

9-1969

OZ 23

Richard Neville
Editor

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Description

This issue appears with the help of Sebastian Jorgensen, Richard Neville, Felix Dennis, Jon Goodchild, Louise Ferrier, Jim Anderson, Ken Petty, Miss Murphy, Keith Morris, Tina Locke, Martin Sharp, Thom Keyes, Robert Owen, Jim Calaghan, "Buzz" Aldrin & the Policeman at Heathrow.

Content: Homosexual OZ. "yet each man kills the thing he loves..." Wilde quote on cover. Full-page IOW ad – Bob Dylan & The Band, Richie Havens. Max Ernst illustrations with captions and centerfold. Martin Sharp single frames throughout. A run of critical/cryptic statements which feature at the top & sides of some pages. Gay lovers photo - 'Man Maketh Man'. 'Suck for Peace' – extracts from *The Homosexual Handbook* by Angelo d'Arcangelo. 'Take it Like a Man' – a young West London drug addiction clinic doctor on homosexuality. Michael J.W. Storey – the last supper. 'Did You Feel the Earth Move Little Rabbit?' - Bob Hughes on the moon landing. Miles on 'Mother Earth'. Ad for The Julian Press. 'Return of the Media Pirates': Caroline News – Alan Reid on pirate radio. Form/graphic declaration and article on leaving the Air Force. Dr Hip Ocrates. Poverty Cooking. Review of *Some of IT*, *Turning On* and Nik Cohn's *Pop from the Beginning*. Harvest Records ad. Mozig: Blind Faith LP cover (nude 11 year-old girl) with a condemnation of it by Don Short of the *Daily Mirror*. Phil Ochs/Deviants/Pink Fairies music culture commentary. LP reviews: Blind Faith, Martha Vellez, Dr Strangely Strange and Tim Buckley. Spoof film ad. Trouble in Molopolis – Martin Sharp photo. Leonard Cohen 'The Beautiful Loser' by Raymond Durnat. *Time Out* ad. 2p back issues + Middle Earth ad. 'Biography of the Simeon Synthesizer' by Simeon of Silver Apples. Back cover 'Free chickens' Gilbert Shelton cartoon.

Publisher

OZ Publications Ink Limited, London, 48p

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.



"yet each man kills the thing he loves..."

OZ 23

August/Sept 1969

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Dear OZ,

Reading your mag makes me feel very small. It's alright for the Living Theatre to take off their clothes, but I've got a few nasty spots which I am very embarrassed about, and have to drink lots of milk and set out in the sun (what fucking sun?) The fucking scene out here in the country is non-existent, we have to do it with our hands, which leads to a red raw tool and aching balls, legs and back — bad temper and nerves, and it does drive you crazy because you know what you're missing every time you masturbate.

The smoking scene? One of the most efficient drugs squads in the country is working in this area. So who needs paranoia as well?

Then there was the time I turned up at the Arts Lab (first and last time) to see the Dylan film and couldn't afford it. 15 bob for a fucking film I was thrown out by some irate trendy who kept muttering something about Royalities.

I thought the idea of kids doing their own thing was that it would be cheap and for everybody, not a clique.

I can't play the guitar, I can't write poetry, act, paint, or sing and my understanding of politics and economics is very limited. So what happens to me in the great cultural revolution.

In my 19 years I've had 3 women, a nervous breakdown and some poor education. Can't you people in London realize that 20 miles north of IT, OZ, Arts Labs, etc, NOTHING HAS CHANGED! So what's all the fuss about?

Do I hear smug laughter.

J F

Dear OZ,

Rugby is breaking bravely away from tradition, is being democratically reformed with the boys in mind, and is in no need of an anarchist revolt, thank you. So please tell the Public Schools, Anarchist Committee where to get off.

Love,

Peter James,
Springfield House,
West Clendon,
Surrey.

Dear OZ

On June 22nd the Sunday Telegraph revealed that over 30 boys at Rugby School were expelled because they were 'hippy rebels' — they were wearing their hair long and preferred mod clothing and they had tried to introduce 'hippy ideas and literature' into the school. Two boys had also been expelled for smoking pot, and for circulating OZ and IT. They also published their own magazine, 'Lucifer', which was halted after three issues. A 'Rugby Freedom Movement' had been formed, and the boys involved, went around smashing windows and light bulbs and generally wrecking the place. The following day the Rugby authorities issued a statement admitting that there had been some trouble recently, but that the number of boys punished had been exaggerated.

Next Sunday the Telegraph — now giving more attention to the whole business than either of the supposedly troublemaking OZ and IT — announced that on the following Saturday (July 5th) an anti-public schools demonstration would be held by the London-based Public Schools, Anarchist Committee at Wellington College. The demo, would take the form of a minor uprising. An advert in the Drury Lane Arts Lab, called for support. It stated: 'In each of the country's public schools there is a tiny group of heads trying to destroy inequality and petty tyranny. They need your help.' The headmaster of Wellington said that he

PORNO SWEDEN

Yes, you still have to send to Sweden for your Porno. For £1. we will send you our Glossy samples, Richly coloured catalogues on Films, Colour-Slides, Photos, Magazines and Books. We accept I.R.C.s International Reply coupons which you can buy at any

Post Office. Cash Postal Orders and cheques are also acceptable, but leave all payee columns blank. MAYFAIR DESIGN, BOX 9077, 12109 JOHANNESHOV 9, SWEDEN.

bitterly resented 'the intrusion of professional agitators into the affairs of a private institution.' Meanwhile the headmaster of Aldenham Public School at Elstree announced that he was banning both OZ and IT from the school.

And for the next gripping instalment read the Sunday Telegraph? ...

Seriously, an attack on the public school is not just an attack on the school authorities, but also an attack on some of the pupils, their parents, and the rich and powerful upper crust of our society. No attack should be taken lightly by those who plan it — any small group from outside the school stands little chance anyway faced with such opposition. In society's present state, it is best that the public school pupils themselves attempt to change their environment into something more free and sensible.

Yours,
Tristan Wood & Julian Ladbury,
c/o Rugby School.

Dear OZ

It's a lie to say television is a 'bankrupt medium' (OZ 22). It's like saying TV does not exist. It's an example of idiotic non-think. What you seem to have totally forgotten is that the medium is only 15 years old — virtually nothing compared to the cinema, and nothing at all compared with literature, painting, sculpture or theatre. You are dealing with something whose potential is unknown, whose capabilities are unknown, whose resources are unknown.

I resent very much one quote in this unfortunate supplement — I think by David Sharp in his 'tired producer's notes.' He claims that the point I have made above is not a useful one. On the contrary I regard it as an extremely useful and important argument because when you compare the

improvements made in cinema from the time it first started, around 1890, with a film made 15 years later, say 1965, you find they are minimal compared with what TV has achieved in the same period of time.

I've worked in TV for three years and can remember thinking how extraordinary it was to see live TV pictures from New York. And now of course I can watch pictures from the moon. The technological possibilities of this are beyond one's imagination.

That's not to say that the uses being made of TV at the moment are necessarily the best. But as a contribution to the debate your supplement is worse than non-existent. It's positively damaging. OZ has utterly screwed up the real issues at stake. Most of your criticisms of the BBC are absolute and total fictions. The BBC has in fact worked out the most amazing British compromise.

There is a Board of Directors which involves a director of television, a director of radio, a director of administration and so on. They run the BBC and they are the group of people to whom all those who work for the corporation are responsible. But the Board of Governors is responsible to nobody at all except the government. So you have the government, the State, and the Board of Governors who are there to interpret what the State wants, if you like, except that they consist of a lot of people who are not political appointees.

Some are totally opposed to the Labour government and when the Conservatives come in they will be totally opposed to them.

These people have their representative on the Board in the person of the Director General, and he exists, as it were, as a filter and he goes back to the Board who tell him they want this and that and go chortle, chortle, and ask how can such and such be watered down. Then the Director General goes chortle, chortle, how can I water that down and this is passed down to the

head of a department who says chortle, chortle how can I water that down. The net result is that the people who are actually making the programmes are not controlled in any way at all by anyone.

Often what the BBC tends to do, by and large, is to go half a step forwards while seeming to go half a step backwards. It was the BBC who first said 'fuck', not ITV. It's the BBC who shows nude women, not ITV. It's the BBC who says 'Man shot in the head in Vietnam', not ITV. And the BBC produced 'Till Death Do Us Part', etc. etc. So it's absolute nonsense to write off the BBC as a reactionary organisation.

Of course I'm not denying the validity of some of your criticisms. Certainly the sub-culture of the so-called underground, that better part of pop music, organisations like Release, Shelter, Bit and magazines like yours and what they are supposed to stand for, are largely ignored. And the BBC is completely at fault in this.

But if your David Sharp (known to me, by another name, to be a very senior producer who should know better), your Raymond Durgnat and 'ECONOMIST' particularly whoever was responsible for that introduction are assuming that behind all this there is some kind of corporation conspiracy then why the hell didn't you conduct a debate along those lines. Such an approach could have yielded infinite possibilities. If there is a next time may I suggest you change your misleading heading to 'TV is the medium' and run a supplement which has been thoroughly and intelligently thought-out; not just another compilation of uninformed sneers.

Yours

Tony Palmer
Ladbroke Grove.

WHO is the delegate who will demolish the myth of mental illness?

Press OpDene



WHO is the delegate who will speak for the 1200 patients killed every year in the USA under electric-shock 'treatment'?



verbrechen oder wunder: ein vollständiger mensch
A crime or a miracle: a complete human being



Dear Oz,

I was down at the Midnight Court last Friday taking pictures of the groups, then a small army of fuzz moved in and started making people feel a bit uncomfortable. I got a couple of shots of them engaged in their usual activities, and promptly had my film confiscated by the management of the Lyceum.

So much for yet another 'underground' organization. They should stick to bingo-halls and the Hammersmith Palais.

To be fair, I did get compensation for the film, but that isn't the point.

It is interesting that they let me take pictures for three weeks without any interference, but as soon as the fuzz appear?

Love,
(Name and address withheld by request)

Dear Oz,

Just one small point about something Marsha Hunt said in OZ 22. Namely: she didn't know why the British blacks gave her the cool reception. Now, the answer to this is not because she is American, or any kind of nationalist or race thing, but because of CLASS. And it is because of class conflict that the whites hate/fear the blacks (and, of course, vice versa). Marsha's like the duchess who couldn't understand why the peasants didn't smile when she brought them windfalls every summer. By making a bit of money she's put herself even more firmly in the middle class than she was when she was a swinging student at Berkeley — a small wonder the labouring blokes from Ladbroke Grove didn't exactly feel that she was one of them.

And, of course, they would be right in viewing her as being largely uncommitted to THEIR problem — she, after all, has risen above it. Now, she will attract only a few sophisticated shreds of white racialism (no greasy landlords to fight with, no getting refused drinks, no being thrown off buses by yobs, etc, etc.) — her public is black and white, and her money and success will attract the usual arse-licking crowd of admirers from both colours — because, in her case, the primary base for racialism (i.e. economic) will have been destroyed. Marsha had better start learning that you can't succeed by the values of a rotten society and then try joining those who are being crushed by that society. Easier by far to have carnal relations with oneself.

luv,
Bob Ritchie
Osborne Cottage
Cassington
Oxford

Dear Oz,

Well, waddaya know, the Great English Romantic Revival has just hit the vinyl. Called Jethro Tull they will play sweet songs and merry ditties to soothe your cells. Bring not your nasty Clearwater near, nor your vulgar Waters, give me a cup of tea, a Jethro, and a good lie down.

With heart-shaped Fenders and a ppsy of violet Marshalls they assault our ears with a cupid's kiss. Out with bodies, hit the pits with Mum. Get *Stand Up*, it's the best English album for some time and reading between the grooves is a pleasure.

T.R. Zelinka,
10 Argyll Mansions,
Hammermith Road,
London W14.

Dear OZ,

The Secondary Schools' Unions were unable to achieve any serious mobilization of youth. Since its collapse the vestiges of SSU's in the North-West, e.g., Manchester, Stockport, Oldham, etc., with the help of a radical newspaper 'Grass Eye' now hope to re-start the movement. The new campaign will be based on a £3 minimum wage demand for school students who choose to stay on beyond the school-leaving age.

The campaign will be called WAGE — We Ain't Getting Educated. A research group is currently being established in Manchester. Its purpose is to churn out facts which will prove to people that our present educational system ignores the needs of the individual student.

A festival is being arranged for the North-West. The idea of the festival is to have an exciting seminar Blues festival at the beginning of the new term (September 12-14) to draw attention to campaign aims. Earlier, Sept 6-7, there will be a meeting of militant leaders in Manchester — ideas needed.

Yours fraternally,
Naomi Wimborne
(Manchester SSU.)

Dear OZ

With reference to your article on Spikeys, OZ 22, I fear you are sadly misled as to their numbers and sexual division. The Skinheads have appeared in large numbers since last September.

It is not surprising that this violent movement has arisen: man is fundamentally a violent creature, and a re-action to the peace-love culture thing was inevitable.

Let us not dismiss these people as morons however. We both have a uniform. We are all reacting to the confusion and pressures brought about by the Neo-industrial Revolution, which is still in its infancy. We all use the soft drug: the Cropper's favourite tripe is acid, he has contempt for the

sacred weed. But where is the fundamental difference?

Isn't our reaction to Skinheads remarkably like the Normal's reaction to us? Are we utter hypocrites, or do we echo the words of Frank Zappa:

Who cares if hair is long or short, or partly grey. We know that hair ain't where its at!

Yours lovingly
A Friend

Dear Oz,

While the over-adorned carriage of the Prince of Wales meandered through the servile sycophants some discordant notes issued from three "heads" nearby. The procession meanwhile continued on its way. But as soon as the "pram" turned into another street the trio were immediately pounced upon by the fuzz. The scenes which followed were grotesque. Swarms of navy, silver-buttoned, truncheoned sadists — whose faces were contorted with fury — broke loose with abuse and blows. This went on for five minutes. The 'heads' emerged with bedraggled clothes and bloody faces. The Press, who were onlookers, didn't even bother to mention this in any of the 'national deceptives'.

Yours
Thomas Jenkins,
130 St Helens Avenue,
Swansea, Glamorgan.

Dear OZ,

Concerning your recent issue (OZ 22) I have just been reading The Hippie Hoax thing (Pages 17-23). Marijuana turns happy lives into hell! Is this all true?

Surely this is CRAP! Love and peace and freedom to all.

Andrew

Dear OZ

I am editing, for Panther Books, an anthology of revolutionary and radical poetry by young British poets. The book will, I believe, demonstrate, justify and reflect the political aspirations of young people today. I would like to hear from your readers who should send contributions, with sae, directly to me.

Alan Bold
19 Gayfield Square
Edinburgh 1

Dear Germaine

Revolution is a happening thing. Lets not be so serious about it.

I hope you won't be stuck in you bag of defending 'the underground'. Like the man says, lets make it for the hell of it.

Love
Gene Mahon
Rolling Stone
19 Hanover Square
London W1



WHO is the delegate who will demand an end to the creation of addicts through the use of

Dear OZ
Right. Fuck the Lyovum. Thank the stars that
Implosion burst on us. So, now we must all STAY
AWAY from that Media Inhibitor.
Dave Carey
at Piccadilly Circus
London W1

Dear Germaine
Perhaps you could know how it feels if you
find the Steely Dan III from Yokohama.
But it's a commercial proposition!
Jane Nicholson
Rolling Stone

Dear Oz
I was pleased to feel the fire of Germaine's
observations. Obvious they may be, but its
heartening to see them reiterated simply and
strongly. We all need to be reminded from time to
time how so fucking easy it is to conveniently
forget the principles which we profess to believe.
Compromise is a hell of an insidious thing. Like we
all appreciate the occasional necessity for it, but
once you start, it rots you like gangrene, slowly
neatly tick by tick. And you adjust. You didn't
even notice.
International Times is a far better example. At
least Rolling Stone doesn't pretend - it's on the
bandwagon, that's all, and doesn't even get *that*
together!
But keep off your arse OZ, lest you forget too -
and the smell is there. With you the senility
syndrome is setting in.
Having said what you said...

Sincerely
Saame
London

Ozzie
Your efforts to bring such luxuries as food into the
reach of the impoverished multitudes are ingenious
and admirable. But you've done it again: human
flesh (at least in the US) is UNFIT FOR HUMAN
CONSUMPTION due to the large amounts of DDT
in the body. Better luck next month.
Gatherine Pantalos
7600 Merrill
Chicago, Ill. USA 60649

Dear OZ,
Sure, pepper in a vagina is a certainty for kicks,
and freedom without responsibility degenerates
into licence.
OK, so you do/don't know the SDS is engaged in
the use of explosives and sabotage also they're
linked up with Black Panthers for the spread of
urban violence. Further OZ proclaims it is
revolutionary, but then so was Jesus.
Of course slang words are used by the 'boyo's', but
if you possess a bit of intelligence with a healthy
respect for English with its half a million words,
you select the correct one, i.e. 'coitus'.
However, by *all* means go your way towards a
humanized society, whereas I'll defend 'Civilized
Society' because despite its warts it's worth
defending.
May the best side win.
Alan Donn
35 Marlborough Road
Woodthorpe, Notts NG6 4GB

P.S. I am a man of principle, with positive values
and standards, i.e. integrity, fidelity, the dignity of
labour etc, etc

Dear OZ
I am fifty-four. I was brought up strictly Church of
England and a Royalist. At the age of four
"correctly" refusing chocolates from a stranger (to
me) I accepted them immediately on being told
that they were from 'The King' (King George V).
No problem there, as the 'stranger' was in uniform
(actually a friend of my father's) -- 'The King's
Army'.
I am still a Royalist. I no longer consider myself a
practising Christian.
I am more Christian than I ever was. Old age? I
don't think so, the example of the young.
I have three sons, I meet their friends. I went to
the Rolling Stones gathering in Hyde Park because

it was an 'event', because my eldest son is a
disc jockey.
I went to wimp. I stay.
I would never have believed that I could be
crowd-enclosed, standing, happy and safe.
I've stood through 'Lucia de Lammermoor' at
Covent Garden, through 'Lear' at
Stratford-upon-Avon, through Wimbledon -- but, a
crowd of 'Hippies'.
The wonderful impersonal goodness of the young.
An old-fashioned world? No longer so.
Let us be grateful that at last Christ's teaching (not
St Paul's) is alive in the land.

