Description


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Comments
Please be advised: This collection has been made available due to its historical and research importance. It contains explicit language and images that reflect attitudes of the era in which the material was originally published, and that some viewers may find confronting.

This serial is available at Research Online: http://ro.uow.edu.au/ozlondon/4
I'm not the only 90 year old student who subscribes to OZ
Students get older every day so rush 21s for 12 oz before YOU pass out

40 ANHALT ROAD SW11
Dear Sir,

I'm afraid you make the same mistake as every other minority group - you try to persuade yourself and your readers that you speak for the majority. True, in your case you only usually pretend to speak for the majority of people under 25, but this is still a great delusion. For example in the last edition: "The masses... hold your profession (politics) in contempt."...fucking since she was 16 like everyone else."...practically everyone under 30semble pot. ...something (B.B.C. music) people would avoid if they could." - and so on. When will the various champions of liberalism and freedom realise that 99 per cent of the youth, like their parents, hate all blacks; would like to see a hydrogen bomb dropped on N. Vietnam; want to see the return of capital and corporal punishment, still rely on political parties to "do something for us"; still have a pretty ancient code of sexual 'morals'; have no time for illegal drugs, etc., etc.

On the whole they are content with things as they are, and will do whatever the State or convention demands. You really must climb down from your intellectual ivory tower and, admit that you (and me) represent a tiny minority of misfits. One other thing; I wish you would have more consideration for your under-sexed readers. Your female contributors make us half-men feel pretty useless.

Yours faithfully,
Victor Coughtry

Dear Sir,

I have been wanting to write to you for some time to congratulate you on the excellent contents of the first two issues of the London OZ. This is the nearest thing to real satire that I have seen come out of Britain. This proves my private theory that Britain's expatriates will be the initiators of any new cultural change rather than the natives.

Yours sincerely,
Rajat Neogy.
Editor, Transition

Dear Sir,

Rod Allen's attack on me and panegyric of swinging London epitomises what is going wrong with the trends. We are asked to accept that London's cultural environment is unique, because the young get rich quick. If you do not throw in your lot with the trends, 'you're fooling'.

The procession of swingers he evokes speak for themselves even a month later they are looking a little shopsoiled. Michael Peacock and the BBC's Great Leap Backward...now resigned and crawling for the Yorkshire contract. Peter Watkins, now sitting in the wreckage of Privilege, shoddily written and plainly acted. David Bailey, whose G Passion made one long for a Barclays commercial. Certainly they are young. But there doesn't seem to me to be a qualitative difference between 'being battered into conformity by their elders' and being battered into conformity, trendy and youthful as it is, by Peacock and O'Rahilly. Intellectually they are as full of promise as a cigarette butt, though I don't doubt that their bank managers are happy men. For judged on an intellectual level, Mr Allen's thesis is less than the Playboy Philosophy meeting Swinging London; of interest primarily to bank managers and their spiritual allies.

What's really frightening is the success with which the Trendy False Consciousness has managed to advertise the pop products for precisely their banality, predictability and second-handness. Attached to society by their lead, the iconclasts caper about celebrating their own submission and defeat. It's all signature and no painting. You can see the pick for the copiece.

The new trends, impressarios, producers and 10k's may be younger and richer these days. They may conceivably be rationalising and manufacturing things and ideas which are pretty, funny or cheap. But they are still cultural and economic exploiters, in the precise technical sense of that word. They should be treated as that, not as some recherché art form.

Yours, cheese'd, tired & revolutionary.
David Widgery.
15 Queen Alexandra Mansions, Judd St WC1

Dear Sir,

Your recent issue contains a personal attack on myself and a general one on this firm. It is impossible ever to reply effectively to a personal attack, especially when anonymous, because protesting merely spreads the libel, but like most low-level squalor, it should tell you your readers more about the writer than the subject. Such nastiness usually goes with a self-recognised lack of talent. More serious is the inference that our firm is unprofessional and inefficient. The article is full of every kind of malicious misinformation, but the source of some items can be checked. Mr Durgan knows very well the reasons why Eros in the

Dear Sir,

Why did the author of the recent attack on Calder & Boyars not reveal his identity? Hit and run isn't done!

As a publisher I can say that advertising books does not sell them - it only inflates authors' vanity and causes them to complain when it falls off. Publishing foreign writers who are unknown here is more hazardous and expensive than to publish new English authors. It's a well-known fact that many scribes are paranoid and that most of us publishers are megolamaniacs.

Yours cancersitically,
Peter Owen
Peter Owen Ltd/Publishers
12 Kans Mews
London SW7

Dear Sir,

I am not one to balls ache about what other people do, let alone print. However, I find it intensely boring that out of the eight photographs of dimensions over one inch square in the last issue of your excellently printed magazine, six were non-consequential pictures of tits and bums. Why do you stop shitting about, so to speak? If you want to be different, print something to contravene the Obscene Publications Act. If you haven't got the spunk, print beautiful photographs not infantile pictorial stupidity.

Yours most sincerely,
A. de Gris.
14 Wood Mews
London W.1.
Hysteria About Abortion

WITH just a month to go before the report stage in the Commons, the campaign in favour of the Medical Termination of Pregnancy Bill is showing signs of hysteria.

Mr. St. John-Stevas, the Bill's chief critic, is receiving scores of identical printed postcards daily. Each is headed by a dictum of Ulysses Grant, who became President of the United States in 1869: "I know no method to secure the repeal of bad or obnoxious laws so effective as the stringent execution."

I reproduce the rest of one card, allegedly from a girl of 16 whose signature I have blacked out.

What the source of this peculiar method is, and whether the signatures are genuine, Mr. St. John-Stevas has no idea.

As you will be inundated next week with postcards urging you to reconsider your stand on the projected abortion law, we thought you might care to know what it was all about.

Forgiven or forearmed, but we trust you will give these protests serious consideration.

Yours sincerely,
Paul Lawson
Deputy Editor
April 25

Daily bombardment of an MP

(Extract from the Sunday Telegraph, May 16)

Mr Rod C B Lake turned out to be a tall, fair-haired man, with a clear steady gaze. His hair is combed up into a quiff and his even features are twisted by the ghost of an ironic smile. He has a virgin quiff and his even features are uneasy about the consequence of his challenge to Germaine.

His early sexual training (which began when he was only 14) was with women in their late thirties and consequently, as he disarmingly confesses, he is not much good at wooing. But awfully good when it comes to the point: 'Dead kinky,' he murmured.

Despite his inviolate steady, he never sleeps alone on the nights his sir-steward flatmate works. Asked if he felt any affection for the other women who set off his gargantuan sexual needs, he replied that there had been one who satisfied him. 'Only she never came back after the first time,' because of the thing he made her do.

To our correspondent he offered complete satisfaction after half an hour. Indeed, she would 'ejaculate' (sic), twice, he assured her, 'before he even put it in.' Where was the question she did not ask. Moreover, he would carry on for at least two hours, 'before even coming.' This he appeared to believe was the ultimate in sexual bliss.

When Miss Greer pointed out that his only motive for unleashing such virtuosity was his own patriotism, which could hardly constitute motivation for her, he readily agreed, but hoped that the attractiveness of the prospect would induce her to break an oath taken after mature consideration and with complete fervour. It didn't.

Mr Norman St John-Stevas
House of Commons
Westminster
SW1
Dear Sir,...

I demand your immediate execution of the present Abortion Law, which you are so determined ought not to be reformed.

Sent 30 abortionists (back street and Harley St.), every woman who has ever had an illegal abortion and the police who tolerate the present system, to goal now.

Begin with me and my friends.

Yours faithfully,

6 years old. Most of my friends have had at least one illegal abortion.

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Three department store corsery assistants have written to complain about Mrs Brenda Breustom's 'scurrilous reference to dokey salesladies'. (OZ 3).

'It is the customers', they write, 'who make the advances'. It's gratifying that some people took Mrs Breustom seriously. Many readers wrongly suspect that such bizarre letters are editorial inventions.

Even more bizarre are the ones we reject [eg: I]. The first entry into Mrs Breustom's proposed prick competition. [ii.] A follow-up to Larry's bottom photo—one that had been savagely scouried by the lash.

OZ is as bored with British Breasts (?) as readers must be. There is no winner, so no prize. A special honorary award is promised however, to the 'IT' girl, Susie, who's splashed in gold on page two.

John Calder, Peter Fryer, Peter Watkins and others will be pontificating on censorship in a public forum organised by the National Secular Society at the Caxton Hall, June 23.

