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Richard Neville
Editor

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Description

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Comments
Please be advised: This collection has been made available due to its historical and research importance. It contains explicit language and images that reflect attitudes of the era in which the material was originally published, and that some viewers may find confronting.
Virgin
Sperm Dance
Double Dutch Sex Change Sensation
Kamikaze Kids
From Pearl Harbour to Tel Aviv
Hot Rats
Rats and Custard for Tea
Love It To Death
Moonlight, Red Roses and Tea
Bummer Of '72
Loath and Fearing in Amsterdam and London
McGovernment!
White House Nude-in
Menstruation
Red Sails In The Sunset
The Virgin Sperm Dancer

'The Virgin Sperm Dancer' which Colin MacInnes talks about over the page, is an erotic delight in words and pictures from Amsterdam. Here we give you an idea of the book with short written excerpt.

I woke up today transformed into a girl. I can't say I'm dissatisfied, just surprised. It was the logic which was bothering me. It just didn't make sense. Like sometimes in a real acid experience you think you've discovered a great truth which you could believe and accept if you could just get past the fact that it's not logical. I think first my hand

touching someone else body.
The night before I took my girls and Genda to the Central Station to catch a train for Rotterdam to visit her parents. It was possible she returned early and slipped into bed unnoticed. But as I fell one breast, then the other, then fell my own hand, causes a too soft stomach, and their felt my hand touch a cunt which is mine also.

Well now, in a movie called 'Goodbye Charly' where Debbie Reynolds is a castrated play boy she says, 'Now I don't need pictures. I have two of my own.'

That's how I feel. My cunt is wet from the excitement and the random fingering from my curious hand. I put my finger through the wet back, feel around till I find the clitoris, nudge it from its hood. Oooyaw

... Does it feel nice. Suddenly I'm masturbating. Slowly, lightly, then faster and harder. My stomach muscles contract...

I would give a good deal, dear reader, to know exactly how long my investigations can keep Jupeie a virgin dancing through this Water Labyrinth. Amsterdam before your patience is exhausted and you put my book down without even waiting for her decrowning.

But make yourself easy, you know someone will fuck her. The day is not over. And before it is, Jupee's one-day-only cunt will be filled by a stiff real (throbbling) sperm spitting cock. No sensible young girl wants to remain a virgin.

'Virgivity' is an idea, a dream, an ideal. A fiction, intolerable.

... Does it feel nice. Suddenly I'm masturbating. Slowly, lightly, then faster and harder. My stomach muscles contract...

braving! A virgin is one who with bold contempt for all the laws of gravity, is left floating between heaven and earth. All the others are normal. You can't bribe the Gods with your body. You can neither bribe or defy them.

When things can be beautiful its a waste of time to love their beauty. Sweat after making love. Sperm smelling absolutely delicious, smelling of warm bread, flowers fresh, and of the garden. (Any man worth his salt has tasted his own sperm ...)

I'm losing control of my senses. I must get rid of this vibrator now! Not... far... to... the... Leidenspin...to... the... Americans...Hotel. So many things to think about. So many fresh changes. It isn't everyday a boy turns into a girl. I have a chance to realise myself as a woman, not as a transvestite or as a surgical replica, but as the real thing.

It's like when black people say white offend them because their assumptions have never been tested. They don't have to do any searching. They don't understand anything beside themselves. You go into this thing about men and women. Some people see it as one of nature's contradictions, like night and day. Others speak about roles. You know, one thinks this way and the other that way. One is soft and cuddly, the other firm and holding... this kind of stuff. But for me it is difficult to accept these mystical or even social ideas about what is a man and what is a woman. There is the matter of different responses, of different outlooks toward sexual goals and purposes, when you look at each other as man and woman. There is the question of who would be on top, who will do what to whom and when. What action responses to what action responses to what action responses to what action...

It’s a bit like a film script with stills. The hero- heroine is Joop- Joopie, a boy who’s a girl for a day: not transvestite not doctored, but transformed, as in a legend. The story is told by Joopie herself, by narrators of different sexual patterns they encounter, by interior monologues, and even by writer’s interjections. The pictures show what the hero and they all do throughout a day in Amsterdam.

No doubt about it. Amsterdam itself is used as a character — a lot of the sex scenes are shot in familiar urban settings that heighten their reality. None of the stills — as so often in hard porn books — gives the impression of being phony posed: these seem to be real people, really doing it all, and however much the stills may illustrate a fantasy, this never seems to be a fake. For amateurs of sexual variety, there’s plenty of it. Perhaps the group scenes are a bit muddled (whose leg is that?) but then, in real life they are as well, and anyway, everyone — and possibly the photographer as well — seems to be a bit stoned. The themes do not perhaps themselves end up as a good film also would, to an effective climax in all senses. For a lot of this is beautiful. Scanning them, you feel, “Right! Good! This is really all!” And I beg anyone who hasn’t tried to photograph, film, or describe erotic happenings, to believe that isn’t easy to achieve. I think the reason for this is simple. There are three human experiences so absolute, that they almost defy artistic description: sexual love, mystical states and death.

Now as to the first, so many thousands of words and lines have been written and drawn about sexual encounters, that it might seem unusual to be all that hard to describe. I think this is true enough of obscene and pornographic art, but not of erotic, which evokes, precisely, sexual love, and not just sex.

This is my cue for a philosophical bit, that anyone’s welcome to skip, and turn rather to the illustrations, which will make my point much better.

Obscenity, then, the sardonic bellow of self-mocking protest at the ludicrous contrast between our fundamental animal selves, and our intellectual and spiritual aspirations: the god-like creature we long to be, admitting the inevitable ape inside us. It’s the great safety-valve of all societies, which authority seeks to suppress at its peril. The why recognition of its existence is shared by Everyman and Woman, and such exalted souls as Chaucer, Shakespeare, or whoever.

Pornography. This is, alas, a speciality of WASP cultures, from their puritan period round 1550 to, let’s hope 1950, whereafter, despite a decadent puritan back-lash, we seem to be starting to recover some of our sexual sanity. Pornography is puritanism’s arse: the rather smelly behind of the tights-topped, morals- and not moral puritan front. It is saloon-bar sex, futile, leering, ‘dirty’ — as if love itself is dirty. It is kooky, as we all are a bit, but bend: and it encourages, and is meant to, not communal, but solitary reapers of sad seed.

Erotic art. This is a celebration of our sexual beings, body, mind, and spirit all as one, and reaching to capture and delight in one another. It portrays the paradox that the giver receives a gift: that ‘short times’ are hard to describe, that sexual egotism is sexual frustration, and that sex isn’t beautiful, it's a mess.

Most north-European erotic art is free-Reformation, or has been suppressed (John Ruskin destroyed all the erotic paintings of Turner, whom he admired so much), or kept under these counter in museums where you can get to see it only by dressing and looking as respectable as I do. It’s more an art of the orient — Arabian, Indian, Japanese — whose painters didn’t deny the flesh; so absolutely.

What cheers me about The Virgin Sperm Dancer is that its total effect is, for a welcome change, erotic. It’s rather self-conscious and naive, the text is often agreeable silly, but its general tone is healthy, so that after reading it, you don’t feel like having a wash, but reaching for the phone to see if Joop, or Joopie, are feeling like a meet. Unlike porn pictures, which go dead on you when you’ve seen them once, these ones linger and flourish in your memory.

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Colin MacInnes

Anyone wanting a copy of the
Virgin Sperm Dancer write to:
JOY PUBLICATIONS,
Postbus 2080,
Amsterdam C,
Holland.
When social systems fail the early warning sign is a fear of crime in bas, in the last few years, become known as 'Law and Order'. The order that the hard hats crave comes when the laws are in harmony with the evolving needs and rights of the people. Law is there to serve the people not the other way round. Criminal trials are an indictment of a system that makes the people unnecessary. If the majority of the people in gaol are in there for minor property offences (say stealing $13.50) what does that say about our relative attitudes to property as against liberty. But over and above the perennial obsession with protecting the police from the law, the way it is, is to force people well unconsenting to the victims of a woman who had benefited from a prison sentence. Hands up if you can think of a way that anyone else benefits from someone being sent to prison. Do I see any hands. No. So why do we go on using prisons?

Prisons

'A Robin Redbreast in a cage.

Put all heaven in a rage.

Anon.

Gaol has never solved anything for anyone. Hands unconsenting to the victims, a woman who had benefited from a prison sentence. Hands up if you can think of a way that anyone else benefits from someone being sent to prison. Do I see any hands. No. So why do we go on using prisons?

Prison was never intended to be used as a place of punishment. It was a place where people could be kept in custody pending trial or pending being deported or hung or put in the stocks or whatever. We eliminated the other punishments and were left with prison. No one actually worked out that prison was useful. It came to be the main punishment by default and the myths about its efficacy grew up because it was there. The bullshit about 'society needs to be protected' you must do our duty to society' and so on developed because judges had to justify the rather strange thing they were doing. Cripplingly they didn't do it. They were unable to respond to their fellows. Doing it by locking them up in tiny and disgusting cells for fantastic periods of time. No wonder prisoners strike. Why didn't they do it before it was the only question to ask, and how can we help them?

'I find it hard to conceive of most routine criminal cases not also being political cases. I say that because so often the person accused of a crime is poor or black or black and poor. He has been accused of an oppressive system, and the very crime of which he is accused is probably a reaction to an oppressive system. Obviously criminals and poor dhembows his child or brutally murders a robbery victim, the instinctive reaction is that he should be punished. If the system has brutalised him, we have to take that into account. Q. Surely you're not suggesting he should go unpunished? A. The answer ought not to be that he should go unpunished but that you just put him away in a cell. We need to create new institutions to treat someone like that. (William Kunstler, Attorney to Chicago 7.)

Enough people who study the problem think that the system has accentuated class barriers by its treatment of criminal cases not also being political cases. I say that because so often the person accused of a crime is poor or black or black and poor. He has been accused of an oppressive system, and the very crime of which he is accused is probably a reaction to an oppressive system. Obviously criminals and poor dhembows his child or brutally murders a robbery victim, the instinctive reaction is that he should be punished. If the system has brutalised him, we have to take that into account. Q. Surely you're not suggesting he should go unpunished? A. The answer ought not to be that he should go unpunished but that you just put him away in a cell. We need to create new institutions to treat someone like that. (William Kunstler, Attorney to Chicago 7.)

Law and Politics

Law, says the judge as he looks down his nose. Speaking clearly and most severely, Law is as I've told you before, Law is as you see it. I support Law is but let me explain it once more Law is the Law. (W.H. Auden)

By maintaining that political matters are not to be brought into trials courts have made the supreme political tool. A government can pass a law such as the Industrial Relations Act which is a legalised force to achieve political ends. This law is brought in by a Tory government on behalf of the owners of the industrial process. It is slanted against the worker whom the government regards as an enemy. Sheltering behind the 'majesty' of the courts the government imposes its will. Using the courts this way is no different to calling in the army to make a population behave in a certain way. And remember soldiers are not supposed to deal in politics either.

There are of course judges are political creatures. Judges are appointed from the ranks of the most conservative lawyers. This is supposed to ensure they have nothing to do with the labour government when in power goes along with the myth and appoints conservative lawyers. The result is a court of law of a bench which claims to be apolitical. No wonder we receive a court from in disgust. Better to have a court like the US Supreme Court where the importance of the US Constitution is recognised. Better that than the sanctimonious hypocrisy that is practised here.

Lawyers as well must grow up and realise that what they deal in is the very heart of politics.

Protest

'I feel if I were a student I would willingly shout outside for an hour from 9 til 10 and then on with my studies' (Lord Wedgwood, Lord Chief Justice).

If people had always kept their protest within the limits recommended by the Lord Chief Justice we would be free of it. The government imposed its will. Using the police and the courts the government imposes its will. Using the police and the courts the government imposes its will. Using the police and the courts the government imposes its will. Using the police and the courts the government imposes its will. Using the police and the courts the government imposes its will. Using the police and the courts the government imposes its will. Using the police and the courts the government imposes its will. Using the police and the courts the government imposes its will.

Vote Freak For Better Weather

'Bad government brings bad weather' Old Chinese Proverb

In Britain, anyone looking for alternatives and changes has been savagely disoriented by the civil war in Northern Ireland. This caused our loss of creative impulses. The war in the States, Vietnam, the Race issue, poverty and the ghettos and police violence, served to coerce and radicalise the flower power drop outs. At the end of one possible trial lay Kennedy, McCarthy and McGovern. Reformists perhaps but worth working for in the interim. Or we can take power by ourselves in one hour at a time so as not to inconvenience authority.

Positive Thinking

The Power Of Positive Thinking

When social systems fail the early warning sign is a fear of crime in bas, in the last few years, become known as 'Law and Order'. The order that the hard hats crave comes when the laws are in harmony with the evolving needs and rights of the people. Law is there to serve the people not the other way round. Criminal trials are an indictment of a system that makes the people unnecessary. If the majority of the people in gaol are in there for minor property offences (say stealing $13.50) what does that say about our relative attitudes to property as against liberty.
One of the world's great chauvinist cliches is that the Japanese can imitate anything. Now that they've gone beyond transistor radios and watches and started producing plastic rent-a-gurillas, people are getting a little uptight.

Last week the Japanese United Red Army announced that they were planning a follow-up to their recent break-in at the American embassy in Tokyo: a twin suicide at Arv airport; no Puerto Ricans this time, only Koreans. Following this, they announced that they were planning a follow-up to their spectacular kamikaze raid on Tel-Aviv airport; no Puerto Ricans this time, only Koreans.

The majority of students, however, are more concerned with music, pachinko, bowling and movies than getting it on for the Palestinian Liberation Front. Even in Kagoshima, home of Kozo Okamoto, the Middle Core Faction, which was described as the most militant student group in Japan by the Police Chief at the port of Kitakyushu; and that made all the front-pages. There's a Colorado lady in Kyoto selling window pane acid at a quarter the price and people are buying it because they don't know what it is. In Tokyo, the supply of dope is so low that a lot of glue-smiling goes on with polythene bags staggering round unchecked and being picked up by the police. One Danish head I met was reduced to getting off on the belladonna extract in his participation pills. Not that getting shit into Japan is too hard. The Customs are so unused to it that they rarely bother to search — even people coming from doperies like South Korea and Hong Kong, where smack is cheaper than grass, get in with no trouble. One lazy freaky minor activity of Tokyo students is working for the government sensor: they color over the naughty bits in Playboy Magazine with a magic marker.

