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OZ 29

Description

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

Content: Female Energy/Cuntpower OZ. 'New Ways with Play Clothes' – Germaine Greer knits private parts. 'The Kiss of the Lash' - Judith Malina interviewed by Danne Hughes. Dr Hippocrates. Michelene Victor's 'Whoring Along the Hudson'. 'Conversations with Anais Nin' by Jim Anderson. 'The Politics of Female Sexuality' by Germaine Greer. 'The Kings Shall Be Queens' by Danae Brook. Full page Hendrix/*Band of Gypsies* ad. 'There's a Schmuck in the Tall Dark Hallway...' by Emmett Grogan. 'Fungus Food Forecast: a faint chemical taste in the mouth'. 'To Live Outside the Law You Must be Honest' – politics & the law. LP reviews: Jimi Hendrix, Leon Russell, King Crimson. Woodstock movie ad. 'Liberation Come!' by Kerry Rolfe. 'Sexual Politics: A Manifesto for Revolution' by Kate Millet. 'Nancy Kotex' cartoon. Canned Heat Live ad. 'Sugar and Spice' by Christine Pickard. 'The Perils of Pauline' cartoon. Altamont – male deodorant spray parody ad. 'The Divine Monosyllable – from a 19th century dictionary of slang and its analogues'. Full page ad for Phun City. Back cover photo of a suffragette arrest.

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Comments

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

OZ 29

4S

**FEMALE
ENERGY**

OZ

DRIVES OUT STAINS
WASHES
WHITEST EVER

RECOMMENDED FOR WASHING MACHINES



Welcome to Cuntpower OZ.

This issue comes to you despite Scotland Yard's overworked Obscenity Squad which has stepped up its routine harassment of our printers, distributors and newsagents; twice raiding our offices, confiscating files, correspondence, unsold OZ 28s and just about everything necessary to keep OZ going. But we're back, a month late, with an issue which is really about sex—the oppression by one of the other. However OZ does

not reflect the official Women's Liberation party line. Everyone digs the idea of the new female militancy so long as all it does is demand things from men. Rejecting that workshop mentality, OZ argues that if anything will free women, it will be their own peculiar force. Read on, fatherfuckers!



New Ways With Play Clothes



The Phun City Bikini.

This version was worked on a bra-and-pantie set in Anchor Soft Embroidery cotton. Our photograph shows just one way of using the idea, but apart from sun bathing at the beach or your favourite summer festival, it can be employed to jazz up tired undies, freshen up last year's little black dress, or even provide a focal point on a *grande robe de soir*. Worked in metallic threads and sequins, or even a collage of re-embroidered lace and ribbons, it would be a stunning and enriching motif for that most important of dresses, your bridal gown.

Bra

The important thing in working the top, as for the bottom, is to make sure that you have positioned the motifs in the right place. Then work a tiny circle in stem stitch in an appropriate colour. Continue round and round until the area covered seems large enough.

trying at the same time to distend the cloth (in our case it was elastic, which creates some problems and has some advantages) so that the nipple area bulges outwards. When the aureole is large enough, and off. Then back to the summit, where you work round and round a ridge of button-hole stitch until the nipple proper stands up pertly. You may then add flourishes as you wish. Dig it?

Pantees

First of all, draw out the exact shape of the cunt you wish to depict in your embroidery, on graph paper if you are worried that you might get the scale wrong. Check all the bits and pieces and draw them in. For the motte-wig you will need about seven hanks of cotton depending on the luxuriance of the pelt. The range of colours is varied, so you will not find it difficult to match your own colour, whether nigger brown, mole greige or sandy blonde. You can even select varying shades of the same colour if you wish. The basis for the cunt-thatch is worked in chain stitch to provide a solid ground for the crocheted fronds which are worked when the ground is laid. Once you have worked out the dimensions of the basic area of the pubic hair, you may work the cunt-lips, by laying down padding stitches, and working across in satin stitch; the labia minora in some more visceral shade diminish into the collar of the clitoris, which is worked in satin stitch twice over, once for the plinth, and once more in a darker colour for the bud. The labia majora are worked in satin stitch too, with rather more padding, and ought to blend in with the snatch-thatch. Now you may fill in the whole ground of the chain stitch. When that is done, take a fine crochet hook, and still using the soft embroidery cotton, catch up every stitch around the labia, crocheting a chain of three stitches between each. Work back over this in treble crochet. Continue in this fashion until the bush is bushy enough.

The Keep it Warm' Cock Sock

The Cock Sock is a snug corner for a chilly prick. It can be whipped up in an evening out of odds and ends of coloured wool worked in any pattern to suit your fancy. You begin with a fine crochet hook working a chain of five and joining with a slip stitch. Work as many stitches into the chain as will fit in



double crochet, and continue round and round increasing until you have handsome accommodation for the knob. Level out and continue, changing colour at will until the tube is long enough to give the ole tool room to expand. Work a little rim and end off. For the balls, work the same shape as the knob only a little larger until the bag seems big enough to join to another the same size and work round the out edge of both bags together until you have a good-sized pouch for the tender scrotum. Join to the cock-tube and work a further edge around both. It is of course possible to continue on making a whole underpant, or even a pair of trousers.

GZ Needlework Correspondent.



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THE KISS OF THE LASH

JUDITH MALINA

TALKING TO DANNE HUGHES

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

D.H. But we are still talking about power—and influence. The world does not operate in terms of good and bad, it works in terms of strong and weak. I think it will always be so, one power structure will always replace another, and it is just a question of trying to use one's strength without misusing it and thereby fucking ourselves up. Do you see Women's Liberation as some sort of answer to this?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

D.H. You can no longer separate your private life from your public life. There have been so many anomalies between what you actually do with your sex life and what you're actually trying to do outside that somebody like Ti-Grace Atkinson has reached the point of cutting off totally from men. And I find this method of fighting confusing and distasteful—women need sex, they feel insecurity without a man at some stage, they relate to men all the time, they belong to a world of dualities. Some women think they're going where men are—they're trying to become masculine. They get to the stage where they say I don't need your cock. In order to exist as people they have to change completely the sex role.

J.M. There's a lot of sex you can have without men. You can have sex with yourself, you can have sex with a pussy-cat, you can have sex with other chicks. Change that to other women. Chick is a cuddly bunny that I want to get out of being identified with, it's becoming a contemptuous term. Paul Krasner says we've lost our sense of humour about it, but I think that there is a point, for instance in the black revolution at which it was very important that all contemptuous humour gets squashed and you're very serious about



anyone who's using the word 'nigger' in a joke so there's also a heavy point at which women have to say, fuck men, in bed or in the other use of the word fuck as in, get out of my life, if that's necessary.

It would be nice if we could have a revolutionary change that doesn't require any form of sacrificial break-down situations but I'm not sure whether that's possible. I think it's related, for example, to concepts like Fanon's that the violent response is absolutely necessary in the oppressed people.

As a pacifist I take a certain kind of exception to that although I respect it, both as a theory and as something happening in history today, because I understand why the oppressed people have these violent feelings: whether there are alternatives or not there follows a long and at this point, very futile discussion. But nobody wants this sense of Women's Liberation to degenerate into man-hating which is obviously nonsense but if on the other hand one feels the pressure of the oppressor and has the desire to express that in all kinds of ways that seems to me valuable revolutionary energy and it's not hate because we love the men. They are so beautiful.

D.H. We've had a situation for a long time where traditionally man is dominant and woman is subservient and the danger now is that woman might just be changing over. Homosexuals have thought all along that women are the stronger, women have got it. And you'd just have another power structure. Power is the central issue.

J.M. Of course, power is the central issue. But don't give up on goodness, and don't imagine that goodness and power are necessarily antagonistic forces. This is I think where the problem lies. The Panthers say, man is like that: sure he's like that; now you can deal with him in terms of how he is, you can deal with him in terms of the direction you want to help push it in. But I want to go through that into the very basic question of power—does it have to be abused? That is, if power intrinsically corrupts, as we Anarchists like to point out in our slogan, the question remains whether within that natural proclivity for corruption we can turn that around and make strength really beautiful—if in an inevitable relationship of strength and weakness there can't be something as wholesome as mother and child in an ideal sense in which one creature is totally weak and dependent and one creature is totally at the service of the weak and dependent one.

D.H. But the corruption is not just on the part of the strong, as you say because in the relationship of the strong and the weak, the weak are as corrupt as the strong, because the weak choose to be weak and the strong to be strong.

J.M. Certainly, and there are all kinds of reasons you can go into—Freudian, Reichian or Adlerian, or Nietzschean, or even Platonic—whatever areas you want to investigate—you can always find lots of reasons for this, almost none of which lead to any kind of situation of change, but only to some kind of fatalistic attitude of, well you see, this is how man is. Now certainly power-drives, violence, authoritarian domination-drives are all intrinsically natural, the question is how we bring about the revolution. Violence is natural. I want to pervert this natural state. As to how it can be done, I don't know all of it, I know some of it, and you know some of it and one of the reasons you are wrong about each of us having to struggle for our own liberation is because you know part of the answer, I know part of the answer and we have to get together and fit together the pieces of what we know.

Now I can't give you a formula for human liberation. There isn't one. There are certain clear tendencies, certain cloudy tendencies, certain things we feel very strongly, certain things we know for sure, certain things that puzzle us completely, certain things that have us baffled—we've got to fight through each one. We can fight them intellectually, physically in terms of our own life, in terms of having a basic ideology that makes sense about where we think we are in relation to the people in the world. I think we have to, as it were, work harder.

Now this is very much in conflict with certain concepts of Playpower but the joyous work that lies ahead is just different from work in the normal sense. I want to liberate the word work because I don't like it to mean arduous toil, because I love it so much.

But let's not get off the line we were pursuing about the question of the power drive, and the question of changing the very basic perspectives so that we see ourselves as the kind of creature we want to be, maybe not the kind of creature we are.

D.H. You mean a mutation?

J.M. That's one word for it, but mutation sounds so irretrievable—if you have a very positive attitude toward the word mutation it's beautiful, the danger is that mutation you think you don't have to work for is like a state of grace, and it isn't. And we're going to pursue that now in terms of examining all the different parts of our lives, whether it be our sex relationships or our economic relationships—with a much broader frame of reference.

The whole question of power, has, say, in the last year, become suddenly, at least two-fold (it's manifold really) in the consciousness of people who now see power in terms of the man writing political documents or a group of people who are saying shall we or shall we not strike clause seventeen from this contract? This has to do maybe with hundreds of people dying or becoming suddenly unemployed or having to do some hideous work or being moved into another situation of their lives. Well, there's that kind of power and then we suddenly see that there's another kind of power which is deeper—which is the power that the man exercises over the woman and that the woman is trying to fight back on the same level and failing and becoming that disgusting bourgeois war between men and women which is not at all the sexual liberation or the women's liberation that we're talking about. We're not talking about more nagging and more hassling and more trying to get a little bit of power there, we're talking about a really different breakthrough of attitude.

D.H. We steer it away from our bodies so often yet we must recognize the fact that the majority of men are stronger physically than the majority of women, and that is the way they were born and that is the way they were made, and that is the way it happened—but why does it happen if it wasn't meant to happen and what do we do about it, and that applies to the sexual role too. Do you see woman as having any natural sexual role, like in terms of active, passive dominant, subordinate, etc.?

J.M. Sure, I would say that the stronger always has a responsibility to the weaker on that physical level so that if I have a two-year old child and we come to a puddle then I have the responsibility to carry her over.

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

J.M. But if responsibility isn't based on love, and the love doesn't give you the responsibility, then fuck the bullshit. If one has power you can either use it to serve or you can use it to destroy, for all power, whether it be for instance a quick mind and a capacity for brilliant insight, or whether it be even physical beauty which is a form of power, or whether it be the kind of personality to which people turn because there is something that makes you feel this person is worth following. Any form of power if it isn't used to serve, is corrupted, but there is an alternative. This is what we were talking about when I said to you that I felt that basically masochism which is such a negative concept in society holds a key to a very great change because the concept of masochism, basically and even as Sacher Masoch understood it, is that strength, if it's not to corrupt, has to become, in some way, the servant of weakness, and because he and we live in a corrupt world this led again to the next cycle of enslavement.

The masochistic impulse is based on a very real reversal of a natural state in which the stronger dominates and ultimately destroys the weaker—into an unnatural state where the stronger gives the weaker the power and then it gets misused and that's the point at which we have to turn the wheel, that's the point at which we have to make the change. The change has to become where the weak have been given power that's not misused. Now if the power corrupts, things don't lead immediately into that and that's the revolutionary crucial point.

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

Now at a point of such a profound social, sexual, structural, basic change, as fundamental as the relationship between men and women, which is older than all the social structures known, this very basic one—if we can get down to that much and not let it corrupt into some kind of reformist movement where women get equal wages, and that is that, if we can really look upon it as the power struggle, because the parties involved love each other, by our natures, because we love men, and men love us, because the love is out-front where it can begin to change the nature of conflict—here we have an opportunity, because the enemy lives in the house and we know that man is not the enemy because we love him and we want him and he wants us. But we must beware of putting down those who choose negating an enslaved situation. Now there are women, and I count myself as one of them, who find it very very difficult to engage in a relationship with a man without enslaving themselves and without allowing him to enslave them. Now when a woman has reached that point then she has to take some kind of step that's going to liberate her, and sometimes liberation is more important than sex.

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

J.M. There is a difference between strength and power, in what you're saying. Power is wielded and strength is in you. Strength is an attribute. Power is a form of action. People can't make the distinction between the thrill of giving yourself over to some useful painful experience and the horror of being enslaved by useless painful experience and the word useful and useless has a lot to do with it, and the concept of whether this is performed consciously has a lot to do with it. I mean Sacher Masoch walked through a field of flowers and is struck by the beauty around him and he sits down to contemplate it and suddenly realises that the bugs all through this field of corn and poppies that he is sitting in are fighting each other, struggling with each other, that all the life around him is in battle, that all this horror is going on in this beautiful scenery, that each little component is struggling for life and makes up this gorgeous pattern and he gets very very brought down—by this sense that the beauty of nature and the beauty of the world is based on each component struggling. And he takes the perverted role that's the natural thing for the creature to say that realises this situation: "I will get on top of it," and then he chooses and says "I will get on bottom, I will identify myself with the anguish" and he, like everyone, can't sustain it. He is driven crazy by it—he ends up insane. I compared this one time with the figure of Christ and you said you didn't like that image.

D.H. Well, I have a natural reaction to it because I was conditioned by it—I had to come through it and out.

J.M. Yes of course, I understood you to mean that but at that moment I said that if we think of the problem of Christian suffering as a moral equivalent to what the whip means in sex, which means a breakthrough of the hidden hostility into a kind of theatrical enactment.

D.H. Or an inability to feel otherwise? The drug trip, gets you into this. How do you feel. Is it possible to feel without any of the obvious stimuli which everyone's been using and which are beginning to become much too repetitive for us.

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

D.H. Do you mean that pain is the basic drive?

J.M. Pain is the basic drive in sex, which should be, as it were the comforting maternal hand: because it was translated into the punitive paternal wrath, because that's what was offered us so long ago that not only do we remember it but it has only a psychological significance. But the whole world knows the relationship between the sexual disturbance and the violence and has known it long before the film makers, and poets, and musicians, and the bards sung it—it's the old theme and yet, at almost no point has anyone made any sincere effort to break through it because of this division. For instance, Alexander the Great made maybe the best experiment of all when he conquered Persia—he made a Universal marriage day. The concept was really the sexual relationship between the conqueror and the enemy in order to raise the level of the Conquest from a bloody capture into a . . .

D.H. He was into communication.

J.M. Yes, he was into communication, into a superior form of changing around, a turning. I saw a wonderful phrase in a Cuban film the other

day—there was a picture, images of men and the harvest and then they spoke of wars against the Imperialists and they talked about here we are, turning hate into energy. Somehow turning hate into energy, somehow turning suffering into its positive aspects. You see joy is not the opposite of suffering. . . Maybe enslavement is the opposite of suffering as fun is the opposite of joy. Having fun is a way of not getting to the point of feeling joy. But in the same way enslavement is a form of not feeling suffering. We were talking before about the woman who in all her relationships with men allows herself, or forces herself into an enslaved situation and we associate that enslavement with suffering. But the real suffering which would be not to be enslaved whatever it entails, might lead eventually to a joy without suffering or at least to ways of joy without suffering. But you have got to be willing to suffer in order not to be enslaved. As long as you regard the enslavement as the suffering and as the inevitable you can't break the cycle, that's why the aspects of enacting it as in the whip or the crucifixion are in some ways break-throughs already. Because at least it sets it into an area in which the role you're playing constantly redefines yourself.

D.H. It's not a passive thing, you actually are acting it out.

J.M. But the acting it out is the research because the acting it out escalates to the point where choices and decision have to be made. The worst thing to do is be submissive because slavery like suffering is always submissive. But active suffering—it can kill you—but it can also bring you to the point of change and that's the activist form.

If you turn to any man and woman living together, whether they are lovers or a married couple, and you bring up the subject of Women's Liberation, and the woman gets like. . . EEEK. . . and all the unspoken things of days or years or months or centuries come up between situations which have had a false equilibrium. Out of this false equilibrium you suddenly say to this woman "He is your oppressor isn't he," and she says YES and he says—What me?—or he laughs or she withdraws which is false. There has to be a stage where there is no sense of humour any more. Then you can take it away and twist it again and as soon as you have a real revolutionary leeway that gives you a lot of strength to do that, to change the sense of humour. It's very much like the black revolution where there had to be this period of great stricture about what the joking could be about.

D.H. They don't in fact make jokes.

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

D.H. Which we ourselves use very gladly.

J.M. Sure we were very glad. We were glad we were able to say fuck, which Grandma didn't allow us to say and it seemed like revolution. But then suddenly it turned out it was not. I think there's some kind of reaction now when we suddenly find what was repressed. What was repressed was that men weren't allowed to talk about the low esteem in which they held women; so it became repressed and it was whispered about among men. Men could say to each other—cunt—she's a cunt—but they couldn't say it to the nice woman—and when I say nice woman—I say that very sardonically.

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

J.M. The lady from whom you hide the face, from whom the male supremacist hides the fact that in some way he has a disrespectful attitude to the woman as secretly to be whispered about as cunt. Except the woman who is going to bear his children and therefore he has to regard her as not a woman but as some other kind of creature who has to be spared that. Who has to be hidden from the world lest the rest of the world, which of course regards her as cunt, comes over and desecrates your little separate portion that you and the man have staked out for yourselves. But look how interesting it gets in our situation living in hip circles where what's unexpressed now is an unexpressed and open relationship of this horror relationship. There's where Charles Manson comes in. He certainly today does have a relationship in which the women in his community—shall we say—are very enslaved and choose to be.