Now that London's 'Speakeasy' club seems destined for frenzied fashionability, the attitude of management to patrons has degenerated from reluctant courtesy to belligerent contempt—a pretty typical syndrome of success. Bibas boutique is renowned for the coolness of its staff. Though of course, wages at Bibas are low, the hours long (from 9 am to 8 pm on Saturdays with two short breaks) and staff suffer the caprice of bizzkid employer Stephen Fitz-Simon. (He recently dismissed 5 girls unjustly, accepting three of them back only when pressured by angry parents.) Business is good.

For possessing cannabis resin, Mr John Hopkins has been sentenced to 3 months gaol. Such outrageous injustice underlines the urgency of law reform. Those readers who completed last issue's pot post-card to Mr Jenkins may soon be invited to take further action. Watch 'The Times'. Meanwhile, come to the benefit for Absent Friends, July 8, Saturday, Roundhouse from 8 pm to 8 am.

Continued page 8
Mailorder from J.L.T.Y & Co.

Love Life - Marijke Koger
18x23 - Red & Black

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18x23 - Green & Black

Love Bob Dylan - Marijke Koger
18x23 - Red on Saffron

‘Stomach Dancer’ by Aubrey Beardsley
18x23 - Black on White

Peacock Train’ by Aubrey Beardsley
18x23 - Black on White

‘Danger Marihuana’
18x23 - Black, Red, Yellow

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IM A STARE
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MY NAME
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NORMAN
NORMAL

NORMAN
NINE TO FIVE'
NORMAL

I ALWAYS
STARE AT PEOPLE
WHO AREN'T
NORMAL...
... IT'S NORMAL
FOR PEOPLE

WHO ARE NORMAL
TO STARE AT
PEOPLE WHO AREN'T NORMAL
NORMAL
NORMAL
NORMAL
NORMAL

DONT YOU THINK

6 0Z
Make cut & indicated. Careful, do not cut off tabs a & b
2. Make folds indicated
3. Insert tabs a & b into crease
4. Raise nose and mustache
5. Tuck in jaw.

Arab foreskin captured in Sinai Desert.

Egyptian campaign medal.

Jewish Idol — inadvertent creator of modern Israel state

100,000 men & produce US & British planes out of thin air.

LIKE 4 OUT OF 5 LONDONERS WHO READ AN EVENING NEWSPAPER I HAVE NORMAL TASTES I READ THE EVENING NEWS I AM OF NORMAL HEIGHT

NORMAL WEIGHT NORMAL IQ. I HAVE A NICE NORMAL HOME, NORMAL WIFE AND NORMAL CHILDREN.

WE WERE SO PROUD OF HIS FIRST WORD

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

Be at the be-in, Hyde Park Serpentine, Sunday, July 16. Bring along gifts and goodies to give to friends. Leave behind ambitions to star in a BBC documentary. Many at Alexandra Palace drifted about aimlessly until spotted by TV teams—then they freaked out sensation-ally, self-consciously.

Expatriate Americans have formed a committee to urge US withdrawal from Vietnam. Potes, pop singers, jazzmen, comedians, actors et all are hurling themselves into its inaugural manifestation. 'Angry Arts Week' at the Roundhouse from June 27 to July 2. Non Americans welcome.

The greedy hypocrisy of W H Smith's is so notorious as to be non newsy. Yet every so often a work of real merit is banned by these ruthlessly commercial quakers. A recent victim is the first novel by Clement Biddle-Wood, 'Welcome to the Club' (Weidenfield & Nicholson) which was supposedly suppressed for an overuse of dirty words. In fact it is a coyly restrained work which illuminates the pitfalls of contrived integrationism befalling the quaker army officer hero. It is sad that mass appreciation of 'Welcome to the Club' is hampered by Smith's impetuous ban.
THE MONTHLY ADVERTISER FOR THE SEXUALLY AWARE 300 PERSONAL AD’S

TO WAY OUT

29 WESTBOURNE PARK NEWS
LONDON, W.2

PLEASE FIND ENCLOSED 7/6 FOR MY POST PAID COPY OF YOUR MAGAZINE. I AM OVER THE AGE OF 21.

Name (Block capitals) .................................................................
Address ..................................................................................

IT'S SO
VERY SENSIBLE
TO BE NORMAL
NORMAL IS SUCH A NICE WORD

IT'S NICE AND NORMAL TO WANT TO BE NORMAL

SENSIBLY NORMAL
VERY NORMAL
NORMAL
NORMAL
NORMAL

WON'T YOU LIKE TO BE NORMAL TOO?

NAME: ...
ADDRESS: ...

OZ 9
On May 13, Katie took Mike McInnerny as her lawful wedded husband and gave birth to the first hippie wedding. You were all invited to the gay outdoor nuptials; incense, exotic garlands, fifes and drums, the fuzz and mums.

'We married', says Mike, 'on an impulse'. Previously they had lived together, separated, met again then decided to trip up the aisle. 'It was about the only thing left we hadn't tried'.

Marriage as kicks, as a happening, as a rave. If you must capitulate, that's the spirit.

But must you?

Now that even Women's Magazines are timidly suggesting that marriage is outdated, it is odd that the exuberant avant garde should still channel their love through the Registry Office.

Old fashioned cynics regard marriage as merely a public declaration of a private intention and squares share the philosophy of the Andrew Sisters that love and marriage go together like a horse and carriage.

Others denigrate the roll of love and hold marriage to be function of the intellectual will, a convenient contractual arrangement, a device necessary for the rearing of children.

Marriage is more than this. Marriage is a masochistic ritual, an unhappy, anachronistic hoax. Most are disastrous.

Add to the sombre statistics of divorce the number of dead partnerships rotting under a facade deemed essential for social or breeding purposes—the spiritual divorcees.

Look around you. Look at your wedded contemporaries. A phoney bliss croaking under the strain of compulsory cohabitation, their partnership rendered impotent by a future robbed of mystery, a love affair wet-blanketed by the gnawing responsibilities of permanent contractual obligations.

Remember your parents? Look at them in family album wedding photos. Look at them now . . . incessant bickering, relentless incompatibility, conflicting desperate pleas for loyalty—the drab legacy of 30 years of togetherness.

Some marriages work brilliantly, of course. For a while. But who needs it? How many enhance the original relationship?

Society should encourage pre-marital cohabitation. Parents should assist newly unmarries to set up house, avoid pregnancies and take on responsibilities. Living in sin could be more than a chic prelude to marriage—why not a serious rehearsal for long term living together?

Relationships can be worked out fully and abandoned painlessly when bankrupt. There is a current craze to simplify divorce, a short term measure. Instead, marriages should be made more difficult or left to evolve into redundancy. Certainly human liaisons can be intellectually and emotionally fruitful and it is not suggested they should depend on the compatibility of crotches. However, 'marriages'—legal and/or spiritual—are less likely to degenerate into frightening sagas of destruction if the participants are practised.

The only problem of casual cohabitation is children. Means of support can be worked out. The legal machinery used need not be complicated. The legislature is able to draft far more intricate bills to deal with tax avoidance. At the moment the law, typically, penalises unmarried mothers by making the maximum support they can get from their fathers about £30 per week. Compare that with incentive destroying alimony awards.

Perhaps a modified Kibbutz system could be applied to groups of people sharing accommodation. It might be more interesting than the domestic vegetable patch. (Removing the stigma from illegitimacy, incidentally, would remove pressure for abortions.)

While many affect to despise the institution of marriage, most are resigned to its inevitability. If not for themselves, for their friends. We urge all readers to accept Punch's classic advice to those on the verge—don't.

It is better to burn than to marry.
**Item 1. Tax.** Claim your lover as a dependent.

**Item 2. National Assistance.** 'Cohabitation' qualifies you for the same extra benefits as if you were married. Be sure to press for your rightful increment.

**Item 3. Travel.** Honesty is often a handicap. P&O Shipping won’t offer double cabins to unmarried couples. If, on the other hand, they accepted a ‘married’ booking and then discover you are unmarried, your names will be left on the passenger lists as Mr & Mrs. The P&O booking clerk said this attitude is common to most shipping lines. Was it illegal to sell sinful double berths? ‘Er, I don’t know. Probably. The Government might get us for encouraging immorality.’ British Railways are quite happy to supply double sleepers. ‘We don’t ask for wedding certificates. If you both use the same surname, who are we to argue?’

**Item 4. Accommodation.** Avoid Irish boarding houses. One we contacted had no objection so long as the couple had been living together a long time. He wasn’t sympathetic to the suggestion that ‘newly unmarrieds’ pretend they were married. ‘It still doesn’t alter the facts’, he said grumpily. Flat sharing agencies are reluctant to register unmarried couples. One had had some on his books for over six months. ‘People don’t want to know’, he said. Apparently this was due partly to moral prejudice and partly to the inconvenience of ‘mixed’ dwellings.

