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OZ 29

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Editor

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Description
This issue appears with the help of Jim Anderson, Gary Brayley, Felix Dennis, Germaine, Det Inspector Luff, Richard Neville, Bruce Sawford, and Liz Watson.


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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.
FEMALE ENERGY

OZ

DRIVES OUT STAINS
WASHES WHITEST EVER

RECOMMENDED FOR WASHING MACHINES
Welcome to Cuntpower OZ.

This issue comes to you despite Scotland Yard's overworked Obscenity Squad which has stepped up its routine harassment of our printers, distributors and newsagents; twice raiding our offices, confiscating files, correspondence, unsold OZ 28s and just about everything necessary to keep OZ going. But we're back, a month late, with an issue which is really about sex—the oppression by one of the other. However OZ does not reflect the official Women's Liberation party line. Everyone digs the idea of the new female militancy so long as all it does is demand things from men. Rejecting that workshop mentality, OZ argues that if anything will free women, it will be their own peculiar force. Read on, fatherfuckers!
New Ways With Play Clothes
NEW WAYS WITH PLAYCLOTHES

The Phun City Bikini.

This version was worked on a bra-and-pantie set in Anchor Soft Embroidery cotton. Our photograph shows just one way of using the idea, but apart from sun bathing at the beach or your favourite summer festival, it can be employed to jazz up tired undies, freshen up last year's little black dress, or even provide a focal point on a grande robe de soir.

Worked in metallic threads and sequins, or even a collage of re-embroidered lace and ribbons, it would be a stunning and enriching motif for that most important of dresses, your bridal gown.

Bra

The important thing in working the top, as for the bottom, is to make sure that you have positioned the motifs in the right place. Then work a tiny circle in stem stitch in an appropriate colour. Continue round and round until the area covered seems large enough. Try at the same time to distend the cloth (in our case it was elastic, which creates some problems and has some advantages) so that the nipple area bulges outwards. When the aureole is large enough, and off. Then back to the summit, where you work round and round a ridge of button-hole stitch until the nipple proper stands up pertly. You may then add flourishes as you wish. Dig it?

Pantees

First of all, draw out the exact shape of the cunt you wish to depict in your embroidery, on graph paper if you are worried that you might get the scale wrong. Check all the bits and pieces and draw them in. For the motte-wig you will need about seven hanks of cotton depending on the luxuriance of the pelt. The range of colours is varied, so you will not find it difficult to match your own colour, whether nigger brown, mole greige or sandy blonde. You can even select varying shades of the same colour if you wish. The basis for the cunt-thatch is worked in chain stitch to provide a solid ground for the crocheted fronds which are worked when the ground is laid.

Once you have worked out the dimensions of the basic area of the pubic hair, you may work the cut-tips, by laying down padding stitches, and working across in satin stitch; the labia minora in some more visceral shade diminish into the collar of the clitoris, which is worked in satin stitch twice over, once for the plinth, and once more in a darker colour for the bud. The labia majora are worked in satin stitch too, with rather more padding, and ought to blend in with the snatch-thatch. Now you may fill in the whole ground of the chain stitch. When that is done, take a fine crochet hook, and still using the soft embroidery cotton, catch up every stitch around the labia, crocheting a chain of three stitches between each. Work back over this in treble crochet. Continue in this fashion until the bush is bushy enough.

The Keep it Warm' Cock Sock

The Cock Sock is a snug corner for a chilly prick. It can be whipped up in an evening out of odds and ends of coloured wool worked in any pattern to suit your fancy. You begin with a fine crochet hook working a chain of five and joining with a slip stitch. Work as many stitches into the chain as will fit in double crochet, and continue round and round increasing until you have handsome accommodation for the knob. Level out and continue, changing colour at will until the tube is long enough to give the ole tool room to expand. Work a little rim and end off. For the balls, work the same shape as the knob only a little larger until the bag seems big enough to join to another the same size and work round the out edge of both bags together until you have a good sized pouch for the tender scrotum. Join to the cock-tube and work a further edge around both. It is of course possible to continue on making a whole underpant, or even a pair of trousers.

OZ Needlework Correspondent.


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J.M. If revolution means change then it can be change for the better or change for the worse, obviously. Revolution means quick change as opposed to evolution which means developmental change. Revolution is that point in change when it breaks open and the seed pops—it’s a very natural process that is part of the thing, or something that is glorious; intrinsically it’s glorious, because if we then pervert the notion of change into a bloodbath, of course it’s a horror. And certainly when we talk about Women’s Liberation we’re not talking about anybody killing anybody. That’s one of the reasons it’s a very gorgeous revolution because people killing people isn’t intrinsic to it.

D.H. But we are still talking about power—and influence. The world does not operate in terms of good and bad, it works in terms of strong and weak.

J.M. The real nature of breaking out of this cycle that you describe is much more fundamental than most revolutionary ideology accounts for.

Lenin says we have to change the social structure before we change the character of man. That’s because a lot of people are hungry and a lot of people dying so that makes a certain kind of sense. On the other hand real revolutionary change—apart from Lenin I don’t think anyone else has given the concept of revolution any serious thought—is based on a change of character, namely what kind of an animal do we think we are, what are we for, what are we doing, what do we want?

These questions have to be looked at and known, when we take such fundamental concepts as the class rule, or the breakdown of the social structure in order to create another social structure, or an antistructure which then, so far history having repeated itself, becomes, as you say, another kind of structure again and degenerates again into rigidity. And then we have the concept of permanent revolution in order to give a concept of change—and it’s all insufficient. But there is a big clue in the Women’s Liberation aspect of the revolution because in the Women’s Liberation the oppressor is living in your house. In the women’s revolution intrinsically and out front, you love this man, and a lot can be learned about the nature of the enemy.

D.H. Through loving him—or just through being in his house?

J.M. Through realising that the relationship is intrinsically a perverted love relationship whether it’s between the gaoler and the gaoled, the murderer and the murdered, the United States Marine and the villager of Indo-China.

D.H. The love relationship between man and woman is perverted?

J.M. So is the social relationship between employer and employee. I am saying that it’s the same thing. And in taking our revolutionary attitudes as exemplary from the relationship between a man and a woman, taking that as a matrix, we can understand the revolutionary necessity in a whole other way. We can understand the revolutionary necessity from the primary viewpoints of how to feed the people and how to stop the killing.

D.H. Through loving him—or just through being in his house?

J.M. Through realising that the relationship is intrinsically a perverted love relationship whether it’s between the gaoler and the gaoled, the murderer and the murdered, the United States Marine and the villager of Indo-China.

D.H. The love relationship between man and woman is perverted?
At don't imagine that goodness and power are necessarily antagonistic forces. Because in the relationship of the strong and the weak, the weak are as servant of the weak and dependent one.

D.H. We've had a situation for a long time where traditionally man is dominant and woman is weak. Now, I'm talking about the modern woman, not the Victorian one. She's just as capable of being as brave and strong as a man. But it just has to be changing over. Homosexuals have thought all along that women are the stronger, women have got it. And you just have another power structure. Power is the central issue.

D.H. Do you mean a power-orienting issue? Because it is in families, too. But don't give up on goodness, and don't imagine that goodness and power are necessarily antagonistic forces. This is the whole problem lies. The Panthers say, man is like that: sure we believe. We believe in life. Now you have a question of how he is going to get along with him in the direction you want to help push it in. But I want to go through that into the very basic question of power—does it have to be abused? That is, if power intrinsically corrupts, as we Anarchists like to point out in our slogan, the question remains whether within that natural proclivity for corruption we can turn that around and make strength really beautiful—if, in an inevitable relationship of strength and weakness there can't be some transcendence, some breaking through, where the creature is totally weak and dependent and one creature is totally at the service of the weak and dependent one. D.H. But the corruption is not just on the part of the strong, as you say because the weak, the weak and the weak, the question remains, how can we turn them into a weapon, the weak choose to be weak and the strong to be strong.

J.M. And so, there are all kinds of reasons you can go into—Freudian, Reichian or Adlerian, or Nietzschean, or even Platonic—whatever area you want to investigate, you can always find lots of reasons for this, almost none of which lead to any kind of solution of change, but only to some kind of fatalistic attitude. Child of God, you have power, but it's not for you, it's for us. Power-drives, violence, authoritarian domination-drives are all intrinsically natural, the question is how we bring about the revolution. Violence is natural, that's the way it's going to be. We can't avoid it, we can't change it. I don't know all of it, I know some of it, and you know some of it and one of the reasons you are wrong about each of us having to struggle for our own liberation is because you don't know the answer. I know part of the answer, I know part of the answer and we have to get together and fit the pieces of what we know.

Now I can't give you a formula for human liberation. There isn't one. There are certain clear tendencies, certain cloudy tendencies, certain things we feel feel strongly about. Certain things that have happened, certain things that have happened, certain things that have got to be done through each one. We can fight them intellectually, physically in terms of our own liberation, because it's really a part of the answer, I know part of the answer and we have to get to together and fit the pieces of what we know.

Now this is very much in conflict with certain concepts of Playpower but the joyous way that lies ahead is just different from work in the normal sense. I want to talk about that work because I don't imagine it to mean arduous toil, because I love it so much. Joyous work that lies ahead is just different from work in the normal sense. I want to talk about that work because I don't imagine it to mean arduous toil, because I love it so much. That disgusting bourgeois war between men and women which is not at all the sex relationship or the sex life, the way in which we've been talking about it—"I think it's related, for example, to concepts like Fanon's that the society holds a key to a very great change because the concept of masochism, basically and even as Sachen, Masoch understood it, is that strength, if it's not to corrupt, has to become, in some way, the servant of weakness, and helpful hero we live in a corrupt world this led again to the next cycle of enslavement.

The masochistic impulse is based on a very real reversal of a natural state in which the stronger dominates and ultimately destroys the weaker—into one in which the weaker dominates and ultimately destroys the stronger. This is the way they were born and that is the way they were made, and that is the way it happened, but why does it happen if it wasn't meant to happen and what do we do about it, and that applies to the sexual role too.

Do you see women as having any natural sexual role, like in terms of active, passive, servant, subordinate, etc. J.M. Sure, I would say that the stronger always has a responsibility to the weaker on that physical level so that if I have a two-year-old child and we come to a puddle then I have the responsibility to carry her over.

D.H. And yet one doesn't do it because one has the responsibility, one does it because one has some love, I think.

J.M. But if responsibility isn't based on love, and the love doesn't give you the responsibility, then fuck the bullshit. If I one has power you can either use it to serve or you can use it to destroy, for all power, whether it be for instance a quick mind and a capacity for brilliant insight, or whether it be even physical beauty which is a form of power, or any kind of power that there is, to do something that makes you feel this person is worth following. Any form of power if it isn't used to serve, is corrupted, but there is an alternative. This is what we were talking about when I said to you that we need a basic ideology that makes sense about where we are and that we are not going to get it by doing things that don't lead immediately into that and that's the evolutionary crucial point.

If the power corrupts how can the stronger give the power to the weaker, who's immediately going to corrupt it and use it against him. This thing became very important recently because obviously it's the same problem now for both parties when you come to that much realization, when you say, well look, I'm going to give you my power, but you're going to misuse it.

Now at a point of such a profound social, sexual, structural, basic change, as fundamental as the sex thing, the mythic relationship between men and women, which is older than all the social structures known, this very basic one—if we can get down to that much and not let it corrupt into some form of reformist movement where you can't really say, we can really say that as a whole society, we can't really say that as a whole society, we can fight the power struggle, because the parties involved love each other, by our nature's, because we love men, and men love us, because the love is out where it can begin to change the nature of conflict—here we have an opportunity because we love each other and we know that man is not the enemy because we love him and we want him and he wants us. But we must beware of putting down those who choose negating an enslaved situation.

Now we are watching the way how we can, as women, very very difficult to engage in a relationship with a man without enslaving themselves and without allowing him to enslave them. Now when a woman has reached that point then she has to take some kind of step that's going to liberate her, and sometimes liberation is more important than sex.

D.H. Do you know about the way of translating the masochism into something that is positive?

J.M. There is a difference between strength and power, in what you're saying. 'Power' has been stretched and the word 'power' was used, was used to mean anything that I don't have a lot to do with it, and the concept of whether this is performed consciously has a lot to do with it. I mean Sachen Masoch walked through a field of flowers and is struck by the beauty around him and he sits down to contemplate, to relate, to relate to certain Tate, the beauty of being as corn and poppies that he is sitting in are fighting each other, struggling with each other, that all the life around him is in battle, that all this horror is going on in the natural sensation that creates—the feeling that life gives you, of course, and it gives you this gorgeous pattern and he gets very very brought down—by this sense that the beauty of nature and the beauty of the world is based on competition and struggle. Power is a form of change. People can't make the distinction between the thrill of giving yourself over to some useful painful experience and the horror of being enslaved by useless painful experience. That's not all. People have thought all along that there is something that makes you feel this way. Now if the things I mentioned I have a feeling, as I have mentioned, if I have a child, I have a child and I have a child and I have a child, I don't have a feeling. Is it possible to feel without any of the obvious stimuli which have caused us to see ourselves as the kind of creature we want to be, maybe not the kind of creature we are.

D.H. You mean a mutation?

J.M. That's one word for it, but mutation sounds so irretrievable—if you have a very positive attitude toward the word mutation it's beautiful, the danger is that mutation you think you don't have to work for is like a state of grace, and I think you can see that we are persuading each other to move through different parts of our lives, whether it be our sex relationships or our economic relationships—with a much broader frame of reference.

