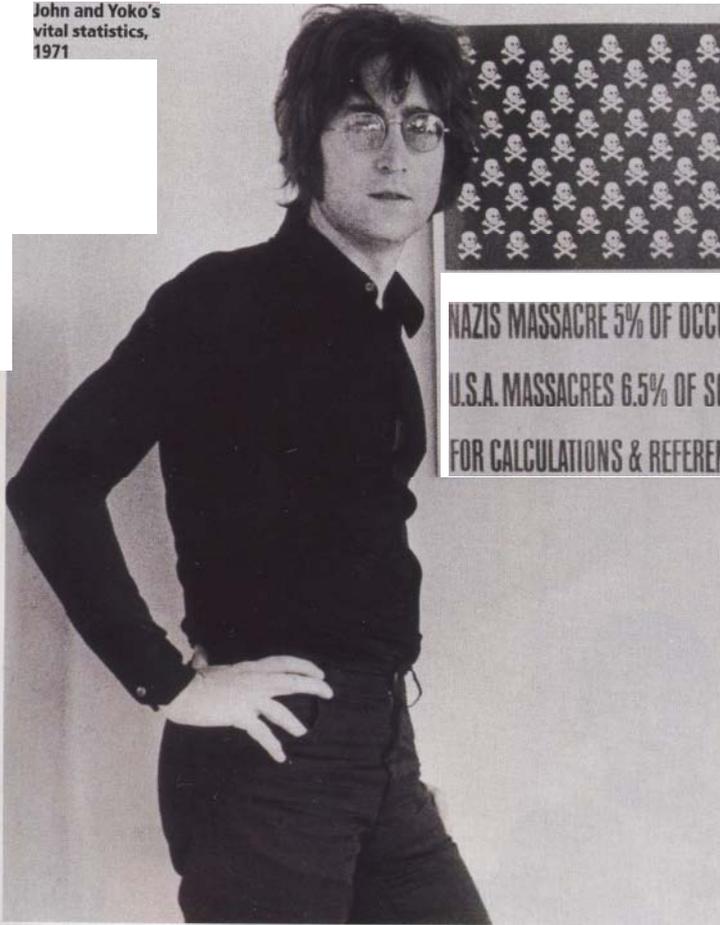


John and Yoko's vital statistics, 1971



U.S.A. SURPASSES ALL THE GENOCIDE RECORDS!
 KUBLAI KHAN MASSACRES 10% IN NEAR EAST
 SPAIN MASSACRES 10% OF AMERICAN INDIANS
 JOSEPH STALIN MASSACRES 5% OF RUSSIANS
 NAZIS MASSACRE 5% OF OCCUPIED EUROPEANS AND 75% OF EUROPEAN JEWS
 U.S.A. MASSACRES 6.5% OF SOUTH VIETNAMESE & 75% OF AMERICAN INDIANS
 FOR CALCULATIONS & REFERENCES WRITE TO: P.O. BOX 180, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10013



Paranoia is often described as ultimate awareness and so it was in Lennon's case. His FBI files showed the extent of the surveillance they had him under

and, eventually, Governor Nelson Rockefeller sent in 1,700 armed officers who rained dum-dum bullets on the rioters, 32 of whom died, many bleeding to death from their wounds. Lennon would sport a button, "Indict Rockefeller For Murder", and in December would perform a benefit for the wives of the victims of the riot.

Lennon also took up the cudgels for John Sinclair, Minister of Information for the White Panthers and former manager of the MC5, who was serving a lengthy jail sentence for a marijuana bust.

This political upsurge on the part of the charismatic ex-Beatle did not go unnoticed by the US authorities, who had not previously faced this level of outspokenness on the part of so popular a recording artist. The Rolling Stones had confined themselves to delinquent feats of urination. Dylan had retreated into his own rich, electric world of surrealist metaphor following his early protest period. Elvis-well, they'd never had to worry about Elvis. Phil Ochs and Joan Baez were small potatoes. This was John Lennon, the most potent, unambiguous and abrasive foe the word of rock culture had so far thrown up in opposition to Anglo-American authoritarianism.

And so, in February 1972, when Lennon's US immigration visa came up for renewal, he and Yoko were served with a deportation notice. The reason? Lennon had been busted for cannabis in 1968 by the tireless Detective Sergeant Norman Pilcher who, before going to jail himself for planting evidence, devoted inordinate energies to swooping down on

Harmless, pot-addled rock stars like Donovan, George Harrison and, in this case, Lennon, who had agreed to plead guilty as long as Yoko was let off.

The deportation order would inhibit Lennon's movement, keep him in New York longer than he might otherwise have stayed, and prevented him from touring widely.

Paranoia is often described as the ultimate form of awareness, and so it was in Lennon's case. The FBI files revealed after his death showed the extent of the surveillance they had him under. Lennon would, in fact, subsequently attempt to sue the US Government, whom he believed were tapping his phones, and he even tried to obtain a Royal Pardon from the Queen in order to have his 1968 drugs conviction quashed.

PERHAPS THE GOVERNMENT needn't have been too concerned.

Some Time In New York City, Lennon's third solo album, released in late '72, showed that, while the notion of Lennon as

quasi-Marxist/sonic terrorist, using his vast wealth, caustic charm and influence to inspire revolution in the stagnant 1970s had an alluringly iconic buzz to it, the reality was that

never did his songwriting much good. Many of the sentiments expressed on the album sound at best heavy-handed, woodenly tub-thumping, rigid with a second-hand, improperly digested indignation that only serves to make the songs seem awkward and inelastic rather than piercing and impassioned.

"Woman Is The Nigger Of The World" was a classic case in point—the rather lame second line, "Yes, she is - think about it," is indicative of Lennon's uncertainty as to how to proceed with the song, which came under fire from women for depicting them as passive and enslaved, while African-Americans didn't appreciate Lennon's shock deployment of the "N" word.

"Attica State" and "Angela", meanwhile, read like Red Brigade greetings cards ("*They all live in suffocation/Let's not watch them die in sorrow/Now's the time for revolution/Give them all a chance to grow*").

The sheer Lennonesque invective of "Sunday Bloody Sunday" lends it an angry bristle ("You Anglo pigs and Scotties sent to colonise the North"), but "The Luck Of The Irish", which reeks of Yoko's whimsical influence, is among the most risible songs Lennon ever attached his name to. With its Blarney blather about "auld Eireland" and exhortations to "walk over rainbows like leprechauns", the song couldn't have been more insulting if »

John and Yoko at the Benefit for Attica Prisoners, The Apollo Theater, NYC, 1970