We must be careful not to let the fear of suffering lead us into being slaves. But, I am not suggesting we go into self-deprecatory action on any level, and this is really the very important point—it's the cross roads. It's too easy to fall into the enslavement of suffering if we try to face the fact that we have to suffer in order to end the enslavement, just as it's too easy to fall into the abuse of power by the weaker if the stronger give up their power. Certainly if we want to look upon the broad historical picture it's for me not uninteresting what happened to the matriarchy, because I think what happened to the matriarchy when the men discovered our glorious and sacred and gorgeous roles as the bearers of their children and gave us the honour and gave us their strength and served humn sacrifices, they misused the power. We set up a system whereby the matriarchal queen killed her lover once a year to choose a new one. We set up the abuse and the power was taken away from us.

D.H. And so we are not just fighting for power we are fighting for how to use our strength.

J.M. We are fighting for a situation in which both the weak and the strong are in partnership against the abuse of power.

D.H. And where in fact the weak roles and the strong roles switch about quite a lot too.

J.M. Quite a lot because it's very hard to determine who is the stronger and who is the weaker. I find too simplistic the definition of the man as stronger physically and there's no getting away from it and that is that.

I think it's a very important point which is going to have to be faced and which I don't think that the Women's Liberation movements are taking strongly enough into account yet. That seems to me to represent the next step. We don't want to free ourselves to be as enslaved as the men because they are in a terrible situation. And I think that almost anything that's equalizing in that sense is damaging. Whereas there's another sense of equalizing where obviously a woman should not be given less than a man for the same work and so on. I think it is important, but I think you can get hung up on some ideas.

It's like working on prison reform, if you are working on prison reform you

don't really want better prisons, you want no prisons at all under any circumstances but meanwhile you can stand in vigil outside a prison to get that prison to have running water for the prisoners you know. Meanwhile we want to have equal wages for men and women but that can't be what we're after, and we don't want to equalise downward. We don't want to become as bad as guys are.

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

D.H. Women's liberation has now reached the stage where it says: curtail your masochism, and that sounds far too simple as a formula.

J.M. Most of the people that are using masochism in that sense mean something else by masochism. The women must take the suffering upon themselves, because the nice thing about masochism is that you really can't ask anyone else to be a masochist. You can't. That ain't masochism. It's a very personal responsibility and it can almost never be submission.

D.H. It can be a positive thing.

J.M. It can be tied up with active change. Any suffering that doesn't have as its goal the joy beyond that suffering is rotten or is masochism in a way in which that word is being used by those who say you can't be liberated unless you give up masochism. But there stands the difference between masochism and suffering. I think the value of the word masochism is precisely that it implies a spiritual relationship between the sufferer and the one who inflicts the suffering which is related to the distortion of the love between people. And every woman who has suffered from the cruelty of her man's relationship to her knows exactly what I mean. And to break this distorted relationship is the most painful thing and is the most constructive suffering and is in some way the opposite of that submission, which is useless.

D.H. How? There are no rules.

J.M. I think there are some clues. For instance in almost all personal anguish one of the escape routes is moving beyond your own orbit into placing the centre outside yourself. I think there's a tremendous difference this year for all the women who are suffering the agony of their personal relationships as they have for the past 20,000 years. This year we see this suddenly as part of the great social revolution. Suddenly as we are shrieking at each other—you're so stupid, you have no heart, you have no feelings, which are the same lines that were said ten thousand years ago, in 10,000 different languages—it dawns upon us that while we've always known the level of the argument, the level of the struggle is deeper than the stupid thing it's about, like "I've told you please not to put your things on my desk" which then it goes off into something that can lead even to murder. We all know that the subject of that isn't the cluttered desk, we all know the subject of that is the profound hostilities and the profound ambivalences in the man/woman relationship and now we see it not only as having a profound Freudian level but we are awakening to the fact that this is in fact about oppression and exploitation of a class which is in this case half the world, that this is about our being so tied up that it takes most women almost a year from the time they are first presented with the notion of this historical reality, namely, that there is a revolution going on in the relationship between the sexes, it takes a year before they can apply this reality to their own life—because the first defence is—well, my darling's sing.

D.H. Or the other reaction which is I don't want to know about a woman who's into all that militant stuff, it's not very feminine and that stops a lot of women although they don't say it in so many words.

J.M. The first thing that's necessary for revolutionary action is the realisation by the oppressed that they're oppressed. I mean the people that were suffering under the worst conditions of the early Industrial Revolution and suffering in the most hideous mines or spinning mills when first approached by the radical who said—Look, you should go on strike for better conditions,—said,—I'm lucky I've got a job and I love my work. The first thing the worker will tell you is that he's glad he's got the work and he loves his work and then he gets a little smarter and things—do I really love this just because I'm dependent on it and is this a form of slavery? Because I am dependent on something I don't love. And the woman who loves the man she's with finds it almost impossible to come to the point where she can understand that this love relationship is based on something profoundly corrupt. The man finds it even harder to believe and says—yes, other men but not I. I don't have to hear about this unfeminine stuff because I treat all women as my equals—and then listen to him go on a little further and find out where that regard is really at. It's very comparable to the social situation in which each boss thinks that he treats his workers well and each slum landlord will always point out that he has made plumbing innovations and that his is the best house on the block and there are others who are guilty but not he.

D.H. But the majority of women are unconscious of this.

J.M. The majority of people are unconscious of their enslavement. It's a very interesting parallel for instance, the beginning of the student uprising in France, which began with the issue in Strasbourg by The Situationist Group of a pamphlet which was called the Wretchedness and Misery of the starving peasants of India it's perfectly clear what you mean by wretchedness and misery, but the student was relatively well-fed, well-housed, who has perhaps sexual restrictions and disciplinary restrictions.

What was significant was that this leaflet was saying that the victim is also the one who is well-clothed, well-housed, well-fed even—if the limitations of his life are such that he lives a totally unfulfilled life. This is the situation that suddenly women find themselves in, this year as opposed even to one year ago. Where they begin to realise that just because they do have the basic comforts and one can say count your blessings—there are people who aren't eating in the world, there are people being napalmed every day and you complain because your man isn't respectful of your body—they begin to realize that because your man isn't respectful of your body there is the napalm and the starvation, and the relationship between these things become very clear. The relationship between our personal lives and the whole structure and our guilt and our participation in the whole structure becomes clear, and if we're going back to the question you asked at the beginning about revolution being good or bad, if revolution is going to become not really a constant change-over of one power structure for another which degenerates into the same crap, it's going to have to start with a fundamental breakthrough of our whole concept of what kind of physical beings we are, of what kind of relationship we have to the man standing next to us, and the man 10,000 miles away, and how the relationship of the women in the kitchen, in the bedroom, in the nursery, is directly related to the misery of those who are dying and starving.

DR. HIPPOCRATES clit cocaine & cancer !

"Dear Dr. Hippocrates:

I have an awful problem. I am an 18 year old female, fairly pretty, and have no problem getting nice (or the right) guys. Right now I have a special man whom I love dearly. We are planning to be married, and there is nothing for which I could hope for more. But even marriage will leave me, quite literally, "frustrated."

When I was a very young girl, maybe four or five, I discovered masturbation. It seemed to please me, yet I had no idea what it was or if it was wrong or right. I always achieved orgasm. I had a climax by laying on a table, balancing on the corner, where my organs rested (now that I write this out, in plain English, it seems perfectly awful).

My parents never told me about sex. I was quite naive until the end of 10th grade, which is rather late, I am sure. My mother won't discuss S-E-X with me, since it's a dirty word. My step-father found pleasure in doing sexual things with me forcefully.

My problem is this: I cannot achieve orgasm now, nor anything like it. I cry at night, knowing that although I satisfy my guy that he falsely thinks he is satisfying me. Sometimes, though rarely, he doubts whether he satisfies me or not, and maybe he wonders if he is acting right. I can't discuss this problem with him. How could it help to let the facts be known? He would then consider having sex with me to be selfish.

Continuing the cause of the problem: until 7th or 8th grade, I could achieve orgasm. What I must have done is damaged the nerves, since my clitoris seems nonexistent. I got so frustrated when I could not achieve climax, even by masturbation, that I often felt so depressed I saw no reason to live. It made me, and still makes me feel like an unwhole person.

I don't think that my step father's attacks have made my mind closed to the mental side of sex. I am quite sure it is physical.

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

ANSWER: Masturbation hasn't rotted your brain or your clitoris. But guilt over masturbation still causes great misery even though it is a normal means of sexual release practiced by most women and almost all men sometime in their lives or perhaps all through life. The method you described as "awful" is commonly used by females, though softer objects, like pillows, are usually employed.

Difficulty in achieving orgasm is a common problem in females. But there is no one common answer except that physical causes for this complaint are extremely rare. The best solution for you might be to consult with a qualified marriage counselor. Your local health department should be able to make such a referral. Other sources of information are Free Clinics (which have privately practicing therapists on their staffs) or psychiatric and counseling clinics of nearby universities.

Reading about similar problems and suggested solution can also be helpful. Many gynecologists recommend the use of a vibrator to train a girl to reach orgasm, for example COSMOPOLITAN (which my laboratory assistant describes as "the magazine that turns career girls on to sex") features an article called "Plain and Fancy facts about Orgasm" in its April issue. I can't claim research for the article was exhaustive but it was exhausting.

"Plain and Fancy Facts About Orgasm" begins with the story of a former photographer's model whose mother had told her tight jeans would cause cancer of the clitoris!

COCAINE COCAINE

Several people have asked recently about the effects of cocaine so I've sniffed out some information for you.

Cocaine is a stimulant to the central nervous system, reduces hunger and, when applied directly to mucus membranes such as those lining the nose and mouth, produces anesthesia and constriction of blood vessels. The drug is derived from leaves of Erythroxylon coca and, for centuries, natives of Peru and Bolivia have chewed cocoa leaves for their stimulatory effect.

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

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

He rapidly became disillusioned with cocaine, though, when he discovered his

patients easily got strung out behind the drug.

Cocaine is similar to amphetamines in many ways. Tolerance (the necessity to take more and more to achieve the same effect) develops easily and high doses can cause toxic paranoid psychosis.

Unlike the user of morphine, whose drives are decreased, the cocaine user is stimulated and may act in response to his persecutory delusions, carrying weapons and using them on his alleged persecutors. The stereotype of the 'depraved dope fiend', so inappropriately used to describe the opiate user, is not entirely unjustified when applied to the cocaine user who develops toxic symptoms. An overdose of cocaine may cause convulsions and death.

Intravenous use of cocaine seems rare today but sniffing the drug is in vogue once more. Co-

caine sniffers frequently develop perforations of the nasal septum (the cartilage between the nostrils) due to constrictions of local blood vessels resulting in tissue damage from lack of oxygen.

Cocaine is usually classified as an addictive drug though withdrawal doesn't cause the abstinence symptoms seen in junkies. Cocaine withdrawal causes symptoms similar to those seen in withdrawal from amphetamines — depression, fatigue and listlessness.

Don't want to sound like a pundit, but dangers from cocaine aren't to be sniffed at.

ANOTHER DANGEROUS DRUG

Investigators of the University of Florida College of Medicine have found that toxic agents in tobacco smoke, especially cigarettes, cause the body to generate a substance which greatly reduces oxygen transport by red blood cells. Reduced oxygen transport may contribute to heart attacks.

Blood from donors who smoke is probably less useful therapeutically than from non-smokers. When the Florida researchers incubated red blood cells from a non-smoker in blood plasma of a tobacco fiend, the cells showed a decrease in their oxygen handling capacity. Robert Eliot, M.D., who led the investigations, said, "These changes are apparent even in a young person who smokes more than 12 cigarettes a day."

A report in the JOURNAL OF THE AMA of 3/30/1970 indicates smokers not only have eleven times more lung cancer than non-smokers, but that heavy smokers develop a more malignant form of the disease than the lung cancer seen in light smokers.

The same issue refers to Philip Roth's PORTNOY'S COMPLAINT in quoting from the 'Medical Bulletin on Tobacco': Handling things can be satisfying, but there are many ways to keep your hands busy without lighting up or playing with a cigarette.

Dr. Hippocrates welcomes your questions. Write to him at 1611 San Pablo Ave., Berkeley, California 94702.

THE POLITICS OF FEMALE SEXUALITY

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

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

The female genital organ, in keeping with the desexualisation of her whole energy and the obliteration of her desire, became a mere hole, troops for the use of. Receptivity which is no more passive an act than eating, became synonymous with passivity. In their anxiety to suppress suspect receptivity in themselves, men developed aberrations in the regulation of their eating habits, became unable to regulate their digestion, compulsive about food; their bellies and bowels ulcerated. If gentleness was like feminine passivity, activity had to distinguish itself by becoming aggression. The world was conquered, knowledge was raped, virgin countries were exploited. The only becoming attitude for the masculine hand was a fist, and the only position in love or war was on top.

In order that the pork sword might be seen to rule the world unchallenged, women obligingly hid their sex, at first with a hand and a glance of simulated alarm as the goddess of love rose glistening from the waves. The devices for minimising the organs of femaleness became more sophisticated; women began to wear

knickers, then to deodorise their genitals, douche them, shave them, pluck them. Modesty rotted their innocence. They learned to prize smallness, inaccessibility. Their rich juices were discouraged from flowing. The clitoris, which no stretch of imagination could make part of any mere hole, was ignored and forgotten. Women were to have no more understanding of sex than a Bechstein has of Beethoven. They wished no more than to be played upon by a master, to be his favourite instrument upon which he might father masterpieces.

Girls of a more 'primitive' age have sung the praises of their 'deep fringed purse' and mocked the man who tried to plumb them. They could boast of the fury of their venery and the comfort of their lust but the permissive women of our pill-safe age can only allow the Hell's Angels to prove their valour by not vomiting when they suck menstrual blood from them, or wank the boys who walk them to the bus-stop, or let them have a fuck without too much palaver. The relaxation of sexual taboos has not even been a reform, let alone a revolution. Revolutionary women may join Women's Liberation Groups and curse and scream and fight the cops, but did you ever hear of one of them marching the public street with her skirt high crying 'Can you dig it? Cunt is beautiful!' The walled garden of Eden was CUNT. The mandorla of the beatified saints was CUNT. The mystical rose is CUNT. The Ark of Gold, the Gate of Heaven. Cunt is a channel drawing all towards it. Cunt is knowledge. Knowledge is receptivity, which is activity. Cunt is the symbol of erotic science, the necessary corrective of the maniacal conquest of technology. Skirts must be lifted, knickers (which women have only worn for a century) must come off forever. It is time to dig CUNT and women must dig it first.

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

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

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

Of course it is not true either that cunt is honey-pot, jelly roll, sugar pie, or a wooded garden or any of the other euphemisms which seek to extol it in terms of something else. It is more wonderful than candy or baby food, more extraordinary than caviare; we will have to learn to describe it, not in terms of what it is not like, but in genuine comparisons. One eighteenth century anatomist, seeking a way of describing the elegance of the cervix, said simply that it was like the mouth of a tench fish, or the head of a new born puppy.

To know cunt, it is also necessary to know how it works, and what it can do. While Masters and Johnson have done much to dispel absurd presumptions about cunt, they could not be better than their subjects and there is no reason why we should believe that what American middle class women taped to electrodes could do, is all that could have been done. Tahitian girls can draw the penis irresistibly and keep it firm and eager for a whole night. Ladies doing exercises to correct urethral incontinence found that their new muscle power increased their enjoyment of sex. Some heroine of folk-lore have caught penies with their cunts and picked up bottle tops from a table. Vaginal insensitivity may be the status quo of the Sexual Research Labs; that too is not an absolute. Women can devise simple exercises which will help them to isolate the musculature of the vagina, the clitoris and the labia by masturbating with no hands.

When little girls are eventually told about their organs, they are told only about reproduction, with grim, shiny diagrams which leave out the clitoris, present the vagina as a slack tube, and make no mention of lubrication, female erection, and above all, none of pleasure, of how to give it or how to get it. It is not surprising that such a great number of women never find out what is in it. The tremblings which greeted the showing of sex films in school would become an earthquake if schools began to teach the arts and reflexes of pleasure. Since they cannot transmit pleasure in any of their academic fields, in poetry or music, we may safely assume that sex will be less fun when it is taught in school than it was before. It is up to mothers to introduce their little ones to something which they themselves might have come to know too late. Knowledge of carnality must be visceral, not academic.

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

Not fifty years ago, it was accepted medical practice to perform neurectomy or clitoridectomy on women who were habitual masturbators, and to hurt women sharply who became erotic during examination. It is still on to cut cunt to ribbons and treat the formation of scar tissue as a slight inconvenience. If women are to reconquer their sexual pride they must find a way to make cunt as important in medicine as cock is. There are doctors who are gynaecologists because they are into cunt, although most of them sooner or later are therefore

struck off. These are the ones who should be the health officers of the women's movement. As things stand

they are more likely to be avoided by the militants who confuse sex roles with sexuality.

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

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

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

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

She can see her lover's whole body from an angle, and touch it anywhere, embrace it and kiss, or lean over it or away from it. . .

The variations are infinite.

final paragraph

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



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

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

FROM CONVERSATIONS WITH PEOPLE IN WOMEN'S LIBERATION:

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

'There are groups of women working together everywhere: lawyers, psychologists, doctors, scientists, nurses, artists, women in the media; working class women and welfare women, talking and acting against their oppres-

WHORING ALONG THE HUDSON

Haven against the impending trial of Bobby Seale and the New Haven 9: The Yale strike began as a spontaneous

expression of concern on the part of Yale students and faculty that New Haven not become another Chicago, either in terms of atrocious legal proceedings, persecution of Black Panthers. . . Uniting a bewildering number of viewpoints it marks the first time in recent history that this institution has focussed completely outward on the community surrounding it in an attempt to begin to assume a responsibility commensurate with its privileges. . . For the past week students and faculty from all branches of the



sion. Women are setting up communes, people are devoting their salaries to the movement.'

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

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

From Mayday, an information newspaper published before the demonstration in New

university have been carrying on an intensive teach-in programme on the trial and Yale's role in New Haven. . . Under the leadership of Nixon, Agnew and Mitchell we see that the policies of the US government are designed to perpetuate racism and other forms of institutionalised injustice. . . This system condones the exploitation of women not just in the work place but also in its conscious use of women as sexual objects (in sales and advertising) to be used and manipulated in a society where money competes with money for more money.

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

(Times Square) the train waits a while. Just before the doors start closing the hand of a departing male reaches in and squeezes my right breast — HARD. The doors shut, the train moves. I yell Shit and no-one takes a blind bit of notice. This is the third time I have been felt up in a week on the subway. I am beginning to feel sorry for someone. Diana Oughton, 28, was one of three people who died in the explosion on March 6, 1970 which completely destroyed a Greenwich Village Townhouse. . . the day after Diana's body was identified two children with older friends stopped in front of the site on 11th Street and placed two bunches of yellow spring flowers and a note in front of the open pit that was all that was left of the house. The note read: 'To Diana from Children's Community'. A button pinned to the note said 'Children are only newer people'.

