rape in our culture reveal that, far from being impulsive behaviour, most rape is planned. Professor Amir's study reveals that in cases of group rape (the "gangbang" of masculine slang) 90 percent of the rapes were planned; in pair rapes, 83 percent of the rapes were planned, and in single rapes 58 percent were planned. These figures should significantly discredit the image of the rapist as a man who is suddenly overcome by sexual needs society does not allow him to fulfill.

Far from the social control of rape being learned, comparisons with other cultures lead one to suspect that, in our society, it is rape itself that is learned. (The fact that rape is against the law should not be considered proof that rape is not in fact encouraged as part of our culture.)

This culture's concept of rape as an illegal, but still understandable, form of behaviour is not a universal one. In her study *Sex and Temperament*, Margaret Mead describes a society that does not share our views. The Arapesh do not " . . . Have any conception of the male nature that might make rape understandable to them." Indeed our interpretation of rape is a product of our conception of the nature of male sexuality. A common retort to the question, why don't women rape men, is the myth that men have greater sexual needs, that their sexuality is more urgent than women's. And it is the nature of human beings to want to live up to what is expected of them.

And this same culture which expects aggression from the male expects passivity from the female. Conveniently, the companion myth about the nature of female sexuality is that all women secretly want to be raped. Lurking beneath her modest female exterior is a subconscious desire to be ravished. The following description of a stag movie, written by Brenda Starr in Los Angeles' underground paper, *Everywoman*, typifies

this male fantasy. The movie "showed a woman in her underclothes reading on her bed. She is interrupted by a rapist with a knife. He immediately wins her over with his charm and they get busy sucking and fucking."

Still, the male psyche persists in believing that, protestations and struggles to the contrary, deep inside her mysterious feminine soul, the female victim has wished for her own fate. A young woman who was raped by the husband of a friend said that days after the incident the man returned to her home, pounded on the door and screamed to her, "Jane, Jane. You loved it. You know you loved it."

The theory that women like being raped extends itself by deduction into the proposition that most or much of rape is provoked by the victim. But this too is only myth. Though provocation, considered a mitigating factor in a court of law, may consist of only "a gesture", according to the Federal Commission on Crimes of Violence, only 4 percent of reported rapes involved any precipitative behaviour by the woman.

The notion that rape is enjoyed by the victim is also convenient for the man who, though he would not commit forcible rape, enjoys the idea of its existence, as if rape confirms that enormous sexual potency which he secretly knows to be his own. It is for the pleasure of the armchair rapist that detailed accounts of violent rapes exist in the media. Indeed, many men appear to take sexual pleasure from nearly all forms of violence. Whatever the motivation, male sexuality and violence in our culture seem to be inseparable. James Bond alternately whips out his revolver and his cock, and though there is no known connection between the skills of gun-fighting and love-making, pacifism seems suspiciously effeminate.

The attraction of the male in our culture to violence and death is a tradition Manson and his admirers are carrying on with tireless avidity (even presuming Manson's innocence, he dreams of the purification of fire and destruction). It was Malraux in his *Anti-Memoirs* who said that, for the male, facing death was the illuminating experience analogous to childbirth for the female. Certainly our culture does glorify war and shroud the agonies of the gunfighter in veils of mystery.

And in the spectrum of male behaviour, rape, the perfect combination of sex and violence, is the penultimate act. Erotic pleasure cannot be separated from culture, and in our culture male eroticism is wedded to power. Not only should a man be taller and stronger than a female in the perfect love-match, but he must also demonstrate his superior strength in gestures of dominance which are perceived as amorous. Though the law attempts to make a clear division between rape and sexual intercourse, in fact the courts find it difficult to distinguish between a case where the decision to copulate was mutual and one where a man forced himself upon his partner.

The scenario is ever further complicated by the expectation that, not only does a woman mean "yes" when she says "no", but that a really decent woman ought to begin by saying "no", and then be led down the primrose path to acquiescence. Ovid, the author of Western Civilization's most celebrated sex-manual, makes this expectation perfectly clear: . . . and when I beg you to say "yes", say "no". Then let me lie outside your bolted door . . . So Love grows strong . . .

That the basic elements of rape are involved in all heterosexual relationships may explain why men often identify with the offender in this crime. But to regard the rapist as the victim, a man driven by his inherent sexual needs to take what will not be given him, reveals a basic ignorance of sexual politics. For in our culture heterosexual love finds an erotic expression through male dominance and female submission. A man who derives pleasure from raping a woman clearly must enjoy force and dominance as much or more than the simple pleasures of the flesh. Coitus cannot be experienced in isolation. The weather, the state of the nation, the level of sugar in the blood - all will affect a man's ability to achieve orgasm. If a man can achieve sexual pleasure after terrorizing, humiliating and harming a woman. According to Amir's study of forcible rape, on a statistical average the man who has been convicted of rape was found to have a normal sexual personality, tending to be different

from the normal, well adjusted male only in having a greater tendency to express violence and rage.

And if the professional rapist is to be separated from the average dominant heterosexual, it may be mainly a quantitative difference. For the existence of rape as an index to masculinity is not entirely metaphorical. Though this measure of masculinity seems to be more publicly exhibited among "bad boys" or aging bikers who practice sexual initiation through group rape, in fact, "good boys" engage in the same rites to prove their manhood. In Stockton, a small town in California which epitomizes silent majority America, a bachelor party was given last summer for a young man about to be married. A woman was hired to dance "topless" for the amusement of the guests. At the high point of the evening the bridegroom-to-be dragged the woman into a bedroom. No move was made by any of his companions to stop what was clearly going to be an attempted rape. Far from it, As the woman described, "I tried to keep him away - told him of my Herpes Genitalis, et cetera, but he couldn't face the guys if he didn't screw me." After the bridegroom had finished raping the woman and returned with her to the party, far from chastizing him, his friends heckled the woman and covered her with wine.

It was fortunate for the dancer that the bridegroom's friends did not follow him into the bedroom for, though one might suppose that in group rape, since the victim is outnumbered, less force would be inflicted on her, in fact, Armir's studies indicate, "the most excessive degrees of violence occurred in group rape." Far from discouraging violence, the presence of other men may in fact encourage sadism, and even cause the behaviour. In an unpublished study of group rape by Gilbert Geis and Duncan Chappell, the authors refer to a study by W.H. Blanchard which relates, "The leader of the male group . . . apparently precipitated and maintained the activity, despite misgivings, because of a need to fulfill the role that the other two men had assigned to him. 'I was scared when it began to happen,' he says. 'I wanted to leave but I didn't want to say it to the other guys - you know - that I was scared.'"

Thus it becomes clear that not only does our culture teach men the rudiments of rape, but society, or more specifically other men, encourage the practice of it.

* * *

Every man I meet wants to protect me. Can't figure out what from. - Mae West.

If a male society rewards aggressive, domineering sexual behaviour it contains within itself a sexual schizophrenia. For the masculine man is also expected to prove his mettle as a protector of women. To the naive eye, this dichotomy implies that men fall into one of two categories: those who rape and those who protect. In fact, life does not prove so simple. In a study euphemistically entitled "Sex Aggression by College Men", it was discovered that men who believe in a double standard of morality for men and women, who in fact believe most fervently in the ultimate value of virginity, are more liable to commit "this aggressive variety of sexual exploitation".

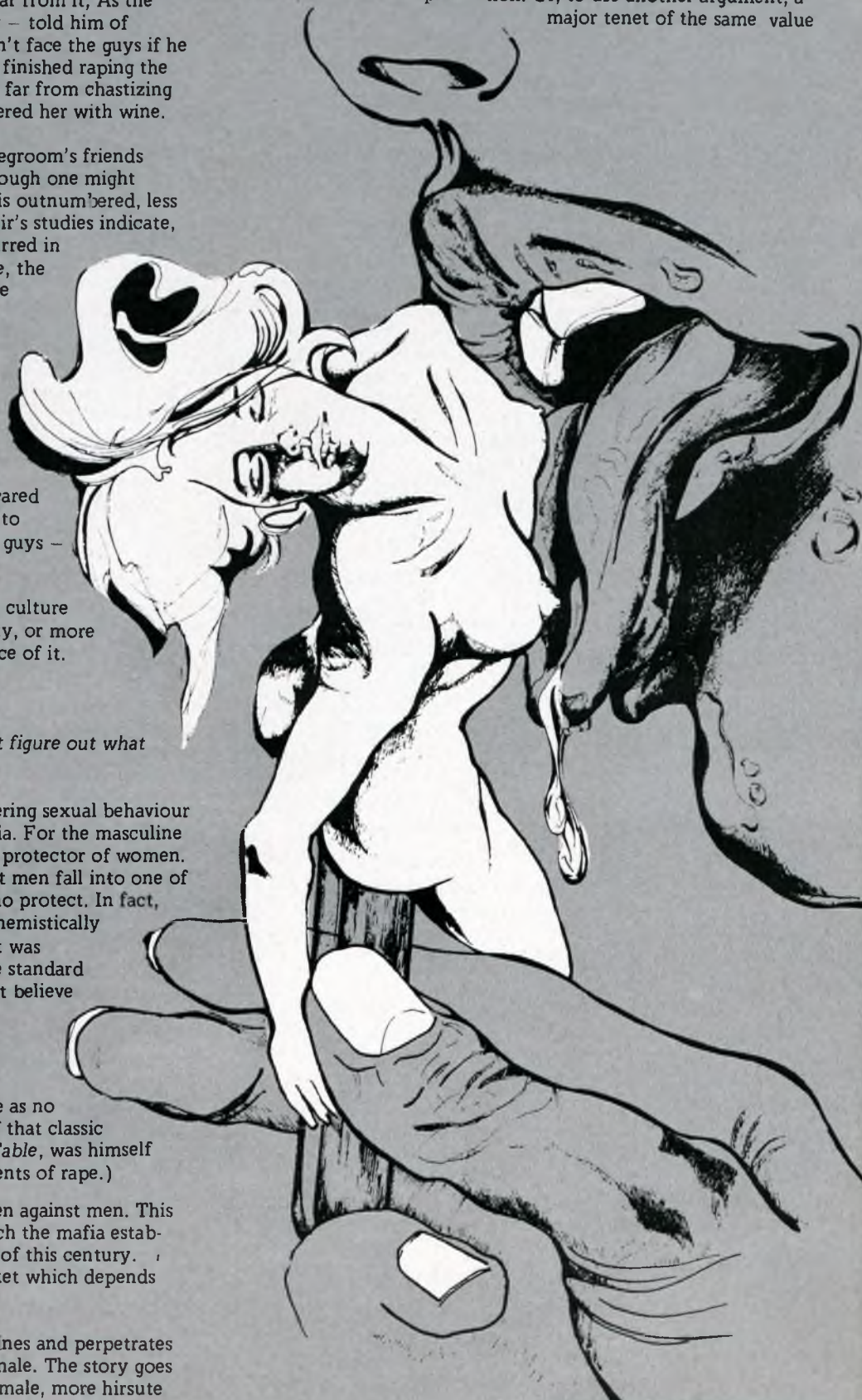
(At this point in our narrative it should come as no surprise that Sir Thomas Malory, creator of that classic tale of chivalry, *The Knights of the Round Table*, was himself arrested and found guilty for repeated incidents of rape.)

In the system of chivalry, men protect women against men. This is not unlike the protection relationship which the mafia established with small businesses in the early part of this century. Indeed, chivalry is an age-old protection racket which depends for its existence on rape.

According to the male mythology which defines and perpetrates rape, it is an animal instinct inherent in the male. The story goes that sometime in our pre-historical past, the male, more hirsute

and burly than today's counterparts, roamed about an uncivilised landscape until he found a desirable female. (Oddly enough, this female is *not* pictured as more muscular than the modern woman.) He simply grabs her by the hair and drags her to the closest cave. Presumably, one of the major advantages of modern civilization for the female has been the civilizing of the male. We call it chivalry.

But women do not get chivalry for free. According to the logic of sexual politics, we too have to civilize our behaviour. (Enter chastity. Enter virginity. Enter monogamy.) For the female, civilized behaviour means chastity before marriage and faithfulness within it. Chivalrous behaviour in the male is supposed to protect that chastity from involuntary difilement. The fly in the ointment of this otherwise peaceful system is the fallen woman. She does not behave. And therefore she does not deserve protection. Or, to use another argument, a major tenet of the same value



system: what has once been defiled cannot again be violated.

The assumption that a woman who does not respect the double standard deserves whatever she gets (or at the very least "asks for it") operates in the courts today. While in some states a man's previous rape convictions are not considered admissible evidence, the sexual reputation of the rape victim is considered a crucial element of the facts upon which the court must decide innocence or guilt.

