



**Demand the right!**

Feather plucked...

**PRISON LETTERS p. 8**  
**COVENT GARDEN GROWS p. 15**  
**COMMUNE MOVEN p. 16**



# IMP

No. 23

15p

THE OTHER NEWSPAPER  
19 GT. NEWPORT ST. LONDON WC2 H7JE 01-836 8395

3rd December 1971

# GAY!



Workers thumb nose p. 19

**STUDENT CHAOS - 1000s TRAPPED p. 4**  
**NEVILLE SLAGS JUDGES p. 17**



SOP 26.352

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# INSIDE FRONT

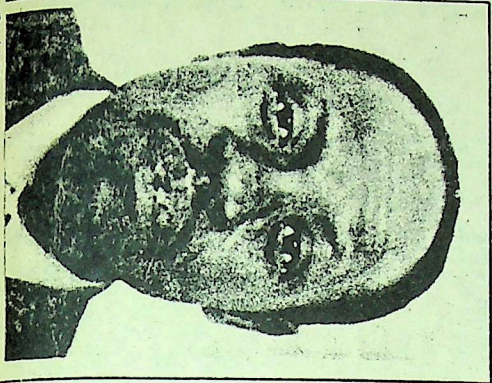
NEXT ISSUE!

**SABOTAGE** - The British Vice-HOUSING - The Alstarian at the Door.  
**SACHER/MASOCH** - The Terrible Twins  
Widgery's Yorkshire Diary.

And the long-awaited.....  
**INK MANIFESTO**

With of course news, reviews, biting, informed comment, the best pictures in town and richard neville.

Meanwhile.....  
**SEASONS GREETINGS!**  
Ali La Pointe  
(for INK)



David Oluwalé

## MR. UNIVERSE

On Wednesday 17 November, at Leeds Assizes, former police Inspector Geoffrey Ellerker and Sergeant Kenneth Kitching were cleared of the manslaughter of the Nigerian-born vagrant David Oluwalé. The jury was directed to return a finding of 'not guilty'.

Although Ellerker and Kitching were found guilty of assault, some pundits may think that Ellerker's sentence of 2 years for murder is rather generous.

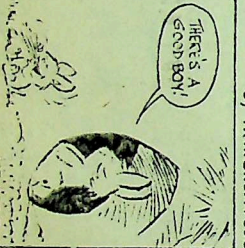
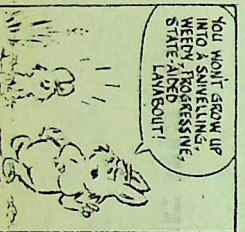
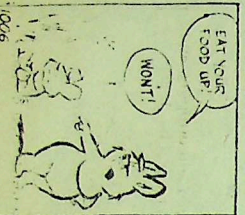
Mr Justice Hinchcliffe, however, in directing the jury, asserted that: *'It is my duty as a judge that no-one shall run the risk of being convicted on suspicion, rumour and gossip.'*

Sentiments that will no doubt be great encouragement to Jake Prescott and Ian Purdie as they listen to the Old Bailey evidence this week (described by their defence attorney, rather unambiguously, as a 'pack of lies'); and some consolation, too, for Rod Caird and others who did time for 'affray' and 'conspiracy to cause a riot' after the Cambridge Garden House demonstration. The evidence that Oluwalé described by the defendants as 'Mr Universe', was hounded to his death has been disregarded, and the lawyers defending the cops have degraded Oluwalé, depicting him as a sub-human Nigerian vagrant, who 'has no claim to be a citizen except for his appearances in Leeds police station'.

Street Sell Ink

INK street-sellers now get 7½p a copy. Come by 19 Great Newport Street, WC2 (Round the corner from Leicester Square Tube).

HAYSEEDS



By HARGREAVES & LAURA NORDER

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# Heal's HEALS'S DESIGNS

Anyone who may be considering becoming a trainee manager at Heals furniture store in Tottenham Court Road are advised to read on.

Nine months ago nineteen year old Roman Cheffins took a job with Heals as a trainee manager, and Heals rented him a flat in a house that they own at eighty one Essex Road, Islington. The rent being £4.50 a week, Ronan was left with £5 a week to feed and clothe himself. Heals staff at Essex Road are referred to as inmates, and are treated as such. Inmates are requested to inform upon each other if someone breaks the rules of the house, ie every one in by midnight, no liquor, or parties, no record players, and no visitors unless permission is obtained from the welfare officer. Mrs Gladys Lloyd, beforehand. Any inmate seen breaking these rules should be reported to the security officer immediately. Mr Cheffins while he did not learn very much about trainee managing, did however learn a great deal about how to be a furniture porter at only half the salary a furniture porter is entitled to, by union agreement. Fortunately, Ronan Cheffins has a kink, he likes women, so one evening he took a woman home with him.

The following morning, Ronan was summoned before the inquisition, in the form of Heals Staff Manager, a Mr Lane, and the welfare officer, Warden Gladys Lloyd who told our Ronan to do his fornicating in alley ways, not in the Heals beds, it wasn't allowed. Warden Lane sacked Ronan on the spot, and told him to get out of the flat that morning. When Ronan pointed out that two weeks notice was required either way, he was told that does not apply to fornicators, and Ronan was out on the street.

Strangely Warden Gladys Lloyd prefers dingy Kings Cross hotels to live in, rather than become an inmate herself.

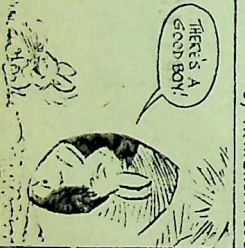
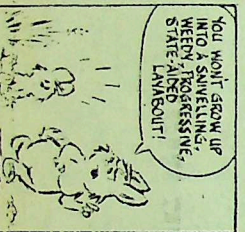
Brian Stratton

## Well, Well, Well.

### Major earthquake

Washington: A major earthquake occurred today near the east coast of Amehika in the Alerthan Islands. It is the third since the United States detonated a massive nuclear underground W e a p o n November 6.

EVENING NEWS,  
November 25, 1971



## IAN AND JAKE

The trial of Ian and Jake is nearly over. The prosecution say Prescott caused two explosions — one at the DEP and the other at Robert Carr's house. To prove it they produced two men serving prison sentences for dishonesty who said that Prescott told them in detail how and when he'd done the deeds. Prescott's defence was that they were lying, that they had the £10,000 Daily Mirror reward and the chance of parole as incentives, and that he was elsewhere when the events took place. He produced six witnesses to testify where he in fact was. The only other direct evidence against him has been that he wrote three envelopes to the press containing the Angry Brigade communiqué: 'Robert Carr got his tonight. We're getting closer.' He replies that when he wrote them he had no idea what was going to go in them, and that if he had known he imagines he would have had the sense to disguise his writing.

Ian and Jake are both charged with conspiring to cause explosions with the Amhurst Road Six and others unknown. The 'proof' of this is that they were acquaintances of the six, that they wrote letters expressing left-wing views and that they were in Edinburgh when some explosives were stolen forty miles away. Purdie's defence has been that there is not one shred of real evidence against him. The prosecution has admitted that the evidence against him is 'less direct, less strong' and said that the 'platform' on which their case is based is that of association with the six and their own political ideals.

Which, you might think, are good reasons to suppose that they will be found not guilty. But — for better reasons — both the defendants think they have almost no chance of avoiding spending the next 20 years in prison. One reason is that presiding over the whole proceedings is a totally prejudiced, cunning bully called Melford Stevenson — self-styled reactionary and hatchet man for the ruling class.

## SALISBURY: From our white correspondent

Here in Salisbury news is coming through of the dramatic gesture by Sir Alec Douglas Home which enabled Ian Smith to agree to the British settlement terms. It turns out that the British negotiators accepted, for their part, a separate set of five principles which Britain is bound to apply immediately. The Rhodesian principles are:

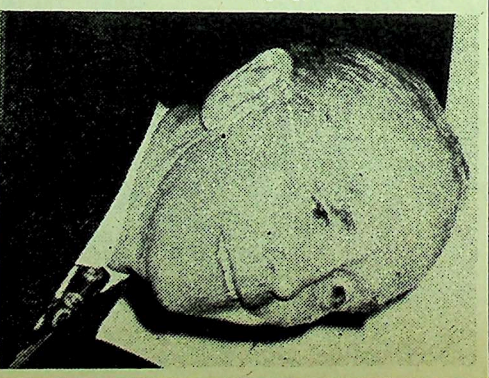
1. The principle and intention of unimpeded progress to minority rule in Britain already started by the Conservative government to be maintained and guaranteed.
2. Guarantees that the Labour Government would remain permanently in opposition, that it heretafter be called 'The Reds' and that Harold Wilson be impeached for treason.
3. Immediate deterioration of the political status of the black population in Britain.

A man who lives in a house called 'The Truncheons', who failed in his attempts to get into Parliament on a Fascist stand, who regards the NCCL as a 'subversive organisation' and who is the only judge to have been personally threatened with bomb attacks. He was the obvious choice for the job. His power in the courtroom is unchallengeable and everything is done to encourage the idea that he is God. The jury and the defendants are reduced to the role of passive spectators. The rituals of the courtroom, the robes and morning suits, the legal jargon, the over-bearing confidence of the barristers and the strict formality of the court cannot fail to awe the members of the jury. They are spoken to in condescending tones, assured that it is natural for their lay minds to be baffled by the complexity of the issue and told that all will be made clear to them in the end — ie in the judge's summing up.

The role of the 'defence' is even more unreal. Throughout the trial it has played the game and has consistently refused to take in the wider political issues involved. This is predictable enough — the courtroom is a reflection of a particular group of peoples concept of justice and the law is designed to prevent any discussion of the assumptions underlying that concept. They decide the rules of the game — a game people like Ian and Jake are forced to play.

### PACKAGE DEAL

Communist Party veterans who fought the International Brigade in the Spanish Civil War will no doubt be delighted to learn that they have been given official party dispensation to join the Tourist Brigade. *Soviet Weekly*, official propaganda organ for Brezhnev's Paradise, distributed by CP branches throughout the land, is currently running a competition, the prize? A free cruise to the Canary Islands, one of the most impoverished areas in Franco's domain. So if you want to visit the place where pro-Russian Communists fought so valiantly against Fascism all you have to do is answer three simple questions and the famous Soviet liner "Alexander Pushkin" will take you there free.



Home Again!

- 3a. Land apartheid policy to be immediately applied, whereby all blacks not living in barracks near their place of labour would be contained on the Isle of Skye.
4. Progress towards racial discrimination and apartheid. Irish Catholics and lower paid workers to be regarded as blacks.
5. The Rhodesian Government to be satisfied that British Independence would be destroyed by the Common Market as a whole.

5a. Blacks to be spelt blecks. A spokesman for the Rhodesian National Front party said last night: 'It's a great day for us all. Smiley's done a grand job. With this settlement, Britain will be a home away from home for us all. All the old ways we cherish, like drinking laazaager and screwing the blacks will be carried on in Britain no matter what happens here. Hell Rhodesia!'

**INSIDE FRONT**

What is the use, at this moment, of publicly stating how happy one is to see the system one so much loathes attacked in the manner of the Brigade and then to introduce ethical and historical quibbles on the very nature of the attacks?

Cavilling of this type plays into the hand of the system. A fat lot of good it does those standing trial however rigged and transparent the evidence may be against them. They are being charged for the very acts David Widgery expresses squeamishness over and the Special Branch will no doubt take satisfaction in noting the placing of his article. . . . INK . . . the alternative newspaper! The logic of David Widgery's article, however un-intentionally, is that the sooner un-British activities such as the Brigade's and the R.A.'s are remorselessly tracked down and snuffed out the safer it will be for well intentioned liberals.

Bernard J. Kelly

Widgery Replies:

I don't believe that either me writing, or INK publishing, an article critical of bombing as a political tactic makes us police agents. Nor is it merely a 'quibble' or 'squeamishness!' Not only did the Angrifs ask for a debate about their tactics (Communique 7, March 1971), but it is about time that the Underground stopped evading ideas and sidestepping politics in the name of a mushy and atomising revolutionism. We need more debate, not just on the bombings but on workers control, ways of organising, our view of the state and the connections between sexual, anti-authoritarian and industrial politics (if we had some of these debate perhaps INK itself wouldn't have to collapse back on the trashy old 'Bolshevik-Party-leads-inevitably-to-the-Stalinist-State' myth to knock the SLL). The article in who no way detracts from our solidarity with Ian and Jake and the Stoke Newington Six and our determination to attack and expose *all* the Old Bailey frame-ups.

# Letters

## MISSING GENDER

Dear INK:

Intrigued to see that the Anti-University has a course on 'Poetry as his Masters Voice', 'Whose master? Who is de master? Does this course exclude female voices? Is it ironical, detailing the facts of men addressing themselves to other men, that our language itself maintains this? — feminine gender is subsumed, occurs by dispensation, is the exception. Would I benefit from this course?

Who am I?  
I AM HE WHO  
I AM EVERYONE WILL DEVELOP HIS  
POTENTIAL  
I AM ONLY MAN CAN TURN THE  
TIDE  
I AM THE DREAMER AND HIS  
DREAMS  
I AM THE GRAND OLD MEN OF  
LITERATURE  
I AM EACH CHILD WILL HANG UP  
HIS HAT  
I AM THE CHOICE IS IN MEN HANDS  
I AM ALL MEN UNDER GOD  
I AM THE INDIVIDUAL THROWN ON  
HIS OWN  
I AM ANY PERSON MAY MANIFEST  
HIMSELF  
Yup! We need a course on "Missing Gender"!

Carole Schneemann

## ANGRY BRIGADE

Dear INK

In publishing David Widgery's article recently on the subject of anarchist bombings and the so-called futility of such action did it not occur to you that, to say the least, it was ill-timed. It is a known fact that the activities of the Special Branch have, during this year, been greatly intensified against this sort of un-British behaviour.



Dear INK,  
Thank you for your newspaper. It was thrilling to look at.

Nicholas de Jongh,  
The Guardian.

Dear INK,  
Congratulations on the latest issue! INK has proved itself to be the best, most informative and relevant 'underground' paper. I have been reading 'underground' papers ever since the first IT's and this last issue of INK I have found to be of the highest standard. Perhaps it should be read by the other 'underground' editors as a lesson in why less jargon produces a higher, more readable standard.

Love,  
Geoff Hardy.

Dear INK,  
Thanks for your really nice article on those religious punks trying to muck us up. Trying to create dissatisfaction just like all the other advertisers, groan, groan.

Nick Sheridan.

Dear INK,  
INK is much better now. I was particularly pleased about the article on Press-ups. I'm glad INK isn't part of the hip-capitalist scene, or a stepping stone like Press-ups.

Tom Woolley.



## Trouble at Beeb

There's trouble at Portland Place. Broadcasting House (BBC Radio HQ), still desperately trying to speak peace unto nations, is finding that some nations, and presumably individuals too, don't agree.

For the past few weeks there have been an average of 8 bomb threats a day, all doors to the Beeb HQ have been sealed off except one, unidentified staff have to show their cards to Security, and there's a policeman selling newspapers across the road.

The canteen and key points like the continuity studio are particularly heavily guarded — alternative locales for transmission studios have been arranged for use in emergency. Meanwhile there's a staff rumour that the Special Branch has an operations room somewhere in the building. Similar goings-on have been reported at Television Centre.

Although you would never guess it from listening to the news, the Beeb is taking very seriously indeed the unpleasant fact that Britain is currently at war with another country.

## MEANWHILE.....

The Special Branch's media man had a good chance to improve his shorthand at London's CCA last week.

About 200 TV and radio journalists and production men got together to decide what might be done to wriggle against the grip of Westminster's censorship of news on Northern Ireland. The hard core of ITN, 24 Hours World in Action, This Week and BBC Radio News were all there. Some of the best-known faces on your silver screen got up and said things they'll only say on TV come the millennium, making

(Trouble at Beeb contd.)

it the most rumbly and/or the authorit(s) embarrassing such meeting there's been in this country so far.

Example after example was given of Northern Ireland stories that have been blocked/sat on and twisted in recent months. 'Things have got to the stage where we cannot present the truth to the people who are listening to us,' said a World at One reporter. By far the most impressive statement came from a BBC Belfast man who said he had been shot at, beaten up and described how the Beeb's Belfast HQ is now equipped with steel shutters, bullet-proof windows and ubiquitous boxes of sand to catch inflammable liquids.

Immediate reasons for calling the meeting were the banning of Granada's programming South of the Border and Granada's less-news conference with toddlers Hill and Aylestone. Former controller of BBC TV Stuart Hood, who chaired the meeting, put his finger on it when he said: 'With the deepening economic and political crisis in this country, the true role of the BBC and ITA becomes apparent - the representatives of the establishment.'

John Mackay



In two of their three court appearances so far the San Quentin six, indicted as a result of the August 21 murder of Jackson, 2 trustee prisoners and three guards, have been seen to be heavily drugged — drugged to the extent that they have momentarily forgotten where they were, dropped papers they were holding, been unable to answer questions asked of them etc.

INK is indebted to Gladhand Posters of 62 Charing Cross Road, London WC2 for supplying (free of charge) the poster used on the cover.

# Sell Out Corner

(Readers Suggestions/Contributions welcomed)

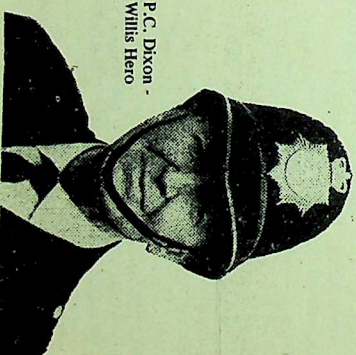


## BURTON PLAYS TITO

Richard Burton, (see *The Betrayers*, 19 October INK), is currently having a great time making a film in Yugoslavia. The film, made by the state-owned Yadan-Zagreb film company, is about the war-time exploits of President Tito, Yugoslavia's ruler for the past 16 years. Burton, needless to say, plays the lead. The film is certain to lose money in advance, it's very expensive: Burton's fee alone is reported to be around 1 million dollars.

The last state-financed film about Tito the war hero cost the over-taxed Yugoslavian workers at least 20 million dollars.

A Yugoslav magazine reports: 'Burton is completely inside the role of Tito'. A Yugoslav comrade who knows the ropes writes: Burton, who admits that he feels great admiration for Tito's personality, was surrounded by armed police and had a military body-guard at the beginning of the shooting.



P.C. Dixon - Willis Hero

## Lord of the Manor

Ted Willis, creator of Dixon of Dock Green, is dogged with a radical past. Born and raised in a Tottenham slum, the son of a London Transport driver, young Ted rapidly became chairman of the Labour League of Youth, in which function he was widely regarded as 'one of the leaders of the nation's youth'. In the

The police and the military are still behind Tito.

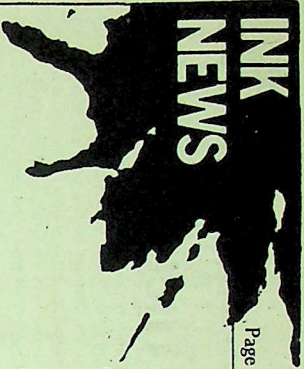
In Yugoslavia there is a saying that in the slums the police protect the people from the thieves, but in those parts of the city where the big mansions are, the police are there to protect the thieves from the people.

Burton admires Tito.

The only sort of person who can be admired by a working class traitor like Burton, is a more successful traitor like Tito.

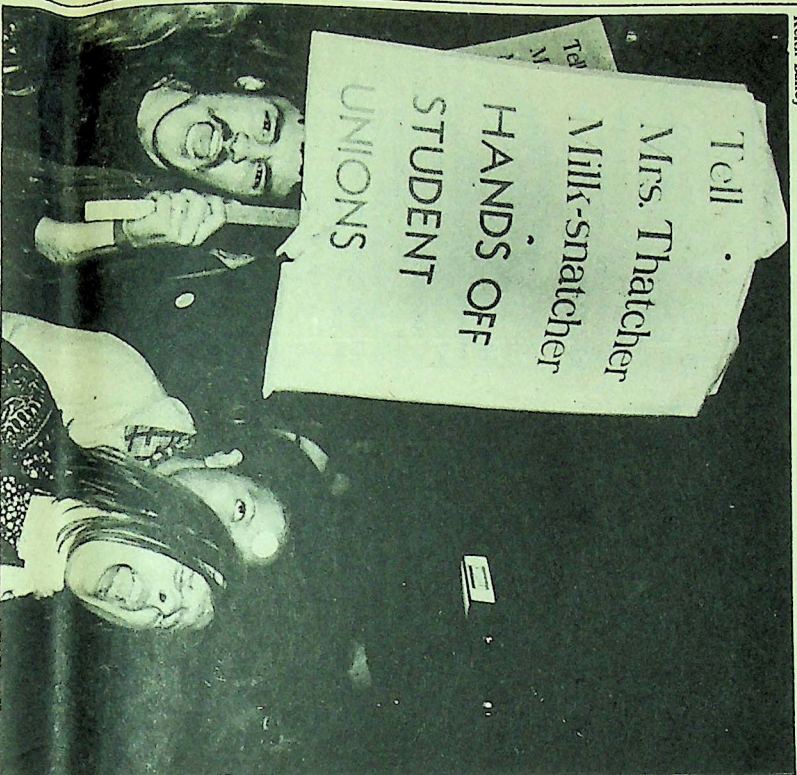
thirties he joined militant workers who marched into Claridges and demanded tea, (so much for the limits of reformism). Such memories have since been softened by the feel of ermine, and the velvet toilet rolls of the House of Lords. 'We were in short creatures of our time, taroed by all its faults, neither saints nor sinners.' Knighted in 1963 for service to the arts, Baron Willis (motto: 'Will! Well' or 'All's Well with Willis'), could also look back to ten years of insidious propaganda for the status quo, as the script-writer for the Dixon of Dock Green and Sergeant Cork series, as well as in a host of other indifferent plays. The progenitor of the media myth of the lovable policeman is rather ironical about it all: 'When I was a kid, I thought a Lord was somebody who should be hung from the nearest lampost. I accepted my title out of political duty and for no other reason whatsoever. In all honesty I hated and loathed the idea of being called a Lord'. You may well ask what sort of concept of politics is this: social democracy which doesn't transfer capitalism into socialism as it claims but transforms socialists into capitalists, or at least their apologists.

'I've lived in Christie's for ten years', he said in 1966, 'it's a solid stockbroker kind of place'. The angry young man of the thirties turned director of World Wide Pictures Ltd. can now lunch at Claridges or at his club and still talk about the delicacies of bread and dripping, and write poems in homage to Che. Every year Baron Willis takes his family to Pontins holiday camp at Torquay. Well, if you spend the greater part of your life putting the working class case in Christie's, the House of Lords, and the Dixon of Dock Green scripts, where else can you go but to a militarised pleasure beach?



# The Best thing that's happened to us for years

Keith Bailey



Students march on November 17th demonstration - the need for solidarity is pressing.

Unsurprisingly the N.U.S. Conference overwhelmingly rejected the D.E.S. proposals to limit the autonomy of student unions. The proposals seek to place the financial and constitutional affairs of the unions under college control and to make membership voluntary.