In response to the bureaucratic hedging of New York City Council and proving their principle with practice, one women's group took over some empty store fronts on Columbus Avenue and are organising and running day nurseries for children. Responsibility is divided between men and women. **HIGH SCHOOL WOMEN ARE GETTING TOGETHER;** insisting that their curriculum be altered to include the history of women, redress the 'sex-tracking' policy of the way girls are directed into learning subjects conditioning them to be wives and mothers.

MEDIA-TION

January 24, 1970: Women take over RAT, radical underground paper, produce the first women's collective edition. It is now run completely by women.

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

statement to the world but we were also asking something of them that they could do.'

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

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

April 10, 1970: Several women occupied the offices of Grove Press who called the police and all nine women were arrested. After 15 hours 'police procedure' they were transferred for the fifth time to a detention centre. 'There they were ordered to strip and squat naked in the cell-block corridor. Ti-Grace Atkinson who had first heard about the procedure — many believe its primary purpose is to harass and humiliate women — from women arrested during the 1968 Columbia riots, noticed that it worked to break women psychologically. Refusing to strip, she threatened to bring charges of assault against the cops if they touched her. 'First they told me that they wouldn't process the others until I had stripped. I was beginning to feel the pressure. After all the moving around and transferring from jail to jail, your mind is joggled. You can't think logically, you can't make decisions. They reduce you to the level of an animal.'

The matrons warned her to co-operate, telling her that she would be forcibly stripped if she continued to refuse. They said: 'You know, you'll be sorry. You'll be turned over to the men. They'll really force you. You'll be roughed up'. In prisons only men are allowed the privilege of using force.'

Ti-Grace Atkinson was handcuffed to the cell bars 'My arms were stretched as high and as far as possible' while she was stripped. She is now planning to bring criminal charges against the police. A huge red-grey building dominates the corner of Greenwich and Sixth Avenues. It looks official, perhaps a hospital. The windows are shuttered. A cluster of black women on the pavement opposite, early evening, are shouting up: 'How Y'r doing, everything ok, Martha says hi.' From a faceless window reassurances project down. Sounds as though she's getting better. Some meandering guy mutters: 'Fucking

women's prison in the middle of a goddamn city'. The shutters on the windows are bars. Meanwhile, back on the boards Mod Donna has opened, a musical about the way women are exploited as sex objects. A female reviewer in the New York Times writes: 'Its worst fault — if you'll excuse me, girls — is that it yaks it up so strenuously. In its grandiose ambitions it achieves the depths — and confusions — of a woman's handbag. In fact, I'm left with an uneasy feeling that it will do the Women's Lib. Movement — which I wholeheartedly support — more harm than good. In the manner of a cheap topical Broadway musical it exploits women by exploiting the theme of their exploitation'.

The S.C.U.M. manifesto is an Olympia Press special, published in 1968. It is anti-male, based on an inverted Freudian thesis: that men have pussy envy and consequently are in all ways passive, inferior, dead, responsible for all the hang-ups and violence in our society. OK. Courage or a pathological need to utter what a lot of women have been pushed into believing because of desperate personal and social situations BUT. The book, the physical product is a paradigm of the conditions that led Valerie Solanas to write it. The manifesto is sandwiched between an introduction by Girodias and a commentary by Paul Krassner, radical and editor of the Realist. Both subtly and not so subtly put her down. Girodias, under pretence of analysing the violence in America first puts down the 'ladylike tactics' of NOW and then demolishes the radicals. 'Just like the feminists of World War I, who traded the aspirations of womankind for a totally ineffective political role, the radicals of that 'second feminist wave' are defeating their own purpose by imitating men's civil war tactics. Do we really need women for that?' Krassner lumps SCUM in with all impotent revolutionaries and makes it clear that he sees the shooting of Warhol as yet another instance of individual paranoia erupting, not as symptomatic of anything that might be happening to women in general. . . even in print. . . Fillmore East. Manfred Mann, nearing the end of his tour here, finishes the first set with a deft, wry arrangement of *Might Quinn*. Mingus listens. Next dream is Jeffer-

son Airplane, fronted by micro, thighboots Grace Slick, who grabs the mike and starts right in about the impending demonstration in Washington on Saturday — against Nixon's invasion of Cambodia. 'We ain't gonna make no revolution without all of you. You gotta be there on Saturday'. While the rest are setting up: 'Tricia invited me to the White House for tea, see, along with all these Finch girls. But when me and Abbie got there they keep us all hanging about in the rain while they checked us in some file system. There's this square, and I mean SQUARE guy, security, standing there who won't talk to me and I'm prodding him, really prodding, man, and he won't give. In the end they wouldn't let us in, like we were a security risk'.

Next day in Washington there is a small demonstration outside the White House.

Tricia goes out, selects two girl protesters, making sure they're former members of Finch, her elitist Alma Mater; taking them inside she creases her pretty brow and asks them WHY they don't approve of what Daddy's doing in Cambodia. He means well.

BEWARE THE LAVENDER MENACE. GAY IS GOOD. LADY GAY IS BEST.

'And now I will tell you what we want, we radical homosexuals; not for you to tolerate us, or to accept us but to understand us. And this you can only do by becoming one of us. We want to reach the homosexuals entombed in you, to liberate our brothers and sisters, locked in the prisons of your skulls. We will never go straight until you go gay. As long as you divide yourselves we will be divided from you — separated by a mirror trick of your mind. . . And because we will not wake, your awakening may be a rude and bloody one. It's your choice. You will never be rid of us because we reproduce ourselves out of your bodies — and out of your minds. We are one with you'.

April 3 1970: the first all women's dance run by Gay Liberation Front, attended by 250 women, a lot from Women's Liberation. From a 'Did Go'; 'The All-Women's dance was an expansion of space for use by women in both a literal sense and psychological sense. It aroused in me an incipient sense of possession and freedom men feel everywhere else. For

once I felt relatively inconspicuous and able to achieve the detachment necessary for freedom in action rather than the compulsive involvement women are usually made to feel. The dance impressed everyone from Women's Lib. so well that this opening space will not be lost but will be fought for as our right.'

In the beginning is the end.

Robin Morgan in RAT:

Goodbye, goodbye. The hell with the simplistic notion that automatic freedom for women — or non-white peoples — will come about ZAP! with the advent of a socialist revolution. Bullshit. Two evils predate capitalism and have clearly been able to survive and post-date socialism: sexism and racism. Women were the first property when the Primary Contradiction occurred; when one half of the human species decided to subjugate the other half because it was 'different', alien, the Other. . . how much further we will have to go to create those profound changes that would give birth to a genderless society. Profound, sister. Beyond, to a species with a new name that would not dare to define itself as Man. Goodbye, goodbye forever, counterfeit Left, counterleft, male-dominated, cracked-glass mirror reflection of the Amerikan Nightmare. Women are the real Left. We are rising, powerful in our unclean bodies: bright glowing mad in our inferior brains; wild hair flying, wild eyes staring, wild voices keening; undaunted by blood, we who haemorrhage every twenty-eight days; laughing at our own beauty, we who have lost our sense of humour; mourning for all each precious one of us might have been in this one living time-place had she not been born a woman; stuffing fingers into our mouths to stop the screams of fear and hate and pity for men we have loved and love still; tears in our eyes and bitterness in our mouths for children we couldn't have, or couldn't not have, or didn't want, or didn't want yet, or wanted and had in this place and this time of horror. We are rising with a fury older and potentially greater than any force in history and this time we will be free or no-one will survive.

POWER TO ALL THE PEOPLE OR TO NONE. All the way down, this time.

Micheline Victor.

Dear Sir,
It has come to my notice that a disgusting and pornographic publication called OZ is being mailed to this address.

Take notice, that under no circumstances are any further copies of this filth to be delivered to my daughter at this or any other address.

Elizabeth R
Buckingham Palace,
London, W.1

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

Dear OZ,

Every time I pick up 'OZ', 'Rolling Stone', 'I.T.', 'Friends', etc., I find some freak condemning the 'Underground' as an over-advertised exploited society. Bullshit! Advertised Yes. Exploited No! We want a Revolution but you don't have Revolution without the masses' consent. The 'U' (the Underground) has done a lot of good for the average guy 'n' gal. In Canada they're almost ready to legalize Pot. Even over here there is more freedom (how many longhairs now, compared with '66?) Even the films are getting more and more real (Easy Rider, Alice's Restaurant, The Strawberry Statement and Medium Cool). Charles Murray in the School Kid Issue complains about infiltration. Fuck. So Jethro Tull & Co. are on Top of the Pops and making a lot of bread — good fucking luck to them. Surely this is what it's all about? Putting one over on them, or are we selfish and want to keep the goodies to ourselves? Perhaps it's pride and we don't want to admit that some acne-faced teenybopper in darkest suburbia is buying and digging the same music as the hairy velvet-trousered freak of Kensington Market. Whatever it is, it's wrong. I admit that the 'U' is not heaven, far from it, but this is due to misconception of the truth and that people are going too fast. Everyone is quick to condemn the Woodstock Nation on the disaster of Altamont — Yet nobody has learned from the mistakes. Fucking hell, look at all revolutions, some took centuries and this one's not going to be the first instant revolution. And on that basis we might as well forget all demos after the 4 martyrs were disposed of by the Nixon Pigs. No sir, the fact that you can love your long hair and the 'U' mags and even to some extent smoke your shit in comparative peace, the 'U' is working miracles. I would point out that I have a straight job during the week (hardly any bread) but am looking for an interesting job where I can wear the clothes I want. I'm also split between a communist and anarchist political stand with leanings towards the former. I'm not saying I'm a leader of the New New Youth or am ever likely to be — far from it — I'm just one of the sheep following the footsteps of the more courageous ones. So please let's all sit back and have a fucking good look at the past 4 or 5 years (I'm not forgetting the rest but these are the most important) and be thankful for the progress that has been made, after all you've got the vote at 18 whether you use it or not. All I ask for is respect for such people as Release who are doing a great job.

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

Dear Sir,

We were horrified to read your magazine recently.

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

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

As for your vicious, filthy, stupid, idiotic, libellous, Bald-faced Lie that Owen's (Damned Fine School) is a Comprehensive, all we we can say is that a spell in The Army might teach you some respect for British Traditions.

Yours,
R. J. Eke
M. R. McCarthy
Joint Letter from two Old Boys



Dear OZ,
I'm writing to tell you that I love you. You do print some amazing letters!!! Isn't it about time every body forgot about doing and thought about being instead. There are a lot of insane people in this world. Too many. We can only overcome them by infiltration. They're not getting any younger. Soon there'll be more of us than them. Soon we'll all be us. I'm back in Liverpool now. I was interested in OZ 28 particularly my fellow 'school-kids' (actually I'm a sort of plumber!) and it made me feel really good. Apparently DZ is aimed at "kinky-type adults" according to the Sunday Express. The Sunday Express is aimed at mindless fools. So what if I'm a kinky-type adult 17 year old? I like being kinky!! Fuck.
Kim Mirkwood
11 Dudlow Gardens,
Liverpool
18.



TRUE CONFES SIONS

Dear OZ,

Help!!! I need it. I've been busted left, right and everywhere. Here's my scene: — I knicked £1,200 along with a friend and I was done for that. Then, the screw got me for possession and now they're trying hard for pushing (Acid and Shit). Well, since everyone found out about this it's never been quite the same, especially at home, where my Dad is trying his hardest to get me to be just another cog in the shit-wheel of society. Worst of all is that he has tried stopping me going out with Jill, my chick (I'm 16!!) Also, he's made me have my hair cut (from 2ft. 1 1/2 in. to 3/4 in.!!) It's getting me down. My court case comes up on May 13th, so by the time you print this I'll know the worst. (Print it please!!) I'm being punished by my father (Sod him!) by having to be in by 10.00p.m., not having my hair long, not having any of my long-haired friends round etc. etc. I haven't tripped out for ages, nor have I had a decent smoke. Everyone's sympathetic, but that's not enough.

I've already been in ASH-FORD REMAND HOME for a couple of weeks, but at the moment I'm out. Beaten up by the police, prisoners and likes of them. I'm pretty well pissed off. So this is why I'm writing. If any one is in the same shit-hole I am, write or ring me. Even anyone connected with the Revolution, write. Even anyone who wants to split from home, please contact me! My phone no. is 01 673 4242. Someone contact me!!

P.S. Only sincere people please, as it's not my scene to mix with people who don't believe in the Revolution.

Alan Collins
66, Borneville Gardens
Clapham South
London, S.W. 4

Dear OZ,

Unfortunately for the Bena Piamba Combo (OZ 27) very little can be done about the dry mouth effects after eating peyote. Besides containing mescaline, which itself is pretty toxic, peyote contains several other alkaloids which are certain to produce bad side effects in most people. Acid is





better than mescaline of course, if you can get hold of it, but acid is not reputed to be the best, ibogaine and M.M.D.A. are the more personal.

For people who can't get any acid or mescaline or associated compounds they can always take a trip on shit, and join the legions of Hashish Eaters. A few months ago I swallowed about a quid's worth (best Lebanese Red) and had an exceedingly weird trip. About an hour after swallowing, the effects started coming and I passed through varying sensations, my whole body became numb (touch of yer analgesies, better than aspirin) and I became aware of the area around my stomach, which was very amusing at the time, also my flesh felt as if it was semi-liquid. The effects came in waves and when I succumbed to the sway of its delights I became part of the music that was playing, I personally recommend THE PLANETS by HOLZT conducted by STOKOWSKI for the occasion, only 14/6. I also experienced the dry mouth effect but it was not unbearable and was soon forgotten in the 'ecstasy'. The trip wasn't full blown. 25/- - 30/- should be if it's reasonable stuff. Besides smoking and swallowing the evil tasting, evil smelling, lucky I didn't step in it, stuff, I used to make 'tea' whenever I bought bush, but I found that drinking concoctions of it were usually accompanied with nausea, so I stopped that practise.

If anyone wishes to try this way of tripping the best way is as follows, you must have an empty stomach otherwise the absorption is knackered, so when you feel hungry swallow it and then don't eat anything for at least 45 minutes then wait for the buzz. You may experience nausea though it's unlikely, but perhaps it would be wiser to swallow smaller amounts a couple of times to get used to the effect. If you do get beautiful full blown trips don't keep swallowing too regularly because as Fitz Hugh Ludlow said 'the ecstasy became daily more and more flecked with the pains of an immeasurable sorrow' in other words if you're greedy you'll get bad trips, very democratic molecule T. H. C.!

For the unfortunates who can't get any shit or acid they could eat an ounce of nutmeg, this should only be used in the direct emergency agencies though, as myristicin is an evil drug which gives you cramps, hallucinations and nausea for about 10 days, and much worse — DONT. ED.

Dear OZ,

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

Now I've been reading Germaine for a long time, but this Women's Lib. thing is really RIGHT THERE! The idea was: get them excited enough to respond, am I right? O.K., I'm responding, slaving my excitement. My pen won't move fast enough. I'm being serious, believe me.

Here in Hartford there are a couple of Women's Lib. groups, one of which is called 'Group' I think — how imaginative! Sounds like a training centre for — balls up — groupies! I'm sure that's not the intention. They are about 20 and will very soon become an exclusive group, not willing to accept new members.

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

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

R. J. Edwards

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

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

Dear OZ,

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

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

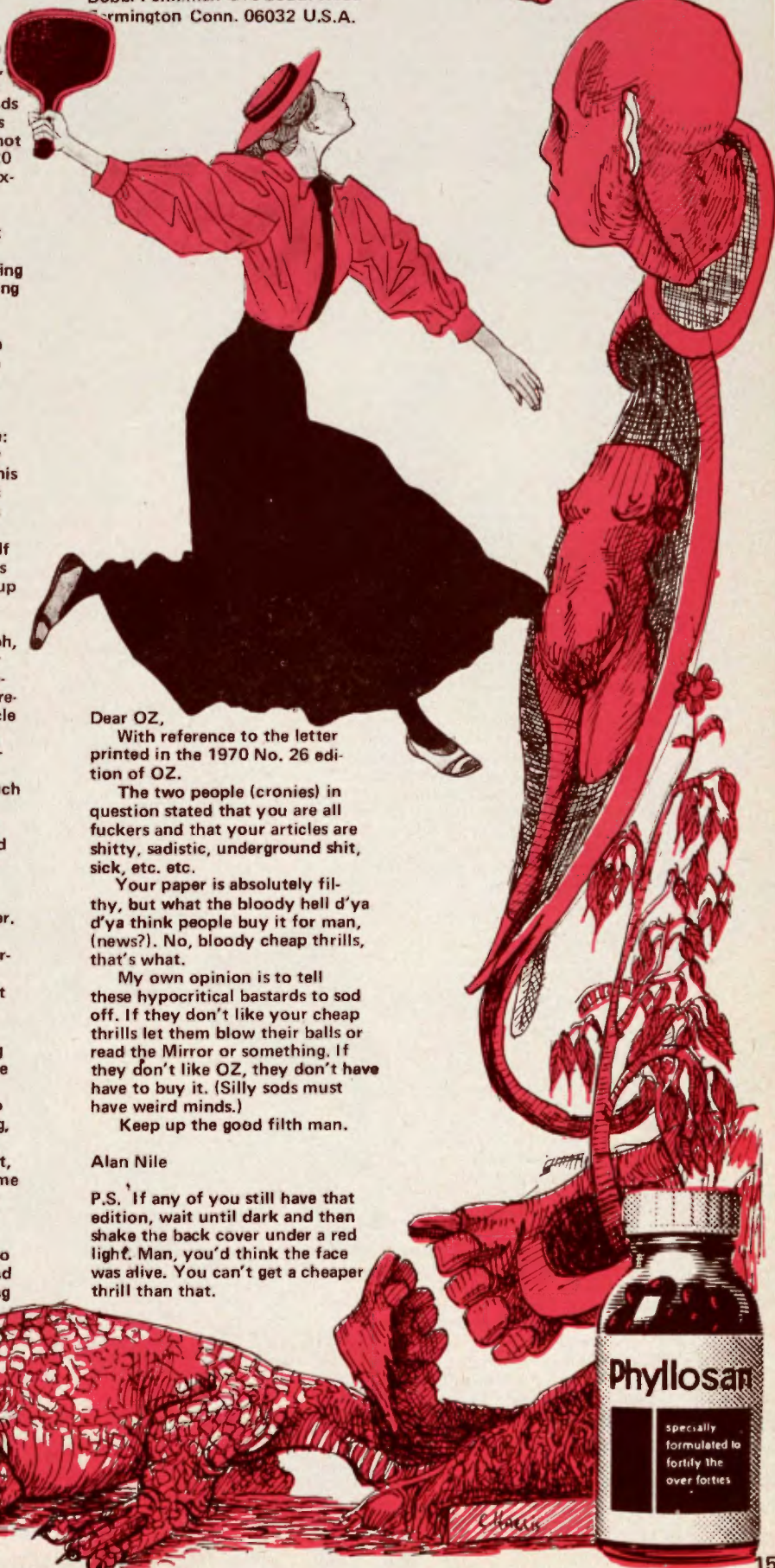
Your paper is absolutely filthy, but what the bloody hell d'ya d'ya think people buy it for man, (news?). No, bloody cheap thrills, that's what.