Hussey's introduction of public hair has meant extra work for penniless students. Right on, Hugh.

All this doesn't explain how come Japanese students are providing map-power for overseas barricades. Chief of the investigations into student activism is a genial Superintendent called Atsuyuki Sassa. He reckons that "Japanese boys can be utilized easily...they trust foreign people very easily." He feels that the USA is changing from the Vietnam war to the Asian war and is becoming more of an anarchism and says: "They still believe violence is the easiest way to achieve revolution." Also, now there's a phrase book called "Everyday Expressions in Japanese" by Hidehiko Ono. On page 46, reading amongst the 'I want to see your revolver' and 'my rubber band is broken', there is a phrase that goes 'watashi wa kare o kero yo waist which means 'I shot him with my revolver'. This is an everyday expression, ok? And there's a few little song you hear Japanese students singing at graduation ceremonies to the tune of Auld Lang Syne. The first verse goes:

Students have, over the years,
Been diligently poring over books
By the light of flashlights,

And by the glow of white lemon slices
Which comes through the windows.
Now the flackies are swapped for firebombs and the only thing the snow does is bury the revisionists dead.

So next time you're loitering around an international airport, just listen carefully for the sound of someone breaking divine wind.

Evan's notes:

A flash in Japan - Duncan Campbell

A Flash in Japan - Duncan Campbell

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A Flash in Japan - Duncan Campbell
Our man in the Netherlands, Dave Robins, takes a look at Amsterdam, popularly believed to be the most advanced staging post in the Alternative Society’s inexorable conquest of the capitalistic power structure, and finds it no more alternative than Oxford Street on a hot Saturday afternoon. Over the page, Dick Pountain, long time resident of Ladbroke Grove, casts an equally disillusioned eye over what is happening in the Nottinghill area of London.

‘Amsterdam is the only place where I can follow my imagination,’ Bill Levy, Suck Magazine.

‘Just before I mailed this article from Amsterdam, Oz phoned me a note warning me we’ve got enough depressing pieces in this issue. Try and make yours happier.’ Well, dear Oz, unfortunately Amsterdam is no longer the Magic Centre of the Underground that it was three or four years ago. In those days it seemed that Amsterdam had taken over from San Francisco as the hippie capital and the Young Culture hippies were even flocking here from Ibiza. The

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lot of bad dope around this year,' commented one of the staff. But as well as
bad dope, there's a lot of bad feeling from some of the local inhabitants
towards the foreign invaders. Two nubile young American girls were
throwing frisbees joyfully to one another in the trees and sunshine. 'I feel
trees and sunshine. 'I feel free!' one of them exclaimed, 'I can only feel free in
Amsterdam!' This was met by snorts of derision from two local commu
ity activists who were watching nearby. They told me that in their opinion
the whole much-publicised Vondelpark experiment was a waste of money
especially at a time when there are so many homeless families in the city. They
remarked on the squalor, apathy and general mindless inertia of the foreign
deed and the Americans living in the park. It's true that the air did stink of dirty
clothes laid out to dry on bushes and flower beds, and the sound of
skewerdy strummed guitars and monotonous tom-toms (the
natives were restless that day) made it difficult to hear the
birds anymore.

Seeing the freak armies descending upon this city can really
make you hate long hair, dope, and American accents. Due to the pressuring activities
of people like William de Riddar and the Pravadja group, the so-
called alternative society has always been well-subsidised by
the municipality. But while the sleepy Arts Lab centres
underground newspapers like Aloha are all provided, the
visitors do give absolutely nothing in return. Why then do
the Dutch underground people on doing it? None of them
is uniquely and deeply personal, allowing
individuals and groups to express
their special vision of the world
to all their brothers and sisters.'
(Charles Reich)

Even exiled poet and all-
purpose crazy Mike Chapman
seemed brought down by the
quality of youthful boredom.
Standing on the steps of the
Dam Square where some kids
sit literally without moving for
days on end. Chapman
bemoaned the general malaise
and said that 'We have to try to
find out what's gone wrong over
the last five years.' In Amsterdam
this summer it is impossible to
avoid the conclusion that the
bottom has finally dropped out
of the myth of the Alternative
Culture.

Back in the Vondelpark I
met Antonio Cortiz, a respectable
dealer. He gazed disdainfully
around at the piles of cola cans
and the cruising police vans
outside the Studios 3 Information
Centre. If the dope business gets
tough, he will white-collar
slave coming up soon.... I
branch out into dope from
building boutiques. Dope is good
for the summer, but winter is
more difficult and the Dutch
government wants to take a
share of my profits."

It's not surprising that in the
presatating malaise, people like
Antonio and the merchants of
religion, like the Hare Krishna
people, the Divine Light Mission
and the Unified Family flourish
amongst the bewildered youth.
The council, of course, indirectly
subsidises their activities, includ­
ing the pushers. There is a club,
Comuna, in the Prins Hendrikkade
where you can do a crash course
in Hivana entirely at the
expense of the Dutch Govern­
ment. These traders in souls, city
administrators of Youth Affairs,
and the dope dealers all have
something in common, although
they would be the last to admit it. They are all purveyors of
tolerant, apathetic boredom. As
the Amsterdam Weekblad, a
small weekly journal published
in the Nieuwmarkt neighbour­
hood put it: 'The happy smoker
is no troublemaker.'

Mention of the Amsterdam
Weekblad brings me back to the
real story from Amsterdam.
The Weekblad is a paper which
is part of a lot of actions spread
throughout the city which are
fighting for more and better
houses for everybody, and
community control of neighbour­
hoods. This is a vital struggle at
times when the old new houses
are being knocked down to make
way for big hotels and highways.

The freaks flock to Amsterdam in
their thousands and under the
smokescreen of their over­
published liberties, whole
communities are being destroyed
and the old city is being turned
into a tourist arcade. One
squeak from Bloemendaal told me,
"the smell of the hippies is no more than the advance guard
of the arrival of the bulldozers."
Been down Portobello Road lately?

You probably think that it's never been better - bigger and brighter freaks, the smell of dope thick in the air, music and dancing under the motor way, street theatre of every kind, more stalls, more tourists, more tat at only slightly higher prices, a warm anarchistic communal atmosphere...but the living carnival that is Portobello Road is only the Saturday reflection of Nottinghill and Ladbroke Grove, the areas that lie around it. These areas are dying and it is probably too late to do anything about it.

In his article, Dick Pountain sings a slightly bitter swansong for w' nai is being encroached upon and destroyed, and analyses the underlying causes.

Anyone who has short or long term answers to the questions he raises, start blowing up tower blocks now, or let us know your views here at Oz.

In writing about Nottinghill the temptation is constantly before you to deal in images... Interzone A. Vietgrove, The Free Grove... It isn't wrong or dishonest in any way to picture the Grove in those terms; in fact it's almost impossible not to. Every report from the Grove, from the earliest International Times to the most recent Frendz, represents the view of a crowd of people involved in some way in the life of the area, different views from people on different trips: dope dealers and rock musicians, Claimants Unions and GLF, Black Defence groups and Dwarves, Underground press and political militants... It isn't possible to know everything at once about a chunk of city as big as Nottinghill. you can only grasp those aspects which directly affect you, the bits you live in, the places you hang out and the people you hang out with. And that adds up to an image of the Grove, which for you is the Grove.

I've lived in Nottinghill for six years and have my own definite image of it. But for a change I'd like to try to step back to put some distance between us and try to see things that the images miss out, processes that are invisible because we live inside them but which are going to affect all Grove dwellers pretty soon.

Several separate communities are side by side in Nottinghill with images of it so different that they belong to separate worlds. For a hardcore freak Nottinghill is a very special place. Certainly not the Underground 'capital' of Britain, but more one focal point in a rather vague network. If you don't live there then you pass through, on your way to Spain, India or Cornwall or wherever, or crash there when you're down for a concert. You know someone, or someone who knows someone. The area's a scattering of friends' pads, in the privacy of which you smoke, fuck and play music, or maybe do a little dealing... There are landmarks, like the Electric Cinema, The Hole in the Wall. Ceres or Frendz market tied together by Portobello Road. And special hazards, busts and burns, clap and scabies, shitty landlords and bum trips.

For the tourists or well-off visitors, the Grove is a kind of Bazaar: London's Casbah. Antique shops at one end, boutiques at the other, and Portobello Saturday in between. So colourful and funky and you can pick up the weirdest things, dear, if you have an eye for a bargain. Unlike the Arabs they even speak English of sorts.

For one of the army of Nottinghill social workers, or a political activist the landmarks and events are tenants meetings and rent campaigns, the Metro and Mangrove trials. For a white working class family Nottinghill is much like a dozen other parts of London. It centers mainly around their street or Council Flats, their neighbours and relations. Driving a van or maybe working a vegetable stall, Shopping in Tesco's. Trying to keep the kids in...
The Invisible Grove is on the move again. The Bohemian area that no one wanted has become attractive again, 10 minutes from the West End by Rover 2000. The various action groups, the Tenants, the Claimants, the Squatters, the Legal Aiders, are fighting the effects, the symptoms, the economic winds (which blow no one without a capital any good) are blowing away anyone who isn't tied down. The Bohemian area on the scale of the Grove anywhere else. And economic trends suggest that they won't exist in the foreseeable future. Without any conspiracy or plot, those economic winds (which blow no one without capital any good) are blowing away anyone who isn't tied down. Nottinghill will become as polite and prissy as Primrose Hill or Hampstead with a few curiosity seekers like Portobello Road preserved in aspic for the tourists. The solution lies outside Nottinghill in that nasty political world which most of us don't give a fuck about, and none of us are much good at dealing with.

The Bohemian area which gave birth to the Grove became what sociologists, with no ties, none of the obligations of a community (remember even a middle class suburb, the apparent antithesis of a community) is a poor bet, since industry is looking for a high return on capital any good) are blowing away anyone who isn't tied down. Nottinghill will become as polite and prissy as Primrose Hill or Hampstead with a few curiosity seekers like Portobello Road preserved in aspic for the tourists. The solution lies outside Nottinghill in that nasty political world which most of us don't give a fuck about, and none of us are much good at dealing with.

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SMALLS

★ The Newwave Package from New York Newsreel. ‘Only the Beginning’ – 25 min, colour. ‘The Women’s Film’ – 15 min, b/w. ‘Wilmington’ – 15 min, b/w. ‘Earth Belongs to the People’ – 17 min, b/w. ‘Felix Rebell’ – 5 min, b/w. Hire charge £10 the package. All enquiries: Freedom Movement, Box 295, 19 Gt Newport Street, WC2. Distributors: The Other Cinema, 12/13 Little Newport Street, WC1.

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Lilian Roxon, an Australian, long resident in New York is a writer and journalist whose rock column in the New York Daily News goes out to 40,000,000 readers every Saturday. She is the author of the racy and unique Rock Encyclopaedia, and as well as being an authority on rock, pop and the music scene generally, she writes a sexual problems column for Mademoiselle and has for years conducted a love-hate vendetta with her old friend and rival, Germaine Greer. What follows is a late night monologue, prompted by the occasional question from Louise Ferrier and edited to pieces by our sub-editors collective.

Rolling Stone and the Fanzines: I was very excited about Rolling Stone when I met Jann Wenner in '66. I can't pinpoint why, but I don't feel the same way about it now. I find it depressing, there's a lack of exuberance. Rolling Stone's always been snotty and I have never dug the snottiness too much, but the kids dig it. I mean, American kids are so masochistic that they dig a magazine which subtly puts them down. Many people are down on Wenner for building it up into a business but I think going and doing Rolling Stone tamps and all that is OK. Like my favourite section in OZ is the Mail Order. Merchandising is a lot of fun. I'd love to see Rolling Stone hotels, motels, abortion clinics. But there is a happiness lacking in Rolling Stone. It's very predictable. I mean any of us could do the next issue – Fear and Loathing in Bayswater or whatever and so on.

The fanzines now have all the spontaneity and mad enthusiasm that Rolling Stone used to have. They might be a little gushy, but they're not gushy in an obnoxious way. The thing about fanzines is that they are not commercial. They are put out by the fans themselves and mailed to whoever wants them. They are usually xeroxed and look terrible, but they are full of the most incredible information. There's hundreds of them. "Who Put the Bomp" run by a man called Greg Shaw from Fairfax California is a very successful right now. He's an adult but most of them are put out by little kids, 'Rock On' is one put out by Kinks fans. Two craxy girls I know put one out called Bilge and there's an insane 14 year old girl who has just discovered the early Beatles and is gonna start one called Apple Pie or something. There's another one which is just a hate Linda McCartney newsletter and it's fabulous.

Mick Jagger and the Stones tour: Personally I was very offended. The word was out to the press that they would see only Time, Newsweek, Life, you know, I respect that. Why should they see a thousand people and they don't want to.

They don't need the publicity. They just want the status publications. I believe there was a little tantrum because they weren't going to be on the cover of Time and that's why Life got preferential treatment. Bill Bender, Time's music man couldn't get into the concert and he wasn't smiling when I saw him. Life got the breaks because they said they were going to do a cover. I love the idea of a tightly drapey Jagger penic area on Life on all the newstands. I said, "Are we going to get to see them at all?" and they said "No." So I thought I'd come to London to do a London story on Jagger. I organised my whole life to come here, and two days before I leave I get a message asking me if I'd like to come on tour for a couple of days. I was livid because first the invitation was too late and second I said, "is this exclusive?" "Oh yes, only 6 or 7 reporters" which meant people whose copy would be out before mine. So I came here. I heard Bianca Jagger was in London. She did in an interview with Viva in Warhol's Interview Magazine which is very fabulous. I thought perhaps we could go over some of that ground. We spoke on the phone for a while but that was all. There's no reason for her to reach 4,000,000 average New Yorkers. She would be better off giving it to Vogue. I dug up a lot of stuff on Mick which is old to the British but not to New Yorkers who were saying he was "The Prince of Darkness" and 'The Devil's Friend' and so on. I think that's a scarem. So my piece began, "He may be the Prince of Darkness to you, but over here he's just one of the fellers."

