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OZ 8

Richard Neville

Editor

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OZ 8

Description


Publisher
OZ Publications Ink Limited, London, 40p

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/8
HARRY, COME BACK! YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME HERE ALONE... NOT YOUR OWN BROTHER!!!

DO YOU KNOW WHAT REALLY MATTERS?

That's a beautiful thing to say.

VOL. BEAUTIFUL MANS

WHEN DID YOU GET THIS BEAUTIFUL MANS?

The rest of us.

FOUNDED NUNNURNA IN A BAR A FEW MONTHS AGO

YOU WOULDN'T CATCH ME DEAD IN A KAFTAN THIS SEASON MAN

YOU WOULDN'T CATCH ME DEAD IN A KAFTAN THIS SEASON MAN

HEY MAN, YOU'RE A SCORPIO

I'VE GOTTEN INTO A RUT OF LOOKING GREAT, MY MY.

DON'T BLAME ME, I'M JUST A SCORPIO

HE'S A SCORPIO TOO!

HE'S ON THE PROWL!

WHY ARE YOU LOOKING SO FOOKED UP?

WHAT DID YOU DO YESTERDAY?

THIS OLD I MET LAST NIGHT."
A man aged 45 picks you up on the road in his sports car, seems reasonably intelligent and personable and offers you £100 to spend the night with him. Would you accept?
That depends on how broke and randy you are at the time, of course, but for small town sociologist, Professor Jessie Pitts, it could tell a lot about his son.

Professor Jessie Pitts is surveying hippies and is currently combing Formanterra, London and Paris with a fourteen page questionnaire. He is able to detect his subjects by "gut feeling" - a reflex response to the presence of hippies.

At the top of the questionnaire is the warning, "This questionnaire is nosy but anonymous... it is part of a research project on the radical wing of the youth movement. Much is written about it but the true facts are very scarce indeed. Hence this questionnaire, which cannot claim to ask all the right questions... You may add whatever comments you think might increase communication."

Communication between whom? Pitts’ questionnaire is chaotic, confused, incoherent. He asks whether 'hippies' (as identified by "gut feeling") believe in God, Psychiatry, Numerology, theories of violent revolution etc. He asks questions about menstruation, orgasm, whether drugs make sex better, the difference in technique between squares and hippies and he asks what many questionnaires seem to be heading towards but never quite ask: "When did you last have intercourse?"

It is a plaintive, if useless, scholarly project, for Jessie Pitts. He is a middle-aged, American college professor who has a personal problem. His eldest son dropped out of Harvard and became a hippie.

Once upon a time Jessie was a Trotskyite and later he served time in the American Air Force. He admits, quite openly, that life is a drag and that this is "right and proper". He sees the American educational system as, very rightly, a process where people can learn to tolerate being bored 75% of the time. If you cannot learn to be bored then you become crazy and he has designed a little table in his questionnaire to prove this.

It asks the subject to record any feelings of being outside his body, living a scene he has lived before, feeling somebody is watching him although nobody seems to be around, feeling somebody is in his mind or to record any odd sensations of lights and sounds.

Professor Pitts’ reasons for doing the survey are to prove what he already thinks. He will prove this quite easily because he has designed his questionnaire with that state of mind, he will analyse with that state of mind and he will interpret with that state of mind. So if a balding sociologist aged 45 picks you up on the road in his sports car, seems reasonably intelligent and personable and offers you a 14 page questionnaire, ask him for £100.
Here, where we can have any radio we like, as long as it's black, the NDO may be wearing Marlboros T-shirts beneath their Burton suits, but Radio One sure isn't worried. Meanwhile on the West Coast, in the sunshine, Los Angeles's 55th radio station, Radio Boss Angeles, calls itself KHIP is tuned in and setting to fun. Imagination dead, imagine. Imagine Jimmy Young competing with this sort of sound:

'Turned on, Kay-HIP-led Boss Angeles is tuned in to fifty thousand clear channelled watts of flower powered KHIP, Brother Humbled here with sounds from deep beneath the Kay HIP revolving disk atop the KHIP studios in downtown Boss Angeles. PLASTIC MAN LOVES YOU BABY Kay HIP King 5-27 psychedelic seconds past the hour and 98.6 Kay HIP mushrooming delights on the outside. Hey Boss Kay HIP and Flower Children! Get your HippyMind Astrallogisal LP and Hop Life Trips for just 25 Boss cents and a self-addressed stamped envelope sent to: Anon Trip Kit, KHIP, Boss Angeles, California, attn:Department Head. Do it now! PssychedallIIick!!!! A country gets the radio it deserves.

London's loomed, Formantana's folded and S.E. Asia seems too far away - the next place may be Prague.

Capital city of a communist country that's never had a revolution, Prague is on the verge of its first at the hands of local and imported provos. Everything illegal is available - based on a flourishing black exchange for dollars. Hard currency brings three times the official rate. Grass and dix are pushed on the streets by characters straight out of B movies. Trains run for a penny, hearty meals are 2/- and accommodation 5/-.

Money changes are also expert in drugs for change at the local state accommodation agency do a nice line; in castles to get stoned in. Despite genteel regrets expressed in 'The Times' Ton's demise may have a

eel - they lock the doors. And Cedok the accommodation agency do a nice line; in castles to get stoned in.

For those beyond the generation gap, posters outside Rank cinemas confirm the compensations of age.

ENJOY YOUR RETIREMENT AT THIS CINEMA IN THE AFTERNOON ALL STALLS SEATS 3d.

It is believed: Bertand Russell, 84, has not so far taken advantage of Rank's offer to Look at Life.
VENTOR DIES AS PRUNE DE-WRINKLER BLOWS UP

ANN BENSON

People keep disappearing. All these odd little characters the assassination brought to light no longer are particularly short and Interesting. Besides, Ones left Dallas, New Orleans, or the country long ago and, we have been found resting in various places, presumably terraces. Others, not so lucky, dragged their backs 12 days over their trunks and their heads to stay in bonds territory, so to speak.

Well, coincidences—like accidents—will happen. It's true that a dusty old London insurance firm did an actuary's study and pronounced a yearly prediction of one chance in 20 of a person being assassinated. How can you escape within the house, for you know the British ways of disappearance? We'll stick to the framework set by the suspicious calculations: lookings, window openings, and checkings of that other body from hell... what was his name?... Penn Jones.

Because, no matter how much you know, it's easy to fall out of trouble if you just look smart and learn by the experience of others. The simple rule is: Don't do the things they did.

Don't eat or drink anything that might contain arsenic. (R.I.P. Robert Perrin.)

Don't walk along highways traveled by speeding cars. (R.I.P. Rose Cheramie.)

Don't pilot planes. (R.I.P. High Ward.)

Don't look like your brother. (R.I.P. Eddie Benson.)

Don't fall into plate glass windows and cut your throat. (R.I.P. Hank Killam.)

Don't let people inject you with things. (R.I.P. Jack Ruby.)

Don't help people (like Ferrie) learn how to inject cocaine with ascop cells. (R.I.P. Dr. Mary Sherman.)

Don't help people like Ferrie do anything, in fact. (R.I.P. Dorothy Kilgallen.)

Don't get involved, especially if people know you are involved. (R.I.P. J. Garrett Underhill.)

Don't sit around in police stations—will happen. Don't get arrested by the Dallas police. (R.I.P. Lee Oswald, Jack Ruby.)

Don't ask for a private cell if arrested. (R.I.P. Nancy Jane Mooney.)

Don't drive a car in Dallas. (R.I.P. William Whaley.)

Don't drive a car outside Dallas. (R.I.P. Lee Bowers.)