**Item 5. Credit Accounts.** No problems. Even square old Derry & Toms, for instance, suggested that one of the partners have an authority to operate on the other one’s account.

**Item 6. Contraception.** Family planning clinics are quite reasonable. If they are too overcrowded to assist unmarrieds, they advise clinics which do. One we contacted agreed to fit a coil to an unmarried OZ girl as long as she’d had one child. For the pill, see your friendly, non-Catholic, family doctor.

**Item 7. Education for your Bastard.** Middle class boarding schools are cautious but willing to accept illegitimate children. One advised that illegitimacy ought not to be recorded on the application but ‘raised discreetly with the head during a personal interview’. Eton regarded the question as irrelevant to consideration of an application.

**Item 8. Holidays.** Keep away from Butlins. ‘If you were unmarried you wouldn’t get a chalet between you’. Their representative agreed that some unmarrieds might bluff their way through. Well, why not if you were honest? ‘Use your common sense’. What did that mean? Use your common sense, it might be your outlook on life, but not other people’s.

**Item 9. Marriage Guidance.** The Marriage Guidance people counsel married couples, unmarried couples, single people, anyone. There’s no pressure to bear on unmarrieds to sanctify their union.

**Item 10. Marriage.** For the British the nearest thing to a ‘quickie’ Mexican divorce may be in Iceland. If possible, get married there and you will be in a stronger position to reap the benefits. For your divorce to be recognised in England one of you will need to be a resident there at the time of it (three weeks is enough). Of course, you don’t have to be a resident to get married there. The grounds for divorce in Iceland are many and sensible and include mutual incompatibility and general breakdown of marriage. Formalities are speedy. Icelandic Steamship Co. run a special excursion in August and September for £49.10 return, enabling you to stay for up to one month.
Bastard... is one born out of lawful wedlock.' This is the opening statement in the section of Halsbury's Laws of England dealing with, as they put it, Bastardy and Affiliation.

You, an intelligent, eman ci pated woman, may decide whether to have a child without marrying the father. There are any number of good reasons for doing this. Maybe you hate him now, possibly you think your lives would be happier apart or perhaps you simply can't remember who he was. Of course you have rejected the idea of an abortion as it's against the law. You may consider you have enough money while he's still alive.

"The child of an unmarried woman is a Bastard. The child of a widow is a Bastard. A Bastard is one born without the father's or mother's consent. In a fit of anger you may decide to try and prove one of your children is a little Bastard and so take advantage of the law's fearsome disapproval. It may make him behave better. Remember, then, that Halsbury says you can, in court, 'compel your wife's paramour to answer questions as to adultery.' If she hasn't got one (and who can afford the birdseed these days) you're out of luck. Men! Imagine that you've managed to work it all out and marry someone you fancy. You are not in the clear yet because the law's restraining hand will lie gripping in the marriage bed.

There are a number of things you can't do to your wife.

Kindred and affinity, Part 1
Prohibited degrees of relationship

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There are a number of things you can't do to your wife.

Brother's daughter
Sister's daughter
Father
Son
Father's father
Mother's father
Son's son
Daughter's son
Brother
Husband's father
Husband's son
Mother's husband
Daughter's husband
Father's mother's husband
Mother's mother's husband
Husband's father's father
Husband's mother's father
Husband's son's son
Husband's daughter's son
Daughter's father's husband
Father's brother
Mother's brother
Brother's son
Sister's son

Some suggestions for this month:

- Why not propose to...
- Your great grandmother! Your cousin! Your great grandson! Your grandniece
The thunderous organ music drowning, my head and my heart and my body in its long white dress going under. This was the sound of my sacrificial drums. My Woman’s Own moment. I could not think of the staggering vows I was uttering before the grey faced man in the lace robes, and I don’t remember the man at my side, and I don’t remember where my mother was crying. Only that she was crying. Afterwards came the champagne; wet kisses; flash bulbs; pretty pink telegrams. The rain in the London night. And the first night together was not the first night together at all. But it was the first time alone together for months. The incessant drone of planes invaded the privacy of sex and sleep and sorrow. Honeymoon. A riotous sally into guiltless sensuality. Extraordinary to make love without feeling guilt. There is a heavy responsibility on somebody’s shoulders for the stunted growth of my early sexuality. My husband was the first and the only man that I had been to bed with, yet the feelings of shame imbued in me by the haunting puritan shadow of childhood, served to distort and disturb the clarity of emotion about sex to a fearsome degree. Marriage was an assuagement of this guilt. That was six years ago. Now I sometimes feel that the most awful thing is that I really don’t like him very much. In the end, when you get to the core of another human being, you have to face the fact that whatever you do to unite the surfaces, at the bottom you are two separate entities that will never merge. I’ve undertaken to live with this man for the rest of my life, and now what do I see? A deep covering layer of charm, which often succeeds in charming me. Areas of sensitivity that take me by surprise. A baby smooth scented cheek, bright eye, well shot cuff of expensive silk that beguiles me for the instant. With admiration I observe the intellectual demolition of lesser men. But the ponderous words cover a cold guiltless mind. And isn’t the sensitivity part of possessiveness? Can a man’s brain make you like him, in the way that his body can make you dislike? And now I can lie here and think of how great my life is, because I can ski in the snow time and swim in the sun. Because I have a car and a hi fi and a maid and a gracious fucking neutral drawing room that I wanted painted bright white all over and jammed with ridiculous things and screaming colours and screaming ridiculous music and people. How did I get this house and it isn’t me? How do I find myself in consort with gliding gilded people that I can’t talk to or think with? The night stretches hopeless with fury and remorse. Beat my heels on the feather bed and spit on the remote controlled upholstered telly set television. Bury my toes in the Persian rug as my feet race to the strawberry laden fridge. Fling the silver wrapped unsalted Normandy butter at the remote controlled upholstered television. Bury my toes in the Persian rug as my feet race to the strawberry laden fridge. Fling the silver wrapped unsalted Normandy butter at the remote controlled upholstered television. Bury my toes in the Persian rug as my feet race to the strawberry laden fridge. Fling the silver wrapped unsalted Normandy butter at the remote controlled upholstered television.

I stumble I stagger the soles of my feet are bleeding with the paces I take over this thorny terrible ground. It is easy when I hate him for something. But how can I hate him? He isn’t there for the decision to reject it. What is right? There is right for my children. It must be right for them to be with their mother. There is right for my husband. Here is where I see the packed bags and you must see the packed bags and you see the ravaged lives that wither in loneliness and unpaid bills. So you try to tot up what matters. What matters most for you all. It matters to me that my children live in light and warmth and learning. That they are forced to accept no one’s values but their own. It matters to me that my husband is well fed, and well bed, but you can live a lie in every corner of the house except the bed.
on demand, and abortions were legal, unlimited and free, when contraceptives were issued by the state and free-love was the time to be alive, this age of un-welcomed and encouraged for all. It was attitudes on sex.

The hypocrisy and inconsistencies of current sex laws were stripped off like the seven selves - a generation when all restrictive allowed to choose their instincts them­selves - a generation of people whole generation of people into communities, trying to make society in Russia, after the revolution there was a whole generation of people who were allowed to choose their instincts them­selves - a generation when all restrictive sex laws were stripped off like the seven veils.

But the family has always been an instrument of the state. It imposes sexual inhibition so as to organise men's lives into communities, trying to make society stable by an unnatural means. So, in 1936 Russian policy changed, to suit new political ends. The state wanted stability, not mobility as in 1917, and it adapted a more violently puritanical outlook than before, and it now has the most rigid laws in Europe. What happened to the brave new freedoms that the revolution brought?

The rest of Europe felt comforted and complaisant when Russia clamped down in 1936, and backpedalling hurriedly reverted to all the old bourgeois cant about the sanctity of marriage, and the wickedness of sex. I'm sure they gloated with satisfaction and told each other that free-love doesn't work, and virtue will out, and all that, but Russia's retraction was purely political, not social. After the revolution the state needed a flexible and political ends. The state wanted stability, not mobility as in 1917, and it adapted a more violently puritanical outlook than before, and it now has the most rigid laws in Europe. What happened to the brave new freedoms that the revolution brought?

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Candy is dandy
Liquor is quicker
Penguins are pink
But don't tell the Vicar

by the author of Last Exit to Brewer St.

The split between Penguin's founder-proprietor Sir Allen Lane and whizzkid chief editor Anthony Godwin has been explained in various ways, of which the most popular are

1. The new cover colours were too jolly and disturbed the old guard, which still clings to the puritanical functionalism of the '30s:
2. Godwin wanted Penguin Books pushed through Boots. Woolworths and all sorts of instore outlets as well as through the bookshops to whom the veterans wanted to stay loyal.
3. Godwin and Sir Allen got on each other's nerves.

