

Is this really how you want to see
It may be the 1970s model, US!
but its still the same old
sexploitation time.



What do
you really
want?
Page 3, or
Anarchy?

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ALTERNATIVE SEX



25p
oct '83

Is there life without men?

Alternative Sex was collectively written by Nicky, Illayne, Angie, Beck, Steph, Jenny, Debbie, Mouse and me (Val), with help from + Griet, Lorraine and especially Lou to whom this is dedicated. We are more or less what are called Anarchos and Feminists, but we all do things in very diferent ways from each other, and hopefully this 'zine will reflect that. We also want to show how our whole lives are affected by our being 'different' from normal (ie. we are not male). We wanted a chance to communicate with other girls who are involved in the 'alternative, punk ' scene who don't call themselves feminists, but still have to cope with things like bleeding once a month and being insulted in the street for the terrible crime of being female.



Some people have told me that they think its sexist to have a female-only fanzine - but to me its obvious that compared to the hundreds of 'zines written by males this one is a mere drop in the ocean. Personally, I think its very sexist to slag us off without doing the same to the above mentioned hundreds. The day that a 'women-only' thing is sexist will be the day when its not needed any longer and that won't be until society stops treating women like shit. So there.

And whilst I'm on the subject of sexism will you please stop useing "Cunt" as an insult, because I take it very personally! This is not an anti-men 'zine as you will see; this is because its not got anything about them at all, which is, after all, what is meant by

women-only. Hopefully we might make people think about things a bit differently, and if we're lucky we might change the world! If you want to write to us, the address is-
ALTERNATIVE SEX
c/o 103 Grosvenor Ave.
LONDON N5



Cut to the quick . .

SURGEONS have successfully reattached the penis of a man who amputated it with a circular saw.
The patient a 32-year-old man from Bridgeport, Connecticut, was injured while cutting wood.
Doctors at New Haven operated for eight hours. Last night the man was doing well with a 50-50 chance of keeping his sexual functions.

All that remains now is for me to say thanks to - Lee for doing a better class of 'zine, Alix, Fod and Al for being sympathetic males, '96' for the space and time to lay the damn thing out, and Julien who needs no reason whatsoever! And to everyone who must be bored solid of me raving on and on and on...

Adrenalin
HOW I agree with T. Kennedy. I went to France on holiday last month and it was so nice to smile and wave at a girl from your car window in a traffic jam and get the same back, rather than the V-sign you get from girls in England. Older women (such as friends' mothers) tell me girls are desperate for boyfriends, but I never see any evidence of it whatsoever. I, and a lot of my friends (though they only admit it in private) are getting sick of superficial women who gossip, gossip, gossip, but never communicate in a meaningful way. We are all slowly realising that the only irreplaceable thing a woman can offer is sex. If I need advice my parents give the best going. I need adrenalin pumping. If a woman ever gives more than 650 motorbike gives more than a woman ever can and I can get 25 miles of it for £1 worth of petrol. See where you get with a woman for £1. - Peter Neumann, Greenway, Southgate.

Shall I tell you what really pisses me off about being a woman; having to pay fucking taxes on tampax and sanitary towels. Arn't women allowed to bleed in public? I heard I can't remember where of a woman being thrown out of the only public loo in the vicinity, which unfortunately happened to be male, for menstruating in public. What the fuck do the majority of men think we do - crawl off politely into a corner and silently drip blood into a plastic bag?

Every thing surrounding menstruation has so long been shrouded with a discreet air of euphemism and unmentionability that it has become ridiculous. Goodness knows how many times I've lowered my eyelids when asked what the matter was by a 'considerate' male, and I've replied with banalities like "I've got a stomach ache", or a discreet "I'm on" - the omnipresent on when what I'M dying to do is to turn round and scream

"ITS MY PERIOD YOU JERK, PISS OFF! "

Why was I conditioned into blushing and stammering something down my sleeve when reading a magazine in the same room as my dad and stumbling upon an advert for "Bodyform" or something; of all the males likely to understand, is your dad, but you fear not and hurriedly flick to another page. And why is it that any advertising for tampons, etc are banned from the telly? Incase young kids suss out whats going to happen to them?

