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Virgin Sperm Dance

Dougie 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 You

Bummer Of '72

Loath and Fearing in Amsterdam and London

McGovernment!

White House Nude-in

Menstruation

Red Sails In The Sunset

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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 excerpts.



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 uncovered a great truth which you could believe and accept if you could just get past the fact that it is not logical. I think first my hand



touching someone else's body. The night before I took my girlfriend Gonda 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 felt one breast, then the other, then felt my own hand caress a too soft stomach, and



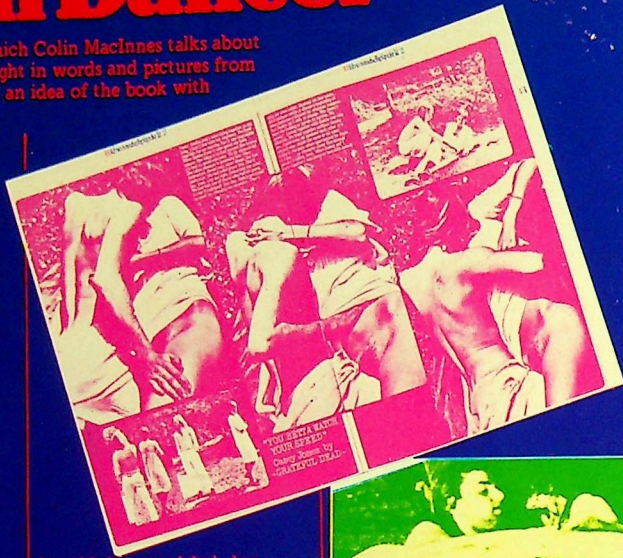
then felt my hand touch a cunt which is mine also.

Well now, in a movie called 'Goodby Charly' where Debbie Reynolds is a reincarnated 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 fingerings from my curious hand. I push my finger into the Wet Crack, feel around till I find the clitoris, nudge it from its hood. Ououyaw



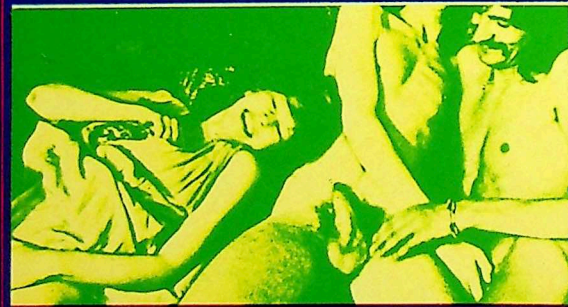
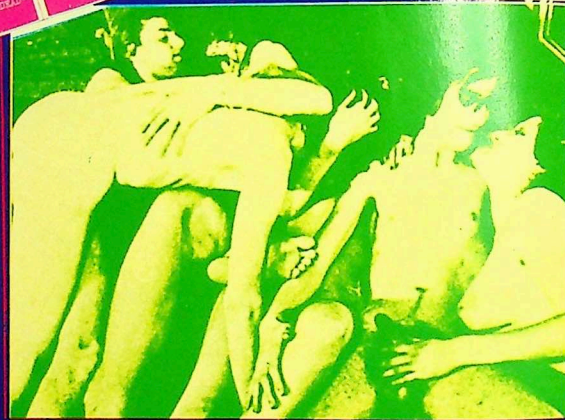
... Does it feel nice. Suddenly I'm masturbating. Slowly, lightly, then faster and harder. My stomach muscles contract...



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

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

'Virginity' is an idea, a dream, an ideal, a fiction, intolerable

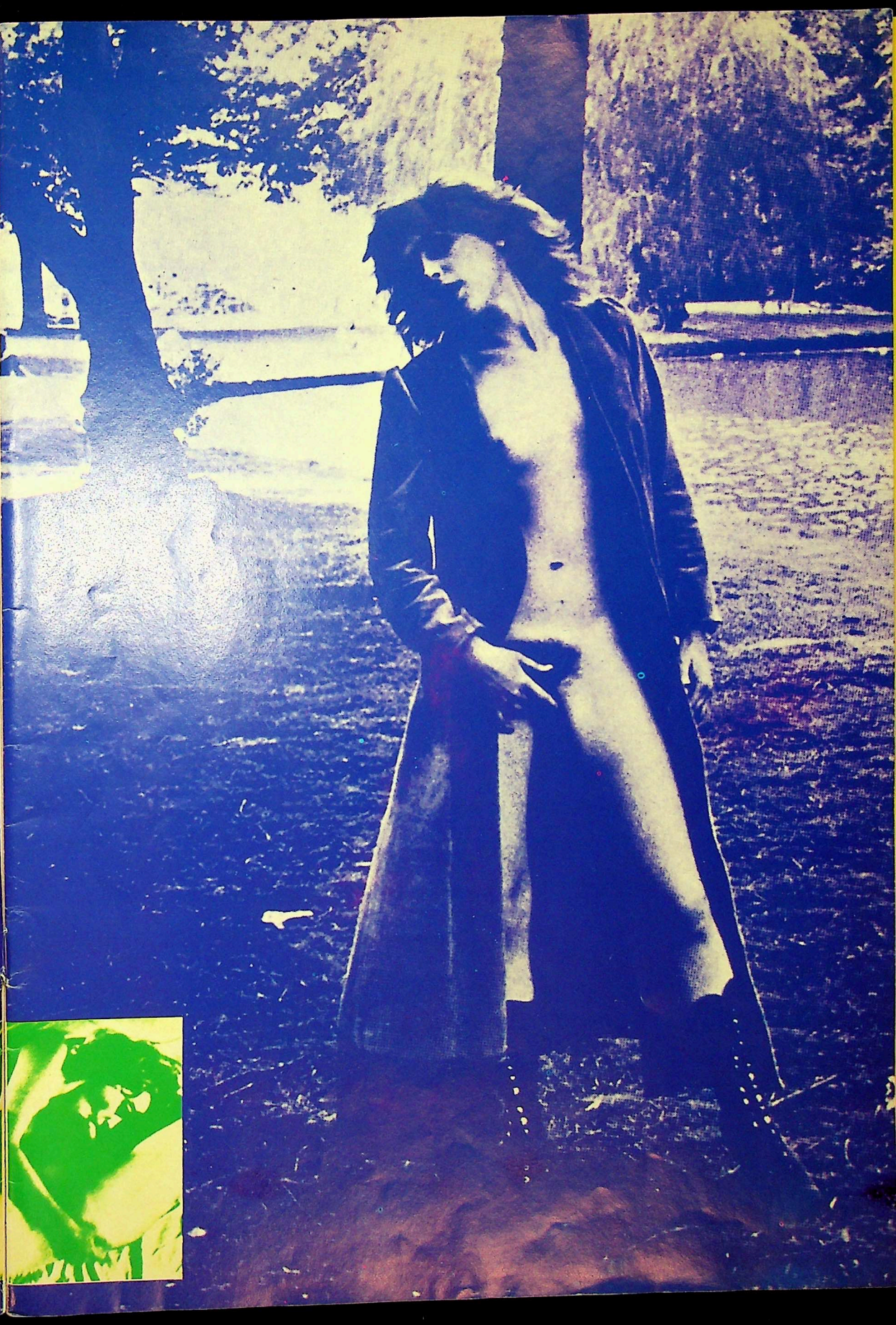


bragging! A virgin is one who with bold contempt for all the laws of gravity, is left floating between heaven and earth. All lies and nonsense. You can't bribe the Gods with your body. You can neither bribe or defy them.

When things can be beautiful it's a waste of time to lose 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... Leidesplein... to... the American... 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





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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 she encounters, by interior monologues, and even by writer's interjections. The pictures show what he/she and they all do throughout a day in Amsterdam.

No doubt about it, Amsterdam's the Baghdad of the western world. Much of the Netherlands are Calvinistic, and in the city itself the free-wheelers are a minority, though an unusually tolerated, if not accepted, one. It's one of the few places, anyway, where sex doesn't have to be secretive, professional or exhibitionistic. It's also an extremely handsome city, that attracts good-looking people of all sexual types and nationalities. And more or less everybody does their various things.

There's a lot of the sex that's not the usual, for that matter, and a lot of public scenes, and the story and the pictures are so good, that it's a bit of a pity that the book is so short. 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 this theme isn't all that hard to describe. I think this is true enough of obscene

however distinct, are interchangeable — become each other. So Joopie doesn't merely turn into Joopie: in becoming her, and re-becoming himself at the conclusion, he, (or she), reaches, through sexual fulfilment, a total human unity.

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A lot of them are also beautiful. Scanning them, you feel: 'Right! Good! This is really it.' And I beg anyone who hasn't read or 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.

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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 wry 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 tight-lipped, moralistic (but not moral) puritan front. It is saloon-bar sex, furtive, leering, 'dirty' — as indeed, it calls itself. It isn't kinky, as we all are a bit, but bend; and it encourages, and is meant to, not communal sensuality, 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 rapture and delight in one another. It portrays the paradox that the giver receives a gift: that 'short times' are hard ones, that sexual egotism is sexual frustration, and that where sex isn't beautiful, it's a mess.

Most north-European erotic art is 'pre-Reformation, or has been suppressed (John Ruskin destroyed all the erotic paintings of Turner, whom he admired so much), or kept under the 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 religions 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 wank, 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.

A final word to any who might feel I've been snooty, or authoritarian, about porn. I realize full well that no judicial body can tell the difference between porn, obscenity, and erotica, and would suppress the whole lot, and heaven knows what else beside, if they thought they could. This being so, I accept that, in our society, if you enjoy obscenity, and delight in erotic art, you've got to put up with porn, and hope that imaginative sensuality will replace sexual titillation. And if joy in sex is going to mean more to most of us than just a snigger, we may hope this Dutch dance may herald, in course of time, a burgeoning British ballet.

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Let's dispose of the text first, but not too casually, for though this is essentially a picture-book, and the story-line is picaresque and episodic, there is an idea behind it, worth pondering on: which is (if I've got it right) not just that bisexuality is okay, but that in real good sex — man and woman,

however distinct, are interchangeable — become each other. So Joopie doesn't merely turn into Joopie, in becoming her, and re-becoming himself at the conclusion: he (or she), reaches, through sexual fulfilment, a total human unity.

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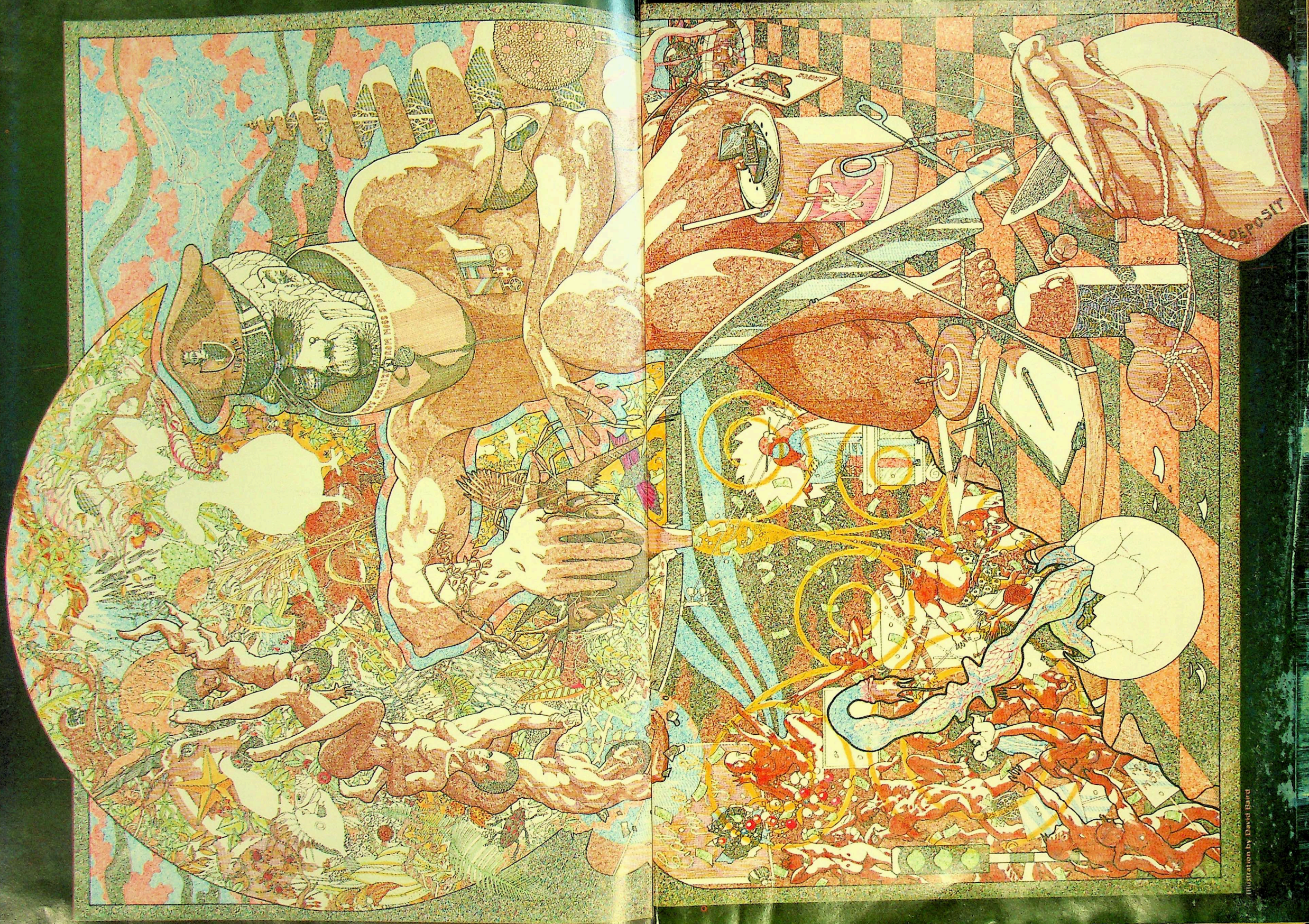


Illustration by David Bawd

The Power Of Positive Thinking



When social systems fail the early warning signs are a breakdown in what has, in the last few years, become known as 'Law and Order'. The 'order' that the hard hats crave comes when the law is 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 society that makes them necessary. 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 possessions and territorial demands of the middle and ruling classes, there are events that mark a collapse of the social myths that keep the populations quiet. These events are the political trials, the demonstrations and counter demonstrations that mark the rising consciousness of the oppressed and rightless.

Once it took at least three generations and 100 years for new attitudes to become generally recognised. Lawyers thought then that the laws lagged 10 years behind social change. Even if that were true then it is not true now. The lag is more like 100 years. Conspiracy laws, the blanket common law offence that is being used against publications (IT etc) demonstrators (Peter Hain etc) lost its relevance in the 19th century when it could be used against groups that challenged the ruling classes right to rule in an absolute fashion. Change happens faster now. It happens so fast that anyone who tries to maintain the status quo, who says 'this is how we have always done it and must go on doing it' is being repressive. To be conservative (with a small c) is to increasingly repress and deny.

Democracy currently means a system in which every adult has the right to vote in regular elections and to choose between at least two political parties. Of course a government elected this way can be as tyrannical as any junta of Greek colonels if the alternatives don't match the political needs and consciousness of the people. We're dangerously close to this situation now where the electoral choice lies between a discredited Labour party run by opportunists and confused hacks and a Conservative party whose full remoteness and callousness is in the process of being fully revealed. The present government has increased the wealth gap between the middle classes and the workers and has accentuated class barriers by its treatment of workers as a natural enemy.

This 'democracy' is a very new flower indeed - scarcely more than forty years old, dating from the moment that women got the vote after World War I. As a system it's a long way from being perfect and there may be better alternatives around. Presently there are many in power who claim that the majority party have the consent of the people to bring in any law and that this law is the law and must be obeyed.

Governments have a duty to enact legislation that supports and extends the evolving consciousness and freedom of the voters who elected them. No law is sacrosanct. Authority must also choose which existing laws it is going to enforce. And this choice betrays its attitude to the people. Never before have so many people come to consider themselves on the wrong side of the police and the courts. The industrial relations act, the use of the conspiracy laws, the obscenity laws bear no relation to truth or the needs of society. Our rulers no longer have the right or the authority to govern us the way they do.

This Oz, here and in other pages, contains examples of the current crisis. Geoff Robertson's review of Police Power and Black People (see Book Reviews) is part of the destruction of the myth of police impartiality and effectiveness. The articles on Amsterdam and Notting Hill Gate on following pages show the failure of the underground to maintain any permanent alternative. All the underground

has is a communications system and its no coincidence that the DPP has invented a new offence 'political obscenity'! Nasty Tales is first on the list for the high jump when this autumn's prosecution season opens.

Prisons

*'A Robin Redbreast in a cage,
Puts all heaven in a rage'*
Anon.

Gaol has never solved anything for anyone. Hands up if you ever saw a man or 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 means 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 pay your debt to society' and so on developed because judges had to justify the rather strange thing they were doing. Crippling people mentally, making them 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 is 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 subjected to an oppressive system, and the very crime of which he is accused is probably a reaction to an oppressive system. Obviously, if a man, black and poor disembowels his child or brutally murders a robbery victim, the instinctive reaction is that he should be punished. But 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 punishment in the sense 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 under present conditions, no more than 50% of those in prison need to have their liberty taken away from them. Some believe only 10% need be held. The latter figure is more like it.

