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Richard Neville
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OZ 7

Description

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

Contents: Angello Quattrochi - 'Wog Beach Shock' + graphics. 'What's So Good About Dylan?': An Attempt at Analysis by Michael Gray 6p+ with graphics and transcription of 'Song to Woody'. Nov 1st National Drop-Out Day ad. Other Scenes by John Wilcock. 'Cock Up Spaniels' by David Widgery. 'Michael X and the Flower Children' interview + photos by Horace Ove + notes from Malik's pre-trial. 2p 'Nothing But Flower Children' photostrip. 'In Bed With the Americans' by Polly Peachum. Film ad for *How I Won the War*. Ad for *Penthouse* and its "5,000-word celebration of hippiedom" (this issue's editorial notes a "reciprocal advertising arrangement with Penthouse" and condemns the fact that the OZ ad was censored because "Penthouse has exclusive rights to British obscenity"). IT subscription. Ad for The Mothers' *Freakout*. 'Blueprint for a Beautiful Community' by John Wilcock. *The Science of Being and Art of Living* by His Holiness Maharishi Mahesh Yogi reviewed. 2p 'Delusions' cartoon by Hama. Back cover: 'Had a Good Holiday?' - Andrew Fisher's indictment of sunbathing + Medusa graphic.

Publisher

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Comments

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



SHARP

SOMETHING
HAPPENING
BUT YOU DO
KNOW W

There is
in Mediter-
ranean Eur-
ope, roughly bet-
ween fascist
Spain & fascist
Greece -

don't look at political
maps, they lie - a coun-
try called Italy. For a
long time it has been gov-
erned by King Mastur-
bation & Queen
Prostitution, in-
cestuous children of
the same mother - the Catholic
Church. The North of Italy has been blessed with factories,
the South with the sun. The only music heard in the North is
the factory siren, in the south, Church bells. Millions have esc-
aped from the bells to join the slaves of the factory siren - a

century old siren with an old raucous voice and a new dollar tail.

Professional hypocrite, politicians say, 'it's getting better all
the time'. The professional liars, journalists, reiterate:

'it's preposterous'. The professional black-skirted virgins, priests,
officiate for its captivity: Hell is the place nearest to God.

The two M's reign: Mother & Moter-car. Mother teaches

you the rudiments of life, washes your socks (all
you need is socks...) & teaches you that women will do anything
for you but open their legs. Nice women. the Motor-car is for do-
nice things in with nice girls (from the waist up) and dirty things in
with dirty girls (from the waist down). If you mix them up you go
and tell the priest (he'll welcome details) & then you marry
your mistake, who then becomes another Mother thus clo-
sing the circle. Houses are for washing mashines,
tellies, & the baby - which of course must be kept
clean & with socks on. Roads are for going
to work, for going away with the family &
Auntie at weekends, and for releasing the
accumulated sadism. Soccer is for talking
with friends. Schools are for rising in
society. Cafes are for talking & swea-
ring with male pals. Most Churches
are beautiful. Wine is not expensive.
Good parents do not teach you to shout
about sex because it's dirty, sinful
and therefore unmentionable. Flesh
musn't be exposed. The tiny cock
of a naked eighteen month old
on an Italian beach caused a
stir. A little girl of four
kept following
him, grown-
ups pre-
tended
not
to

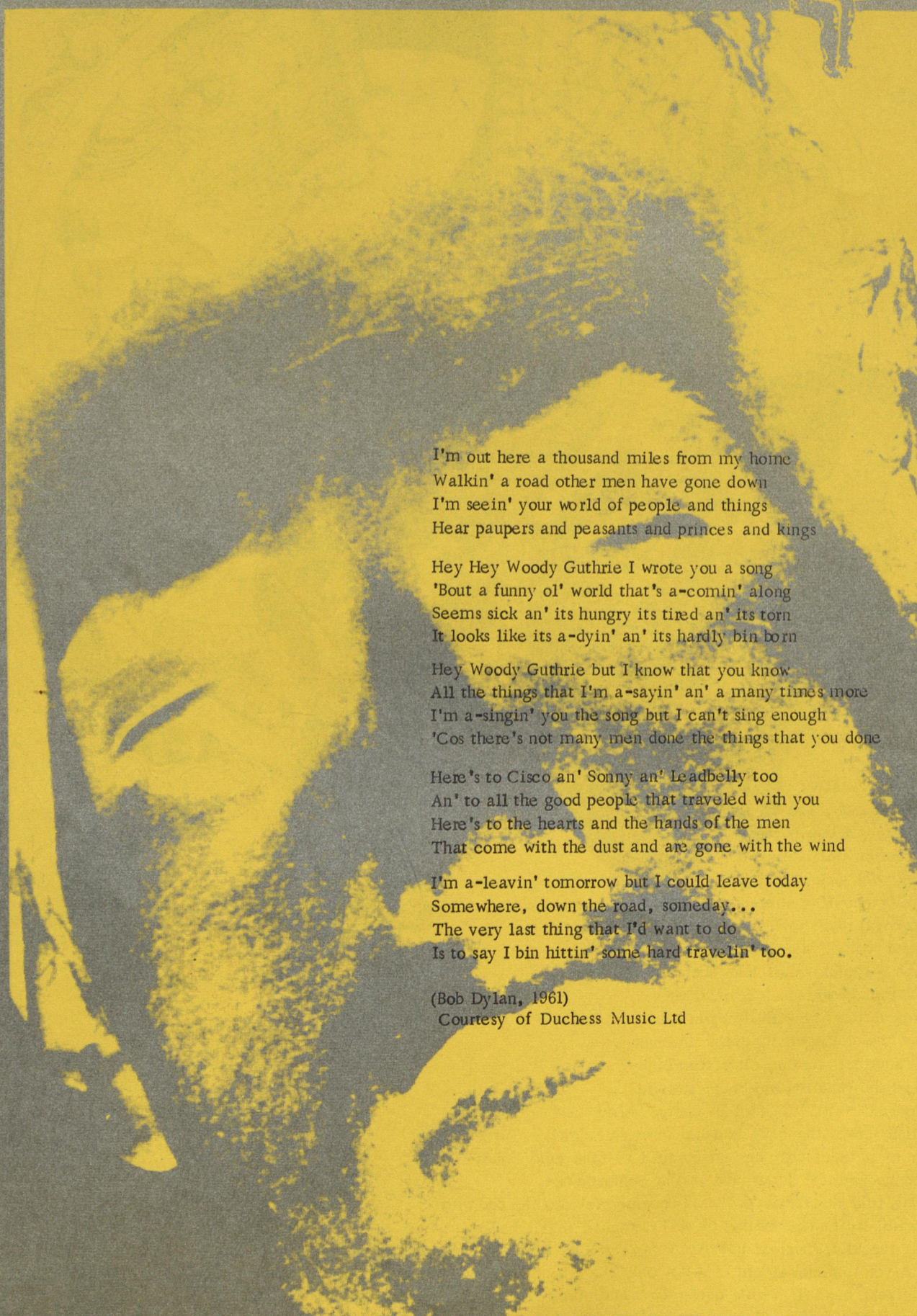




see, some called their children, mortally embarrassed. The precious father of anemic doll-like two year old girl, suffered. Young people muttered their disapproval in audible words - old women stared hard. It was a middle-class lake shore. Confronted with such scandal they were squirming with embarrassment but the management did'nt intervene. In a rather working class swimming pool the reaction was more straightforward - the lifeguard in charge asked us to cover the baby because there were girls around. In their teens boys are encouraged to take cold showers to do physical jerks; and in the confessionals are told that they have sinned because they wet the bed with white stuff. The feeling of guilt attached to all bodily matters is inoculated before puberty & is re-inforced with moral pressures nt you to fuck, alright, but not only that, he doesn't even wish you private capital, a stale cunt - boys learn their first lessons with whores. The girl says 'If you want that, go with a pro.' The pro says 'I do what your girl doesn't.' They put bromide in soldiers' soups, leave on statues' pricks and

during adolescence. God does not want to have an erection! Girls store their

continued P 22



I'm out here a thousand miles from my home
Walkin' a road other men have gone down
I'm seein' your world of people and things
Hear paupers and peasants and princes and kings

Hey Hey Woody Guthrie I wrote you a song
'Bout a funny ol' world that's a-comin' along
Seems sick an' its hungry its tired an' its torn
It looks like its a-dyin' an' its hardly bin born

Hey Woody Guthrie but I know that you know
All the things that I'm a-sayin' an' a many times more
I'm a-singin' you the song but I can't sing enough
'Cos there's not many men done the things that you done

Here's to Cisco an' Sonny an' Leadbelly too
An' to all the good people that traveled with you
Here's to the hearts and the hands of the men
That come with the dust and are gone with the wind

I'm a-leavin' tomorrow but I could leave today
Somewhere, down the road, someday...
The very last thing that I'd want to do
Is to say I bin hittin' some hard travelin' too.

(Bob Dylan, 1961)
Courtesy of Duchess Music Ltd

What's so good about Dylan?



ylan's lyrics are not poems, they are parts of songs. This is not to assert

that Dylan is not a poet but simply to remember that he is certainly a pop singer. The medium he has chosen involves more than language - and therefore a number of limits are placed on the selection and organisation of language within his work.

I don't think there are any other pop artists who experience the same difficulties; the other writer-singers labour under strains of a different quality. They are inevitably less aware than Dylan of the tension between linguistic, musical and dramatic expression because - unlike Dylan - they lack the necessary sureness of touch in one or more of those directions.

Jagger is usually worth watching and his records communicate the ethos of the sexual sneer; but the words of a Jagger song are mere dilettante junkie-ism. Scratched marticulacy on its own prison wall, with methedrine as a deified scapegoat

Paul Simon - record, stage or paper - belongs to part of Americana which assumes that an indiscriminate eagerness plus Doe-Eyed sensitivity = creative intelligence. The latter has not yet revealed itself on his SON OF

'SEPTEMBER IN THE RAIN' LP's.



Lennon-McCartney compositions, the Beatles records, are, at best, artistically disciplined.

cameos; cave-paintings in the primeval pop-world. And like cave-paintings they do not need their authors to explain, accompany or complete them.

This is a notable achievement - although the self-reliant is not always the valuable and The Beatles' writing seems to me to attain a standard that is fairly placed by being called Noel Cowardish. Nevertheless, Lennon-McCartney's compositions do not need blood-transfusions from Beatle performances in order to fend for themselves.

Dylan, on the other hand, is about 60% singer, musician and performer. This is one of the obstacles in the way of the attempt to isolate his lyrics. And though Dylan has often said "I am my words" this is merely to invite further difficulty; for an analysis on these grounds tends to suffer also in assuming the form of a Great Message Hunt.

I am not against messages. A writer without message is without real interest - contrary to a public opinion which "distrusts preaching" and gives that label to anything

served up without choc bars.

Literature is inseparable from the moral life of man and cannot afford to "give the public what it wants"; the creative writer must offer as humbly as possible what he believes the public needs. And as the Establishment knows, and as the Harold Robbinses prove by their passivity (for Mr. Robbins is one of humanity's drop-outs), "giving the public what it wants" is the easiest way to control what it wants.



ylan is one of those who seek honestly to speak out against this, against the dehumanising of society.