The court's respect for the double standard manifested itself particularly clearly in the case of the *People v. Jerry Plotkin*. Mr. Plotkin, a 36 year old jeweler, was tried for rape last spring in a San Francisco Superior Court. According to the woman who brought the charges, Plotkin, along with three other men, forced her at gunpoint to enter a car one night in October 1970. She was taken to Mr. Plotkin's fashionable apartment where he and the three other men first raped her, and then, in the delicate language of the *S.F. Chronicle*, "subjected her to perverted sex acts." She was, she said, set free in the morning with the warning that she would be killed if she spoke to anyone about the event. She did report the incident to the police who then searched Plotkin's apartment and discovered a long list of names of women. Her name was on the list and had been crossed out.

Plotkin's defense rested on two premises. First, through his own testimony Plotkin established a reputation for himself as a sexual libertine who frequently picked up girls in bars and took them to his house where sexual relations often took place. He was the Playboy. He claimed that the accusation of rape, therefore, was false – this incident had simply been one of many casual sexual relationships, the victim one of many playmates. The second premise of the defense was that his accuser was also a sexual libertine. However, the picture created of the young woman (fully 13 years younger than Plotkin) was not akin to the light-hearted, gay-bachelor image projected by the defendant. On the contrary, the day after the defense cross-examined the woman, the *Chronicle* printed a story headlined, "Grueling Day For Rape Case Victim". (A leaflet passed out by women in front of the courtroom was more succinct, "rape was committed by four men in a private apartment in October; on Thursday, it was done by a judge and a lawyer in a public courtroom.")

Through skillful questioning fraught with innuendo, Plotkin's defense attorney James Martin MacInnis portrayed the young woman as a licentious opportunist and unfit mother. MacInnis began by asking the woman (then employed as a secretary) whether or not it was true that she was "familiar with liquor" and had worked as a "cocktail waitress". The young woman replied (the *Chronicle* wrote "admitted") that she had worked once or twice as a cocktail waitress. The attorney then asked if she had worked as a secretary in the financial district but had "left that employment after it was discovered that you had sexual intercourse on a couch in the office." The woman replied "That is a lie. I left because I didn't like working in a one-girl office. It was too lonely." Then the defense asked if, while working as an attendant at a health club, "you were accused of having a sexual affair with a man?" Again the woman denied the story, "I was never accused of that."

Plotkin's attorney then sought to establish that his client's accuser was living with a married man. She responded that the man was separated from his wife. Finally he told the court that she had "spent the night" with another man who lived in the same building.

At this point in the testimony the woman asked Plotkin's defense attorney, "Am I on trial? . . . It is embarrassing and personal to admit these things to all these people . . . I did not commit a crime. I am a human being." The lawyer, true to the chivalry of his class, apologized and immediately resumed questioning her, turning his attention to her children. (She is divorced, and the children at the time of the trial were in a foster home.) "Isn't it true that your two children have a sex game in which one gets on top of another and they –" "That is a lie!" the young woman interrupted him. She ended her testimony by explaining "They are wonderful children. They are not perverted."

The jury, divided in favour of acquittal ten to two, asked the

court stenographer to read the woman's testimony back to them. After this reading, the Superior Court acquitted the defendant of both the charges of rape and kidnapping.

According to the double standard a woman who has had sexual intercourse out of wedlock cannot be raped. Rape is not only a crime of aggression against the body; it is a transgression against chastity as defined by men. When a woman is forced into a sexual relationship, she has, according to the male ethos, been violated. But she is also defiled if she does not behave according to the double standard, by maintaining her chastity, or confining her sexual activities to a monogamous relationship.

One should not assume, however, that a woman can avoid the possibility of rape simply by behaving. Though myth would have it that mainly "bad girls" are raped, this theory has no basis in fact. Available statistics would lead one to believe that a safer course is promiscuity. In a study of rape done in the District of Columbia, it was found that 82 percent of the rape victims had a "good reputation". Even the Police Inspector's advice to stay off the streets is rather useless, for almost half of reported rapes occur in the home of the victim and are committed by a man she has never before seen. Like indiscriminate terrorism, rape can happen to any woman, and few women are ever without this knowledge.

But the courts and the police, both dominated by white males, continue to suspect the rape victim, *sui generis*, of provoking or asking for her own assault. According to Amir's study, the police tend to believe that a woman without a good reputation cannot be raped. The rape victim is usually submitted to countless questions about her own sexual mores and behaviour by the police investigator. This preoccupation is partially justified by the legal requirements for prosecution in a rape case. The rape victim must have been penetrated, and she must have made it clear to her assailant that she did not want penetration (unless of course she is unconscious). A refusal to accompany a man to some isolated place to allow him to touch her does not in the eyes of the court, constitute rape. She must have said "no" at the crucial genital moment. And the rape victim, to qualify as such, must also have put up a physical struggle – unless she can prove that to do so would have been to endanger her life.

But the zealous interest the police frequently exhibit in the physical details of a rape case is only partially explained by the requirements of the court. A woman who was raped in Berkeley was asked to tell the story of her rape four different times "right out in the street", while her assailant was escaping. She was then required to submit to a pelvic examination to prove that penetration had taken place. Later, she was taken to the police station where she was asked the same questions again: "Were you forced?" "Did he penetrate?" "Are you sure your life was in danger and you had no other choice?" This woman had been pulled off the street by a man who held a 10 inch knife at her throat and forcibly raped her. She was raped at midnight and was not able to return to her home until five in the morning. In her words, "The rape was probably the least traumatic incident of the whole evening. If I'm ever raped again . . . I wouldn't report it to the police because of all the degradation . . ."

If white women are subjected to unnecessary and often hostile questioning after having been raped, third world women are often not believed at all. According to the white male ethos (which is not only sexist but racist), third world women are defined from birth as "impure". Thus the white male if provided with a pool of women who are fair game for sexual imperialism. Third world women frequently do not report rape and for good reason. When blues singer Billie Holiday was 10 years old, she was taken off to a local house by a neighbour and raped. Her mother brought the police to rescue her, and she was taken to the local police station crying and bleeding: "When we got there, instead of treating me and Mom like somebody who called the cops for help, they treated me like I'd killed somebody . . . I guess they had me figured for having enticed this old goat into the whorehouse . . . All I know for sure is they threw me into a cell . . . a fat white matron . . . saw I was still bleeding, she felt sorry for me and gave me a couple glasses of milk. But nobody else did anything for me except give me filthy looks and snicker to themselves. After a couple of days in a cell they dragged me into a court. Mr. Dick got sentenced to five years.

They sentenced me to a Catholic institution." Clearly the white man's chivalry is aimed only to protect the chastity of "his" women.

Each girl as she grows into womanhood is taught fear. Fear is the form in which the female internalizes both chivalry and the double standard. Since, biologically speaking, women in fact have the same if not greater potential for sexual expression as do men, the woman who is taught that she must behave differently from a man must also learn to distrust her own carnality. She must deny her own feelings and learn not to act from them. She fears herself. This is the essence of passivity, and of course, a woman's passivity is not simply sexual but functions to cripple her from self-expression in every area of her life.

Passivity itself prevents a woman from ever considering her own potential for self-defense and forces her to look to men for protection. The woman is taught fear, but his time fear of the other. Moreover, the passive woman is taught to regard herself as impotent, unable to act, unable even to perceive, in no way self-sufficient, and, finally, as the object and not the subject of human behaviour. It is in this sense that a woman is deprived of the status of a human being. She is not free to be.

The laws against rape exist to protect rights of the male as possessor of the female body. The laws themselves are clear: In no state can a man be accused of raping his wife. How can any man steal what already belongs to him? It is in the sense of rape as theft of another man's property that Kate Millett writes, "Traditionally rape has been viewed as an offense one male commits against another - a matter of abusing his woman." In raping another man's woman, a man may aggrandize his own manhood and concurrently reduce that of another man. Thus a man's honour is not subject directly to rape, but only indirectly, through "his" woman.

This oppressive attitude towards women finds its institutionalization in the traditional family. For it is assumed that a man "wears" the pants" in his family - he exercises the option of rule whenever he so chooses. Not that he makes all the decisions - clearly women make most of the important day-to-day decisions in a family. But when a conflict of interest arises, it is the man's interest which will prevail. His word in itself, is more powerful. He lords it over his wife in the same way his boss lords it over him, so that the very process of exercising his power becomes as important an act as obtaining whatever it is his power can get for him. This notion of power is key to the male ego in this culture, for the two acceptable measures of masculinity are a man's power over women and his power over other men. A man may boast to his friends that "I have 20 men working for me." It is also aggrandizement of his ego if he has the financial power to clothe his wife in furs and jewels. And, if a man lacks the where withal to acquire such power, he can always express his rage through equally masculine activities - rape and theft. Since male society defines the female as a possession, it is not surprising that the felony most often committed together with rape is theft.

Rape is an act of aggression in which the victim is denied her self-determination. It is an act of violence which, if not actually followed by beatings or murder, nevertheless always carries with it the threat of death. And finally, rape is a form of mass terrorism, for the victims of rape are chosen indiscriminately, but the propagandists for male supremacy broadcast that it is women who cause rape by being unchaste or in the wrong place at the wrong time - in essence, by behaving as though they were free.

The threat of rape is used to deny women employment. (In California, the Berkeley Public Library, until pushed by the Federal Employment Practices Commission, refused to hire female shelvers because of perverted men in the stacks.) The

fear of rape keeps women off the streets at night. Keeps women at home. Keeps women passive and modest for fear that they be thought provocative.

It is part of human dignity to be able to defend oneself, and women are learning. Some women have learned karate; some shoot guns. And yet we will not be free until the threat of rape and the atmosphere of violence is ended, and to end that the nature of male behaviour must change.

But rape is not an isolate act that can be rooted out from patriarchy without ending patriarchy itself. The same men and power structure who victimize women are engaged in the act of raping Vietnam, raping Black people and the very earth we live upon. Rape is a classic act of domination where, in the words of Kate Millett, "the emotions of hatred, contempt, and the desire to break or violate personality," takes place. This breaking of the personality characterizes modern life itself. No simple reforms can eliminate rape. As the symbolic expression of the white male hierarchy, rape is the quintessential act of our civilization, one which, Valerie Solanis warns, is in danger of "humping itself to death."

Susan Griffin

Reprinted from 'Ramparts, September 1971' Rape the All-American Crime.



'Black Moses' — Isaac Hayes
(*Stax Double*)
'Natural Black Inventions' — Rahsaan
Roland Kirk
(*Atlantic*)
'Hendrix in the West' — Jimi Hendrix
(*Polydor*)
'Roots' — Curtis Mayfield
(*Buddah*)

Thanks to Don McLean, rock and roll in moving uneasily into a state of manic nostalgia. "Back to the roots!!" is the cry, and everybody is frantically plowing the fields in search of wherever their roots happen to be hiding. Every closet in sight is being combed for skeletons, and we vicariously rediscover everything from traditional British folk music to '50s rock, country and bluegrass to music-hall. Ray Davies and Martin Carthy ransack the English past, and the Band and all their country cousins from L.A. point us towards the Golden West. Some of us are even starting to get back to black music.

To claim to have found a representative selection of black music on four records is patently absurd, but as a random cross-section of what's approximately happening, the above clutch of recent issues give rise to some interesting conclusions. With one exception, the "blacker" the music is, the more powerful it is. Thus Rahsaan Roland Kirk, supposedly an esoteric, isolated jazz figure, far removed from the current musical spectrum, is playing music that emits far more energy, more power, more *soul* than the amazingly turgid Isaac Hayes, currently being touted as the leading figure in contemporary black music.

The Hayes phenomenon poses some fascinating questions about demographics, musical sociology and the politics of assimilation. A much respected Stax back room boy for some ten years, Hayes was responsible as producer, composer, arranger and keyboards player for some of the finest examples of Stax studio soul, notably for most of Sam and Dave's better records. A couple of years ago, he came out of his shell and began to issue a series of solo albums, featuring attenuated, heavily orchestrated versions of popular songs, mainly drawn from the repertoires of "standard" singers. These included long monologues and sold startlingly well. Hayes worked a deft line in personality hype, capitalising on his imposing personal appearance. He's a big man with a full beard and a shaven head, and he was photographed bare-chested, wearing gold chains and huge shades. His latest album, like the others, a heavy money-maker, shows what proportions his cult has expanded.