Law & 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 know I suppose,
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 are made the supreme political tool. A government can pass a law such as the Industrial Relations Act which is about the use of 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.

But of course judges are political creatures. Judges are appointed from the ranks of the most conservative lawyers. This is supposed to ensure they have no political views. Even the labour government when in power goes along with the myth and appoints conservative lawyers. The result is a strong political bench which claims to be apolitical. No wonder we reel away from courts in disgust. Better to have a court like the US Supreme Court where the importance of the judges political outlook is recognised. Better 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 get on with my studies'
(Lord Widgery, Lord Chief Justice, Interview The Times, 8/8/72)

If people had always kept their protest within the limits recommended by the Lord Chief Justice we would still be working as the villains or slaves of a local baron. Nations only moved forward out of slavery, out of feudalism, out of industrial servitude, out of tyrannical exploitation and colonialism into some sort of freedom by the citizens protesting and putting their lives and liberty at stake. And you don't do that by meekly protesting for one hour at a time so as not to inconvenience authority.

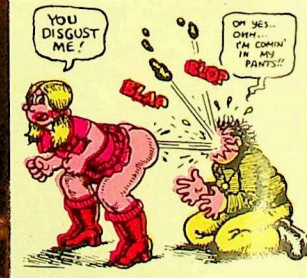
Vote Freak For Better Weather

'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 political momentum. In the States, Vietnam, the Race issue, poverty and the ghettos and police violence, served to coalesce and radicalise the flower power drop outs. At the end of one possible trail lay Kennedy, McCarthy and McGovern. Reformists perhaps but worth working for in the interim.

But the issues in Northern Ireland were not so clear. On one side of the struggle there are Protestants, the militants of whom are probably the most bigoted and unpleasant people in the world. Put there by the British to divide the colony the Protestants ruled and were backed by British military force. One's sympathies went instantly to the other side, the Catholics at the bottom of the class struggle and victims of economic exploitation. They were represented by both versions of the IRA. The IRA fought with destruction because that was the only thing they knew how to do. But anyone who remembers the Tammany Hall politicians of the US, the corrupt and expedient censorship of Southern Ireland politicians, the shut-mind bigotry of Irish Catholics who ruled NSW in Australia, thought again whether the IRA and their people were going to build the sort of society we were interested in living in. But despite that the underground got involved in Northern Ireland locked for, black and white and became lost among the greys.

There have been no choices for us in conventional politics. Who can take Harold Wilson seriously? Or Wedgwood Benn? We have to develop our own political alternatives. Presently 'the alternative society' consists of about twenty people in London all talking about each other in the media plus very small provincial groups without any linking strength. Lets start a party that will one day replace Heath and Wilson and the other Zombies. We should get together and take power in elections. Freaks unite. We've had enough.



Kamikaze Kids

A Flash in Japan - Duncan Campbell

One of the world's great chauvinist clichés is that the Japanese can imitate anything. Now that they've gone beyond transistors and watches and started producing violent rent-a-guerrillas, people are getting a little uptight.

Last week the Japanese United Red Army announced that they were planning a follow-up to their spectacular kamikaze raid on Tel-Aviv airport; no Puerto Ricans this time, only Japanese cabinet ministers. This they hope to follow with a series of raids on international airports to "spread world revolution". So here's a brief idea of who they are and where they're coming from so that you'll be familiar with them when you have to leap behind the baggage counter at your local airport.

In 1948 a student movement called 'Zengakuren' was formed to provide concerted action - this was not long after General MacArthur had tactfully credited the average Japanese with a 12 year old's mentality.

From then on in, organisations have sprouted so that there are now more than twenty, incorporating about 50,000 members. The largest of these is called Chukaku, the Middle Core Faction, which claims 10,000 members. They're into anti-imperialism, the American military presence in Okinawa and the rise of tuition fees.

Then there's the United Red Army, the ones with the showbiz flair, who skyjacked Japan Air Lines plane to North Korea in 1970 before skyjacking was politically fashionable - and they used swords not guns or bombs.

Last February, another branch of the URA kidnapped a woman in a remote resort villa and starred live on their own TV show while they shot two policemen and a puzzled neighbour.

Finally, they tortured and executed fourteen of their number in the snow country of the Gunma prefecture for "ideological differences". Some of the execution squad even sketched the torturings - they're using the sketches as evidence against them in their trial. They're Trotskyites, they number about three hundred and they want a world revolution.

The other more militant student groups are: "Joint Struggle against the Japan-US Security Treaty", which is Maoist and very anti-American; the Keihin Ampo Kyoto (KAK); the Kansai Partisan Corps, which is a bunch of militant students in the Kobe-Osaka area; the Kakumaru, a revolutionary Marxist group currently charged with throwing motorist cocktail parties in government offices; Hantei

Gakuyo, an anti-imperialism group a number of whose members are up on a triple-murder rap after an ambush of two hundred policemen last September.

The majority of students, however, are more concerned with music, pachinko, bowling, and movies than getting it on for the Palestine Liberation Front.

The average Japanese student is about the most dutiful in the world: from junior school he's been crammed with learning and pressure to get into university. Once he's at University he's got three or four years to ease out the scene and decide whether he'll go into business or government when he's graduated. Once he's qualified, he joins a company and you don't see much of him again until his Buddhist funeral. As for the campus radicals... well, personell chiefs from the big corporations make a point of hiring radicals for their businesses because "they organise well and have lots of energy."

Musically, the west is big. Recent acts that have pulled in packed houses in Japan include Led Zeppelin, Ike and Tina Turner, Osibisa as well as the Carpenters and Sylvie Vartan. You hear Grand Funk, CCR, Stones and Japanese imitators blasting from all the discos, though when I went to a coffee bar in the reputed heart of the Japanese radical movement in Kyoto, the Berkeley of the Orient etc etc, they were playing old Connie Francis albums (I'm going to be w-w-aaa-r-m this winter.) I think they were joking.

Pachinko is big, too. Pachinko is like pinball, only vertical and more difficult. Watch out for the new hit 'Tadashi the Pachinko Wizard' on your Nippon label.

And bowling. I got a lift with a Japanese head expecting him to sound off about the URA or the students strike at Aoyama University (which has been going on for two years) and he asked me my bowling average. Even in Kagoshima, home of Kozo Okamoto, the sole survivor of the Tel-Aviv kamikaze squad, the other students were more interested in a current bowling competition than the massacre. (Kamikaze, by the way, means 'divine wind'.)

As for dope... well, as far as most young Japanese are concerned, grass is for the golf clubs they aspire to join one day and the only needle they're likely to get into in a big way is the acupunctureist's. The Japanese Customs just had their biggest haul ever - three Americans with four and a half kilos of Korea grass caught

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 a hit in Kyoto and no one is buying it because they don't know what it is. In Tokyo, the supply of dope is so low that a lot of glue-sniffing goes on, kids with polythene bags staggering round uncheerfully and getting picked up by the police. One Danish head I met was reduced to getting off on the belladonna extract in his constipation 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 fairly freaky minor activity of Tokyo students is working for the government censor: they color over the naughty bits in Playboy Magazine with a magic marker; Hefner's introduction of pubic hair has meant extra work for penniless students. Right on, Hugh.

All this doesn't explain how come Japanese students are providing manpower 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 URA is changing from Trotskyism to anarchism and says: "They still believe violence is the easiest way to achieve revolution." Ah so? Now there's a phrase book out for sale in Japanese bookstalls, called 'Everyday Expressions in Japanese' by Hideichi Ono. On page 48, nestling amongst the 'I want to see Mount Fuji' and 'where can I find a clean hotel' is a phrase that goes: 'watashi wa kare o kenju de koroshimashita' which means 'I shot him with my revolver'. This is an 'everyday' expression, ok? And there's a fey 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 fireflies
And by the glow of white fallen snow
Which comes through the windows.

Now the fireflies are swapped for firebombs and the only thing the snow does is bury the revisionist dead.

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

Even the finest arms are an instrument of evil,
A spread of plague,
And the way for a vital man to go is not the
way of a soldier.
But in time of war men civilised in peace
Turn from their higher to their lower nature.
Arms are an instrument of evil,
No measure for thoughtful men
Until there fail all other choice
But sad acceptance of it.
Triumph is not beautiful
He who thinks triumph beautiful
Is one with a will to kill,
And one with a will to kill
Shall never prevail upon the world.
Lao Tzu



Summer Of '72

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.*



'Members of the new generation seek out the beach, the woods and the mountains. They do not litter these places with beer cans, they do not shatter the silences with power boats or motorcycle noises. They do not go to nature as a holiday from what is real... Nature is them.' *(Charles Reich)*

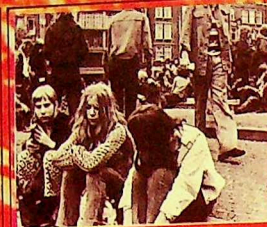
Just before I mailed this article from Amsterdam, *OZ* phoned me a gentle warning. 'We've got enough depressing pieces in this issue. Try and make your's happier.' Well, dear *OZ*, unfortunately Amsterdam is no longer the Magic Centre of the Underground that it was three or four years ago. In those balmy days it seemed that Amsterdam had taken over from San Francisco as the capital of the Alternative Youth Culture. Hippies were even flocking here from Ibiza. The



Vondelpark Scene: 'Creating a situation of complete anarchic energy through which revolutionaries can effectively move, directing the flow of energy along new channels.' *(Elia Katz, 'Armed Love')*

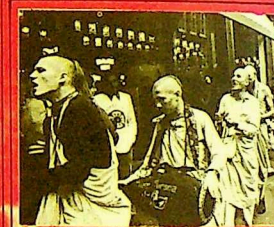
trouble was that this influx coincided with a different type of growing tourism - new hotels, highways, banks, shops and luxury apartments were being built in the old city centre. Many old working neighbourhoods were demolished and thousands of Amsterdammers were forced to move out to the very unmagical concrete suburbs such as *Bijlmermeer*, *Osdorp*, *Slotermeer* and *Slotervaart*. Ironically by coming here, the kids helped to destroy the magical atmosphere which they wanted to discover.

Of course, not all that magic has disappeared. Many people visiting Amsterdam are still able to live a life which they can't do freely at home. If you're young and from *Spokane Washington*,



The Dam Square - Amsterdam's Glastonbury: 'The Consciousness III person, no matter how young and inexperienced he may be, seems to possess an extraordinary 'new knowledge'... they see effortlessly what is phony or dishonest in politics, or what is ugly or meretricious in architecture and city planning' *(Charles Reich, 'The Greening of America')*

Amsterdam must seem like paradise. As almost everybody knows, dope is virtually legalised now, and it is possible to smoke openly in places like the *Vondelpark* and the famous *Paradiso* centre. Joints are passed casually around bars, along with the excellent *Heineken* lager. Right opposite a police station on the *Katteburgerngracht*, there's a very colourfully painted houseboat called the *Lowlands Wheat Company*, the decks of which are stacked high with ripening marijuana plants, with latest prices writ large on the side. As the city's *Alderman*



'Freaks with less money in their families are more amenable to religious fashions than to political ones.' *(Elia Katz)*

for Youth Affairs (sic) *Rudi van der Velde*, puts it, 'The people of Amsterdam are as proud of their tolerance as they are of their ring of canals and art treasures.' To prove their point, the council this year allocated 800,000 guilders (about £100,000) to deal tolerantly with the huge summer freak population. They even turned the *Vondelpark* into a hippie encampment, ('It's worth it to stop the return of the Provos and the *Dam Square* riots.') or as a Dutch friend calls it, into concentration camping for the hippies. There is a house, *Sandvaart 5*, near the park which has been converted, at a cost of 100,000 guilders, into a sort of freaks' first aid post. It has a flip-room where you can cool out after a bad trip. The people I saw when I was shown around, were two 15 year old German boys suffering from the after effects of smoking bees wax. 'There's a

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 noble young American girls were throwing frisbees joyfully to one another in the trees and sunshine. 'I feel free!'

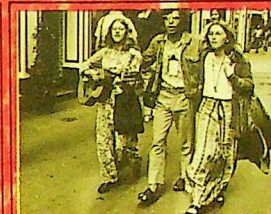


The Machine Begins to Self Destruct? If you want to see Amsterdam you'd better hurry because it's going fast.

one of them exclaimed, 'I can only feel free in Amsterdam!' This was met by smirks of derision from two local community 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 freaks - in particular the Germans 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 awkwardly strummed guitars and monotonous tomtoms (the natives were restless that day) made it difficult to hear the birds anymore.

Seeing the freak armies descending open mouthed and speechless on this city can really make you hate long hair, dope, beads and American accents. Due to the pressuring activities of people like *Willam de Ridder* and the *Provdaja* group, the so-called alternative society has always been well-subsidised by the municipality. But while the sleep-ins, *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 keep on doing it? None of them could tell me.



'The new music 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 *Studio 7 Information Centre*. 'If the dope business gets any worse, we'll see white slavery coming up soon... I branched 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.'

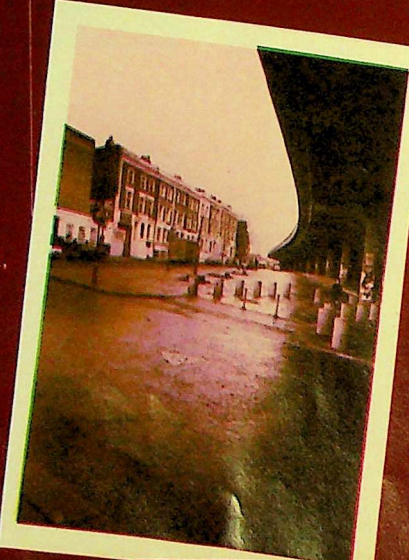
It's not surprising that in the prevailing malaise, people like *Antonio* and the merchants of religion, like the *Hare Krishna* people, the *Divine Light Mission* and the *Unified Family* flourish amongst the bewildered youth. The council, of course, indirectly subsidises their activities, including the pushers. There is a club, *Cosmos*, in the *Prins Hendrikade* where you can do a crash course in *Nirvana* entirely at the expense of the Dutch Government. 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* neighbourhood 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 neighbourhoods. This is a vital struggle at a time when good old 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-publicised activities, whole communities are being destroyed and the old city is being turned into a tourist arcade. One squatter from *Nieuwmarkt* told me, 'the arrival 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 what 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.

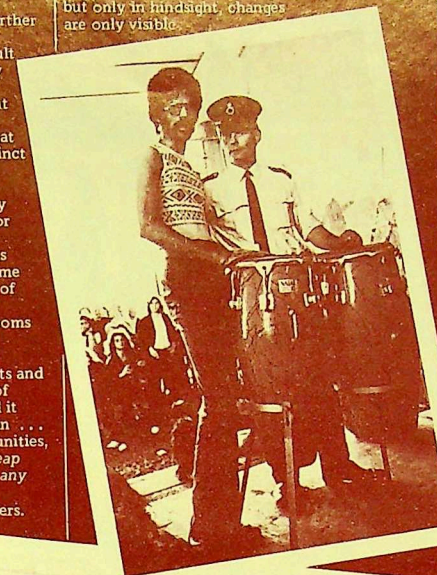
In writing about Nottinghill the temptation is constantly before you to deal in images... Interzone A, Vietgrove, The Free Grove... It isn't wrong or dishonest in any way to picture the Grove in those terms; in fact it's almost impossible not to. Every report from the Grove, from the earliest International Times to the most recent *Frenz*, 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 hard-core 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 *Frenz* 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, Playgroups and police harassment, the area appears as an underdeveloped colony of the Borough of Kensington, the bad housing and education facilities guaranteed by an indifferent Tory Council. A complex of problems, campaigns and organizations. For a white working class family Nottinghill is much like a dozen other parts of London. It centers mainly around their street or Court. Flats, their neighbours and relations. Drive a van or maybe working a vegetable stall, Shopping in Tesco's. Trying to keep the

school and out of trouble. Getting on the Housing List or grumbling about the hippies next door, going in your particular pub... For the Black population it's another world again, a different sort of community living in a different space with different significant events, and problems. But the further I get from my own experience the less convincing the description, the more difficult the translation. These worlds overlap at key places, Portobello, certain pubs, certain individual friendships and acquaintances but no one can live in all of them at once. But the point is made. The mere fact that such disparate worlds can exist in one precinct is a clue to that invisible Grove which I'm trying to get at. How did all these people get there? Why Nottinghill and not Penge or Whitechapel or South Kensington? On one level you can't answer questions like that. If you asked people why they came you'd get a thousand answers, a catalogue of personal histories and accidents. My own answer is that back in 1966 rooms were cheap and it seemed like an exciting place to be; there was dope around on the black scene, there were musicians and poets and no one cared much what you did. A sort of momentum built up, people moved in and it got more exciting so more people moved in... Other forces brought the other communities, but the forces had the same origin. Cheap rented accommodation and the absence of any strong local community who might have resented invaders.