Yours truly
Harriet Ravenstoft
27 Jameson Street
London W8

Dear OZ,
I find it frustrating that whilst up to 600,000 can
turn out for free concerts - many of whom seem
to be under the impression that they are taking
part in a revolutionary act that will topple the
State by sitting in the sunshine for five hours and
watching groups whose position lies firmly within
the System. Less than a hundred found the energy
to go and protest against the mass-murderer Nixon
when he came to London last February, and less
than fifty turned up at a recent march on the
Spanish Embassy to show solidarity with those
people under Franco's regime who are condemned
to spend the rest of their lives in rat-holes for the
crime of opposing Fascism. Or are we supposed to
let Nixon, Franco, Wilson, Vorster, Mao, and all
the rest of the politicians who consider it their
duty to run our own brains for us, do their own
thing?
Yours fraternally,
Geoff Trodd

Dear OZ
Humour has it that Barry Quaternain is going to
re-open UFO. Would you care to comment?
Love
Peter

Dear OZ
Many thanks to you, and your readers. Since your
publication of my request, I've received from OZ
readers 413 pairs of spectacles, which is a very
good effort indeed.
Yours sincerely
Albert Bailey
Hinstock Optical Wiston,
Marrow Brook Lane,
W.Farnborough, Hants

Dear OZ,
Maybe we're all a little too tied up on this sex
revolution thing. Maybe on this whole revolution
thing. Maybe we should all just go off and sit on a
lively cliff-top or something and think. Maybe we
should all read Huxley's 'Brave New World' and ask
if that's what we want.
Squill
1 Valley Road,
Harrogate, Yorkshire.

Dear editor
20,000 copies of a questionnaire have been sent
out by Mazin Zeki to people whom he considers
the 'Underground'. The questions he asks are either
extremely stupid or potentially dangerous.
Any innocent studies of dissidents in the past have
later been used to control blacks, workers,
homosexuals, and students. This type of
questionnaire is subject to the same kind of
repressive use. For example, this seems to be one
of the first studies of how the members of the
underground jet enough money to eat, to sleep,
etc. Depending on the results, it could well be, that
people with long hair will have additional
difficulties next time they go to the National
Assistance. And the drug question could not have
been better designed by the fuzz itself. If the
results show, that 75% are 'addicted' to hashish,
then any member of the 'underground' can rest
assured that the fuzz will estimate that out of

every four houses, they will score three.
What one is to do with questions like the
following, we don't know. 'The space race is a
waste of time and money' (for the Underground
presumably) and 'if politics is ignored by the
majority, it will slowly die'. But if the money is
wasted on the questionnaire, Mazin adds a list of
books that he tries to sell by soap powder
commercial advertising.
We then feel, that there are a number of things that
Zeki should publicly explain. Since these results
will be published whom are they intended to
benefit? What is his relationship to the
Underground Press Syndicate Europe? Where does
his money come from? A careful estimation from
people who should know indicate that some £540
have been spent on the printing, posting, and paper
for this project. Certainly this amount of money
could be more usefully used to satisfy the needs
and aspirations of the alternative society.
It might be better right now if people simply
ignored the questionnaire or had a little fun at
Mazin's expense and sent back the pre-paid
envelopes empty.

Love
Alexander Hotel
46 Park Crescent
Brighton

Dear OZ,
I have enjoyed reading OZ, and have done so since
issue number ten, the first issue I bought. I had no
idea what it was going to be like - it just looked
interesting. I have read it since because it proved to
be, for want of a better word, good. I regard
myself as one of the comparatively few people who
stayed with the peace movement after the
over-publicised summer of 1967. Of course, the
movement had to change its original ideas slightly.
We must be realists.
Recently, we have had to put up with more
publicity than is good for us. I say this as one who
is really an outsider, who is still conforming (for
educational reasons). I have watched the fuzz raid
IT etc, with a worried mind. The music of the
underground is gaining numerous new followers
(like myself). Not all these are exactly
peace-loving, or anything like it. Some are sadists.
We were a group of drop-outs but are being
infiltrated by those who aren't.
You, and IT etc, may talk about increased
readership but I am shocked at the way some of
my non-hippy friends and others I have seen, are
using OZ etc. They use them and treat them as
dirt, rubbish and cheap thrills. As a person, I like
to, and do, observe people and things. I am
convinced that things are becoming rotten. I speak
mainly of the Midlands. You seek to spread the
message but as you do so it becomes subject to
change. Some people can't be convinced, some
won't and some are just stupid. I dearly hope that
destruction doesn't come as a result of adventurous
creation, as it often does.

Love and Good Luck,
Malcolm



101 Flood Street,
London, S.W.3.
August 19 '69.

Dear Richard,

Thanks a million for staying away,

Dear Richard,

Thanks a million for staying away, lost in that enormous book you're writing, letting me edit this issue with a sense of total freedom. But of course the established (established? Watch it!) guide-lines were there and, brother, ~~did I sometimes~~

~~did I sometimes~~ need to cool off by clinging to them! Also, and particularly, ~~did I sometimes~~

~~did I sometimes~~ need to cool off by clinging to them! Also, and particularly,

~~did I sometimes~~

did I sometimes need to cool off by clinging to them! Also, and particularly, to your aides and abettors - John, Felix, Ken and the beautiful Brigitte. They've given me incredible support.

Register that. These last three-lay-out Register that. These last three-lay-out Register that. These last three-lay-out nights we've logged-up a sum total of say three winks sleep between us. The straight press was never like this! From the "complimentary" copy I'll make sure the office sends you (c.o.d. ho) you'll find OZ has tripped out over homosexuality, considered the American-on-the-Moon thing in terms of a Faustian wank-off into space, then of a Faustian wank-off into space, then re-considered it as but the first hesitant step towards an inter-planetary consciousness. Throughout in fact consciousness. Throughout in fact

you'll find traces of rampant schizophrenia, yin and yang not consciousness. Throughout in fact you'll find traces of rampant schizophrenia, yin and yang not quite together. Isn't that what most of us are into, after all. ubrim

into, after all. Why pretend otherwise?

White

While collecting graphic metaphors for all this I took the liberty of moving in on both Martin and Philippe at the Pheasantry where of course they were deep into their own independent work. (Molopolis gets advance exposure here, too, though it looks as though we'll have to leave out the pic. of you as movie-star-in-the-making. Sorry.)

He took a leap, a head leap, into someone else's shoes and turning upside down glimpsed the moon-shot through "alien" eyes: not all his wave-length these days, though it might once have been.

Same thing, in a way, happened in compiling the homo section. If Keith's photographs are journalistically effective but perhaps not as convincing as usual it's most likely because we posed them and there was quite a bit of self-consciousness about at that stage.

Felix, for example, is terrified out of Felix, for exap Felix, for example, is terrified out of his wits that little old news-stalls ladies will not display any magazine with the cover I take the with the cover I take the responsibility for choosing. "We'll sell a tenth our with the o with the cover I take responsibility

for choosing. "We'll sell a tenth our usual number" he moans. Then gets straight back to working his arse off. Hope he's wrong. . .

Some girl-lover, mother, sister - once challenged most of us into our first fuck; someone else into our first mind-wrecker. V.I.P.s without peer. Now, short of a one-way ticket right through to the other side, way, way out there, what's next for us beautiful earth-bound cripples? Under the heading, (Dylan) "You can have your cake and eat it too" you'll find a suggestion or two.

That drug clinic doctor I interviewed proved extraordinarily persuasive. It took place well after midnight in his straight, cramped, wide-awake little flat, both of us flattened to the backs of our skulls by too much of this and/or too little of that. I felt, on leaving for Tina and baby blue, like I must be one of the most hung-up-over-sex individuals in town. I didn't feel alone either.

Conclusions of the moment: the hetero scene is not only absurdly limiting but unnatural as well. Why, for Christ sake, why is history littered with the bodies of men who chose to communicate with sticks and stones, with knives and napalm, rather than with love.

Blake wrote somewhere something about not trusting generalised forms of love; trust only that love which manifests itself in "minute part manifests itself in" manifests itself in "minute particulars", he preached. De-conceptualised love. Hello John. Hi Yoko.

Thus I've dedicated this guest editor issue to the proposition that (everything else having been tried, space apart, new break-through alchemicals

apart) making love means not making war ONLY if that love can transcend, physically, erotically, orgasmically, sexual distinctions. So get your Button writers down to it: Make Men, Not War (for guys) and Make Women, Not War (for dummies).

As for the rest of the contents there are a few put-downs of IT that I hope aren't misinterpreted because there's one underground publication, that, early on anyway, meant more to me than any of the others. IT.

This is ridiculous. Everything else is type-set but Spike. Ad

This is ridiculous. Everything else is type-set but Spk

This is ridiculous. Everything else is type-set but Spike. And here I am writing exclusively to you while all the awakening world awaits non-exclusive OZ. If I don't get the usual together, in time I guess this will have to take its place. I wonder if the "Daily Mail" will ever employ me again? Mail" will ever employ me again?

All love to Louise and yerself, Sebastian (Perhaps I meant to get out of it this way all along. Games!)

W.B.



**MAN
MAKETH
MAN**

SUCK FOR PEACE

Prostitutes are the most myth-ridden people imaginable, and not particularly bright. It may be because their sexual lives are reality, while the opposite is true of most Americans. I mean, they are forced to pawn their dreams daily and get enough to eat. They always remind me of "disposables," a type of merchandise that was quite new when I was young, but which now has swept the country: disposable plates, dresses, shirts. The Kleenex people seem to have begun it, and their rational for the product they sold bearing the famous name works for "disposable" men too.

When thumbing through the yellow pages under "P," ask yourself these questions:

Is he soft? Strong? Does he pop up?

See? For softness, think of malleability and submissiveness: his ability to conform to your wishes. Strength? Let's call that sexual endurance or virility. This guy, as a pro, should possess a physical strength that best expresses itself in the sexual act. Now, "pops up." He's got to have a prick that stiffens at the sight, sound, or mention of money. After all, from his point of view and yours, it isn't necessary that he respond to you on a level of personal attraction. That might even be unpleasant. Right? But he has got to become aroused, for your convenience, at the prospect of earning some of your money. Therefore, have no truck with limber dicks and excuses. He's got to be there in the full masculine condition as often as you need him so. And let's not forget size while we're at it. A good sportsman will always throw back the minnow, believing it unworthy of his equipment and expecting it to grow by next season.

Simple test. When auditioning your glandular technician, see how many silver dollars he can support on his stiff cock.

Ah, disposable people! Doesn't that

play music in your ear? It gives one a feeling of infinite power and of cleanliness. One appreciates, uses, and discards toilet tissue. The cost is immaterial. No matter how much of the stuff we use or how dependent upon it we become, we are never obliged to cherish it after use. The thought is or should be repellent. But sexual pleasure is the legitimate end of any intercourse, and any means to that end is acceptable. Prostitutes, therefore, conveniently provide that service which may neutralize the temptation or necessity of complicating legitimate friendships, or even loves, with the pyrotechnics of unbridled license.

Male prostitutes are currently called 'hustlers'. In Oscar Wilde's time, they were



called 'renters,' because one paid them periodically. Paid them either for sex, or afterward, because of blackmail.

If you live in a small city or town, you may find them with difficulty. They thrive in the larger cities. Nevertheless, if you hang around the bus stations, swimming pools, train stations and airports, you're sure to find them, along with various social diseases and embarrassments. Use with caution. Avoid the taste for trash, if possible. Of course, they'll probably be part-time or advantage hustlers. They won't often ask you for x number of dollars, but will be inclined to grant their favors in exchange for dinners, drinks, trips and nights out.

Your best candidate, in my opinion, is the American College Boy as opposed to the professional prostitute: we'll get him a little later. And American college life being what it is, he will be anywhere from eighteen to twenty-eight. Strong, healthy, often good-looking, he is the flower of the philosophy of extended adolescence. He will bud but not bloom for a decade or two, then bloat and go to seed.

Get yourself a house or apartment. Call in a fagot decorator. Check him out and have him do something marvelous. Stock your bar. Serve perfect cocktails and get a superb car. Learn to cook or hire one. When you entertain, get the most incredible, the most amusing and the most intelligent people to your house. They may be vicious. These Medusas thrive where the currents are strongest, on a rapidly changing atmosphere, and are consequently perfect at parties where prolonged conversation is to be avoided in favor of the quip, pun, lash and flourish of repartee.

Now, the stage being set, go down to that restaurant, bar, or parking lot, to that corner of eternally patrolling cars, and hook yourself an attractive college boy. Strike up

a conversation, as they say. It doesn't matter if he isn't quite what you want, but make sure he's attractive. Take him home or invite him to a soiree. He will be fascinated. And if you lead him to believe that you might be willing to have "company" because you're lonely, whimsical, too wealthy for true friendship - company that could profit from the association . . . why he's already pulling down his skivvies and touching his toes. And if, as I said, you don't find this particular one to your taste, be sure that he will talk about you to those of his friends that might be willing to hear about the adventure, and will ask your permission to bring them. There! Soon enough you will have your pick of the whole campus.

What makes me think they'll sell themselves?

(1) They've been taught from the cradle to trade whatever they have by way of personal attraction and/or talent for money - or advantage that leads to money.

(2) They are quartered either in dormitories, apartments in noisy clusters, titillating and exciting themselves with bodily proximity (think, dear, of the usual college shower room), and denied privacy, but socially forced to think and talk of little else but sex.

(3) They are bored by and mistrust



their fellows.

(4) The usual co-ed is so dumb, inexperienced and afraid, having come from the classic morbid Christian background, that she is unable to provide or to contribute to anything like sexual joy. She is used most often as a shield behind which her "date" hides his fear of masculine inferiority and impotence. Dating, then, and the college engagement are the means these pathetic girls provide for avoiding sensual self-assertion. Condemned to premature marriage, theirs is a conspiracy of silence and shame.

(5) The vision of the sexually liberated woman is the one to which they give lip service and which they most fear, but having been denied access to and love of their fathers by insecure Christ-ridden mothers, the mature, experienced, sexually competent older man is the winner who cuts the cake. And often these fledglings best learn the arts of love and loving crushed under the weight, locked in the hairy embrace of that

bachelor-about-town, the hard-jawed businessman who takes his weekends in Dallas or Los Angeles, knows every body, and gives a Scotch-on-the-rocks to an undergraduate as if to an equal. Don't worry, Clyde. You'll make out.

But the professional prostitute is another bird. Speaking and thinking, stereotypically, these are usually in the West Forties; that is, we see the most services to any and all men that want and need them. This is your hard-core, or street-corner, whore. Here in New York City, one sees them usually in the West Forties; that is, we see the most obvious types there.

The uniform of the hustler is something crossed between a working man, a thief, and a merchant mariner. I suppose the best example of this style are found in those magazines devoted to "physical culture," or to the "young body beautiful," or to "male art." I am not suggesting that all the young people in these publications are prostitutes, but simply that the prostitutes share with these narcissistic physical-culturists certain postures and styles of dress and undress that, for a novice, should be easy to recognize.

For instance, the much-too-tight jeans or dungarees, the stretch tee-shirts that, combined with a certain hunching stance, display the torso like antique armor. Often the arms are tattooed in imitation of those crotch-heavy sailors of popular mythology. The hair will be a little exorbitant in cut, not necessarily long, but artfully arranged to fall carelessly over the forehead in the style made popular twenty years ago by the actor Tony Curtis. (The lower orders are always the last to relinquish styles. They inherit them like servants used to inherit their master's clothing. Notice in period movies and in operas, paintings and plays that the servants always dressed in a mode current about a generation previous to the action). The "underground" movie *Scorpio Rising* is a fashion parade of this particular brand of motorcycle drag: the "We fuck but we don't kiss" brand of homo-eroticism.

These people tend to smoke aggressively, cupping the butt against nonexistent howling winds, biting off the smoke in bitter bombing raid bites. They lean against things, usually buildings, in the classic manner of drugstore cowboys

everywhere, though curiously enough they may be neither illiterate, unschooled or idle. Indeed, to make a living in this business these men must work unceasingly and at very low rates for long hours. In fact, because the scale of pay is low, say five bucks, or about as much as you'd pay for a slum female, the market being at all times glutted, they must work every waking hour, and are always, should you ask, waiting for someone . . . a call . . . a contact . . . a John.

The difference between a trick and a John, for instance, is largely a matter of time. Generally a trick, as in cards, is turned quickly: one may have several in one night. A John, however, may be the man who keeps one or with whom one has a standing arrangement.

Prostitutes of both sexes and all economic categories are what I call "Telephone People." I've never known one of them that didn't hang around the house calling, waiting to be called, and answering calls, not necessarily from customers, but about business; for social and sexual life blend as business. If I didn't know better, and I'm not sure I do, I might believe that it's all a conspiracy engineered by the Bell Telephone Company. For surely if whores were all rounded up and put in nice clean comfortable houses designed for the purpose, there wouldn't be such a need for negotiation by wire, neither would the sidewalks be so littered with idle flesh.

. . . Resourcefulness plays a cheery part in masturbation too. Heaven knows, if

you simply have but one position for it, one approach to it, you'll bore yourself just as you'd bore a lover with only one position to have sex in. Since masturbation is something you do by yourself that stimulates voluptuous reveries, you naturally use devices and implements to help things along. Hasn't everybody at one time or another turned on the vacuum cleaner for a good clean blow-job? I certainly have.