The whole question of power, has, say, in the last year, become suddenly, at least in my mind (it's something of a change), that there are whole bunch of people who now see power in terms of the man writing political documents or a group of people who are saying shall we or shall we not strike clause seventeen from this contract? It's got to do with power. Now we are persuading each other to move into another situation of their lives. Well, there's that kind of power and then we suddenly see that there's another kind of power which is deeply personal, deeply intimate, and we are persuading each other to take that and make a whole kind of change. The woman is trying to fight back on the same level and failing and becoming that disgusting bourgeois war between men and women which is not at all the sex relationship or the sex life, the way in which we've been talking about it.

J.M. The inability to feel pain otherwise. Now the idea that there's a sexual stimulation, people need pain for energy, it has roots in pain and not in sex. Do you know what you mean?

D.H. But what is the basic drive in sex, should be, as it were the comforting maternal hand: because it was translated into the punitive paternal wrath, because that's what the natural thing is and the man is unable to let go of it entirely. What's the bottom line? The drug trip, gets you into this. How do you feel? Is it possible to feel without any of the obvious stimuli which everyone's been using and which are beginning to become much too repetitively?
day—there was a picture, images of men and the harvest and then they spoke of wars against the Imperialists and they talked about here we are, turning hate into energy. Somehow turning hate into energy, somehow turning suffering into its opposite aspects, for we see joy is not the opposite of suffering. Maybe enslavement is the opposite of suffering as fun is the opposite of joy. Having fun is a way of not getting to the point of feeling joy. But in the same way enslavement is a form of not feeling sufferings. We are thinking before they have discovered, of the way the women and other relationships with men allow herself or forces herself into an enslaved situation and we associate that enslavement with suffering. But the real suffering which would be not to be enslaved what would be not to be black among the whites is to be free from suffering—it can kill you—but it can also bring you to the point of change and that's the activist form.

If you turn to any man and woman living together, whether they are lovers or a married couple, and you bring up the subject of women's liberation, and the woman gets like... EEEE... and all the unspeaking thoughts of days or years or months or centuries come up between situations which have had a false equilibrium. Out of a false equilibrium you suddenly say to this woman "Ha ha ha ha ha ha." You say "Someday I'm going to get a real woman." You laugh or you withdrawals which is false. There is to be a stage where there is no sense of humour any more. Then you can take it away and twist it again and again when you're in and out of them. When when when when when J.M. Sure we were very glad.

D.H. The other thing, the angry thing, you actually exciting it about.

J.M. But the acting it out is the research because the acting it out excludes to the point where choices and decision have to be made. The working to do is become something bigger than the suffering to be suburbs. The taking suffering—it can kill you—but it can also bring you to the point of change and that's the activist form.

J.M. I think there are some clues. For instance almost all personal anguish one of the escape routes is moving beyond your own orbit into placing the centre outside yourself. It think there's a tremendous suffering after this for all women in the world. The relationship of the women in the kitchen will be very different. They are in this case half the world. 

J.M. The majority of people are unconscious of their enslavement. D.H. But the acting it out is the research because the acting it out excludes to the point where choices and decision have to be made. The working to do is the relationship of the women in the kitchen. It's very comparable to the great social revolution. Suddenly as we are shrieking at each other—you're so stupid, you have far too many years and I think that almost anything that's suffering or at least intrinsic to a spiritual relationship between the sufferer and the one who inflicts the suffering which is related to the distortion of the love between people.

And many women who has suffered from the one of the relationship to her know exactly that I mean suffering is the most awful thing and is the most destructive suffering and is in the way the opposite of that submission which is useless.

J.M. But more or on a sexual issue than any other issue because that dirty jokes, and the dirty cartoons and the Playboy atmosphere is constantly the most destructive form of male repression and the female suffering. It's always on the level of the dirty joke or the topless chick who diseases. This pathetic situation drawn out into a humorous acceptance. The dirty joke is intrinsic to the whole pornographic attitude toward women and what happens in the radical movement is very interesting, held. When the radical movement freed the forgotten words like a fuck and cunt and pussy. But what it really freed however, was the vocabulary of repression.

D.H. The majority of people are unconscious of their enslavement. J.M. Sure we were very glad. We were glad we were able to say lady, which Grandmas didn't allow us to say and it seemed like revolution. But then suddenly it turned out it was not. I think there's some kind of reaction now on a much more generalised level. Women have suddenly find that there was an enslavement which weren't allowed to talk about the low esteem in which they had women, also became repressed and was whispered about among them. Men could say to each other about cunt—she always uses cunt—about the relationship of the women and when I say nice woman—I say that very sarcastically.

D.H. The lady who does not want to know.

J.M. The lady from whom you hide the face, from whom the matte superficially expects not to be repressed. It's a fact that in the case of repressed women it's very hard for her to get into any relationship as a woman as secretly to be whispered about as cunt. Except the woman who is going to bear his children and therefore he has to regard her not as a woman but as a body. And another kind of repressed woman is kept hidden from the world and the rest of the world, of which regards her as cunt, comes over and descants your little separate portion that you and the woman are going to live together. And getting it going in your skull is being a woman in hip circles where what's supposed to be love is a moment and open relationship of this horror relationship, here's where Charles Mansson comes in. What people certainly do not have a relationship in which the woman is the man's love.

We must keep clear not to let the fear of suffering lead us into being slaves. But it's not getting us into getting into sadistic action on any level it's not getting us into getting into sadists. But it's easy to fall into the involvement of suffering when you face the fact that we have to suffer in order to and the involvement just is too easy to fall into, a领袖's ability by the weaker of the stronger and that power. Certainly it its range of enrage and it's a range of understanding and it's a range of understanding of what happened to the man's strength when the men discovered our good and sacred and gorgeous roles in the bosses of our children and gave us the honour and we have to work, and it's reproductive in terms of sex.

We set up a system whereby the matrachon queen called her lover once a year to choose. I choose one. We set up the abuse and the power was taken away from the man, and so we are not just fighting for power we are fighting for how to use it.

D.H. We are fighting for a structure in which we can work and the stronger and weaker, the better.

J.M. We are fighting for a structure in which we can work and the stronger and weaker, the better.

D.H. And where is it that we want to, and which is the strong and the stronger physically and there are no more differences in that than that.

J.M. We don't want to fight for that. We don't want to fight for that. We want to have a face and that's the kind of situation where you can get into. To say that we are to represent the new kind of people. We don't want to fight for that. We don't want to fight for that. That's the kind of thing that we are to know. That's the kind of thing that we are to know. The other obviously women should not be given less than man for the same work and up. It think it is important, but I think that you can get hung up on don't really want better prisons, you want no prisons at all under any circumstances but meanwhile you can stand in vigil outside a prison to get that prison to have running water for the prisoners you know. Meanwhile we want equal wages for men and women but that can't be what we're after, and we don't want to equalise downward. We don't want to become as bad as men are.

J.M. We don't want to be men. I would like to see woman much more different from man than they are today, rather than more like man.

D.H. Women's liberation has now reached the stage where it says: curtail your masculinity, and that sounds far too simple as a form. J.M. I think that the pastoralism in that sense mean something else by masochism. The women must take the suffering upon themselves, because the nice thing about masochism is that you really can't easily explain why you are masochistic. Y's not a personality. It's a very personal responsibility and it can almost never be submission.

D.H. It can be a positive thing.

J.M. It can be tied up with active change. Any suffering that doesn't have as its end the joy the suffering is rotten or is masochism in a way in which that word is being used by those who say you can't be liberated unless you give up masochism. But there stands the difference between masochism and suffering. Suffering is a positive thing.

J.M. The pastoralism here is related to the distortion of the love between people. And many women who has suffered from the one of the relationship to her know exactly that I mean suffering is the most awful thing and is the most destructive suffering and is in the way the opposite of that submission which is useless.
Dear Dr. Hippocrates,

I have an awful problem. I am an 18 year old female, fairly pretty, and have no problem getting nice (or the right) guy. Right now they seem like the men whom I love dearly. We are planing to be married, and there is nothing for me to hope for more. But even marriage will leave me, quite literally, "frustrated."

When I was a very young girl, maybe four or five, I discovered masturbation. It seemed to please me, yet I had no idea what was or if it was wrong or right. I always achieved orgasm. I had a climax by tapping on a table, balancing on the corner, where my organs rested (now that I write this out, I am English, it seems like the answer is "correct." My parents never told me about sex. I was quite aware until the end of sixth grade, which is rather late, I am sure. My mother won't discuss S-E-X with me, since it's a dirty word. My step-father is very open in doing sexual things with me forcefully. My problem is this: I cannot achieve orgasm. I try ever now and then, but nothing like it. I cry at night, knowing that although I satisfy my guy that he finds me less satisfying. Sometimes, though rarely, he doubts whether he satisfies me or not. But maybe we would find out if we were to consult with a qualified marriage counselor. Your local health department could be made to make such a referral. Other sources of information are Free Clinics (which have privately practicing therapists on their staff) or psychiatric and counseling clinics of nearby universities.

Reading about similar problems and suggested solution can also be helpful. Many researchers recommend the use of a vibrator to train a girl to reach orgasm, for example. COSMOPOLITAN (which my laboratory assistant describes as "the magazine that turns career girls on"), features an article called "Plain and Fancy Facts about Orgasm" in its April issue. I can't claim research for the article, but it was exhausting. "Plain and Fancy Facts about Orgasm," begins with the story of a former photographer's model whose mother had told her that one day she would find herself in the center of the erotic world.

COCAINE

Several people have asked recently about the effects of cocaine and have requested some information for you. Cocaine is a stimulant to the central nervous system, reducing hunger and, when applied directly to mucous membranes such as the lining of the nose and mouth, produces anesthesia and constriction of blood vessels. The drug is derived from leaves of Erythroxylon coca and, for centuries, natives of Peru and Bolivia have chewed coca leaves for their stimulatory effect.

An article on Argentina appearing in the current Braniff Airlines travel magazine recommends an adventurous tour of the local custom of chewing coca leaves after dining. Its author describes pleasant tingling sensations of the mouth and tongue resulting from cocaine's anesthetic effects. Perhaps Braniff Airlines officials recognize for using Madison Avenue techniques to promote pleasure through drugs.

Cocaine was first used in medicine by a young Viennese physician named Sigmund Freud. Freud experimented personally, with cocaine for some time and apparently developed many of his theories of psychoanalysis aided by the drug. Use of a drug to develop a drugless therapy is illustrated also by Synanon games, which evolved from an LSD experience. Freud thought cocaine was a 'psychiatric wonder drug' and prescribed it for virtually every mental illness.

It makes me so happy to see my boyfriend reach climax. It makes me so happy, I can't let you know how much. Yet I do feel a little jealous. It's like he can have me, but I can't have him. I think that my jealousy is justified too. Sex is sharing when people are in love.
THE POLITICS OF FEMALE SEXUALITY

One of the chief mechanisms in the suppression of female humanity is the obliteration of female sexuality. Historically the process can be traced in the change in the iconography of women. In the Middle Ages women were characterised as lustful, allies of the devil, weaving men from God and noble intellectual pursuits; woman-hated had a virtue which is lacking from more recent forms of stereotyping in that it allowed the women energy, diabolical energy but energy nevertheless. The rise of the protestant commercial classes brought with it a change in the characterisation of women: they became chaste guardians of their husbands' honour, emblems of prestige and possession. The historical process can be observed in microcosm in the growing up of every female child. From an unknown quantity as an infant human being, she passes through a sexual phase, which the Freudians describe as masculine; her pre-adolescent sexuality is explained as an infantile stage of penis envy, which, if due process is observed, dwindle into the passivity of the mature woman. From subject, she declines into object, and her status as toy for man's delectation is indefatigably illustrated in the popular imagery of sexual intercourse, the missionary position, big boobs, suspenders, belts, and all the paraphernalia of pornography.

In order that women might become sex objects rather than sexual people, sex itself was devalued. Instead of extending through all forms of communication into 'the highest pinnacle of the human spirit' (Nietzsche) it became 'a momentary itch' (Ams). Women lost spirit and were made flesh. Desire was categorised in the male genital, the visible nozzle, the tag of flesh that could become as hard as a fist. The interpretation of souls and bodies became the pummelling of one lump of meat by a harder lump of meat. Sexuality became as masculine a virtue as packing a good left. No one thought to object that in the sexual battle the bigger and stronger picked up the smaller and weaker. Women like asses were made to bear. If the softer flesh was further tenderised by pummelling g, the tumescent danger thing in which the male located his sex was safe from any threat, except the anxiety which was the unavoidable result of having invested male sexuality in a lump of meat in the first place. In his efforts to allay his anxiety that his tassel might not turn into a fist when required, that it might be smaller than the man-next-door's, the male forbade comparison to his woman. From him extracted fidelity. Fast vehicles, bombs, male bonding were called into service to allay his persistent phallic anxiety. Women lost interest in all of it, the competitive sports, the war game, the games of darts with the boys.

The female genital organ, in keeping with the devaluation of her whole energy and the obliteration of her desire, became a mere hole, troops for the use of. Receptivity which is no more passive an act than eating, became synonymous with passivity. In their anxiety to suppress suspect receptivity in themselves, men developed aberrations in the regulation of their eating habits, became unable to regulate their digestion, compulsive about food; their bellies and bowels ulcerated. If gentleness was like feminine passivity, activity had to distinguish itself by becoming aggression. The world was conquered, knowledge was raped, the status of cunt, prideful, effeminacy, which is activity. Cunt is the symbol of erotic science, the necessary corrective of the maniacal conquest of knowledge. Skirts must be lifted, knickers (which women only wear for a century) must come off forever. It is time to dig CUNT and be done with it.