Mrs Thatcher's attack on the unions is prompted by the increasing role in educational and national affairs of what are seen to be hotbeds of anarchy. Her success would lead to unrepresentative student unions treated as just another department of the university in competing for funds, causing the collapse of the well-organised structure of student activities. However the universities themselves will oppose the measures, for they do not want the opium of being responsible for the unions.

It is likely then that the government will fall back on one of its other ideas - that of a Registrar. This is particularly dangerous since it would still weaken the unions while appearing to be a backdown. The union leaders are well aware of this danger and are doing their best to make it clear to the mass of students. For the government's ultimate aim in destroying the unions is to bring in a reactionary education policy, replacing grants with loans and so on. Obviously in order to do this they must first render the unions harmless, just as Hitler has to destroy the RAF before he could invade.

The policy of the N.U.S. is one of subdued militarism. Negotiations with the D.E.S. will proceed despite fears that this could lead to a sell-out. These fears are based on the communist party's domination of the executive, the president of the N.U.S., Digby Jacks, being a long-standing C.P. member. (See last issue) Thus an Action Committee was formed, in which the executive is supplemented by eighty area representatives.

This is in no way a radical conflict: it is a fight to preserve the status quo. Just like all trade unions, the N.U.S. is there to get what it can out of the present system. Student Unions can be expected to fight over issues like grants and

educational reform, but they cannot be considered in any way revolutionary.

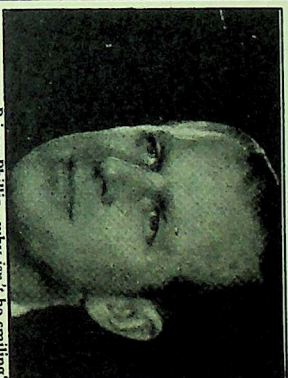
They are in some ways quite the opposite as was shown by the organisers of the London demo on the 16th.

The demonstration was rigorously controlled: 200 stewards co-operated with the police to ensure the minimum disruption. Demonstrators were carefully divided into their institutional units and assigned places in the march to avoid trouble. The main concern of the student leaders is public opinion - to present the unions as responsible. So, when a confrontation with the police developed at Westminster on Wednesday, they asked demonstrators to break up. One even joined the fuzz in pushing his protesting comrades away from the door to parliament. This kind of ingratiating approach is only to be expected, for their role is essentially materialist - to extract money from the capitalist system. Nevertheless, the importance of student solidarity cannot be over-emphasised. Although the N.U.S. is run by Stalinists, although most student unions are the fledgling outposts of left-wing bureaucracy, they must remain autonomous. The student unions can become vehicles for real revolutionary action. Should the government proceed, even with its Registrar proposal, it can only weaken the political centres in universities - in the short term anyway.

For if the talks with the government fail, the N.U.S. will have the backing of the vast majority of students in taking more militant action. The procedure for an emergency conference in January to authorise strike action has been prepared. The government has indicated that it is prepared to suffer student unrest in order to achieve its purpose, but the uniting of all students against them under communist leadership is unlikely to appeal to more intelligent conservatives - they've already seen it happen on the Clyde.

As one union president said "It's the best thing that's happened to us in years." Jeremy Gilchrist

## Royal Family Birth Rate Scandal



Prince Phillip - why isn't he smiling?

PRINCE PHILIP, FATHER OF FOUR, is in favour of 'zero population growth' stated in TV interview with Columbia, New York. His personal efforts represent a 100% population growth in Buckingham Palace. Aided by the efforts of Snowdon, Ogilvy etc., there is likely to be severe overcropping in regal circles soon, with a grave potential for future famine, disease, malnutrition, starvation and all the other dangers of ill-planned population explosions. Contributions of used contraceptives, blankets etc. to BUCKFAM now.

## The Mangrove 9 WHY US?

This is no ordinary trial. This is no ordinary political trial. It's different in atmosphere from all those trials where militants have gone down meekly, sold out by their lawyers, and often themselves, where brothers and sisters have rejected a political defence in the case. When the prosecution makes all the running, and defence lawyers keep politics out, (the crown never does) often a manic-depressive atmosphere of dark foreboding clouds the court, you know another victory for repression is on the way. (See contrast in Court 2, with Ian and Jake trial).

This is not the case with the Mangrove - the defence is often the prosecution, the defendants attack police harassment of the black community - the jury is constantly reminded of their collective indignation that they should be on trial at all.

Radford Howe asks "Why us - why this particular nine? Why were we charged with riot months later, when over 17 other demonstrators were dealt with in the magistrates court?"

Why? After the August 9 Mangrove demonstration, Detective Inspector Stockwell (Paddington), collated information about events, largely from the 4 specials - police constables Puley, Reid, Lewis, and Rodgers who were briefed to identify troublemakers in a special observation van. Their evidence was forwarded to the Director of Public Prosecutions via Commander Gerrard of Scotland Yard, who was operations commander at the yard on the day of the demo. Commander Gerrard was described in a Daily Mirror report, as "picking out troublemakers in the field of race relations" (Aug. 1970).

Apparently after thinking about it for a couple of months, Gerrard plumped for 9, to be charged with riot. This is the murky background to the trial.

Much of the favour comes from the three in the dock defending themselves. Whilst the lawyers seldom impress, the real punchlines are delivered by black defendants to white policemen. Radford Howe has taken P.C. Puley through his form, (i.e. his record of harassment and complaints against him), to the point where Puley asked the judge to intervene on his behalf.

Whenever matters get dull, there is always agro with the judge to stop the jury falling asleep. Often Clarke interrupts questions about racial myths, prejudice etc with the inevitable "that's not relevant". However the law for once is not succeeding in putting 9 niggers in their place. The niggers show the judge that his reading of the laws of evidence are not enough to silence the voice of

## Yorkshire Labour Camps

A sobering week in Yorkshire as the repression continued to chalk up one victory after another. (See Mr UNIVERSE)

On 18 November, the West Riding Constabulary had its request for a record budget of £16 million approved by the constituent local authorities. This represented an increase of 17 per cent on last year: an increase which provoked an objection from Labour Alderman Fred Lunn of Barnsley - on the grounds that it offended against the Government's norm (of 7 per cent) for price increases. A telling point.

And on 19 November Mr Maurice Shaffner, the Prosecuting Solicitor of the West Riding Force, in his annual report, concluded that: "There is much to be said for Mr Justice Lawton's proposals for labour camps for the vast majority of prisoners rather than the negative expedient of a simple prison sentence."

The Sheffield Morning Telegraph, in an editorial headed 'Positive Policy for the Guilty', commented on Shaffner's proposals.

"... while the phrase 'labour camps' has unfortunate connotations, Mr Shaffner is right to remind us that much of the work prisoners do at the moment is ill-directed. Prison work earns little for the State to cover the cost of imprisoning a man, and, more important, does nothing to offset the harm done by the crime itself."

If only we were imaginative enough, we could even find places in the camps for the million unemployed. The possibilities are endless. . . . Ian Taylor

black people (riddles of evidence are very vague anyway - questions about motivation and circumstance may be relevant as necessary challenges to the credibility of the witness, or they may be irrelevant because they are too remote from the fact of the case. Guess who decides? - the judge).

What's refreshing and clear is the backseat role of the defence lawyers, and the way the strategy and direction of the case is so much in the hands of the defendants.

Robbie Kentish in the witness-box was a real headache for Mr. Hills, the prosecutor who could not understand his Jamaican accent. "Will you speak up, Mr. Kentish," he asks. Robbie explains not everyone likes him when he is loud. Mr. Hill asks another question, Robbie booms out super loud "NO!" in reply. The court curls up with laughter. The prosecutor wants Robbie to talk about pigs & pigs - heads. Robbie talks instead about bacon, more roars of laughter. The judge even finds difficulty in getting a work in edgewise.

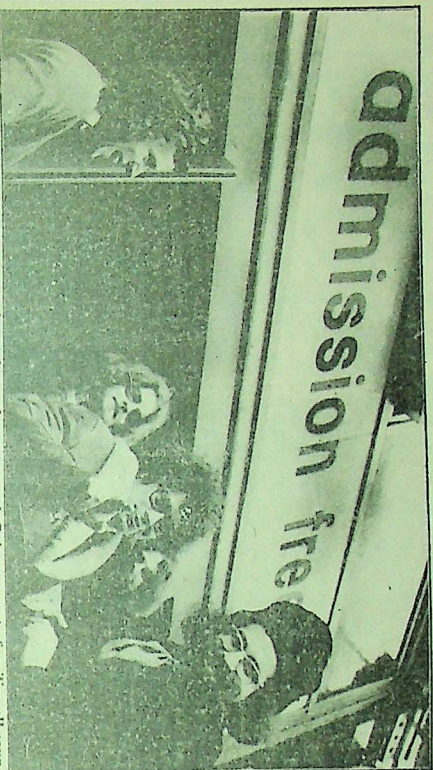
Defence witnesses have educated the jury about police attacks on blacks. Brother Webb of "Advise" said "he'd received hundreds of complaints against the police." "In this society," he told the jury, "a black person is very lucky if he is here for some time without getting a conviction."

In most trials the real evidence is hushed up, the defendants are gagged by their lawyers, and everyone on the defence side tries to lick the judge's ass. But in this trial no-one apologises for being black, no-one fakes a love of the British bobby. No-one crawls before his lordship.

The antagonism is out there in the open, and whatever way the verdict goes, at least the jury will not be left in any doubt, that there are 2 sides to this case - that police prejudice is not in doubt, that the prejudice of the judge and the prosecutor is obvious and that the evidence is very much on the side of the defendants.

The jury knows that it is a political trial, and that it will not be decided on legal niceties. When they consider their verdict they know that their prejudices, will be on trial by Justice McKenzie.

## Almost Free Enough For Show Business



Ed Berman and members of troupe - an infinite amount of smiling all round.

It's relatively small, but nice enough for show business,' said Ed Berman to the 20 or so members of the Inter-Action group who trooped after him through the stacked chairs, trailing wires and pasteboard partitions of what will be Inter-Action's new West End theatre. 'It's our home for a while, anyway.' Outside in Rupert Street the pinball parlours and pornic stalls winked at the passers-by.

'Admission Free' was neeured above them, the lure to ensure you're fleeced inside. Inter-Action's Theatre will be called 'The Almost Free Theatre' in answer to that, and once inside, you won't be fleeced. That's a promise.

The securing of theatre property in what the developers call prime space is the culmination of six months diplomacy by Berman, a diplomat and hustler with a long series of triumphs to his credit. It all began when Bill

McAlister, and Inter-Action director, went down to see John Hayercraft, head of International House Language Centre to negotiate the use of some free classrooms. No classrooms vacant, said Hayercraft, much as we'd like to help; however, McAlister did notice that Telebingo, down the street from IH, were closing down.

He reported back to Berman, who clicked - why not do a deal with IH (a rapidly expanding tuition centre) whereby Inter-Action and IH developed the place jointly, and tie up Inter-Action's theatre work with an educative function - teach english by means of experimental drama; and one which, luckily for Berman and his organisation, found an enthusiastic negotiator in Hayercraft. The complex negotiations were ploughed through, and the theatre is coming into being, scheduled to be finished by November 30th, with a personal penalty clause against the architect should he fail to deliver. Berman certainly knows how to do business - 'Some people don't want to have anything to do with finance, they want all money abolished, and they might have a point, but practically, if you want to get anything done, you have to use it. It's how you use it that counts. On a personal level, we've removed money from the centre court as much as possible by allowing ourselves a maximum of £1 a day.'

The deal is, roughly, that International House have an option on the evening use of the theatre for five months of the year (June to October) and Inter-Action have it for the rest, day-time and evening. In the course of his guided tour, Berman stressed the need for good relations with IH - 'an infinite amount of smiling.

It's relatively small, all right, but it's big enough not just for show business but for a whole range of events and for real interaction between the company and the public. The theatre, about 40 by 20', will be used for lunch-time and evening plays and for film shows, naturally - but also as the working-out shop for a number of future projects.

Like - the Free Video Theatre, a complex of TV screens, possibly in booths, which

would show banned straight TV material when available, rejected TV plays (taped and produced by Inter-Action) and would be used as viewers for cassettes when they are publicly available.

Like - the Odd Hours Theatre, Berman introduced the idea as Cocktail Hour Theatre to a bewildered audience - when's cocktail hour, for fuck's sake? Someone suggested Cocksuck Hour Theatre, which proved too vague. He meant the 6.15 time, when husbands are waiting to meet their wives in town, are hanging about with nothing to do and might fancy catching a half-hour show. Or of course, it could go on at six in the morning, to catch the porters at near-by Covent Garden during their tea-break. Or at some other time, to catch lorry drivers, ..... If anyone can get lorry drivers into middle-class experimental theatre, it's Berman, but at this time a more practical idea was for an Odd Hours Show to take place at the time the straight West End Houses are having their interval. Inter-Action would advertise a quarter hour show at the Almost Free, blow a few minds for a few minutes and send them back off to watch 'Big Bad Mouse' - or whatever.

Like - Infilms, the company's own film production group, which will use the theatre for filming, and for projecting films of the company's work. It will also allow film makers or grassroots groups who have an esoteric film to show to esoteric audiences to run it without involving themselves in esoteric expenses. Berman: 'It won't be a viewing theatre where a lot of guys with small cigars show rushes to one guy with a big cigar who says 'Yeah, I'll back it.' It's for people with cigarettes.'

It's for almost poor people, this theatre, and it might bring in a spectrum ranging from the truly penniless to the gold-tipped hipster fringe. The theatre is only partly subsidised by the Arts Council and it must bring in some money. Hence 'almost free' means what it says - you pays what you can afford. As for what you gets - well, come Christmas, we should be finding out.

## Beat them up, throw them out.

Various events are beginning to reveal the shrouded ghastliness of Home Office immigration policy. Two recent deportations expose their basic paranoia. Is the visitor, however respectable the reasons for the visit, likely to try to remain afterwards? The principle reason for the deportation of Farida Kasan, an African here for a holiday, was that she had relatives in this country and therefore might be beguiled into staying illegally. The more publicised case of 18 year old Indian student Yugal Bahl, accepted for a one year 'A' level course at a college in Sunderland is even stranger. After a three week stay in Durham Prison, where he was treated abominably, the Home Office threw him out, because they feared that after a year in which to experience the life of western civilisation he would become addicted and not return to India.

Maudling's decision to deport him was taken, inevitably, on political grounds. The conservatives wished to show that although it can't get rid of all the coloured people here, it can, with no

## B.F.I. - Bland is Best



Stanley Reed - why is he smiling?

Five or six pressmen, including the impeccable Alexander Walker of the Evening Standard, turned out for the BFI press reception on the issue of their latest policy report. Lines of whisky stood undrunk, and it was the BFI representatives - Dennis Forman, (Chairman of the Board of Governors) Stanley Reed (Director) and Ernest Lindgren (Deputy Director) - who approached the press, and asked them what they wanted to know.

What the press wanted to know ranged from why was it necessary to close the information department one day a week (Evening Standard) to what the governors had done to face up to the disillusioned criticism of the institute's very own Angry Brigade (hat), the BFI Action Committee (Ink). To all questions,

to the SS office with Sue Finch to claim some money. Mrs Long refused to pay up - she said they'd be sending the money - and got up to walk away with Mrs Delaney's letter. So Sue put her hand across the desk and tried to get it back.

Mrs Delaney got her money. But the SS after licking their wounds for three weeks, decided to try to use the incident to victimise Sue - because she's a militant Union member and she'd been causing them a lot of trouble.

Mrs Long contradicted herself in her evidence about the supposed 'assault', while Sue and Mrs Delaney stated quite clearly that no assault took place.

Sue got a conditional discharge for 12 months. The moral is that the SS is prepared to use the callous deceitfulness they have so much practice in to attack militant claimants through the courts.



justification whatsoever, stop others coming in, however legitimate and worthwhile their purpose. The enquiry ordered last week into Yugal's case is solely concerned with his ill treatment at Durham, and not into his actual deportment, which is of course, final and unchallengeable.

This decision can be seen as an encouragement to the faceless immigration officers who, without publicity or explanation, are detaining and deporting hundreds of visitors each year, over and above the famous boardrooms of illegal Pakistanis. The political views of these officials cause some concern. Empowered to make arbitrary judgements that can change the entire course of people's lives, 40 of them from Heathrow wrote a letter to the Times in support of Powell's repatriation policies.

though, Chairman Forman, amply supported by Director Reed and Deputy Director Lindgren, battled out stout, reasonably knowledgeable, reasonably intelligent, responsibly reasonable replies. (We are still split up, we are still inefficient. We must have more money.)

Nothing, indeed, was more conspicuous about the conference, or the report about which it was called, than the blandness of both. The BFI representatives saw the BFI carrying on in a steady progression, doing the good work or exhibiting 'the best' films, supplying film study material and being a bank for information and critical lines. What else? The resources are strained doing even that, and what other job could the BFI do, anyway?

The Action Committee, though, weren't impressed, said Ian Cameron, speaking for the committee after a meeting held to discuss the report and tactics at the forthcoming AGM of the BFI members on 14th December. Their main grievance is that BFI governors are appointed by the Minister for Arts - and basically they are people whom Eccles has been advised to appoint - by the existing governors and by the director - and not elected by BFI members. 'It was mainly for redress of this situation that the Action Committee campaigned last year, unsuccessfully, and for which they will campaign once more in December.

The charge of in-group elitism certainly has weight - although it's true that electability by the 30,000 odd BFI members is a long way from representative democracy, it's a step towards it and might mean people of a slightly more radical cast of mind on the board. Basically though, even this system would perpetuate elitism, and the Action Committee's plans are so far a long way from making film and film material freely available to the mass of people. To attempt that task would be, among other things, to take on the rotting structure of the British Film Industry, a task which the present BFI sees as beyond their powers or even beneath their dignity.

## BLOOD MONEY

The Clarkston disaster in Glasgow in which 20 people died after a horrific explosion caused by a gas leakage brought a wave of sympathy for the families of the victims.

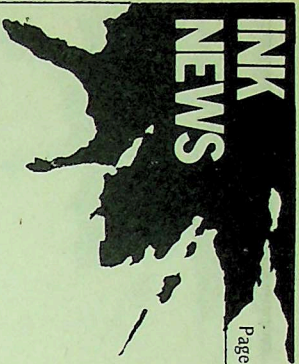
As in similar cases a 'disaster fund' was set up to handle the donations that always follow horrific happenings. One of the largest donations so far, £2,500, came from the very people who have to answer many questions, the Scottish Gas Board.

They donated £2,500 or to put it another way, £125 a life. Black Box (news service)

## Claimants Bite Back

Sue Finch, a member of Highbury Claimants' Union, was found guilty of assaulting a Social Security officer at North-East London Magistrates' Court last week. The SS officer, Mrs Long of Holloway SS office, testified that no physical harm whatsoever was done to her; all Sue did was to try to stop her taking away a letter which belonged to another claimant. Three weeks later Sue got a summons through the post... a 'technical assault'.

The background: Mrs Delaney, another Claimants' Union member, had her money cut off for 'cohabitation' (being seen with a man when you're an unsupported mother). She'd had no money to keep herself and her three kids for five weeks. She appealed, and the Appeals Tribunal found the SS had no evidence at all to justify cutting her off. When she got the notice of this decision, she went



## Power to the Squatters

A document recently received reveals the policy of the London Electricity Board towards squatters. After a short social background, the report goes on to advise its representatives on procedure when visiting an occupied house.

From (1): *Make a visit on the pretext of inspecting an idle service, and checking the meter readings. If admission be granted, express surprise that the supply is connected, refer to the fact that this is unauthorised use of electricity and that the supply may have to be cut off. These procedures usually lead to a request from the occupants to continue the supply.*

*The purpose of this visit is to obtain this request without actually asking for it.*

From (2): *Get the occupant to sign an application form and provide either a £10 deposit or a personal guarantor.*

From 3: *Subsequent readings are to be made on a fortnightly basis and these accounts are to be suitably endorsed by the accountant to the effect that non-payment will lead to a cut off.*

For the London Electricity Board, obviously, squatters are a special kind of people. Not only have they got no regular place to live, they need to be hounded for money constantly, as well as being the fall guys for the LEB representatives' amateur dramatics - maybe the Board runs classes in *How to Express Surprise?*

## Radical Lawyers

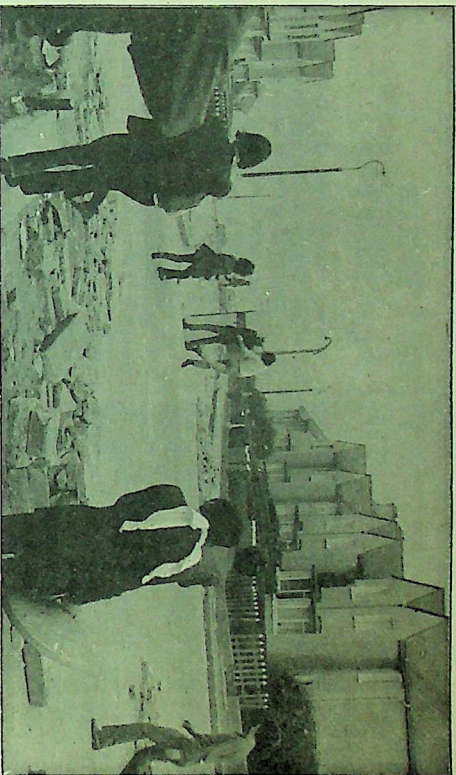
For those interested in changing the legal system (and who isn't?) a good venue is the Radical Lawyers' Conference on Sunday 5th, to be held at Nuffo Hall, 14 Jockey Fields (Beside Gray's Inn), starting at 10 am and going on till 5. Among topics to be discussed will be 'The Aims, Functions and Structures of Radical Lawyers', Ideas for Alternative Law Courses and for Community Law Centres. Some of the best legal minds in the country will be there - discussing how to help, and not how to rip off, the people.

## This property is condemned.

Ever dreamed of a real community area in London, where workers, freaks, students and suchlike actually control, defend and administer their own environment? Seems like it might happen through the auspices of a body called (off-putting for some) Students Community Housing. They got off last October (see Frenz around that time), when Ian Litterick began it all by going to Camden Council and offering to take their empty scheduled houses off their hands and pay them rent. Having got the houses, and formed the SCH, they were rented out at about £2 per room.

The scheme is now working well, because it's honest. Their handout doesn't exactly read like *Bullins* propaganda, even though the living conditions it's describing are similar, eg. 'Your standard of living may be uncomfortable, particularly at first (we'll help you fix up your house, but you may have to put up with, or deal with a great deal of inconvenience). Remember, the property has been condemned.'

They're certainly no rip-off, and they say they 'will only act as landlords when people act like tenants'. But they don't want to go out of business, and rent payments are strictly observed - you have to prove extraordinary hassles to get out of your (minimal) rent.



Teenage streetfighters in Derry - for some, the struggle is about enough to eat as well.

## MONEY FOR HOPE

To intern men without trial, to torture them for information and to hold them incommunicado is current policy of the British occupying forces in Northern Ireland: the amount of 'bad publicity' these measures have received from some sections of the press has even forced a whitewash enquiry. Not so well publicised has been the plight of the inmates' families, reduced to poverty and a large burden on an overburdened community.

