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OZ 8

Richard Neville  
*Editor*

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## OZ 8

### Description

Editor: Richard Neville. Deputy Editor: Paul Lawson. Business Manager: Peter Ledeboer. Design: Jon Goodchild. Photography: Robert Whitaker. Art: Martin Sharp. Staff: Andrew Fisher, Ian Stocks Newman, David Reynolds, Louise.

**Content:** Louise Ferrier comic cover, (insert: Yoko Ono Film No.4 ad. for the Saville Theatre, with photo of 14hr. Technicolour Dream event; infamous mis-spelt Che Guevara poster with psychedelic While Dad's Away, Mum Will Play poster on reverse) 'The Circus is in Town' - Martin Sharp Graphics. 'Jessie in Kinseyland'. 'Ozmosis'. R. L. cartoon. 1p+ Objet trouve - cigarette card National Types of Beauty. Forum ad. Oz subscription ad with Beardsley graphics. 'Russia, You Have Bread, But No Roses' - Angelo Quattrocchi on the Russian Revolution. *London Magazine* ad. Albert E. Kahn's *Smetana and the Beatles* ad. IT subscription form. 'The Stones, the Beatles, and Spyder Turner's Raunch Epistemology' by Richard Meltzer. 'Image as Language' ad. Other Scenes reviews Regis Debray's *Revolution in the Revolution*. 'Underground Confidential: World Wide Exclusive' by Andy Warhol. 'Think Sideways win £100' by Edward de Bono. Michael St John 'Epilogue'. Critique of Michael X. Playboy Club News page. 2p 'Freelancer' cartoon. Bulletin #12 from the Psychedelic Information Centre. Carpet Bazaar ad. 'In Memorium Homo Sapiens Extinct' back cover graphic.

### Publisher

OZ Publications Ink Limited, London, 40p

### Comments

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



Double Issue **51**  
Playboy's  
dirty flics  
page 36  
Yawn!

**02**

**8**

**KRASH!**

**WHAM!**

**KERBLAM**

**ZIP!**

**ZIP!**

**ZING!**

**ZING!**

I...I CAN'T  
HELP IT!

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

**WHAM!**



# THE CIRCUS IS TOWN

ENGLAND BECOMES THE SPIRITUAL LEADER IN THIS VILE WORLD WHERE EVEN THE EAST TURNS TO THE MONSTER OF MATERIALISM. LONDON GIVES BIRTH TO THE NEW DAWN OF MAGIC, THE VITAL IMPULSIVE ORIGINAL YOUTH, DRAWING THEIR ENLIGHTENMENT FROM THE ANCIENT EASTERN MYSTICS AND THE SACRED MUSHROOM, BLAST THE GENERATIONS APART, REJECTING THE SUPERFICIAL AND FASHIONABLE, THE MUNDANE AND CONFORMIST, PLUMBING THE VERY DEPTHS OF THEIR BLOSSOMING MINDS, BRINGING FRESH HOPE TO A STALE AND CORRUPT WORLD. THIS PAGE IS A HUMBLE TRIBUTE TO THOSE GOD-LIKE GIANTS WHO STRIDE AMONGST US IN AN AURA OF DAZZLING LIGHT - THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE

WE LOVE YOU  
WE WANT YOU  
TO LOVE  
THEM TOO  
AND WE  
DON'T  
MEAN  
A WORD  
WE SAY

DO YOU KNOW  
WHAT REALLY  
MATTERS?

That's a BEAUTIFUL  
THING TO SAY  
VERY BEAUTIFUL MANS

Where did you get  
these boots man  
Thorn TOO MUCH  
Really Beautiful  
Really Beautiful

I FOUND  
NIRVANA  
IN A KING'S  
RA. BOUTIQUE?

HAVE  
YOU SEEN  
BONNIE AND  
CLYDE...

BONNIE  
AND  
CLYDE  
BONNIE AND CLYDE  
BONNIE AND CLYDE  
BONNIE AND CLYDE

WELL ACTUALLY  
IM A MODEL

TOO MUCH  
TOO MUCH  
TOO MUCH  
NOT ENOUGH

WHAT'S  
YOUR  
SIGN?

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

TOO MUCH

HEY MAN  
YOU'RE  
A SCORPIO

I CAN STILL SEE MY SCORPIO  
YOU'RE NOT! ... That's  
strange right?  
Wrong sign  
NO  
That's  
STRANGE  
SOMEONE'S PRICKED MY

WHAT DID YOU DO YESTERDAY?

BABY, YOU'RE  
A RICH MAN  
TOO!

THIS OLD  
LADY  
SAW ME  
COMING DOWN  
THE STREET  
AND LASHED ME  
OVER THE HEAD WITH  
HER HANDS... REALLY  
PREPARED  
HER  
OUT MAN!

I CAN'T  
GO TO  
THE DEMON-  
STRATION  
HE GOT NOTHING  
TO WEAR

LET'S ALL  
LOON OFF TO  
THE WILTON AND  
BUY A FEW BECKS  
ETERNITY

SO STONED  
SO STONED  
SO STONED  
SO STONED  
ALL THE TIME

LOVE IS ALL  
YOU NEED.  
I could use a  
love me a piece

GOD IS  
ALIVE AND  
IS APPEARING  
AT THE SEASIDE  
NEXT SATURDAY  
NIGHT

HEN'S GETTING  
HIS FATHER TO  
IT'S SURE OREGON TO STAY  
A SPIRITUAL BUS  
TOUR OF  
GASTROVIBRATION

BEAUTIFUL  
VERY BEAUTIFUL  
BEAUTIFUL  
BEAUTIFUL  
BEAUTIFUL

TOO MUCH  
TOO MUCH  
TOO MUCH  
TOO MUCH  
TOO MUCH

TURNED ON TO THE NEW PROCOL HARUM  
SINGLE  
YOU DIG THE NEW BEATLES  
YOU TURNED ON TO THE STONES new L.P.  
read about Stone Island on the Latest  
Melody Maker... Did you go to the  
Satellite last night  
about the DOORS a TRIP  
Really Beautiful  
Really Beautiful  
Really Beautiful

TOO MUCH  
TOO MUCH  
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TOO MUCH  
TOO MUCH

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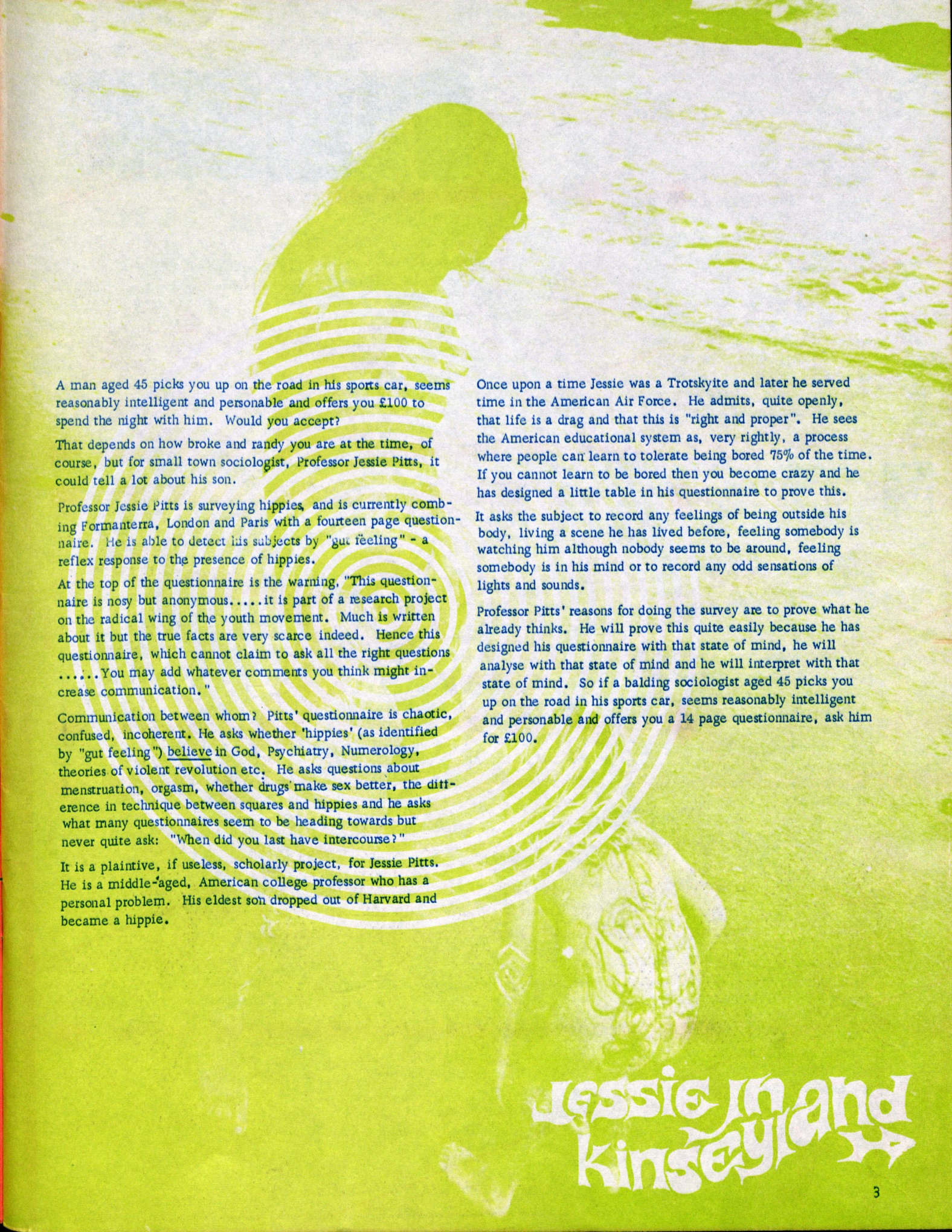
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TOO MUCH





A man aged 45 picks you up on the road in his sports car, seems reasonably intelligent and personable and offers you £100 to spend the night with him. Would you accept?

That depends on how broke and randy you are at the time, of course, but for small town sociologist, Professor Jessie Pitts, it could tell a lot about his son.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Professor Pitts' reasons for doing the survey are to prove what he already thinks. He will prove this quite easily because he has designed his questionnaire with that state of mind, he will analyse with that state of mind and he will interpret with that state of mind. So if a balding sociologist aged 45 picks you up on the road in his sports car, seems reasonably intelligent and personable and offers you a 14 page questionnaire, ask him for £100.

# Jessie In and Kinsley





Jim Haynes - seneschal of the Arts Laboratory, the hippies Burlington House, is having second thoughts about the all night marathon movies he runs Saturdays. Quite a few aficionados have found the 6/- admission makes it a cheap way to spend the night together.

The other Sunday, Digger Jim appeared at the head of the stairs, surveyed the ranks of somnolent cineastes, shouting, 'This place is not a fucking doss house, and threw everyone out.'

Baroness Wootton of Abinger is studying the pharmacological, social and legal aspects of LSD and Cannabis, along with other members of the sub-committee of the Standing Advisory Committee on Drug Dependence, established by the Home Secretary and Health Ministers.

Maybe a change in the law is on the way. A BBC 2 team researching a programme on the cigarette giants have seen a test market pack of hash.

In Boston, terminal cancer patients are being administered LSD. 'We found that to a certain extent we could relieve the fear of death,' says one of the researchers.

Mussolini's widow, Rachel, is claiming a war widow's pension. She stands to collect some \$300,000 in back payments under an Italian law which awards pensions to winners and losers alike. If the government fail to recognize her husband's self styled title of Marshal of the Empire, she will sue for a pension as the widow of a WW1 corporal.



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

ENJOY YOUR RETIREMENT AT THIS CINEMA IN THE AFTERNOON ALL STALLS SEATS 9d.