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

Keep up the good filth man.

Alan Nile

P.S. If any of you still have that edition, wait until dark and then shake the back cover under a red light. Man, you'd think the face was alive. You can't get a cheaper thrill than that.



THE KINGS SHALL BE QUEENS

a revolutionary thesis
for men and women
by a would-be hermaphrodite

Danae Brook

i had already begun this article when i picked up the Times Saturday Review and words bleeped across the breakfast screen which crystallised all that i had been trying to say and all that i feel about the state of the world and whats to be done about it the causes of war the causes of revolution and guidance for the next step towards enlightenment which has to be both metaphysical and physical

i wrote a little song in praise of the coming reign of the hermaphrodite and see that burroughs william esquire the daddy of us all whos spaced junk mind gave birth to words that finally transcended words and yet brought us back to the truth that anything at all can be done with words to make them anything at all...all lies in the mind of the beholder...and see in the saturday times his words that say:

can be no peace while there is masculine and feminine

agreed agreed big daddy the revolution should not be war but peace and the way to get there is not be attempting to raise the status of women to equal men but to reach the state where women ARE men, and men women.

It is a biological fact that each human body is endowed at birth with a certain amount of male and a certain amount of female. If we are mutating, as I believe we are, slowly, then the mutation is in the direction of eliminating the imbalance in distribution of male and female elements in one being.

The Aquarian Age is supposedly that of the enlightened man and the Enlightened men are being born to acid children who have left the cities for the country, or have split the safety of a two-garaged house and hot and cold running mummies and daddies for the uncertainty of cop-infested streets home grown cabbages and dope. Those who have made a conscious choice...to reject the hand with the weekly pay packet which is the same hand that spanked them for walking naked through the garden and talking to the child of another skin colour whose parents did not belong to the same clique and the hand that cut the hair and hid the cigarettes and marked the ballot sheet with an X where there should be nothing to denote the nothingness on offer. These new parents may be proud using a super-race to transcend the petty squabbles of power, politics, black and white, male and female, anarchy and capitalism, communism and fascism, because the need to banish opposites is at last being felt. Opposites, you may say, are the law of the universe: yin and yang, positive and negative, light and shadow. Yes, but, as with the creative and receptive, they are complementary and interchangeable. And it's only when we recognise the fact that male and female are interchangeable the sexes will stop their exhausting and energy consuming struggle for superiority and get together to make the world a better place. It isn't until we've eliminated opposites in ourselves that we can eliminate them in any outward and less personal form.

The revolution has to be in the head first, and one of the essential creeds of the revolution is mind-body integration, so that if we are into changing our heads and expanding consciousness it is only logical that should extend to a change in our bodies.

The distinguishing aspect of the true mutant is the subtle merging of male and female within the frame of an earthly body labelled by the registrar of births either 'male' or 'female'. This encompassing of opposites and achieving of new balance speaks more of the power of sexual change than any militantly erect Women's Liberation Front streaming its banners like dildoes in the wind, or female politicos chaining themselves to railings in prissy pussy protest, or girls carrying rifles in perfect soldierly format proud to be part of a national army with licence to kill, maim and mutilate as much as the next man, or ladies raving on soap boxes because they get paid less money for upholding capitalism than men, or chicks getting stoned for the sake of noisily proclaiming the freedom to exercise a freedom which still does not exist because we're stuck in the grip of a system which will punish the evil-doer and defy the Women's Institute until WE CHANGE IT.

Evolution is the key word. And that takes place in each individual being first, before it can take root in the world. Freedom is the key to evolution perhaps, and sexual freedom one of the primary manifestations of the free man. To me sexual freedom has nothing to do with promiscuity and every thing to do with love. It means loving so much that it makes no difference male or female in the same way that now age barriers no longer exist, and time is turning into timelessness. It means not getting side-tracked by all those

old boxes
thrown up
from the
past, like:
homosex-
uality

meaning some-one is ONLY homo-sexual and heterosexual meaning some-one is ONLY heterosexual.

I know that those people within my radius that I consider to be the most highly evolved are those who have almost completely transcended the barrier between male and female to the point where the only motivation for coming together physically is pure love and that is extended equally to man and woman. There is a door through which we travel at some point in the evolutionary struggle, which finally does it...so we are neither one thing nor the other, but both...a being for which one day there will be a new word, but for which hermaphrodite will do for now.

Hermaphrodite is an ancient word, coming from the Greek, Hermaphroditos, who 'became one' with the nymph Salmacis. And to become one with another human being must surely be the highest liberation we can achieve while on this planet - more liberating than a thousand charters proclaiming the equality of men and women because it can only come about when the force of both sexes is in perfect equilibrium.

To be evolved enough to embrace equally the male and female element of one another without tension or inhibition completely eliminates the necessity for women to fight for their rights as women or men to defend their masculine heritage because we are both both!

I have no wish to take over from men, or be freed from their magic, it is essential that there be a creative for the receptive. But it is essential also that we can exchange those roles without hesitation. Sexual interchange...It works on the highest and most mundane levels. It means that it's pointless to even consider that such normally female tasks as are involved in the domestic organisation of a household should necessarily fall to some-one because they are

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Virgin
Finlay

HENDRIX



'BAND OF GYPSYS'

2406002



POLYDOR
RECORDS



OZ BUST

ONE BOY EXPELLED.

ONE BOY PROBED.

POLICE SEEK 'PORNO GARDEN'

OZ Crime Reporter

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

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

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

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

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



Obscenity Squad swoops on OZ office

It has been suggested that OZ directors will be prosecuted for corruption of minors.

If this means giving kids an effective means of self expression; enabling them to ridicule everything from headmasters to the Schools Action Union; to attack exams, the combined Cadet Force and the Underground; to defend love, Jeff Beck and Rupert Dancing; to create cartoons, collages, learn a little about magazine production and to fuck our advertising manager; if it means to discover other possible futures than the one offered by the school careers officer; to share in the vision of a generation experimenting with new ways of living—and being victimised for doing so then we admit it. OZ corrupts minors. We just hope it sometimes reaches adults.

NEXT ISSUE

OZ 30 will be later than usual. Everyone's taking a rest to prepare for another venture, Ink. (See below). We're also taking the extra time to gather material for a special ON THE ROAD OZ.

This doesn't mean a hippies' National Geographic, but a world wide report on emergent nomad communities and the problems and potentialities of such a lifestyle. If any readers have friends overseas, please ask them to send us reports. (Pot Trail OZ, 52 Princedale Road, London. W.11) **Deadline:** 1st September. They can be lengthy (1 or 2,000 wds) account of expatriate communities; (genuine brotherhoods seeking nirvana or dumb roving parasites, vegetating) or titbits for an International Bulletin Board: Where to stay, hash prices, police policy, survival notes (medical & financial) what to do, what you will learn. . . .etc. Photos, drawings too. . . from anywhere in the world.

Overseas

From John Wilcock's Other Scenes (U.S.):

As they ended their act in an Okinawa military club recently, a Thai rock group named The Trippers threw cellophane packets of some suspicious-looking herb into the audience of young GIs. They happened to be singing "The Green, Green Grass of Home" at the time and the club manager, worried that the envelopes contained pot, confiscated them and had the contents analyzed. Examination proved that what the envelopes contained were samples of the plain green non-hallucinatory grass of Thailand. . . . San Franciscan Dave Fleming is on a national trip publicizing and distributing his comprehensive "Complete Guide to Growing Marijuana" (\$1.25 from P.O. Box 99393, San Francisco, Calif. 94109) because he says that middlemen distributors take too big a cut on such products. Dave promises to devote the profits of the book towards buying land near San Diego ("The weather conditions here are probably the most ideal in the U.S. for growing marijuana") where hopefully he will cultivate marijuana for the community once it becomes legalized. . . . Carleton College's Radical Research has just issued its first comprehensive index of the "alternative press". It's an admirable job, listing and cross-indexing stories from about 100 movement and radical papers under subject matters so that you could look up say Bobby Seale, and find different references to him and the issue, paper and date in which they appeared. The Center, which plans to continue indexing, is always in need of help and for people who want to keep a track on specific papers, maybe in their own area, can contribute to the general computerized pool of information. Libraries, etc. which want to subscribe can contact the Center at Carleton College, Northfield, Minn. 55057. . . . Another useful reference book is "The Guide to the American Left" (\$4.00 from U.S. Directory Service, P.O. Box 1832, Kansas City, Missouri 64141) which claims to have almost 4,000 listing of left-wing papers, magazines, books and writings by and about various radical authors.

'SYCOPHANTIC'

GREED, BAD TASTE ETC. . . .

Most rock "critics" have proved to be sycophantic idolators who wouldn't say a word against this rip-off tycoon because they fear the loss of their press



privileges. Rock writers, as a community, are probably the most corrupt group in America who will do anything and say anything for free records, Fillmore passes and the free trips they get. Very few of them see the incongruity of writing so-called objective reports on the one hand, and being paid shills for the record companies on the other...

GLOBAL THREAT

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

COKE-ECOLOGY

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

CARGO COMMIES

Equal rights is an issue in New Guinea where "cargo cult" believe that the white man only has to produce a slip of paper to have such things as cars, chairs, planes and sewing machines materialize. The belief was fostered during World War II when the islanders saw GIs and later Japanese soldiers sign pieces of paper at the docks and have enormous supplies of goods dumped at their feet. Now, Australian politicians along with missionaries are trying to sabotage the cargo cult religions by showing natives photographs of goods being made on the grounds that in their present naive state the natives are wide open to communist exploitation".

PHUCK CITY

Yet ANOTHER festival? PHUN CITY, set to take place at Eccleston, near Worthing, on 24-26 July. This time in an excellent cause, mainly it keep IT going. Many fine bands, and promises of good facilities (heard THAT one before), Macro and Soul food as well as the usual greasburgers and coke, and William Burroughs. Fred Bannister is NOT repeat NOT involved. Tickets: £2 for three days or £1 for any single day from PHUN CITY, 27 Endell Street, London, W.C.2.

Pregnant chicks, relax-RELEASE is on your side. If you want to know if you're qualified for a National Health Abortion, phone 727 7753 Or 229 7753, AS SOON as you think you're pregnant-as early as possible-call them. You KNOW it makes sense.

CUNT POWER CABINET



THINK INK!

Although launched by OZ, Ink news paper will be entirely independent in character and open to all who share our boredom with Fleet Street and our belief in its incapacity to transmit news of relevance to the Underground.

WANTED: i. An experience distribution manager, ii advertising seller, iii a tough talking, grasping business man (a week-day straight) iv. two IBM typists, v. assistant editor vi. reporters... all to work full time in our flash new office-when we find them. Ink will have room for plenty of free-lance reporters and photographers. A telex is being installed to link up internationally with other Underground papers and the golden age of street sellers is about to begin. But more about Ink in the next OZ. Meanwhile, anyone who wants to help-full time whiz kids will be paid-please write-don't call-to Ink, C/OZ, 52, Princedale Road, London, W11. If you think you'd be good at any of the above jobs, please write and tell us why. What is Ink? Roughly speaking it will be a militant, muck-raking, leper-rapes-CIA-agent news tabloid of the Movement: News of the World and Rupert Murdoch meet the Underground

You said it: Inkredible.

Over 40,000 copies of the last OZ were sold. The print run for the current OZ has been increased to 50,000 making us easily the largest selling Underground publication outside America.

Ulli Sellmann, a student social-psychologist from Western Germany is attempting to gather information on people's personal experiences connected with drugs, both addictive and non-addictive for use in a survey of European drug habits. Your opinions, experiences and comments (anonymous of course) should be invaluable to him. Write to him c/o OZ.

Nik and Mac are trying to get BLACK MARGOLD magazine together, and seek your help, contributions, ideas, bread etc. They are arising from the ashes of the legendary HOD. Anything with a name as nice as BLACK MARGOLD certainly deserves your help-the address is 9, ELMET AVENUE, ROUNDHAY, LEEDS 8 YORKSHIRE

If you're in a heavy Left mood, you might like to help Agit-Prop information, who are seeking donations to keep providing their services to workers. Write to them on pink paper at 110 Gower Street London NW1. The first International Diggers' and others Communities' Conference and Festival of Life will be held on the island of Dorinish for two months through July and August. If you've always wanted to get into a communal life-style, here's your chance. For detailed information, write to SID RAWLE, Diggers Action Movement, 15 Luna Street, London, SW10. Tel: 01-351-1305.

MIRROR LOSES BILLIONS! HA HA

Perhaps one reason that straight publications seem more and more remote is due to the fact that most reporters are utterly tradition bound, conventional and job fearing. It is typical, for instance, that the cream of the profession should choose as its social venue a pub which not only discriminates in terms of dress (ties only) but also forbids women to sit at the bar. It is likewise typical that female journalists-in a slavish copy of their U.S. counterparts-should choose to 'liberate' of all things this snob relic of Victorianism.

STOP PRESS

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

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

Australia, (that white man's answer to Haiti,) abounds with news stories so hilariously unbelievable that they rarely reach the British press. You can keep abreast of the secret circus with Australian OZ, newsletter, Box H143, Australia Square, N.S.W.2000. £2/10/- per year.

The Seed is planning to come out again soon-FREE. They will be performing a very valuable community service so send articles, poems reviews, news or even, if you can stand it, bread to DALE, c/o Release, 50a Princedale Road.

Ink will link with John Wilcock's Other Scenes (soon to go national) and his other paper Collage. When Wilcock was recently in London, he argued on B.B.C.'s Line Up that huge corporations were increasingly less able to compete with the mushrooming Alternative Press because of their built in costs. The failure of the Mirror magazine is a vivid confirmation of his belief. Besides not contributing to the medium one single idea-either in design or editorial philosophy-it managed to lose, in its short half life, about £6,000,000.

'There's a schmuck in the tall dark hallway...'



Emmett
Grogan



The planet is changing. And the planet knows it's changing. So, the quick-change artists of political activity decided that the rebellion must stylize its performance and demanded that the rebels get their acts together and be slick about it. Well, if this decade of time was an anthology of epic-on/off broadway-musical-comedy-dramatics and not the One Shot Review which it is, noone would bother to pull the covers off all the characters who are competing for the last of the best death roles along the planetedge because it should have been clear when they auditioned for the people that they were nowhere in front.

You see, there is a lie in the air.

The Underground Press is a self-indulgent bore and rigged-up bullshit fraud. All the bald-headed journals have built up the underground press as formally representing the people(s) of the new culture. This is the same old American flag con routine. The underground press is operating out of an abstract policy and not from any concrete need. The newspapers of the underground exist in an invincible fatherland aloft in a heaven of international popularity and longhair prosperity.

And young patriotic rising up angries are embracing the romantic tales of daring people's bandits who shared and shared alike and leaned on honesty to live outside the law. Sure there were 'robin hoods'. They stole from everybody and kept everything and killed any dupes who tried to get their autographs. And the golfsters, contending that what's useless is best left undone,

tie-off live with habits. Scoffin' at the incompetency of even trying, they ride the rush hour tracks of nickle-dimedom, searching out old ways to fix their plea for a little sleep, dreaming of homeruns by hitting foul balls. 'Spoon doon moon coon, Hey Spoon, you're a bundle o' joy - you're an ugly mammy-jumper, but you're still my boy!'

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

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

And all the factions of Students for a Democratic Society have the profound historical perspective to state that 'if it worked there, it'll work here!' They speak lots of languages, so they are translating all successful volumes of political action into hometown vernacular,

seeking to recapture a theoretical motive for killing people and taking their property away.

And it is always by the instinct of women that the planet is able to survive the games of men.

And the dead adore the dead. Fred was alive until December 4, 1969 when he was murdered in his bed by Glover Davis. And then the sun come up, all the bystanders growled angry and agreed that Fred Hampton was a champ and that something had to be dome. So, they all shook their clenched fists like crap shooters do and unanimously decided to knock a golden spike where that cat blew. And in 1980, fifteen years after Ouster's murder, the Ghost Dance was introduced in the Sioux by the Patute seer Wovaka. It was a religion which promised the return of the buffalo and the disappearance of the white man. The Sioux were enthusiastic advocates. With equal vigor, however, their dream was destroyed by the massacre at Wounded Knee where thousands of indian men, women and children fell at the hands of the United States Artillery. Since that disaster, the Sioux have never recovered. And the Altamont festival of December 6, 1969 remains the only verifiable criterion for upending the Ghost Dance. Nobody wants to save what's best left dead.

And be sickened by the oncoming mass starvation and concomitant revolting degree of overpopulation, and the accompanying production of incredible numbers of useless physical objects, which raw materials demand a destruction of

those parts of nature one knows as beautiful.

And when people are anxious and fearful of the future, they usually retreat to what is most familiar. When the old ways are demonstrably dead and some step into the unknown is unavoidable, only by giving himself the soundest most truthful information can a man devise a plan.

And most of what media has to offer is access to the machinery of scale. Limited access is offered for the people to fight over. As long as the access is limited so is the information. There must be more information, and that information, if it is pertinent to relevant change, must have access to scale. If the rock stars, political careerists and false bottom hipsters block that access; if the only possibilities they set out are bright clothes, long hair, hard-hats, wild ass postures and slope at the office, it means that the opportunities for scale are being plugged up by masquerades and truth is denied access to that which it needs to intercept the hollowhearted eruption of a mock revolution from which nothing will emerge. And that jerry-built war cannot be forestalled or diminished by capitulating to fear or greed or doing violence to your own visions. You see, politics and all politicians are automatic captives of power. From the so called president to the meanest Philadelphia wardheeler, from the leaders of the so called reform controlled revolts to the strategists taking a flyer into death— all of them are subjects governed by hierarchies. Both they and their games are policed by the dead hand of politics. And it is this interactivity of politics that keeps liberation in check and makes people strive as those who cannot live.

It is the Workable Lie and it can be seen clearly. For instance, the act of buying a piece of land for whatever purpose can hardly stand as evidence of one's belief that the earth cannot be bought and sold; or the recommendations of voluntary slavery by spiritual and religious figures who reason that once a slave offers his labor of his own accord he is no longer a slave; or the playing of one power game after another: if it's not money then it's status, if not status then it's fame, if not fame then some other form of image-persona hustle, or the false commitments to humanism that inhibit the consignment of past and present theoreticians of partial

and tricked-up revolutions to the museum, et caetera. It's this insanity inherent in the workable lie that invokes and seeks to make necessary the world's end.