A forthcoming festival at the Roundhouse, scheduled for December 12, has as its aim raising of as much money as

## T.V. Violence

'This code cannot provide universal rules. The programme maker must carry responsibility for his own decisions. In so sensitive an area risks require special justification. If in doubt, cut.'

So reads the end non-rule of the new ITV code on violence. Briefly, what the code does is to direct programme editors to knock out even more material which might disturb the viewer - a policy of containment of tension by blandness which reflects itself throughout our society's media, making the 'experiments' of the early 60s seem like guerrilla broadcasting. See directive (h):

'Violence has always been and still is widespread throughout the world, so violent scenes in news and current affairs programmes are inevitable. But the editor or producer must be sure that the degree of violence shown is essential to the integrity and completeness of the programme.'

As the code says, piously, 'a civilised society pays special attention to its weaker members.' By not showing them being beaten up on the box?

## SIT ON IT

Ted Potter returned to his native Guernsey about 2 years ago, bought a little viney with his savings, and erected a cottage. In a secluded place, the cottage went unnoticed for a year - then pressure began. The police said it would have to go - Potter was fined £25 and ordered to have his house demolished at his expense (£600). At 9.00 am on 8th November the forces arrived in the

shape of a band of workmen, an official and two policemen. Says Potter:

'They got a fucking surprise when they found the house full of Guernsey men and half a dozen heads who were not going anywhere. The sergeant did his *Cagney* bit, but we just looked at him, and he removed his odour from the room.'

Potter persuaded the workers to let the Island Development Council do their own dirty work, and they too left, as did the irate official. Ted still has his cottage, and people's power won another small victory.

possible to alleviate these families' distress. The day-long event will take the form of a 'festival' - with a photographic exhibition, speakers from Belfast and Londonderry, and actors' workshop portraying day-to-day situations in the streets, Irish folk groups - The Flying Column and The Bards - films and a sale.

Roy Harper and Brinsley Schwarz are probables among English musicians, with more to be announced later. December 12th is the time to show real support for the Irish people in their struggle. Ireland is rapidly becoming a 'disaster area', and as such demands relief of a tangible and immediate kind.

## STYNG STUNG

Among recent busts - the staff of STYNG newspaper in Yorkshire, picked up last Tuesday by police who broke into the house they all live in, found no-one home, so waited till they returned to nick them. All but one were released on £25 bail, with a preliminary hearing set for 11th January. Charges possibly to be along the lines of dealing. But STYNG continues.

## Glasgow Bust

OZ and IT won out against considerable competition from porrie mags in Glasgow's Sleazy Sauchiehall street last Saturday when the police ignored the latter and confiscated the former from Bruce's record shop. A detachment from the Glasgow vice squad, led by one Sergeant Halkeston, raided the store at 3.00 in the afternoon, ordered it closed for 20 minutes and walked off with a bundle of underground mags - OZ, IT, INK, FRENZ and other local u.g. material. What happened in the hiatus between confiscation and return is anyone's guess - perhaps the police applied the well known test of: 'if it gives you a hard on, bust it.'

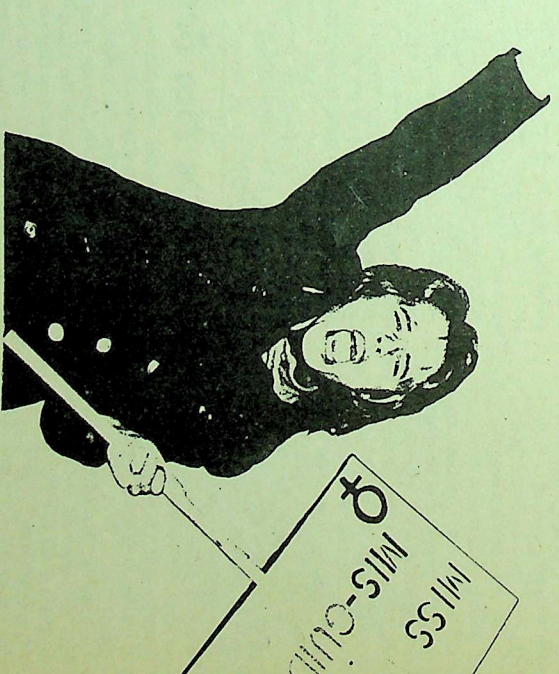
## No Gravedigging!

The Muslim community in this country is doing its best to adapt to the prevailing social conditions as witnessed by their leaders' postponement of the annual Id-Ui-Fitr religious festival from a Friday when there was a favourable moon, to Saturday. This action, comparable with putting off Christmas Day to the 26th December, was taken in order to avoid the economic damage caused by mass absenteeism.

British customs are not so easily modified. It is an essential ruling of Islam, that the dead should be buried as soon as possible, at least within 24 hours. Muslims who die in the Blackburn area, however, are suffering severely from the refusal of local gravediggers to work at weekends. The district official of their union, the GMMU, a Mr John Yates, 'will not allow the gravediggers to take the retrogressive step of increasing the working week.'

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# FOREIGN NEWS

## AN HONOURABLE SETTLEMENT



Ian Smith - what is he explaining?

"I do not underestimate the difficulty of the task, but if there is a will to succeed on both sides there are grounds for hope. If a suitable basis for agreement is found it will be consistent with the 5 principles, to all of which Her Majesty's government attach importance."

The words of Sir Alec Douglas-Home, Africa-bound last week for the final in a series of Anglo/Rhodesian love-ins. Not surprisingly Home's mission succeeded and as the cries of "peace in our time" echo through Westminster, Heath and his henchmen can once again sigh with relief, safe in the knowledge that one more dirty little problem has been swept under the political mat. Heath himself could never afford to be too choosy as to the nature of a settlement. Beset by his own problems of spiriting the economic miracle from nowhere, hushing up British army atrocities in Ulster, and forcing the Common Market legislation through parliament by the use of one bill instead of the promised two, he would have settled for virtually anything. The chief negotiator however was not Heath but Home, and his announcement last Wednesday came as a severe blow to those optimistic enough to believe that our dissembling Foreign Secretary was an honest man more interested in the welfare of Rhodesia's black community than in crowning his own political career with a diplomatic coup.

Only a political crook or a man of exceptional nerve would dare to call this settlement 'honourable'. It is a blatant sell-out with no semblance of

honour about it. Consider these proposals:  
The African Higher Roll qualifications are:  
(a) Income at the rate of not less than 1800 dollars p.a. during the two years preceding date of claim for enrolment, or ownership of immovable property of value of not less than 3600 dollars.

OR

(b) Income not less than 1200 dollars p.a., or immovable property valued at not less than 2400 dollars p.a. and four years secondary education of the prescribed standard.

The non-white per capita income is so low that this, the major roll, is set far beyond the reach of the vast majority of Africans. The review of existing legislation designed to halt the progress towards apartheid is equally ludicrous. The sole guarantee of Smith's good faith is the British government of his firm intention, within the spirit of these proposals, to make progress towards ending racial discrimination. How could even a buffoon of Sir Alec's standing believe this bunch of incorrigible liars when even the recommendations of the Commission set up to look at race are subject to 'considerations that any government would be obliged to regard as of an overriding character', i.e. anything even faintly embarrassing to Smith's regime. The whole affair stinks to high heaven.

The at first hopeful looking 'Test of Acceptability' on closer scrutiny is proved to be as fallible as the rest. It is not to be shared by all the members of the Commission, its enquiries may be carried out in private, and there is no provision made for a minority report. The likelihood is that the Commission will be gently run down after a respectable length of time and Smith will be let off the hook once again. Even the continuation of sanctions looks dubious with Heath under pressure from the back benches, a sickening 150 of whom refused to vote in favour of a renewal last year.

Home has been reported recently as being the 'only British politician respected in Rhodesia'. He is respected solely because he is the best living example of the "Great British Sell Out" and true to form in Salisbury he sold himself, his party and his country, and in so doing he set the seal on his own mediocre career and at the same time condemned 5 million black people to a life of degradation and squalor.  
Lewis Scott.

## R.A.F. at war.

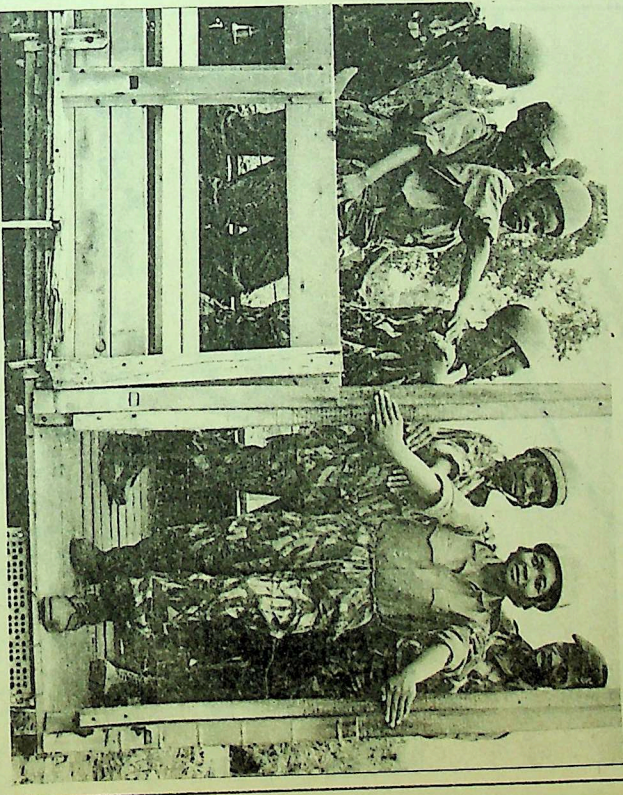
The RAF is at war — with South Yemen. This small state, the only socialist Arab country, is the base for guerrilla action against Oman, a feudal Sultanate supported by British arms. British planes have been carrying out spying missions on Oman's behalf for some time, but recently, 'because of the deterioration' of the situation, have switched to bombing and strafing raids as well. The attacks have killed and wounded civilians, as well as cattle and other livestock.

In spite of several complaints to the Foreign Office, Britain denies that the attacks have taken place at all. A British diplomat in Aden suggested that the South Yemenis were probably imagining both the planes and the attacks. Yet the evidence is clear — the only air forces in Oman are the RAF at Salalah or the Sultan's private airforce, commanded and flown by RAF pilots. Just as the British Government continued to lie about its involvement in Oman long after the truth was out, so it is doing with South Yemen. Peter Helyer, Third World Report

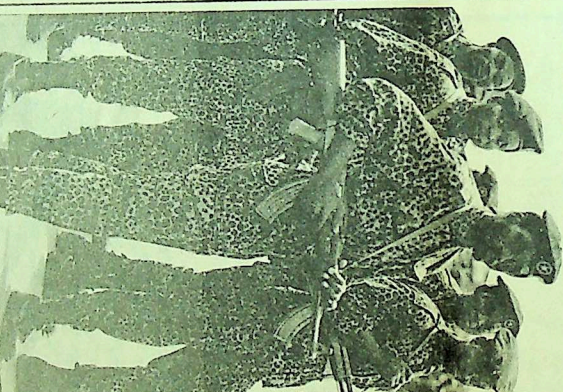
## CHE LIVES

In August, the Bolivian Government of General Torres was overthrown in a military coup inspired by the United States and Brazil, which placed Colonel Banzer in power. Now, after only three months in power, the Banzer regime is under increasing pressure from a united left front, and has found its own support among right wing politicians falling away.

After gaining power, Banzer and his Interior Minister, Andre Seitch, embarked on a policy of repression of the students, the workers, trade unions and the peasants, and established concentration camps in remote areas for opponents of the regime. In payment for the Brazilian and American help in the coup, the government embarked upon a process of effective de-nationalisation of sectors of the oil industry, the marketing of ores, and the Murun antimony and iron deposits. It forged an alliance between two previously antagonistic right wing parties, the Bolivian Socialist Phalange,



Pictures from Congo (Brazzaville). Since the People's Republic of the Congo was declared in December 1969, the government, led by President Marien Ngouabi (32) has carried out widespread nationalisation of resources and industry, given concrete assistance to guerrillas fighting in nearby Angola against the Portuguese, and conducted intensive political education of the people of the country. The country is still up against the wall, and everybody joins the militia, with women having the same rights as the men.



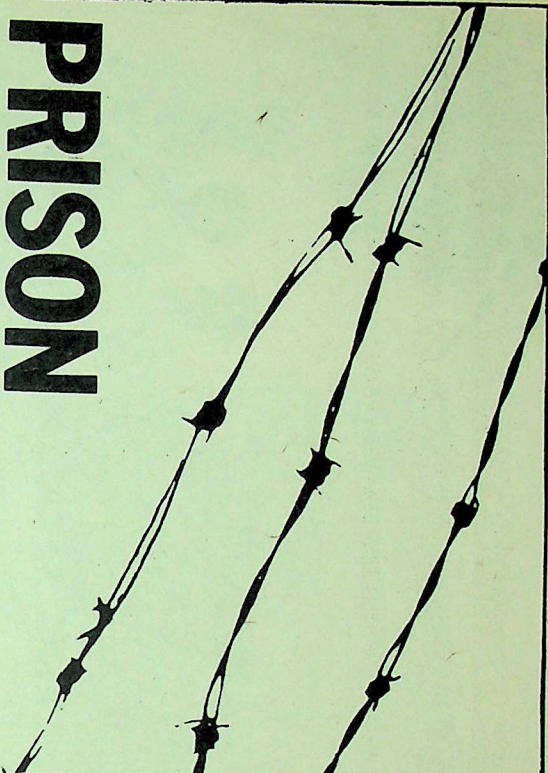
Congolese soldiers in the Mayday Parade. The men still run the army, but the women are coming out there, too. Men traditionally were the protectors against attack, and change of customs takes time.

## Re-arming Haiti

Those of us with enough dexterity to avoid the diplomatic ping-pong balls have noticed of late seemingly liberal redirectives in the tortuous foreign policy of the U.S.A. Saddy for Tricky Dicky the news of the unofficial lifting of the 8 year old arms embargo on Haiti has exposed his liberalism for what it is, a shabby show of propaganda and opportunism directed by economic necessity, having little or nothing to do with an ideological review.

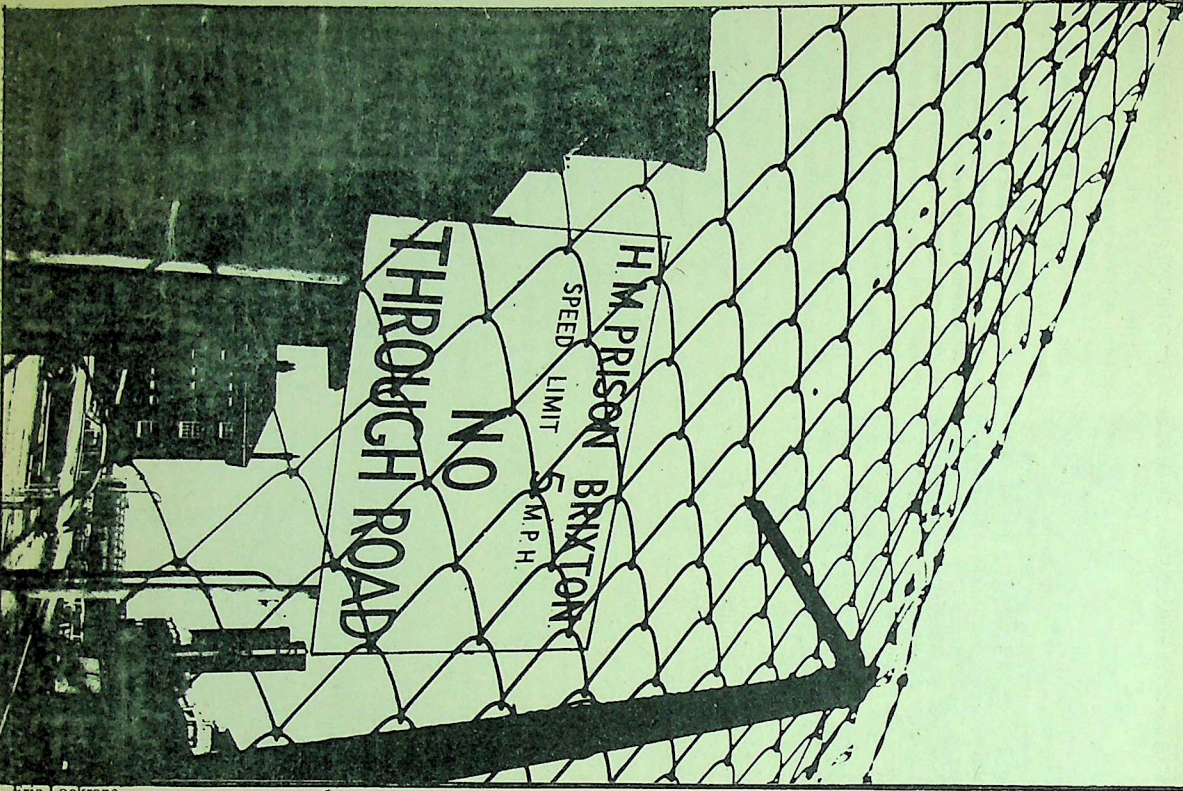
Haiti has changed little since the death of Pap Doc. The Tonion Macoutes live on and with them his shadow, in which the Duvalier family still preside over what remains the most barbarous and horrific regime in Latin America. The United States is once again showing its true colour by allowing a Florida-based firm (Aerotrade) to employ a Vietnam veteran to arm and train the newly-formed Haitian anti-guerrilla force, the Leopards. American tacit support for the Leopards was shown last week when the Leopards march past the presidential palace was presided over by the President, in the company of none other than the American Ambassador Clinton Knox. Mr Warren Nutter (how very apt), the Assistant Defence Secretary for International Security is known to be pressing for official sales to Haiti to reforest the French and it looks as though he's succeeding. Camouflage uniforms, M. 16 rifles, lorries, jeeps and pilot trainers are all changing hands and it's likely that more up-to-date equipment is in the pipeline.

Of course the usual excuses will be hawked about (balance of power in the Caribbean, communist presence in Cuba etc.) but the truth is that the real ruler of America, private enterprise, sees in Haiti a country rich in exploitable resources with an obliging young president ready and able to help it make a great deal of money and give the peoples liberation forces a hefty kick in the balls at the same time. Those of you who hoped that Nixon was embarking on a policy of peaceful coexistence with the communist world are in for a sad disappointment.  
Lewis Scott.



# PRISON LETTERS

'One of the fights in here is to be creative, in the strait jacket of their routine'



- 4 NOV 1971

In replying to this letter please write on the envelope: —

Number *100481* Name *Bo T*

H.M. Prison,  
Jebb Avenue,  
Brixton,  
LONDON S.W.2

Chris Bort was arrested on August 22nd as he arrived at a flat in Stoke Newington where four people had been arrested the previous day. All five, and also Stuart Christie, were charged with conspiring to cause explosions, including those claimed by the Angry Brigade.

Bort was refused and Chris has been a prisoner in Brixton Prison for three months. There are now eleven people accused of being part of this conspiracy. But the conspiracy is a movement which includes thousands of people — and the eleven prisoners are still part of this movement, despite the prison bars that isolate them.

Writing is one of the few ways that prisoners can communicate with the world outside. So we are printing some of Chris Bort's letter to his friends — since they are really addressed to all his many friends and potential friends in the movement.

## 25 August

... They picked me up about half past eleven Saturday morning — as I was going into this place in Stoke Newington. 2 days later charged with conspiring to cause explosions — I am not guilty unless they fabricate — which I doubt — they will therefore have no evidence to offer — except my politics and that I know *that* house and I shared a house in Manchester with 2 people who stayed here. To the cops — as Commander Bond says — that is enough to satisfy them I am a member of the Angry Brigade: if it is enough to satisfy a jury then we have legalistic internment and a police state. The question of my innocence is not however of any great importance — that can be prepared by myself and solicitors armed with the truth and the subsequent poverty of the prosecution. Neither is the likelihood that all six charged are likely to be in custody for many months before a trial, and, according to Mr. Rosen, a defence lawyer in court last Tuesday, this may also apply to Purdie and Prescott, 2 men charged with similar offences about 6 months ago.

What is important is the fact that the police as agents of our rulers and working closely with the prisons and the courts, have arrested, imprisoned, and hope to silence, punish, repress what they believe is the Angry Brigade — but what is that to them — a conspiracy of a few revolutionaries — and a subversive example of liberation — a guerrilla war they fought spectacularly, believed won, and now to be destroyed as an example.

A play: the defeat of the new left's subversion as performed by the forces of law and order — this is how they see our prosecution — what is totally forgotten by them is that social instability and class war is not based on the actions of a few fanatics poisoning the minds of the passive, but in the fifth, the oppression, the contradiction of a system in which they live and of which they are a part — just as they failed to understand the solution to the IRA will not come with internment — it is a people's struggle, not an individual's fight.

Eric Lockrane

If this is true, then this trial can be seen by people in 4 ways. First as a way in which our politics, the beliefs of all those on trial and with whom we relate, can be put clearly (with discussion between the different positions we hold) to as many people as possible; secondly that the movement talks openly about the nature of class violence and the role of violence as part of a revolutionary movement, in critical and constructive ways; these two points being part of the development of any expansive movement amongst people taking themselves and their own power seriously; thirdly understanding the nature of social force, of the role of the trial as an attempt to symbolically crush the resistance of the movement; and fourthly to understand that any action which is defensive, which takes any other militant's time, resources, energy away from building, expanding, the growth of local power, new strategies and tactics, any bog down in the defence of political prisoners as *an end in itself* is a waste of time — which I don't believe any of us inside would be doing if we were out.

## 20 September

... Warden to convict: 'put your name in the book, but make your writing the same as the rest of the entries'. Con: 'That's what I'm in here for.' True, heard it this morning.

Won't say any more about a defence group whatever, after this. That first letter said what we felt. The next step, if there is one, is what we can do. If there is any motor from people, wherever, radical lawyers, development from other defence groups, to work on a campaign /programme for community legal defence, the role of courts, stick ups, conspiracy trials, the whole prison system, cons and defendants as oppressed, then right on. It's important in helping people and social groups defend themselves, and in showing the nature of the system, as part of getting it all changed. As part of that oppressed I relate to that, but I don't expect necessarily my friends my old comrades to be into that: unemployed organise around themselves, so do workers, so the people to organise around that scene primarily are those involved.

As a political direction I personally believe the most liberating, useful, expansive move is around community control, and guaranteed income, an offensive rather than defensive strategy. I'd still like to relate to that, but being in here I also feel it's useful working on the penology/justice angle — keep my old friends, make some new. If any movement is to become an opposition it has to be getting in everywhere.

Frenz this issue I can have for half a day only, the librarian/censor etc. is a very punctitious man. Corruption of the mind must be isolated, if possible to me, who is probably too far gone for it to matter.

Jimhda dream about being sentenced to read a book, normal size print, normal thickness pages, the size of his cell, one consolation — every page he read he could throw away giving more space in the cell.