It is believed, Bertrand Russell, 94, has not so far taken advantage of Rank's offer to Look at Life.



Here, where we can have any radio we like like, as long as it's crack, the NDO may be wearing McLuhan T shirts beneath their Burton suits, but Radio One sure

isn't wonderful. Meanwhile on the West Coast, in the sunshine, Los Angeles's 55th radio station, Radio Boss Angeles, call sign KHIP is tuned in and seems to turn on.

Imagination dead, imagine. Imagine Jimmy Young competing with this sort of sound:

'Turned on, Kay-HIP-ied Boss Angeles is tuned in to fifty thousand clear channelled watts of flower powered KHIP Brother Humble Mind here with sounds from deep beneath the KayHIP revolving ankh atop the KayHIP studios in downtown Boss Angeles PLASTIC MAN LOVES YOU BABY KayHIP time is 21 psychedelic seconds past the hour and 98.6 KayHIP mushrooming degrees on the outside. Hey Boss KayHIPped Flower Children!

Get your Humble Mind Astrological LP and Hopi Life Mat for just 25 Boss cents and a self addressed stamped envelope sent to: Ankh Trip Kit, KHIP, Boss Angeles, California, attn:Department Head. Do it now! Pssychadelic!!!ick!!!! A country gets the radio it deserves.

# OWMOSIS



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



Capital city of a communist country that's never had a revolution, Prague is on the verge of its first at the hands of local and imported provos.

Everything illegal is available - based on a flourishing black exchange for dollars

Hard currency brings three times the official rate. Grass and dex are pushed on the streets by characters straight out of B movies. Trams run for a penny, hearty meals are 2/- and accommodation 5/- Most money changes are also expert in trading drugs for Czech crowns or dollars and dealers stand nonchalantly on every street corner looking exactly what every Drug Squad man thinks a dealer should look like.

Local films are out of sight, all state owned, ten cents reserved seats. Unfortunately there is a compulsory news-



Stretch the legs and bend your right foot and keep it over the right thigh. Now extend the left leg and grasp the left foot with the right hand. When the left foot is firmly grasped, pull the right foot with the left hand until you touch the left ear with it. Repeat this three times, alternately and then get out of Vietnam.



Radio may be audio tactile in the Land of the Free but abortion law is still back in the days of the bike spoke. The Society for Humane Abortions, one of a number of groups which disseminate information about illegal abortions counsels its members to eat stewed prunes before and after the operation - in large quantities. In California on Monday an inventor died when his prune de-wrinkler blew up.



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

own' down, 'Zeta' next to be zonked. Despite genteel regrets expressed in 'The Times' Ton's demise may have a



# VENTOR DIES AS PRUNE DE-WRINKLER BLOWS UP

lot to do with the fact that those alleged wife swappers in the sensational October issue were in fact professional models... who have had some difficulty since the appearance of the issue explaining they were not really wife swappers at all. Though it is believed their solicitors pointed out to Town that a suitably large sum might help them explain all that much easier.



Zeta have their problems too.....

Clotho sensed danger. The tattooed eye below her left breast glowed faintly.

Zow! Kerplunk! "Jeeps, it's my oldies," she cried.

Mommy and Daddy are exceedingly wroth that Clotho unclothed. As she is not yet 21 and thus still their baby daughter, Zeta are in trouble. The next five issues already printed, which all contain unclothed Clotho, may have to be junked.

Read next week's 'Private Eye' for a blow by blow of the demise of OZ.



**INVENTOR**  
Reuben Tice decided to give the world the gadget it had been waiting for...

A machine for taking the wrinkles out of prunes.

But he died before perfecting his new scientific contribution to society.

## Cylinder

His prune de-wrinkling machine exploded and killed him yesterday.

Police found him dead in his workshop in Monterey, California. Around him were the remains of his shattered machine — and

from JOHN SMITH  
New York Sunday

head, lying flat on the floor. Tice, a skilled engineer who ran an electrical shop in Monterey, was well known as a spare-time inventor.

He developed a machine of electrical heating which is used in systems providing under-floor warmth.

He also perfected a device to chill cooking glasses

It is believed that he may have got his latest idea from watching a TV commercial which discusses the possibility of removing wrinkles from prunes.

"He was an inquisitive sort of guy," said Mr. Hillman.

"It's the kind of thing they would appeal to him," said Mr. Tice's final experiments resulted in failure.

The prunes lying on the worktop floor, among the debris, were still as wrinkled as ever.

## ANN BENSON

People keep disappearing. All those odd little characters the assassination brought to light so tentatively — where are they now?

The lucky ones left Dallas, New Orleans, country long ago and, we hope, have found rest in happier climes, presumably terrestrial. Others, not so lucky, dragged their heels or didn't cover their tracks and thus had to stay in home territory, so to speak.

Well, coincidences — like accidents — will happen. It's true that a fusty old London insurance firm did an actuarial study and pronounced a thirty trillion to one chance that 20 people associated with the assassination could expire within three years, but you know the British. Always depressing.

We aren't for a moment dismayed by their lugubrious calculators' logarithms or by the scatchings and cluckings of that poor old country fellow — what was his name? — Penn Jones.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Don't let people like Ferrie do anything, in fact.

Don't get bombed, especially if people know you take sleeping pills. (R.I.P. Dorothy Kilgallen.)

Don't aim a pistol behind your left ear with your right hand. (R.I.P. J. Garrett Underhill.)

Don't get arrested by the Dallas police. (R.I.P. Lee Oswald, Jack Ruby.)

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

Don't sit around in police stations waiting for news. (R.I.P. Bill Hunter.)

Don't stand around outside automobile showrooms waiting for customers. (R.I.P. Albert Guy Bogard.)

Don't step out of the shower with your karate defenses down. (R.I.P. Jim Koethe.)

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

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

In fact, don't drive a car at all without checking the wheel lugs first. Mort Sahl always remembers to do this now, and he's still with us as this goes to press.

Oh, yes — and don't get between anyone and Jim Garrison.

Postscript: We know it's a little hard to remember all these former people formerly connected with the case. Their former identities are detailed in Garrison's Playboy interview (October '87) and Penn Jones's Ramparts article (November '86).

Paul Lawson

John Abner Co.





No. 8 Jan 68

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Dear Sir,  
I have just today obtained a copy of your filthy magazine and I have sent it straight to the Chief Inspector of Police in Glasgow to request that action be taken to ban the sale of this piece of stinking filth which you call a magazine. May God help you to see how you are helping to corrupt the youth of this nation. I would remind you that one day you will stand before Almighty God to give an account of your life.

Yours,  
Ten, Gordon Kerr,  
27 - Hogg,  
19 Clifford St.,  
Glasgow. S.W.L.

Dear Sir  
Your readers might be interested to know of a vicious press campaign against several British subjects held in Greece on charges of smuggling hashish. Stories of sex orgies amongst British holidaymakers abound, and mean while they are left in prison with little chance of communicating to the outside world about the charges. As all letters are heavily censored. During the first three days they were kept without food, and were allowed very little sleep. One of them was whipped with a leather thong on the soles of his feet to try to extract information on his alleged international crime syndicate connections, and one of the girls was threatened with having her face screwed into the light bulb. The Greek lawyers demand £750 for the defence of three of the prisoners, and so far £600 has been raised by friends. The Foreign Office have agreed to transmit this money, although they have been generally unhelpful throughout, and most of what has been done for these people has been done with difficulty by friends in this country. A defence fund has been started, and any contributions would be gratefully received at Westminster Bank, St. Ives, Huntingdon, cheques etc. being crossed GREEK FUND A.C. Yours faithfully  
Elaine King  
Fenstanton  
Huntingdon

Dear Sirs  
We thank you for your order placed for typesetting items for your publication. We return herewith two letters sent for setting as we feel that we cannot ask our girls to undertake typing of this nature. We trust that you will find someone of a more broadminded nature. Yours faithfully,  
J.R. Charlesworth (Mrs)  
for and on behalf of  
H. CHARLESWORTH & CO. LTD.  
Fitzwilliam Street  
Huddersfield.

Dear Sir  
Yours is a truly incredible publication and certainly destined to rank equally with any other avant-garde magazine at any other time! What makes me so sure is this judgement is the amazing difference in standards between the various articles.  
Take your last issue for example. The Dylan analysis, The "Malik" interview and the "Cook-up Spaniels" were all stimulating and profound. Yet what can be said for "Other Scenes" or "Blueprint for a beautiful community"? The latter article was at its best vaguely amusing and hopeful but at its worst the most hopeless, muddled and slapdash piece of writing I have ever encountered. Please let quality take precedence over quantity and don't subject your faithful readers to any more of this.

Yours hopefully,  
R.J. Hall  
St. Johns College  
Oxford

Dear OZ,  
With reference to Whitman and Coveney.

A manifesto as such is not required as this would be no more than the statement of a personal dogma on the part of a minority.

Some sort of gathering together of ideas would be useful to all as an aid to clarifying their own ideas. This need not be book or rules, nor even a highway code.

'Now, tell me young hippy. What really are your beliefs?'

'Well, um, err...  
'Love'  
'Love?'

'Love.'  
I would suggest that the 'Love Generation' would find themselves somewhere among the manifestos of Marxists, Anarchists, Humanists and Interiors. The order in which these are placed being varied to suit the individual.

Yours in the above order.

Michael Kenward,  
30, Fairacres Road,  
Oxford.

Dear Sir,  
Previous issues of OZ have generously offered advice on how to take trips and where to find travel agents. There's also the question of setting out on the longest trip of all.

The renewed euthanasia controversy centres on whether doctors ought to be allowed to despatch their more unfortunate old patients, a rather passive, bureaucratic approach. Suicide might seem as easy as falling off a log, provided it's a high enough log. But human nature being

what it is, there are big snags.

True, OZ readers are unlikely to be paralyzed by traditional and conformist condemnations of suicide, whether deriving from Christianity (which sees despair as disobedience and blasphemy), or from a pagan contempt for the weak, or from totalitarianism (which denies the individual any sovereignty over himself) or from the mechanical and empty promises of dogmatic optimism. And though suicide recently ceased to be a crime, your friendly neighbourhood bobby won't exactly lend you a helping hand. Still, the enemy of suicide is fear. As Jean Gabin ponders in French Can Can, 'Shall I jump from the window? I'm scared of heights. Shall I shoot myself? I can't stand noise. Shall I gas myself? It's been cut off'. So he goes on living. Worse, the apathy, clumsiness and fear which make life unbearable also block all suicides requiring anger, skill and courage. By definition, those who most need to commit suicide, can't.

Or both it.

There's probably some truth in the generalisation that those suicide attempts which failed were secretly meant to. But the generalisation is too consoling to be convincing. Many suicide attempts fail, through clumsiness, or fear, or bad luck, leaving the suicidist worse off than ever. To take two cases from among my acquaintances. A very quiet girl, too well-behaved for her own good, was strolling in the park one Sunday morning when, on an impulse, she climbed into the locked ladies' lavatory and drank half a bottle of Harpic. While delicious, she slashed at her face and throat with broken glass to try and cut away the pain, but survived that too. Her vocal chords were so badly burned that she'll never speak above a whisper. And she's still too well-behaved for her own good. Another girl, after an unhappy love affair, took so many sleeping pills that she vomited them up and survived with a permanently damaged brain. Such failures often breed despair or acquiescence preventing a repetition of the attempt.

It's sometimes assumed that while suicide was alright for the Ancient Romans any such need has been abolished by modern medicine, the Welfare State and psychotherapy. But, despite the medical profession's phoney reassurances, the body rapidly acquires resistance to painkilling drugs, especially when, as is the rule, they are ineptly or inadequately applied. You don't have to look far in the N.H.S. for cancer patients in constant agony from

innumerable side-effects, all the way down to the fact that, bedsores as large as saucers make people scream with pain whenever they're moved (as they have to be, to stop them spreading). For all those proud old ladies and gentlemen, being slapped, pushed and humiliated in old folks' homes up and down the country, wouldn't suicide be a nobly Roman way out, and a revenge.