When the Cockettes came to New York I wrote this piece saying their visual style and body language would influence rock and roll performers of the future. People were furious with me saying, "What a piece of shit." But what does Mick Jagger do? In Los Angeles he watched Marc Bolan perform, had a three hour chat with him, and the next thing he has little Bolan stars all over his eyelids. Doesn't he have any pride? He's Mick Jagger. He doesn't have to copy anyone. I don't suppose you can expect him to go on being original forever. I heard a lot of the Stones tour was flat but a concert at Madison Square Garden with 20,000 fans can never be flat, except for Joe Cocker, which was sad . . .

John Lennon and Yoko Ono: I don't like media stars. That was John Lennon's big mistake when he came to New York. He only wanted to see people he was familiar with because they'd had media exposure. I was keen to meet Andy Warhol but not to

Photograph by Linda Eastman
meet Brigid Polk who is a thousand times more exciting this moment than Andy, Lennon and Yoko met her but they're on tape saying impatiently, "When does Andy get here. When does Andy get here?" The media is the last to discover people. Germaine was exciting when she was 16 years old, now 13 years later they find out. It takes ages for people to be discovered by the media and one has to find one's stars in one's own circles. The media and one has to find for people to be discovered by later they find out. It takes ages when Germaine was exciting when she was the last to discover people. Louise: But Lennon did do such things as play for the Harlem Four and focussed a lot of attention on them.

He did, he was on TV after wards, was marvellous and you loved him all over again. They framed him by himself which I don’t think is nice, but at least it meant that Yoko wasn’t interrupting. She is part of what he does but she is a terrible interrupter. I wish she was a man then I could really put her down. The John Sinclair concert — some people said, "Oh, he’s buying in on the bandwagon and taking the credit." He wasn’t. He really helped, and Richard Neville told me of lots of things he has done that have never been publicised. They did come on strong with a lot of people then dumped them. They took up Howard Smith when they first came, figuring the Village Voice is the hippest paper in New York. Howard Smith isn’t hip that way he’s hipper in a much subtler and more fabulous way and I adore him. But they didn’t pick up on that. They were disappointed he wasn’t the one that they hoped he was and dumped him. Now he has a successful film called Margo and they’ve picked up on him again. They are dreadful users of people, I criticised them once and apparently they were presumptuous enough to be pissed off about it. I couldn’t get over it. It was legitimate criticism. Anytime they were interviewed they would talk about this terrible person on the Daily News, without realising that all the reporters in that field are friends and it was comic because I’d get it all back and scream with laughter.

David Bowie: I really enjoyed David Bowie. I think he’s beautiful beyond belief. If you’re going to be a rock and roll star you’d better be beautiful. I think he’s a great star and a great song writer, perhaps he should write a musical and star in it, which may happen with Ziggy Stardust. He’s very professional, he doesn’t mess around. He can’t afford to be snobby at this stage of course. He’s a very sexy act.

Louise: Do you think Bowie has a better act together than Lou Reed or Iggy Stooge/Pop?

Well, it’s hard to say. I’m personally attached to Lou and Iggy for many reasons. They’ve been around New York for a long time, and we have many friends in common. Lou is one of the greatest song writers ever and at the moment is not at the highest point of happiness in his life, I don’t think his performance here would have been his best. His best in unbelievable. He generates incredible excitement.

The first time you see Iggy it is fantastic, but after that it’s not quite the same. The guy who handles David wants to put Iggy in films. Iggy is beautiful. I would do different things with him. English audiences are just stunned when he does this things like growing out into the audience.

David’s thing is definitely show, like a ballet beautifully done. The most climactic moment is when David chases the guitarist and pretend to go on him. The guitarist’s back, but the audience with David’s hands holding his buttocks. Very sexy. I don’t know how it will go over in the States, I can’t imagine any other performer making that work. There’re a powerful element of homosexuality in rock now that has never been before. I don’t mean private lives, I just mean the acts. People who don’t like David Bowie says he’s a closet straight.

His wife’s very attractive. The hype would be if they were both straight, I don’t know what they’re like alone. Whether they’re making it or not they are a walking demonstration of one of the possible marriages of the future, completely bisexual on both sides. She comes on strong to lots of women so that you begin to think that maybe she’s faking it. The reporter in me checked it out and she was apparently expelled from two schools (I don’t have the head-mistress’ testimonials on it) for being found in bed with other girls, but at school that’s not unusual. She does come on strong, but that’s OK, I come on strong.

Louise: Well, how did she come on strong to you?

She bit my right tit, on the right unbared tit, in front of about 20 reporters at an afternoon tea at the Dorchester. I was in terror it was going to be photographed, because she’s so young and pretty and I was looking a little tired. I said to her, ‘If you’re really serious you shouldn’t do that in public.’

Lou Reed’s manager bit her on the stomach so there was a lot of biting going on. I don’t care. If she wants to introduce drama to a press conference that’s fine. She didn’t bite very hard. Some one suggested it was patronising and she was using me for a little street theatre, but it was better than sitting round drinking tea.

Women: A London visitor in New York said to me “The only men interested in women in New York are over 50 or black.” I laughed, but there’s an awful lot of truth in it. Nobody in New York is having sex or power. She said, “Power, any time.” Part of the reason people used to make it with each other was because that was the only way you could have a deep conversation with an American. Then I found out you could go to bed with them and you still couldn’t talk to them. That was the end of one motive for going to bed with men. Another motive was to get taken out but that’s gone too because women go out alone or together now. They don’t have to do it for status. They have vibrators if they want.
Illustrations by Roy Knipe

...WOULD YOU KNOW IF I WAS MENSTRUATING?

I asked if it were true that someone had asked him if his crotch was padded and he said "Yes," and I found myself staring into this famous groin with an irresistible urge to poke it with my pencil to see if it were all there, but I think it's the cut of his clothes. What he symbolises to American women is very important. That generation is very caged sexually. They don't get much opportunity to mess around. And they are still pretty attractive in a blowsy way. It's not fair, they're probably very sexy, nice women. Their fantasy is that the guy at the garage who is delivering their car is going to make it with them. These guys are always called Vinnie or Angelo, they have tight curly hair like Tom Jones and they are usually of Italian extraction, as they say in America. That's why his performance has to be so vulgar. The Elvis thing is the same. Elvis is older but in their fantasy they think of him as a young man. I don't know if they would follow through if they were given the chance. Their fan clubs are incredible. You should see the Tom Jones Fanatics. His concerts are great theatre. Young people should go.

Some people say he's very difficult to talk to. I'd been flown in expressly to see him and he'd been told he'd better speak to me or else. He's very relaxed and reminded me a lot of Richard Burton. I have difficulty taking either him or Burton seriously because they're such an over familiar type. He talked about how important the stability of his marriage was. He made it clear indirectly that if sex was available and he's in the mood he's going to take it, but he has no notion of ending his marriage. Someone said he'd rather watch TV than make it anyway.

He talked about Elvis a lot. I have an unreal fantasy that he and Elvis are deeply in love. They really like and understand each other. Elvis copies him as much as he copies Elvis. I suspect Tom Jones is quite well read but I shouldn't think Elvis was. Elvis had a press conference recently and he was really poised and gentlemanly. Someone asked about his politics - he allegedly supports Wallace and Elvis said "Look, I'm an entertainer and I don't have to answer for my politics." I can't describe it, the dignity with which he said that. He grew up in the South and he's entitled to feel that's where it's at. I can't imagine radicalising Elvis. It would be dishonest. But he doesn't go round stumpng for Wallace, which is to his credit.

I don't think Elvis likes being married. He needs it less than Tom. If you study pictures closely, Priscilla Presley looks like Elvis in drag. They look even more alike than the Jaggars. I hear he and Elvis are splitting up.

One last story about Elvis and Tom Jones. Tom said that Priscilla Presley was lying on the beach between himself and Elvis (not top and bottom but side by side I assume) and she was still enough of a fan to look up at the two of them with one of those smiles like 'Boy wouldn't thirty million women like to be where I am now.'
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Books


★ 7. Speed by William Burroughs (Bantam): William’s jangling nightmare of urban paranoia under the weight of the demon speed. Pass the valium, father. 25p + 8p p&p.

★ 8. The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test by Tom Wolfe (Bantam): No comment. When you have nothing to say, it’s better to say nothing. 30p + 8p p&p.


★ 13. Dome Book 2: An American softback containing everything you will ever need to know (or forget) about domes. Strictly for dome freaks. £1.90 + 8p p&p.


★ 20. Little Red Schoolbook by Soren Hansen and Jasper Jensen (Stage One): This is the censored, mutilated edition, courtesy of the Director of Public Prosecutions. It’s still worth reading though and is recommended to all children interested in their own rights. £40p + 5p p&p.


★ 22. Survival Scrapbook (Part 1) by Stefan A. Szczelkun: This is the first of three scrapbooks and concentrates on shelter. Notes, information and fascinating survival techniques on every conceivable shelter problem: Pages, houses, wodwams, domes, caravans, caves. £1.20 + 12p p&p.


★ 24. David Hockney: Enormous (another giant) four colour Martin Sharp posters

Posters

(With a little help from Big ‘O’)


★ 26. Lennon — A Commemoration (Preestone): The front cover of OZ 7 is the first of three scrapbooks and concentrates on shelter. Notes, information and fascinating survival techniques on every conceivable shelter problem: Pages, houses, wodwams, domes, caravans, caves. £1.20 + 12p p&p.

★ 27. Watch Out Kids by Mick Farren (Open Gate): He’s doing it again — The Farren Memoires. £1.50 + 8p p&p.


Sound

Revelations: An Album with live music from the Crusaders, the Great Dead, Pete Townshend, David Bowie, Marc Bolan, Mighty Baby, David Allen and Gong, Edwardian Gentlemen, Skin Alley, Hawkwind, and the Pink Finks from Ladbroke Grove. (to name but a few). A project that came out of the Glasstonbury Fayre — it is not a bootleg! Reveil Enterprises have managed to persuade the record companies involved to waive their usual extortionate demands and the performers are forgetting their royalty fees; 50% of the profits are going into...

★ Mr Natural II: Crumb's weirdest strip character really gets it on in this second anthology. 25p + 5p p&p.

Smells

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Each unit consists of: a naturally finished Canadian pine frame; a transparent mattress, a safety liner and an insulating foam pad. Also a complete range of frames available: for details, send SAE.
Joel Whitebook's article is an im­portant one. Like the book it is based on, it is an attempt to justify theoretically the position held by Libertarian revolutionsaries, in op­position to the one held by Marxist Leninists. And the position held by Lib­erarians, dear Os reader, (in case you didn't know) may well be something rather like the position you hold yourself.

The basic argument of the arti­cle goes something like this:

Socialism (defined by Bookchin and Whitebook as hierarchical cen­tralisation, forced industrialisation, party control of pretty well every­thing, etc.) may or may not have been necessary in the under-developed countries where revolutions have taken place, in order to bring those countries up to an economy of ab­surdance where true Communism would be possible. But America already has an economy of abs­urdance — so the U.S.A. can proceed straight to Communism (defined by B & W as a society devoted to communitarianism, direct democracy, and the ending of alienation). None of the nasties of the dictatorship of the proletariat will be necessary.

And this is all the more inevitable, because the environmental crisis means that the U.S.A. has got to put all her eggs in one basket, and concentrate instead on creating a society where man lives in harmony with himself and with nature.

Now if this argument is correct (which I doubt) and if it applies with equal force to Britain (which I doubt even more, given the ricket­ty state of Britain's economy) what follows will be immediately obvious in any way, and concentrated instead on creating a society where men live in harmony with himself and with nature.

But most of the people who read this piece in Britain, I doubt, will probably be people who will see it as confirmation of what they already believe. To these people (to you) I'd like to make explicit the fol­lowing points could be borne in mind:

The Working-Class: where are they? They don't figure in the arti­cle at all. Marxists believe that the working-class is the only class which is able to make the revolution because of their exploited position in society, and who are able to make the revolution because they are organised in production. Nearly everybody may have good reasons for wanting a revolution (as the article clearly shows), and what is more the working-class can't make the revolution on their own. (Something the Marxist left, with its 'workerism', pays insufficient attention to.) But the ending of class society can only be accom­plished by the working-class and those who eventually choose to side with it. That is the classic Marxist position. If it is wrong, the article-certainly doesn't say why. The notion that the environ­mental crisis presents everyone with the historical inevitability of revo­lution doesn't help, because while the new society is not yet in sight, their very existence derives from their privileged position in the old society. This applies to me, too, and I doubt the article says otherwise. True, everybody should have more leisure, and work should cease being a demon. This will happen after the revolution, at which time everybody will also do the amount of work necessary to produce a universal increase in leisure.

If there are what the article calls 'futuristic elements' in the counter-culture — and I think there are — these elements can only avoid ir­relevance, isolation and defeat if they are able to link up with a strug­gle of the working-class and its friends to overcome the common class-enemy. The notion that a 'futuristic' life-style in itself consti­tutes a revolutionary practice is in my opinion wrong. The revolution in personal life is a necessary aspect of revolutionary struggle — but it is only one aspect.

Finally, freedom: the article talks a lot about freedom, meaning freedom from external constraints, freedom from a relative amount of money that you want. But freedom is an abstrac­tion, meaning different things to different people. In the light of the many conceptions of freedom which in­volve freedom to shape reality accor­ding to the needs of humanity, free­dom to control social processes rather than be controlled by them, freedom from the frustrations that occur within yourself and the world you live in. These kinds of freedom — as well as freedom from exploitation, war, oppression, economic instability and pollution — can only be gained by social organisation, by organi­zing to end a system which makes you victim of your own history rather than the conscious creator of it.