To dig it is to know it. To know it is to feel it, the clitoris so complicated and so clever, as thrilling as a high tension wire. In its nest within a nest like the word within a word. The bud in its calyx in the vales where the big lips cleave way from the slopes of the mount of venus. This is carnal knowledge.

It is absurd that women can only name their sex by the terms of phony objectivity, the scientific terms which seek to push away the reality of the thing by talking about it in foreign tongues, obscurantist language. The only other terms they may employ have been deformed by centuries of absurd male use. You CUNT, gash, slit, crack, slot. Women have no names of their own for what is most surely their own. It ought to be possible to establish a woman's vocabulary of cunt, prude, effeminacy, accurate and bold.

But it is not enough to know what it is called. Women must know above all other people what it is. Feeling it with the fingers serves to accomplish much, but more must be known of its properties, its varying pressures, its sensations. It is boasted of that women's magazines cannot frighten us into believing that what lies between our legs is rotting meat. There is no substitute for confrontation; women must become expert in their own complexities and, because there is no knowledge without standards of comparison, the cunt of others. It is no more true that all cunts are the same when you get down on them than it is that all arts are grey in or out of the line.

Of course it is not true either that cunt is honey-pot jelly roll, sugar pie, or a wooded garden or any of the other euphemisms which seek to extol it in terms of something else. It is more wonderful than candy or baby food, more extraordinary than cavare; we will have to learn to describe it, not in terms of what it is not like, but in genuine comparisons. One eighteenth century anatomist, seeking a way of describing the elegance of the cervix, said simply: that it were like the mouth of a tench fish, or the head of a new born puppy. To know cunt, it is also necessary to know how it works, and what it can do. While Masters and Johnson have done much to dispel absurd assumptions about cunt, they could not be better than their subjects and there is no reason why we should believe that what American middle class women taped to electrodes could do, is all that could have been done. Tahitian girls can draw the penis irresistibly and keep it firm and eager for eight or nine hours, and the University of California and Harvard found that their pubic muscle now increased their enjoyment of sex. Some fearless of folk-lore have caught pen nies with their cunts and picked up bottle tops from a table. Vaginal insensitivity may be the status quo of the Sexual Research Labs; that too is not an absolute. Women can devise simple exercises which will help them to isolate the musculature of the vagina, the clitoris and the labia by masturbating with no hands.
When little girls are eventually told about their organs, they are told only about reproduction, with grim, shiny diagrams which leave out the clitoris, present the vagina as a slack tube, and make no mention of lubrication, female erection, and above all, none of pleasure, of how to give it or how to get it. It is not surprising that such a great number of women never find out what is in it. The tremblings which greeted the showing of sex films in school would become an earthquake if schools began to teach the arts and reflexes of pleasure. Since they cannot transmit pleasure in any of their academic fields, in poetry or music, we may safely assume that sex will be less fun when it is taught in school than it was before. It is up to mothers to introduce their little ones to something which they themselves might have come to know too late. Knowledge of carnality must be visceral, not academic.

To know cunt is to love it and to love it is to care for it. To care for it is not only to avoid the maltreatment of it by such gross practices as inserting needles or bottles into its tenderness, but to keep it free of the germicides and deodorants which upset its balance and obliterate its essential character. Unfortunately, doctors, male or female alike seeing as the science of medicine is still male-contoured, are at best not interested, and at worst positively loth to attend to the inconveniences which cunt occasionally suffers. Whereas the penis is taken seriously, especially when it is clear that the origin of a patient's complaint is essentially inorganic, cunt is treated as a crude mechanism, apt to function badly for long periods without any significant consequence. Any woman can recount her own horror story of a doctor's failure to examine her properly, of his brutal use of the crude and cold speculum, screwing the tender membranes of the perineum, shocking her cervix with the smear swab.

Not fifty years ago, it was accepted medical practice to perform neurectomy or clitoridectomy on women who were habitual masturbators, and to hurt women sharply who became erotic during examination. It is still on to cut cunt to ribbons and treat the formation of scar tissue as a slight inconvenience. If women are to reconquer their sexual pride they must find a way to make cunt as important in medicine as cock is. There are doctors who are gynaecologists because they are into cunt, although most of them sooner or later are therefore struck off. These are the ones who should be the health officers of the women's movement. As things stand they are more likely to be avoided by the militants who confuse sex roles with sexuality.

So much for taking care of cunt, and setting it in a context of dignity and joy. There is then the question of communicating with others through it.

It is difficult to say lovely things when you are being belted in the mouth. For many women it has become a question of struggling for an expression of their own sexuality in a situation which is basically sadistic. Any fuck in which the heavier and stronger party makes the smaller and lighter take his weight is sadistic. If Henry Clay could be squashed by his white woman of uncommon size into a bed-side mat, so enacting yet another fantasy of male terror, most women are half-squashed most of the time. The missionary position is the one adopted by all Mailer's, Miller's, Spillane's, Bond's, Jackie Collin's heroes and the one which is always filmed, even if Ingrid Thulin moans her head off in simulated ecstasy.

From any point of view the missionary position is a bummer. The degree of variation possible, even when the gentlemanly male takes the weight on his elbows, is much smaller than in any other position. Suppose the man does prop his darling's arse up with cushions and fires into her cunt from a kneeling position, or indeed into her arse-hole; he is still grinding her in a lonely fashion, whether panting into her ear or into the nape of her neck. The rhythm is established by him and everything depends on the degree of his control. Madame gasps and murmurs in polite appraisal of his virility.

So why shouldn't he lose control once in a while? Twice? Often? Why should not cunt descend on cock, especially seeing that women can take the cock from above without needing to take the weight anywhere but on their feet or thighs? Once a woman throws her leg over her lover she has accepted responsibility for her own sexuality and recognised it as an integral part of her personality and her intelligence, and not merely a function of meat. Once she is poised over her lover, male or female, she is able not merely to claim the right of orgasm but espouse the sweet responsibility of giving pleasure. She can see her lover's whole body from an angle, and touch it anywhere, embrace it and kiss, or lean over it or away from it...

The variations are infinite.

final paragraph
MEANWHILE IN AMERICA:
The proposed equal rights amendment to the US Constitution would provide that "Equality of rights under law shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of sex" and would authorize the Congress and the States to enforce the amendment by appropriate legislation. Adoption of the amendment would require a 2/3 vote of both Houses of Congress and ratification by 3/4 of the States.

Objection: The equal rights amendment would require equal rights and responsibilities for women under the law.

ANSWER: True

Betty Friedan, founder of NOW (National Organisation of Women) has called for a general strike by women on August 26, the 50th anniversary of passage of the constitutional amendment giving women the right to vote.

FROM CONVERSATIONS WITH PEOPLE IN WOMEN'S LIBERATION:

"It doesn't take much to break down women's initial inhibitions. Everybody's heard something about Women's Lib and most are really anxious to rap about how it relates to them. These women are really hip to what's going on - they are not willing to take half as much shit as we were when we were in high school. They already know that school is real shit - we don't have to tell them that.

There are groups of women working together everywhere: lawyers, psychologists, doctors, scientists, nurses, artists, women in the media; working class women and welfare women, talking and acting against their oppression. Women are setting up communes, people are devoting their salaries to the movement."

"About a year ago a group did an action outside a marriage licence bureau in New York, on the grounds that the marriage licence was fraudulent because it didn't state the terms of the contract - as it should do by law. They're going to print up the terms of the contract and distribute it at City Hall, and that would be interesting, because if you knew all the terms, would you still do it?"

"Seventeen chartered days in New York isn't long enough to do more than raise . . . protest everywhere, audible, visible . . ."

From Mayday, an information newspaper published before the demonstration in New Haven against the impending trial of Bobby Seale and the New Haven 9. The Yale strike begun as a spontaneous expression of concern on the part of Yale students and faculty that New Haven not become another Chicago, either in terms of atrocious legal proceedings, persecution of Black Panthers . . . Uniting a bewildering number of viewpoints - it marks the first time in recent history that this institution has focused completely outward on the community surrounding it in an attempt to begin to assume a responsibility commensurate with its privileges. For the past six weeks students and faculty from all branches of the university have been carrying on an intensive teach-in programme on the trial and Yale's role in New Haven . . . Under the leadership of Nixon, Agnew and Mitchell we see that the policies of the US government are designed to perpetuate racism and other forms of institutionalised injustice. . . . This system condones the exploitation of women not just in the work place but also in its consciousness use of women as sexual objects (in sales and advertising) to be used and manipulated in a society where money competes with money for more money.

Eight days in . Sitting on the Broadway IRT, uptown seat near the rush-hour door, minding my own New York Times As 42nd Street

WHORING ALONG THE HUDSON

17 days with Michelen in New York.
Passport: Amerika or a brief guide to womancipation.

Two children with older friends stopped in front of the site on 11th Street and placed two bunches of yellow spring flowers and a note in front of the open pit that was all that was left of the house. The note read: "Children are only newer people."

In response to the bureaucratic hedging of New York City Council and proving their principle with practice, one women's group took over some empty store fronts on Columbus Avenue and are organizing and running day nurseries for children. Responsibility is divided between men and women.

HIGH SCHOOL WOMEN ARE GETTING TOGETHER; insisting that their curriculum be altered to include the history of women, redress the 'sex-tracking' policy of the way girls are directed; working on day nurseries for children.

In response to the bureaucratic hedging of New York City Council and proving their principle with practice, one women's group took over some empty store fronts on Columbus Avenue and are organizing and running day nurseries for children. Responsibility is divided between men and women.

MEDIATION
January 29, 1970: Women take over F A T, radical underground newspaper, produce the first women's collective edition. It is now run completely by women.

March 18, 1970: Ladies' Home Journal, circulation 7,000,000 taken over in a carefully planned action, not as radical as some might have wished, but successful in that a number of Women's Lib groups worked together and some of the demands were granted. $10,000 to produce a 8-page supplement in August, talks about organizing child care facilities, possibly a permanent column. Those of us who had been in on all the strategy meetings were very clear that we were going there to negotiate; we were going there first of all to make a
statement to the world but we were also asking something of them that they couldn't do.

March 23, 1970: 46 editorial employees (researchers really) filed a suit with the Equal Employment Opportunities Commission, alleging discrimination against women in hiring and promotion practices.

May 4, 1970: 102 women employees at Time Life Inc. did ditto.

April 10, 1970: Several women occupied the offices of Grove Press who called the police and all nine women were arrested. After 15 hours 'police procedures' they were transferred for the fifth time to a room on an entrance where they were ordered to strip and squat naked in the cell-block corridor. Ti Grace Atkinson who had first heard about the procedure — many believe its primary purpose is to harass and humiliate women — from women arrested during the 1968 Columbia riots, noticed that it worked to break women psychologically. Refusing to strip, the threatened to bring charges of assault against the cops if they touched her. ‘First they told me that they wouldn’t process the others until I had stripped, then it felt beginning to feel the pressure. After all the moving around and transferring from jail to jail, your mind is joggled. You can’t think logically, you can’t make decisions. They reduce you to the level of an animal. The matrons warned her to cooperate, telling her that she would be forcibly stripped if she continued to refuse. They said: ‘You know, you’ll be sorry. You’ll be turned over to the men. They’ll really force you. You’ll be bough up.’ In prisons only men are allowed the privilege of using force.’

Ti Grace Atkinson was handcuffed to the cell bars ‘My arms were stretched as high and as far as possible’ while she was stripped. She is now planning to bring criminal charges against the police. A huge red-grey building dominates the corner of Greenwich and Sixth Avenues. It looks official, perhaps a hospital. The windows are shuttered. A crowd of black women talking to the opposite, early evening, on shouting up, ‘How y’r doing, everything ok, Martha says hi. ’ From a faceless window reassurances project down: Sounds as though she’s getting better. Some meaning raising gay matters: ‘Fucking women’s prison in the middle of a goddamn city.’ The shutters on the windows are bars. Meanwhile, back on Wall Street, Mad Dog has opened, a musical about the way women are exploited as sex objects. A female reviewer in the New York Times writes: ‘Its worst fault — if you’ll excuse me, girls — is that it yanks it up so strenuously. In its most ambitious moves it achieves the depths — and confusions — of a woman’s handbag. In fact, I’m left with an uneasy feeling that it will do the Women’s Lib. Movement — which I wholeheartedly support — more harm than good. In the manner of its pseudo-lyrical Broadway musical it exploits women by exploiting the theme of their exploitation.’