While I was in school, I met a very resourceful jack-off. Resourceful in that at this point Bimbo was perhaps too shy to have as many actual contacts as he wanted, and consequently made up for it by himself. One evening as we were exciting ourselves with talk, Bimbo told me he fucked Baggies. This was years ago and I hadn't even seen Baggies. They'd only just appeared in the supermarkets.

"Well, tell me," I said, "how you do it and where I can get them and what the hell are they?"

"It's very, very simple," he cooed, puffing on one of his colored, scented cigarettes. "Baggies are sort of filmy plastic bag-things you buy to put sandwiches in. Amazing. Keeps 'em fresh too!" Another sip of the cocktail. "The idea came to me while I was making my lunch one morning. They're very cheap. Anyway, you take a Baggie and a very large sponge, either an artificial one or a natural sponge, and you cut a narrow slot or slit in the sponge about, oh . . . as long as your dick is. Then, you take the Baggie and insert it in the sponge. Then moisten and soften the sponge with water, not hot water — warm water — and put the sponge into a

larger plastic bag." His eyes had begun to sparkle, and a smile played about what he liked to think of his "cruel" lips. "Now, take a tube of KY and squirt a lot of it into the Baggie inside the sponge and knead it a little. Now what I do is put the sponge between the inner-spring and the mattress of the bed. That's just the right height when you're on your knees. Just slip in your pi-pi and fuck away! The softness of the bed and the warmth and sponginess of the Baggie-dear make it feel just like one of those weak little people I like fucking in the ass so much. In fact, you can even tighten it by leaning forward and putting all your weight on the mattress."

I must admit it piqued my imagination. I had an erection by this time — the sure test for any idea. We were just finishing our drinks. We rose.

"Oh, and one more thing."

"What?" I asked a little blearily.

"They're disposable. Neat, eh? So cheap you just throw them away."

"Oh," I mumbled, "Yes, yes."

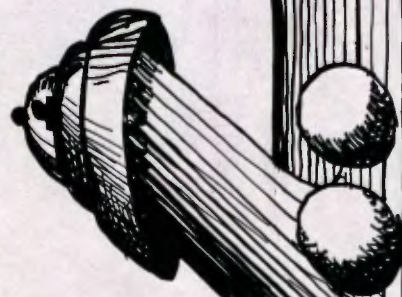
"And none of that stupid clap business."

The extracts reprinted above are taken from a brilliant book of rare humour and raw vitality entitled *The Homosexual Handbook*, by Angelo d'Arcangelo, published by Ophelia Press Inc. If you wish to obtain copies of the book, or any others in the Ophelia or Olympia Press catalogues, write to 67-69 Irving Place, New York, NY 10003. USA. Price \$2.95

Angelo d'Arcangelo.

SILENCE

John Cage

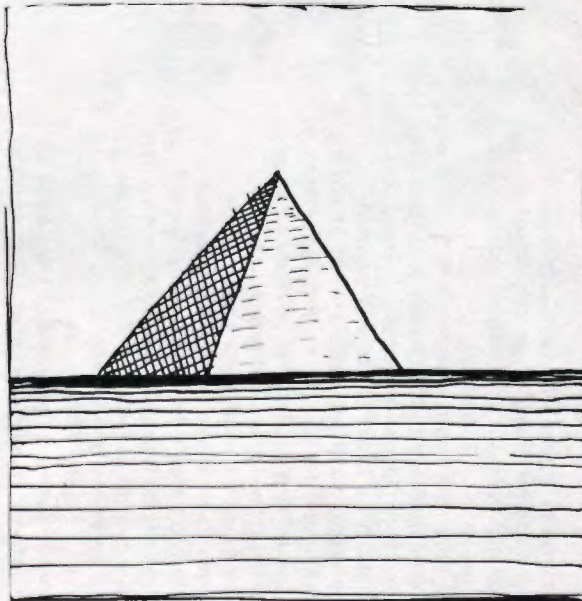


POVERTY OF FUCKING, argues a young West London drug addiction clinic doctor, is a greater hang-up for most of the world than poverty of eating. In short, bodies are starving. And good men are killing good men for sheer lack of complete loving. Aroused by unknowing dreads they make contact with sticks and stones when it could be, should be, must be with cocks and balls. The author of this piece has, in more ways than one, been turned-on by his "patients": his conventional medical training — homosexuality, like drug-taking is a sickness, horror, etc. etc. — has been thoroughly arse-upped. From his words with OZ you get the impression that he's headed for that space opened by Reich & Laing and may be further. Here he exposes the Vice Anglais not as inadequacy, deviation or whatever, but as a hope for the future, the most obvious, most natural, most ready-to-hand, most necessary, most inevitable breakthrough for butch and brutal mankind. Read on, girls, read on:

TAKE IT LIKE A MAN

Sex since general

Freud has become confused with the life-force. Talking about any other animal, sex is just concerned with reproduction something



which cannot be achieved by two men. The sex organs are generally referred to as sort of genital urinals. I think in fact they've got three purposes rather than two: there is the ordinary urinal function, then your genital function which is reproductive, sexual for having babies. But then you've got your orgasms and you can have orgasms with anyone. So orgasms can't be related to sex if you look at it in natural terms, if you look at it in the terms of what nature intended. Orgasms can serve another function.

The thing is that man is primarily an animal. And he's an animal that loves cervical hemispheres and its the elaboration of his environment that he's made by using his cervical hemispheres which makes him think that he's not an animal any longer. But I figure that there must be some level at which all men are the same

Everyone now is coming to look at things in terms of duality. You know, you can talk about what's natural for Man but you've got to specify whether you mean natural for Mankind as a whole on a biological level or natural for our society.

That is Man as he is in a society which has been made by thinking, as a result of his cervical hemisphere. And the two are not the same. And because the two are not the same each individual is confused and I think this is very fundamental not only to

homosexuality, but to all illness. The thing about societies is that they're defensive and you can illustrate the gap between what's natural for Mankind and what's natural for society when you consider killing. A man has to be trained to kill and it requires rigid discipline. Armies have to be held together by rigid discipline and all the rest of it, therefore it is not natural for Man to kill another man. In order to make a man defensive, you've got to tinker around with his motivating forces and instinct. Its as if

Man has reached a compromise between being defensive and being loving, so that he's never allowed to love to the extent that he's capable of and yet he's able to love sufficiently in order to keep society together.

I use the word homo-erotic rather than homosexual because it has more love connotations. This is so important — words have so many emotional connotations. I mean the word homosexual arouses so much anger and resentment. I believe the love force between men is equivalent to the love force between a mother and her child, and I think it would be in Nature's interest to have such a love force. And if this love force was enabled to express itself the whole balance of society would swing right round. You would in fact accomplish a revolution,

because the Revolution that people keep talking about doesn't, to me anyway, mean tearing things down. I mean I don't have visions of 1917, the French Revolution and so on — blood and all that nonsense. You have a switch inside and people's outlook changes from being defensive to being loving. This is usually what the hippy what's-it is all about. Then you have accomplished the revolution. And this change of heart is fundamental to the success of whatever change in cultural patterns takes place in the next few years. If you were in a society where loving awareness instead of defensive awareness, was the 'law', then homosexuality would never be noticed. Unfortunately, however, there's no model to look to. When you consider why did Man become defensive, why Man became Man's enemy in the first place, I think you've got to say, well, there's certain organic causes for insanity. I think it's insanity for Man to do an anti-instinctive act, i.e. to kill another man. It's not Nature's

purpose. I mean why have kids if you're going to kill them? In general, no other animal in health goes around killing other members of its species.

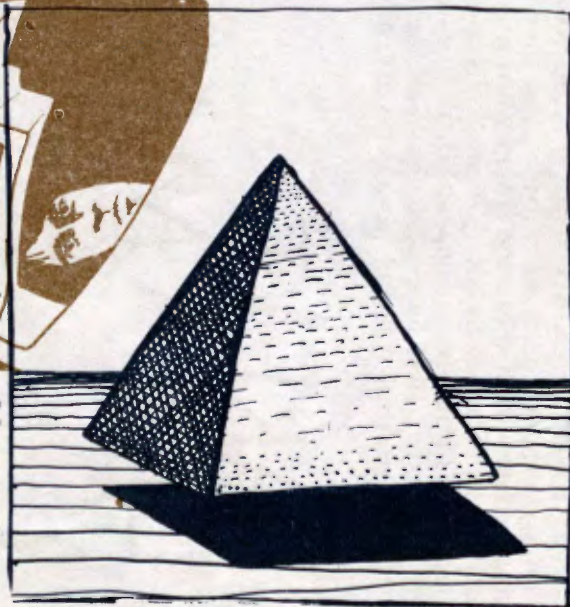
I think you could probably say the first men were innocent but they were also ignorant, but being ignorant they didn't know about dietary deficiencies etc. For example polagra, which is a deficiency of one of the vitamin B complex. One of the symptoms of this is homicidal mania, so quite obviously, right from the earliest times, one man swooped on another for no particular reason, and from then on Man has had to defend himself from other men. Sometimes you get cultures which are very loving, like the ancient Greeks, but they always seem to be swamped by insane lunatics invading from outside. When a lion goes preying in the jungle he's not stalking another lion, whereas when a man goes out to work the chances are that he is preying on another man. So that somewhere along the line a man in our society is not being natural for Mankind as a whole. He is encouraged to grow up defensive. Children are taught to fight, boxing at school for example, so that men are taught not to be cowards. It's 'unmanly' to be a coward. So again the brainwashing goes on. "You must be a

man") and this involves all sorts of things like being able to fight and not loving other men, not going to bed with other men, involvement between two men, you could say, begins with a handshake and ends in an orgasm, but it doesn't necessarily have to culminate in an orgasm. There are degrees of friendship, as with a woman. In a natural state if you have an orgasm with a woman there are three people present who are to be considered. Because of the fertility thing, so here again it is safer to have orgasms with men to take some of the pressures off the women.

True homo-eroticism is going to become extremely fashionable, which will be the best thing that can happen for women, because for the first time, probably ever, men will learn properly how to make love. Most men of any age seem to use women as sort of complicated masturbating machines and the first thought that enters their head when they see a woman is fucking her, with very little consideration for the woman, for 'turning her on' or really making friends with her and developing a deep emotional thing. But I think that men will learn how to seduce women properly, so that women don't just have to

fling their legs in the air in order to get a man, the way they have to now. This is the big complaint of women. They are so despondent, because women are missing out badly.

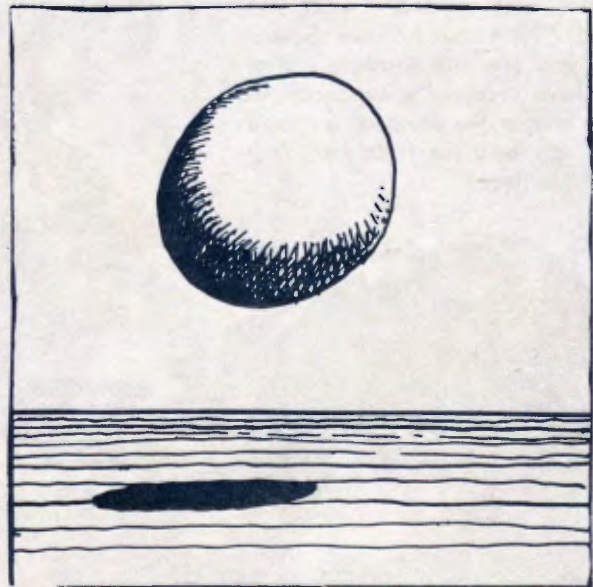
When you start encouraging people to be themselves, that is natural for mankind as a whole, you find that homosexuality becomes something natural. You have, in fact, got a cure for "homosexuality". Whereas most young people have very open minds, when it comes to homo-eroticism their homo-erotic 'drive' or 'instinct' has already been suppressed by the time they start verbalizing and talking about freedom and so on, so that the whole range of erotic freedom tends to be neglected. I've noticed there is in fact a considerable amount of self-consciousness about this even among "underground" people. Almost to a man the possibility that they might be queer has crossed their minds but they've just brushed it aside. Men just can't admit that they love other men. And quite obviously if Man is not allowed to love his fellow men it's easier for him to kill them.



1. ELEVEN YEARS OLDER
THAN BIRTH
AND WITH THAT SEXLESS INNOCENCE
I BEGUILE YOU FRANCIS -

MOVE YOUR ATHLETIC HANDS
AND WITH MY S'ARKLING EYES
INFLATE YOUR MAN-SIZE EGO
MAYBE NOW THERE IS A WOMAN
WHO PUTS YOUR HEAD ON OLYMPUS
AND YOU FUCK
LIKE THE GOD YOU BELIEVE YOU ARE
OR MAYBE YOU STILL RAPE SMALL BOYS
AFTER TRAINING
IN THE PAVILION SHOWERS

2. THEN YOU PAUL
WITH YOUR THIN WHITE FACE
YOUR LEARNING AND YOUR
INTELLECTUAL
CALLING TO THE CHURCH
LONG HOURS BY CANDLELIGHT
TALKING THEOLOGY OSCAR WILDE
WOMEN OSCAR WILDE
MOVING ME IN MY NAIVE ADOLESCENT DREAM
TO NESTLE AT YOUR FEET RESPONDING
TO MY ADORATION



WHY DID YOU EARTH YOURSELF
BY TOUCHING ME WITH YOUR CLAMMY
HANDS IN THE EMBARRASSED DARK OF SLEEP
3. THESE ARE TWO
TWO IN MILLIONS
ALL NEEDING ORGASMS
ALL NEEDING ORGASMS
ALL FRUSTRATED
ALL CONDEMNED
ANOTHER SEX THAT WEEPS
FOR SIMPLE ACCEPTANCE

4. GREEN URINALS ROWS OF MALE
URINATORS HOLDING THEMSELVES
TIGHT
LEANING OVER TO CATCH A GLIMPSE
HANDS IN POCKETS MASTURBATING OVER
RUDOLPH HOPING FOR THE PRETTY BOY
BY THE MIRROR
WHO HOPES FOR THE PEACE OF A ROOM
SOMEWHERE AND A GIRL
TO STROKE HIS BROW
YET NOW

AS I LIVE AND LEARN
I SEE THAT IT IS NOT A DISEASE
OF THE MIND THAT THE NEWS OF THE WORLD
OR PENGUIN FREUD SUGGEST

5. NOT BRUTAL SISTER
OR CRUEL MOTHER OR DOMINANT
FATHER OR PERSUASIVE COUSIN
BUT SOCIETY
THAT CRUSHES GOOD NATURAL LOVE
BETWEEN MEN THAT CREATES PERVERSITY
AND SORDIDITY THAT PREVENTS NARCISSUS
AND GOLDMUND AND GIOVANNI AND
WILDE FROM BEING AS BEAUTIFUL AS
ROMEO AND JULIET DON JUAN AND VALENTINO

michael j w storey. the last supper



We take pleasure in presenting a revolutionary new handbook, "How to Achieve Sexual Ecstasy".

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stephan gregory

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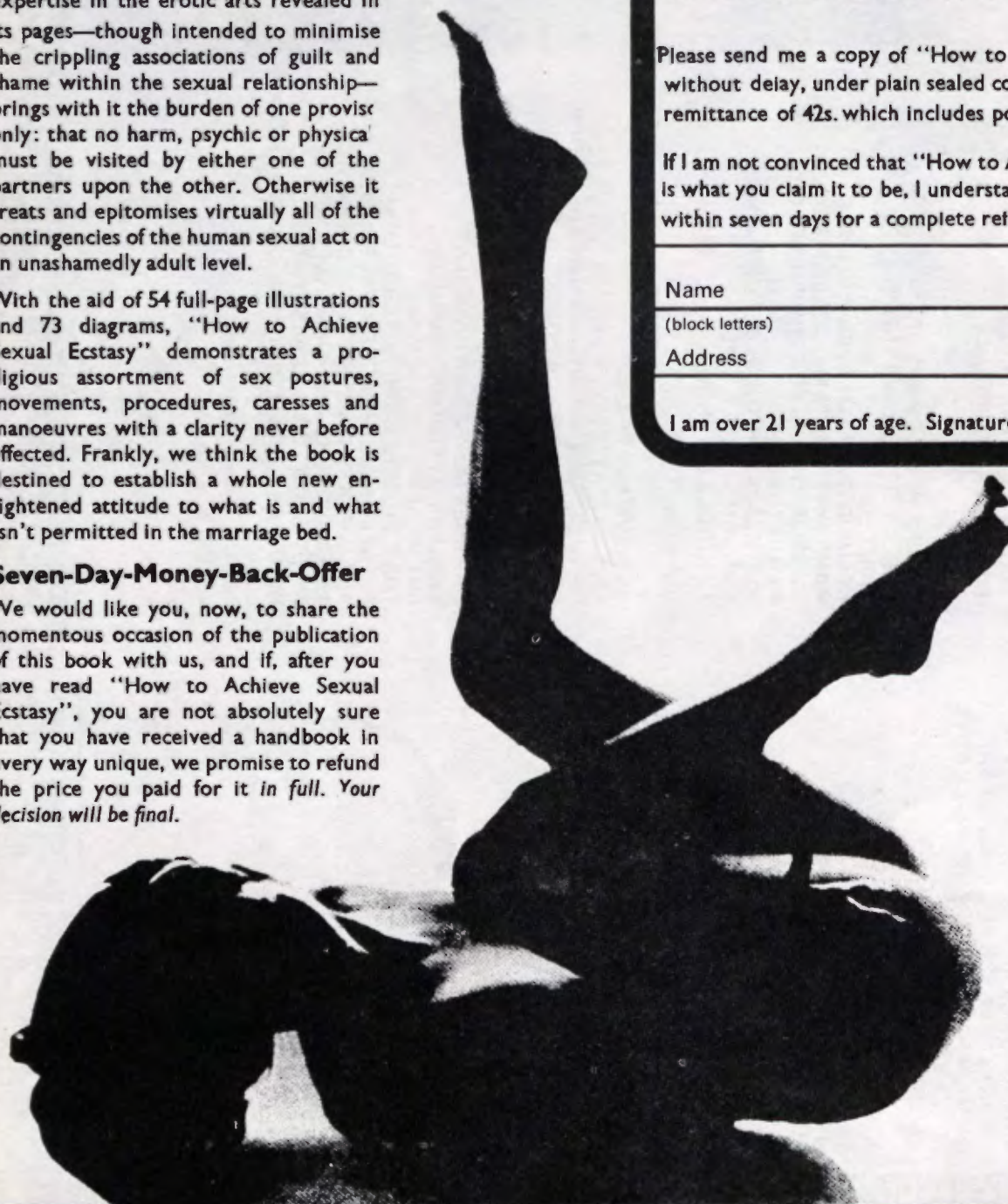
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fulfilment among normal
healthy men and women
with a vividness never
before possible.