But the kind of organisation and struggle may well involve certain constraints, and so any talk of freedom which does not include the means of ending class society is suspect.

Marxists and Libertarians share the same vision — of a world with­out classes, without states, without drudgery, without insecurity, with­out alienation. A world where every­one has the opportunity to develop themselves to the limit of their potential, and possibly (though this is rather harder to predict) a world where work, art, pleasure and play have become virtually indistinguish­able. This article vibrates with the urgency of bringing such a world into being. Its urgency leads it to suggest that the way to the un­v flawless short-cut. I don't think that short-cut exists.

The political directions signposted by Murray Bookchin's Post Scarcity Anarchism are important for all of us. In the last issue Joel Whitebook discussed the book and now Hoyland puts the discussion into a UK perspective. Thanks to London's deadhead publishing scene the book is unavailable here. But who needs the original when we have Hoyland on Whitebook on Bookchin on Post Scarcity Anarchism . . .
There is only one kind of love. There are many kinds of sex. Heterosexuality, homosexuality, screwing, balling, and many other and sometimes delightful ways of making it with oneself, other people, animals, inanimate objects etc.

Sometimes it is all very sad, though. Men strive to have good orgasms, women strive to have vaginal rather than clitoral orgasms, or to have orgasms at all. Studies have shown that there is no difference between a 'vaginal' and a 'clitoral' orgasm. But men know that there are many kinds of orgasms. Some are much better than others.

Some women have orgasms all over the place. They are usually fuckers. Some women never have orgasms. They are lovers who have not found their love. Or they may be lovers who do not recognize their love because they are too afraid. They husband their love because they fear they may throw it away to the wrong person and then they will have nothing

Men fear other things. They are afraid of being destroyed by love. They are afraid they will have to choose between their world and a woman, that the price of love is their life and the price of living is loneliness. They fuck a lot or spend a lot of time chasing it.

Men, women. There is no singular pronoun in our language which means Person or Being independent of which sex they are. That is part of the problem.

You are supposed to use 'he' or 'him' when you mean a person of either sex. We speak of Man-kind to include all people, but we do not use Woman-kind to include all people.

That is another way of stating the problem.

It's a man's world, though neither men nor women are free in it. They are especially free not to love.

In this world men are shorn of their hair and they are not permitted to be beautiful. It is especially forbidden for them to love each other, but that is only the beginning. They are even taught to believe they hate each other and that it is their hate that is denied them, not their love. It's a topsy-turvy world.

In this world women are the personification of love. They are beautiful because of that. Their beauty, which is the promise of love, is unattainable. Men strive to hold it, but it eludes them forever, always seeming to be somewhere over the next hill. And when sometimes they do grasp it, it crumbles in their hands or flees, and is gone. Or sometimes they must throw it away or die.

For men must live in a world that denies love. So must the women they desire.

So the two strike a bargain, which is the marriage contract. (Or something equivalent.) Nowadays they have this thing where someone is your old lady or old man, which usually comes to the same thing.) With this contract they create a little place separate from the world, though within it, where 'for forsaking all others' they can know a little love.

Out of that much of love as is permitted them under the terms of this contract, they bear their children. And in their children they relive and recall a different world they knew once, called Childhood, in which there was joy. It is a world of play and it partakes of love.

But it doesn't last very long. At an early age children are sent into the world to 'school' where joy and play are taken away from them and they are taught to be part of the world of labour.

So they become a family, united by love, but existing in and for a world of labour. It is not easy for them to love each other, because the world extracts a heavy price and lays down very hard rules for them.

The first rule is the one that says you cannot make love to your father or your mother or your sister or your brother, who are the people you love the most. You also cannot make love to anyone of the same sex you are, which is half the people you meet. You are not supposed to make love to any of the rest of the rest of the people except for one person who becomes your spouse, though sometimes exceptions are permitted under certain circumstances, and then it is only supposed to be fucking. You are not supposed to make love to yourself even, because that is shameful. Boy, talk about hard times!

But withal, generations have survived and kept the spark of love alive and always believed despite themselves. They lived by the sweat of their brow and spilled their life's blood to keep that love alive, even though they degraded and divided it. They tried to separate love's body from its spirit; they made the body into sex and tried to control it that way so it could be part of the fortress they were building against the elements and

Dr Jerry Ri

We're fucking busy, and vie

'Is you gettin' yo women together and

Inner City Ron

'Let me say, at the risk of sounding ri

'Those who have never known th com.

'Two weeks ago he was dry humpi

lucky if he remembers my godda
Their enemies.

The tool they build this fortress with is called the Reality Principle. Some have called it Reason, but that is probably not a good name for it, since its basis is fear. The fortress is called Civilization, but the real part of it is mainly Technology.

Despite all the craziness and everything, they kept on building the fortress until one day there was a generation, or a large bunch of kids or something, who grew up and looked around and discovered that the fortress was so big and strong and protecting that they were safe, and they decided they would not have to spend all their time working on it anymore.

You know about them. After they took acid or before they took acid, just sitting around with nothing to do and thus being free for a moment, they saw the world as though for the first time, and they found it to be beautiful. And it came upon them that they were part of it and also beautiful. And so they could love each other, and it was all right.

You know what happened to them.

Two hippies walking down the street. Is it two girls, or a girl and a boy? Sometimes it's two boys.

Just people being together.

The fact is we are more alike than we are different. But the real differences are groovy because they make it possible for us to fit together.

It's not always easy to be together yet, let alone stay together; there's so much difference instilled in us. The training of a lifetime.

We've made a lot of mistakes already. We'll probably make a lot more because we get to love each other, and it was all right.

You can only leave, though, if you believe that there will be love elsewhere in the world for you. You cannot keep the place you are unless you have someplace else to go. And you cannot keep putting your love out into the world unless someone there responds to it.

People are afraid, so if you speak to the deepest thing inside them they may panic, because they fear there is really nothing there, down at the core. That is what they have been taught. They may also be afraid of you because they do not trust you. That is also what they have been taught. So you cannot lay love on someone. But sometimes, by an act of grace, it will happen.

Do not ask more of love than is there. It isn't always necessary to have an orgasm. You know, sometimes having an orgasm is a way of leaving the other person. Sometimes fucking is a way of not being with someone, but only with their cunt or cock. In the world of sex the size of a penis and so forth may be important. But in the world of love it's not the meat and it's not even the motion. It's your whole life. Your love-making is as good as your love, no more and no less.

The limitations of love are the limits of our bodies. We can love only that which touches us. We cannot love those whom we can only see but not touch; we can love only their images, since that is all of them that reaches us.

The possibilities of love are the possibilities of community. You can make it with more than one person if you can love more than one person—in the same time. You can share your lover with another, or bless their union if you love them both. We will share our lives with as many people as we are able to love at one time together in one place. We shall be one family, all brothers and sisters, only there will be no incest taboo, for there will be no contradiction between love and innocence. Our children will be our little brothers and sisters, for we will be able to accept that they, too, are people like us, only smaller and weaker and that they know a great deal which we have once forgotten. We will not have to fear our knowledge or their growing up anymore for we shall have betrayed neither them nor ourselves.

There will be no rules for love knowns no rules and no responsibilities. Love acts according to its own rules, which cannot be written down or codified. Love creates its own responsibilities, but you do not have to choose to meet them. When it is necessary to act, to take risks, or to suffer pain to preserve our love, we will do so, for the promise of love is joy and not pain, and love is its own fulfillment.

I do not know the future, but I know how far I have come. I believe it is all happening and that this is the Revolution.
John Lennon/ Yoko Ono
Plastic Ono Band
With Elephant's Memory

"Some Time in New York City"

"The People's Album"
—Melody Maker
Ring 01-247 6693
Simen Morris is the food and wine correspondent for one of London's more irresponsible right-wing daily newspapers. His editor refused to print the feature which follows, so he brought it round to us . . .

It's an ordinary enough restaurant in Northern London. Maybe a dozen tables, good cutlery and glassware, bright tablecloths, rather inviting pictures of Chateaux and provincial France on the walls. A menu offering with the billing of "every British restauranteur to dispel the reputation of appalling cooking, the staples of French cuisine as simply called, The Gadabout, and that's also the name that Alec Starr, who runs the business with his wife Irene, is going to call the yashik he's hoping to buy when the cooking "brings home the bacon, as you might say". Meanwhile, in the converted betting shop that lost its custom as Islington gradually grew into a media sanctified paradise of the middle class, the Starrs seem to be into a good thing . . .

An ordinary restaurant? On the surface, certainly. But another glance at the bilingual bill of fare and you'll notice one particular "especialle de la maison" that tops the lot for originality - "Cassoulet de Grand Souris" - or to put it another way, Rat Stew.

"It goes as well as anything else, I suppose," said Mr Starr rather flatter in reply to my first incredulous question, "but ask Irene about it. She's the culinary genius around here. I only do the books."

Mrs Starr was a cheerful, earthy woman who had spent many years in the Languedoc area of France from where she derived most of the inspiration for her cooking. She saw nothing remarkable about this particular item on her menu and in fact pointed out that the Terrine de Campagne was made by herself from the same sources. "In Toulouse, years ago, just after the war, we often ate a kind of game pie one of the principal ingredients of which was water rats from a river just outside the town. I don't know if the situation here, in Islington is literally overrun with rats and mice and they're a completely free source of good animal protein. Alec had a few uneducated objections at first, but the profit angle eventually won him over."

"You don't use a poison to catch them? I suppose," I said, at which she burst into laughter.

"Good heavens no! You're trying to make me sound like something out of Arsene Lupin or Old Lace. Sometimes the local kids collect a dozen or so for us and Alec gives them a few bob, mostly we catch them ourselves out the back."

"We" appeared to mean a large tabby cat which lay peacefully on Mr Starr's lap as we talked. I had already been shown the kitchen, which was spotless, and the back, which wasn't, presumably to keep the rats coming. The deep freeze contained a number of prepared carcasses, and in a corner of the back yard was a sheltered cage with several live, remarkable looking rats, which were there for other purposes.

The deep freeze contained a number of prepared carcasses, and in a corner of the back yard was a sheltered cage with several live, remarkable looking rats, which were there for other purposes. The principal ingredient of which was water rats from a river just outside the town. I don't know if the situation here, in Islington is literally overrun with rats and mice and they're a completely free source of good animal protein. Alec had a few uneducated objections at first, but the profit angle eventually won him over.

Had she received any complaints from disatisfied, or even diseased customers? "We" appeared to mean a large tabby cat which lay peacefully on Mr Starr's lap as we talked. I had already been shown the kitchen, which was spotless, and the back, which wasn't, presumably to keep the rats coming. The deep freeze contained a number of prepared carcasses, and in a corner of the back yard was a sheltered cage with several live, remarkable looking rats, which were there for other purposes.

I refused to be put off my questioning by Mrs Starr's offhand manner: 'But surely it's the best things on the menu."

"Well no, actually, it's only been on the menu since last October. I know of no law that I am breaking, but if I'm eventually told to stop these two items, of course I will. But until then . . ."

I did in fact, later that week taste both the cassoulet and the terrine, drinking with my meal, as suggested by Mrs Starr, a light red wine. The sauce was rather ordinary I thought, but the main dish was rich and spicy and certainly delicious. My bill for two, including the wine came to £3.50 not including service. The Gadabout was I remember listed in Time Out's food guide some time ago as one of the restaurants where you could get good palatable food at not too inflated prices. While my wife and I were there, several people ordered the rat dish. Maybe they can't read French. However, those who could seemed mostly to just chuckle. I must say in fairness to the Starrs that I have suffered no ill effects whatsoever and look forward to trying her excellent cooking again in the near future. She deserves full marks for originality and verve. My original indignation and prejudice have both been tempered by a satisfied stomach and a not too depleted pocket. Rats, after all, are far from being your plastic food. They are at least organic, free range, and locally bred. In their small way, the Starr's are helping the local council to cope with the ever growing menace to London of our rodent population. I would prefer an Islington rat to a Surrey battery chicken any day.
You enjoyed your meal at The Gadabout? Then go back for a second helping. Unless we each do our bit to reduce the rodent hordes, we'll find ourselves on...

The Eve Of Ratastrophe

Rat Population
There are fifty million rats in this country. One rat for every man, woman and child in Britain. Government statistics reveal that for each of these rats there are as many as four mice. We're currently in the grip of a plague of rodents.

Origins:
Rats and mice have been pests for over seven centuries. Both species originate in the East: the rat from Central Asia and the mouse from the borders of the USSR and Persia. They have followed man in his gradual movement westwards. Parasites on humans, existing on scraps and rubbish, the rat and the mouse are inseparable from man. They spread implacably.

Thirty years ago rats were unknown in Alberta, Canada and the Aleutian Islands. Today they have thrived and rapacious populations. Many Pacific Islands have never been touched by rats but the invading troops left the native population with an extra gift: the mouse bonus. On the Galapagos Islands the introduction during the last war of rats and mice has totally altered the flora and fauna of the area. Rats and mice were chosen as the first travellers into space when unmanned rockets were launched over a decade ago.

What They Can Do To Us:
Rats were responsible for England's two most terrifying outbreaks of disease, the Black Death, which cut the population by one third, in the 14th Century and the Great Plague in the 17th, the devastation of which in London was only checked by the Great Fire. There are still pockets of plague all around the world, from Southeast Asia to Africa to South West America.

Well's Disease (leptospiral jaundice) is common amongst those who work near wet rat-infested areas. Farm workers, sewer men, miners and fish cleaners are all prey to what can be a fatal disease. Trichinosis, the same encysted worm that is carried by bad pork, is a rat born disease. 'Rat bite fever' which is common to both rats and mice, involves swelling of the lymph glands and muscular pains. There is a high potential for painful relapses long after apparent recovery.

Rats inflict vast amounts of damage on material objects. Food, crops, buildings, sewers and even lead pipes are prey for the revenging pests. In England alone the rat is responsible for upwards of £20 million losses every year. Gnawing everything within reach which has food potential is endemic to rat and mouse life.