## 6 September

Having people visit every day, continuing to be alive to friends outside, picking up on energy, movement, discussions, problems, it's difficult to say in words what it means. It's not just me and you making the glass go thinner, of feelings of love and trust that get into the bone marrow and fend off the gloom and isolation of this storage tank. It's the breakdown of individualism, when everyone has a part to play, when the life of the movement goes on, and is, the naturalness of people helping one another, because there's something to do and cause they like each other.

When I think like that, and see things happening, I know why I believe what I do, love who I do, and feel there's hope for the life forces in me, in us, in the power of struggle.

I'm no hero and there's nothing heroic about being in prison, like there's nothing



heroic about being in any oppressed situation.

Heroism comes not only from fighting oppression, defeatism, but from *people* fighting it. I can't think of any individual act of heroics, only of situations where people have put themselves, and together found themselves fighting off the filth and building something warm and just being there and doing these things.

I have seen and read of thousands of heroic actions when together people lift themselves to what we really are capable of, and I get emotional and feel good and strong, and at those times there is a good and a bad, a right and a wrong; and the human beings who do their job for money and/or hate feel it too, and wrap another roll of protective hardness around their death: I suppose their reactions are very dispersed and locked away soon after and twisted around, but they don't really matter, and neither do the liberals who never feel and never see 'cause they're never there.

I remember going on about using time last time I was in here and then being overpowered by it when I got outside.

Thinking about that again, now that hours hang like fat melons from a tree, we do at least try to use time, while for most everyone else time is yet another set of compartments, passively accepted; time as a routine: a discipline, an extension of alienated labour built into the psychic and metabolic clock. One of the fights in here is to build self discipline to use, be creative with these melons, and the strat jacket of their routine. When to eat, clear out, walk, shit etc. does a lot to help by reminding of what can be.

Debord at some stage says modern society is geared towards negating all of the senses except sight, and maintains that the senses of touch, smell and taste as pleasure, body senses are in conflict with the drives and products of industrial capitalist societies. In the battle of puritanism, authority and control against eros, the abolition of those sensations, of touching smelling, tasting, nature, people, softness, eroticism is taken to a highly refined campaign in institutions.

So we are left with words and pictures, and noises — though the fewer of them the better, and all else is removed, disinfected, hardened, coarse. It's a wonder Oscar didn't totally fade out.

## 10 September

... It's only when you can actually meet and talk with people, that you realise what an incredible drug separation is: it shows you down, cools you out, until the horizons are so small (10' x 7', precisely) that I hardly notice that I'm being starved of human stimulus, and that the tibias, 15 minutes visit, 2 X ½ hour exercise, are so small that depth, relaxation, naturalness, purpose are elements which have to be squeezed out of them. But if you squeeze too hard nothing comes out, so while communication can be satisfying, informative, sympathetic, there's always so much unfulfilled, unsaid, after. So much to say, and so many constraints.

If it's possible to send magazines, papers to keep us in contact with the real world, and for dreams, even if it is heretical, something on the lines of *Book of the Dead* would perhaps keep me from drowning in productivity deals and use-value; there's more ways to the woods than one. Books and things are strange objects, they really affect one's perceptions, especially if when reading a book you have practically no other stimulus.

To be creative, to write, to study, to exercise, to do things rather than receive, is as difficult under constraint, as when there are a multitude of happenings, situations, distractions. Rhythm, rhythm, the permanent quest, but music comes easier from joy, desire and inspiration than plodding exercises, how to find desire in a few cubic feet; but the desire, emotions aren't just 'found', life, situations produce them, the awareness of being in here, in Britain, now, of what is going on, of flux, movement, reaction, evil, greed, change, is where desire, emotion comes from, for me, when it

does, be it from other people, words, seeing and feeling things, ideas, perceptions of the objective...

## Coventry Strike

Reading about productivity deals — very useful, but very tedious, and the Coventry strike over the toolroom agreement ties up completely. All the reasons behind the introduction of productivity deals in Britain, what happens when they are accepted, very tight, very specific employers' offensive, tied in completely with redundancies and the IRB. Now there's a big battle by those affected against a productivity deal in the machine tool, engineering industry. Everyone knew this was going to blow up, the details of the agreement have been around a while: What wasn't known was how effective workers' action would be.

From the papers it looks pretty good; rotating strike, co-ordinated tactics by all those affected in the industry, a communal response almost. For so many thousands to be out is one thing; whether or not the political implications of what they are fighting has been explained to everyone involved, whether for once there has been a breakdown in the distinction between industrial action for industrial demands (which are defensive — retaining the old form of organisation, payments, bargaining) and political consciousness (as relayed by the left press, and parliamentary levels) is less likely. Until the organisation of thousands of workers within a community against a specific employers' offensive is seen in terms of the total offensive against all of them as a class, until then there is no possibility of a third force seeing its own strength and its own demands.

The role of militants isn't just to extend tactical knowledge of how and what the immediate fight is about, but to widen people's class consciousness to the practicality of fighting for community development programmes — (productivity profits invested as the workers/community sees fit) — and for changes in government legislation as it affects them. The class organisations which are best able to develop this strategy are factory, community and unemployed organisations together; it is these, plus a more direct approach by the striker to his own strike, which could carry it beyond its already advanced trade union perspective.

The feelings that do stay with me are like I said earlier feelings that come from being a part of situations, of relating, even if for the moment only at the level of ideas, to our opposition and strength. There's only a few years left in which it's possible to change anything, and yet the only ones of us who have woken up to that reality are still being put down by the old, blind hacks as dreamers.

## 23 September

A lot of harassment, of police/prison technique, and a major rake-off for the system's exploitation and oppression of everyday life, is psychological; demoralisation, internalised anger, methods of making the individual feel martyred. Sullen resentment is practically a way of life in this country, and it is useful for them, it permeates the struggle and helps make it a chore, it reaffirms one's own isolation and the impossibility of success. Bred by defeat, fed by the official left, it can only exist as long as people don't get together, don't make love, don't think they can win, don't try fighting.

## Newspaper Strike

The collapse of the newspaper strike reveals the poverty of a non-revolutionary socialist working class struggle. The printers initially depended on the journalists (professionals) to produce their own newspaper copy. The pilot papers were in the best tradition of what they were supposedly fighting — reporting, adverts for finance companies, no link up with other workers' or radical

community struggles, and of course pin-ups: a terrific picture of Julie Ege.

The *Free Communications Group* revealed their sterility in being apparently totally incapable of persuading their fellow members to militancy, and then not acting alone and producing an alternative news system — which is what they've been mouthing about since their inception. The lockout seemed to be completely successful — except for the Evening News? — no-one dreaming of taking over physically the presses.

The inter-union sectoral backsliding — 'look after our own' — means all of them will be hit by redundancies, and as predictable as the unions, the TUC mediate their pawns' actions away to nothing. But that would have been impossible if the printers and the rest would have controlled the operation from the outset which is how it nearly started.

Class consciousness means a lot more than looking after my own sector's interests, and with those tactics and organisation they can't even do that — if the bosses get tough.

## 24 September Festival of Light

It's now Sunday morning, and I've been digesting the Festival of Light, which I do not like at all. This seems to be the first issue around which the alienated, discontented middle class have been able to polarise. I remember noting, unfortunately mainly to myself, that two of the ways in which the Tory government would be able to quieten the vulnerable, isolated and paranoid middle class, as they are economically and politically flitted for monopoly capitalism and their bunch of reactionary representatives, are on the dual issues of law and order, and repressive morality.

These are issues in which the organisation of class control, and brutalisation of methods can be carried out in conjunction with the twin ideologies of strict democracy, ('For a democracy to preserve itself from attack undemocratic measures may be necessary' — *The Times*), and defence of middle-class values no longer economically or socially relevant to 'progressive consumer capitalism', but relevant as a Tory political sop, and a restatement of the old dominant class morality as fed to our parents. So what do we have now: state corporate power, an advancing technology, a necessary consumer drive contradictory to middle-class austerity (latest budget), a separation of national dynamics from the mass of the small men, the reactionary sections of the middle class, whose repressions, attitudes and power are still dominant at local levels, especially the suburbs and small towns. Thus the chambers of commerce, the local councillors, the magistrates, local newspapers, school boards, churches retain an outmoded morality, vote for a government which does not look after their real interests, and see the rise of opposition, which for them is the antithesis of life, being the expression of the libido which, being repressed in themselves so completely, terrifies them — and indeed in their perverted expressions it is terrifying. It is small wonder these people are coming out onto the streets.

Powellism's natural ally is a grass roots movement — if the Festival of Light hits the road and takes its national figures with it, the localised, isolated movement of alienation may find within itself a national force — though I doubt it would be, on this issue, any more than expression of coherent but negative demands for control, restriction, in the application of morality to laws, courts, treatment of dissent, education, information, and social life generally. They need not be violent, for their supporters, as elsewhere in the world, are also the uniformed, official, democratic thugs who will continue, maybe a little harder, to attack, harass, humiliate and despoil opposition as it arises, or where they see it arising.

Thousands of fingers grope the air as old bill puts this baton on a gay; collective

satiation as the libido is stamped on; and perhaps a murmur of (characteristic) guilt when the baton holder is seen to enjoy doing it.

The fact that all of this takes place under the banner of Christianity is not without significance. Like the monarchy, the church is largely neglected by the left, as it does not protrude. But its power, its landowning, its capacity to divert people, and the strength of its various ideological manifestations — revivalism, the protestant ethic, catholicism's submission and acceptance, and all of their ultimately hierarchic beliefs, reveals itself occasionally, as now.

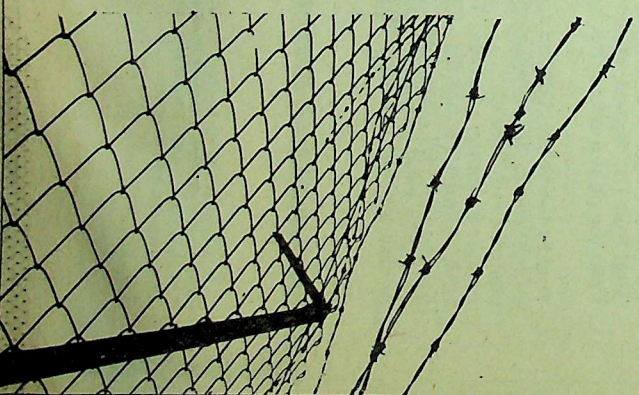
## 28 September

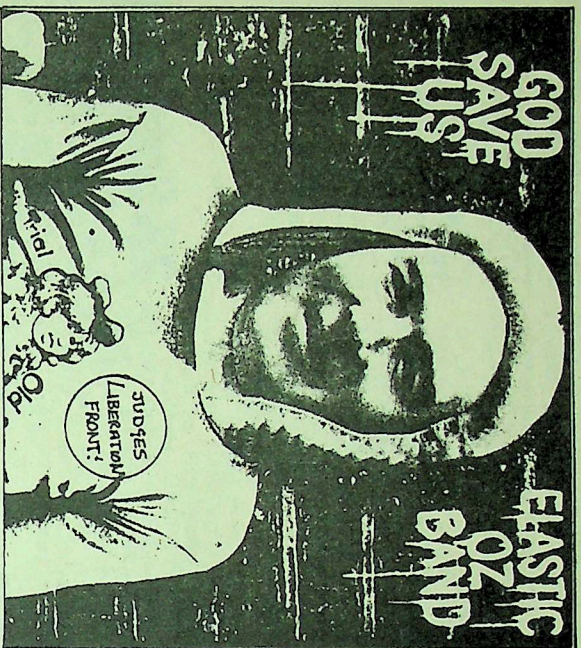
Seeing the force of reaction in the Festival of Light, in their 'law', in their politics and those who carry them out, all the misery that means now, and will mean in the future, I still reckon the response, the only response that means anything is creative opposition, inventive, pleasurable, serious opposition.

To reply to mass gatherings of repressed Christians as an issue helps reduce the fear, the adrenalin some radicals have, but to carry on taking our lifestyles, our energy, our ideas to a wider world, like the underground, the radical activists could do, would (a) probably be a lot of fun, (b) get people taking themselves seriously, thinking about a long-term movement, and (c) get a lot of support, make life a lot better for a lot of people.

Does Reich or anyone explain how, if industrial society can contain and repress people into channelling energy into 'work', a diffusion of sensory perceptions, of energy, can naturally channel itself into the creative task of opposition. Or is it that when following pleasure, when throwing off external discipline, the liberated personality cannot be dedicated? More likely the multitude of petty harassments and restrictions force us into responses which distract us from a creative goal.

Never mind, we have never won yet, in all the great collective serious struggles against the reality principle, *all* the repressive elements have been confronted. Behind barricades people have always been joyful and happy and free inside as they fight for social freedom. Every time I feel ebullient, the history of the Commune, of the Soviets, of Hungary, of France '68 seems to flow through me.





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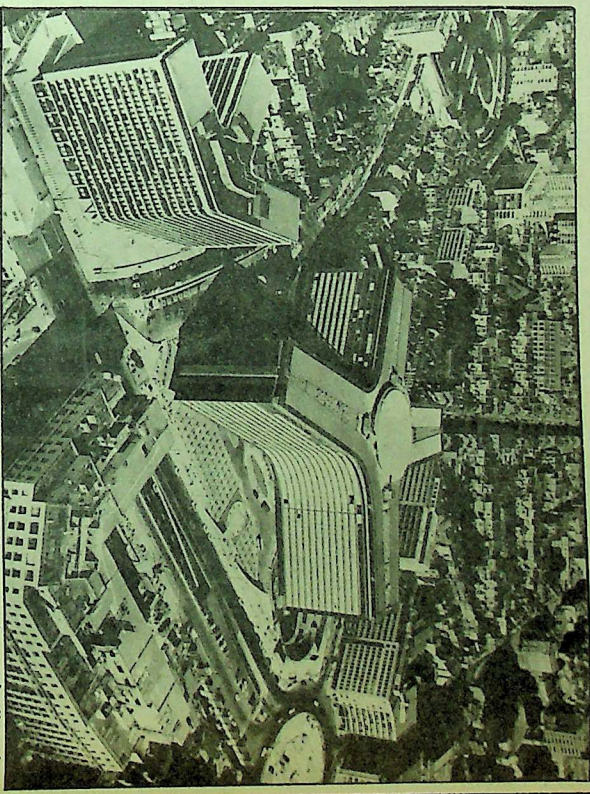
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## PISSIN' ALONG TO BRUSSELS

Andrew Fisher.



The Berlaymont, Brussels. Plastic, concrete and glass, and the secretaries aren't allowed out.

People are supposed to get the government they deserve. But even Edward Heath's Britain doesn't deserve Brussels. Brussels as it's known to some, Bruxelles to others or Brussel to yet a few more is the governmental capital of the Common Market. And Brussels, home of the Mannken Pis, has a team of Euro-Bureaucrats ready to piss all over an enlarged Common Market.

Europe's administrators work from a building that doesn't work. The building is called the Berlaymont and every summer the air conditioning becomes tuned in to car exhausts in the underground car park. No-one knows how this happens and the bureaucratic answer is simple - the air conditioning is switched off. Signs then appear in windows many floors high saying 'Europe suffocates' or 'I die for Europe' or other Belgian Bristowisms.

The origin of this gimcrack edifice is interesting. The building is vast, inside totally anonymous and made of plastic concrete and glass. Four office wings (at one time the idea was that each wing would speak one of the four community language - French, German, Italian and Dutch) converge on a central pillar. In the central pillar are lifts, staircases and lavatories and, piled on top of each other, a series of vast entrance lobbies each serving two floors. The only way to find out where you are in the labyrinthine office complex is to consult door numbers and read off your position on the one wall chart per floor. But there are no wall charts for finding wall charts.

The building has its own tube station (there's only one tube line and that turns into an above ground tramway), its own railway station (used for an occasional ceremonial arrival by politicians with a nostalgia for ways prewar) and a helicopter landing pad - which only the president of the Commission is allowed to use. No-one can even go up to look at the pad because it's unsafe and they might be blown off.

There's accommodation for something like 5,000 Urocrats in the Berlaymont. They all loathe the building but see no chance of getting out as it's the only structure in Belgium that could possibly accommodate so many people. And here's where its origin comes in. Why wasn't it properly designed for the new Europe in the first place? The answer is that it was put up on spec by a crazed Belgian property speculator. But not so crazed, as it turned out, because at the time of construction the young expanding Common Market administration was looking for office space and, with relentless lack of foresight, hadn't planned anything. The deal whereby Europe ended up with the Berlaymont

must have made the Mafia reel with admiration.

For anyone who had or has ideals about a united Europe, what has happened in Brussels can only be a tragedy. Because in the end what has taken place in the Berlaymont, what's grown up there, is the only pure example of an independent pan-European community. This community is made up of the Commission and its employees. They are the executive that carries out (with some autonomy) policy decisions of the member country consensus. Once the members of the Commission are appointed by their countries they are supposed to be independent and unaffected by national interests. They even taken an oath to that effect. So do their employees. But look what this independence has created.

The personnel are organised in the most stifling and old fashioned hierarchies with Commissioners or Heads of Department in control. They usually control their departments with all the rituals and formalities of their respective national bureaucracies. Very little freedom or initiative is allowed to people further down the pyramid. Employees are meant to be recruited by the Commission independently of governments. When I asked how British employees would get there I was told 'Of course we might advertise but your Foreign Office has supplied us with a list of "suitable" people.'

Secretaries and lower grade employees aren't allowed out of the building during working hours. They have to stand at office doors cup in hand waiting for coffee deliveries. There's no communal dining rooms or areas where workers can meet or mix. There are of course upper echelon dining rooms. Any sort of worker protest is frowned on and there's no trade union for staff - only an ineffective personal association.

A strange torpor and resignation hangs over the place. The greatest show of enthusiasm I saw when I was chased from floor to floor by guards who suspected me of stealing 30 typewriters. Their reason for suspecting me? Six months ago a man who had long hair worked in one department and left suddenly about the time the typewriters went missing. Apparently I was the first long hair-they had seen for six months.

But the most ironic thing of all was that every Urocrat I spoke to thought that the only hope of breaking the bureaucratic stranglehold was Britain's entry into the Common Market Community. Somehow, they all thought, the British civil servant would change everything in a brilliant show of dynamic lateral thinking and egalitarian expertise. So much for Europe 1984.

City of Westminster  
**LADIES**



# GAY IS GOOD

## A report on the development of the Gay Liberation Front by Alison Fell



**GAY LIBERATION** — it's been active in Britain since last October, but until recently my knowledge of it was limited to friendly exchanges on women's demonstrations — I respected them as another politically active group, brothers in the struggle against male domination and the strictly defined sex roles which oppressed us as women. I say 'brothers' because at that time I'd never met a gay woman — lesbian consciousness hadn't yet extended to the women's movement over here I suppose I was like most leftist people in that gayness as such didn't mean too much to me.

Now I see that I also related to them in another, rather ambiguous way. Being, like quite a few movement women, slightly on the sexually predatory side, (perhaps to compensate for years of being sexually preyed upon) I looked wistfully at the Gay brothers' beauty and proceeded to turn them into sex-objects. I knew they would never turn the tables and objectify me but being thoroughly conditioned I regretted the impossibility of that happening. I say all this because I think the majority of straight women relate to gay men in this way — it's just one more symptom of oppression.

It was when I went to America and spent time with gay people that I realised just how efficiently society had conditioned me to respond exclusively to men — at all costs — to ponder to them, and to identify with them to the extent of carrying their aggressive competitive heritage even into the women's movement. This compulsive identification carried with it an element of contempt for my own sex. Probably it took America to enlighten me on this because over there the sex-roles are super-rigid; the power politics of heterosexual relationships are far more obvious. (The

American Male being the chauvinist par excellence, possession-orientated, family-worshipping, imperialistic — you know all this.)

So it was American gay consciousness which made me wonder whether all man/woman relationships weren't poisoned by dominance/submission, meaning the continuance (in men) of the oppressive qualities which have driven America mad, and meaning for women the continual jeopardising of their basic freedom — a slavish worshipping of the master. (Some of you may deny the dominance/submission syndrome. But how many of us can honestly deny raped/raping fantasies? And if you think these are natural, unavoidable and Right On...)

The gay people I met believed it only logical and coherent to opt out of oppressor/oppressed relationships — for them it was a necessary condition of revolution, of a society free of exploitation, hierarchies and authoritarianism. In practical terms this meant that they considered straight men too fucked up to be allowed much say in any revolutionary movement. At the Atlanta Conference this summer gay people and women found it necessary to re-educate heavy males whose continual power drive they found dangerous, and opposed to their concept of a truly revolutionary politics.

The conference — mainly to plan fall actions in D.C. and New York — started out like any other leftist get-together. Macho men were ready with their line, eager for the political cut and thrust, revving up for another ego-trip on revolution. After two days confrontation and workouts, gay men held sensory workshops and awareness groups for straight men, trying to let them see the

possibility of relating to other men in a loving, rather than competitive way. Meanwhile gay sisters showed us the extent to which we still operated in 'Honorary Male' terms, the extent of our estrangement from each other...

So it happened that many of the heavy males gave up their hysterical breast-beating, recognised the futility of a battle of egos, and began to feel their way towards a position of trust and collective responsibility, from which it was possible to think about the real aims of the movement, of the actions. Men were seen to listen to others, to think, hesitate, admit the validity of others' ideas. They threw off a lot of shit in that week — some basic destructiveness had given way, and an organic, democratic kind of politics seemed to be emerging.

That's an example of gay consciousness at work in America. And Britain?

**GAY LIBERATION** started in London a year ago. Since average attendance at weekly general meetings reached the 400 mark they have had to split — Camden meetings started last week to cope with the overflow. A nationwide estimate of 1,000 members seems conservative — 8,000 badges have been sold since last year. Apart from the Women's Group and the small Awareness Groups, there are the following 'special interest' groups. Counter-psychiatry, Street Theatre, Communes, Action Group, Youth and Education, Premises Group. GLF Office is at 5 Caledonian Road, N1, 837 7174.

# GAY MEN

'HOMOSEXUALITY is the capacity to love someone of the same sex.' (American Manifesto.)

The oppression of gay people starts in the most basic unit of society — the family, consisting of the man in charge, a slave as his wife, and their children on whom they force themselves as ideal models.

GLF: Really everything stems from the family, the oppression of gay people especially. Because they have two archetypal figures, the father and the mother, and they've got to correspond to one or the other. Gay people don't fit

into either category.

Rigid sex roles give rise to sexism — discrimination on grounds of sex.

GLF: The family believes in owning things, and you have the logical extension of that, oppression of women, capitalism. It leads right up through the educational system where men are taught to be competitive in games, in every other activity — then later in competition for woman, owning a woman, then owning the house, the children — then the attempt to thrust everything onto the children.

Since the family and division of labour according to sex roles are great bulwarks of capitalism, it's no wonder that these ideas are reinforced in education, law, church, media. Homosexuals are particularly viciously oppressed by psychiatry and the medical profession — which on the whole accept society's view of male and female roles as normal. In an attempt to enforce these roles, psychiatric treatments range from psychotherapy (mental coercion) in the form of an attempt to invalidate homosexual experience — the outright brutality (otherwise known as Aversion Therapy.)