In fact, don't drive a car at all without checking your vehicle tags first. Most Schiff always remember to check now, and he's still with us as this goes to press.

Don't drive a car in Dallas, (R.I.P. Lee Oswald.)

Don't drive a car outside Dallas. (R.I.P. Lee Bowers.)

Postscript: We know it's a little hard to remember all these former people formerly connected with the case. Their former identities are detailed in Garrison's 'Playboy interview (October,' and Penn Jones's Ramps article (November).
Dear Sir,

I have just today obtained a copy of your magazine and I have sent it straight to the Chief Inspector of Police in Glasgow to request that action be taken to have this piece of sleight of hand removed. Which you call a magazine. May God help you to make you realize that we have yet to come to the youth of this nation. I would remind you that one day you will stand before Almighty God to see on account of your life.

Sincerely yours,

[Signature]

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Dear Sir,

Yours is a truly incredible publication and we are delighted to see how much other avant-garde magazines are doing. What makes me so happy is that this judgement is the obvious difference in standards between your various articles.

Take your last issue for example. The Dylan story in the "Bell Art" insert was typical of many Spanish "art" articles. They were stimulating and profound. Yet we have to be careful for "OTHER SCENES: "Blueprint for a Beautiful Community." The latter article was at its best when any amount of hope and beauty is the most beautiful, but this is not something that can be found.

Please let quality take precedence over quantity and don't subject your faithful readers to any more of this.

Yours hopefully,

[Signature]

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Dear OZ

With reference to Whitman and Whitman's brochure of a gnostic dogma on the part of a minority.

Some sort of gathering together of ideas would be useful to an as an aid to gnostic articles. This need not be a book or a newsletter, but a high-quality output.

If you don't think this is the case, you are probably really young. How can you really believe! A high-quality output, not even a high-quality newsletter.

Yours faithfully,

[Signature]

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Dear Sir,

Previous issues of OZ have covered the general principle that suicide is more often a symptom of something other than the obvious.

The renewed enthusiasm controversy centres on whether doctors ought to be allowed to discuss their patients' fatalities in any way. The subject of suicide is a matter of national interest and an important issue. The renewed enthusiasm controversy centres on whether doctors ought to be allowed to discuss their patients' fatalities in any way. The subject of suicide is a matter of national interest and an important issue.

Yours sincerely,

[Signature]

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Dear Sir,

We think you are quite in order for typographical errors for your publication, but we return both with the letter sent for setting as we feel that we cannot ask our readers to endure typing of this nature. We trust that you will find these of a more hand-typed nature. We are not sure whether this is the case.

J.R. Common (on behalf of R. Common & Co. Ltd., 23 Brixton Hill, London SW9)

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Lively underground No. 6 published by John Wilcock, happens to be Distribution 50 Times a year in Europe & USA. Contributions to PO Box 8, Village Station, New York 10014, USA. Issue £1 or $1.50 November 1966 to February 1967.
Dear Sir
You recently published an article on McLuhan which I feel tended to cover his more interesting discoveries. When McLuhan says the medium is the messsenge he is really saying that the medium is as important as the message in that it is the medium, or the extension of man which cause change irrespective of content or message. He considers the invention of electricity and the television has turned night into day and the world into a village. Now when McLuhan talks about messages or content he often uses the word programme. He says that the media are being programmed with 21st century information. If on the other hand we are to see the all media discovered by 20th century philosophy and science in the various media we now possess he considers that much of our way of life would alter. He claims that the use of the media in Vietnam would not be being fought for a start and that classes would no longer exist. Preumably the war in Vietnam might have been avoided by greater understanding of McLuhan's (long suppressed by all media) and the classroom might become obsolete through the use of television at home and making the world into a play-ground rather than simply a medium for the media only. I think a line from Peter, Paul and Mary's recent record sums up our present use of media.

"But if I really say it. the radio won't play it."

McLuhan, like Vance Packard, is concerned with the way society is conned into unawareness. All that those ads want us to do is buy crap, and all TV wants us to do is believe LBJ is right. McLuhan loves the consensus rather than the point of view. That is not critical collective involvement and understanding using information obtained from all sources and appreciated with rationality. That presumably includes government.

It is underlined that McLuhan is hailed as a prophet of the new society because he has done a lot to rearrange the jacked up concepts of the old Victorian bourgeoisie. With less serious critics for all the information your medium contains. Andrew Berway, Brighton.

Dear Sir
I was recently given a copy of your issue No. 4 as an ageing, haggard, unsavvy friend of mine, who led me to believe that it was far superior to the well-known gubbie sheet "Private Eye", I am deeply grateful to him, for he has saved me wanting 2.6 on the biggest load of boring old scumulus crap to come my way in many a long day. Comparison with the "Eye" is ludicrous; the layout and artwork present much challenge to P.E. as a 1924 Bovril advert. Nasty monocromic type and a whiser shade of pea, with Art Nouveau-styled art that was fashionable for decorating boutiques with about six months ago. And the content is laughable; compared with the "Eye"'s wit and attack your contributors whose pedantically like a crowd of fiddlers whose Headmaster has told them to stop wanking. LBJ, H.Wilson, etc., etc., are unlikely to lose much after reading "Oz". And while P.E. can take the piss out of the Beatles in their latter stages of Gсобan-anxiety and out of vapid con-men like the idiot-grinning Maharishi, you can only apply articles about being cool on acid under the guidance of "Gurus". Gurus-schmurus!

As to be expected, you make O.K. noises about Vietnam, and I'm sure its a great comfort to the Vietnamese peasants in their troubles to know that the Beautiful People smoking pot 3000 miles away in Kinshasa are right behind them. However, I doubt whether the explored classes of the world (such as the poor sad gathering the marijuana harvest for Haight-Ashbury under a 230-degree boiling sun at 1 am six p.m.) will go overboard for the far-reaching social reforms proposed by your anonymous peaded photo - keeping the tube open after 11.30 p.m., abolishing TV licences and the E50 travel allowance, etc.

Dear Sir
You may have received the original of the enclosed copy letter.

It is a joke.

It was sent by a M. T. Nunn of 1 Jacobabad Mansions, W.1, and represents his view nothing mis.

Good luck with OZ.

Arthur Munsey
11 The Elms
Beauchamp C. W.13.
P.S. I am writing to Private Eye to the same effect.

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Drinkin Team

Terry Southern
proves once again that bad taste exists in the eye of not only the beholder but also the creator — you'll laugh til you vomit.” (Paul Kramen)

Red Dirt
Marrick
and Other Tastes

New American Library
A Publication of the Times Mirror Corporation
The PENTHOUSE FORUM provokes more interest, more correspondence and more stimulating discussion than any other feature in British publishing. It reflects this nation's sexual habits and interests, its fears and its fantasies, with an authentic cross-section of the individual men and women whose personalities and experiences form the basis of our social attitudes. It is human, intimate and, above all, candid! No other publication, conceived in our time, could have created a public platform of such liberal and liberating proportions.

Unfortunately, editorial and space limitations make it impossible to present the full panorama of enlightened argument and discussion that this section deserves. To overcome these restraints and to satisfy the mounting demand created by the innumerable letters that may never see print in these pages, the editors of Penthouse have prepared a totally different publication, a magazine devoted exclusively to readers' correspondence and the personalized discussions, comments, questions and answers arising therefrom. Published monthly, Forum Supplement will dramatically extend and develop the areas already covered in Penthouse while introducing many more not yet touched on. Forum Supplement will continue to promote that vital lifeline of communication between individuals and the society in which they live. It will act as a contemporary encyclopaedia of human conduct and experience, covering every aspect of our socio-sexual development as a nation, and providing — through the informed comment of social, theological, legal and medical authorities — THE FIRST PERSONAL ADVISORY SYSTEM EVER PUBLISHED ON THIS SCALE IN BRITAIN!