Life is such that the period has been locked away in some dark and distant closet for women to stumble upon and keep silent from the other half of the world. How many times have I/You watched a disaster film with a woman trapped for months on a desert island/artic snowcap/half-way up a cliff, but you never find out what they do when they have a period; I guess movie stars don't menstuate like us lesser mortals.

"Mummy when I grow up can I be a film star so I don't have periods please?"

But it doesn't work like that - I still crawl off for a couple of days every month to die a slow painful death, doubled up in the privacy of my own room, staggering out to pay 15% tax on a packet of tampax. Will someone please tell the government that I don't smoke them, they happen to be a necessity. I doubt I will ever see them free on the national health as I would like/love/strive for, but honestly do we have to pay tax on them as well? Its up to you. I nick mine, its easier - or is the word liberate?



There is an alternative to tampons and sanitary towels - they are tiny sea sponges which you use like tampons except that you rinse them out and use them again. They're really difficult to remove though, unless you sew some string of cotton to them, and you really need all your courage to rinse them out in a public toilet! They cost about 70p each and you can sometimes get them from "alternative" type places - like Bread and Roses on Upper Street, Islington or mail order ads in Spare Rib.

I Feel Like I'm Not There,
When You Look At Me And You Don't Care.

I want to know what you think, I want so much to talk to you. Barriers only get in the way. You are indoctrinated, and so am I - dare not share our thoughts and ideas, it could offend you. You might not understand, it is so difficult to explain when it is constantly thrown at you that we are not to get involved. I die in the street. "I'm dying, someone please help me."

You walk on by, avert your eyes, pretend you don't see. Whatever you do don't come too close, it'll disrupt your insular (in) security. If you don't interfere with my life, I won't interfere with yours. We can remain in frightened isolation, untrusting and unchanging, hurting others in our incessant fear of being hurt.

But what happens when a crack appears in the glass? And we manage to break through the hostile, enclosing mirrors. Our desire for freedom overwhelms our ignorance and fear of ourselves. I catch a glimpse into your mind, and in return I give you a part of mine. Incomparable to the facile smiles which never achieve anything more than reinforcing the superstitious walls, built by us and for us to alienate and confuse.

Each honest word spoken is another step towards true realisation; without it we can only exist.

Do You Remember The good Old Days... ?