It's also been suggested that many sub-editors and writers will go if Godwin goes, and none of the above reasons justifies what's either a mass walkout or a mass merge. Maybe we should take our speculations for a little walk in another, political, direction.

Interviewed on radio not long ago, Sir Allen explained that when he began Penguins, paperbacks generally were a gaudy lot that you slipped under the cushions when the vicar came to tea. Penguins were to be paperbacks that you'd have no need to hide.

Penguin Specials soon became discreetly left, but it wasn't an offensive thing to be, what with Hitler, the Beveridge Report, the Attlee administration, and it still isn't, if you follow the literary-ethical tone of the New Statesman. You can be left without shocking the vicar. After all, 'whoever governs, the Whigs rule.' And merely thinking in terms of entertaining the vicar to tea is sufficient to attach Sir Allen to the Whig tradition.

Over the last few years, though, Penguin Specials have taken a sharper radical edge. It's only escaped comment because English literary journals prefer not to review anything so vulgar as a paperback, and because where politics are concerned they're as innocent as the water-babies.

But, or so rumours run, Sir Allen has been disturbed by the lifting of establishmentary eyebrows at the number of Penguin Specials which are not only to the left of Mr Heath, but actually to the left of Mr Wilson. Some sort of crisis was reached over the Penguin Special on the Trade Unions, compiled as it was by editors of the New Left Review.

Within the book trade, there have been rumours about other pressures. In particular, the Penguin West African series was thought by some civil servants, and their old boy network, as too outspoken in its criticisms of the way the West is shouldering the white man's burden. The book of Siné cartoons is said to have brought strong pressures to bear from our Roman Catholic brethren.

(However, there's no evidence to support the theory run...)

The British Journal of Sociology.

One isn't surprised that Penguin's competitors have steadily been creeping up on them, snatching popular titles which Penguins neglected.

How Penguins will manage after the purge of the Godwinites is a fairly gory thought. Even gloomier is the thought that the almighty dollar has, simply by its potentiality, taken over another of the few fields in which a genuinely English political tradition was still reaching the mass public.
A LITTLE LOWER S'IL VOUS PLAIT MAMSELLE!
And De Gaulle presents himself at the Gates, where God is waiting to receive him. Where do you want to go from here? Where are there no Americans any more? Where Charles is. And is admitted to Paradise beside Charles-magne, who has been waiting for centuries.

Nobody wants him alive. Wilson wishes him dead because De Gaulle stands between him and his glory. The French workers want him buried because he stands between them and decent wages. The Americans, because unlike the Russians he doesn't talk reason. The Chinese because he is the Mao of the bourgeoisie. His prime minister because he wants to replace him before the Left gets the upper hand. His wife, because he is seventy-six, and there's talk about a protege of his in the Ministry of Aviation whose career is rising abnormally quickly.

The King is dying a slow political death. Listen to Mitterand, Mephistopheles of the Left, talking about Gaulism: 'You had a spontaneous consensus of opinion in 1958, a consensus of a thousand votes, a consensus of opinion in 1965, a consensus with a discount in 1967, and now you are forcing the consensus ...'

The 'forced consensus' is the small coup d'etat which dismisses parliament from now until October by invoking Article 38 of the Constitution. A constitution made by the King, for the King, against the country.

The country he wants to save from the apocalypse of nuclear war which he believes is inevitable. Living in the foggy twilight of his declining years, the history of France as his bible, Machiavelli's abacus, leading a near-deaf ear to the under-privileged millions, shutting his eyes to the dirty work of his courtiers, alone he rules -- in the name of French Civilization. Not that of Voltaire but that of Louis XIV; and like that other general, Napoleon, abusing the French for the glory of France.

Louis XIV made the aristocrats his lackeys. Daily they attended his ritual meal at Versailles. De Gaulle's Versailles are his twice-a-year press conferences. He emerges from the curtain (red except for the last, which was golden for colour television) and talks of the State of the World.

He is brave, they say. He is taking a stand against the Americans in Vietnam. The G.I.'s murder God's children and God's trees and De Gaulle says he would rather they didn't but he wouldn't like to get involved. The Americans, collapse Vietnam. He prefers to save the French, they are not in the right -- but they are still old friends. And the Bertrand Russell War Crimes Tribunal had to go to Sweden because De Gaulle didn't want to offend his old friends who err and doesn't want to upset the Russians who are fighting to the last Vietnamese.

But in foreign embassies mous Babies discuss the latest Viet Cong body count, and

casualties of illiterate marines, praising De Gaulle between lunches with hopeful Canadian officers and dinners with South Korean diplomats.

He is a great statesman, they say. He doesn't want England to join the self-righteous six -- getting fat on American crumbs and cashing in on the second-hand base the social democrats in Eastern republics. To share the bones of the carcass of the so-called underdeveloped calls for great skill; high politics are involved. De Gaulle's mysticism works better than the verger Willson's pragmatism.

Summer fat, glossy families go in pilgrimage to Comovery les deux Eglises and bury souvenir leaves from the trees round his villa, for half-a-crown each. The king is adored. The King wants more children for France. Cogitations and madonna are diluting in France. Five hundred thousand back-street abortions are performed each year in France. She who has the money goes to Switzerland -- following Voltaire's road to freedom.

Since '59, the year of his resurrection, De Gaulle has been building a pyramidal structure, called the fifth republic, and organised in this way: first comes Pompidou, whose best political sentence is 'De Gaulle made the decisions, I decide the price of milk.' He is a devout servant to his master, passably stupid; and previously served the Rothschild family. His greatest achievement is to have organized, on behalf of Madame de Gaulle, a philanthropic society for disabled children. Under him are a dozen puppet ministers representing the three hundred families, the Catholic Church and the local squires. Then the army purged of rebellious generals during the Algerian affair, and now, fortunately, politically castrated. Next, the prefects who rule every district of France with almost unlimited power. Under them, the civil servants who make sure everything works smoothly before the political power (ministers and prefects) and the masters of the economy (private capital). The police, a strong arm of paid assassins (Metro Charonne, Feb, 18th, 1962, the Parisians shot by police during peaceful demonstration) have a place of their own, a privileged one. After them comes the bourgeoisie, wealthy, arrogant, ignorant, catholic and reactionary. Then shop and restaurant owners absorbing the most of their families. the Eglises children. the Eglises children and the Eglises children.

The King's priorities are: (1) The face de frappe -- a tiny bomb which allows the French the right to be destroyed in their own right and to die of cramps because of American foolishness. (2) The French language, which must be preserved against contamination and spread throughout the world to the greater glory of 'La France Eternelle.' (3) French food and wine, which are consumed daily, lull you into a condition of revolting anarchy, keep the family together (mealtimes) and the poor in their place (cheap wine).

This is the Kingdom of Charles the Tall, where the legs are asked to piss in the gutter so as not to dirty the pavements where the clothes are drying. The children of the girls have Etruscan noses and perfumed cunt's, where they dress to show they are respectable, and undress only to make their receptability pay. Where the good go to mass on Sunday and ask God to give them more money. Where villages are run by absentee landlords and administered by the priest and the gendarme. Where television after a stupefying dinner has taken the place of the once ritual fucking. The fields are rich, the peasants poor. Kids dream of England but can't leave the family until they're twenty-one. The police are hated but can arrest you simply for having less than ten francs in your pocket or for not having your identity card on you.

But the Kingdom is rich and strong and free, Charles the Tall, having blackmailed the French Communists into accepting starvation wages in exchange for a meaningless friendship with Mother Russia, having thrown out the American soldier but kept open the door to dollar infiltration -- like any African general -- he launches his first atomic submarine at Cherbourg.

One fine spring day in 1963, his puritanical shadowy wife, crossing Les Halles in her state car, going from the Elysee to the Galeries Lafayette, noticed on the pavements ladies of easy virtue. She was very upset by the spectacle, and asked Charles to do something about it. Charles called the Paris Prefect and he cleaned up the streets. Now Algerians and others, tongue-tied by language and cocked by taboos, linger in front of glass doors, looking into expressionistic corridors and up staircases where the girls are lined up, all breasts, high heels and lipstick.

It's still the Pavis of the thirties, a post-Hemingway cardboard naughtiness loved by foreign girls (English, American, Swedish) who study French at the Alliance and feel happily sodied, what with wine before and bidet after (to wash the baby in ? No, to wash the man). Charles, like all good kings, is also romantic -- when the time calls for it. On his way to Mururoa, the Pacific island where his scientists concoct the French deterrent, he stopped off at Tahiti, and talked to the natives. He told the French Pacific Islands were like sleeping beauties, waiting to be awakened by the good technological prince, riding a mushroom cloud and spilling death in French. And yet miserable and corrupt underdeveloped places, who need help, who need aid from Russia and fertilizers from the States (or vice versa) look up to him as a symbol of Freedom: forgetting Algeria, forgetting Djibout, pretending not to know what Castro did and now -- or what Che Guevara is doing in Bolivia. Let him die -- let him die quickly, and the quicker the better. Let him die so that Mendes France can take over. So that Sartre, and not he will be the best example of what the French can be. So that he will not again insult the people's intelligence by pretending to be a prince.