The S.C.U.M. manifesto is an Olympia Press special, published in 1968. It is amoral, based on an inherited Freudian thesis that men have potency and consequently are in all ways passive, inferior, dead; for all the hang-ups and violence in our society, OK, Courage or a pathological need to utter what a lot of women have been pushed into believing because of desperate personal and social situations, BUT, the basic physical product is a paradigm of the conditions that led Valerie Solanas to write it. The manifesto is sandwiched between an introduction by Giraldes and a commentary by Paul Fink, knifing off the back. Radical. Both subtly and not subtly put her down. Giraldes, under pretence of analysing the violence in America first puts down the ‘faddilytective’ tactics of NOW and then demolishes the radicals: ‘Just like the feminists of Women’s Lib who confound the aspirations of womankind for a totally ineffectiveness political role, the radicals of that “second feminist wave” are defeating their own purpose by intimidating men’s civil rights tactics. Do we really need women that Krammer finds in S.C.U.M. in with all important revolutionaries and makes it clear that he sees the shooting of Warhol as yet another instance of individuals paranoia erupting, not as symptomatic of anything that might be happening to women in general... even in prison Fillmore East Manfred Mann, nearing the end of his tour here, finishes the first set with with a deft, wry arrangement of Night Reigns, Mingus. Listen. Next dream is Jefferson Airplane, fronted by micro, neighbours Grace Slick, who grabs the mike and starts right in about the dig demonstration in Washington, the invasion of Cambodia. We ain’t gonna make no revolution without all of you. You gotta be there Saturday.’ While the rest are setting up ‘Tricia invited me to the White House for the along with the Finch girls. But when she and Abbie got there they keep us all hanging about in the rain while they check us in some fih system. There’s this square, and I mean SQUARE guy, security, anybody there who won’t process the others and introducing him, really prancing along and he won’t give. In the end they wouldn’t let us in, like we were a security risk.’ Next day in Washington there is a small demonstration outside the White House. Tricia goes outside the two girl protesters, making sure they’re former members of Finch. Her elitist Alice Mater, taking them inside she crosses her pretty brow and says, ‘I don’t think they appreciate what Daddy’s doing in Cambodia. He means BEWARE THE LAVENDER GOOD. LADY GAY IS BEST.

And now I will tell you what we want, we radical homosexuals, not for you to tolerate us, or to accept us, but to understand us and this you can only do by becoming one of us. We want to teach the homosexuals enthroned in you, to liberate our brothers and sisters, locked in the prisons of your skulls. We will never go gentle into that good night. As long as you despise yourselves we will be divided from you separated by a horror trick of your mind. And because we will not wake, your awakening may be a revolution, a bloody one, you’re choice. You will have to rid of the anger that rises out of your bodies and out of your minds. We are one with you.

April 2, 1970: The first all women’s dance run by Gay Liberation Front, attended by 250 women, a lot from Women’s Lib, was a real ‘Get Go’. ‘The All-Women’s dance was an exploration of space for use by women in both a literal sense and psychological. It aroused in me an intense sense of possession and freedom I feel every where else. For once I felt relatively inconspicuous and able to achieve the detachment necessary for freedom in action rather than the compulsive involvement women are usually made to feel. The danced for everyone from Women’s Lib. so well that this opening space will not be lost but will be fought for as our right.’

In the beginning is the end...

Robin Morgan in R.A.T., Columbia University. ‘The hell with the simplistic notion that automatic freedom for women — or non-white peoples — will come about with the advent of a socialist revolution. Bullshit.’ Two evils predate capitalism and have clearly been able to turn and to negate socialism: sexism and racism. Women were the first property when the Primary Contraction occurred: when one half of the human species decided to subjugate the other half because it was ‘different’, alien, the Other... how much worse will it have to go to create those profound changes that would give birth to a genderless society. Profound, sister, beyond, to a species with a new name that would not dare to define itself as Man.

Goodbye, goodbye forever, you white, er, a leftover, male-dominated, cracked glass mirror reflection of the American Nightmare. Women are the real Left. We are rising, powerful in our unclean bodies: bright glowing mad in our inferior brains; wild hair flying, wild eyes shining, wild spirit, undaunted by blood, we who haemorrhage every twenty-eight days; laughing at our own beauty, we who have lost our sense of humour; mourning for all the precious ones we might have had, or lost, in this miserable place and she not even born a woman; stuffing fingers into our mouths to stop the screams of fear and hate and pity for men we have loved and love still; tears in our eyes and bitterness in our mouths for children we didn’t have, or didn’t want, or didn’t want yet, or wanted and had in this place and this time of horror. We are rising with a fury older and potentially greater than any force in history and this time we will be free or no one will live POWER TO ALL THE PEOPLE OR TO NONE. All the way down, this time.

Michelene Victor
Dear Sir,

It has come to my notice that a disgusting and pornographic publication called OZ is being mailed to this address. Take notice, that under no circumstances are any further copies of this filth to be delivered to my daughter at this or any other address.

Elizabeth R
Buckingham Palace,
London, W.1

PS. Please rush me my 'Lori' Go-Go girl as advertised in IT.

Dear OZ,

Every time I pick up 'OZ', 'Rolling Stone', 'I.T.', 'Friends' etc. I find some freak condemnning the 'Underground' as an over-advertised exploited society. Bullsh!t! Advertised Yes. Exploited No! We want a Revolution but you don't have Revolution without the masses' consent. The 'U' (the Underground) has done a lot of good for the average guy 'n' gal. In Canada they're almost ready to legalize Pot. Even over here there is more freedom than many long-haireds now, compared with '67! Even the films are getting more real (E.A.P. Finer, Alice's Restaurant, The Strawberry Statement and Medium Cool). Charles Murray in the School Kids TV series complains about infiltration. Fuck. So Aatro Toll & Co. are on top of our bread - good fucking luck to them. Surely this is what it's all about isn't it? Putting one over on them, or are we selfish and want to keep the goodies to ourselves? Perhaps it is, and we don't want to admit that some acne-faced teeny-bopper in darkest suburbia is buying and playing the same music as the beating heart-treasures of this Kensington market. Whatever it is, it's wrong. I admit that the 'U' is a failure, far from it, but this is due to misconception of the truth and that people are going too fast. Everyone is quick to condemn the Woodstock Nation on the disaster of Altamont - Yet nobody has learned from the mistakes. I'm picking up, look at all revolutions, some took centuries and this one's not going to be the first instant revolution. And on that basis we might as well forget all demos after the 4 martyrs were disposed of by the Nixon Pigs. No sir, the fact that you have a lot of your long hair and the 'U' mags and even to some extent smoke your shit in comparative peace, the 'U' is working miracles. I would point out that I have a straight job during the week (hairs of my beard) but I am looking for an interesting job where I can wear the clothes I want. I'm also against the community and anarchist political stand with leanings towards the former. I'm not saying I'm a leader of the New New Youth or am ever likely to be - far from it - I'm just one of the sheep following the footstep of the more courageous ones. One. So please let's all sit back and have a fucking good look at the the next 5 or 5 years (I'm not forgetting the rest but these are the most important) and be thankful for the progress that has been made, after all you've got the vote at 18 whether you use it or not. All I ask for is respect for some people as Release who are doing a great job.

K. M. Milner
9, Laurier Road
London, N. W. 5

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Dear OZ,

We were horrified to read your magazine recently. This FILTH was brought to our attention as OLD BOYS of one of the schools mentioned. May we say that we regard this senseless attack on this fine old school and its staff as typical of the rubbish and perverted fifth column your magazine has a reputation for. We know that all right-thinking Education Authorities will take steps to eliminate your nauseous magazine along with all the other degraded pornography that has been circulated among the A. Centre of British Youth. Future generations will condemn you and your fellow travellers as perpetrators of an insidious plot to corrupt all that is fresh and clean in young and Expanding minds.

That children should be persuaded by such lurid and obscene publications is a crime against all that is best in the British Way of Life.

As for your vicious, filthy, stupid, idiotic crap. Let me say that the 'U' is working miracles. And on the disaster of Altamont - Yet nobody has learned from the mis...
Dear OZ,

Just received OZ 26, many thanks indeed, it's good of you to keep up so well with what's happening in Americas - so few do.

Now I've been reading Germaine for a long time, but this Women's Lib. thing is really RIGHT THERE! The idea was: get them excited enough to respond to (me) right? O.K., I'm responding, slavering my excitement. My pen won't move fast enough. I'm being serious, believe me. Here in Hartford there are a couple of Women's Lib. groups, one of which is called 'Group' I think - how imaginative! Sounds like a training centre for - balls up - groupies! I'm sure that's not the intention. They are about 20 and will very soon become an exclusive group, not willing to accept new members.

So, one beautiful night I got myself down to their meeting which was not a bunch of cackling hens muttering over their knitting but a bunch of spirited young chicks passing joints. So we smoked some dynamite grass as a prelude to the meeting - which ended up as a recipe exchange, idea recipes for a new society. O.K., dig it. The ingredients change but the form is the same: ideas is food. (Am I making any sense?) After 2 hours or so of this bum rap, an announcement was made to the effect that initiates are in the group and because of this, all members, (except myself and another potential initiate, as we knew nothing about the group practices) did wear a bra or facsimile thereof, which they would burn in the traditional (oh, oh, tradition does get in our way) manner. Upon which statement all members of the group removed their bras, stood in a circle and watched the hungry flames devour solid inches of foam rubber and shear the wire. My only comment was, no wonder it's such a ceremony, no wonder women feel liberated by leaving all that rubbish behind - instead of looking at the world through the proverbial rose coloured glasses, they have been leading their lives behind a plastic barrier. Maybe the analogy isn't apt, I don't know - I got cut down terribly when I said this 'I'm a liberated group, one speaks what one feels without fear of persecutions etc.' live and learn.

Someone just rang me asking for an Army helmet, to celebrate May Day in New Haven under. Appears I'm not the only one to expect some violence. Terrifying, but that's where America is at. Maybe there isn't any choice left. I don't know, I spent enough time in England (3 years) and BIT to understand the English thing as well as anyone (as far as that goes) and the entire attitude is so fundamentally different. England is like a haven, a beautiful resting place after Amerika and its vic-

lence. The father of this country isn't George Washington, nor Thomas Paine nor Thomas Jefferson - his name is Revolution and it's just a baby - no, I amend that: it's in its stage of puberty, maybe it will grow up to be teen-
ger this weekend, and then be more able to 'see the light' and get something good going for a change. Who knows? Who can say?

Bobbi Penniman 310 South Road
Framington Conn. 06032 U.S.A.

Dear OZ,

With reference to the latter printed in the 1970 No. 26 edition of OZ.

The two people (cronies) in question stated that you are all fuckers and that your articles are shirty, asdastic, underground shit, sick, etc. etc.

Your paper is absolutely filthy, but what the bloody hell d'ya think people buy it for man (news?). No, bloody cheap thrills, that's what.

My own opinion is to tell these hypocritical bastards to sod off. If they don't like your cheap thrills let them blow their balls or read the Mirror or something. If they don't like OZ, they don't have to buy it. (Silly sods must have weird minds.)

Keep up the good filthy man.

Alan Nile

P.S. If any of you still have that edition, wait until dark and then shake the back cover under a red light. Man, you'd think the face was alive. You can't get a cheaper thrill than that.
The revolution has to be in the head first, and one of the essential creed of the revolution is mind body integration, so that if we are into changing our heads and expanding consciousness it is only logical that should extend to a change in our bodies.

The distinguishing aspect of the true mutant is the subtle merging of male and female within the frame of an earthly body labelled by the registrar of births either 'male' or 'female'. This encompassing of opposites and achieving of new balance speaks more of the power of sexual change than any militantly erect Women's Liberation Front streaming its banners like dildoes in the wind, or female politicians chaining themselves to railings in prissy pussy protest, or girls carrying rifles in perfect soldierly format proud to be part of a national army with licence to kill, or mutinies as next man, or ladies raving on soap boxes because they get paid less money for upholding capitalism than men, or chicks getting slammed for the sake of moosily proclaiming the freedom to exercise a freedom which still does not exist because we're stuck in the grip of a system which will punish the evil-doer and ladies raving on soap boxes because it's only when we recognise the fact that the sexes will stop their exhausting struggle for superiority and get together to make the world a better place.

Evolution is the key word. And that takes place in each individual being first, before it can take root in the world. Freedom is the key to evolution perhaps, and sexual freedom one of the primary manifestations of the free man. To me sexual freedom has nothing to do with promiscuity and every difference male or female it means loving so completely transcended the barrier between man and woman. There is a door into changing our heads and bodies integration, so that if we are into changing our heads and expanding consciousness it is only logical that should extend to a change in our bodies.

TheAquarian Age is supposed that of the enlightened man and the Enlightened men are being born to acid children who have left the home and who have split the safety of a two-garaged house and hot and cold running mummies and daddies for the uncertainty of cop-infested streets home grown cabbages and dope. Those who have made a conscious choice... to reject the hand with the weekly pay packet which is the same hand that spanked them for the hair and hid the cigarettes and the money. These new parents may be producing a super-race to transcend the petty squabbles of power, politics black and white, male and female, and to ebb and flow in a constant expanding consciousness. It means some-one is ONLY homosexual and heterosexual meaning some-one is ONLY heterosexual.

I know that those people within my radius that I consider to be the most highly evolved are those who have almost completely transcended the barrier between male and female to the point where the only motivation for coming together physically is pure love and that is extended equally to man and woman. There is a door through which we travel at some point in the evolutionary struggle, which finally does it... so we are neither one thing nor the other, but both... and being for which one day there will be a new word, but for which hermaphrodite will do for now. Hermaphrodite is an ancient word, coming from the Greek, Hermaphroditos, who 'became one' with the nympha Salome. And to become one with another human being must surely be the highest liberation we can achieve while on this planet - more liberating than a thousand charters proclaiming the equality of man and woman because it can only come about when the force of both sexes is in perfect equilibrium.