I can create my own energy but recently have been too lazy/tired. I remember when I first got into punk, I used to rush everywhere - write songs - never stopped. Was always excited about something, or angry. Remember running round Chester at night with other punks, writing on walls/bus shelters etc, breaking windows, pulling car mirrors off and escaping from the police. Loads of energy because I was discovering everything new and different, doing things I'd never done before. Discovering myself as well. All the time used to want to shock people, make them stop and stare, not bother about being nice and polite. Say Fuck Off to people who annoyed me and get thrown out of pubs and clubs and smash a window when we got outside. I think really I was worse then than I've ever been and I wasn't on any thing, didn't even drink much. First time we got thrown out of Chesters trendiest disco was because we jumped on stage while the band were playing and sang "Anarchy" and "Bodies". We messed about for 5 minutes till the bouncers suddenly realised what was happening and threw us out. Considering how much people in Chester hated punk I used to hardly ever get bothered. It was probably because I looked much worse than just about anybody in Chester and always looked weird even when working or taking sisters kids out, so people thought I was really the way I looked - evil, hard, not scared of anything. You can get away with a hell of a lot just by acting tough. I got in hardly any fights in Chester. Id've probably lost if I had, though, I wasn't bothered. I thought "Well, I can only die". My friend Cathy used to land herself right in it - she just used to go too far. I mean shes only about 5 foot and always wore stillettoes so she couldn't even run, yet she used to pick arguments with boot girls and soldiers, (very dangerous when pissed). Find most soldiers hated punk. Think it was because its the direct opposite of what they are. Punk was just total freedom, self expressionism, chaos, doing what you wanted. A lot of straight lads used to fancy us - the way we dressed etc. First got into punk in about August 1977. First concert was the Damned and the Dead Boys in Manchester. In the beginning we used to wear slit pencil skirts, shirts, thin ties and blazers sort of like a uniform and of course stockings etc, funny make-up and hair, pins in ears etc...used to look like Nazis! Lost virginity/innocence (?) in a garden with a local punk - blue spikey hair, big brown eyes and really cute. Was freezing cold. Not much else to say about it except I thought "Now I'm a woman" - didn't feel any different though. Next morning ran to the phone and called Cathy and told her everything. After, Chester became dead boring especially as we were banned from almost everywhere and all but a few punks had gone fashionable and were into power pop and reggae after reading Sounds and NME. We started going into Liverpool once or twice a week. Thing was, once we got there we were stuck till the trains started running next morning. Used to go to Erics - a new wave club which had bands on and then go to a club called the Swinging Apple, which was really great. It was only a small club about 3 floors up, really dirty and dark. You used to get the hardest lads I've ever known in there. Most of them looked pretty sinister and were nazis and into Clockwork Orange kind of stuff. Most of them were probably into hard drugs but I didn't know that then. Funny thing was, a lot of them couldn't talk to you if you were a girl, coz most of the girls in Liverpool were real slags and a bit simple. The lads used to just grab who they wanted at the end of the night and bang in a doorway or alley, then the girls would go home or follow, though they'd usually be ignored unless somebody else wanted them, and the rest used to on a rampage round the city and end up at the pierhead till morning. One of my memories of Liverpool is eating bacon buttys at eight in the morning overlooking the Mersey and feeling really tired and dirty - or waking up in a doorway with about 4 other people.

I realised after the first couple of times I went there, that if you dressed like other girls, suspenders etc, you got treated like them (2nd time I went there I got raped/banged in the boys bogs) - just objects, so after that I started wearing jeans of bondage trousers and just looked more punk than girl and started getting to know them pretty well. Once they found out I wasn't stupid and I made out I didn't fancy them (at first!) they respected me for not being like the others. Also stood up to T_____ - about the hardest girl in Liverpool. She started on me one night and I just acted dead cool and made out I wasn't scared of her. Anyway just before we got to fighting, she suddenly went dead nice and we started dancing and mucking about. I think she was gay. If I'd fought her she would've killed me. She used to always stick with the boys, so I got accepted as well. Meanwhile, Cathy was still wearing stillettoes and getting left behind and going home early in a taxi. I carried on going to Liverpool and running wild and then things started changing. Sharon - the other girl I knew - started going steady with a soul boy. She was always soft and romantic, even though she looked pretty hard. T_____ got arrested and I never saw her again. The leader of everyone went pretty normal and became a bouncer. A few others moved down to London and in the end it wasn't worth going. By then most people in Chester thought I was mad and evil. Was really into nazism around that time and most Chester punks were solid RAR young people. After a while though, got back in with them - girls didn't like me much though. Everything had sort of finished in Chester by then, so I decided to go to London. The story of my life! Sounds unbelievable and mixed up when I look back. I haven't really done that much though I've touched upon sides or parts of life, I haven't really lived any of them. For all that I used to do when I went to Liverpool, it was still only once a week and the other six days I was working, dreaming and feeling pissed off. Didn't want to go out with anybody boring ie straight. Didn't really want to go out with any punks - what do you say when youre fed up with each other? Didn't know any punks who would go steady anyway 'cept in Chester. I hate being attached to people. I just wanted to be with friends and have a good time and live on the edge. Being on the streets has its disadvantages - being cold and hungry and homeless sometimes, no one to look after you when youre ill. No one really close, nothing planned - no money unless you steal or sell yourself or cheat and then youre taking risks with people who might kill you - and the police. You can only live on the edge for so long. The novelty doesn't last long it just becomes a different way of life, just as boring as the one you escaped but less comfortable, so you turn to drugs to bring back the edge and you end up needing more to keep you high.. the end. Before you know it youre old and wondering where it all went wrong. When I was in London, that was the time I 'lived' most. I would say 90% of my life has been normal/average/boring, and finally depressing. Wouldn't know many people in London now or wouldn't be able to find them - moved, or gone home or been arrested or dead. There was a girl, Jan - long red spikey hair (Jewish with nazi brother) really weird looking. First got speed of her. Didn't even know what it was until she stopped Cathy and me on a tube one night and asked if we wanted to buy some blues. Didn't know what she was talking about so tried to look worldly and said "How much?" - 3 for a £1. Alright we said and had a quids worth each and discovered a whole new way of life etc.. Wish I could turn the clock back to 76/77 and keep it there. Pistols, shock Anarchy and all that. Wish I could get some speed - or anything really, just to give me a kick to get me going again. Seem to be sinking deeper and deeper into apathy and normality. Can't seem to be bothered going out much or bothering with other people. Speed for a week and then I'd be controlled and carried by outside forces. Seem to be losing touch with what I used to be like and live for. Identity fading - losing courage. When I look back it seems like another person. Probably lost touch with everything I used to do/go. Saw a young punk - about 16 - in town the other day (looked like Sid a bit). He had Cr@ss on the back of his jacket...

