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OZ 43

Richard Neville
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OZ 43

Description

Contents : (insert: subscription/back issue/mail order form) A Letter Home cartoon by Trina. Joshua 'A Letter from an Idle Fellow' – letter from Vincent Van Goch to his brother Theo + Martin Sharp collage and graphics. 'Murder is an Absurd Suggestion' - Michael X on his murder charge in Trinidad. David Sparling & Joshua Thomas graphics. 'Twilight of the Machmen' – anti-machine musings by Garth Murphy + Peter Till graphics. OZ back issue bonanza. Spike: OZ pays damages to teacher mentioned in #28. *Spare Rib* party disrupted by Gay Lib. *Nasty Tales* trial. OZ & the Post Office Act. 'Post-Scarcity Anarchism' Joel Whitbrook reviews Murray Bookchin's book + anonymous painting + Goofy graphics by Claire Sargent. 'Machines of Loving Grace' – an introduction to negative ionization + illustration by Mike Moore. 'Acupuncture: Oh the needle and the damage done' + graphics. 3p The Loser cartoon by J. Osborne. Pink Fairies and Kubrick's *Clockwork Orange* ads. Help Yourself. Emerson Lake & Palmer ad. 'There Must Be Some Way Outa Here' – scenes from a Lebanese jail by Panos Koutrouboussis. Full page ad for David Bowie's *Ziggy Stardust*. 'Astrolozy' – ambrose Hollingsworth + illustrations by Thomas Bewick and his school. Naked man graphic. Ad for *Time Out's* Book of London. Film reviews: *The Jerusalem File*, *Pocket Money*, *Cool Breeze*, *The Ruling Class*. Book reviews: *Watch Out Kids* by Mick Farren and Edward Barker, *Elvis: A Biography*, *Franco's Prisoner*, *The Wild Boys* by William Burroughs, *Shots: Photographs from the Underground Press* + photo of bloody student Columbia '68. 2p Oz mail order. LP reviews: Lou Reed, David Bowie's *Ziggy Stardust*, Edgar Winter, Jeff Beck, The Beach Boys. Ads for *Revelation*, MGM Records, Drugs and Society, Ed Sander's *The Family*, film ad for *Fritz the Cat*. 'Hippie Fingers in Bali Sugar' by Jim Anderson. Ads for Bit Information Service, CBS Records, Hawkwind's 'Silver Machine'. Back Cover CBS Records ad.

Publisher

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Comments

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

**A LETTER FROM
MICHAEL X
ANARCHY:
NEW LEFTS FOR OLD**

OZ

**VAN GOGH:
A HEAD OF HIS TIME
BALI: HIPPIE
PARADISE JUNGLE**



"The Devil is come down unto you, having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time." — Revelation of St. John [12.12]



My new job allows me to get lots of fresh air and I meet all sorts of interesting people.



a Letter Home

Dear Mom, It sure was nice to hear from you. Don't worry about me. My new job

and don't worry about me not getting enough sleep. I spend loads of time in bed.



You wouldn't recognize your fat daughter - I've lost weight and look quite fashionable!



You'd like my friends - they're nice quiet people. Sometimes we just sit around and listen to music.



And thanks for the beautiful pearl necklace you sent for my birthday - I just loved it!



By the way, could you send me \$50.00? Some unexpected expenses came up. If you don't have that much I'll take \$20.00 or even \$10.00.



Your loving daughter

Trina

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OZ

Dear Reader,

*This issue may have reached you
fractionally late. Believe us when
we tell you it almost never reached
you at all.*

Beads, acid, karma, Sharon Tate etc....

The OZ Collective



ILLUSTRATION: JOSHUA THOMAS



And now I understand what you tried to say to me,
How you suffered for your sanity,
How you tried to set them free.
They would not listen,
They did not know how -
Perhaps they'll listen now...

A LETTER FROM AN IDLE FELLOW

Vincent Van Gogh wrote this letter to his brother Theo some time before he had begun to paint, and after working as a preacher in the Borinage mining district of France. Ten years to the day from writing this letter, he committed suicide.

My Dear Theo,

Cuesmes, July 1880.

As moulting time - when they change their feathers - is for birds, so adversity or misfortune is the difficult time for us human beings. One can stay in it - in that time of moulting one can also emerge renewed; but anyhow it must not be done in public and it is not at all amusing, therefore the only thing to do is to hide oneself. Well, so be it.

Now for more than five years - I do not know exactly how long - I have been more or less without employment, wandering here and there. You say, since a certain time you have gone down, you have deteriorated, you have not done anything. Is this quite true?

It is true that occasionally I have earned my crust of bread, occasionally a friend has given it to me in charity. I have lived as I could, as luck would have it, haphazardly. It is true that I have lost the confidence of many; it is true that my financial affairs are in a sad state; it is true that the future is only too gloomy; it is true that I might have done better; it is true that I've lost time in terms of earning my bread; it is true that even my studies are in a rather sad and hopeless condition, and that my needs are greater - infinitely greater - than my possessions. But is this what you call "going down", is this what you call "doing nothing"?

For the moment it seems that things are going very badly with me, and it has already been so for a considerable time and may continue awhile in the future; but after everything has seemed to go wrong, perhaps a time will come when things will go right. I don't count on it, perhaps it will never happen; but if there is a change for the better, I should consider it so much gain, I should be contented, I should say, At last! you see *there was something after all!*

But you will say, Yet you are an intolerable being because you have impossible ideas about religion and childish scruples of conscience.

If my ideas are impossible or childish, I hope to get rid of them - I ask no better. But this is approximately what I think on the subject. In *Un Philosophe sous les toits*, by Souvestre, you will find how a man of the people, a simple miserable labourer, imagines his own country. "Perhaps you have never thought what your own country really is," he said, putting his hand on my shoulder. "It is everything around you, everything that has brought you up and nourished you, everything you have loved; those fields that you see, those houses, those trees, those young girls laughing as they pass - that is your country! The laws that protect you, the bread which rewards your labour, the words you speak, the joy and the sorrow that come to you from the people and the things among which you live - that is your country! The little room where you used to see your mother, the memories which she has left you, the earth in which she reposes - that is your country! You see it, you breathe it, everywhere! Figure to yourself the rights and the duties, the affections and the needs, the memories and the gratitude; gather it all under one name, and that name will be your country."

I think that everything which is really good and beautiful - of inner moral, spiritual and sublime beauty in men and their works - comes from God, and that all which is bad and wrong in men and in their works is not of God, and God does not approve of it.

But I always think that the best way to know God is to love many things. Love a friend, a wife, something - whatever you like - you will be on the way to knowing more about Him; that

is what I say to myself. But one must love with a lofty and serious intimate sympathy, with strength, with intelligence; and one must try always to know deeper, better and more. That leads to God, that leads to unwavering faith.

To give you an example: someone loves Rembrandt, but seriously - that man will know there is a God, he will surely believe it. Someone studies the history of the French Revolution - he will not be unbelieving, he will see that in great things also there is a sovereign power manifesting itself. Maybe for a short time somebody takes a free course at the great university of misery, and pays attention to the things he sees with his eyes and hears with his ears, and thinks them over; he, too, will end in believing, and he will perhaps have learned more than he can tell. To try to understand the real significance of what the great artists, the serious masters, tell us in their masterpieces, *that leads to God*; one man wrote or told it in a book; another, in a picture. Then simply read the Gospel and the Bible: it makes you think, and think much, and think all the time. Well, think much and think all the time, it raises your thoughts above the ordinary level without your knowing it. We know how to read - well then, let us read!

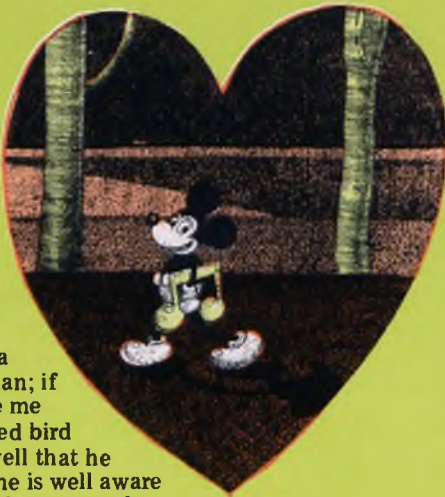
It is true that there may be moments when one becomes somewhat absent-minded, somewhat visionary; some become too absent-minded, too visionary. This is perhaps the case with me, but it is my own fault; maybe there is some excuse after all - I was absorbed, preoccupied, troubled, for some reason - but one overcomes this. The dreamer sometimes falls into a well, but is said to get out of it afterward. And the absent-minded man also has his lucid moments in compensation. He is sometimes a person who has his reasons for being as he is, but they are not always understood at first, or are unconsciously forgotten most of the time, from lack of interest. A man who has been tossed back and forth for a long time, as if on a stormy sea, at last reaches his destination; a man who has seemed good-for-nothing and incapable of any employment, any function, ends in finding one and becoming active and capable of action - he shows himself quite different from what he seemed at first.

I write somewhat at random whatever comes to my pen. I should be very glad if you could see in me something more than an idle fellow. Because there are two kinds of idleness, which are a great contrast to each other. There is the man

who is idle from laziness and from lack of character, from the baseness of his nature. If you like, you may take me for such a one. On the other hand, there is the idle man who is idle in spite of himself, who is inwardly consumed by a great longing for action, but does nothing, because it is impossible for him to do anything, because he seems to be imprisoned in some cage, because he does not possess what he needs to become productive, because circumstances bring him inevitably to



that point. Such a man does not always know what he could do, but he instinctively feels, I am good for some thing, my life has a purpose after all, I know that I could be quite a different man! How can I be useful, of what service can I be? There is something inside of me, what can it be? This is quite a different kind of idle man; if you like, you may take me for such a one! A caged bird in spring knows quite well that he might serve some end; he is well aware that there is something for him to do, but he cannot do it. What is it? He does not quite remember. Then some vague ideas occur to him, and he says to himself, "The others build their nests and lay their eggs and bring up their little ones", and he knocks his head against the bars of the cage. But the cage remains, and the bird is maddened by anguish.



"Look at that lazy animal," says another bird in passing, "he seems to be living at ease."

Yes, the prisoner lives, he does not die; there are no outward signs of what passes within him — his health is good, he is more or less gay when the sun shines. But then the season of migration comes and attacks of melancholia — "But he has everything he wants," say the children who tend him in his cage. He looks through the bars at the overcast sky where a thunderstorm is gathering, and inwardly he rebels against his fate. "I am caged, I am caged, and you tell me I do not want anything, fools! You think I have everything I need! Oh! I beseech you liberty, that I may be a bird like other birds!"

A certain idle man resembles this idle bird.

And circumstances often prevent men from doing things, prisoners in I do not know what horrible, horrible, most horrible cage. There is also — I know it — the deliverance, the tardy deliverance. A justly or unjustly ruined reputation, poverty, unavoidable circumstances, adversity — that is what makes men prisoners.

One cannot always tell what it is that keeps us shut in, confines us, seems to bury us; nevertheless, one feels certain barriers, certain gates, certain walls. Is all this imagination, fantasy? I don't think so. And one asks, "My God! Is it for long, is it for ever, is it for all eternity?"

Do you know what frees one from this captivity? It is every deep, serious affection. Being friends, being brothers, love, that is what opens the prison by some supreme power, by some magic force. Without this, one remains in prison. Where sympathy is renewed, life is restored.

And the prison is also called prejudice, misunderstanding, fatal ignorance of one thing or another, distrust, false shame.

But to speak of other things, if I have come down in the world, you, on the contrary, have risen. If I have lost the sympathy of some, you, on the contrary, have gained it. That makes me very happy — I say it in all sincerity — and always will. If you hadn't seriousness or depth, I would fear that it would not last; but as I think you are very serious and of great depth, I believe that it will. But I should be very glad if it were possible for you to see me as something more than an idle man of the worst type.



For the present, I shake hands with you, thanking you again for the help you have given me.
Ever yours, Vincent.



Michael Abdul Malik, Michael X, is being held in the Royal Gaol, Port of Spain, Trinidad, charged with the murder of Gale Benson and Joseph Skerritt. He is being treated as a political prisoner. Michael's long fight to establish free communities like the Black House in London, and the Free University in Trinidad, and his unwillingness to accept economic and racial oppression have led him to this small cell in Trinidad where he is now fighting to save his life. The media has had an orgy with the muddled facts surrounding this case, and we hope that this letter which Michael was finally able to get to us via his lawyer, Kenneth Foster, will help shed some light on what is really going down in Trinidad, and get Michael a fair trial and the freedom that will follow. Dan Richter

Michael X: "Murder is an absurd suggestion."

Statement written by Michael Abdul Malik, Royal Gaol, Port of Spain, Trinidad, May 1972.

The first part of this little note may seem on the surface as a litany of complaints, but complaining as such is far away from my mind. I relate the following picture so you who are faraway may see and get a clear picture of what's really happening here.

First you must be aware that this is not a criminal trial, it is political. Murder as a charge in relation to myself, is an absurd suggestion. When I was brought back to Trinidad, I was put in a stone and concrete cell six foot by twelve foot, with no bed or any other type of furniture, this should speak for itself, I remained on the concrete floor for twelve days. My lawyers made representations to the Chief Justice and the Prisons Commissioner and I was finally given a little bed with fibre filled mattress, no sheets or pillow case, this is the situation to this day three months later, our constitution states that as a remand prisoner I am entitled to a light to read by, a copy of the Quoran as a Muslim, and the diet of a Muslim, table, chair, but none of these things are allowed me, my usual two hundred and five to two ten pounds is now down to 159 one hundred and fifty nine, since coming in here I have not eaten any food, I sometimes eat a few biscuits and milk or sugar water with a bit of citrus squeezed in it, this we call "juice", or a piece of cheese or butter substitute.

Sometimes I go for a week or nine days on water only, it is over three months now I am in this situation. They say there will be a decision in about a year. I go to court now about three times a week on average. To travel the 18 miles to court, I am escorted by 25 armed policemen with modern

SLRs, self-loading sub machine guns. Around the court stand 68 heavily armed uniform men, inside are twelve more with side arms and ten with riot staffs, I am curious how many are around in civilian dress. My lawyers are harassed directly and indirectly, like for example a three hundred dollar demand or personal violence for a taxi bill or on the other hand a refusal by Immigration to allow my lawyer's clerk entry into the country, noting by the way he had been in four times before, working and researching in my defence. Mr Regis the clerk is an accredited member at Lincoln's Inn, London. My situation is made difficult even more by a hold up at gun point of my wife and seizure of my diaries and address book and her diary and address book by the police. The almost finished manuscript of my new book was seized and destroyed and strewn about my yard by the Police when they occupied my property, I am not allowed to write bar on two tiny forms weekly and there I must say nothing of my health or weight or conditions in prison. I am not allowed to go into the sunlight for exercise as is the custom for other prisoners, nor can I get any answers as to why I must endure such harsh punishment, particularly as I am not convicted of any crime.

My wife on occasion visited me here in prison in the company of a local person, on leaving the prison they are picked up by the police and interrogated as to what "part they are playing in the Revolution" some are kept for many hours, the result, people are very frightened. Even hotels have refused to grant accommodation to my wife who is in an advanced state of pregnancy. She was refused admittance in 14 hotels. I have since advised her to go, and remain in Guyana, the country of her birth, with my four daughters.

The picture I have shown is one of Trini-

dad today. This beautiful Caribbean country is now described as a police state, 14 years after independence from England, our country has been in an officially proclaimed State of Emergency for the past year. On my arrival in Trinidad January 1971 I began working on a Social and Agricultural Programme, with large gifts of money from people like you John Lennon and your wife Yoko Ono who came and witnessed at first hand some of our work, we were able to alleviate much poverty in what is essentially quite a rich country (oil rich). With hard work and much patience I gained in passing a large following of the ordinary people and many enemies, the present administration is afraid. They are parading 24 or more witnesses against me on one charge of murder, that of a local man, and 40 witnesses on another charge of murder, this one being an English woman. To defend myself legally in this protracted legal battle will bear enormous costs which I cannot afford, at present two lawyers from St. Lucia, Mr. Kenneth Foster and Mr. Leo Regis his clerk who are knowledgeable of the Caribbean scene and who believe in my innocence have taken up the cause at considerable expense to themselves, they can be reached at Box 218 Castries, St. Lucia, West Indies. Mr. Foster is also the leader of the opposition party in St. Lucia, I ask of you my friends to send to me at the Royal Gaol, Port of Spain, Trinidad, what assistance you can, and hope that one day we may see and serve each other again.

*Yours in Peace,
Michael Abdul Malik.*

I wish to further request you to spread this information and write me. M.

The retaining cost has been estimated at 25,000 dollars.



Words of wisdom...

Dear Readers: Too many of your letters are long and boring, and we're running out of blue pencils. Keep it short and snappy, huh? Mark the envelopes 'Words of Wisdom' and mail to:
OZ Magazine 19 Gt. Newport St London W C 2

Dear OZ,
What the BLOODY FUCK has happened to OZ? while I've been away? What's happened to the good ol' dope crazed, SEXIST beautifully badly printed, horny, long-haired OZ that used to be?

Where has the depraved filth of Acid, Hells Angels and the notorious School Kids Oz got to?

What I'm saying you Rolls-driving fascists is that OZ was once a darned good (bad) mag but since the fame of School Kids you have gone hi-class, you've become SOPHISTICATED and OZ is laid out like Woman's Own. Just take a look at number 42 with a cover like family circle. The first pages were full of bummy crap letters from pissy women's liberationists who appear to have taken OZ over. All the articles have lost that old OZ touch and gone soppo and sympathetic, none of yer good ol' SADISTIC goodies, none of yer hard-to-read print that taught you how to grow goodies and sixty nine and worst of all, no perverted, glossy, horny pix that adorned your pages that first brought you bread from the loyal 1%-ers. I ain't gonna give you me name and address, I'm just sayin' if you see a

guy walking London's fair streets with a placard saying "NEW LOOK OZ, THE EXPENSIVE BOG PAPER", you'll know who it is.
Big R

Dear OZ,
Why have the early experiments, with different formats, such as the flowerchild poster (no 5), the fold-out cover (4), the stickers (11) and the Magic Theatre OZ (16) given way to such a standardised presentation? And the price is far higher than any other British u/g paper (as, no doubt, are your profits).

I'll still keep reading you anyway (I can't forget the feeling of liberation I got when I read no. 6 and found the underground) but think it over.

Fraternally,
Rod

Dear OZ,
While I was in Borstal I read your Schoolkids Issue everyone in there dug it. Yes even the skinheads. While in Borstal I worked in the local factory and various other places. I took OZ to the factory. The manager of the maintenance dept took it away and said it would upset the workers. He then

locked himself in his office and spent the afternoon reading it.

I think you're a bit isolated. Please don't keep saying the underground is dead.

Yours sincerely, *C.J. Bowers*

Dear OZ,
OZ seems to have a strange self-defeating philosophy based on support of both decadence and revolutionary change.

Unfortunately change cannot successfully be restricted to give a perpetual compromise between liberty and oppression, although in this country we have, at the moment, a system which permits you, if grudgingly, to assault its politics and morality.

Whatever else you defeat, with your present attitude you will also defeat yourself, the counter culture you support and any worthwhile principles it encompasses.

I make particular reference to some of the advertisements in OZ 42, inviting people to buy child pornography. In itself, this is just a grubby little perversion by any standards, but probably harmless if indulged alone and in private, but far from

satisfying such peculiar desires it almost certainly encourages the occasional voyeur to become more deeply enmeshed in his perversion, and the fanatic to put his desires into practice with horridly damaging result. To find such things in a publication also tends to discredit any serious articles in it.

Power to Reason.
Pete Carroll,
34 Fairfield Gardens,
Portslade,
Sussex.

Dear OZ,
A few words about Warren Hague's article. I'm not a hippie, insofar as I don't want to smoke dope or fuck in the streets but I support his desire for the freedom to do these things. However, he's being more than a little naive if he thinks he'll get that freedom without power. What will a smoke-in or a Freax United Party achieve? Will our democratically elected representatives accept that a lot of people want the freedom to be themselves — they haven't so far — and so democratically allow it? I think not; "democracy" is just the sugar coating for an emerging

1984 type society dominated by Centrist politics, consumerism, and a police army force ever alert for subversion of the public's minds and bodies, and the folks who own and run this and every other "democratic" country know that the construction of real personal freedom is the dissolution of the chains that bind us to them — education, morality, security, money and all the rest of it. And if these chains are gone so's their power and they want power, even if you don't Warren.

I agree from experience that the majority of the working class are rednecks committed to Capitalism, one way or the other; there might be enough working class revolutionaries to make the revolution, but not to sustain it. Any revolution will not only have the non-liberal bourgeoisie, high finance and Frank Ritson and Robert Mark's jolly lads against it, but also the apathy or opposition of many members of the working class to contend with, and a revolution facing all that opposition (just as Britain and a successful revolution will have to do better than that) is going to be a bastard. So even though revolutionaries don't like dopers or collaborators, perhaps with good reason, and even though the revolutionary working class don't much like hippies, you'll have to accept that they'll be the ones with the power when there's a successful revolution (and you'd better not sit around grumbling if there's an unsuccessful one) and you'll still be in the same powerless boat wanting "dope, rock'n'roll and fucking in the streets". That is, unless you decide that the only chance you have of achieving your own rather limited revolution and surviving it is by helping your more active brothers and sisters to bring about the real revolution.

*Chris Kemp
25 Minver Road, Liverpool*

Dear OZ,
I am sick of opening OZ and seeing letters from people complaining about the standard of your mag. These people are talking out the back of their arses. I think that every time a new OZ comes out it is better than ever. So come on all you so-called OZ friends, write in and let's see a word of praise for a change, for the best fuckin' mag ever.

*S. Fletcher,
Bedford.*

Dear OZ,
At last one of your correspondents Warren Hague, has kicked all this political shit right up the arse. His article (OZ 42) really puts the Left in its proper position. We anarchists (the real freaks) all know that the Right are real pigs but they do show their piggishness. The so-called "libertarian Left" however, are far more underhand. These cunts really believe in the same doctrine as the Right, but deliberately con people by their superfluous skin-deep 'libertarianism' to stop them joining real

revolutionaries. These cunts are our biggest enemies.

So let all freaks, whatever their creed, join arms and fight this fucking system until it is obliterated for ever.

So can you, OZ, our mouthpiece to the outside world, give us some more articles like Warren Hague's. If you do you will show your true libertarianism.

Love to all you beautiful freaks all over the world.

*Kev
2, Highclere
Sunninghill Berks*

Dear Oz,
Thanks to Amadeus Vivek for describing so vividly the kind of crackpot ideas about Macrobiotics that pervade much straight and hip thinking, both in the States and to a lesser extent in Britain. It is obvious from his article that he has been strung out on some kind of macromadness himself, and it is no wonder that he is now so frenziedly uptight about Macrobiotics. I have been Macrobiotic for six years, but if I had to practice the masochistic variety that he describes I'd burn my chopsticks in protest.

Sure there are people who wrap up their own neuroses in a web of yin and yang and fanatic fantasy; Amadeus's article is an excellent clinical analysis of the aberration. It's amazing how a person can twist anything to fit his particular interpretation of the universe. For example: Amadeus says fruit is forbidden in Macrobiotics. Fact: George Ohsawa, author of the basic guidebook, *Zen Macrobiotics*, advises that you can eat up to 15% fruits and salads, and up to 45% fruits and salads if you are a vegetarian, and maintain excellent health. So why does Amadeus say fruits are forbidden? Perhaps because in the case of diets to cure severe sickness, fruits are frequently excluded. Most macrobiotics enjoy fruit freely and regularly, especially in season.

Most of Amadeus' article reflects the masturbatory attitude to food of people with heavy oral retentive problems and nothing to do with their time. So they sit around playing with their food throughout their waking day. The vast majority of Macrobiotics understand food is an important aspect of their lives and take sensible steps to ensure that their food is of as good a quality as possible. But they spend by far the greater part of their time living — actively working, creating or whatever, but not wandering off to Japan or wherever seeking satori in a bowl of rice.

Please Amadeus. The idea of Macrobiotics is to kick habits: tobacco, alcohol, white sugar, drugs, and compulsive eating. Where you get the idea that macrobiotics is a way to take junk without tears is a wonder to me. Don't believe everything that people tell you, even junkies.

And do we have to give up our grains, beans, vegetables, fruits and occasional animal and dairy food for the more natural dietary preference of apes you mention as "fruits, roots, wild vegetables, insects, worms, and occasional mammals", just because grains have been on man's menu only 20,000 years (?) and chimpanzees can't get it together to cultivate them? Of course the successful cultures grew grain: that way they had food during the winter.