In this ideological age, where ideas live a greater life than man and words are juggled in a gigantic hoax, you need more than the skeleton to make the vision walk. You need to lift off something that is neither beauty nor truth, but only a plaster false face if you are to be one of the only ones to discover the grin of the skeleton.

The only ones that reached their own rock bottom and got up. They always get up. They search for brothers and sisters not friends. They do not play the role of crowd in remakes of the Law & Order vs. Riot movie. They don't sell their vision—to sell their vision would be to pretend that it's theirs. They don't put themselves on, fall guy. They are wise to fire educated fools who look to confront fake situations where pretensions can be made to self defense. They kill who has to be killed. They are sick and tired of being sick and tired. They die that the goin' up better be worth the comin' down. They deceive deception. They are spreading the cheeks and kissing the little brown asshole of democracy. They deal with all real things in all moments of agony and joy. They don't waste their efforts in games which kill time, deaden awareness and brutalize feeling. They do not let themselves be suicided by a hidden-root society. They are no longer lonesome for their heroes. They take care of business. They don't nickle-dime bomb make believe numbers. They do what is necessary (not what might be necessary) to end the desperation of illness, hunger, nakedness, addiction, poverty, eviction, jail, oppression and the money conspiracy which is decimating the streets and backwoods. They are all innocent. They are felons. They are good at it. They do not intend to spend anymore time in penitentiaries. They do not use the courts for redress. They are silent about almost everything. They remember Michael Collins and what his comrades did to him. They do not own it. They love. They are the offspring of mid-twentieth century broken consciousness. They are beyond the possibility of defeat. They, that unnamed 'they'. Well nothing moves a mountain but itself. And they—I've long ago named them me.

[Evolution]



January 1985 / 103

SMALLS

Small Ad rates.

We are carrying too many small ads. As from next issue rates will be as follows:

Personal Ads i.e. Messages which in no way involve a monetary transaction—2s per word.

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Please send cigarette coupons, green shield and pink stamps, foreign and pictorial stamps, even donations. . . anything that can help to keep us going.

Release van: Release has a transit and driver, and will do removals, transport groups etc. at competitive prices. Profits to Release.

IMPLOSION is holding a Commune Benefit on 2nd August. Could all the communes please contact Implosion at Release to let us know whether they can attend and set up stalls with literature, home-made things, etc.

Video engineer needed for underground TV experiment. Do something anti-establishment. Join group. No money. Phone 01-387 8080.

World wide occult and witchcraft contacts, both sexes, all ages. Send s.a.e. to: 'Sentinel', 101 Blantyre Road, Liverpool 15, Lancs.

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GAY MEN

are invited to send £3 for our new Magazine IRON BODYS. This Uncensored Magazine from Sweden, shows scenes never published before, covering every angle of love. Should you desire catalogues only, then send £1. Delivery by registered Air Mail from a country with a reputation to protect. International Reply coupons IRPs available from all Post Office do not contravene the currency regulations. We also accept cash, cheques and postal orders with payee columns left blank. Birgitta Club Fack 12505 Alvsjo Sweden.

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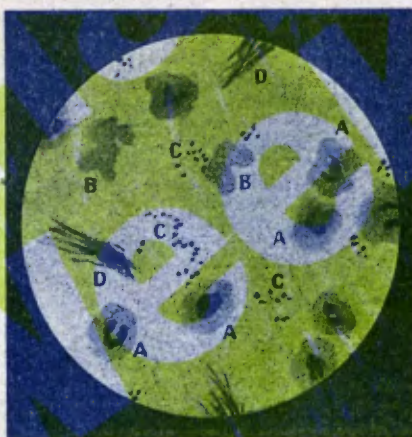
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FUNGUS FOOD FORECAST



**".... a faint chemical taste
in the mouth."**

Eating out cheaply in England has become like what sex must have been for the Forsytes—more something to dread than to delight in. It is not merely that the profferings of Lyons or Wimpeys lack imagination or taste; but the absence of nutritional goodness must be wreaking havoc with our insides. If 'you are what you eat', then God help us all. But there's worse news to come. According to a Daily Mirror report (July 1st 70), the Rank, Hovis, McDougall factories in High Wycombe are producing food out of fungus. Dr. Spicer, research director, boasts of raising "livestock" in test tubes. These animals are a strain of fungus bred after four and a half years of research. The A3/5 fungus organism multiplies convulsively when fed on carbohydrates and has an end product which can be given the appearance of meat or fish or even puffed to look like rice". The Mirror man's description of a Hungarian goulash made from these charming little specimens concluded: "The taste was convincing and palatable although it tended, I found, to leave a faint chemical taste in the mouth".

If you don't fancy some of Dr. Spicer's goulash, British Petroleum are cooking up a delightful little germ they discovered when they were cleaning out their cog filters.

B.P. fed some yeast organisms on oil and found they produced huge amounts of protein, which has now been processed by BP and turned into food for animals. Hector Watts, director and general manager of B.P. Proteins told the Mirror: "WE have no definite plans to at present to turn this product into human food, but there is no reason why we should not eventually. It has indeed been tested at a human level and baked into a biscuit which was very palatable". Future appetising delights will include food made from coal, newspapers and leaves.

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

The plants grow in dry soil in open waste areas like roadsides and yards, as

well as in country fields. Look for them from now till late autumn. They are all very rich in vitamins and minerals, organically grown, free from pesticides, and really delicious. Here they are:

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

Sauteed dandelion: Saute dandelion leaves in a pan with 3 tablespoons of melted oil or butter. Fry about 10 minutes. Season with salt and pepper.

Boiled dandelion. Make the same way as plantain, below.

Dandelion salad: Make it with any dressing you like. Use only young leaves.

Sorrel soup: Cook approximately 1 lb. of sorrel with 2 cups of diced potato in salted water for about 30 minutes. Mash it through a strainer, or use a food mill or blender. Put back on stove and slowly add a tablespoon of flour dissolved in a cup of sweet cream. Cook for 10 minutes. Serve with sour cream.

Lamb's Quarters Fritters: Boil one quart of lamb's quarters. Strain them and chop. Add one tablespoon of butter, two egg yolks, tablespoon of grated parmesan, some nutmeg and some salt. Mix well and leave to cool. When almost ready to serve, add beaten egg whites. Drop the mixture by spoonfuls into hot deep fat or oil. Fry till golden on both sides.

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

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

Boiled plantain: Boil young leaves for about 10 minutes. Drain and season them with butter and salt, then fry them just long enough to allow the seasoning to permeate them.



K

Defatted Wheat Germ,
Nonfat Dry Milk Solids,
Sugar, Salt and Malt
flavouring, Iron, Niacin,
Riboflavin (B₂)
and Thiamine (B₁).

RAP

Ask your grocer for the
packet which suits you best.

Poison is as British as roast beef. Have some

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

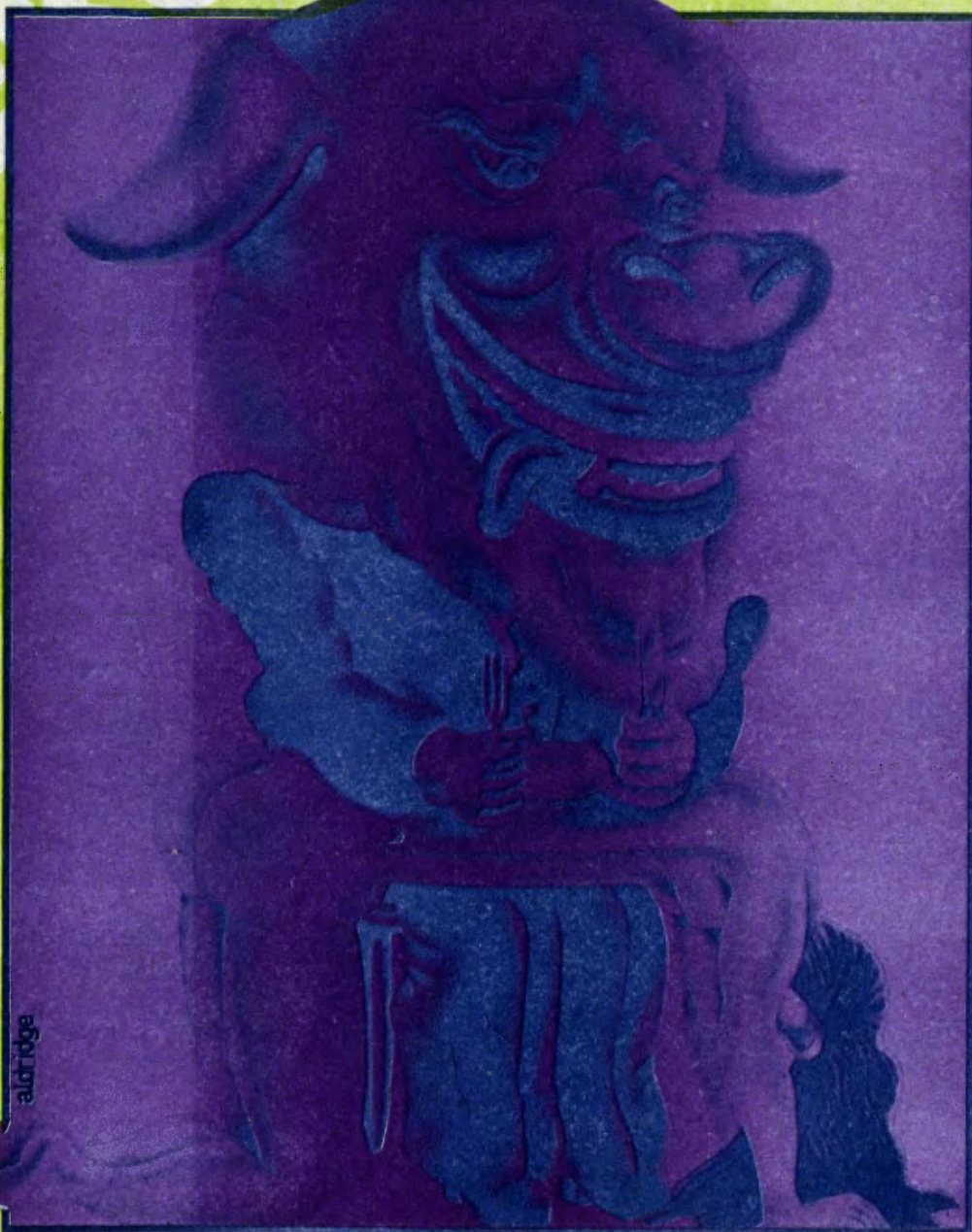
The most frightening additives are the carcinogens, which the Public Health Service estimates include one out of every four substances injected into our food. *Carcinogens are substances suspected of causing cancer.* Carcinogenic substances are found in most food dyes and preservatives, and in stabilizers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

The major source of poison in our diets is DDT, the effects of which are cumulative. DDT may destroy our ability to reproduce by increasing the activities of enzymes which attack sex hormones.

It has been claimed that children may be more susceptible to carcinogens than adults. Today cancer causes a greater number of child deaths than any other disease; and cancer deaths among children have increased by 50% in the last decade.

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

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



COCHISE

a new album



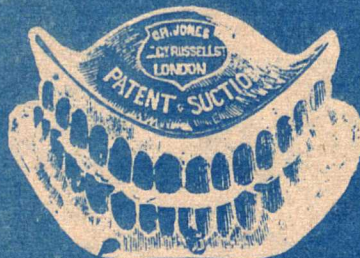
UAS 29117

B.J. Cole — Pedal steel guitar, dobro & cello • Mick Grabham — Lead & acoustic guitars, piano, organ & vocals •
John Wilson — Drums, percussion & vocals • Ricky Wills — Bass Guitar & Vocals •
Stewart Brown — Lead vocals & acoustic guitar

PERHAPS YOU BEGIN
TO REALIZE THE ABSURDITY OF
RESISTING MY WILL! I DEMAND NOTHING LESS
THAN UNWAVERING OBEDIENCE! SOON, YOU WILL
PLEAD MERELY TO GROVEL AT MY FEET! YOU'LL
BEG TO PERFORM UNSPEAKABLE INDEMNITIES!
I SHALL NOT REST UNTIL YOU ARE
REDUCED TO ABSOLUTE SUBJUGATION!
I NOTE THAT YOU'RE CRINGING!
SINCE I GAVE YOU NO PERMISSION
TO CRINGE, OUR LESSON IN
DISCIPLINE PROCEEDS!



TO LIVE OUTSIDE THE LAW YOU MUST BE HONEST



The Tories are in. Tally Ho you wrong doers. Time to straighten out the misguided section of society that (absurdly) wants to upset traditional values and replace them with some sort of drug sodden sex wrecked utopia. And, my friends, we shall do the straightening out by enforcing the LAW. Law and order and peace in our time. This paper I hold in my hand saying 'Warrant for Arrest' proves it.

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

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

The system only reaches some approximation of fairness when you have two rich and well represented people angrily opposing each other. Which is why the lawyers call it an adversary system. As opposed to the continental Roman Law based system which depends on an impartial (ha ha) government official—an examining magistrate—who pries and investigates everyone and everything connected with the event or non event. He is supposed to uncover the things that in

Britain the opponent's solicitors would normally find out. And in Roman Law countries inertia, secrecy and keeping quiet tends to pay off.

Back to us here and now. If the underground's to survive, it should get smarter at manipulating the law to its own advantage and protection. Waiting to consult a solicitor until you've actually been charged is ineffective. By then it's often too late. You need to know what's up well before then. And it's not all that difficult.

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

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

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

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

People who persecute you in the streets could land themselves in trouble. Shouting at long-haired men in the street is conduct likely to lead to a breach of the peace and stopping to jeer may be the cause of obstruction. If the local P.C. refuses to take any notice of your complaint, take his number and inform the Chief Constable of his collusion with certain criminal elements. Also, other people are just as subject to social pressures as you are. Van drivers who whistle at you while driving for respectable firms

will find the boss doesn't like complaints about homosexual soliciting by his drivers outside the houses of customers.

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

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

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

Intelligent subtlety can sometimes get you further than resigned submission or violence.
D.P. & A.F.

THIS PAGE OF REVIEWS COMES TO YOU LATE, COURTESY OF DET. INSP. LUFF.

THE DYING PIG



The most laughable novelty yet produced. It is made of rubber, and you have only to blow it up and stand the pig on his feet, when he begins to squeal as he slowly collapses and finally lies down and dies in the most natural manner. You can blow him up as often as desired, and each time he will go through the same performance to the great amusement and delight of your friends.

**"don't call
us Fred..."**
we'll call you!!

JIMI HENDRIX Band Of Gypsies Track

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

It seems to be a direct contradiction to the direction that his previous work had shown him to be travelling. "Are You Experienced" had been an awesome display of sheer muscle, joyful hard rock, powerful, inventive, soulful, saturated with love and feeling. Two electronic science-fiction trips were perfectly matched by a totally original approach to the blues. Then "Axis Bold As Love" confirmed what "The Wind Cries Mary" had indicated; that Jimi had a lot to say as well as a lot to play. There were SONGS as opposed to riffs and the extended guitar solos were conspicuously absent. Jimi got his singing completely together and combined his violence with a gentle sensuality in songs like the spell-weaving "One Rainy Wish", "Electric Ladyland", now Hendrix using sax, organ, flute, ship's bells, multi-multi-multi-tracks, phasing, deep echo and generally all the acid-freak blow-your-fuckin'-mind studio tricks known to mankind. Here he's right back to absolute simplicity.

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

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

It's a Jimi Hendrix guitar album all the way. Apart from B.B. King, no-one-no-one-NO-ONE-living can get as much VOICE into a guitar as Hendrix. It's totally personal, and has the same throw-

away soul timing as his singing. Sustaining an album of six long tracks between five and twelve minutes long is about as harsh a test as can be imposed on a guitarist's improvising powers and Hendrix comes through it shining brightly in many colours.

The album's best cut is the twelve-and-a-half-minute "Machine Gun". It's violent, urgent, real, completely together and contains Hendrix's best playing anywhere. Unfortunately, his tendency to play unison guitar with his vocal obliterates most of the lyric.

Again, don't judge this album by irrelevant standards. It's a totally unpretentious "here's the riff, here's the tempo, let's blow" gig. After hearing this, you may be feeling a bit physical, so have your woman/man/dog/mother or whatever close at hand.

Charles Skaar Murray

LEON RUSSELL Leon Russell A & M

Leon is a big boy now, the shyness and skulking behind Delaney and Bonnie and Joe Cocker is gone. It's about time too, now you can see where the magic on the *Accept No Substitute* and *Cocker* albums comes from. And he even had a piece of the Let It Bleed cake.

But let me tell you, darlings, this super album has a lot of Leon on it. He sings (which you didn't know, in a strange and swampy way. His piano on this is in the background, which is a shame, as it is so lovely when it peeps through the blanket of pluck and bang sounds. Really it is a super album because it has those lovely Stones and Beatles and Joe and Stevie and sweet Eric the Ikon and that lovely country couple, the Bramlett's. And everybody is so friendly and bouncy, no nasty straining and perspiring. But I'm a little worried about the words, I can't hear a lot of them, and I suspect they could be more savage than I first thought.

It's not a record to just chuck on the machine, as the variety precludes some accompanying activities, which means it requires effort for the big kicks. In fact you've got to like Leon to get the goodies out of it. You could imagine a triangle of the 'Joe Cocker' and 'Accept No Substitute' and 'Leon Russell' albums. That's how the sound of the Russell record relates.

There is one ugly thing about it. You need a good stereo set to separate the saturated sound. It's worthwhile, but maybe you can't afford it. Tough.

T.R. Zelinka

KING CRIMSON In the Wake of Poseidon Island

There has to be a reason for a band that doesn't exist to sell 30,000 copies of an album in its first week of issue. Whatever that reason is, those 30,000 people will find their own, and they may all be different. 'In the Wake of Poseidon' is an open book, not perhaps a fully realised concept,

but still a statement that few other English bands would have the insight or understanding to attempt.

The statement itself is clear: black/white, positive/negative, peace/chaos, hope/doom. Based largely on the experiences of Bob Fripp and Peter Sinfield during the first fatal King Crimson tour of America last year, the mood and lyrics of the best pieces reflect standard 'universal' motifs: the SuperMarket as a microcosm of a speedy superficiality, the full filthy New York streets that are just an empty blur for each isolated individual, and the place of mystery. The Devil's Triangle, a stretch of sea off the Florida coast where boat and plane-loads have disappeared without trace. The first is amplified in 'Catfood', a bizarre schizoid ramble along the shelves, already featured and known as a single, and owing much of its instant appeal to the tubatic piano-playing of Keith Tippett. 'Pictures of a City' is merely Crimson's inevitable 'Bright Lights' or 'Crosstown Traffic', but this is really where Peter Sinfield's Lennonesque jigsaw works: 'Dream flesh love chase perfumed skin

Greased hand teeth hide tinselled sin
Spice ice dance chance sickly grin
Pastebord time slot sweat and spin

The words may not be original, but but they're right on, and so is the background of instrumental cacophony and the final morbid loneliness of:

'Concrete dream flesh broken shell
Lost soul lost trace lost in hell.