The album is called *Black Moses*, and the cover is a literal interpretation of that title. The outer cover unwraps to form a four-foot-by-three cross, in which Isaac stands, arms outstretched in a Messianic pose, swathed in DeMille robes and his famous shades. The sleeve note, printed in indecipherable Gothic lettering and impenetrable Biblical prose, tells Isaac's life story, referring to him throughout as a prophet of his people. Once inside the lavish packaging, one finds that the records are conspicuously lacking in the aggressive blackness of their surrounding hype. Hayes' thick-tongued basso voice is cloaked in a gentle funky rhythm section and great clouds of Hollywood strings as he meanders through a selection of songs that would not be out of place on a Tony

Natural Rhythm in de Woodpile

Bennett album, material like "Brand New Me", "I'll Never Fall In Love Again" and "They Long To Be Close To You". He doesn't even perform Curtis Mayfield's "Man's Temptation" as well as Al Kooper and his "Part Time Love" is certainly no threat to Johnnie Taylor. The "hard funky raps that sermonize the sometimes bittersweet relationship between man and wo-man" have all the depth and honesty of the talking bits on '50s vocal group records, and only "Good Love 699-69" has any life to it. Strangely enough, it's the only Hayes composition in the two-record set, and the only one resembling his early work.

The point is: who's buying this shit? To my ears, Isaac Hayes is a monstrous shuck. His nightclub schmaltz is soul aimed at those audiences, both black and white, who like to think that they're into soul music but who cannot cope with the reality and energy of true black cultural spokesmen like Ray Charles and Aratha Franklin. It's music for Sidney Poitier to ball Diahann Carroll to, and is probably selling to airline stewardesses and executives all over the States. There was more power in his *Shaft* theme than in this entire package.

After Isaac Hayes, it's a tremendous relief to turn to an authentic black genius, Rahsaan Roland Kirk. Kirk is one of this planet's master musicians, and while *Natural Black Inventions* (subtitled *Root Strata*), is at least as aggressively "black"

but he's totally on his own. In person, he's compulsive watching, whether lurching all over the stage at the Ronnie Scott Club chanting "B-L-A-C-K-N-U-S-S, BLACKNUSS" or blowing the minds of a Roundhouse audience, fighting his way through the power cuts to give the people more excitement, intense communal involvement and just more sheer music than any four rock bands combined. Roland Kirk gives proof, if any were needed, that so-called jazz still has the power to communicate in a real and direct way with a young mass audience. If you want to hear a *real* genius, not one of rock's sensitive-and-observant Genius-Of-The-Month-Club fresh from Laurel Canyon and a Carole King session check out *Natural Black Inventions: Root Strata* and prepare for one hell of a shock. If you're a mainstream rock freak, you'll never think of Jazz in quite the same way again.

The man who always neatly knocked a huge hole in my theory that the value of black music was proportionate to the artist's involvement with the black audience/community — what Roland Kirk refers to as "the



as the Hayes album, it means what it says. "I accept the fact that a lot of people are still asleep and will stay asleep on these sounds that are a part of my life — my black experience," writes Kirk in the notes, but I hope he's wrong. This album features Kirk unaccompanied except by percussion, and piano on one cut. He plays an infinite number of horns, many of them simultaneously. This unbelievable multiple virtuosity generally leaves his audiences so shattered that they fail to realise that he'd be amazing even if he only played one all night. He has seemingly limitless supplies of breath, and can power three horns indefinitely. Maybe he breathes through his ears, through the top of his head, through the end of his cock, fuck knows,

black experience" — was Jimi Hendrix. Though jazz musicians (like Kirk and Miles Davis) saw him in a black perspective, the mass black audience found his music intolerable. Like the Motown artists who it is so hip to despise, Hendrix was a white man's black man, though admittedly there was a world of difference in the circumstances. The latest instalment in the continuing Jimi Hendrix market onslaught is for some reason entitled *Hendrix In The West*, and though saddled with a sleeve apparently designed during a ten-minute dope break by the depts of Polydor's Art Department, is the finest of all the posthumous Hendrix records. It not only includes his epic performance of "Johnny B. Goode", second only to Berry's, but

Charles Shaar Murray, digging for The Real Thing.

an incredibly delicate version of "Little Wing", a stunning group improvisation on "Red House", jokey interpretations of "God Save The Queen" and "Sgt Pepper" from the IoW complete with Jeff Dexter's introduction now appearing on record for the *third* time (Christ, it's boring) and a new cut of "Voodoo Chile". I have no new superlatives to apply to the work of Jimi Hendrix, but if your collection has a deficit in the Hendrix department, this is the one to get.

While the mass black audience never appreciated Jimi Hendrix, it ate up Isaac Hayes, and another old studio pro who sells a lot of records, Curtis Mayfield. Mayfield is a lot more likeable than Hayes, lacking all that Messianic hype and general self-importance. He sings in a light falsetto, writes gentle, earnest unimpeachable liberal songs about getting down to the funky, funky roots, his beautiful black brothers and sisters, relating to the Underground, and so on. Unfortunately, on *Roots*, he has, like Hayes, sent out to the candy store for a double scoop of cloying marshmallow strings and wrapped everything up in them. Mayfield's mellow sweetness is bearable only in a small-group situation, where the relative prominence of the guitars and percussion sharpens up the sound, and allows you to listen to his lyrics without choking on the arrangements. His live album is far more enjoyable than *Roots*, but even there I find Mayfield's unremitting cuteness rather wearing. Despite his preoccupation with social issues, he comes on like a black John Sebastian. He's even featured on the enclosed poster skipping about merrily in a field. You'd never catch Hayes doing that. He'd fall over his robes.

Against the larger picture, it's sadly clear that few black artists have yet become real, bona-fide guilt-edged superstars without capturing a white audience, either like Nat "King" Cole, Louis Armstrong or B.B. King. Or like Jimi Hendrix. But now, at last, we can listen to black music, and evaluate it ourselves. We no longer need Pat Boone to be the middleman between us and Fats Domino, Mick Jagger to run relay between us and Chuck Berry, Mike Bloomfield to prepare us for B.B. King. The Roundhouse audience heard Rahsaan Roland Kirk, and he played them his natural black inventions, and they heard them loud and clear and hot and close and real. If the sixteen-year-olds are ready for meat as strong as Roland Kirk, then that is in itself a cause for optimism. If enough people have the ears and the devotion, then the next couple of years should hear some mighty music indeed.

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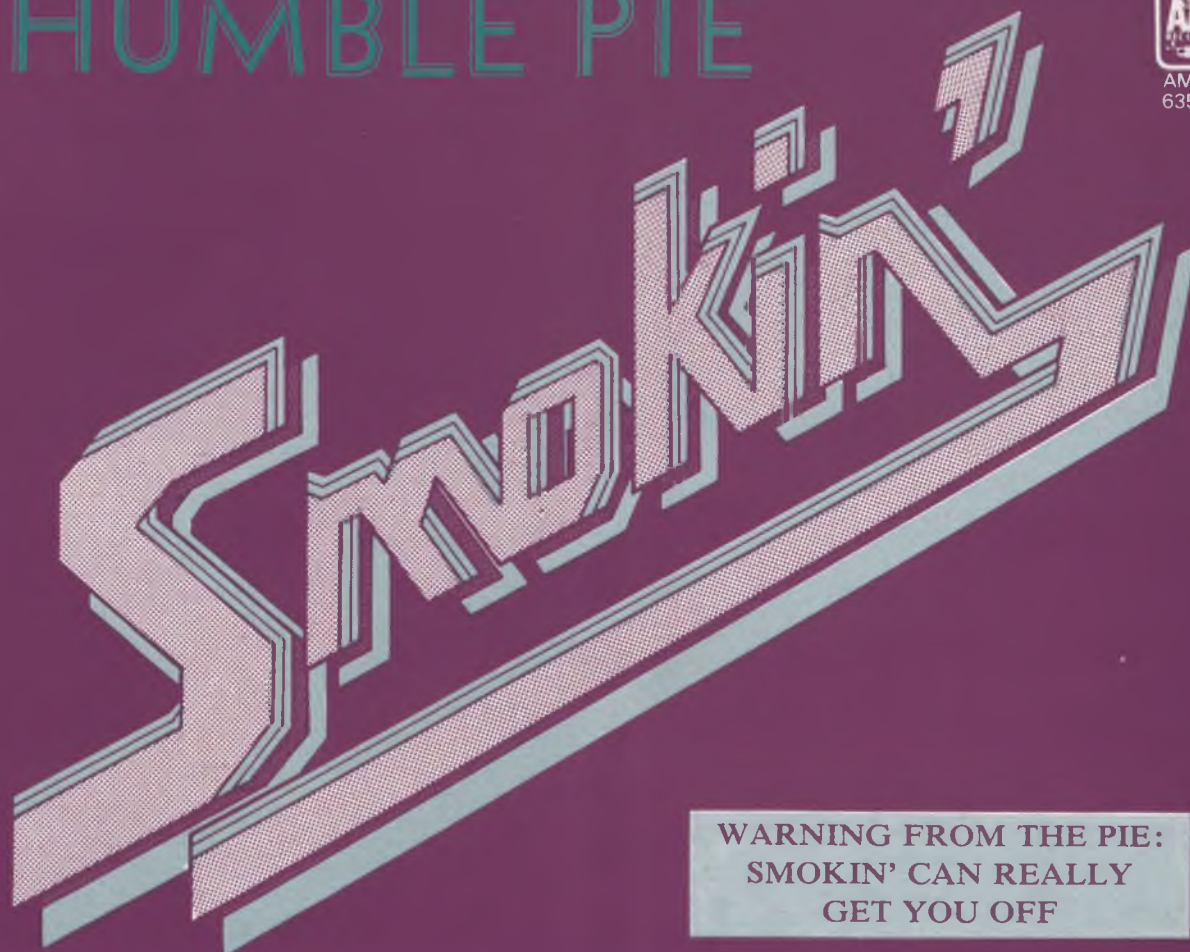
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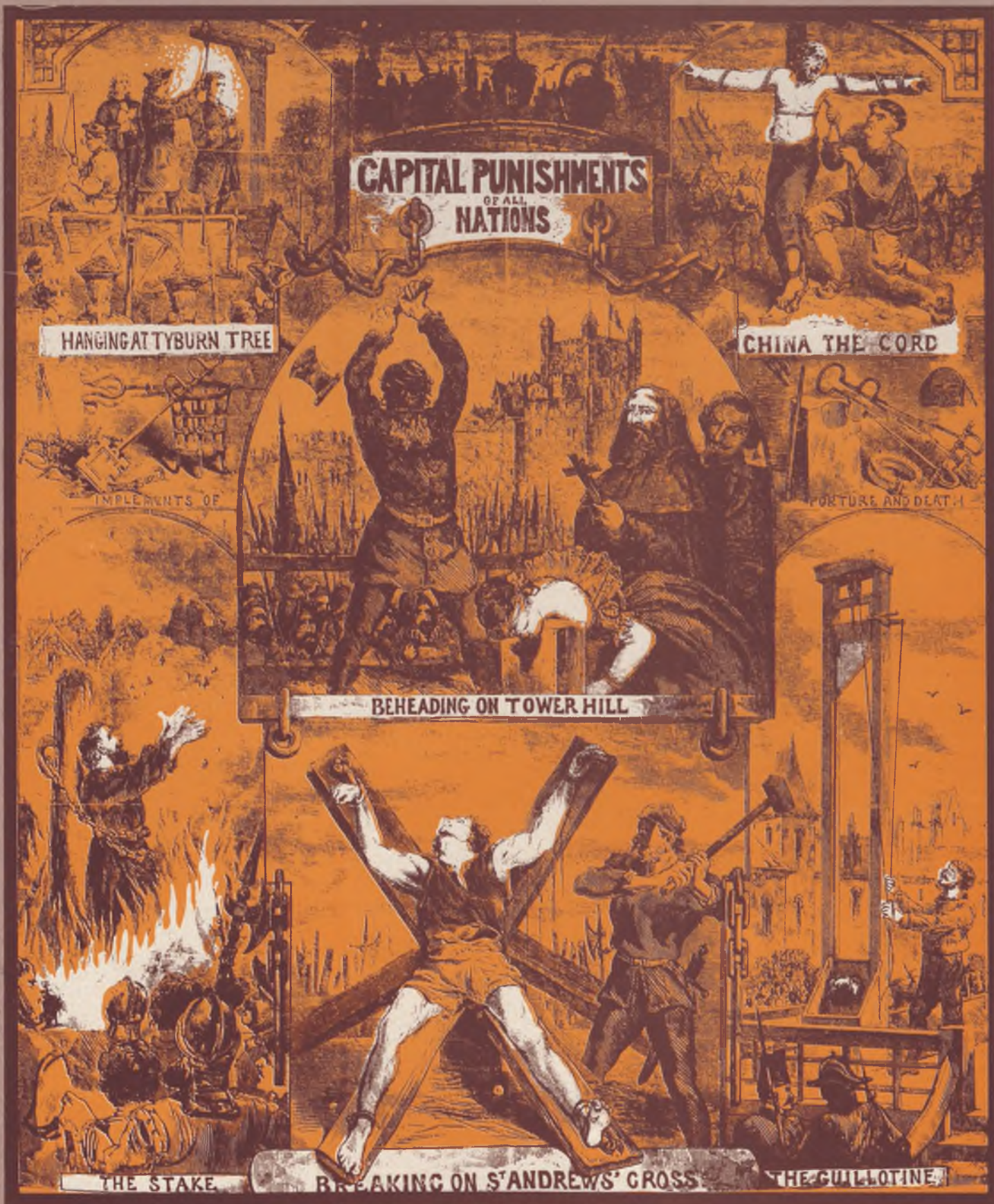
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**CAPITAL PUNISHMENTS
OF ALL
NATIONS**

HANGING AT TYBURN TREE

CHINA THE CORD

IMPLEMENTS OF

TORTURE AND DEATH

BEHEADING ON TOWER HILL

THE STAKE

BREAKING ON S'ANDREWS' CROSS

THE GUILLOTINE

THE GUILLOTINE

Was invented for the purpose of causing painless and immediate death. Whether it successfully accomplished this desirable object we do not pretend to say.