And maybe the "first group of Occidental Macrobiotics were sincere mystics", for what it's worth. And perhaps, as Amadeus also says, they went on to convert the less intelligent, then the "teenyboppers, dum-dums, and squares." Good on them. Reading this sort of crap makes me proud to call myself a macrobiotic teenybopper dum-dum square sincere mystic. And I agree with Amadeus when he says that "All stupid factions assume there are two groups of people in the world — us and people dumber than us." What kind of faction is he that he even goes on to classify the dummies? Shove the elitism, Amadeus. You should have learned better at Berkeley.

I can see the advantages of OZ publishing criticisms of the more extreme aspects of dietary thinking, especially if it leads to a more constructive set of attitudes about natural foods being reached. But this kind of mindless, destructive, and hate-filled drivel, even more far-fetched and fanciful than the paranoid ravings of the American Medical Association, can only serve to create misunderstandings, reinforce ignorance, and produce divisiveness and rigid thinking.

Already it seems that more time is spent on inward criticism and back-biting than on creating anything positive or truly alternative. Must this plague now spread even to our choice of diet? Or can we offer to Amadeus a chance to overcome this bitterness that drives him to such savage and anger-crazed extremes. Try Macrobiotics again Amadeus, but more gently. Be free — don't deny yourself what you want, don't think about it too much, just relax and eat good natural food. If you still don't like it — groovy — as long as you're happy, who cares what you eat?

*Craig Sams
37 Cornwall Crescent
London W11*

Dear OZ,
If government-backed OZ doesn't censor this, I want to condemn the capitalist profiteers hiding behind the covers of OZ magazine disguised as left-wing revolutionaries, filling their purses with the pocket-money of gullible school-kids.

The only good thing I've got to say for OZ is the brilliant idea of including hundreds of spelling errors. Dictionary manufacturers must be making a good profit too!

Grant

Dear Sewer Rats,
Returned herewith, No. 42. Put it where it belongs, jump down after it. And pull the chain.

Anon

Dear OZ,
What are we doing to get tetrahydrocannabinol legalised? Lots of love,
H. Ash



Illustration: Joshua Thomas

TWILIGHT OF THE MACHMEN

*"A machman is a human being who
has had intercourse with a machine.
I am a machman"*

Garth Murphy



I believe that man's fulfilment is to make the planet earth a garden of eden; a beautiful place for men to live for as long as we can keep it habitable; as long as we can survive. It may be a conscious extension of what we call the survival instinct. It is a very strong feeling.

Men are beautiful and positive physical incarnations. Soul or consciousness experiences the universe through us, and dogs and cats, lions, birds, trees, rocks, stars, air. Human beings are a rare part of the physical universe. They are worth saving.

As far as I know, this earth is the only place where we can survive without very complex earth-built apparatus. Our physical being is evolving, and may someday be more versatile and less earth bound. Or a new incarnation free of earth may eventuate; may already exist. But earth is a beautiful place, and humans are beautiful place, and humans are beautiful creatures. Why not let both survive until our sun burns out? Consciousness could not find a better way to spend seventy five or a hundred years than with a human being on earth.

Some human beings. But even the least attractive least happy least high want to survive. Why aren't they high? How can we make this a place where all consciousness is high all of the time . . . in every physical incarnation. We have to make it a place where everything survives; we have to make a garden of eden. Whether to save only humans or all living things is for me an easy decision. I would have everything survive. Do we need mosquitoes?

My father is a marine ecologist. He has studied fish since his teens. One of the first things I learned as a child was the balance of species of fish plants and other ocean and freshwater forms. Fish that eat plant life are eaten by fish that are eaten by bigger fish that are eaten by porpoise killer whales sharks. for one to survive all must survive.

When men became heavy fish predators the balances were affected. How many tons of sardines should peruvian fishermen harvest to produce the maximum yield, and still be able to do the same thing the next year, and the one after that and on

forever? Men and sardines surviving. My father's work is to answer these questions of balance, and there has been no escape for me from the fact that the population of men is part of this chain, and that the condition of man and the condition of earth are inseparable.

Because nothing eats us, we have no population controls. We have forgotten for long periods of time that we are within the balance. We have destroyed the game so we must fence the lands and grow great herds of ignorant beasts to feed on.

We have grown in numbers until we have to clear and fence the land for intensive farming, dam the rivers and dig new ones and build railroads and trucks and ships in factories and dig the ores and pump the oil to feed the engines made of the ores to run the factories to build the machines to get the food to survive. And we fight wars among ourselves over who will get the oil and fence what land and mine what ores and produce what food to survive.

Men sweat in the factories to make the machines to fight the wars to win the ores to make the machines to run the farms to get the food to survive. And they're not high.

Men sweat in the white shirts and ties, top hats and overcoats to run the countries that run the factories that make the machines to win the wars and get the goods to make the machines to get the food to survive. And they're not high.

Machines are the lowest form of life in the universe. They are destroyers. Machine guns. They are only 200 years old. They were made by men and will exist only as long as men let them exist. When the machines are gone, the machine men will be gone, and all human beings will be high.

Perhaps men will not be able to part with their machines. Must we be destroyed to free the universe of machines? There are too many of us to survive without machines. I consider the possibility of getting it together with machines and people and stumble every time on the men who must make the machines, pump the oil and build the roads. The sweat and pain and boredom of doing the same thing over and over and over for no known reason other than to get the money to buy the food the machines made. The food is shitty; the machine men are not high. They are making the wars busts laws prisons smog concrete capitalism.

We must reduce population, free ourselves from machine enslavement, free the earth from enslavement to our machines. Engines are our death grip on mother earth. Without them she is our equal. Can you stand it? Weaned from your metal mothers? List them in your mind and feel your attachment.

A machman is a human being who has intercourse with a machine. When the machines are gone, the machmen will be gone and all living things will be high.

So I'm slowly unravelling myself from my machines. I want to feel how high it can be. It means relearning the use of the human body in providing for itself, in amusing itself, in getting itself high. It is learning lost skills, it is learning to live. I can see that work is hard without machines if food must be grown. I can see that the land cannot support too many people per square mile without machines. If food is not cultivated, if it is hunted and gathered, there must be even fewer people in relation to area of earth and population of other animals and plants. It feels that the fewer the human beings, the easier it is to survive, and the higher the life on all levels.

The Australian aboriginals, said to be the lowest people on earth, appear (from readings) to have been among the highest. There was never question in their minds as to whether their way of life of the way of the white invaders was higher. They lived in Australia for 40,000 years without farming, or building permanent houses. Their life was

awareness of their world in every detail, and conscious interaction with it aimed at survival for all, including trees, rocks, lakes and sky.

American indians have been close also in balance with their world. They too were few in numbers and conscious preservers of all things. Only on a hunting and gathering level is man in harmony with earth, his body, the universe. Only then is he fulfilling his highest destiny. Do you remember the Noble Savage discovered by America's first settlers? Indian life and highness inspired by the American revolution, constitution, and the French revolution. Europeans living as the indians did were the highest white men in the world. They were primitive hunters and gatherers. It was so good that millions of Europeans came to feel it . . . and smothered the land with their numbers. And built machines to kill the indians to get the land to grow the food to feed their cities. And imported slaves to work the land to clothe their numbers. And built machines to fight a war to free the slaves who, the indians taught them, were their equals. And built more machines to work the land to feed the freed slaves so that they would not have to give them land. And, slaves to their numbers, became slaves to their machines.

We have no need for killing, for slavery or machinery. We could take population back to a balanced level if we wanted to. Let us do it or be miserable machmen until our end. Machmen bred to machwomen will give birth to full oil blooded machines in five generations.

My grandfather was a machmen. My father is a machman. I am a machman. I want to be the last machman in my line.

How far back do we have to go. All the way to the death of the last internal combustion engine and the rusting away of the last rifled gun barrel. To the destruction of hydroelectric plants, oil refineries, nuclear generators. To the closing of the last factory door, to concrete crumbled to dust, to grass



growing where once roads ran, to trees nourished by crumbled cities. We have to go back to a minimal population.

Then I will cut trees to build a strong boat and sail to an old land where occasionally I stumble upon the remains of a lost civilisation. Where in places the concrete roads can still be seen; in deserts dry air has preserved long defunct metal machines. Where huge and ancient redwood trees show the scars of chain saws from the age of machmen.

As I continue my journey into the less inhabited interior and further into rugged mountains, I find posts still standing from forgotten fences. I travel in a bark canoe through a mountain in a tunnel that natives tell me the machmen built to carry water to distant dry areas to grow more food to feed more men to make more machines. We laugh, stroke, laugh, beach canoe on a sandspit to camp. Under night's blanket stories flicker round a fire, and I am told that the place where we camp was once nine hundred feet under water. One man points high up a jagged canyon wall, "there was the shoreline of a great lake dammed by the machmen to produce power to run their machines." I am not sure but I heard of such things: I nod, heads shake, hmms vibrate. And they say that my journey of the last two months was once made in less than an hour by hundreds of machmen in one of their flying machines. We laugh, for there are only stars in the sky.

Let's go. We are men. We can walk we can swim, dance, run, ride, build, see, feel, hunt, paddle, sail, surf, make music, love, breathe, eat, laugh, smell, taste, cry, sing. Let's go to a heart pumping blood-flowing high dance.

Come on let's go.
man man human being
let us go man man human being
let us go.



OZ

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We've produced a new magazine about sex that is the first and only British publication to take sex philosophically, to accept that an essential part of revolution is sexual revolution. The magazine is called SCORPIO.

The idea behind SCORPIO is twofold: first, we intend to cover the news, the media, books and movies etc. that are in any way sexual or erotic; second, we present a collection of articles that explore sexuality in terms of ideas rather than pious prick-teasing. Not all of what we print is what we personally agree with — but it's all a vital part of the real reorientation of our psychic selves that must come about.

We're not out to exploit anyone. There are no fantasy letters, no sexy pics, no sex techniques. We're simply producing an essential document in sexuality. Read, for example, Peter French's piece on Sexual Revolution in Scorpio 1. Then buy his book, Blueprint for Sexual Revolution (from us, 25p plus 10p p&p). You can't afford to be without it unless you think only with your cock.

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Good News. We're glad to hear from many of our subscribers that they have received their copies of the last issue of OZ (no. 42) in good time and without interference. As we have already explained, the non-delivery of OZ's 40 and 41 is due entirely to the absurd meddling and censorship of the G.P.O.

Although no action at all was taken by any member of the public or by the police to seek the prosecution of issues 40 and 41, and although both these OZs enjoyed national (and international) circulation and distribution quite openly in newsagents and bookstands up and down the country, still the GPO felt it necessary to impound subscribers' copies mailed in plain brown envelopes. The logic of such action must defeat even Lord Longford.

At present, these issues are the subject (at the GPO's request) of examination by the Director of Public Prosecutions' Office. The editors of the issues have been cautioned by members of Scotland Yard's Obscene Publications Dept., but they have not been charged. The D.P.P. has had copies of OZ issue 40 in its possession since January of this year. One can imagine the impossible situation the DPP's office must find themselves in. Here is a magazine that was received openly, without any complaint whatever to their (or our) knowledge, by the public at large. It is patently not a pornographic production of any kind, and enjoys a growing, politically aware readership. No-one in his right mind could possibly suggest that either issues 40 or 41 of OZ magazine are obscene or indecent. But here is the GPO, after accepting our money for postage, hauling off thousands of carefully-wrapped subscribers' copies to the Yard for scrutiny and investigation.

When a high-ranking member of the Post Office was asked by a staff member of OZ over the telephone on what authority the envelopes had been opened in the first place prior to mailing them, the only excuse he had to offer was that the GPO are duty bound to search any parcels, packets or envelopes that might possibly contain drugs!

And so, to recap on this farcical black comedy we have the following trail of astounding events: 1) OZ is published and appears openly on the streets of Britain. 2) It is sold in tens of thousands to readers from Lands End to John O'Groats. 3) No-one complains to the police or to OZ magazine. 4) Copies are sealed in brown, plain envelopes. 5) OZ pays the postage and mails them. 6) The GPO opens the envelopes "...to search for drugs..." 7) A member of this search force is offended or (more realistically) confused by the contents. 8) He passes it on to his superior. 9) His superior passes it up the line to head office. 10) The hypocritical bigots and narrow-minded bureaucrats at HQ send copies to the Director of Public Prosecutions. 11) The DPP's office has an unwanted prosecution on its hands. 12) It all costs you, the taxpayers who support both the GPO and the DPP, more money.

At the root of this problem is the notorious Post Office Act. This allows the Post Office to virtually censor printed material that cannot be attacked by any other existing law. There is no space here to go fully into the idiosyncracies of the Post Office Act; that would take two or three pages, at least, of boring and intricate copy.

All we wish to make clear at this stage is this: 1) Somehow, someday, we will get your copies to you. 2) We are not rip-off artists — it takes time and it takes effort. Trust us for a little while. 3) To the GPO and to the Director of Public Prosecutions: Perhaps you feel that we are tired after last year's dress rehearsal. Perhaps you feel that we must be demoralised at the prosecution of IT. Perhaps you are hoping that, by now, public sympathy and support has drained away. Be warned. Every one of these assumptions is false. OZ Magazine and every other member of the British alternative press will fight this legislation. We will fight it hard. We will kill this Act. Enough!

STOP PRESS: The launch issue of 'Spike', Scotland's first national underground paper has already run foul of the law. Only two days after publication on June 26th, Glasgow police arrested a couple of streetsellers and 'visited' the offices of Black Box, the u/g Scottish news service, from whose premises the paper is currently operating. Apparently they are objecting to the use of the word 'bastard' in 'Spike's' page two editorial, and are threatening prosecution for the silhouette of a phallic banana that adorns their front cover. 'Spike', which is named flatteringly after this here very column, be obtained from 15 Hope St., Glasgow, G.2. 6AB. Subscriptions £1.00 for twelve issues.

Sad to hear that 'Inside Story' has been forced to split from Moore-Harness, their (and our) distributors. This will inevitably mean initial drops in the magazine's sales figures. For those of you who haven't yet sampled this tough, informative, and fearlessly professional publication, edited by ex-ink editor, Wynford Hicks, we suggest you send £1.50 for a trial subscription of sex issues to: 'Inside Story', 3 Belmont Road, S.W.4.

Here is a useful piece of information sent to us for the benefit of pig farmers. If your recent litter of piglets is threatened by 'teat necrosis' (a dangerous disease amongst porkers and similar to diphtheria) the Scottish Farm Buildings Investigation unit have good news for you. Take a small wooden spatula and smear a large dollop of Bostik on every teat you can find. Providing your aim is good and the dressing is applied early your necrosis worries are over. Rumours that for years this remedy has accounted for the distinctive flavour of Danish bacon are entirely fictitious.



This incredible photograph was taken by David Dyas during the Islington Carnival Procession on June 24th. Warned by the police that their papier mache float of a ten foot penis would be arrested if it proceeded further, the Clephane Road Community kids got busy disguising it as a space rocket. Halfway through the procession the covers came off and the sweltering maniac with a whitewash pump inside the giant cock got busy.

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Here is the telephone bill that broke Ink. No, it's not a misprint, it really does say One thousand and fifty-five pounds and ninety-four pence. After you've read our lead item on the GPO in Spike you can imagine how sorry we, at OZ, must feel about all this.

Up for grabs as we went to press was the first issue of 'Gay News', the national fortnightly homosexual newspaper. Cliff Richard made a convincing heterosexual-of-the-month and there was some fine reporting on the intrigues of Jimmy Saville's 'Speakeasy' programme on homosexual behaviour. Other worthwhile features included a medically sound, if somewhat moralistic run down on homosexuals and venereal disease and a snappy guide to gay action north of the border. But we could have done without that tongue in cheek story on the Biograph — it smacked far too heavily of those sad old gay magazines which managed to fill twenty or so pages with coy innuendo and not mention the word homosexual once.

Newswise and generally though, Gay News is essential gay reading, and its small ads show a healthy disrespect for the pathetic House of Lords' decision over the I. T. appeal last month. Gay News is located at 19 London St., London, W.2. Tel: 01-402 7805.

Rumours that George Lennox is of Jewish stock must now be discounted following the amusing exposure of his diminutive and uncircumcised organ at the Alice Cooper press reception in Chessington Zoo recently. George, (ex 7 Days token hippy and currently earning a crust as Drop Out Dave's errand boy for the notoriously inaccurate Private Eye column), took it upon himself to discard his battered Y-fronts and Levis during the stripper's routine under the 'big top'. Amidst general audience hilarity and aided and encouraged by Miss Stacia from Hawkwind, her voluminous naked breasts dancing erotically under his nose, George shuffled and waltzed drunkenly for several laps of the sawdust circus ring.

"The Defense of Literature and the Arts Society (DLAS) exists to combat censorship on moral, political or other grounds and to uphold freedom of expression." Well, that's what it says on this sheet of roneoed paper and who are we to disagree. Those of you wishing to plunge further into the sordid intricacies of our moral pollution laws could do much worse than write for further information to DLAS, 18 Brewer St., London, W1R 4AS.

A date has not yet been set for the trial of the Nasty Tales 4, although an announcement is expected shortly confirming that it will be some time in August. In a hopelessly transparent attempt to 'play down' the first obscenity rap against the underground press since the OZ trial last June, the authorities have opted to hold this trial during the Inner London Sessions at the Newington Causeway Crown Court, Elephant and Castle.

Mick Farren, Joy Farren, Edward Barker and Paul Lewis, together with their Limited Company have each been charged under Section 2 (1) of the Obscene Publications Act 1959 as amended by Sect 1 (1) of the 1964 Act. The committal proceedings were concluded last May 15th at Marlborough Magistrates Court. Mick Farren and Paul Lewis are understood to be preparing to defend themselves.

The prosecution's case is thought to rest simply on evidence of children having bought and read a copy of the issue of Nasty Tales in question. It's gratifying to note that the Nasty Tales crew have not been charged with a conspiracy of any kind. But then, conspiracy to produce a comic book..... what jury would ever have worn that one!

Nasty Tales needs your help and support. Please send anything you can afford to Nasty Tales Defense Fund: 11b Wardour Mews, W.1.

As some of you will have doubtless read in The Guardian, Mike Topuzogou, commonly known as 'Greek Mike' from the Frenzd collective has been sitting for several weeks in Pentonville deportee wing. Currently he is awaiting deportation to Turkey where he faces a prison sentence for refusing to serve in the Turkish Army. He is in solitary confinement, his mail has been torn up and his books refused him. He is also being forced to wear identification patches on his prison uniform to mark him as a dangerous and/or absconding prisoner.

And the crime that Michael has committed to find himself in this position? It is as simple as it is absurd. He has been found guilty of being an alien.



"You CUNT..." he yelled.

A launching party for 'Spare Rib' held at The Place in Duke Street last month was violently disrupted by the hostile invasion of a small but verbose group of gay 'liberationists'. Attired in what they prefer to call 'gender-fuck' drag, this chummy little gang of bover-boys descended uninvited and unannounced on an already overcrowded and confused situation. Chaos subsequently ensued. One especially loudmouthed and heavily tinselled young 'radical feminist' promptly proceeded to rip and mutilate three dozen copies of the first issue of 'Rib', scattering the torn remnants over astonished onlookers with cries of "sexist rubbish... sexist rubbish!"

Attempts by Rosie Boycott and other members of 'Spare Rib' to engage this miserable crew of psychedelic fascists in any meaningful discussion of their criticisms of the magazine were sneeringly rebuffed with hysterical chants of "sexism... sexism... Stamp Out Sexism..." Ges Cox, the distribution and payroll manager of IT had his face scratched and cut following a less than sensitive use of vocabulary on his part during one mutual slanging match: "You CUNT..." he yelled. "You sexist PIG..." they screamed.

Chris Rowley, OZ's vegetarian advertising manager tried a different tack. Leaning forward in a belated conciliatory gesture he attempted to kiss one of the enraged homosexuals. Right now he still has a chunk of his top lip missing.

On the publication day of Spare Rib, W.H. Smith and Sons, those well-known purveyors of healthy family literature, rang the Rib office to cancel their order. No reason of any substance was offered. One short week later, on the 28th June, they rang back to revise their revised cancellation.

'Public demand' for the new women's monthly suggested that an initial order of 15,000 copies might be appropriate. Well, that's 15,000 more copies than those scheming, monopolistic, evil little bastards will ever get their hands on from this publication. Stand up the woman who said "sour grapes".

Ever since the modification of Robert Carr's kitchen by that well known group of demolition experts, 'The Angry Brigade', the hornets' nest of capitalist revenge has been let loose in a continual state of police raids searching for "...likely candidates for an outrage..."

We know that Scotland Yard were given the green light to "turn London over" resulting in the blatant framing of Purdie and Prescott, which, predictably enough, failed to stop the political bombings. Months later, they busted six well known militants at Stoke Newington, which still didn't stop attacks on ruling class property — and so they arrested four more people (while the bombings still continue...).

We all know the results of the Jake and Ian trial, in which the jury made it absolutely clear that they could not accept the police 'conspiracy' theory, although one might be forgiven for thinking so in the light of the outrageous sentences meted out by Judge

Similarly, the same conspiracy rap was dropped against Pauline Conroy and Chris Allen, the Attorney General refusing permission to proceed with the charges, leaving the Stoke Newington 8, who have already been convicted in their absence at the Purdie/Prescott trial.

No-one should be fooled by 'fair trial' bullshit in this case. These eight people, whether they are Angles or not, were convicted by the State at the moment of their arrest: convicted not for any injury or crime against the majority interests of Britain, but merely for daring to launch political attacks against the state.

The police and the courts have a cynical lack of perspective about the use of violence in all criminal matters... fascists mutilate black people with firebombs — they don't get charged with serious offences. If Robert Carr had actually been shot or even disembowelled, Prescott could only have received a maximum sentence of ten years (under the section 4 of the 'Offences Against the Person Act, 1861'). With ultra-violent gangsters, the police do out of court deals; with the 'Angry Brigade', who injure nothing except property, they launch a "PUBLIC ENEMY No. 1" investigation.

The Stoke Newington 8 have pleaded not guilty to all the one thousand odd pages of the prosecution case. Three defendants, John Barker, Anna Mendelson and Hilary are defending themselves and attacking the charges with courageous resolution. Establishment 'experts' in explosives and chemistry have been accused of prosecution bias in manufacturing a pattern of 25 bombings, which the state claims is the basis of the conspiracy (from 1967 through August 1971). Conveniently, all recent bombings since the SN8's arrest have not been included. One 'expert', called a liar by a defense lawyer, recoiled in horror, declaring that he could find no words suitable for the court to express the profound shock he felt at his scientific integrity being challenged.

Since 1902, any defendant can be convicted on a conspiracy count on his or her own, with others who are dead (watch out Guy Fawkes), unknown or awaiting trial. If the state is desperate for a conviction, a conspiracy charge is a convenient favourite (remember Chicago or Angela Davis or even the OZ trio). And we can be sure that the judge has already worked out exemplary sentences for the Stoke Newington 8.

The unknown factor is the jury. Everything in a court can be fixed, everything can be 'arranged', everything a foregone conclusion apart from the 12 good men and true. It is a working class jury and all 12 have answered defence questions on political prejudice. It's no accident that Robert Mark (the new head of Scotland Yard) has expressed so much concern over juries in past weeks. The only factor that the state cannot control in a courtroom in Britain is the experience of 12 'ordinary' people, which may run counter to the lies, corruption and legal rubbish which is the basis of British justice. In spite of everything, we still have juries, and the Stoke Newington 8 retain their hopes of an eventual acquittal.

Ned Kelley.

All offers of help or donations to: The Stoke Newington 8 Defence Group, c/o Compendium Bookshop, 240 Camden High Street, NW1.



The first in a series of famous last postcards:

"This is the most beautiful place. Peace, tropical sunshine, coconuts and pineapples need only to be picked. No cold — no parking meters — tele — Bingo. Hakim just founded first publishing company. Most exciting venture you can imagine. We often remember and smile — Gail Benson." 8th Nov. 1971 (Those of you unsure of Gail's identity please turn to the Michael X feature in this issue)



This delightful portrait of an octopus sucking off a fisherman's wife cost the Sunday Times thousands of pounds recently. The whole magazine had to be repainted when the S.T.'s management got cold feet at the last minute

As many of you will know, OZ has agreed to pay "substantial" damages to Mr. Robert Goldie Butler, 54, a school teacher referred to in an article published in OZ 28, the Schoolkids Issue. On Friday, June 29th., the High Court was informed that OZ Publications Ink Ltd. and Mr. Butler had reached an out of court settlement, and that in addition to the aforementioned damages, OZ magazine had also agreed to pay all of Mr. Butler's legal fees. We also unreservedly withdrew any imputations made knowingly or unknowingly against him in that article.