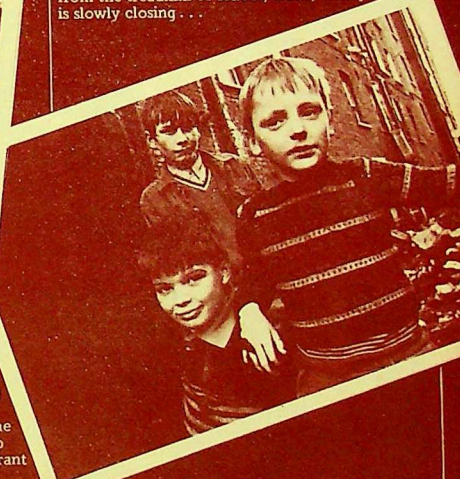
Changes in a city happen slowly. Old people who've lived in an area all their lives will tell you about the changes they've seen, but only in hindsight, changes are only visible.



There was a sort of social vacuum in the Grove, most people were just passing through, with no ties, none of the obligations of a community (remember even a middle class suburb, the apparent antithesis of a community, has such obligations: no pissing in the garden, wash your car on a Sunday please...). The Grove became what sociologists, with their gift for dumb names, call a Bohemian area. How it got from a richman's district in Victorian times to that vacuum isn't easily explained. But we all know who filled it - the poor, the black, the dropouts, the transient, hoods and whores, gays and beatnik students... People who didn't fit, whose flats and bed-sitters became their castles, and who would tolerate just about any kind of weird lifestyle. Nottinghill is more than a collection of buildings, a few trees and bits of grass. And more than the various communities who live in it. It's also an invisible pattern of social relations and economic forms which escape our awareness and control, while deeply affecting our lives. The Invisible Grove is on the move again. The Bohemian area which gave birth to the Underground is a stage which is rapidly passing. After all, those big houses and wide streets were built for the wealthy not for hippies and niggers, and now after its bohemian interludes (short in the life span of a city) it seems ready to revert to its origins, though those Victorian

on looking back. At the time they appear as isolated events, often not directly affecting you anyway. To fit these fragmented bits into a pattern is difficult; to project how the pattern will unfold is more so - a tarted up house-front here, a new boutique or restaurant there, a FOR SALE and a SOLD. Those changes are happening now. The flourishing of the 'Alternative Culture' has played a part. The head lifestyle has revealed to a whole generation of the liberal middle class (media men, ad execs, etc. etc.) a new way of leisure. A sort of 5 till 9 dropping out. Suburbia no longer holds much attraction but the Grove or Chalk Farm or Islington does. And they have power, spending power; they don't need the hassle of paying rent to grubby little landlords, (who does?). The present economic plight of British capitalism has played its part. Investors turn to city centre redevelopment for a high return on capital, since industry is looking a poor bet to say the least. So demolishing slums and building council blocks (and of course the odd hotel or office block) is big business, all in the pursuit of human happiness, mind. These combined effects and the resulting explosion of house prices are rapidly wiping out the last of rented accommodation which makes the Bohemian area possible. Most land-

lords would rather sell the whole heap to a BBC producer for an astronomical sum than collect rents off two dozen assorted disgruntled tenants (and it saves all that fucking with the Rent Tribunal and Controlled Tenancies). All you'd notice is a shortage of pads and a rise in rents. Sound familiar? London is turning inside out. Pollution or no pollution, city-centre is becoming a groovy place to live again for those who can afford it. Fortunately for the groovers, inner London hasn't gone so far downhill as New York or San Francisco (no one wants Harlem back now). A coat of pink paint, sand the floorboards and put the kitchen in the basement and you have a sooper little gaff... In a very few years everyone in the Grove will either own their house (got £50,000 stashed away? Better get that dealing scene together, son), or live in a Council Flat (are you on the List yet? No? You surprise me...). It won't be drastic, no purges, no sudden mass exodus of hippies, just nice an' easy... The Bohemian area that no one wanted (except us misfits) has become attractive again, 10 minutes from the West End by Rover 2000. Official reports and plans are already hinting, in a clinical detached sort of way, that there may be a problem for 'low income groups' who get pushed out of London. The Social Security is already advising some claimants who complain about Nottinghill rents, to move out. A lot of people have quietly gone to Kilburn, Kentish Town, Fulham, the East End, the North of England... But the conditions don't exist for a 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 curios like Portobello Road preserved in aspic for the tourists. Yet another escape from the treadmill of school, work, family is slowly closing...



The various action groups, the Tenants, the Claimants, the Squatters, the Legal Aiders, are fighting the effects, the symptoms, the visible signs of these changes. The defence groups Black and White are standing up against the Police repression which must inevitably increase if a nicer-sort-of-person is to move in. But how can you fight off the economic forces that keep grinding on underneath. Sure, you can point to the individual people who profit from such changes; but they don't cause them or control them; they are scarcely aware of them either, except as prices and transactions, business as usual. The culprit is a whole social system which is built by and perpetuates, by any means necessary, such forces. The same system which is propelled by those forces to destroy more and more of the planet and more and more people. 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.

Photographs by Alan Marcuson with George Snow

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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 '68. I can't pinpoint why 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 tamax 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 roneoed and look terrible, but they are full of the most incredible information. There's hundreds of them. "Who Put the Bomb" 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 crazy 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 isgonna start one called Apple Pie or something. There's another one which is just a hate Linda McCartney news-sheet 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 draped Jagger pennis 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 around each day" 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

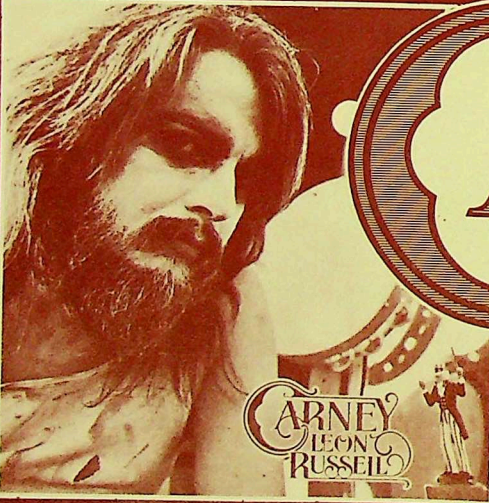
Magazine which is very fabulous. I thought perhaps we could go over some of that ground. We spoke on the phone for a while but that was all. There's no reason for her to reach 4,000,000 average New Yorkers. She would be better off giving it to Vogue. I dug up a lot of stuff on Mick which is old to the 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 scream. 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. He was keen to meet Andy Warhol but not to

Rocks Off With Roxon

(The OZ rock gossip column of the 70's)



Photograph by Linda Eastman



ARNEY LEON RUSSELL

A ROCK 'N' ROLLER COASTER

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 18 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.

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 afterwards, 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 what they thought 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.

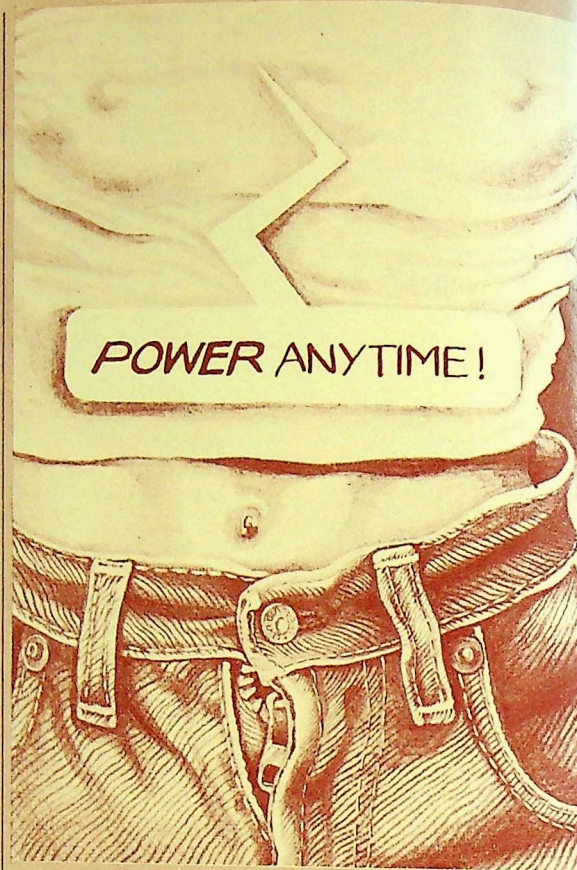
David Bowie:

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 Stooze/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 is 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 his things like prowling 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 pretends to go down on him. The guitarist's back is to 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's 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 say 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 headmistress' 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 unbarred 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. Someone 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 30 or black!" I laughed, but there's an awful lot of truth in it. Nobody in New York is having too good a time in the sexual area. A lot of us like to visit Boston where it seems easier. Most people I know are into work instead of sex. I asked one of the greatest looking women in New York what she would rather have, 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

to get their rocks off. I'm waiting for a machine that will tell me that it loves me and listen to my problems.

The girls in Ms. are not the heavy ones in Womens Lib. I got a very hostile reception to their Womens Centre although they are probably very helpful to people in real trouble.

Germaine Greer:

Americans adore her, they think she is highly intelligent. They think she's one of the most beautiful women they have ever seen, they think she's generous, warm, sweet, kind, no ego, devoted to the cause, all kinds of things like that. I thought it would be nice to end this conversation with a big lie. People in New York are frightened to offend her because she can be useful to them. They like her for the wrong reasons. No one appreciates the great thing about her which is her incredible courage. On TV she's brave and outrageous, she does a kind of street theatre that's brilliant and puts over a point so well. She'd do anything, she'd strip on TV, she'd show her ovaries if it were politic. Germaine blew it with a lot of people who could have loved her if she'd given them a chance. It's like the Lennox. She misses out on the people who don't want anything from her but would like to reach her on a very simple level.

Louise: What did she do this time in New York (June 72)?

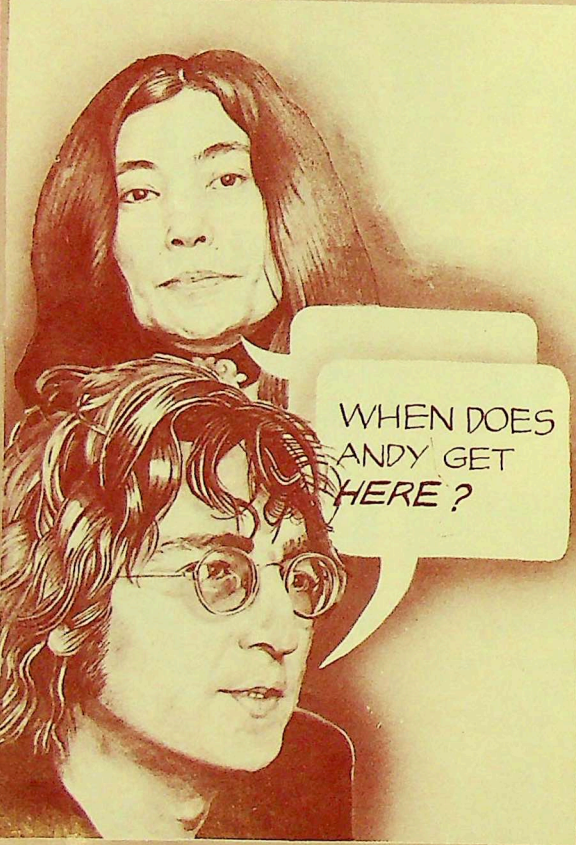
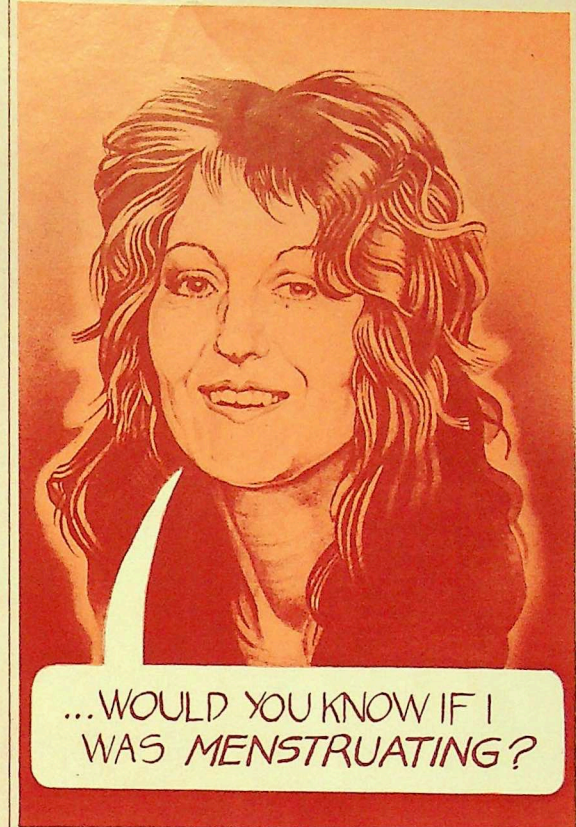
She did some good things. She was on TV and the guy talking to her brought up the subject of women being different when they were menstruating

and she turned to him on national TV and said 'David (Susskind), would you know if I was menstruating now?' His face was a study. That shock confrontation. The audience loved her. He retired in confusion. Of course I would have said "Yes, I know you are because I saw the tampon in your handbag," even if it wasn't true. It would have been a great line to follow with. If her outrageousness could be more directed Germaine could be more valuable and more important than anyone else in the States. There was a rumour of her own TV show. Maybe she is a little too academic for the Great American Public. She should try to get more to ordinary woman.

Louise: But her book more than most womens' books on women, has gone to the ordinary woman.

Yes, that's true. I don't think for instance that anyone read Kate Millet's book. When she was on with Mailer, what she said about the male versus the female artist had a great effect on me. She certainly defeated Mailer at the Carnegie Hall event, but the point of the event was that she really turned on Diana Trilling. They went at each other like piranhas. Why didn't she do that to Mailer? She was pretty nice to him, she kept patting his hand, and he kept patting her hand. Diana Trilling is a member of an age group that really interests me, the age group that our mothers are in

Tom Jones and Elvis Presley: Tom loves all his ladies but he'd like to have younger people think he's hip again.



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 Fanzines. 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 stumping 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 looks like Elvis in drag. They look even more alike than the Jaggars. I hear she 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.'

This photograph replaces two pages of fun and fantasy sex ads, which had to be withdrawn at the last minute on the advice of our crack team of legal advisers.



Guajuato, Mexico 1956. Elliott Erwitt - Magnum Photos. From 'Photographs and Anti-Photographs' published by Thames & Hudson, October 1974.



All orders for any mail order items must be pre-paid using the special mail order coupon that is stapled in the centre of the magazine (we hope). If someone else has used the coupon send orders with a cheque or postal order made out to 'OZ Mail Order' and send to:
Bruce The Mail Order King,
OZ Magazine,
19 Great Newport Street,
London WC2.

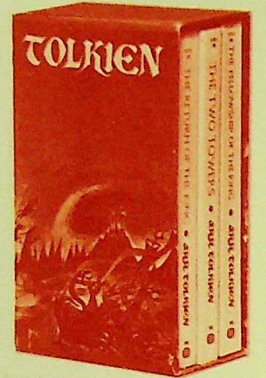
Books

- ★ 1. *The Diary of a Drug Fiend* by Aleister Crowley (Sphere): The Beast's private papers. Not for squeamish readers. 45p + 10p p&p.
- ★ 2. *The Complete Guide to Growing Marijuana* by David Fleming: It's cheaper, it's healthier and it's completely illegal. 40p + 8p p&p.
- ★ 3. *The Family: Charles Manson's Dune Buggy Attack Battalion* by Ed Sanders (Hart Davis): You've probably read some of the extracts from this in OZ 40. A terrifying, slice by slice account of the Manson murders. Psychedelic fascism incarnate. £2.50 + 15p p&p.
- ★ 4. *Knots* by R.D. Laing (Penguin): Tricky games for inquisitive hippies by smart-alec Ronny. Hours of fun - amaze your friends and expand your biceps. 25p + 5p p&p.

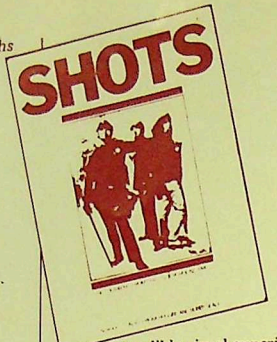


- ★ 5. *The Tarot Revealed* by Eden Gray: A fascinating and articulate re-discovery of the essential truths contained within Tarot Cards. 60p + 8p p&p.
- ★ 6. *The Strange Case of Pot* by Mike Schofield (Pelican-Penguin): Strange indeed. A book worth reading if you're seriously interested in the legalisation of marijuana. 30p + 8p p&p.

- ★ 7. *Speed* by William Burroughs Jr (Sphere): 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 is better to say nothing. 30p + 8p p&p.
- ★ 9. *Narcotic Plants* by W. Emboden (Studio Vista): Large hardback book, fully illustrated, with pages of full-colour photographs. Reviewed in OZ 42. £2.80 + 30p p&p.