DEBBIE (Oct 79)

PORTON DOWN WOMEN'S CAMP FOR PEACE AND ANIMAL LIBERATION

This camp was started on the 13th March outside Porton Down, which is the main Ministry of 'Defence' establishment involved in experimental biological and chemical warfare.

Millions of animals (and some people) are used in these experiments. All the animals die, some immediately, some in agony over a period of weeks, months and years. What happens to the people is not known. Everything that goes on there is covered by the official secrets act.

The research involving the suffering and death of these animals is being undertaken with the aim of finding more efficient ways of killing and controlling people - however, governments try to disguise the nature of these atrocities as "defence".

Porton Down as seen from the camp is miles of barbed wire enclosed fields, posted with DANGER signs and red flags. Shortly after the camp began the M.O.D. police appeared, guarding the entrance day and night.

The camp is basically a caravan and several tents on the side of the road, with a sign advertising their presence. Cars stream by day and night, some waving to show their support, others the opposite.

The women are committed to non-violence and vegetarianism. I was drawn to the camp, after reading about it, as I felt it involved two issues about which I felt strongly - peace and animal liberation. I think it's very important that this camp gains publicity, because of the secrecy surrounding Porton Down. Most people would be outraged if they realised the horrific weapons which are being developed there.

Everyone is welcome to visit the camp, and women are invited to stay for a night or longer.

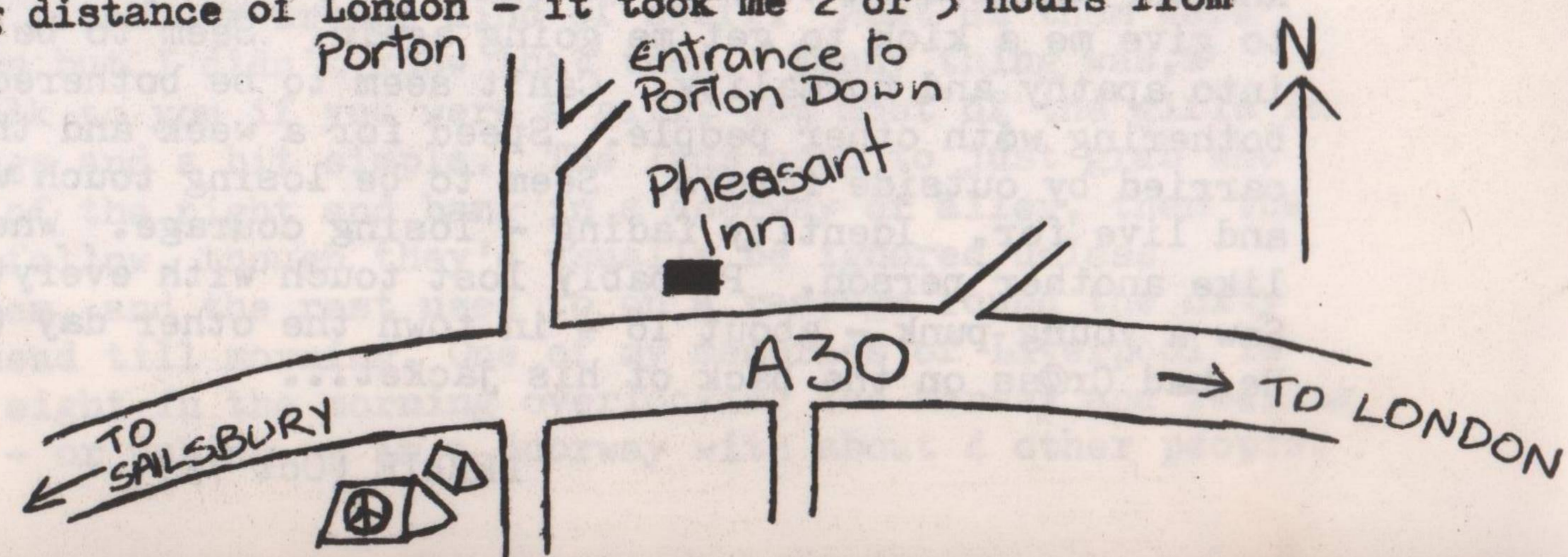
Letters of support are always appreciated.