BEHEADING ON TOWER HILL

Beheading was a military punishment among the Romans. The head of the culprit was laid on a block placed in a pit dug for the purpose beyond the VALLUM and preparatory to the stroke he was tied to a stake and whipped with cords. In the early ages the blow was given with an axe but in due course of time the sword was made use of.

**THE PUNISHMENT OF THE CORD
(CHINA)**

The usual capital punishments of China were strangling and beheading. The former is the most common and is decreed against those who are found guilty of crimes which, however capital, are only held in the second rank of atrocity.

HANGING AT TYBURN TREE

It was the custom down to a period of as little as eighty years ago, little more or less, to execute malefactors at this now fashionable locality. Tyburn was, in fact, the chief and most favourite place of execution in London.

BREAKING ON ST. ANDREW'S CROSS

This punishment was similar to the one known as "Breaking on the Wheel". It consisted of breaking the leading joints of the body with a large hammer and concluded with a coup de grace on the head.

BURNING ALIVE

Burning alive was inflicted among the Romans, Jews and other nations, and was countenanced by bulls of the Pope. Many persons have been burned alive as heretics.

The Illustrated Police News, 1870.

“Astounding, Holmes Elementary, Watson. Elementary...”

“Next time the Angry Brigade send Heath an irritated note, it may happen that the police library of typewriter faces contains that very machine. Bingo!” Voiceprints, computerised index systems, forensic pathology, X-ray crystallography . . . *Peter Laurie* examines the current level of scientific police detection in Britain.

Policemen and scientists have been together for a long time: it's one of those areas out of which come alarming rumours, startling stories of incredible successes, but which otherwise remain unilluminated.

Naturally the rapid advance of science generally since the War has made police science more powerful, but the result is not quite as all-seeing as detectives writing their memoirs would like us to believe.

Puzzled detectives at the scene of a crime ask two types of question. The first is: 'Is there any evidence here? If so, what does it tell us?' Trying to answer it involves making minute searches of the environment, using vacuum cleaners to suck up dust from between floorboards, pumping out drains and analysing the water for minute traces of dissolved blood. This search, if it's successful, produces some sort of sample — a flake of paint from the body of someone who's been run over, a fingerprint, a speck of glass from a broken window, a grain of earth from another part of the country, minute traces of petrol soaked into burnt furniture in an arson case, sperm on a raped lady's knickers.

Answering the first question leads to a second one: is the sample we've got identical with stuff of the same sort associated with the suspect? This is where the whole process breaks down. Ideally, the policeman would like to ask: 'Whose sample is this?' so he can then go and arrest him. But except for a few, highly specialised kinds of sample this can't be done because there is no existing index of owners. Fingerprints are the main exception, because the prints of two million people are held at Scotland Yard — but that's only one person in 25, and matching the print found at a scene of crime — which may be blurred, smeared impression off only one finger out of ten, with the same print already in the file is a very uncertain business. The Yard has recently gone over to a computerised fingerprint filing system and this makes it easier to match prints, but the end-goal, a totally computerised system which looks at the scene of crime print, goes whirr, click and prints out the address of the guilty party is many years away.

They're getting very good at finding and photographing prints that a few years ago would have been totally impossible. For instance dusting with lead powder and photographing with x-rays reveals fingerprints on skin and cloth. Other techniques being developed at the now militarily idle Atomic Weapons Research

Establishment at Aldermaston include chemical analysis of the oils that make up a fingerprint, and radioactive tracers to make them detectable. (Aldermaston has also recently come up with a technique for detecting cannabinal condensate on the fingers of smokers up to three hours afterwards. The counter is to wash your fingers in ether.)

Forensic scientists can also expertly match samples to each-other. They can prove to a very high degree of certainty that even microscopically small amounts of stuff come from one place and one place only. If blood is found at a crime, and the police have a blood sample from a suspect, the scientist can say, using the six modern methods of blood grouping that at worst there's a 95% probability the suspect was the man; in the best case that it was ten million to one in favour. They can match things that have just brushed each-other: a bullet to a gun, a terminal to a battery, a flake of paint to a car, a petrol stain to petrol in a tin. Modern methods of chemical analysis — x-ray crystallography, spectrophotometry, gamma ray spectrometry — produce vast amounts of information about the minutest samples. A single hair from the head of Napoleon was able to show that he died of arsenic poisoning, and to give a rough idea of when it was first given him.

But the very lavishness of information, which at first seems to clinch the police argument, often destroys it. Voice prints are a good example. Telephone engineers working on speech scramblers during the war found that individual voices had different frequency distributions. With a bit of experience, you could tell just from the print which of the laboratory's test subjects had made the trace. Someone suggested that the police use the technique to identify people on tape recordings, and to begin with, in America, they got convictions. But then defence lawyers wised up. They demanded statistical evidence that the features on the suspect's tape that apparently identified him weren't to be found in every tenth, hundredth, thousandth person's voice. It isn't enough to show that the suspect's voice has ten characteristics in common with the recording, you also have to give an idea of how unlikely this is to occur by chance. And to do that you have to study millions of voices. (What seems to have blown voiceprint identification in Britain was a comparison by Home Office scientists of voiceprints of John Bird being Harold Wilson on 'That Was The Week That Was', and Harold Wilson being his own lovable self. There was no way of telling the traces apart, and both were



”



totally unlike John Bird's ordinary voice.)

This problem is common to all the new, sophisticated methods of identification: as well as proving positive identity of the suspect, the police have to prove non-identification of everyone else. To do that they have to collect vast libraries of information. They have to be able to prove a million people are innocent in order to show up the one guilty one. But to do this in all the many fields analysis has opened up would be a tremendous task. Doubtless as machines for doing analysis get automated, and computer time becomes available for storing the results, others beside fingerprints will be done too. This is where civil liberties raises its ugly head. In collecting these 'innocent' samples, the scientists can do two things. Firstly, they can go round being good ethical researchers, collecting data and losing the names and addresses of those who supplied it — blood samples, prints from typewriters, or whatever, and treating them simply as statistics. Or you can keep the names and addresses, and use them as the beginnings of a library — you never know when it might come in handy. Next time the Angry Brigade send Heath an irritated note, it may happen that the police library of typewriter faces contains that very machine. Bingo.

But at the moment forensic science has rather an erratic usefulness to the police. In the London laboratory — the tall building above the police station in Theobald's Road — about half the work is looking for alcohol levels in blood and urine samples in drunk-driving cases. Another sixth is identifying dangerous drugs (their phrase, not mine) — proving that this bit of brown stuff is actual hash and not Oxo. Another tenth of the work is sexual, identifying stains of clothes.

In spite of police publicity, what forensic science isn't good at is detection. It almost never finds the guilty party. What happens in the vast majority of cases is that the police get themselves a suspect — either as plain as day who did it, or an informer has told them, and then use the scientist to prove his guilt. And of course, should they wish to do a bit of framing, forensic evidence does the trick. A bank safe has been cut open with a thermic lance. The flame vapourises the metal, which recondenses in minute droplets which will hang round in the vault for days. If the suspect were there, they'd be on his clothes. If he wasn't but the police take his clothes for examination, wave them about in the vault, the droplets will still show, and in both cases the

forensic scientist, quiet, intelligent, dedicated, certain, terrific witness, will nail the defence alibi.

Another specialised area is forensic pathology, the study of corpses which met violent ends. The questions the police usually want answered are: how did he/she die? When? Answering the first question often does the suspect good, because a surprising number of people who appear to have been murdered in fights and brawls often turn out to have died of heart attacks, or to have cracked their skulls when they tripped over, so the charge can be reduced to manslaughter. But techniques here are pretty crude. Subtle murders will stand a good chance of being undetected; poisons like dieldrin or curare leave no detectable traces. Pathologists seem to be better at deducing what happened to people just after they've been murdered — often the pathologist can say, from the way blood settles in the lowest parts of the body in the hour after death, that the murdered person was first laid on his back, then moved to the left side. Time of death can be calculated to something like half an hour in twelve hours from the rate of cooling of the body. Basic research in rates of cooling after death was done on Mau Mau warriors executed in British prisons during the Kenya emergency.

The myth, as usual, is greater than the matter. Police detective machinery is of variable efficiency and questionable advancement. Sherlock Holmes compares very favourably with the practical resources of New Scotland Yard. But that's for the moment, and if their accuracy and infallibility don't measure up to the media image, it's not for lack of trying. There are two basic books assessing the current trends of police science by the last two retired directors of the London Laboratory: *The Scientific Investigation of Crime* by L.C. Nickolls, Butterworths — best, but slightly out of date; and *Forensic Science* by H.J. Walls, Sweet and Maxwell. At least they'll tell you what not to do.



HELP YOURSELF

Scattered throughout Britain there is a growing network of local community aid and information referral services. In emergency situations, (police harassment, arrest, illegal evictions, medical advice etc.), these organisations often offer the only source of sympathetic but dependable advice and help. Almost without exception, they operate on insufficient, shoe-string budgets and survive solely through the herculean efforts of their (usually unpaid) 'staff'. These groups deserve your encouragement, your support and, most important of all, your involvement. Help them to help yourself.

**ADVISE, 313 Upper Street,
London N1. 226 9365/8615.**

Advise is a registered charity giving a free 24 hour advice service in particular to the immigrant community of London on legal, civil rights, police, housing, social and information problems. Manned by full and part time volunteers who often mediate between individuals and institutions. We also have lawyers prepared to advise, represent and aid individuals.

**HOLYGROUND, Cass Yard,
Kirkgate, Wakefield, Yorks.**

HOLYGROUND is England's only alternative, non-profiteering recording studio. Over the last five years HOLYGROUND has released three LPs of their own conception, (one of which, 'Astral Navigations' is still on public release), two on commission, and count less small-time 45s. They're cheap, friendly, and (for mono records) extremely good.

**BIT, 141 Westbourne Park Road,
London W11. 229 8219.**

BIT, never wildly affluent, is in financial mores: "If we are to continue another year, we need a minimum of £2,500. Before we (the workers) took over BIT our previous directors (one of whom — Pete Polish — is now a trustee) managed to spend at a conservative guess, £10,000 in under 2 years. We have survived the last 2 years on under £5000, and in the last year we and our friends also raised and gave away approx. £2,000 to our less well off brothers and sisters in London and the Regions (inc. £500 to UCS)."

**STREET AID,
01 836 0700/1479**

STREET AID, at present negotiating for offices, operate a telephone service from 10 am to 10 pm for legal, medical, accomodation, employment, visiting prisons, hospitals etc. Street Aid News, recently published, contains news on our activities, plus pieces on the West End, alternative legal/psychiatric facilities, and the Covent Garden Situation (10p).

**RIB, 58 Charles Street, Cardiff.
Cardiff 44441.**

RIB is a community information and advisory service offering help on legal, medical, social and general matters. When necessary we have sympathetic professional helpers to whom people can be referred. We act as a catalyst for social action groups just starting. We would like support, financial and otherwise.

WHITE PANTHER PARTY UK:

The White Panther Party is a revolutionary organization dedicated to building a new man, new woman, and new world. For further information the following is obtainable: 10 point programme (6 page leaflet) free, please send SAE., and CHAPTER No 2 — White Panther Party mag. 10p plus 3p p and p. Write to: Abbey Wood Chapter, White Panther Party UK, Central Co-ordination, Box 5, 1 Conference Road, Abbey Wood, London SE2.

**MAGIC, 7 Summer Terrace,
Rusholme, Manchester 14.
061 264 9807.**

In between crisis MAGIC tries to serve the community (not just freaks). At present its main function is as an info referral service. We are trying to evolve into a more comprehensive help organisation but this is dependent upon more staff. We are advertised as 24 hour, but unfortunately, don't always make it.