For obvious reasons, the matter is now closed. We hold no malice or resentment against Mr. Butler, and we would sincerely like to reiterate the statement made on our behalf to the High Court, and to thank Mr. Butler for giving us time to pay the legal fees.

Which brings us to another point, of which you who have been following this case will probably not be aware. Although the sum of money which is to be paid to Mr. Butler is, indeed, "substantial", the total legal costs incurred could perhaps best be described as "astronomical". It is, perhaps, a sad measure of justice in Britain today that the 'alice-of-the-ple' (if we might use a crude expression) that Mr. Butler will receive, compared to the total amount of money which will leave our bank is only one sixth. We have met hip lawyers and we've met pigs. We've met long-haired, sympathetic and marijuana-smoking lawyers. We've met lawyers who cursed the magistrate and lawyers who shook our hand and 'believed in our case'. But now we come to think of it, we've never met a poor lawyer. There's a moral there somewhere.



**Post-
Scarcity
Anarchism**

Smash the state-capitalist Stalinist butchers and their whining philistine running dogs. Obliterate the totalitarian neo-Marxist bureaucrats and their unprincipled chauvinist lackeys.

Joel Whitebook reviews Murray Bookchin's new book, 'Post-scarcity Anarchism'.



The new left became old when its basically sound intuitions were replaced by archaic theories — those of the Thirties and the Third . Not that the intuitions of the early and middle Sixties would have sufficed to transform American society; a practice based exclusively on intuition is likely to be erratic and ineffectual. But somehow the theory required by the movement had to emerge from the conditions of its own origins, notably the uniqueness of the American experience. It could not be imported from foreign situations. Ignorant almost by design, the movement reached the limits of unconsciousness by the late Sixties. Rather than creating an authentic understanding of itself at that point, it resurrected the theories of past revolutions, and perhaps won itself a stay of execution of several years. But the cost was too great. Once the fragile reprieve expired, the brutal experience of sectarianism made the end inevitable.

While the political movement was declining because of an increasing detachment from its authentic historical role, another process was spontaneously emerging from the conditions of American society; the counter-culture was spreading at a rate unanticipated by anyone. The counter-culture not only includes the world of rock, drugs and clothing, these are only its most superficial trappings. Its real substance lies in the attempt to transform social relations, create community, gain control of everyday life from below and overcome alienation through projects such as free clinics, communes, women's groups and food co-ops. Many radicals finding daily life as movement activists as well and movement politics completely impoverished, are turning to the counter-culture as an alternative. But just as their earlier experiences with "politics" were based on low levels of consciousness, so their present identification with the counter-culture often rests on little more than inchoate intuitions. That child care and health foods are essential components of the American revolution is commonly felt. There seems to exist, however, a general inability to explain the revolutionary significance of these impulses to improve the quality of life. The mainstream of traditional radical theory certainly provides little help. These intuitions, in turn, indicate an even deeper intuition that the scope of the American revolution must transcend the narrowly "political" and fully encompass the cultural, psychological and social realms. Unless these basically correct intuitions are brought to consciousness, it is possible that current developments will follow a perverted course.

What then repeatedly prevents these intuitions from achieving consciousness? The false consciousness of the society at large infects and constantly subverts the movement. Inheriting a basically pragmatic attitude towards life, movement, thought has been arrested at the purely tactical and strategic levels, and has had little regard for theory. What little "theory" the movement has engaged in has been pre-occupied with the pragmatic question of means. The movement has devoted little attention to the question of ends: *What exactly is to be accomplished by an American revolution?* Until sufficient clarity exists about ends, all consideration of means remains useless. And once the question of ends is resolved, solutions to "practical" problems follow. While the desire to avoid rapid speculation which remains remote from practical reality can be appreciated, tactical debate — although giving the illusion of substantiality and practicality — is futile if it does not have a proper theoretical foundation.

Every generation of revolutionaries receives a certain set of historical possibilities out of which it makes its own history and its degree of success rests on its consciousness of those possibilities. Only when revolutionary practice is commensurate with the goals to be achieved will the revolution be carried through to its complete fruition. In an age when ecological apocalypse looms before us, an incomplete revolution offers no solutions. That a revolution's possibilities are limited by the material conditions that circumscribe it — e.g. German peasant revolts could not have created socialism — has become a truism of the Left (largely as an apology for the Russian Revolution). It is equally true that a revolution which sets its sights short of its historical possibilities will fail. In the latter case, the revolution simply fails to capture the imaginations and embody the needs of the people or make the psychological or physical risks of revolution worth their while. To an overwhelming extent, this timidity of vision has been the problem with the movement. Although the movement has contained visionary elements, they have inevitably become combined with regressive ideologies and thereby distorted.

The Revolution and Human Freedom

In this context, radicals who have been experiencing the confusion and demoralization of the past several years should enthusiastically welcome the publication of Murray Bookchin's *Post-Scarcity Anarchism*. For what emerges from a reading of *Post-Scarcity* is a sense of the possibilities posed by the American revolution, possibilities of such magnitude as to differentiate the revolution *in kind* from all those revolutions that have preceded it. Such qualitatively new conditions render all previous models for revolution practically useless and demand creative thinking with the utmost scope and vision. Bookchin tries to transcend and synthesize traditional revolutionary theories with utopianism and ecology into a coherent perspective which is appropriate to the revolutionary possibilities at hand.

The point of departure for Bookchin's analysis is the unique social position of the United States. Elaborating on one of Marx's profoundest insights — the dialectic of history from primitive communism through propertied society to communism — Bookchin maintains that the United States (and the advanced capitalist world of which it is the cornerstone) stands not on the borderline of capitalism and socialism, as is usually believed by the Left, but on the borderline of propertied society and communism, or hierarchical and classless society. As we shall see, the American revolution, if it is to be a success, must cross that frontier.

If it is true that the historical dialectic moves from primitive communism through propertied society to a higher development of communism, then we will not understand this broad development without investigating the relationship of each social form to the natural world and the type of consciousness engendered by that relationship. Briefly, primitive society is primarily characterized by its integration with nature and its remarkable internal unity. The primitive ego, or self, while differentiating itself from nature — it does not have the primordial unity of infantile consciousness — also conceives of itself as part of nature. In primitive society the world does not have the quality of otherness which it assumes in "civilized" society. The primitive feels much more at home and unalienated in the world. Unlike the "civilized" mind,

Eunuchs of the world unite!
— You have nothing to lose.

primitive consciousness does not conceive of the world as an "inanimate", "empty" object, but as a *subject*, "redolent with life." The natural world "is experienced as life confronting life involving every faculty of man in *reciprocal* relationships." Since the natural world is experienced as a living subject, to which the primitive is reciprocally related, rather than as an inanimate object, nature has its own integrity which cannot be violated. The notion of dominating or exploiting the natural world is foreign to the primitive, and, as we shall see, this tends to place him or her at nature's mercy.

The relationship between the primitive self and society exhibits a similar reciprocity and cohesion. The individual does not experience himself or herself as opposed to the collective, but relies on the community as the only context in which to actualize himself or herself. The community, rather than limiting the development of the individual, is felt to nurture it. The collective, in turn, is able to respect the autonomy of each individual because of a religious belief in the necessity of diversity within the order of the cosmos. As Dorothy Lee explains in terms of the Hopi: Human society is part of a larger structured whole, so an individual cooperates with even more than the members of his human group. Every aspect of nature, plants, and rocks and animals, colours, cardinal directions and numbers and sex distinctions, the dead and the living, all have a cooperative share in the maintenance of the universal order. Eventually, the effort of the Hopi individual affects the balance of nature; and as each individual develops his inner potential, as he enhances his participation, so does the entire universe become invigorated. Not his behavior alone, not his achievement, but his entire unique being is significant.

This commitment to diversity allows social differentiation to exist without the development of rigid hierarchy. For example, a chief or priest might possess specialized knowledge which he employs for the good of the community, but he does not use it to gain personal power. An individual might consult the priest for information, much as one might consult a reference book, without being bound to follow the recommendation. Thus, in primitive society, there is room for a division of social roles without the domination of individuals or the development of hierarchy which accompanies it in propertied society. In fact, diversity is respected as an end in itself.

But the foundations of the unalienated societies were precarious, for contained within the primitive's many-sided relationship with nature was the element of threat as well as of promise. We see this most clearly in mythology, where nature appears both as the loving mother and the terrible mother, as the nurturer and the destroyer. Ultimately, the constant threat of nature's destructiveness undermined the stability of primitive society. A society that has not overcome material scarcity — and this includes all societies that have thus far existed — is inherently unstable. *The insecurity created in each individual by scarcity is the germ of that society's eventual destruction.*

The insecurity engendered by material scarcity leads to the acquisition of property as an attempted insulation from the natural world. The same insecurity, moreover, leads to the struggle to pacify nature. The conquest of nature fundamentally alters man's relationship to nature and man's relationship to man. A prerequisite for the domination of the natural world is the estrangement of the ego from nature, for only an atomized and alienated ego can think of conquering nature. Indeed, only such an ego is *capable* of the conquest. The natural world — and this includes humanity's natural instincts — assumes a hostile otherness which must be subdued and controlled by the estranged ego, for this otherness poses a threat to the very survival of the individual. To accomplish this conquest, thought becomes less mythic and increasingly instrumentalist. The "logic of domination", as Marcuse has called it, while enabling science and technology to progress, has taken a frightening toll of the natural world whose magnitude we are only becoming fully aware of today. The ego now reduces the world to pure object, to be dominated and exploited without restraint.

A corresponding destructiveness occurs in the social realm. Just as the integration of the ego and nature dissolves, so the cohesion of the primitive community, "united by kinship ties and common interests in dealing with the means of life," (Bookchin, p.9) disintegrates into the war of all against all. The individual no longer views the society as the matrix of his or her actualization, but now sees it as an obstacle that places ever greater limits on his or her freedom and ever greater demands on his or her life. As production becomes increasingly geared to exchange rather than use, human needs are

increasingly left unfulfilled. The increased division of labour which is necessary both for the conquest of nature and for more profitable production, creates a rigid social hierarchy and class society.

Estranged from nature and society, the ego eventually becomes alienated from itself. The regimentation of society and toil required for the domination of nature demands repression of the instincts on the part of the individual. The self becomes opposed to its innermost desires. As the division of labour becomes more specialized, toil becomes more tedious and demands more repression, thereby ending whatever libidinal satisfaction work previously provided. Compared with medieval crafts, work on the modern assembly line is totally de-erotized (except perhaps for its sadistic component). The delayed gratification and repressive sublimation offered in recompense for toil leaves instinctual needs totally unsatisfied. In addition to the collective psychosis of contemporary society, with its ugliness, destruction and violence, we can trace the impoverishment of daily life suffered by all of us to this repression of our erotic desires.

Only in a few specific human activities, art and play for example, do we gain a glimpse of true human needs. For in these particular activities the repressed material returns, albeit in a highly sublimated form, and provides an indication of the nature of a world constructed to satisfy true human needs. Both of these activities represent an attempt to transcend the external restriction of a repressive reality principle, a yearning towards freedom. As Marcuse explains in his discussion of Schiller, "the play impulse does not aim at playing with 'something'; rather it is the play of life itself, beyond want and external compulsion — the manifestation of freedom itself." A world based on the play principle presupposes the achievement of a post-scarcity situation, for "only when the 'constraint of need' is replaced by the 'constraint of superfluity' (abundance) will the human existence be impelled to a 'free movement which is itself both end and means'. Liberated from the pressure of painful purposes and performances necessitated by want, man will be restored into the 'freedom to be what he ought to be.' But what 'ought' to be will be freedom itself: the freedom to play." Communism will be constructed according to the laws of pleasure, play and beauty (which very well might be one and the same): "in a genuinely human civilization, the human existence will be play rather than toil."

The whole barbarous development of hierarchical society has its "redemptive dialectic." At an incalculable cost to nature and humanity, propertied society, in its passage through feudalism and capitalism, has developed the material and intellectual productive forces to the point where scarcity can be overcome and propertied society itself transcended. The "conquest of nature" has not only been completed; it has gone entirely too far. Thus, the tortured development of propertied society has brought us to the point where domination and hierarchy as such can and must be ended, where the self can be reharmonized with nature, society and itself. We have been brought, in other words, to the threshold of communism.

Since much of the movement's confusion has resulted from the grafting of anachronistic elements of socialism onto the American scene, we must consider the socialist project both as it was conceived theoretically and as it has developed historically. Theoretically, socialism, it was supposed, would create the material pre-conditions for communism by means of economic planning, a nationalized industry, and the maximum development of the productive forces. Needless to say, this was not communism itself. Socialism, in effect, remains within the framework of hierarchical society, within the realm of necessity. The socialist project was conceived during the early period of the industrial revolution. It was believed that socialism would have to complete the "conquest of nature" begun by capitalism. There is thus great continuity between the historical tasks of capitalism and socialism. In that these tasks shape consciousness, socialist values and the socialist psyche more closely resemble those of bourgeois society than communism.

The theoretical conception of socialism's historical tasks does not include the liberation of the individual. The primary determinant of the quality of life remains economic, not the transcendence of economics into freedom. The individual under socialism, compelled to devote a substantial amount of his or her life to toil, is unable to develop his or her human potentials to their fullest. Cutting cane or working in a machine tool factory remains toil. Regardless of whom it is for, it deforms the human spirit.

Chained to the exigencies of commodity production, socialist society is organized according to the abstract laws of economics rather than the demands of human satisfaction and aesthetic delight. Socialist society, bound to the concept of efficiency, is arranged hierarchically — although it is doubtful that hierarchy is even efficient for the purposes of socialist production. Hierarchy, with its differential status and power, denies the individual full control over his or her daily life. Socialism, at least theoretically, alleviates the grosser injustices of capitalism. The survival necessities of life such as food, medicine and clothing are readily available and equitably distributed. At best, however, socialism attains a high degree of social justice, not of human freedom. *For under socialism the concrete, existential, psychological individual does not control his or her daily life, and lacks the faculties or free time to cultivate his or her potentialities without external restraint.*

If the theoretical conception of socialism entails a very limited vision of human actualization, the situation has been further exacerbated historically by the occurrence of "socialist" revolutions solely in underdeveloped countries. These revolutions have been primarily peasant revolutions which have occurred in underdeveloped, feudal societies. They are not "proletarian revolutions" in industrialized, capitalist countries. Given the material conditions that that produced them

ANARCHY
IS THE OPIATE
OF THE PETIT-
BOURGEOISIE
!



**Crush the paper tiger of racist red-imperialism.
Destroy the militarist bolshevik exploiters.**

and the tasks which have faced them — primitive accumulation, national unification, etc — these revolutions more closely resemble classical bourgeois revolutions than socialist ones. The social systems that have developed in these countries can best be described as state capitalism.

Undoubtedly where "socialist" regimes have gained power, the material lot of the populations have been appreciably improved. But I cannot accept the notion that the best way to accomplish the tasks facing these revolutions is through centralization, hierarchy and the banning of all opposition. On the contrary, I maintain that workers' control provides such great incentives that it is not only the most desirable, but also the most practical means for organizing economic life. I also maintain that the new state which is allowed to form, in which opposing points of view are allowed dissemination will be more creative and productive. All opposition is not "objectively counter-revolutionary," and freedom of speech is not merely a "bourgeois luxury". The banning of all opposition indicates only one thing : a fear of the people.

Not only do "socialist" revolutions differ greatly from those envisioned by classical theory, but conditions in the advanced capitalist countries are fundamentally different from those that were thought to produce socialist revolution. It was believed that, due to its internal contractictions, capitalism would collapse at a much earlier level of development and that much of the development of technology which has occurred under capitalism would instead occur under socialism. This is what is meant by the "over-ripeness" of capitalism. One reason for this mistake was that Marx, although he considered the possibility of state capitalism, predicated his mature theory on a system of laissez-faire capitalism. But capitalism became increasingly "stified" and was able to postpone many of its most severe crises. Even the technology that Marx studied was very immature compared with today's. He studied the coal and steel technology of the industrial revolution, not the miniaturized and computerized technology of today. It is hardly surprising that he was unable to foresee much of the development of technology that actually occurred, for "the very idea that a man whose greatest theoretical contributions were made between 1840 and 1880 could 'foresee' the entire development of capitalism is, on the face of it, utterly preposterous." (Bookchin, p.178). We can see that the core of socialist theory is predicated on a phase of capitalism and on a level of technology which no longer exists in the advanced capitalist countries.

How does communism differ from socialism? The most essential difference is that communism comprises the realm of freedom while socialism remains within the realm of necessity. Within the realm of necessity, the individual is forced to exist *primarily as a one-sided being*, both psychologically and economically. But the achievement of post-scarcity society — communism — results in an individual who enjoys material security, leisure and means to develop into the *well-rounded person* envisioned throughout Western philosophy from the Greeks through the young Marx. The harsh laws of economic necessity are no longer the main determinant of individual development. Now the individual can develop according to the dictates of pleasure, play and beauty. Perhaps the best way to illustrate this by the comment of an American radical who recently returned from China. Asked whether the personal struggles of the Cultural Revolution were actually the same as those of the American movement, she replied that to the extent that the Chinese were trying to personally transform themselves, it was because "bourgeois traits" were impediments to production. The struggles were not being waged primarily for the benefits to the individual. Under socialism the individual can still be a means for improving larger abstractions such as the economy or society; under communism the individual becomes an end in himself or herself. To gear revolutionary practice in this country to the attainment of socialism, when we must achieve communism to survive, to remain within the realm of necessity when "now the real drama of human life can unfold in all its beauty, harmony, creativity and joy, (Bookchin, p. 169) would be totally retrogressive.

In the United States, revolutionaries are faced with the need for overthrowing hierarchical society, not merely capitalism; for creating communism, not merely socialism; for establishing human freedom, not merely social justice; for re-harmonizing humanity with nature, rather than completing the "conquest" (ie destruction) of nature; for providing everyone with the right to play, rather than the right to toil; for ending alienation, not merely exploitation; for liberating individuals, not

merely "the people"; for ending domination as such not merely its specific forms such as racism, sexism, etc., for transforming sexuality into Eros, not merely liberating sex; and for creating an aesthetic, not merely a "rationalized" society. No previous revolution has been confronted with these possibilities — and no longer do they remain visionary goals to be sacrificed to the "pragmatic realities" of revolution. They have now become the *historically necessary* conditions for the perpetuation of human life and an ecologically sound planet.

Possibility, desirability and necessity most clearly converge in the question of ecology. And perhaps Bookchin's most unique contribution is his exploration of the revolutionary potential of ecology both as a critique of hierarchical society and as a guide for the reconstruction of society. If human life is to continue on the planet, then the domination of nature cannot continue on its present course. And this pillage cannot be ended through reformist or merely technological measures. Quite the contrary, and end to the domination of nature requires the healing of the wounds opened by propertied society, "that is no less than the solution of the social question itself. Through some dialectical irony today, when the healing of these wounds becomes a necessity, the means to the solution are for the first time historically present. The very productive power which is destroying nature also offers the possibility of overcoming scarcity and removing the psychological motivation for the domination of the natural world. A post-scarcity society must not be confused with a continuation of the abundance presently produced in the advanced capitalist world. It means a quantitative reduction in the absolute number of goods produced as well as a qualitative transformation in the type of goods produced. It means production scaled down to *real human needs* rather than the inflated, false needs created by commodity relations. And it means an end to compulsive consumption as a substitute for human satisfaction.

A scaled-down, ecological economy therefore requires transformation of human needs and values — literally, the creation of a new sensibility or consciousness. Unable to offer the "satisfaction" of false needs, post-scarcity society can only provide the fulfillment of true human needs. But most of us, our minds colonized by propertied society, could not even begin to appreciate the satisfaction of true needs. Herein lies much of the significance of the counter-culture. It is beginning to explore and rediscover such basic human needs as community sensuality. Herein lies the relevance of many of the historical anarchistic and utopian thinkers, such as Charles Fourier.

Although they did not have the historical means for realizing their visions, which we now do, they were among the few to explore seriously the possibilities of a society constructed to satisfy real human needs. Only the satisfaction of these needs without guilt or renunciation can end humanity's war with itself and nature. The American revolution must create a consciousness geared not to domination and aggression, but one suited to harmony, reciprocity and pleasure, a truly ecological consciousness. With the completion of the pacification of nature and the end of the necessity of toil, the self can rediscover the natural world as a source of sustenance and delight, worthy of cultivation for its own sake. And in the community, the self can find a playground in which to explore its imaginative, erotic, and aesthetic potentialities.

Now, having a very general idea of the possibilities posed by the American revolution, we can begin to see how, once we possess such a perspective, answers to the more "practical" questions follow. For example, were the movement equipped with a minimal degree of consciousness about the historical situation of the United States, SDS might have avoided its disastrous attempt to form a centralist, Leninist party. Had they possessed that consciousness, SDSers would have realized that the worker or student or for that matter practically any member of American society — sick of the hierarchy of the work place or school, was not about to submit to the hierarchy of the party. Disgusted with labour bureaucrats or pompous pedants, they were about to follow party functionaries; bored with the assembly line or classroom, they were not about to tolerate mindless meetings with their contentious debates. We could continue the list ad infinitum. But, in general, if it had been realized that the issues around which people in this country were becoming radicalized were alienation, bureaucratism, authoritarianism, hierarchy and boredom, then it would have been obvious that they could not be attracted to an organization which was itself inherently alienating, bureaucratic, authoritarian, hierarchical and boring.

Moreover, if the movement had had more of an historical and theoretical perspective, it would have realized that the Leninist party is primarily a tool for a coup d'etat not a popular revolution from below. And once again, because of their lack of historical knowledge, most radicals did not realize that there have been many alternative forms of organization and insurrection.

The Leninist party — which is nothing but the socialist state before gaining power — seizes power and runs the society, usually in the name of the people, to accomplish the goals of socialism, a function for which it was supremely tailored. The individual can practically return to work the morning after the insurrection, so to speak, remaining virtually untransformed and his or her own participation in the revolutionary process. In fact, this transformation, not the insurrection, is the real essence of the revolutionary process. Social justice can be decreed by a central committee, but “freedom . . . cannot be delivered as the “end produce” of a “revolution” — much less a “revolution” achieved by social philistines who are hypnotized by the trappings of authority and power” (Bookchin, p.167). Freedom must be existentially appropriated by the self-conscious individual.

To those who, depressed by the impasse of the New Left or the recent disappointing behaviour of the Cuban and Chinese Governments as well as that of the Black Panther Party, have retreated from radicalism, we should like to quote from Max Horkheimer. Horkheimer, a founder of the Institute for Social Research, was confronted by a similar situation in Germany when the workers' movement was destroyed in the Thirties:

Those intellectuals who fully subordinate themselves to the psychological situation of the class which in itself appears to represent the force for transformation and change, are led to a professional optimism and to the euphoric sensation that they are tied to an immense power. When the latter suffers severe set-backs, many of these same intellectuals face the danger of falling into pessimism and nihilism that would be as unfounded as their optimism was. They cannot bear the fact that in particular periods it happens that the representatives of the most avant-garde, futuristic thought, thought which grasps the historical situation as its roots, are necessarily isolated and forced to rely on themselves.