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DESTINED TO BECOME THE MOST POWERFUL AND CONTROVERSIAL SOCIO-SEXUAL ARBITER OF OUR TIME....
People get annoyed because OZ isn’t laid-out like the ‘New Statesman’. You publish some extraordinary articles,’ they say, ‘but no one can take them seriously when they’re printed upside down in circles in purple ink.

Yes, they can. That’s why OZ is banned at Parkhurst Prison. The library committee take OZ very seriously. The police in Piccadilly take OZ seriously too. That’s why they cautioned the newsvendor for selling OZ. (He doesn’t sell it anymore.) And the man who sent the editor 24 cases of Coal Tar soap takes OZ seriously. (We wish more people would send us soap – you can’t have a bath with abusive letters.)

Best thing to send us is 30/-

Rubbish from past issues:

- Michael X and the Flower Children
- The Poetry of Bob Dylan
- Letter from a Greek Gaol
- The Coca Cola King of Kathmandu
- Mark Lane’s famous expose of the BBC
- Peter Potter’s Metamorphoses
- Toad of Whitehall
- The Great Alf Conspiracy
- Mind Benders of Mayfair
- How to take acid
- Pilot Angelo Quattrochi on De Gaulle, Italy and Russia
- David Widgery on Guerwara, the quality Sunday’s hippies
- Anthony Haden-Guest on Girodias
- Ray Dugnag on Marshall McLuhan, suicide and sex
- Jonathan Aitken on himself
- Elizabeth Smart on picking her nose

Three back issues will be sent immediately—free!

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COUNTRY

I enclose 30/- for one year’s subscription to OZ plus 3 free back issues

Sincerely E. H. Ennack

Rush to OZ, 38A Palace Garden Terrace, London W8

If you persuade your newspaper to order it regularly from Moore-Hamoss Ltd

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OZ SUBSCRIPTION OFFER
The Russian revolution began well. Killing the czar (God on earth), giving the land to the people who worked it (justice), and using man's resources for the common good, not for the benefit of the few (socialism). The Russian revolution meant well. Confiscating churches and building schools. Asking that each man worked for the common good, each according to his capacities. Promulgating freedom of the mind and the freedom of love, the two freedoms which make man beautiful.

At first, the Russian revolution gave bread and shelter, as much as it could, but soon took away freedom of mind and freedom to love.

In the beginning it was a revolution by the people (peasants and workers) for the people. It developed into a revolution for the Russian people, made by the party. He who thinks that the Russian revolution was made so that half a century later baggy-trousered and neck-tied Russians could live in pigeon holes called apartments and read Pravda, and that Russian housewives could raise well-behaved and reasonably fed brats who will land on the moon; deserves to be shot by a firing squad of underfed, barefoot South Americans, using American rifles and Russian bullets.

Save the Chinese ammunition. Marx's analysis was correct; only, history side-stepped it by making the first revolution in a predominantly agricultural country. Instead of the workers taking power and developing socialism from the correct beginning: the appropriation of the means of production by the workers and
their representatives, the Russian revolution had to rely on party cadres. Trotsky's forced exile was the beginning of the end. The party elite soon became the party apparatus and the substitute for democracy by the people.

Stalin decided that the Soviet Union could be built; but it had to be the Soviet Union first, and socialism second.

Sad, that the first socialist revolution had to begin in such a country. Bad, that Lenin died so soon.

Because the revolution is made by those who need it, as the Russians did fifty years ago. They saved their revolution from the enemies surrounding them, well and good. Then they were supposed to start building a socialist state. Millions of Stakhanovs (Stakhanov is the mythical worker who worked harder than anybody else—a hero of production) slaved in good faith, convinced that one ounce of Russian steel was good for the people. But he was cheated and discovered it in the early thirties. He discovered that one ounce of steel was good for Russia, yes, but not necessarily for the people. In the effort to make Russia impregnable socialism was thrown overboard. It was either grim work or Siberia—or both.

WAS IT NECESSARY?
WAS IT INEVITABLE?

The production of red flags has risen with every quinquennial plan, comrades, over the last fifty years; they could almost clothe the naked of the world.

Maybe Marx was wrong, and the true proletariat is not the working class which has accepted the crumbs of industrialized systems, east and west alike, but the peasants. The peasants who made the Chinese revolution, in spite of Stalin, against Stalin. The peasants who fight in Vietnam, the peasants who die of starvation in our name.

"Let us produce more" sing the songs of the new era, bastard socialism, so there will be plenty for us, and surplus for India. That Russian comrades, is not socialism.

Yes, there are historical necessities. Like the destruction of the anarchists in the Spanish Civil War. Like displaying Stalin's photograph and silencing Eisenstein. Like supporting Chang Kai Shek instead of Mao, like handing out rhetoric with the one hand and purges with the other.

And yet your people, who couldn't be trusted to talk, who couldn't be trusted to read, who couldn't be trusted to think, fought Nazism with the desperation of the just; with the determination of the simple.

Therefore, "let us produce more," you said, under the umbrella of the bomb, which we have as well as you, we will bury you in tons of butter, which we now produce for the benefit of our children who are Russian and therefore socialist. Elegant silver silhouettes guarantee our might, let's even try to get to the moon; who gets there first will be the winner, we'll celebrate the day by distributing rice and rifles at reduced prices, a token of our associated concern for the state of the rest of the world.

But in the rice fields of China, other peasants have rediscovered simple words, words carefully buried within the Soviet encyclopedia, murdered in camps in Siberia, the grave of Russian socialism.

Old and simple words like: redistribution of land, socialism for the oppressed, all over the world.

"Too late," said the Russians, "we will help you, but be reasonable, the Godbomb makes it all impossible. You have made it by yourself, when no-one was watching, but the others have to wait, we cannot take the risk, frankly, it's become too dangerous."
"And what about Algeria? what about Cuba?" asked the Chinese, asked the poor.

"But" says the voice of Russian reason, "look what has happened to the Congo, to Indonesia — you must all wait until we are good and ready."

And the Vietnamese are waiting, and the Indians are waiting, and the South Americans are waiting, and Che Guevara is dead. And Russia, the socialist Mother Russia, bleeding for her children discovers a new way, a pacific way.

The peasants say, "Every time we rise the bombs fall — either we don’t have enough rice or we have the bombs falling on our heads, what sort of umbrella is that?" and they say, "The godbomb was supposed to be impartial but we can’t afford to be impartial, we can’t afford to wait!"

Every time a peasant dies of an American bullet, Mother Russia’s heart bleeds, but indeed she knows that there is only one way now, to produce more. More butter to bury her enemies, and more cannons so the enemies will respect her. Then she can afford to send some to her poor relations in distress, Vietnam — yes, Guatemala, Bolivia, Colombia, Venezuela — no.

This is what is necessary if you want to build socialism in one country — this is how it started:

Take over the economy so it doesn’t run for profit, and choose the priorities, hospitals before cars, schools before tanks, (war is profitable, that is why a capitalist country is, so they say, ‘war mongering’, and a socialist country, even Russia, is not). Who chooses the priorities? It should have been the people, but, in Russia, it was the party. The party which represented the people in the beginning, but fatally lost them. Stalinism was an aberration, a direct consequence of the lack of democratic decision.

Everybody knew that socialist Russia had to be defended. They defended splendidly at first, the peasants and workers who became the people’s army over night and defeated the professionals, the White Army and the mercenaries from every Western country.