To be evolved enough to embrace equally the male and female element of one another without tension or inhibition completely eliminates the necessity for women to fight for their rights as women or men to defend their masculine heritage because we are both both! I have no wish to take over from men, or be freed from their magic, it is essential that there be a creative for the receptive. But it is essential also that we can exchange those roles without hesitation. Sexual interchange... It works on the highest and most mundane levels. It means that it's pointless to even consider that such normally female tasks as are involved in the domestic organisation of a household should necessarily fall to some-one because they are
HENDRIX

'BAND OF GYPSYS'

2406002

POLYDOR RECORDS
POLICE SEEK 'PORNO GARDEN'

OZ hit the streets early in 1967 with a print run of 15,000. Everyone seemed disappointed with its contents, except the editors of Private Eye, who gloated: "It won't last three issues." Attempting to confirm this prediction, they applied crude pressure tactics to our joint distributors. Since then interfering with OZ has become a national sport. Veteran readers will recall the successful blackmailing of our former printer, Woodrow Wyatt, ex-M.P. by News of the World.

Of course, the police are such regular visitors to our office that they seem like permanent staff. They have bullied scores of street-sellers and newsagents into 'investigating'. In one notorious instance police, without any authority, stopped the presses and pursued an obscure printer into pulping six thousand copies. Yet despite such persistent and malicious efforts to sabotage our freedom to publish, the police have never yet had the courage to take OZ to court. It is not surprising. By resorting to psychological strong arm tactics and side-stepping the law, police have succeeded in crippling our production methods without creating a national cause célèbre. A fraction of our time is spent on editorial compared with overcoming production problems caused by police harassment, a sexually repressed communications industry and an obsolete law (i.e. that printers must be persuaded an obsequious printer into publication learns). 

However, there are indications that the battle may at last move from the print shop to the court room. Following OZ 28, the press and the police seemed to have joined forces. The Sunday Express' enlivened 'John Gordon' column found the School kids OZ "crude, nasty, erotic and in parts obscene" (an actionable statement, if we happened to believe in libel). "Isn't it time we faced up to the debasing of our children?" he asked. "It is more important than some of the things our politicians get excited about". Two days later the police dutifully took up the invitation and raided our offices. Correspondences, back issues and artwork were seized. A few days afterwards came a repeat performance.

Police are now gathering evidence for the Director of Public Prosecutions which will urge that OZ be prosecuted under the Obscene Publications Act and/or the Post Office Act. They are even attempting to locate the garden where the group photograph (page 2&3) was taken. Presumably it is to be produced in court as evidence.

Police find it particularly abhorrent that OZ 28 was "aimed at children". (The editorial was offered to any one under 18. About thirty kids showed interest, some dropped out along the way and the rest remained to work, sorry, play, with our production team).

It has been suggested that OZ directors will be prosecuted for corruption of minors. If this means giving kids an effective means of self expression, enabling them to ridicule everything from headmasters to the Schools Action Union, to attack exams, the combined Cadet Force and the Underground, to defend the faces of Jeff Beck and Rupert Dancing to create cartoons, collages, learn a little about magazine production and to talk of the problems of being a young G.I. in Vietnam, then it means to discover other possible futures than the one offered by the school careers officer to share in the vision of a generation experimenting with new ways of living—and being victimised for doing so then we admit it. OZ corrupts minros. We just hope it sometimes reaches adults.
GLOBAL THREAT

In an article about America's 45,000 "private, non-profit, philanthropic" foundations, Bonsbay's Bitz newspaper asks "how is it that the greedy, ruthless, capitalist tycoons of the United States, whose sole aim is to derive maximum profits from human toil and sweat, invest such colossal sums of money in (these) foundations?" A good question which according to the writer, the foundation answers by "furthering the interests of U.S. imperialists all over the world..."

COKE-ECOLOGY

OUT OF TOWN... The Coca-Cola Company has installed a test machine in Atlanta supermarkets into which customers can throw their one-way bottles, to be ground into fine sand. The company hopes that eventually the sand can be made safe enough for use in playgrounds. In the meantime, their cans are going to be embossed with a message asking the buyer not to litter. But it will still be up to the buyer to dispose of the cans, because they haven't figured out a self-destruct container yet...

CARGO COMMIES

Equal rights is an issue in New Guinea where "cargo cult" believers believe that the white man only has to show natives photographs of goods to cause them to sabotage the cargo cult religions by being made on the grounds that in their present naive state the natives are not qualified for the money in (these) foundations?" A good question which according to the writer, the foundation answers by "furthering the interests of U.S. imperialists all over the world..."

STOP PRESS

It is not just police from the Obscene Publications division who are regular OZ readers. Detective Inspector Robin Constable of Scotland Yard's Extraditions Department, late of Chelsea drug Squad, has sent us a letter to the editor. It contains a libel threat.

One school boy editor of OZ 28 has been questioned at home by police. The interrogation took the lines of: "The OZ people just paid you to use your name. You didn't actually contribute anything. They did it all, didn't they?"

AUSTRALIA, (that white man's answer to Haiti), abounds with news stories so hilariously unbelievable that they rarely reach the British press. You can keep abreast of the secret circus with Australian OZ, newsletter, Box 1143, Australia Square, N.S.W. 2000.

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And the golfsters, contending that what's useless is best left undone, tie-off life with bands, Scoffin' at the incompetency of even trying, then rise the Milky Way, the tens of nickle dragon, reaching out old ways to fix their plea for a little sleep, dreaming of homeroons by hitting foul balls. Spoon doon moon coon. Hey Spoon, you're a bundle o' joy - you're an ugly mummy-jumper, but you're still my boy!

And Abbie Hoffman, trying so hard to yip a hype that he has obviously never understood, weeps water because fast stalkers don't have eyes for him. He publishes diaphanous accounts of all the attacks he has unlimily suffered as a hero of the people. He has asthma, too. It's good he's making lots of ball money. Hoppity-hopping all over, he conspires gelt for all the poor lepers in jail. There's a schmuck in the tall dark hallway still crying. Even Bruce and won't come, just yet.

And Jerry Rubin warned the careful language of panic at the Berkely Playhouse while babbling all over for a leading role in the Du Le foundation. He's a leader. Eldridge Cleaver and the Ministry of Education say he is a good leader. He'd lead everybody anywhere, anytime. He'd even lead children into a real-live-war. He'd lead them right into battle, by radio.

And all the factions of Students for a Democratic Society have the profound historical perspective to state that if it worked there, it'll work here! They speak lots of languages, so they are translating all successful volumes of political action into hometown vernacular, seeking to capture a theoretical motive for killing people and taking their property away, only to find that...


And most of what media has to say is access to the machinery of power. Limited access is offered for the people to fight over. As long as that access is limited so is the information. There must be more information, and that information, if it is pertinent to relevant change, must have access to scale. If the media stars, political careerists and false bottom hipsters block the access; if the only possibilities that exist are bright clothes, Latin and hard-hats, wild ass posturing and hope at the office, it means that the opportunities for scale are being shurred up by masquerades and with is denied access to that which needs to intercept and hollow-hearted eruption of a new revolution from which nothing will emerge. And that jerry-built that cannot be forestalled or diminished by capitulating to fear or greed or doing violence to your own vision.

You see, politics and all politicians are automatic captives of power. From the so-called president to the meanest Philadelphia ward leader, the leader of a small scale, the controlled revolt are standing taking a fly with the dreams of all of them get twisted by hierarchies, their that and all the games are played by the people of politics. And it is this false notion of political that scale blind faith in number that power is all to those who only live.

It is the Workable Lie that it can be seen clearly. For instead of a piece of hardware that whatever purpose can simply stand as evidence of one’s belief that the earth cannot be bought and sold on the recommendations of voluntary slavery by spiritual and religious figures who reason that back and offers the labor of his own accord he is no longer a subject of the playing of one power who, over another: if it’s not more than the stance, if it claims that he is free, it’s not fame with some situating of a new personal but also in the face of the false commitment that the presence of an assignment of part and present the conditions of mortal and tricked-up revolutions to the present, et cetera. It’s this insanity inherent in the workable lie that infects and seeks to make necessary the world’s end. But it is not that there are where ideas are of greater life than men and words are juggled in a gigantic hook; you need more than the skeleton to make the vision walk. You need to lift off something that is neither beauty not truth, but only a plan of false face if you are to be one of the only ones to discover the grid of the skeleton. The only ones that reached their rock bottom and got up. They always get up. They search for brothers and sisters not friends. They do not play the role of crowd or remakes of the Law & Order vs. Grey’s Anatomy. They don’t sell their soul to sell their vision; would be to pretend that it’s theirs. They are not themselves, but fall out of the mass, the mass. They are not the same. Those who do not lie to a faint face. Freedom where pretense can be made to tell defense. They kill who have to be killed. They are sick and death by being sick and tired. They die the jump up better be more from the mouth down. They embrace deception. They are spreading the cheeks and raising the hand of the asshole of democracy. They deal with all real things in all moments of agony and joy. They are above those who, in a game of which kill these, leaders are not can realize feeling. They do not do themselves be killed by a kidnapping money. They are no longer lonesome for their heroes. They feel once of business, they don’t nickel dime bomb make believe numbers. They do what is necessary (not what might be necessary) to end the desperation of hunger, starvation, poverty, eviction, selling. They feel that the money is the only one which is deceptive. She is all innocent. They are flown. They are good at it. They do not intend to spend any more time in penitentiaries. They do not use the court for heroes. They are silent almost everything. They remember Michael Collins and what he committed to him. They do not want it. They love. They are the center of the twentieth century. They are talking about the future of revolution. They talk about the possibility of defeat. They that abandoned them. Well nothing moves a mountain but weed. And they. I’ve long ago named them me.
SMALLS

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Release gives information and advice on: arrests, drugs, pregnancy, rents, landlords, jobs, divorce, visas, civil rights and any other problem.

Release needs information on: solitaires, courts, drugs, pads going, jobs going, scenes.

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WANTED Two liberal minded chicks to join two gents on working trip of Europe and journey of Africa in jeep for indefinite period. Share expenses four ways. Contact Dave 7-8pm 01-9861058.

Frustrated male, 19 seeks available chicks, Leeds area. Photo please. Box No.6 (29).

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The BIG-EAR device enables anyone to hear through walls, across the street, anywhere. Easily made from readily available materials. See it all with an easily made "See Through From Behind Mirror" instructions. 10/- The United Kingdom Homosexual Meeting Place Directory is still 10/- Mail box, 38, Crawford Street, London W.1.

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Eating out cheaply in England has become like what sex must have been for the Forsytes—more something to dread than to delight in. It is not merely that the profferings of Lyons or Wimpeys lack imagination or taste; but the absence of nutritional goodness must be wreaking havoc with our insides. If "you are what you eat", then God help us all. But there's worse news to come. According to a Daily Mirror report (July 1st 1970), the Rank, Hovis, McDougall factories in High Wycombe are producing food out of fungus. Dr. Spicer, research director, boasts of raising "livestock" in test tubes. These animals are a strain of fungus bred after four and a half years of research. The A3/5 fungus organism multiplies convulsively when fed on carbohydrates and has an end product which can be given the appearance of meat or fish or even puffed to look like rice". The Mirror man's description of a Hungarian goulash made from these charming little specimens concluded: "The taste was convincing and palatable although it tended, I found, to leave a faint chemical taste in the mouth".

If you don't fancy some of Dr. Spicer's goulash, British Petroleum are cooking up a delightful little germ they discovered when they were cleaning out their cog filters. B.P. fed some yeast organisms on oil and found they produced huge amounts of protein, which has now been processed by BP and turned into food for animals. Hector Watts, director and general manager of B.P. Proteins told the Mirror: "WE have no definite plans to turn this product into human food, but there is no reason why we should not eventually. It has indeed been tested at a human level and baked into a biscuit which was very palatable". Future appetising delights will include food made from coal, newspapers and leaves.

Already the versatile soya bean is being turned into "chicken", "ham" and "turkey"—already on sale at U.S. supermarkets complete with plastic wishbone. Shortly there will appear deep frozen macrobiotic T.V. dinners. It won't be long before you'll have to choose between a B.P. oil burger, and a coarse coal pie, so as an alternative we offer some natural recipes from the appropriately named Nasha Institute of Survival:

**The plants grow in dry soil in open waste areas like road sides and yards, as well as in country fields. Look for them from now till late autumn. They are all very rich in vitamins and minerals, organically grown, free from pesticides, and really delicious. Here they are:**

- **Creamed dandelion**: Boil one quart of young leaves, strain and chop. Save the water. Make a sauce by melting a tablespoon of butter, and mixing in a tablespoon of flour, as well as some salt and pepper. Slowly add the water in which the dandelions have been cooked. Stir in the chopped dandelion leaves. You can serve them with fried croutons and sour cream.

- **Sautéed dandelion**: Sauté dandelion leaves in a pan with 3 tablespoons of melted oil or butter. Fry about 10 minutes. Season with salt and pepper.

- **Boiled dandelion**: Pick only the young leaves from the plants less than one foot high. Boil them for about 10 minutes. Drain and season with lemon, butter and salt. Fry just long enough to dry out slightly and allow the seasoning to permeate them.

- **Boiled wild mustard**: You can pick the lower leaves from any of the ten species of wild mustard. Boil them for about 30 minutes. Strain and season with butter, salt and lemon.

- **Boiled plantain**: Boil young leaves for about 10 minutes. Drain and season them with butter and salt, then fry them just long enough to allow the seasoning to permeate them.
Defatted Wheat Germ, Nonfat Dry Milk Solids, Sugar, Salt and Malt Flavouring, Iron, Niacin, Riboflavin (B₂), and Thiamine (B₁).