What We Can Do To Them:
In the first place effective control of rats and mice is hampered by one simple and unavoidable fact: the public at large couldn't give a damn. Rats are repulsive and the usual reaction to the appearance of this dangerous predator is one of horror but mice, who outnumber rats four to one, arouse no such fears. All the cartoon conditioning of Disney and his anthropomorphic successors has made the mouse into everyone's friendly little chap. He is not. The arrival of mice in your house, if you don't see the creatures themselves, look out for their spindly droppings, can mean losses, the spoiling of furniture as well as food and a high likelihood of disease. A recent publication by the Working Party of London Public Health Inspectors spoke of 'many people (who) appear to have adopted a policy of non-violence to pests' and the 'apathy' of the public at large to deal with this fast increasing problem.

Directly linked to the above, is the fact that even if the mouse-conscious member of the public does call up his local council and get through to the Health Dept., he's more than likely to be told, 'The Rodent Inspector is out today, he'll be busy till this evening, you'll have to try again later...'. There are simply not enough men to deal with a fraction of the rodent problem, let alone make a serious and successful attack on a growing threat. Public Health Inspectors, who are legally empowered to check any premises, commercial or domestic, for infestation, are terrifyingly understaffed. In Westminster, for instance, where there are over 6000 eating places alone, has a mere five Public Health Inspectors. As one PHI from another borough pointed out: 'The Government should...
apparent twenty times the number of inspectors and pay them according to their range of duties'. The Public Health Act of 1936, Section 95, may well empower PHI's to deal with virtually unlimited definition with what is termed a 'statutory nuisance' but there are limits to the force that can be employed in clearing rodents out, doing no more, after all, than helping people to help themselves. In the case of domestic properties, especially rented ones where a landlord is often loathe to carry out the degree of structural improvements necessary to light off invading rodents, delaying tactics can keep the rodents on the go indefinitely as the PHI and his men are kept outside the premises.

Eating Out: As far as catering premises, pubs, cafes, restaurants are concerned, which come under the provisions of the Food and Drugs Act 1955 and the Food Hygiene (General) Regulations 1970 there is one glaring discrepancy - even if a cafe proprietor has a kitchen or even dining room crawling with rats and mice, there is no way under which his premises can be shut down. All that can happen is that he is disqualified and the average fine that such proprietors are liable to pay for officialdom to do something about it, take such homely steps for officialdom to do something about it, take such homely steps. If a rat does not put in an optimum amount of gnawing every day its incisor teeth grow unrestrained. Eventually they curl round and pierce the roof of the mouth penetrating into the brain eventually killing the rat. To live a rat must chew. When desperate, rats gnaw the toes of sleeping humans.
Leo is the Sign of the King. He is the Sun, the central figure of his situation. He is ruler by divine right, not by choice — his or anyone else's. The planets of a solar system do not elect their sun. Nor does the sun cause the planets to do anything unnatural. It is natural for planets to revolve around their sun.

Leo is the only House of the sun. It is a matter of history that more actual crowned kings have been born during the month of Leo than at any other time.

Aquarius is the Sign opposite Leo. As we slowly enter the Aquarian Age the whole idea of bosses and authorities and rulers is being lumped together and thrown as far away as possible. But Leo is still there. All one can really think about that sort of thing any more, but there's Leo, still there.

The star Regulus, called the Maker and Breaker of Kings, is also applying a certain pressure to the throne at this time. By the continual movement of the vernal equinox the stars move through the Signs as seen from the earth. In this way Regulus is slowly passing out of Leo into Virgo the Virgin.

All of that together makes Leo feel on the spot today. At a time when the New Age man thinks rulership of men is obsolete, the Gypsies say the time of the King has yet to be. The Gypsies, of course, are not referring to the tyrant, incompetent, macho-conscious, insane or treacherous. The Gypsies speak of the King.

But the poor Gypsies are idealists. Too bad they're so naive. They and the American Indians and all who say the true ruler is the perfect servant.

The calmest place in battle is where the king's banner stands. The Tarot Trump represents Leo by the card entitled Strength of Mind. This card illustrates the direct influence of mind over matter. In reference to the star Regulus, the star also shows a fair-haired virgin overpowering a lion in his natural habitat. Obviously, the strength is not physical. In the lower Arcana of the Tarot it is the 5, 6, 7, and King of Wands. Leo people usually have cleft chin, curly hair, broad shoulders, graceful or otherwise emphatic walk.

Yellow, E-natural, Sunflower, Daisy, Marigold, Lion, all cats, Cut's-Eye, Gold, The Christ, The Hubean Lion of Hercules, Creative of the I Ching, the Child, the King.

The above verse contains the entire meaning and purpose of the Sixth Sign of the Zodiac. Virgo means virgin which means purity of the place. However we may love funk, it has no business in a womb. It is the preparation of a body and mind so real and yet so refined that the Christ (true love) can form within.

It is the knowledge that this is no fantasy but a here and now living possibility, in fact a dire need, which inspires the Virgo impulse. Birth can only follow conception.

The Sixth House is the house of healing. Healing is an organic re-adjustment of the body from disorder to order according to natural law. Law and order. We call this disorder; disease, pain, injury, defeat or ill-health. In the Spirit this may be said to be an illusion but in the body it is real. Cause and effect is the first natural law. The disorder is only the effect from some previous cause. The causer always receives the final effect. Any violation returns to the violator. That natural cycle insists on being resolved before a healing re-adjustment can succeed.

Zeus took many forms to seduce the daughters of men. Virgo meets him halfway for the Christ conception to take place. Halfway between individual (physical) love and Universal (Spiritual) Love. Selfless service opens the way for selfless Love.

Discrimination is the Virgo intelligence. Until man knows the differences nothing will ever be the same. Discrimination is recognizing the difference between this and that, a handy talent for life on Earth. However singular the creator, the creation is diverse. The lesson of diversity comes before the lesson of unity. And learning the differences is the reason to be born in a Mutable Sign, especially Gemini and Virgo.

Virgo is the King's Caretaker. The best of Kings would be up to his royal chain in loose ends without his careful servant. Who else would follow an act like Leo? Without Virgo, things would never be set in order. Virgo translates the Command of true Kingship into the Service of true Caretakership just as Leo intends. The Earth-Signs, Capricorn, Taurus and Virgo are the Stewards of the King.

Simplicity is at the top of Virgo. Peace comes with simplicity after we forego the whole idea of bosses and authorities and rulers. Simplicity is not only of things but also of energy, interest, forces of creation, etc. The mystery of true celibacy (not to be confused with a sex hangup) is carried by Virgo. It's being plugged in without shorting out, a connected hose with no leaks.

Bravery and steadfastness under fire is a tradition of the Sixth Tribe of Heaven. This is the cool courage which swats and finally terrifies an enemy when he sees his most terrible weapons have seemingly no effect. The Virgo brand of bravery can, without firing a shot, compel the enemy to retreat or surrender. The origin of this weirdly beautiful heroism is deeply personal, unexplainable by anyone, incomprehensible to anyone else, a secret pearl, something deep and intimate within every comrade of the Sixth Tribe.
Love is the Uniting Force of Creation. The other of the two basic forces is that which separates. At the beginning and at the end of an Eternity all is one, but in the immeasurable meantime of all time, there is that which pull apart. Both love and war are conspicuous, evil dwells in the extremes of both.

Creation moves through a system of seven eternities, the Seven Days of Brahma, of the Judeo-Christian Genesis, etc. What we call 1970 A.D. is a microcosmic speck just past ‘noon’ of the fourth day of creation. The memory of orthodox history of mankind is said to cover a little more than a minute of an hour of a Day, or Eternity, of the Creation.

The human spirit is a single spirit composed of both masculine and feminine principles. Through all seven eternities of the Creation, each individual experiences and expresses and lives as both together, as the single being that the human being is. There is one exception as taught in the schools of the Wise. The exception is the noon hour of the fourth Day of Creation.

For the purpose of total experience and expression through form or matter, temporarily, for a few million or billion years, the human spirits are living their incarnations not as whole beings but as only their masculine or feminine half. For this temporary period only, Adam is divided into Adamandeh, and the human form is temporarily not produced by the individual human spirit, but is reproduced by two individual bodies of opposite other halves. For this was the Sign of Libra created by the immortals during the Lemurian period of the nearly out-of-reach past. Before that Virgo and Scorpio were one and there was no Libra.

Libra is the Sign of marriage and partnership and of the uniting opposites. Libra represents the fact that we are, each of us, only half here, the other half is in Heaven. Love is the Uniting spirit. Marriage (ideally) is the duplication of Earth of the same unity.

Venus is the Ruling Planet of Libra, Sign of response, Sun, Moon or Ascendant in the Seventh House responds directly to both their surroundings and circumstances as well as to the Earth, Mars, Moon, and the Libra the Sign of Partnership, but Librans need the response of an interested other person to stimulate them and inspire them in whatever they are doing. The regenerative power of a true partnership in the Light is inexhaustible. That of appropriate Earth-mates is the crown of the incarnation.

Weirdly beautiful, compelling, powerful and mysterious; the Eighth House of Heaven is the most occult, perhaps even by far the most important of the Twelve. For Scorpio is the secret of the Creation itself. Neither play-ground nor laboratory nor message center, the physical body is the living temple of the Living Body. Scorpio represents the altar of the Holy Inner Sanctum. Let those who enter, enter in spirit and truth.

Scorpio is the key to birth and death, each to be found in the other. Birth and death are both crises between the lives of a human being. The same forces which generate a mortal body through the process of reproduction can regenerate an immortal body through the processes of transmutation. The very same forces which most everyone carries. This transmutation requires control, refinement and redirection of these forces. Those who attempt such a thing prematurely or in ignorance are candidates for violent disorders of the mind and body.

So the real value of Scorpio is seldom realized because we keep the wrapping and abandon the gift within, I. Men who seek out Scorpio women (and vice versa) because of the anticipated preoccupation with physical sea are doing them no favors, only contributing to the Earth-binding of the soul. 2.3.

Intensity of purpose is the clue to the Scorpion presence. Children of fiery Mars, sprung from water and the red star’s burning, from far away they come streaming, in long glittering yet dark processes from inconceivable homes into the great dangers; the incarnational. Down through the undergrounds of Creation then twisting, turning up and faster and into the strange light of Earth. Never fully incarnating, never quite here, Scorpio like all Water Signs is often confused by seeing into two worlds at the same time and not having any standard by which to tell which is which.

To know a Scorpio (or a Capricorn) is possible but unlikely. However, a Scorpio friend is usually all you need to accomplish evolution, the reunion of the Creator and the Creation.

Scorpio consciousness does not articulate its awareness the way most of the rest of us do. It’s an awareness of emotional impression rather than of actual circumstances or environment. Unless one is also a Scorpio or else is used to this, no practical information passes. To know a Scorpio is to know the way through secret lands at night when the shapes of things seem different, and sounds are deceiving, the eyes squint and find they see better when they look to one side of things. From somewhere comes the muffled roar of falling water. A shadow passes across the Moon. You realize there in the darkness that you’ve lost the way. 4. But you never whimper or drop your sword. For you have a secret which no one else knows which will save you. 5.

Scorpio is the secret weapon of the Light which is carried in the pouch of the Fool of the Tarot. It’s also the secret weapon of the Shadow for all weapons have two edges and only the means can ever justify the means. All means are ends and all ends are means in themselves.

Perhaps the next most obtrusive after Aries, whatever we may feel about the Scorpions among us, we cannot ignore them. Routine procedures, such as breathing or crossing a room become big attention-getting productions because of the colossal and seemingly undue intensity which they bring to bear on anything worth paying attention to. The briefest of conversations can be exhausting when in the grip of the Eighth Sign. It may be wondered what they do between crises unless we understand there is no between, no hanging out. If we want to help a lot we can provide a resting place.

Blue-green, G-natural, Cactus, radish, hot spices, flying saucers, wolf, reptiles, scorpio, eagle, hawk, falcon, 13th Tarot Trump, five, six, seven, of Cups of the Tarot, and on the Tree of Life of the Hebrew Kabbalah. Scorpio is included on the 24th Path which connects the Spheres of Venus and the Sun.
High and clear in the Southern Heavens, on the edge of the Celestial Sea, swing the stars of Sagittarius, gateways of the central glory of the Milky Way. Called the Illuminator of the Great City, Light of the White Face. According to an old book, after the great flood subsided and everybody was taking it over, God made a covenant with mankind in which He promised it would never happen by water again and also that the sons of Noah would one day regain their lost place as the Kings of the Earth. As eternal reminder of this double promise God placed the rainbow in the sky as the arc of the covenant. The rainbow, promise of a clear sky and fresh air after the storm, is a traditional symbol of Sagittarius, the fiery optimistic Sign following watery purging Scorpio.

All cycles come from the Ninth House of Heaven. Cause and Effect is the principle of karma. The gambling halls of the world are supported by the Sagittarian flair for the turning of the wheel. 'All things to their creator return.' Life is movement and all movement is in cycles. A cycle is made up of departure, turning point and return.

Aries and the Mutable Signs (Gemini, Virgo, Sagittarius and Pisces) often suffer from a severe speech amphetamine. These are the Signs of articulation, of putting it into words. The larynx or voice box was once part of the creative organ along with the brain and the genital. The potency of speech is regulated by the economy of its use. Restraint builds power.

Speech handicaps and impediments are typical of the karma of overtalk while refusal to talk at all is like refusing to create, which was the sin of fallen angels.

Practical idealism is one of the virtues of the sons of the warrior of the rainbow. This often expresses itself through rhythms and rhymes.

Running through the trees is an action symbolic of the Ninth Sign. Freedom of movement is characteristic of men with the legs in general and the thighs in particular. The outdoor Olympics were a Sagittarian celebration of these Truths.

Jupiter, Lord of abundance and laughter, largest of known planets, is the exoteric ruler of Sagittarius, the Sign of the big picture. The view from the Ninth House of Heaven is a sweeping view, hopeful and long ranging, unobstructed and clear, not restricted to 'now', not caught in local details.