Did you feel the Moon move, little Rabbit?



By Bob Hughes

The god Apollo, mythology teaches us, pursued the goddess Luna constantly but never caught up with her. It was not weakness on his part; one may assume that Apollo never wanted to copulate with that barren, meteor-poxed virgin; but the pursuit had a ritual function, and it ensured, among other things, that the sun rose each morning. What Apollo did not want to do, Apollo 11 has achieved.

'I think,' said the Emperor Caligula, on his deathbed, 'that I am becoming a god'; and in becoming a mini-god, what gifts did *homo sapiens*, as represented by those two cybernetic beasts swaddled in tinfoil and high-absorbency diapers, leave for Luna? It is a depressing list. Billions upon billions of dollars were expended so that our Faustian technocrats might leave behind them the culminating traces of several million years of evolution:

- several plastic bags of urine,
- two pairs of discarded boots,
- a plaque inscribed with a cliché,
- a few pounds of waste metal,
- and an American flag.

There is little enough reason to suppose that it actually happened. As filtered through the TV screen, science fact was frustrating after the science fiction to which, from childhood, we were all used.

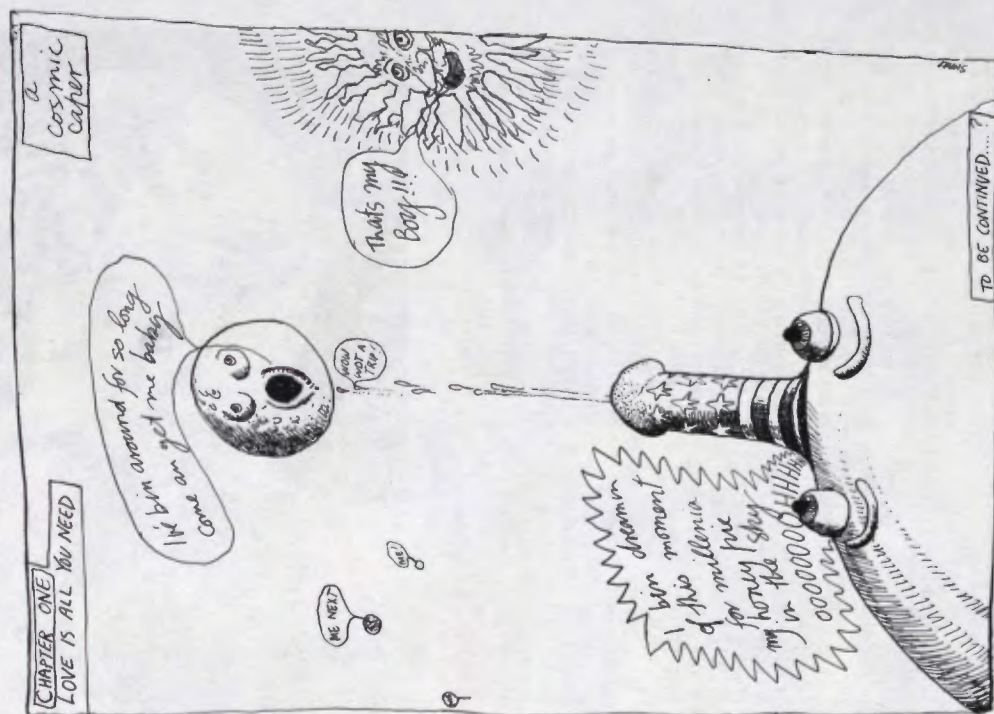
Once more, life set out to imitate art; this time it almost succeeded.

Armstrong and Aldrin, loping and galumphing like Michelin men from one rock to the next, while David Frost intoned his banalities and Courage's models waddled to and fro in moon suits and Revlon churned out its ads for frosty moon dust lipstick... one became aware that nothing had happened on the screen which could not have been done in a television studio for £30,000. The special effects were so far below Kubrick level that they seemed unreal. Such are the perversions that media impose on actuality; but the moonshot was conceived in terms of media, as

the greatest and most expensive public relations exercise in the history of man. The intention was to demonstrate, to a fifth of the human race, via TV, that America cannot lie and cannot fail. It was partly because of this that a curious failure arose in the project itself: earlier PR defeated its own ends. The moonshot was not a dramatic event because it only involved human protagonists at the most superficial level. It was advertised as drama; but a football match is not drama. One was aware from the beginning that either the astronauts would get there or they would not; and that it hardly mattered, for the purposes of public relations, whether they did or not, since in the former event it would be a Triumph of Science and Will and in the latter a Noble Sacrifice for Mankind. By blastoff day, we had all been so indoctrinated in the technological omnipotence of NASA that success was expected automatically, and our only catharsis could have arisen from failure.

Naturally, nobody hoped for failure, since that would have meant the deaths of Armstrong, Aldrin and Collins and we are all — are we not? — against death, especially the death of men whom we vicariously 'know' through prolonged exposure in TV and the press; the number of lives that might have been saved if the money spent in establishing (I speak only of overt scientific purposes, which, in the case of Moonshot, were secondary) that some lunar rocks contain 6% titanium, is of course, beside the point; it does not accord with the mythological structure established by the First Church of Braun Scientist.

Very few people who followed the moonshot could have escaped the feeling that all was pre-ordained; that the astronauts were running down a groove in space like slot-cars; that they would land and return, and that they were in no way responsible for their fates. No doubt it was to cut this heresy that Armstrong took over manual control of the module just before landing — otherwise his audience would have assumed that the only role of man in space was a symbolic one; just



02 23 017

a machine for planting American flags. 'Even despite our computers', Armstrong thus proclaimed, 'we are existential beings, even in space.' And yet, now that it is over, I can only think of one gesture which Armstrong could have made which would have qualified as unquestionably heroic. Suppose he had planted the flag; and then poured petrol over it and burnt it? Impossible, alas, there being no oxygen on the moon. But if Luna does not justify a lunatic gesture, what will?

We came to believe that Science (which, in this context, meant the collective Will of the US Government) could not fail. Nothing was adventurous: funnelled through those banks of computers at Houston, no paramaters of likelihood had been left to chance. So one can only conclude that the detritus Armstrong and Aldrin left behind them was intended to have some symbolic value.

The rubbish became relics. What can they mean? One, unhappily, has already disappeared – the First Footprint, which, a few minutes after it was made, was scuffed out of existence in the lunar dust by the Holy Boots of Aldrin. (This will not be a problem for future hagiographers. There were, at one time, no less than 14 Holy Foreskins of Jesus Christ venerated in different European churches; the monks at Houston should have no trouble manufacturing a new First Footprint, cast from a replica of the Discolored Boot, and sending it with Apollo 12 to be installed at Tranquillity Base. And yet how odd it is that what works in the wet concrete outside Grauman's Chinese Theatre cannot, with all the resources of NASA behind it, be induced to work on the moon!)

Second only in importance to the First Footprint was the First Text: the historic words of Armstrong, as he planted his boot in the dust – 'That's one small step for man, one giant leap for mankind.' As a writer in the New Statesman observed, the words 'man' and 'mankind' had until then been thought synonymous, and henceforth 'mankind' could only mean the new samurai class of astronauts. Perhaps NASA was worried by such implications; in any case, NASA & Armstrong have agreed to rewrite the sentence, which will go down in the history books – with luck and PR pressure – as 'that's one small step for a man'. This change, Time Magazine was swift to point out, reflected the humility of the first mortal to reach the moon. Curiously enough, this was virtually the first time the word 'mortal' had been applied to Armstrong in an English-language magazine; the previous assumption having been that Armstrong was nothing of the kind. What we have been witnessing is a reinvigoration of the Christ myth: the redeemer from space who, as soon as he utters a word, sees it dissected for

religious significance by squads of acolytes. There is some evidence that even the President of the United States believed that: otherwise, why would he have proclaimed that the descent of the Holy Boot was the most important event in universal history since the creation of the world?

Indeed, the whole atmosphere of Moonshot was saturated with religious parody: consider the ritual significance of the Entombment at the end of the flight, ostensibly for disinfection. On the third day, he rose again . . . But the parallel here is not so much with Christianity as with the cult of the pharaohs of ancient Egypt. As soon as an acolyte touches the sacred body of the Astronaut, he too must join his ruler in the grave; all that observation-room, with its sixteen devotees and its pingpong table, needs for mythological completion is a few hundred mummified ibises and a pyramid raised above it.

The two most pregnant relics were, however, the Plaque and the Flag. (I leave aside the Holy Piss: its significance requires no comment: it was probably an infiltration by some Yippie at Houston Control, designed to show in the most succinct manner that the prime function of capitalism is to create an assimilable waste. Remember that marking out territory by urinating on it is a basic animal reflex . . .)

The Plaque bore the inscription, WE CAME IN PEACE FOR ALL MANKIND. This was signed by Armstrong, Collins and Aldrin, also by Richard Milhouse Nixon, who – difficult though it is to remember, so conflated is the myth – did not come at all. This phrase was a noble piece of rhetoric, for it meant nothing and was not, in any demonstrable sense, true. It is the sort of phrase which colonists only utter in two circumstances: either when they are sure that there is nobody and nothing to come to (which seemed to be so with Luna), or else when they have buried the last Indian. However, nobody in NASA could be certain that the moon might not have some inhabitants. In case the astronauts brought some back, elaborate Auschwitizes of sterilizers and UV radiation were prepared for them on earth. We come in peace for all mankind, but emphatically not for any life-form which we find below 'our' level. In this way, the Plaque summed up the most exquisite of all contradictions in colonial self-justification; and the fact that none of us care much about microbes, not even moon microbes, should not blind us to the profound truth of the Plaque's cliché.

But the flag – there was the nub of the whole performance, the failure of imagination represented by sending 19th-century sensibilities to the Moon. It was

once the custom to flag some newly-colonized strand to signify that, by the act of landing, you owned the place. Now under an international treaty signed by 80 countries, including the USA, in 1967, the Moon is international territory and cannot be annexed. The primary use of the flag-fetish was therefore stripped away (it is not clear how many Americans realised this); and what was left? An obsolete symbol of nationalism and patriotism (the two emotions most grotesquely unfit for use in space) which, because there was no wind on the moon, needed a steel spring sewn in it to sustain its perfunctory erection. It is hard to imagine how the technocrats worked out the design for their impotent flagpole without realising the absurdity of the symbol.

The irony of it all was that one couldn't escape the feeling that all the rhetoric of 'New Age' was a lie. What we witnessed on July 20 was not the dawn of a new era, but the opening of Act III of a Faustian melodrama which has been going on since the dawn of the Industrial Revolution. Moonshot was inspired by the wish-dream of 19th-century capitalism, inflated grossly

beyond its first proportions: the confident phantasy that man, by his technological achievements, will and must dominate the cosmos. Act III, opening with Moonshot, will close with sunshot, when the great silver penis (number 13 to be jettisoned in mid-flight) will be directed into the sun, and there be vapourised, thus inflicting on the rewired and computerised corpse of Werner von Braun and all his fellow-Americans the symbolic castration which American and Russian hubris has so long sought.

In the meantime, we need monuments of an absurdity overt enough to suit the projects. How much better it would have been if Apollo 11, instead of leaving its collage of symbols behind on Luna, had settled for one great image! Claes Oldenburg should have been commissioned to design a crucified Mickey Mouse, sixty feet high, in inflatable featherweight plastic that could fold into a small tube. Released on Luna, it could last for 70, 100, or a million years until at last some wandering asteroid punctured it, in a soundless hiss of Duchampian chance. To see that, it would be worth going to the Moon.



Lunar Eclipse, August 27, 1969
Washington, D. C.

It's difficult to escape from Mother — people have big Freudian problems in doing it, some never do it at all, men go for chicks who are like their mother, who can cook like mother, they sometimes even hit the streets in drag and look like mother. Chicks get crushed on teachers and strongly defend mother's methods of childbearing. With mother around (and father as well, of course), it's not real freedom. It's permissiveness with parental permission. It's licensing, and sometimes it's even a guilty game of rebellion.

The Ancient Britons used to carve stone Mother Gods representing the Earth. The Greeks had them as well, we all had them. In America today there are girls usually big and wearing no underwear to play the part of Earth Mother. Like all Mothers, Mother Earth holds us back!

We're getting big now but she won't let us leave home. We're showing signs of juvenile delinquency by fucking up the planet to spite her — polluting rivers, poisoning the land, making the atmosphere radioactive. It's pathetic really. So now it looks like mankind will pull through, though so far we've only taken a small walk on Mama's apron strings. Even with this taste, don't you already feel Earth's too small?

Man's relationship to his whole environment plays an important part in his creation of his local environment. Social structures are a product of socio-economic conditions. The bigger the environment the wider the understanding through exploration — they expand correspondingly. Almost within living memory we have seen the expansion from family-unit to parish to national area. Family feuds and disregard for life and property of families other than one's own give way to village/parish pride and responsibility, then civic pride links itself with some national aspiration (granted usually through the most reactionary of forms: ruling families, powerful companies, Royalty and war-effort). Now Nationalism is giving way to a type of Internationalism, not for humanitarian reasons — it's simple economics. Our disregard for the lives and property of our European neighbours is diminishing and a common-market is

becoming possible. The corresponding expansion in thought can only come after the continental experience has been felt by enough people, either in person or through the media.

And we all know the next step after that. Planetary thought can only come when Man can see the planets and when he is aware of the next step which is interplanetary thought. The only place to see the planet is from outer space!

Man's suspicions and hates about the

Mother Earth

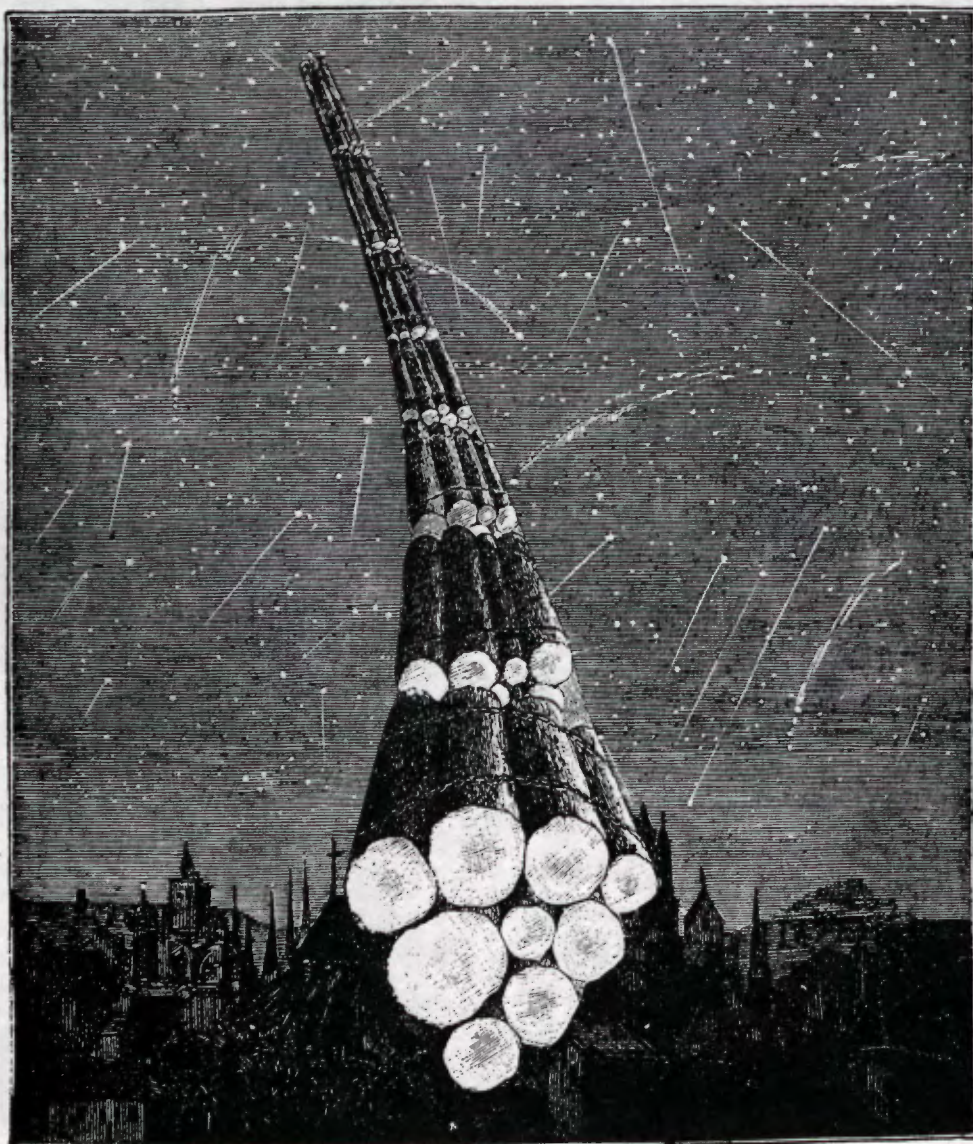
MILES



next larger area of expansion negatively predict the inevitability of that expansion. Originally it was family feud, then warring villages and competing towns, then nationalistic wars. The 'Wogs start at Calais' syndrome — throwing garbage out of windows precedes civic pride, economic exploitation precedes a common market, pollution of the Earth precedes civic pride, economic exploitation precedes a common market, pollution of the Earth solar system — a good sign: one-fifth of the Moon's atmosphere is from the Lunar Probe motors, our spacemen left bags of piss behind on their camping site, Solar space is cluttered with burnt-out rocket motors and ejected materials — fun for space archaeologists and scrap for space merchants.