RAP

Ask your grocer for the packet which suits you best.

Poison is as British as roast beef. Have some roast beef. A thick juicy slice comes from a cow born by artificial insemination, injected with sex hormones to increase fertility, fed synthetic hormones to induce rapid fattening, and shot with tranquilizers, antibiotics and insecticides. The sex hormones, an estrogen called stilbestrol, are suspected of affecting human sexual functioning. A real man's meal...

Fruit juice. Fruits are bombarded with pesticides. The juices almost always contain DDT and the nerve-gas pesticide parathion (it killed the sheep).

Mild Cow's milk is still considered safe, because of the relatively low concentration of DDT in pasture grass. But women in England are being encouraged not to breast feed their babies because the concentration of DDT in our diets has made mother's milk unsafe.

Beer To give it "lightness and life" the chemical compound PVP is added. This ingredient is also used in aerosol hair sprays.

The Cheeseburger Hamburger meat is dyed. Worse, it may be treated with sodium sulphite in order to give it an appealing red color. This chemical is especially dangerous since it destroys both the black color and the rancid odor of bad meat. Cheese on top increases both the flavor and the poisonous content of one of our favorite dishes.

Cheese. Cheese is processed by a multitude of chemicals. It is artificially thickened, preserved, flavored, and colored. One of the thickeners is also used to make cosmetics, another ingredient is used in printing inks. (Until recently cottage cheese preservative was also used to make contraceptives).

Peas and carrots. In order to retard spoilage, fresh vegetables are waxed with a paraffin suspected of causing cancer.

Beer Wheat is stripped of all its nutrients; only the starch is retained because it holds synthetic vitamins and water so well. Emulsifiers keep bread soft but do not stop it from becoming stale. Bread is as plastic as its wrapper. It helps break strong bodies 8 ways.

Flavorings Salivate with these chemical concoctions: nut: butraldehyde (used in rubber cement), cherry: aldehyde C-17 (a flammable liquid used in plastics and synthetic rubbers); pineapple: ethyl acetate (a solvent for plastics and lacquers).

Candy. Top it all off with packaged candies, coated with shellac to produce an attractive glaze.

The most frightening additives are the carcinogens, which the Public Health Service estimates include one out of every four substances injected into our food. Carcinogens are substances suspected of causing cancer. Carcinogenic substances are found in most food dyes and preservatives, and in stabilizers used in salad dressings, ice cream, chocolate milk, commercial shipped cream. Carcinogens include the estrogens injected into poultry and livestock, and pesticides. Radioactivity from fallout or contamination from water or soil is also considered a carcinogen.

The major source of poison in our diets is DDT, the effects of which are cumulative. DDT may destroy our ability to reproduce by increasing the activities of enzymes which attack sex hormones. It has been claimed that children may be more susceptible to carcinogens than adults. Today cancer causes a greater number of child deaths than any other disease; and cancer deaths among children have increased by 50% in the last decade.

The facts themselves are enough to induce nausea. Only one point needs emphasis. Chemicals are injected into foods in order to produce more foods faster in order to sell inferior products at a better price in order to stretch the quantity of food at low cost to the producer in order to make more money. The farmer has been superseded by the food technologist who works for a food factory.

Chemical consumption is creating serious imbalances in our internal systems; it is producing disease, ill health, and possibly death. Ironically, the chemicalization of the dinner table is affecting even the ruling class who wants the profits: they can't eat their money, and now they can't even eat their food.
COCHISE
a new album

UAS 29117

TO LIVE OUTSIDE THE LAW YOU MUST BE HONEST

The Tories are in, Tally Ho you wrong ones. Time to straighten out the misgoverned society. (I certainly hope so.) Somebody (I certainly hope so) wants to upset traditional values and replace them with some sort of drug ridden sex crazed urchins. And my friends, we shall do the straightening out by enforcing the LAW. Law and order and people are in. This paper I hold in my hand saying 'Warrant for Arrest' proves it.

Actually, although the whole British legal system is obsessively biased towards protecting property rights— even in rape the crime seems to be that of interfacing with a husband's or father's proprietary rights over a female rather than the violence involved in fucking someone against their will— that system is good or bad according to the way its used. And if, while you're working to replace the system, you ignore it altogether, to keep yourself pure, you will be defeated by it in the end. Because it's based on middle class values. Values that reward people who industriously set up and complain and interfere and partially exercise their rights. And historically you've needed middle class money to hire lawyers to discover exactly what those rights are.

Most of our legal procedures depend on someone coming along and getting a process started. Like issuing a summons, laying a complaint, taking out a warrant, laying on information, generally initiating something or other. Then it's up to the sucker on the receiving end to do something about it. If that doesn't then the odds against him escaping, drop from about seven to seven to one against. This is the legacy of that anti-social crime, indifference.

The system only reaches some approximation of fairness when you have two rich and well represented people angrily opposing each other. Which is why the lawyers call it an adversary system. As opposed to the continental Roman Law based system which depends on an impartial (but highly biased) govern- ment officer (a judge) who presides and investigates everyone and everything connected with the event or non event. He is supposed to uncover the things that in

Britain the opponent's solicitors would normally find out. And in Roman Law countries inertia and 'keeping quiet tends to pay off'. Back to us here and now. If the under-ground's to survive, it should get smarter at manipulating the law to its own advantage and protection. Waiting to consult a solicitor until you've actually been charged is ineffectual. By then it's often too late. You need to know what's up well before it. And it's not all that difficult.

The first thing is the police—and the bureaucrats. You've got to learn when they overstep the mark. Remember the police are worried about their public image. If one of them has done something that's really against their rules they generally can't afford to ignore it. The best sort of complaint to make is one backed by middle aged witnesses—where the police have been so overconfident of their powers that they went over the top without realizing it. Reasonably phrased, literate and well documented complaints about the police can be followed up by letters to M.P.'s or the press. If it's done often enough something important could happen.

That's not the only way to fight the system. Other people commit crimes and are just as vulnerable as you are. Parents who report their joy-riding children to the police (for their own good) may be reported to the relevant authorities (for their own good). For feeding parking meters, lighting fires with wood in smokeless zones or putting up garden sheds without permission.

If pubs turn you out, collect evidence and oppose the granting of their license by the next licensing sessions. Licensing authorities like to know about pubs staying open beyond licensing hours (this happens a lot in places outside London) unsanitary conditions, unruly behaviour etc. etc. Find out what the technocratics are. It may not stop the grant of a license but it'll show you know your powers. They may be more willing to serve you in the future.

Estate agents or landlords who refuse to accommodate you are also likely to turn away your coloured friend, so giving grounds for a complaint to the Race Relations Board. If you're already in a pad don't forget that harassment of tenants is an offence. Someone, somewhere there's a rent officer waiting to hear from you. And harassment is a pretty wide term. One of the best places to start when complaining is the local council's advice bureau. They'll tell you the right agency to go to or connect you with a solicitor who'll handle your case for nothing (or very little.)

People who persecute you in the streets could lend themselves in trouble. Shouting at long-haired men in the street is conduct likely to lead to an entry into your police file. So be calm. The local P.C. refuses to take any notice of your complaint, take his number and inform the Chief Constable of his collusion with certain criminal elements. Also, other people are just as subject to social pressures as you are. Van drivers who whistle at you while driving for respectable firms will find the boss doesn't like complaints about homosexual soliciting by his drivers outside the houses of customers.

Cab drivers who refuse to pick you up should be reported to the Public Carriage Office. Bus drivers and conductors who give trouble should be reported to their head office. A well phrased letter giving times and numbers and preferably supported by witnesses addresses should soften them up a bit. The same goes for insistance from any of the monsters who man British Rail booking offices.

Two new pieces of legislation can be useful. Above all there's the Trade Descriptions Act. If anything you're sold a duffer—what you've bought is not, because of implication, innuendo or straight out misrepresentation, what you thought you were buying then report it to the Standards and Measurements Department of your local council. These are the friendliest people of all and although a bit overworked they're ready to spend money on investigating and prosecuting people who get up to tricks when selling. There's no limit to what you can report. Lousy meals (people walk in with plastic bags full of disgusting meatless measly hamburgers and sausages and chips), rotten clothes, bum sound equipment—perhaps you could even try reporting a dealer who sold you bad shit. A good rule is this: before you buy anything make sure the salesman tells you the thing you're buying is reliable, or hard wearing, or colour fast, or fresh food or whatever. Then if it's not you've got a watertight case.

The other bit of new law is for anyone without a U.K. passport and involves the right of appeal from the courts who sit at immigration desks at ports of entry into the U.K. Now you can appeal to informal tribunals at the port manned by an independent lawyer. It will decide who is to be believed, you or the immigration officers. It may not be much but it's a start. Intelligent subtlety sometimes gets you further than signed submission or violence.

D.P. & A.F.
JIMI HENDRIX
Band Of Gypsies  Track

This is the first Hendrix record to be issued for nearly two years, and listening to it, it's clear that Jimi has a lot of places and been a lot of things since we left him making love on the sand beneath the sea in Electric Ladyland. He "owed" U.S. Fillmore an album as a recompense for releasing him to U.S. Reprise, and so here, from them this. Apparently he doesn't like it much, and would rather have not released it. I'm glad he did.

It seems to be a direct control to the direction that there's the previous work had shown him to be travelling. "Are you experienced?" asking for more muscle, joyful hard rock, powerful, inventive, soulful, bluesy, folk, sex, feeling. Two electronic science-fiction trips were perfectly matched by a totally original approach to the blues. Thus "Axis Bold As Love" confirmed what "The Wind Cries Mary" had intimated: that Jimi had a lot of music to play here. "SONGS" as opposed to "hits" and the extended guitar workout were conspicuously absent. Jimi got his singing completely together and combined his visual time with a gentle sensuality in the space-rocking "One Hog's Dream". "Electric Ladyland" perhaps gets organ, flute, plus all the multi-multi-track and deep echo and generally all the acid-freak blowout tricks mind studio tricks known to mankind, but it's right back to absolute simplicity.

This was recorded live last New Year's Eve at New York's Fillmore West. The Experience are here replaced by Buddy Miles on drums and Jimi's army buddy Billy Cox on bass. It's basically a jamming album like "Super Session", except that where Cooper, Bloomfield and Stills relaxed and let it flow, Jimi kicks off and shoots it all over you. The material is totally undistinguished and virtually indistinguishable from another, since all the songs are all on one chord and in similar tempos, but it doesn't really matter. It doesn't pretend to be an "arranged concept tool-six-months-to-record" album, and if you accept it for what it is you'll find it as fascinating and beautiful as I do.

For a live album, the sound and balance are phenomenally good, except for the buried vocals. Irritatingly, this is the only vocal passage which is perfectly audible is a luscious piece of falsetto scat-singing by Buddy Miles which reminds me of Spike Milligan. Miles is the biggest single brand short-and-fat factor here, since he does most of the lead singing, and he's really terrible. His drumming is fastidious, but drumsy and overbearing, just don't know why people let Bloomfield and Hendrix think so much of him. He can keep it all, and so can lots of other folks.

It's a Jimi Hendrix guitar album all the way. Apart from B.B. King, no-one-no-one-One-One- Living can get as much VOICE into a guitar as Hendrix. It's totally personal, and has the same throwaway soul timing as his singing. Sustaining an album of six long tracks between five and twelve minutes long is about as harsh as a task can be imposed on a guitarist's improvising power and Hendrix comes through shining brightly in many colours.

The album's best cut is the twelve-and-a-half minute "Machine Gun". It's violent, urgent, real, completely together and contains Hendrix's best playing of the year. Unfortunately, his tendency to play union guitar with his vocal obligates most of the lyric. Again, don't judge this album by irrelevant standards. It's a totally unprecedented album. It's a Jimi Hendrix album, that's all, but so can lots of other albums, whatever else is going on.

Charles Spear Murray

LEON RUSSELL
Leon Russell M.J. M.

Leon is a big boy now, the sneers and shrugs behind Delaney and Bonnie and Steven Stills are gone. It's about time too, now you can see where the music on the Accident-Of-The-Machine Gun album comes from. And he even had a piece of the Let It Be talk.

But let me tell you, darling, this super album was a lot of Leon on one. He sings, which you didn't know, in a strange and swamps way. His piano on this is in the background, but it's a shame, as it is so lovely when he peeps through the blanket of pluck and bang sounds. Really it is a super album because it has those lovely Stones and Beatles and Joe and Steve and sweet Eric the I glitter. It's a super album because it has those lovely Stones and Beatles and Joe and Steve and sweet Eric the I glitter. It's a super album because it has those lovely Stones and Beatles and Joe and Steve and sweet Eric the I glitter.

KING CRIMSON
In the Wake of Poseidon

There has to be a reason for a band that doesn't exist yet to issue 20,000 copies of an album in its first week of issue. Whatever that reason is, that 20,000 is going to find their own, and they may as well be different. In the Wake Of Poseidon is a group effort, a number perhaps a fully-realised concept.
but still a statement that few other English bands would have had the
sight & understanding to make. The statement itself is clear -
black, white, post-modern, peace/love, hope/business, largely on the experiences of Peter
Fripp. Fripp and Peter Sinfield during the fi nal tour of America last year, the mood &
lyrics of the best pieces reflect the
standard universal: motifs of the
Supermarket as a microcosm of speed &
superficiality, the full fury of New York streets that are
empty blues for each isolated
individual, and the place of mystry.