**JUST LIKE BEIN' BORN STONED**



with deterrent possibilities? (Otherwise one can foresee the headline: 'Home Secretary Closes Old People's Home After Anonymous Out Alleges Excessive Use Of The Cane'). Again, if Russian or Chinese bombs landed to windward of a love-in one fine evening, you'd need your ultimate fix to hand, no On The Beach nonsense about awaiting a Government Prescription. Or a sudden road accident might well deliver you, for years, or life, into the hands of doctors and nurses who stop you reading because books make a clutter, and they'd rather make you a docile vegetable for life than have any untidiness in the ward. Spiritual reasons for suicide may be perfectly valid. What are you to do when year after year you come to love-ins, wearing your Perfumed Garden badge, and still nobody talks to you, because you really do have spiritual bad breath? and you deserve to be lonely? or if your mind is a losing battle against something that it can't help being disgusted by? 'Shot? so quick, so clean an ending! Oh that was right lad that was brave' said Housman. But isn't it still right if you're a coward and need, like Keats, to 'cease upon the midnight with no pain'?

It's chemically feasible. Allied secret agents had cyanide in a false tooth if torture proved too much, and passed over in a few seconds.

The obvious snag is, of course, that an easy-suicide prescription is also an easy-murder prescription. Maybe the final solution is establishing Auto-Euthanasia Agencies. Here you file your application, wait a few weeks, are offered various alternatives (pot, a priest, 'hospitality



**OTHER SCENES**

Lively underground Newsletter published from wherever the Editor, John Wilcock, happens to be. Distribution 20 times a year in Europe & USA. Contributions to PO Box 8, Village Station, New York 10014, USA; 3gns or \$10 for November 1967 to February 1969



WHAT IS THIS SKULL-SHAPE? MACHINE? SOME WEIRD ILLUSION? BUT NOW IT'S LARS (HE'S CLOSING DOWN) AND WHO IS THIS ROBOT WHO APPROACHES? ARE YOU FRIEND OR FOE?



'prostitution' by dedicated dreamgirls); but where, if you insist, you are at last provided with a sweet, a small room, a single bed and a "Do Not Disturb" notice to hang, briefly, outside.

The pressure of over-population, and the increasing loneliness of everybody, especially the aged, make some such step just as inevitable as World War III.

Pending enlightened government action, it wouldn't be at all surprising if private enterprise decided to do what they can. Is there a potential black market in death pills? Can cyanide, or some equivalent, be prepared in the home, from, say, weedkiller? Facilities for instant self-disposal may be everywhere at hand, given a little medical or specialist knowledge, available on the grapevine. Could one hire a companion-executioner to despatch one in one's favourite circumstances, without loneliness?

If some of the energy devoted to extracting LSD from bananas, old socks or peals of thunder were devoted to pushing the idea of do-it-yourself euthanasia, it is quite probable that death, and life, would lose many terrors, and acquire new dignity.

RAYMOND DURGNAT  
London, N.W.1.

Dear Sir

You recently published an article on McLuhan which I feel failed to cover his more interesting discoveries. When McLuhan says the medium is the message he is really saying that the medium is as important as the message in that it is the media, or the extensions of man which cause change irrespective of content or message.

He considers how the invention of electricity and then television has turned night into day and the world into a village.

Now when McLuhan talks about messages or content he often uses the word programme. He says that the media are being programmed with 19th century information. If on the other hand we are to use all the information discovered by 20th century philosophy and science in the various media we now possess he considers that much of our way of life would alter. He claims that the war in Vietnam would not be being fought for a start and that classrooms would be obsolete. Presumably the war in Vietnam might have been avoided by greater understanding of Marx (long suppressed by all media) and the classroom might become obsolete through the use of television at home and making the world into a playground rather than simply a medium for the motor car only.

I think a line from Peter, Paul and Mary's recent record sums up our present use of media.  
'But if I really say it' the radio won't play it.'

McLuhan, like Vance Packard, is concerned with the way society is coned into unawareness. All that those ads want us to do is buy crap, and all TV wants us to do is believe LBJ is right. McLuhan loves the consensus rather than the point of view. That is, he prefers collective involvement and understanding using information obtained from all sources and approached with rationality. That presumably includes government.

It is no wonder that McLuhan is hailed as a prophet of the new society because he has done a lot to smash the fucked up concepts of the old Victorian bourgeoisie.

With love and many thanks for all the information your medium contains.  
Andrew Benway,  
Brighton.

Dear Sir

I was recently given a copy of your issue No.6 by an ageing, hippy-maniac friend of mine, who led me to believe that it was far superior to the well-known grub-sheet "Private Eye". I am deeply grateful to him, for he has saved me wasting 2/6 on the biggest load of boring old scrofulous crap to come my way in many a long day.

Comparison with the "Eye" is ludicrous; the layout and artwork present as much challenge to P.E. as a 1924 Bovril advert. Nasty microscopic type in a whiter shade of puce, with Art-Nouveau-cast-off artwork that was fashionable for decorating boutiques with about six months ago. And the content is laughable - compared with the "Eye's" wit and attack your contributors whine petulantly like a crowd of fifth-formers whose Headmaster has told them to stop wanking. LBJ, H.Wilson, etc., etc., etc., are unlikely to lose much sleep after reading "Oz". And while P.E. can take the piss out of the Beatles in their latter stages of flower-senility and out of venal con-men like the idiot-grinning Maharishi Whattsname, you can only publish articles about being cool on acid under the guidance of "gurus". Gurus-schmurus!

As to be expected, you make O.K. noises about Vietnam, and I'm sure it's a great comfort to the Vietnamese peasants in their troubles to know that the Beautiful People smoking pot 3000 miles away in Katmandu are right behind them. However, I doubt whether the exploited classes of the world (such as the poor sods gathering the marijuana harvest for Haight-Ashbury under a 120-degree broiling sun at 1/2 an anna per hour) will go overboard for the far-reaching social reforms proposed by your anonymous bearded phony - keeping the Tube open after 11.30 p.m., abolishing TV licences and the £50 travel allowance, etc.

I doubt whether you will publish this - the double-breasted, cowbell-less businessmen who no doubt own or back Oz Publications Ink (Ltd., I notice, which can hardly be called "Beautiful" will hardly want the boat rocked while there is still a little juice to be squeezed out of the Hippy Cult and the secondary-modern dropouts who find it such a compensation for their mediocrity and personality-defects.

In conclusion, I enclose the Munsey Prize for Wet Loony of the Month (a Spontex "Moppit" sponge) and request that it should be shared equally by Chester Anderson (the guru-lover) and Daniel Sporri (the retrained Dada-ist).

Yours faithfully,

A W Munsey  
Barnes Common  
SW 13

cc sent to the Eye, Greek St.

Dear Sir

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

It is a joke.

It was sent by a Mr. T. Nunn, of 2 Cavendish Mansions, N.W.10, and represents his views not mine.

Good luck with OZ.

Yours sincerely

Arthur Munsey  
11 The Elms  
Barnes Common S.W.13.

P.S. I am writing to Private Eye to the same effect.



# Pot



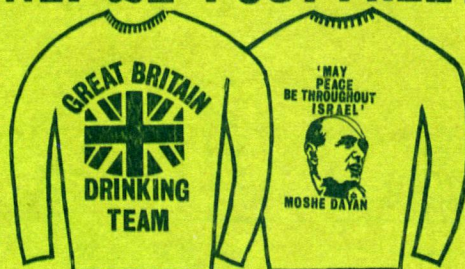
A Message for Ingrid Superstar, age 17, 5'10", slender build, Eurasian. Distinguishing features: "blonde wavy shoulder-length hair" front tooth shipped.



Your father CANNOT forcibly put you into military school. He CANNOT take you away to Eugene, Oregon and put you into a foster home. Please come back. You do not have to see your father again. Everything's cool now. We all miss you. Your Stendel Imperial XV is here. Come back so we can play Morning Dew without feeling sad. Come back! Call your mother at home or at 85L.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of my daughter please call her mother, Mrs. Constance Van Schoeffter at (212) EL 5-9941 after 5 p.m.

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and Other Tastes

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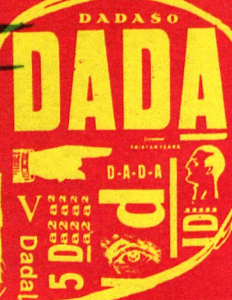
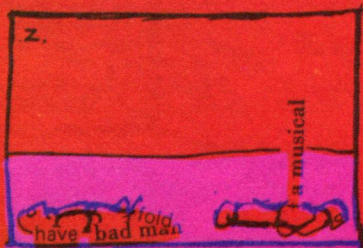
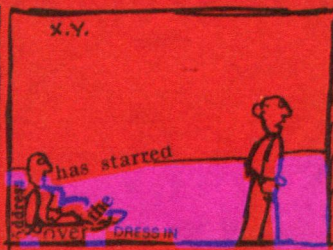
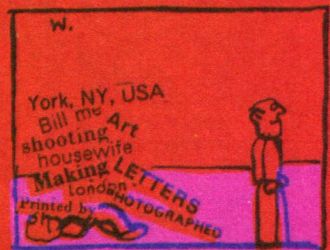
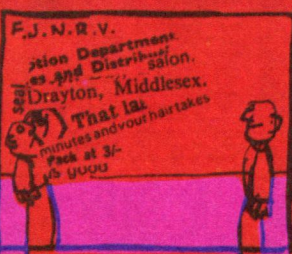
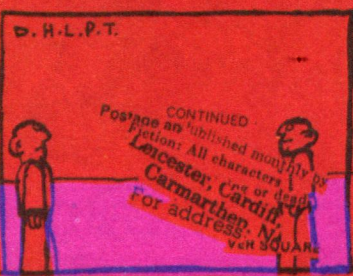
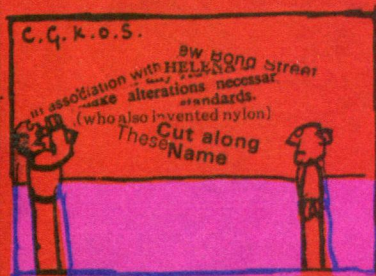
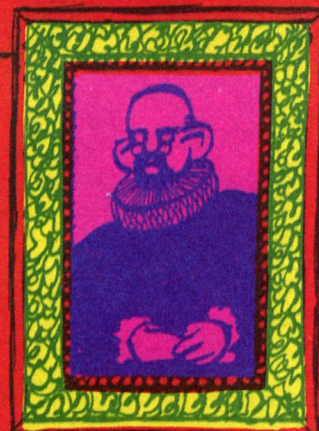
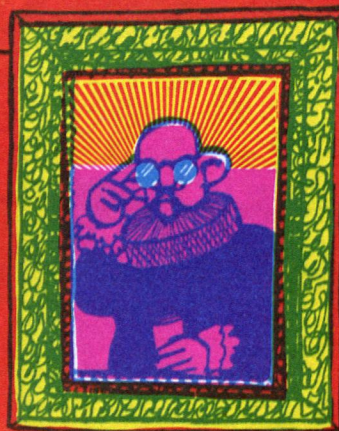
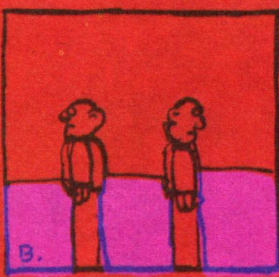
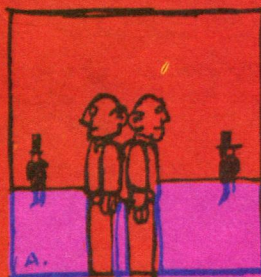
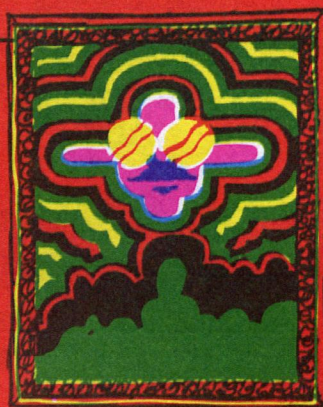
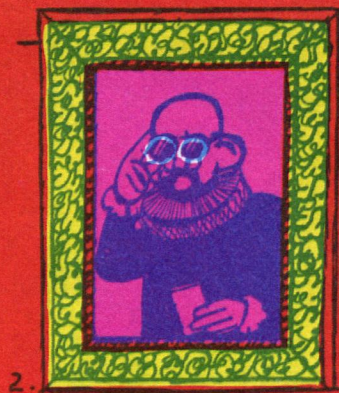
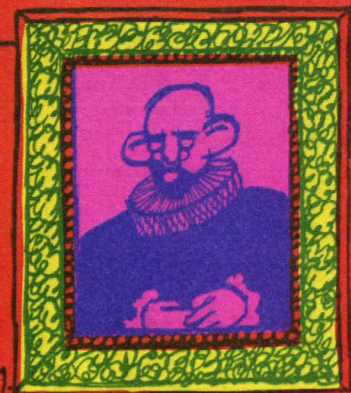


Fig. 5.—Assaying upon Charcoal.