To Message Hunt through Dylan's lyrics is to pursue the preconception of a cohesive whole or something single: a philosophy of life that is without contradiction. Dylan does not claim to offer this. He is still searching both for his essential beliefs and an appropriate form in which to express them. What I think he does offer is the artistic re-creation of the experience of life within chaos. The 1960s. And the virtue lies not in the immediacy but in the honesty. Dylan's work possesses that individual integrity which belongs to the artist who can be said to "represent the age"; and this characteristic is essentially different from the ability to put

They're selling postcards of the hanging
They're painting the passports brown
The beauty-parlour is filled with sailors
The circus is in town
Here ' comes the blind commissioner
They've got him in a trance
One hand is tied to the tight-rope walker
The other is in his pants
And the riot squad they're restless
They need somewhere to go
As Lady 'n' I look out tonight
From Desolation Row

Cinderella she seems so easy
'It takes one to know one', she smiles,
And puts her hands in her back pockets
Bette Davis style
And in comes Romeo he's moaning
You Belong To Me I Believe
And someone says you're in the wrong place my friend
You better leave
And the only sound that's left
After the ambulances go
Is Cinderella sweeping up
On Desolation Row.

Now the moon is almost hidden
The stars are beginning to hide
The fortune-telling lady
Has even taken all her things inside
All except for Cain and Abel
And the hunch-back of Notre Dame
Everybody is making love
Or else expecting rain
And the Good Samaritan he's dressing
He's getting ready for the show
He's going to the carnival tonight
On Desolation Row

Ophelia she's 'neath the window
For her I feel so afraid
On her twenty-second birthday
She already is an old maid
To her, death is quite romantic

She wears an iron vest
Her profession's her religion
Her sin is her lifelessness
And though her eyes are fixed upon
Noah's great rainbow
She spends her time peeking in
To Desolation Row

Einstein disguised as Robin Hood
With his memories in a trunk
Passed this way an hour ago
With his friend a jealous monk
Now he looked so immaculately frightful
As he bummed a cigarette
And he went off sniffing drainpipes
And reciting the alphabet.
You would not think to look at him
But he was famous long ago
For playing the electric violin
On Desolation Row

Dr. Filth he keeps his world
Inside of a leather cup
But all his sexless patients
They are trying to blow it up
Now his nurse, some local loser,
She's in charge of the cyanide hole
And she also keeps the cards that read
Have Mercy On His Soul
They all play on the penny whistle
You can hear them blow
If you lean your head out far enough
From Desolation Row

Across the street they've nailed the curtains
They're getting ready for the feast -
The Phantom of the Opera
In a perfect image of a priest
They are spoonfeeding Casanova
To get him to feel more assured
Then they'll kill him with self-confidence
After poisoning him with words
And the Phantom's shouting to skinny girls
Get Outa Here If You Don't Know

Casanova is just being punished
For going to Desolation Row

At midnight all the agents
And the superhuman crew
Go out and round up everyone
That knows more than they do
Then they bring them to the factory
Where the heart-attack machine
Is strapped across their shoulders
And then the kerosene
Is brought down from the castles
By insurance men who go
Check to see that nobody is escaping
To Desolation Row

Praise be to Nero's Neptune
The Titanic sails at dawn
Everybody is shouting
Which Side Are You On?
And Ezra Pound and T.S. Eliot
Fighting in the captain's tower
While calypso singers laugh at them
And fishermen hold flowers
Between the windows of the sea
Where lovely mermaids flow
And nobody has to think too much
About Desolation Row

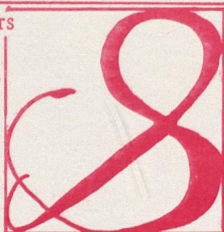
Yes I received your letter yesterday
(About the time the door-knob broke)
When you asked me how I was doing
Was that some kind of joke?
All these people that you mention
Yes I know them they're quite lame
I had to re-arrange their faces
And give them all another name,
right now I can't read too good
Don't send me no more letters no -
Not unless you mail them
From Desolation Row.

(Bob Dylan, 1965)

© Blossom Music/ Leeds Music Ltd.

together a few common denominators as Amis did in the 1950s and as the Beatle-writers do today. Dylan' is a personal perception - the perception of an intelligent acquisitive mind. The focus is sensitive, the expression disciplined and therefore the product is art. At this point it is no longer useful to compare Bob Dylan with other pop stars; it may later be constructive instead to measure him against other poets. If Dylan is influenced by early Presley he is also influenced by Whitman; and though he is saying more than Simon-Garfunkel, Lennon or P.F. Sloan, he may be saying less than Yevtushenko, S.T. Coleridge or Stephen Wycherley.

So what is Dylan saying?*



SONG TO WOODY, the first of the two lyrics printed here, expresses the desire for an innocent drop-out, but also, as with

Mr. Tambourine Man, the concern to find a new allegiance:

"Hey Mr. Tambourine Man play a song for me -
In the jingle-jangle morning I'll come following you."

- and the allegiance declared here is to the inner world. The intention is to come upon self-discovery (I doubt if one can 'come upon it' with quite that facility), to free the mind in the hope that its isolation will bring independent thought. I am not concerned to argue the pros and cons of whether this

works in general, or whether, if it does, the independent thinking is likely to be redirected towards "dropping back in" in any socially constructive way. It is enough to say that it has worked for Dylan. Drugs have not dulled the finer edges nor restricted his ability to perceive and remain articulate. "People should not know more than they can creatively digest," wrote Nietzsche. That Dylan has the capacity for this creative assimilation - it is abundantly clear in his work - is what gives him his authority.

The allegiance sought in SONG TO WOODY is the "hard travelin'" ethos represented by Guthrie. In that sense it is, too, the world of the American West to which

Hemingway and his "Lost Generation" looked for fulfilment - and failed to discover. Hemingway could only find instead the masturbation-habit of attending Spanish bullfights. Guthrie, on the other hand, lived a life of Hard Travelin' and the intensity and compassion of Dylan's lyric is confirmed by a reading of the Guthrie autobiography 'Bound for Glory'. The lines:

Here's to the hearts and the hands
of the men

That come with the dust and are
gone with the wind
faithfully reflect Guthrie's ethnic sensibility but communicate also (they flow naturally from that undramatic statement of a personal admiration which makes the second line of this fourth stanza so effective) Dylan's pledge of involvement with Guthrie's America. That line in the opening verse acts, in retrospect, as confirmation:

I'm seein' your world of people
and things

- confirmation that, as the rhythmic balance of the lyric insists, Dylan has an incisive grasp of that world and (as part of that reality) of its romantic implications. One notes too that the awareness of the latter is evidence also that Dylan can see the Guthrie World in the context of others. Guthrie's Hard Travelers shared a landscape of dust, wind and poverty, seen on foot and rattled through in over-crowded box-cars. And the wind and dust are evoked in the construction of the song. Lines and syllables take the form of a list: the suggestion is one of restless movement within a pre-ordained pattern of repetition. The felicity of Dylan's intimations of experience within and outside of the ethos described is focused by the combination of the general response personalised:

I'm leavin' tomorrow but I could
leave today

Somewhere, down the road,
someday

and the personal response
generalised:

Hey Hey Woody Guthrie I wrote
you a song
Bout a funny ol' world that's
a-comin' along
Seems sick an' its hungry its
tired an' its torn
It looks like its a-dyin' an'
its hardly bin born.

And there, most economically,
is the rhythmic and onomatopoeic repetition. Also evoked, one notes, is the acquired fortitude of mild amusement which is the necessary survival-kit of the hard traveler. 'Hey Hey Woody Guthrie I wrote you a song' pinpoints this with a deceptive ease. That Dylan can render this with such felicitous poignancy is sufficient indication that neither the intention nor the effect is one of ill-considered sentimentalism. And although in 'God On Our Side' he lingers over the line:

The country I come from is
called the Mid-West

and the romantic vision of dying on a freight train occurs in his version of 'Man of Constant Sorrow' and again in 'It Takes A Lot To Laugh It Takes A Train To Cry', the last two lines of 'Song to Woody' are of at least equal significance:

The very last thing that I'd want
to do
Is to say I bin hittin' some hard
travelin' too.

With those lines - deriving as they do a particular strength from the clipped reluctant flirtation of the cadence - we are given a greater understanding of the spirit of the lyric as it is stated in the title. To say he'd been hittin' some hard travelin' too is, emphatically, not the last thing he'd want to be able to do. 'Song to Woody',

most pungently, includes in its pledge of involvement a plea for that involvement. And it expresses the same inner drive of desire which we find directed elsewhere in 'Mr. Tambourine Man' and again in, say, 'Pledging My Time'. In the one the desire is for the freedom to make a reality out of dancing:

beneath the diamond sky with
one hand waving free
Silhouetted by the sea

and in the other the desire is to achieve an unknown fulfilment in a personal relationship. Strange that Dylan is so often dismissed as a professional protest-merchant.

When we ask what this rather crude label means, of course, there is no answer - except from those agents of the existing order who disapprove of people who sing for a living and who resent their having opinions. (The most offensive lapel-badge of all, in their eyes, is the one that reminds them in moderate type that BOB DYLAN IS A RATE-PAYER). The label Protest-Merchant, then, is hardly a critical term.



Dylan is, patently,
a critic of society:
I hope we all are.
But Dylan's
criticism, as it is
presented in his
writing, seems to

me to be characterised by a personal insight unusually abrasive in quality. Some of his earlier criticism appeared then, and appears more so in retrospect, obvious and, to that extent, naive. 'Blowin In The Wind' and 'Masters of War' are not memorable pieces of writing. It is not simply the clichés that mar them but also the assumption that thier inclusion is necessary for the emphasised communication of his theme. The implication is that the listener needs to be spoonfed.



In his more recent work, however, Dylan has learnt to trust his public. The criticism of human values in society, though sometimes harsh and sometimes rendered as an ingenuous reproach, is always offered in a form dictated by his art, not by an anxiety based on lack of trust.

I should like to put a case for judging Dylan's 'Desolation Row' to be a distinguished and brilliantly sustained critique of modern American society.

Desolation Row is a Cannery Row, the logical consequence, in one way at least, of the society surrounding it. Dylan is writing from within Desolation Row and though part of his pessimism is the product of his living there

When you asked me how I was doing
Was that some kind of joke?

the intention is not to repeat the theme of, say, North Country Blues, which was basically a chronicle of a community's suffering in the face of encroaching poverty. Dylan's despondence in 'Desolation Row' is his reaction to what he sees around him. And what he sees is life regimented by false values, lived out with dishonesty; norms which produce a denial of humanity being acted upon by man. Dylan explores this unreal society, recognises it as pernicious in its denial of essential human truths and insists upon the urgency of the need to assert and re-establish these.

He communicates his conviction of society's perversity, in the first place, by a sustained reversal of norms within the logic of the poem: the beauty-parlour is filled with sailors and it is the riot squad that is restless. Casanova, the dominating lover, is being spoon-fed; Romeo is moaning. And the determined use of a

barrage of folk-heroes, in careful disarray, participants in and agents of this world of sick disorder, emphasises his theme. There is Bette Davis, Cain and Abel, the hunchback of Notre Dame, the Good Samaritan, Ophelia, Noah, Einstein, Robin Hood, the Phantom of the Opera, Casanova, Romeo, Nero, Neptune, Ezra Pound and T.S. Eliot - not to mention Dr. Filth. There is Cinderella too, but she is the exception. She is, with Dylan, on Desolation Row; she is victim, not agent, and therefore she is less of a victim. But though she can afford to be more honest - "to live outside the law you must be honest" is a line from a later song - the real "sweeping up" must be done outside: across the street, where they've nailed the curtains.