And — for dangerous propaganda under the guise of medical opinion, take a book in wide circulation — 'Everything You Really Want to Know about Sex', by David Reuben MD. Read on to learn what he wants us to know about homosexual behaviour:

'Two fags are having a big time on Saturday night, you know, drinking and whooping it up. The queen rolls over and waits for his boyfriend to give him the works: only he slides in the first thing he has in his hand instead, usually the whiskey glass. They're both so loaded by this time they don't know what they're doing' — (a supposedly accurate account of an emergency ward scene).

Or:

'Like the time this old fairy hobbled in, I flipped him over, slipped in the scope, started to snap on the light and almost flipped — his whole damn rectum was as bright as day! Someone had slipped the poor moron a flashlight — he was the most turned on fagot in town!'

And under the heading 'Prostitution', we find his professional opinion on lesbianism. An indication of his

Gay is Good (cont.)  
perspective: "One vagina plus another vagina still equals zero". And try this for dehumanisation:

About 200 years ago an anonymous Japanese genius came up with the solution. It is known in Japan as the "hargata". It is a long flexible dildo with two heads. Each woman inserts one end into her respective vagina, and both of them get what they are looking for. The unanswered question at this point then becomes why they need each other. If they snip the hargata in the middle they can go home and enjoy themselves at leisure.

GLF's campaign aimed at withdrawal of the book (as happened in Holland) is only one of many against discrimination — by the law, by employers, by the rest of society. But they recognise that reforms will not be enough

GLF: Since we've examined the origins of our oppression, it's obvious we don't want a society that's merely tolerant of homosexuals — since that's the kind we're in now, more or less. Ignoring the working class area, every other area is pretty tolerant of homosexuals. So we've come to realise it's society itself that must change.

Sex roles in the working class tend to be more rigid — the system has a vested interest in keeping them that way; while steeling their consciousness of themselves as a class, it bombards them with propaganda via the media.

GLF: Once people realise they're gay, and things are so tough, they make a damn good attempt to get out of the working class.

I joined the army to get out of it. I didn't have resources to move away, get a job, earn a lot of bread — so I just joined the army. A lot of people do things like that — you're not so much forced into getting a wife and settling down. The army is sexually repressive too, but it wasn't as bad as being at home — that wasn't just not having sex, but being pushed the other way too.

For those who don't get out, what is there?

GLF: There is that tradition in straight society of the 'confirmed bachelor' — if the guy or the girl are willing to repress themselves, and not show themselves to be overly homosexual, they'll be accepted, after 35 or so. It's a kind of humorous acceptance — if one submits to deprivation one finds one's place in society.

Other left-wing groups find GLF hard to take — the word homosexual was for a long time a taunt flung by the C.P., as an example of ruling class corruption. On the Kill the Bill march, GLF was pretty well rebuffed by Trade Unionists.

GLF: You see, on a work level, gay people have never been considered to have contributed anything to society because they weren't men and they weren't women, and therefore the only thing they're supposedly good at is interior design, hairdressing etc. That's one of the hoarier myths about gay people we're trying to demolish — of course Trade Unionists accept these myths but it's up to us to change that.

Gay Liberation is in touch with other groups working on behalf of homosexuals, such as Campaign for Homosexual Equality and Scottish Minorities Group, but there are important differences.

GLF: For GLF the most important thing is the emphasis we place on coming out, which is done neither by CHE or SMG. We feel it's absolutely necessary first of all to get rid of the inhibitions in your own head, which is a start to throwing off the guilt feelings, and secondly to make everyone aware that there are such people as homosexuals. If every homosexual were to stand up and wear a badge people would see that there is an enormous minority group in this country. That's where the radicalisation starts.

Gay, Proud and ANGRY.  
Those who haven't come out — the 'straight-gays' — keep up a public mask of heterosexuality, or else escape from a confrontation with society via the ghettos. But straight society's heritage in the form of sex roles follows them in



Mick Rock  
At the ball, at the ball, at the Gay Liberation Ball. No hassles here, just openness and love from all the brothers and sisters. And some outrageous costumes

there, so you get the stereotypes of Butch and Femme, which apply to both male and female homosexuals. Jean Genet, a man who has been lumbered with several definitions of himself not of his own making ('fairy', 'whore', 'criminal') has in his work been consistently in the position of one offering insights into the fundamentally sexist nature of society by having lived, literally, in that society's asshole. The reversal of roles in his world — where the 'feminine' homosexuals court and accept endless insults from the tough males — points up by parody the straight society where a woman is put in a similar position. He is dealing with, in the end, the so-called 'feminine' or oppressed mentality which defines itself by the shit which has been piled upon it — so his maids in the play of the same name say that they give each other a 'bad Smell'. To free the brothers and sisters, then, it is necessary to free ourselves — as the GLF slogan says.

GLF: A lot of people seem to be frightened at first of our admitting gayness. "They're openly declaring themselves and I've been living in my little ghetto for years" — the thing is when they get into GLF — even if it's only the general meeting — they find themselves face to face with people who couldn't care less about being gay. They begin to feel they're in a situation which allows them to look at themselves in a totally different way. They come to terms with being gay.

Gay Liberation admits to internal tensions — for instance not all the people who attend general meetings on Wednesday are politically active. Some still come mainly to cruise. Also among the activists there are differences of opinion.

GLF: There seem to be two different tendencies with GLF at the moment. One is to become a small ideological group and the other is that we must expand and embrace the whole gay community — I think we can't really achieve anything until every gay person in this country belongs to GLF and begins to achieve his or her own liberation and some kind of radicalisation.

Another source of tension, between the gay men and women, is the fact that the women are in a minority, is the existence of chauvinism. The men admit to this and part of their consciousness raising is an attempt to break it down.  
If you think that gay men are those men who refuse to identify with the exploitative aspects of the male — the phallic supermasculine Master — you'd be right. But if you think therefore that 'women, to be gay, must covet these aspects ('Lesbians just want pricks', or simply that old weapon of psychiatrists 'Penis-envy') you're wrong. Gay women, like gay men, strenuously turn them down. (On one poster made by Boston Radical Lesbians, American society is described in terms of 'prickering

# GAY WOMEN

Cockrot? )

But gay women and gay men don't share exactly the same kind of oppression. THE SISTERS SPEAK:

GLF women: There's a difference in the on-the-street attitude one gets. Lesbians are more likely to be met with ridicule — a man whose obviously homosexual is more likely to get a strong hate reaction. Lesbians aren't taken so seriously. It's a put down of a kind.  
Women are only allowed to exist in relation to men and lesbians don't relate to men so they don't exist at all.  
Gay women differ also in that no punitive measures are provided for them by law.

GLF women: The only sexual law relating to women is basically 'soliciting'. The idea is presumably that women wouldn't go out to seek sex, that they have no libido, but that they will do for money. It's the whole attitude that women have no sexuality other than passive.

Since GLF women are oppressed both as lesbians and as women, obviously they have close connections with women's liberation providing the liaison between the two movements — at the women's liberation conference last month gay sisters were there in force for the first time, bringing to it their own consciousness.

GLF women: In the early days of the movement (in America) you could scream any violent word you wanted, but say "butch" or "dyke" and these women would dissolve in tears of panic and fear. Now it's accepted that gay women are going to be part of the women's liberation movement and you can't separate the two. With gay women actually in the movement it means outsiders can no

As women, who are put at the bottom pushed outside the system, who are by definition radical. GLF as a whole feels great solidarity with other oppressed peoples, and is attempting to work out imperialism — to extend revolution beyond recognition of material oppression to recognition of cultural oppression.

## A GAY COMMUNE

If the family is the basis of the gender-role system, it is obvious that re-creating from heterosexual relationships, coming out as gay, is going to strike one blow against it. But as for the future, how to abolish the family, and how to replace it?

(From the Manifesto) We intend to work for the replacement of the family unit with its rigid gender-role pattern by new, organic units such as the commune, where the development of children becomes the shared responsibility of a larger group of people who live together. Children must be liberated from the present condition of having their role in life determined by biological accident: the commune will ultimately provide a variety of gender-free models.

The GLF commune group started at the beginning of this year — one of the gay brothers talked about his commune — the first to be set up — now a few months old. They are open to new people, especially gay sisters, as there are no women at present.

**Allison: What does living in a commune mean to you?**

**Martin:** Appreciating the importance of human relationships in understanding and caring for each other — creating a situation in which we can be close emotionally and also support each other economically — a secure living situation really.

**Allison: And specifically gay communes?**

**Martin:** Basically in gay communes, we're exploring free relationships with one's own sex.

**Allison: Is there still sexism, even without women in it?**

**Martin:** I think sexism isn't necessarily just discrimination against people of the opposite sex. I think it's very much the way men relate to each other in a straight situation — the way men compete with each other over women, are forced into roles of dominance, while women are forced into roles of passivity. This does affect gay relationships, but I think in the commune at the moment we're very aware of the need to relate to each other equally — not to discriminate against each other in terms of pseudo-ideas about good looks, etc. We're trying to get away from these things being important, and basically relating to each other as human beings.

**Allison: Do couple relationships still exist in the commune?**

**Martin:** At the moment, there are no couple relationships — at least there are people with different degrees of it. Within myself, I've felt the need to possess people, but I'm trying to break that down. Basically we all believe it's important not to get into this object-owning situation with another human being. I think it's fundamental that they don't exist anyway for a commune to work.

**Allison: So gay feelings necessarily go against exclusive feelings?**

**Martin:** The possession, one to one exclusive relationship is based on insecurity — that we need one person to relate to, one person who will cater to our needs — it's a very insecure situation. I see any liberation movement as

spreading people's needs out, trying to relate as many people as possible, not just having one person and blocking off the rest of the population of the world.

**Allison: The premises, clothes and past possessions such as record players are held in common?**

**Martin:** We all do believe that we need equality of possession, in that we own collectively, we buy collectively. In the event of someone leaving, their possessions would belong to the commune. Obviously if someone wanted to take their things it would be a collective decision if they needed them sufficiently.

**Allison: What particular reasons do you have for collective ownership?**

**Martin:** To take away false security props, and to stop people having destructive controls over the commune in that they own certain things. That fucks them up, and it fucks other people up — it's a prop which is very destructive to their development, and other peoples.

**Allison: In a mixed gay commune, what about bisexuality?**

**Martin:** I feel the need for this commune to remain fairly exclusively gay for some time in that we need to explore our gay feelings before we can explore our bisexual feelings. My personal idea — I think shared by quite a few people in the commune and in GLF — is that I'm very much in the idea of bisexuality relating to people as people and not as men or women. Ideally it's important that we break down this exclusive thing about gayness and straightness, and are into the idea of people, bisexuality, if you want to give it a label.

**Allison: What about children? I suppose that gay people wouldn't feel so forced into heavy father/brother roles and could therefore relate clearly and openly to children?**

**Martin:** This is one of my beliefs in bisexuality — where you break down the butch/femme sort of scene (straight or gay) and you bring up children so that they don't feel oppressed by these roles that they're forced into in the present system. As for children being produced — obviously in a bisexual commune children could be produced and brought up within the commune — those are my ideas, people who want to continue an exclusive gayness could obviously adopt children, it's for them to justify in their own way.

**Allison: Wouldn't there be legal hassles?**

**Martin:** Yes, there will be. Let's hope we can get away without having a violent revolution. (The commune is in a fairly working class part of South London — what about the possibilities of a commune growing out rather than being a tight inward looking group?)

**Martin:** In terms of going out to the immediate environment, we're beginning to go out to our neighbours, and meet people in the locality, get involved in what's happening, confront people with their ideas and see what they feel about them. We've had very little trouble so far — people seem to have been very friendly towards us. But if we really pushed ourselves and our ideas, then we would create fairly obvious hostility, perhaps

threatening the other peoples ideas of what's right.

I see the structure of a commune as the beginning of freedom for everyone, one needs to start in a small way . . . everyone should feel they are in a commune where they are important, and whether it was to remain in small units which have a sort of liaison with each other, or whether the commune idea will expand to create a communal world . . . I see that eventually a commune should envelop everyone.

## Rachel and Edith

SEX roles threaten human freedom — adopt them and you do yourself violence, reject, exchange or confuse them and society does violence to you. Transvestites are often very obvious casualties of the sex role business — the streets are perilous for them; since most of their activities are necessarily 'closet' very little is known about them, and they have no obvious place in any liberation movement. GLF has not worked out its position on transvestism, tending to believe that transvestites merely adopt the stereotyped image of the opposite sex-role.

This is more or less what I believed before I talked with Rachel and Edith, two Americans who are trying to start a transvestite-transsexual liberation group in London, based on S.T.A.R. from New York (Street Transvestite Transsexual Action Revolutionaries.) This group would be an attempt at a more militant position than that taken by the few groups already in this country — the Beaumont Society, the Transvestite Social Group, and Gender Research Association — International Liaison, (G.R.A.I.L.)

**Rachel** — genetically male. **A transvestite lesbian.** **Edith** — genetically female. **A lesbian.**

**Allison: What does transvestite mean?**

**Rachel:** A transvestite is a person who has an erotic fascination for the clothes of the opposite sex.

**Edith:** It really means 'cross-dresser'.

**Rachel:** This is its most limited definition — it really includes all transvestites. All the transvestites and transsexuals we've met have had a total identification with the opposite gender.

**Edith:** Also there are all kinds of myths about transvestites — you know, all transvestites are homosexuals or masochists. The point is that this isn't true of some transvestites, and it's damaging for a transvestite who had a



longer split it by throwing words like 'dyke' because we are all sisters. Another male attempt to separate us, using the word lesbian to divide women, by fear. In the same way, people use the threat 'blacks' to divide up the working class.

—Radical Feminists' is a new group within GLF and Women's Liberation, but with a slightly different perspective. Starting more from the 'straight women's' position, they feel that conditioning of men and women is such that further relationships with men (as oppressive) are impossible, so the alternatives are lesbianism or asexuality.

Gay women are involved in GLF and Women's Liberation actions and campaigns — two of their concerns at the moment are women in prison, and the necessity they feel to start women's collectives.

**GLF women:** The main activity of GLF women at the moment is finding out how we can help and learn from women in Holloway — because many are gay, and because they're all women — it seems to me we can learn a lot from them about prison — also the whole legal thing, the trial, the lack of representation, lack of bail.

**Hopefully they will get a woman's collective together soon. On collectives — GLF women:** Politically it's a partial philosophy of this sort of society and it's also a need for us — the individual can't do that much. So organisations exist, and if it's not just an organisation you go to in the evenings, but one you're living in, it means the collective spirit extends over personal and political life. There's no split between personal and political.



Rachel and Edith go walking.



Wedding Day - 'It developed into a romance and we got married.'

different identity in mind for herself. I should say that this interview represents specifically people who identify by gender as male, and are transvestites, and see themselves as women. One thing that really bears out that it is an identification thing is very sad — but many transvestites *who're in the closet will kill themselves, as many people will do, because they're so oppressed.* The way they'll do it, they'll get the most beautiful clothes they can lay their hands on, and kill themselves in those clothes, and that's a way of saying, this is what I am — I couldn't say it when I was alive, but now I'm dead, I can'.

Rachel: I feel that, going back to the definition, a transvestite woman is a woman the same as any other woman except for an obvious difference that should no more separate her from other women that the difference between, say, a working class woman and a middle class woman or a white woman and a black woman. I feel myself as a woman not because I wear women's clothes but because I just do.

Allison: *When you first met Rachel, Edith, you related as woman to woman — you never related to her as a straight man.*  
Lain: No, that's not true. When I met Rachel there wasn't any reason for me to assume she was other than a guy, and at the time I met her, I hadn't come out — I was going with her room mate, in fact.  
Rachel: Actually, when we first met, you had just met my room mate and I and I competed for your favours as men, you being at that time straight — and I failed miserably, as I acted like a big clod as I usually do when I come on as a straight male. Eventually we became friends in a kind of sisterly way.  
Edith: I felt secure because I had this relationship with Rachel — I felt there was another man around who was nice, we could just be friends, talk about things that were interesting without worrying about sex. Eventually I broke off with this other guy and Rachel would come and see me and then it developed into a romance and we got married.

Allison: *So you were relating in a heterosexual sort of way?*  
Edith: Totally.  
Allison: *Didn't that make real problems for you, Rachel?*  
Rachel: Well, at the time I was making it as a heterosexual without letting my problems take over — I maintained this very rigorous duality in my mind between my transvestism and my masculine identity.

Edith: Basically what happened was that a few months after we were married,

Rachel said — Can I wear your nightgown — and I sort of went — Aaargh! — but said it was OK. My first thought of course was that she was homosexual, because I had the same misconceptions about transvestites as everyone else — and when I say that it's not to put down homosexuals, it's just that a transvestite can have any sexual preference. But for a year she didn't wear the nightgown very often in case it might upset me.

Rachel: I did it when you weren't home.  
Edith: Right. Probably the biggest thing I did in that period was — we were in Amsterdam, and I went to a store and I bought her a slip — I didn't really want to do it, but I pushed myself — but I recognised that for her it was very important.

Allison: *Did it ever threaten your identity — when Rachel came out as a woman, Edith?*

Edith: Well, it was a very gradual process. I was in Women's Lib and we were both working at the time — we continued with the nightgown business for a year, 1969-1970 — and I started making demands for equal housework — Rachel was putting up arguments at that time that she had two jobs, she was not only a teacher but a writer as well. I said that's shit, if I have a second job it should be Women's Lib or something, not housework. So she said OK, well, you should recognise me as a transvestite, I don't want to be a man anyway. At first, I couldn't get through that doorway — I saw her as half man and half woman — it was horrible for me. But I found that just a simple thing like my taking care of the car while she did the dishes helped me to overcome that and recognise that this was another girl. The economics of housework and earning a living are very fundamental to anyone coming out, because they're basic to the way you relate to other people.

Rachel: If women had to be paid for their work the economic system would collapse — this is why society trains women to be dolly creatures in the house. If you desert your sexual place, something as basic as sexual frank — you know, by sleeping with the wrong person or wearing the wrong clothes, then you're threatening the basis of the structure, and it's not much of a step from that into economics.

Edith: How do you feel your process of coming out was affected by my coming out at the same time?

Rachel: It was much easier — we could work together, instead of fighting.

Edith: I found that by becoming involved in Women's Lib, a lot of my feelings about women began to surface, and they included sexual feelings as well as sisterly feelings, yet I found that it took a long time for me to admit I was a lesbian.

Allison: *How do you relate to gay women — do you relate more easily to them? How do you relate to straight women now?*

Rachel: It's funny the thing with gay women. Let's say there's 50 gay and 50 straight women, maybe 2 of the straight women are open, because they've been able to somehow escape their conditioning — so they're open, and this seems to be a really good thing. So you come to the gay women and there are 10 who are open — but there are 40 who have been conditioned into some prejudice. Somehow, because you expect so much more of gay women as a class, you notice more negative things.  
Edith: I also sometimes feel embarrassed with straight women for I sometimes feel sexual towards them — fear of how they'll react to me.

Allison: *Do either of you relate to men in any way? Or do you just wish that they would go away?*  
Edith: Even with men I like — if a couple of men have been over for dinner, when they leave I feel more relaxed.

Allison: *And straight men and gay men affect you the same way?*  
Edith: Yeah. It's inside myself probably, rather than in the men, but I just feel this pressure to kind of act sexual and I don't like it. I think I feel more pressure from gay men which doesn't make any sense at all — but I do.

Rachel: Maybe because they're more sexual than straight men.

Edith: Could be.

Allison: *Do you find that you can see male-identified characteristics in straight women very quickly? I suppose I'm conscious as I'm sitting here — I tend to wear rather masculine clothes — army sweaters etc. I'm conscious that you two are very flowing feminine identified. That's what makes me think about it.*

Rachel: That's funny, because most of our friends are gay women, and a lot of gay women as a group identification get into — I won't say masculine clothes, because I don't think it's masculine — but unfeminine clothes. A lot of gay women have this reaction — they don't see me as a woman because I'm wearing a skirt. They say well — "all the women I know wear pants". It's sort of like what you were saying before . . . in another society we wouldn't have these things — if clothes were so divisive would there be transvestites — and it would be a different world, but there would still be, your man identification.

Edith: We used to live once in Montreal. And we went up to the Place des Arts, Ritzy Arts centre, just before show-time, and there were these big crowds there. And Rachel was wearing a mini-skirt and not wearing a bra and she hadn't covered her beard, in fact she didn't know how to do that time. It was quite obvious that she was transvestite. It was hysterical. We just walked tall through this crowd of dozens of elegantly dressed people, their heads were turning like clockwork, they made such fools of themselves, that we were laughing and waving at the crowd. And it was really an experience. If you're scared to go out on the street, the thing to do — get some friends to support you and go to something like that among middle class people. At the N.F.T. they'd be freaked by you, but they're too proper themselves to get really get nasty. And you can be on top of it — it's a great feeling.

Rachel: One of the great illusions that straight people have is that your body is yours. For actually your body is owned by the people on the street. If you try to assert you claim to your body they react exactly as if you had stolen some of their property. I sometimes almost expect them to call the police. People don't say this of course, but it's obvious that I got dressed up as a woman for the sole purpose of amusing them.

Edith: We've gone on tubes, we've gone on buses, into stores. The worst thing that's happened is that someone has said something nasty to us: We've never been physically attacked. You can handle ridicule.

Rachel: Gets tiresome at times. You get angry. Children are the worst really — littleboys are the worst of all, and teenage boys.

Allison: *What about little children?*  
Rachel: Little children are often more accepting.

Edith: Once they're about 5, though, their conditioning is pretty strong and if they see someone that is violating it, they think they've really observed something great and they'll go shout about it from the rooftops if they saw you.

Allison: *So what do you think about children — do you love them?*

Edith: Not when they oppress us, which is what they often do.

Allison: *Did you ever have any feelings that you were going to have a child?*

Edith: Well, we're very frightened of having children because, especially the basic fear that the state might take our child away from us. I don't know whether they can do it or not, but . . .

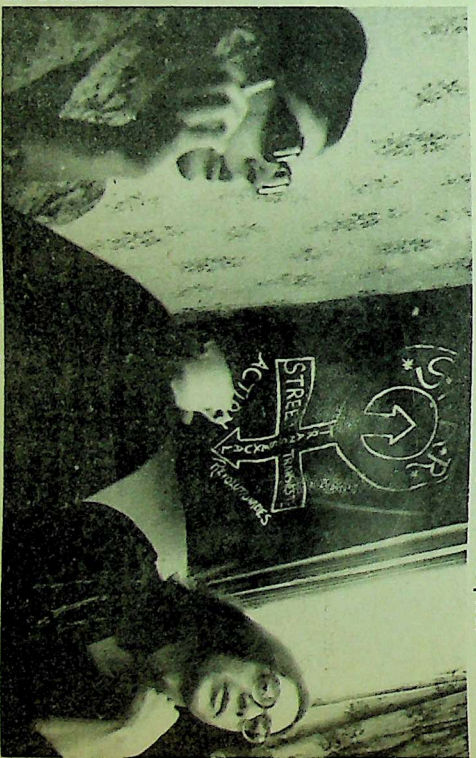
Rachel: Especially since we're political.  
Edith: Seems to me that it's possible that they could, they could declare us unfit parents. And the second thing is, even if we lived in a collective with other gay people, particularly other transvestites, and we brought up the child to accept that a person is what he or she is, the child is brought up to have two mothers, rather than a mother and father. What would happen when this child came into contact with other children, what about the whole thing in the schools. So there are a lot of questions we'd really have to think about.