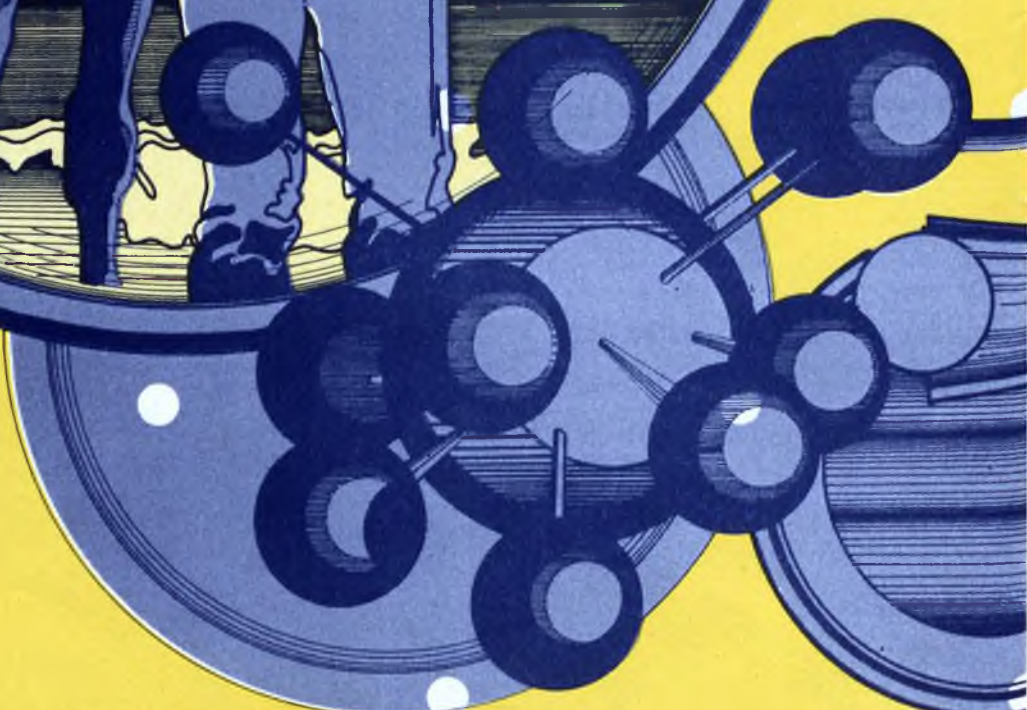
The New Left, at one time, intuitively grasped the “historic” situation as its roots, but, unable to bring those intuitions to consciousness, was subverted by “the tradition of all the dead generations”, and could not pursue its authentic role. Today the most “avant-garde” and “futuristic” elements are unconsciously contained within the counter-culture. The counter-culture's two fold revolutionary importance is the articulation of the dissatisfaction over the quality of life which permeates American society, and the prefiguring of the utopian solutions which are latent in the American productive apparatus. But unless these elements gain consciousness, the counter-culture may well suffer a fate similar to the movement's. I would suggest that the way to overcome the current impasse is to turn from the Third World, the Russian Revolution, or wherever we have let our despair carry us, and return to the American terrain to begin creating a radical enlightenment concerning the possibilities facing us. I can think of no better place to begin than with *Post-Scarcity Anarchism*.



*The staff and editors of OZ wish to protest against the flippant attitude of our art director towards Mandrax in the caption above. Mandies are both addictive and dangerous.

MACHINES OF LOVING GRACE

A brief introduction for OZ readers into negative ionisation -
the science of organic electronics



Ions are electrically charged particles in the atmosphere. Negative ions make you feel good.

Positive ions can make you feel awful.

The positive ion charge in the air can be felt just before a thunderstorm. The negative ion charge can be felt afterwards — when the air is fresh and fizzy.

The fact of ionisation has been known almost since the time electricity was discovered. The effect of ionisation on mood and certain conditions — respiratory ailments and burns among them — has been researched in this century.

In a natural, healthy environment, there is usually a balance between positive and negative ions. In some choice places — on the tops of mountains, by waterfalls, in the desert when the wind whips the sand, and in some naturally occurring micro-climates — negative ions predominate. In these places one tends to feel clean, airy, competent, optimistic.

Pollution produces positive ions. Air-conditioning systems can produce positive ions. Heavy traffic produces positive ions. Positive ions make you feel depressed, slow and heavy. They may make certain conditions, like asthma, worse.

Research results:

Two American scientists at Columbus, Ohio, found an increased learning and performance ability in rats exposed to ionised air. The effect was more pronounced in older rats than younger ones.

At Milan University, Jordan, Sokoloff and Gualtierotti found that mice exposed to negative ions required more ether for the same level of anaesthesia — and recovered faster. All the animals in this series showed a marked increase in activity since their exposure to ionised air.

Animal experiments recently

published in Hungary showed that in a negatively ionised atmosphere “defensive” reactions to dangerous situations are learned significantly faster. What is more, the speed in discriminating between dangerous and safe situations is also increased in a negatively ionised atmosphere.

Clinical reports:

A doctor in Cologne reported 100 per cent success in treating 800 children for whooping cough. Half the children needed only three sessions of one hour each in a public ionisation clinic. A quarter needed up to ten sessions. The other quarter up to 15.

At the University Catolica, Argentina, studies in fear and anxiety used negative ionisation. The research worker treated patients in sessions lasting for as little as 15 minutes at a time — and never more than two hours. After 10–20 sittings in a negatively-ionised room their symptoms disappeared entirely. Only 20 per cent failed to respond.

The doctor of a Meissen factory in Eastern Germany reported that he used negative ion therapy to help prevent the industrial disease of pneumoconiosis. He found that his patients slept better, had better appetites, and felt “on top”. According to his report, patients were so impressed that they asked whether their friends and families could come along too. In seven months, the clinic had outgrown its original purpose as a pneumoconiosis institution for employees. The doctor now treats bronchial asthmatics, chronic bronchitics children with whooping cough and even elderly people with emphyzema and eczema. (Physicians attached to other mining companies have followed his lead. One of these doctors, at the time of this report's publication, had treated 11,000 patients, and said that his

patients reported relief “with monotonous regularity”.

Useful intelligence:

A British firm called Medion make negative ionisers. Their customers, who buy them for a variety of reasons, including the alleviation of asthma, bronchitis, hayfever and headaches, report 80 per cent success. They also produce an ioniser for the motor-car. The electrical system of cars apparently makes them a breeding ground for positive ions. The negative ionisers are said to keep drivers fresh and alert on long journeys.

Ions and breathing:

No-one is sure why there are such remarkable effects on the respiratory tract in a negatively-ionised atmosphere. But experiments by Krueger and Smith at California University have demonstrated what happens. The bronchial tubes and trachea, or windpipe, are lined with tiny filaments called cilia. The cilia normally maintain a whip-like motion of about 900 beats a minute. Together with mucus, they keep our air passages free of dust and pollen. Krueger and Smith exposed tracheal tissues to negative ions and found that the ciliary beat was speeded up to 1,200 a minute, and that the mucus flow was increased. (Doses of positive ions produced the reverse effect — the ciliary beat slowed down to 600 a minute or less and the flow of mucus was retarded).

Ionised air seems to have healing properties. Investigations by Medicor in Hungary showed a 70 per cent reduction in bacteria in a negatively ionised test chamber.

Dr. Igho Kornblueh, the acknowledged authority in America on the use of ionised air

treatment for third-degree burns, has said that in an ionised atmosphere burns dry quicker, heal faster, and hurt less.

Further definition:

Ions are electrically charged particles generated variously by cosmic rays, radioactive elements in the soil, ultraviolet radiation, winds, waterfalls, or, as we said, the blowing of sand and dust. You can even generate a localised field of negative ions by running taps in the bathroom at full force.

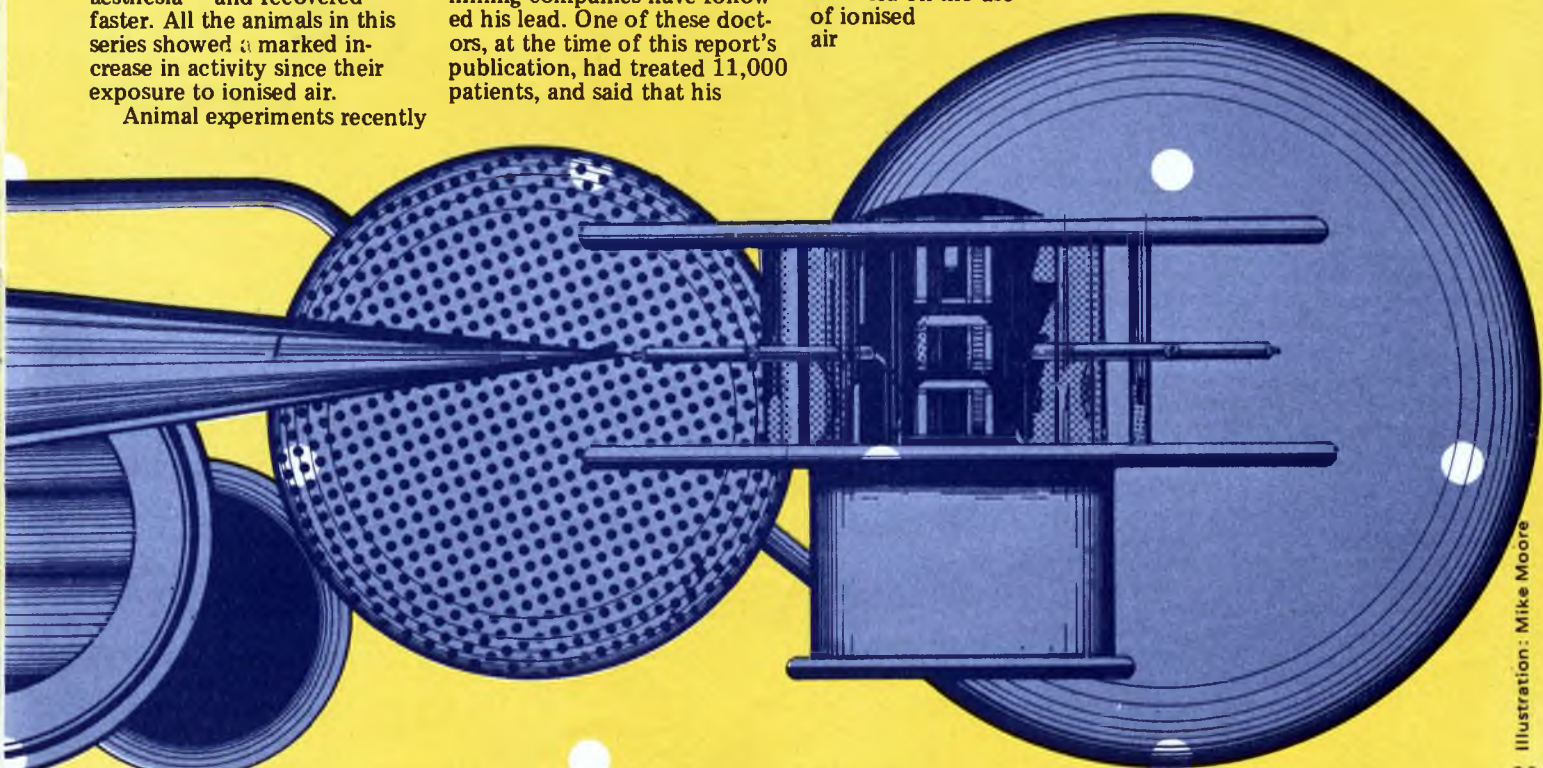
From an article by a consultant physician:

“The extensive professional literature on negative ionisation points to the beginning of a new medical science through what might be suitably called ‘organic electronics.’ The key to this new and revolutionary approach seems to lie in the correction of the electrical tonus of the central nervous system. When this is accomplished, the bodily functions, fully equipped to provide balanced and progressive antidotes to disease, can operate effectively.....

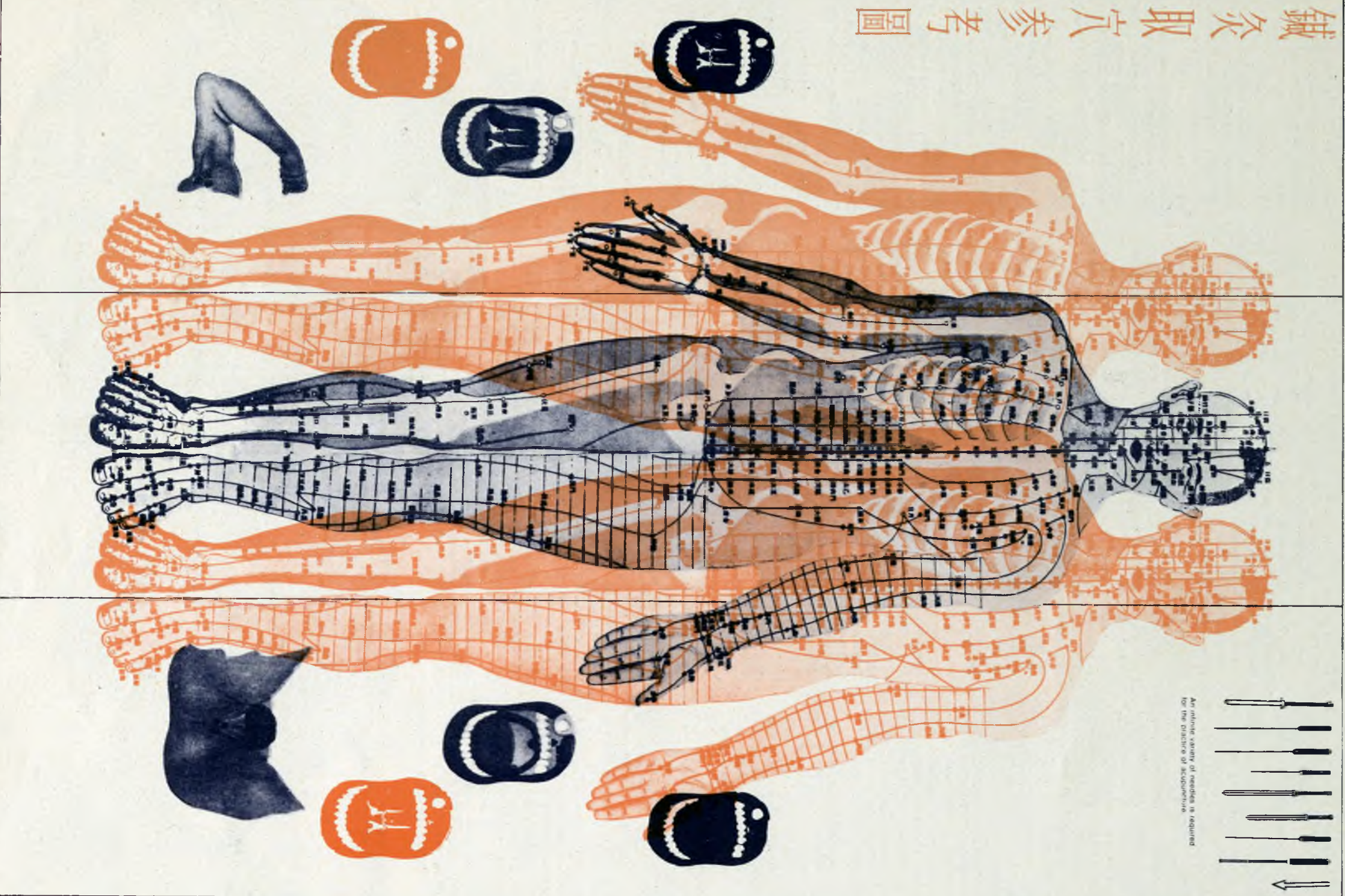
“Drug therapy, wonderful as it is, has tended to ‘take nature by force’, by attacking a specific organ condition and neglecting the total bodily requirement. It seems that we are now entering a new era in which man will make his greatest medical achievements by learning, in fact, to co-operate with nature in a new and surprising way.”

The effect of ionisation is a subtle one. Like going to a new climate for a holiday or cure, it may take several weeks before you begin to feel it.

The science is in its infancy.



鍼灸取穴參考圖



An infinite variety of needles is required for the practice of acupuncture.

ACUPUNCTURE

One of the basic differences between eastern and western medicine is that eastern medicine, of which acupuncture forms an integral part, is a philosophy of life as well as a science. The western doctor, like the dentist, is little more than a technician, a body mechanic, well versed in repair and spare parts, but knowing relatively little about preventative as opposed to curative medicine.

The Dutch first introduced Western medicine to the east, and in Japan at least, the physicians of the ancient and classical school were relegated to a secondary place. In China, the effect of Western medicine was not so drastic, and now Peking has not only permitted Mr. Nixon his ridiculous TV junket, but has apparently decided to enrich us with freely given knowledge of one of its most time honoured and valuable discoveries.

James Reston, the journalist, widely publicised the extraordinary success of his post-operational acupuncture treatment, (he was too chicken to allow the Chinese doctors to operate under acupuncture), and on television recently I watched deaf and dumb Chinese children being treated with acupuncture needles with most encouraging results. The film continued with an operation on a woman for removal of an ovarian cyst. She lay back, fully conscious, several needles, electronically stimulated, protruding from meridian test points in her face. She felt no pain at any stage, was able to move freely when required, to assist the surgeons, and when the cyst was finally removed, felt only that a great weight had been taken from her body.

The Western anaesthetist for one, will welcome acupuncture. So many middle aged people seeking surgery on their failing organs, are found to be addicted to barbiturates, that it is often impossible to find a suitable painkiller to protect them from the terror of the scalpel. Incidentally, it is interesting to note that in the East,

"Oh the needle and the damage done."

you pay the doctor when you are well. You cease to pay him when you become ill.

The following information is taken from *Japanese Acupuncture* by Dr. M. Hashimoto (Liveright Publishing Corporation, New York). Anyone interested in further reading should look at any of the books on acupuncture by Felix Mann.

Acupuncture and oriental medical science originated in China about four or five thousand years ago. The most important of the medical classics was called the *Nei Ching* or 'The Yellow Emperor's Canon of Internal Medicine' which is in the form of questions and answers embracing hygiene, pathology and physiology, as well as politics, economics and the arts and sciences of that day.

THE THEORY OF YIN-YANG AND THE FIVE ELEMENTS.

The *Nei Ching* said: "The principle of Yin and Yang is the basic principle of everything in creation. It is the principle of the entire universe. It is the parent of every change; it is the root and source of life and death; it is also found within the temples of the gods. In order to treat and cure diseases, one must search into their origin. Heaven was created by an accumulation of Yang the light element, while Earth was created by an accumulation of Yin, the dark element. Through their interactions and their functions, Yin and Yang, the negative and positive principles in nature, are the causes of diseases which befall those who are in rebellion against the laws of nature, or those who do not conform to them."

In the human body, the back is Yang, but the chest and abdomen are Yin; man's spirit is Yin, but his body is Yang. Man's viscera are Yin, but certain parts of his digestive system where nutritive and waste matter circulates, such as the colon and the small intestine, are Yang. Yin exists within Yang and vice versa. The

WARNING: *Acupuncture is a medical science of the highest sophistication. Don't go sticking needles into your sick friends.*

active and passive principles are not merely an arbitrary division of energy, but they are the actual interplay between the elements. All is relative.

THE FIVE ELEMENTS.

All that exists within nature is divided into the Yin and the Yang, but there is a further division according to the five elements, which are Wood, Fire, Earth, Metal and Water. For example, the liver, the gall-bladder, the eyes, the nails, tears and acids all are said to be under the first element, wood. The five elements are not independent but stand in an intimate correlation to each other, for each element has its opposite and each element governs and is in turn governed by another element. Thus at one time, they complement and at another they oppose each other.

ENERGY AND ITS ESSENCE.

The energy that is integral to the human body asserts itself as an essence. The mysterious powers of this essence work invisibly and exist within everything within the universe. It is the very cause of life itself. In a kidney, for example, it exists as the 'essence of the kidney'. In the circulating blood, it exists as the 'essence of the circulating blood'. It is this essence which sustains the body and causes it to move and live.

HYPERACTIVITY AND HYPOACTIVITY

These two terms represent polar extremes of disequilibrium within the body and its organs. If there is a disequilibrium in the energy of an organ, this will manifest itself either as an abnormal amount of energy, or as a deficiency of energy. In either case, this will be reflected in the nervous system and blood pressure. Any restoration of the organ must follow a course of adjustment until either the hyperactivity or the hypoactivity has been reduced to a normal equilibrium.

TSANG AND FU ORGANS.

Tsang organs are Yin, Fu organs are Yang. The six Tsang organs are; the liver, heart spleen, lungs, kidneys and the heart constrictor. The six Fu organs are; the gall bladder, the small intestine, the stomach, the colon, the bladder and the tri-heaters (respiratory, digestive and reproductive systems).

THE CAUSE OF DISEASE.

Exterior causes — The Five Perverse Climates are responsible for exterior causes and the adverse effects they cause are divided into two categories. Kan is a condition of lesser intensity which results in such minor diseases such as a cold. Chu is of greater intensity, resulting in graver illness such as hemiplegia.

Interior causes — these arise because of psychic stress generated by the Five Emotions. For instance, anger can be the cause of a disturbed liver; joy can be the cause of a cardiac affliction; anxiety and depression can be the cause of pulmonary lesions; grief can affect the spleen and fear can damage the kidneys.

Illness is sometimes brought on through internal causes which are the product of external effects, i.e. illnesses produced from injudicious eating or drinking, an abuse of organic functions or overwork. Finally, there is the physical constitution of the individual which may be either positive or negative, hyperactive or hypoactive, with organs which themselves may be susceptible or resistant to disease

THE MERIDIANS AND THEIR POINTS.

The meridians are the pathways along which flow the essence of vitality. The meridians are in direct relationship with such vital phenomena as growth, metabolism, nutrition or the organs or the nervous system. The acupuncture needle therapy is directed towards stimulating or depressing the energy in the meridians concerned. To do this, the disorder or disequilibrium must be diagnosed and its cause located through a study of the 12 pulses. A Russian photographer called Kirlian has taken photographs in a high frequency electrical field, of the human aura, which shows this energy or essence flowing from certain points on these meridians. There are fourteen meridians, and a couple of examples follow:

Meridian of the Colon: It commences at the tip of the index finger from where it mounts the outside of the arm, over the shoulder and the side of the neck to end at a point near the nose. The test point for the needle is on the upper forearm.

The meridian of the Stomach: It commences on the face; the trajectory descends down the front of the thorax and abdomen, down the outer surface of the leg to end at the tip of the second toe. The test point is on the outside of the leg near the knee.

The meridian of the Kidneys: It commences at the sole of the foot from where it mounts the length of the leg and thigh and the front of the abdomen and thorax to end at a point below the clavicle. The test point is located on the inside of the leg above the ankle.

Disease is reflected by the condition of the meridians, that is to say whether or not the meridian is plus or minus. A couple of examples of the various diseases for the conditions of the meridians follow:



Meridian of the Spleen: (Yin maximum).
Minus: Craving for sweets, dullness in the legs, memory failing, sleepy during the day flatulence.

Plus: Appetite variable, body feels dull, desire to lie down and rest.

Meridian of the Kidneys: (Yin minimum).
Minus: Lack of will, lack of sexual impulses and lack of positivity. Uneasy, timid, impatient, fearful, coldness in lower limbs.

Plus: Colour of urine dark brown, energy abnormally intensive, cannot stop working.

DIAGNOSIS

There are four main methods — examination by sight, by auscultation, by verbal interrogation, and by palpation and pulse taking.

1) **Sight:** Examination is based on appearance of patient, with special emphasis on the Five Colours and the Five Senses. The Five Colours are:

Blue — Liver, gall bladder.

Red — Heart, small intestine.

Yellow — Spleen, stomach.

White — Lung, colon.

Black — Kidney, bladder.

The Five Senses are:

Sight, eyes — Liver, gall bladder.

Taste, tongue — Heart, small intestine.

Tactile, lips — Spleen, stomach.

Smell, nose — Lungs, colon.

Hearing, ears — Kidneys, bladder.

Any change in the function of the Five organs of Sense can be directly attributed to a change in one of the body organs. For instance, a disease of the eyes stands in direct relationship to the innervation of the liver and the gall bladder.

2) **Auscultation** The Five Vocal expressions must be carefully listened to and are as follows:

Shouting — Liver, gall bladder.

Speaking — Heart, small intestine.

Singing — Spleen, stomach.

Crying — Lungs, colon.

Groaning — Kidneys, bladder.

Shouting is indulged in generally by those persons of an irritable character who like to order other persons about. They are usually arrogant and are likely to suffer from liver and gall bladder disorders. Those who speak too much and without pause and those persons who stutter have a propensity towards heart disfunction. Those who have a weak spleen or stomach often love to hum a song. Those with fine singing voices have a well-conditioned spleen and stomach. Those who cry easily are susceptible to pulmonary troubles or already have them. Groans are emitted from the kidneys. Yawning and snoring are also related to the kidneys.

The Five Odours: These must also be noted during an examination of the patient and are as follows:

Rancid — Liver, gallbladder.

Scorched — Heart, small intestine.

Fragrant — Spleen, stomach.

Rotten — Lungs, colon.

Putrid — Kidney, bladder.

The Five Secretions:

Tears — Liver.

Sweat — Heart.

Lymph — Spleen.

Mucus — Lungs.

Saliva — Kidneys.

The Five Emotions:

Anger, irritability, restlessness, instability — Liver.

Joy, excessive laughter — Heart.
 Worry, emotional tension, depression — Spleen.
 Grief, negativism — Lungs.
 Fear, timidity, easily surprised — Kidneys.

The Five Perverse Climates:
 Wind is unfavourable to the liver. Brings propensity to illness which affects the ligaments.
 Heat is unfavourable to the heart. Brings propensity to illnesses which affect the arteries.
 Moisture is unfavourable to the spleen. Brings propensity to illnesses which affect the muscles.
 Dryness is unfavourable to the lungs. Brings propensity to illnesses which affect the skin, and hair.
 Cold is unfavourable to the kidneys. Brings propensity to illnesses which affect the bones.