The record attempts to cut
off the Floridian coast
where boat and plane loads have
disappeared in the distance. The
first is emblazoned with 'statist', a
bizarre shit-off and nasty along the
shelves, already featured and
known as a single, and own much
of its instant appeal to the
heterogeneous playing of King
Crims. "Pictures of a City" is purely
Crimson's inevitable 'Bright
Lights' or 'Crosstown Traffic';
this is clearly where Peter Sinfield's
Lemminkäinen jigsaw works:
"Drawn from love, these perfumed
skies.
Gazed into teeth have tinted
smile, a classic change in
colour, the time slow, beat &
spirit.

The words may not be original, but
then they're right, and so is the
background of musical material
brought to bear on the final record;

The whole album took Fripp
and his galaxy of old friends al-
most one year of studio time to
complete. The Devil's Triangle,
alone took 120 hours of juggling with
an avalanche before all were
satisfied, and it seems like too
long. After working on one piece
for pure King Crimson
and the validity of the
symphonic music, making music
and communicating a fluid instant of
black plastic, becomes a
scientific labour, whereas each
simplicity becomes more and
more complex, and further and
further from the truth of the
moment, the ability of 'modern'-
and not just rock,

to communicate a statement
instantaneously. Electricity. In
translating that from a live gig
to a studio so many musicians
lose their immediacy. King
Crimson is one of a few 'studio' bands
around - the Beatles presumably
aren't anymore - and this is
Fripp's major problem. The possibility
of getting a large, amor-
phous outfit to work onstage is perhaps
impossible, but for the
moment his 'statement' on this
album lacks real electricity.

The songs begin to open up when
the contrast is drawn be-
tween 'statist' and 'Pictures of a City' and
the positives of peace &
paint. Making 'good' as
strong and antithetical as 'evil'
is the eternal problem of a writer
painter, musician, and one
which Crimson has failed to solve.

The opening and closing track are
unremarkable outside the
lyrics. The second side
began with a Gordon Haskell
and the second
by the regular vocalist, Greg Lake.
The answer is infinitely better,
but at least Haskell understands
the lyrics.

There are moments of beauty
and of pain, stabs of finitude,
and delicate flute-playing
reminds one of a shred of a
moment from Fripp, who has never
been so much in love. But before the
studio album was a lot of careful
consideration of the insight
of 'The Gambler's Guide to
King Crimson', but
the isolation of the music
in a studio has meant that they've
lost the balance between love and
false. Without being conscious of
it, Crimson has produced a self-
indulgent set that gives less than
it takes. Whose Fripp gathers
round him for the third album
will be, as is, honest, serious
musicians. All we ask is that
they are honest to more than
themselves.

Dick Lownson

"BLUES FROM BIG BILL & COPACABANA"
Various Artists

This is one of the classic Chicago
blues albums, probably the
classic, and for those who dig
Chicago company atrocities. A
history of its various re-issues
may prove illuminating. It was
recorded in 1962, and released
here in '63 by Pye International's
R-and-B series. In those far
off days albums cost a mere
penny, but there was a lot of bread for a 12-
year-old so I didn't buy it, though I really covetted it. At that time
it was titled "Folk Festival Of The
Blues". In 1967 it was deleted
and reissued at 12/6 by Marple
Arch, retitled "Festival Of The
Blues". Last year, it was
again deleted, and two months
ago reappeared on Chess under
its present hideous and unwieldy
retitle, plus a Pete Welding sleeve.

It's a clever cover mocked up like
30's "Race Records" poster and
an artificial process stereo track.

Also, it now costs 39/11.

However, in whatever form you
get it, it's literally indispensable
to anyone with any
kind of interest in de blooze. At
the beginning an excited emcee
shouts "It's history makin' time
here tonight..." and reels off a
list of names that will make any
blueshead reach for his wallet.
They're all here: Muddy Waters,
Howlin' Wolf, Sonny Boy
Williamson, Buddy Guy, Otis
Spann, Willie Dixon, Spann's
superlative piano. Dixon's
stirring bass and Guy's words-
fuckin' fall-me lead can be heard
backing throughout the set, while Muddy,
the Wolf, Sonny Boy and Guy
sing. It's a rough, raucous,
triumphantly vital sound, part and
parcel of the Chicago blues
legend (that's not Up-Against-The
Wall, MuddyfucksChicago, but
Good-Mawnin'-Southside Chicago).

And Muddy...yeah, like he's
the MAN and that's it. When he
really gets it on, no-one can shut
him down and here he really does
do. When the Wolf rasps out "Hey
woman letme have a talk wid
you" it makes you realise just
how anemic Danny Kirwan is.
The only album you can play after this is the first Butterfield thing, so put it on late. Play it loud and play it proud. This is the album!

Charles Shaar Murray

THE ROLLING STONES. Decca

This is an excellent debut album by a fine young Richmond-based r-and-b group, and it's an encouraging sign for British pop as a whole. The boys in the group are all talented musicians, and I wouldn't be surprised to see them blossom out into one of our top acts. Lead singer Mick Jagger has a very unusual voice, admirably suited to the raucous material that the lads perform. Their numbers are mostly taken from the repertoires of leading Negro r-and-b singers like Chuck Berry, Bo Didley and Muddy Waters, and it's all the most exciting stuff.

Some of the words are rather suggestive, particularly 'I Just Wanna Make Love To You'. But it's all good to dance to.

This LP may well catch on, and I would be delighted to see it in the charts, but whether it represents a real challenge to more established artists like Billy J. Kramer, it'd be difficult to say at this stage. Discerning record buyers should not be put off by the lads' weird appearance, which I sincerely hope they will outgrow.

By the way, girls, a 'Little by Little' (which was the flip of the group's chart biggie, 'Let's Fade Away') that's GENIE PITNEY on piano!!

Moira Hollyrock

Charles Shear Murray

**ETHIOPIA.**


Tangent.

If you have tired of all the heavy music around lately but are still interested in the kind of stuff Jean Jenkins of the Horniman Museum, which is itself a sort of10 place down near Crystal Palace. It's the sort of stuff that off point for improvisation. The old familiar framework of a particular song acts as a jumping off point for improvisation.

Cream used to operate in much the same manner, but the Who, being more eclectic, score over them (as this album scores over its nearest rival in the field, the live set included on the Cream's 'Wheel of Fire' album) in having a far greater range of sounds, rhythms and musical textures at their disposal. So, 'My Generation' (a fourteen minute track on side two) fragments after the first few minutes to become a broad musical statement extending across the entire Who oeuvre. And if you think that's a heavy statement, just listen to the music. It's sad to think that there are actually people who could listen to a record like 'The Who... Live at Leeds' and remain relatively unmoved, neither hating it beyond a mild annoyance, nor loving it with any wilder emotion than a mild pleasure. But they exist, I know it and you know it. It's sad because as long as they exist, there's going to be no real basis for communication between the Democratic Establishment and... (you fill in the blank yourselves with whatever label appeals to you, 'the underground' 'hippies', 'the young', 'the skinheads' etc at least they exist). He began with 'Hey! Hey Joel!' He'd obviously been asked to perform the song that 'made him famous'. You could see he wasn't happy. After the first few bars he stopped in disgust, said "We don't want to play this," and soared away into 'Voodoo Chile'. 'Hey Joel!' had gone stale on Hendrix and it had gone stale because he only had one way to play it. The Who, on the other hand, don't mind playing their old numbers. They delight in it.

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No one who was there will ever be the same. Be there.

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Glurrrrk

I will spin them across our hits and miss century.

I shall let them speak, in tongues. I shall call their generous souls from the charnel houses and let them squeak and gibber in the streets. Their breath will mix with the vapour of the stars. I shall let them speak, in tongues. I shall call their generous souls from the charnel houses and let them squeak and gibber in the streets. Their breath will mix with the vapour of the stars.

Pola, Catherine, Marilyn, Nell, Jean. All these martyrs, these phosphorescent generosities are the seed to sow the crop, to blossom in the fields. The flowers will seed, the seed will mature in the atmosphere of the sun. Ripening, it will detach itself from the stem. And then, lifting itself aloft on the wings of my evangelism, be borne into the light.

Ssssssffffffzzzzzzz

0 James, my generator. You gave to us the knowledge of the meandering maidenhood of Molly. And poor, flowery Jean, lost in your travels in the shades. Protean, yearning, unfolding, shrinking.

Am I a pack of cards? A deck awash with magic. A kind of angel; Look through the mirror. Observe the shadow images. See the Cezanne miracle of time. Disperse the cells into patterns of untight energies. Decentralise. Soak and bathe in the soul of woman-

Be quiet. Be still. Sense the tintinnabulations. Woman. You want to give yourself to man and yet still live your dream. To fulfill and remain whole. Paint, without the foursided logic of the frame. To form elements into articulations. Into beings that become, that ingest and egest and digest regurgitate, all-replenishing.

I shall distill a distillation.

I must take the precious ions of your generosity and let you disseminate them among countless men.

Zonk trerrr zonk trerrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr...
A Manifesto for Revolution

by Kate Millet

Kate Millet is a professor at Barnard College and an important feminist theorist whose first book, Sexual Politics, is scheduled for publication by Doubleday in May, 1970. (Advance publication included chapters on Millet, Miller, and Genet, in The New American Review No. 7 (Signer); "Sexual Politics," a movement pamphlet put out by New England Free Press (791 Tremont St., Boston, Massachusetts); and "Theory of Sexual Politics," revised, in Global Feminism's new literary-political review, X: Winter, 1970.) The following statement was written in the winter of 1968 in conversation with the organizers of the first Columbia University women's liberation group. The Columbia Spectator and the Columbia radio station as well took one look and refused to have anything more to do with it, despite the fact that it was written by a faculty member to whom they had promised space and time. However, even without this publicity seventy women showed up for the first meeting. Columbia-Barnard women's liberation is now one of the strongest in the city of New York. Among other activities they have prepared a detailed report on discrimination in the faculty of the university—and are now in process—and on Valentines Day, 1970, they held a successful feminist teach-in on campus, to which the public was invited.

When one group rules another, the relationship between the two is political. When such an arrangement lasts for a long period of time it develops an ideology (feudalism, racism, etc.). All historical civilizations are patriarchies: their ideology is male supremacy.

Oppressed groups are denied education, economic independence, the power of office representation, an image of dignity and self-respect, equality of status, and recognition as human beings. Throughout history women have been consistently denied all of these, and their denial today, attempted and partial, is nevertheless consistent. The education allowed them is deliberately designed to be inferior, and they are systematically programmed out of and excluded from society and the labor market. With equal uniformity, to the male—rather than partial, limited, and conformist—personality.

3) The imposition of male rule through institutions: patriarchal religion, the proprietary family, marriage. "The Home," masculine oriented culture, and a pervasive doctrine of male superiority.

A Sexual Revolution would bring about the following conditions, desirable upon rational, moral and humanistic grounds:

1) the end of sexual repression — freedom of expression and of sexual mores (sexual freedom has been partially attained, but it is now being converted beyond freedom into exploitative license for patriarchal and diatribe ends).

2) Unisex, or the end of separatist characteristics, structure, temperament and behavior, so that each individual may develop an entire character rather than a partial, limited, and conformist—personality.

3) re-examination of traits categorized into "masculine" and "feminine" with a total reassessment as to their human usefulness and advisability in both sexes. Thus "masculine" violence is undesirable, as is so for both sexes. "Feminine" docility, passivity, ignorance, intelligence or efficiency is valuable. It is so for both sexes equally, and the same must be true for "feminine" tenderness, consideration or sensitivity.

4) the end of sex role and sex status, the patriarchy and the male supremacist ethic, attitude and ideology — in all areas of endeavor, experience, and behavior.

5) the end of the ancient oppression of the young under the patriarchal proprietary family, their chaste status, the attainment of the human rights presently denied them, the professionalism and therefore improvement of their case, and the guarantee that when they write the world, they are desired, planned for, and provided with equal opportunities.

6) Bisex, or the end of enforced perverse heterosexuality, so that the sex act ceases to be arbitrarily polarized into male and female to the exclusion of sexual expression between members of the same sex.

7) the end of sexuality in the form in which it has existed historically — brutality, violence, capitalism, exploitation, and warfare — that it may cease to be hatred and become love.

8) the attainment of the female sex to freedom and full human status after millennia of deprivation and oppression, of both sexes to a viable humanity.
TOP TEMPS

Because of our stupid education system governed by people who think they are positive enough to tell you what the next best step after school is, lots of people take the wrong step and several years later are untrained to try and get into something else. My headmistress talked me out of art school, it's the epitome of futility, come in at the right time and wake up each morning at the right position of looking like something you're not but you also have to push a typewriter,...
A brand new album featuring 'Let's work together'

CANNED HEAT '70 CONCERT
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LBS 83333
The greatest hazard to academic honours is that of vanity. How often do we hear the phrase "she is after a degree" or "he is looking for a job"? These statements indicate a lack of genuine interest in the subject matter, a desire for the certificate rather than the knowledge it represents. Honours are earned through hard work and dedication, not obtained through sheer desire for them. It is important to remember that academic honours are a reflection of one's intellectual capacity and potential, and should not be regarded as a mere status symbol.