Allison: *But could you still relate heterosexually enough to have a child?*

Rachel: We could get it up . . .

Edith: There is a group called the Transvestite Social Group, and it's different from the Beaumont Society, which only allows what they call straight transvestites, that is heterosexuals. Whereas the T.V.S.G. is open to anyone — if you're a transvestite and you consider yourself heterosexual, lesbian, homosexual or bisexual, you're welcome. It's just a place for transvestites to come and meet each other and a place to dress as well — you don't have to come dressed, you can dress while you're there. It seemed obvious to us that transvestites like homosexuals and lesbians are oppressed for their sexual identity — transvestites and transsexuals are oppressed in the same way. Whether by sleeping with the wrong person, and arousing one in that way, or by identifying with the wrong group of people and crossing over that way. I don't see that there's that much difference. There are many individuals in Gay Lib that feel that obviously transvestites and transsexuals do belong, but G.L.F. as a whole has taken no positive steps to say that transvestites and transsexuals are welcome as gay people, whether they're homosexual, heterosexual, bisexual or lesbian and that they're welcome simply because they're oppressed as transvestites or transsexuals.

An example of this is the action against the David Reuben book which was extremely insulting to homosexuals and lesbians and to women in general. And there were also some passages which were extremely insulting to transvestites and transsexuals. But when the leaflet about the book was printed it mentioned nothing about the book's oppressing transvestites and transsexuals. So we didn't actually go to the demonstration. Rachel: One thing is, women seem to relate to transvestites in accepting us. Letting us join in. One thing that's just occurred to me, that just like men have certain privileges in our society, so have women. Genetic women are getting privileges for being physically the right kind of woman. It seems to me that it's the responsibility of 'regular women' to give up their privileges and join with transvestite women rather than it be the responsibility of transvestite women to make sure they're accepted.



Rachel and Edith at home. 'The economics of housework are very important to someone who's coming out.'

Eric Lockrane

Stuart Wooler on the recent opposition put up by residents of Covent Garden to the proposed comprehensive redevelopment plan: after talking to Jean Gardner, who works full-time for Covent Garden Community, and Sam Driscoll, who works in one of the local printing houses and has lived in Covent Garden more years than he cares to remember, and after nosing around various GLC departments.

Covent Garden is an agreeably shabby area where people still live in relative peace — the crime rate amongst the local residents is negligible — and unity — other in everyday contact. The area, like all those in central London where working class communities still exist, has — 20,000 inhabitants after the war, now only 3,000. With the publication of a comprehensive redevelopment plan for the area by the GLC, the remnants of the community decided to fight.

The Covent Garden Community was formed on April 1st and allied itself with other local troublemakers, like Street Aid, and has since been harassing and snapping at the heels of the GLC to great effect. They have recently fought the case for the community through the Public Inquiry set up to investigate the proposed redevelopment.

Gardner: Covent Garden is really the only place left where there is a community. This is important for the centre of a city, if the city is going to live. And also it is important because it is the first of seven plans for various parts of London and so it is the first fight and what is done here will have implications for the other plans.

Ink: The developers seem, by getting into comprehensive development, to have blown their cover.

Gardner: Well exactly, people don't relate to individual buildings as important to themselves, but when they can see it mapped out on a large scale they can envisage the dangers they are going to get into.

Driscoll: The GLC's own survey showed that 84% of the residents would stop here if they had the choice, but they have no choice really — the GLC tell us we will have the first opportunity to come back and live in the flats they are going to build, but we couldn't afford it. They say we'll be subsidised but every year the rent's going to rise as land prices go up and they're not going to want to subsidise us for such amounts for very long.

Gardner: The whole thing stinks — the GLC try to declare the buildings obsolete, but they've never done any structural surveys on them. They use excuses like quoting the houses that have got no bathrooms, but they've known this for twenty years and have never attempted to do anything about it — but now of course it's convenient to use these as an excuse for redevelopment.

The fight is for the maintenance of the conditions which permit real people to live real lives against the encroaching of the deadness of the tourist-titillating cinema-pinball-boutique-antique-stripper syndrome of our city centres: a plasticated wasteland dedicated to the satisfaction of phoney desires.

Many planners think of Covent Garden as part of the West End and thus as a district designed for visitors. They see no reason why Covent Garden should be isolated from it. (One of those unnamable experts in the higher reaches of the GLC pecking order).

Anyone who knows anything about the personal destructiveness of the forced move to low budget housing estates, in the automatic rise in mental illness, delinquency, broken marriages etc. cannot doubt the importance of the CGC's attempt to stop the economic machine in its tracks before the damage is done. (Anybody need any statistics to be convinced? — in the heyday of redevelopment in Liverpool, in 1966, the rate of new patients suffering from mental illness was 800 per 100,000 people: in Sheffield, where there was no redevelopment, it was 260 per 100,000 — before the redevelopment started there was no significant difference between them).

Eric Lockrane



Gardner: The alternative to living round here is so horrible — most people who live on all the big new housing estates around the country are terribly dissatisfied with the way they have to live, you can see that from all the tenants associations which are growing up.

Ink: In the brief (to the Public Inquiry) there is a constant emphasis on how redevelopment will destroy working class patterns of living — you know, the extended family, spontaneous social welfare by, for example, one mum not just looking out for her own kids but keeping an eye on all the kids in the street while the other mums are out at work. Is it really like that?

Gardner: Yes, it's true. But even if the people who live here do come back after redevelopment the GLC will have destroyed all that because they intend to split it up by putting the old people in one little area, young people in another, so people become alienated from one another and the community is gone.

Driscoll: The GLC haven't looked into the human side. There are people around here of 90 years of age and if they're ill the people know about it. Round here people don't die as vegetables.

If the people of Covent Garden are going to give a lead to those who are to come next under the heavy hand of the urban planner, then a great deal must be achieved in a very short time. Since the areas is worth £2 million per acre, then even if the ministry totally accepted the arguments against the redevelopment plan and threw it out (which it certainly won't), then either another

comprehensive plan is formulated or the same thing happens in a piecemeal fashion. The CGC and Street Aid realise this and thus their presentation to the Inquiry of an attempt at a total indictment of the overall housing policy which has been followed unthinkingly by every government since the war (something which had never been tried before, and which 'taught the local government servants a lot'). For the first time someone tried to point out the madness of breaking up the naturally spontaneously formed organism of community and replacing it with the battery-living dictated by 'economic necessity'.

The problem gets bigger. The planner cries that housing estates are necessary if people's living conditions are to be improved, we can't afford to do it any other way. Of course, the Dept. of the Environment can't afford it, but that simply points up the necessity for more money to be provided for what can be a greater priority than ensuring that the living conditions of the people are satisfactory? — and the difference between my use of the words 'living conditions' and of the urban planner is that it includes people's emotional lives as well as physical surroundings. Roofs for people's heads are not nearly enough. However all this sounds absurdly utopian in our world — start advocating cutting profits and undermining privilege next.

Gardner: The more you get into this thing the more you realise how complex it is — everything relates to it. How the whole country works relates to it. At first

I saw it as stopping the planners doing something which is very unsatisfactory and very immoral, but once you get into it you realise that you might get the most enlightened planner to work on it, but they can only do so much because they are given a brief by the council and the council relate back to the government and the government relate back to those nameless men who in fact run the country — so it is a vast problem.

So if it's an important problem, and the authorities (even after being presented with convincing arguments) are not themselves going to institute any kind of satisfactory solution, the only alternative seems to be the imposition of a solution from below. The authorities and their front-men, the experts, gain their control because the people acquiesce in the usurpation of the freedom to regulate their own lives. The individuals within a community will gain the power to determine the organisation of their own lives only when they are able to establish and maintain a genuine, democratic community control, rather than just mounting emergency measures to combat the poisonous influence of the outsider's power. In the present state of affairs, the outsider should never be expected to be able to (or even to want to) preserve all that is healthy and valuable about the way you live. The only way you can stop him is by making it clear that he no longer exercises any control over your everyday life or that of the people around you.

The Pure Land Ashram were doing well. Not only had Michael Hollingshead done a deal with the Episcopal Church that the Ashram members live in harmony with the earth and the resident dean and two monks in the Cathedral of the Isles, Jumbrae, they had a flourishing vegetable garden and a good manpower business going with the local village. Their religion might not get the benediction of the Archbishop, since the rites often involved the swallowing of acid or at least the inhaling of a little dope — but they weren't evangelists with it, it didn't amount, as far as the outsider was concerned, to more than a few loons round the Cathedral and some puzzling information given to the visitors. There was enough going on within the commune to keep its members occupied — they were rarely seen on the streets of the village after seven. So they got kicked out.

It has, of course, a history, and much of the history is that of Michael Hollingshead. A commune may not have a 'leader' but it usually has, especially at an early stage in its development, a guiding will, a person, in Don Juan's phrase, of some knowledge. For the Pure Land Ashram, that person is Hollingshead.

He might get to be known in shorthand as the Man Who Turned On Tim Leary. In 1960, when he was in his late 20's, Hollingshead was a 'very straight' administrator on a British-American cultural exchange programme. He happened to meet Aldous Huxley, and through him heard of LSD, then freely for sale from Sandoz in Switzerland. A gramme cost him 250 dollars — 10,000 trips! While with Huxley, he learned of one Leary, who with colleagues Albert and Metzner was doing experiments with psilocybin — straight behaviourist stuff, rats and all. (He was pretty straight in those days.)

Hollingshead soon changed all that. He got over to Harvard with his gramme, and started having sessions with Leary and the team. Not surprisingly, the lab changed a bit, and in a year the whole thing was blown by the withdrawal of the work grant. The behaviourists were getting jealous — B. F. Skinner was up for the big bread! Not before Hollingshead and Leary had been allowed — incredibly! — to work with recidivist prisoners in

## 'Oh, we're a natural little community Bishop.' And the Bishop said, 'Oh precisely, precisely.'

Concorde high security jail, and prove to themselves and the prisoners, if not, ultimately, to the authorities, acid and compulsive crime were incompatible.

Hollingshead went to Jamaica, where he turned on some witch doctors — 'They saw the black gods for three days, they said' — then back to the States, where he caught up with Leary in Millbrook, in time to get visited by Kesey and the merry pranksters. 'We were like straights seeing our first bunch of hippies'. By 1965, he was back in England, setting up the Psychedelic Centre in Belgavia and flogging off copies of 'The Psychedelic Experience' — 'preparing the way for Tim'. But Tim got busted, and so did Hollingshead — two years (served 14 months) for possession of a minute amount of dope.

Sentence served, back to Tim in America, but the acid sessions had been amplified by confrontations with Cleaver and the Panthers — it was the honeymoon period, when Leary and Cleaver and Hoffman and Krasner could all talk to each other, and Cleaver could be Vice-President of the Yippies.

He got to Nepal since, of course, he knew the Prince and had a special passport: when he was there he brought out, with a friend named Kristoff, a magazine called 'Flow' — 'It was an attempt to explain a little to the Nepalese, using poetry and argument, as to why young westerners were coming over to smoke hash and what it meant.

It was in 1970 when he moved back to Britain, and stayed for a while in Roslin, near Edinburgh, in an Anglican Monastery run by the Fraternity of the Transfiguration. While he was there, he met not only monks but other people like himself — they were all looking for a way in which to re-enter the west. They found coming back to the west after years in the Himalayas just a very bad trip, because there you've opened yourself out and then you have to come back to all this shit. Hollingshead felt he wanted to set up such a re-entry hatch — and talked to the monks about it.

But by bit it seemed that they were willing to sponsor a commune on the Isle of Cumbrae, where the Cathedral of the Isles is. It was a quid pro quo, we would do the vegetable garden and they would allow us to stay, together with those two

monks and the dean, of course, in his deanery. So a few of us got together, Kristoff came, and the Bishop of Argyll who was one of the trustees of the Cathedral came to visit us. He only had one question really — he asked us (he stuttered a bit): 'Wh...wh...what about c.c.c. couples?' And this guy Simon, he'd been a Hindu priest in India and everything, he stood up (he was scratching his crotch), he said 'Oh, we're a natural little community, Bishop.' And the Bishop said, 'Oh, precisely, precisely.'

So in January 1971, the Pure Land Ashram on the Isle of Cumbrae came into being, and in September 1971, they were 'asked to leave'.

'After all the promises — here we were living in the middle of it and seeing a lot of hypocrisy and a lot of double dealing and shady politics — half truths and sometimes downright lies, and we were getting progressively shocked by the behaviour of those church fathers. We sensed their growing animosity, but one day the dean came to have tea with us with the local police chief and it was all smiles, and we thought 'Oh, boy, the pressure's off' — then three days later, they turn up again, faces like granite and we have three days to leave. So then we had to consider — what was the church? What was religion? Why were those people doing this?'

So they left, and the remnants of the group, still called the Pure Land Ashram, are living in a terraced house in North London which belongs to one of them. They are negotiating for the right to live on another Scottish island, but because of its remoteness, they need a doctor to be part of the commune. Meanwhile, Hollingshead is getting in touch with London communes, spreading ideas of free food, inter-commune radio links and communal kitchens. 'We'd like to see more sharing and more openness. We believe that if you live in a commune, these ways are natural ways, because these are the ways in which you can live with other people.'

The position which Hollingshead is taking up is one committed to the commune movement, which he sees as occupying what space there is left over from the urban cancer either in the country or in the cities themselves. The

movement is apolitical — 'a brotherhood exists which is not fragmented like the left movements are' — but growing stronger and more determined: communes in the States are arming themselves, not to go killing or even hunting, but to prevent anyone from interfering with them — it's known as 'Armed Love'.

Action from a commune base means just that — action from it, not just within it. Hollingshead rightly maintained that it takes a year or more for a commune to settle personal/sexual difficulties into some workable framework, but even that settling needn't be done in isolation. There must exist a constant reference back and forth between the micro-world of the commune and the macro-social world, which comprehends not just the ecological heebie-jeebies but the left sects as well. 'If you live outside the law, you must be honest' — re-interpreting the man's words to mean that if you live outside the old nuclear family structure, you must be tough and independent. It might well be inevitable that communes — and anybody — have to take up a gun and fight for their space and their way of life in the future, but before that, in this period, everything possible has to be done to set the terms of the struggle, and that means political action.

Hollingshead's views are different from mine in degree, but it's an important degree. The commune movement in this country has so far not attempted to (1) make itself a movement and (2) comprehend fully the context in which it is placed. It's gown up, perhaps inevitably, piecemeal and haphazard, and it's a long way from exerting any kind of influence for change. It has to use its strengths and discoveres — as does all the underground — in a public and — yes — political way. It has to come on out.

It has to come on out because if it does not, it can fall into every conceivable trap of an elite middle-class movement which denies that there is any need to broaden its definitions because these definitions are never questioned. It can't be denied that the insights gained from meditation in the Himalayas might be valuable — but unless we consent to the setting up of a western caste system, with people such as Michael Hollingshead as the gurus in it (which is, in part, happening anyway) — we have to admit that the task is to get these insights across, in some form. We have to crawl together out of here, not leap up on our own, individual trips. And

*'Don't follow gurus  
Watch out for what you lose!'*

John Lloyd

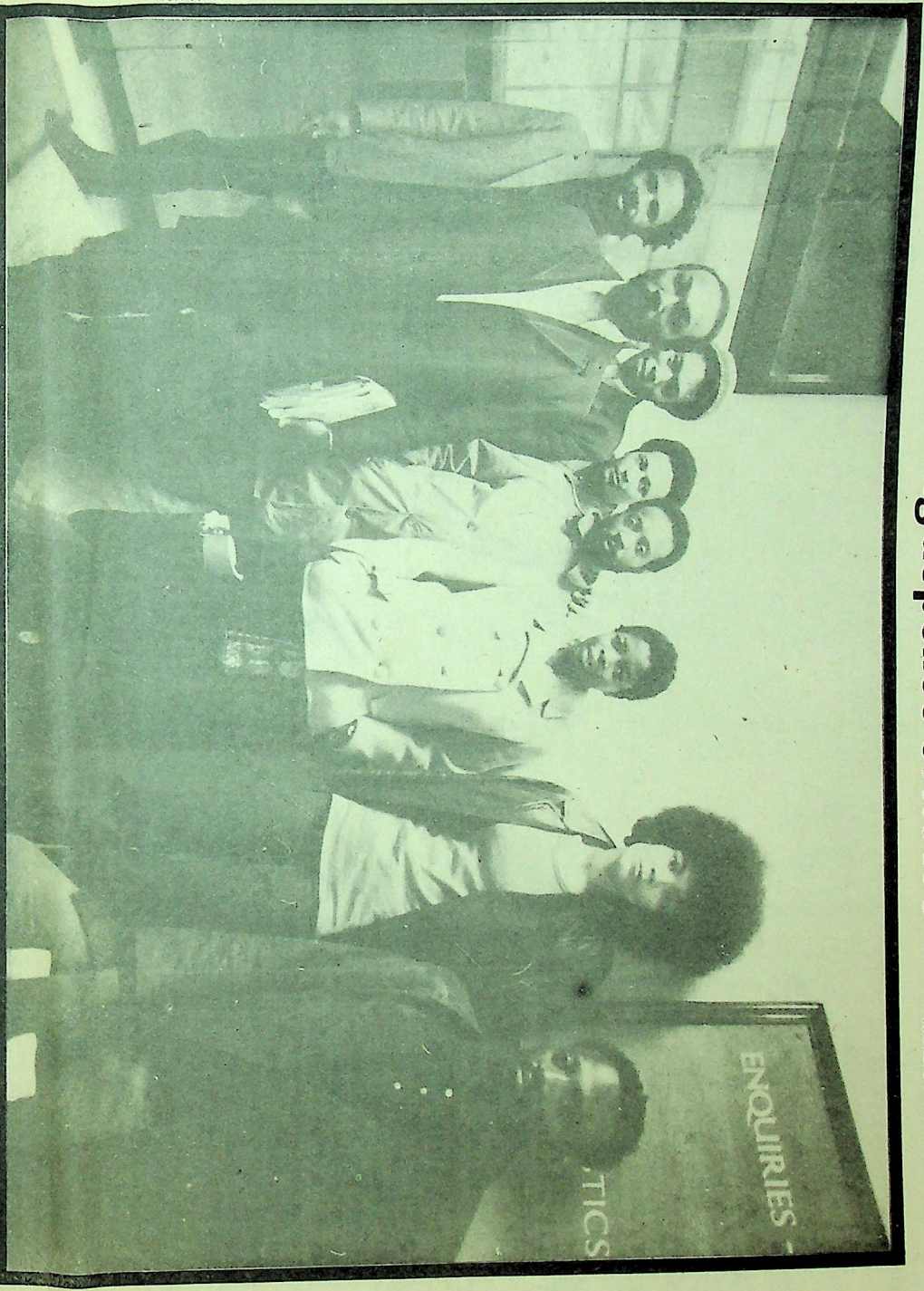


Michael Hollingshead, with children, Kristoff and Treebeard in the background. A natural little community with the guru up front.



# For those of you who spend much of your time sneering at police officers...

Richard Neville



Eight of the Mangrove Nine. Police officers have spent a lot of time sneering at them, but these niggers are getting uppity. They have no choice.

the Leeds Constabulary were also chronicled:

Feb 69: Police sergeant sentenced to 2 years (suspended) imprisonment for theft and forgery.

Oct 69: PC fined £25.0.0 for theft.

April 70: PC sentenced to 9 months prison for burglary.

Jul 70: PC fined £50.0.0 for theft.

Aug 70: Police sergeant sentenced to 3 years' prison: PC sentenced to 27 months imprisonment and fined £100; all for theft.

PC sentenced to 9 months prison for indecent assault on two boys and one girl. *The Guardian* 21/11/70).

Nov. 70: Police Inspector and police sergeant sentenced to 9 months prison each, for 'misconduct as an officer of justice' and conspiracy to attempt to obstruct the course of justice'. (*The Times* 21/11/70 pg 2).

For those of us who, in Judge Hinchcliffe's words, spend our time sneering at police officers, there are many more police corruption cases to look forward to: Of special interest will be the result of enquiries into Chief Superintendent Kellaher, former head (no pun intended) of Scotland Yard's drug squad.

It is not expected that the Kellaher enquiry, whatever the final outcome, will prove of much benefit to the countless people now in gaol because of the drug squads activities.

According to the chief crime reporter of the Daily Mail, there are currently seventy members of the Metropolitan police force currently under suspension from duty pending enquiries.

Such statistics have not been emphasised by the press because reporters depend so much on police tip-offs. However, no-one seems particularly abashed by the 'suspended seventy', least of all the plainclothesmen recently loitering around the Old Bailey for the Angry Brigade and Mangrove trials and who radiate their familiar bullying confidence, demanding from any new

face identity cards while refusing to display their own.

In both Mangrove and Angry Brigade cases, blatant discrepancies have emerged from police evidence and yet one suspects its impact on the jury will be dulled by the persisting, although declining, myth of the honest Bobby struggling daily on low pay to help old ladies cross the road.

So entrenched is this folklore, that at the OZ trial, despite the undisputed evidence of prolonged harassment by Luff and has smutsquid, the jury interpreted such behaviour as "friendly warnings" and regarded it as a minus against the defendants for not heading them (ie by cleaning OZ up).

The jury currently at No2 looked equally blank as charges of harassment were made against police by Prescott and Purdie defence witnesses.

To outsiders, the influence of police on the daily administration of the Bailey remains a matter of conjecture, but the link between certain judges and the cases they conduct seems not the work of subtle minds. Judges Ayley, Clark and Stevensen are reactionary caricatures, even by Bailey standards, and were respectively allotted OZ, Mangrove and Angries.

Even more disturbing is the method of sifting potential jurors. Obsolete qualifying regulations are not enough to explain why all Bailey juries look the same shade of grey. Recently I was told by a Hornsey Art college lecturer that when he arrived there for jury service, Officials eyed his green suit and long ginger hair and immediately dismissed him.

In magistrates courts, justice is still more elusive. The recent Cobden Trust report commissioned by the NCCL showed that 2,079 people remanded in custody by magistrates were subsequently acquitted. In the same period the number of people gaoled before trial and subsequently not given a custodial sentence had risen to 31,820. The average time taken by a magistrate to conform his bail decision to police was 3 minutes.

Now even conservative bodies like the London Criminal Courts Solicitors Association recognise the situation is ludicrous and are pressing for urgent reform of bail procedure. (Letter to *Times*, Nov 25). Also the Law Society is urging that magistrates be required to give reasons for their decisions and to keep notes of evidence. They are not legally obliged to do so, although such courts handle 98% of all criminal cases. This has made the process of appeal impossible.