3) INTERROGATION
 The usual doctor's questions.

4) PALPATION DIAGNOSIS
 These are of the highest importance and sophistication, although too detailed to cover here. The pulse examination should coincide with that of the meridians.

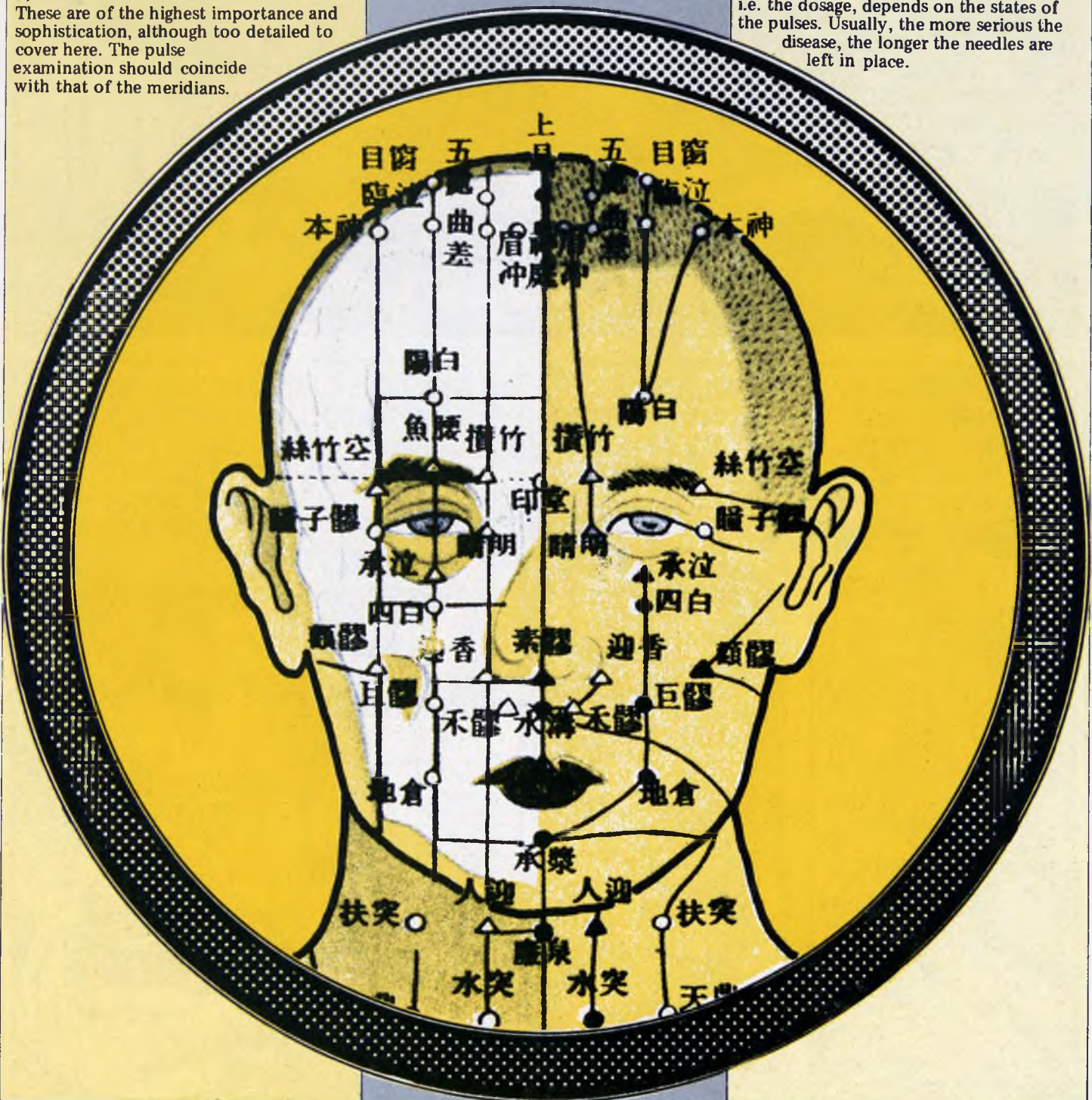


TREATMENT.

The most fundamental law of oriental medicine is the Great Law of Pu-Hsieh: "Supply energy to where it is lacking, and calm the energy when it is in excess." This means that when the meridian energy is minus it must be augmented, and when it is plus, it must be calmed not dissipated.

The stainless steel acupuncture needles are mostly inserted only to a depth of one tenth of an inch at the various crucial test points on the correct meridians, and are left in position or manipulated until the patient's pulses have been normalised. "There is no disease when the pulses are normal." They must all be restored to a state of equilibrium. When this has been achieved, the treatment is terminated.

Beginners in the art of acupuncture should limit themselves to inserting needles in those parts located only on the chest, the abdomen and the four limbs. The fewer points which have to be used, the better. The length of time the needles are left in, i.e. the dosage, depends on the states of the pulses. Usually, the more serious the disease, the longer the needles are left in place.



THE LOSER

© A SHORT TALE OF A SMALL MAN by J. OSBORNE

FACED WITH A SHORT, STARK FUTURE, LEON MORONI REFLECTS ON A LONG BLEAK PAST: HIS 14 YEARS AS A DELIVERY BOY~THE DAY MAXINE WALKED INTO HIS LIFE~ THE SHY, PROLONGED COURTSHIP~MARRIAGE AND A NEW JOB~ 2 HAPPY YEARS AS A SHOE CLERK~ FOLLOWED BY 8 LOUSY YEARS OF WATCHING THE YOUNGER CLERKS CAPTURE ALL THE PROMOTIONS...



THEN MAXINE'S GOADING~ HIS SIX KNEE KNOCKING REQUESTS FOR A RAISE~



THE VIOLENT ARGUMENTS AT HOME AFTER EACH REFUSAL~



THE DISMISSAL SLIP THAT ACCOMPANIED THIS MORNING'S PAY ENVELOPE ~ RETCHING IN THE STORE'S RESTROOM BEFORE TURNING IN HIS SHOE HORN~



THE BAR ON THE WAY HOME AND THE DRUNKEN BRAWL WITH MAXINE ~



THE SLAP! ~ MAXINE'S HURRIED PACKING ~ THE SLAM OF THE FRONT DOOR ~



THE DISCOVERY OF THE HALF-FORGOTTEN PISTOL AND BOX OF OLD SHELLS IN THE OPEN BUREAU DRAWER ~



THE AIMLESS WANDERING THROUGH THE STREET ~ CHECKING INTO THE HOTEL ~ THEIR HONEY-MOON HOTEL ~



REQUESTING THIS ROOM ~ THE ROOM WHERE THEY CONSUMATED THEIR...



ROTTEN TIME FOR A STREAK OF LUCK! ~ NEED A DRINK BEFORE ANOTHER SPIN!



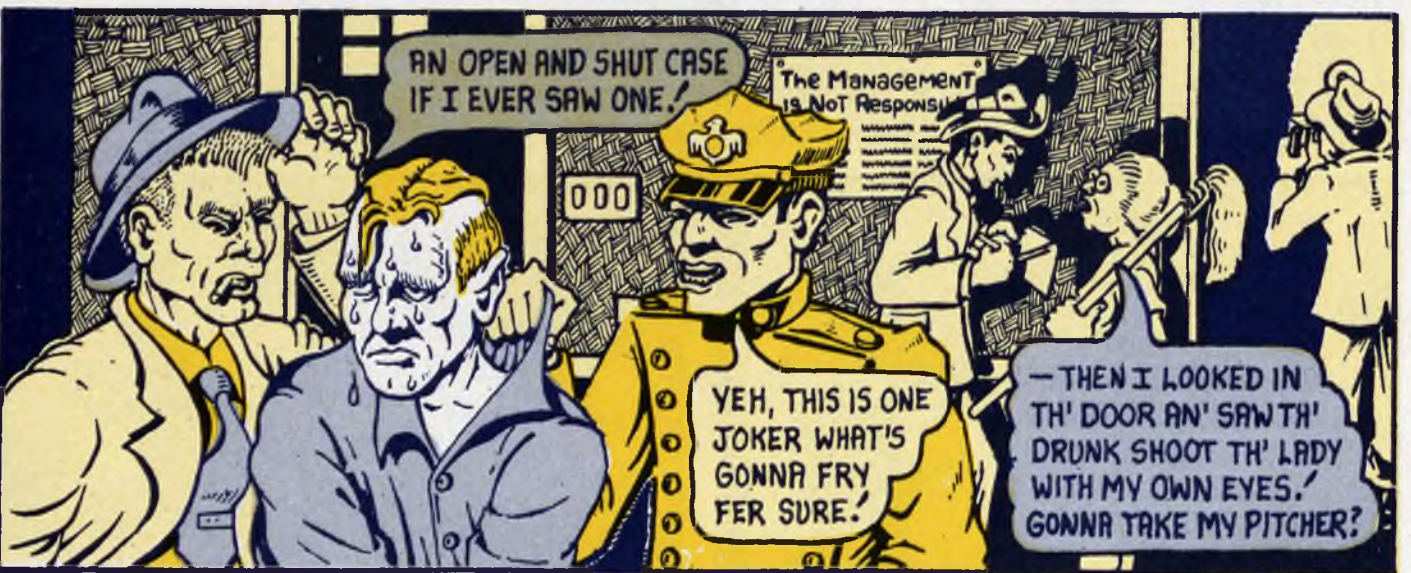
HANDS SHAKING SO— I CAN HARDLY HOLD— MUST— WHA??!!



MAXINE!

OH, LEON! THANK GOD I'VE FOUND YOU IN TIME!





O.K. GANG! THERE'S A LESSON TO BE LEARNED FROM THIS YARN! WHEN YOU'RE PLINKING IN YOUR ROOM OR BACK YARD WITH YOUR ZIP OR GAT, ALWAYS BE SURE TO USE YOUR OLD AMMO FIRST! A BOX OF OUT-OF-DATE AMMO OFTEN CONTAINS A FEW DUDS AND SOMETIMES, AS IN LEON'S CASE, A "DELAYED-FIRE" ROUND! YEP, LEON ACTUALLY LOST THAT FIFTH TRY—JUST TOOK A WHILE FOR THE POWDER TO PROPERLY IGNITE!—WELL, AT LEAST OL' LEON WON'T BE LONELY WHERE HE'S GOING ——— MAXINE'LL BE THERE—WAITING WITH OPEN ARMS!



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LINK, Info/Advice/Referral Service, 24 Hastings Street, Leicester. Leicester 22254

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Monday and Thursday 8.30 pm — 10.30 pm.
Saturday 10 am. — 12 am.

We provide crashpad facilities, doctors, housing contacts etc. The community house we share provides a home for Claimants Union, Gay Lib and Women's Lib Groups and also a small food co-op and coffee bar.

OHM, 5 Beacon Terrace, Cambridge, Nr. Redruth, Cornwall. 020 92 4472.

OHM gives free info and legal aid. We have a crash pad to accommodate passing travellers for the night and run a Claimants Union. Watch out for our forthcoming concerts and come the winter we will be starting a Film Club for heads.

WHITE LIGHT, 119 Chetwynd Road, London NW5. 267 0133

We help people find both temp and permanent work, advise on legal, domestic and any other hang-ups you have. We have a crash pad for those wanting a place to sleep for one night (please think of us if you have any spare blankets). We also need drivers (own vans) and anyone who wishes to offer their services and/or donations as the organisation is just starting to get together.

CHECK, c/o University Settlement, 2 Nile Street, Liverpool L1 7AF. 051 709 4811.

CHECK offers advice, information and action on welfare rights, the law etc. Although we cannot actually take legal action we can do everything short of this, including introductions to sympathetic solicitors. We are interested in causes and problems and involved in long term analysis research and pressure. We are available 8 am — 2 am.

CITIZENS' RIGHTS OFFICE 1 Macklin Street, WC2. 405 9795/5942.

We are the advice giving branch of the Child Poverty Action Group although we do not restrict advice to people with children. Our main interests are Social Security, supplementary benefits and housing. We have a solicitor and absolute confidence is guaranteed to those who come to us for help. We are open 9.30 — 5.30.

HELP, 20 Lawrence Street, Stockton 25. Stockton 66667

HELP is a free advice and information service. If you want to talk to someone who really cares about you come and see us. We are open 24 hours.

GAY LIBERATION FRONT, 5 Caledonian Road, Kings Cross N1. 01 837 7174.

The GLF is a group of radical homosexuals who are fighting for their own life style against a shitty system. It helps get people to come out and realise the potential of their own natures. Meetings and social functions are held in London and the provinces.

BIT BY BIT, 7 Victoria Road, Brighton. 0273 27878.

BIT BY BIT is located at Open, the vegetarian restaurant which supports us. We run a 24 hour emergency service which assists with bail, solicitors, doctors, and any sex, marital or VD problems you may have. We also have a crashpad for emergency one-night stays and the Brighton food co-operative is run from here. You may also use our address as a PO Box.

BENEFIT, 133 High Street, Bromley, Kent. 01 460 2392

We have set up a forum which offers a Claimants Union, a legal service in collaboration with local solicitors to assist people on drug and other offences, a general advice service for young people, and old people's relief service. We have also leased a shop to be run as a non-profit concern to provide entertainment for young and old alike.

TREES, 114 Northgate, Canterbury.

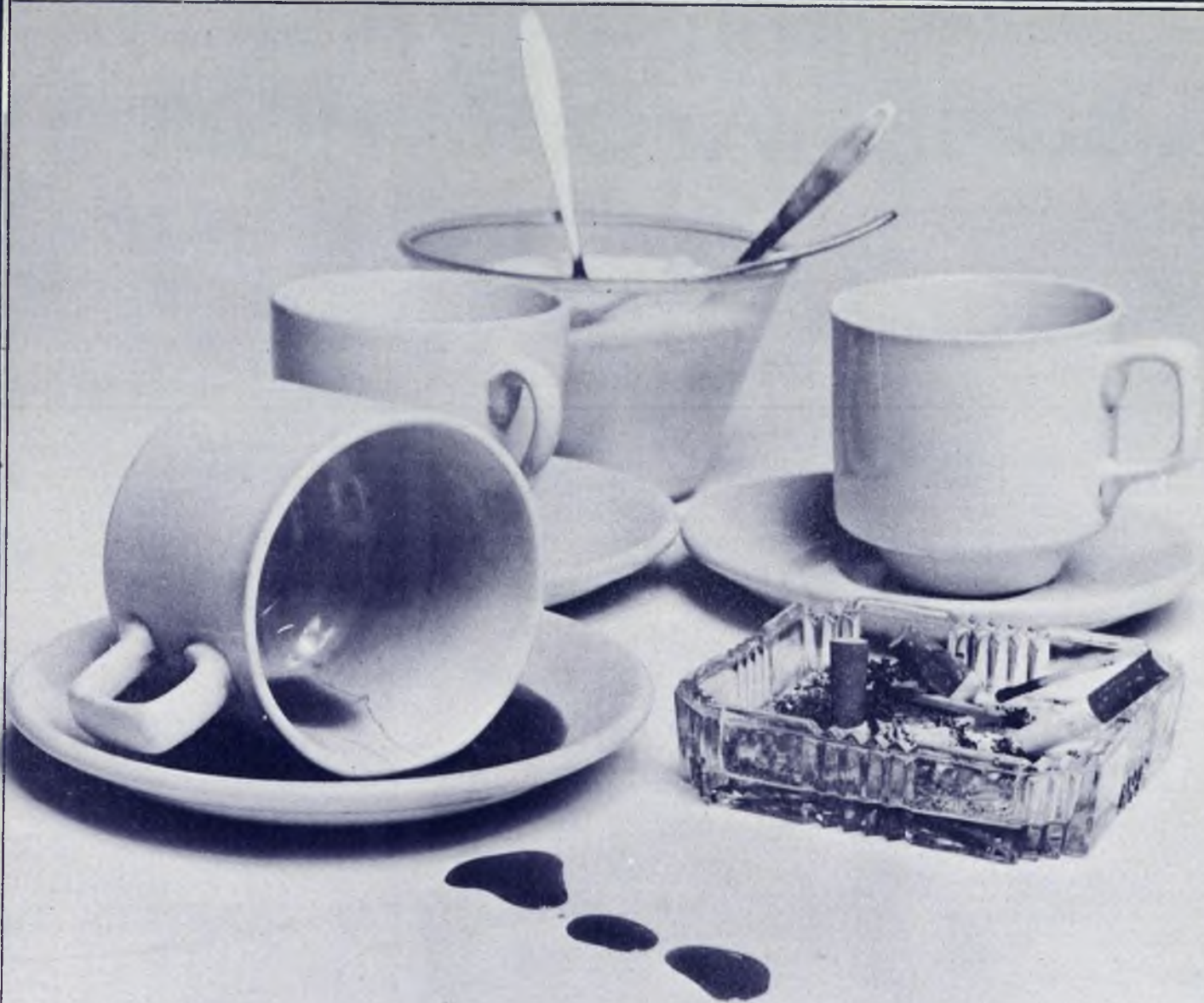
We run a community shop which sells leather, art, literature, macro-food, candles, incense, clothes. All the goods are freak-made. Come and see us SOON.

WHITE PANTHER PARTY UK.

The White Panther Party is a revolutionary organisation dedicated to building a new man, new woman, and new world. For further information, the following is obtainable: 10 point programme (6 page leaflet) free, please send SAE., and CHAPTER No 2 — White Panther Party mag, 10p plus 3p p&p. Write to: Abbey Wood Chapter, White Panther Party UK, Central Co-ordination, Box 5, 1 Conference Road, Abbey Wood, London SE2.

THE NATIONAL COUNCIL FOR CIVIL LIBERTIES, 152 Camden High St., London, N.W.1.

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Keith Emerson



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THERE MUST BE SOME WAY OUTA HERE

SAID THE DEALER TO THE THIEF...

Scenes from a Lebanese Jail by Panos Koutrouboussis

If, if, if, if....

"If I used the other road back from Baalbeck instead of the one through Zahle, there would be no roadblock there and I would have made it."

"Fuck Lebanon! If it wasn't for the war in Pakistan you see, plans were to go to Kabul and then get out from Karachi, but we had to change at the last moment. Shit!"

"There had to be a tip-off, they were waiting for me, man. Soon as I parked the car at the customs-house, five customs men came up and one of them went straight for the tank, tapping with his knuckles: 'Hashish? You have hashish here?' Sure, the mothers knew already. You dig, the way it works is if the dealer or the farmer who sold you the dope tips off the customs, they'll sell his hash back to him at a cut rate, or give him a small percentage of the customs fine, or both. If the informer is somebody else, like you think it was the hotel clerk, then he gets a reward."

"I've made seven trips before and everything worked out okay. I had this arrangement with a customs man, paying him 50 dollars for every kilo I carried. But this time he suddenly asked me for 100, and I got pissed off and told him I'm not going to pay. So he busted me. Fuck man, if I had kept my cool and paid... But when he told me to pay double I couldn't give in to the bloodsucker!"

"If only my stupid partner didn't leave the hotel's name when he mailed the parcel at Beirut Express!... Beirut Express is a definite bust, man."

If, if, if, if...

Some months ago, the United Nations Committee on Drug Abuse, or something like that, asked Lebanon – among other countries – to stop cannabis cultivation. Lebanon absolutely refused, stating that cannabis is its number one national product. People say all important families, politicians, strongmen etc. have something to do with the product. Cultivation is centred around Baalbeck, a major tourist spot because of its impressive ancient ruins. Tons of hashish leave the country by ship from private sea-side estates to the west, or by camel caravans to Syria, Jordan and even Egypt. This trade cannot be touched. So – people say – to satisfy the United States who pay big amounts towards the war against drugs – money that goes in rewards to informers, arresting agents, expenses for better agencies etc. – the authorities here do everything to catch as many of the small-fry, the 'half to one hundred kilos' smugglers. All means are used to this end. Everybody can – and will – be an informer. The judiciary works on a guilty until you prove your innocence principle. The police will use entrapment methods. "Confidential" dossiers – mean-



The shithouse...the only privacy

ing they are without proof or legitimacy – are submitted to the courts and informers don't have to show up in court. A good defence carries no weight – only private connections between a lawyer and the people at the top may work. Judges sentence 20–30 people in 15 minutes by raising three fingers and announcing "Three years". Lawyers are useless. They are often successful in taking away all your money, sometimes writing to your home address and asking for more. Going to trial can take five, six months; with postponements – for reasons like "the judge was ill" or "the arresting officer didn't come" – up to one year; and there's a three month court recess during summer months.

After being moved about for 2-3 days from jail to jail – customs, army, police, court cells, all stinking holes – you are brought here by taxi which you have to pay for yourself. You are taken to a covered yard, what they call a 'veranda', where you are stripped and thoroughly searched from the seams of your clothes to your mouth and asshole. All photographs of females are torn to pieces; wives, sisters, girl-friends – maybe mothers too? All metal objects, even trouser clasps, are

torn off with pincers. Belts, shoe-laces, ties, and all medicines are of course *mamnous*, the first of the few words in arabic that you'll hear all the time, and which means *forbidden*. If you wear glasses, they are taken and you will *maybe* get them back after a few days of requests. All this 'work' is done by some greasy trustee under the observation of a guard. If you have anything of value – a chain and cross or locket, for example – or anything nice like a good pair of shoes or a leather jacket, the trustee will take them saying they are *mamnous*, and if you ask for them later you'll find that they are lost forever.

With whatever items of clothing they let you keep, you are led to a dark barred entrance in one of the cell blocks, from where a continuous racket of screamed announcements and answers from the cells will blast your eardrums. This noise will be with you every day from six in the morning to five in the evening; you'll get used to it. The dark corridor has six black metal doors on each wall. Another trustee will yank one open and let you in with your bundle asking you "hubbly-bubbly? hubbly-bubbly?" Fifty to sixty men will turn to look at you. The walls of the cell are loaded with clothing and bags hanging from ropes made of strips of useless clothing, and are lined with beddings of blankets – soon you'll learn that they are called wall spaces – which leave a corridor of dirty concrete floor. At the other end is a dirty doorway to a sloppy narrow room with a sink and a leaky faucet and garbage, and another door, covered with a wet blanket, gets you to the toilet, which is a hole in the floor. In the room there is a wall of shelves where the prisoners put their food, everything in plastic containers and buckets. There are two barred windows to the corridor and four to the outside, all high up.

A young woman, rather homely, comes every Monday afternoon – except when she doesn't come – representing the Lebanese Red Cross. Prisoners who want something – Receipt of a parcel, contacting of an embassy, processing of some document – put up their names the day before and they are called out to the yard together, then one by one talk with the woman. Most guys put their names down either to get out of the cell for half an hour of open air, or just to gape at the woman.

Last time she was here, the sergeant passed by with an arab prisoner and a guard, talking to the prisoner in a friendly tone and slapping him on the back. They went into a door nearby, a room where pillows, old mattresses and suitcases are kept. Pretty soon screams of pain came out of that room. The Red Cross woman, continuing at her work with the foreigners, put on a smile of embarrassed knowledge. After five

minutes of screams, the sergeant came out, his face flushed, carrying a length of thick entwined rope. Then two guards dragged out the crying prisoner and dumped him into a stone water-trough. His feet were crimson red and swollen; sobbing, he dunked them into the water.

If you want to see a doctor he's there once a week, but not every week. If you're suddenly ill, you *might* get an aspirin, if you ask for it repeatedly. You have to ask the Leb in the cell, and the Leb in the corridor and the sergeant when he makes the daily count at 4.30 p.m.

This inspection they call *staadek* and everybody has to get all the wet clothes of the lines crossing the cell, put slippers under the blankets, line up in twos and wait, sometimes for a quarter of an hour. When the sergeant comes, accompanied by a guard, he makes the round of the room, counting under his breath with his tiny eyes half-closed and his pointed moustache bristling. Then he will stop in front of the cell's *charoush* — that's the prisoner responsible for order. In the foreigners' cell, the job is filled by a big American Negro, stronger than anybody else. So, about once a month, for some private or ridiculous reason he will slightly beat up one of the prisoners. He plays a double role of protector of his cell-mates and lackey of the prison authorities with the accent on the latter. The sergeant will ask him "*How much Jameses?*" and the man will answer in arabic, giving the number of prisoners present. Then the sergeant will say "*Bravo, Jameses!*" Every day the same; every single day.

The intelligence level is pretty low. Prisoners talk about sports-cars, yachts, thousands

of dollars. Their stories are fantasies, made up just for the benefit of the others. Intrigue and cell politics are ruthless, backstabbing, beastly. Sometimes attempts at serious activity are made. A penniless Dane with glasses, living parasitically off his neighbours in the cell, made statistics on pre-trial time, expenses on lawyers, food; he argues that everybody should fire their lawyers! Then begs a banana from the guy next to him. Somebody else proposes that if a man is arrested for a crime in a foreign country he should just be thrown out and never let back; the more countries he is arrested in, the more restricted his travelling will be. And if he commits a crime in his own country, *then* only can he be imprisoned.