Let him die, firstly and mostly because we want the France of the French revolution, not the France of Napoleon. Because we admire France of the Commune and not the France of the Roi Soleil; because the country which gave freedom to the bourgeoisie has become the country where the bourgeoisie is God -- and De Gaulle its prophet.

Angelo Quattrrocchi

OZ 19
In common with Steve McQueen, Lee Marvin, Dean Martin, 
‘and a lot of other cats’, Norman goes on UFO hunts. 
Recently in a field near London, Norman says he was sure they were there, 
but for some reason would not show themselves. 
‘Maybe they didn’t want to frighten us.’ 

He prayed for a sign. Suddenly, behind him, he heard thud thud thud. It was the 
sign—a cow shitting. ‘And that just goes to show what a weird sense of humour 
they have,’ says Norman, ‘they’re so human.’ Norman is a mystic. Like a lot of 
other cats.

Transcendentalism is in (Even Cliff Richard is joining the C of E.) Sadly, Camus’ 
man, who ‘without negating it, does nothing for the eternal, because his courage 
has taught him he can live without appeal, and his reasoning informed him of his limits’, seems extinct.

Perhaps it is because the drug experience has created a whole new 
area of awe. Certainly the passing of the joint could hardly be less sacramental 
and the Dark Night of the Soul might well have been a bad trip. Or maybe it’s 
the inevitable reaction to the ‘cool’ of the times, a response to the force feed 
of fact knowledge, an antithesis to the credibility gap which withholds 
our trust from the institutions that pattern our daily lives.

Or it may be as simple as W. S. Gilbert thought, ‘You must lie upon the daisies 
and discourse in novel phrases of your complicated state of mind. The meaning 
doesn’t matter if it’s only idle chatter of a transcendental kind.

And everyone will say
As you walk your mystic way,
If this young man expresses himself in terms deep for me,
Why what a very singularly deep young man this deep young man must be.

Whatever the causes, the field of contemporary mysticism is fecund. In the 
following pages four parts of the scene catch our eye; The Process one of the 
psychiatry oriented religion substitutes; Ying and Yang, a classic Eastern 
philosophy, like so many others pioneering the West; Ken Andrew suggests there’s 
more to Astrology than the astrologists think; finally there’s a set of Tarot cards 
for you to be your own diviner.

Today’s mystics seem muddled, yet reason shakes them hardly at all (and they 
don’t believe in verbal communication.) It is faith itself they want to believe in, 
the very act of believing they affirm.

In this age of Irony, probably not a bad thing.

As Dr. Alex Comfort puts it, ‘We’ve forgotten how to use magic and our 
subconscious. We don’t know how to cope with our emotions whereas the 
aborigines have a very complex emotional technology.’

‘Stonehenge started off as magic—for instance—and ended up with science. 
We start up with fact and what do we end up with? Nothing but the moon 
that is no use to anyone.’

‘What we need is religion rather than religions—the gods are only shorthand 
for the gods inside your head—and more contact with ourselves.’
The Process, a sub-species of Scientology, is one of the latest of the innumerable mystic quasi-religions.

After an abortive attempt at Utopia in Nassau, the organisation now maintains properties in Wigmore St and Belfour Place. In fact, owns a yacht in Mexico, and something of a mystics Club Mediterrande in Xtl, Mexico.

It first made headlines last year when family lawyers flew out to Xtl to rescue one or two rich adherents, and no doubt their inheritances as well, family lawyers being what they are. Subsequently, Mind Benders of Mayfair appeared in the Sunday Telegraph. Litigation continues.

A year later, The Process seems a little more benign than formerly. However, as the founders, the de Grimstons, are still centrally involved, information about the origins and rather disturbing early days still seems pertinent to the present. Hence our double-barrelled approach.
windows. Splattering canvas. Walking the dog. Making love.

Schoolroom chairs are put face to face. Grown children put body to body. Communicate', says the beard.

A label of voices. And the sound rises and settles in layers, like Neapolitan ice cream, starting at the ornate ceiling, working down to the top of the unwashed heads. Into the brain. Did you know there are layers of sound, generated by you, pressing down on your skull? You with the typist's glasses and painter's hands — you, with the suburban mouth and cuban heels — you, spotty, with the schoolgirl hysteria bubbling below the surface of your hippy gear?

Here we are. Slumped in solid concentration over one another. Eyeball to eyeball, knee to knee. Exercise one in Communication. Exercises to help us overcome our aggressions, repressions, hostilities, withdrawals, to help us become controlled and intense and aware — and who knows what this newfound, now heightened, awareness might lead to? The gods they say. And who can resist that?

You can reach God, The God. Or rather, for those who might bridge under the implications of the term: a singular deity.

You can reach Him in three expensive months with the Process.

You must communicate. Thirty times. Under the roof of No. 2 Balfour Place, at a guinea for three hours of exercise, lecture and kneels up (which is a sort of raucous fling to unheard music intended to release all possible inhibitions — it succeeded in totally inhibiting me, quite a feat since dancing is usually a release).

Robert de Grimston

Robert de Grimston is thirty years old. He is over six foot tall, powerfully built, has medium-pale blue eyes, very well cut blonde hair and sports an equally well cut beard. Despite his height and girth, his physical presence is not aggressive. He is a sharp dresser (pale blue leather pants) and a meeting in the Oxford town hall, an excruciating young man sitting at the back himself as 'the Christ of Carnaby Street'...

'by heaven.' He was educated at Winchester, but shows few traces of the academic proficiency nurtured in most of its sons. He joined the army on a short-term commission and spent some of this time in Malaysia. When he left the army he did some preliminary architectural training at the Regent Street polytechnic. He has always been interested in psychology — and its applied techniques — and found his main influence in the work of Adler.

His wife, Mary Ann, is thirty-six years old. She wore little make-up, except, to colour her long fingers to silver, sometimes she draws her wry-looking copper coloured hair into a bun. She dressed in pale colours, oatmeal sweaters and skirts, consciously restrained — and was well known. When Mrs Dale's Diary was a hit, she was drawn through society, and the famous 'eyeball' would be clothed in much the same way. She has an aggressive personality and the ability to project it forcefully. She appears to be the tough one of the team and certainly possesses the courage to back his convictions. Mary Ann received little formal education. She was brought up by foster-parents just outside Glasgow. She received a lot of schooling, as she was required to nurse her foster-mother, who was ill when Mary Ann was 13. Her foster-father re-married almost immediately and Mary Ann was wanted no longer. For a time she was passed from one family to another but was never offered a permanent home. Despite the fact that she was still in her 'teens she came to London and found work as a waitress. She wanted to broaden her knowledge of the world. She considered a considerable initiative by taking various courses in pseudo-science. She found these advertised in magazines: they included — numerology, hypnotic, palmistry, spiritualism, occultism, yoga, reading the future in tea- cups, modelling in Mayfair, anatomy and physiology in Bayswater. Finally she became interested in 'Scientology', but did not completely agree with some aspects of it. This led to the forming of the 'Process' with her. She also found time to become a partner in a dry cleaning firm, and said she had acquired 'a few shares' — here and there.

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(a) the need to convert through 'Process' therapy.

(b) the need to convert, by using religious and metaphysical methods. These two aims must function interdependently in order to be efficacious. The religious side of the 'Process' is culled from a hoth-potch of religions and incorporates the concepts

I bring you war, war as you have never known it, killing as you have never seen it, destruction as you have never felt it, devastation as you have never imagined it

their simpler disciples?) in pre-Nassau, pre-Mexico days.

The Communication Course lectures serve as an initiation for your eventual entry to the Advanced Course.

It all begins with the subconscious: that seven-eighths of your mind that seethes beneath your consciousness. Want to cross the road in peace? Yeah. Oh no you don't — you really want to destroy yourself — see that lorry belting down the road at the same time as you are crossing it, with the driver tripping out on LSD — he runs you over there; you lie in a crumpled heap but you wanted it man — that's why you crossed the road in the first place...

When you've swallowed all that, after thirty communication classes, five 'Circles' (we'll get to them in a minute) and I don't know how many Sessions, then ... then ... you are ready for God.

However, along the way you must be prepared to get some grounding in the facts about that dual charmer Jehovah/Lucifer. He's an elevated Being to whom the Process owe their mission to destroy the world. Jehovah is the white side. Lucifer the black.