**GAY LIBERATION FRONT,
5 Caledonian Road, London, N1.
01 837 7174.**

SOUTH LONDON GAY LIBERATION FRONT meetings every Thursday at 8.00 pm at: Minet Library, Knatchbull Road, Brixton.

**ORGANISATION, 44/45 West
Street, Chichester, Sussex
Chichester 88338.**

ORGANISATION was started in October 1971. Our aim is to provide aid, information and advice locally. Despite financial set backs and fluctuating support both ORGANISATION and "Grass" (a close associate of ours) have made every effort to carry this out. We will try to help those who society attacks. And we will keep trying.

**HELP YOURSELF, c/o OZ,
19 Great Newport Street,
London WC2.**

Organisations wishing to advertise in these boxes should contact OZ at the above address. The boxes are entirely free, and are designed for non-profiteering community groups. Trade advertisements will not be considered.



**Alternative
Media Reference
Library
307 Portobello Road W10
01 969 5557 John May**

**SPACE/EARTHWORK, Little Hill,
Pinfold Street, Sheffield 1.
Sheffield 22298.**

A twofold organisation, SPACE (Sheffield People's Advisory Centre — Earthwork) is just that — a community advice centre on the lines of a Northern Release. EARTHWORK is an eclectic arts workshop open 6 nights a week, and currently engaged in a project with the younger members of Sheffield's 5,000 unemployed.

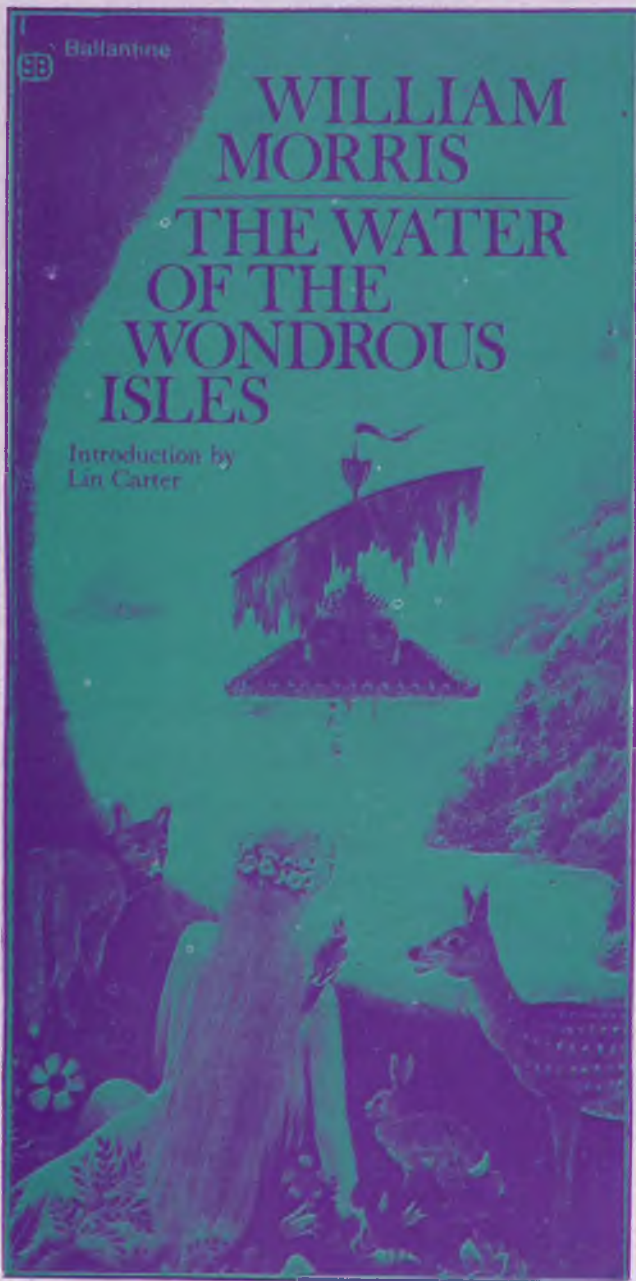


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ARE YOU ADVENTUROUS? If so, you must not miss the chance to make exciting new friends of the opposite sex. **Write — S.I.M. (ZO/2), Braemar House, Queens Road, Reading.**

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ECONOMY FLIGHT. India, U.S.A., Canada, Pakistan, Cylome, East Africa and most parts of the world. **187 Tufnell Park Road, London N7 OPU. 01-607 5639.**

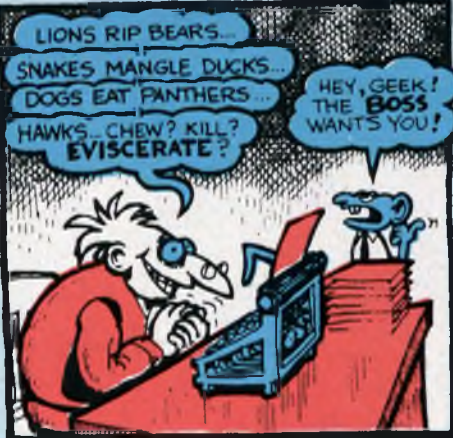
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WONDER WART-HOG

MEETS THE ELUSIVE, CHIMERICAL CHAMELEON!

PHILBERT DESANEX, DULCE REPORTER (AT THE OPPOSITE END OF THE PAY SCALE FROM AN ACE) FOR THE MUTHALODE MORNING MUNGPIE, IS BUSILY COMPOSING HEADLINES FOR THE SPORTS PAGE...



AND SO, PHILBERT ARRIVES IN "FRISCO"...





ALL RIGHT, CHAMELEON! I KNOW YOU'RE IN HERE!



YOU'LL NEVER CATCH ME NOW, PIG!

YOU FOLKS GO BACK TO WHAT YOU WERE DOING, AND I'LL BE BACK IN A MINUTE TO FIX YOUR WALL!



PHOOEY! HE GOT AWAY CLEAN! I'M OBVIOUSLY GOING TO HAVE TO FIND SOME METHOD OF DETECTION!



LET'S SEE... A BLOODHOUND COULDN'T SMELL ANYTHING ELSE WITH A WART-HOG AROUND... A METAL DETECTOR MIGHT WORK IF THAT REPREHENSIBLE REPTILE HAS ANY FILLINGS... HOW DID THEY DO IT IN ALL THOSE "INVISIBLE MAN" MOVIES ON THE LATE SHOW?

OH, HELL, I'LL SLEEP ON IT. PHILBERT HAS TO GO COVER THE BE-IN TOMORROW!

GOLDEN GATE PARK



THE NEXT DAY:

WOW! THIS MUST BE WHERE IT'S AT, AS THEY SAY... WHY, ALL THE IN PEOPLE ARE HERE...

AND OVER THERE... IT'S WONDER WART-HOG'S FAVORITE ROCK-AND-ROLL STAR...

THERE ARE THE INFAMOUS HELL'S ANGELS...



JANIS JOPLIN!

PHILBERT DESANEX, YOU OLD SON OF A BITCH!

HELP, THIEF! HELP ME, SOMEBODY!



PERHAPS I CAN HELP YOU, MISS! I'M A REPORTER!

OH, SIR, I'M PAMELA PIFFLETON WALLINGSWORTH AND I WAS SLUMMING AND AN UNSEEN ASSAILANT STOLE MY SOLID GOLD MANDALA WITH THE RUBY IN THE MIDDLE!



AN UNSEEN ASSAILANT?

YES, SIR!

SOUNDS LIKE THE CHAMELEON AGAIN! BUT HOW CAN I CHANGE INTO WONDER WART-HOG OUT HERE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE PARK??



HHMM...



♪♪♪



"BUT TO WHAT SHALL I compare this generation? It is like children sitting in the market places and calling to their playmates, 'We piped to you, and you did not dance; we wailed and you did not mourn.'" Mathew 11: 6-17. IT has changed, "in an attempt to recognise the changes around it." The traditional 24 page-tabloid gives way to 52 pages of magazine format and content — reduced news section and more features; bound in a glossy cover and liberally dosed with colour. It's a move which deserves support. An inflexible, static press serves only an inflexible static community and fulfills a dubious function. The next OZ will be a 24 page tabloid featuring Joy Farren on Nostradamus and the Seven Dwarves of Glastonbury, the Fabulous Furry Galactites, and Mick Farren's definitive Letter to the Lumpen.

With INK's top-heavy superstructure collapsed, and the communards firmly in control; the hoary spectre of £24,000 profitless capital still haunts their paper. A meeting with curious investors settled the justifiable concerns of those doubting Thomases in the liberal constituency; in the words of an INK director: "We are here to float INK, not to bury it". The formality of the meeting was undermined by a wild Irishman's persistent and occasionally violent exhortations to the company that 'INK is the only paper in England to give a twopenny damn about Ireland.' 'All dis talk,' he emphasized 'Where's de fucking money?'

One thing's for sure about FRENZD, it isn't what it was three months ago. FRENZD, says one of their collective, is the paper for libertarians, leftish loons, freaks and heads who want to get things on NOW. FRENZD is involved in the struggles of claimants' unions, liberation groups, free festivals, and the attempt to corrupt and deprave as many people as possible.



TRIKEE DICKEY

While the oldies foment, we're about to be deluged by a fresh breed of alternative publication, the specialist press: SPARE RIB is a new monthly magazine designed to bridge the gap between the extremes of women's lib and the consumer orientated materialism of the established women's papers. It's coming out monthly (first issue June) with news, features, reviews, and plenty of surprises. Any ideas, enquiries, contributions contact Marsha Rowe, Rosie Boycott, or Pat Bell at 9 Newburgh Street, London W1; 01-437 2070.

CINEMA RISING will surface on April 10. Described as a film magazine 'aimed at the people who go to the flicks rather than the people

SPIKE



News, Information, & Sheer Bigotry . . .
Contributions to: Spike, OZ, 19 Gt.
Newport St., London W.C.2



who make them'; it's going to be 32 pages in Rolling Stone format.

POLLUTION SOLUTION isn't quite that; but it makes a healthy start. It's another gap-bridger, this time between 'the sensationalist treatment of pollution stories by the nationals and the over technical and obscure ecology magazines. 10p from 178 Wymering Mansions, London W8; 01-286 4569.

STREETCOMIX, come out of Throsel Hole, Carrshield, nr Hexham, Northumberland — a commune farm. They also have a theatre/music group called the Phantom Captain which needs gigs in any part of the country . . .

BACK IN THE USSR — A band of four Russian youths who robbed a bank in Lvov, Ukraine, last year were quoted in the Kiev newspaper *Pravda Ukrayny* as saying: "We always wanted to live in the woods, far from society. We wanted to wear long hair, unorthodox clothing, to play the guitar, to listen to Western music, to express out views when we disapprove of something. The main thing in hippie morality is unlimited freedom and no need to work."

Pravda Ukrayny went on to explain that such ideas were fed them by the Voice of America's decadent propagandising, and by certain foreign films. The 18 year old 'mastermind', Sergei Yulin, was sentenced to death by shooting, and his three friends to between 8 and 10 years in a labour camp. "Now the film dreams are over", concluded *Pravda Ukrayny*, "because this country is not America". Really?

MEMO TO THE MINISTER of State for Education and Science: "There is no finer investment for any community than putting milk into babies." — Winston Churchill, in a broadcast, 23 March 1943.

IF YOU WERE ENTRANCED by Brian Jones' Joujouka album and wanna hear more Moroccan music, Ian Adm has produced, manufactured, designed and distributed an album called Rifi. It's available by post from Ian at 15 Sinclair Road, London W14 for £2.50. No royalties to EMI.

OZ WISHES PUBLICLY to apologise to BIT for any inconvenience caused that worthy organisation by an OZ designers flippant and incorrect labelling of their piece

in OZ 40 as a 'paid advertisement'. BIT's funds scarcely cover day-to-day overheads, let alone a full page ad in OZ.

CLEM GORHAN IS WRITING a sequel to *Making Communes*, about alternative and independent living styles in general in the UK, not necessarily communal. Any information about such projects, from candle making to self-publishing poets, would be welcome — 01-727 8563.

SO NOW YOU KNOW — A paid advertisement in the Times of the 29 Feb., claiming to give 'the facts' on Northern Ireland 'which you may not have known'. The ad, sponsored by the Stormont Government, stated that a recently appointed Commissioner for Complaints had found no proven case of discrimination in Northern Ireland; that the Ombudsman had found not one 'single instance of culpable action in the organs of Central Government'; that all housing is allocated according to a scheme 'based strictly on need'; and that Religious or political beliefs are not factors taken into consideration in public employment. Well, well, all that fuss over nothing.