An American comes up to another lying in his bed of blankets. "Sir! All comic books present and accounted for, *Sir!*"

A German comes out of the toilet. "Shit! Who's been using the plates we eat from to wash his ass with? Shit, man!"

Shower time is another "outside activity". Groups of 16 are taken to the shower about 100 yards away from the blocks, and wash frantically for five minutes in small, slimy stalls. If it's raining you get two extra showers, one on the way there waiting for the previous group to finish, and one when you've finished, waiting for your group to gather and start back. Some of the stalls have rotting wooden doors. Whoever gets one of them has the advantage to be able to masturbate under the hot water instead of washing.

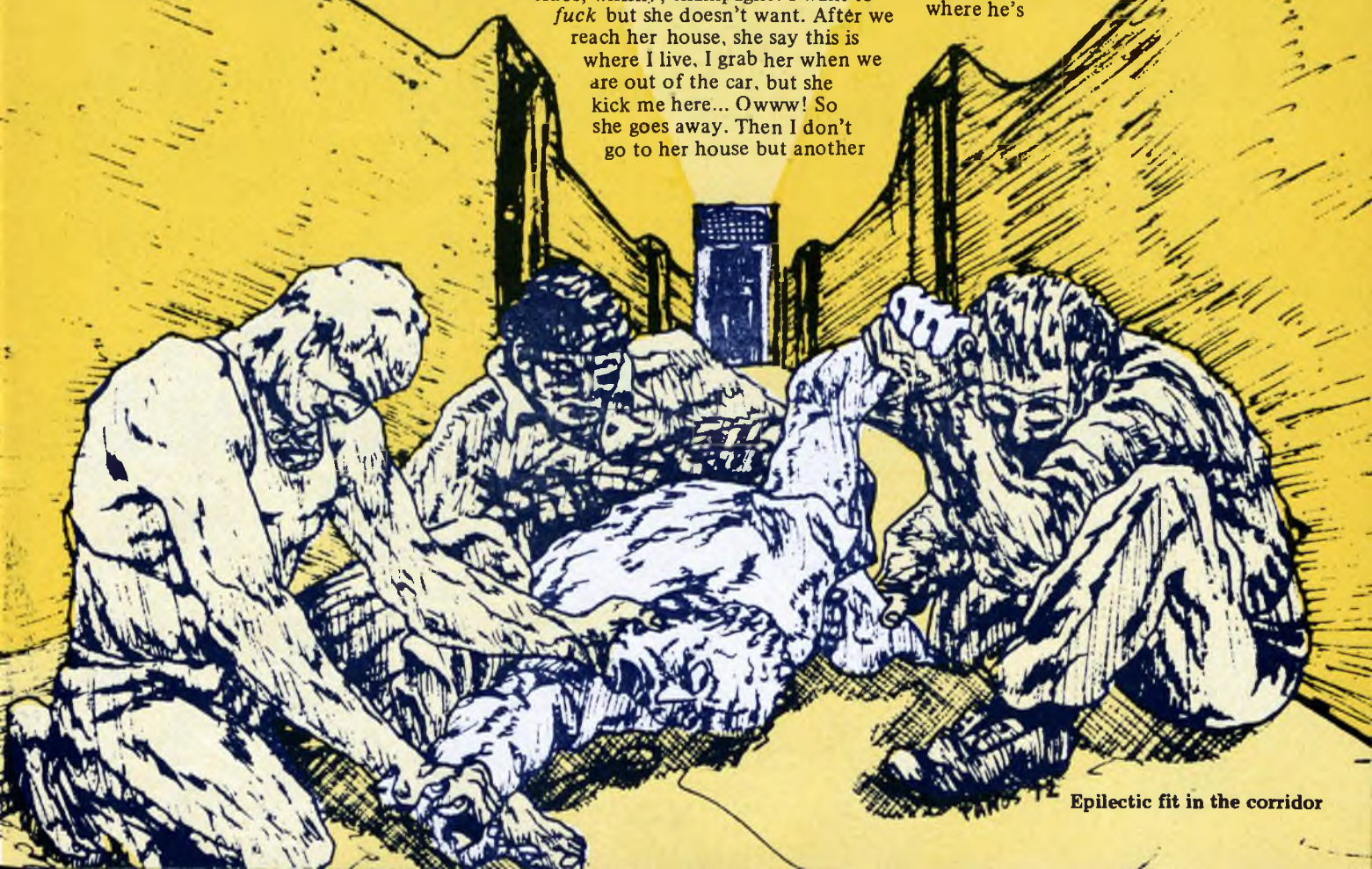
"Mister Mahmout, in Holland I meet made-moiselle with big car. She said she's engaged but she'll show me places in Amsterdam. Very good-looking girl. We go to night-clubs, whisky, champagne. I want to *fuck* but she doesn't want. After we reach her house, she say this is where I live. I grab her when we are out of the car, but she kick me here... Owww! So she goes away. Then I don't go to her house but another

night I go to a discotheque and she's there. I have hashish with me, Mister Mahmout, many pieces in all my pockets. She's very beautiful, Mister Mahmout, and much money. She says 'Hello George; you're not angry I hurt you last time?' 'No, I was a bad boy. I was wrong to do that. You want a drink?' She says 'Tea!' 'OK', I put hashish in her tea. 'How much sugar?' I put a piece in her glass with the sugar. In five minutes, ha-ha, she starts laughing. I put another piece in more tea, stir it. She's so high. I take her, put her in the car, *vroom!* I go *not* to house; in the trees. I fuck, boom, boom, boom, three times, six times. Then she's asleep, I take her necklace, all jewelry, I take lots of money from her bag, rings, watch... Very good, Mister Mahmout. Then I sell them. One with red diamonds, 2,000 dollars. Other jewels and everything, 5,000 dollars. I could get much more but I wanted to get rid of these things."

"George... This is *very* bad. *God-dammit!*" "Nooo, Mister Mahmout, *das ist sehr gut!* Mister Mahmout, when we get out of here, we have machine guns, go to a bank in Beirut, boom-boom, we take all the money, and then go to Casablanca, Rolls Royces, sixty girls... hmnn, *das ist sehr gut!*"

"*Mister Mahmout! Guter schlaf!*" George Bulziev, or Bullshit to his cellmates, a 27 year-old runaway Bulgarian gets a plastic cup of coffee from Mister Mahmout and letting go a fart, lowers himself on the blanket.

The two greatest values in the room are "wall space" and coffee. Wall space belongs to the senior prisoners; the rest roll up their bedding in the morning and spread it out at night, covering every inch of floor. The last senior man gets a wall space next door to the "kitchen" where he's



Epileptic fit in the corridor

always getting all the dust, the garbage, and the smells from the shit house. Arguments about wall space flare up occasionally and taking away a man's wall space by the *charoush*, is used for intimidation or as a punishment.

Coffee comes first thing in the morning and the men buy great quantities to drink through the day, heating it with a makeshift *mamnoua* heating apparatus. Arguments and bickering about coffee go on all the time. It's stolen, traded; lost, borrowed, heated, poured, spilled. For some of these people it's the only thing to talk about. There was even a disturbance when the whole cell got fired up and wanted to submit a large number of complaints because the captain and the shop wanted to limit the coffee to three cups a day per person. The whole thing crumbled when the captain took two men out of the room and withdrew the restriction. It's now referred to as "the coffee revolution."

Nerves are always frayed, laughter and fun are forced, the only privacy is in the toilet; even there after 2-3 minutes at the most, somebody will want to use it. If you go there in the small hours, you get a chance to see some large rat crawl out of the hole between your legs.

When the bell rings for "taps" at 9 p.m., the prisoners go into an agitated rush to fix their beds and get something to eat from the shelves. After they're through, the roaches make their rounds among the crumbs, the spilled sugar and soup; and later, when everybody is asleep, they'll crawl over the prisoners.

Some men will read for an hour or go on playing poker for cigarettes, although all games are *mamnoua*. Some nights you hear machine guns and rifle shots nearby. The lights, two weak bulbs high up on the wall, are always on.

If you wake up in the middle of the night, you may catch Hans or Mario, or Whisky a Gogo, his aliases — the 45 year old German smuggler with the domineering

wife, a slimy con-man, sneaking about stealing addresses from others' notebooks.

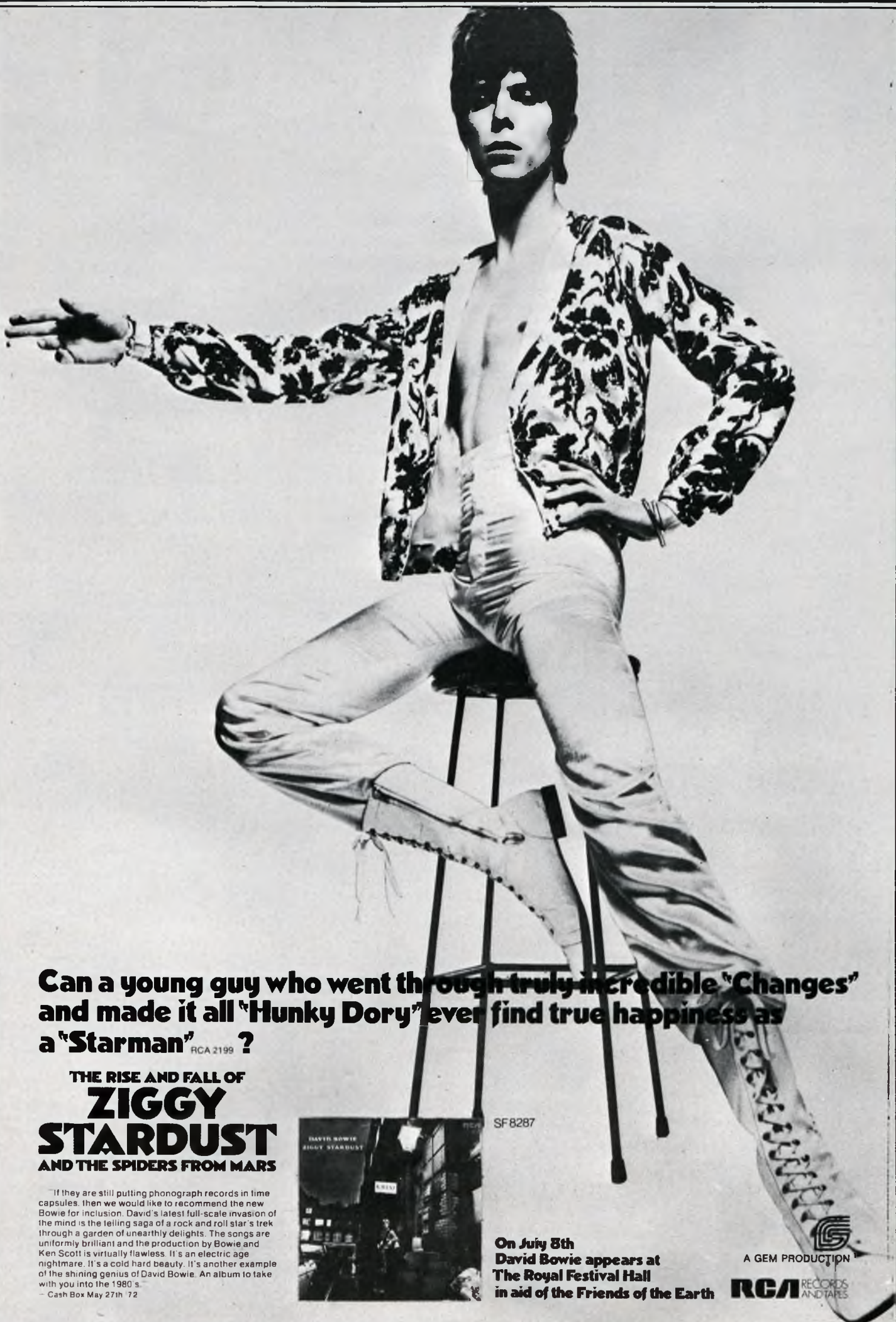
In the night, there is screaming and much commotion in the corridor. Loud angry guards' voices and whimpering and crying. An older kid from the other cell tries to kill himself by swallowing a boxfull of Kleenex. The guards push him down the corridor to take him out to the infirmary. The boy crawls along choked by the tissue papers that he's got crammed down his throat.

A few days ago a diabetic, who wasn't given his daily shot of insulin, died in the night in another cell. They called the guards; they rolled him up in a blanket and left him in the "kitchen" next to the garbage baskets till morning, while the cell went back to sleep.

The sleeping room looks like something out of a science-fiction nightmare. The floor is covered with prisoners rolled up in blankets, mindless monstrous larvae in their cocoons. Here and there they twist with slow sluggish movements and fart and cough.

May 1972.





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A S T R O L

AQUARIUS



The Family of Man is a fact.

Every man is himself, every one else is his brother and every man is his brother's keeper. In this case "to keep" is not to possess but to care for, to watch over and to nourish. This is universal brotherhood.

But although we were all created equal at the beginning of Eternity, are we still being *born* equal with all that individual karma which has gone on since? Are we identical twins? Universal brotherhood sounds fraternal. And if we are all born equal, why the taboo on judging each other? Is it a prejudice to say "nobody's really different"? Are all brothers twin-brothers?

Aquarius is mainly under the rulership of Uranus; the Initiator, Planet of Genius and the super-conscious Great Flash which comes to the stormy mind like sudden lightning; giving little time for the unprepared to see all that it shows, being impressed only by what he happens to be staring at when the flash comes. To the uninitiate this way of thinking doesn't seem very scientific yet most of scientific progress moves on the impulse of the Aquarian insight.

The Eleventh Sign is the Sign into which the solar system is currently taking almost a couple of centuries to back into. The symptoms are so obvious as to be laughable. Like the popular use of the terms "man" and "brother" like the superscience and the communes, and the United Nations, and the electronic music, and a long etcetera.

Saturn is also a strong part of Aquarius and Saturn is consistency, precision, authority, discipline and form. We must change the old concepts of brotherhood without breaking them. The 11th House of a horoscope is traditionally called the House of Friends and Aspirations. Through the amalgamation and welding processes associated with the Eleventh Sign, we can see the 11th House becoming the House of Group Movement.

And, speaking of family affairs; there is also a birth taking place in the Family right now. The vanguard of the 6th Subrace is incarnating at this time. And "6" is the Kabbalistic Number of the Sun. The Subrace was announced by the entry into Aries of the Planet Uranus in 1927 on April Fool's Day. The Fool of Tarot corresponds to the Planet Uranus, which is, in 1969, halfway around in Libra — another Air Sign and therefore compatible to Aquarius.

The Aquarian Way, the way of true Brotherhood is to work in direct communication with each other, co-ordinating their projects with no ego interference, each contributing to the others for the good of the entire Family.

The glyph of Aquarius, originally composed of three parallel waves was the old Egyptian symbol for water and was pronounced moo as in Mu; lost continent of the Pacific.

The Aquarian expression of love is quite different from that of Leo, the polar opposite. Leo governs the heart and it is directly from the heart that the compassion of Leo comes; indiscriminate, warm, and personal. Although Leo relates to every one without qualification; the expression is intense and personal or at least it seems that way to the recipient. Aquarius, however, relates to humanity as a whole, impersonally and with reason.

Within the Family of Man the friends from the Eleventh are champions of individual freedom and equality of opportunity. They do not wish to be left alone but they *do* want to be left free. Along with the Fire Signs (Aries, Leo and Sagittarius) Aquarius is a great liberator of the human spirit, the great leveler and status-buster.

B-flat, violet, bright stars, rain-bearing clouds, uranium, electricity primates, Ibis, Gospel of St John, oratory, five, six, seven of Swords The Star of Tarot, aviation, psychology, electronics, pitchers and urns.

PISCES



Pisces has a few important and interesting characteristics necessary to man's spiritual evolution between incarnations. However, there is little about the Last Sign which relates to life on this planet, and to scrape together what is appropriate and then to try to fill out a whole Zodiacal Sign with it verges on the absurd and useless. Pisces is seldom, if ever, aware of anything in terms of simple physical reality. Certain Piscean virtues such as sympathetic intuition and spiritual refinement are vital to humanity as a whole and appear in all the Signs to a certain extent but they hardly justify an *entire* Sign; a Sign with no practical attributes at all. Surely no Sign should cost the others more than it's worth! And yet . . . Over the great gate of the Twelfth (Piscean) Mansion of Heaven is written: "All the major decisions of life are easy if we place no other God before Him".

The ignorant and the proud, of course, miss this one completely; the former thinking God to be a conception of man and the latter unable to accept anything beyond one's own ability to understand or agree. Pisces, being the last Sign, is closest to the Source and therefore knows best about such things.

Pisces is the High Sign, the most spiritually sensitive, the one whose consciousness is most likely to be irreparably distorted by strong or violent drugs. And as the natural law and order here on Earth is beginning to pass from a Piscean to an Aquarian Age, one of the more obvious symptoms is the spectacle of trying to impose the old upon the new through anti-drug legislation and attitude.

Pisces knows without having to be told the spiritual is the most *real* and the material is the most *unreal*. Truth is an experience of the soul, not a conclusion of the brain. Pisces cannot be tricked by outward appearance or actions. Pisces sees your soul. How does that feel?

The tortoise is one of the animals corresponding to the last sign. The story behind the race between the turtle and the rabbit, which the

turtle won, is a story of the difference between living esoterically (represented by the tortoise) and living exoterically (represented by the hare). This is a part of the Piscean Mystery, that "God is a spirit and must be worshipped in spirit and in truth". "The turtle wins". . . not a flashy slogan perhaps, however not to understand it results in physically dying and getting another peptalk and then having to be physically born again, and again.

Not to understand it is to be on the outside looking in.

The Children of the Twelfth Sign are consciously aware of the reality of the spirit. Which is the beginning of knowing what's really going on. And that's the meaning of "hip"; to know what's *really* going on. It includes much more than the occult, although it is still very esoteric.

Eventually each of us will be confronted with the conscious awareness of *all* that was, is and shall be. It is said we don't live through it. It is also said that this is the beginning of everlasting life.

Unless imitation is to be considered an individualism in itself, the Twelfth Zodiacal Category is composed entirely of unmanifest likenesses of the other Eleven.

In terms other than those of the Zodiacal Categories of the Incarnation there is, of course, much to say. However the point of *this* whole conversational series is the direct application of the relationship of the Esoteric to the Exoteric through the Signs of the Zodiac.

But here is a Sign of which such comments cannot be made. Earthly evolution has not yet reached the place where the inner meaning of Pisces is applicable to tangible existence.

B-natural, Red-violet, all fish, seal, sea lion, sleep, feathers, magpie, parrot, dance, Neptune, 18th Tarot Trump, opium, soapstone, lilac, all exotic plants.



Zodiac Contemplations by Ambrose Hollingsworth
Illustrations by Thomas Bewick and His School



ARIES



High in the head of Aries person is an awareness of a certain responsibility which drives him through life at a burning pace and sometimes consumes him in its own fire. Each sign is in itself a reason for being alive on earth. The reason for being born in the Sign of Aries is a compound responsibility to be right, to be first, and to know oneself.

The responsibility for being right is tremendous, especially in a world which questions the very existence of a difference between right and wrong. Aries considers this question a search for an excuse for being wrong. Born "to be right" as their function on earth, they regard being wrong as an intolerable sin. Of course, knowing this or feeling this way, they need no one to point it out to them or remind them of it. And since Aries is the Sign whose function is to be right, Aries people are more likely to be right more often than the rest of us.

Also, since Aries is the Sign governing the head, the more intelligent the Arian, the less likely he is to be wrong. An unfortunate mistake of some Arians is to assume all this and go by their own ideas without the validity of personal experience.

But Aries may try to waive experience in favour of opinion. Sometimes they are in such a rush and under such pressure to get going that they make an inaccurate appraisal of a new situation.

The need to know about the self can, through the effort to meet that need, put Aries people into behaviour and attitudes which we call conceit. We complain that they talk about themselves too much. If you had one short lifetime in which to attain enlightenment through self-knowledge you might talk about yourself every chance you got. You might hope to learn by hearing yourself talk to others and by the reactions of those to whom you talk. Aries people do this whether they consciously know it or not.

Aries people are born with the instinct to create and to be the

first to create: to be the originator of ideas, to think of it first, to break deadlocks. Our friends from Aries are heroic pioneers who establish the new on the barren ground of the old, but always within sight of water.

Those who care for ancient symbols may see the head of a ram in the astrological glyph for Aries, which looks like a capital Y with downward curling "horns". Also to be seen are the leaflets of a sprouting seed, any eruption of the rising upward of spring fountains.

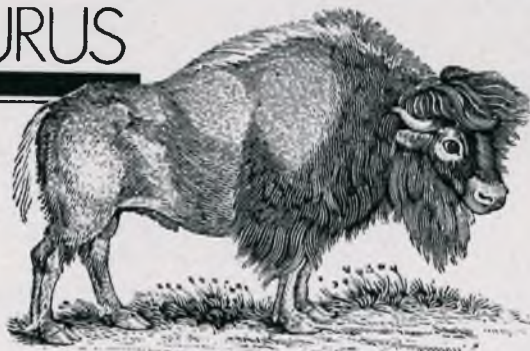
Any red flower is associated, the geranium being very strong. Will power is the related state of mind and the physical sense of sight is also involved with Aries.

East is the direction associated and the motive is mental impulse. Aries is the ruling sign of England, Syria, Germany, Israel, and West Poland. Three important stars of Aries are: Difa at 2 degrees 9 minutes, with a Mercury-Saturn influence, Alpharatz 13 degrees 51 minutes, Venus-Jupiter influence, and AlPerg at 26 degrees 31 minutes Jupiter-Saturn.

Stars themselves are temporarily activated by the close presence (within three degrees) of a passing planet. They are important on a personal horoscope only if they conjunct a planet at birth. Then again it takes a passing planet to activate it after that. This temporary activation of a star is like the brief bright flare of a striking match, compared with the continuous, though flickering, light of a planet and of course planetary light is reflected sunlight.

On the twelve tonal scale the note of Aries is C. The colour is red, first band of the rainbow, Tarot trump card is number 4, the Emperor, who is called Son of the Morning. Corresponding Hebrew letter is Heh, second and fourth letter of the unspeakable name of God. Aries is also called the General, the Conqueror. The associated archangel is called the Prince of Strength and Courage.

TAURUS



The pillars of creation are the Fixed Signs, and of them Taurus is the most down into earth. Taurian people understand and appreciate the divine grace of that which lasts. "Upon this rock will I build my church". Peter the rock is a Taurian image, the firm foundation upon which can be built a vehicle of the soul. Taurus represents the first of the four pillars, the one which must hold while the others are being set in place.

Uncertainty is unhealthy for Taurians and insecurity delays their growth. The rest of us can help by providing as much stability as we naturally can as a medium for them to work in. We can accept their material orientation and get out of the way while they attract and build an enduring situation of visible security which they do better than anyone else. Then, when they have done that, the highly evolved Taurians continue to build on into the invisible, this being also an intuitive and a psychic sign. Many are (at least potentially) clairaudient, that is their hearing is not restricted by time or space.

Love and beauty are the keywords of Venus, the planet which rules Taurus and Libra. Through these two signs are born some of the most beautiful and loving people. They do exceptionally well as members of enduring teams of partnerships where they provide a sort of launching platform, a center of dependability, a familiar form.

Major changes of situation are not necessarily unhealthy for them (perhaps they need to learn) but such interruptions as change of residence, mate or occupation are quite numbing. Some part of the person seems to close up and shut down while the change goes through its process. There is no inclination to relax until everything becomes familiar and consistent again. It is when the environment has mellowed into an old friend that the beauty and great strength of Taurus really reveal themselves.

Some Taurians feel responsible for the body of the Planet Earth

itself, a stewardship of the land. They work out this responsibility in the real-estate business of matching people and their activities with the land as pieces of property. Others work in closer touch as farmers, cattlemen or gardeners.

Although Taurus is a most practical sign according to the logic of the Zodiac, there is a certain field of practical information and phenomena which is often, or even usually, overlooked by the second sign. This field is, of course, the occult. A Taurus incarnation is not for the purpose of esoteric scholarship. So let's not push it at them.

They are learning to see the "glory of the sky" through the "beauty of the earth". They are "lifting up their eyes unto the hills". They are not only beautifying, but also building. In some way, especially with the Sun in Taurus or with Taurus rising at birth, they are here to accomplish the marriage of form and function. The result is practical and a pleasure as well.