Planets in Sagittarius or the IX House of an individual birth chart are noticed to be much more refined than in any other place on the chart. The VII House and the Sign Libra are next in this respect. The very subject of refinement itself is extremely difficult to discuss or understand except from a refined point of view. Refinement of food usually turns out to be the removal of that which makes it digestible. The esoteric meaning of refinement is the removal of the gaseous stone from its matrix, taking the diamond out of the rough. The refined includes the classical which means that which is always appropriate and graceful.

In the great Ninth Mansion of Heaven in the Hall of the White Knights, mighty heroes of the Light, mortal men whose life and being are dedicated to the extermination of organized evil on and about the planet Earth. These are St Michael's storm troopers, the specially trained elite of the First Ray. To the extermination of organized evil on and about the planet Earth. These mighty heroes of the Light, mortal men whose life and being are dedicated to the extermination of organized evil on and about the planet Earth. These are St Michael's storm troopers, the specially trained elite of the First Ray.

The Tenth Sign is wise in the use and necessity of structure and form, in discipline, the abundance that comes only after limitation. The Cardinal Signs are the leaders and instigators, the Earth Signs tangible and solid. Capricorn is the Cardinal Earth Sign. Being the Tenth Sign, Capricorn is the House of the Mid-Heaven which is the top of the Zodiac. Often found engaged in governmental duties, he walks the dangerous path of the potential dictator although there is no better leader in times of emergency of great stress.

Because of the overwhelming power of the Tenth Sign, its characteristics are among the most dangerous: selfishness, cruelty, submission, fear, suspicion. However, when the Higher Self is in charge, Capricorn is the most devotional of all, fond of religious and inspirational music and literature, dependable, honest, the father image.

Womanhood and Manhood are most readily and fully expressed through the polar-opposite Signs of Cancer and Capricorn. Just as Cancer is the most difficult incarnation for a male, so Capricorn is for the female. In its highest place Capricorn stands as the model of manhood, the polar-opposite Signs of Cancer and Capricorn. Just as Cancer is the most difficult incarnation for a male, so Capricorn is for the female. In its highest place Capricorn stands as the model of manhood.

The Tenth Sign is wise in the use and necessity of structure and form, in the value of uninterrupted process and the freedom available only through discipline, the abundance that comes only after limitation. The value of uninterrupted process and the freedom available only through discipline, the abundance that comes only after limitation.

Sorrow, loneliness, disappointment, betrayal, persecution, misunderstanding, pain, false accusation; all are but a part of the tempering and testing of the spirit by the Tenth House of Heaven. Jesus was approached by a Nazarei and offered possession of the Earth if He would stop taking it all so seriously.

Saturn rules in the Tenth Sign of the Zodiac, Saturn the Destroyer, Saturn the Destroyer, Saturn the Destroyer, Saturn the Destroyer. As the greatest of Capricorn these people are able to accomplish their work with the least of essentials, able to endure incredible hardship, able to climb far above pride and the need of warmth.

Also as was Jesus, Capricorn is familiar with misunderstanding, denial, even treachery from those he loves and serves and for whom he prepared his final sacrifice. Capricorn is accustomed to things that are not the same as his own and in this he is like the Adversary.

The very subject of refinement itself is extremely difficult to discuss or understand except from a refined point of view. Refinement of food usually turns out to be the removal of that which makes it digestible. The esoteric meaning of refinement is the removal of the gaseous stone from its matrix, taking the diamond out of the rough. The refined includes the classical which means that which is always appropriate and graceful.

At the short end of the stick is that unfortunate Capricorn, and enemy to humanity, who is here to 'cream the scene'. His plug is in upside-down, he misses the point and employs his power and abilities for personal gain at the expense of his fellowman. The Tarot trump card for Capricorn is called The Devil; and therein lies a well hidden, disguised Key.

Seldom, if ever, does the likelihood of failure occur to Capricorn although they are quite aware of its possibility. Where others may see a deficiency, they see a stage of growth. To the Tenth Sign nothing is impossible but there is much which is impractical.

Capricorn does not need contact with other people to assure him of his own existence nor to protect him from his fears. In fact his own company usually gives him more satisfaction in this respect than the company of others, whose chief influence is to disturb his thoughts. To him most people spend far too much attention on non-essentials. Well accustomed to hard work himself, he knows from experience what to expect from others.

The Capricorn attitude is not to participate in anything unless ready to give one's all without hesitation. His policy with those working under him is often 'don't tell me about it, just do it'. This can be very frustrating to those who enjoy talking about how it happened.

In Capricorn is the leadership, the personal responsibility, the sense of purpose, of careful secret plans. And like Jesus of Nazareth (the greatest of Capricorn) these people are able to accomplish their work with the least of essentials, able to endure incredible hardship, able to climb far above pride and the need of warmth.

The Tenth Sign is wise in the use and necessity of structure and form, in the value of uninterrupted process and the freedom available only through discipline, the abundance that comes only after limitation. The value of uninterrupted process and the freedom available only through discipline, the abundance that comes only after limitation.
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The Firesign Theatre's brand of quirky humour has already reached epidemic proportions in America. It's the start of a new fad here, too. West End stores lucky enough to obtain import copies of the Firesign Theatre's albums have been selling them at a steady rate for some while.

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The New Politics are certainly upon us as witnessed by the gigantic victory of the McGovern ticket in the last presidential election. The chess-like manoeuvres of campaigning tactics took a quantum leap into complexity last July when the Democrats perfectly sensed the mood of a discontent electorate. Wary of politicians' polished lies, the voter was eager for the tarnished truth. He wanted leaders he could relate to - real people with real lives. McGovern and Eagleton, the polls show, are those leaders.

In a brilliant and unprecedented strategy launched in mid-summer Vice Presidential candidate Eagleton frankly disclosed that he had been hospitalized several times as a psychiatric patient. Making matters even better, he confessed to having had electro-shock treatment.

'This is the kind of openness and honesty you can expect from our administration,' stated McGovern at the time.

Once the public's appetite had been whetted, McGovern, in an unparalleled move, cleverly dumped his running-mate from the ticket, thus allowing a groundswell of Eagleton support to develop. Poll after poll showed that the people wanted the Missouri Senator back.

They wanted a candidate with the guts to bring the truth to the voter. They wanted a candidate who would not steadfastly refuse to utter a word about his condition. October he remained extremely withdrawn. 'There is no point in maintaining this farce,' said McGovern. 'This is the kind of openness and honesty we need.'

He regretted that Senator Eagleton could not be present, but unfortunately his running mate had succumbed to the enormous pressures of campaigning and had been re-hospitalized in a private mental institution in St. Louis.

The September nudist press conference was a masterpiece of political ingenuity. Surrounded by his family, McGovern made an impassioned plea for the nudist way of life. 'If we would all remove our clothes and be truly naked to the world, the war would fade into oblivion. The war escalated. Inflation and unemployment soared. No one knew, no one cared. There were no issues. All anyone wanted was a man to be counted out. He's always away in Washington or in a nuthouse.'

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The two women had found a common bond in their mutual loneliness. They and their children. Mrs McGovern stated, planned to 'move into a commune.' She did not, however, exude optimism about the relationship. 'Life is not easy for lesbians in America,' she said.

Senator Eagleton is still in hospital under psychiatric care. Through September and October he remained extremely withdrawn. Despite countless approaches by the press, he refused to utter a word about his condition.

By the time voting day arrived, the American people were addicted to the New Politics. They could not imagine four years away from the public honesty which had become the trademark of the new Democrats. McGovern and Eagleton were swept into office with more than ninety per cent of the popular vote.

Informed of his dramatic victory, the Vice-President-Elect, still in hospital and unmistakably depressed, spoke for the first time in two months. Asked how he felt about the election result, Mr Eagleton replied, 'No comment.'

The Democrats have re-written the strategy manuals. They have shown that the 'issues', which were so pressing in the spring, need not be distorted nor lied about. They can simply be ignored.

And finally, the Nixon machine, so long skeptical of the New Politics, has responded. In a desperate and daring bid to re-capture the Presidency for Mr Nixon in 1967, Spiro Agnew today committed suicide on the White House lawn. In a well-executed follow-up move, Nixon announced that he was unmoved by the death.

'I'm gonna make this as clear as I can,' he said. 'I never particularly liked Agnew. I always considered him a nouveau riche asshole.'

Political experts agree that Mr Nixon, never a man to be counted out, has begun the long haul back.
The following sequence is taken from a brilliant San Francisco comic called 'Choices' by Guy Colwell. It concerns the adventures of Bor.

"I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU SAYIN', BABY/"

"LOOK!"

"LOOK! WHAT?"

"THERE, DOWN IN THE MUDDLE, BUBBLES."

"A CUNT IN THE MUDS."

"MUST BE MISTAKEN."

"HEY, WERE A MINING."
James, Marvin (both black) and Paddy (white) after their release from prison. James realises he has to make a choice between returning to pimping and selling dope, thus perpetuating the system which imprisoned him, or joining his brothers and sisters' revolutionary struggle for the unity, health and dignity of his people. He decides and goes along to the Angela Davis Defence Committee. Meanwhile Marvin and Paddy make their choice. 'You ain't got to talk that radical shit no mo! Git lookin after number one!' says Marvin. He gets his dope and women together and tries to turn life into an endless party. In this short excerpt, Paddy has dropped a tab of acid...
When I first bled from That Place my mother kissed me and, encouraging, said: 'You're a young lady now.' And with her conspiratorial squeeze transferred to me the whole weight of the world's myths. I don't think I had realised until then that there wasn't much in the way of societal blessing accorded to being a 'young lady'. It was, unlike a boy's first erection, an initiation without the promise of privilege.

Engraved on every woman's psyche is a sanitary towel.

Now I understood the blood in the pot under my parents' bed, my mother's surreptitious gesture as she slipped a scrunch-up parcel into the kitchen fire - and the averted eyes as the enquiring arm uncurled itself as modestly as a flower opens to the sun. I could no longer scorn the excuses I'd heard older girls give to the Gym teacher - they were now my excuses. For athletics, whatever you think about them, do demand a kind of bodily integrity or pride which is hard to lose, yet I fell silent, overcome with terrible compassion for these individuals hafted by elastic belts and oilblocks blocked with sticky cotton wool. (Anyone who watched the Street Theatre on the Women's March last year will surely remember the different audience reaction to the Menstruation scene, when Mother, with a flourish and an evil grin, produces a mammoth sanitary towel. From the men, Deep Cultural Shock. From the women, instant recognition and ecstatic laughter.)

No belts, no pins, no pads!

Even the advent of the Tampax didn't mean instant recognition and ecstatic laughter: 'Hey Baby, what a pussy (etc etc).'

No, not at all.
Australia has never had any problems. It was large, easy to live in, under populated and affluent. It was never invaded or threatened and always protected by great powers. Given this unique advantage, it had the time and the social space to create a civilization that was unique and important for the rest of the world. What happened? Nothing. English red-neck values were given their head, and an intolerant racist society has grown up that is so terrified of the outside world that anyone not white is refused permission to live there. Within Australia, the people whose land the settlers had taken, the aboriginals, were treated as second class animals and gradually killed off. Those left were put on barren reserves, lumped in shanty settlements and degraded by denial of citizenship rights. The aboriginals' infant mortality rate is still one of the highest in the world. Belatedly black power has come to Australia and the aborigines are fighting back. Rapidly a crisis has been reached. The aboriginal symbol of protest, their embassy on the lawns of government house in Canberra erected on 27th January, was on 20th July, ripped down. Violence broke out between the aborigines and police. 8 people were arrested. Twice since, attempts to reinstate the embassy have been brutally put down, with many arrests. Bobbi Sykes, one of the black women charged writes: "The Government has declared war on us virtually. We were systematically smashed into the ground by riot squads who were called in as reinforcements... the pigs were using electric prodders to knock people out. They wear them concealed in their sleeves, batteries strapped to their forearms, and just the head in their hands... people were thrashed in their cells... the smell of death is in the air. I am truly sick because the people have no way in which to defend themselves."

You don't read much about all this in Australia - the issue is such a critical one that the media automatically scale it down. 'You wouldn't read about it,' is a great Australian expression of surprise, and it reflects the Australian mentality perfectly. You wouldn't. Anyone wishing to help the aboriginals' legal defences and organisational activities: contact: ADJAB, 19 Sandwell Mansions, West End Lane, London NW6.

The Stoke Newington Trial has been adjourned until September 15. Mr. Justice James is whooping it up on the polluted Riviera, and the lucky 8 are pictured here taking it easy in the Tangier sun.

Amsterfuck it all, you hippies, belt up. In Summer of '72, elsewhere in this issue, Dave Robins is pretty rough on the young heads who have descended in their apparently mindless bored thousands on Amsterdam this summer. But they are, after all, mostly very young, on holiday and cannot really be expected to contribute to the Amsterdam scene which has been built up with so much effort over the years by hard working and dedicated radicals like Dave. Amsterdam, I hope, will blow their minds a little bit, and give them some idea of what they can achieve when they get back to their own communities. Even if these young heads are uninspiring en masse, most of them rich or poor do have a vagabond or vagrant mentality, and to some extent therefore they know what freedom can do for them.

One of the key ways those in power have ground us down and atrophied our thinking, is to keep us in the one place. I notice that in the Oxford Dictionary there are two definitions of vagrant, or vagabond. Firstly: Vagrant: Wandering roving, strolling itinerant, as a vagrant musician, indulging in vagrant speculations. A wanderer, an idle rover. Sounds pretty good, doesn't it. Secondly, there is the definition in law. Vagrant: an idle and disorderly person of any of three grades, liable to various terms of imprisonment. Immediately the word vagrant, or vagabond becomes undesirable, and vagary something to be punished.