The other general characteristic of the poem is the recurring intimation of imminent disaster.

The commissioner, who is blind, is tied (by one hand) to the tight-rope walker; and:

All except for Cain and Abel
And the hunchback of Notre Dame
Everybody is making love
Or else expecting rain.

Now the moon is almost hidden
The stars are beginning to hide
The fortune-telling lady
Has even taken all her things
inside

But it is the single line:
'The Titanic sails at dawn'
which is most strikingly evocative of catastrophe. It summarises with the conciseness of the true artist the theme and colouring of the whole poem. It is the Titanic which epitomises present-day American society as Dylan interprets it; for the Titanic was the ship of the future, the proof of man's progress and civilisation, the unsinkable ship which, on her

maiden voyage, sank. And when she began to sink the majority of her passengers refused to believe it could happen; the palm court orchestra played on and the people in the ship's ballroom continued to dance.



he different kinds of denial - the various ways in which the "dancing" continues, as Dylan sees it -

are presented with an incision which incorporates Dylan's essential sanity within an impressionistic evocation of escalating malaise. They're selling postcards of the hanging at the beginning of the song; but by the middle some local loser is in charge of the cyanide hole:

And she also keeps the cards
that read
Have Mercy On His Soul.

The first two stanzas present a general picture, establishing the nature of the poem being offered and laying the foundations of its "Wasteland" connotations. The only specific criticism made is that contained in the observation that:

the riot squad they're restless
They need somewhere to go.....

That the society has riot-quelling machinery out on the streets is a denial of its democratic basis; and that this arrangement is taken for granted - accepted as normal - is indicative of the malaise which a corrupted system of government inculcates in the process of rendering its citizens morally, as well as politically, impotent.

In the third stanza - again with a striking economy of language - Dylan questions the essential quality and effectiveness of modern humanitarian liberalism in the context of the society he sees:

And the Good Samaritan he's dressing



He's getting ready for the show
When we meet the Good Samaritan
preparing for his carnival the
stars have already begun to hide.
The darkness is already closing in,
and it is not the sort of darkness
which should encourage dressing
for dinner. Like everybody's
making love it is an inappropriate
response. It exposes that lethal
unawareness against which Dylan
is concerned to speak out.

This is why, in the final stanza, Dylan
demands of his correspondent that
she submit herself to the experience
of being on Desolation Row - the one
place where it remains possible
to possess, or re-discover, an
honesty of response. There is,
after all, nothing Desolation Row
can offer in the way of compromising
or deluding alternative. Consequently
the letter received from outside
communicates nothing beyond what
Dylan knows already of that
outside society. His receiving it,
therefore, is of no importance to
him at all:

Yes I received your letter yesterday
(About the time the door-knob broke) ..

That pay-off line is beautiful, as
Dylan's put-downs usually are.

In this final stanza of 'Desolation Row'.
The real emphasis is
on the hope that the girl from
outside will come to the Row, to be
redeemed, as it were:

Don't send me no more letters no -
Not unless you mail them from
Desolation Row.

This blindness which is under
attack (it is a society of
commissioners with which Dylan
is dealing) is examined in terms
of a kind of cause and effect
in stanzas eight and nine. Stanza
eight is an indictment of the
tightly-organised human betrayal
which the American educational
system represents. It is portrayed
as essentially a nightmarish
machinery for bringing the potential

enemies of the status quo - the
potential saviours, the independant
thinkers - into line:

At midnight all the agents
And the superhuman crew
Go out and round up everyone
That knows more than they do

Mockingly, Dylan shows that
the system's "education" consists
in the maintenance of ignorance.
Moreover, that "crew", in the
context, asserts in combination
with the opening phrase "At
midnight.." the telling connotative
suggestion of collective vandalism,
political purges and press-gangs.
The over-riding element of
violence, then, is evoked in those
first two lines of the verse. We
are forewarned of the "heart-attack
machine", the kerosene and the
near-impossibility of escape.

Everybody is shouting
Which Side Are You On?

Perhaps the palm-court orchestra
is playing it. And 'Which Side
Are You On?', one remembers, is
the song used by the Chorus in
Duberman's play 'In White America'



So we have Dylan's
America, presented
with a power of
conviction for which
his artistry is
responsible. What
we have in

'Desolation Row' is far removed from
the blanket, grating assemblage of
accusation which pop-protesters
like Mr. Barry McGuire will always
assume to be adequate and worthy
of attention. Neither is it a
product of the easy occupation of
preaching to the converted: Dylan



The consequent powerlessness of
the individual, in the face of all
this, is a conclusion urged upon us
also by the link with Kafka's vision
of life contained in the remainder
of the stanza: the kerosene is
brought down from the castles
By insurance men who go
Check to see that nobody is
escaping
To Desolation Row.

Stanza nine deals with the result of
this extermination of individuality
and returns us to the element of
urgency which Dylan finds
consonant with his analysis.

does not preach - he offers his
comment, throws out the hint but
with the poet's virility. And even
for those who are, in a general
sense, "converted" to the view
that American society is nauseously
uncivilised, Dylan's analysis is
of a quality likely to make its
expression in the poem a means of
enhancing the reader's awareness.
That is its value.

Where I think Dylan is immature in
his judgement is in contending as he
does in that ninth stanza that Eliot
and Pound have sold out to the
non-human values. Eliot in



COCK UP SPANIELS

David Widgery

The Observer and Sunday Times are weekly installments in the collapse of the liberal British intellectual. Each Sunday we receive a new failure of nerve and intelligence, a further retreat from the wintry Moscow of their imagination, a new capitulation to the fantasies of consumerism. These papers are written by intellectuals for intellectuals and are a moving tribute to the total integration of both to the values and purposes of the Establishment. Whereas every European capitalist country has, in some form, a self aware, antagonistic intelligensia, with serious historical and social recourses, our spaniels have cut with the grain and are indistinguishable from it. The papers' conviviality with its readers depends on their shared interest in personalities, commodities, clothes and cars, anything rather than ideas, because the profound bluff philistinism of our spaniel intellectuals finds the very idea of a belief difficult and degrading. The absence of ideas does not of course prevent a great deal of pompous reflection by the graduates of some of our finest universities.

Cyril Connolly once had a little mag in Bloomsbury and has never quite got over it, Muggeridge can be found grinding in what's left of the two thoughts he has every year, Maurice Richardson moved his home so he could receive BBC2 and Kathrine Whitthorne cares deeply about Hornblower, and social work and I can't imagine why people don't jolly well realise it. The heavies are still thought of as part of the social purpose of the magazine. Like Crash Courses in Philosophy, and Wall Charts on Modern Literature, no one reads them but they give the paper tone. Nowadays Totynbee Connolly and Mortimer are harder to find in the index and among the tea rose by post adverts, but their tone of magnificent authority is still there;

Both papers care a lot about politics and war reporting. They run long editorials about Poverty and Race and Hunger when these topics are occasionally uncovered by events. While their politics, especially the Observer's editorial line on Rhodesia and Africa and ST and defence may tend to radical, where it counts they accept throughout the logic of Wilsonism, modernisation, efficiency, growthism and the Freeze That Will Hurt (i.e. hurt the working class and the social programmes). The message, refracted 50 ways is a dense infatuation with the present, which is a sensible scheme for the million or so people who read these papers, who also own 67% or so of capital wealth and 82% of personal wealth, who take the lions share of the public social services and the elephant share of occupational welfare and tax allowances. Both papers editorial on Greece, Detroit and Vietnam have been hurt and rather angry that everyone is so irrational. But its rationality is seen when the Sundays come to deal with the extremists who plot all these undesirable outbreaks. The ST systematically witchhunts. Examples: the 63 Greek Visit, the Society for Anglo Chinese Understanding, The Amalgamated Engineering Union, the National Union of Students, the National Union of Seamen in all of which cases the ST has carried partisan material before an election of meeting which names and smears left wingers. The Observer has not the reporters to manage this very often but does its bit with Grankshaw scissors and paste Kremlinology (which reached lower depths of vulgarity in his obituary of Deustcher) and its purchase of the Svetlana memoirs at a price which one can only hope will bankrupt the paper. The Sunday Times can report with extreme efficiency and technical ability on any given conflict, but this news is so skillfully handled by these great agencies of misinformation, that it becomes, not the basis for radical action but a palliative to it. The full colour coverage of the Vietnam and Israel Wars submerge us in a cluster of facts and opinion, probe and analysis but they manage to leave the reader

distanced and academic, unable to relate human action to this world of powers and maps and diagrams which might as easily be Montgomery's Desert War.

But the central feebleness of their thought comes out in the photojournalism sired by Antony Sampson out of Lord Snowdon whose prose aims at the complete replication of static reality (i.e. the ST on Cambridge and London Airport) or its Observer version which consists of sending out John Gale, Colin McGlashin or Michael Braun to talk to Girls or Negroes or Debs. Not much writing is required for this instamix articles but what we get is the belief, shared by Aitken, that we are living in the time of a social revolution, a "new classness equalitarianism" (the O has applied this word to yatching, comprehensive schools, Birmingham and new universities). So Forget those dole ques that grow, the class rooms that fill, the houses that rot and the old lady who has just delightedly pulled a comic book out of the dustbin across the street.

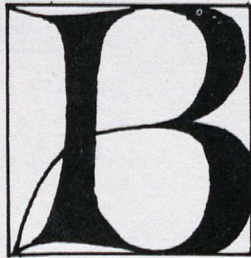
In this land where all that matters is static, the revolutions must be in North Sea Gas, the struggle is one to turn a tank the right way round again, the discoveries "a delicious new toilet soap we've found, we keep the strawberry next to the bidet" The only change they dare hope for is change in late night telly; J. Millers Monitor "will break through the cliches of telly thinking and presentation and the defences of all but the most conventional viewer": David Frost will "express a new-style 1960-ish non-U youth leader, reclaimed from the verge of delinquency".

And all that it ever demonstrates is the wretchedness of their moral imagination, the fact that they have sold out without even being aware of the transaction. What's left is a pantomime of ruling class chic; the pert vulgarity and idiot condescension of Briefing and Hers. John Crosby, like DeeTime without guests, determined to laugh his way out of anything serious. The fashion pages which aren't about clothes any longer but beautiful nervous costumes to tide them over the blackness of the present. The supplement dream world not for people but for consumers who want to look like a director, smell like a man and have electrified teeth. It's a picture book world designed for evasion, and consists of what Hoggart called "anti life value full of a corrupt brightness, of improper appeals and moral evasions". The nervous twitches of the prose are the hectic verbless sentences, the oral phrases and the eternal use of the Observer We as if to prove there is some kind of umbilicus between the fashion staff and Life. The language attempts a flawed ambiguity which distances itself from its own excesses (as in the Atticus bad pun titles) and this in turn reflects an uncertain unstated relationship with its audience, uncertain because it has no basis in common intellectual ideas of values but rather in styles and behaviour. It is in the gossip feature that the Observer is being most honest: conversational, chi chi, object infested. It is culture of a decaying class consisting not of ideas, but ideas about ideas, ouvres rather than reviews, but gossip better than both. It differs from the Guardians Miscellany and the Observer's Colour Section only in the degree of self deceit. Its a culture entirely appropriate to its audience whose real problems are about au pairs, water proof leg make up, young children on aeroplanes and what to say at the next publishers' party. Not an antagonism to consumer values but a celebration of them. For there is no problem so serious that it can't be solved with a new negligee and "any girl who gets by on a pettycoat and a warm pair of pajamas deserves to sleep alone".