The Sign of the Bull is often the sign of a healer, a healer by touch. This is one whose inner harmony is clear enough and strong enough to act as quiet example of order (which is health) from one body to another, usually through the palm of the hand.

Of the half-dozen similar versions of the traditional Tarot cards usually seen today, all show much Taurus in the fifth Major Card called the Hierophant, as well as the King of Pentacles of the Minor Cards.

Red-orange, D-flat, the sense of hearing, copper, and a certain kind of obedience; all are related to Taurus in a very high way, perhaps a sacred way. The Hierophant has been called Revealer of Sacred Things.





To be continued next issue.

GEMINI



The key to the human situation is said to be held by the Gemini. The Twins have the answer, according to many of the old schools. They also bring controversy and a double premise. The third Sign seems to affect people in particular more deeply and completely than any other House of the Zodiac. This is the Sign which specializes in people. In fact, people with nothing in Gemini will still manifest the characteristics of the Sign if they are born with a Third House Sun and a strong Mercury. Gemini is so involved with people that it can be the most superficial of the life forms on earth.

The *Lovers* card of the Tarot trumps corresponds to Gemini. Most versions illustrate a male and a female figure below and an angelic figure above. The man is looking over at the woman and she is looking up at the angel while the angel is relating to both. Such are the facets of those born in the Third Sign.

The double purpose of the Geminian incarnation is to manifest an idea of heaven on earth and to reflect to others their higher (spiritual) selves. This is the message from Quicksilver, ruler of the Sign. The further they are from this service, the more nervous our Mercurial friends become.

Gemini is the Sign of message and Virgo is the Sign of service. Mercury is usually seen with a winged cap and winged shoes. Astrologically he is the front office of the mind, the intellect, reasoning process, sense perception, the nervous (message) system of the physical vehicle.

With all of this to cover Gemini people are the busiest we will ever meet. They aren't really complicated, it's just very difficult to see the whole person at any given time. They are moving so fast it's hard to keep track of them. We can do them a favour by not trying and by not insisting that the "real" person step forward.

A Geminian in his highest place

knows that man lives not on earth only. At some point sooner or later in the incarnation he is presented with a showdown and must make a choice of the body or the spirit; one or the other must be known as more real.

As a part of some of the ancient initiations as well as modern orders of churches the aspirant chooses a heavenly bride of the world and marries his Order. A Geminian who has made his choice is not so rigidly defined. The result of his choice is a person whose life is based on the reality of the body or of the spirit.

And here may be the key to man's situation: Human nature made the choice long ago. How do we like the world which resulted? And could we imagine a world as an extremely more desirable place to be than it is?

The lore of the Tarot and of the ancient Rabbis teaches that Adam was sent to the Garden of Eden to be a gardener or caretaker and to give to everything a name. This naming of everything is part of the heritage of Gemini through the talent of speech and the tool of putting it into a few excellent words. The *Magician* (Trump No. 6.) in the Garden of the Tarot is Mercury the messenger seen through the Tarot and also the arranger of all within the reach of his perception. "Collect your thoughts before you speak."

The freedom to change is a necessary part of the Gemini environment. This is also a basic need of Sagittarius, the opposite Sign. When provided in excess we have a bum, when denied the personality often splits down the middle. But in its natural habitat this most human of the Signs develops all the human talents with enough attention from his wit to master them all through basic principles. *He can successfully point out life situations for all the rest of us to see clearly.* Satire is one of the more eloquent methods. When Gemini delivers, it is taken up to the rest of us to apply the the messages the Third House of the Zodiac provides.

CANCER



Cancer is the Cardinal Water Sign. Ruled by the Moon it governs childbirth, the breast, stomach and womb and is associated with both sailing and the home.

This is the Sign of the Mother. That's why a Cancer incarnation is extremely difficult for most males. It's difficult enough to express masculinity through water, the Sign of the Mother is the most difficult of all. By the opposite side of the same token Capricorn is said to be the most difficult Sign through which to incarnate as a woman. Capricorn is the Sign of the Father.

Water is that which washes and is the universal solvent. Water lubricates and it also freezes. Water cycle, emotional cycle, menstrual cycle, spring, tides and the moon. Water people and watery people relate in consciousness through associations, impressions and internal responses. Their ways do not include information usable to those who demand facts and reasons. They do not add 2 and 2, they sympathize with it. But they do come up with 4. Or rather they get the *feeling* of 4, and if necessary it can be translated into 4. It's more of *numerology* than arithmetic.

The ways of emotion can never be explained or accounted for except emotionally. They can never be spoken nor written, they can only be felt or emoted. Music is the special art of the emotion. You can only tell water because it's wet.

Water is by nature receptive. Men who will not listen or relate to women as equal human beings are shutting out half of the truth of life. And it's been said "within every woman there's a man, within every man there's a woman". If we try to disregard emotion as a necessary part of reality we lose, any way we look at it.

Called the Sign of the Home, Cancer is expected therefore to prefer to stay in one place no matter what. Traveling in search of true home, some Cancerians never settle down. The Hermit crab makes his home in the

abandoned shells of other sea creatures. A highly developed Cancerian can assemble a home anywhere. The necessary incentive is a family whether by birth or otherwise adopted.

Cancer is the House of the Moon, face of many phases, many moods. From an earthy point of view the Water Signs — Cancer, Scorpio, and Pisces — never completely incarnate, they never fully arrive on earth. This is the cause of much confusion and misunderstanding. Water Signs, although verbose, are *not inclined to spell things out.* Through Cancer, The Mother Sign, this often manifests (strangely enough) as an apparent reluctance to truly participate in life, a reluctance to create, a holding back of the real opinion or feeling. Cancer is very shy for one thing, the moon hides her face in a storm, and often is just plain not interested in explaining or expressing at the time. Perhaps most intimately true is the relationship of the Sign to such things. Truth is so precious that every utterance is a pregnancy and a birth complete with pains and traumas and even "false labour".

Cancerians will take care of you like no one else would or even could. Mind, body and soul all secure in the strong embrace of the Mother of the Zodiac. You will be fed, clothed sheltered and loved, although maybe a bit possessively.

Among the knick-knacks of the Fourth House of Heaven are: E flat, yellow-orange, the Chariot of the Tarot, the sea, the crab, sea food in general, tenacity, feeding people, bottom of the pool, the sphinx, the embrace, Queen-mother or dowager queen, old age, the safety pin, security, the knack of last minute rescue, arm-waving gestures, cooking and explaining. In the Minor Arcana of the Tarot Cancer is represented by the 2,3, and 4 or Cups. The safety pin is a fine demonstration of the power of Cancer which exerts no strain yet never lets go.







Honest Bruce, the OZ Mallorder King, says: "Sure the T.O. Book of London is a fine production - but have you checked out the competition yet? Look for the OZ special offer with the new 3rd edition of Alternative London and the Survival Guide in this issue's Mall Order section. We ain't braggin' about which is best - but we know who's the cheapest!"

Time Out's Book of London Out Now

Time Out's
Book of
London

70p

Film Reviews

THE JERUSALEM FILE,
Directed by John Flynn;
(MGM/EMI).

To quote the blurb, this is an "action thriller set in Jerusalem in the aftermath of the Six Days War".

As such, it's quite gripping; it creates a realistic picture of the sort of pressures produced and suffered by urban guerrillas, which should dispel some of the romantic misconceptions floating around the "right on" left.

In fact, the main story concerns the attempts of some criminally naive and careless American students to join an Arab terrorist group, followed with amusement and gratitude by the Shin Bett (The Israeli Special Branch). Their efforts get themselves and their Arab friends killed.

Donald Pleasence is brilliant (as usual) as the head of Shin Bett (not so much a James Bond, more a paunchy Civil Servant with a gun). Nicol Williamson is less good as a liberal college professor who tries to keep his flock out of trouble (for an easy life and to protect American citizens, not for the Arabs).

The failure of the film is the usual one; although it creates a very convincing atmosphere (the parallels between Israel and South Africa hit you at once) it doesn't explain *why* the Arabs are fighting. They wage their guerrilla campaign because, well uh because that's the way Arabs are, that's what gets them off man.

It's not good enough and it isn't accidental; it's the same journalistic device the British Press uses on Ireland, or the US Press on Vietnam to suppress the *political* issues in favour of cops and robbers.

Schrader Giftgas

POCKET MONEY,
Directed by Tony Maylam.
ABC cinemas.

If you like Lee Marvin and Paul Newman, you'll like *Pocket Money*. You might like it anyway because it's a nice film (nice being the appropriate word).

It's a modern-day western with pick-up trucks instead of horses, hideous nouveau riche Texans for cattle owners, chrome and Naugahyde hotel bars instead of the saloon and burger joints for the ol' camp fire.

There is no sex, no violence, no great dramatic theme, and precious little script, the dialogue



Marvin & Newman - 'A drier, tougher Laurel and Hardy'

being restricted to monosyllables and wry platitudes. Paul Newman and Lee Marvin are in Mexico buying ma igy cattle for Texan rodeo promoter (who eventually burns them for 500 dollars). They play caricatures of some of their best known parts; Newman is a not too bright, paunchy version of *Hud*, and Marvin plays his drunk out of *Cat Ballou* with a grey flannel suit on. They make a really fine comedy team, a sort of drier, tougher Laurel and Hardy.

The film is shot in a slow and easy realist style, concentrating on the business of buying and selling cattle, haggling with stony faced old Mexicans and getting drunk; Lee Marvin gives a particularly splendid portrayal of deviousness; dishonesty is such second nature that he occasionally rips himself off by mistake.

Altogether, it's a long step away from their usual super-stud roles, and a successful one.

Dick Pountain

COOL BREEZE,
Written and directed by Barry Pollack (Ritz, Leicester Square)

Bears a distinct relationship to *The Asphalt Jungle*, and in fact, views like an uneasy cross between *The French Connection* and *Putney Swope*. The cast is mainly black, and the basic plot, a diamond robbery carried out by four men who are specialists in the various skills required — lasers, muscles, getaway etc. The master mind is provided by a fresh-from-prison superspade, who is, incidentally, the only member of the gang to come out of the venture both alive and actually still grooving (boogying, whatever — laughing).

In colour, with medium-funky sounds by Solomon Burke, this entertainment has its droll and adroit moments, although the jive talk is sometimes obsessive and near self-parodying, and much funnier in *Putney Swope*. Putting down the Man — a pastime inevitable and compulsory for the urban poor, particularly the black urban poor — loses some of its edge

when Whitey is portrayed, as in this film, as so hopelessly vain and flabby and without the subtle viciousness normally expected in a career politician. Nevertheless, the disguises for the robbery — rubber caricatures of Wallace, Nixon and Agnew — were clearly well-chosen.

Bruce Leigh.

THE RULING CLASS,
Directed by Peter Medak,
(Odeon; Haymarket).

I half-expected that this was going to be another in the series of dreadful camp comedies about the English Aristocracy which American audiences so love.

I was very wrong, and I got wronger as the plot unfolded. In the first half, a young Earl (Peter O'Toole) decides that he is God (and of course Jesus; the Trinity being what it is) and preaches a very physical doctrine of love. His high Tory, flogging and hunting family plot to have him put away, but only after he has produced a male heir. Some of the resulting scenes put the dryness of my Y-fronts in jeopardy. Like his descent from the cross in the dining-room every morning (he sleeps on it). Like the high church wedding, where he thanks the appalled congregation every time they offer him (i.e. God) a prayer, causing the Bishop to expire.

Then comes the abrupt turn-around. An utterly ruthless shrink hired by the family "cures" him — i.e. drives him really mad — by a genuinely terrifying piece of shock therapy. He becomes a caricature of a 19th Century Lord, to the boundless admiration of his family, the local Tory party and the House of Lords, where he erupts as an awesome defender of the faith. "My Lords, we have forgotten how to PUNISH!" Flogging and hanging replace fucking and flowerpicking. And under the cool cruel exterior, he bubbles with obscenities, silent screams, kill, kill, and the solemn conviction that he is Jack the Ripper.

Although what's left of the Aristocracy is a rather easy target for satire (and not the real ruling class anyway) this film uses it as an ambush from which to slash up a lot of other institutions, with a degree of humour and savagery that is rarely seen (Joe Orton is the first comparison to mind).

And if you don't like Peter O'Toole — as I don't — this might change your mind (as it did mine).

Mary Lam

Book Reviews

WATCH OUT KIDS,
Mick Farren & Edward Barker
(Open Gate Books; £1.50).

A couple of years ago, while searching for the Angry Brigade, the police raided the house of an innocent man (and how innocent!). That man was Mick Farren, the author of *Watch Out Kids*. The dope being hidden, they found nothing but "treated the outline of this book like it was the blueprint for an armed revolution." Silly old police.

For the few who don't know, Mick is the "dope-fiend, political, ex-rock star and multi-arrested freak leader who don't want to lead no-one", and *Watch Out Kids* is a penetrating account of how "Elvis gave birth to the Angry Brigade". A sort of English *Do It!*; a history of the underground in pictures organised around a series of epoch-making events (i.e. those in which Mick Farren was involved).

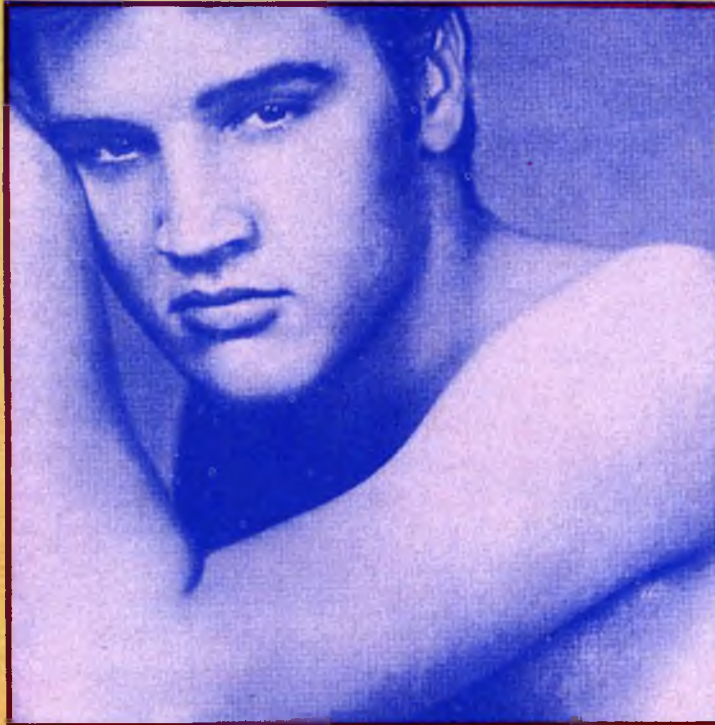
Like Abbie Hoffman and Rubin, Mick's prose-style is adventurous and racy. Mick has added a still further-out ingredient however; self-contradiction. One minute he tells us that rock stars are instruments of social control, marketed by the system. Next minute he is praising them as rebel leaders and outlaws.

Perhaps it's the dope, perhaps it's the dope and bear, maybe just mental exhaustion?

There are moments of high drama like the hour-by-hour account of what happened in the IT offices the day the Stones were sentenced. "A couple of groupies were trying to persuade everyone to go and see Paul McCartney. This idea was turned down".

When describing things that have happened to him Mick keeps his head above water. The trouble starts when he tries to fit these events into some sort of broader perspective. The pages ring to the sound of crashing sentences and collapsing half-baked ideas; as in "The lemmings have a great and groovy method of population control. The trouble is it's a bit hard on the individual lemming." Wryly humorous it may be, but the punchline "Later for jumping in the sea" sounds rather like a prophecy.

At another point he tells us that "it is about time we had a new civilisation". It seems to me we've got one, a civilisation rather like that of ancient Egypt, in that it only exists in relics: record albums,



The King - naked in Memphis some eighteen years ago

hip history books like *Watch Out Kids*, handed down myths about the Filmore East. Meanwhile the vultures circle...

To quote somebody or other "it's uncool to vamp on the energies of the community".

Dave Robbins.

ELVIS: A Biography,
Jerry Hopkins,
(Open Gate: £1.95).

"... Presley's roots were country-and-western. He was tagged as the 'Hillbilly Cat' before becoming blues-oriented and sucking the creative blood of Arthur 'Big Boy' Crudup and Lowell Fulson. He then proceeded to boldly rip-off many of the songs recorded by the great rhythm and blues singer, Little Richard. And some people would have us believe this thief is an originator..." — black poet A.X. Nicholas.

"Elvis is where pop begins and ends. He's the great original and, even now, he's the image that makes all the others seem shoddy, the boss. For once the fan club spiel is justified: Elvis is King." — Nik Cohn.

You pays yer money and you picks yer definition. What's beyond all dispute is that Elvis Presley is socially, if not musically, the most important entertainer of

the 20th century. He's 37 years old, and even now he has a legion of fans whose reverence is total and who lack all traces of a sense of humour about Elvis, as any issue of *Elvis Monthly* proves.

Jerry is hip to the fact that the mass Elvis public is what's going to make this book a bestseller, and that the kind of reader who wants *the* Elvis book will not be interested in what some hippie punk kid from *Rolling Stone* has to say about the King. So *Elvis* is long on reportage and totally devoid of any opinion and interpretation of the Phenomenon.

If you've any interest whatsoever in the story of how a honky kid from darkest redneck Mizzissippi turned the world onto black music and of how a threat to Western civilisation was systematically converted into a comfortable symbol of American middleclass virtues, then there's no two ways about it, this book is required reading. Jerry Hopkins, despite his studiously noncommittal stance, has provided all the facts you'll need to draw your own conclusions.

What is faintly disquieting to note is how fast the rock biography is getting stylised. After only 3 important books (on the Beatles, Dylan and Presley) the pattern is so clear that you know you're going to start off with a geography lesson, be it Hunter Davis on Liverpool, Anthony Sacdoto on

Hibbing, Minnesota or Jerry Hopkins giving you the low-down on Tupelo, Mississippi. Whoever writes the definitive Bolan book (poor sod) is gonna have to lead off with 2000 words about Hackney.

Charles Shaar Murray.

FRANCO'S PRISONER,
Miguel Garcia (Hart-Davis, £2.25).

Miguel Garcia was, and still is, a true and militant anarchist, who has done what to us, born in a more desolate time, looks only naive and ridiculous; he actually built his life around struggling for something he believed to be right. Can you imagine that? Don't seem to be too many people around these days who believe in anything.

He fought for, and saw the defeat of, the libertarian cause at the hands of Franco in 1939. He and the others who were left worked with the Allies from 39 to 45 (during hard times you have to make your alliances where you can, even if it means dirtying your hands a little). He was part of the post-war underground resistance (fucking over the regime by forgery, bank raids, explosions, while all the time trying to rebuild the smashed union organisations. He was caught in the big round-up of activists in 1949 and sentenced to death. The sentence commuted to 30 years, he carried on the struggle in jail, and it is this part of his life that his book is mainly about. His meeting with Stuart Christie in jail gave him the contacts for smuggling out and publishing some of his letters — causing even more trouble for the authorities — and also led to his coming to Britain on his release in 1969 and to his writing this autobiography.

Garcia knows this — "repression has stupified the people of today" — and he also knows there is more than one way to repress people. Franco and his gang have traditionally relied on the good old-fashioned method: fear, secret police, disappearances in the night, etc. But into Spain, as elsewhere, has crept the new, big turnover, low risk method where the people's ways of thinking and living are dissolved into the plasticated mishmash of buying, spending, possession, ownership; and with them goes unity and the capacity to recognise the enemy for what it is.

Garcia addresses his book very

Book Reviews

much to the English people (comparing English legal punishments with ones for similar offences in Fascist Spain etc.) — it's a piece of anti-Fascist propaganda. But he recognises (at least I hope he does) the contradiction that it is appealing for the sympathy of a people who are equally contained — the only real difference being that our establishment has understood for a long time the advantage of the new, improved, invisible method.

Any lessons to be learnt? Well, as soon as the chance was lost for the Spanish, the resistance became a movement which was founded on defeat; a jackal snapping at the heels of the authorities, always irritating, maybe even dangerous but never in with a chance of achieving complete success. So the important question to ask about people like Garcia is 'What else could he have done?' If Garcia could not win there was no choice but for him to kill himself losing — but how could he have won? And this question is just as crucial for us now: now that the Stoke Newington 8 face their mock trial those left must ask 'What else could have been done or might be done?' There has been too much losing.

Billy Hull.

SHOTS,

Photographs from the Underground Press.

Edited by David Fenton for Liberation News Service. (Academy Editions, £1.75).

Bringing together more than 100 stills from LNS sources taken in the US and Vietnam during the period 1967-70, *Shots* presents (if such were still needed) a powerful indictment of the American War Machine at home and abroad.

Whoever said that one picture is worth a thousand words was given to gross generalisation, but many of the stills in David Fenton's selection speak volumes. Best of all are the faces: the tight-lipped faces of Nixon's SS hiding behind their dark glasses, the bloodied faces of kids who know it's going to be a long battle, but have time on their side. The face of what Amerika has become and the face of a generation that sees it for what it is

Shots has introductions by Ericka Higgins and Bobby Seale, and the photographs are complemented by well-chosen quotations from sources ranging from William Blake to Richard Nixon. The format,

though, presents something of a problem: an 8"x10" glossy paperback, beautifully produced, superbly designed (by Neil Shakery), it was presumably intended as a money-raiser for LNS. All well and good. Beyond that, its only apparent purpose is to decorate coffee-tables, or perhaps to act as a nostalgic scrapbook for those who have now dropped in. The same might be said of Mitchell Goodman's *The Movement towards a New America*, but there an incredible amount of useful information was brought together in one volume (albeit a volume the size of a phone directory). Rather, *Shots* begs comparison with David Bailey's *Goodbye Baby and Amen*. On that level, it is not so much a failure as a capitulation.

Clive Hodgson.

THE WILD BOYS,
William Burroughs (Calder & Boyars, £2.50).

The Wild Boys is Burroughs' first full length novel since *Nova Express*, and it effortlessly regains for him the title of the Funniest and Most Depraved Writer Alive (if he ever lost it).

If you're a Burroughs reader you'll have no trouble in picking up the story where we left off. Like everything he writes, it's all

part of the same book, developing a different sub-plot maybe, but the same images keep popping up....Roller skate boys turn slow circles in ruined suburb....silver light popping in eyes...

Sometimes you get the feeling that he's got a formula which he applies to a heap of random words producing the various combinations in his books, but if that were true other people could discover it and do just as well. You've only got to look at some of the attempts (take any issue of *New Worlds* for example) to see it's not that simple. Besides the juggling with words, Burroughs has got a sense of humour seldom found outside of captivity and an imagination more depraved (in the finest sense of the word) than any writer since De Sade and Lautreamont.

Because he is now too fashionable to ignore, the Sunday lit. critics are forced to approve what once would have been dismissed as pornography; usually they try to make us believe that high moral purpose lies behind Burroughs' little fiction world of knife toting homosexual cannibals. They fool only themselves; old Bill is out to deprave and corrupt us all, in other words to turn us away from the paths of righteousness (the paths of deference to authority, sexual repression, patriotism, the path of the good worker, the good soldier, the good nigger, the good humanist whitewash artist...). It's going to be hard to make a good

citizen of AJ or Bradley Martin even after they've made one of Burroughs (picture the 1984 Democratic Party Convention... "gentlemen, a junkie ah may be, a queer ah may be, but bah God ahm white").

The Wild Boys goes almost back to the *Naked Lunch* in format; it's got a story, set out as a series of drily humorous episodes, interspersed with cut up and, of course, lots of fucking scenes involving lithe young boys (probably too many if you're not turned on by boys); *The Wild Boys* are Burroughs' fantasy of what the Underground could have been; the youth of the world have taken to the Sahara Desert, dressed only in rainbow coloured jockstraps. They eat American tourists and the US military expeditions sent to put them down, whom they slay in a variety of atrocious ways, making hash pouches of their victims' scrotums. They even develop ways of reproducing without the aid of women (Burroughs' misogyny has reached new heights). Now read on...

If you're into comparisons, this novel is certainly not as consistently brilliant as *The Naked Lunch* or *Nova Express*. Burroughs may get tired, but then so is everything else. He'll only be in real trouble when the world gets nastier than his imagination (mid 1974 by my calendar).

Dick Pountain



'Shots' - Columbia University 1968. "...one picture is worth a thousand words."



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Revelations: *An album with live music from the Grateful Dead, Pete Townshend, David Bowie, Marc Bolan, Mighty Baby, David Allen & 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 paying off the debts of the Fayre 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. We will be reviewing it next issue. £3.60 + 10p p&p.