Hitler is a good example of a Lucifarian figure, but he was okay because he wasn't grey and killed the Jews who were and who wanted to be killed anyway. Subconsciously. Of course, Process example of a conveniently mass subconscious drive for destruction.

Through this great mess of heightened awareness that the Process moves in & breathes like oxygen, they have found themselves a direct link with Jehovah. You might wonder about the sense of purposelessness amidst all this grooving intensity — that's basically because Jehovah has not yet told them exactly what to do to get their mission over to the masses.

The faction is divided — more than once it seems — first of all there's the desire to tell humanity about this divine revelation, then there's this anti-grey masses scene which means no one is actually very keen on mingling with the 'greys' in order to put across the message. Thus a Process magazine is born.

A lovely, remote way of making the word Process known — just pay your thousands and have it printed on glossy paper, without actually having to touch the outsiders yourself. Then you sit and wait for the right ones to come pouring in: all those Gurdjieff initiated meditating hippies whose subconscious draws them to pinstripe hiphuggers and clingyknit black polo shirts.

Lectures come after the coffee break, when participants repair to the underground coffee bar to trip over cowering black dogs and indulge in some free for all questioning over beige coffee slurping in transparent cups. Don't imagine though that you'll get much precision out of any Russell interrogation of the inmates. There will be nervous plucking of dovby baby beards and noises in the throat, but in the end they will slide away into the consciousness of their own reality — matching trousers, matching dogs, matching minds. Intellectual argument is airily dispensed with because it is not on their side.

So, Communication, coffee, lectures: we're back upstairs in our luxury cell. It's silence and concentration again. But not by ourselves any more (how delicious to swim so guiltlessly in self-analysis for so long with so many). No. Now we sit round in all these shifty uncomfortable chairs and gaze into the ever-moving mud-brown eyes of Christopher/de Payer. Founder member of the Process — caught by ex-scientologists Bob and Marie de Grimston Moor (they've dropped the Moor now — for the sake of

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2. There are two, equally important, aims, to be achieved in the 'Process'. They are:

(a) the need to convert through 'Process' therapy.

(b) the need to convert, by using religious and metaphysical methods. These two aims must function interdependently in order to be efficacious. The religious side of the 'Process' is culled from a hoth-potch of religions and incorporates the concepts
There is a feeling of unrest in Balfour Place today. Expand, expand the message goes... publish the magazine, put up circulation get into the Process, more money, use that money & Hugh's inheritance money, & entrance fee money & magazine money & lecture money to buy that £25,000 boat, in Greece, so the bovverboys so chosen ones can hold hands and cross the seas in comfort between the £120 weekly London residence, the Grecian hang-out and Mexico. But Jehovah hasn't been too explicit lately. The last message — save the world — was abandoned after Nassau because this rotten grey world is anti-salvation Process style. So now the Light and the Truth is that Jehovah's cycle of rejection by humanity is over. Now he goes up, and unless you go with him (sympathetic with becoming a member of the Process) you've goofed completely because they'll be there wielding their hothats.

The communication scene is fine. It's groovy to sit around knocking knees with a lot of people whose minds are tuned in to what your mind is tuned in to, whose bodies are nice and skinny and who have a few Redding/Dylan/Hendrix records about the place.

The second stage in the Process, the Circle meditation is, I am told by my dedicated meditative friends, kid's stuff compared to the real thing. This I can appreciate as the circle more resembles after-dinner junked-up telepathic games that the deep psychological trance induced by solitary meditation. But then games are amusing. And if you can afford your fun at 10/6 a time and in you like to vibrate a little, this could replace the tally in your life.

Lights out, the communicating arena turns into an unlit temple of concentration. Chairs form a shadowy circle; linked hands conduct the indefinable currents; yellow-haired babyfaced Johnny takes control and silence covers the jiggling dances of a dozen subconscious minds.

Don't feel guilty the first time around when experienced circlers start spewing out their lurid hallucinations:

Well, first of all, Johnny, I get these two lions, weaving backwards and forwards in front of a great gaping hole, like a cave, menacing...

What did this mean to you Ken? They were great, right.

Yeh, Well I got them coming very strongly from Ian's direction. I guess it has something to do with the feelings of hostility (favourite word) that I pick up from Ian.

Ian, does this have any reality for you?

Pulls fluffy beard and looks knowing: Yeh, that's real to me, Johnny. I had a couple of strong aggressions take over about half-way through.

"Therefore do I now prophesy. No longer command, instead I prophesy, and My prophesy upon this wretched earth and upon the corrupt creation that events upon its ruined surface be: 'Thou shalt kid'."

But don't worry if you didn't get any quivering terrors, or broken eggs or orange-striped end of the world kaleidoscopes for the group to interpret for you. They'll come out and hit you the next time round.

Once you get the name of the game.

Then there's psychometry.

Johnny baby cools the meditation with a deep belly 'thanks' to the deep-breathing deeply sensitive deeply relaxed circle of bodies that he has so manfully welded into one beautiful unit of awareness. Flips us around a bit so that not everyone is sitting next to their sister (in the cause of purity, celibacy, sinlessness?), and directs the exchange of personal objects: rings, watches, medallions... anything that has been soaking up your body heat long enough to transmit your intimate vibrations. Wow!

Like you give him that jelly baby you keep slung between your breasts and he says, I get this feeling of sweet heat from you, doll...

After five Circles you can have a Session, if you dare.

These are conducted in an atmosphere of hushed secrecy by those sinister members of the Process whose bosoms swell with the comforting knowledge of their cozy bi-monthly chat with Jehovah.

Sitt with this impressive Being, 'Therapist' is the god-given title, in a pitch dark room. Don't think. Don't speak. Any verbal communication is out. Your subconscious takes over and spills all the necessary beans about the murky workings of your inner self in its own inimitable language. Your therapist will give you the answers straight from below the belt. Interpret them as you will. After all, you might as well be given some pleasure for that money you've split into the Process coffers. But if you find that idea unnerving, just don't hang around long enough for them to make you believe they can do a Session on you when you're not there. It's more than spooky to feel you are having your subconscious burgled while your body is quietly hopping somewhere miles away.

So, until Session time, the scene remains pleasantly, harmlessly, self-indulgent. The process is a tingling little womb waiting for all those battered, bleeding rich bodies who want to crawl back, out of the cold grey world.

Let them move on, to Lucifer, subconscious manipulation, and a violently destructive God, then — because of their lack of direction and proper psychiatric training — the Process 'therapists' are floundering in waters too deep for them. There is a serious danger of their damaging the psyches of the more vulnerable of their followers, beyond repair. Danèe

of free-will, reincarnation, pre-destination. A Daity, a possible trinity, Buddhist, Hinduism, spiritualism, et alia. They believe that man, rather than being made in the image of God, has the same identity as God. To them, God is a TOTALITY, a being both good and evil. (Apparenly Mr.note myself to see later.) Dr. Griston states that 'mankind is heading for destruction', and he was 'sent to instruct'. When he was questioned as to whether he believed himself to be the Son of God, he did not at first reply; a few minutes later he agreed with his wife that; the description of 'Evangelist' would be more suitable; and less ruining.

There appears to be an immense plasticity in the religious arena of the 'Process', perhaps in order to embrace all-comers. There will be something familiar and useful for everybody: like Macy's bargain basement.

Confusingly enough, the plasticity and apparent tolerance disappear in practice. A sort of Victorian teacher-pupil form of euhontharianism is displayed. Followers are scarcely allowed to question current 'Process' procedures, let alone derive from them. The de Gristons have a very stern interpretation of the concept of free will. It does not stop at the accepted Christian, or Behaviourist understanding which is the belief that each individual is granted the freedom of choice between good and evil. The 'Process' understanding of this is really non-existent as their approach is basically Calvinistic and incorporates Calvin's ideas on predestination. The 'Process' believes that the individual is totally responsible for his (usually miserable) condition. They believe that the individual is totally responsible for his subconscious motivations and actions. These beliefs are extended to a point where they elide, as a public meeting, that a child born with a hereditary disease (e.g., congenital syphilis) had chosen to be born in this condition and that it was the responsibility of the child. This is clearly regressive thinking and can become a form of extremism leading to the abuse and persecution of the individual; particularly the innocent and vulnerable. For instance Mary Ann said that, 'all the Jews in Hitler's Germany walked into the gas ovens because they clearly felt guilty.'