Its a world of spaniel words and spaniel ideas, some are friendly, some are even intelligent but they are all happiest when they are rolling on their backs.

MICHAEL X

& THE FLOWER CHILDREN



Because black people in this country and in America comprise such a small percentage of the population; how can you possibly expect a victory by force?

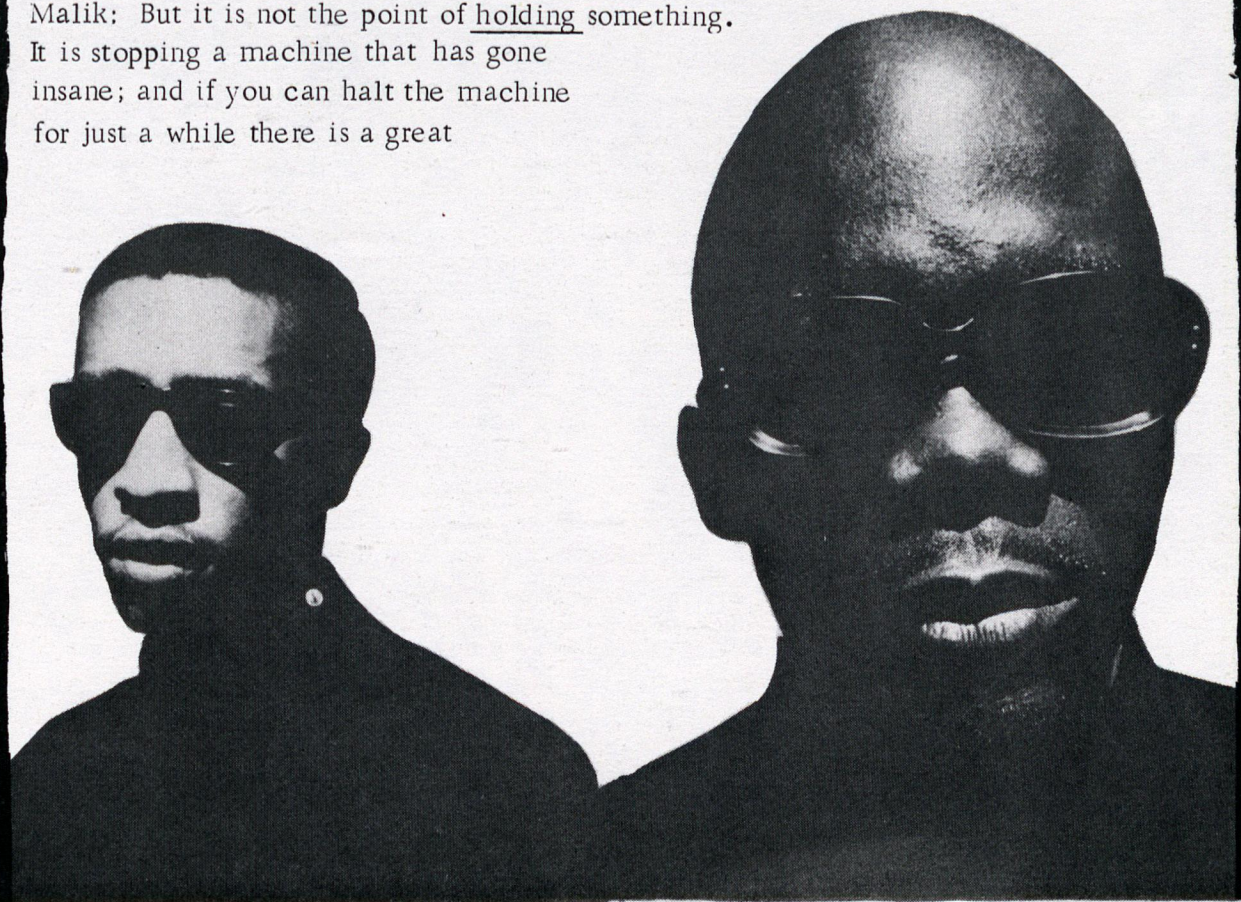
Malik: Don't you realise that the struggle is international and of the 3000,000,000 people in the world, only a small percentage are of non coloured races, like white? You are outnumbered by 2 to 1 at least.

But there are different battle-fronts, aren't there? Australia doesn't let any coloured people in, so you could never help the aborigines. And in America the whites could go out and shoot every black person they wanted to.

Malik: One of the strange things about the black man in the white western world is that he lives in the cities. Now he has proven that he can control the city because in Watts, which was the first experiment in this kind of thing, it took just 20 men to flatten it. By the time they reached Detroit, they were that efficient that the numbers had been cut down ...it took only 11 men to stop Detroit. It would take no more than 6 men in London to halt London completely. Obviously we can win.

But for how long could the 11 men halt Detroit and the 6 men halt London?

Malik: But it is not the point of holding something. It is stopping a machine that has gone insane; and if you can halt the machine for just a while there is a great



possibility that the thinkers insider of there will start thinking of what they are doing, because if you halt...if 6 men can stop 14 million from moving in the London area then surely you have to sit and think and not allow the machine to get out of control, beserk. The system is driving us as a people completely insane. I recognise the type of insanity that they are trying to throw at me. I too am being dehumanised and I resent that.

But there are whites who have already begun to think and begun to act and you won't work with them. Recently the chance of an alternative political party in America was jeopardised because even the extreme radical whites weren't able to work with the black militants. The blacks were unco-operative. There was a break up of this potential party. Don't you think it would have been tactically wiser to have joined forces with the radical whites and to have co-operated in establishing an alternative political party?

Malik: To begin with the party that calls itself 'radical white', is no such thing - it will be just a pack of other vicious white men; that's what they really are because they will sit and intellectualise about a lot of nonsense but they will do nothing about it when it comes to actually working.

Let's take for example the hippie element. They will do something positive about the system, like they will not pay attention to it - they intend to ignore it, depriving the politicians and so on of themselves as little pawns which the politicians call voters, and in this they have negated the very actions of these politicians. Now our arguments against the society and the system as a whole is one wherein there is no other answer but to destroy the system, there is no nature of a compromise, there is no compromise position that I can ever come to with the existant system. I could not use their structure. For example I could not use their machinery of the electorate and have one of us elected who will become Prime Minister or an M.P. or something - this doesn't mean anything because then we will have to operate with the same system and we too will be oppressors. What it is we would like to see done with the system is the total destruction of it, wherein a new sense of values will be established, wherein human beings will be the important thing that the system will be set up to protect. The present system is set to protect material things, property. This we think is one of the key bits of insanity in the present machine that is being run. Where it has gone mad. And this we will change. So I couldn't possibly join up with these type of people nor could I possibly think of ever running for an election. This is not the kind of thing we are at - I don't want to be Prime Minister of anywhere.

Although you say you can't work with white people, you seem to share hippie sentiments. Do you think you will ever co-operate with them?

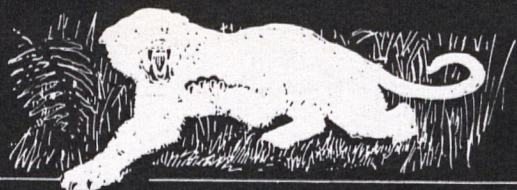
Malik: We try to talk now which is very important- we cannot talk to anybody else in the community. We go through the motions of talk but we don't hear each other, whereas the hippies and ourselves have a pretty reasonable understanding. We listen to each other which doesn't mean we have to act on what each one says. For example, in the present issue of the Los Angeles Free press, you will see that Rap Brown is talking to the hippies in America. Take the present issue of IT and you will see that I am talking to the hippies here in England - so we are on a talking relationship, both in America and here and that's not coincidence.

You once said that amongst a sea of white faces in a riot, you wouldn't recognise any individual white faces. Would you see the hippies?

Malik: Well, man, if we can't see them we're going to going to hear them - they've taken precautions about that. They've put bells about their bloody necks.

You say that black or white men are essentially different. That they have a different frame of reference. That's what racists like Mike Hoare and Governor Wallace say. How would you differ from them?

Malik: I can understand hippies because they talk and they make themselves very clear - people like Mike Hoare and other racists also make their positions plain - now the vast majority of the white people in the world, I find, never make their positions plain. They say one thing and they do another. This makes it very difficult for me to understand such people, because basically I recognize and like the honest ones. I like those who say what they mean and do what they mean and what they say - so people like Mike Hoare, I understand him; it's not a matter of a cat I'd want to have breakfast with in the morning.



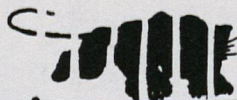
I do believe that the black peoples and the white peoples are basically quite different. Like we have had different types of experience all our lives, things that you know, I don't know. Simple things, like talking about this electoral system I don't know anything about that because I have never been there. I have no idea of what it is like to be white and free, just like you have no idea of what it is like to be black and be a slave. You may look in on it but you don't really know the feelings inside of it. I'm sure you have no idea of what your girlfriend feels like when she is pregnant. She may tell you, but you can never really feel that. This is something which is private only to her, and there is really no way she can get that feeling into you. I can give you as much as a look in as I can, as much as my pride and my ego and my sufferings, my pain and my joys and everything else will allow me to show you me.

I want to show you me, I want desperately to show all of me, because no doubt you might be able to communicate with the cat, whoever he is and he must exist, who can do something to change this nonsense that is happening, that fellow exists, he must live somewhere and I wish he could find out. I think they keep the news from him, whoever they are, they must, because if he knew and he was a just man he wouldn't allow what is happening now to happen.

He wouldn't allow us to be going completely along a path which is really to our own destruction - and his - because we have been driven so far now that the language we talk is "if we can't live in them fine houses now then noone is going to live in them". I think this is a very just statement, I think this is very very just and a great lot of our people think it is very very just. One can intellectualise their way in and out of that, they can say I'm right and they can say I am wrong, and they can argue it anyway they want. I'm not interested in that. I'm just telling you what I'm saying. So you can see what I am at and from there we can begin, you know, sorting that out.

A lot of white people are becoming involved with your problems even if some times only superficially,





Notes from his pre-trial, Sept. 29.

The press went to Reading and reported most of the words but none of the drama of the proceedings.

Because the prosecution had no complete record of Malik's contentious utterances, witnesses present at the Rainbow Hall speech were called to recall the bits they remembered or had noted at the time. Thus the record of the speech pieced together by the prosecution was a series of sensationalised statements plucked out of context and divorced from narrative logic.