THE NIGHT ASSEMBLIES BILL, if it becomes law, will enable a local council to break up by force if necessary any unauthorised gathering of more than 999 people after midnight. Permits for gatherings must be applied for 4 months in advance. As if that wasn't enough an amendment to the Bill states that wherever a local council decides any gathering in endangering public order (?), it can disperse that gathering, no matter how small. This Bill not only affects rock festivals, but can be invoked against any sit-in, protest march, vigil, or night demo. **OPPOSE IT.** Write in the strongest terms to your MP, tell him that by voting for the Bill he jeopardises your vote for him, and the votes of your friends. For further information write to Festivals, New Musical Express, 128 Long Acre, London WC2.

THE TRUTH WILL OUT — the impenitent OZ editor who used Time Out's classifieds to offer £100 to anybody who could find him a flat needing up to £1000 fixtures and fittings (a move which unwittingly unleashed the most

persistent troop of longhaired house-hunters since the lost tribes of Israel) wishes to clarify the situation. The capital used to find and furnish his new flat is NOT embezzled from the OZ Obscenity Fund, NOT the accumulation of months of supertaxed wages, and is in no way extorted from the community. It is in fact a bribe from his current Rachmanian landlord to oust Felix from his cheap rent-protected flat.

It was Saturday afternoon in the Roundhouse and all the more conscientious members of the London Underground** had gathered together. The High Priests of the Alternative Religion had announced in the parish magazine (Time Out) that there would be an extra prayer meeting on Saturday: a meeting dedicated to Freedom and Responsibility in the Media. The ceremony would be held in the parish church (the Roundhouse) and there would be no collection. It was hoped that the ensuing publicity would promote the sales of the parish magazine and that the parish might even make a tidy profit.

It was gratifying to see that all the most expensive clothes from the Kings Road boutiques were there — a dazzling sea of Beautiful faces framed with trendy Mayfair hair styles. The prayers were read by visiting bishops, invited by the vicar who was anxious that the service should be neither too tedious nor too exacting. From time to time members of the congregation were allowed to come forward to the altar and address the faithful. And for those who were tired of praying there were sideshows, with books and leaflets and revolutionary posters (at 25p).

Suddenly, one of the more fanatical sects which had not been invited by the vicar surged on to the altar and began to conduct the ceremony. Of course they could not hope to compete with the vicar's glib eloquence, but their semi-articulate hysteria had a spontaneity,



Mao-Marilyn

a kind of sincerity, which the vicar and bishops seemed to have lost over the years. Their sect was called Women's Lib. Their prayers, mostly monosyllabic, were built around a small number of sacred words ('fuck', 'screw', 'prick'). When asked to expound their doctrine more fully they began to abuse all the other doctrines — and indeed their invocations were hardly more illuminating than those of the bishops. The orderly prayer meeting dissolved into shouts and confusion and the vicar began to feel rather alarmed: he made an official, public apology to the eminent bishops

who had travelled all the way from Scotland and Ireland. Then one of the sect was moved by the Spirit to recite a psalm — a seemingly endless monotonous psalm.

The congregation, already dazed and subdued by the stream of orthodox prayers, was incensed at the presumption of this sectarian minority. But most of them refrained from leaving the church and soon subsided again into amused, passive tolerance. After all, it was almost as good as the Living Theatre, a wonderful theme for an Underground movie — a refreshing change from conventional prayers. Soon it was time to go home and the church warden began to sweep out the pews and collect the prayer books, ready for the regular evening service. And as they trooped home, clutching their Underground newspapers and free leaflets, all those who had come to the church, both orthodox and fanatics, felt somehow purged or their sins, confident that they had laid up grace in Heaven.

** For those unfamiliar with the cult I should perhaps explain that the Underground began, a few years ago, as a sincere attempt to offer a new life-style, a new culture, a new consciousness to those who could no longer tolerate the false values peddled by the Capitalist System. It defended sexual liberation and expansion of consciousness and fought for the ultimate downfall of the System. Today it is repressively tolerated by the Guardians of the Establishment and efficiently exploited by a new generation of emergent whiz-kids.

Jacqueline Lamb



TOOGOOD TO BE TRUE?

Readers with razor sharp memories may recall a celebrated fundraising event organised by 'Friends of OZ' last March at 43 King Street in Covent Garden. The *OZ Police Bali* featured the music of Arthur Brown, Vivien Stanshall, the Pink Fairies, Third World War and Gnidrolog, not to mention the delicate footwork of the Blackheath Foot and Death Men, a dozen public waterbeds, ice blue movies and all the brown rice and vegetables a macro-freak could desire. The ball was marred only by the arrival, shortly after midnight, of thirty uniformed police officers, who had apparently interpreted the title of the function a shade too literally.

Led by one Supt. Toogood from Bow Street Police Station, these worthy officers of the law burst unannounced upon the riotous throng from both front and back entrances simultaneously — (the back doors were apparently opened from the inside by two plain-clothed pigs who had bought their tickets with the tax-payers money and

disguised themselves in velvet jackets and dark glasses). The police had no warrant whatever to authorise their raid . . . Toogood claimed later in court that he was acting on the invitation of the management to " . . . drop in anytime you're passing the club . . . "

Subsequent to this raid, Felix Dennis and Stanislav Demidjuk were charged under two obscure sections of the G.L.C. and W.C.C. licensing laws, for having allowed music and dancing and the distribution of food at the club without having first obtained the necessary permission. After months of delay, the case finally came before a magistrate at Bow Street Magistrates' Court earlier this month. The police's behaviour at the raid was described by several defense witnesses (one of whom was a solicitor) as . . . brutal . . . outrageous . . . violent . . . unwarranted . . . and . . . just plain vicious . . . The magistrate was visibly impressed by Supt. Toogood's feeble attempts to explain the necessity of sending thirty police officers to the premises to check on a licensing infringement. Both defendants were found guilty of what the magistrate described as " . . . a very technical offense." He rejected the prosecutions demands for £60.00 costs and fined Stan and Felix only £5.00 on each count. Supt. Toogood, who is a friend of Det. Insp. Luff (remember him fans?) was plainly outraged at the magistrates extraordinarily lenient decision. Ah well, You win some. You lose some.

With IT's Nasty Tales trial committed to trial by jury in a Crown Court, their need for funds is greater than ever. Give Generously — Nasty Defence Fund, 11a Berwick Street, London W1.



CRIME SPIKE

"THERE IS REALLY NOTHING new in current expressions of dissent, including squatting, sit-ins, demos, and even the occasional and tradition ally unsuccessful home-made bomb; but increasingly they reflect a wider awareness of issues often not related only to our society but to mankind in general." — Robert Mark, the new Chief Superintendent of New Scotland Yard. Hwulp.

WATCH FOR THE HUN IN THE SUN — The OZ/ Baader-Meinhof Award for Ingenuity goes to the Santa Claus in a German department store who spent several weeks ingratiating himself through native wit and festive joviality with the staff of his store. Come Christmas Eve, he trundled merrily up to the wage desk, opened his bag, and before a vastly amused management

began shovelling deutesmarks into it. The entire staff gathered round, exchanging Teutonic quips, as his sack bulged larger and the store managers' smile grew rather fixed. Eventually, with the seasonal repartee reaching unprecedented heights, and Santa's sack full to the brim; the bearded personification of goodwill drew a pistol from his robes, slung the sack across his shoulder, and marched out into the December sunset.

THE HEAD OF FOLKESTONE CID, Det Insp. Wollett, was recently charged with shoplifting from a local chemist. He was apprehended while making off with several bottles of cheap perfum.

GO GET IT KIDS, — Schools, according to the deputy headmistress of Guildford C of E School, are "open invitations to burglars" at weekends. Schools, she expounded, are chockers with valuable equipment, and "there are windows you can open from the outside merely by rattling them." To say nothing of the chemical implications — "children could get it purely by accident start playing with chemicals. One shudders at the possible consequences."

A GLC LAVATORY COIN collector was recently discovered to have embezzled his employers over several years of £3000 — in pennies.



The Law lurches into action. The trial of Angela Davis, on charges of murder, kidnapping, and conspiracy, started in California on 28 February. For what it's worth, good luck . . .

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IT'S THE POOR WHAT

"It is the Kennedy's, not the Capone's of this world"



Straight criminology, like the rest of the social sciences, has the function of telling its employers what it would like to hear. It provides information which is both soothing and ineffectual. There is no danger that it will, like the ratman in Clockwork Orange, devise fiendish techniques for conditioning the ungodly.

For theories based on the notion that man is simply a particularly sophisticated type of chimpanzee, superior only in that he can be taught to perform for long hours in factories and fancy a wider range of consumer goods, simply do not hold water. Their job is not to explain the vicissitudes of human existence as much as to explain them away. Their task, in short, is ideological rather than practical. Science and scientific jargon has a considerable prestige value — after all witness the fashion which our world has been transformed by modern technology. The language and philosophy of the most supremely practical discipline is borrowed lock, stock and barrel by the social scientists. Like some bizarre Cargo Cult they may not be able to deliver the goods but at least they can mumble technical phrases in an impressive fashion. 'Psychopathy', 'weak superego', 'intraversion - extraversion', 'anomie', 'low frustration tolerance' etc. etc.

It all adds up to a particularly insidious form of myth which depicts the social universe and its inhabitants as follows: Society consists of a large number of people who agree about what is good behaviour and bad behaviour, they have material interests in common and all pull together under the banner of the most supreme interest: The National Interest. All of these people are hard-working and most important hard-consuming. They are honest, reliable, unfrustrated and above all happy with their lot. At the edge of society, however, dwell the unfortunates. These people steal, smoke dope, make love to their own sex, and have 'extreme' political beliefs. They are very unhappy. They never chose to be where they are, rather they were propelled ineluctably by forces completely beyond their control. On one ever freely choses to be deviant, it just isn't worth while: 'crime doesn't pay' and 'grass is the first step to H'. The whole myth is basically about justice: it has to be shown 'scientifically' that the good prosper and the evil get their deserts. It's not just in Westerns that morality plays are enacted. I suggest that you have a look at the British Journal of Psychiatry sometime.

Criminologists look at the criminal and see a man out of touch with reality, who, because of some defect, is unable to act rationally. The cause of such a defect is attributed to 'bad socialisation'. The normal person, it is argued, passes along the conveyor belt of socialisation through his family and then at work, and is stamped indelibly with the consensus of honesty and social conscience. Here and there, however, down amongst the deviants, something goes wrong with the template. The person may, as Hans Eysenck suggests, have a 'bad' nervous system, and be constitutionally unable to fit the pattern. Or he may have grown up in a family who are inefficient at the job of moulding their off-spring. Thus the working class are characterised as being singularly bad at the job of bringing up their children whereas the middle class family (curiously like the background of the expert himself) are seen as dab hands at producing well-socialised kids. The underlying message is simple: don't blame the criminal, he can't help himself for he is 'sick', since on-one who was well-balanced would ever contemplate a life of crime or deviancy. In this the myth has, inadvertently, achieved an insidious sophistication. For it is a world of difference between saying to the juvenile delinquent: "Look you little sod, I know you covet my property but I'm going to make sure that you're not going to get your thieving hands on it" and "Look, we sympathise with you, you chromosomes/nervous system/family is mucked up and you don't know what you're doing." The first recognises that property inequalities are maintained by power, the second insists on the inviolability of property as a fact of human existence.

Now and then, however, myths such as these, devised to protect the interests of the powerful, insisting that "all's right in this best of all possible worlds", collide with facts that they cannot ignore. Whether carried in the media, in the P.R. statements of politicians or police, or in the professional journals. The Myth inevitably meets the Reality Principle and the jolt has repercussions which cannot be easily contained. The British soldier is there to protect the people's interests yet thirteen got shot in Derry; strikes achieve nothing yet the Miners' struggle is palpably successful; the police are reliable and trustworthy yet they would seem to have one of the

GETS THE BLAME

who have excelled in crime...

Jack Young

highest crime rates of any occupational group; it the end of ideology yet May '68 in France witnesses a gigantic emergence of revolutionary politics. False theories serve to mystify and brainwash, they are constantly lacerated by reality. Yet like Ptolemaic astronomers the theorists create epicycles after epicycles, always attempting to prove that the universe revolves around them, and their reality in unchangeable.

In criminology the facts which the theories found difficult to digest, were the increasing amount of evidence that crime was not confined to a tiny minority of lower class individuals. For in terms of the actual commission of illegalities, rather than those who got caught, crime is well-nigh ubiquitous.