The Australian Aboriginal as the white Australian suburban mentality imagines them to be. The cartoonist, Jolliffe, Australia's answer to Giles, was permitted naked black pin-up breasts ten years before naked white ones ever graced the pages of any Australian publication.
Richard Neville, the well-known journalist, currently in the States, covering the Miami conventions, and dropping out on a commune in New Mexico which he says is like Bali without the beaches plus real live Indians, reports that Germaine Greer had a bad time at the Democratic Party Convention because she didn't get laid. 'It's also tease here,' she told close friends, 'George McGovern pricks the youth vote, and Warren Beatty does the same thing to me.' Julie Christie tried to get Beatty and Greer to come together for McGovern, and offered Beatty a one night stand, but the offer was respectfully declined. The sneaky beaver took revenge on everyone, including the Democratic bigwigs in her forthcoming article for Harpers Magazine, entitled tentatively, The Big Tease.

The morning after the Democratic convention's last night, Jerry Rubin, Abbie Hoffman and the other Yippie leaders were forcibly retired from the Movement. A. J. Weberman, former garbage collector, and their umbrellas, were knocked flying as Felix the vampire freaks. Some young gentlemen of the crowd surged forward, intending to ask her. For a green sweater. Warren was nowhere in sight. Up the stairs to the Northern Line - pandemonium as dozens of people, their parcels, on the up escalator at Leicester Square tube, when Lees were whisked away. Felix (the Oz trial jury we missed out a few credits so far. The painting on them from their top floor windows. A birthday cake was presented to the Albion Hotel, while the yippies poured water on them from their top floor windows. A birthday cake was presented to Jerry Rubin, now 34, inscribed with the message, 'Never trust anyone over 30 - J. Rubin.' Abbie Hoffman answered allegations of selloutism by explaining that he single-handedly 'turned on' 70 delegates to the Convention. Each night, he wandered the floor with a small powerful phial of THC, synthetic cannabis, with which he accosted delegates. Those afraid of being unhip, dutifully put out their tongues for a dose of counter culture. No news of immediate revolution so far.

We missed out a few credits last issue. The painting on the cover was by Patrick Woodruffe, and the boy in the landscape on p. 47 was by Andy Asier. Both artists can be contacted through Capricorn Graphics. Tel: 637 1585. The Walt Disney Productions 700,000 dollar civil action against a group of West Coast comic artists for copyright and trademark infringements, unfair Competition, Trade Disparagement, Intentional interference with Business, is proceeding. Air Pirate Comics, Nos 2 and 3 which have been withdrawn from sale in the US feature, featured Minnie and Mickey Mouse, Bucky Bug (pictured above) Donald Duck and other Disney favourites such as the Three Little Pigs and Zeke Wolf. Instead of suing, they should give thanks for the image brush up, bring out Disney fuck comics and make even more money.

When did you last see Bob Weir of The Dead with his shirt off?

OZ Trial Echo During the five o'clock rush hour last week, the irrepressible Oz man Felix Dennis was travelling on the up escalator at Leicester Square tube, when he saw going down, wearing a bright green sweater, the woman member of the Oz trial jury we all referred to as the brassy blonde. We had never been able to find out which jury member stuck out for not guilty on all counts, so Felix gave chase, intending to ask her. By the time he's run up, changed escalators and reached the bottom, she'd disappeared. Felix had four choices: Northern Line, north and south, Piccadilly Line, east and west. Dozens of people, their parcels, their umbrellas, were knocked flying as Felix the irrepresible Oz man and jackets ruthlessly roamed both crowded platforms. Likely looking blondes had their papers and jackets ruthlessly ripped aside as he searched for a green sweater. She was nowhere in sight. Up the stairs to the Northern Line - pandemonium as he charged along the platform - there she was, at the farthest end! The train stopped, ('Outta my fucking way,' shouted Felix) the crowd surged forward, he yelled for her to stop, but as he panted up, the doors closed and the brassy blonde was whisked away. The chances of running into her again are about a million to one.

It's All In The Blood - the vampire freaks. Some young gentlemen of our acquaintance, having a heavy needle habit, were forced at the heaviest stage of their addiction to economise on food, and existed frugally on Nestle Milk and Ambrosia. Cremeed Rice. As a supplement they had a brilliant idea. Every time a friend came to jack up in their flat, they levied a toll of a works-full of blood (2 ml) which was then emptied into a large green Tupper-ware bowl in the kitchen. Come Sunday night, their flat being something of a shooting gallery, the bowl would be full, and the contents transferred to a double boiler saucepan. One chopped Spanish onion, a pinch of sage and thyme, cinnamon and ground cloves salt and black pepper plus half an hour's stirring produced a very palatable black pudding, which was eaten hot, in the best Northern tradition between slices of Mothers Pride with a cut up raw onion.
'A racist cab-driver or bartender is a minor irritant. A racist policeman is a major social danger.' Dipak Nandy,

'Police Power and Black People'
Derek Humphry

Derek Humphry is a Sunday Times reporter who specialises in race relations and civil liberties. Having just collected the Martin Luther King Prize for the book most likely to contribute to racial harmony ('Because They're Black'), he now offers a scathing indictment of the way in which British police and lawyers manage to distort the ideals of equal justice. Humphry will win no prizes for harmony this time, although "Police Power and Black People" merits some sort of accolade for its constructive suggestions for reform of antiquated trial procedures and unethical police practices.

Humphry marshals weighty evidence of failures in police training and leadership in matters touching community relations. Even the much-vaulted "Community Relations Officer" experiment has been jeopardized by the low status of the job within the force, and its lack of promotion prospects etc. But blacks do not suffer exclusively, or even mainly, from the pernicious police practices examined in this book; what citizen is safe from the ruthless ambitions of an officer whose promotion potential is judged on the number of arrests he has made, or from the indiscriminate use of the serious charge of "assaulting a police officer" where no harm was done to the officer "assaulted" (which was the case in 1,615 such convictions in London last year)?

The author has some sympathy with policemen working under strain imposed by the shortcomings of their employment, but offers no excuse for the legal profession: "Due to its traditionally prestigious position in our society, its relentless presence in the Corridors of Power and because nobody 'outside' properly understands it, the legal profession escapes the searching criticisms of its quality and public function which it urgently merits. A young lawyer, like a young policeman, usually becomes loyal to this institution before he is able to be objectively analytical from experience. Such things as the antique language which is not understood by the common people, the hypocritical etiquettes mostly designed to increase monetary earnings or make more work, the preposterous vanity of the robes and wigs in which judges and barristers parade both in and out of court and which strike awe into simple people, must all soon be swept aside if the profession is to do a worthwhile job... barristers, for a political trial at least, are not indispensable and much court procedure is mere dogma, unnecessary good manners or a naked blocking device."

Humphry details many of the ways in which an accused can be oppressed by a judiciary and magistracy drawn overwhelmingly from an alien social class. He argues that the most common cause of justice miscarriage is the practice whereby police officers rehearse identical versions of 'verbals' (confessions purportedly made at the time of arrest) and swear to them in evidence. When prosecutor and judge sum up they warn the jury that disbelief of the defendant is proved beyond a reasonable doubt, decide instead whom they would least wish to harm — the prisoner, or his police accusers. False 'verbals' will only cease when tape recorders are mandatory at all police stations for recording confessions. Another timely suggestion is that judges should not sum up the facts of cases at all — the jury should be left, at it is in America, with its own impression of the evidence, un tainted by the inevitable judicial bias of emphasis and omission.

"Police Power" demonstrates that justice is often not done in British courts. But ironically it is seen to be done, because "The press — and local monopoly papers in particular — too often compare with the police to maintain silence or give scanty reports about incidents which show the police up in a bad light... editors and senior journalists identify with the Establishment and seek to go hand in glove with the elite.'

Harsh words from a senior journalist, but long overdue. Puffamalicious press coverage of trials, and the generally servile attitude of editors towards the judiciary and the legal profession has contributed much to the myth that British justice is unsailable. Humphry pays tribute to the work of underground and community newspapers in publicising and evaluating important trials, and calls for a higher calibre of Court reporter and a more critical coverage of Court cases. The arrival of black people in British society has highlighted the defects in our system of justice — defects which operate harshly against all categories of defendant, be they black, drug-takers, homosexuals, students, professional criminals, or whatever. Thus "Police Power and Black People" is an important book — essential reading for anyone concerned with the quality of law enforcement in Britain today. It presents a much more realistic picture of the operation of the criminal law and an infinitely more promising set of reform suggestions than is to be found in the recently released report of the Criminal Law Revision Committee.

Geoff Robertson.

'To Deprave And Corrupt' Technical reports of the US Commission on Obscenity and Pornography, edited by Alan Burns (Davis-Poynter) In 1970 the American Presidential Commission on Obscenity and Pornography reported, after spending over a million dollars on research, that the studies they had contracted 'failed to establish a meaningful correlation between exposure to erotica and immediate or delayed anti-social behaviour among adults'. In consequence the Commission majority recommended that all legislation prohibiting the distribution of sexual material to adults should be repealed. Both majority and minority reports, analysing data gathered by the Commission, with an excellent introduction by Clive Barnes, were published last year by Bantam Books.

This new British rip-off from the Commission's archives consists of a handful of the technical reports, mostly describing aspects of the pornography trade in the US. The editorial selection is difficult to fathom — there is no attempt to catch the flavour of the bitter debate within the Commission, and the really important research reports are omitted. One glaring omission, for example, is the Davis and Braucht study which indicated that exposure to pornography at an early age may be related to subsequent precocious behaviour. This was the only evidence against in both majority and minority reports. It even surfaced in the 77 trials, by way of a clipping from the 'Daily Express' the only scientific evidence Inspector Luff could find to justify the prosecution.

The selection also excludes reports of great relevance for British obscenity laws — reports which deny that pornography can change a readers moral outlook, that exposure to erotic stimuli does not increase
sex-calloused attitudes towards women, nor does it dispose readers towards exploitive or manipulative sexual conduct. Others studies found that moral character is statistically unrelated to the amount of exposure to erotica, but associated rather with deviant home backgrounds and deviant peer influences.

Mr Burns might have pointed out in his introduction that if the overwhelming conclusions of the Commission’s researchers are accepted, our obscenity laws, which presume that erotic material is capable of depraving and corrupting, is a nonsense. He might also have pointed out that since the Widgery decision in an obscenity case flies in the face of evidence available.

The series of events that follow — a series of events that are in an unbelievable way exactly like the first event and the last event in the list — cross the spectrum of American freak society with the easy fluidity of a good novel. Katz is a master. He presents situations and states responses. His book is a compilation of places, things, and moments described with easy accuracy and neither derogated nor praised. The conclusion that six months of communal America leaves him to draw is that the crazies, country-people, and crazies, country-people, and he may not even have done all the things he claims; but he has written an autobiography that anybody with the vague counter-cultural leanings ought to focus on. His somewhat angular ego may occasionally cut reality, but his capacity for being in the right place at the right time is indefinable, and makes exquisite reading.

Roger Hutchinson.

Armie Love

Elia Katz

Blond and Briggs, £2.00.

In the closing weeks of 1970, with Mansonic headlines screaming across the land, Fred Hampton’s name added to the already impressive list of Black Panthers Dead in Action, and the newly born Altamont Nativity already dissipated in a variety of conflicting loyalties; Elia Katz gathered his Raoul Buis­nesque comrade Rateyes and 500 dollars worth of cocaine into a small room in the dump where Albert on 10th Street, New York, and began to write a book on communes... They sat in the room for hours, interviewing each other in varied personas, and occasionally sailing out into the streets of Greenwich Village, eyes huge and wet with drugs. At the end of those seven days they bought the two sleeping bags and left New York in search of the condition of total war that exists before advertising breaks down, in the condition in which the country has existed for several years now, bearing the same relation to that the Golden Years bear to death, which Katz apostrophises ‘Armie Love’.

The events that follow — a series of events that are in an unbelievable way exactly like the first event and the last event in the list — cross the spectrum of American freak society with the easy fluidity of a good novel. Katz is a master. He presents situations and states responses. His book is a compilation of places, things, and moments described with easy accuracy and neither derogated nor praised. The conclusion that six months of communal America leaves him to draw is that the crazies, country-people, and crazies, country-people, and he may not even have done all the things he claims; but he has written an autobiography that anybody with the vague counter-cultural leanings ought to focus on. His somewhat angular ego may occasionally cut reality, but his capacity for being in the right place at the right time is indefinable, and makes exquisite reading.

Roger Hutchinson.
Nor is there any apparent attempt concert as an event, as Permebaher to capture the feeling of the recording production? This Phil Spector's contribution hysteria is less bothersome (was history, if not legend, and most of us are by now familiar with the performers, and here it can't have to offer? As a film, not Phil Spector's contribution to the recording production? This Phil Spector's contribution hysteria is less bothersome (was history, if not legend, and most of us are by now familiar with the performers, and here it can't have to offer? As a film, not...

"Asylum" Directed by Roy Wood Baker "Fritz The Cat" Directed by Ralph Bakshi Two films, a good bad film and a bad good one. "Asylum" is a rollicking fun piece about a secluded medical hospital full of incurable psychics and homicidal maniacs. None of your pinko, bleeding heart, Ronnie Laing nonsense. A film from the good old days when a nutter was a nutter and you cut their lobes out and locked them up (not that anything's changed). You get the feeling it might be a Hammer film except that it's too good; it has the right blend of camp and callousness but some of the horror scenes actually work which they never do nowadays. It uses a well tried formula of a series of flashbacks, films within a film with different narrators, each illustrating an inmate's fascination about how he got into the Asylum. Some of them are hilarious and quite scary, particularly the Jewish tailor whose dummy turns into a Golgotha. In short, brutal, tasteless fun for all the family.

"Fritz The Cat" is a different kettle of catfood altogether. It is the first ever X-certificate underground cartoon film with fucking, doping and violence it can't fail to grab your attention. In fact it's a reasonably entertaining 78 minutes worth, with a few short sequences which are really classic. The unpainful fact is that the film is based on Crumb's strip cartoon of some years back. All the characters and some of the film completely, it's a rip-off, but a rather subtle and competent rip-off which will fool a lot of people.

For instance, Crumb loves to take the piss out of po-faced doctrinaire politicians, and their wilder excesses, but in a friendly spirit (see "Motor City Comix" or "Power Jesus" or "Fritz" itself?). The vicious portrayal of the 'revolutionaries' as mindless, news worse than the cops, who are merely lovable idiots, is a long long way from Crumb. This could have been a great film. Some people will like it anyway, and Walt Disney will chuckle from the grave.