# OBJET TROUVE





**NATIONAL TYPES of BEAUTY**  
*A Series of Thirty-six Actual Photographs.*

No. 22.

**GERMANY.**

The typical light hair, the fair complexion and the continuous of German beauty, is pleasingly apparent in this delightful photographic study.

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New Bond St. London.W.

**NATIONAL TYPES of BEAUTY**  
*A Series of Thirty-six Actual Photographs.*

No. 4.

**BELGIUM.**

Three appealing characteristics the camera cannot reveal are the elegance, taste and natural animation of the typical Belgian beauty.

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**NATIONAL TYPES of BEAUTY**  
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No. 7.

**AUSTRALIA.**

The grace, charm and engaging self-confidence, typical of the Australian beauty, is reflected in this pleasing study of the talented Miss Eva Gray, the 'British International' film star.

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**NATIONAL TYPES of BEAUTY**  
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No. 9.

**SCOTLAND.**

All the appeal and character in the Scottish type of beauty is vividly expressed in this pleasing, picturesque portrait of a beautiful highland dancer.

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**NATIONAL TYPES of BEAUTY**  
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No. 15.

**THE U.S.A.**

Is there a typical American face? Whether or not, the United States are charmingly represented by this photograph of Miss Sue Carroll, the Fox Film star.

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**NATIONAL TYPES of BEAUTY**  
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No. 12.

**ENGLAND.**

Even without the description, there would be no doubting the nationality of the subject of this charming photographic study. The features are so unmistakably English.

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**NATIONAL TYPES of BEAUTY**  
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No. 27.

**HOLLAND.**

There may be no clearly defined type among the Irish complexioned, curly beauties of Holland but that does not detract from the charm of this delightful portrait.

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**NATIONAL TYPES of BEAUTY**  
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No. 6.

**ITALY.**

Although the camera cannot show the characteristic black hair of the hair, the beautiful daughters of modern Italy are typified in this delightful photograph.

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**NATIONAL TYPES of BEAUTY**  
*A Series of Thirty-six Actual Photographs.*

No. 29.

**YUGO-SLAVIA.**

This appealing portrait of a Serbian beauty represents one type of the varying races of this Balkan kingdom. Grey or blue eyes, light or brown hair are distinguishing features.

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**NATIONAL TYPES of BEAUTY**  
*A Series of Thirty-six Actual Photographs.*

No. 32.

**CZECHO-SLOVAKIA.**

There is character and charm in this photographic impression of Czecho-Slovakian beauty which typifies the fair daughters of the new republic.

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**NATIONAL TYPES of BEAUTY**  
*A Series of Thirty-six Actual Photographs.*

No. 30.

**AUSTRIA.**

The Tautonic type of beauty noticeable in the Austrian, is pleasingly presented in this photographic study of a distinguished member of a noble Austrian family.

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**NATIONAL TYPES of BEAUTY**  
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No. 23.

**GREECE.**

This happy, pleasing picture represents Grecian beauty of the present day. One characteristic is that the nose appears to continue straight down from the forehead.

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**NATIONAL TYPES of BEAUTY**  
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No. 2.

**NORWAY.**

This striking example of photographic art gives a vivid impression of the beautiful Norwegian; stately, fair haired, blue eyed and of fair complexion.

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**NATIONAL TYPES of BEAUTY**  
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No. 33.

**RUSSIA.**

Eyes that are so very expressive, a distinctive modelling of the mouth and chin; such characteristics are those of the typical Russian beauty.

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**NATIONAL TYPES of BEAUTY**  
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No. 25.

**POLAND.**

This delightful portrait, which is more representative of the educated classes of the new republic, gives a very attractive impression of Polish beauty.

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**NATIONAL TYPES of BEAUTY**  
*A Series of Thirty-six Actual Photographs.*

No. 1.

**FRANCE.**

The natural grace, the vivacity, the inimitable chic of the Parisienne, give additional charm to the type of beauty that is essentially French.

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**NATIONAL TYPES of BEAUTY**  
*A Series of Thirty-six Actual Photographs.*

No. 14.

**SWEDEN.**

A perfect example of the fair Swedish type of beauty is this camera study of Miss Greta Nissen, reproduced by permission of Fox Film.

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**NATIONAL TYPES of BEAUTY**  
*A Series of Thirty-six Actual Photographs.*

No. 18.

**IRELAND.**

Dark hair and eyes, a lovely complexion and an air of roguishness have made popular the beauty of the Irish colleen. The portrait is of Miss Kathleen O'Regan.

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**NATIONAL TYPES of BEAUTY**  
*A Series of Thirty-six Actual Photographs.*

No. 36.

**MEXICO.**

This arresting portrait illustrates in a particularly striking manner the dark type of beauty characteristic of the North American Republic.

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**NATIONAL TYPES of BEAUTY**  
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No. 10.

**SPAIN.**

The dark complexion, dark hair and other fascinating characteristics of Spanish beauty are happily portrayed in this picture of Miss Maria Casapiana, a Spanish beauty queen.

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**NATIONAL TYPES of BEAUTY**  
*A Series of Thirty-six Actual Photographs.*

No. 3.

**NEW ZEALAND.**

A glorious complexion, perfectly modelled features and an atmosphere of self reliance. Such are the characteristics of New Zealand's beautiful daughters.

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**NATIONAL TYPES of BEAUTY**  
*A Series of Thirty-six Actual Photographs.*

No. 21.

**HUNGARY.**

This impression of Hungarian beauty makes a very striking picture but is more typical of the cultured classes than of the country as a whole.

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**NATIONAL TYPES of BEAUTY**  
*A Series of Thirty-six Actual Photographs.*

No. 20.

**DENMARK.**

The fair beauty of the Dane is typified in this appealing studio portrait of Miss Katrina Bell, the film star, reproduced by courtesy of The Gaumont Company.

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**NATIONAL TYPES of BEAUTY**  
*A Series of Thirty-six Actual Photographs.*

No. 28.

**PORTUGAL.**

Not entirely representative of this country of varying types, a suggestion of Moorish influence is noticeable in this striking impression of a Portuguese beauty.

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

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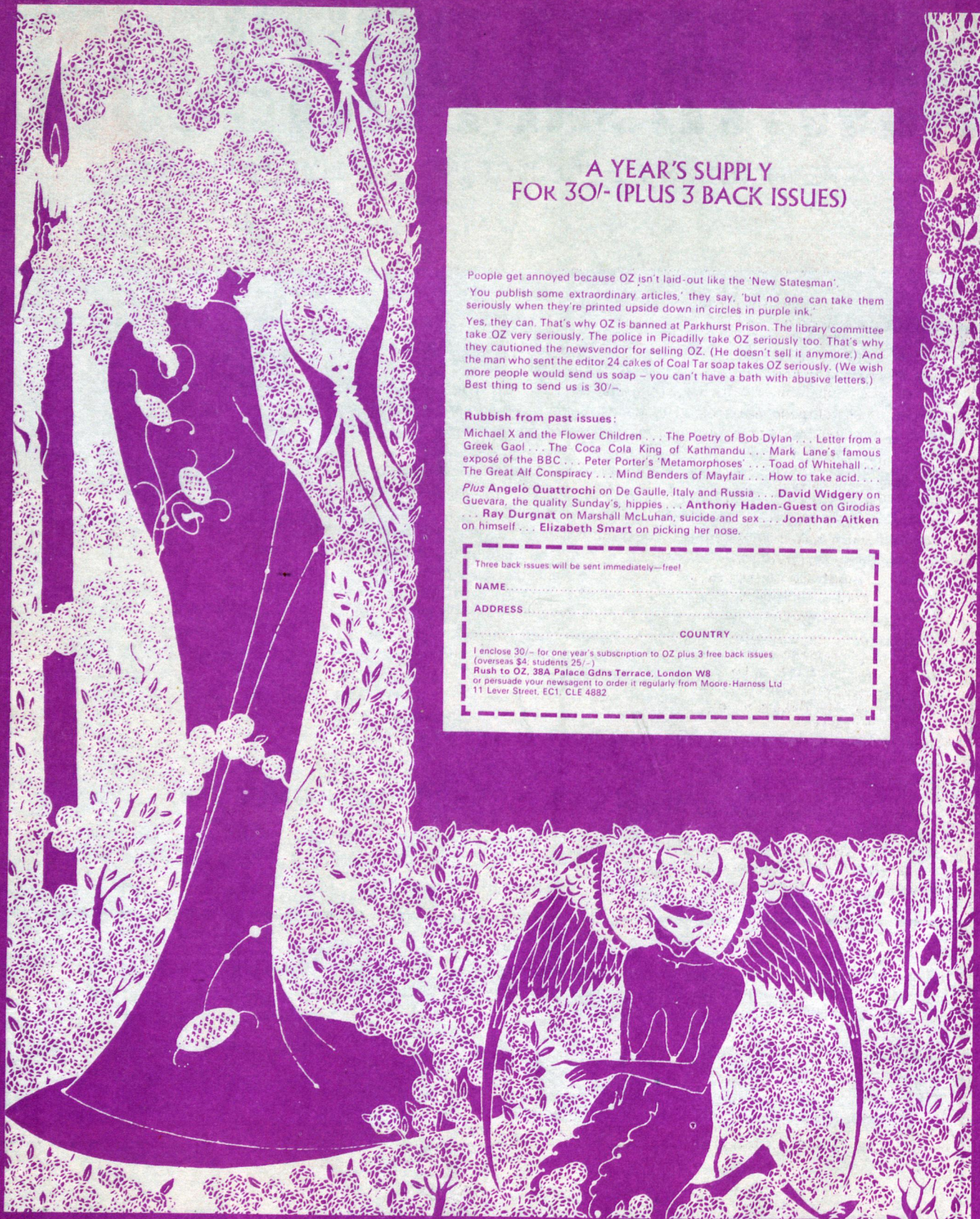
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Yes, they can. That's why OZ is banned at Parkhurst Prison. The library committee take OZ very seriously. The police in Picadilly take OZ seriously too. That's why they cautioned the newsvendor for selling OZ. (He doesn't sell it anymore.) And the man who sent the editor 24 cakes of Coal Tar soap takes OZ seriously. (We wish more people would send us soap - you can't have a bath with abusive letters.) Best thing to send us is 30/-

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# OZ SUBSCRIPTION OFFER



# 'Russia, you have bread,

The Russian revolution began well. Killing the czar (God on earth), giving the land to the people who worked it (justice), and using man's resources for the common good, not for the benefit of the few (socialism).