Of course the spacemen took The American Way of life with them, but a colony on the Moon would soon develop its own life style, and the people in the sky would look down at the Earth and think of it only as Earth and not as a collection of countries. That is the view which will save the Earth, the more that see it the better. Whether we see it from magazines, on TV or, best of all, from the Moon itself. Clean up spaceship Earth, set the planet in order. It's in a mess, restore the natural ecological balance. Maybe the present almost fanatical interest in ecology is spin-off from the Moon shot — we can already see it doing some good. Ecological concern isn't new — Bates, Grosberg, Snyder, Bucky-Fuller, Leary and many others have been issuing grim warnings about it for years now. The space program is the most avant-garde thing Man had done since Surrealism! Much more effective than any riots or marches because it will have feedback on the total Earth population (except China who so far haven't been told about it).

The generation growing up now will have Solar-consciousness. Their future is mapped out for them — Galactic consciousness and later on Universal consciousness — our galaxy is only one and part of a larger Stellar unit. The units get bigger and bigger and bigger and bigger to eternity, we've only just started.



der himmel nimmt zweimal den hut ab (I)
The sky takes the hat off twice

A WARNING?

THE JULIAN PRESS

issue a warning:

the photographic illustrations from "Variations on a Sexual Theme" of the variations of position possible in sexual intercourse contained in this book are posed by unclothed human models, together. This book called simply "Variations on a Sexual Theme" is the most intimate and enlightened manual ever to be published in this country. It contains 40 beautifully posed photographs by a top photographer, showing the basic coital positions, the knowledge of which are essential to ensure maximum sexual satisfaction. It is a book that could not have been published even a year ago; it is no hype.

Each photograph is accompanied by a frank commentary suggesting the movements and carresses likely to heighten each others enjoyment. Because of the beauty of the photographs and the couple portrayed; the exquisite binding, and quality of print, it is undoubtedly going to be a run away best seller. At the moment only a limited edition has been published and is only available by mail order, direct from Julian Press. On receipt of the coupon below and 60s. you will be sent, under a plain seal cover, one copy, which carries with it a seven day money back guarantee if you do not find it as good as we say it is.



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I am over 21 Signed

YOUR NAME

Block capitals please

ADDRESS

Block capitals please

At long last, after the legislative death of good pop radio with the passing of the "pirates", it looks as if something is in the air again.

Late this August - on 428 metres on the Medium Waveband - a new radio station put out its first pilot broadcast. RADIO ANDORRA is the baby of Hugh Nolan, who spent two years on 'Disc and Music Echo', learning how not to do things, and Terry Yason, a publicist whose last gig was the Stones' Hyde Park concert. Their business manager is Geoffrey Bass whose first job was selling 2000 pills a week at school till the Mafia stopped him. His parents forced him into the City where he gathered all the experience he's now putting behind Radio Andorra.

To make the whole world dopey was Terry's promising and to-the-point policy statement. Enlarging on this he spoke of the 'flabbiness and boredom' of Radio One, the 'image of muzzling cups of tea, etc.' They want to utilize radio as it should be and bring it into the 1970's. Control of programmes will be entirely with each DJ and a gap will be retained between the business side and the programming so as to ensure no business pressure on the artists side. One of the main ideas behind the whole thing is the decanting of music, thus helping to break through the label barrier.

This concept is well illustrated by a run-through of the artists on the first test tape - Arlo Guthrie, Eric Lynn, Winston Churchill, the Chambers Brothers, Blind Faith, Coltrane, Bach, and the Bachelors Club. If enough money can be raised, Terry and Hugh have an option to extend the time from the original 1 a.m. - 2 a.m. to a clearer wavelength, increasing their output of 440 kilowatts to 1,000 kilowatts. There could also be an aerial that would give as good a signal as Radio One - at least in the London area. Since the whole basis of Radio Andorra is communication, if OZ readers have any ideas of what they would like to hear, write to Radio Andorra, 68 St James's Place, London, N10.

In the visual field Ronan O'Rhailly who put Radio Caroline together is going into television. He plans to operate from a Super Constellation (another will be standing by in case of a break-down) above international airspace, flying over the North Sea. Its transmissions will cover about 75% to 80% of the U.K. and will run from 6 p.m. to 2 a.m. The first two hours will be all music in a visual context. 'The sort of thing,' media whizz-kid O'Rhailly told OZ just before we went to press, 'That you don't have to sit and watch to get the whole thing.' He plans this to be the place where anyone, could theoretically put on whatever he wanted, uncensored. The rest of the time

will be taken up by features and films. It will be a 625 line picture in colour, and you can adjust any 625 line set to receive it.

The advertising will be done in the same way as Radio Caroline and O'Rhailly seems pretty confident that this is virtually 'a licence to print money and also be creative.' He speaks in terms of a gradual shifting balance between making his company a profitable concern and using the media for the promotion of 'gentle anarchy'. He is also very involved in using television to make people, especially the young, aware of the aged. He has his Super Cons. lined-up and hopes to be on the air by the coming Spring.

THE MEDIA PIRATES



ALAN REID

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W11 RATES: - 1/- PER WORD.
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your columns given to me in January last, and of all
the gifts I ever received I thank God for that one,
for it has been the means, in God's hands, in rescuing
me from a vice which, if followed up, would have
completely destroyed me both body and soul. Need-
less to say, I have become one of your ardent followers
shave, and will ever continue so as long as I live.

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POSE & LACK OF CLOTHES**
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OF GAY YOUNG MEN. This frank,
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FRIENDS 'IT'S THE
BEST WHITE GOSPEL
SOUND I HAVE EVER
HEARD SINCE I FELL
OUT OF MY CRADLE IN
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TO BE SIGNED:

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- (ii) By officers, airmen and airwomen, during service, as and when required, including all occasions when personnel are posted to and from Ministry of Defence (Air)
- (iii) In duplicate, by officers, airmen and airwomen on leaving Her Majesty's Air Forces

1. My attention has been drawn to the provisions of the Official Secrets Acts, 1911 and 1920, which are set out on the back of this document, and I am fully aware of the serious consequences which may follow any breach of those provisions.

2. I understand that:

- a. The sections of the Official Secrets Acts set out on the back of this document cover also articles published in the Press and in book form.
- b. I must not divulge any information gained by me as a result of my service in Her Majesty's Air Forces to any unauthorised person, either civilian or member of HM Forces, orally or in writing, without the previous authority of the Ministry of Defence (Air), as laid down in QR 991.
- c. I must surrender any documents etc referred to in Section 2(a) of the Acts on transfer from one post to another, save such as have been issued to me for my personal retention.
- d. Those provisions apply not only during the period of my service with Her Majesty's Air Forces, but also after that service has ceased.
- e. All the information which I acquire or to which I have access owing to my official position is information which is covered by Section 2 of the Official Secrets Act, 1911, as amended by the Official Secrets Act, 1920, and that it would be a contravention of those Acts for me after I have left Her Majesty's Air Forces:

(1) To publish without lawful authority any such information in any form, whether orally or in any document, book, newspaper or magazine, article, play, film, broadcast or otherwise in the United Kingdom or abroad

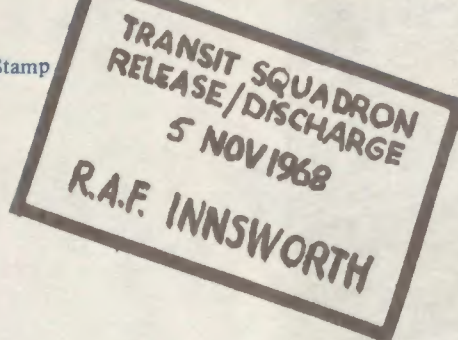
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In the event of my wishing to publish such information in any form after I have left Her Majesty's Air Forces, whether orally or in any document, book, newspaper or magazine article, play, film, broadcast or otherwise, I should, in my own interest, as well as that of the Crown, write to the Under-Secretary of State, Ministry of Defence (Air), for permission, forwarding a copy of the material it is desired to publish.

3. I hereby declare, on leaving Her Majesty's Air Forces that I have surrendered any sketch, plan, model, article, note or document (whether or not classified) made or acquired by me in the course of my official duties, save such as I have due written authority from the Ministry of Defence (Air) to retain.

4. This declaration is made this 5th day of NOVEMBER 1968 and I have received a copy for my retention.

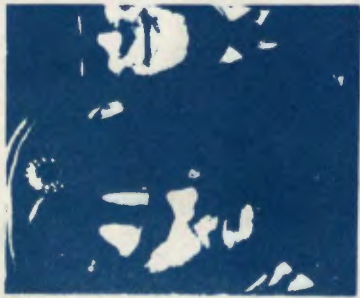
Unit Stamp

Signed: [Signature]Rank: [Signature]RAF No: B4248022ROBERT PETER KELLEY

(Full name in block letters)

Witnessed: [Signature]Rank: [Signature]

*Delete as necessary



tune in Radio Red turn on Lebanese Red fall out Cost: £150

Nine months after being given (buying) my freedom from the RAF I find it increasingly difficult to recapture and put into words the hatred and contempt that I then felt against the air force. These days I can feel only sadness and pity for them: "if or they know not what they do." Shit. They know very well for once you've signed that innocent-looking piece of paper (for five, nine or, really for it - even twelve years) you're theirs. You wait for it. At first one belongs to them in body only (in that they may order you where they will, to do what they will, while providing 'fresh meat' for the sadists in charge of the 'basic-training' camps). But that is nothing. It's when you realize that it's your mind they're after, when their oh-so-subtle process of British indoctrination runs foul that you decide you want out, out and out fast. How did I get into this? You ask yourself again and again.

Let's go back four and a half years. I'm seventeen and a half and I've just left grammar school, my boredom relieved only by the occasional knee-trembler in some back-alley in the town of my birth. Depressed area: managing to keep a couple of steps ahead of the accountability-type career plans my parents have so carefully laid out for me. Anyway, Christmas '64 passed in a drunken haze and I'm still around. Then my mother, kind soul, unearths some air force propaganda literature that I'd had orgasms over at the age of 14 or was it 12? The sight of the 'men in blue' turns me off a little but to keep the peace at home I decide to give the local CIC (Careers Information Centre Information?) a visit.

'Interested in languages son?' (I'll murder my old French master). Various aptitude tests (even Mike Same got in the same trade), the promise of a £250 bounty at the end of a year's crash-course in Russian, visions of James Bond-like activities (all in civilian clothes they said) and three and a half weeks later there I am! Resident in blue, receiving my six-week basic-training. Very b-a-s-e sick.

I survive, like all good airmen do and went on to join new camp where 13 aircraft flew

To give them credit the course was very good, especially as the instructors were all Russian-embroiders carrying fearful tales of red-eyed communist. Who else but the British could think of a more subtle form of indoctrination against any forming of left-wing views?

The £250 bounty never materialized of course, nor did the answers to our repeated complaints about this 'misinterpretation' of the facts. Those facts being of course that all such bounties had ceased two years beforehand and the civilian suit bit was reserved only for those with brown noses, or maybe an Air Vice Marshall-type uncle?

Accelerated promotion to sergeant at the end of the course? That too had ended two years before, or so they said. In actual fact the promotion that I did achieve was that of Airmen to Junior Technician, missing two intermediates, those of LAC & SAC. Part of the 'social elite'.

Berlin hit me like a new world where Vodka cost 10/- a bottle & 1/5d got you 20 cigarettes but after a few months the alcohol wasn't enough to dispel the increasing disenchantment. Not just the degradation of waking up still pissed next morning but also the incredible amount of bullshit that was seemingly of more importance to the RAF than the job for which I had been trained. A friend turned me on to Dylan and I decided to take leave and hitch-hike to Morocco, where on February 8th, 1967 I turned-on in Tangiers for the first time. Four days later in Marrakech I was invited to live with a Moroccan family and from that moment on it was a one-way trip. I left three weeks later still stoned and with the firm intention of conducting an intensive campaign to turn-on as many of my RAF colleagues as possible and somehow obtain my discharge from what had by then become the 'air farce'.

Unfortunately because of short-hair etc. . . it took a while to make contact with the dope-scene back in Germany, so it was back to drunken oblivion and ever-increasing frustration in my efforts to obtain a premature discharge. It was about this period that I began to explore every possible means of being discharged, thrown out, anything would have sufficed. The official reply to my repeated requests for a discharge were that I must first serve three years from my 18th birthday and then apply to purchase my release, the cost being £150. This served only to plunge me into weeks of depression, alleviated only by the occasional smoke and the various pills prescribed for me by the station Medical Officer. His answers to my frequent visits and pleas for help in obtaining a release on the grounds of depression were that I should accept the fact that I was 'in' and 'had better watch my step or face the consequences'.

I had passed through a Marxist phase and defection was more or less a permanent thought in my head. A glimmer of hope entered my life when I was given my first official warning to change my attitude, improve my standard of dress and also to produce a standard of work of which I was known to be capable. How did they expect me to get it together when I was spaced on Lebanese Red? Failure would result in a reviewal of my future employment in the service. Beautiful, my first natural high! The Cream said it in 'What a Bringdown' - Soon after this I had leave and was stoned in Turkey a week after I'd left. The scene in Greece was too reminiscent of the RAF so back to the land of Erhardts Economic-Miracle where the best buzz of all was waiting to be fed into my head. I was no longer wanted, my application for 'purchase of discharge' had been accepted and I was on my way. Seven weeks later and £150 poorer (it works out at around 4/6d a day over two years) I was back in England being handed a little blue book, a discharge book. I soon lost it. I've even forgotten my ID card number. A feeling of pride.

Parting word. The day I cleared from the camp I had a final interview with the Wing Co. He asked me if I had enjoyed my stay on the camp.

I grinned at him. He offered me a cigarette. I grinned and lit my own. He then asked me what my ideal society would be. At the time my head was in Cuba, so I told him. We digressed and started rapping about socialism. 'Aih maiself' come from a working class fairlieh,' he said, and look at the position I've got to. I grinned again and didn't ask him why his nose was brown, or how many floors he'd scraped with razor blades or who had bulled his shoes and pressed his uniform for him. I stood up to leave. His final words were: "Lenin was a THUG". I grinned and I left.

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hip pocrates

they can prevent pregnancy by withdrawal. Now, just what is wrong with "pulling out" as a means of contraception?

ANSWER: Coitus interruptus is a risky means of contraception — and a drag as well. Small amounts of semen may be deposited in the vagina before the sensation of ejaculation occurs. Studies have shown this fluid contains thousands of spermatozoa.

QUESTION: I've been married for five years now. A little over seven years ago, my husband, he was 18 then, had a vasectomy (clip job, he calls it) in order to make him sterile. He has been sorry that he did it but what was done was done. We decided we would adopt a couple of children next year or the year after.

But believe it or not, I am pregnant. Missed last March but I didn't worry. Finally my doctor insisted on a test at the end of May and that proved it.

My husband won't believe that he is the father. I have no reason to lie to you — I don't know you nor you me. Another man hasn't touched me in 6 years. My doctor told him it was possible for the vasectomy to help and asked to examine him but he thinks my MD would lie (I think maybe he suspects my doctor!). Now he has said that he does not blame me for wanting a child but insists on knowing who this 'mythical' man is.

It would make him the happiest man on earth if he just knew it was his baby.

ANSWER: A vasectomy is a simple surgical procedure often performed in a physician's office. In order to cut and tie off both vas deferens, the spaghetti-like tubes which transport sperm from the testicles.

Vasectomies ALMOST always cause permanent sterility. Since attempts to reunite the severed ends of the vas deferens are usually unsuccessful, few physicians would perform a vasectomy on an 18 year old.

Rarely, the severed ends reunite spontaneously and this apparently has happened in your husband's case. Any family physician or urologist could examine your husband's semen microscopically and assure him he could father a child.

QUESTION: I have a question that is very important for me to learn the answer. When a boy is eating me what should I do?

ANSWER: Do unto others as you would have others do unto you . . .

DEAR DR HIP POCRATES is a collection of letters and answers published by Grove Press. \$5. Send your questions c/o OZ.

QUESTION: I think my girlfriend and I have been screwing too much. The reason I believe this is lately I've been almost continuously tired.

Could it be that too much sex is wearing me out? We only screw once a day, six or so times a week. As far as I know, I'm getting a balanced diet and plenty of sleep.

What do you think?

PS1. I'm 20 years old.

PS2. We've been living together 4 months.

PS3. I'm six feet tall and weight 130 lbs.

ANSWER: "Too much sex" for one person may be too little for another. But newly coupled couples sometimes feel they must have sex every day, even if they're not in the mood, just to prove to each other they're in love. Anyway, sex is not as lethal as we've been led to believe.

Perhaps you're not really eating a proper diet. Six feet tall and 130 lbs? Eat! Eat!

Chronic fatigue may stem from any one of several causes. Have a physician give you a thorough physical examination.