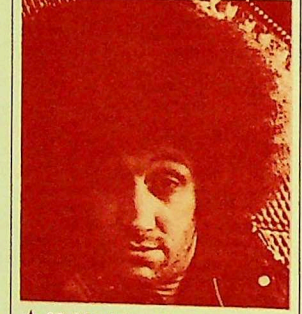


- ★ 10. *The Lord of the Rings* by J.R.R. Tolkien: The original three volume edition. Unbelievable value for an imported set. £1.80 + 25p p&p.
- ★ 11. *Leaves of Grass by Hassan I Sabbah (Unicorn)*: Full of stuff on your favourite weed; cultivation, preparation and plenty of recipes. 45p + 5p p&p.
- ★ 12. *Farallones Scrapbook (Random House)*: Practical ideas for the revolutionary schoolroom. £1.90 + 15p 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.*
- ★ 14. *Projective Ornaments* by Claude Bragdon (Unicorn): Amazing new forms and designs for the architectural artist. This book could transform your home environment. 90p + 8p p&p.
- ★ 15. *Rasperry Exercises (Preestone)*: For the millions of kids in 'prison' and the few people trying to spring 'em. A free school in a soft back book. £1.90 + 15p p&p.
- ★ 16. *Living On Earth* by Alicia Bay Laurel (Vintage): A freaky, personal scrapbook of celebrations, storm warnings, formulas, recipes, rumours and country dances. Crazy and informative. £1.90 + 15p p&p.
- ★ 17. *Dylan - A Commemoration* by Stephen Pickering (Book people): Forget boring A.J. Weberman and his garbage can exploits. Here is an author who really knows his subject and who has produced an extraordinary selection of reports, facts, data and speculation on Bobby Dylan. An excellent book. 95p + 8p p&p. (Imported)
- ★ 18. *Shots* edited by David Fenton (Academy): The camera never lies. The American way of life and death captured in glowing black and white. A beautiful book of photographs from the American underground press, compiled by Liberation News Service. 'Shots' is an



incredible visual experience.

- ★ 19. *Shots* edited by David Fenton (Academy): The camera never lies. The American way of life and death captured in glowing black and white. A beautiful book of photographs from the American underground press, compiled by Liberation News Service. 'Shots' is an
- ★ 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.
- ★ 21. *Arms And The Men: Ireland in Turmoil* by Seamus Brady (Freedom): Brady is an Irish journalist born in Derry and this book is an account of the Dublin Arms Trial in late 1970. Naked journalistic reportage crammed with names, dates, times, and eye-witness accounts with short biographies of those involved. 30p + 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: Paper houses, wigwags, domes, caravans, caves. £1.20 + 12p p&p.



- ★ 23. *Watch Out Kids* by Mick Farren (Open Gate): He's doing it again - The Farren Memoirs. £1.50 + 8p p&p.
- ★ 24. *The Essential Lenny Bruce* edited by John Cohen (Open Gate): See OZ 39, for review on Father Bruce. 85p + 12p p&p.
- ★ 25. *Ugly when She Smiles* by Will Pollard (Crest Press): Reviewed in this issue. 30p + 10p p&p.

Posters

- (With a little help from Big 'O')
- ★ *Dylan*: The front cover of OZ 7 made into a beautiful gold/black/red poster. Prints on gold foil. 65p + 15p p&p.
- ★ *Cannabis*: Heavy shit printed on gold foil. 65p + 15p p&p.
- ★ *Max Ernst*: An amazing black and red collage of the birdman and his victim printed on silver foil. 65p + 15p p&p.
- ★ *OZ Head*: A piece of living history. 55p + 15p p&p.
- ★ *Mick 'n' Vince*: This is the extraordinary full colour version of the Martin Sharp double spread

our readers will remember from 'Acid Oz' Issue 55p + 15p p&p.
★ *Van Box*: Here's Mr Van Gogh with the gloves off! A disturbing portrait. 55p + 15p p&p.
★ *Vincent*: Flower power craziness. A mindblower. 55p + 15p p&p.
★ *Cream*: Jack, Ginger and Eric - creamed but not forgotten (Mr Stigwood). Amazing collage of colour and photographs by M.S. 55p + 15p p&p.
★ *Che*: Giant size (really giant) red, yellow, blue and black solarised print of our hero. 85p + 15p p&p.
★ *Hendrix*: Enormous (another giant) four colour Martin Sharp of Jimi Hendrix in action. A beautiful poster (first published in OZ 17). 85p + 15p p&p.
★ *David Hockney*: Large picture of the three OZ editors in the raw, drawn by David before their hair was shorn. And when they still had a pair of balls between them. Black and white. £1 + 12p p&p.
★ *Trashman*: Out of the glistenin' night comes Trashman. And onto your wall for only 40p + 12p p&p.

'Ink'

Attention Libraries, museums, rich liberals and collectors! 'Ink' Newspaper has now liquidated, and the entire stock of back issues available at the time of liquidation have been purchased by OZ Magazine. They run from 1st May 1971 through to 21st February 1972. Thirty-three sets have been bound in durable stiff leather covers and double stitched for maximum protection. These are the only sets in existence (known to us) that are complete and for sale. There are twenty-nine issues comprising each bound volume. The negatives and plates of every issue of INK are to be destroyed. Once these sets are sold, whoever purchases them will own a unique and fascinating sociological...blah...blah...blah...

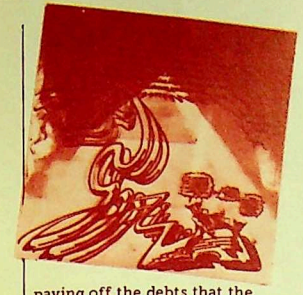


Remember: We have only thirty three sets. First come, first served.
Cost: £100.00 per set. (postage free to any where in the world.)
Stop Press: We have already sold four sets...

Sounds

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

Photographs by Alan Marcuson



paying off the debts that the Fayre owes, and the remainder is being put towards founding an Ecological Research Foundation. The album consists of three LPs, posters, a 32 page book, information sheets on the live recordings, a silver cut-out build your own pyramid and a bundle of pretty stickers all wrapped up in a heat-sealed polythene bag. £3.60 + 20p p&p.

OZ Badges

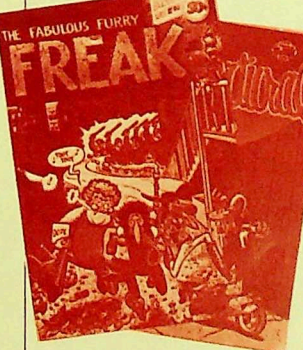
The original OZ Beautiful Freak Badge in Red and yellow or red and blue - 10p each + 4p p&p.

Sculpture

Beautiful, handpainted plaster Honeybunch models, obtainable only through OZ. Each one is produced entirely by hand and stands almost seven inches high.



Here is delicious Honeybunch as you have never seen her before, in sensational three dimensions. Every model is unique and finished in a combination of five separate colours: flesh tone, red, yellow, black and white. "What a little yummy" £1.35 + 25p p&p.



Comics

- ★ *Homemade Comics*: A Dutch anthology of American u/g comics. Sex, dope and cheap thrills with all your favourites. £1.00 + 15p p&p.
- ★ *Furry Freak Brothers*: A

collection of the best. Fab Furry Freak Bros in action. A collectors dream. 25p + 5p p&p.
★ *Mr Natural II*: Crumb's weirdest strip character really gets it on in this second anthology. 25p + 5p p&p.

Smells

★ *Krishna perfume oils*: You may live in a shithouse - but why smell like one? Each one of these perfumes comes in a small glass bottle; and they smell



as good as they sound. Sandalwood, Orange, Patchouli, Rose, Honeysuckle, Jasmin. Delicious. One dab of these and you'll never use Old Spice again. 45p a bottle + 5p p&p.
★ *Krishna incense sticks*: Seven varieties to choose from: Mangoli, Patchouli, Sandalwood, Lotus, Strawberry Fields, Frangipani and Musk, all 35p a packet plus 5p p&p.

Special Offer

Amazing, stupendous and unbelievable special offer from OZ Mail Order this month. Right now, two new books have been published for people living and staying in London. *The Survival Guide*: A guide to survival for people who don't know London; how to enjoy big city life and avoid being exploited. For foreign visitors there is a section on how to pass effortlessly through immigration control, fix yourself up with a visa renewal and land a work permit. 30p + 5p p&p. *Alternative London III*: New, polished, improved and checked edition of *Alternative London*. Includes hundreds of readers' suggestions and many completely new sections: 1) How to Grow Hash without Breaking The Law; 2) Bulk buy your health food; 3) Detailed overland trip to India; 4) Children's education - how to avoid the state system; 5) Ecology by 'Friends of the Earth'; 6) Improved homosexual section; 7) Do-it-yourself divorce; 8) How to get other information not included in this book. 35p + 5p p&p. Either of these books are offered to OZ readers placing orders for over £1.00 for goods from this month's OZ Mail Order, at HALF PRICE. Post and packing will be included free.

OZ T-Shirts

- ★ *OZ Trial Honeybunch*: Orange or Mustard.
- ★ *OZ Trial Rupert*: Black on Mauve.

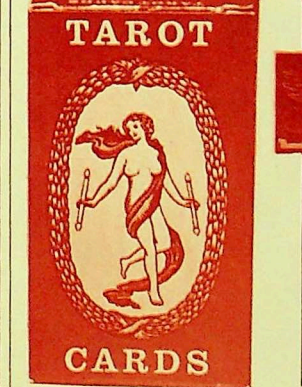


Here's a trio of OZ staffers sporting the original, incomparable OZ 'Trial T-shirts'. Unfortunately our drunken lensman has cropped off the 'Rupert' design. Tough shit - you should know what it looks like by now. Anyway, if you turn to page 38 you'll find some even more incredible T-shirts.

- ★ *OZ Famous Elephant*: Blue and Red on Yellow. Sizes: Medium or large. Price: £1.25 + 10p p&p each.
- ★ *Cigarette papers*: 100 dollar bill, Stars and Stripes. 12p + 3p p&p each packet. Big 5 (white, 5" long) 6p + 3p p&p.

Yet more...

★ *The Waite Pack of Tarot Cards*: These cards designed by AE Waite and drawn by Pamela Coleman Smith, were first issued in 1910. Waite and Smith



were both members of the magical Order of the Golden Dawn. The 78 cards are beautifully printed in Switzerland on shiny, durable card. £2.25 + 8p p&p.
★ *Giant cigarette rollers*: Look, one hand. And perfect smokes every time. 45p + 5p p&p.

- ★ *Soapstone chillums*: For the discerning customer only. 40p + 5p p&p.
- ★ *Desiderata*: 17th Century text prayer offering advice and consolation. "You are a child of the Universe..." 20p + 5p p&p.

OZ Artwork

After much debate amongst ourselves, we have decided to offer for sale the original artwork for OZ 28, the School Kids Issue. Offers will commence at £500.00. (A third of this money will be given to BIT, a third will be donated to the Nasty Tales Defense Fund. The remaining third will be spend paying Mr Butler's legal fees incurred in our recent libel case, described further in last issue's 'Spike' page.

Waterbeds

The completely new Aquarius Waterbeds, now designed and built in this country. Special for OZ readers only:
★ 1. Complete single unit, measuring 3'6" x 6'6" - £35.
★ 2. Queen size unit, measuring 4'9" x 6'6" - £40. (prices inclusive of delivery charges).
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.



On Your Marx...

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 revolutionaries, in opposition to the one held by Marxist Leninists. And the position held by Libertarians, dear Oz 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 underdeveloped countries where revolutions have taken place, in order to bring those countries up to an economy of abundance where true Communism would be possible. But America already has an economy of abundance — so the U.S.A. can proceed straight to Communism (defined by B & W as a society devoted to community, play, sensuousness, 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 the brakes on production anyway, 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 rickety state of Britain's economy) what follows will be music to every freak's ears. Those sadly straight workers asking for more wages are just plain irrelevant. And the Marxist organisations who are trying to find ways of overthrowing the capitalist state and bringing the working-class to power, are just plain wrong. The only people who are right are those who are devoting themselves to 'community, play and sensuousness', to a spontaneous revolution from below — in other words, the freaks! Because these are the people who are already living out the future society, who are creating the example which everyone else will follow. It's consciousness that counts now, not political economy.

I don't actually agree with this. But I still think Marxists ought to read this article, and not dismiss it out of hand. For a kick off, it's got vision — a sense of the immense human possibilities of the revolution — which is sadly lacking in most left-wing writing. It sees very clearly how individual human needs — and the needs of the community — are neglected by consumer-capitalism. It sees how the ecological crisis is the direct product

of a society devoted to private consumption, and how this kind of society must be abolished if the ecological crisis is to be solved. It is sensitive to the importance of the experience and ideas of the women's liberation movement, implying that this movement is an indispensable contributor to the 'revolutionary project' in the West.

With all this, and more, I agree. I agree that revolutionaries in America, and here, must create the theory and strategy appropriate to conditions in their own countries, rather than mechanically importing theories from the past or abroad. I agree that Marxists cannot dodge the problem of the excessive power of the state (its failure to 'wither away') in the Socialist countries. I agree that conditions in developed countries are quite different from those in underdeveloped countries, posing quite new problems for revolutionaries. And I agree that in these countries the need to attack ideological oppression and bourgeois consciousness — and to promote an alternative socialist ideology — is much greater than it is in countries where the main social problem is poverty; in other words, revolutionaries must focus much more on the quality of life under modern capitalism.

These are all crucial questions that the Marxist left in Britain has failed pretty abysmally to grapple with.

But most of the people who read this piece won't be Marxists. They will probably be people who will see it as confirmation of what they already believe. To these people (to you) I'd like to suggest that 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 are the only class who are forced to make the revolution because of their exploited position in society, and who are able to make the revolution because of the way 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 everyone may have a long-term interest in solving the ecological crisis, they will not do so against

their own class-interests (for example, by giving up production for profit and going over to production for use). Only the working-class has an interest, as a class, in ending the present system. That being so, winning over the workers to revolutionary politics remains the primary strategic task for revolutionaries.

The State: it's not mentioned in the article. But the revolution is not merely 'workers control' (happening spontaneously?) and the democratisation of social institutions. It is also the overthrow of the capitalist state, which uses all its coercive force to prevent people democratising their work and lives. It also involves making sure that the capitalist class doesn't regain control of society again after the revolution. It is also reorganising society so that production takes place for the good of society as a whole, and not just one individual sector. Will the workers at Fords stop producing cars (which may be socially necessary) just because they've got workers control?

All of these problems require a measure of organisation, a measure of centralisation. We can dispute how much, we can dispute what forms it should take, we can discuss accountability and responsibility and party-democracy. Above all we can discuss the relationship of the party to the people and their own democratic organisations. But to suggest that the revolutionary overthrow of the capitalist state, and the revolutionary reorganisation of society, can simply 'happen' from below, like an outbreak of measles, seems pretty unconvincing to me.

How can the consciousness of one struggle be transferred to the next without a party existing to enshrine that consciousness? How are different struggles going to link up in a strategic assault on the system without a party co-ordinating the attack?

Need such an organisation be hierarchical, rigid, boring, insensitive to individual human needs? I don't think so. I think the revolution in personal life — the elimination of bourgeois consciousness within the revolutionary organisation — is a precondition for the success of the 'revolutionary project'. But that's very different from saying that the organisation is superfluous.

The Freaks: here I think the article leads us up the garden path. Freaks can only live their supposedly exemplary existence because the surplus produced by workers gives them the leisure to do so. Their relative freedom depends on the unfreedom and toil of others. Ideologically they may in certain respects anticipate the new society. Materially, their very existence derives from their privileged position in the old

society. This applies to me, too, and I would be arrogant to think otherwise. True, everybody should have more leisure, and work should cease to be boring and alienated. That will happen after the revolution, at which time everybody will also do the amount of work necessary to predicated 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 of that struggle.

Finally, **freedom:** the article talks a lot about freedom, meaning freedom from external constraints, freedom to play, freedom to do what you want. But freedom is an abstraction, meaning different things to different people. There are other 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 when you don't understand 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 organising to end a system which makes man the victim of his own history rather than the conscious creator of it.

But the kind of organisation and struggle may well involve certain constraints, and will certainly involve effort and work. So it depends how you look at it. All we know for sure is that at the moment a minority have a relative amount of freedom, while the majority don't. This is because we live in a class society. 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 what appears to be a marvellous 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 John 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 recognise 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 Mankind to include all people, but we do not use Womankind 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 '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 reive 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 even 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

Love It To Death

Dr Jerry Rubenfield

'We're fucking busy, and vice versa.' Dorothy Parker

'Is you gettin' yo women together and keeping them in dope and dresses.' Inner City Romance Comics

'Let me say, at the risk of sounding ridiculous that every true revolutionary is motivated by feelings of great love.' Che Guevara.

'Those who have never known the deep intimacy and the intense companionship of happy mutual love have missed the best thing that life has to give.' Bertrand Russell.

'Two weeks ago he was dry humping me in the elevator! And now I'm lucky if he remembers my goddamn name.' Young Lust Comics.

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 part of 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 wouldn't 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'd probably make a lot more because we get to

where we're going.

Couples splitting up. They want a better love. But the secret is to be able to love other people without leaving those whom you already love, not the freedom to stop loving someone. Nevertheless, sometimes now it is necessary to give up someone because your love was too distorted and therefore too difficult to maintain. And you may meet again someday.

You can only leave, though, if you believe that there will be love elsewhere in the world for you. You cannot leave 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 lovemaking 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 — at 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 their knowledge or their growing up anymore for we shall have betrayed neither them nor ourselves.