It's not just the Kray twins, its the C.I.D.; its not just the lumpen-proletariat, its stockbrokers and real estate dealers; its not just gangs, its corporations. Of course, to anyone not deeply entrenched in the limbo of suburbia this is hardly startling news. But we live in a world where social knowledge is surprisingly restricted. Ask a Chamberlayne officer what he thinks the average dope user is like and you'll see what I mean. Ask the average head how the mamey gets into the rich man's wallet and you'll get a similar ignorance. The present revelations about the police aren't a surprise to some but to many more others there must be a feeling of hurt when they lay down the Daily Telegraph and wonder what, indeed, is happening to their world.

If crime, then, is the irrational activities of the under-socialised a considerable section of the population would seem to be suffering from this complaint. But it makes no sense to suggest that there is consensus in society which is agreed upon obeying the law, if the majority at various times blatantly contravene it. Yet we are left with the stereo-type of the criminal as a lower class minority for these are the people who actually get themselves arrested. The most obvious reason for this is that the police pick on these groups which are most vulnerable. The middle-class boy from the 'good home' does not get into the statistics, the company lawyer is too powerful to be apprehended except on rare occasions. But more than this, given that it is those in power who make the rules, it is also in their power to break the rules if they wish. They law is made for the powerful to be applied against the powerless — it is scarcely surprising that the rich do not figure prominently in the crime statistics. They are also capable of legislating their illegalities. Recently a Belfast High Court decided that the British Army had been acting illegally in their harassment of the civilian population. The response last week on the part of Parliament was to rush through a special amendment, so that in six hours, as if by magic, the illegal had become a legitimate 'peacekeeping activity'.

Crime for the working class may be seen as an unorganised attempt to redistribute income: 'things' fall off the backs of lorries, huts get constructed in back gardens out of work materials, supermarkets find that a certain percentage of their stock disappears. The problem is that the middle class are so much better at it, as every Labour Government that has attempted to tax the rich in this country has discovered. The activities of corporations, in particular, make the Great Train Robbers seem particularly amateurish. In 1963 the Ferranti company overcharged the Ministry of Aviation to such an extent that after a prolonged argument they agreed to return £4,150,000. Still they left themselves with 21% profit. I am still waiting for the criminologist who will press for the psychiatric examination of the Board of Directors to see if they were suffering from weak superegos, undersocialisation, immature personalities or evidence of broken homes.

It is the Kennedys not the Capones of this world who have excelled at crime. To first rip you off legally, then make the laws, then rip you off again illegally and come out at the end of the enterprise with the reputation as a philanthropist — that's the real hustler mentality.

It is necessary to distinguish community crime and predatory crime. Community crime is progressive, it involves the redistribution of material and goods. It ranges in scale from the solitary shoplifter to the Detroit insurrection. Predatory crime is the illegal swindling of the poor by the wealthy and the rip off of the poor by the poor. Every underground enterprise has a rip-off artiste gnawing away at its roots, every working class community suffers from the crime of its own people — whatever the romantics will tell you. To talk of crime in the abstract as the 'liberation' of property is nonsense — honesty has its place even in a world of thieves.





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Sir,
Home Office Circular No. 720/1972
Women and Crime

1. I am directed by the Secretary of State to refer to the Criminal Statistics for England and Wales 1970 (Comnd. 4708) and to draw your attention to the relevant figures:-

(a) P.181. Persons found guilty - Indictable Offences - All Courts: Total: M. 280,271; F. 42,681.

(b) P.185. Persons found guilty - Non-Indictable Offences - Magistrate's Courts: Total: M. 1,244,831; F. 106,327.

2. It is suggested that the male/female crime ratio (Indictable Offences 7:1; Non-Indictable Offences 12:1) should provide a vital clue in the search for a solution to the problem of Britain's ever-increasing crime rate. Evidently, women are considerable less prone to criminal activity than men.

3. Contrary to the general assumption that women commit fewer crimes because to their gentle, compassionate and peace-loving nature, a recent report by the Home Office Standing Committee on Law Enforcement includes the following observations:-

(a) By early conditioning within the family, by primary and secondary education, and by the influence of advertising and adolescent literature, women learn to assume a humble and passive role in life: thus they are discouraged from flouting the conventions and laws of society.

(b) As a result of this intensive conditioning, women are less likely than men to develop an adventurous spirit or a keen initiative - both key factors in the criminal mentality.

(c) Most women, in particular home-bound mothers, lack the opportunity to embark on acts of crime. They seldom come into contact with criminal elements and they have neither the time nor the freedom of movement to consort with others to plan and carry out illegal activities.

4. From these observations, we may deduce that women commit fewer crimes than men because of their conditioning and their restricted position in society.

5. It would be advisable, therefore, to extend similar treatment to the male sex, in order to effect a drastic reduction in the crime rate.

6. Accordingly, the Secretary of State has instructed me to arrange immediate top-level discussions with a view to planning the reorganisation of education and restructuring of the economy on a national level. As a basis for discussion, it is suggested that:-

(a) Reading primers be rewritten so that both girls and boys are depicted helping Mother with the housework; in place of the usual image of Father in bowler hat returning from work, it may be helpful to depict him as a penitent convict.

(b) Mechanical toys, model cars, planes, spaceships, toy guns and all boy's playthings which encourage an adventurous, outward-looking attitude, should be withdrawn from shops forthwith.

(c) Her Majesty's Government should launch a number of magazines for teenage boys, with emphasis on romantic love, marriage, how to attract girlfriends, cure acne, prevent genital odour, etc.

7. While these matters are under discussion, it is essential to bear in mind the less optimistic aspects of female criminality. The following crimes are committed more frequently by women than by men:-

(a) Shoplifting: M.18,853; F. 21,739. As a future deterrent it is proposed that no woman should be allowed to go shopping without the written authority of two male guarantors.

(b) Cruelty to a child: M. 14; F. 18. It is proposed that more suitable penalties be imposed, such as reduction of housekeeping allowances.

9. Although the male/female ratio of crimes committed by juveniles is correspondingly high (M. 113,086; F. 10,080), it has been found that there is a high correlation between female juvenile delinquency and sexual promiscuity. There is therefore a need for further restrictions on the social activities of teenage girls, and for the encouragement of all social taboos attached to the sexual activities of young people.

10. The Secretary of State proposes in due course to review the working of the new arrangements and he would be glad to be informed of any difficulties that may arise in practice and to receive any suggestions for improvements, in the light of experience in operating the new provisions.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,

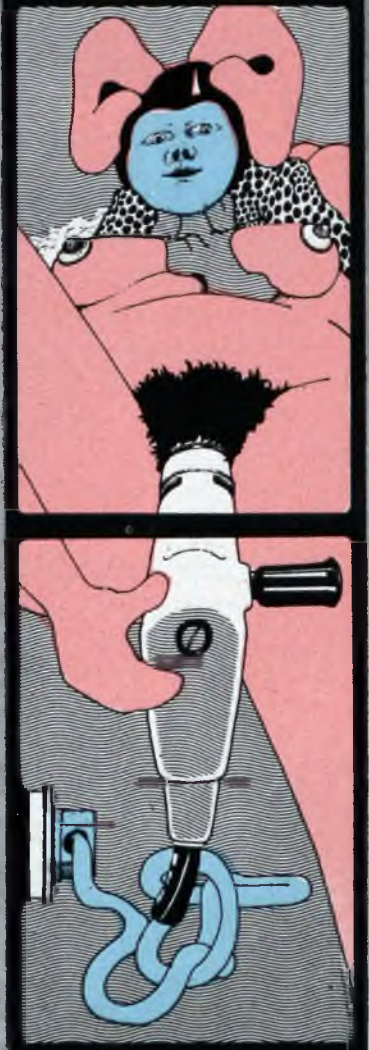


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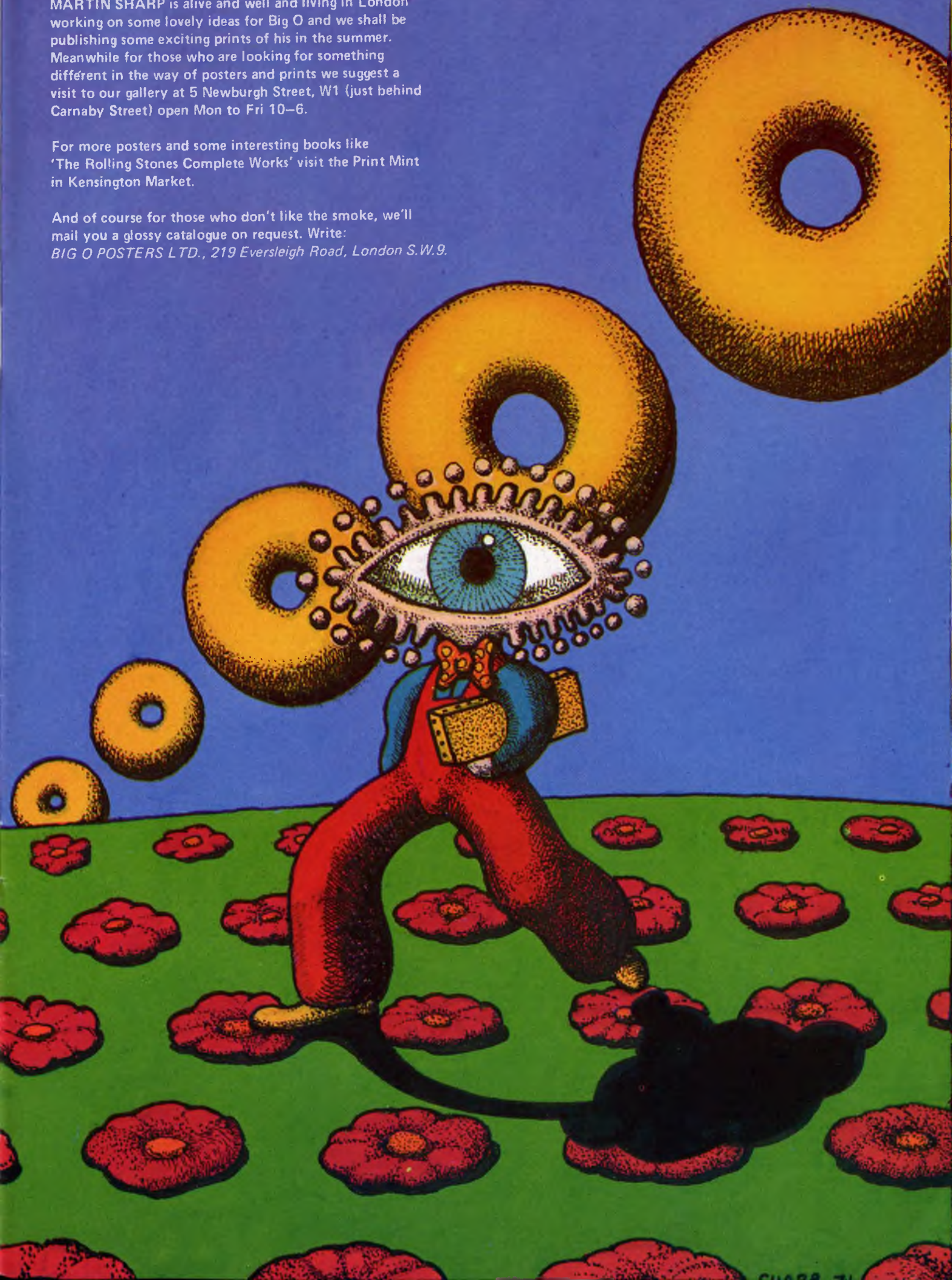
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IF THE CONG DON'T GET YOU, CADMIUM WILL...

BODY COUNT

Lieutenant Calley's story as told to John Sack (Hutchinson £2)

Some of Calley's autobiography, *Body Count*, gives a straight publicity poster image of Army life. Travel: "They're people (the Vietnamese), whose whole life is food, defecation, reproduction, and, if they're lucky, land: and that's it. They haven't running water, gas, or electricity." Pride: "An actor in *Hair*, he wrapped himself with an American flag as though it was nothing but a rag to clothe himself with. He made a mockery of it. He sang something such as 'Screw the American flag', and he walked on it, stomped on it, dragged it, etcetera, and I just gritted my teeth. I have pride in America and I hate someone making a slant against it." Heroism: "My own father was so behind me, I got uncomfortable about it. He thought that I was Joe Good Guy and I was completely right and if anyone was derogatory about me, people should jail him."

But this alone is not the stuff of which great men are forged. Calley says he saw himself as "a mirror, really, for America," though only after seeing an open letter to the President, which read: "Calley is being tried by all conscience-stricken citizens, who see him as a reflection of themselves." It is in this tone of a soldier trying to fill a uniform too big for him that Calley goes on, when he remembers. The admission: "He said I had done premeditated murder there. It's true: I sat up with sergeants in the wee hours of March 16, 1968, and I plotted to kill those people in My Lai Four. I filled up the cartridge clips, and god! How premeditated can you get? Of course, in Vietnam we called it a combat assault." But also human: "I admit it, I'm shy about girls. I have to ask silly questions if I'm at a cocktail party back in Miami." A touching admission a propos of his first taste of Vietnamese whores. Subplot: he gradually loses his shyness.