QUESTION: I am a serviceman in Vietnam and my wife thinks I am having sexual relations here. Not so. But after arriving I noticed some pimple-like protrusions in my pubic area. I went to sick bay where the corpsmen laughed them off as venereal warts.

This worried me so I wrote to my wife who is a Registered Nurse. She gave me a rather long medical term and said they were caused by gonorrhea. Now she is going to sue for divorce. I have checked with a few other medical sources and they all say the warts are not caused by sexual contact.

I am rather puzzled by the whole thing and would like to find out who is right. It doesn't seem possible that the service and civilian doctors could be 180 degrees out of line in diagnosing this problem. Pray for peace.

ANSWER: Condyloma acuminata are warty growths thought to be caused by a virus. Their common name, "venereal warts," tends to perpetuate the false belief that they are caused by venereal diseases such as gonorrhea.

Venereal warts are seen more frequently in women than men and may appear anywhere on the vulva or within the vagina. At first the warts are small elevated growths the size, perhaps, of a mole. Later they become quite large giving a mulberry-like appearance. Conditions which seem to favour growth of venereal warts in females are a profuse vaginal discharge, obesity, infrequent bathing and pregnancy.

Treatment for venereal warts is similar in males and females. A solution is applied directly to the warts which causes them to shrink and disappear. Often one or more re-applications are necessary. Some mild discomfort may be noted in the surrounding area but the procedure is much less painful than one might imagine.

QUESTION: William Baird, birth control expert, is quoted in the May, 1969 Ramparts as saying: 'You'd be surprised how naive about sex some of those bright college kids are. Some of them believe

POVERTY COOKING

955. Asceticism - N. asceticism, puritanism, sabbatarianism; cynicism, austerity; total abstinence.
mortification, maceration, sackcloth and ashes, flagellation; penance &c. 952; fasting &c. 956; martyrdom.
ascetic; anchorite; martyr; hermit &c. 893; puritan, sabbatarian, cynic.
Adj. ascetic, austere, puritanical; cynical; over-religious.

*

956. Fasting - N. fasting; famishment, starvation; banting.
fast; fast day; Lent; spare -, meagre - diet; lenten - diet, - entertainment; short - rations, - commons; Barmecide feast; hunger strike.
V. fast, starve, famish, perish with hunger; make two bites of a cherry.
Adj. lenten; unfed; starved &c. v.; half-starved; fasting &c. v.; hungry &c. 865.

957. Gluttony - N. gluttony; greed; greediness &c. adj.; voracity.
epicurism; good -, high- living; crapulence; guzzling; over-indulgence.
good cheer, blow-out; feast &c. 298; gastronomy.
epicure, gourmand; glutton, hog, gastronome, gormandizer.
V. gormandize, gorge; overeat oneself; engorge, eat one's fill, cram, stuff, stodge, glut, satiate; guzzle; bolt, devour, gobble up; gulp &c. 298; raven, eat out of house and home.
have the stomach of an ostrich; play a good knife and fork &c. 865.
pamper, indulge.



Germaine

Some of *IT*, — ed. David Mairowitz, Knollar, 25/-
 New Numbers, Christopher Logue, Jonathan Cape, 12/-
 Watchwords, Roger McGough, Jonathan Cape, 10/-
 Turning On, Rosa Gustaitis, Weidenfeld & Nicholson, 45/-
 Pop from the Beginning, Nik Cohn, Weidenfeld & Nicholson, 36/-

The most salient fact about *Some of IT* is what it costs. The cost of a book is normally not a salient feature except that David Z. Mairowitz admits in his shifty Blackword (backward-looking foreword) that the book begins as 'necessity for cash'. OK so it's a money-spinner. As one not anxious to write totally irrelevantly I suppose I ought to speculate about its propensities as a money-maker. Well, for one, there's no way of shaking it. It is a mausoleum built of chunks of prose from the heavies, nearly half of them from the first ten issues (there have been sixty) which were assistant-edited by, bless-my-soul, David Z. himself, who made a less than spectacular comeback recently to pirate No. 51. Those early issues were stiff

with paydirt and big names, and even more than usually dazzling examples of the international low-downs that have been the next best thing in *IT* to the day to day murmurings of the community here and now. The chief value of *IT* is that it is ephemeral. Mairowitz has obviously chosen the least ephemeral material for his mausoleum, and sent a hasty bow in the direction of underground notions of co-operativeness and freedom from critical pre-suppositions and personality cult, by refraining from calling it the *Best of IT* although the only other principle of selection he can have used would need to be mere caprice. Why on earth reprint Julie

Felix's letter from No. 4? Other mysteries include the reason for Michael de Freitas X Abdul Malik's withdrawal of Words, a circumstance only slightly less mysterious than Mairowitz's motives for wanting to include it in the first place. Any monument of literature rising out of the blood that has flowed beneath *IT*'s bridges must necessarily be very little like the newspaper that limped on to the streets regularly at enormous cost to unnamed and sometimes utterly obliterated characters, nevertheless Mairowitz owes it to the unpaid and unsung workers to reproduce the articles at least as well as they appeared in the original. In fact the layout, partly because less immediate

and mostly because it is simply incompetent, is less effective (that is to say lovely) than it was when it was originally hurled together. Even Alex Gross's unremittingly brilliant journalism appears here as not so much still-born as new dead. The shape of the book suggests a quality of liveliness that it does not have, for it is wrapped in slippery silver plastic foil which slides out of the holder's nerveless paw like wet soap; if only it did contain a paragraph or two from Hamburger Mary or 'Middling Sue, a reminder of the most hallucinating weeks of events, the weirdest of the small ads, a collage of the confident plans and predictions that never materialised, some follow through on the voices that disappeared. (Where are you Tom McGrath now that we really need you?) The real strength of IT is not small-time journalism by big-time people, but the stimulation of good word-power from people who might otherwise not have written at all. All that remains of the attempts to give IT into the hands of its workers is the mendacious masthead, and a volume like this repudiates even those attempts. It might have been a more successful money-spinner to make up a cut-out theatre of IT's daily battle for survival with all its dishonourable truces and its casualties. If IT is to be rescued from



becoming the trade paper of the 'underground' pop promoters, it might be better served if everybody bought a dozen copies of the next issue and sent them to clergymen, male nurses, politicians, schoolteachers, dustmen and skinheads everywhere.

New Numbers is from Logue and London, *Watchwords* from McGough and Liverpool. Logue is a bard, a mythmaker, a camera eye seizing on the characteristic images of his Kulchur, never out of focus, always slick and contained; on paper a Nova/Queen poet. On walls, however, he's something else. One Logue graffito on roughcast is worth this whole shiny vacant pink and black and white thing. The value of McGough is that he is deep into words instead of numbers, tangled in familiarities of sound and smell and feeling, less potent than loving, never quite sure whether he is with it or without it and not really bothered. Logue writes of him and her, McGough of me and you, sometimes plaintive tough-guy, cock in hand, 'another noticed on the head-board' but mostly 'wondering why'. Logue's cunistruck poet is never cunt enough or struck enough. He's never really there. The gestures were crystallised, the mannerisms identified before he ever showed up. McGough's poetry is a marsh of dream, fib, confession, coaxing. The difference is the difference between numbers and words. Take your pick. You know what mine is.

Rasa Gustaitis really did her work. Up and down she went, turning on to everybody's thing, getting it right I suppose. Pretty, feminine, intelligent, moderately daring, the gurus dug her, especially when there was no other firm female flesh around, and through it all she took her notes. The best evidence that it didn't work, that *Turning on* is one thing she wasn't doing, is the book. Three hundred and twenty-six pages of well-rehearsed subjects and predicates, clauses, colons, phrases, epithets, reported conversation, paragraphs, parentheses and not a flash of freedom, brilliance, not a single verbal gesture more effective than a file card. Apart from the narcissism of the authoress, nothing comes through strong: not a kiss, not a blow, not a drug shifts this chick's cool and gets her prose off the

ground. She likes herself best alone close to nature like a romantic poet, and then she wraps herself in syntax with a mild tremor of luxury. It doesn't really matter: her book is for people who seek to understand the phenomena without committing themselves to any attitude towards them. If you can already turn on, you don't need it: if you are turned on right now you're not reading this in any case. For forty-five shillings you can get a better trip without having to read anything. If you really need to read you can get the none-such Blake for three bob less. So who's it for?

The same question applies to Nik Cohn's *Pop from the Beginning*. If Nik Cohn wasn't really there at the beginning he is sure going to make it sound like he was. This is no Tony Palmer celebrating about the music, but a series of total responses, to the whole situation, hip, flip and cynical. He's mostly right, his judgment is clean, no breathless panegyric; he digs it for real reasons and no fake is going to get past him. (I think he's a bit generous with the Doors and Janis Joplin, but I'm the only one who will.) His judgement of English girl singers is entirely and frankly distorted by his aberrant sexual desire for Sandy Shaw and Kiki Dee does not even rate a mention! He is as interested in the business, the type, the image and the gossip as he is in the music. He knows that pop is basically simple. Nevertheless he's embarrassed because he's writing a book. He sums up in non-words, AWOPEOPALOOP ALOPEAMBOOM, and he'd really rather have written the book as something else, a tape-recording or maybe a tele-recording, so his style is all, hey and wow and look and! and? Maybe he would like to be Tom Wolfe, just a little bit, but failing that he is so very colloquial that the reader feels that he is getting talked to all that long time and so he gets bored. There are just not that many pages in a conversation. Perhaps Weidenfeld and Nicholson could arrange for a vast record album of single tracks that he talks about to sell along with the book, (yeah?) because even Nik Cohn would rather be digging the music than talking, and very much more than writing. He knows there's no need for a reference book on pop and so do you. Never mind. He'll get rich anyway.

32

AMERICAN record dealers say they will refuse to stock the new Blind Faith album which portrays a picture of a nude eleven-year-old girl on its sleeve.

I hope British record dealers will show the same sense when the album is issued here. It's in outrageous bad taste and should be withdrawn.

Don Short, Daily Mirror

Mōzic



for rebirth are rehearsals for
reorientation are rehearsals for
redirection are rehearsals for
release are rehearsals for
rearmament are rehearsals for
regicide are rehearsals for
revolution are rehearsals for
renaissance are rehearsals for
reaffirmation are rehearsals for
redemption are rehearsals

PHIL OCHS (b. El Paso, Texas,
1940. d. Chicago, 1968) chose an
East London bomb site to tell the
girl he was trying to screw that he
too had been destroyed.
MICK FARREN (b. Brighton,
England, 1944. d. -) chose a
Chelsea double-bed to tell the girl
he was screwing that he'd like to
shoot a policeman stone dead.

One American. One Englishman.
One. They've never met. They do
so - for the first time! - in this
issue of OZ. Head to Head. Hearts
Bleeding. Wounded by fact and
fantasy. Interviewers Alan Reid
and Chris Robbins (see Spike)
caught the gush. Suicide is
homicide is suicide is homicide is
suicide. Liberation has always
meant dying.

Ochs, once ordered out of Dylan's
chauffer-driven Cadillac for
suggesting the master would never
be as big as Elvis no matter how
hard Colonel Tom Grossman tried,
had been tramping the streets of
Edinburgh looking for a hotel. To
buy. To own. To be Master of an
ever-changing community of
one-night stand salesmen and their
whores, Glasgow Rangers'
supporters, whisky freaks, Yankee
tourists, American friends, other
friends, Haggis heads and
assorted Kilted fantasies. He wants
to feel *good* again.

Meanwhile Farren, once gutsy
enough to launch the Social
Deviants on their very own label
and, what's more, get away with it
commercially, wants to take the
orgasm out of *her* cunt and put it
into *his* head. England's first
orgasm transplant. He's not calling
the operation MC6 No, it's the
Pink Fairies (see our black and
white supplement) and one or two
of the old Deviants.
Tyrannosaurus Rex and, yes, the
Pretty Things, are going to be
there with him. He wants to feel
bad again.



'The Rock & Roll business is ideologically in a very sorry state in Britain. You just walk into the Speakeasy and half the freaky, hip people in there are straights masquerading. They're just guitar technicians. And they are just controlling themselves in terms of rock and roll as one of the last non-controlled medium. So when I thought all this out I realised that the Speak divided itself into the ones who are getting uptight and the ones who are getting the others uptight. We seemed to be the latter group so we thought that a corporate identity might be a good thing.'

'One of the first principles in everybody's mind is to put the orgasm back into Rock. I can remember the days when chicks used to rub themselves up and down the seat arms in cinemas – and that was great. Rock & Roll is really like a conditioned energy release, it's like Voodoo or something, it's got a lot of things over the kids. There's just so little balls in it these days.'

Then Dylan freaked out and decided that all politics was a joke around '65. The change in Dylan had no effect on me at all, being the other political song writer I was asked that question at that time, I didn't think it was terrible because I'd always admired Dylan as a writer and the only question is, was Dylan's writing getting better or worse and it definitely was getting better – as in Tambourine Man, I was one of the first people to hear Tambourine Man, he came over to my house and sang it, I just couldn't believe it, you know, then he sang it at Newport I was glued to the stage.

'A band can be used to block a street. It's very difficult to move it, especially if it's got a generator, because it's a peaceful audience which blocks the street. It's very easy for the cops to break up an angry crowd and hit them over the head with clubs, but if they are all happy and groovy it's very difficult to break them up. So it's a thing that can be swung into use when the situation arises. This is just simple time-wasting strategy.'

'We want to just bomb out and do something. We have at least six drummers, seven guitarists, seven bass players, four or five singers and maybe two organists. So, say at three o'clock closing time you come out of the bar and you think, "Heh, it would be good to go and play." So you shoot down to the nearest open space and you play.'

The breaking off into the bands the musicians of that period, eventually all grew up into groups, and then in came psychedelia – which I don't like – all the things that have happened I consider it to be the least important and the most damaging. Another very sudden euphoria and a huge let-down we are now in the process of is the let-down of pop disintegration.

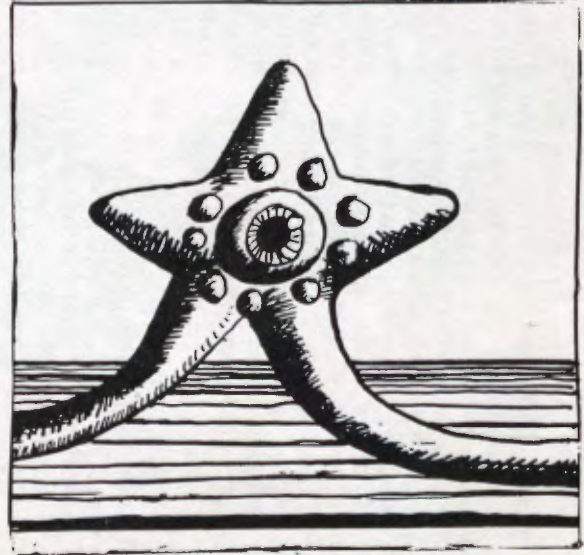
I think drugs made my music more essential, I might have done that without drugs, I mean, I took some drugs and my



music became more essential, I never overdid drugs and I never got onto speed at all, so I never really gave myself over to it. I am glad I didn't. I think drugs have ruined very many people in music and I am saying that as somebody who would advocate the legalisation of Marijuana, but still I think that the effect of drugs got out of hand and killed people and music got out of hand and obviously sexual.

'The idea of violence has been happening off and on for God knows how many years since the war, but it's only lately that community violence has gotten to the level of us,' Jamie says. 'So it stands to reason that within the next two fucking years some schmuck in fucking Wall Street is going to start marketing violence. They've been doing it for years of course but so far they are in control of sweet fuck all on our level. We have just got to make goddam fucking sure that they don't get control which is where another faction of the Pink Fairies comes in. The Fairies have to open all the kids' heads. It won't be us that's in the forefront though — it will be the unification of all that the Pink Fairies have managed to do that will be in the forefront. You know — the million kids that have risen to hear Mick sing 'Fuck it!' and stand up and piss in the street.'