The raison d'être given for the 'Process' is that it can cure the individual of his necessarily, self-inflicted neuroses. The 'Process' procedure can also provide him with a hitherto unsuspected religious awareness. The de Gristons imply that nobody can achieve the state of physical and spiritual well-being aimed at, without doing a course of 'Process' sessions. This proposition activates the aim to convert to therapy, and of course brings in money. The de Gristons believe that this aim is so supremely confident of their ability to achieve success with every patient. The de Gristons' sessions are a much more gruelling ordeal than those usually endured by patients treated by a qualified psychiatrist. Since none of the 'Process' therapists have medical training, they cannot assess if the psychological state of a person, which all too often may appear deceptively rational and balanced. Only a specialist trainer can detect the signs which show that apparently

MEANWHILE... LIFE CONTINUES AS NORMAL

... In which the Grey Forces suffer a temporary setback...
jolly man may be a manic depressive, who can be plunged into self-destruction if subjected to the wrong pressures. A 'Process' patient is allowed to book his block of six sessions in the way he wants to. He is even allowed to book a six-hour session, without being damaged, sometimes crippled. 'We let the patient go at the speed he chooses.' When questioned several times on the advisability on this undoubted 'blitzkrieg' upon the psyche, the de Gromans gave repeated assurances that they had never had a case they were unable to handle. When asked what they would do if a deeply disturbed patient came to them for help (e.g. schizoid, melancholic, psychotic, paranoic) they stated most firmly that this situation had never arisen, but that when it did they would know what to do.

3. When dredging the subconscious, highly unpleasant and unsuspected aspects of the personality will surface, and cause intense pain to the patient. Few people can digest too much disgust and disenchantment - an bloc - without being damaged, sometimes crippled. The techniques used by a 'Process' therapist, or a Scientistologist, are curiously analogous to those of brainwashing. Brainwashing is achieved through a series of intellectual, emotional, environmental and occasionally, haphazard machinations. The questions start off beguilingly enough at the beginning but soon enough the guilt which exists already in each human is played upon, and maintained, new, sometimes utterly false guilt is induced, through group pressures, and believed in confusion, all past values are destroyed, the future holds nothing without confrontation, and worry is a waking and dozing condition.

The following questions and answers are taken from the notebook of a very young boy, during his first few months at the 'Process'. Luckily, he has an extremely resilient personality, even for youth; it is a sort of 'superball' radiation that he emanates. He is willful, but aware of it. He is frivolous, which naturally implies that he is an extremely serious person. He has an orderly but extremely curious brain, a strong sense of humour. Most important of all he likes people and is kind by nature.

Q. What would happen if you rejected the Process?
A. To be out of control
to be schizoid
to be completely emotional
to fall
to be quite schizoid
to sink.
Q. What would happen if you accepted the Process?
A. To possess me
To be totally committed
To be warm
I'd know
To be safe
To be strong
To be untouchable.

The questions above, and those which follow pose two utterly false sorts of possibilities - for this boy here - but this sort of Through the Looking Glass alternative is commonplace.

Q. Not to accept Mary Ann?
A. To be a black hideous being
To be quite dead
To go down to hell
To be the devil
To be crucified
To have my heart cut out
To throw away my body
To destroy Christ.
Q. To accept Mary Ann?
A. To communicate her light
To understand Christ
To comprehend all
To have chosen
To project love
To show up the devil.

SIX QUESTION PROBLEM CYCLE
Sylvia (a girl he had been in love with)
Q. What have I done to her?
A. Burnt her as a witch
Given her my guilt
Made her my excuse
Made her my God
Left her alone
Destroyed her friends
Killed her parents.
Q. What I have failed to do
Worship her
Give her reality
Have sex
Stay uncommitted.

Q. How are you trying to be total?
A. By feeling every feeling
By embracing past lives
By compassion
By giving everything.
Q. Criterion of Progress? Show?
A. I'd be worth slandering
I'd go fascist
I'd stop being schizoid
I'd make sense
I'd understand
I'd be clearcut
I'd be el Cordobes
I'd be Hitler.

It should be clear that the 'Process' and Scientology, from which it stems, possess all the characteristics found in an authoritarian regime. They demand complete dedication and unwavering obedience from their followers. They punish deviators by ostracism, ridicule and expulsion. They use a fabricated jargon to bolster their dogmas and to weaken the accepted meaning of the language: it also helps to preserve a sense of mystery and exclusiveness. They KNOW that they alone are 'The Truth'. Their techniques bear an uncanny resemblance to the highly sophisticated and effective brainwashing methods used in China today: robbing the individual of his freedom in all things and reducing him to a near zombie-like state of subjection.

Henrietta Morrees
Yang and Yang is a dialectical method of classifying  things, a means of grouping into two antagonistic yet complementary categories everything in the Universe and the Universe itself.

Yin and Yang.

Negative and Positive forces, are as indispensable to each other as man to woman. They are the two fundamental and opposite factors that create and destroy in an endless cycle, all that exists. The Yin—Yang theory is a revolutionary theory, in which Yin represents the reactionary force and Yang the inevitably following revolutionary forces.

Out of the infinite pure expansion, out of the ecstasy of the Universe and the human body, out of every atom or plant or orgone Yin and Yang are produced infinitesimal. Yin is dark, cold, wet, negatively charged (the electron) feminine and at the violet end of the spectrum. Yang is bright, hot, positively charged (the proton) and masculine. Yang is Red.

All things and phenomena are composed of Yin and Yang in different proportions; nothing can ever be completely Yin or completely Yang, all is relative.

Yin produces Yang.

Yang in the extreme produces Yin.

Thus a very Yang hot, dry sunshiny day will produce a very Yin cool electric hailstorm. A living thing which is Yin will produce Yang. Thus if a person is sick, cold, tired, inactive, negative in outlook he becomes well by producing heat (Yang) in the form of fever that will produce Yang.

The bigger the difficulty the bigger the happiness.

When a person is excessively Yang, they produce a very Yin cool electric mindset: a living thing which is Yang will produce Yin. Thus if a person is healthy,热, positive, charged (proton) and masculine, Yin is Red.

In the form of fever that will produce Yang.

Direct experience of infinite pure expansion occurs in sex and eating.

Like charges attract, unlike repel.

Organic occurs when the positive and negative charges of man and woman unite and the cycle of death and rebirth is made. If a man is excessively Yang he will become cruel and destructive and have difficulty achieving a truly refreshing orgasm. His excess of Yang can turn into excess of Yin and he may become imposter, and unhappy, losing his appetite for sex, food and oxygen. A woman who becomes too Yin cannot be readily loved. She is cold, anti-social, and suspicious.

Perhaps she will be very mystical. Eating presents the opportunity for man and woman to effect the Yin—Yang nature of their mindbodies.

Cereal foods, the staple diet of all vital civilizations, do not produce disruptive imbalances towards Yin or Yang. They encourage the continuous rejuvenation of the total being, that process by which the cells and corpuses and nerve-endings are forever dying and being reborn.

Animal foods are Yang. They can produce a dependency in their user as they displace the functions of the user's body. Thus eating a lot of meat provides the Yang qualities of heat and activity but may lead to a weakening of the heart and other organs that would otherwise do the job.

Sugar, fruits, and alcohol are Yin foods. They inhibit the flow of nervous energy as well as the renewal of cells-tissue. They are often addictive and the user feels he can't go on without them.

Money and political power are Yin and are the weapons of a Yang society. Impersonism occurs when a nation has become too weak to keep itself and must prey on other nations for new materials and labour to maintain its own existence. A dependency is established and the imperial nation as a whole becomes more and more Yin as it allows its social work functions to be taken up by another nation, its colony. When cancer strikes an organism it manifest as large mutated cancer cells parasitic on the body's healthy cells. Eventually either the healthy cells purge themselves of the cancerous influence or become themselves cancer cells.

At a certain point there aren't enough healthy cells to feed the cancer cells and the body dies.

Either Yin Imperialism will devour the rest of the human social organism or a very strong Yang force will be produced to initiate a new cycle. There has been no true revolution in Western Society for a long time. This necessary rejuvenating process has been delayed by Industrial, Technological, Atomic, Police, and other 'revolutions'.

The extent of Western Yin is serious.

World Yang is preparing for global intercourse that must succeed or be faced with an even greater fright Yin reaction.

IMMUNITY to what REICH calls the Emotional Plague (Yin cancer) is temporarily obtained with LSD. Permanent immunity requires that continuous conscious application of Yang—Yang judgment in place of suicidal subconscious compulsive judgment; by stretching or dancing when one is bored or tired instead of eating pep pills and sweets, by moving in contact with other bodies when it is cold instead of eating meat, in short by staying in a permanent state of revolution.

Without revolution there can only be reaction, fear, stagnation and the weakening of the strong on every level.

The bigger the difficulty the bigger the happiness.