The postie calls at the camp daily - the address is: -

Women for Peace and Animal Liberation
 Outside Porton Down
 Winterslaw
 Sailsbury
 Wiltshire

Phone contact - Sue, Winterslaw 862052

Its within easy hitching distance of London - it took me 2 or 3 hours from Hammersmith Flyover.



Boy Of The Month

HATED MY JOB!

ALTERNATIVE SEX

STEP AHEAD, SISTER!

ARE YOU A GLAMOUR GIRL?
 Men's Magazine publisher needs nice looking girls for our nude photo sessions. No previous experience needed and the money is great!
 Tel: 01-660 0102 for details

TURN WITH US

FAN-MALE!

YES, LIZ REALLY TAUGHT ME SOMETHING - THAT TAMPAX IS ANOTHER WORD FOR FREEDOM!

LIKE THE MAN SAID, DARLING - THERE'LL BE TEARS

NOT FROM ME THERE WON'T! THE ONLY FELLA WHO EVER MADE ME CRY IS LONG GONE

I am 14 and my father is constantly trying to see me with no clothes on. It sounds ridiculous, but he always bursts into a room when I'm changing. I come into the shower when I'm in the bath. There are no locks on the doors.

He likes to have a lady around and he wouldn't dream of upsetting you in any way, but women to him are a different species and a less intelligent one at that.

I HATE YOU, YOU BASTARD - DO YOU HEAR ME? I HATE ALL MEN - EVERY ONE OF THEM!

They turned kind of nasty. They roughed me up a bit and broke the records I had with me...

You're still playing safe with a punk! Must be because you like a loud fella who turns u with bright orange hair on next and a jet black bor several different fella one. Isn't it?

8 You go to this pop concert and in the murk inside you see a load of chalk faced, dark-eyed fellas drooping about with hair like multi-coloured toilet brushes and swathed in chains. Do you...

a. Titter, "They look so old fashioned," and flounce off?

b. Shriek, "Gangway!" and get stuck into the tastiest?

c. Walk out again! You wimpy-looking fellas.

MARY & MARY VIVIAN PEARCE

Patrick... have you noticed? There's no-one around - no buses or anything. And the town's so quiet, as if... as if everyone was waiting for something to

"HOW I LOST MY VIRGINITY"

AT LAST WE REVEAL THE SHOCKING TRUTH...