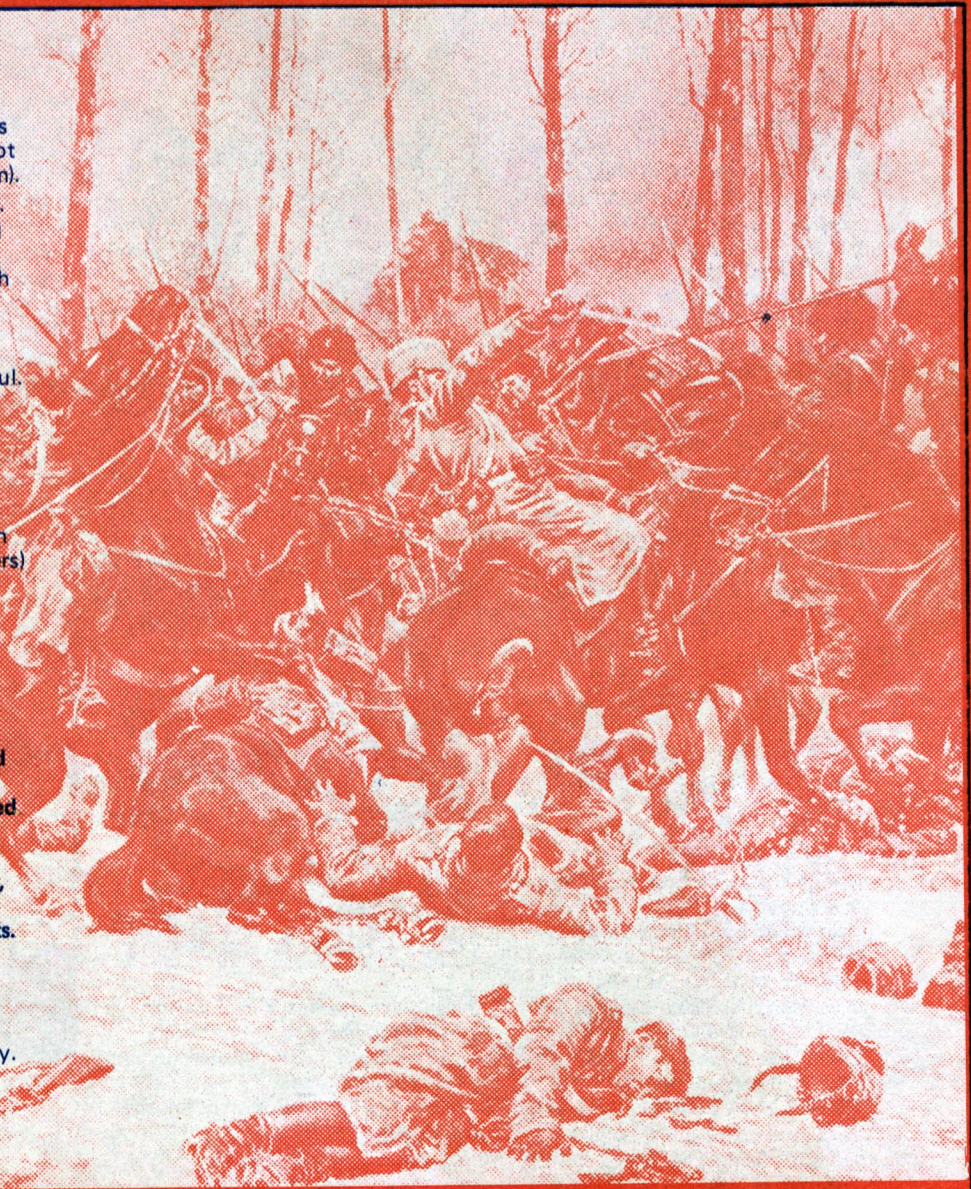
The Russian revolution meant well. Confiscating churches and building schools. Asking that each man worked for the common good, each according to his capacities. Promulgating freedom of the mind and the freedom of love, the two freedoms which make man beautiful.

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

In the beginning it was a revolution by the people (peasants and workers) for the people. It developed into a revolution for the Russian people, made by the party.

He who thinks that the Russian revolution was made so that half a century later baggy trousered and neck tied Russians could live in pigeon holes called apartments and read Pravda, and that Russian housewives could raise well behaved and reasonably fed brats who will land on the moon; deserves to be shot by a firing squad of underfed, barefoot South Americans, using American rifles and Russian bullets. **Save the Chinese ammunition.**

Marx's analysis was correct; only, history side-stepped it by making the first revolution in a predominantly agricultural country. Instead of the workers taking power and developing socialism from the correct beginning: the appropriation of the means of production by the workers and



# but no roses'



their representatives, the Russian revolution had to rely on party cadres. Trotsky's forced exile was the beginning of the end. The party elite soon became the party apparatus and the substitute for democracy by the people.

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

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

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

WAS IT NECESSARY?  
WAS IT INEVITABLE?

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

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

"Let us produce more" sing the songs of the new era, bastard socialism, so there will be plenty for us, and surplus for India. That Russian comrades, is not socialism. Yes, there are historical necessities. Like the destruction of the anarchists in the Spanish Civil War. Like displaying Stalin's photograph and silencing Eisenstein. Like supporting Chang Kai Shek instead of Mao, like handing out rhetoric with the one hand and purges with the other.

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



And then a new Machiavellian god made its appearance at Hiroshima, a god of death and vengeance, an all embracing god spelling total annihilation, justifying all quiescence. BUT DOES IT?

When the state which called itself socialist was strong enough not to be afraid of its life (it took forty years), when Stalin receded rapidly into the shadows of the dark past, then you discovered the perfect justification of your betrayal. The internal sins were no more, you proclaimed, they belonged to Stalin and to Stalin only. But atomic disaster called for prudence, injustice couldn't be eliminated, only outwitted.

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

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

Old and simple words like: redistribution of land, socialism for the oppressed, all over the world. "Too late," said the Russians, "we will help you, but be reasonable, the Godbomb makes it all impossible. You have made it by yourself, when no-one was watching, but the others have to wait, we cannot take the risk, frankly, it's become too dangerous."





"And what about Algeria? what about Cuba?" asked the Chinese, asked the poor.

"But" says the voice of Russian reason, "look what has happened to the Congo, to Indonesia — you must all wait until we are good and ready." And the Vietnamese are waiting, and the Indians are waiting, and the South Americans are waiting, and Che Guevara is dead. And Russia, the socialist Mother Russia, bleeding for her children discovers a new way, a pacific way.

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

Fifty years, fifty years, and countless defeats, and humiliations, and deaths, and miseries, and fears, to defend the socialist state which hasn't even begun, to become good consumers and silent workers. To become the sort of people who want cars and a good career for their children. In the name of socialism. Where are the soviet writers? where the soviet poets? Where the new arts which should have come from the new man? Where is the new man? The revolution was made for joy and beauty, for bread and roses, so that a man could go hunting in the morning, fishing in the afternoon and recite poetry at night (Marx, only slightly re-edited). Fifty years later it is a mean, miserable society,



pompous and worried, selfish and unimaginative, capable, even, of the last sparks of the western world, unashamed of imitating its values. The richest capitalist countries, with their absurd over production and their supreme unconcern for the oppressed, already contain the seeds of their own destruction. The supreme irony, there where capital is god and profit his prophet, of the young — who refuse the unnecessary, pointing to the qualities of poverty and survival. Ask the philosopher what you need to take with you, a cup, for water? Not necessary, your two hands will suffice. Through meanders of error and ideological capitulation the revolution that-should-have-been has bred a country of the most pallid, anaemic and sad bourgeois. Russia has accomplished, fifty years after, what no other country will ever reach — a perfect bourgeois state. Where has all the hate gone? The hate of injustice, the hate of poverty, the hate of oppression, the hate of money. They parade it on the first of May in the missiles and guns which rid them of guilt and fill us with fear. Where has all the love gone? The love of humanity, the love of roses, the love of life, to each according to his needs? Gone into the classrooms where knowledge is a

means of achieving status, yes, status — in a socialist country. What happened to the dreams of free love, of sexual liberation and the obliteration of the family? And why, fifty years later, do they still need religion, the opium of the masses?

Oh yes, it will take a long time, such a long time that we will all be dead before we will have a chance to judge.

Meanwhile, look at that portrait of the young Russian mother, baby in one arm shovel in the other, proudly leading you to the future — and if you study and work and behave you'll have a better apartment than your neighbour, in secula seculorum.

MAN WANTS TO BE KIND, ONLY, HE CAN NOT

Because I have to rise in life, because my superiors are difficult, because one has to eat, because I have a mother, a sister, an aunt, a child, a car, a mortgage, a party card, a position, a dacha.

Because I haven't a house, I haven't enough to eat, most of my children die, there isn't enough water for the village, the crop this year was bad, the taxes are too high, the moneylender has taken away my cow, because we don't know what will happen to us.

Russia, you have bread, but no roses. Russia, man isn't kinder to man, and fifty years have passed. Will the Chinese do better? Will they do it quicker? Their kind of hate seems right — their time for love hasn't come yet. Or should we wait for new signs among the rabble of the overfed, because there where the world is craziest, the new buds will appear.

Russia, the sleeping beauty who slept too long, woke up dead. As dead as all the revolutions-which-should-have-been and were not, dead as all the loves which should have blossomed and did not, dead as the hopes of people who still have to fill their bellies, dead as the hopes of people who still must fill their hearts.

And look at you. When evening falls in Moscow, they dream of coloured telly, an American sized screen, where Ivan could perform once more, his Chekov, and feel gratified.

And at Zima, the remotest village, the mujik now working in the state co-operative, tells himself that he is happier than his father, which he is, but wonders, when the vodka has been good, why his eternal wife nags, why life is so drab in his socialist head, in his socialist family, in his socialist country.

## WHAT RUSSIA COULD DO TODAY

- 1) free food, free houses, free transport.
- 2) abolish marriage, abolish the party card.
- 3) complete freedom of speech and publication.
- 4) the highest paid shouldn't get more than double of the lowest paid. Money mustn't be an incentive.
- 5) no compulsory political training in schools, it's mummified, waste.
- 6) free cinemas, theatres, books and newspapers.
- 7) referendums on major issues (Vietnam war) with alternative solutions stated.

THE ONLY THING WHICH NEED BE COMPULSORY, AS FROM NOW, IN RUSSIA, IS WORK

- 8) in order to avoid excessive specialization and formation of elites and castes everybody should work at a factory or field, for a small part of the year, say two months.

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

THE ULTIMATE AIM OF SOCIALISM IS TO ELIMINATE MONEY

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

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

Do you have to own the woman (man) you love? It will be also free love, love without ownership. What chains it down now? the limitations imposed by the family, and the selfishness (ownership) necessary to survival. Jealousy is selfishness applied to man's sentiments.

That is why communities which do not respect money-ownership, see the hippies, are said to be 'promiscuous'. That is also why they are unconsciously revolutionary. Take the basic needs only, refuse the rest, and you'll discover freedom of the sentiments. But it's upside down, you'll have to have a society which frees from hunger and injustice first.







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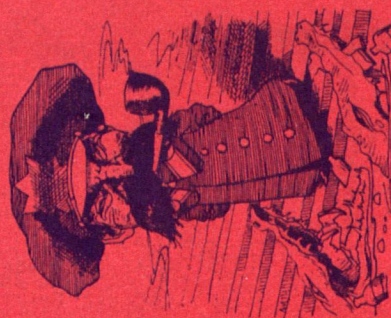
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**BRAZIL.**

The country of the Amazon is represented by this Fox Film photograph of Miss Lia Tora, a Brazilian beauty queen chosen by ballot.