Most of Malik's alleged speech was reproduced in the dailies. One quote was conspicuous by its absence:

Malik (to reporters): "You bastards follow me wherever I go and you write lies about me. Buy the paper tomorrow and you will see the lies they have written."

During the trial a negro rose from the gallery, walked to the dock and handed Malik a note. Spying this, a young ginger-headed policeman hurried to the dock and ordered Malik to surrender it. "Oh go away little boy", said Malik.

Further insults followed until the policeman left empty handed.

A clean cut, chiseled faced, self satisfied reporter from the Express, Brian Park, was the first to give evidence of Malik's speech. He was questioned at the end.

Malik: Do you understand black people when they talk.

Park: Yes, just as I hope they understand me.

Malik: Are you mamma-guy?

Park: I beg your pardon. I do not understand you.

After a fruitless quarrel between the Court and the defendant, Malik sighed: "We are not speaking the same language. We are on a different wave length".

Magistrate: No. We are speaking basic English.

Most of the proceedings were unforgettably boring. This was because the witnesses were duplicating each other's testimony and their depositions were recorded by an antique, non electric, non sound proof typewriter.

Prosecutor: Were you at Rainbow Hall on July 24?

Witness: Yes.

Typewriter: Ratatatatatatatat . .

Prosecutor: Did you take notes?

Witness: Yes.

Typewriter: Ratatatatatatatat.

Prosecutor: Have you those notes with you now?

Witness: Yes.

Typewriter: Ratatatatatatatat.

Etc.



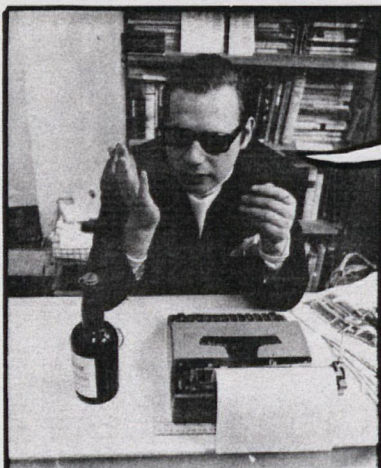
During the trial a black member of the gallery lit a cigarette. A policeman swept over and ordered him to remove it. The black man stared angrily back at the policeman, cigarette jutting defiantly. No one moved. Suddenly another black man jumped up and extracted the cigarette. The policeman retreated and the two black brothers bickered furiously.

Occasionally the proceedings were interrupted by Malik's emotional outbursts ... "I cannot speak a language I cannot understand.....I will desperately try and communicate.....I am not going to play your game..."

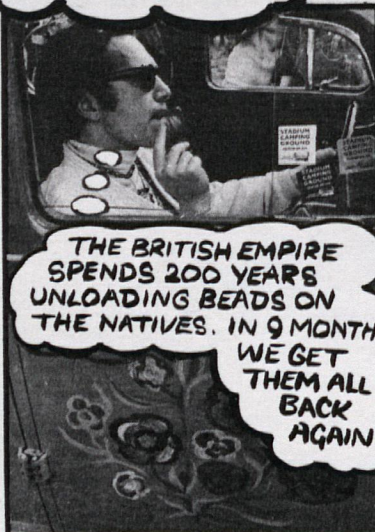
The two magistrates, Clerk of the Court, witnesses and policemen all fidgeted uncomfortably and uncomprehendingly during those ejaculations. Once, one of them responded bewilderedly: "But we are not playing a game."



NOTHING BUT FLOWER CHILDREN



NOT FOR NOTHING AM I, DEREK DREDGE
DEMON HACK OF FLEET ST,
THE LEE HARVEY OSWALD OF THE GLOS-
SIES (NOT FOR NOTHING), FOR
ABOUT TEN GRAND PER ANNUM, +
EXPENSES.
SCANNING THE SCENES WITH MY SOP-
HISTICATED EYE, WHAT DO I FIND
FOR MY GREEDY READERS...?
FLOWERS. ARE THEY MERELY ANOTHER
FEAT OF FASHIONABLE PUBLICITY...?



THE BRITISH EMPIRE
SPENDS 200 YEARS
UNLOADING BEADS ON
THE NATIVES. IN 9 MONTHS
WE GET
THEM ALL
BACK
AGAIN

THE QUEST - FEARLESSLY
FORWARD INTO THE DOM-
AIN OF THE SHY 'DIGGER' DUKE



JOSS STICKS TO
BLOW THE SENSES
KALEIDOSCOPE TO
BLOW
THE
MIND

A FLUTE
JUST
TO BLOW

PSYCHEDELICATES-
SEN



LOVE, LOVE
LOVE

RECONNAISSANCE

... LURK,
SURVEY
THE
GRUESOME
SCENES...
WANDERING
IMMORAL
GIRLS
TINKLING
TINY
ORNAMENTS
(ARTIFICIAL
ROSE
BY COURTESY
OF
FORTNUM
& MASON)

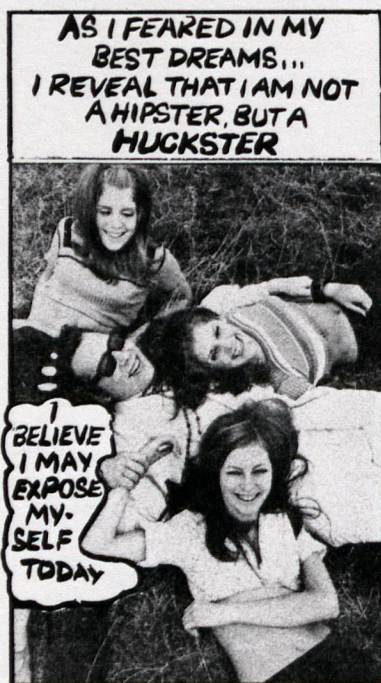


IT'S MY TURNED
ON CREDIT
CARD



I LOVE
YOU, BUT
SMILE, OR
I'LL RIP
YOUR
PETALS OFF

BRIMMING WITH
CONFIDENCE, I TAKE IN
'THE SCENE'



AS I FEARED IN MY
BEST DREAMS...
I REVEAL THAT I AM NOT
A HIPSTER, BUT A
HUCKSTER

I BELIEVE
I MAY
EXPOSE
MY-
SELF
TODAY



THIS
IS
WHERE
IT IS
AT

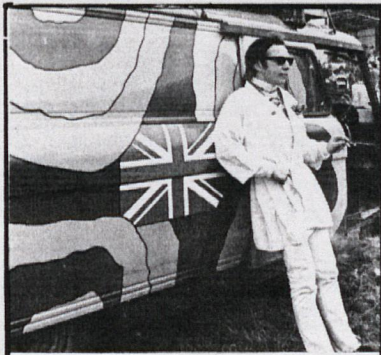
I MEET THE
BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE
AT LAST!

I SHALL READ FROM
I CHING, PEANUTS, THE
KORAN...



MEGALOMANIA
STRIKES!

ON SECOND THOUGHTS
I SHALL READ FROM
MY OWN WORKS

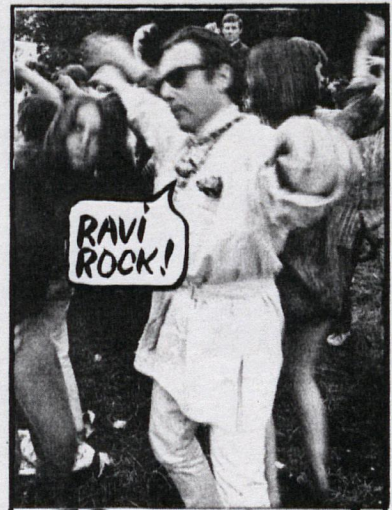


WHERE HAVE ALL
THE
FLOWERS GONE?



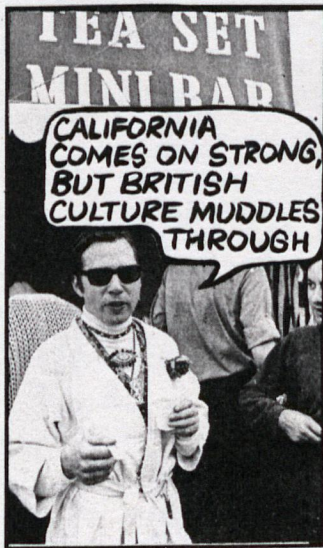
IS THIS ONE OF THOSE ORGIES
ARRANGED BY THE NEWS OF
THE WORLD?

IF I FLASH MY PRESS
CARD, THEY MIGHT
LET ME IN ...



RAVI
ROCK!

FRUG OFF!



TEA SET
MINI RAD

CALIFORNIA
COMES ON STRONG,
BUT BRITISH
CULTURE MUDDLES
THROUGH

TWO
LUMPS
AND A
MACRO-
BIOTIC
SAUSAGE
ROLL
PLEASE

WHY
DON'T
WE ROLL
ONE
HERE
MAN?



OH, MAN...

HAN'S W

MARIJUANA
CIGARETTES
GIVE ME
YING
CANCER



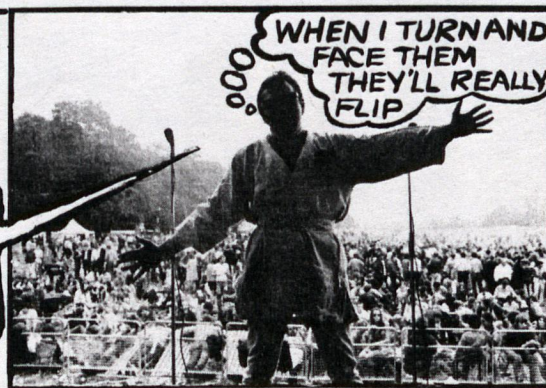
TO FRESH FIELDS AND
PASTURES NEW...

LOVE TRACTOR,
COPYRIGHT USSR?

MEGALOMANIA 2

MY 'PRIVILEGE'
SCENE...

FLOWER POWER!
MOWER POWER!
MAO POWER!



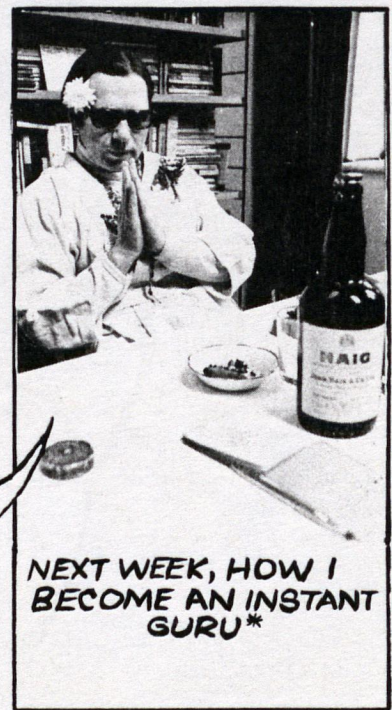
WHEN I TURN AND
FACE THEM
THEY'LL REALLY
FLIP



FREAK OUT!!

WHAT?

THIS HAS BEEN
MY MOST
TRANSCENDENTAL
EXPERIENCE
OF THE
WEEK...