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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 B.I.T. A third will be donated to the Nasty Tales Defense Fund. The remaining third will be spent paying Mr. Butler's legal fees incurred in our recent libel case, described further in this issue's 'Spike' page)

Album Reviews

LOU REED
Lou Reed
(RCA)

If I were thirteen, or Lou was, or better still if we both were, this would be great, everything I wanted to think about life, sung in a studiously serious voice with as little sense of melody, timing and rhythm as my own, backed up by musicians playing as unimaginatively as anybody I knew.

But Lou's a grown man and so am I, so what's all this stuff about "I Can't Stand It"? The drummer knocks on the door four times, and in runs Lou shouting he can't stand it anymore-more. Not petulant, not defiant, not suicidal, certainly not revolutionary, but not submissive or cynical. Just a *statement*, which looks suspiciously as if it's designed to become an anthem for disenfranchised youth.

And so it goes to the end, where there is a song you can immerse yourself in, called "Ocean". In between, songs about being lonely ("Goin' Down"), being in love ("I Love You", "Love Makes You Feel"), and hating the city ("Ride Into the Sun"). That last one sounds like a demo intended for the Grateful Dead, and includes a surprising cop-out where "dirty", which doesn't rhyme with "city", is substituted for "shitty", which would have. Too much for the audience, too little from Lou.

If this sounds too clinical a reaction to what you might suppose to be a work of art, wait until you hear it, and then tell me where you can hear Lou *feeling* those words he sings. In "Wild Child", you might suggest, and I'll gladly agree, that's as good as the best this Chuck Berry of the Lower East Side has done, with a mood as depressing, monotonous, and irresistibly fascinating as the hippie ghetto itself, held together with Lou's laconic wit. It's all about a girl called Lorraine, who crops up in all Lou's conversations with his media cronies: "she's a wild child, and nobody can get to her, sleeping out on the streets, living all alone, without a house or a home, and then she'll ask you please, oh can I have some spare change, can I break your heart."

The same wit also shows up in the more detached "Lisa Says": "Lisa says, hey baby if you stick your tongue in my ear, then things around here will become very clear." Reporting remarks like that is what Lou's good at, but too often it sounds as if he didn't concentrate on completing his songs before going to the studios,



David Bowie: 'A tiger on vaseline...' (nice pussy, nice pussy)

and it was too much to expect of a bunch of British session musicians to disguise the gaps with appropriate solos; producer Richard Robinson wasn't much help either.

Still, listen to "Lisa Says", "Wild Child", and "Going Down", and you might decide this must be the best LP of the last three months or so. And you're probably right, but don't say you weren't warned about the other nine tracks. Pale, pale rock'n'roll.

Charlie Gillett.

THE RISE & FALL OF ZIGGY STARDUST & THE SPIDERS FROM MARS David Bowie (RCA)

David Bowie, easily the most brilliant young songwriter in this country, seems to have been going through quite a few rapid changes over the last year or so.

It all started with the release of his miserably under-rated 'Man Who Sold the World', which portrayed him as some bi-sexual Greta Garbo figure with rather tortured Nietzsche overtones!

The neurotic elements of that album manifested themselves in part of the schizophrenic 'Hunky Dory', but now things have developed even further.

The Rise and Fall of Ziggy Stardust... personifies Bowie's new image as the intended messiah of Teenage Wasteland. Live, he is an almost grotesque parody of early Elvis Presley complete with outrageously tasteless costume, butch hairstyle and calculated effeminate gestures. On the new album, Bowie attempts both to live and fully verbalise his fantasies. *Ziggy Stardust* is his wish fulfillment — 'came on so loaded, man/well hung and snow white tan' — the last great superstar before the Apocalypse (fully described in the first track 'Five Years'), who is eventually torn to pieces by his fans in a scene straight out of Nik Cohn's 'I am still the greatest, says Johnny Angelo'.

The only problem is that it all doesn't quite come off, and this all becomes very clear once one has witnessed his awkward posturings on stage. Bowie is over-reaching himself, trying to cover too much ground. The character he ultimately portrays has more in common with the amazing Iggy Stooze than anything Bowie could extend himself to. All of which is sad because taken on its own terms, the *Ziggy Stardust* album is quite superb. Bowie is now working in new areas, having been studying the art of punk rock poetry from Lou Reed, while effectively developing his own talents in the realm of his lyrical fascination for science fantasy. His unique sexual imagery (previously best illustrated

in *The Man Who Sold the World's* chilling 'She Shook Me Cold') has lost its neurotic edge, giving way to lines like *This mellow-thighed chick just put my spine out of place or, even better, we move around like tigers on vaseline*. The best track of all is the single *Starman* which is perfect pulp sci-fi rock complete with killer chorus.

The Rise and Fall of Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders from Mars is the vital link around which Bowie's new image is to be projected, and I have a feeling it will, if only temporarily, succeed. It's all a little unfortunate, though, that someone as capable as David Bowie should attempt to hype himself as something he isn't.

Nick Kent.

ROADWORK
Edgar Winter's White Trash
(Epic)

JEFF BECK GROUP
Jeff Beck Group
(Epic)

Edgar Winter's White Trash are advanced cases of the Live Album Syndrome. Their line-up allows them to tackle soul, gospel, blues and rock, depending on whether Jerry Lacroix, Rick Derringer or Edgar himself happens to be out front. However, their endless posturing prevents them from sounding like the real professional soul or blues band they so desperately want to be. It's like the difference between Albert King and Alvin Lee; ballet becomes gymnastics, economy becomes extravagance. The entire ensemble sings and plays as if it is getting paid by the note.

On the plus side, every number displays White Trash's enormous technical facility, but in every instance they are undermined by their self-indulgence. The singers are all very distinctive: Lacroix has a beefy, funky voice reminiscent of Otis Redding and David Clayton-Thomas, Winter sounds like an enraged bee attempting to impersonate Mose Allison, and Derringer (who plays lead guitar throughout and also produced) is a fine exponent of that punk-rock stance which says: *I got this big fuckin' amplifier, man, so I wanna see some rockanroll out there...* but his six-minute bravura performance of Berry's "Back in the USA" is flutulent and overblown. Despite their infinite musical superiority, White Trash could learn a lot about rockanroll interpretation from those veteran punks, the MC5.

Most of this album is a waste of

Album Reviews

time. However, on three or four occasions it really comes to life. Halfway through the first side, La-Croix does a three minute soul original called "Jive, Jive, Jive" which, with its flaring, blazing brass riffs, conjures up the ghost of Otis Redding far better than the rather tired version of his "I Can't Turn You Loose" which follows, and is the band's new single. At the end of the second side, Winter says "We got a little surprise for you here tonight... people keep asking me 'Where's yer brother?' "... the crowd roars, and on comes Johnny Winter to roar through a sloppy but powerful version of "Rock and Roll Hoochie Koo", the song Derringer wrote for him when they were in Johnny Winter And together. It's messy, but it's so good to hear Johnny Winter again that I've got my blind ear to the speakers.

During the marathon version of "Tobacco Road" that takes up most of side three, Derringer takes a long acapella guitar solo that is probably the most rapid piece of electric guitar playing that I can remember hearing. It'll probably become a set-piece for aspiring Claptons to have to master in some horrific Rock Conservatory of the future. Edgar also acquits himself impressively on saxophone and piano, though the second half of his piano solo is marred by his insistence on scattening along with it. Derringer is a speedy little punk with an awesome command of his instrument and a lot of neat tricks, but all the really great rock guitarists have either a demon or an angel inside them. With the exception of Garcia, most of them are demons and none more so than Jeff Beck.

Since his last album, Beck has brought in an outside producer, Steve Cropper, no less. Unlike *Rough and Ready*, this one features some real songs, like Don Nix's "Going Down", Dylan's "Tonight I'll be Staying Here with You", and a couple of Motown standards. "Going Down" cuts Nix's own version to pieces and comes near to equalling the version Stone the Crows use for their encore. The trouble is still in the vocal department. In performance, Bob Tench's rasping, tuneless soul vocals fit in with the riotous vibes put out by the rest of the band, but in the more sober environment of the home, he sounds very uncomfortable. Max Middleton's lucid, jazzy piano serves as a most effective contrast to all the mayhem and brutality that surrounds it.

Jeff Beck is the subject of many unprintable anecdotes centering around his groupies and business

contacts. After listening to about three bars of his performance on "Highways", you know that they are all true. Anyone who'd play that is clearly capable of stopping at nothing. His instrumental version of Rita Wright's hit "I Can't Give Back the Love I Feel For You", though, is astonishing for its lyricism and unabashed sentiment, as is the final instrumental "Definitely Maybe", a lovely improvisation on the guitar lick Jimmy Page used for Cocker's "Help For My Friends". There's also a Dr John-ish Cropper/Beck song called "Sugar Cane", and if that wasn't enough they also trash all over Dave Clark's old hit "Glad All Over". Words fail me.

Charles Shaar Murray.

[As habitual readers of this magazine will be aware, Charles Shaar Murray's concluding words in the above review are of some significance. At no single point during the course of OZ's lengthy (and at times frankly bizarre) relationship with this retired school-child, have words ever been known to fail him. We can only offer our astonished congratulations to Mr. Beck. - Ed.]

CARL & THE PASSIONS - SO TOUGH

The Beach Boys (Reprise)

The cover of this album is a shiny red car door. Through the car window you can see the beach, the sea, a couple of trees, cloudy blue

sky and it could be a pretty fine day to go surfing.

And then, Carl and the Passions is what the Wilson brothers used to call their high school band, way back before they became the biggest high school band in the world.

So what is this, a Get Back move? Another Get Back move? Back to high school, drag racing, sun, sand and surf, California girls, do it again just one more time? Not even that. All it means is, one more Beach Boys album. And not a very good one at that.

The best first, though. One song here is nearly pure high school: 'Marcella', one of just two songs co-written by Brian Wilson. It's at least their best song since 'Wild Honey', and, in the context of this particular album, completely stratospheric. The lyrics are good too. 'One arm over my shoulder/ sandals dance at my feet/ eyes that knock you right over/ ooo Marcella's so sweet'.

'Marcella' is probably a number one, except that it isn't out as a single yet, and probably never will be. Kinney probably passed it over as uncharacteristic of the 'new' Beach Boys. Which is, unfortunately, a fairly accurate assessment. The single they did choose, 'You Need a Mess of Help to Stand Alone' is alright, but certainly not a number one. Maybe, though, the 'new' Beach Boys don't want a number one, it might damage their new-found underground prestige irreparably.

If that's so, maybe they should think again. On the evidence of the rest of this album, all you'd ever ask of the Beach Boys is that they wind up and perform their Greatest Hits, because as a progressive rock band they just don't make it.

And so it goes on. There are two songs by Dennis Wilson, both very soft and stunningly over-orchestrated. And two more by Al Jardine and Mike Love, both apparently about the joys of transcendental meditation. 'All This is That' is pleasant enough, though the lyrics are sort of Charles Manson Biblical. But 'He Comes Down', in praise of the Maharishi, with its handclapping gospel chorus and shouts of affirmation, is about Black & White Minstrel Show in its emotional intensity and depth of commitment.

So Tough? Well, it certainly isn't that. But that's not really surprising when you consider how many almost pure muzak albums the Beach Boys have made since *Pet Sounds*: every single one of them, excepting only *Wild Honey*. And while it's true that no-one writes Beach Boys muzak like Brian Wilson — which is why this album doesn't touch *Pet Sounds* — in the long run muzak is no more than muzak, and supermarket sound systems don't draw such fine distinctions. So let's just be thankful that now and again they can come up with a song like 'Marcella', and leave them to a peaceful rock senility.

Andrew Weiner.



The Beach Boys: Tough as shit and twice as messy



‘Everything ripens at it’s Time & becomes Fruit at it’s hour.’

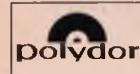


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FROM JULY 27

HIPPIE FINGERS IN BALI SUGAR

As habitual readers of OZ will know, it is James Anderson's habit from time to time to mysteriously vanish from our grey, London offices, equipped only with his toothbrush and seemingly minuscule monetary resources, to hurl himself once more into the dark labyrinths of the hippie global trails.

Recently, Jim returned bronzed, bleached and apparently healthy, bubbling over with news and anecdotes of his latest bizarre foreign exploits. He'd stopped over briefly to visit his parents in Australia and to perform some brief Gay Liberational spadework to a doubtless enraged and uncomprehending populace. On his way home, his airline ticket offered him a limited choice of one stop-over: New York or Indonesia. James plumped for the latter, and his report follows, but perhaps it would be fair to warn you that Jim wrote this piece inbetween violent bouts of nausea and acute depression, induced by a severe infection of hepatitis which he contracted on 'an island paradise that runs with love and blood...'

Bali is an Indonesian island, east of Java, well known for its temples, dancing, gamelon music and unique Hindu culture. It's beautiful, child-like people have a calm, harmonious way of life, quite remarkable in an area of the world with so tropical and violent a climate. Nevertheless, the Bali people have a disturbing habit of running amuck at irregular intervals, the last time in 1965 when as many as 100,000 were massacred in a fortnight. The victims were almost all islanders associated in some way with Communism, but in Bali the killings were ritualised and trance-like, and the victims and killers both so willing that commandoes were hurried from Java to restrain them.

Photographs: Keith Heygate



Jim Anderson: "I became a cheap cabaret artist..."



The boys did nothing but giggle and look amazed

The Good Things:

a) Kuta Beach, where most people stay, is a mile upon mile of curving white sand fringed with coconut palms, paddy fields and lush green and yellow vegetation. The village of Kuta, lost in the palm groves, has plenty of places to stay, usually in Balinese family compounds, costing 25p a night including tea and a local speciality like steamed pink cake for breakfast. The beach faces west, and everyday the setting sun provides the peaking trippers with a transcendental tropical light show. On Sundays, tourists from Djakarta come and take pictures of the freaks and surfies, but on the whole the beach is totally unspoilt. Commercialisation takes the benign form of beautiful Balinese girls with baskets on their heads selling fruit, drinks and nuts. Further along, the sand is completely deserted and if you need solitude to do whatever turns you on, you can have it. The beach is in every way far more spectacular than Goa. At some points there is in the waves near the shore, a glistening algae which takes the form of large trans-

lucent bubbles, and turns the surf and receding foam to gold, particularly when the sun is going down. Nothing is expensive and you can live quite well on 50p a day. There is a fish restaurant on the beach, a vegetarian restaurant back in the village next to a bar where they blend mango, avocado, banana pawpaw and durock into huge iced drinks, and other very good places to eat, including Djenik's where Djenik will make you a mushroom omelette (although, so will everyone else). If you have bread to spare, you can buy exquisite oriental Bosch-like paintings, carvings, batik and sarongs.

b) There always seems to be a good supply of excellent grass from Sumatra, or Buddha grass from Thailand. Pipes, bongs, chillums and joints were filled with heady mixtures which often included dried mushroom rooms and opium. Pure acid from several sources,

in particular an amiable Australian with a big bottle and an eye dropper with which he would dose you as you wished — a taste or a mouthful. Fortunately, Kuta's slow balmy atmosphere and the amazing





Roast pig and 'wong' mushrooms · psychedelic bacon

friendliness and empathy of the Balinese meant a complete absence of the freak's curse, paranoia, and although over-indulgence was common, it was singularly painless. I didn't see any needles or hard drugs of any sort although at the Mandara Hotel one night, where most of the freaks would gather to play music, dance or listen to tapes, a lot of spurious coke turned up and anaesthetised everyone's nose and mouth for a while. Groups of pot trail veterans from Penang, Goa, Pondicherry and so on were arriving all the time, but there never seemed to be serious over crowding as there is in those places, and there wasn't anyone who could be remotely described as heavy.

c) For the first time since I have been wandering the hippie trails, I allowed myself to become totally absorbed by the alternative life

style which the freaks carry with them wherever they go and which bloomed so creatively in Bali.

I notice that I am still using 'they' rather than 'we', however... they were all very busy in their idleness and into something, whether it was making batik or some other handcraft, yoga, learning to play some instrument or to dance, a preoccupation with Hinduism or Buddhism or whatever, soul-searching with the aid of intensive and constant reading, serious conversation or long periods of meditation

and solitude; or just being incredibly liberated and happy. I was very aware of self-centredness, and of obsessions with clothes, appearance and style which was not however, egotistical and vain, but very healthy. Such indulgence is frowned upon in our society to such an extent that self-discovery is hard to achieve and often is not thought of as a conscious goal. Kuta was interesting because there were two distinct types of freaks — seasoned Europeans and Americans who had been on the road for years, and greenhorns from New Zealand and Australia for most of whom Bali was one of the first foreign countries they had been to. It must have been clear to the newcomers how far they had to go, and the benefit to themselves of what they could achieve. Admittedly, Kuta was the good side of the freak coin — the physical and mental wrecks were still stranded in India or Kabul or wherever the papers say they are, and there were no Satanists, psychedelic fascists or maniacs with guns. The people most ill at ease were the one or two short-haired Australian juice freaks who in the absence of any Fosters, were reduced to defiantly drinking the really bad local beer or the even worse sweet rice wine.

I found the freak life style on the whole, very chaste. Relationships flowered and died but indulgence seemed to be in dope rather than bed. There were very few girls travelling merely as appendages to boys. The Balinese certainly don't treat each other as sex objects and were either offended or mystified if advances were made to them on that basis. On my first couple of blistering days out on the beach, I felt as usual duty bound to sample the local product (to put it as sexist as possible) but I found that the boys, who in every way were loving and affectionate and great fun to be with, did nothing but giggle and look amazed when I put my hand on their cock. I very quickly gave up and enjoyed their company in the way they enjoyed mine. Throughout my stay in Kuta, I zealously pursued an interest in one of the girls selling fruit on the beach — we flirted every day and got on fantastically well until one afternoon tripping on the mushrooms I overstepped the bounds of Balinese propriety — I don't know what I did, not much, but it was 3 days before she condescended to speak to me. Our reunion was a bit like an Archie and Veronica kiss and make up, but coming from permissive Sydney, it was an unusual experience for me. So was the interest in a girl. Denpasar, the main town in Bali, and only 15 kilometres from Kuta, was, of course, full of sex for sale, and some guys made the trip as often as their pocket or their inclination decided them.

As usual, there seemed to be fewer gay freaks travelling than there actually were. For a while I seemed to be the only one, but before I left I unearthed a few from their



self excavated lairs. The pot trail certainly needs gay liberationists and activists of every kind. There is a general lack of awareness of the political implications of being a freak.

d) The psilocybin mushrooms, known to the Balinese as 'wong', which grew everywhere it was moist and there was enough cow shit, were much smaller than those growing along the entire Australian east coast, but were equally good and quite the best and safest psychedelic I have ever taken. For 10p you could buy thirty or so (plenty for a good trip) wrapped up in a palm leaf or plastic bag on the beach every morning from one of the mushroom sellers who picked them from the rich cow pastures near where the first river flowed into the sea, or you could get them yourself for nothing. In the wet season (December to March) they are everywhere in thousands, but thereafter slightly more scarce, and I think the wong sellers were into a bit of cow shit irrigation. The wong were small and white, sometimes with gold tops, turning turquoise after picking, the colour indicating the strength of the psilocybin in each one. It was best to eat them fresh and raw. This gave some indication of how many you should eat to get off properly. Sometimes they were toxic, making you feel slightly queasy for the first half hour or so. It was always best to exercise caution. The great advantage of the mushrooms over acid was that you could take them continuously for several days without scrambling your head, enabling you to give yourself a rapid course in psychedelic therapy. Free yourself from the plague of self-consciousness for a week and you'll be amazed at what you are capable of. There were one or two minor disasters among the mushroom eaters — one very unstable American scattered his head and his belongings all over the beach and had to be strapped down after his fifth day of absurd over indulgence. However, by the time his parents flew in from Boston to rescue him he had completely recovered — but nothing serious and although I ate them until I felt my blood had turned to psilocybin and almost disappeared into a mushroom cloud, I never once felt that I had taken too many. Psilocybin has none of the dark corners of acid and I recommend the mushrooms as one of the very best ways of learning to love and know yourself, your fellow man and Bali.

I started off my experiments alone on a far flung beach, found myself naked, communing with the sea, the land and the elements, returning to primitivism and doing jungle yells. Everything at all times was very exciting and beautiful, and Bali quite the island paradise advertised in the Quantas brochures. Gradually, as the days passed, I became more sophisticated and returned to the fold until eventually I was cavorting and dancing on the main beach, hopefully to everyone's delight, not that I would have known or cared, dressed up in brightly coloured sarongs and every other bit of tat I had the foresight to put on. I became a cheap cabaret artist. That's what happened to me. I think the same thing happened to everyone else, each in his own fashion. The Balinese liked the freaks to take the mushrooms, even when 50 of them together rampaged and picnicked through the coconut groves.

e) Some people got becalmed in the Kuta dope fog, but all of Bali is breathtakingly lovely. There are active volcanoes — I managed to climb up into the steam filled crater of Mount Batur and got stuck in the lava field overnight — hot springs, beautiful temples, monkey forests, beaches far more golden and deserted than Kuta, sculptured rice terraces which put English landscape gardening to shame, music and dancing almost every night, and of course, the Balinese with their frangipani in their hair, and their good spirits who move



A general lack of awareness of the political implications of being a freak

slowly and their bad, who move quickly. The whole life of the Balinese is the most magical and graceful ceremony. The vibrations which they give off are almost always very loving and good, but occasionally inexplicably bad. The Barong and Kris Dance was performed at Kuta with increasing frequency and intensity while I was there, to exorcise bad spirits which were coming from the sea. The dancers went into violent trances and many other Balinese were affected, running round in the moonlight quite crazed, possessed and demonic.

The Bad Things:

a) The only easy way of getting around the island is by motor bike. Walking is delightful but slow. You could rent a Honda for a week for under £5 and noisily and rapidly go anywhere. The Balinese in the country wave and cry hello and still regard them with some wonder, but they are too powerful for the roads, and Kuta was full of casualties ranging from broken ankles and dislocated spines, to innumerable abrasions and cuts which don't heal in the humid tropical air. Malaise and indefinable equatorial sicknesses were common. I found the mushrooms were a good cure for anything.

b) The Hotel Bali Beach, a self-contained, air conditioned monstrosity, erected by PanAm, fortunately on the eastern side of the island, is a foretaste of what the Indonesian Government has in mind for Bali, and Kuta in particular. Plans for a similar multi-storey hotel have already been approved and construction starts within a year. At the moment, the Hotel Bali Beach, which sits on a rather ugly lagoon at Sanur, is a great convenience, and we made use of its banks, tourist agents, doctor and post office. It was the complaints of the matrons who stay at this hotel which brought about the regulation requiring Balinese women to cease going around topless. Now the markets are full of pink and purple cotton bras which the women, at least in the towns, mostly wear.

Wherever freaks go, there is always that last days of the Roman Empire feeling — the barbarians are always at the gates and about to tear down the walls. Your existence is ephemeral and always you know that at some point you have to move on.

c) The presence of police in Kuta is not noticeable but once we were warned of a raid and they poked around a bit without finding anything. Three guys were busted in the town of Ubud for possession of ganga, and each served 7 days in Denpasar gaol. They enjoyed the experience, the dope, the food and the company (lots of Balinese political prisoners in for life) and were treated with great courtesy. They were allowed to choose the day they started their sentences, and one of them was almost permitted to serve his time in Kuta as he had his foot in plaster. Sometimes a few soldiers would wander around, looking like big green insects in tight boots, tight pants and cap, with huge goggles and white gun holsters.

d) By far the worst side of Indonesian bureaucracy you are likely to encounter is the Immigrasi. You get a visa for a month maximum to start off with, then it will cost you 20 dollars for a month's extension. If you last that long, the second extension is not so expensive, but you are in trouble if you overstay your visa — a fine and maybe detention in a kind of government hostel in Denpasar until you can arrange for money to be sent to you. The detention centre is actually quite OK and some freaks preferred to stay their free rather than rent a room. There were several people at Kuta, without visas or money, living quite happily somewhere out along the beaches. I overstayed my visa and was stopped from getting on the plane. Even though I shouted and argued with an official who looked like a Japanese war commander, and eventually offered to pay a fine right there, my baggage was hauled off. He merely barked at me over and over again "You have broken the regulations of the Republic of Indonesia. You must appear in court tomorrow at 8 o'clock in the morning." I did so. The judge was polite, listened to my fabrication and fined me ten dollars. I said I only had six. The fine was reduced to six, my visa was extended for two more days, and I eventually departed, extremely sad to leave, and already full of incipient hepatitis. That's another bad thing about Bali — yet another serpent in the Garden of Eden — wash your hands well after you have a shit, and take some toilet paper with you.

Jim Anderson

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