The whole album took Fripp and his galaxy of old friends almost 300 hours of studio time to complete. 'The Devil's Triangle' alone took 120 hours of juggling with a mellotron before all were satisfied, and it seems like too long. After working on one piece for that time, even if it has a neo-symphonic mood, making music and communicating a flash, an instant, on black plastic, becomes a scientific labour, where each simplicity becomes more and more complex, and further and further and further from the truth of the moment. The ability of 'modern' music, and not just rock, is to communicate a statement instantaneously. Electricity. In transferring that from a live gig to a studio so many musicians lose their immediacy. King Crimson is one of a few 'studio' bands around — the Beatles presumably aren't anymore — and this is Fripp's major problem. The possibility of getting a large, amorphous outfit to work onstage is perhaps the answer, but for the moment his 'statement' on this album lacks real electricity.

The gaps really start to open up when the contrast is drawn between 'Catfood' and 'Pictures of a City' and the positives of peace and hope. Making 'good' as strong and as interesting as 'evil' is the eternal problem of a writer, musician, painter, and one which Crimson too fails to solve. The opening and closing bars, 'Peace — a Beginning' and 'Peace — an End', are pleasant enough, but as soon as the music in the black hats come on the screen, they're lost and forgotten. 'Cadence and Canade' and the title

track are unremarkable outside the lyrics. The first ending by Gordon Haskell and the second by the regular vocalist, Greg Lake. Lake's voice is infinitely better, but at least Haskell understands the lyrics.

There are moments of beauty and of pain, stabs of fine drumming and delicate flute-playing and inspired use of a mellotron from Fripp, who has never seriously used one before in the studio. The album has been carefully conceived with twice the insight of 'Court of a Crimson King', but the isolation of these musicians in a studio has meant that they've lost the balance between live and take. Without being conscious of it, Crimson has produced a self-indulgent set that gives less than it takes. Whoever Fripp gathers round him for the third album will be, as he is, honest, serious musicians. All we ask is that they are honest to more than themselves.

Dick Lawson

"BLUES FROM BIG
BILL" COPACABANA"
Various Artists
Chess

This is one of the classic Chicago blues albums, probably the classic, and for those who dig record company atrocities. A history of its various re-issues may prove illuminating. It was recorded in 1962, and released here in '63 by Pye International's R-and-B series. In those far off days albums cost a mere 32/6, but there was a lot of bread for a 12-year-old so I didn't buy it, though I really coveted it. At that time it was titled "Folk Festival Of The Blues". In 1967 it was deleted and reissued at 12/6 by Marble Arch, retitled "Festival Of The Blues". Late last year, it was again deleted, and two months ago reappeared on Chess under its present hideous and unwieldy title, plus a Pete Welding sleeve-note, a clever cover mocked up like '30s "Race Records" poster and an artificial process stereo track. Also, it now costs 39/11.

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

And Muddy... yeah, like he's the MAN and that's it. When he really gets it on, no-one can shut him down and here he really does it. When the Wolf rasps out "Hey woman lemme have a talk wid you" it makes you realise just how anaemic Danny Kirwan is.

d'Abo



The waiting
for d'Abo
has ended.
Mike d'Abo's
first solo album
on

UNI
UNLS 114

His "Sugar Mama" lacks the stark beauty and simplicity of John Lee Hooker's version, but it's still incredibly satisfying. Sonny Boy only sings once, but does some of the tastiest blues-harp ever recorded. There's possibly Muddy's best cut of "Mojo", and when he, Guy and Dixon sing together on "Wee Wee, Baby" it's time to DO IT, Brethern and Sistren.

The only album you can play after this is the first Butterfield thing, so put it on late. Play it loud and play it proud. This is *the* album!
Charles Shaar Murray

ETHIOPIA. Music of the Central Highlands, Music of the Desert Nomads, Music of Eritrea.

Tangent.
If you have tired of all the heavy music around lately but are still wanting something to see you through those stoned timeless nights, try any one of these three records of Ethiopian music collected by Jean Jenkins of the Horniman Museum, which is itself a trippy little place down near Crystal Palace. It's the sort of stuff you can listen to forever although there is far too much variety and often before you settle down completely into a hypnotic trance, you are wrenched away on a different trip. Five minutes of the Dance of the Priests with the priests wielding an incredible booming drum called a kaboro and the congregation all tinkling away with a thing called a sistrum is scarcely enough. Five hours would

have been better. Of the three records I preferred the Eritrean. But they are all far out. Get smashed and get into them.

Jim Anderson.

THE WHO Live At Leeds Track

Here it is. It's the best thing the Who have done, to my mind, and the best thing they *could* have done to follow up 'Tommy'.

All the numbers performed on this album are, in a sense, 'old', either self-penned favourites like 'Substitute' and 'Magic Bus', or evergreen rock standards like 'Shakin' All Over' and 'Summer-time Blues'. But it doesn't matter. Age cannot wither nor custom stale etc. I'm reminded of the time Jimi Hendrix guested on Lulu's television show (it happened! I swear it!). He began with 'Hey Joe!'. He'd obviously been asked to perform the song that 'made him famous'. You could see he wasn't happy. After the first few bars he stopped in disgust, said "We don't want to play this," and soared away into 'Voodoo Chile'. 'Hey Joe!' had gone stale on Hendrix and it had gone stale because he only had one way to play it. The Who, on the other hand, don't mind playing their old numbers. They delight in it. The old familiar framework of a particular song acts as a jumping off point for improvisation. Cream used to operate in much the same manner, but the Who, being more eclectic, score over them (as this album scores over its nearest rival in the field, the live set included on the Cream's 'Wheel of Fire' album) in having a far greater range of sounds and rhythms and musical textures at

their disposal. So, 'My Generation' (a fourteen minute track on side two) fragments after the first few minutes to become a broad musical statement extending across the entire Who *oeuvre*. And if you think that's a heavy sentence, just listen to the music.

It's sad to think that there are actually people who could listen to a record like 'The Who...Live at Leeds' and remain relatively unmoved, neither hating it beyond a mild annoyance, nor loving it with any wilder emotion than a mild pleasure. But they exist. I know it and you know it. It's sad because as long as they exist, there's going to be no real basis for communication between the Democratic Establishment and... (you fill in the blank yourselves with whatever label appeals to you, 'the underground', 'hippies', 'the young', 'the skin-heads' (so they hate the Who... at least they *feel*). And as long as it exists, this silent and indifferent majority, there can be no 'sane' revolution, no revolution of reason, no revolution other than a violent and bloody one, which doesn't change minds but merely straitjackets them (and we all know that the strait-jacket and the padded cell is no real cure for the insane).

What, then? They exist; we can't destroy them. They have fixed ideas; we can't change them. The Who (among others) have the answer. The Who (among others) catch 'em young and let them know there's a choice, an alternative, to educate (but not indoctrinate) them with acid and shit and dirty words and rock and roll (as well as the Bible and Beethoven). The Who's 'My Genera-

tion' is the best battle hymn for the revolution (for this kind of revolution, anyway) that I've ever heard. 'Just talkin' about my generation.' Yes indeed. 'Why don't you all fade away.' Yes indeed.

Graham Charnock

THE ROLLING STONES Decca

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

This L.P. may well catch on, and I would be delighted to see it in the charts, but whether it represents a real challenge to more established artists like Billy J. Kramer, it'd be difficult to say at this stage. Discerning record buyers should not be put off by the lads' weird appearance, which I sincerely hope they will outgrow. By the way, girls, on 'Little By Little' (which was the flip of the group's chart biggie, 'Let's Fade Away') that's GENE PITNEY on piano!!

Maira Hollyhock

No one who was there will ever be the same.

Be there.



"woodstock"

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LIBERATION COME!

I am liberating the women, people. I am liberating the women of Our World.

Glurrrrk

I will spin them across ergon space. Along the ergon trails blazed by the female greats. The great hearts of the great girls of our hit and miss century.

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

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

Sssssfffffzzzzz.t.

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

Am I a pack of cards? A deck awash with magic. A kind of angel!

Look through the mirror. Observe the shadow images. See the Cezanne miracle of time. Disperse the cells into patterns of untight energies. Decentralise. Soak and bathe in the soul of woman.

Be quiet. Be still. Sense the tintinnabulations

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

I shall distill a distillation.

Deezzeeezub. . .deezzezub. . . deezzeeezee.

I shall disband the constricting rings of tension. You will give, and remain whole. All things will decay and not die. Re-forming in compound paradoxes. Woman.

Woman! The distillation will come from your dreams. The Dreaming is your living, lovelies. I would not have one perfumed drop of sweat, not one particle of matter emptying from your sweet bowels, not one suggestion from your heart be lost. These things shall meet their opposites and re-form.

I would not pollute your streams or exhaust your soils, foul your air or destroy your seed.

Bbbbbbbbbbllllllaaaaaapppppp-pppphhhhhhhhhh.

When you hold out your arms I will fill the cradled space with being, with man.

How will I organise this great liberation? I answer with another question. How can woman be free if man does not understand her? If he withholds himself in his separateness? Man divides the kingdom of love and rules over an empty Heaven.

Does a positive ion rule over a negative ion? Which is the greater? Can hydrogen and oxygen be separately called a molecule of water? Can we swim in a sea of divided ions?

So I must distil from woman. From her juices I shall make unguents. From her breath, from her dreams.

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

Zonk trrrrr zonk trrrrrrr.
You, woman, you. Yes even you my little lovely. Your eyes, your lovely receptive orbs. Your slidings and your zippings. You are three, you are thirteen? You are twenty, you are seventy-two? You are female you are girrrrrrrl, you are woman woman woman wo-man o o woom.

Whooooooooooooooooommmmmmmmm.n.

She, she, Woman. She must believe in our great need to liberate her. She must not draw back. Zonk zonk zonk zonk k k k k k
She must writhe in Michaelangeloean struggles with her disbelief. She must meet us freely. She must possess us all. She must learn our style and our plans. Our great and unclouded project for her.

But me. And me. Am I hideous? Do my warts and wens threaten your dreams my love? Does my small face miss your searching glance?

Is your miracle-hope dream of feu, mad, loco, tall handsome,

image of distorted love man-image bringing you nothing?

Here is the distillation of man. Take the zonk zonk potion girl zat zat zat zat. GIVE.MEYOUR BODIES. Pzzzzirrrr. Take the. . .zonk. . .potion. Take it, quick, from my writhing labours. Chemical, energy distillation! Quick oquick o quick o o o o Zzzzzzzzoooooooooooooooooeeeeeeyyyyyyyyyield!

Yes yield yield yes. Yes yes yes yes Yield YIELD DD D D Dup dup duh duh duh duh duh dupdupdupdupdooooooooooP.

Kerry Rolfe



SEXUAL POLITICS

A Manifesto for Revolution
by Kate Millet

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

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

Oppressed groups are denied education, economic independence, the power of office representation, an image of dignity and self-respect, equality of status, and recognition as human beings. Throughout history women have been consistently denied all of these, and their denial today, while attenuated and partial, is nevertheless consistent. The education allowed them is deliberately designed to be inferior, and they are systematically programmed out of and excluded from the knowledge where power lies today — e.g., in science and technology. They are confined to conditions of economic dependence based on the sale of their sexuality in marriage, or a variety of prostitutions. Work on a basis of economic independence allows them only a subsistence level of life — often not even that. They do not hold office, are represented in no positions of power, and authority is forbidden them. The image of woman fostered by cultural media, high and low, then and now, is a marginal and demeaning existence, and one outside the human condition — which is defined as the prerogative of man, the male.

Government is upheld by power, which is supported through consent (social opinion), or imposed by violence. Conditioning to an ideology amounts to the former. But there may be a resort to the latter at any moment when consent is withdrawn — rape, attack, sequestration, beatings, murder. Sexual politics obtains consent through the "socialization" of both sexes to patriarchal policies. They consist of the following:

1) the formation of human personality along stereotyped lines of sexual category, based on the needs and values of the master class and dictated by what he would cherish in himself and find convenient in an underclass: aggression, intellectuality, force and efficiency for the male; passivity, ignorance, docility, "virtue", and ineffectuality for the female.

2) the concept of sex role, which

assigns domestic service and attendance upon infants to all females and the rest of human interest, achievement and ambition to the male: the charge of leader at all times and places to the male, and the duty of follower, with equal uniformity, to the female.

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

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

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

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

3) re-examination of traits categorized into "masculine" and "feminine," with a total reassessment as to their human usefulness and advisability in both sexes. Thus if "masculine" violence is undesirable, it is so for both sexes, "feminine" dumbcow

passivity likewise. If "masculine" intelligence or efficiency is valuable, it is so for both sexes equally, and the same must be true for "feminine" tenderness or consideration.

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

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

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

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

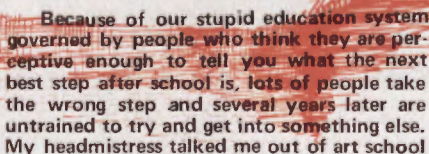
8) the attainment of the female sex to freedom and full human status after millennia of deprivation and oppression, and of both sexes to a viable humanity.



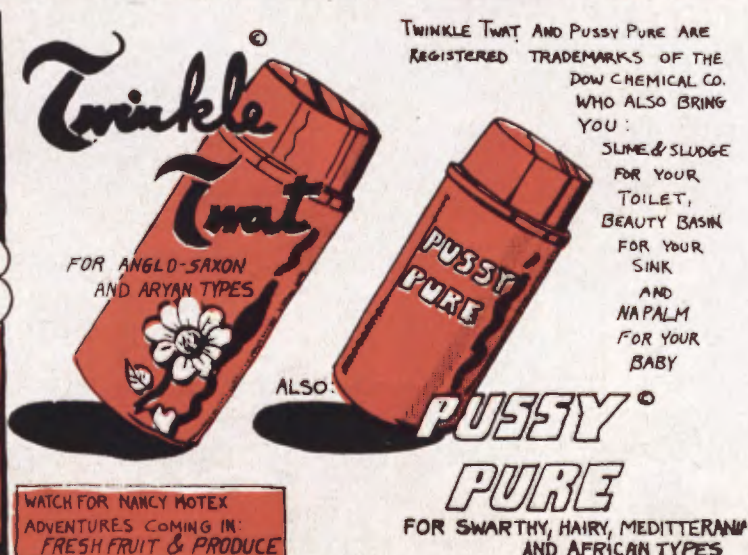
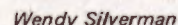
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of thousands together, happy and proud. It's not
just a matter of a few tens, but tens of thousands
together, happy and proud. It's not just a matter of a few tens, but tens of thousands together, happy and proud.

It would be like making someone's **happiness** depend on whether or not
I get a **salary**, together and make the world better.
Let's unite together, let's not come only to work, let's
find out people, let's not together we should
find a way and remain and more.

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RAY, DENNIS
RAY, DENNIS



STEPHEN L. R. A3317

Liberty
Records

11

Canned Meat has played approximately four hundred and seventy-five one-night concerts during the past three and one-half years for over four million fans, friends, hosts and folks. They hopefully brought some entertainment, excitement and education to all. All this in the form of music, predominantly inspired by the bluesmen of yesterday. Their music has grown and happily to have you. Then we wish that you [England and the continent] after this year passed to be one of the most rewarding experiences of the band's career. Playing before more and

Unforgettable form is always a pleasure, and when your acceptance takes you to away places, it is even more enjoyable. Hopefully, some of the excitement, happiness and good music has been captured in this complete to review about what might be you are in here too!

5. 下列各句，没有语病的一项是（3分）

SIDE 2

1. **WOLFEY BACK OUT ON THE ROAD
ON THE ROAD AGAIN**
2. **LONDON IN LIPS**
3. **LET'S WORK TOGETHER**
4. **SHOOTING FROM THE SIDE**

Track 10: 00:35

Reviewed by: **Ben T. Fisher and Cameron**

LBS 83333

CANNED HEAT '70 CONCERT

Recorded Live in Europe



Women ARE different from men! Today a large chunk of the populace seems set on minimising these differences, on proclaiming the cult of Unisex. Adherence to such a philosophy, will only court disaster; though possibly of a rather unexpected kind.

Women are not inferior. Of course not. They are stronger. So it is up to us to see that the male underdog should be protected as much as possible - in true Anglo-Saxon spirit. After all, we all love him very much!

But our whole scale of values would have to be turned upside-down. In the past we must remember, men could always preen themselves in the sure knowledge that when it came to the crunch they could always win on sheer muscle power. They never realised that their wits were somewhat lacking. Today, society cares little for men's physical strength. Soon, maybe, brawn will have no more significance than a peacock's tail. In such circumstances letting the male understand the full nature of his status will cause far-reaching emotional disturbances. The so-called position of second-class citizen is easy to bear for womankind: she knows it represents a sham. Even at the risk of intellectual dishonesty, can we really afford to tell them the truth?

The exact mechanism of this variation is not clear. But there is a lot of evidence now available which demonstrates the minute differences in the character of the male and female brain waves.

Among humans of course the picture is far more complicated considering the number of social cultural and environmental factors at work but logically a connection must exist.

hormone, oxytocin, which incidentally helps the flow of milk as well, has to put in an appearance before the final climax with its muscular contractions can occur. It is obvious that the mechanism of attaining orgasm and the emotional responses to it are quite different in men and women. There is no oxytocin in men and male orgasm can take place without such direct nervous cooperation. In women the emotions always brought into play. Presumably, this means that the female can exert much greater control over her actions.

The brain (again the hypothalamus) is involved in the pursuit, not only of sexual pleasure, but pleasure of any kind. Recent research has shown that the sex hormones acting through this part of the nervous system influence the time and effort that we put into seeking gratification. And apparently it's not our personalities as such that influence us but the amount of these chemicals in our blood. We can change around with the levels and so change our motivations. Again, the work has been done on mammals and human actions have been obscured by external forces. Nevertheless,

The male hormone is definitely, at all times, a booster of the libido. It is interesting to note that the knowledge that hairy "masculine" women are hot forms part of the medical students' folklore: now it is substantiated by scientific fact.

The female body, represents the basic and if anything goes wrong in the process of development nature reverts to that form. A mistake during pregnancy and a "feminised" male is born. To achieve true maleness, nature has to struggle to impose something extra onto this elemental blueprint. That is why boys are so much weaker, so much more likely to die at every stage of their existence. This departure from the simple form obviously represents some sort of strain on the structure as a whole, and having got there, men seem to have to prove it—to show that they have succeeded in this most difficult feat! Just as the female body works more efficiently, it is not surprising that her mind is pretty much on the ball: when she bothers to use it.