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Did you know that "Strawberry Fields" is a perfect reversal of the standard Platonic-Cartesian certainty?....or that the Stones' "Ain't Gonna Lie" reveals an un-Stone-like Socratic hang-up?....Read on for more about pop's flexible epistemological uncertainty, Herman's Contradiction and Nietzsche playing fuzz-box

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

Crawdaddy

# The Stones, the Beatles, and Spyder Turner's Raunch Epistemology

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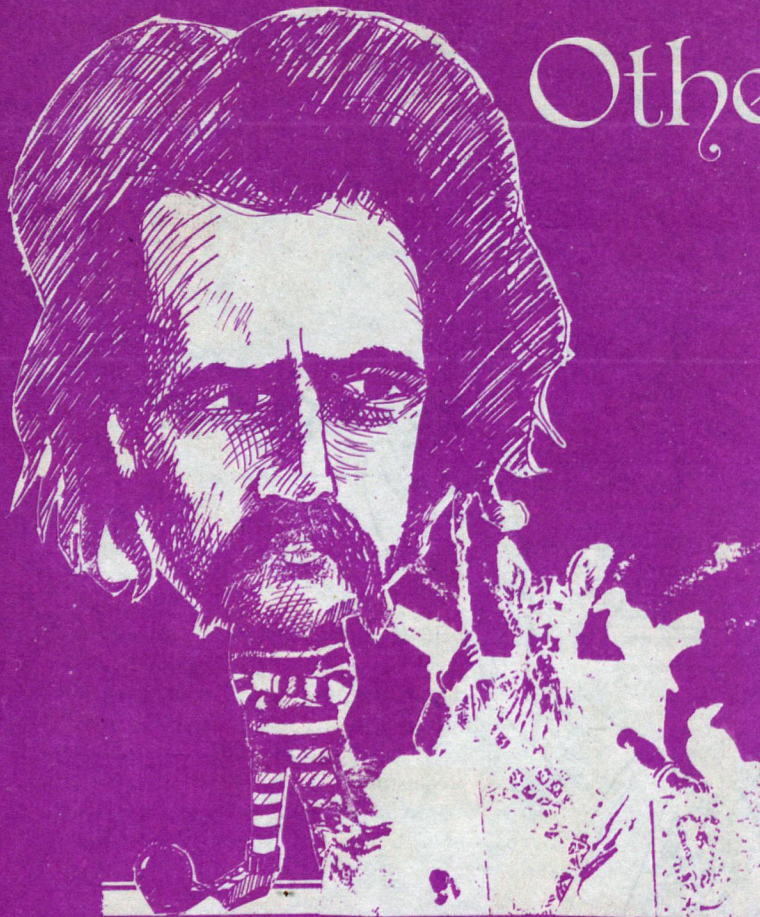
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# Other Scenes



Revolution in the Revolution....

Regis Debray's

book will remain as a blueprint for revolution for at least a decade to come. Historically it occupies much the same position as *Mein Kampf* once did: a plan of action—a prediction and projection of just what is going to happen in the world for the next ten years or so. And, like *Mein Kampf*, it will probably be largely ignored because of the context in which it is presented.

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

In Latin America, whereof Debray writes, country after country is in the hands of a

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

The answer? Total guerilla warfare—to break out and destroy the enemy, in this case the military government. It is useless to get hung up on a political structure and try to negotiate, as all anti-Vietnam war protestors should have realised by now. (The recent American for Democratic Action congress decided that although they were opposed to the war they were even more opposed to LBJughead losing to a Repub-

lican. Americans for Democratic WHAT?)

It is obvious to most of the world by now, if not in America itself, that the United States stands behind most fascist dictatorships, most countries where a strong minority (particularly the military) is in power. It is obvious, therefore not only that these dictatorships be defeated—almost certainly by armed force—but that THIS American government is the evil octopus that must be wiped out, or at the very least totally removed from office. There is still too much of a tendency for American "liberals" (also known as judas goats) to feel that something can be done through polite representation requests. Bullshit. Johnson and his shithead aides are murderous bullies who, like all bullies, respect only toughness.

"Power is seized and held in the capital", writes Debray, "but the road that leads the exploited to it must pass through the countryside." And he goes on to point out that if you want success and not just dialectics you must remember the historical priorities: "The people's army will be the nucleus of the party and not vice versa. The guerilla force is the political vanguard and from its development a real party can arise.

"That is why the guerilla force must be developed if the political vanguard is to be developed.



**YOU CANNOT BUILD  
ENOUGH PRISONS...  
OR DIG ENOUGH  
GRAVES... TO  
STOP THE  
GUERRILLA'S  
VIOLENCIA!  
VIVA LA  
REVOLUTION!**







"That is why at the present juncture the principal stress must be laid on the development of guerilla warfare and not on the strengthening of existing parties or of the creation of new parties."

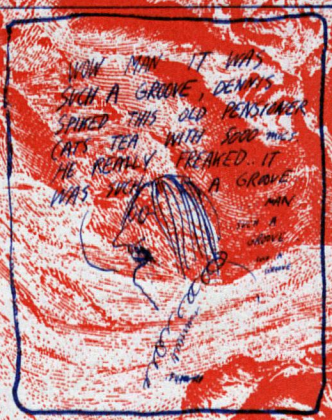
"That is why insurrectional activity is today the number one political activity."

And that is why, incidentally Debray is posing such a threat to military and police-state governments. He says that each country must find its own type of revolution but these are the general theoretical principles. And his knowledge comes from the experience of Castro and Guevara who inevitably will see in a score of Latin American countries the revolution that they earlier brought to Cuba.

it or because they're happy to keep their names in print - for any reason at all.

A typical Warhol column item:

43-23-37 XXXX, was cornered by three vicious lesbians in the women's washroom of XXX's the other night. We got the story from one of the lesbians. It went like this: 'You dropped XXXXX because you don't like men, honey?' Then they advanced on her until she was backed into a stall with the door locked. XXXX, in case you didn't know it, is not a real big girl even though she looks statuesque, and was scared for



The NY Times quoting a recent sociological survey on hippies' home life came to the conclusion that hippies' kids tend to ignore their parents rather than fight with them. 'How can you rebel sexually against a mother who will be happy to fit you for a diaphragm at the age of fourteen?' one asked.

# underground confidential: world wide exclusive

by Andy Warhol

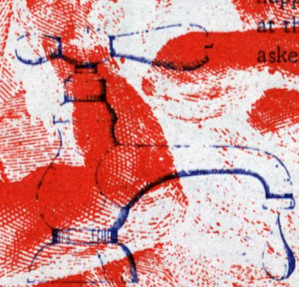


Andy Warhol is experimenting with a new medium - the run of the mill scandal column. But like all things Warhol does there is a difference. By taking an established form and converting it, he is proving once again the essential interchangeability of forms in the present social culture.

His avenue of expression is via a new New York tabloid, Downtown, whose major content is gossip columns about the Manhattan art and social set. Andy's column at first appears to be merely a replica of the type of thing that the sex and scandal tabloids have been running for years. The kind of crap that everybody knows is made up in the office, libelling movie stars and other ego-happy figures who never bother to sue either because it isn't worth

her life. She really got the chills when one of the lesbians started climbing over the top of the stall. Just then another woman who is really a female impersonator came into the washroom and XXXX was able to leave with her virtue intact. ...

In the Warhol version the XXXX XXXX's are filled in with the name of Andy's current super star, Viva, but apart from that every single word of the item appeared in another tabloid with some other name appearing where the X's are. Naturally enough, Downtown's readers don't know the background so they come to either of two conclusions: 1 That Warhol writes as lousy a scandal column as everybody else, or 2 That the items are true!



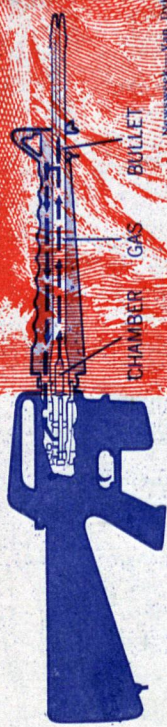
the Aquarius



Every New Yorker inhales toxic materials to the equivalent of smoking 38 cigarettes a day according to Moment in the Sun, a newly published book which is significantly subtitled A Dial Report on the Deteriorating Quality of the American Environment.'



More and more American heads who want to avoid the drafthave been joining the Neo American Church which wants to legalize acid as a sacrament. Once a member you can apply for ordination as a minister and theoretically be exempt.



The gas-operated M-16: Criticism at home; testimonials in Vietnam





**Think sideways!**

**Win...  
£100!**

**Edward  
de Bono**

I am offering a prize of £ 100 for the best example of the use of lateral thinking sent to the publisher of the book by January 1st. Any number of examples may be submitted. They may take the form of a story, an anecdote or any other capsule form. The examples may be from personal experience, from literature or specially designed. Should the examples be good enough the best ones will be published as an anthology so the source of borrowed examples must be fully stated.

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

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

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

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

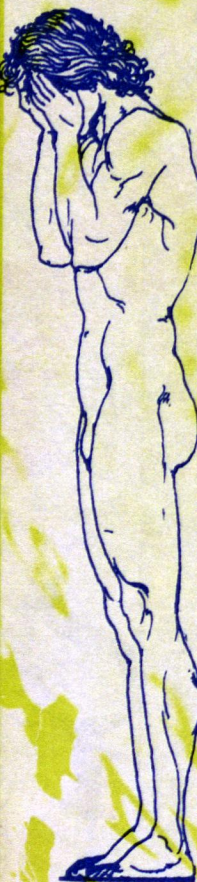
What type of thinking would you use to solve the problem? You may believe that careful logical analysis must solve the problem if there is a solution. This type of thinking is straightforward vertical thinking. The other type of thinking is lateral thinking.

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

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

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

The story shows the difference between vertical thinking and lateral thinking. Vertical thinkers are concerned with the fact that the girl has to take a pebble. Lateral thinkers become concerned with the pebble that is left behind. Vertical thinkers take the most reasonable view of a situation and then proceed logically and carefully to work it out. Lateral thinkers tend to explore all the different ways of looking at something, rather than accepting the most promising and proceeding from that.





The girl in the pebble story put her hand into the money-bag and drew out a pebble. Without looking at it she fumbled and let it fall to the path where it was immediately lost among all the others.