Socialism calls for public ownership of land and industry as the one basic measure to implement social justice. It is not an end but the beginning. If they believe in what they are doing, and participate in the decisions, the Stakhanovs are countless. One way pointed to the continuation of the revolution, the other to the strengthening, at all costs, in the name of socialism, of the Russian state. When people didn’t count the hours they worked (the Stakhanovs — and now the Chinese workers and peasants) they were already in a state of socialism.

As soon as enough food is produced, make it free, enough houses, make them free. When basic needs are satisfied people give their best, the meaning of property (its mine, its yours) shrinks and eventually has no meaning at all. Luxury is a driving force only where there is poverty, or fear of poverty.

Russia has enough to make food and shelter and public transport free, so that everybody could participate with joy, (yes, they would, work is only what you are compelled to do). But they have not done it. They do nothing. On the contrary. They have reintroduced substantial differences of distribution and have made money artificially important. Grim, grey idiots perpetuating a party machine bent on its survival, paying lip-tribute to the struggles going on in the world, measuring the stock market of fear, sparing bullets for the Vietnamese. Proclaiming that production is the means, and consumption its end.

If only they had made bread and shelter and travel free, and love with no strings. . . . .

Fifty years, fifty years, and countless defeats, and humiliations, and deaths, and miseries, and fears, to defend the socialist state which hasn’t even begun, to become good consumers and silent workers. To become the sort of people who want cars and a good career for their children. In the name of socialism. Where are the soviet writers? where the soviet poets? Where the new arts which should have come from the new man? Where is the new man? The revolution was made for joy and beauty, for bread and roses, so that a man could go hunting in the morning, fishing in the afternoon and recite poetry at night (Marx, only slightly re-edited). Fifty years later it is a mean, miserable society.
pompous and worried, selfish and unimaginative, capable, even, of the last sparks of the Western world, unashamed of imitating its values. The richest capitalist countries, with their absurd overproduction and their supreme unconcern for the oppressed, already contain the seeds of their own destruction. The supreme irony, there where capital is god and profit his prophet, of the young—who refuse the unnecessary, pointing to the qualities of poverty and survival. Ask the philosopher what you need to take with you, a cup, for water? Not necessary, your two hands will suffice. Through meanders of error and ideological capitulation the revolution that should-have-been has bred a country of the most pallid, anaemic bourgeois. Russia has accomplished, fifty years after, what no other country will ever reach—a perfect bourgeois state. Where has all the hate gone? The hate of injustice, the hate of poverty, the hate of oppression, the hate of money. They parade it on screens, in the meanders of error and ideological capitulation the revolution that should-have-been has bred a country of the most pallid, anaemic and sad bourgeois. Russia has accomplished, fifty years after, what no other country will ever reach—a perfect bourgeois state. Where has all the hate gone? The hate of injustice, the hate of poverty, the hate of oppression, the hate of money. They parade it on the first of May in the missiles and guns which rid them of guilt and fill us with fear. Where has all the love gone? The love of humanity, the love of roses, the love of life, to each according to his needs? Gone into the classrooms where knowledge is a means of achieving status, yes, status—in a socialist country. What happened to the dreams of free love, of sexual liberation and the obliteration of the family? And why, fifty years later, do they still need religion, the opium of the masses? Oh, yes, it will take a long time, such a long time that we will all be dead before we will have a chance to judge. Meanwhile, look at that portrait of the young Russian mother, baby in one arm, shovel in the other, proudly leading you to the future—and if you study and work and behave you'll have a better apartment than your neighbour, in secula seculorum. MAN WANTS TO BE KIND, ONLY, HE CAN NOT Because I have to rise in life, because my superiors are difficult, because one has to eat, because I have a mother, a sister, an aunt, a child, a car, a mortgage, a party card, a position, a dacha... Because I haven't a house, I haven't enough to eat, most of my children die, there isn't enough water for the village, the crop this year was bad, the taxes are too high, the moneylender has taken away my cow, because we don't know what will happen to us. Russia, you have bread, but no roses. Russia, man isn't kinder to man, and fifty years have passed. Will the Chinese do better? Will they do it quicker? Their kind of hate seems right—theyir time for love hasn't come yet. Or should we wait for new signs among the rabble of the overfed, because there where the world is craziest, the new buds will appear.

Russia, the sleeping beauty who slept too long, woke up dead. As dead as all the revolutions which should-have been and were not, dead as all the loves which should have blossomed and did not, dead as the hopes of people who still have to fill their bellies, dead as the hopes of people who still must fill their hearts. And look at you. When evening falls in Moscow, they dream of coloured telly, an American sized screen, where Ivan could perform once more, his Chekov, and feel gratified. And at Zima, the remotest village, the mujik now working in the state co-operative, tells himself that he is happier than his father, which he is, but wonders, when the vodka has been good, why his eternal wife nags, why life is so drab in his socialist head, in his socialist family, in his socialist country.

WHAT RUSSIA COULD DO TODAY
1) free food, free houses, free transport
2) abolish marriage, abolish the party card
3) complete freedom of speech and publication
4) the highest paid shouldn't get more than double of the lowest paid, money mustn't be an incentive
5) no compulsory political training in schools, it's a mummy, fire, waste
6) free primary education, free theatre, books and newspapers
7) referenda on major issues (V for war, with alternative solutions stated)

THE ONLY THING WHICH NEED BE COMPULSORY, AS FROM NOW, IN RUSSIA, IS WORK
8) in order to avoid excessive specialization and formation of elites and castes everybody should work at a factory or field, for a small part of the year, say two months

THAT IS BECAUSE SOVIET MAN DOES NOT PARTICIPATE IN STATE DECISIONS AND IN THE BUILDING OF SOCIALISM, AND THEREFORE IS STILL SELFSISH AND CONSIDERS WORK A CURSE, NOT A PRIVILEGE

THE ULTIMATE AIM OF SOCIALISM IS TO ELIMINATE MONEY
(everybody will take what they need, no less and no more, and they will restrain themselves for the sake of the community, if necessary) AND STATE (the goals will be the same for all man, socialist man will do no harm to his fellow man, he will not have any interest in doing so, self-discipline will be more than enough, no need for the state and its apparatus then)

If you can have what you need and want (food, shelter and love) you will not need to possess (possess what? a better car, a better baby?). Start from there, we will very quickly need to own, it will start from commodities (sleeping bags I can't think what.)

Do you have to own the woman (man) you love? It will be also free love, love without ownership. What chains it down now? the limitations imposed by the family, and the selfishness (ownership) necessary to survival. Jealousy is selfishness applied to man's sentiments. That is why communities which do not respect money-ownership, see the hippies, are said to be 'promiscuous'. That is also why they are unconsciously revolutionary. Take the basic needs only, refuse the rest, and you'll discover freedom of the sentiments. But it's upside down, you'll have to have a society which frees from hunger and injustice first.
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Did you know that "Strawberry Fields" is a perfect reversal of the standard Platonic-Cartesian certainty?...or that the Stones' 'Aint Gonna Lie' reveals an un-Stone-like Socratic hang-up?...Read on for more about pop's flexible epistemological uncertainty. Herman's Contradiction and Nietzsche playing fuzz-box