Diagram illustrating various types of physiognomy (Xiangshu) based on body features:

- Top: 來禽頂相 (Bird-like head shape), 花王輪廓相 (Flower King's outline), 龍紅頰車相 (Dragon red cheekbone).
- Head/Neck: 眼露相 (Eyes exposed), 錄強眉相 (Thick eyebrows), 望領相 (Neck shape), 鵲結喉相 (Magpie throat knot).
- Torso/Arms: 如飲轉車相 (Like drinking, turning wheel), 肉迴肘相 (Flesh on elbow), 鰐腹批相 (Crocodile belly), 如虎吞相 (Like tiger swallowing).
- Legs/Feet: 嬰兒肉臍相 (Infant navel), 風掛腰相 (Wind hanging on waist), 白肉脚相 (White flesh on foot), 山鰐腹月相 (Mountain crocodile belly moon), 綿包腿相 (Wool wrapping leg), 東嶽相 (East Mountain).
- Bottom: 鹿脰相 (Deer neck), 李端相 (Li End).
- Other: 星光兩乳相 (Star light on two breasts), 白乳平臍相 (White milk, flat navel).

The Perils of Pauline



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



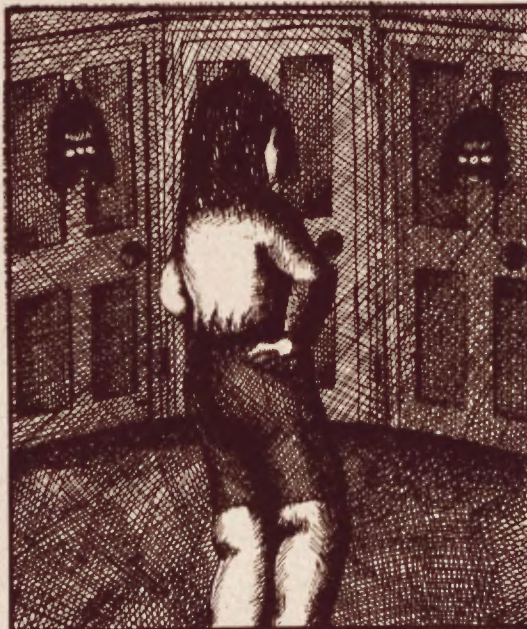
2. Masturbates a lot. Goes to Comprehensive school.



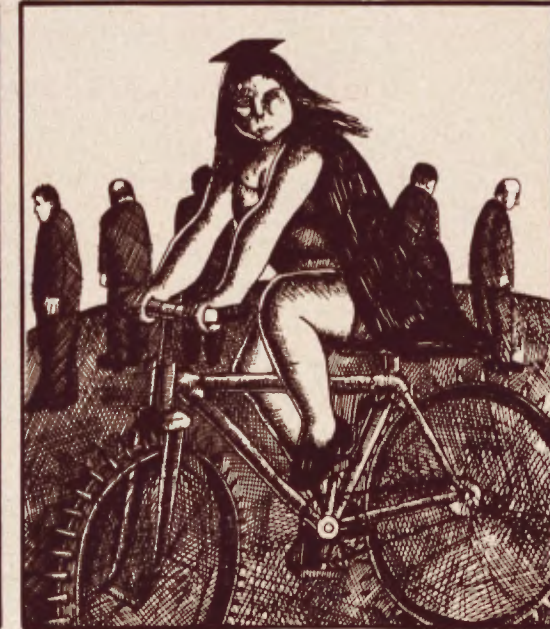
3. Gets 'O' levels and tits.



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



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



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



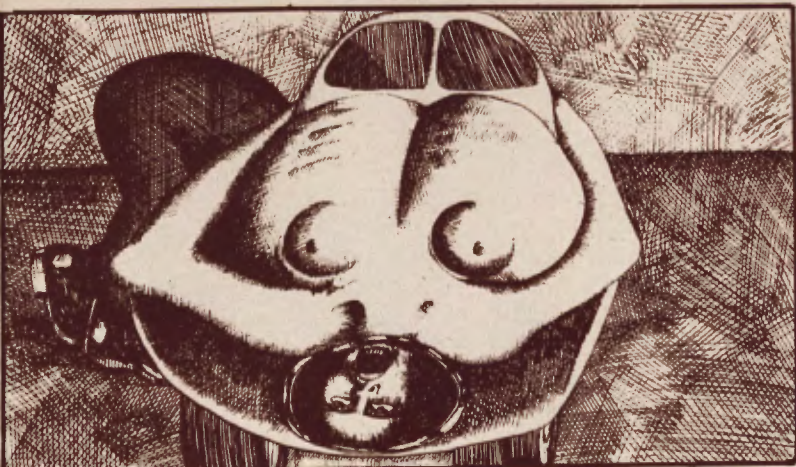
7. Total disaster. Enrols at a Teacher's Training College.



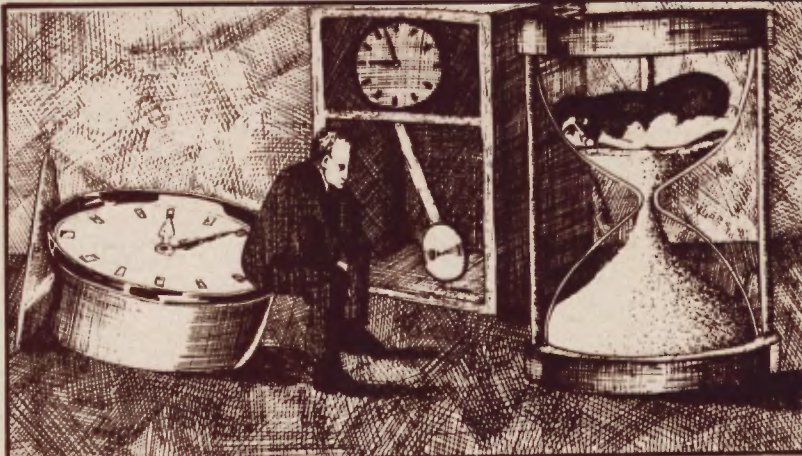
8. Discovers teaching is a depressed profession so gets pregnant.



9. Gets married.



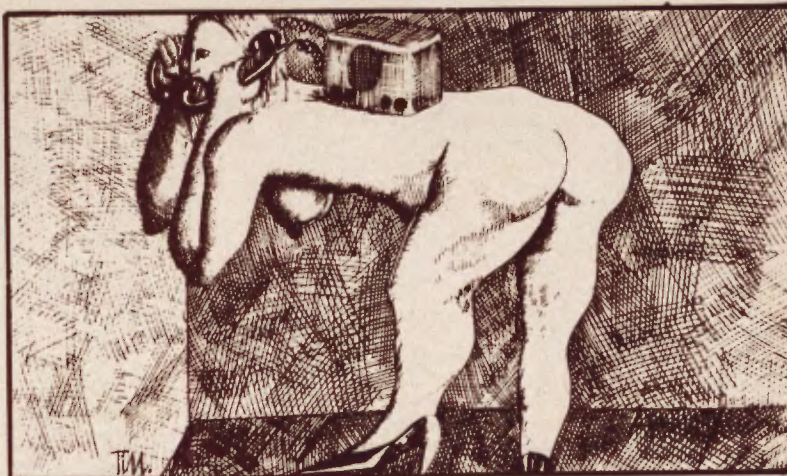
10. Gets job in Ford's Dagenham plant.



11. Always feels tired. Husband gets very bored.



12. Discovers Sanatogen, Aspirin, Phensic.



13. Gets telephone call from Jimmy Young.

THE THIRD EAR BAND

Their second album on Harvest: SHVL 773



The Sun Wheel Ceremony with the Third Ear Band
Royal Festival Hall, June 24th.

Music is the spirit which belongs to witches and sorcerers. It also takes away the spirit eternal which belongs to those melancholic sectarians who think they see a heaven and the god therein. All these are diseases of the brain and of reason.

Theophrastus Bombastus Von Hohenheim
called Paracelsus 1490-1541.



temale: it is dealt with by the one who does it best, does not have energy channelled elsewhere, WANTS to do it. . . If I have something to put together, or if there's a member of our family who needs help that perhaps I can give better than another, then some-one else will chop the vegetables, bath the kids, answer the telephone, wash up from last night's invasion. . . If my old man wants out on his bike with the Angels or to piss off and get stoned in Ibiza then I'll do the bills and all that shit because there just isn't such a thing anymore as that's the 'man's job' or 'that's the womanly thing to do'. It isn't only the cats who earn bread for the family either, how could it be? We all do. And when I talk about family I don't only mean blood family I mean the one that has outposts from here to California crossing Spain and Africa and India on the way, and all the parts are interchangeable. In order for this to happen it's necessary not to confuse the role of receptivity with that of being dominated. Receptivity means acceptance, not submission, and applies equally to men and women.

The change will come about through love, not violence, and love should be touching not holding, people captivated, never held captive. It should be like butterfly wings brushing in the sky, neither imprisoned, neither dominant, and the spiritual-physical union reflected on every level of existence.

Perhaps in our lifetime we'll see the barriers fall faster than they are falling now, and we will see no dividing lines: no segregation in schools or offices, factories, universities, parliaments or palaces. . . kings will be queens and we'll all join hands to dance in the fairies' magic circle.

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

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

(continued from Page 11)

While it is true that male-female relationships in our society are perverted, it is not a revolutionary solution to eschew all such contact. Although it may be argued that the reproduction of female sexuality coincides historically with the development of capitalism, it does not therefore follow that female sexuality can only be reconstructed when capitalism is defeated and the proletariat dictates. What is certain however, is that the patriarchal state could never survive the re-conquest by women of their own sexuality. The patriarchal family structure, the outward expression of the conjugal missionary position, would not survive the advent of self-regulating pleasure—seeking femaleness. It is only by reinstating genuine potency in themselves, that women can avoid falling into the sterile perversion of male sexuality which is violence. Violence confuses aggression with power. Cuntpower is the only form of power yet devised which can avoid this arid syndrome.



Know the male

But keep to the role of the female

And be a ravine to the empire.

If you are a ravine to the empire,

Then the constant virtue will not desert you

And you will again return to being a babe.

Know the white

But keep to the role of the black

And be a model to the empire.

If you are a model to the empire,

Then the constant virtue will not be wanting

And you will return to the infinite.

Know honour

But keep to the role of the disgraced

And be a valley to the empire,

If you are a valley to the empire,

Then the constant virtue will be sufficient

And you will return to being the uncarved block.

Lao Tzu

Tao Te Ching

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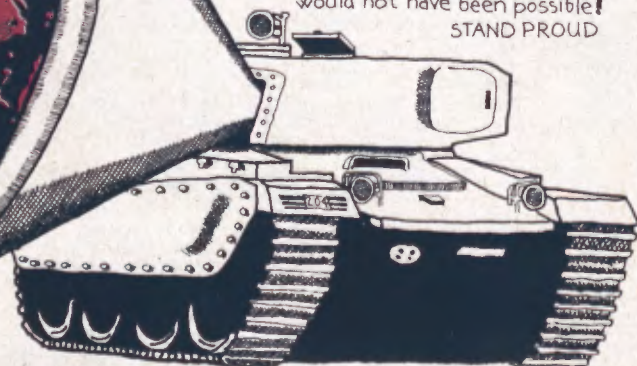
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EDGAR BROUGHTON

BAND

we would like to thank the policeman, town councillors, N.A.B. officers, soldiers, sailors, Airmen and stoned-out freaks without whom this album would not have been possible!

STAND PROUD



SHVL 772



What a man's
best girl won't
tell him.

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

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

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

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

We only mention it to you, because
we wouldn't want anyone else to.
Would you?



CONVERSATIONS WITH ANAIIS NIN

Jim Anderson



I first heard of Anais Nin in *Tangier* a couple of years ago. One of the spaced out heads slumped day after day in the *Petit Socco* always carried round a copy of *Volume One* of her *Journals* and one day became very excited because someone in the States had sent him a book of hers called *Collages*. He was also into those tired old numbers Lawrence Durrell and Henry Miller and I couldn't get a hard on at all. However many months and many acid trips later, Anais Nin, her journals, her dreams and her explorations of the sub-conscious have suddenly become interesting and at the moment she is one of the few literary figures of the pre-beat era who makes it with the students, the hippies and the alienated young. She was in London last month promoting the third volume of her *Journals* for Peter Owen and I went along to talk to her accompanied by that Underground celebrity Suzy Cream-cheese, once to be seen freaking out at every London happening or musical event, now in a more graceful retirement. Anais Nin turned out to be a fragile little old lady, delicately preserved, exquisitely groomed, totally feminine, with a faraway voice and a wayward manner with the English language. A properly emancipated woman who has always had sufficient intelligence humanity and common sense to avoid the sort of indignities at present being encountered by America's current arch-women's liberator/male castrator, Ti-Grace Atkinson, whose terrifying intellectual dip into the reasons why men are unnecessary except as masturbators intcavts of the local sperm bank, appears elsewhere, the long fascinating

What follows are a few extracts from conversation we (and a young man from Cambridge University whose name has escaped me) had with her. . .

WOMEN AND LIBERATION

How do you feel about the current rash of militant women's organisations in the States?

I'm not militant. I believe that liberation comes from within. We have to achieve it for ourselves, independently, each woman differently. You can't blame society for what happens to you and you can't blame men for our not being liberated. Some men helped my liberation, some did not. Men are just as trapped, and humanistically we both have the same problems. I am not going to go to war with men. Each woman must work it out with herself first, and then with her husband or lover. I would never join any woman's organisation.

Do you think they achieve anything by being so aggressive?

It's always the same problem. Do we achieve things by bloody revolution or by evolution? They have justification but so does everybody. I think they can achieve what they want in other ways. I'm a pacifist. I love the differences between men and women. The polarity is needed.

You don't think that women are right when they argue that right from the cradle they are put by man into a false and inferior position?

I think that is a very one-sided point of view. Woman has found her own realm and her own way of dominating where she wants to. Look at some families.

You think there is an equalising factor in society?

The liberation of women is coming about gradually. In my diaries I have showed the difficulties I had when I tried to publish a book on D.H. Lawrence. I was told I would disgrace my family. Spanish fathers argue that a woman should not do anything at all. But things like that you overcome organically and slowly and I think a woman can do this just by being good at whatever she does. Finally she will win out. Reich said he knew nothing of women's psychology because all psychologists were men, which was once true. This situation can be reversed without going to such extremes as denying womanhood or denying the role of a man. I'm not really very interested in the emergence of an un-sexual world. I love the duels and interplay on a non-hostile basis, that occur between men and women. A woman doesn't rationalise. She knows that she feels intuitively. There would be no spark between man and woman if they were the same.

DRUGS and DREAMS

You relate the most amazing dreams in your diaries. Are you interested in drugs at all?

I have experienced with LSD. With Huxley once to see if I had missed anything, because I believe in experiencing everything and I found out that it was the same world that I go into when I write. But a drug kills the creative will, makes one passive and I want not only to see the vision but be able to think and use it. You should be able to enter that drugged dream world without the drug. Because to make an effort to enter this world makes you stronger, to enter it by means of a drug makes you weaker.

Your dream world is very beautiful but many people are quite incapable of experiencing such a world without a drug.

Maybe they should

try meditation. In Paris we used bed. But acid puts your will to sleep. There was a terrible when I was young, but and they have it without

to eat cheese before going to sleep. Puts your waking life to lack of vision in America today the young have vision drugs. I think that in America the problem is different to here.

People are so unstable there. They live in a sort of anarchic desert and when the drugs hit them they cannot keep things together. We Europeans have something to begin with, a tradition to fall back on. When I took acid it did not make me fall apart

It was a confirmation more than anything else?

Yes, the dreaming was the same as my writing.

What is the relationship between your novels and dreams? Do you see the novel as a description of a manifest dream content?

Yes. What I have done is take the basis of psychoanalysis, the acceptance of free association and the dream as the key to everything. My novels usually begin with a dream, explained, fulfilled or lived out. The quest is, what does it mean, how does it orient the life. I think I did it best in *Seduction* which opens up with a dream where she is trying to push her ships where there is no water and the whole journey becomes a seeking of harmony between the conscious and the unconscious. I try not to explain the dream but live it out and by the end the meaning should be clear. It inspired me with the structure of the novel but it did have free association and by free association you make the journey inward as well as outward. . . connect the two.

How do you react to the way that James Joyce uses free association? Oh wonderful.

But the thing I didn't want was the one dimensional novel that was being written in America so much - all surface action never going



down and into... Fitzgerald had a meaning which mirrored his time but after that came a photographic sort of naturalistic thing which I didn't like. Very now, very prosaic, very dead and limited and this the young reacted against. I couldn't really name anyone off hand but they were very oppressive. Not lyrical or sensuous. You couldn't fly with them. Couldn't even move. I think the change came out of desperation. The explosion when nature can't take the nowness any more and blows up. The young began to ferment. To help this they use artificial means. I cannot condemn the use of drugs because so many of them need it to get off the ground. They were really grounded—in naturalism from which they were made to feel there was no escape. If you wanted to escape you were branded as an escapist. If you were an artist, you were escaping from responsibilities even though all that the young were doing was getting away from all the false values imposed upon them. From the duties. Earn your living, do it this way, be like your father and so on. Suddenly they blew up.

Should literature be an incentive to rebellion?

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

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

STUDENTS AND THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

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

Suzy Creamcheese: They are not going to escape.

Well they do leave. And at 16 they go off with packs on their backs and go all over America. The students and I have a very close bond. You must be sad to see the things that are happening in the States Miss Creamcheese?

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

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

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

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

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

SC: I have a brother and sister there but I won't be going back.

Just breaking the conventions has a terrible effect on the State. Children condemning their parents for example is a very political thing. Turning against them. That helps. The son of one of my publishers won't even have lunch with his father because he doesn't like the way he earns his money. There he is in his top floor apartment with his terrific paintings and so on and his son despises him. That's where the revolution hurts. Within the very family there is revolution. They hate their parents but they love each other.

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

Always from the 1940's it was the students who have read me and these are the people who now are the young professors at the colleges. My third diary has been called the diary of prophecy because so many of the criticisms I made of America have since come true. I think in the mind of the young I have always had this affinity with the one who is against convention. I am always supporting the rebels with not quite enough courage to be one myself. I connect with the young today because they are the rebels. They are trying to create their own values. For example, they have a student lecture bureau and they invite writers to the campuses. Often these people are political and controversial. The faculties don't want this. They say it is impossible to evaluate the writing of someone still living because his ideas are still fluctuating. It is so absurd. The students want to talk with writers who are still working and who will answer questions. Living writers, not dead ones.

In the Novel of the Future I said that we could not be effective or do any collective thing or join any social group or change or influence our environment unless we began by being ourselves. You must know what your values are, who you believe in, who and where you are. Then you can contribute something, influence society, change it.