There will be no rules, for love knows 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

Simon 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 . . .

Hot Rats

It's an ordinary enough restaurant in Northern London. Maybe a dozen tables, good cutlery and glassware, bright table cloths, rather inviting pictures of chateaux and provincial France on the walls. A menu offering with the true determination of every British restaurateur to dispel the reputation of appalling cooking, the staples of French cuisine at reasonable prices. It's 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 yacht 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 'specialite 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 flatly in reply to my first incredulous questions, '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 see much difference in the situation here. 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.

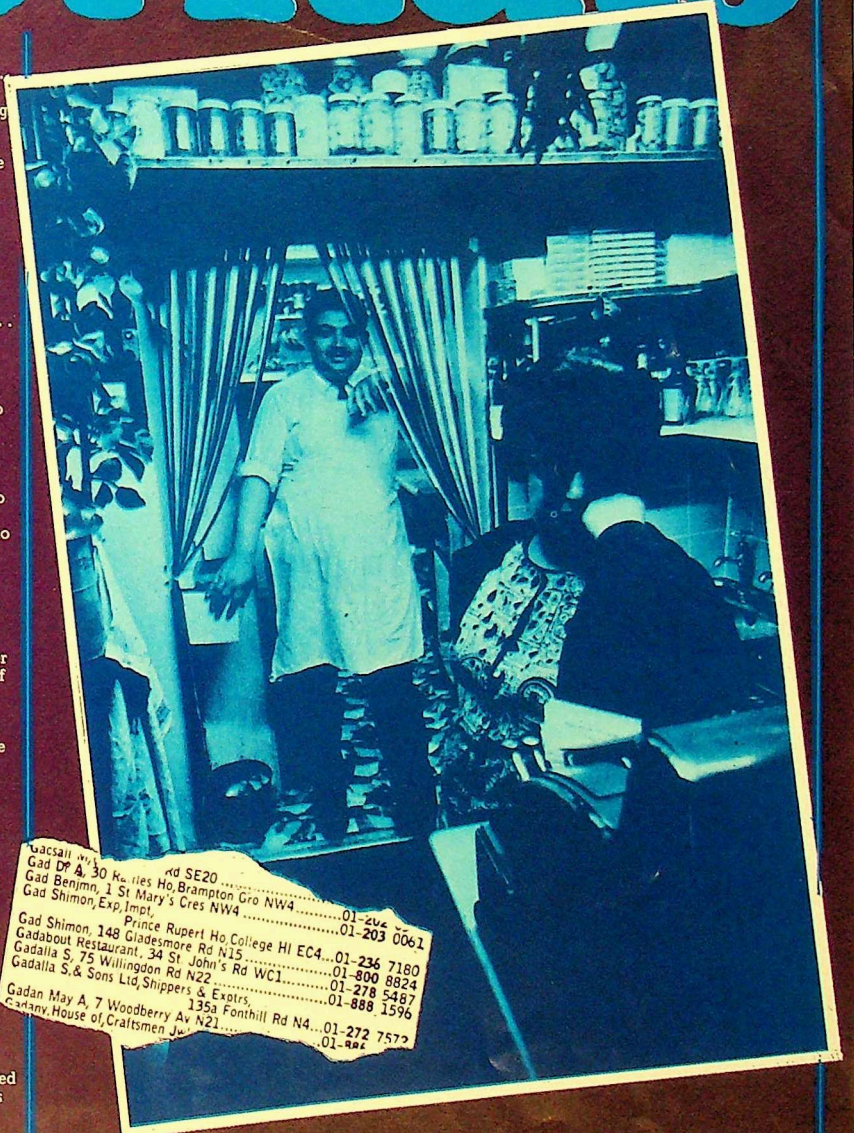
'Good Heavens no! You're trying to make me sound like something out of Arsenic and Old Lace. Sometimes the local kids collect a dozen or so for us and Alec gives them a few bob, but mostly we catch them ourselves out the back.'

'We' appeared to mean a large tabby cat which lay peacefully on Mrs 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 well-fed specimens. Mrs Starr's recipe closely followed that of the traditional cassoulet although the rats (or mice depending on what was available) were marinated in red wine twenty-four hours before use . . .

Had she received any complaints from dissatisfied, or even diseased customers?

'Not really. There's always a few polite inquiries, but nobody has complained, nobody certainly, has got sick. There was a hospital scare once from here, but it had nothing to do with my cassoulet or the terrine. Have you tasted it? It's absolutely delicious and one of the best things on the menu.'

I refused to be put off my questioning by Mrs Starr's offhand manner. 'But surely it's contrary to governmental regulations concerning the running of restaurants. Tell me, has a Health Inspector certified that it's safe?



Gad DP A, 30 K... rd SE20
Gad Benimn, 1 St Mary's Brampton Gro NW4
Gad Shimon, Exp. Impet, ... 01-203 0061
Gad Shimon, 148 Gladesmore Rd N15... 01-236 7180
Gadabout Restaurant, 34 St John's Rd WC1... 01-800 8824
Gadalla S, 75 Willington Rd N22... 01-278 5487
Gadalla S. & Sons Ltd, Shippers & Exptrs, 135a Fonthill Rd N4... 01-888 1596
Gadan May A, 7 Woodberry Av N21... 01-272 7572
Cafetery House of Craftsmen Ju... 01-884

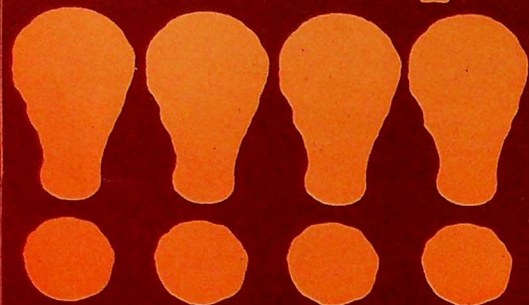
'Well no, actually. It's only been on the menu since last October. I know of no law that I am breaking, but if I'm eventually told to stop these two items, of course I will. But until then . . .'

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 pate 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 Starrs 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 anyway.

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 thriving and rapacious populations. Many Pacific Islands, hitherto untouched by rats, found that the invading troops left the native population with an extra and unwelcome 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 South East Asia to Africa to South West America.

Weill's Disease (leptospirosis) 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-borne 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

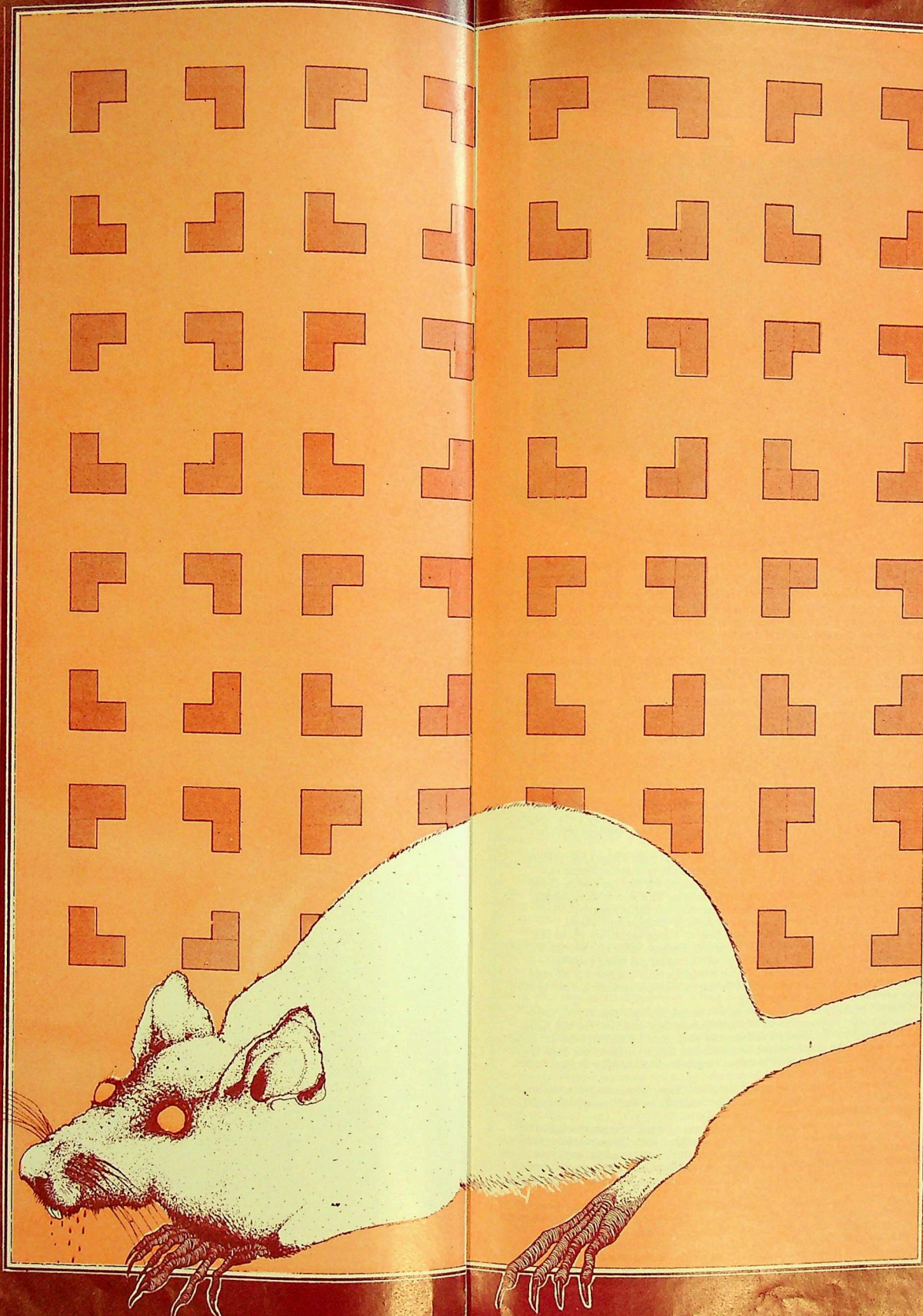
for painful relapses long after apparent recovery.

Rats inflict vast amounts of damage on material objects. Food, crops, buildings, sewers and even lead pipes are prey for the revaging 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



appoint twenty times the number of Inspectors and pay them according to their range of duties', duties that involve checking on air pollution, noise control, environmental health, housing and food standards. Once the PHI has designated an area of infestation, the actual rodent inspector — the rat catcher — is overworked and the post is vastly understaffed. Rentokil, a leading pest control agency, point out that a very large proportion of their business is as contractors to various local authorities.

The local authorities are again hampered by gross inadequacies in the law dealing with rodents. The Public Health Act of 1936, Section 93, may well empower PHIs 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 fight 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 have been awarded in the magistrates court is £11. He than simply bypasses the law by signing the cafe over to his wife, brother or whoever. Profits remain, customers still come in and the rats make sure they

continue well fed.

The control of rodents is a problem that is as old as the existence of the rodents themselves. Shakespeare mentions rhyming rats to death and there are traditional curses and incantations supposed to deal with them. Cats are a time-honoured anti-rodent force and in 930 one finds King Howell the Good of Wales regulated the price of cats according to their ratcatching talents. With all due respect to the finest ratter, they may keep numbers down, but the most tyrannical cat cannot really be termed an effective agent of control. In the last two decades control has been mainly in the hands of an anti-coagulant poison 'Warfarin'. So called after the Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation, Warfarin suppresses the normal coagulant properties of blood vessels and thus cause haemorrhages. Superior to the pre-1950 staple poisons — acute poisons which depended on one ingestion only to cause death Warfarin has made large inroads on the rodent population. Warfarin though successful, is by no means infallible, and recently strains of super-rats and super-mice have been discovered — resistant to the poison. Only 5% of Warfarin resistant cases come amongst rats, but 50% are mice. The main alternative to Warfarin is Alphakil — so called by Rentokil's laboratories — in fact a poison named Alpha-chloralose, a narcotic drug which causes death by lowering the internal body temperature of its consumer.

So, if you see a rat or a family of mice in your tower block or comfy drop-out pad, don't just jump on a chair and scream. Your obscure psychological fears that a rodent might run up your cunt or arse-hole may be justified, but you should immediately report their appearance, and while you wait for officialdom to do something about it, take such homely steps as buying a twelve-in-one mouse-trap, some suitable poison or a cat

What it is — Class: mammalia Order: rodentia Family: muridae Genus: RATTUS Species: RATTUS (the black or plague rat) or NORVEGICUS (the brown rat). But the black rat can be brown and the brown rat black or even pink.

Where it is — The black rat is confined to the coastal regions of Britain — mainly the ports where it transfers from ships. The brown rat lives throughout the country.

Size —
Average body length of black rat: 200 mm
Average body length of brown rat: 245 mm.
Average length of tail (black): 120 mm.
Average length of tail (brown): 200 mm

Weight —
Maximum weight of black rat: 215 gms.
Maximum weight of brown rat: 520 gms.

Speed — Cruising: 60 cm per sec. Top 130 cm per sec. (Scale speed equal to a VC 10)

Power — If rats were the size of labrador dogs they would wipe-out most forms of animal life (including humans) within 5 years. Unparalleled viciousness, energy, tenacity and strength make them the most advanced animal weapon of destruction yet created.

Today's thought —

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.

Ambrose Hollingsworth continues to contemplate the Zodiac.



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 throw away is his own attitude toward a Natural Law. We can say we are not going to 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 mass 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. Most of us think the true ruler serves the people. However, some say that all people (including the king) are servants of the one source and the king is the one who does it best. This was the traditional attitude of Old Kingdom Egypt which required the Pharaohs to be initiates of the Temple of Truth and Service. These kings by divine right were called 'Winged' Pharaohs because their awareness was free from the restrictions of time and space.

Practical occultism says that a model of the universe is the only successful structure. The king is the sun, the people are planets and the kingdom is the solar system. No warmth comes from the sun nor any light. Energy comes from a sun as the influence of its own aliveness. This is turned to heat and light by the atmosphere (aura) of the individual planet.

In the presence of a true king men are inspired to be not the king but higher versions of themselves. The more inspiring the king the less commands he has to give, unless for other reasons the people see him through a false image. This may be due to their own limitations, or by the king's intent.

The top of Leo is no longer aware of the existence of pride or the attention of others. His aura is so coherent as to cause order in his environment. The calmest place in battle is where the king's banner stands.

The love of Leo is the warmest love of all, shining without discrimination. The loved one is usually aware mostly of the warmth which does not burn, the example which does not ridicule. Nobility which is real is our reminder of human excellence, not our goals but our standards.

The Tarot Trump represents Leo by the card entitled Strength of Fortitude. 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. Cat's-eye, Gold, The Christ, The Nubian Lion of Heracles, Creative of the I Ching, the Child, the King.



'Behold, a virgin shall be with child and bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel which means: God within us.' Matthew 1:23

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 come 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 chin in loose ends without his careful servant. Who else would follow an act like Leo? Without Virgo things would never get back together. 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.

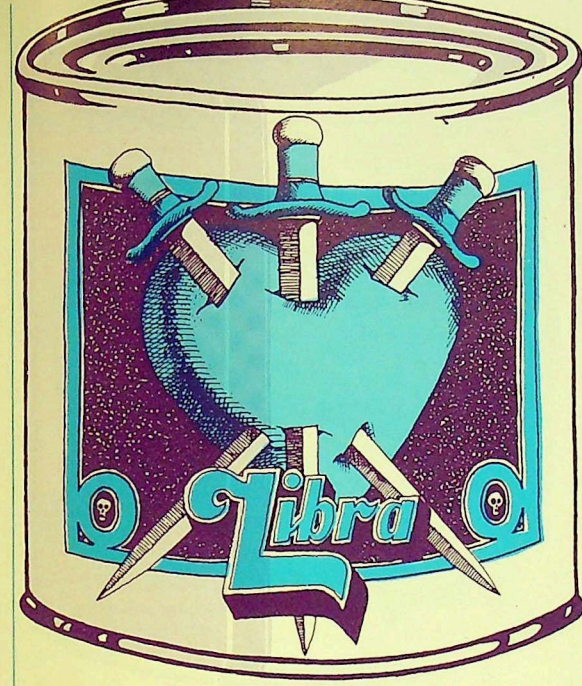
Organic ecology is a special work of the Sixth Sign. The King's Caretaker is actually responsible to Mother Nature first and then to the King. And it's all up to the King to understand that priority and to lend his Kingly aid. Virgo is the green-thumb. An essential key to organic ecology is the group psychic intelligence of Nature. Virgo, the Mutable-Earth Sign is the most psychic of the Twelve.

Selfless service, in the terms of the Sixth Sign, means to serve without involving one's self except to serve. The Sixth Tribe isn't always doing it that way either but they are always ready to.

Virgo is conservation which involves having what you need when you need it because you haven't used it for anything else. Conservation 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.

Simplicity is at the top of Virgo. Peace comes with simplicity after we have thoroughly learned and loved the details. Peace, no more alternatives, no different versions, just simple truth, beautiful and pure.

Bravery and steadiness under fire is a tradition of the Sixth Tribe of Heaven. This is the cool courage which awes 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 wierdly 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 pulls apart. Both are righteous, 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 the Adamandeve; and the human form is temporarily not produced by the individual human spirit but is re-produced 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 Sign and there was no Libra.