A truly perceptive aesthete can make a valid point for just about anything in art. A rock aesthete can make a point, or even a more valid (and certainly less than merely irrelevant) point for anything. Traditional aesthetics assert the inane nature of "I don't know anything about art but I know what I like." Rock aesthetics assert something like: "I know lots and lots about art and I know what I like." But maybe even relate the two, so what more can I tell you? "Actually, as a result of a contemporary aesthetic development, of which my own critique of rock 'n' roll is a manifestation, any work of art can be easily defended on many levels. But the context for the distance between the verbalization of the defense and the quality of the work itself could be more easily observed than it has been, even if just for the bell of it. LeRoi Jones has opened a review of avant garde jazz, on the cover of a record album entitled The New Wave in Jazz, in the following manner: "I have been writing many places about this new black music. I have made theories, sought histories, tried to explain. But the music itself is not about any of these things. What do our words have to do with flowers? A rose is not sweet because we explain it so. We'll say anything, and no rose will answer." Afterwards, he established musical criteria on purely racial determinants without any recourse to the use of musical terms. LeRoi Jones cannot be refuted in terms of the inadequacy of his criticism to properly deal with an art form on its own terms; the distance between Jones' poetry and that implicit in the art he analyzes merely indicates the extremeness of what mundane critical description becomes after traditional adequate criticism it is discarded for something more "comfortable." I am physically tired and intellectually near sleep. And yet this state of euphoric dullness is now felt that the latest stuff by the Beatles and the Stones is the finest stuff I've ever heard, in fact the finest achievement in the history of Western culture. As far as I can remember, that is, but maybe just valid in the context of critical euphoric dullness. Music autobiographical subjective data. But who gives a crap? The absurdity of "that is ..."-like conjecture in "Strawberry Fields" is the most overt clarification and annihilation of formalization of raunch epistemology ever, indicated by such masterfully found knowledge guidelines as "it must be high or low" and "all wrong; that is I think I disagree." "You know I know when it's a dream" is a perfect reversal of the standard Platonic-Cartesian certainty for being awake knowingly only when you are actually awake. The fact time this type of philosophical reversal occurred was in "I want to Tell You": "It's only me, it's not my mind that is confusing things." Rhythmically, "Penny Lane" exhibits a relentless precise awkwardness, manipulated largely by the greatest sloppily drumming and hoppiest great drumming Ringo has ever displayed; McCartney's bass is another great unsettling effort on this level. The pervious jaggedness of the trumpet break is just the thing (although anything the Beatles could have used in the context of this song's break, even a solo by Brian Epstein, would have been just the thing to do--it's a song whose temporal break after a not-so-temporal "hour-glass" reference a priori rises to the occasion) to form the heart of the break-reentry most like that of "Baby's In Black" in recent years. Also nostalgic is the pronunciation of "Customer" as "Coaster," like the "mooch" ("mooch") of the old days. Throughout "Strawberry Fields" a vacuum-cleaner sort of momentary sucking sound is perplexing. It sounds like single guitar notes played backwards, suggesting that maybe the entire vocal (which does contain strange enunciation with peculiar maximal speed variations) had been recorded, played backwards, learned as backwards, recorded as performed backwards, and played backwards again to sound, ultimately, forwards. More forwards (even if just straight actual forwardness with overdubbed vacuum cleaners or backwards guitar) is a radically secure and graspable form of ambiguous apparent/actual temporal directionality, particularly when "misunderstanding all you see." Yodoo: "Strawberry Fields" lends its raunch epistemology to the validity of "Penny Lane"'s spatio-temporal confusion; "Penny Lane" lends its fresh smell to the valid utter confusion of "Strawberry Fields."
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photographic special issue

Image is a quarterly magazine distributed throughout Europe, the British Isles and North America. It has no particular bias towards either science or the arts; its pages are open to the use of images as a means of direct communication, as well as to more traditional modes. Each year two special issues are published on single subjects. In 1968 one is to be devoted to photography, emphasising experimental and progressive work.

Photographers are invited to submit not only single pictures but also complete sections of between 4 and 8 pages chosen and laid out by the photographer himself. The intention is to give the greatest possible freedom of expression to both vision and idea. Closing date for entries - March 15th, 1968.

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David Larcher - Image Photography Issue

If we were to become able to convey reality through image in a continuously illuminating manner, we would have discovered an integration principle in our collective life analogous to the function of the dream process in the individual's life. For some reason the present time is throwing up an increasing number of people who seek to speak through such pictures.

IMAGE magazine Autumn/Winter issue 7/6 (incl. postage for single copies) - Out now at most places, or fill in coupon for 4 issues and send to Image International Limited.

The unique pattern above (small piece shown, same size) has been produced by replication of a unit module extracted from an old Moorish tile. It is available as a poster (45" x 36" black & white) from IMAGE at 1/6 (inc. tube and postage).
Regis Debray's book will remain as a blueprint for revolution for at least a decade to come. Historically it occupies much the same position as Mein Kampf once did: a plan of action — a prediction and projection of just what is going to happen in the world for the next ten years or so. And, like Mein Kampf, it will probably be largely ignored because of the context in which it is presented.

This is the age of the revolutionary, as even the dimwitted fatcats who rarely leave their airconditioned homes are aware. But revolution, suggests Debray, must be total not just a coming to terms — a compromise — with the enemy. Who is the enemy? Obviously the people who own most of the world's material possessions and intend to keep them with the help of cops, armies, politicians and fascist-type publishers — all the repressive structure that will try to kill and at least jail anybody who tries to take it away from them.

In Latin America, whereof Debray writes, country after country is in the hands of a greedy few while hundreds of thousands work and starve to allow these inequities to continue. Debray's thesis, "Revolution in the Revolution" (Monthly Review Press, $4), says in effect that resistance movements too often take the form of self-defense. A group of exploited tin-miners sick of being hounded and badgered in their remote company town decide to fight back to earn the right to be left in peace, for example. They earn this right — for a time — but at the cost of being marked down for future extermination or repression. They have acted to secure their perimeter only to make it clear to the bosses that they are contained within that perimeter and can be polished off at any convenient time.

The answer? Total guerrilla warfare — to break out and destroy the enemy, in this case the military government. It is useless to get hung up on a political structure and try to negotiate, as all anti-Vietnam war protestors should have realized by now. (The recent American for Democratic Action Congress decided that although they were opposed to the war, they were even more opposed to Lyndon's losing to a Repub-
More and more American heads who want to avoid the draft have been joining the Neo American Church which wants to legalize acid as a sacrament. Once a member you can apply for ordination as a minister and theoretically be exempt.
I am offering a prize of £100 for the best example of the use of lateral thinking sent to the publisher of
the book by January 1st. Any number of examples may be submitted. They may take the form of a story,
an anecdote or any other capsule form. The examples may be from personal experience, from literature or
specially designed. Should the examples be good enough the best ones will be published as an anthology
so the source of borrowed examples must be fully stated.

Many years ago when a person who owed money could be thrown into jail, a merchant in London had the
misfortune to owe a huge sum to a money-lender. The money-lender, who was old and ugly, fancied the
merchant's beautiful teenage daughter. He proposed a bargain. He said he would cancel the merchant's
debt if he could have the girl instead.

Both the merchant and his daughter were horrified at the proposal. So the cunning money-lender proposed
that they let Providence decide the matter. He told them that he would put a black pebble and a white
pebble into an empty money-bag and then the girl would have to pick out one of the pebbles. If she chose
the black pebble she would become his wife and her father's debt would be cancelled. If she chose the
white pebble she would stay with her father and the debt would still be cancelled. But if she refused to
pick out a pebble her father would be thrown into jail and she would starve.

Reluctantly the merchant agreed. They were standing on a pebble-strewn path in the merchant's garden as
they talked and the money-lender stooped down to pick up the two pebbles. As he picked up the pebbles
the girl, sharp-eyed with fright, noticed that he picked up two black pebbles and put them into the money-
bag. He then asked the girl to pick out the pebble that was to decide her fate and that of her father.

Imagine that you are standing on that path in the merchant's garden. What would you have done if you had
been the unfortunate girl? If you had had to advise her what would you have advised her to do?