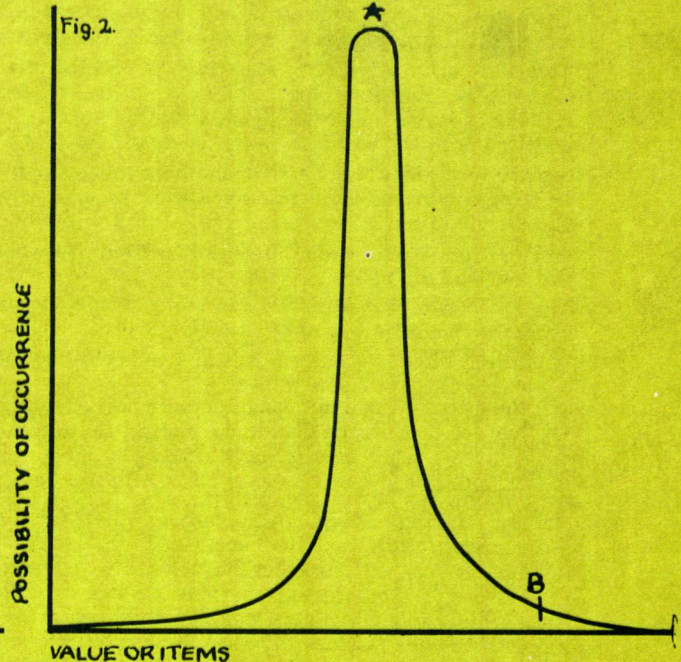
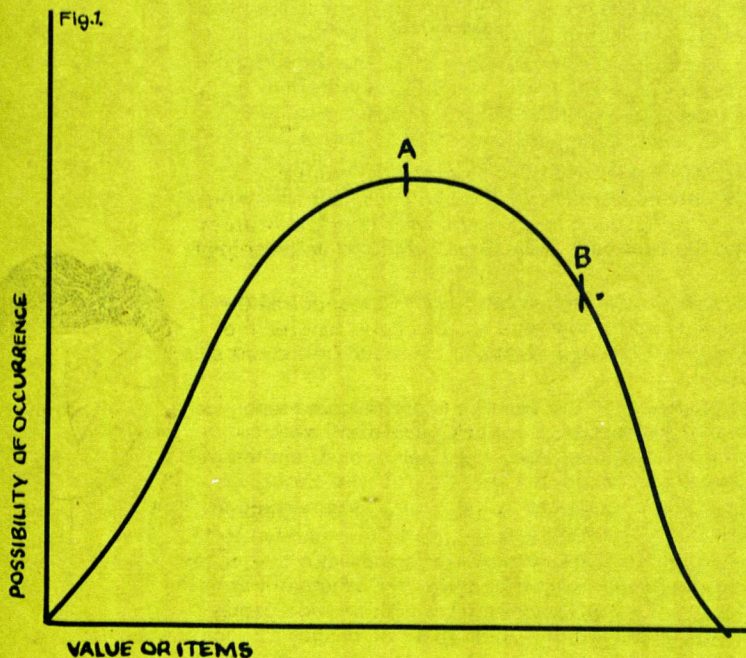
'Oh, how clumsy of me,' she said, 'but never mind—if you look into the bag you will be able to tell which pebble I took by the colour of the one that is left.'

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

The effect of the rigidity and inevitability of perceptual choice is shown in the following visual problem. The problem is to draw the outline of a shape which can be divided into four identical pieces (size, shape and area) by a straight line. The outlined shape should be capable of being cut out of a postcard and the four piece separated by one straight stroke of the scissors. The solution is shown on page 29.



The disadvantages of high-probability vertical thinking are inseparable from the advantages since they are but another way of looking at the advantages. Lateral thinking is an attempt to escape the self-maximising properties of the brain system in order to generate new ideas. It is interesting that in the higher reaches of computer programming the importance of random inputs (one aspect of lateral thinking) is being recognised. This is interesting because for many people computers are the epitome of sterile logical sequential thinking.

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

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

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

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

With vertical thinking each step must be justified and rest firmly on the preceding step (this is so fundamental a basis of logic that if one were to try and explain logic to a dog who had suddenly become capable of it one might well start with this notion). In lateral thinking the steps do not have to be justified until the end just as bridge spans may not be self-supporting until they meet in the middle.

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

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

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

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

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

Lateral thinking is used consciously or otherwise a good deal by creative people and a consideration of the basis of lateral thinking can extend this use and allow it to be more deliberate. Unfortunately lateral thinking is very little used in the scientific or practical field. Scientists become unhappy that the process is not more predictable and more firmly under control. They do not seem to realise that a method which is not completely under control can nevertheless be effective. If a girl plays roulette with her boyfriends money but keeps her winnings she is not likely to refuse to play on the grounds that she cannot tell on precisely which play she is going to win. Vertical thinking promises a minimum solution and often breaks the promise; lateral thinking increases the chances of a maximum solution but makes no promises.

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

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

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

In both this article and in the book, 'The Use of Lateral Thinking' the description of lateral thinking has been very general. The intention is to provide a focus. Lateral thinking is a definite type of thinking, not a set of rules, or techniques or theories and there is a danger in detailing such peripheral matters.





When a group of 100 people were given this problem the reactions were as shown in the figures:

35% could not produce a figure, I.

50% produced one or other of the variations shown under II. These are obviously wrong since if they were to be cut out of a postcard a stroke of the scissors would only divide them into two halves.

12% produced either one or the other of the variations shown under III. Both these are correct.

Only 3% produced what seems to be by far the

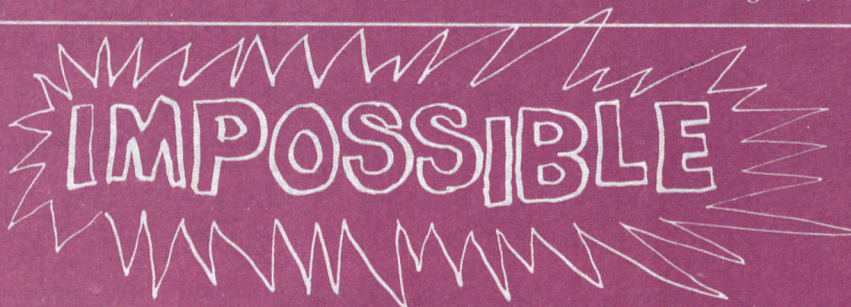
most elegant solution. The difficulty here is that the pieces are not treated symmetrically but one serves as a base for the other three, V.

The apparent difficulty with this simple task is that immediately the problem is stated there arises a 'perceptual choice' of a square divided into four quarters as shown in the figure. The two erroneous versions proceed from this image as shown, V. ④ ②.

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

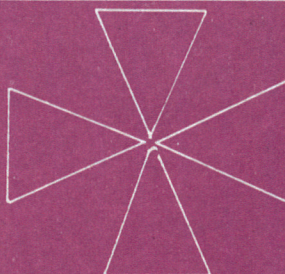
%

35



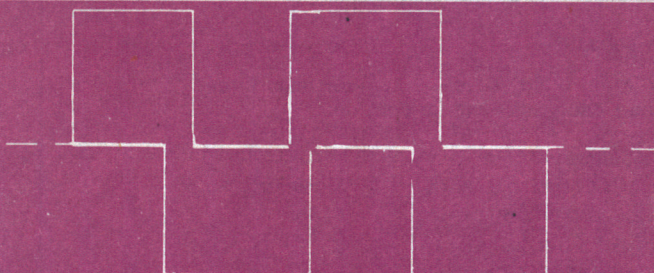
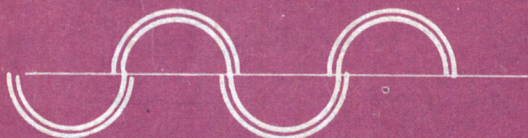
i

50



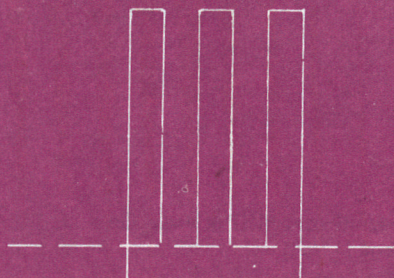
ii

12

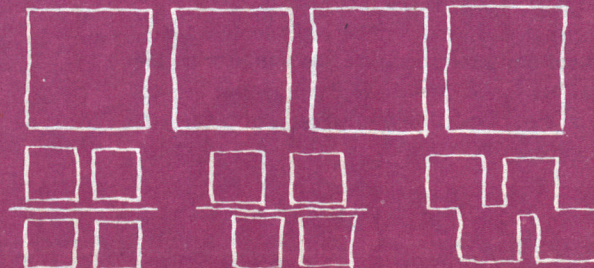
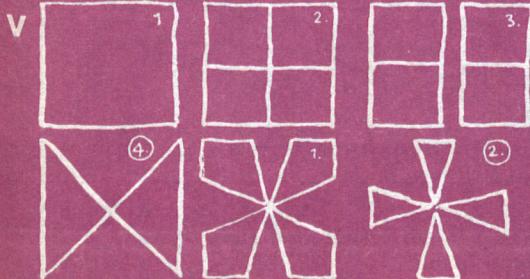


iii

3



iv



vi



# Epilogue

Rhubarb, rhubarb, rhubarb. Clink and shuffle. Cough.

Shut up, people. Quiet, now.

ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

One minute studio. Ta.

**Start the clock.**  
Start the clock.

Cough.

ha ha ha ha ha ha

Clink, scrape and ha ha ha ha ha.

Very nervous,...

Don't worry. Just the same as when we rehearsed, you know.

**Thirty seconds.**

Cue VTR.

Thirty seconds.

**Cue announcer ident.**

Right. Christian Affairs number seventy two, 365.  
Take one.

Good luck, children.

**Fifteen seconds.**

....Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three,  
two, one - cue grams and up caption.

**Cue announcer.**

In tonight's Christian Affairs,  
the Reverend David Summers,  
Vicar of All Saints' Chelsea,  
and director of Christian Bodies,  
talks to Derek Iverson of the  
Sunday Times

*Symphony No.5  
in C.  
B/hoven.  
First move.  
Columbis 33c 1051  
On the first chinagraph  
mark.*

**Change caption.**

Change caption.

Luverly.

**Coming to you, two. Ready. Kill grams. On you,  
two. And ....-er cue Derek.**

Good evening. Today is the first anniversary  
of the Christian Bodies Movement, and tonight we  
have (stand by, three; soon on you - tighter on him  
than that, luv.) the director of the organisation with  
us in the studio. He is' (on you, three) the Reverend  
David Summers.

Hello.

## 27A VTR

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

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

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

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

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

three,

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

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

Like the Salvation Army in a way?

Not unlike it, no. We have eighty two beds and a

kitchen which are in use twenty four hours a day ...

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

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

(two)

(Stand by, telecine)

Sounds most rewarding.

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

What about money? I mean, the headquarters alone  
must cost a small fortune to run?



Ah-ha, we are fortunate in having, if you like, a sponsor. A wealthy and well-known business friend pays rent and overheads. Er - this is Independent Television, isn't it, so I'd better not mention his name, eh?

Ha ha ha ha ha

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

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

Clink and rhubarb and rustle.

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

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

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

(he missed that on run-through, too) But in this vast Georgian house just off the King's Road it's about half a poxing mile from the King's Road - we had to walk there with the Arriflex, mate) there is a group of people whose constant task it is to help and succour (what?) the needy and the distressed.

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

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

(who's been using my po?)

(in you go)

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

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

Lame dogs, ex-gaolbirds, alcoholics, (television directors) homosexuals,

(like the berk who writes these scripts) widows - all sorts of hapless human beings. (thirty sex to end of film. Ta) Here we see some of the satisfied customers of David Summers. This man was going to commit suicide.... This woman took to drink and prostitution when she lost her child.... (I wish we had admag's back) and this boy was well on the way to becoming a sexual pervert... (talking about Sydney again)

This is the Christian Bodies, the De-ers, in action. Doing a daily job, working all hours for little return save the knowledge that they are helping their fellows.

(five sex to end of film)

From this work in Chelsea, and the inspired efforts of this group, must surely come further understanding of the needs of others.

(on you, three)

I didn't know I looked like that.

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

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

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

Of course.





(I think he's going for the bible on the table. Watch it, one. If he does, I want a nice tight shot of the movement, you know)

Thank you.

(there he goes. Grab it. Nice....and....tight....and.... pan....with the....book. I'll come back to you, three, straight away. Got to get some bloody movement into this thing. How are we for time, Myra? One. Pan up.... slow, darling. Slowly. On you, three)

I take my cue

(I'll have unnatural sexual relations with my discarded heavy duty footwear) from Romans, chapter nine. And if there be any other commandment, it is briefly comp - comprehended - in this saying, namely, that thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. As far as we are concerned, the Do-ers of C.B., there is no better way of showing our love for our neighbour than by going out and doing something about it. Something tangible. The body needs aid as much as the soul. I mean, how can a soul think clearly in a careworn body, or a starved one, or an unloved one? This love thy neighbour thing is the whole fulcrum of the Christian lever. And love should not be something you put on the bottom of a letter - it is something you do. Hence the name, Do-ers. It all started when I was a young curate in Wigan....