NEXT WEEK, HOW I
BECOME AN INSTANT
GURU*

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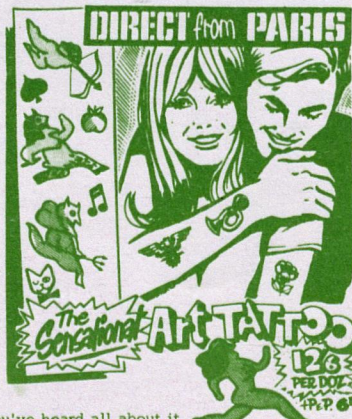
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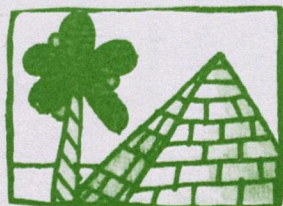
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black veils on cinema projectors. Inhibitions breed frustrations, frustrations breed obsessions. Life is distorted, the mind is degraded.

Being the last to have joined the castrated, social democrat rich of Europe, they are the most gullible, the most vulgar and they suffer the most from this newly acquired absurdity. It's accepted only because their sole comparison is with their previous poverty.

This is a long introduction which has almost killed my style but which should tell the reader that he is very lucky if his only problem is to know just where his next acid is coming from.

The example of Italy, the most repressed of the "not poverty stricken countries", the rotten apple with the golden skin, where to be young is a sin and to be old is deadly, should show them how desperately they're needed. Entrenched in Portobello Rd, barricaded in Kings Rd, surrounded by photographers' flashes and miserable, mercenary flattery you forget your undeveloped brother: the teenagers wasting their spunk on their handkerchief, the young cunts rusting, the forlorn hands never finishing the job, the misery of the segregation of the sexes, the tyranny of garters, the injustice of coitus interruptus, the darkness of organs never shown, the mental fatigue of the unachieved. Oh! you wouldn't have time for your daises, there where the bread is so meagre, where every male eye spells danger and every female eye spells unwillingness.

It's very easy to sleep with comfortable dollies and proclaim the psychedelic era. Hyde Park may be conquered but the parks in Milan are still in the hands of the enemy.

You should have been there when the police raided and destroyed the first beatnik camp (two thousand strong) in Via Ripamonti in Milan, early this summer. There aren't any hippies there yet, it's too early for joy, it's still time for anger. You ask for democracy of love, they ask for freedom of sex.

You should advocate here-and-now flower guerrillas in Europe, and England should be like Cuba. Bring the flowers to sunny Italy, darkened by secular oppression. Don't just send the slogans (make love, not war) don't just send the generals (the pop groups). Here they are tired of listening to the words of the Beatles, those Lenins of the mind promising an impossible paradise. Italian

teenagers need help - quickly. Don't send medicines (the pill), or small arms (records), send men (girls).

The Pope, (Allen Ginsberg) has already been here (to Spoleto), and was charged with obscenity by Italian law. He will stand trial in November. In Spoleto, a small, beautiful town in central Italy, the weather will be mild, the judges will be bastards - let's go down.

We have only one thing to gain, our consciousness, nothing to lose but our minds.

Let the old asses worry, let them drink petrol and smoke pound notes.

See: the old man talking fondly to his telly be - longs to another geological era, to the era of big wars and small pleasures. He must disappear like the dinosaurs. We won't need passports to piss from trees, we won't need old currency to lay new women, we won't need teachers to show us the way. We'll be given chocolate sixpences for every smile, coppers will be employed to keep the rain out of our sleeping bags, bankers will clean our stained sheets - when the time will come.

But now is the time to preach and convince, the time to fuck hard and sleep rough. Now is the time to come to Italy, en masse.

For every black priest Rome breeds we want three hippies, one masculine, one feminine, one neuter, this is our programme. As long as Rome is still in enemy hands, London is in danger. From the top of Primrose Hill, on clear nights, you can see. If you stretch your eyes, platoons of Italian mothers armed with vacuum cleaners, the Virgin Mary their guide. Their breath is of poisonous gas, their eyes shine like napalm, their cunts are stuffed with hand grenades, their nails are made of phosphorous. How can you sleep with so many nuns around?

Our only salvation, our only hope is to unite, to form a new International; to help our brothers in need of a fuck, of a laugh, of anything and everything.

I've told you this about Italy so you'll go there to help them. You don't need addresses, I won't give you any.

Grow and spread the flower, grow and multiply, the numbers of heavens are infinite for each man. The crows will die.



The American is a very clean sort of person. (There are some who say he has to be, because cleanliness is about the only thing he has going for him.) At the laundromat, his oversized boxer shorts and interlock undershirts are never just bleached - they're double bleached. He sports what must be the driest armpits in all of Christendom. And no American bathroom cabinet is complete without its family size bottle of mouthwash. (Recently, a new mouthwash 'very concentrated golden breath drops, entered the market. There is no doubt that part of its appeal was the subliminal suggestion that unheard of sexual successes wait the Man with the Golden Breath.) The female of the species, against all sorts of reasonable medical advice, douches once, or even twice a day with a Tennessee-made powder put out in individual pre-measured packettes that are guaranteed to make her feel more than just clean. The packettes like the concentrated breath drops are conveniently miniaturised for easy portability. You are intended to tend to your breath and what not, the way you might reapply your lipstick - namely, often. At home, hung defiantly behind every All-American girl's bathroom door are yards and yards of terrifying equipment, to bear testimony, I suppose, to a routine of relentless cleansing, not to mention the owner's sexual emancipation and, no doubt, availability. It is no surprise, then, to learn that mere seconds after the final blinding moment of ecstasy, Mister and Miss Clean race each other to the bathroom with a ferocity and competitiveness unmatched anywhere in or out of the animal kingdom. No American male or female ever wants to be unclean a second longer than necessary - no matter what the circumstances. When opportunities for contamination are likely to be frequent, a two-bathroom dwelling is chosen. It is the only reasonable explanation for the new system which provides one bedroom apartments with His and Her bathrooms. (A Texas store does His n' Her bath-tubs).

This probably also explains why many American resort hotels which specialise in honeymooners see fit to present as their chief attraction

circular Roman baths - tiled sunken and six feet in diameter. One place in Pennsylvania goes so far as to pass over, in its advertisements, its colour TV, heated pool, late-late-late sleepyhead breakfasts, roaring log fires and high fidelity mood music, in favour of a full paged picture of a heartshaped bathtub. One can only presume that fastidious honeymooners prefer to start their married life with the cleanest sort of copulation - in a bathtub, heartshaped to provide a touch of romance for those who may find it still a little too conjugal for embraces.

Without a doubt, behind this pre-occupation with cleanliness is a great national eagerness not to offend. It has not yet occurred to Americans that being obsessively preoccupied with offending is even more offensive. (When an American woman gently inquires of her partner during intercourse 'Have you slimed yet?' she betrays a passion for cleanliness at least 100 points more offensive than the mildly perspiry armpits she worries about so incessantly. If her partner is not American that is. If he is, he might very well reply, equally tenderly, NO, honey, have you?).

It has been suggested that cleanliness in these cases is nothing more than impersonality. The ideal American coupling, one feels, is that of two neutral plastic-fresh bodies that try to leave each other as untouched as possible both physically and emotionally. (In the Underground Uplift Button Shop, a button says 'Love is alive and well in Mexico City'. 'It just doesn't want to get involved'. 'Follow me, if you want uncomplicated Love' says another. Americans as lovers are very much the same as Americans as tourists. Getting there is half the fun, did after all start off as an American tourist slogan. The American tourist likes to steep himself in the whole business of travel. He buys countless guidebooks, even learns the language, gets all excited, but, once he gets there somehow never does get to eat much of the food or talk to the natives. Afterwards, though, he does talk about it a lot. At least, he makes a point of boasting he's been there, though he'll also express his dis-

appointment on many occasions and discourage others from following his steps.

So the lover. He does not like to take no for an answer. Money is never any object. (The Americans have a contemptuous term for the girl who puts out without being bought in some way first. As one girl here said, 'I'd rather be a whore than a freebie'.) And of course, for the country of sex there are many guidebooks. The lovers, like the tourists, like their guidebooks systematic. Listen to the blurb on the back of Robert Street's best selling paperback of *Modern Sex Techniques*. It starts, 'With admirable frankness, the authors present detailed step by step instructions for achieving mutual sexual satisfaction. These include a directive to be carried out on the bridal night, which has the groom comparing the book's diagrams of the female reproductive system with its real life counterpart.

Not that the American passion for efficiency is always such a bad thing. There is a type of American made to order for the age of computers who because he likes to know all the answers, asks all the questions. We have seen their questionnaires on other topics. The erotic questionnaire is just as detailed. 'Do you have a favourite position?' 'Is there any position of caress you particularly like/dislike?'

But the goal of the questioner is not a bout of prolonged pleasure with less of the usual awkward misunderstandings. It is orgasm for both parties. ('Orgasms, for sale rent or trade' is a popular button,) the Big 'O' - the only measure of sexual success American men (and women) will accept, and a favour few American women are willing to make available to any but a chosen few. (They don't mind cutting off their noses to spite their faces if it means bringing down a male ego a couple of notches. That's the battle of the sexes for you.) What happens, then, is that after several encounters with this sort of woman,

(the first is invariably, if only symbolically, with his mother) many American men will give up. They either become homosexual or merely passive. Like the man who had me on the brink of finally yielding to his impressive blandishments when he ruined everything by sinking gracefully back on the bed, flinging out his arms and exhorting with more than a trace of coquettishness: 'Do something spectacular!')

Being young and inexperienced I imagined he wanted me to don a spangled Uncle Sam costume and do a tap dance on his bared and waiting jelly belly, but Americans aren't kinky like the English, and all he meant was 'Do anything, the more interesting, the better, but just get the responsibility off MY tired shoulders! In a country where women like to win, no man wants to be in a position of always being the loser.

It is no accident that the American man's term for 'scoring' with the opposite sex is 'getting laid', as in, 'I got laid last night.' ('What are you going to do to me?' I once heard a man ask a woman in a Times Square bar.) Passive, perhaps, but at least no one's going to tell him he's no good in bed. This naturally accounts for the strong oral motif in American wall writings. Buttons that say 'Dracula sucks, and 'LXIX'' far outsell 'Frodo lives', 'END THE WAR IN VIETNAM', and 'I FEEL SEXY, HOW ABOUT YOU?'