What type of thinking would you use to solve the problem? You may believe that careful logical analysis
must solve the problem if there is a solution. This type of thinking is straightforward vertical thinking.
The other type of thinking is lateral thinking.

Vertical thinkers are not usually of much help to a girl in this situation. The way they analyse it, there
are three possibilities:

1. The girl should refuse to take a pebble.
2. The girl should show that there are two black pebbles in the bag and expose the money-lender as a
   cheat.
3. The girl should take a black pebble and sacrifice herself in order to save her father from prison.

None of these suggestions is very helpful, for if the girl does not take a pebble her father goes to prison,
and if she does take a pebble, then she has to marry the money-lender.

The story shows the difference between vertical thinking and lateral thinking. Vertical thinkers are
concerned with the fact that the girl has to take a pebble. Lateral thinkers become concerned with the
pebble that is left behind. Vertical thinkers take the most reasonable view of a situation and then
proceed logically and carefully to work it out. Lateral thinkers tend to explore all the different ways of
looking at something, rather than accepting the most promising and proceeding from that.
The girl in the pebble story put her hand into the money-bag and drew out a pebble. Without looking at it she fumbled and let it fall to the path where it was immediately lost among all the others.

'Oh, how clumsy of me,' she said, 'but never mind—if you look into the bag you will be able to tell which pebble I took by the colour of the one that is left.'

The above story is a good example of the use of lateral thinking. Many people on hearing the expression have an instinctive understanding of the nature of lateral thinking. Few use it consciously and deliberately but many recognise occasions when it has proved effective.

Vertical thinking has always been put forward as the only effective form of thinking—at least for scientific and practical affairs. Vertical thinking is the traditional logical, sequential, mathematical, Aristotelian type of thinking. But you cannot dig a hole in a different place by digging the same hole deeper. Effective as vertical thinking is for developmental purposes it is quite inadequate for generating new ideas and new ways of looking at things.

Lateral thinking is 'the other sort of thinking' but it is no less effective than vertical thinking even in practical matters. The difference between vertical and lateral thinking is a fundamental one and it is based on considerations of the system organisation in the brain.

The immense effectiveness of the human brain depends on its being organised as an iterative self-maximising two stage memory system. This is the type of system that creates order out of disorder but imposes an old order rather than recognise a new one. This is the type of system that makes everyday life possible but adventure difficult. Life would be awkward indeed if one had to analyse all the possible interpretations of the sound before jumping out of the way of a motor car horn. Instead the most probable interpretation totally dominates all others. In a system with a normal distribution of probabilities (figure 1) the most probable would be slightly ahead of something less probable. A self-maximising system on the other hand is a dynamic system and the most probable is always far ahead of any other (figure 2).

The simplest example of a self-maximising system is an empty glass. Push it slightly and negative feedback brings it back to its original position. Push it very slightly more and it takes off on its own in positive feedback and reaches the limit position. Combine these self-maximising properties of the brain with a memory system (and this has to be a two stage memory system in view of the limited attention span of a self-maximising system) and one ends up with a very rigid—but immensely practical—form of information storage.

No matter how far back one takes the ordinary logical process there must be an initial stage of perceptual choice. No matter how excellent the logic may be it is the perceptual choice that will decide how easily the problem can be solved. In vertical thinking one accepts the most obvious choice and then works from it with great application in the hope that by sheer effort one may earn a solution. In lateral thinking one continually shifts the initial perceptual choice and quite often very little logic is required when one makes the right choice.

In some circles it is fashionable to regard the brain as a statistical computer. This can be a misleading idea for while statistics are based on probability the brain is based on preferability. Scatter water randomly on a preferability surface and you will end up with a few deep holes.

The effect of the rigidity and inevitability of perceptual choice is shown in the following visual problem. The problem is to draw the outline of a shape which can be divided into four identical pieces (size, shape and area) by a straight line. The outlined shape should be capable of being cut out of a postcard and the four piece separated by one straight stroke of the scissors. The solution is shown on page 29.
The disadvantages of high-probability vertical thinking are inseparable from the advantages since they are but another way of looking at the advantages. Lateral thinking is an attempt to escape the self-maximizing properties of the brain system in order to generate new ideas. It is interesting that in the higher reaches of computer programming the importance of random inputs (one aspect of lateral thinking) is being recognized. This is interesting because for many people computers are the epitome of sterile logical sequential thinking.

With logical thinking the context develops first and then a point develops from this, with lateral thinking the point arises first and then the context develops to support it (in the nature of the brain it develops a context for whatever is held in consciousness). The experts who relied on the cued recall memory of electro-magnetic radiation were correct when they told Marconi that the wireless waves would not follow the curvature of the earth but would stream off into space. Foolishly Marconi believed that since the Archimedes screw was only a longer distance than his previous successful attempts at wireless transmission, he would merely require a more powerful transmitter, a more sensitive receiver. Marconi succeeded. He made its point and eventually the context, taking the form of the re-discovery of the Heaviside layer, came to support that point.

Traditional methods of thought, like traditional mathematics, are arbitrary and for the most part unrelated to the system structure of the brain. People were content with Euclidean geometry until Riemann and Lobachevsky came along and showed that other geometries were possible. Our mathematics are still based on mechanical principles such as 2 + 3 = 5 or some modular variant. It is perfectly feasible to base a mathematics on the notion that 2 + 3 = 3. Such a mathematics would be biological rather than mechanical.

Some of the fundamental differences in attitude between vertical and lateral thinking are indicated in the following points:

Vertical thinking is sequential and proceeds step by step along a path. Lateral thinking may make jumps and then fill in the gaps as it may saturate the field and allow a pattern to develop on its own.

With vertical thinking each step must be justified and rest finally on the preceding step. This is so fundamental a basis of logic that it often leads to a kind of logic that one might well call with this notion, lateral thinking the steps do not have to be justified until the end. Just as bridge spans may be self-supporting until they meet in the middle.

With vertical thinking one chooses the most probable approach and then proceeds from this. With lateral thinking one moves sideways generating as many approaches as possible and then scanning across them all.

With vertical thinking one blocks off certain pathways with negatives. With lateral thinking all pathways and avenues are open.

The categories and definitions in vertical thinking are rigid spatial separations. With lateral thinking the separations are in time not in space.

Is vertical thinking one concentrates and excludes interference. In lateral thinking one not only welcomes but makes use of random influences.

These are but some of the differences between vertical and lateral thinking. They are detailed here precisely because they are rather obvious to anyone who has been involved in the so-called creative process. But they are derived not from a description of the creative process but from a consideration of the functional behaviour of the brain as a biological system.

Lateral thinking is used consciously or otherwise to creative people and a consideration of the basis of lateral thinking can extend this use and allow it to be more deliberate. Unfortunately lateral thinking is very little used in the scientific or practical field. Scientists have been taught that the process is not more predictable and more finally under control. They are not seen to realize that a method which is not completely under control can nevertheless be effective. If a girl plays roulette with her boyfriend's money but keeps her winnings she is not likely to refuse to play on the grounds that she cannot tell on precisely which play she is going to win. Vertical thinking promises a minimum solution and often breaks the promise: lateral thinking increases the chances of a maximum solution but makes no promises.

Once one gets away from the semantic antics or descriptive word play then it becomes possible to start making predictions. One such prediction which arises from the very nature of lateral thinking is that there is an optimum amount of emotionality for creativity. Less than this optimum (peak) or more than it would inhibit creativity.