Libra is the Sign of marriage and partnership and of the unting opposite. Libra represents the fact that we are, each of us, only half here, the other half is in Heaven. Love is the unity of 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 Sign responds directly to both their surroundings and circumstances as well as their Earth-mate or not. Not only is Libra the Sign of Partnership, but Librans need the response of an interest- Libra the 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. One and one make three in every creative process.

Appropriate response is the Key to military success. Libra is not only the Sign of love but also of war and the game of chess.

Recovery of equilibrium or balance is the activity of justice. Libran people are very concerned with the fairness of things and many of them know a lot or at least have accurate instincts about what is just and fair. So they weigh and they measure and sometimes they never decide. With no thing strong enough to respond to they may let things hang in the balance. Refinement is also a major concern to Libra. The Seventh Sign is the expert in what's crude or clumsy and what's graceful. Harmony, sometimes ject in the Seventh House of Heaven. Not discord but harmony, sometimes at all costs. Sometimes the laziness of the Sign hides the basic interest in refinement and neatness.

Beautiful may include the pretty but it's also different. Venus, Goddess of Love and Beauty, shines twelve ways. In Libra is shown beauty of line and form, not depending upon inner beauty. When we say 'beautiful person' we usually are referring to the person inside the form. But what the Seventh Sign tells us is that there is such a thing as beauty of face and form which can be seen regardless of the Light shining from within or not.

Among the lore of Libra is to be found; F-natural, green, aloe, myrtle, clover, rose, peacock, wheat, corn, poplar, cypress, blue-eyed blonde, classical art, chemistry, cooking, emerald, green jade, moss agate, nectarine, maple leaf. Of the Tarot; the third trump, Daeth, the Empress, and the eleventh trump called Justice, and the two, three and four of Swords.



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 playground 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 only interruptions of the life 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 antipaeid preoccupation with physical sex are doing them no favors, only contributing to the Earth-binding of a 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 processions from inconceivable homes into the great dangers; the incarnational. Down through the under-depths 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 Scorpion 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, scorpion, 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, gatelights 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 talking 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 clean 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 fascination 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 rhymes and rhythms.

Running through the trees is an action symbolic of the Ninth Sign. Freedom of movement is esoterically associated 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 mean the removal of that which makes it digestible. The esoteric meaning of refinement is the removal of the precious 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. For they so love their fellow-man that they willingly do whatever it takes to protect him from those who would enslave or destroy him.

The upper Initiation of Sagittarius is represented by the Centaur of Thessaly; the galloping body of a horse, from the shoulders of which rise the upper torso, arms and head of a man shooting an arrow from a bow. Man rises up out of the animal (which is already running hard, i.e. doing its best) and yet there's even more. There is the arrow.

Blue, A-flat, Tin, Horse, large animals (the dog is not the favorite animal of Sagittarius although in folk tales are to be found men to hold nocturnal dog barks), iris, sapphire and star sapphire, tall trees, wide-winged birds, cathedrals, high-flying airplanes, long skirts, the Christmas season, large bells, major chords, pipe organ and brass, choral singing, high leather boots.



'Perfection is born in a humble obscurity.'

—Confessions of a Sea Goat. Born beneath the northern lights of the Winter Solstice, the Tenth Sign is the Sign of the Christ Child and, as was Jesus, is on Earth to demonstrate the Truth that mortal man can attain perfection if he is willing to set no other goal before him.

There is often about Capricorn the air of divine mission, there is always the sense of purpose, of careful secret plans. And like Jesus of Nazareth (the greatest of Capricorns) these people are able to accomplish their work with the barest 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 prepares his final sacrifice. Capricorn is acquainted with loneliness and deep gloom and has entered into the clawing darkness of profound fear where awaits The Adversary.

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 telling how it happened.

The Cardinal Signs are the leaders and instigators, the Earth Signs are 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 characteristic vices 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 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.

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 Nazgul 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 Preserver, Saturn-Satan or Lucifer the bringer of Light.

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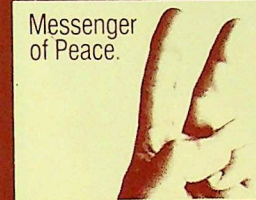
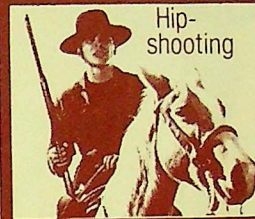
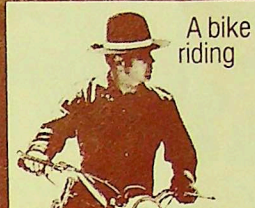
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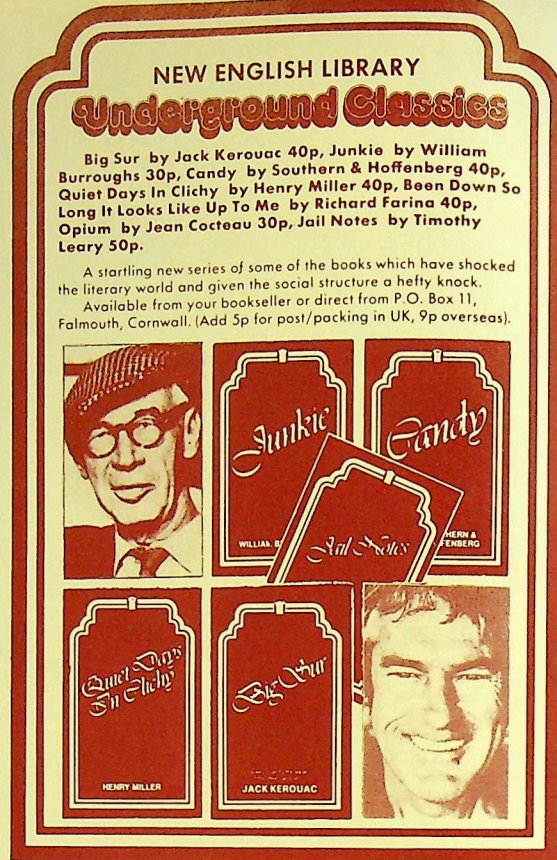
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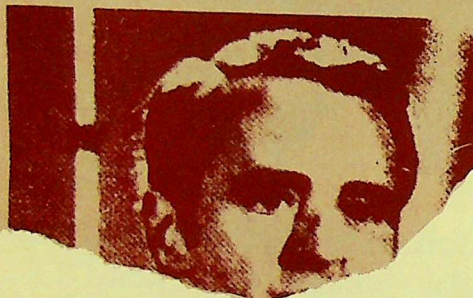
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IT'S McGOVERN! NUDIST VICTORY



Angry Nixon Blasts Spiro

Lanny Beckman, from "Grape" UPS.

The New Politics are certainly upon us as witnessed by the gigantic victory of the McGovern ticket in yesterday's 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 admit he had been a mental patient. With flawless timing, McGovern acquiesced, reinstating Eagleton in mid-September. The 'open politics' had won its first decisive victory.

Appearing shortly thereafter on NBC news, McGovern aide Gary Hart confirmed rumors that the McGovern family have been active nudists for many years. 'The Senator feels that the human body is nothing to be ashamed of,' said Hart. According to the young aide, McGovern would hold a news conference at the family nudist camp in early September 'to show that he has nothing to conceal from the American people.' Hart emitted a folksy smile to underscore the pun.

'Strategy Candor', as the new style has become known, escalated quickly from there. Leaks emanated almost daily from the McGovern camp. The Presidential candidate had been arrested and convicted at the age of

20 for urinating on the American flag during a fraternity initiation. Two of his daughters were involved in shotgun marriages, both of which ended in divorce. Eagleton's eleven year old son was addicted to heroin. The fifteen year old had received a suspended sentence for trafficking in marijuana.

Neglected as a result of her husband's hectic schedule, Eleanor McGovern had begun an affair. The Senator, violent and uncontrollable during his periodic drinking binges, reacted to his wife's sexual adventures by 'punching her around a bit'.

All of these leaks were verified by the candidates in a series of historic press conferences. In record numbers, the American populace stayed riveted to their TV sets.

Richard Nixon and his administration, sticking to traditional campaigning techniques, faded into oblivion. The war escalated. Inflation and unemployment soared. No one knew, no one cared. There were no issues. All anyone was interested in was the next exposé from the Democrats.

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 each other,' he said, 'our social problems would disappear tomorrow.'

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. 'These things don't clear up overnight,' warned McGovern, hinting that the hospitalization might be lengthy.

Naked and bruised, McGovern's wife stood visibly disgruntled at his side. Toward the end of the conference, she took the microphone to announce that she was leaving her husband.

'There is no point in maintaining this farce,' she said. 'Our only contact is physical and by that I do not mean sexual.' Then, in a truly unexpected turn of events, she divulged the identity of her lover. Barb Eagleton and herself were involved in an 'experimental

homosexual relationship.' Mrs Eagleton too was leaving her husband (What good is a mate who's always away in Washington or in a nuthouse?).

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.'

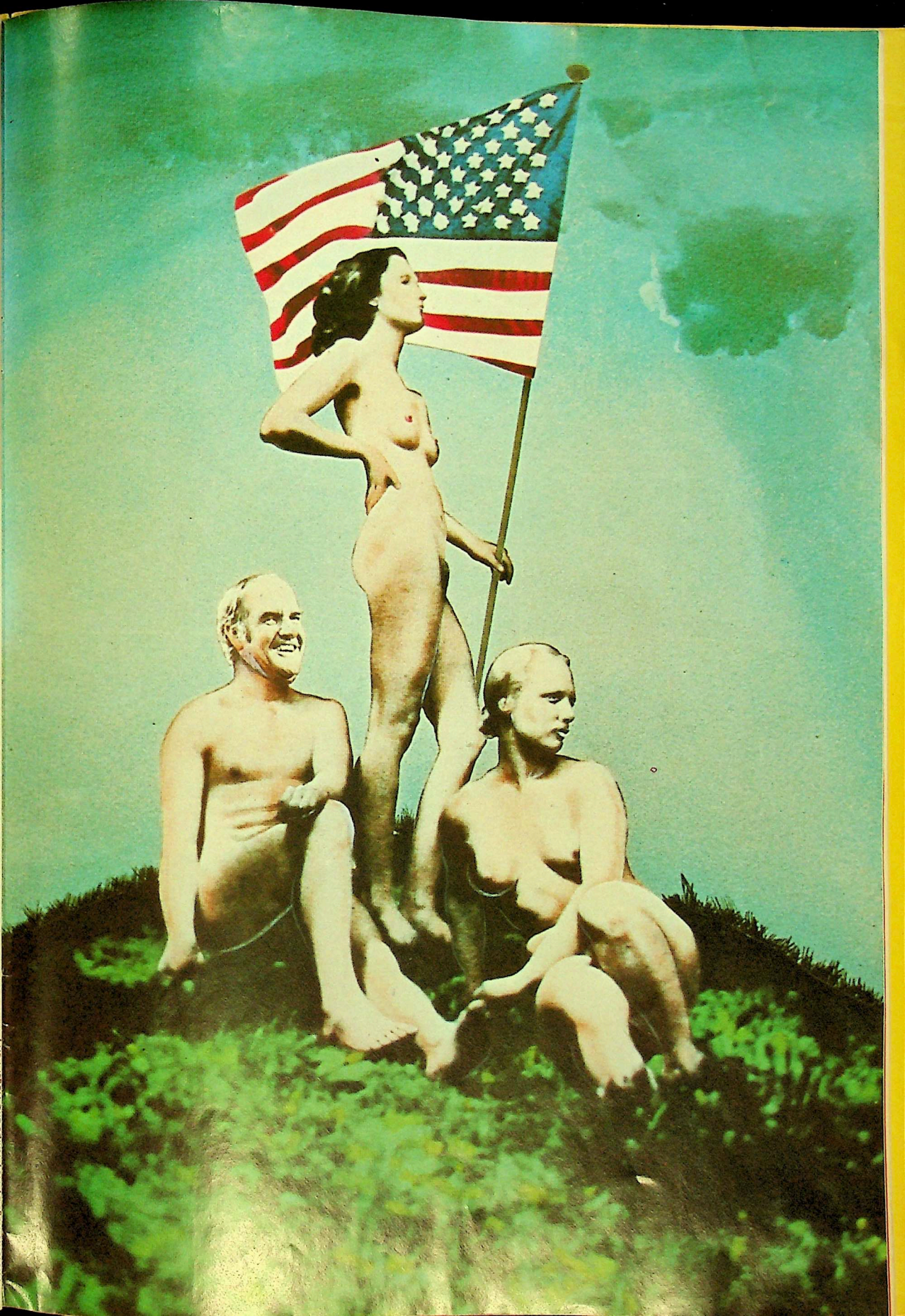
The Democrats have re-written the strategy manuals. They have shown that the 'issues', which were so pressing in the spring, need not be distorted nor lied about. They can simply be ignored.

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.

Photomontage by Roy Krups and Roger Perry





'There's that constant fear of accidents the arrangement of the wardrobe so that, today, you don't wear the white slacks, the pale green linen, the shortest mini-skirt. How long have I sat on chairs across the world, sweating with fear that my rising will reveal the unrevealable? How many times must a man have thought me the victim of chronic bladder trouble as I dash yet again for the ladies.
Jill Tweedie

'Just as the penis derives its privilege evaluation from the social context, so it is the social context which makes menstruation a curse.'
S. de Beauvoir

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 scrunched-up parcel into the kitchen fire — and the averted eyes as the smouldering item uncurled itself as immodestly 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 achieve with muscles haltered by elastic belts and orifices 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 the end of misery. When at some point in my adolescence, the homestead sewage system packed up and the back yard was awash with shit, I fell silent, overcome with terrible guilt. After the plumber had humped his shoulders resignedly and said 'It's thae things women use, ye ken?' I slunk away, unrebuked but with all the fingers of the world pointing me out: 'Woman — sick child and twelve times impure.'

'O menstruating woman, thou'rt a fiend, from whom all nature should be screened'
Since the beginnings of patriarchal society the menstrual flow has been associated overwhelmingly with evil powers. A menstruating woman causes crops to blight, milk to sour, sugar to blacken, and, 'It is an undoubted fact that meat spoils when touched by a menstruating woman' — British Medical Journal, 1878. In fact the only positive value I ever heard ascribed to the flow was as a cure for warts, and, as I'd often watched my father burning off his warts with silver nitrate, I was convinced that the blood was not only contaminated, but corrosive also. Happily I sucked blood from my cuts, but taste period blood? I'd sooner have eaten worms.

'Where's the fish shop?'
And then there's the smell, or course. For years I smelled myself through society's nose;

for five days of every month I kept a Ring of Confidence six feet in diameter between me and the rest of humanity. I certainly internalised all those scurrilous schoolboy jokes about blind men passing a fish shop and saying 'Good morning, ladies.' Terrorised, obedient, I scrubbed and powdered and deodorised. And yet, like most women who grew up in the era of the undeodorised male, my olfactory senses were well developed. I remember hanging about the Gym after the boys had used it, sniffing voluptuously at air heavy with the rich smell of sweat. So pity the poor WASP male, who invented deodorants to transform the female and merely succeeded in truncating his own senses.

freedom at all times

Light-hearted, light-footed, dance as you please in your slimmest frock, dance with freedom to the very last waltz—yes, that's the blessing of Tampax. More: Tampax, worn internally, is safer, surer, more hygienic. More convenient, too. And each is contained in its own individual applicator, ensuring perfect cleanliness. Tampax means freedom of action all the time.

TAMPAX
Worn Internally

Onward to the rational society... with ivory-tower blinkerism?
With the rise of Rational man, childish superstitions about menstruating women were discarded in favour of society's new bete noire — Irrationality. The Age of Reason also brought the flowering of Medical Science, which scorned previous taboos but nevertheless isolated the previously tabooed as fit objects of medical investigation. Thesis after article after tome chronicled the metabolic peculiarities of lunatics and menstruating women.

'There are hormonal reactions between the ovaries and other endocrine organs, such as the pituitary, the thyroid and the adrenals, which affect the central nervous system, which becomes overactive. Blood pressure rises, the pulse rate and often the temperature are increased. The rate of basal metabolism is raised. The red blood count drops...'
Hormonal fluctuations in the human female are evidently well documented. Now who will document the documentor — who will take on the long overdue study of the hormonal fluctuations of the human male? — Guy: (pinching girl's bottom on the tube)

'Hey Baby, what a pussy (etc etc).'
Girl: (engaging double arm lock) 'Now cool it brother — cause when you feel these hormonal fluctuations getting to ya, you gotta lay low, stay indoors — you gotta rest up, man... yeah, it's cool to wash your hair.'
Anyway I'd rather have my metabolic shifts, the adjustments of my glands made manifest at calculable intervals than build a 'rationalism' which has as its undeclared basis the subterranean seethings and sulks of a nervous system too long ignored. (ie, slightly mad some of the time as against completely mad all of the time.)