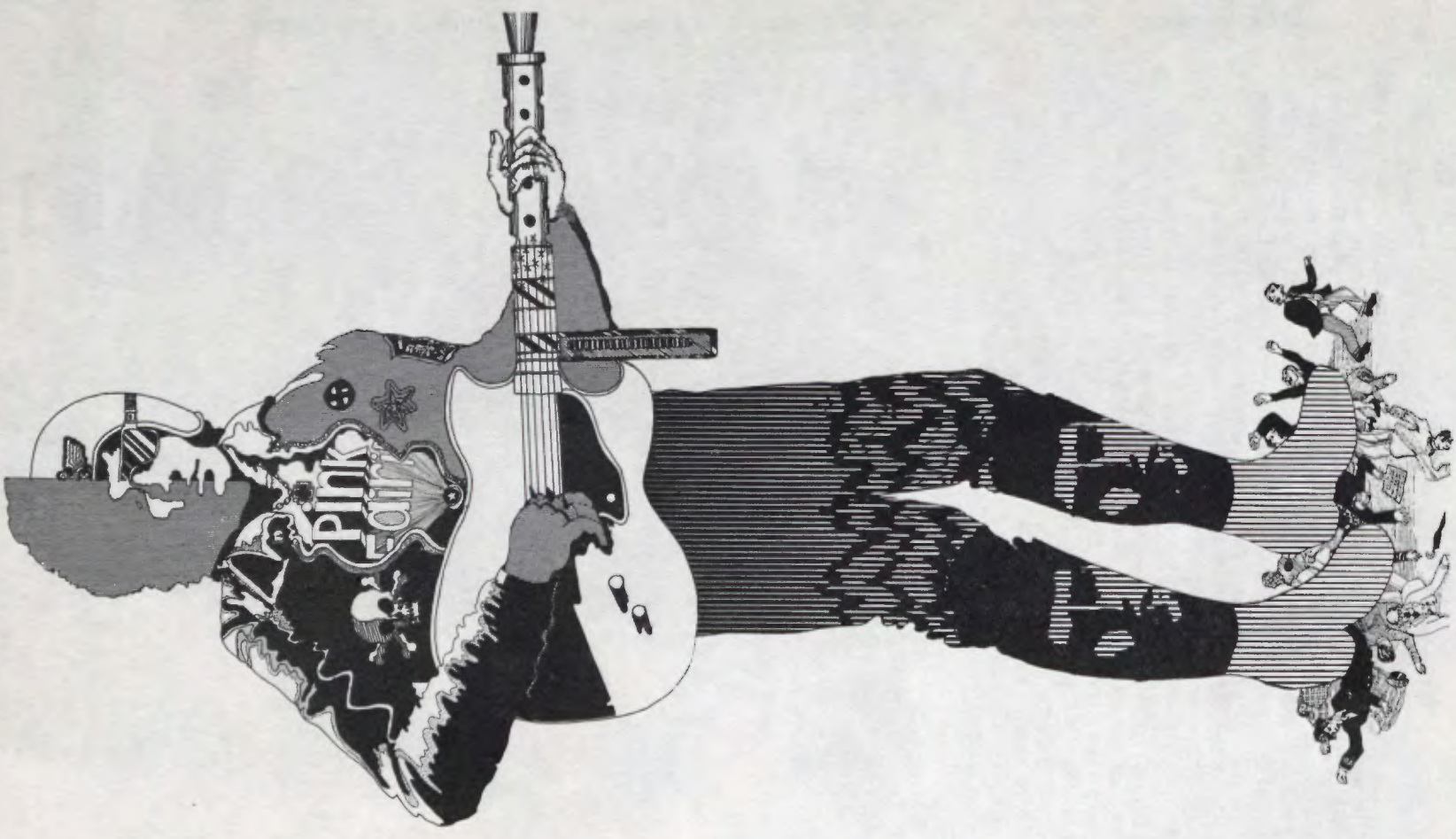
'The Pink Fairies are organising a musical attack on authority, like the MC5 in Chicago, a strategic, organised and effective attack on the straights. The real purpose is basically to try and be outrageous. In terms of the fact that most of us have money, or access to money, we're a lot less vulnerable

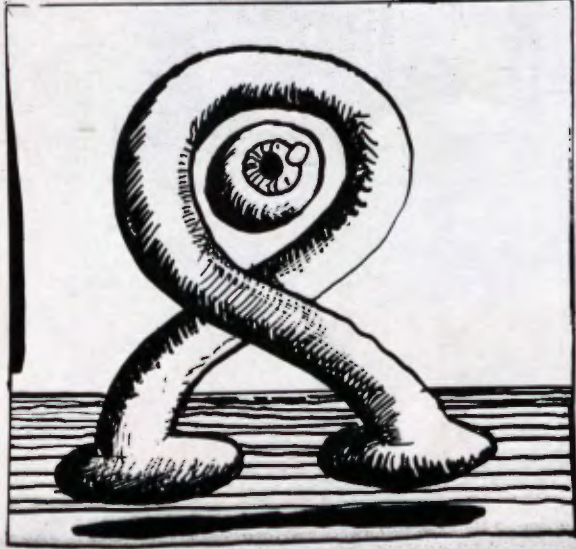


than the average kid on the street. We press the cops and in many ways throw out an outrageous smoke screen which covers up a lot of useful things that can be going on at the same time. It means the heat can be taken off the underground press for instance. If it looks like we're causing most of the trouble the underground press will look really peachy then.'

Mick Jagger is the best pop singer in many ways and the best rock singer, but Mick Jagger is still a form of copy of Elvis. Mick Jagger is the perfect sixties answer but, good as he gets, it's not as simple as quality unless you were so good to wipe out everything. Elvis was conditioned by the Army — King Creole was a good movie and good music, and Jailhouse Rock, was a good movie with good music. He was really good then, but the Army conditioned and straightened him out and when he got out of the Army he was totally packaged and plasticised by Tom Parker and so for 10 years Elvis made sugar movies and was totally plastic but the point is that Elvis survived this and this is what's obvious now with US Mail and In The Ghetto and Guitar Man and his TV special. Of course the pop scene is deteriorating which is not necessarily sad because all scene's deteriorate, you know, folk music came and was huge and degenerated; jazz music came and was huge and degenerated; and now pop music is doing the same. It's all processed, I am glad things were created out of it. But the last stage, the stage of the frantic sexuality, you know of Jimi Hendrix of the Cream, of all these people; personally I don't get excited or moved by the music — it doesn't strike me as human. You know all the great music often is very human. The great Elvis. You know, Heartbreak Hotel. Those songs as garish as they are — the thing is I think great music comes from great personalities.

'Take the Hell's Angels. They are in the situation where they have been taken out of the boozier, away from their brown ale, and given acid. And they're still trying to sort it out. They are in the same space that 80 per cent of the English kids buying records are in at the moment. Once that record buying public has been given the push they will reach that violent level, the violent stage the Angels are in now. And at that time they're going to need some sort of organised format like the Pink Fairies which will be able to voice some sort of direction.'





'At demonstrations there is no example. If you have somebody who is easily identifiable - this is where the One People's Colours come in - and acts in a certain pattern in the face of a certain situation, then the people immediately around them will follow. Which is groovy - it gives us another guide. So when the horses come down we can say, "Link hands, stand still." People listen to you. They say, "That cat is a member of an organisation, he is standing still, that means standing still is where it's at."

Then the assassination happened, which is still the primary factor of the whole thing in America, it's the most psychologically damaging thing that's happened to the Western mind that I can think of. In a sense it's almost like a personalised world war 2, because the image to the Western man of a movie star president, intelligent, you know, all things that a lot of people want to be, is totally wiped out for no apparent reason, and this is the main thing everybody is intimately aware of through the media. Everybody's seen Kennedy, even people that didn't like him said, well, he's pretty, and then he was killed... brutally, bloodily, in public, so then, in a sense, it drove everybody crazy in retrospect. I think people are still suffering from that, and this generation will always carry this shock with us. Especially as American culture spreads out to everyone else accordingly, you know people crying and breaking down when they heard. I cried too. The whole thing in a sense is a bloodbath of attractive public figures this is what the game is, Robert Kennedy, Martin Luther King, and Malcolm X, you know, being wiped out. My feeling is that America has got to a certain point of wealth, and, you know, wealth can be very destructive, and at a certain point the cancerous aspects of America just got out of hand. What killed Kennedy was the Bay of Pigs. He was killed by the outrageous fury of the Cubans who were betrayed because there was two Governments. The totally cancerous CIA anti-communist government which is the secret Government in America and the Public Government which is the PR firm. What was slowly dawning on Kennedy was that he didn't have as much power as he thought he had, he came to be President and as soon as he came in he was involved with

the final stages of the plan to attack Cuba and this and that and don't worry about it. Unimpeachable military advice which as soon as the attack was launched was immediately untrue - they told him that as soon as they landed the people would desert Castro and the opposite happened, people rushed with rakes down to the beach.

'Yeah sure you can have a dirty magazine as long as it doesn't go over 30,000 circulation. If it goes over that you're in trouble. And sure, you can carry as much politics as you like - but no faggot ads. But faggots mags are okay just as long as they don't carry any politics. The idea is to keep everything in cages like the zoo. That's going down all the time. And one of the reasons it goes on is because there are some real chicken shit musicians about, particularly some of the top musicians. Their heads are in the right space but they're frightened to open their mouths. It may mean that their teeny bopper sales will go.'

A room mate of mine called Jim Glover played a guitar so I started playing the guitar and this is when folk music was just coming in. The Kingston Trio was coming in and Baez was coming in - the early folk is different from the village scene and the village came after the folk boom hit. Then more and more people moved to Greenwich Village. This is where Dylan comes in. This is where Tim Hardin comes in. This is where almost all the big rock groups came in as straggling folk groups, Mamas and Pappas, Byrds.

'Politicians - I don't mean Wilson, I mean Rudi Dutschke - are so fucking depressing in their life-style. The new left are a bunch of shits, really boring shits. It's the same with actors - actors are going right down the pan. James Dean was the last real life-style, with maybe Steve McQueen and James Coburn now. But they are very secondary to Jagget, or Hendrix or Townshend.'

The death of the American which is what all this has been about through the '60's, you know, the starting out as heavenly and ending up as hell which is the death of the American, the death of the Kennedy's, finally the death in Chicago of the all out middle class attempt to still be liberal and

human and go through the electoral system, and the utter and public and brutal failure of that experiment. That's what's happened and that's what brought this album (Ochs' 6th - Rehearsals for Retirement) which is the swan songs of the country. It's like the soul of the country has been killed - and I feel myself partially murdered - songs about the death of a country. So the album ends not with the revolutionary call but it ends as though I've been killed. It's like you retire and pull back and it's like it says 'now comes the rabble - if the home-created hordes take over and craziest takes over'. The social obligation is that this must be stopped, you know, it's like you don't have the heart left to try and stop it, it's like it doesn't matter, the mental state, the final point of everything.

There ought to be a coach party that takes the audience from HAIR down after the show to see a few speed freak kids. You know the whole thing - songs like, "We Ain't Got a Barrel of Money", and all those songs about money doesn't get you happiness, "Mother Kelly's Doorstep" and "Buddy Can You Spare a Dime". The poor are really grooving on it. They really dig being poor. So don't worry about them folks - they've got something you haven't got, they've got poverty. They've got integrity. They may not have anything to eat, but they have not integrity. And it's the same old shit over again... you know.'

I mean I'm half political and half musical and I go back and forth between the two and I go along and sing my concerts every year. I do some concerts and every year I make a record or so and it comes out and it does well. I never get a hit single and I never go on television - but I'm not that kind of artist.

'The average straight thinks twice before he kicks the shit out of a hippie because they don't know which type of hippie it is. You've got two breeds of hippie walking the streets - one will chain whip the guy who beats him up and the other will fall down and turn the other cheek. The 50 per cent risk is too much for the average straight. It's just the threat of it. I don't really see us beating anybody up ever - but the fact that we're on motorcycles, we have belts with heavy studs, so that we are not into a peace and love situation - you're in at least an "I will resist situation."

GED ROMAK



BLIND FAITH Blind Faith ATCO SD 33304A

A super first album by a super new supergroup. Stevie Winwood sounds superbly agonised; Ginger Baker is superbly rhythmic; Eric Clapton superbly subdued, and Ric Grech tries superbly hard. The whole thing sounds pleasantly enough like a cross between the Cream and the Band. They'll be blasé about it at the Speakeasy, totally uncritical in the suburbs and totally non-comprehending on Radio One. Seriously, it's very good - better than one had been lead to expect by all the ultra-cool detractors who saw them in the park, and worse than all those column inches in the music papers would have you believe.

Super. Cathy McGowan should review it, not me.
John Leaver

FIENDS AND ANGELS, Martha Velez LONDON SHK 8395

First opinions of this album were unenthusiastic - after playing through various tracks during a day interspersed with a heady dose of Messiaen at the Albert Hall and a further bite into Uncle Meat - compared to which Martha Velez and Fiends and Angels appeared, well, smooth, professional, competent and cool: a bit slick, maybe a little too predictable. Perhaps about right for the Revolution discotheque.

However, first impressions being what they are, I played the album several more times, over two or three days of varying moods, but those first impressions still linger. To consider the credit side first: Martha Velez has a good bluesy voice, a bit velvety, expressive - a good way with words. She has had a wide experience in the States, and turned down a part in Hair, which can't be bad. But - without wishing to put Martha down - what is really interesting about the album is the backing she gets. Her Angels (and Fiends?) are some of the best known artists on the British scene - on "I'm gonna leave you" and "Feel so bad" there's the unmistakable sound of Eric Clapton and Jack Bruce, and with the addition of Mitch Miller and Duster Bennett, it's almost inevitable that these should be two of the best tracks instrumentally. In "Swamps Man", Martha is backed by Capaldi and Chris Wood, and on "In my girlish days" it's Chicken Shack with Martha instead of Christine Perfect up front. On the Dylan track "It takes a lot to laugh, it takes a train to cry" there's the distinctive organ of Brian Auger. Backing of this quality might even redeem Tom Jones, and it's hardly surprising that there's plenty of really excellent instrumental work of the sort which saved Billy Preston's, "That's the way God planned it" from being merely a bible-punching bore.

One major criticism of the album as a whole, in fact, is really this - that the variety is provided by the accompaniment rather than the singer - the

TIM BUCKLEY Happy Sad EKS 74045

The liner notes to Tim Buckley's last album, 'Goodbye & Hello', were short and anonymous, if somewhat treacly... "He will sing you his ten tales and then wander till spring." In those wanderings Buckley has obviously been through a few interesting experiences.

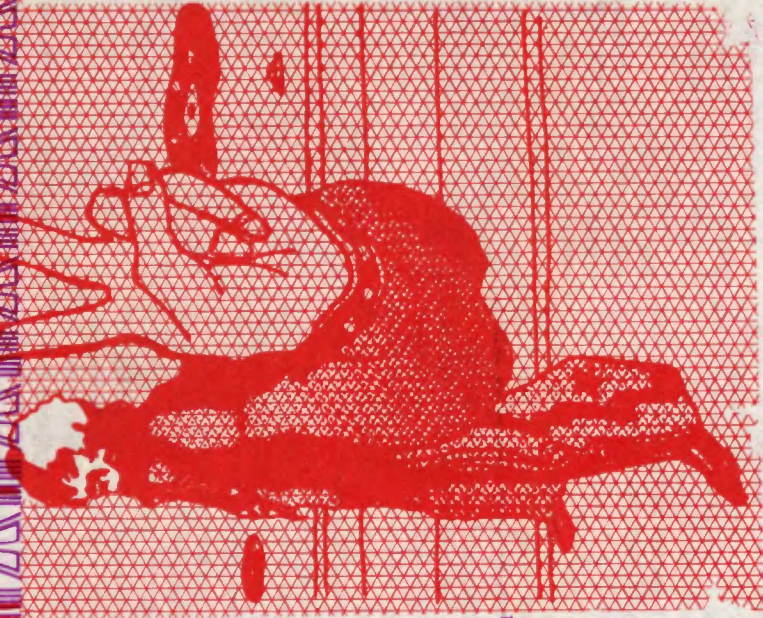
Firstly he's balled a chick in Room 109 at the Islander, (a motel/hotel?), on the Pacific Coast Highway and dug her enough to take ten minutes and forty-seven seconds to thank her for, ... changing an old man, full of self-pity, back to a child again... Can't be bad. Any fuck worth nearly eleven minutes of Elektra Records' time speaks for itself.

Secondly, he's been balling gypsies.

Thirdly, and possibly (?) most important of all, the subject matter and treatment of his extraordinarily inventive lyrics on this, his 3rd album, seem to reflect a recent carefully considered shift in his philosophy. Comment on the complexities and frustrations of an artist working in our pubescent-Atomic age have faded to insignificance as he reaches to explore the infinitely more interesting and surreal territories briefly touched before in songs like 'Morning Glory' and 'Carnival Song'. He's not singing about wars any more, at least not the wars of five-star generals and Dow Chemicals Inc. He's just not interested any longer in the widening cracks of a corrupt society, or its inhabitants, those... godless and sexless directionless loons who put on their death masks and compromise daily... Buckley has forsaken patriotism, anti or otherwise... 'I wave goodbye to America and smile hello to the world...'. McLuhan's fantasy Global Village is his front sitting room.

Like any number of rock artists, Dylan and Lennon among them, he's back to personal relationships. 'Room 109', for example, compares with 'I Threw It All Away' on Nashville Skyline, or in a less obvious, but no less tangible way with 'The Ballad of John & Yoko', which is basically the story of a real life love affair. All of a sudden we're nodding our heads together. 'Love is all it is/It makes the world go round... No matter what you think about it/You just can't do without it... well, you know the song as well as I do. And I.B. has learned it off by heart.

Musically speaking, this album is just slightly less satisfying than before. The arrangements are still as absorbing and faultlessly constructed as ever, with the usual emphasis on Buckley's trifle-time twelve string bursting through the berserk congas of Carter Collins and Lee Underwood's fine electric guitar work, but often, and especially on slow tracks, much of the eerie magic of Buckley's strange animal inflections of voice is suffocated and nearly lost by over-recording and/or insensitive instrumental work. Buckley too, seems to have been concentrating far too hard on the profundity and delivery of his lyrics, and in the process lends himself to his own worst enemy, overstatement.



distinctive feel of each track is either that of Clapton and Bruce, or the sound associated with Traffic, with Brian Auger or whoever.

Still all in all, this is a competent and well-produced first album even if Martha might have been a little lost without her illustrious friends. It would be fair to say that there are more interesting things going on musically at the moment, particularly in the States, and it would be good to see more than the present mere handful of British Artists (none of them on the present album) being really adventurous. The Mothers have shown how you can carry the kids with you when you stray from the home key, and (to adopt Frank Zappa) pop is only the best vehicle for expression we have at the moment, not a tradition or a faith: so it must move on. This album doesn't. Everyone seems happy to stick (albeit smoothly and professionally) in that same old groove.

Two postscripts: from the cover, Martha looks a beautiful chick. And a bitch about the sleeve note. The cover layout's good, but why can't we be given a little more straight information about Martha Velez and the musicians rather than lines like "Au revoir" "Bon Soir" et "Debussy knew a gas lit voice once" which presumably means something to Martha even if it means nothing to Debussy or me. Either let us all into the secret, or leave it to the publicity men.

Mike Hirst.



A PHILIPPE VON MORA FILM

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and introducing

MAYOR UMBERTO HUMP, SHIRLEY HUMP,
JACK "STEALTHY" HUMP (ALIAS CHIEF OF
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THE SINGER IN THE MILK EASY, TWITCH,
MAD MICK, ANDREW THE ANARCHIST, DAVY
CROCKETT, FUDZY, MOLOPOLIS CREATIVE
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FIGHTERS AND ASSORTED DISTINGUISHED
EXTRAS

"Do Underground Sam Spiegels read
Mandrake?" Sunday Telegraph.