Throughout the first half of the book, Calley makes out all right as the little guy, thrown into a tough situation who does his best despite some blatant limitations. In the second half, he blows it. "Now I know Medina denies this (giving the order to kill everyone), and I know why. He's married. He has children, and their benefits end if Medina is sentenced for it." "I was a run-of-the-mill average guy: I still am. I always said, *The people of Washington are smarter than me.*" (Calley's italics). It's the major theme of B-flicks: let the suspect talk enough and he'll do himself in.

So he's done himself in. The point is that no one really cares. Calley is still the hero, despite a conviction from a jury of fellow infantrymen, who were picked for their sympathy with Calley's experience. Granted he was caught in the crossfire of indignation and self-recrimination when the war came close to home. He didn't hate gooks any more than the rest of them. So maybe he shouldn't be

a hero either. But he is, for being that pea under the princess's pillow, keeping her awake and making her irritable. Removed, the pea became a relic and the princess went back to sleep.

Frank Lipsius



THE TOXIC METALS

Anthony Tucker
(Earth Island Books, 237pp, £2.50)

Give us this day our daily lead, mercury, cadmium, Nickel Carbonyl and God alone knows what else. Unfortunately God isn't likely to inform us just what we're getting from our air, food and water and it seems our elected government is even less likely to let on. Mr Tucker has no such inhibitions and in this frightening and excellent work he lays it all on the line. Were you aware that "levels of Lead found in urban populations, including children who are probably more sensitive to lead poisoning than adults, actually overlaps the range known to cause accepted classical symptoms of lead poisoning". Been feeling anaemic irritable or tense lately?

Those are accepted classical symptoms of lead poisoning, they lead to madness and death. We've been poisoned by an industrial society that prefers more cars with more

economical engines and no knock petrol to such useless things as wildlife, falcons, eagles, otters etc.

Mr Tucker kicks off with an investigation of the terrible events at Minamata bay in Japan in the early fifties where a Vinyl Factory 'lost' some 200 tons of Inorganic Mercury from the catalytic process in its Octanol plant. At the same time the fish-eating population of the area, some 10,000 souls, began to suffer from serious lack of co-ordination, blindness, madness and in some cases death. 43 died, another 68 suffered grotesque and permanent disability and a very much larger section of the population suffered cumulative damage to mind and vision. The difficulty at the time in tracing this mass poisoning lay in the fact that the Company involved was using Inorganic Mercury. Organic Methyl variety in the environment was too much for anyone concerned to believe. Not to mention the manner in which the Vinyl Factory conveniently forgot to mention that they were discharging Mercury of any kind in their annual Wast figures. Naturally enough at the bottom of Minamata bay Anaerobic Bacteria were achieving exactly this, and were producing poisonous Methyl Mercury. The company responsible for this eventually paid up to £100 compensation to the victims or relatives in cases where death had intervened. All this happened way back in the fifties and there is little evidence that Western Governments

or Health Authorities took any notice of these disastrous events in Japan.

Mr Tucker demonstrates that all along the line Governments have had to be forced to take action, that they have consistently bowed to vested industrial interest and ignored or attempted to minimise the dangers of Heavy Metal Pollutants. Thus when a stretch of our coastline becomes contaminated with Lead or Cadmium, it is shell fisheries that are shut down, Fishermen that are put out of work rather than any action being taken to prevent the Wastes from poisoning our coastal waters. In the recent Tuna 'crisis' where a sub-panic situation developed due to the discovery of Mercury in Tuna fish a consistent attempt was made to rationalise this discovery in terms of safety thresholds and talk of "averages". There is no real safety threshold for Methyl Mercury as any of it whatsoever is bound to cause damage, and as Mr Tucker points out, to talk of averages in relation to poisoned fish is demonstrably nonsense because "if it takes 40 milligrams of Mercury to kill someone and I get 40 milligrams and you get none, then according to the average we are both safe."

Again and again he points to the amazing ease with which Governments can be convinced that there is little to worry about. e.g. "by taking virtually every assumption that



would minimise the calculated intake of lead from the atmosphere for instance, and the word assumption needs to be stressed, Britain's Medical Research Council Air Pollution Unit arrived at the reassuring conclusion that even for individuals working in the busiest street for eight hours a day the elimination of lead from petrol would reduce their daily lead absorption by only 7%. Within weeks of this announcement in January 1971 it had been quoted twice by the Government spokesman in the house of Lords, three times by the Minister of the Environment, Mr Peter Walker, and frequently by petroleum spokesmen. All this and 300 micrograms of lead a day just from food and water and another 45 odd from the air we breathe. Every saloon car puts out about 50 milligrams of lead per mile travelled and this lead is dispersed by an excellent aerosol, your car exhaust which ensures good distribution across the land. "Now tetra ethyl and tetra methyl lead are such highly poisonous compounds that you cannot buy them They are not included in standard chemical catalogues and are not easily available for research. Yet in petrol of motor vehicles several thousand tons are dispersed each year in Britain alone. The manufacturers Associated Octel do not and have never released information on production or sales" Can we really afford such culpable censorship?

Leaving Lead behind, Mr Tucker goes on to deal with Cadmium and Nickel. Cadmium is the substance responsible for the Disease known in Japan as Itai Itai, an appalling condition where the bones of the sufferer may crack and collapse under their own weight. More

commonly it would appear possible that Cadmium, which concentrates in the Kidneys with remarkable speed, may be responsible for a great increase in blood pressure. Cardiacs? Without a doubt there is a lot to worry about as far as Heavy Metal pollution is concerned, it is insidious, invisible and damned hard to discover. If we don't start reducing it soon we may find that it will soon be contributing handsomely to our national death statistics.

Mr Tucker's book is excellent, buy it and read well. After all if you're gonna be poisoned you might as well find out who's doing it to you and with what.
Chris Rowley

DOOMWATCH
Directed by Peter Sasdy
(April - General Release)

Freaks have done a great injustice to alcohol, by dismissing it as "a downer". As any intelligent Frenchman will tell you, alcohol is capable of as much "mind expansion," or as I prefer to say "cutting through the bullshit" as smoke or acid, if you take it seriously. I quote Baudelaire "I bustle about in the stomach of the workman and from there by invisible ladders I climb into his brain where I execute my masterly dance."

Consider the two double whiskies I

consumed (on an empty stomach) at the reception to launch "Doomwatch" Pissed as a fart I took my seat, and the screen undulated like a polluted sea . . . (sinister music, fadeout).

The first thing which struck me was the film's resemblance to a Punch and Judy show, in that the characters moved and spoke like puppets, and had their roles stamped on them as clearly as if on printed tee-shirts. ("I am a fatherly, deeply concerned scientist", "I am an inbred country yokel", "I am a young, hot-blooded, deeply concerned scientist".)

Far from spoiling it for me (though I annoyed several of my neighbours by "inappropriate" and raucous laughter), this fact prevented the moving human details distracting me from what the film was trying to say; its' message.

Ostensibly the message of "Doomwatch" (both TV series, and movie) is that "man" is destroying himself by his reckless pollution of the environment. A message which has gripped the hearts of millions of progressive people in recent years (pollution having replaced the Devil, the Kaiser and the Commies in the Christian conscience).

However, it is a far from ambiguous message. Take this film, a "respectable" chemical firm hires an "irresponsible" disposal firm to dump unwanted Pituitary Growth Hormone in the sea, it gets into the fish and turns the simple fishing folk of the island of Balfe into violent monsters (brilliant work by the make up dept, incidentally). Doomwatch, ever vigilant, sorts it all out; combatting official apathy, native xenophobia and commercial greed

and secretiveness.

In effect the film turns everything upside down. "Nature" is something we can understand and control (because we are deeply concerned Doomwatch scientists); even if the proles don't understand it or value it, we shall patiently explain to them. Our science conquers all.

But all the social issues are presented as inevitable, unchangeable, in a word *natural*. It is the "nature" of chemical manufacturers to be greedy and secretive, the "nature" of Admirals to refuse to cooperate with mere civilians. In a classic scene the Doomwatch hero presents the Admiral with photos of the undersea Hormone dump, whose existence he denies. "How did you get those pictures, its a restricted area!" As if entering a restricted area were an enterprise comparable to walking to the north pole.

And "naturally" enough when help finally comes to Balfe, it comes as boatloads of British Bobbies with loudhailers and first aid tents. The "mistakes" of individuals, the "misunderstandings" of officialdom have been corrected; bumbling old British "society" (one for all and all for one, remember) has, as always woken up in the nick of time; gently prodded by the Robin Hood/ Dr Kildare / Einstein figures of Doomwatch.

Just when you might be thinking that the structure of capitalist society might be at the root of pollution; that drastic social upheaval might be necessary to cure it, Doomwatch proves you wrong.
Schradan Giftgaz

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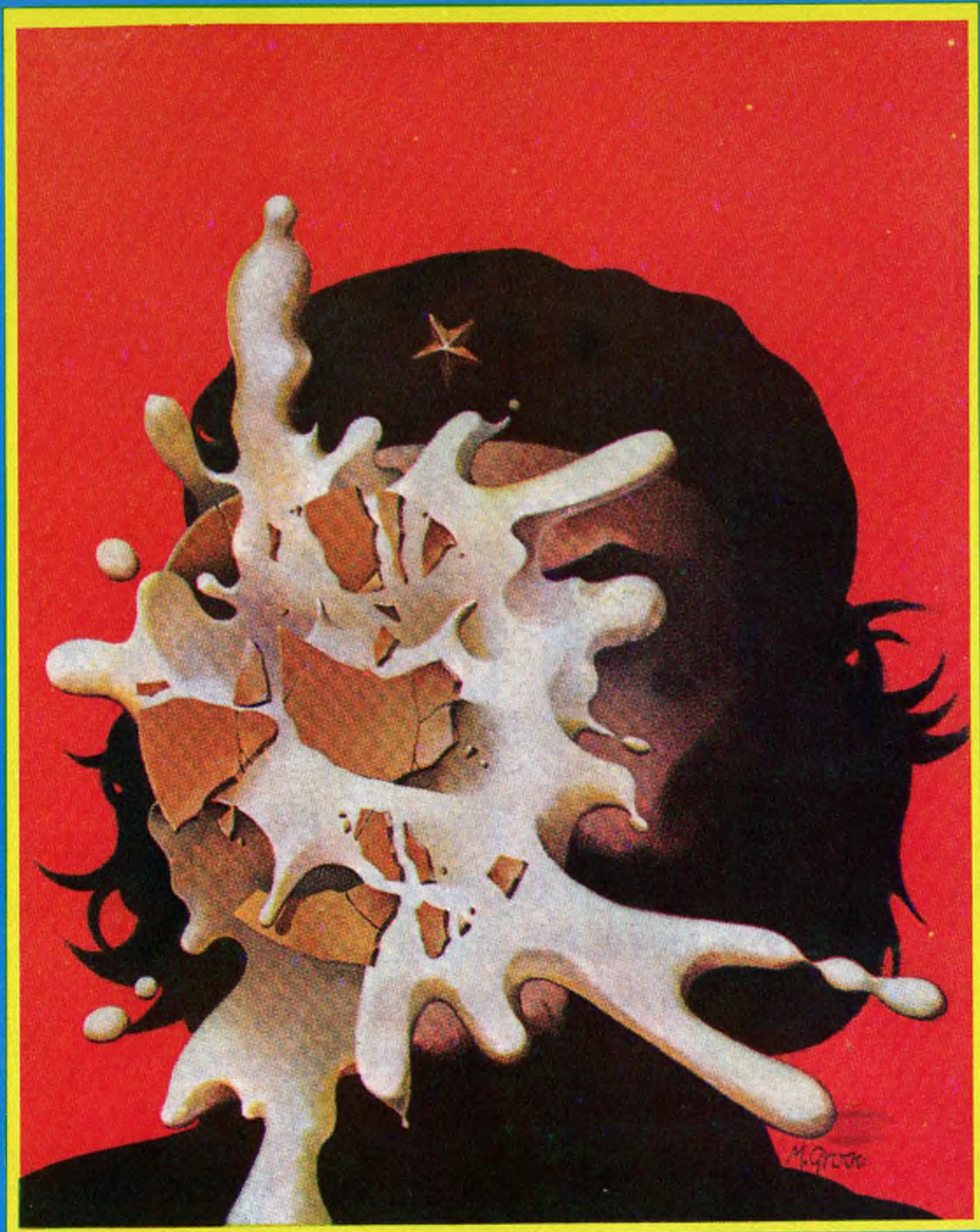
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