'The weeping of an unfulfilled womb?'
Every month the uterus must expel the endometrium, its engorged lining, and it does this by means of a series of contractions. This produces the pain felt by roughly 85% of women. I think it's true that pain also depends on context — both the physical and psychological context. By the first I mean the perverse demands of capitalist production — and I include in that the solitary drudgery of the housewife — and by the psychological context I allude to the societal concept of menstruation which we still internalise: that it is the 'weeping of an unfulfilled womb'. (A phrase of weariness and pain left to us by some skilfully oppressive poet.)

Go with the flow?
In this society too many fascists have sung the praises of pain (especially women's pain) for a discussion of it to be less than hazardous. However, in the acid-dropping enclaves of the middle class one can perhaps make a bit of space to explore one's physical nature (a word full of pitfalls for women.) In such a rarified situation, insulated carefree sensuality and mesalin energy, I once escaped from the repressive distaste of society. Inexplicably, I grooved on period pains; I relaxed into the contractions to the extent that they became gratifying, to the extent that they seemed to be just one more manifestation of my freedom, aloneness, whatever. And of some necessary relationship with the universe.

To suppress or not to suppress
Well, that's as may be. The contractions of the uterus may in such a privileged context be experienced in 'natural' terms, however the system we live under can hardly be described as natural, and menstruation will be an objective burden as long as we're subject to the imperatives of that system.

Working in an engineering factory, I dreaded the first day of a period with a terrible dread, as did all the women. Those who had 'completed their families' yearned for the menopause in order to be rid of the whole business — the leaden body, the racking pains from endless mechanical actions, the relentless race to keep up to the production quota; it was a protest against the Beast at the level of nerve endings. No possibility of acid insights here. And although you could say it was a very direct way of apprehending the basic opposition between human bodies and Capital, it's not an experience I would wish on anyone.

So when it comes to the argument over the suppression or non-suppression of periods, I would say develop the appropriate, sophisticated technology so that women can, if they wish, be free — and safely free — from the monthly cramps, the leaden limbs, the tampon routine. There are homeopaths and other reactionaries who will throw up their hands in horror at yet another tampering with Nature. Is it too simplistic to reply that capitalism tampers with all of us all of the time, and not for humane ends, either?

Perhaps we'll be free to explore and celebrate, in a future society, things which at present call only for prophylaxis.

Red Sails In The Sunset

The Dialectics of Menstruation — Alison Fell

Photo-graph by Roger Perry (Love to Wally)



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 civilisation 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 per-



mission 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 you wouldn't put your dog in 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 aboriginals are fighting



The Australian Aboriginal as the white Australian suburban mentality imagines them to be. The cartoonist, Jollife, 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.



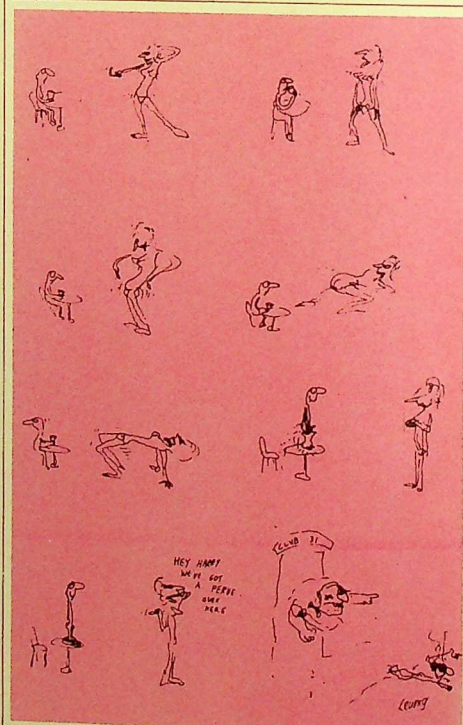
The Stoke Newington Trial has been adjourned until September 15. Mr Justice James is whooping it up on the polluted Riviera, and the lucky 8 are pictured here taking it easy in the Tangier sun.

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 aboriginals 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 Australian blacks with their legal defences and organisational activities: contact: ADJAB, 19 Sandwell Mansions, West End Lane, London NW6.

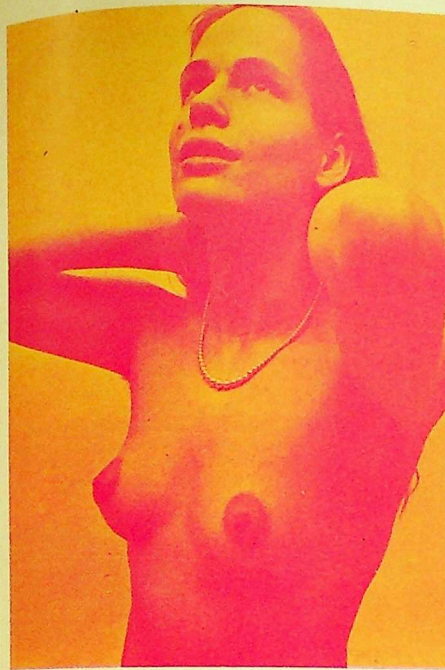
Amsterfuck it all, you hippies, belt up. In Bummer of '72, elsewhere in this issue, Dave Robins is pretty rough on the young heads who have descended in their apparently mindless bored thousands on Amsterdam



If you're interested in selling up to 20 Ozs and are not already serviced by wholesalers who are supplied by Moore-Harness, contact Bruce at 01 836 3951. This service is for those in areas that M-H find uneconomical to supply. Terms: Sale or return. Postage extra (37p for 20).

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 vagrancy something to be punished.



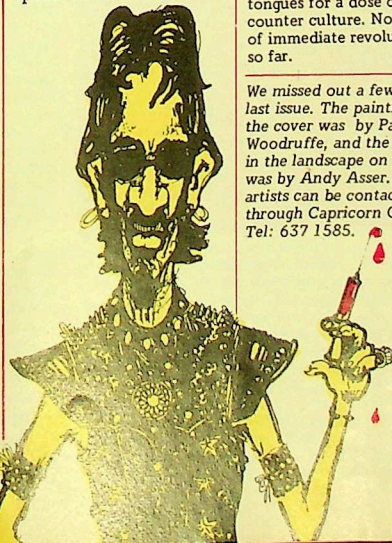
When did you last see Bob Weir of The Dead with his shirt off?

OZ Trial Echo

During the five o'clock rush hour last week, 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 have 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, Picadilly Line, east and west. Dozens of people, their parcels, their umbrellas, were knocked flying as Felix took off for the Picadilly Line and desperately 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 Nestles Milk and Ambrosia Creamed 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 mls) which was then emptied into a large green Tupperware 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 over boiling water 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.



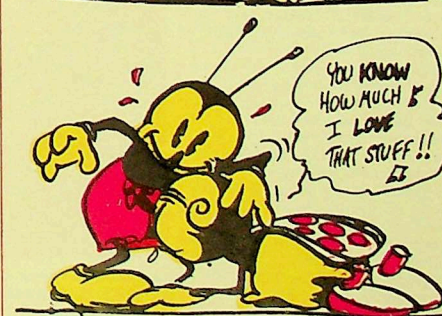
We missed out a few credits last issue. The painting on the cover was by Patrick Woodruffe, and the boy in the landscape on p.41 was by Andy Asser. Both artists can be contacted through Capricorn Graphics. Tel: 637 1585.

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 all tease here,' she told close friends, 'George McGovern pricks teases 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 with the Womens Lib champ, but the offer was respectfully declined. Germaine has taken revenge on everyone, including the Democratic bigwigs in her forthcoming article for Harpers Magazine, entitled tentatively, The Big Tease.

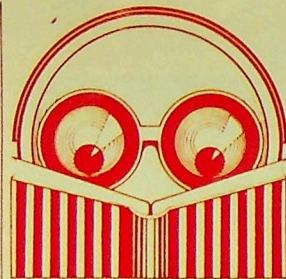
The morning after the Democratic Convention's last night, Jerry Rubin, Abbie Hoffman and the other Yippie leaders were forcibly retired from the Movement. A.J. Weberman, former garbage collector, now a leading zippie, presented the yippie chiefs with gold watches and retirement certificates. 'You've been ripping the Movement off with books and lolling in your penthouse hotel suite while we've been in the park organising' shouted A.J. and other zippies outside 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.



Warren Hague, the prominent Gay Lib activist, who has recently taken to wearing toe nail varnish, is of the opinion that when straight men eventually get round to making it with a guy its often because they want to suck a cock, or be fucked, two experiences not available to them, obviously enough, on their usual sexual rounds. To guys nervously contemplating their first homosexual outing, Bobby, pictured above, offers in addition, the security of a nice pair of tits. Since this photograph was taken, wanting again to be just one of the fellers, he has had them surgically removed.



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.



BOOKZ

'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
Panther Books, 40p.
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-vaunted "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 methods which it urgently merits. A young lawyer, like a young policeman, usually becomes loyal to his 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 prepos-

erous 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 police will have serious consequences for the officer's careers, so that the jury, far from deciding the case against

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, as it is in America, with its own impression of the evidence, untainted by the inevitable judicial bias of emphasis and omission.

'Police Power' demonstrates that

journalist, but long overdue. Pusillanous 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 unassailable. 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 advent 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-Poyntner)

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 OZ trial, 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, ie. that exposure to erotic stimuli does not increase

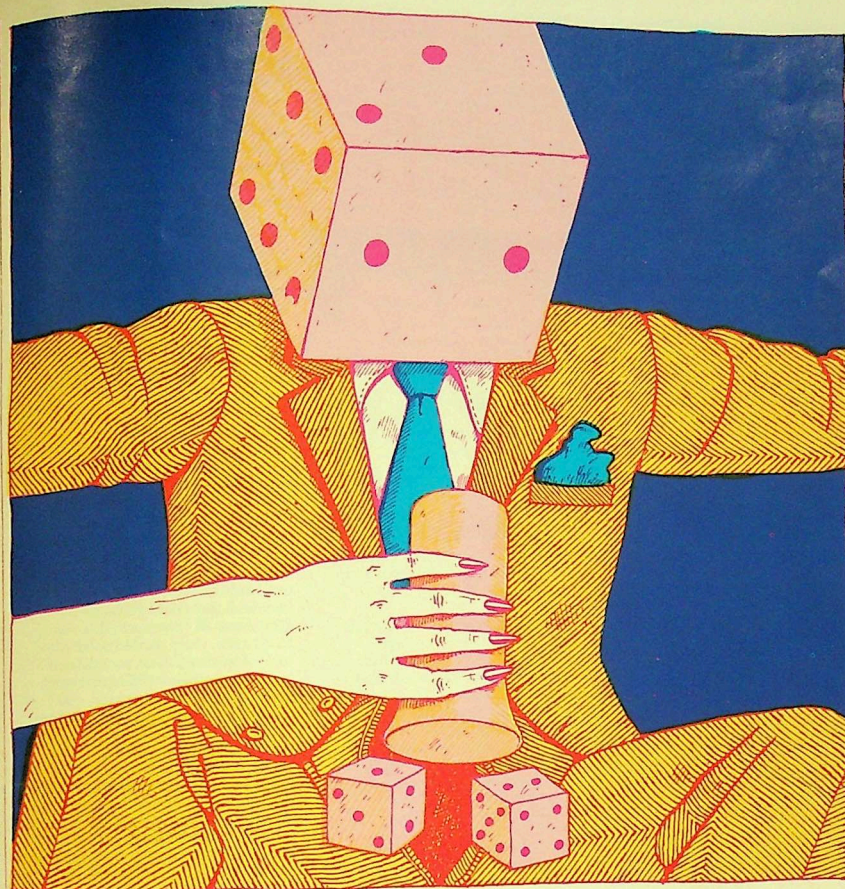


Illustration by Isaac Hunt.

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 the Oz appeal juries cannot be told by experts the results of research into the effects of pornography. They must never learn that every 'guilty' verdict in an obscenity case flies in the face of the best scientific evidence available.
Geoff Robertson.

'The Dice Man'

Luke Rhinehart
Panther, 40p.

If you haven't read Dice Man yet, you probably will very soon. It's going to be a big, big, book, though I doubt it will 'change your life' as the blurb suggests. However I could be wrong, already shrewd observers of the hip world will be able to spot the occasional Dice Person. I saw a guy in a restaurant last week shaking the bones to decide what to eat (admittedly he was so ripped he later stirred the

dice into his coffee).

Even if it doesn't change your life it's a good read. A sort of cross between 'Portnoy's Complaint' and the 'Tao Te Ching'. A fictional autobiography of Luke Rhinehart, New York psychoanalyst who decides to run his life by throwing dice, and is led further and further into perversity, subversion and nonconformity, including rape, murder and feigned madness. Eventually he becomes the founder of a world wide sect, rather like a nihilist version of scientology, called Dice Life.

As a satire of New York psychiatry it's hilarious, as pornography it's first rate (it manages to combine real humour with its horniness) though it flags fairly often into pretentious silliness as do many books of this ilk (Philip Roth, Thomas Pynchon, John Barth).

As for its philosophical ambitions, I am very far from convinced. Rhinehart is merely shooting crap. Though in the fictional world of the novel, delivelling is subversive of all moral and political authority, it just don't work like that in our world. The point that matters is the options which you put to the dice (e.g. whether to kill your father, or merely send him a rude letter) and these are governed by prevailing ideologies. Anyone who does something drastic as a result of a dice throw could have just as well done it without the dice and vice versa). A lot of people do. And even ignoring this flaw, the sort of nihilism or pataphysics which

Rhinehart proposes is pale stuff compared to Jarry, or the Berlin Dadaists and it didn't get them very far. I don't want to abandon what little control I have over my life, I want a lot more of it...
Dick Pountain.

'Ringolevio'

Emmett Grogan

To be published by Heinemann in October.

When I was a kid attending an archaic Grammar School in Darlington, the resident games master had a questionable penchant for lining tee-shirted uncomfortable teams at opposite ends of the gym, and at a given signal having them hurl themselves at each other, the object being for each team to occupy the other's half. The game was called, unless my memory fails me, 'British Bulldogs'. In Brooklyn NY, they play a different version of the same game. Hundreds of kids take to the streets for several days, divide into two more or less even teams by religious or racial persuasion, and Do Battle. The team with the least number of dead and wounded wins. The game is a 'permanent part of the cultural tradition of the streets of New York. Sooner or later during the course of the contest, each participant had to look into himself and face his physical and mental limits. You just inevitable learned who you really were whether you liked it or not.' The game is called 'Ringolevio', and Emmett Grogan figures it's the story of his life.

You've heard of Grogan. Sure you have - think back to the Dialectics of Liberation Conference at the Roundhouse, 1968. He was the one that brought the crowd to it's feet with a rousing, powerful speech, and as the applause died away scornfully pointed out that he'd just delivered, verbatim, a lecture first given by Adolph Hitler in 1938. Quite an unpopular guy, Grogan, by choice. His story is that of the self-made revolutionary; street thief to Digger supremo; from rubbing shoulders with the Mafia to exchanging insults with Abbie Hoffman. His book's brash, pompous, and hypnotically interesting. Grogan isn't a saint, and he may not even have done all the things he claims, but he has written an autobiography that anybody with the vaguest 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 undeniable, and makes exquisite reading.
Roger Hutchinson.

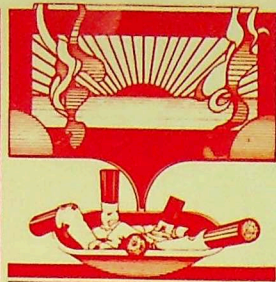
'Armed Love'

Elia Katz
Blond and Briggs, £2.00.

In the closing weeks of 1970, with Manson headlines screeching crazed across the land, Fred Hampton's name added to the already impressive list of Black Panthers Dead in Action, and the newly born Altamont Nation already dissipated in a variety of conflicting loyalties; Elia Katz gathered his Rasputin-esque comrade Rateyes and 500 dollars worth of cocaine into a small room in the Hotel Albert on 10th Street, New York, and began to write a book on communes... They sat in the room for a week, interviewing each other in varied persona, 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 two sleeping bags and left New York in search of 'the condition of total war that exists before advertising breaks down, the condition in which the country has existed for several years now, bearing the same relation to war that the Golden Years bear to death', which Katz aspostrophises 'Armed Love'.

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 an observer. He presents situations and states responses. His book is a conglomerate 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 grubby runaways are 'an intermediate stage in the development away from American life, and ideals of malicious competitiveness and the step itself is incredible and more than outweighs whatever weaknesses any communal experiment may have, and even outweighs the rapid collaps of any or all communal experiments now with us.'

And you can't, as they put it, say fairer than that.
Roger Hutchinson



FILMZ

'The Concert For Bangla Desh'

Director: Saul Swimmer
At last! The film of the Lp. of the concert. The concert is now history, if not legend, and most of us are by now familiar with the Lp. So what does the film have to offer? As a film, not much: it's about as visually inspired as 'Let It Be.' The quality of the images is uneven probably due to the film being shot on 16mm and blown-up to 35mm. (British audiences have at least been spared the 70mm version that was shown in America, which can only have been a disaster). At an indoor stage concert such as this, there was no real reason for not filming in 35mm in the first place.