Even those people who habitually use the general concept of lateral thinking tend to use it in a vertical way. Lateral thinking is not a substitute for vertical thinking but a complement. It is a disruption of the probability pattern of the brain in order to allow a temporary re-forming. It is a vertical characteristic of the mind to form rigid dichotomies and then choose one or the other: certainty possibility definiens/definiendum, fluidity, stability change, sameness, excitement, security, adventure, square peg/round hole. The mind finds great difficulty in usefully oscillating from one to the other as polarization is so fundamental a characteristic.

The brain is capable of lateral thinking for the same reason that it is capable of humour. Both define the system. It would be very unwise if a computer could be programmed that would laugh.

In both this article and in the book The Use of Lateral Thinking the description of lateral thinking has been very general. The intention is to provide a basis. Natural thinking is a definite type of thinking, not a set of rules, or techniques or theories and there is a danger in detailing such peripheral matters.
When a group of 100 people were given this problem the reactions were as shown in the figures:

- **35%** could not produce a figure, I.
- **50%** produced one or other of the variations shown under II. These are obviously wrong since if they were to be cut out of a postcard a stroke of the scissors would only divide them into two halves.
- **12%** produced either one or the other of the variations shown under III. Both these are correct.
- Only **3%** produced what seems to be by far the most elegant solution. The difficulty here is that the pieces are not treated symmetrically but one serves as a base for the other three, V.

The apparent difficulty with this simple task is that immediately the problem is stated there arises a 'perceptual choice' of a square divided into four quarters as shown in the figure. The two erroneous versions proceed from this image as shown, V. 

If, however, the problem is stated as being one of assembling four identical pieces around a straight line then there is no difficulty and the thing proceeds as shown in the last figures, VI.
27A VTR

(back to you, two) First of all, sir, there is one question that I feel we must put to you straight away.

(on you, three) And that is about the new branch of Christian Bodies, the Do-ers. We've heard a lot about them lately - in the Press and so on - (tighten in, three. Slowly, slowly. Swinging. Don't knock him off his bloody chair) tell us something about it.

(I'll buy that. Hold it just there, Fred, three)

Well, it's hard to say what we do, really. I mean, (tighter, three; nice grotty close-up) the whole object of Christian Bodies (Stand by with caption, one) is to help, you know. Our new headquarters (one) in Chelsea in the - er - picture there, is open day and night to help the really needy. We look after the body as well as the soul there.

Two-shot, three. Bit tighter, can see that hole in the cyc...he's a natterer. We'll be here all blinding night three,

Yes, but what we want to know is something of what you are doing there.

Well, first of all, we deal with the - er - poor, the homeless, and the - um - outcasts of society.

Like the Salvation Army in a way?

Not unlike it, no. We have eighty two beds and a kitchen which are in use twenty four hours a day ...

(I want a mid-shot, two. Keep his collar in for the image if anyone switches on at eleven forty six at night. Bit too close. More collar, doll.)

And our main purpose is to extend the warm hand of Christian fellowship to those who really need it. It is not enough just to get up in a pulpit and preach at people. The Do-ers feel that it truly practising Christianity as it was intended in the - er - first place.

(two)

(Stand by, telecine)

Sounds most rewarding.

It is rewarding work. I have thirteen volunteers at the moment, but I do need more.

What about money? I mean, the headquarters alone must cost a small fortune to run?
Ah-ha, we are fortunate in having, if you like, a sponsor. A wealthy and well-known business friend pays rent and overheads. Er - this is Independent Television, isn’t it, so I’d better not mention his name, eh?

Ah ha ha ha ha ha ha

(Gawd, Telecine, that’s it. Right firm, one hopes. Stand by, announcer, for voice over film.)

We have some film of your house here. Let’s look at it together and give the viewers some idea of what you are doing there.

Clink and rhubarb and rustles...

(When we get to the film, kids, I want one to cover all the captions as planned. Three, nice tight shot of the rear. I want his reaction to the film, which is a load of excrement, anyway. Damn, missed the cue. Cue announcer.)

The Borough of Chelsea is usually associated with the wealthy, the affluent, and the affluent, body.

Property there is now worth a fortune and it would hardly seem the place for a voluntary charity organisation.

(he missed that on run-through, too)

But in this vast Georgian house just off the King’s Road - we had to walk there with the Arriflex, mate - there is a group of people whose constant task it is to help and succour (what?) the needy and the distressed.

Lofty and well-aired dormitories for the bodless...

(hold it, announcer, until they clear this shot. The bod on the right bends down)

(who’s been using my po?)

(in you go)

a modern kitchen.... and a small chapel. Plain and simple, but a home for as long as it is needed.

Here we see our guest for the evening, David Summers, the Director of Christian Bodies, at his desk. Each day, he says, about thirty people come to him in distress.

Lame dogs, ex-gaolbirds, alcoholics, (television directors) homosexuals, (like the berk who writes these scripts) gravies - all sorts of hapless human beings. (thirty sex to end of film. Ta) Here we see some of the satisfied customers of David Summers. This man was going to commit suicide... This woman took to petting and搞得他 lost his mind... (I wish we had another back up) and this man well on the way to就成了 - some pictures... (talking about Sydney again)

This is the Christian Bodies, the doers, in action. Doing a daily job, working all hours for little. To earn the knowledge that they are helping their fellows...

(thirty sex to end of film)

From this work in Chelsea, and the inspired effects of this group, it just may come further understanding of the needs of others.

(on you, three)

I didn’t know I looked like that.

Well, on that bit of film! we saw the sort of place you work in and a little of the work you do. Of course, it would take a much longer programme than this epilogue to fully explain what you do there, but can you give us, briefly, what your aims and objects are?

(he’s taken a deep breath. He’ll waffle on now, the old noodle)

Er, well, to start with, may I quote from my own script? The script that I learned my own daily part from?

Of course.
O, Lord God, maker of mankind and ordainer of our destinies, grant that we grow more to know our fellows: and that we serve them through kindness and ministration to others. Help us to help. Give us strength where there is weakness. And give us faith where there is ignorance and fear. And embrace us in thy care that we may pursue these charities with all the might of thy hand and with all the courage of thy blessed crucifixion.

\(\text{(sounds like the end. Aman. Come on - amen)}\)

And bless us, Lord, in all the works we do in thy name. Aman.

(right. Stand by, announcer, for closing chat. Wide shot, one: on you, one. Pull out slowly - slowly, for crying out loud)

\(\text{(cue announcer and stand by grams)}\)

In Christian Affairs tonight \(\text{(cue grams)}\) the Reverend David Summers, in C., vicar of All

\(\text{Symphony No.5}\)

In Christian Affairs \(\text{(cue}}\) the Reverend David Summers \(\text{grams}\) vicar of All Saints’ Chelsea, and
director of Christian Bodies,
talked to Derek Iverson of the
Sunday Times.

\(\text{(fade grams...and cue announcer)}\)

Next week at the same time, Christian Affairs goes to Leeds to see what the young people are doing for the old age pensioners of the city. \(\text{(up grams)}\)

\(\text{...six, five, four, three, two, one - out. Fade sound}
\text{and vish. And another converted savage hits the dust)}\)

All over?

Rasp.

Hold it. Let’s see if we are clear with VTR.

All clear. Ta muchly, people.

Well, David, if that was your first time, you certainly did a fine job. Very professional. We’ll have you in Coronation Street yet......

\(\text{Ha ha ha ha ha ha Cough.}\)

Thank you, Derek. I think it’s a wonderful way of talking to people, this TV.

\(\text{Are you joining us upstairs for a drink?}\)

Oh, yes, please.

Right. This way, then.

It’s quite chilly when they turn out all the lights.

Yes. We’ll go to the visitors’ room. I think that we have got to

FADE
Some readers complained about the space OZ 7 gave Michael Malik. A particularly vocal critic was a beautiful Jamaican girl, Melinda, who is questioned below.