Craig Bams
hinges round the idea of the solar system as an orderly system which interacting forces or streams of energy hold together and in which each body in the system has a mutual effect on each other. Of course, Newton thought so. Though the principle of gravity he posited is not now thought so explanatory. But there is a strong possibility that the nature of the energy, for instance, which the moon exerts on the earth is electro-magnetic in character. Thus the overlapping of the magnetic fields creates the tides.

Our difficulty comes when the principle is applied to human beings. It is necessary to understand cosmos repeating on a small scale the same system of energies contained in the solar system, the receiving and communicating apparatus being the nervous system, which in its turn alerts and connects up with the glands system. The glands, of course, containing the energies which when released produce the various manifestations of characteristics which make up a person.

If one makes a spiral, taking the Solar plexus as starting point, the distance of the various glands from each other, following the path of the spiral, tails very closely with that of the corresponding planets from the sun, apparently obeying Bodes’ Law, which states that each planet is twice as far from the sun as the preceding one.

Therefore, the Moon corresponds with the thymus which has to do with early growth, maternal instinct. Venus is equivalent to the flesh covering the body and certain harmonious emotions corresponding with the parathyroids.

Mercury, which has to do with movement, muscle control, speed of reaction corresponds with the thyroid. Mars to do with fight and flight corresponds with the adrenal glands.

Jupiter corresponds to the Posterior pituitary, indicating emotional stability, expansive outgoing emotions and the muscular structure. Saturn corresponds to the Anterior pituitary gland, which controls the bone structure and is connected with the depth of thought and emotion.

Uranus which takes 84 years to make a complete orbit of the star system must be considered the last planet to have a relevance to human life as a whole, corresponding with a human life span. Which would seem to apply to the Gonads, the glands containing the most highly evolved energy normally produced by a human being and possessing all that is necessary for a new life.

For a more complete understanding of the real implications of Astrology it helps to think of the solar system as a highly involved series of spirals interwoven and moving through space with the sun as the spindle. The solar system then takes on the aspect of a poly-phase transformer, the paths of the planets forming ever widening coils which transform different manifestations of energy at ever increasing speeds, which akin to electricity, act on the glands and thus determine our actions.

It is in the slight preponderance of the sensitivity of one gland over another that the basis of the idea of different types of man lies. Thus there are basically six types, corresponding to Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Venus, Mercury and the Moon.

Further reading: A New Model Universe. Ouspensky.

Ken Andrew.
Egypt Tarot predicted an Israeli victory.

Avoid your disaster...

Results depend on the clearness of the questions. For instance, "Will it be happiness or trouble?" will be happiness or trouble to the person who asks. Better still is to ask, for instance, "How will the picnic tomorrow be for me?"

An important point that needs to be stated clearly in the question is the Time factor. Is the question short term or long term? Ask the question as clearly as possible. If necessary ask the question more than once, changing the time element from shorter to longer term.

Do not limit yourself to the meanings given on the outline. They are general, and under the special circumstances of a divination, may be altered. Say what comes to you.

It is better to learn the meanings of the cards than write the meanings on them. Better for yourself; more impressive for the seeker. By learning the meanings of three cards a day, you learn the whole pack in a week.

Methods

The 22 cards are shuffled and the seeker asks the cards the question while shuffling (they need not say the question aloud if they do not want to). The seeker cuts asking the question again as he or she does so. The Interpreter puts out the first four cards like this:

A B C D

The numbers at the top of the cards are now added together. If the total comes to more than 21, for instance 33, the two figures in the total are added together, i.e. 3 + 3 = 6. This number gives the number of the card which is to be placed in the centre of the star. If it already appears in the star, it has to be visualised as being in both places at once.

Take a special note of the fact that the Joker or Fool, which is un-numbered, is for the purposes of the draw No. 22.

The Reading

The centre card is the most important and sets the tone of the whole answer. Card A is directly related to it and affects it. Card B is more remote or possibly happens later in time. Card C follows B. Card D follows C.

It is now the duty of the Interpreter to examine the meanings of the five cards in the cross in accordance with the list of meanings given in this book and to inform the seeker what the cards foretell. It is therefore essential for the Interpreter to study the meanings of the Major Arcana very thoroughly and in particular the way in which the presence of one card next to another influences or modifies the meaning of the two combined. For example, if Temperance is followed by the Hanged Man the two cards mean that the seeker will be faced by some indecision in the matter which is in his mind and that this indecision has been caused by the hypocrisy or double-dealing of some other person. Death followed by the Hanged Man signifies that someone known to the seeker will die with unpleasant consequences for the seeker; for example, the seeker might be expecting to inherit a large sum of money under the will of the deceased, whereas he would, in fact, inherit little or nothing, or there might be some unpleasant condition attached to the inheritance by the legator.

(b) Your Darkest Wish

The seeker should shuffle and cut the pack with his right hand, and the Interpreter will then turn up a card which represents the fate of the seeker's wish. Then place from the right two cards on either side of it—

E D A C B

These flanking cards will represent the factors affecting the achievement or non-achievement of the wish. B and C represent factors of influence by people, possibly relatives, associates or friends. D and E are events or material influences which work on the wish. B and E taken together represent influences further away in time from the wish. If the wish appears likely to be granted, then these outside cards will indicate the factors controlling how long it will be before the wish is successful. If the wish appears to be lost, then the outside cards can again help to gauge the time element as to whether there is a chance of it being granted at some time in the future.

D and C taken together represent the significances of the wish to the person who asks. In cases where it is not clear whether the wish card is positive or negative, these two cards on either side will determine the result by an assessment of the elements involved. They can also often be a give-away to the nature of the wish itself—will it bring happiness or satisfaction?

Card Numbers

The wish fulfilled: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 11, 19, 21.
The wish not granted: 9, 12, 13, 15, 16, 18; and Inverted 4, 6, 7, 8, 11, 15, 16, 18, 21; and the Fool, either way.

Fulfilled, but delayed: Inverted 3, 10, 19.

Delayed and uncertain: 7, 8, 10, 14, 17, 20.

Unlikely, but just possible subject to having long delay: Inverted, 9, 13, 17, 20.

(c) Seeing the Year Ahead

1. Take out the cards representing the 12 astrological signs of the Zodiac.
2. Shuffle them and lay them face downwards on the table.
3. Ask the seeker to shuffle the remainder of the cards and to cut them to the left with his right hand. Then to replace the bottom stock on the top.
4. Deal the remaining ten cards face down on to the astrological signs of the Zodiac, starting from the right. Two cards will remain unpaired.
5. Turn up the Zodiac pack and sort it into chronological order starting with the month ahead on the right, the others ranging to the left.
6. Read the significance of each month according to the meaning of its sister card bearing in mind its normal value when placed alongside each other.
7. Place on one side the two single cards. When you have finished reading the ten other months collect up the ten astrological cards and shuffle them.
8. Repeat the request to the seeker to shuffle and cut.
9. Deal five cards on each of the two remaining months as they will be the most significant in the year ahead.
10. Set out the cards in a line with the card of the month on the right. Read across the line starting from the right.

(d) Asking a Private Question

1. Before beginning, be sure that the seeker has formulated his question. Explain to him that all questions come under four major headings:
   (a) Work, business, etc.
   (b) Love, marriage or pleasure.
   (c) Trouble, loss, scandal, quarrels, etc.
   (d) Money, goods or such purely material matters.
2. Be careful that the seeker does not tell you his question or its nature before you begin.
3. Make your mind as passive as possible while you are shuffling and laying out the cards. Do not try to guess, go by what the cards suggest to you.
4. Shuffle the cards.
5. Hand them to the seeker and ask him to think of the question attentively that he wishes to put to the cards, and cut the cards with his left hand. He should then restore the cards, i.e. put the previous bottom stack uppermost.
6. Cut the pack with the left hand and place the top half to the left.
7. Cut each of these packs to the left.
8. Find the birth card. If in the right-hand pack the question refers to work, enterprise, ideas, etc. If in the next, marriage, love or pleasure. If in the third to trouble, loss, scandal, quarrels, etc., and if in the left-hand pack to money, foods, purely material matters.
9. Tell the seeker what he has come for, i.e. from the position of his astrological birth card, declare the general nature of the question. If with it he abandons the divination. Do not resume the attempt within two hours.
10. For additional information pair the cards on either side of the birth card.

The order of the 12 signs of the Zodiac is:

1. Aries 4 The Emperor
2. Taurus 5 The Pope
3. Gemini 6 The Lovers
4. Cancer 7 The Chariot
5. Leo 10 Force
6. Virgo 9 The Hermit
7. Libra 8 Justice
8. Scorpio 13 Death
9. Sagittarius 14 Temperance
10. Capricorn 15 The Devil
11. Aquarius 7 The Star
12. Pisces 18 The Moon
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