Another factor which works against the defendant, so far not covered in any official report, is that many magistrates in this country, like several well-known judges, are mad. (1)

If unconvinced from your own experience, INK recommends visits to the following gentlemen who have so much power over so many peoples lives.

J. Dennis Purcell, Clerkenwell Court, Alan L. S. Stevensen, West London St. John Harnsworth Marlborough Street

Neil McGelligot, Old St North London Mr. Harrington, Woolwich Mr. Donaldson, South Western (London).

Intending visitors are warned to be heavily tranquilised upon arrival, in case of severe shock.

#### Footnote:

(1) Note the term mad is not used in the accepted sense of suffering from a mental disease, insane, lunatic, maniacal or frenzied. That would be libellous. We are using it as one of the states defined under the word in the Shorter Oxford English Dictionary as "exceptional gaiety" or the rarer colloquialism of "exasperating".

#### STOP PRESS

As demands for an inquiry into the affairs of, Leeds city police were being pressed today by a group of Leeds MPs, it was disclosed that four more officers in the force are to come before the courts accused of assault.

Last week in Leeds Geoffrey Ellerker and Kenneth Kitching were convicted of assaulting a black drifter, David Oluwale. Both men were senior police officers. The jury had been directed by the judge to bring not guilty verdicts in respect of charges of manslaughter, causing grievous bodily harm and perjury. Ellerker was gaoled for three years and Kitching for 27 months.

In passing sentence Judge Hinchcliffe remarked: "The verdict of the jury today will add fuel to the fire of those who spend much of their time sneering at police officers and making brash criticism against the police force."

However, it was his own counsel, Gilbert Gray QC, who described Sergeant Kitching — with more accuracy than he probably realised — as "just an old-fashioned British Bobby".

The concern of the judge for the already tattered reputation of Leeds police force was not matched by any expression of sympathy for the victim or any indication of how other "vagrants" can either be helped by society or protected from its old fashioned police force.

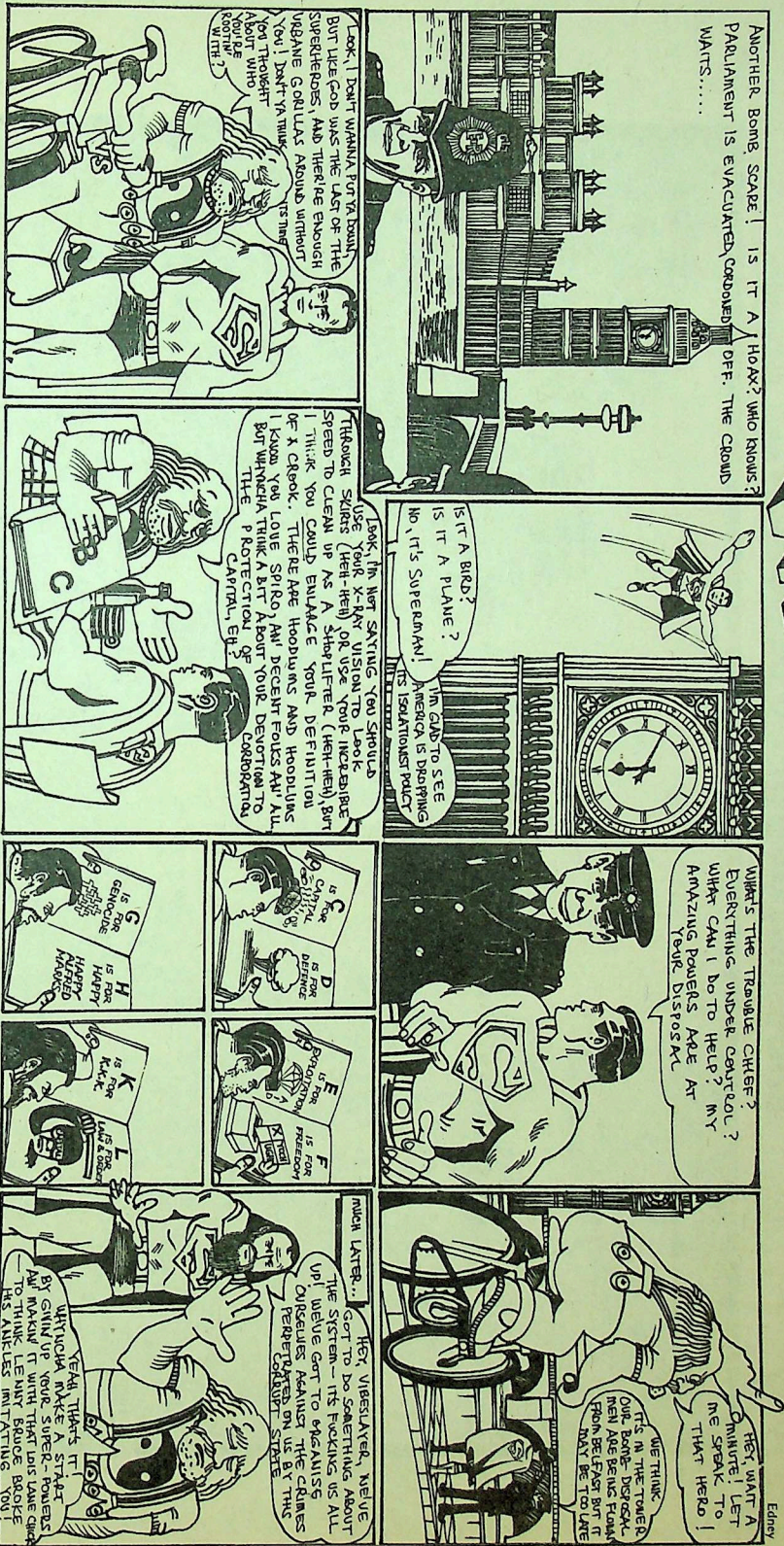
The assaults, committed on Oluwale, details of which emerged during the premeditated and vicious nature be more accurately described as torture.

One of the policemen was passionately defended by Basil Wigoder QC, who, because he appeared for Rudolf Dutschke's case considered radical. Wigoder's case included the assertions that (1) police prosecution witnesses were committing perjury and (2) that Oluwale was not

sufficiently human to be classified as a citizen. At all times he was alluded to as "vagrant". (Wigoder, incidentally, unexpectedly returned the brief for the OZ case without any convincing explanation.)

INK 7 (12 June 71) revealed that Oluwale's body was discovered in May '69 and that Ellerker and Kitching were belatedly investigated (Oct '70) only after public pressure. Previous distinctions of

# VIBESLAYEER



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# Feather gets the bird



TUC meeting at Central Hall - boos, jeers, heckles.

Clare Peeploe

The last time the INKPROBE team set foot in the Methodist Central Hall Westminster was to see the Guru Maharaj Ji (see last INK). Last weeks performance had certain similarities: namely a platform full of well-fed con-men attempting to mystify their audience. Instead of an audience of catatonic heads, however, the T.U.C. council had an audience of militant, vociferous workers who refused to be mystified.

This meeting was a follow-up to the unemployment march from Tower Hill to Parliament, during which 17 people were arrested and the horses brought in thrifts style.

The Central Hall was decorated with banners and placards - 'T.U.C. demands the Right to Work', 'What we want is Work' - and a row of decorative trade union leaders.

The tone was set by Vic Feather's opening speech which harked back to the thrifts repeatedly and included his observation that he 'never expected to see unemployment again, after the war.' The solution, repeated by all the evening's speakers, was a general election and a return of a Labour Government. To be achieved by demonstrations and letters to the press.

Feather was received in comparative silence, with applause at the end. But from then on it was all aggravation. It would be tedious to single out individual speakers, they all said the same thing anyway. But the voice of the audience became stronger and stronger.

**Platform:** - 'An ounce of achievement is worth a ton of exhortation.'

'What the quality newspapers are saying now, the TUC was saying three years ago.'

'Unemployment will be 1,000,000 by Christmas.'

(Ruffed) 'You've come here to hear people talk to you. Let them have their say.'

**Audience:** - 'Well, what are you doing? You're good at talking.'

'The T.U.C. started all this with their fucking productivity agreements.'

'What are you going to do about it?'

'General strike!'

'Get a policeman up there. He'd say the same thing!'

Enter heavy stewards with TUC armbands to harass hecklers. Slow handclaps begin, and speakers have to wait for order. Dan McGarvey, fiery Clydeside boilermakers leader (see self-out corner November 3) senses the mood, and launches into a rambling, militant speech. 'Generals only lead armies, the rank and file do the fighting.' (Roars of approval) 'Are we going to be led to the top of the hill and then led down again?' (Roars, roars) 'What can we do now against unemployment.' (Roars, applause) 'Write letters to the press (leers, 'Fuck off', 'General-strike', total anti-climax).

From then on the heckling and slow hand-clapping grew louder. The stewards were helpless. Calls for a speaker from the

floor increased. The bloke next to me (clerical TGWU) - 'They take us all for fools, you know.' About John Boyd - 'Look at that sickening complacency!'

Tom Jackson, rubbing shoulders with the men who buggered the postmen this year, advised everyone to 'go home and see that all your friends, neighbours, workmates vote Labour.' Boos and slow handclaps.

The coup de grace came when militant super-star Jack Jones (TGWU) took a slugging from his own dockers who he had told to stop at work on the very day of the demo. They seemed unimpressed by his fighting speech. After a near punch-up between the dockers and the stewards, the lights went down and the meeting was prematurely closed.

By way of contrast, earlier that afternoon in the same hall, some UCS shop stewards addressed a smaller and less turbulent meeting. The level of discussion was somewhat different. The sort of topics discussed were whether to trust Wedgwood Benn and McGarvey (and they didn't). They affirmed that nationalisation of the ship industry was not enough: it must be accompanied by workers' control. 'Having trade unionists on the board of directors is not workers control, it's class collaboration.' The economic arguments of the two main parties were dismissed as 'inflation, reflation, consipitation.'

Whatever reservations one may have about Reid, Airle and the CP they certainly recognise that there can be no sell-out of workers demands at UCS 'because grass-roots pressure has been so strong.' 'If we sold out we'd end up in the Clyde.'

At the TUC meeting, the word socialism wasn't mentioned once from the platform, and Vic Feather's comment on the hecklers to the 'quality' papers next day was they weren't union members, they weren't even workers, they were from communes. Unfortunately for himself, he was wrong. 'They' weren't even the usual handful of Trots: 'they' were over half the meeting. The majority of people were clearly disguised with the spineless policies of the T.U.C. and wanted action now against the Tories. They saw clearly where their 'leaders' stood and came out with it in public instead of mumbling it into their beer.

Judging from the day's events, the next five years could well see the emergence of a new labour movement based on shop-floor committees and the enforced redundancies without pay of more step towards the eventual takeover of industry and government by workers councils, and the final resolution of the problem of unemployment and wage labour itself.

As one bloke said in reply to Sidney Green's assertion that 'we want to get rid of this government as much as you do!' - 'We want to get rid of you fuckers!'

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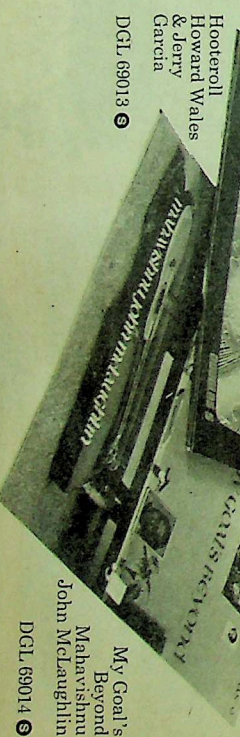
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**HUNT SABOTEURS DANCE - SATURDAY DECEMBER 4th**, featuring TANGENT, SCROUNDED with Disco and guests, SAINT MARY'S CHURCH HALL, LADYWELL (near Ludwell Station), 7.30pm. Admission 25p.

**ANTHUNIVERSITY/YTISREVINU**  
The secretary and centre of the Anthuniversity (1971) is Dr. Robin Farquharson, and as he is presently in H7 Gartloch Hospital, Gartloch, Glasgow (where he would welcome letters and messages), the Ythronia of London is more or less decentralised, indeed existent only in this ad. But its courses continue, so if you are interested, please up/Directored an anthropology lecture in the privacy of your own phone) or just come along: MONDAYS 7.30 - Logic - Hugh Dickens (286-0799 room 2) at 8 Sevington Street W9. THURSDAYS 7.30 - Poetry as his masters voice - Keith Armstrong (0865-553099) at 21 Fairs Court Square SW5. THURSDAYS 7.30 - Meditation/Buddhist philosophy - Nai Boonman (enquiries 701-2466) at 35 Shenley Road SE5. FRIDAYS 7.30 - Artificial Intelligence - Roger Kesting (enquiries 624-156 room 10) at 5 Abbey Gardens NW8. ALSO: Communication and Anti-social work - Jane Caimin (852-6868). Alternative Law - Tom Hawthorn (enquiries 229-3170 Central). Economics - Doug Carnegie (?) contact Hugh please Doug), and hopefully courses on 1 Ching and the Alternative Society when Robin returns in a few weeks time - plus other delights??

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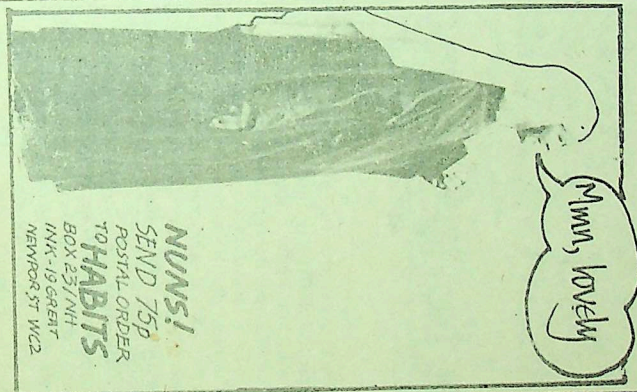
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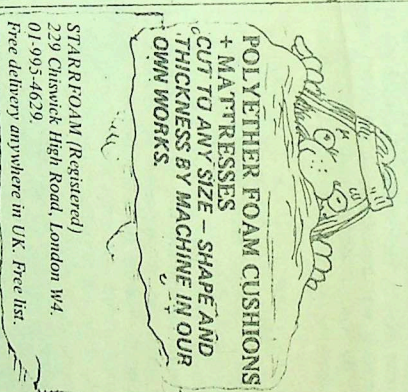
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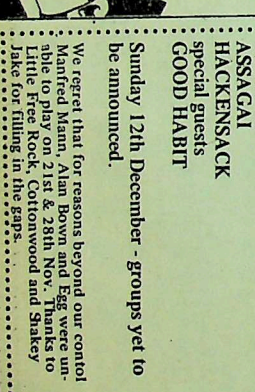


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Johnson of the New Musical Express

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BOOKS

**BRAINTEASER**  
INK Competition no.2751930

Readers are asked to send in suggestions as to which of the following two press conference reports is the genuine article, and which is extracted from Philip Roth's merciless parody of the language of American Government, **OUR GANG** (Starring Tricky and His Friends): (Cape, £1.75).

**A "A LOT LESS FIGHTING" IN THE WORLD**

**Q.** Mr. Secretary, do you think the world's a safer place than it was 2½ years ago?

**A.** Yes, I do.

**Q.** Why?

**A.** In the first place, there's a lot less fighting going on.

A major conflict that was in existence 2½ years ago has ended — the civil war in Nigeria. It's ended, I think, in a satisfactory way. (sic) Our foreign policy there was sound. We stayed out of it. We provided most of the humanitarian assistance, but we did not get involved militarily or politically, and our present relations with Nigeria are good.

The fighting in the Middle East was escalating when Mr Nixon took office. There was considerable fighting until about 16 months ago. As a result of the initiative that the United States took, the fighting has ended, and there's been no fighting for 16 months. That could change, granted, but there isn't any fighting there now.

In Vietnam, the war there has de-escalated to the point where there are very few Americans in combat. There are six or seven weeks the number of our men lost in action has been fewer than 10 per week, and most of them have been non-combat casualties.

When you look around, the world is a more peaceful place than it was. There is a good deal less fighting and less turmoil than there was.

We're taking steps to reduce the tensions that cause trouble.

The world definitely is a safer place to live in than it was 2½ years ago, and President Nixon is recognized, I believe, as a world leader for peace.

**B. VOTES FOR THE UNBORN**

**MR RESPECTFUL:** Mr President, with all the grave national and international problems that press continually upon you, can you tell us why you have decided to devote yourself to this previously neglected issue of fetal rights?

**TRICKY:** Because, Mr. Respectful, I will not tolerate injustice in any area of our national life. Because ours is a just society, not merely for the rich and the privileged, but for the most powerless among us as well. You know, you hear a lot these days about Black Power and Female Power, Power this and Power that. But what about Prenatal Power? Don't they have rights too, membranes though they may be? I for one think they do, and I intend to fight for them...

**TRICKY:** I am no Johnny-come-lately to the problem of the rights of the unborn. The simple fact of the matter, and it is in the record for all to see, is that I myself was once unborn, in the great state of California. Of course, you wouldn't always know this from what you see on television or read in the papers (*impish endearing smile*) that some of you gentlemen write for, but it happens nonetheless to be the truth. (*Back to serious business*) I was an unborn Quaker, as a matter of fact.

And let me remind you — since it seems necessary to do so, in the face of the vicious and mindless attacks upon him — Vice President What's-his-name was also unborn once, an unborn Greek-American, and proud to have been one. We were just talking about that this morning, how he was once an unborn Greek-American, and all that has meant to him. And so too was Secretary Lard unborn, and so was Secretary General — why, I could go right on down through my cabinet and point out to you one time

man after another who was once unborn. Even Secretary Fickle, with whom as you know I had my differences of opinion, was unborn when he was here with us on the team.

Entries, on postcards please, to United States Information Service, American Embassy, London. First correct entry will receive a copy of agency hand-out no.105b, containing full text of interview with U.S. Secretary of State Rogers. No correspondence is ever entered into with regard to their competitions. President's decision final.

**How We Are**  
Euan Duff, Allen Lane the Penguin Press, £4.00

At first glance I wondered why the bulk of the pictures in *How We Are* had been chosen because they look oppressively composed, badly cropped and individually saying nothing new, even the camera's eye-level is notoriously the same. But to sit down and go through the book religiously, picture by picture is to realise that the work as a whole totally transcends any individual shot and that what Euan is presenting is a subtle unique statement about the way a great mass of people live out their lives. Obvious themes of birth, marriage, play, relationships between people of all ages interweave with curiosity, boredom, frustration and aggression, and a host of other patterns emerge, only by turning the pages sequentially and creating a sort of still movie is the fullness of work revealed.

**How We Are** is really a very important attempt at a different presentation of the photograph and through it, Euan Duff courageously reveals himself as a very sensitive artist; a revelation that I don't get from the carefully composed pictures of dead in Vietnam in the Sunday Times.

Graham Keen

**THE MANUFACTURE OF MADNESS:**  
Thomas S. Szasz (Routledge & Kegan Paul £3.50)

The idea that mental institutions in this country and elsewhere are being run as an extension of the prison system, is not new. JNK said it two weeks ago while people like R. D. Laing and David Cooper have been saying as much for some time. And, as far back as 1728 Daniel Defoe protested 'against 'the vile practice as much in vogue among the better Sort, the sending their Wives to Mad-Houses at every Whim or Dislike.

What is new in *The Manufacture of Madness*, from which five taken, the last quote, is the depth, power and lucidity of Thomas Szasz's argument. A practising psychiatrist and a professor of psychiatry, Szasz has no objection to what he calls 'contractual psychiatry' — the voluntary exchange of psychiatric services for money. And nobody could accuse him of plotting 'subversion, he opposes Communism and thinks we should implement our convictions with economic, political, and if necessary, military sanctions'. But his attack on institutional psychiatry, the systematic persecution of the 'mentally ill' in the name of medicine, is a radical attack on the system we live under. For the institutional psychiatrists are not isolated individuals: they collaborate with the politicians, judges and jailers in implementing a social and political policy.

The 'mentally ill' serve a similar function to the Jews and the witches of the 15th-17th centuries: they are scapegoats for society's troubles. Indeed the rhetoric of 'madness' is employed by almost everybody to disparage other people's opinions and actions. Szasz quotes many examples — including statements by those revered radicals Marcuse and Comfort — but this one, from Theodore White's book *The Making*

of the President, stands out: 'John F. Kennedy was killed by a lunatic, Lee Harvey Oswald, who had momentarily given loyalty to the paranoid Fidel Castro of Cuba. And Oswald was, in turn, within two days,

slain by another madman, Jack Ruby.' (my italics)

And what an absurdity that, while 'drug-addiction' — like homosexuality and just about every other form of deviant behaviour — is equated with 'mental illness', the 'mentally ill' have tranquillising drugs rammed down their throats as part of their treatment.

I used to believe the myth that the encroachments of psychiatry into the territory of the law would encourage people to challenge the system of retributive justice. But, as Szasz points out, institutional psychiatry is the reverse of a liberalising force.

Not only do the psychiatrists add their own mumbo-jumbo to the vengeful hypocries of the law in criminal cases, but they also administer their own parallel system of imprisonment. And in practice's general drive to stamp out all non-conformity the psychiatrist has indeed replaced the priest.

Why read this?

**ALTERNATIVE LONDON** (2nd Edition)  
Paperback 30p (Nicholas Carr-Saunders)

It's very easy just to write a list of merits and defects about a book without saying very much about the book at all. I don't intend to do this, a few constructive criticisms are much more worthwhile. For a start it would be pretty hard to say that a large proportion of the information in it is untrue and what of little use to heads or members of the arty-crafty, trendy type of person who inhabit Chelsea and Earl Court for example, it gives a lot of information about going to restaurants, and where to get trendy, lush paydripping for the floor of your club or pad.

Another thing some of the untrue information is actively harmful. What he says about Street Aid is that they refer people to crash pads by phone, and that as a result the people who come to such pads are the worst scroungers and some really straight people. I know from wanting a crash-pad pad to come to the office. He thus makes it very difficult for Street Aid to get any new crash-pads, which is a pity.

Overall, it's not worth buying. Any information you really need you probably have anyway, and new information in the book is not trustworthy enough. However, if you do have a trendy pad...

Alister

**A WARNING FOR ENGLAND**

(Booklet: Movies From Austere, by Raymond Durgut, Faber & Faber, £2.00 (hard-cover))

Raymond Durgut's *A Warning for England* (British Movies from Austere to Affluence) is a thematic survey of the British Cinema. The study is relevant for two closely knit reasons: first, a serious assessment of British cinema, and secondly, Durgut's critical method. (2) Durgut's critical method is that it's not enough to say that a film is 'conscious' or 'unconscious', or 'progressive' or 'regressive', or 'good' or 'bad'. It's supposed to go on to the ways it expresses itself at various times (ie. recurrent themes) by relating it to social circumstances (eg. the 1945 Labour landslide, the decline of colonialism, etc).

However, Durgut isn't just interested in socio-political circumstances. On a deeper and more significant level, he relates his analysis (of films) to philosophical concepts such as (bourgeois) class morals, commitment, etc. So in effect, his thesis becomes not only a class analysis of British (middle-class) cinema, but also of British (middle-class) values.