What do you think of Michael Malik's twelve months' goal sentence?

I think, frankly, it should have been longer. He should have been deported, except that Trinidad won't have him back. The newspapers must stop publicising Michael X in the same way they stopped publicising the mods and rockers Brighton riots. The Press should ignore him and when he realises that he will get no more publicity, he will either shut up or he will start doing something constructive for negroes in Britain who have a genuine problem.

Do you think that black people are discriminated against in your country?

No, he's doing a lot of harm; he's creating a situation which doesn't really exist. He's trying to force the issue, he wants to be a hero, as Stokely Carmichael is, just for his own personal gratification, to the detriment of the negroes in Britain. I think Malik's putting voice to a lot of submerged hatreds ... if you present any group of people with an unpleasant person they will automatically hate him and what he stands for and Michael X is trying to identify himself with all the negroes in Britain, which is wrong. The day his comparisons appeared on television a lot of harm was done. I think a lot of white people went round thinking: 'You bloody nigger, I know what you're really thinking behind that calm facade - go back to your own country.'

Do you think the black people are discriminated against in this country?

I don't know because I don't live in the predominantly coloured areas of Manchester and Birmingham. I think in London there is very little discrimination. If one wants to find discrimination, one will. There are cases obviously of discrimination in housing, the same way there are cases of discrimination in anything else; it's the same with the Indians in Jamaica - the Chinese only many the Indians, and if a Chinese girl marries a non-Chinese boy she is considered an outcast, usually by both societies - hers and her husband's - the same with the Indians in Jamaica, the same with the darker skinned Jamaicans and the lighter skinned Jamaicans - if you're a white Jamaican, you do not marry a coloured Jamaican, or you try your best not to, because you are looked down upon. Why should this not be so in Britain, particularly when these children's parents have got prejudices, and do not feel that their son or daughter would be doing well to marry or go out with a coloured boy or girl? I don't see how the negro in Britain can say 'Why the hell won't you let your daughter go out with me?' when in fact he would not be able to go out with a white girl in his own country.

Do you want to marry a black or a white person?

I just want to get married to someone who loves me very dearly.

What is your reaction to teenage racial segregation?

Well, I encountered exactly the same sort of situation in Jamaica - the Chinese only marry the Chinese, and if a Chinese girl marries a non-Chinese boy she is considered an outcast, usually by both societies - hers and her husband's - the same with the Indians in Jamaica, the same with the darker skinned Jamaicans and the lighter skinned Jamaicans - if you're a white Jamaican, you do not marry a coloured Jamaican, or you try your best not to, because you are looked down upon. Why should this not be so in Britain, particularly when these children's parents have got prejudices, and do not feel that their son or daughter would be doing well to marry or go out with a coloured boy or girl? I don't see how the negro in Britain can say 'Why the hell won't you let your daughter go out with me?' when in fact he would not be able to go out with a white girl in his own country.

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THE DETAILS... COME ON!
Defend the bridge my son, and there will be a place for your name in the Great Listings.

Cool...

If you succeed, you'll get the Pink Princess!

To the bridge with you!!

Rub'em out! Rub'em out! Rub'em out!

You're messing with my world!

Hot-damn

Rub'em out! Rub'em out! Rub'em out!

Oh yeah?

Arrgg! That'll teach ya.

To be continued
It was five years ago that I attached myself to the Cambridge group that started the psychedelic movement. In those days we didn't use the word "psychedelic" much - the accepted phrase was "consciousness-expanding drugs", or more briefly, "mushroom", since the Harvard group worked mainly with psilocybin. There was a whole new world in the mushroom, so we said - the key to a stronger, richer human life is soon to be made available to every man. We were naively and self-righteously full of the happy excitement of sharing a soon-to-be-public secret that was going to save the world.

We were like today's novice acidheads used to be for me totally, because my perspective has changed a lot. To my younger, naively innocence, the men who were acidheads were idealistic as children, brave as Christ on the cross, and full of wisdom. They were an indomitable family, destined to go onward, hand in hand, to win souls and bring in the Kingdom.

I have no idea what has become of most of them. They are not in the movement any more. Some of the people in fringe members are still conservative fringe members. Some went "straight". A few flipped out of psychiatrists into Meher Baba or some other form of occultism. The original, most enthusiastic members just disappeared, sometimes turning up briefly in this city or that, but no longer activists. The leaders, Leary, Alpert and Metzner, apparently unmoved by the fact that their own group had fallen apart, went out to preach LSD as the key to love and consciousness-expansion, to new starry-eyed kids, forming new groups that fell apart in turn.

For two years I have been publishing a bimonthly Bulletin which concentrated on facts: names, dates, addresses, the correction of rumors, etc., and in which editorializing was kept minimal. I am changing that policy, because I have slowly come to realize that I do readers a disservice to report on things like the Neo-American Church, the League for Spiritual Discovery, the psychedelic shops and so on, as if they were more than irrelevant. Most of the psychedelic projects I have reported in past Bulletins have flopped; even though the more obvious losers were screened out before printing, those that remain are a caricature of the psychedelic vision, a mockery of the idealism of youth. The utopian vision of 1962 was too good to be true, it does not follow that what came out of that had to be this bad.

The word "psychedelic" is ruined; it might as well be scrapped by those who still wish to speak earnestly about their experience. Psychedelic now means gaudy illegible posters, gaudy unreadable tabloids, loud parties, anything paisley, crowded noisy discos, trinket shops and the slum districts that patronize them. There was something I used to mean by psychedelic, but if those posters are psychedelic, that other thing isn't. Put psychedelic down along with "community", "love", "esoteric" and other words the hippies, with the help of Leary & Co., have corrupted.

What happened to the Neo-American Church and the other whose names I used to publish (and what will happen to the new ones)? Let's see "Your Chief Boo Boo," went to Cannon on the same warrant his father gave him, and passed out in a railroad station where he was picked up by police and, when his identity was learned, held in the old charge.* That's what he means when he writes in his recent bulletin. This is not a good test case, for messy. I made the mistake of feeling sorry for him and raised $500 for his bail only to have him retreat like a whipped dog from the trial, thus causing me to lose most of possibly all of the bail money. He is able to get away with this because psychedelic people have such short memories, and because they apparently do not expect their leaders to be misunderstood.

Not the least consequence of all this is the loss of the possibility of trust - a sensitive person can no longer distribute LSD after seeing how it is used. One can no longer buy LSD, the dealers cannot be trusted. It is unlikely I will ever go anybody's bail again. An old head expects much of any newly announced psychedelic project (unless it goes commercial, and then it may become not much, but irrelevant).

Value a failed kids drop in the Psychedelic Revolution and ask "what's happening?" I used to think that was mainly the case of looking for a rock band or maybe a shop selling buttons, or saw of the kids' books. That's nothing for them that they want, and they do go on bewildered - they thought I had a thing here, but it turns out to be just a few publications, no flashing lights, so it isn't hip.

There's still the same thing happening, of course, that's been happening since psychedelics became available: the possibility of having an experience that will reawaken a person to the basic truths he understood as a child, and point the way to becoming a better man or woman. (But even this possibility is cut off for many of the kids - they've had too many trips and are jaded. Thus we have pathetic rumors about drugs "stronger than acid",)

That would be the only psychedelic happening that I'd be interested in - if a few people could be helped to lead better lives with the aid of psychedelics. If the Indians can do it with peyote, it should be possible for us - if we could just get clear of the cultish, flashy, idiotic pseudo-underground.
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50. I'VE HAD IT
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53. I NEED WEED
54. EX-VIRGIN
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