"There is something deeply satisfying about it!!!" sighed Lady Click.



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TROUBLE IN MOLOPOLIS



SHARP

COHEN

The Beautiful Loser

Raymond Durnat

Cohen's beautiful LPs are the spires and towers of which his poems and novels are the outworks. He can't sing in the way dying Lady Day can't sing. A broken recitative revalidates the (in her case) trite lyric and what may seem (in his) a tuneless miserabilism. Yet his songs need the rest of his work just as the best of Keats needs the rest of Keats. His *Selected Poems* 1956-1958 are pulled between free verse, prose, song, the



metaphysicals haiku, fin de siècle, folk-song, post-Joyce intricacy and pop baroque. He often uses a groping, stumbling, triptilted line which needs his ashen voice to find its metre.

The earliest poems are awkward, as if the man had to emerge from myths of himself represented by conflicting identifications with classical Greece. Jewry in exile; Jesus Himself and overblown expressionism like *For you/I* will be a Dachau Jew. Thereafter he never quite eradicates the out-of-focus looming heenorous, but he progressively sheds his old skins of protective mythology. In the *Flowers For Hitler* section (1961) the cynical, the matter-of-fact and a snide humour deepen the anguish and the subtly out-of-synch faux-naïf. In deft intellectual density he matches the academic stream: a kite pulls gentle enough to call you *master/strong enough to call you fool. Or: the gulls slowly writhing, slowly singing/On the spears of wind.*

I can almost imagine Cohen in a movie called *Song of the Vampire*. Its folksinger is seeking the girl, or man, or both, who will believe in, and love, him sufficiently to thrust the spike through his sleeping heart. In this alienated age we're all the *Wandering Jew*, the *Flying Dutchman*, the *Last of the Mohicans*. Cohen's self-criticisms aren't sops to our cynicism, but tragically a propos.

Just as Suzanne reappears in several poems, so *Master Song*, on the first LP, is the gist of Cohen's second novel, *Beautiful Losers*. I haven't been able to find his first, *The Favorite Game*, described by Look as 'the phallic progress of a young man much like the author'. Its successor is a phallic regress, a descent from the strenuous heights into the swamps of the polymorphous perversity and internal hallucination. A current romanticism opposes the p.p. (as 'babyish', therefore 'natural') to genital imperialism ('adult', therefore 'Fascist'). It sees in the former a viable alternative (rather than accompaniment?) to the latter. I suspect that Cohen is ten precious years ahead in having learned that whatever defeats genitality will eventually defeat passivity also. For paranoia, like cancer, never ceases

nibbling onwards and upwards into one's gut.

Beautiful Losers centres on a bookish anthropologist, whose stream of consciousness recalls uneasy ecstasies with his suicided wife, Edith; her lover, F, who is also his fellow orphan, friend and guru (hence *Master Song*); and a martyred Iroquois Saint, Catherine Tekakwitha (1656-1680), who seems at once a lost moral ideal (having the stiff clear will of brave and Jesuit) and alter ego (masochistic, insolently defiant squaw).

Beautiful Losers is prose poems in narrative sequence (just as much free verse is prose eccentrically justified so that you'll read it densely). It mingles the modes of McClure meat science, comic-strip faux-camp, post-Lonesou cut-up, Burrovian science-metaphysics, and that *Fuck You* poem where Orlovsky watches Ginsberg jerk off on a Tangiers bed.

Its first 50

paradox-packed pages beat the bounds of the mood and even when, seeking a second wind, it turns to the seductive master, it is only to trace his apotheosis into ulterior masochism. In any case, all our inner monologues are so media-, jingle- and parody-soaked, that we can all jerk off volleys of apt or profound phrases (*The Wit and Wisdom of Graffiti*), and we need rhapsodic (Shakespearean) texture less than a new, classical selectivity (ornaments mustn't confuse manings, intricacies need development, subtleties need tracing back to basics).

Pop poetry generally inclines to the Eclectic String Bag (eg, the *Moody Blues LP's* mishmash of computers and Cartesianism) and there's much to be said for a sort-cut via an alternative tradition, the dry curt cut of French classicism. It's curious how in *Histoire de l'Oeil* (even in its execrable Olympia Press translation, *A Tale Of Satisfied Desire*), in *L'Abbe C* and in *La Bleu du Ciel*, Georges Bataille's dry spare headline storytelling, eschewing all thapodic mosaic, catches the mingling of each and everyone's flesh and mind into one, every-pore-a-vulva, tragicomic cosmic coma.

TIME OUT in London



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friendly sisters, he's affably impotent, and interested only in symbolic and actual modes of suicide. There's a moral in that somewhere and maybe it's this. Curious yins and yangs link Calvinist (ultra-WASP) and Jewish (un-WASP) modes. Calvinism: 'I must match my father', Judaism, 'I must placate my father'. Calvinism's internal repressions match Judaism's intra-family tensions.

It's because we're all Calvinists and Jews (father-religions) without fathers ('poor old pop') that we're driven to feminise everything — including the male body (called the polymorphous Paradise). Yet it's arguable that if God had meant men to feel themselves, they wouldn't have organs pointing like arrowheads out to the avid wounds, but winding round their own bodies like a spiders' web of fleshy tendrils. Other space leads to self-sacrifice, inner space leads to suicide.

Cohen's sense of guilt and failure, as authentic as Greene's, is maintained in the teeth of adverse circumstances, (his family are rich, he was offered but refused the Governor-General's prize for poetry, and the National Film Board of Canada's intelligent, yet intriguingly unrevealing, documentary shows him prettily melancholy, hammy sensitive and well at ease with all. Yet his work's weakness is an over-reaction against all consolation, however unworldly, however merited. And he comes nearest Jesus when he writes as Judas feeling the nails go in.

LPs:
Leonard Cohen, CBS 63421,
1967. Songs From A Room,
CBS 63587, 1969. Poems:
Folkways 9805, 1969.

Books:
Selected Poems 1956-69
(Jonathan Cape, 35/s). The
Favorite Game (Viking 1966).
Beautiful Losers (Viking, 1966.
Bantam, 1967).

Films:
Ladies And Gentlemen, Mr.
Leonard Cohen; Poem; Angel.
All from National Film Board of
Canada, London, 16mm.
Songs Sacred And Profane, in
Look Magazine 6/10/68. Ian
Mann, Leonard Cohen's Novel
Beautiful Losers, Zig-Zag No 1.

It's where linear narrative rears its old hat head (as when a couple are dominated by a rodent-like robot sex massager; orgasm cannot wither, nor exhaustion stale, its implacable, variety) that the novel leaps into its real lunacy. If Cohen's LPs offer the essence of his written word, it's not because the latter is redundant. Indeed the songs' undertones unfold their dirty dozens here. It's because the song form controls the sprawl (Cohen's generous muse needs a very strict corset) and encourages the idiomatic against the literary.

In mid-'66 Cohen turned to C & W and cut his first disc at Nashville. His sad, drifting soliloquies heal the breach between psalm and song. Monotonal, liturgical, cyclical, like a post-Reichian wailing wall in words, they're sardonic, watchful, self-critical. Harshly tender, accusingly sad, they have their element of moral prophecy, and assert the opposite pole to Dylan's John Wesley Harding, whose surrender to TV-Western banality is either impenetrably ironic or spiritually senile.

Among the 7 deadly sins of the hippie era one may list: indifference disguised as tolerance ('Do your own thing — Jack'); suicide disguised as self-abandonment; and a snidely spiteful repudiation of fatherly qualities (genitality, responsibility, consistency) disguised as humility, femininity and spontaneity. Cohen's bad conscience has got their number: Lady Midnight ... pointed at me where I kneeled on her floor/She said, 'Don't try to use me/Or slyly refuse me/Just win me or lose me/It is this that the darkness is for.'

An ex-Calvinist friend confessed that the best years of his life were the naively puritan ones. Then sexuality, guilt, asceticism and misogyny balanced one other so nicely that he was incessantly erect, indifferent to his own pleasure, and rarely capable of ejaculation. This delighted, and awed, the girls, and suited his old-fashioned pride, with remorse doing the job of masochism. The less puritanical he became, the more he allowed himself a full-body-and-mind orgasm, the more the thrills of guilt shifted to anti-life attitudes. Now all women are his

heads & Reds

Due to fire, flood, holocaust and a police raid, OZ is sacrificing its ENTIRE REMAINING STOCKS of back numbers...RIDICULOUS SAVINGS. Although these back issues have actually INCREASED in value, we are throwing them out at the original price (plus postage) — maybe this is your chance to make up a COMPLETE SET (Present Sotheby's value — £16,750.) THIS OFFER MAY NEVER BE REPEATED! Our accountants say we're crazy — what do YOU think?

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OZ 9. 3s. Unidentified Flying Objects — the wierd horrifying world of the Flying Saucer Society — a collector's item. Laing poetry page PLUS (ravishing inside expose of St Paul's School horror camp. A TRIP!

OZ 10. The Pornography of Violence — the issue with the blood spattered cover. Roger McGough's Summer with the Monarch. Amnesty report on torture in Greece. BBC transcript of sadism in Arkansas. LBJ's Chessboard of Death. WARNING: Adult material only — keep away from children. Orgasmic at 3s.

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OZ 14. 48 pages. At 3s. this is less than a penny per page. Down on the Farm with Emmanuel Petrakis. Herman Kahn sees the future ('I don't like it.') What happened when Fabian Douglas went to school with long hair — world scoop! Shock story of Diggers delivering own babies — Electric Circus is stillborn. An unforgettable, unforgivable OZ.

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..but I was the one who smiled when I got it!"

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BIOGRAPHY OF THE SIMEON SYNTHESIZER

by SIMEON
of Silver Apples

Both Danny and I were bored with conventional musical instruments — not so much how they are played, like we can really get into a good guitar's player's technique and all that — but the sounds that the guitar itself makes. I don't care how many fuzzes, wah-wahs, or vari-tones you run it through, it still sounds like a guitar. And that can still be very groovy. Don't get me wrong, I'm not putting the guitar down, or anything like that, I'm just saying that we wanted to find something new, and we knew it had to be electronic just because that seemed to be the area most open to experimentation.

A friend of ours gave us World War II surplus audio signal generator and we went to work from there. Not having any electronics training, we had to go step by step, shock by shock, learning how to hook it up — vary its sound — key it in, make it go. This old generator is the nucleus of what is now the Simeon synthesizer. At the time we had never heard of a synthesizer.

This was, I guess, somewhere in late 1967. The main problem was that of pitch control. It has to be played like a fretless string instrument, violin or cello or like a slide trombone. So it was a matter of learning the various positions on the sweep dial so a melody could be played. After I got to be pretty good at that it occurred to me that if I had a few more generators, keyed through a series of switches mounted on a plywood board that I might be able to get some bass lines figured out with my feet. So we got the cheapest ones we could find and stacked them on a table and I started practicing. Boop-ah-boop-ah-boop-ah-doop-ah-doo.

Next I noticed that while my feet were busy, and my left hand was busy playing the melody, my right hand was idle. So we got some more generators and wired them through telegraph keys, all in a row. My first keyboard. I found that by setting the new generators in certain ways I could play chords by poking different combinations of telegraph keys. The more generators I had the more chords I could play, so we hooked something else and got some more — plus some more telegraph keys.

UPS.

From Other Scenes.

The Simeon now was a heap of wires, keys, wah-wahs, and generators piled up on a table. It was obvious that if we were ever going to do anything with it, it would have to have a console. So we hocked something else, this time I think it was my guitar, and got some plywood and glue and screws and made a big flat box with everything mounted down on it — and in it. God was it heavy, but the Simeon was not a "thing."

We had a few tunes we could play so Barry Bryant, our manager, got us a job playing at Max's Kansas City's upstairs discothek. We drove a few people out and some stayed and danced and had fun. But at least it was a beginning — and also someone from the Gibson guitar and amp company heard us and suggested that with one of their Maestro tone filter units we could get some interesting effects. We promised him we would put his name on our first record (we had no idea that anybody would give us a record contract) and he sent two of them over the next day. They were groovy, so they were mounted down into the box. A few days later we hit him for two echo units and mounted them down.

The Simeon Synthesizer was now almost like a real musical instrument, all I had to do was develop the co-ordination needed to play it. Being ambidextrous helped and I practiced playing the wah-wah with my elbow. At first I had to get absolutely wrecked to get the separation of all the different components clear in my head, so I could concentrate on say, playing the melody with my left hand while at the same time keep the bass going with my feet and the rhythm section going with my tight hand, and sing. Now I can do it straight but never mind that.

Danny, in the meantime, had gotten hold of a whole bunch of drums and turned them chromatically so that instead of just playing percussion drums he could now only keep the beat but also play in key with me. If you notice — on our version of Mustang Sally coming up on our next record — he plays Narvahan Wood during a little 3/4 break. A big break as far as the Simeon is concerned occurred while we were playing a gig at the Cafe Au Go Go and one of the

guys on the bill gave us the name of a friend of his who had built a little voltage control keyboard. We quickly made contact and bought it from him. That soon was mounted down into the box. Shortly, thereafter, another friend showed us that a walkie-talkie unit made a good white noise sound (we had so far been using an FM tuner for white noise) so we mounted down a walkie-talkie — being sure to yank out the aerial as not to get any transmissions through it. This put through a wah-wah sounds like ocean waves or wind, depending on how you play it.

Actually, the Simeon is a conglomeration of sound trays that anybody could sit down at and freak out on — or if anyone were to practice it like you would practice a piano he could play music on it. The instrument gives its player lots of freedom in that each of the keys or buttons can be readily turned to any note that can be heard by the human ear, or beyond that. We once struck a high frequency horn out the window and blasted all the bats that might have been flying within range of it with a note that we couldn't hear but that they are supposed to be able to hear. Amp up to 10, right? We all watched for the "Bat Riot" but it never happened. Someone swore he saw two bat-like things doing the Boop-a-loo on the next rooftop, but that's an unconfirmed acid sighting.

We are the first to admit that the Simeon is a crude little monster. It was never meant to be a Moog-like creature, in fact it was recently in the same recording studio with a Moog and it didn't blush a bit. Someone called it the result of hippie technology and it flexed its muscles. It is made to be a live-performance instrument, and leaves all the multi-overdubbing tricks to the sophisticated fancy black boxes with blinking lights and myriads of patch cords. The Simeon loves to crouch out in the middle of a stage and have someone pull out all of its stops.

It's an energy machine — getting it together — it once tried to mount the Moog, with love in its tubes.

obstruction to the full enjoyment of the record, which basically consists of Dr. S. S. being musically very tight 'n' together, using strong tunes and interesting harmonies.

Here and there the odd line comes through, the most successful track being the frighteningly ominous 'Ship Of Fools'. After a few plays, of course, one tends to remember more and the tunes come through quite clearly, the words, impotent and unimportant in their nonsense, receding into the background. Now even the dog has decided to remain in the room and sleep surrounded by beautiful tunes.

Cousin Caterpillar



None of the tracks here have quite the absolute sincerity and above all, conviction, that made 'Morning Glory' one of the musical highs for me last year. At least, not up to now. Buckley's material always takes time, and in a way it's difficult to judge. He does have an incredible voice, capable at times of almost unbelievable variations in tone and pitch. It's a shame that he still appears to lack the confidence to resist consistently proving the point. Only on 'One cut, the last and shortest, 'Sing A Song For You', does he in fact relax enough to let the words flow straight out of his head without running them through the gauntlet of his indisputable but shattering vocal abilities.

But if this is a fault, and certainly Tim Buckley and his producers do not appear to consider it to be one, then it can be the *only* major fault in Happy Sad. For Happy Sad is a whole LP, as have been all Buckley's albums. Hours of thought and concentrated work must have gone into the making of it. There is not an ounce of hype here. As a poet and a musician T.B. is getting better all the time. Just a few more '109's and another gypsy woman could do it.

Felix Dennis.

KIP OF THE SERENES Dr Strangely Strange (*Island ILPS 9016*)

The first time I placed this record on the turntable the dog sat up and howled. It's the first album by an Irish group called Dr. Strangely Strange, a record produced by Joe Boyd, and, (according to the advertisements), a group assisted and admired by the Incredible String Band, (whom they sound a lot like). But it didn't make any difference. Although a keen listener to the Incredibles, the dog howled then left the room. He was uneasy.

The trouble was the words. The importance or necessity of words. Dylan without words would be nothing. Hendrix would get on fine without lyrics. O.K. So Hendrix is a more accomplished musician than Dylan, but this isn't the answer. The Incredibles, though excellent musicians would lose a lot if the words to their music were taken away. And how many people regard words as being important anyway? Pop people seem to be quite happy to play gigs where the amplification distorts even spoken introductions, or enables backing to swallow lyrics in a great tidal wave of sound. Some groups, like the Stones, don't need words anyway, coming through effectively on sheer sound and song. Absence - a presence which itself detracts from the lyrics. And then again, the Third Ear Band regard lyrics as a barrier between the mind and the music.

Yet instrumental works often evoke only a vague and indefinite response and are certainly more difficult to really listen to than songs.

And every time I've listened to this L.P. I've found my mind unable to concentrate on the words and running onto the tunes, the harmonies and the instrumentation. Or even the tone of the voice, but hardly ever what that voice is saying. Dr. Strangely Strange's lyrics are a crowd of trivial images, few of which seem to stand up to close examination, (the easy couplet form is frequently used), so that the words are, I suppose, unimportant, often, in fact, giving way to a hum or a la-la-la. Which only goes to make one regret that the words are there - the voice is needed, but the words only form an



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