Andy Warhol's film, *BLOWJOB* never fails to draw large crowds, even though it consists of nothing more than thirty-three minutes of the head and shoulders of a young man whose facial expression rarely varies. (Why should it? He doesn't want to get involved.) No American man does. Though all are in analysis because they are looking for a meaningful relationship. And with the acute man shortage in America, in the cities anyway, no man has to. I think it was Tom Wolfe who commented that American men are now developing all the

IN BED WITH THE AMERICANS



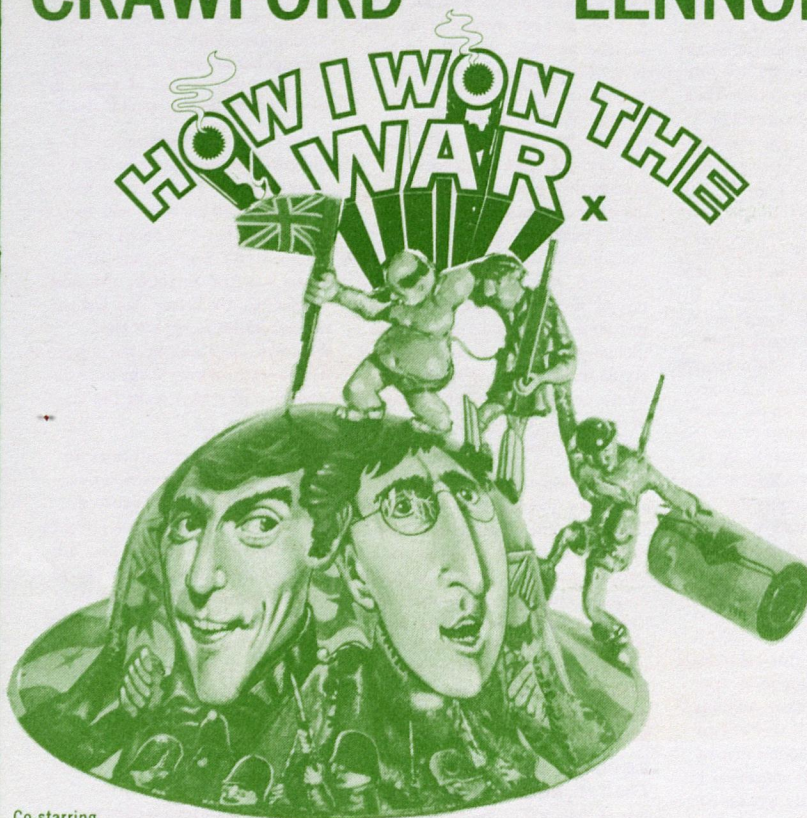
traits of a spoiled and much sought after woman. Why not when one of the country's most successful magazines Cosmopolitan is written around this premise?

(No wonder they can afford to lie back and say 'Do something spectacular', or as in another case, 'Say something dirty').

The success of Cosmopolitan was matched by Sex and the Single Man only because women bought it to see what they could learn. Meanwhile American men are invariably puffy and unimaginatively dressed with only one redeeming feature, good skin, but even that is a disadvantage. For one good reason. It simply heightens the resemblance all of them bear to their mothers.

**MICHAEL
CRAWFORD**

**JOHN
LENNON**



Co-starring
ROY

LEE

JACK

KINNEAR · MONTAGUE · MacGOWRAN

MICHAEL

JACK

Also starring KARL MICHAEL

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SCREENPLAY BY

CHARLES WOOD

BASED ON THE NOVEL BY

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PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY

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October Five shillings



ime & Tide, which likes to think of itself as Britain's only news magazine, has undergone a facelifing recently and comes out basically Rightwing and slick - but with some interesting inconsistencies. It doesn't, for example, promote a straight reactionary line and some of its more simple-minded readers find this not only confusing but also infuriating. There's nothing that bothers simple, prejudiced minds more than to find some body who shares a few of their opinions but not ALL of them....First line of the MacLuhian LP record is:

AFTER VIDE SASCON'S
I'M JUST LOONING
OFF TO MR. FISH TO PICK UP
MY KRAFTMAN, THEN IM LOONING
OFF TO PICK UP MY BELL FROM
ASPREY AND BY THEN THE E-THE
SHOULD HAVE BEEN SPRAY PAINTED
BY PETER BLAME SO WELL LOON Y
OFF TO BARLAYS
TO SCARE SOME BREAD
AND IF ITS COOL
WE'LL HAVE TA
WITH THAT NALDS AT
CIRCLES THEN WE'LL
ALL EVEN OR TO LORD
MUDLER'S CASTLE FOR A GROSS
COMMUNAL SCENE, AND IF ITS
COOL WE'LL TURN ON HIS BUTLER.

WHAT ABOUT THE ITALY GRAB MAN?

WHAT ABOUT THE HOLY GRAIL MAN?

particular must be acknowledged as a poet of greatness - far more so than, say, Walt Whitman, whose influence can be detected in Dylan's early work. (It is, for example, prominent in the long, piled-up lines of 'A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall'.)

"Art," as Collingwood somewhat pompously suggests, "is

the community's medicine against the worst disease of mind, the corruption of consciousness." Eliot, unquestionably, has exercised his responsibility in this direction and is very far from fighting for the captaincy of the Titanic. Dylan's claim to validity as an artist must ultimately stand or fall by his

acceptance or rejection of this same responsibility. So too must the measure of his success as an artist be the quality of perception which he brings to bear in the struggle against this corruption of consciousness.

It may be said that Dylan's claim is valid and his success appreciable.



—THAT CAN SLOW DOWN YOUR THINKING
—CAN TAKE THE EDGE OFF YOUR APPETITE
—CAN CAUSE COLDS TO HANG FOR WEEKS
—CAN MAKE WORK (LITERALLY!) A "HEADACHE"
—CAN SPOIL ENJOYMENT OF SMOKING
—AND IT'S USUALLY BLAMED ON THE WEATHER!

You'll find the answer
IN YOUR HEAD
**IT SURVIVES IF
NO
SUBSCRIBE!**

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TIMES, 102 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C.1



However premature Time magazine's comments might have been about swinging London there's no doubt that England is on the verge of its most exciting cultural revolution for many years. Everything is starting to come together: an exciting winter is coming up. Many more of America's social and cultural guerillas have had their effect - Grogan with plans for a Digger group; Andy Warhol; Frank Zappa; numerous film makers, writers and rock groups. More light shows and freak out centers are planned; more gathering places for the English tribe.

From past experience in Greenwich Village, Haight Ashbury and L.A.'s Fairfax-Melrose districts, it would seem that the single most important requirement in London at the moment is for a COMMUNITY. Weekend meetings at UFO & Middle Earth (defunct?) and similar are all very well & the Saturday gatherings on Portobello and Kings Roads are very colorful - but still only transitory. What's needed is a place where like-minded people can live together and congregate in a specific area; an area where rents are low and big houses or buildings are available for ashrams or smaller collectives. Chelsea would be ideal but it's too expensive; Battersea might be better but isn't terribly accessible.

There's talk of converting some of the disused warehouses in the Covent Garden area into studios etc. but this isn't entirely practical for several reasons not the least of which is that some kind of zoning laws are obviously going to be applied to the area when the market moves out (in 1970) and money is going to talk. Also it's a gloomy area and isn't conducive to milling about. At the present time, Notting Hill Gate and the Portobello Road area looks like a better bet if it can be turned into an all-week scene.

How can such a community be strengthened and structured? Firstly by Digger action to ensure that it isn't turned into a high-priced, boutique-filled tourist area too fast. Lots of free things, all-night coffee houses and delicatessens. New underground newspapers - the more the better - and publications devoted to the experimental and avant garde. An underground movie theatre operating as a cooperative to show the work of all members as well as the best of the American and European underground.

There are problems in the way of underground publishing here that don't exist in America. Printing in the States

is faster, cheaper and with less interference from the printers who, in England, take it upon themselves to act as censors. Miles says that America's photo offset revolution is being delayed here because all the offset equipment is owned by big firms who pay royalties to U.S. companies to use the process. Okay then, other breakthroughs must be made: some kind of a mimeographed publication can be effectively published and distributed - like Haight-Ashbury's famous Communications Company that rushes mimeo-ed "newspapers" onto the streets with several editions daily.

Finally, a major issue that the new community has to face is what is to be the nature of its relationship with the squarer and not-necessarily-sympathetic community around it? Ideally, the drop out society shouldn't have to think about such bring-down matters: a group of friendly anarchists, full of love, peace, flowers and social revolution ought to be able to do its own thing without outside interference.

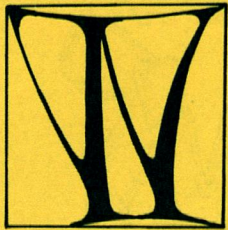
But realistically, wherever such a community starts its members will always make some of the neighbours uptight: some don't like to see inter-racial couples, long-haired 'freaks' & minimally-dressed 'teeny-boppers'; they can't stand either the all-night parties or the gentle tinkling outside; some abhor incense & are frightened of...pot. All these are personified in and represented by the police who take it upon themselves to harass, frame and divide such happy groups.

How can they be handled? By responsible political action & sympathetic lawyers. If you are in on the beginning of a 'community' - however freaky - always make sure that there is someone willing to represent you in the politics game. Some love that stupid scene so let them play it. The only thing that cuts any ice with authority is, unfortunately, power - and power is any group that appears to have a spokesman. It may not be necessary to actually deliver votes just so long as they seem to be potentially available.

There are many ingredients necessary for a revolution. The extremists, by making outrageous demands, condition the Establishment to settle for more than they would normally agree to. The politicians - OUR Politicians - do the settling. And the rest of us (hopefully) live in peace.

Blueprint for a beautiful community





While at first sight this might seem just a simplified variety of the westernised Hinduism that

has sold fairly well over the last 100 years, His Holiness quickly distinguishes himself from such previous solvers of the problems of Man and the Universe as Gurdjieff and Ouspensky. For, while he asks for no sweat, blood or tears (his way being not straight and narrow but broad and easy), yet he promises the most amazing results. He 'deals with the fundamentals of all problems of life' and knows 'one solution to eradicate all suffering' (p. 19). While this claim itself would be enough to condemn the book for some, others may like to hear more.

His Holiness unoriginally, considers Einstein's Relativity Theory a good starting point for such an excursion and he gives it a couple of hundred words at the beginning. 'The physical sciences', he has noticed, 'inform us the whole of creation is built up of layers of energy, one inside the other'. I myself had not heard of this before, and it is a measure of His Holiness's breadth of culture that he is able to inform us in this fashion. The revolution started by Einstein has put to the scientists the view that 'there might exist some fundamental form of energy, which is absolutely stable and more subtle than any other form of energy. The relative would then arise as perturbations of this absolute energy, and all forms of physical energy would be manifestations of this absolute state of unmanifested energy' (p. 26). And indeed His Holiness is able to assure us that the scientists have not gone wrong and that there is such a fundamental form, though he first heard about it, not from the scientists, but from His Divinity Swami Brahmananda Saraswati, Jagadguru Bhagwan Shankaracharya, 'the most illustrious of the Jagadguru Shankaracharyas of India'. Manifestly, it would be

irrational to reject such a congruence of the scientists of the West with His Divinity of the East.

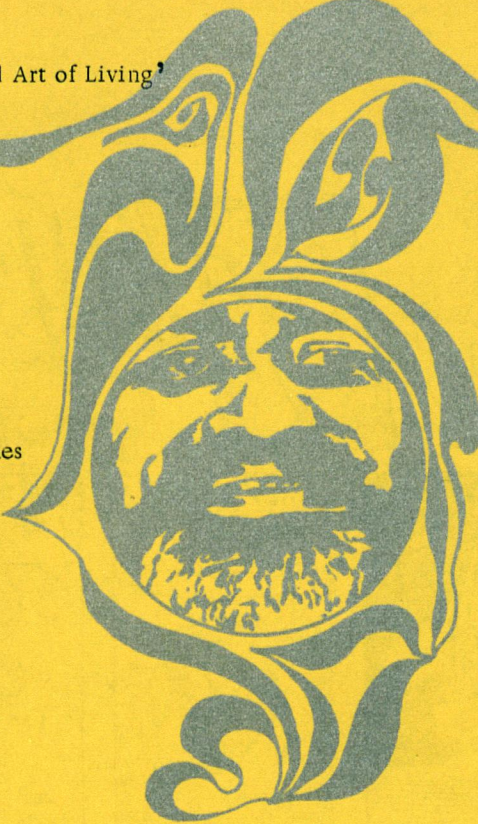
His Holiness reiterates that it will only be possible to discover the one solution by transcendental meditation under the guidance of a teacher from the Spiritual Regeneration Movement, for which you will be charged 'one week's net income' (husband and wife treated as one, and a meditate-now-and-pay-later scheme available). It is not possible fully to understand even the published book by the light of your own unaided reason (p. 58). Recognizing this, however, there are still passages which are puzzling. For example, it is unclear how the 'fundamental form of energy' referred to above can be both 'absolutely stable' and also exhibit 'perturbations', or how anything can be a manifestation of something which is itself unmanifested.