Dick Pountain.

"Young Winston" Directed by Dicky Attenborough. The really awkward thing about writing about this film is that the central figure and the subject matter is so utterly distasteful to most people that one doesn't wish to be artistically just to it, but propagandist against it in the extreme.

However, that kind of attitude is not very honest and film is not too bad anyway, and up to a point you could argue, as much of the national press has argued, that it does mythologise the ugly Monument in the Park, and wipes off some of the bird shit. To date, that's all the shit that's been thrown.

In fact what is wrong and immoral in this film is that it attempts a resurrection of the legend. And any attempt at such a resurrection at a time like this has to be very subtle indeed, because even to those who don't care whether he lived or died, his name stinks across the world from Omdurman to Dresden. I remember with horror the lines of E.M. Forster's upon the passing of his younger brother at Gallipoli: 'Oh Churchill clouds of dead heroes attend you', and one understands that in the attic near the nursery as the young Winston played with his legions, as the gallipoli. For all his proceeded, there stood among the cobwebs this portrait of Dorian Grey, the conventional stereotype now known as Churchill's true image, the very personification of all modern art. Because the young Winston is the old Winston. So who cares about the lonely little dullard in the attic, who never saw Alaric and finally lost an empire as well, just to save his ego.

Winston ever there, a family tale. There's Anne Bancroft as Jenny, and Robert Shaw as Lord Randolph, the sympathetic father, playing brilliantly, like a figure from Strindberg. And its our dear Dick Pountain again, still sniffing the wind for his, kinshiphood, which one day he must surely get. He's a kind of idealised theatrical William Whitelaw, all things at all times to all men, they should send him to Uther. For all his professionalism he manages as a film maker never to be a true director, but an art director. He's the sort of style that now Godard, Orson Welles, anybody you care to name). His work is eclectic and never his own. Carl Foreman's script is quite good, scratching largely from Churchill's 'My Early Life', with some attempt at establishing a traditional link between the political attitudes of father and son. And then of course (ha! ha!) the amusing revelation never made by Winston, young old or middle-aged, of his infatuation in the family. There is this strangeness in the Churchill menage. They're a Transatlantic family not a British one and the film is a curiously American tragedy of family life.

No, it was not the 'Winston warts and all job' that many a critic would have us believe it to be, because after all, didn't you notice how at the Premiere the entire remnants of that grotesque family showed up happily dabbing their noses and eyes?

Certainly they didn't behave like that at Hochuth's "The Soldiers". They didn't turn up at all, just sued for thousands. Go and see it, if the last piece of pride as to truth has died within you. It's a good yarn, all glamour, colour, drama and cover-up.

John Gravelle.
To whom it may concern: hype this man immediately.

SOUNDZ

"There are only two things which move the average freak — music and geography."
— Elia Kazan

"Sail Away"
Randy Newman (Reprise)

Randy Newman is a victim of packaging. Just as music, any recorded music, is the product of the collective experiences of the musicians and technicians involved, so image is the product of the cumulative packaging, promotion and exposure that has preceded it. There are exceptions that prove the rule, as there are exceptions to all rules, (Van Morrison is one), but we needn’t concern ourselves with those here.

The creation of image, as with the creation of any intangible composite (a device, image, theatre, mime, broadcast, words on paper), is something that can be learned and, to a certain extent, measured. But often, it is an ability that is inherent rather than one which relies on expertise. For this reason, ‘designers’ are often very poor projectors of image. They can assemble the pieces of any puzzle, but are often incapable of creating their own puzzle, as anyone who has worked on the creative side of an advertising agency will testify. They have technique, and it is their skill (and pride) of a craftsman in the use of the tools of their trade. But as Oscar Wilde might say ‘That doesn’t mean shift to a tree’ to the general public, who, in the last analysis, are the final arbiters of any given promotional activity.

In terms of design, some of the sloppiest advertisements in the history of advertising have proved to be the most effective. As an example for those of you who travel on London’s underground, I’ll cite the ‘Dyno Rod’ tube cards of some years back. Poorly designed, hideously printed and often illegible, these cards proved to be an extraordinarily successful story. The skilfully drawn diagrams and simplistic copy line combined perfectly in the projection of a messily thorough practical company image. Everyone likes to see a mechanic with grease on his hands, a farmer with dirt on his boots or a painter with paint on his fingers. It’s reassuring and ‘right’. So it proved with ‘Dyno Rod’ — a firm, incidentally, whose allotted task was the cleaning and unblocking of drains. Their advertisements were messy (though not in any contrived way) but wholly practical. The perfect marketing approach for a company whose employees spend the majority of their working lives down on their hands and knees sucking blocked waste from the bowels of our city.

Frank Zappa, I am sure, would appreciate the unconscionable efforts of ‘Dyno Rod’. Certainly, Zappa is the master of the ‘You-Are-What-You-Project’ school of rock. Captain Beefheart and Alice Cooper, both at one time under Zappa business control, have good reason to thank ‘the little pimp with his hair gassed back’ for his instinctive grasp of their image potential and subsequent marketing and packaging requirements.

Often, especially in the music business, it is the artists themselves who are their own worst enemies in this respect. Failing to appreciate that Elvis himself might well have remained little more than an imitative country blues singer on an obscure Southern label without the promotional activities of his manager and mentor, Col. T. Parker, they bury their heads in the sands of poverty. Then again, many of them never meet their Brian Epstein, and lacking the ability or profit motive to do the job adequately on their own, they stand or fall (and usually the latter) on the music that they create.

There are those who will argue that the music ‘is the message’. That the music ‘is enough’. That all the hype and bullshit of the music industry is just so much hot air; an excuse for the existence of record companies who rip our music off from its source, repackage and re-market it, and finally, sell it back to us. In part they are right. But the rock business has always been and will always be reliant on exposure, packaging, media promotion and image. Far from representing some alien and corrupting influence on rock and roll, it was, if one cares to trace back the roots of rock’s cultural birth, one of the founding principles of the medium. Rock and roll was and is a product of the American entertainment industry. To a limited extent, especially in recent years, we have come to believe otherwise. This is due mainly to those artists, like Zappa, like the Stones, like the Beatles, like the Dead who have fortunately been able to wrest varying degrees of artistic control from the companies for whom they record. But all of them, without exception, are dependant on those companies for their financial survival. There has never been and probably never will be, an artist who could survive for any substantial period of time in the rock business without intensive promotional activity. Rock and roll stars (and superstars) who plead otherwise are either fools or (more usually) hypocrites. The music was never enough. It will never be enough.

Which brings us back to Randy Newman. Make no mistake; as a lyricist, composer and pianist, Newman is a big talent. An enormous, underrated and understated talent. His lyrics have humour, real humour, not that easy savage satire that remains so much an English phenomenon. His songs have guts, they have irony, sadness and emotional depth. They stand the test of repeated hearing. I would say that there are only a handful of contemporary composers who could hold a candle to Newman in his own idiom. Obviously Dylan, often Loudon Wainwright, sometimes (when he isn’t drowning in his own tears) Neil Young. Elton John and Bernie Taupin can both go shove a banana up their arse. Then again, his keyboard style is a joy to hear; a strange repetitive hammering with his left hand and a flow of double jointed fingers with his right. A loping, camel’s-gait of a style. Very simple, very deceptive; it grows on you.

I don’t care if Randy Newman can’t hit top C with that droning pitch of his. Howling Wolf can’t hit top C, Robert Zimmerman can’t hit top C, James Taylor can’t hit top C; even Chuck Berry can’t make it without falsetto. Who cares? So what? But it’s the packaging. The poor promotion. The sadly lacking image. This album is the first with his photograph on the front. That’s a step in the right direction. It’s the first double fold sleeve. It even contains a poster, and they’ve printed they lyrics in minute detail. But it isn’t enough. It won’t ever be enough. Who is managing Randy Newman? Who is his agency in this country? Where is the advertising? Who is responsible? To whoever is responsible,
here is a message:

GET UP OFF YOUR COLLECTIVE ARSES AND LOVE THIS MUSIC BECAUSE YOU LOVE HIS MUSIC, BUT BECAUSE YOU WILL MAKE MONEY. IF RANDY NEWMAN'S DIES OF UNDER-EXPOSURE HIS ARTISTIC BLOOD WILL BE ON YOUR HANDS.

In the words of the Last Poets: 'Wake up Niggers, or we'll be through'. The music was never enough. Ever.

Jackie, I suppose someone ought to enlighten them, but now let us turn our eyes to the silent figures now appearing on the stage.

'Who are they?' you hear ask. Why, my dear, do you not recognize that fine young man with his oh-so butch hairstyle a blaze under the garish red lighting. It could only be Lou Reed, leader of 42nd Street's very own teen combo - the bar-band of the Twilight Zone - the Velvet Underground.

Listen, Lou is introducing 'I'm waiting for the Man', How killer, how absolutely killer. And two new songs, 'Lonesome Cowboy Bill'? What a coincidence Why only the other night I overheard Louis talking and just before he threw up all over Dolores he said how he had always wanted to be a cowboy. The twists and turns of fate are so strange, eh mon ami? Why, now they are playing the score'; despite their attempts to cover, inside and out, pitch perfectly for the current frivolous, ambiguous divinely decadent state of the music at all, I'm afraid Roxy Music's synthesized riffs and rip-offs will be assaulting our ears for some time to come.

The packaging and production of the album are brilliant. The cover photos, both inside and out, are amusing but I'm relieved when you see those secret words to cover their attempts to cover up the sterile banalities of their music with the ramblings of a self-confessed musical illiterate twiddling the knobs, Roxy Music's musically cretinous. The delivery is about as evil and menacing as the local cretinous. Their delivery is about

\[ \text{'Roxy Music' (Island)} \]

'Big Bambu' Cheech & Chong (A and M/ Od e)

'The band can't play tonight, man,' says Laid-back Leono, the hip deejay from 'Unamerican Bandstand'. The singer just pokes at his music with his coke spoon and he can't get his eye closed. It's frozen open. 'This right, you guessed right, the secret word for tonight is ... would you believe a new Cheech and Chong album? Just like the last one, it's good clean stoned fun for good clean hippies everywhere, but unlike the other one, it's only interminably funny. There's a fantastically unfunny six-minute segment at the end of the first side which contains 'Cruisin' With Pedro De Pacas' from the first album, much of the other stuff is a bit lacking. Still, there are indeed a lot of good solid tracks which still gets laughs after repeated hearings. The futuristic panel game 'Let's Make a Dope Deal' and the Suicide commercially aren't masterpieces, and the return of Ashley Roachap in 'The Rebuttal' is a delight.

Cheech and Chong have no pretensions of being anything more than a hippies' Rowan and Martin. Happily for all concerned, they're a fuck of a lot funnier than Rowan and Martin. But 'Cheech and Chong' remains the Cheech and Chong record. Quirky, funny, quite amusing, basically okay. It'll do. But if Cheech and Chong start repeating themselves the early in their recording career, then the sooner some British head comedy comes together the better. By the way anybody know someone who does a good Steve 'Took impression? Footnote. The sleeve, wittily exposing us to a whole side of

\[ \text{'The Velvet Underground Live At Max's Kansas City'}} \]

'The Velvet Underground (Atlantic)

Ah, hello my dear friend, so pleased you could join us as we while away the bewitching hours languishing with the hallowed precints of Max's Kansas City. My comrades and I would not be seen anywhere else in New York — I mean, you meet such interesting people.

Oh, tell me, is that Gerald Malanga meditating in silent union with the celestial beings over on that bar-stool. My, how exquisitely he exhales his torso. And those oh-so innocent young sailor-boats talking to Rita and

'I'll Be Your Mirror' with fragile, young Doug Yule singing. What sweet nostalgia. Oh, and look at that unpleasant man crawling around the floor looking for a lost tuinol. And now he's attacking one of the bar-boys! Don't worry, my dear, one gets used to these little incidents in time. Now Lou is singing 'Afterhours' from their third album and the set is finished.

Why they tell me that Brigid Polk is recording all these performances at Max's for a possible album. Maybe the essence of the Velvets will be finally caught on wax for all to hear. I certainly hope so, for keep bearing such strange reports about Lou — how he's throwing these moods and actually attacking people with a flick-knife. But never said — I have all the words of 'Sister Ray' neatly written out on this piece of paper. Would you like to read them?

Nick Kent

'St. Dominic's Preview' Van Morrison (Warner Bros)

Whenever he's stuck for a subject, Rolling Stone columnist Ralph Gleason falls back on his favourite and undeniable credo: things are pretty bad but we've still got Van Morrison. Like all smart cats, Ralph knows when he's on safe ground.

'Here's a song which falls into an effortless

\[ \text{866} \]

Best of all is 'Redwood Tree' puts a twinkle in yer eye, lets you

\[ \text{866} \]

Laughin' all the way.

\[ \text{866} \]

Day's scat-humming against an acoustic guitar, and develops it with tasteful Mooq (yes!) lines into a stunning ten-minute tour de force. He is still the master of rich-but-simple textures, still able to make those startling impressionistic images lift and bugle with his daring vocal excursions. The atmosphere he generates is colossal: the fire­works echoing up and down San Francisco Bay, the cool night breeze, the lights way out in the harbour, he takes you there. It ain't rock and roll, it's cinema for the blind.

Best of all is 'Redwood Tree' which falls into an effortless liberating groove, an exhilarating sequence of all majestic precision and flow: 'Hey, boy and dog went out lookin' for shade

\[ \text{866} \]

You know what they did learn Since that day, walkin' by the river Andrunnin' like blue streak Through the fields and streams and rainbows Laughin' all the way.

Guitars sparkling, piano liquid and rippling, rhythm team cooking happily, chic­ choro jut just gorgeous. This is the Van Morrison we know and love. The guitar that rocks your gypsy soul, lifts you up high, puts a twinkle in your eye, lets your laughter fill the room. It ranks with Bob Weir's 'Cassidy' as the best track to come out of California this year.

Myles Palmer.
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