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

In America they say don't ever think of yourself; don't be selfish, don't take drugs, don't write about yourself, don't be subjective and so on. But that is just exactly where it all begins...

The Journal of Anaïs Nin.

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MONOSYLLABLE, (also **DIVINE MONOSYLLABLE**) *sich*, (wency).—The female *puddendum*; **LYT** (9.2).

ENGLISH SYNONYMS, A.B.C., Abraham's bosom (generic); ace; ace of spades; Adam's own; agility; agreeable ruts of life; alcove; alley; almanack; Alpha and Omega; altar; altar of Hymen; altar of love; altar of pleasure; amulet; antipodes; aphrodisiac tennis court (**URQUHART**); arbour; attic; Aunt Maria; axis.

Baby-maker; bag of tricks; bans; basket-maker; bath of birth (**WHITMAN**); bazaar; beauty; beauty-pot; bed-fellow; bee-hive; belle chase (**CHITRETT**); Belly Dale; Belly Dingle; belly-contrance; Berkeley Hunt (rhyming); best (**DOVSEY**); best in Christendom (**ROCHESTER**); best-worst part (**DOVSEY**); bird's nest; bit bite (**GROSE**); bit of fish; of jam; of meat; of mutton; of pork; of rough; or of skate; bit on a fork; Black (**WILL CAVENDISH**); Black Bess; black hole; black (or brown, or grey) jock; black ring; blind eye; Blue-beard's closet; boat; bob-and-bit; bonne-bouche; bore; Botany Bay; book-binder's wife ('manufacturing in sheets'; **G. A. STEVENS**); Bottomless Pit; bower; bower of bliss (**CAREW** and **HERRICK**); box; brat-getting place (**FLORIO**); breach; bread-winner (prostitutes); broom; brown madam (**GROSE**); bucket; Buckinger's boot (**GROSE**); budget; bull's eye (**ROCHESTER**); bumbo (aegro); burn; bung-hole; busby; Bushey Park; butcher's shop; butter-boat; button-hole.

Cabbage; cabbage-field, -garden, or -patch; cab-mat; caldron (**RAMSAY**); callistropy (**URQUHART**); can; candlestick; canister (**BURNS**); Cape Horn; Cape of Good Hope; casual-trap (**URQUHART**); case; cat (**DURFEE**); catch-'em-alive-o; cat's-meat; catharine wheel; cauliflower; cave of harmony; cave (**BURTON**); cellar (R. BROME); cellarage; cellar-door; central furrow (**CLELLAND**); central office; centre of attraction; centre-of-bliss; contraband part (**DONNE**); certificate of (he's) that; chink; chum; chum; chicle (**SHAKESPEARE** and **CONGREVE**); civet; clasp (**LYNDSEY**); clasp-trap; clasp of flesh (**CHITRETT**); clock; cloth (generic); the clouds; cloven spot (**CARLETON**); cock; Cock Alley; cock-chamber; cock-holder; Cock-Inn; Cock Lane; cockloft; cockpit; Cocksire; cocksby; coffee-shop; cogic (Scots); commodity (**SHAKESPEARE**, etc.); concern; convey; confessional; conyng-book (**DURFEE**); contrapuntum (**URQUHART**); conundrum; cookie; copy-hold (**DURFEE**); corner-cupboard; cornucopia; County Down; coupler; covered way (**STEVENS**); coyote (**BURTON**); coyote; cracks; cradle; cranny; cream-jug; cravice; crinkum-crunkum; crooked way; crown of roses (**ROCHESTER**); cuckoo's nest; eunice (**DURFEE**); eunice; eunice-burrow (**URQUHART**); eunice; eunice; Cupid's Alley; (anvil); arbour; cave; cloister; corner; cupboard; highway; ring; or pin cushion; cushat; cushion; custom-house; custom-

The Divine Monosyllable

From a 19th century Dictionary of Slang and its Analogues.

house goods (a harlot's; 'because fairly entered'; **GROSE**); cut-and-come-again; Cyprian-arbour; cave, or -strait (**CAREW**).

Daisy; dark, or dark-hole; dearest bodily part (**SHAKESPEARE**); diddle; diddly-pout; dimple; doodle-case; doodle-sack; dormouse; down bed of beauty (**STEVENS**); Downshire; down-stairs; downy-bit; drain; dripping-pail; duck pond; dumb-glutton; dumb, or -hairy; oracle; dumb-squint; duster; Dutch clock; dyke.

Eel-pot (or -trap); eel-skinner; End of the Sentimental Journey (**STERNE**); entrance; Et-cetera (**ROCHESTER** and **CLELLAND**); evergreen; everlasting wound; Eve's custom-house ('where Adam made the first entry'; **GROSE**); exchequer (**DONNE**); Exeter-hall; eye that weeps most when best pleased (**STEVENS**).

Factotum; fancy bit; Fanny; Fanny-Artful; Fanny-Fair; faucett; fiddle (**BURNS**); fie-for-shame ('schoolgirls'); fig; firelock; fireplace; firework; fish (generic); fish-market; flap; flapdoodle; fleshly-idol (**BURNS**); fleshly-part; flower; flower of chivalry; flower-pot; fly-by-night; fly-cage; fly-trap; forecaster; forecath; fore-hatch; fore-room; forewoman; forge; fort; fortress; fountain of love; free fishery; front-garden; front-gut; front-parlor; fruitful vine ('which bears flowers every four weeks, and fruit every nine months'; **GROSE**); Fumbler's Hall; funoniment; furrow (**BURNS**).

Galimaufry; gap (**DURFEE**); garden; Garden of Eden; gash; Gate of Horn; Gate of Life (**BURNS**); G.C.; gentleman's pleasure garden; garrison (**CROWNE**); gear (**FLORIO**); giga (**GROSE**); goatmilk; goldfinch's nest; gravy-giver; grecus (greenish green meadow; grotto; Grove of Euphrasia (**CAREW**); grummet; gully; gut-entrance; gutter; gymnasium; gyvel (**BURNS**).

Hair court; Hairfordshire; hairy ring; half-moon (**KITZINGREW**); Hans Carvel's ring (**URQUHART** and **PHILON**); happy hunting-grounds; harbour; haven of hope; hatchway; heaven; hell; hole of content (**FLORIO**); hole of holes; Holloway; home sweet-home; horse-collar; hotel; house under the hill; housewife; hypogastrian cranny (**URQUHART**).

India (**DOVSEY**); in-fish; in-glennock; inter-cathedral trench (**URQUHART**); It-ticher; Itching Johnny; Ivory Gate.

Jacob's Ladder; Jack Straw's Castle; jam-pot; jelly-bag; jewel; jigger; jock; justum (**URQUHART**).

etc.); kitchen; Kitty; knick-knack.

Laddler; Lady Berkeley; lady-flower (**WHITMAN**); Lady Jane; lady-star (**HALL**); lamp of love; Lapland; lather-maker; leading article; lea-rigs (generic; **BURNS**); leather (generic; **URQUHART**, **LYNDSEY**, **BURNS**); Leather Lane; leavingshop; Life's Dainty (**G. A. STEVENS**); ling; little sister; little spot where uncle's doodle goes; living fountain (**HERRICK**); lobster-pot; lock; locker; lock of all locks (**STEVENS**); Love-lane; Love's harbour (**CAREW**); Love's Paradise (**MARKSTON**); Lowlands; Low Countries; lucky bag.

Machine; maddikin; Madge (**GROSE**); Madge Howlett; magnet; main avenue (**CLELLAND**); maulin (**LYNDSEY**); mangle; man-hole; man-trap; Marble Arch; mark (**DURFEE**); mark-of-the-beast; Mary-Jane; masterpiece; meat (generic); meat-market; medlar; melting-pot; merlin etc. (**FLETCHER** and **A. SMITH**); Middle Kingdom; Midlands; mither; milling-pail; mill-pan; milk-market; mill (**DURFEE**, **BURNS**, etc.); milliner's shop; mine of pleasure; miraculous calm; Miss Brown (**GROSE**); Miss Laycock (**GROSE**); modicum (**COTTON**); money (**GROSE**); money-box; money-maker; money-spinner; monkey (American); mole-catcher; Molly's Hole; Mons Meg; mortar; moss-rose; mossy bank; mossy cell; mossy-face; mother of all saints, all souls, or St Patrick; Mount-Falcon (**FLORIO**); Mount Pleasant; mouse; mouse-trap; mouth-thunder; (Old Scots); Kennedy; **LYNDSEY**, **SCOTT**); mouth that says no word about it (**G. A. STEVENS**); muff (**BURNS**); mumble-peg; mushroom; mustard-pot; mutton (generic and universal).

Naggie; name-it-not; nameless; nature; nature's tufted treasure; naughty; needle-case; nest (American); nest in the bush; nether eye, or lips (**CHAPMAN**); never-out; niche; niche-eck; nick-in-the-notch; noony-noony; non-such; notch; novelty; Number-Nip; nursery.

Old Ding; old hat (**FLETCHER** and **STERNE**); old woman; omnibus; open C; oracle; orchard; ornament; orifice; open charms (**LITTLE**); oven; oyster (**KITZINGREW**); oyster-catcher.

Race; kettle (generic); kennel (**ROCHESTER**); kettle (**DURFEE**); Palace of pleasure; pancake; parenthesis (**JOHN BEE**); parsley-bed (**DURFEE**); parts of shame (**POPE**); patch; peculiar river (**SHAKESPEARE**); penny-wiper; perk-

winkle; plots (**HALL**, **STEVENS**); pin cushion; plate-case; pipe; pisser; pit (**HERRICK**); pitcher; pit-mouth; pit of darkness; place; placket-box (**DURFEE**); pleasure-boat; pleasure ground; pleasure's place (**DAVIS**); plum-tree (**COTTON**); p-maker; portal to the bower of bliss (**HERRICK**); postero gate to the Elysian fields (**HERRICK**); pointer; premises; pretty; prick-holder; prick-skinner; prick-cock (**DURFEE**); private; privities; privy-hole; privy; Pura life; pudend (**URQUHART**); purse (**LYNDSEY**); pulpit (tbl); pure (**DURFEE**); puss (**DURFEE** and **COTTON**); pulse; pussy-cat.

Quaint; quarry; quaver-case (**A. SCOTT**); Queen of Holes (**ROCHESTER**); queen; quayside (**CHAPMAN** and **FLORIO**); quinn; quimsby; quiver.

Rasp; rattle-balloons; receipt of custom; red ace; Red-C.; regulator (**BURNS**); rest-and-be-thankful; ring; road to a christening; roasting jack; rob-the-ruffian; roover; rose; rough-O; rough malkin; rough-and-ready; rough-and-rumble; rufus.

Sack (**DURFEE**); saddle; salt-cellar; sampler; scabbard; scullie; seal; scar; secret parts (**SHAKESPEARE**); seed-plot; seminary; sex; shake-bag; sharp-and-blunt (rhyming); sheath; shell (**LYNDSEY** and **DUNN**); shin-coat (**URQUHART**); skin-the-piggle; slipper; slit; slot; Snook-After-snatch (American); scotch-match (**MOTTERING**); snatch-box; socket (**JONSON**); solution of continuity (**URQUHART**); South Pole; spender; sperm-sucker; spit-fire; spinning-jenny; split-apricot; split-fig; split-mutton (generic); splencheon (**BURNS**); sportan; Sportsman's Gap; Sportsman's Hole; spot of Cupid's archery (**ROCHESTER**); square page (American); standing room for one; star; star over the garter (**LOAN COCK**); Steam's Town (Irish; **GROSE**); tack-and-swallow; sugar-basin.

Tail (generic); target; tesale (**RAMSAY**); temple of Venus; teach; tenac (back-slang); that; Thatched House; thing; thingamy; thingumbob; tickler; tickle-Thomas; tickle-toy; tile; tily-whirly (**BURNS**); tin-mouse; toll-dish (**DURFEE**); tool-chest; touch-'em-up; touch-hole; toodle (**DUNN**); tow-wow (**A. SMITH**); towy-moway (**DONNE**); toy (**ETHEREGE**); toy-shop; treasure; treasury of love (**CLELLAND**); tu quoque (**GROSE**); turnpike; turn-merry; twist (**DURFEE**); twachyle; twittle; tunnel.

Under-belongings; under-dimple; under-entrance; under-world; undeniable; Upper Holloway; upright wick; undertaker.

Vacuum; vade-mecum; Venus's Secret Cell; Highway; Hobeypot, or Mark; vessel (**STURTE**); vestry; vineyard.

Wame (**BURNS**); wanton ace; ware; waste-pipe; water-box (**FLORIO**); water-gap (**URQUHART**); water-gate (**DURFEE**); water-mill (**GROSE**); way-in; wayside-fountain; wayside-ditch; weather-gig (**DURFEE**); what-do-you-call-it; whin-wham; wicket; wonderful lamp; workshop.

Yant; you-know-what; ram-pun.



Dear OZ,
Your School Kids' Issue depressed me with its ugliness. What goes on inside your heads? (Apart from how to make a fast buck?) Is it 'underground' or something to be vile? Is there something clever, or amusing, or significant, or revolutionary, about vileness? And if that makes you laugh—how can you bear to be none of those things?

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

Freedom should be used more responsibly than this. I've fought the publishers' blue pencil, and the increased liberty should not be so wantonly abused. OZ's impudent anti-art is a provocation to the backlash to threaten the serious innovators. Think what nearly happened to 'Flesh'.

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

Yours in sadness,
Dave Leslie.

Dear OZ,
Why don't you get better material? You deride the superficialities, but end up by compounding them.

There's a kind of shallowness and banality in a lot of your content which needs getting rid of. You need some serious thinkers—maybe there aren't any. Robert Hughes certainly doesn't qualify (though it was a nice idea to print it, considering the 'Spectator' thing, and his particular verbal embroidery is quite entertaining). Make the magazine less of a seraglio—ie. impose a bit more mental (sic) discipline. Concerning your thing on schools in the last issue, for instance—you could have at least done an assessment in depth of the exam system and, with the concepts worked out by this enquiry, considered the form that a more adequate education could take. Anyway, in my arrogance, I must add that OZ is one of the few magazines worth criticizing—it's not among the 99% of bacteria on the bookstalls.

Jonathan Gems

Dearest OZ,
Your school kids issue was undoubtedly the most brilliant piece of literature ever published. With reference to T.I. Bradford's article on the Headmaster of the Year, I would like to make a further nomination. His name is Harry and he is the headmaster of a certain North London comprehensive school.

Before turning comprehensive three years ago, when still bearing the proud name of a grammar school, the pupils possessing a moderate amount of intelligence (which at that time constituted nearly the whole school) were blindly putting up with the narrow-mindedness of the staff (particularly the headmaster) and also the ridiculous and pathetic school rules that such an establishment enforces, with complete tolerance.

Then, however, the school joined up with a better-run secondary modern from down the road. And as the tribes of rather unintelligent juveniles were herded in, they found the whole set-up much to their dislike.

Our minds and those of the recently introduced secondary moderns run in a completely different way. The idea of combining super-thicks with intellectuals, we are lead to believe, is that the super-thicks be given just as much chance as the intellectuals in achieving examination success (whatever good that's supposed to do). What cock. They are being given even less chance than they ever were, because the old grammar school system, on which the school is still based, just does not suit them.

You would think that the headmaster would attempt to change his policy of running the school slightly, in order to accommodate the change in situation. But under our present headmaster? Not a fucking chance. He seems to worry more about his pupils having a white shirt and a short back and sides than the welfare of the pupils themselves. He threatens to cane smoking out of the school and is eternally engulfing us in facts and figures about how long the smokers amongst us are going to live. In fact, caning everybody he catches smoking achieves the opposite of the goal he is trying to reach (ie, rid the school of smokers) because it just makes them smoke more in order to show their resentment against him. All the smokers in the school are perfectly aware of the risks to their health they're supposed to be taking, and a few weal marks across their arses is going to make bugger all difference. Christ knows what he'd do if he knew about the trippers—I reckon he'd faint. He plods around all day every day in the same 1920 style grey flannel suit. He reckons he looks smart and criticises the rest of us for looking untidy. There is enough material in one trouser-leg of his suit alone to make at least three

tents. One of his jacket pockets holds a library of books and the other is his portable rubbish disposal bin, both structures being eternally filled to their absolute limits. He tells us how he thinks the age of the vote ought to be raised to 30, and the age for driving a car brought down to 12, and then condemns university students who take part in demonstrations and sit-ins as extremists who prevent the good boys from getting on with their work.

Such attitudes are causing revolt among the now large amount of less intelligent pupils in the school. They have kicked in ventilation grids, broken off cloakroom hooks, ripped out the things the shit paper hangs from, broken windows, removed light bulbs and damaged walls. This has caused great inconvenience to the rest of us in that we can't see when it gets dark, the classrooms get cold when the wind howls through the broken windows, there's nothing to wipe our arses on (not that any of us lower ourselves into using the school shithouses anyway), and we can't hang our coats up.

But if they have done nothing else, they have wakened us up to the fact that it is about time we made an effort to correct the system, and make it more suitable for our needs. However, we are rather disorganised as yet and are finding it difficult to think up something constructive. If anyone has any suggestions and would like to make them through OZ they would be most welcome.

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

Dear Oz,

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

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

You've probably noticed that I haven't included my name or address, this is because if any of my mates found out, my life wouldn't be worth living. Talk about taking the piss—fuck me.

They call this a permissive society; permissive my prick. I see birds walking around with skirts up to their cunts; this is driving me mad.

All I want is a nice looking bird with nice tits, a nice pair of legs, what you might call the chick next door, and one that is always asking for me to fuck her.

Am I asking for the moon? It seems like it!

We have been unable to fulfil the promise (slipped in by an unknown hand) last issue to print ALL letters received. We got hundreds, ranging from readers who vomited in disgust upon reading our pages, to those joyful few who had an orgasm. We have printed as many as possible and thank everyone else for showing such interest. We hope you continue to do so.

Dear OZ,
The school kids issue of OZ was just like smelling a flower. Fresh and just natural. That's what OZ was. It really done something to my mind. It was true expression. You should do it more often. The letter by Allan Clayson called Xamblyes was so good. It put in words what I've been thinking about exams, I will lift it out of OZ and use it.
love ALPAY

Dear OZ,
Your last issue blipped me right out. . . The whole thing was "RIGHT ON". I'll just rush out and find it so as to keep it as a reference while writing so I know what goes on. I can see every school surrounded by the law in a few years in order to keep us out. Do you realise that each school is a perfect target. The kids have been split up into groups that can be handled by the state, so why can't we handle them as well.

I don't think OZ sucks. Not while you practise self-criticism to the degree that you did in that issue.

You were wonderfully obscene. Too much. Keep it UP and if you need to charge 4/- then I'm prepared to pay. (POP!)

Love and Absurdities
Paul Bea
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MATHEWS SOUTHERN COMFORT
FORMERLY FAT HARRY
MICHAEL CHAPMAN