(they'll have closed when you've finished, you old clown)

Er, I was sick to death of hearing people talk, talk, talk (you're jesting, for a certainty) about helping others, but not doing a single thing about it. I was determined that when I had a church of my own and a little - er - ecclesiastical authority I would start a practical unit of help and aid. Only when I came to All Saints' was I able to do this.

So this is a dream come true, so to speak?

Yes, a dream come true. I know there are lots of other similar groups doing the same work, and that our modest effort is not unique, but this is all to the good. The more the merrier, I say.

(wind Derek up and give the old boy a poke up the roodscreen too. We've got the closing prayer yet)

(tighten in, three. Stick your four inch in his mush and put the fear of Murphy into him)

Well, I see our time is nearly up. Can you (stand by, Harry, with the prayer caption for one. The one with the open book thing. Tighter and kill that chalk mark) - er - as we ask all our guests on these programmes, can we ask you to leave us with a prayer for the end of the day?

I have one here.

Cough, ruffle, ruffle, scrape. Ahem. Rasp.

(on you, two. Just look at the pigging caption, will you? Graphics? I've shot 'em)

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

(sounds like the end. Amen. Come on - amen)

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

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

(cue announcer and stand by grams)

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

Symphony No.5

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

Symphony No.5

Symphony No.5 in C.

B/hoven.

First move.

Columbia 33c 1051

Second china-graph mark

(fade grams....and cue announcer)

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

(....six, five, four, three, two, one - out. Fade sound and vish. And another converted savage bits the dust)

All over?

Rasp.

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

All clear. Ta muchly, people.

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

Ha ha ha ha ha ha Cough.

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

Are you joining us upstairs for a drink?

Oh, yes, please.

Right. This way, then.

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

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

FADE



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

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

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

Don't you think he is?

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

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

I don't know because I don't live in the predominantly coloured areas of Manchester and Birmingham. I think in London there is very little discrimination. If one wants to find discrimination, one will. There are cases obviously of discrimination in housing, the same way as there are cases of discrimination in anything - but there is also discrimination against Greeks, Jews, the Irish and everyone.

Are you an Auntie Tom?

Yes, by Malik's terms, I am an Auntie Tom, which means that I choose to first find out the sort of life the English live, find out how they want me to live and abide by their wishes - this is their country, not mine.

But if you're going to settle here and have children, as many coloured people are, isn't it in their interests for you to try and eradicate inequality?

Yes, but inequality has been and is being eradicated by legislation (which I don't terribly agree with). Inequality stems from ones basic inferiority or inadequacy to cope with a situation - I think a lot of the immigrants who are here now are inadequate or considered inferior because they have not had the opportunities of the people living right next door to them - when their children are educated and go and look for jobs, if they are qualified, I would think that they would have exactly the same opportunities as anyone else. If we find

in ten years' time that there is a large number of unemployed West Indian youths who grew up and were educated in Britain, then is the time to say whether there could be a colour problem and what do we do with it. I don't think the situation exists now that Malik says exists - that is discrimination, negroes being killed, negroes being spat upon constantly - he says constantly - .... I think there are isolated cases and if he wishes to have on his platform the negroes who have been discriminated against and spat upon and are bitter, then he will have a very loud voice to proclaim his cause.

There is much evidence of blatant discrimination. There is a recent, much publicised, example of whites banding together to prevent a West Indian from buying a house.

There was a letter to The Times subsequently, in reply to this very subject, saying that if a man wants to sell a house and there are three people who want to buy it and the man who wants to sell the house has a particularly nice garden which he wants to keep up - yet his first and highest offer is from someone who doesn't particularly care for gardening and he says 'no thank you' - this can be construed as discrimination. I think in the case you mention there was discrimination, but on the other hand, other tenants in the street were interviewed and asked if they would mind having a coloured neighbour, and I think sixty percent of them said 'No, not at all, it wouldn't matter to me' - this depends - I'm sure a lot of people if asked would like a Jewish neighbour or an unmarried mother with six children living in the room above would say no - everyone has their prejudice and they're quite entitled to it.

Have you ever suffered severe cases of discrimination?

Yes, looking for flats. Ninety percent of the people I rang said no - they did not want West Indians - they were extremely polite - and I finally found a flat in a very respectable area and the landlord said 'Certainly you can move in'. I asked whether the other tenants or the neighbours would mind, and he said if anyone in the house objected, he'd move them all out and fill the house with negroes.

You're not very bitter about the fact 90% didn't want West Indians?

No - but how can I explain it? - it was like trying to get the sort of job I wanted for a year and a half. Nobody felt that I was as qualified as I said I was. Eventually one person did say: 'O.K. we'll give you a try'. Ninety percent of the people I asked refused me - this could have been on the basis of colour, but I don't think it was. I think it was simply their own apprehensions about whether or not I was qualified to do the job. Why be bitter?

What is your reaction to teenage racial segregation?

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

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

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

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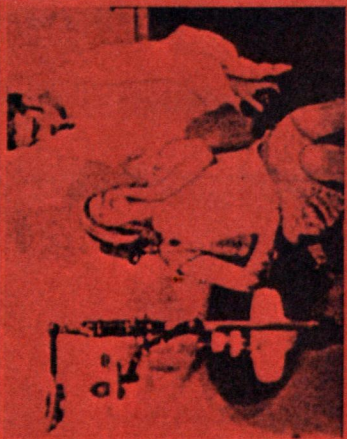
# Playboy Club News



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**FIFTY YEARS OF STAG FILMS:** Blue movie-makers of the Twenties often resorted to primitive humor in filming their sub rosa reels. "Slow Fire Dentist" (for example (top left)) featured a fake-headed quack who administers gas to a patient and then proceeds to fill the wrong cavity. The many-guessed mysterious stranger, portrayed in the Thirties tag "Mashed Rape" (top right) as a lullful intruder, became a classic and convenient way to introduce—and disguise—the male. "Budy" (center left), a typical Cuban import of the Forties, began with a bout of shower-stall autoeroticism. Both a perennial plot device and the title of a Fifties film, "The Pick Up" (center right) was photographed attractively. During the Sixties, stagfilm producers have been able to procure more youthful and eminently more attractive "sex stars," as exemplified in two 1966 productions (bottom)—"Lesbian Call Girl" and a British import, "The Other Young Ones."







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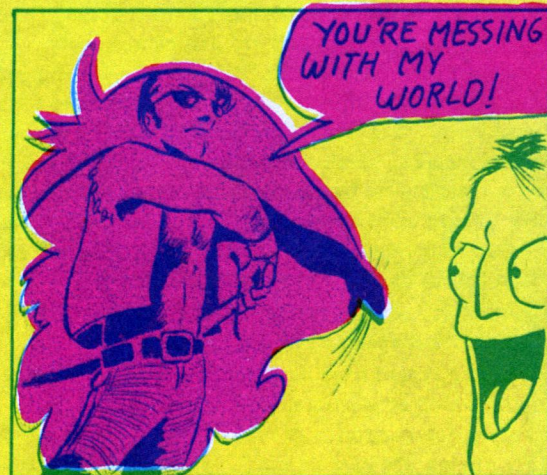
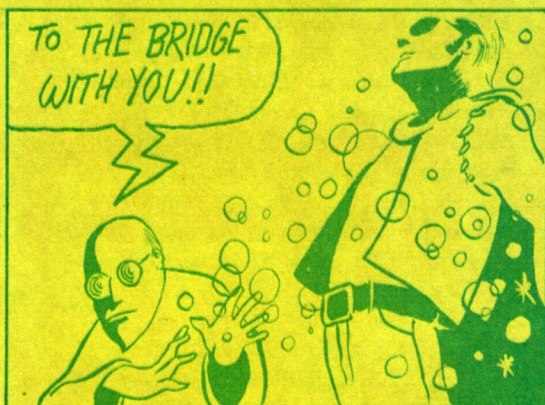
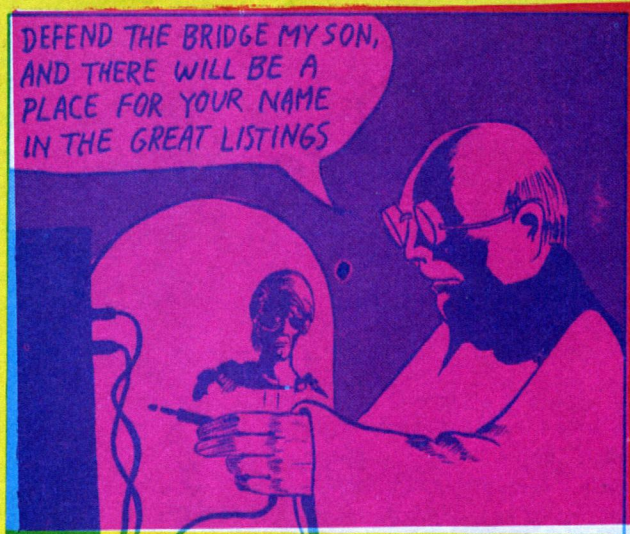
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# BULLETIN NO 12

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

Were we like today's novice acidheads? It is hard for me to tell, because my perspective has changed so much. To my younger, naiver eyes, the mushroom people were idealistic as children, brave as Christian martyrs, and full of wisdom. They were an indissoluble family, destined to go forward, hand in hand, to win souls and bring in the Kingdom.

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

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

The word "psychedelic" is ruined; it might as well be scrapped by those who still wish to speak earnestly about their experience. Psychedelic now means gaudy illegible posters, gaudy unreadable tabloids, loud parties, anything paisley, crowded noisy discotheques, trinket shops and the slum districts that patronize them. There

was something I used to mean by psychedelic, but if those posters are psychedelic, that other thing isn't. Put "psychedelic" down along with "community," "love," "religion" and other good words the hippies, with the help of Leary & Co., have corrupted.

Whatever happened to the Neo-American Church Boos whose names I used to publish (and what will happen to the new ones)? Art Kleps, "your Chief Boo Hoo," went to Florida where he knew there was a warrant for his arrest, got raging drunk, picked a fight with his ex-wife and passed out in a railroad station where he was picked up by police and, when his identity was learned, held on the old charge. (This is what he means when he writes in his recent Bulletin, "This is not a good test case too messy.") I made the mistake of feeling sorry for him and raised \$1000 for his bail, only to have him retreat into Millbrook and refuse to appear for trial, thus causing me to lose most or possibly all of the bail money. He is able to get away with this because psychedelic people have such short memories, and because they apparently do not expect their leaders to be trustworthy.

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

Vacant-faced kids drop by the Psychedelic Information Centre and ask "what's happening?" Pressed for what they mean, they usually turn out to be looking for a rock band, or maybe a shop selling buttons, or news of the latest busts. I have nothing for them that they want, and they go away puzzled - they thought I had a Thing here, but it turns out to be just a few publications, no flashing lights, so it isn't hip.

There's still the same thing happening, of course, that's been happening since psychedelics became available: the possibility of having an experience that will reawaken a person to the basic truths he understood as a child, and point the way to becoming a better man or woman. (But even this possibility is cut off for many of the kids - they have had 100 trips and are jaded. Thus we have pathetic rumors about drugs "stronger than acid.")

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



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| 11 AVAILABLE !                            | 49 SOME DO, I DON'T           | 67 I'M A SECRET RAVER         |
| 12 I'M A VIRGIN                           | 50 LICENSED TO KILL           | 68 MAKE LOVE, NOT WAR         |
| 13 WILSON FOR EX-PREMIER                  | 54 EX-VIRGIN                  | 69 FLOWER POWER               |
| 14 Drinka Pinta BLOODA Day                | 55 SOME WILL, I WON'T         | 70 DFFROST ME                 |
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| 17 I'M TOO NERVOUS                        | 58 MAO THINKS TOO MUCH        |                               |
| 18 YES PLEASE                             | 59 I NEED WEED                |                               |
| 27 I'M READY                              |                               |                               |
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