The sound recording is also uneven, marginally inferior to the Lp., although the audience hysteria is less bothersome (was this Phil Spector's contribution to the recording production?). Nor is there any apparent attempt to capture the feeling of the concert as an event, as Permebaker

the conditions in Bangla Desh. But there is more to it than that: the manner, the whole style of the performance is vintage Dylan, pre-dating even the 'Don't Look Back' period. This is Dylan circa 1963, before manner became a performance, when he still had to be introduced as 'the man who wrote 'Blowin' in the Wind''. Less nervous now, perhaps, but the same intensity. And the same voice. He sings every word as though he means it! And if you don't understand what I mean by that, just try comparing 'Just Like a Woman' in 'Bangla Desh' to the version on 'Blonde on Blonde.' After half a decade of hiding behind Johnny Cash, Dylan re-emerges as a giant.

And George Harrison? He'll never have the same impact on the same number of people as Dylan, but somehow, here, he emerges as Dylan's equal. He means it, too. Every word.

There are a lot of better films than this around. 'The Concert For Bangla Desh' is worth any number of better films.

Clive Hodgson



'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 mental hospital full of incurable psychotics 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 with Hammer. It uses the well tried formula of a series of flashbacks, films within a film with different actors, each illustrating an inmate's fantasy about how he got into the Asylum. Some of them are hilarious and quite scary, particularly the Jewish tailor whose dummy turns into a Golem. In short, brutal, tasteless fun for all the family.

'Fritz The Cat' is a different kettle of catfood altogether. As the first ever X-rated 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 unpalatable fact is that the film is based on Bob Crumb's strip cartoon of some years back. All the characters and some of

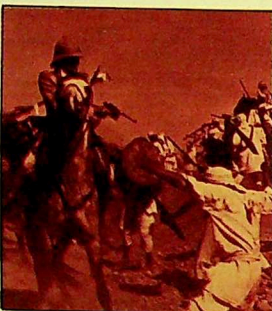
the scenario's are taken from Crumb. But there the resemblance stops. The intentions and plot of Crumb's strip have been distorted and bowdlerised in numerous ways; the general effect being to draw most of its satirical teeth and shift its political implications several yards to the right. If you know Crumb's work it won't surprise you to know that he's disowned



the film completely. It 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 politics, and their wilder excesses, but in a friendly spirit (seen 'Motor City Comix' or 'Pro-junior' or 'Fritz' itself?) The vicious portrayal of the 'revolutionaries' as mindless sadists, 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 demythologise 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

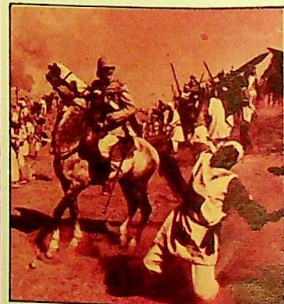
from Omdurman to Dresden. One remembers with horror the lines of E.M. Forster's upon the passing of his own younger brother at Gallipoli: 'Oh Churchill clouds of dead heroes attend you', and one understands that in the attic near the nursery as the young Winston played with his legions, as the galumphing and glamour proceeded, there stood among the cobwebs this portrait of Dorian Grey, the stereotype the world now knows as Churchill's true image, the very personification of all modern atrocity. Because the young Winston is the old Winston.

So who cares about the lonely little dillard in the attic, who lost every battle save Alamein, and finally lost an empire as well, just to save his ego.

Yet there is a story there, a family tale. There's Anne Bancroft as Jenny, and Robert Shaw as Lord Randolph, the syphilitic father, playing brilliantly, like a figure from Strindberg. And it's our own dear Dickie Attenborough again, still sniffing the wind for his, knighthood, which one day he must surely get. He is a kind of idealised theatrical William Whitelaw, all things at all times to all men, they should send him to Ulster. For all his professionalism he manages as a film maker never to be a true director, but an operator of styles (Jean Luc 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 attention to what was to be the later career of the young Winston, added to an attempt (not a very satisfying one) 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 middleaged, of pox in the family.

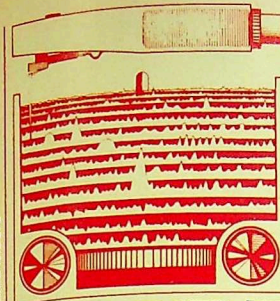
There is this strangeness in the Churchill menage. They're a Transatlantic family not a British one, and the film is a curiously American tragedy of family life.

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 used 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.



SOUNDZ

'There are only two things which move the average freak - music and geography.'
Ella Katz

'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 communicative device, (dance, theatre, mime, broadcasting, 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 jigsaw, 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 they have the skill (and pride) of a craftsman in the use of the tools of their trade. But as Grace Slick might say 'That doesn't mean shit 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 success story. The shakily drawn diagrams and simplistic copy line combined perfectly in the projection of a messy but thoroughly practical company image. Everyone likes to see a mechanic with grease on his hands 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 cleansing and unblocking of drains. Their advertisements were messy (though not in any contrived way) but wholly practical. The perfect marketing approach for



To whom it may concern: hype this man immediately.

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 unconscious 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 Zappas 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 purity and cleanse their souls in the water 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, re-package 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,



Roxy painting by Marvin Rainbow

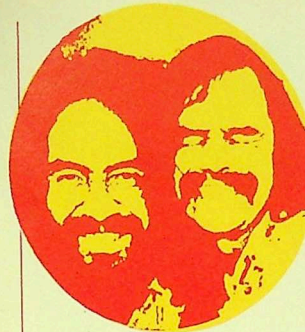
here is a message:
GET UP OFF YOUR COLLECTIVE ARSES AND HYPE THIS MAN. NOT BECAUSE YOU LOVE HIS MUSIC, BUT BECAUSE YOU WILL MAKE MONEY. IF RANDY NEWMAN DIES OF UNDER-EXPOSURE HIS ARTISTIC BLOOD WILL BE ON YOUR HANDS.
 In the words of the Last Poets: 'Wake up Niggers, or we're all through'. The music was never enough. Ever.
Felix Dennis.

'Roxy Music' (Island)

'The next time's the best time, we all know. But if there's no next time . . . The next time would certainly have to be a great deal better than this appalling first attempt by Roxy Music, and if there's no next time I doubt if many tears will be shed. Unfortunately, given the current state of British rock, and the disproportionate quantities of hype and image bullshit we have to wade through before we get to any 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 this album are brilliant. The cover photos, both inside and out, pitch perfectly for the current frivolous, ambiguous divinely decadent mood of which Lou Reed (currently), Dave Bowie and Alice Cooper are the main exponents, and Jagger the honorary president.

However, once unwrapped and on the spot, with critical ears glued, Roxy Music's 'Roxy Music' album is a waste of time. Imagine Curved Air exposing us to a whole side of their pretentious 'Conservatoire Trained' meanderings, with occasional attempts to 'Let It Rock' by throwing in a few Doors riffs now and then, the whole cut at random with bursts of ill-considered synthesized trifles. 'Notes' the lyrics tell us, 'could not spell out the score'; despite 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. Their delivery is about as evil and menacing as the local youth club's answer to Cliff Richard, and the only time I tapped my feet was to the Johnny and the Hurricanes style sax on 'Would You Believe'; seventy five percent of the album, however, is taken up with tediously slow romantic posturing with pianos, oboes and a singer whose agonies should be ended summarily.

Make no mistake, this is no hastily assembled mish-mash thrown on the market to grab a few pennies. From the exquisite layout on the cover, through to the superb engineering on the record itself, and not forgetting the up-to-the-minute nostalgia of that chrome-plated name, Roxy music's first album is a well prepared, carefully designed attempt to grab more than a few pennies. So you poor, image hungry mothers — beware. Look twice at Karri Anne, doesn't she look just a little constipated?
Howard Frazer.



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

'The band can't play tonight, man,' says Laid-Back Lenny the hip dee jay from 'Unamerican Bandstand'. 'The singer just poked himself in the eye with his coke spoon and he can't get his eye closed. It's frozen open.' That's 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 intermittently 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, and 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 playings. The futuristic panel game 'Let's Make a Dope Deal' and the suicide commercial are minor masterpieces, and the return of Ashley Roachclip 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, and 'Big Bambu' is merely another Cheech and Chong record. Quite funny, quite amusing, basically okay. It'll do. But if Cheech and Chong start repeating themselves this 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 gammucked to look like a book of rolling papers, contains the biggest skin in the world. As the last sketch suggests, it might be good to use for smoking your old socks in.
Charles Shaar Murray

'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 precincts of Max's Kansas City. My comrades and I would never be seen anywhere else in New York — I mean, you meet such interesting people.

Why, isn't that Gerald Malenga meditating in silent union with the celestial beings over on that bar-stool. My, how exquisitely he oils his torso. And those oh-so innocent young sailor-boys talking to Rita and

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?' I hear you ask. Why, my dear, do you not recognize that fine young man with his oh-so butch hairstyle ablaze under the garish red lighting. It could only be Lou Reed, leader of 42nd Street's very own teen combo — the 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?

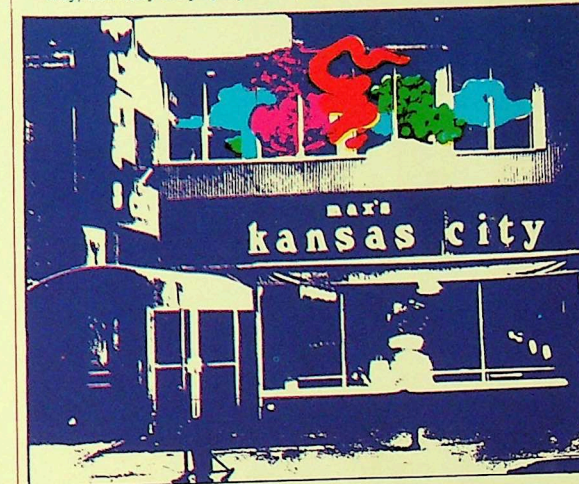
Why, now they are playing

has the Belfast cowboy come up with this time?

Well, it's a strange mixture of genius and carelessness. Street Choir was a songs album, looser than Moondance, but colourful and danceable. Tupelo Honey was better, a fine blend of rockers and love songs. He sounded happier, though cynics mocked and said he should put himself back on the rack to get the tortured quality back into his writing and singing.

The first side suffers from repetitiously rhythmic saxophone rave-ups and a night club jazz song worthy of Mel Tormé, complete with cocktail piano and silky tenor. It's very amusing but I'm relieved when it gives way to the more familiar territory of 'Listen To The Lion'.

For all his lapses and loss of focus, Van Morrison remains the guv'nor rock singer. He kicks off 'Almost Independence



'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 I keep hearing such strange reports about Lou — how he's throwing these moods and actually attacking people with a flick-knife. But, never mind — 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, Ralphie knows when he's on safe ground. So, cheeky asides aside, what

Day' scat-humming against an acoustic guitar, and develops it with tasteful Moog (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 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 sequel to 'And It Stoned Me', all majestic precision and flow: *Boy and dog went out lookin' for the rainbow*
You know what they did learn Since that very day, walkin' by the river
And runnin' like blue streak Through the fields and streams and meadows Laughin' all the way.

Guitars sparkling, piano liquid and rippling, rhythm team cooking happily, chick chorus just gorgeous. This is the Van Morrison we know and love, the music 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.

Help Yourself

Help Yourself Boxes are a Community Service. They are entirely free and are designed for non-profit-making community groups. Organisations wishing to advertise should contact HELP YOURSELF c/o OZ, 19 City, Newport Street, London WC2.

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schools/Schools Unions, Gay
Lib, Legal defence, Media,
Medics, PNP, Strikes, tenants
action, Uncareers, What's On,
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and people with commitment
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for £5,000. We have spent
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now urgently need £5,000 to
complete the work - for
building materials and profes-
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help building work needed.

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Community Trust,**
23 Hartley Avenue,
Leeds 6.
We are hoping to start a
community based free school
in Leeds in September.
Children here are not even
getting their share of a 'good-
state education' (Leeds is the
second-worst borough in the
country for expenditure on
books per pupil.) A free
school can only exist on
donations and assistance.
Please give or collect all you
can for the project. All
donations or enquiries to the
above address.

MODEL
PHONE 278 5488

Elect. Flux



Cunt Transmissions
The Allen Brian,
8 Prince Street,
off Dagger Lane, Hull
HU1 2L2.
Seems the life of the theatre
if fraught with spills and
chills after all. The best
admirer in 42 obviously
couldn't take the discipline
of the circus. Hope it didn't
blow your big top. People
down here know that you are
the vortex of free showbiz in
the North East. Keep on
beyond that pleasure
principle whatever the stable
boy thinks the reality of your
situation is. Sweet misery
and all that!

Arts Lab
23 Hand Court,
High Holborn,
London WC1.
Thursday evenings.
Help! We're a group of
Jewish heads trying to start
up an arts lab. We haven't
enough people to help us and
the hang up is the fact that
the only premises we can use
is part of a Jewish club which
will not admit non-Jews. For
us the emphasis is not on
Jewish, but if you are Jewish
then please come along and
help us get this thing off the
ground. We are looking for
new premises.

OZ

BACK ISSUE BONANZA!

To mail off for your back issues it is essential that you use the 'Back Issue' Coupon to be found in between the centre pages (we hope).

★ **OZ 30** - (Oct 1970): Fun, Travel and Adventure OZ. News from around the Global High Street. OZ up the Khyber Pass and Cold Turkey. Climb aboard the Marrakhas Sexpress. Little Orphan Amphetamine strip. Plus two free posters mourning Jimi Hendrix and Janis Joplin. 40p + 5p p&p.



★ **OZ 31** - (Nov 1970): Yippie OZ, Brave New Morning OZ, End of an Era OZ, INK was Coming OZ, Ho Ho Ho. All God's Chullun Got de Clap. Magic Mushrooms. Bobby Seale, Sgt Death Dylan - local Jew Boy makes good. Racist Cover. 40p + 5p p&p.



★ **OZ 37** - (Sept 1971): Angry OZ, this one really stings. The rage of innocence. How to corrupt and deprave. The UCS struggle. OZ meets Ronald Biggs - 'The World's Most Wanted Man'. Mick Jagger's heart of stone. 30p + 5p p&p.



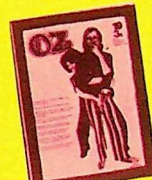
★ **OZ 38** (Nov 1971): Environmental Chaos! The Day the Earth was Out to Lunch... A simple question of survival. US Army junkies: Uncle Sam's heavy habit. Abbie Hoffman slags off OZ. Eldridge Cleaver's latest 'Letter to the Lumpen'. Amazing value, 30p + 5p p&p.



★ **OZ 18** - (Feb 1969): A real Fingerlickin' Good issue. Andy Warhol whispers to the roar of the Soft Machine. Michael X raps on the Black Eagles. The MC5 kick out what we now know was only marmalade... it's all here for 50p + 5p p&p.



★ **OZ 19** - (March 1969): "Filth..." whined the News of the World. Drooping Groupies special issue featuring topless Germaine Greer. The first crazed Weberman wanderings on Dylanology. Jimi Hendrix calls Caroline Coon 'a tart'. Scandal and rumour for 50p + 5p p&p.



★ **OZ 39** - (Dec 1971): Baffling, bloodthirsty cover effectively camouflaged this 'Thrilling Murder Comics OZ' from most readers. Result: we lost £4000 'at a stroke'. Jim Anderson in Morocco, Saigon Needles, Urban Paranoia and Sweet Cousin Cocaine. Send money immediately - there are only 30,000 copies left. 25p + 5p p&p.



★ **OZ 20** - (April 1969): Hells Angels in drug orgy gang-bang. The Paris Situationists supplement, Incredible String Band, Jimmy Page interview (before Led Zep) and Roast Trafalgar Square pigeon... a tasty survival recipe. Immensely important sociological document. 50p + 5p p&p.



★ **OZ 24** - (November 1969): World famous 'Beautiful Freaks' issue containing the ravings of jolly Lee Heater and other crazies. Free giant sized poster of Crumb's 'Honeybunch' in all her mouthwatering glory. 50p + 5p p&p.



★ **OZ 41** - (April 1972): An issue for our absent friends - the Crime and Conspiracy OZ. Murder, rape, theft, fraud, gunpowder, treason and plot. Everything you'll need to know for a lucrative career in blackmail, thieving, extortion and assassination. Plus OZ shits on Che and black music. 25p + 5p p&p. (Guaranteed non-sexist)



★ **OZ 26** - (Feb 1970): Horror castration cover as OZ hits the big time with its first all-glossy Meet Wendy, the original inflatable lady, and gaze in awe at Candy Darling - is she or isn't he? Chicago Conspiracy Trial Transcript and the biggest tool in Hollywood. 40p + 5p p&p.



★ **OZ 42** - (May 1972): Germaine's husband flashes limp cock. Inside asylums and special 'Prison Feature'. Macrobiotics 'death diet'. Plus Our man in the Panama Jungle and Roger Hutchinson's marathon tour of the provincial ug press. 25p + 5p p&p. (psst... dirty pix tool!)

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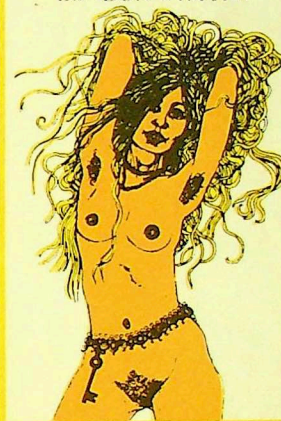


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