Well worth checking out — provided you're prepared to persevere through Durgut's somewhat 'thick' (although often satirical) style.

Jim Pines

Theatre

**GODSPELL** Conceived and Directed by John-Michael Tebelak

I arrived early at the Round House, early enough, in fact, to watch the audience form the six o'clock performance come out all all approving, satisfied smiles — Hampstead fathers and mothers with their ten and twelve year old offspring. This should have given me some clue. The audience for the later performance was slightly older but basically of the same stock. *Godspell*, 'A Musical based upon The Gospel according to St. Matthew' was what drew them, the latest religious product from the States, but here with an all-British cast.

Ten somberly clothed figures appear on stage and, having thrown off their professorial robes, reveal themselves to be a merry band of jesters, tumblers and clowns, all straight from a session with their electric toothbrushes, led by a perky, plump, tousle-haired figure with a Superman tee-shirt, who turns out to be Jesus Christ.. With incredibly well-drilled precision they act out, through a series of elaborate comic mime's, various parables and holy precepts — each point heavily underlined by the appropriate word, noise or movement — 'never turn your back...' (they all twist round in contorted unison), 'Feel the pinch' (Mass pinching and cries of 'OW!'). Any words spoken with a dialect or a foreign accent get a laugh, and 'I say, I say, I say' has only to be used as an opening line for a parable by Jesus and the audience breaks up.

For they really were enjoying it, roaring with laughter at the ridiculous spectacle of adults acting like coy, slightly retarded children, cinging plastic, derivative songs (one song, 'Day by Day', sounded incredibly familiar until I realised I was listening to the Edwin Hawkins Singers' 'O Happy Day'). At this point, my nice Jewish friend, not understanding a word, suggested we leave and go back and watch Groucho Marx on telly. But with the image of my forgetful actor in mind, I resisted, and stayed to try and solve the riddle — What was it all about? Catching them young? — I remembered those ten and twelve year olds I had seen earlier, leaving under the protective wing of their parents.

But wait — the real clue which solved the riddle is to be found in the programme blurb on the twenty-three year-old creator and director — 'While *Godspell* was germinating, John-Michael attended Easter Sunday services at Philadelphia's Saint Paul's Cathedral. Hearing the name of the church, he was stopped and searched for drugs by government. Shortly thereafter, the concept of drug play accelerated; it all came together for him in what he now considers a crucial week of his life, a week of great personal crisis.' It's for all those drop-outs and head freaks. Rock music by the church didn't work so they're bringing the church into rock music. Religion can be Fun! Not only that, but it can help you over your 'personal crisis'.

Take it with a dose of salts. Better still — don't even start!

Teresa Topolski

**CATO STREET:** By Robert Shaw (Young Vic)

Cato Street, about the Cato Street Conspiracy of 1820, is another in the recent flood of historical plays about revolutionary episodes of the past, which will be dealt with in full next issue.

As a play it's not bad. The first third is pretty embarrassing: overacting plus a sub-Brecht reconstruction of the Peterloo Massacre. But once the plotters start plotting it gets gripping. The sight of people planning to assassinate the whole Cabinet is irresistible, even when it's only Vanessa Redgrave on a stage. The betrayal, trial and execution of the Six fills you with the required indignation. And the historical facts are not bent too far (it's based on John Stanhope's book). I presume that the aim of Thistlewood Productions (named after one of the

conspirators) who mounted the play, is to 'educate' people in Britain's radical history. But here lies the rub. Who are they going to educate? Who goes to the Young Vic? (answers, beginning with B——, on a post card please). Last night's audience didn't seem to have absorbed the lesson anyway. They tittered all the way through, mainly at the camping about of a gay conspirator — played as an 19th Century Kenneth Williams. They even tittered at the multiple hanging scene.

This all points out the irrelevance of theatre very neatly. In theatre more than in any other medium, the audience has become 100% middle class. It's somewhat far fetched to imagine the Young Vic audience as the avengers of the Gato-Street insurgents. What you're left with is a rip-off of the high points of proletarian history to provide thrilling spectacles for the liberal 'intelligentsia'. They go home glowing with indignation and guilt, and love every pang of it.

All Lapointe

## Films

W.R. — MYSTERIES OF THE ORGANISM. Directed by Dusan Makavejev. Academy 2. *Stuart Wooler* saw the film — and talked with Makavejev afterwards. The result is an appreciation both of the man and the film.

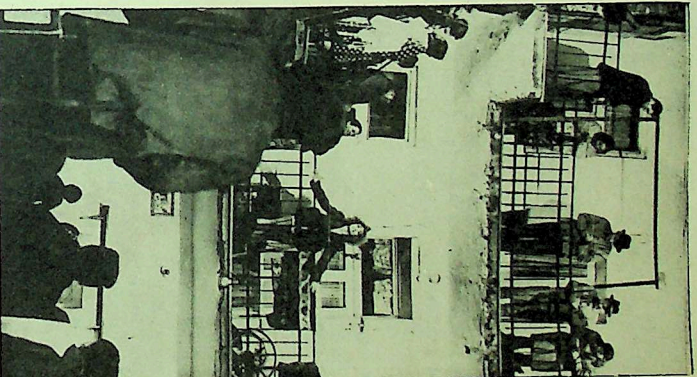
It is a film about lots of things — but most immediately about Wilhelm Reich, who was . . . Well, the problems begin already for it is not easy to say what he was. He was certainly a psychologist, but a psychologist whose thesis was centred around such unscientific and, to the traditional academic, positively heretical notions as love, sex, harmony, life-force — he was a socialist and a communist but not one who could either accept Stalinist regimentation or could fit into the

traditionally palatable form of libertarian dissent (à la Rosa Luxemburg) — he was a crank but one who had the unfortunate habit of coming up with far-reaching ideas.

Makavejev claims that his film follows closely the spirit of Reich, and that it is his ideas that the film is designed to propagate. So after being introduced to Reich, it goes on to look at the capitalist and communist societies, their repressiveness and destructiveness from a Reichian viewpoint ('Of course people in the Soviet block are very controlled by the mother state, but people here are controlled in a much more invisible way — they are actually totally programmed by invisible laws that reflect the interests of the power structure, transformed miraculously into personal preference' — Makavejev). And the vehicle chosen for all this is the story of a couple of beautiful Yugoslavian girls whose freedom and vitality is contrasted with both the machine-like product of Soviet orthodoxy and the prostituted parody of an aborted freedom in the US — strutting automation mouthing recipes for living versus Andy Warhol's transvestites.

Our world teaches us from the days of childhood to suppress just those forces which have the capacity to enlighten and enliven us, to limit our curiosity, to wish for what is necessary for the preservation of stability; even the quickest unblinkered glance at our world would convince us that change and movement is the only reality: "I believe in permanent dissatisfaction — as soon as one fulfills something one needs something else. One must understand life as a pulsation, one must not expect it to fit the pattern of our ideas" (Makavejev). And the film is consistent with this — as soon as you come to fit yourself comfortably into a scene it is stolen away and replaced, emotions left unfinished, explanations deferred.

So it is intended, Mr. Makavejev informs me, that the film convince us of the necessity of helping to transform our



world by transforming ourselves — and the way to transformation on the personal level is through the release of energy and life-force existent in everyone by opening one's mind to an understanding of emotions, a necessary part of this being the achievement of real orgasmic potency. But that does not mean that if you achieve orgasmic potency you are automatically revolutionary, you still have to apply it — it means being productive and reproductive on every level (Makavejev).

The only problem being that these are his words when talking to me, and obviously they represent his intentions in the film, but can they be picked up in the film? Obviously that depends on who you are. All I can say is that in the film I saw little more than the boring old 'fuck your way to freedom' bit. And if Reich had really been on about just that then the world's disregarding him for thirty years would have been justified. I felt that in the attempt to take the dirt out of dirty jokes Reich had been left behind somewhere along the way. I find Makavejev as a verbal interpreter of Reich's ideas interesting and intelligent; as a film-maker I feel that he fails to keep as firm a grip on the subtleties of his content as he does on the style of presentation.

Stuart Wooler

SHAFT  
Directed by Gordon Parks (ABCs North London)

The emergence of black directors in Hollywood is a very recent phenomenon — after a very long tradition of 'white' images of black life. This 'progression' might seem logical since we had black actors filling roles traditionally written for and/or played by whites throughout the fifties and sixties (e.g. doctors, lawyers, policeman). One might even consider it as Hollywood's 'recognition' of the black man in more real terms since it's blacks now producing (or allowed to produce) the images. But a closer look at the situation reveals other happenings.

With its complex production-distribution set-up (which makes certain themes commercially and socially impractical for some parts of the country, i.e. liberal 'race' films in southern States), Hollywood's move toward bigger black themes is simply a 'recognition' of the commercial viability of the black audience. What's actually happening, then, is the emergence of the black-orientated film — which has nothing to do with 'recognition' in the liberal sense of the word.

Gordon Parks — famous documentary stills photographer, novelist, musician — is considered the first black Hollywood director. (His first film *The Learning Tree* was premiered at the 1969 Edinburgh Film Festival but has been on the shelf since.) His latest film *Shaft* (now showing at Ritzy

cinema) has had a lot of exposure — especially in the States — and was rating in the top twenty on Variety's gross-ratings chart for several months. In other words, it has been very successful at drawing large black audiences and of course making money.

However, Shaft is also a good example of a black director making a viable film (in Hollywood terms) and being honest at the same time.

Set in Harlem's underworld, the private-eye hero Shaft is commissioned by Harlem's heaviest of heavies Bumpy Jonas to rescue Bumpy's kidnapped daughter from the Mafia. Shaft solicits the aid of an ex-street partner-turned ultra-militant leader to do the job. They agree to rescue the girl and demand a large sum of money from Bumpy — not because the girl is black, but for the bread needed for the release of political prisoners. An important thematic distinction.

Although Shaft is publicised as a black James Bond movie, the hero Shaft (indeed, all the black characters) is far from being a black replica of a white hero. His motivations are distinctly of the street-ghetto order and with no hang-ups about *The Man's game*.

Shaft isn't simply a 'private cop' doing his job, Shaft is a survivor. This seems to be the level where tension arises between him and the white 'legitimate' cops and between him and the militants. But the fact that he needs them and they him suggests the implicitness of street-ghetto ethos.

Shaft is definitely worth checking out — especially since it probably won't turn-up again after the usual run. (Incidentally, Isaac Hayes contributes right on music. I consider the opening sequence especially memorable.)

Jim Pines

## "PLEASE SIR!"

There's not much to say about, 'Please Sir', if you've seen the TV programme. It's the same formula bigger screen. It will probably be just as popular which means more people will see it than all of the other films reviewed here this year.

First let's examine the reason for its popularity. Most of its audience are probably schoolkids. They probably dig it because it gives a far more realistic picture of life in a comprehensive than any previous school soap opera. Kids from Bethnal Green can't really get into Greyfriars. It's the first series to have bottom stream, tough working class kids as its heroes. They smoke, drink, screw each other (off the screen of course), beat up the brainy kids from the A stream etc. So for the kids *Please Sir* is presenting them with a glamoured but *recognizable* image of their own lives.

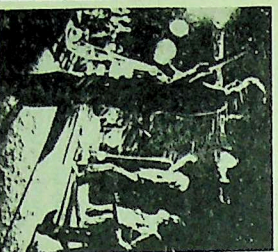
*Please Sir* actually plays up class struggle. The tough but good natured gang (who stick together through all their crises), versus the blazer-wearing snotty middle class kids. Previous TV series either play down class by only depicting one class e.g. Billy Bunter's crowd, or Coronation Street, or invent a weird classless world with an interclass team of toddlers and their pet dog living in the Sahara Desert.

But *Please Sir*, as we shall see plays up class only to conceal it in more insidious ways.

The other main audience is certainly working class mums and dads. For them *Please Sir* holds up a whole host of goodies. There's the school caretaker (Derek Guyler), veteran of the 8th army, who is the symbolic bearer of their own attitudes, like Alf Garnett before him. There are the crude parodies of the kids' working-class parents, who they can reject with amusement ('at least we're not like them!'). There's the generation conflict with their own kids, laid out and rendered harmless before them (as the Fern St. gang commit each new outrage,

## "A film YOU MUST SEE"

—Melody Maker



## THE ROLLING STONES

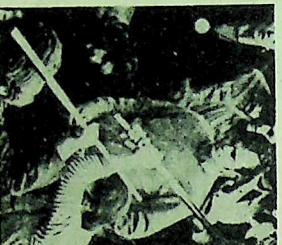
### THE GIMME SHELTER A

Directed by David Mayles, Albert Mayles, Charlotte Zwierni  
A Mayday Films, Inc. Production, Colour by De Luxe® Released by 20th Century-Fox



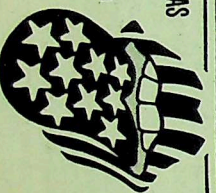
## "IT'S HANDLING OF THE MUSIC IS AS GOOD AS ANYTHING IN 'WOODSTOCK'"... GO AND SEE IT"

—The Guardian



FROM SUNDAY (Dec. 5th) AT THESE SPECIALLY SELECTED CINEMAS

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they can 'tut-tut', but on the safety of the screen they can also feel a sneaking pride).

But most important there's Bernard (John Alderton) the well scrubbed, lovable middle class teacher. He represents a model of what they'd like their kids to be, and also he's the staunch defender of the kids against the bigotry and prejudice of the headmaster and the authorities. (a combination King Arthur and Nye Bevan). Please Sir is really a P.R.O. job for liberal teachers like Bernard. What with their low pay and devotion to the masses they are obviously next in line for secular sainthood, now that nurses are 75% black and doctors are a bit tarnished by the Tory attacks on the Health System.

Finally, for middle class kids and parents the whole show is a bit of voyeurism. The vicarious enjoyment of the spontaneity and rebelliousness which they can't socially afford.



'Please Sir' is a cover-up job masquerading as an expose, as realism. (That's what realism's about anyway). It takes 'problems' like racism, delinquency, Womens Lib, (Gay Lib and dope next year?), the acne on the face of the Welfare State, and applies Valderma balm in the person of John Alderton.

But it shows you where modern drama is at. A handful of middle class intellectuals see Skyvers. Half the population of England will see Please Sir and the messages aren't quite the same.

If the Fern Street kids are ever going to avoid the fate of their parents, the non-life of the factory and the telly, the action will have to be at street level, not on the stage or screen.

Laura Norder

## Records

TUPELO HONEY  
VAN MORRISON (Warner Bros)

It pains me to write this, but for all its flashes of creative workmanship, 'Tupelo Honey' is often repetitious to the point of monotony, sloppy, in part, ill conceived as a whole and for my money represents the worst album Van Morrison has produced since 'Blowing Your Mind', his debut solo recording in 1967.

There are those who will (and do) disagree with that opinion. Rolling Stone's reviewer, Jon Landau, a man whose musical taste and critical faculties I have grown to admire and respect, has made it plain that he feels this to be the best Van Morrison yet to see the light of day. But for me, it is as if Niijnski had tripped over his own twinkling feet and lay sprawled in full view with a broken ankle while the audience silently leave their seats and file out of the theatre. A giant has fallen.

For readers familiar with 'Astral Weeks', perhaps I should immediately concede that I consider it a timeless masterpiece. It has both inspired me as a piece of music and cooled me out therapeutically on more occasions than I care to remember. I am unashamedly prefludged by 'Astral Weeks'. Everything Van has recorded subsequent to 'Astral Weeks' has been automatically subjected in my evaluation to measurement against it as a yardstick. A mighty yardstick by any standards.

Of course, one accepts the instinctive need for any artist to move forward rather than to look backward; to explore

new territory rather than to re-create old situations. But I fear for Mr Morrison's directions. I feared a little when I first heard 'Moondance' — but only a little. I feared the more when he released 'His Band & Street Choir', and now we are faced with sticky fingers in 'Tupelo Honey', a sad testament to the sin of human complacency.

Van Morrison, ladies and gentlemen, is at this moment a prisoner of style. It is a wonderful and original style, full of compassion and ironic sadness. But a captive of technique is a captive none-the-less, and a cage is a cage . . .

To listen to cut after cut beginning magically in organic Morrison tradition and to sit by, helpless, as a disastrous combination of goating background vocalists and incompetent musicians hurl themselves bodily in on the act is a painful and wicked experience. It inspired in myself and overwhelming desire to invade Morrison's studio, to execute the entire horn section (Jack Schroer's saxophone excepted), to utterly rid the room of Janet Planet and her white soul sisters, to turn down Mark Jordan's electric piano, to renstate the same musicians who worked with Van on the 'Moondance'/'Astral Weeks' sessions and to plead with Morrison to combat his current obsession with explicit 'love songs'. In his own words . . . . . to get down to these days really wrong.

Van Morrison is a happier man these days. You can see it in the pretty colour photographs on the last couple of sleeves. He's eating well, perhaps a little too well, and an early punch hangs ominously over his trouser belt. The dedications and liner notes indicate that he is surrounded by a collection of loyal friends, generous neighbours, white horses and beautiful lovers. I am pleased for him — it would be inhuman not to be. But I desperately miss the anguished and searing music of a lonely man some years back.

Felix Dennis

JIMI HENDRIX AT THE ISLE OF WIGHT (Polydor)

August 27, 1970. It had gradually gotten dark and cold, and even inside my overcoat and sleeping bag I was shivering. By ten o'clock as far as I could see in any direction, the field was carpeted with damp huddled humans. Through the PA, Jeff Dexter said languidly, 'Let's have a big welcome for Billy Cox on bass . . . Mitch Mitchell on drums . . . and the man with the guitar, Jimi Hendrix.'

All that day, and the day before, the Isle of Wight Pop Festival had been the scene of one of the Movement's bitterest intrinsic conflicts: a Head-on confrontation between the Hip Capitalists and the Street, and the violence of this struggle had fucked with my head really badly. I was looking to Jimi Hendrix to bring us back to some sense of ourselves that day, and more important, some sense of each other. But all he did was to fuck us over even more.

This is a hard album to listen to, and I had to take it off halfway through the first side and get another album on very fast before I fell apart, because that gig was the worst trip of my life, and I wasn't even stoned. Even now, it's hard to apply conventional rock-and-roll-critic standards to it, because when I listen to it, what I hear is that awful screech of feedback, behind which Jimi blankly recites a list of names to whom he dedicates the next number, and then . . . and I'd like to say thanks for the last three years . . . maybe one of these days we'll get together again. Thanks for showing up, you're all outsize . . . or later, the articulation of his growing split from his audiences, 'You wanna hear all these old songs, man? Damn, we wanna get some newer things together. I just woke up a few minutes ago. We've been recording some little things . . . I don't know . . . I think we better play something a little more familiar.' I hear Mitch's desperate drum solo, one of the three he played up, I hear when the guitar amp packed up, I hear Jimi blowing the words of 'All Along The



Hendrix: the man with the guitar.

Watchtower, and then playing an epic guitar solo compounded of pure cosmic terror, evidence of demonic possession that would surely have had him burned in less enlightened times.

Musically, this album is rather erratic, and the quality of the recording isn't all it could be. But if you ever had any love for this man Jimi Hendrix, you need this. If you wearisomly shared his ultimate triumph at Woodstock, then you owe it to him to be here too, as he stumbles through his stoned, cursed, fucked-up farewell. This is an awful, terrible record, and I use these words in their literal sense, but it's one of the essential rock-and-roll documents.

Charles Shaar Murray

FANNY: Charly Ball (Reprise)  
BARBRA JOAN STREISAND (CBS)

Fanny, the first all girl rock-and-roll band since Goldie and the Gingerbreads, are no joke. Charly Ball is an album of tough, articulate rock music, though a few of the songs are rather lacklustre. Occasionally the rhythm section pulls its punch and the ensemble playing isn't quite as tightly focussed as it could be, but Nicole Barclay has written some exceptional songs and sings them very soulfully. What Kind of Lover? and 'A Place In The Country' are a lot better than the Millington sisters' songs, though the title tune boogies like a bitch. They're a very good band, and they don't have to

take no shit from nobody. Fanny are fine and funky, and what's finer than a funky fanny? We're used to seeing girl singers cavorting feckingly at the front, but it should be something else to see Alice de Buir slaving over a hot drum kit. I'm hoping to see them over here very soon, and that's not just because, chauvinist that I am, I fancy the lead guitarist.

Fanny, together with their producer Richard Perry, also crop up on the new Strisand. Predictably enough, Barbara's gone heavy because she's still two years younger than Dylan (according to her publicists). So here she's got Billy Preston, Jim Price and Bobby Keyes, Al Kooper's favourite guitarist Louie Shelton and Fanny, three songs by Carole King, two off Lennon's Plastic Ono album, and Mad Dogs' 'Space Captain', plus some standard Steisa

Charles Shaar Murray

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# A WOMAN'S RIGHT TO CHOOSE

The Abortion Demonstration of November 20 marked the start of a new campaign for 'Abortion on Demand' and 'Free Contraception'.

At the same time women demonstrated in many countries round the world (in New York demonstrators outnumbered onlookers 10 to 1). In London's Oxford Street, reaction to the disappointingly few demonstrators was good, lady Christmas shoppers smiled, holding out their hands to receive the broadsheet written by members of the Abortion Action Group. A few shoppers joined in, and hostility came mainly from men.

The campaign coincides with the review of the 1967 Abortion Act. The Medical Practitioners Union is currently collecting evidence to put before the Lane Committee. At the end of the march a letter was handed in to the Family Planning Association asking for their support.

Although the 1967 Act states that a woman's mental health, physical condition, the well-being of her family and her social situation should be examined when she applies for termination, she often has to rely on the 'morality' of one particular doctor and his own interpretation of the law. Most women without 'lawful' grounds for abortion go either to back streets' or to Private Clinics where they can be sure of sumptuary - 150 pounds worth.

One leading British gynaecologist has said 'the only form of abortion on demand which is legal is when a patient conceives in the middle of German measles. I will only abort if I think the health of my patient is in danger'. And the healthy ones? At the moment getting an abortion on the NHS depends largely on how hysterical you can

become under questioning from a hospital psychiatrist - 'What makes you think you have the right to an abortion'. How do you explain to happily married father of four that having an unwanted child will ruin your life?

Abortion can now be performed quickly, safely and cheaply, using the vacuum aspiration method; it involves only a local anaesthetic and can be performed as a simple out-patient operation; the patient need only stay a few hours in hospital.

Though there are doctors willing to use this method and premises where it can be done, it is not readily available.

You can get further information from the Abortion Action Group, Women's Liberation Workshop, 12/13 Little Newport Street, WC2. Tel: 734,9541.



Keith Bailey



Brothers and sisters marching for the inalienable right - the right to choose

## Exploitation Artful

A member of the Living Theatre and of Women's Liberation beside Larry Rivers' Plexi-Glass Playmate - with a hole in the arse. Part of the Playboy 'Art' exhibition at the RCA. Women in the playboy world

figure as men's accessories, as entertainment, to be used like cigarettes lighters and cats.

Head of Graphics at the RCA reckons that Playboy 'Art' is a necessary part of students education. His next exhibition will be the 'Art of the Russian Revolution'. A liberated Head of Department! We gather not many students went the the exhibition, it wasn't even free.

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