The female brain has been described as having a "second position" among the brain's structures, due to its relative size and the fact that it is not as well-developed as the male brain. This is often attributed to the influence of female hormones on brain development. The female brain is more sensitive to the effects of hormones, which can affect its structure and function. This sensitivity can lead to differences in the way women and men perceive and respond to the world around them.

The female brain also has a higher concentration of oxytocin receptors, which are known to play a role in social bonding and attachment. This can result in a greater sense of empathy and connection in women, which may contribute to their greater ability to connect with others. However, it is important to note that these differences are not absolute and do not apply to all women.

The female brain also has a higher concentration of estrogen receptors, which are known to play a role in cognitive function and memory. This can result in a greater sense of empathy and connection in women, which may contribute to their greater ability to connect with others. However, it is important to note that these differences are not absolute and do not apply to all women.

It is important to remember that these differences are not absolute and do not apply to all women. The female brain is as diverse and varied as the male brain, and the differences that exist are the result of complex interactions between genetics, environment, and experience. It is important to approach discussions of gender and brain function with an open mind and a willingness to consider diverse perspectives.

The female body, on the other hand, has a more pronounced role in the production and regulation of hormones, which can affect a wide range of biological processes. The female body is also more sensitive to the effects of hormones, which can result in a greater sense of empathy and connection. However, it is important to remember that these differences are not absolute and do not apply to all women.

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The Perils of Pauline

1. Goes to school. Has happy time playing with little boys.

2. Masturbates a lot. Goes to Comprehensive school.

3. Gets 'O' levels and tits.

4. Gets 'A' levels, pimples and fat.

5. Can't think of anything to do. Enrols in Arts Faculty at University.

6. Graduates with 2.2. Discovers there are no jobs. Enrols at Secretarial school.

7. Total disaster. Enrols at a Teacher's Training College.

8. Discovers teaching is a depressed profession so gets pregnant.

11. Always feels tired. Husband gets very bored.

12. Discovers Sanatogen, Asprin, Phensic.

13. Gets telephone call from Jimmy Young.

The Sun Wheel Ceremony with the Third Ear Band Royal Festival Hall, June 24th.
female: it is dealt with by the one who does it best, does not have energy channelled elsewhere, WANTS to do it. If I have something to put together, or if there's a member of our family who needs help that perhaps I can give better than another, then some-one else will chop the vegetables, bath the kids, answer the telephone, wash up from last night's invasion. If my old man wants out on his bike with the Angels or to piss off and get stoned in Ibiza then I'll do the bills and all that shit because there just isn't such a thing anymore as that's the 'man's job' or 'that's the womanly thing to do' It isn't only the cats who earn bread for the family either, how could it be? We all do. And when I talk about family I don't only mean blood family I mean the one that has outposts from here to California crossing Spain and Africa and India on the way, and all the parts are interchangeable. In order for this to happen it's necessary not to confuse the role of receptive with that of being dominated. Receptivity means acceptance, not submission, and applies equally to men and women. The change will come about through love, not violence, and love should be touching not holding, people captivated, never held captive. It should be like butterfly wings brushing in the sky, neither imprisoned, neither dominant, and the spiritual-physical union reflected on every level of existence. Perhaps in our lifetime we'll see the barriers fall faster than they are falling now, and we will see no dividing lines: no segregation in schools or offices, factories, universities, parlaments or palaces. Kings will be queens and we'll all join hands to dance in the fairies' magic circle.

I can see no way short of dosing the whole world with acid of making it happen faster than if all of us cross our distended pupils in the cyclops stare and meditate upon becoming our opposite so that conflict is absorbed and the vision of universal peace made concrete at least in our immediate environment.

It stands to reason that instead of marching to Downing Street with bare cunt( s we should begin where it's always begun — in bed!

Know the male
But keep to the role of the female
And be a ravine to the empire.
If you are a ravine to the empire,
Then the constant virtue will not desert you
And you will again return to being a babe.

Know the white
But keep to the role of the black
And be a model to the empire.
If you are a model to the empire,
Then the constant virtue will not be wanting
And you will return to the infinite.

Know honour
But keep to the role of the disgraced
And be a valley to the empire.
If you are a valley to the empire,
Then the constant virtue will be sufficient
And you will return to being the uncarved block.

Lao Tzu
Tao Te Ching
You know what it is. But maybe you think you haven't the problem. Perhaps you don't. But it's surprising how many men do.

Genital odour is a common problem. When you are at work. When you're tired. Nervous. When the day is hot. When the nights heat up. Any time. Because you're a man.

So, wouldn't it be nicer, more considerate to make sure you stay fresh in every way all day?

All it takes is a second and Altamont. The gentle, lightly scented, instantly dry masculine deodorant spray.

We only mention it to you, because we wouldn't want anyone else to. Would you?
I first heard of Anais Nin in Tangier a couple of years ago. One of the spaced out heads slumped day after day in the Petit Socco always carried round a copy of Volume One of her Journals and one day became very excited because someone in the States had sent him a book of hers called Collages. He was also into those tired old numbers Lawrence Durrell and Henry Miller and I couldn’t get a hard on at all. However many months and many acid trips later, Anais Nin, her journals, her dreams and her explorations of the sub-conscious have suddenly become interesting and at the moment she is one of the few literary figures of the pre-beat era who makes it with the students, the hippies and the alienated young. She was in London last month promoting the third volume of her Journals for Peter Owen and I went along to talk to her accompanied by that Underground celebrity Suzy Creamcheese, once to be seen freak ing out at every London happening or musical event, now in a more graceful retirement. Anais Nin turned out to be a fragile little old lady, delicately preserved, exquisitely groomed, totally feminine, with a faraway voice and a wayward manner with the English language. A properly emancipated woman who has always had sufficient intelligence, humanity and common sense to avoid the sort of indignities at present being encountered by America’s current arch-women’s libberator/female casuist, Ti-Grace Atkinson, whose terrifying intellectual dip into the reasons why men are unnecessary except as masturbators invites of the local sperm bank, appears elsewhere, the long fascinating what follows are a few extracts from conversation we (and a young man from Cambridge University whose name has escaped me) had with her...
down and into... Fitzgerald had a meaning which mirrored his time but after that came a photographic sort of naturalistic which I didn't like. Very much more prosaic, very dead and limited and this is what reacted against. I couldn't really name anyone off hand but they were very oppressive. Not lyrical or sensuous. You couldn't fly with them. Couldn't even more, the change came out of desperation. The explosion when nature can't take the ownness any more and blows up. The young began to ferment. To help this they use artificial means. I cannot condemn the use of drugs because so many of them need it to get off the ground. They were really against—naturalism from which they were made to feel there was no escape. If you wanted to escape you were branded as an escapist. If you were an artist, you were escaping from responsibilities even though all that they were doing was getting away from all the false values imposed upon them. From the duties. Earn your living, do it this way, be like your father and so on. Suddenly they blew up.

Should literature be an incentive to rebellion?

I think literature should be everything. If it denies any experience it doesn't prepare us for life. It does not have a duty to teach us about life but if we are trapped in some small life, it is often the only way we can expand our consciousness and learn about another way of existence. At least maybe that's what it did for me.

How do you react when revolt gets to the point of violence in the streets? We all get disturbed when it gets violent, ugly and terrible, but on the other hand—I don't think that for we all wish that revolution could be made without bloodshed, but it never has been, has it?

STUDENTS AND THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

AN: Young people in America find it difficult to escape from the terrible environment they find themselves in.

SC: Miss Creamcheese, they are not going to escape. Well they do leave. And at 16 they go off with pucks on their backs and go all over America. The students and I have a very close bond. You must be sad to see the things that are happening in the States Miss Creamcheese?

SC: Yes. It really upsets me when I read about it because really it's happening to me too. I'd rather not know anything about it and I tell people whenever I can to get out because I don't think anything that is happening in America is going to be changed by the students. They are just going to get wiped out.

But some of the things they do really work. They are really getting the President uncomfortable. Lots of little victories—the stopping of the oil companies polluting the coast off Santa Barbara and things like that. There are so many battles they are winning these days.

SC: What the students are doing is making the eventual destruction of American society come faster, but they are not going to stop it. The society is killing itself and it is not necessary to fight it.

But what the students are doing is useful because it makes people aware that there are others not in agreement with the system. We were never aware in France before the war what was happening in Germany. Now we have all the news—if people are marching against this or that we know of it.

I am not pessimistic because I see the effectiveness of a lot of the things which have been done. You should be back there.

SC: I have a brother and sister there but I won't be going back. Just breaking the conventions has a terrible effect on the State. Children condemning their parents for example is a very political thing. Turning against them. That helps. The son of one of my publishers won't even have lunch with his father because he doesn't like the way he earns his money. There he is in his top floor apartment with his terrific paintings and so on and he has nothing to do. That's where the revolution hurts. Within the very family there is revolution. They hate their parents but they love each other.

There seems to be a much more sympathetic mood for your writing at the moment.

Always from the 1940's it was the students who have read me and these are the people who now are the young professors at the colleges. My third diary has been called the diary of prophecy because so many of the critics I made of America have since come true. I think in the mind of the young I have always had this affinity with the one who is against convention. I am always supporting the rebels with not quite enough courage to be one myself. I connect with the young today because they are the rebels. They are trying to create their own values. For example, they have a student lecture bureau and they invite writers to the campuses. Often these people are political and controversial. The faculties don't want this. They say it is impossible to evaluate the writing of someone still living because there is no collective thing or join any social group or change or influence our environment unless we begin by being ourselves. You must know what your values are, who you believe in, who and where you are, then you can contribute something. Influence society, change it.

And I want to be brainwashed by religion or any dogma any more than I want to be bullied by political dogma because they all end up in some form of tyranny. I will not join a system because systems get corrupted. I want people to be very aware and individual and think before they rush into joining such things as Women's Liberation. You must work things out within your own experience on your own level. I don't deny that we have to commit ourselves and be a part of history but history is only made by people who are self-sufficient.

In America they say don't ever think of yourself; don't be selfish, don't take drugs, don't write about yourself, don't be subjective and so on, but that is just exactly where it all begins...
ALEX SANDERS is the most powerful witch in Britain. Here, for the first time, he presents a full recording of the solemn initiation of a new member into the ancient Craft. And for those who seek to know more of this faith that is older than history, they can set up signposts to the way of Wicca, or wisdom. This record is such a signpost.
The Divine Monosyllable

From a 19th century Dictionary of slang and its analogues.
Dear OZ,

Your School Kids' Issu deprived me with its ugliness. What goes on inside your head? Apart from how to make a fast buck? Is it 'underground' or something to be viles? Is there something cleverly amusing, or significant or revolutionary, about viles? And if that makes you laugh—how can you bear to be none of those things?

The sad thing about OZ is that it makes the Status Quo look good. So whose sides are you on? Your shareholders? How do your witty obscurities and pathetic adverts help any of us? Simply by—simply by selling them rather expensively instead of leaving them on lavatory walls where they exist for the instruction of the poodle prices for the price of one penny?

Freedom should be used more responsibly than this. I've fought the publishers' blank pencil, and the increased liberty should not be so wantonly abused. OZ should anticipate a provocation to the backlash to threaten the serious innovators. Think what nearly happened to 'Fluxus'.

I'm for social change and greater freedom of expression (even to assume that you put but you seem content merely to shock and disgust, to stand for nothing else. You must need the money really bad to have to stick at this level of squalor. The only thing I ever seem to hear is 'Have you seen the latest OZ? It's really filthy.' Does this make you glow with pride and pleasure? Does it also feel deprived by having to aim so low? Or is the circulation the only thing that counts? I wish I knew what went on inside your heads—but this sort of gripping letter goes straight to the bin.

Yours sincerely,
Dave Leslie.

Dear OZ,

Why don't you get better material? You deride the superficialities and end up by compounded them.

There's a kind of shallowness and banality in a lot of your content which needs getting rid of. I need some serious thinkers—maybe there aren't any. Robert Hughes certainly doesn't do the dirty. Though it was a nice idea to print it, considering the 'Spectator' system, and make it more suitable for our needs. However, we are rather disorganised as yet and are finding it difficult to think up something constructive. If anybody has any suggestions and would like to make them through OZ they would be most welcome.

Finally, near the end of last term in assembly, the headmaster stated that during the term there had been no less than three suspensions, the most he could ever remember. "I really can't understand why", he said.

Love
Stuart.

Dear OZ,

Am I the only 21 year old VIRGIN living in Bedfordshire? Yes I am. And I haven't had a fuck, or even touched a bird's tits.

The last bird I went out with wouldn't even let me have a bit of it. I was 18 at the time, that's 3 years ago!

I've probably noticed that I haven't included my name or address, this is because if any of my friends found out they wouldn't be worth living. Talk about taking the piss—fuck me. They call this a permissive society. Personally, I see birds walking around with skirks up to their cunts; this is dirty, dirty, dirty—those are all dirty.

I'm always asking for me to fuck her. I'm asking for the moon? It seems like it.

Love
Aim I am asking for the moon?
FRIDAY
FREE
THE PRETTY THINGS
CLARK HUTCHINSON
STRAY
WILD MOUTH

SATURDAY
MC5
KEVIN AYERS
MIGHTY BABY
COCHISE
PINK FAIRIES
DEMON FUZZ

SUNDAY
RENAISSANCE
MUNGO JERRY
THIRD EAR BAND
MATHEWS SOUTHERN COMFORT
FORMERLY FAT HARRY
MICHAEL CHAPMAN

TICKETS FROM 27 ENDELL STREET, LONDON WC2.