Some of his claims, moreover, might not pass unchallenged. for example: in his discussion of architecture and money, on pp. 75-6, he says, with special reference to the money got from the sale of alcohol or tobacco, that 'any house built with it, has an over-all depressing effect'. Yet I myself know two millionaires who live in

such houses, and who do not appear depressed.

There are many other passages that are open to serious question, however, set against these the book contains a lot of simple uplift after the fashion of St. Matthew's Christian Gospel (e.g., pp. 95-101). Here we are enjoined to develop all 'a loving, kind and sympathetic heart', which seems quite excellent if not wholly without adumbration. And indeed if there be any who are anxious to expose themselves to conventional Christian uplift, while doing so in a slightly exotic atmosphere, then the Spiritual Regeneration Movement may suit them very well. On the other hand, some species of Christianity specifically reject the view that life should not be a struggle (p. 258), and that it is not a simple matter to jump to glory. But all such idle cavilling is swept away by the breathtakingly beautiful suggestion, on p. 275, that God is like butter. The conception is subtle and yet, like all supremely logical achievements, bewitching in its simplicity. The impersonal God, it seems, permeates the entire field of creation as butter permeates milk and, just as 'if the level of the butter is to be reached in milk, it is necessary to enter into the subtle strata of milk', so also the only way to realise God is 'to enter into the subtle strata of anything'. Possibly His Holiness would not claim this as the easiest passage in his book; but I do not doubt that anybody who can once understand its truth will quickly discover the one solution of all suffering.

Meanwhile, for those who cannot afford a week's wages (net) for the study of philosophy, I should recommend the Workers' Educational Association, which is now enrolling people for the next session at 25/-.



CRYSTAL WINGS AND
POWDERED DREAMFLAKES
DUST MY PATH
WITH SWEET

DELUSIONS

HAMA

BLOODY TWO
DAY DEADLINE
NOTICE...



THEY MUST
THINK I'M A
MACHINE...



ONE MORE GIG
LIKE THIS...



AND I'LL
CRACK-UP!



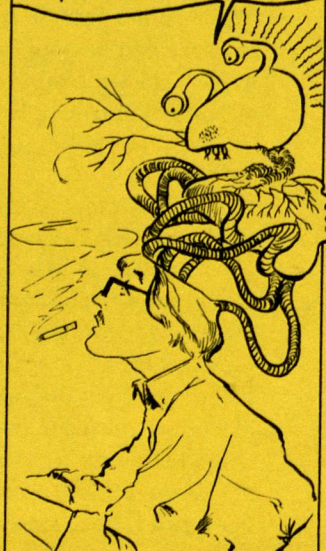
BLASTED HEADACHE
IS COMING BACK,
EYESTRAIN....



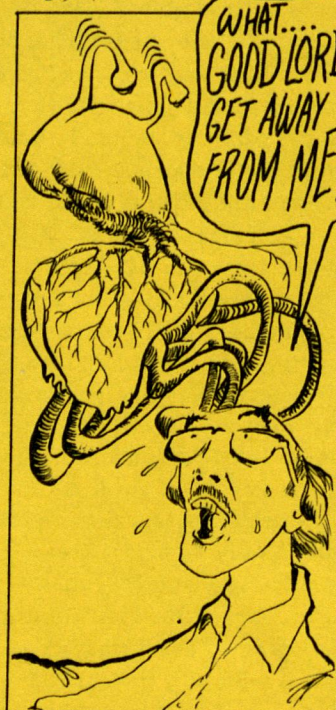
.... MOST PROBABLY
LACK OF SLEEP, MY
HEAD FEELS FUNNY,
WEIGHTLESS....

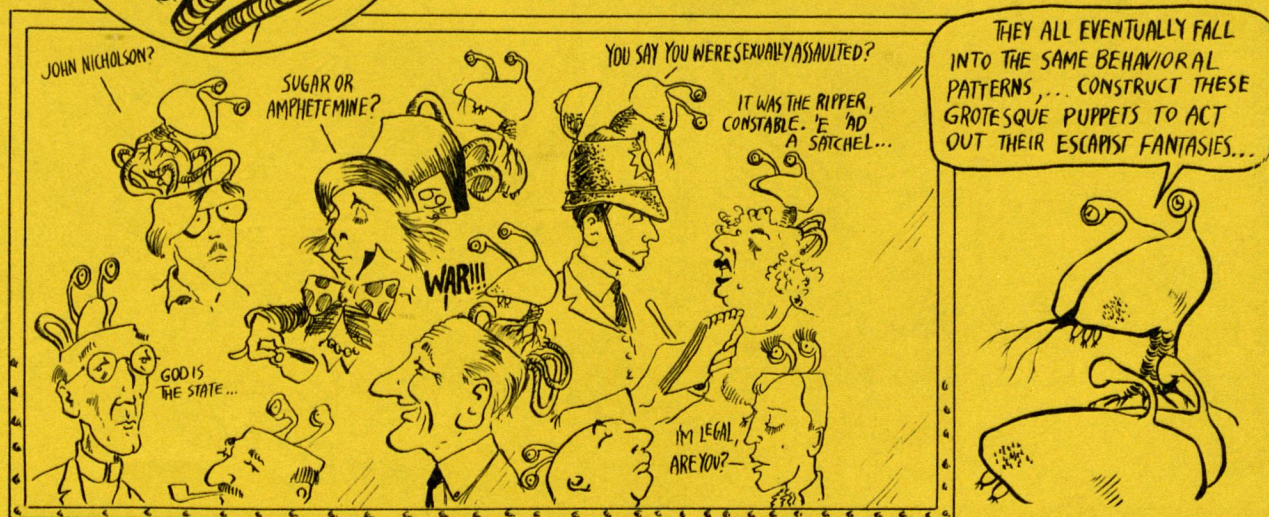
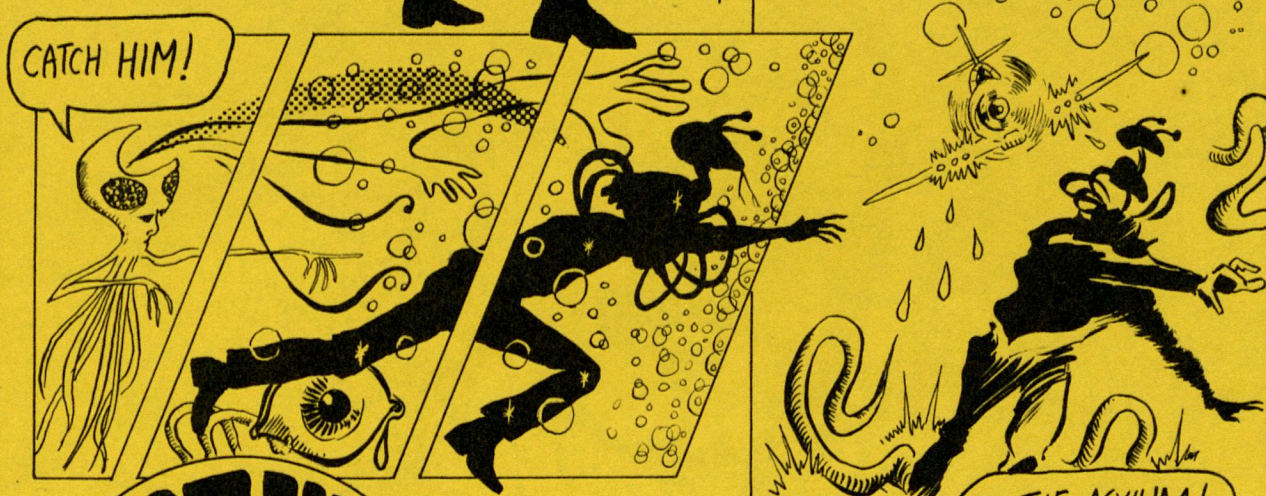


COME ON MATE!
WE'VE GOT TO GET
OUT OF HERE!
THEY'RE COMING!



WHAT...
GOOD LORD!
GET AWAY
FROM ME!





It can happen very quickly.
You've been lying in the sun
a bit too long.
The body's heat regulator,
the hypothalamus,
the thing in the brain
that measures blood temperature
and pushes blood closer
to the surface
so they can be cooled.
When it fails the blood
temperature rises rapidly.
Convulsions, vomiting and coma follow.
In your nerve cells begins to coagulate
the globulin
It's called sunstroke.
Or anyone else for that matter.
It can't possibly do you any good.
You may have been told something
about Vitamin D. Forget it,
by drinking milk occasionally
or by sitting in a sunlit room
by the window.
Reflected light is sufficient.
And too much Vitamin D
results in kidney failure.
Some argue that a bronzed appearance
will help get rid of their depression,
hide pimples and make them
desirable people.
Maybe, but their skin will certainly have:
Thickened Discoloured Coarsened Lost elasticity
in the process. Women of 30
who have spent much of their time in the sun
will have the skin of a 40 year old.
Ever thought about the nature of first degree burn.
The skin goes red and swells. The oedema (swelling) may be so great
that blisters form. Keep it up and the whole skin lifts. When that happens the
fluids in the body leak away and slowly you die. If you don't go as far as that
and recover after losing only part of your skin, you will find that what's left
is extensively scarred. As you come back from a Mediterranean summer holiday
notice the raised roughened areas on the back of your hands or on your face.
It's skin cancer. Not the worst kind though. If treated before it turns into an ulcer
it probably won't spread. Once it metastasises and gets into the blood stream
growths spring up every where. The body is eaten away. If on the other hand,
one of the black moles you've always worried about has changed shape and colour
under the sun's benign rays, you should have just about enough time to make your will.
What you have is a form of (fairly rare) cancer called malignant melanoma.
It delights the medical profession with its implacable malignancy
and ability to spread at speed after a slow insidious beginning.
Although a woman will observe the sun making her hair grey before its time
it will stimulate. It by any chance she has a rare congenital hypersensitivity
to a worm.
The ideal temperature for mental work
has been calculated as being
35.0 Fahrenheit.
Alas! Manual work in hot weather
commonly produces
heat exhaustion,
the body
loses too much fluid
from perspiration.
Drinking water,
Salt also is needed.
Without it there will be
cramps, vomiting.
In extreme it becomes
heat stroke.
As the temperature rises
the blood vessels burst and
it will sear angrily at the sun.
Don't stare at the sun
and leave severe blind spots.