I lost my virginity when I was twelve although I **didn't look it** - I was what they call an "early developer". He was a soldier on leave, you know the sort, really reckoned himself with crew cut and straight jeans. Anyway, he **chatted** me up at Swiss Cottage swimming pool and in my naivety it never occurred to me that he was only after a quick one (I didn't even know what a quick one was!) I did as he asked, not knowing any different, and we ended up in an old garage. After a quick grope the deed was done on the dusty floor. I **writhed** about like I'd seen on the telly but it wasn't very exciting (for me.) It started raining and we got soaked walking to the bus stop. I was convinced everybody was looking at me, staring. He crossed the road to talk to some friends and I got on a bus home - I think I was supposed to wait for him but I didn't. I remember thinking that you were supposed to fall in love with the first one but I felt nothing. When I got home I found I had enormous gruesome love bites all over my neck. God knows what my mother thought.

A common tale of woe I suppose - I was walking home after a gig and was offered a lift by the man who arranged the gigs at the place I'd been to. Well, I said yes as he'd always been friendly (gullible little me) but of course we ended up at his home. I'd always found him very unattractive (well, fat slobbish and decidedly repulsive actually) but it seemed too much bother to cause a scene and run off, so I just sort of blanked my mind out and let him get on with it, then I left as soon as possible the next morning. My parents had reported me missing to the police, so I had to go to the police station and make up a story about being at a party, then my Dad kept saying "You didn't do anything did you?" and of course I said no. The whole episode put me off sex for ages afterwards.

I was at a party, very pissed, and I ended up in a bedroom with this boy, who I didn't know. When he fucked me I didn't feel shocked or surprised, I didn't feel anything. It was nothing.

When I was about 10 or 11 I began to get very curious about sex. I used to read all my parents books when they were out at church, and I knew all the technical words and what they meant. However, this knowledge did nothing to prepare me for the loss of my virginity, which was an emotional experience, and did not seem at all related to the anatomical facts in the books - they never seemed to mention feelings. It happened in the summer holidays when I'd just turned 13. My mother taught in a boys secondary school and had decided to take one of the 'troublesome' pupils on holiday with us. He was 15, and pretty sophisticated (or so I thought) and I wanted to appear the same to him. We used to smoke cigarettes together and fool about. One day we were at a barbecue by the river and I had been drinking beer (which I thought was a pretty grown-up thing to do). He suggested we go for a walk. We did, and ended up in the bushes kissing. Things progressed from there, and before I really had time to think about it, I had lost my virginity. I remember feeling a bit of discomfort and was not really sure if we had actually 'gone all the way', though I thought we had. I felt rather guilty afterwards, and told no one. When I went to the toilet and found some blood I thought I had my period, and was rather surprised when it stopped after an hour or so. The next few nights I sneaked into his room at night and we used to play about. It never occurred to me that I might get pregnant until the boy said that we shouldn't 'do anything' unless we had contraception. I was all for not worrying about it, as the feelings I was experiencing did not seem at all related to reproduction and the books I'd read. I did not attach a lot of importance to the loss of my virginity but I realised that it was not the sort of thing I could tell anybody about, as it was 'not quite nice'. So after that we did everything short of actual penetration and I found that very enjoyable.

I was far too young and innocent - I had no idea about fucking; I'd never really thought about it. When the boy I'd been madly in love with took me off to the bedroom at a party, it never occurred to me what might happen. I must've been in a trance or something until I realised he was pushing his prick inside me and heaving away. I was really shocked and terrified. I sort of yelped and pushed him away. He said "You're not a virgin, are you?" I was only fourteen! He rolled off and went to sleep and I lay there, all illusions shattered, feeling really awful and dirty and ashamed and that it was all my own fault. For years I blocked it out of my mind because I just couldn't handle the fact that this had happened. It still does me in even now; I guess you could call it rape.

After my teenage years of sapphic relationships (fumbling under my friends nightie when she stayed the night), I thought maybe it was time to venture further only this time with the opposite sex. My toes curling at this new and exciting prospect I took my boyfriend off for a romantic and lustfilled weekend in Oxford. As soon as we were alone, I stripped off waiting for the earth-shattering experience I had heard and read so much about. I cried the obligatory "Be gentle with me". But... What or who was this fat, red faced, blank eyed, heaving beached whale of a slob thrusting his great prick into my poor sweet, soft pussy. After ten minutes of this heaving and thrusting he rolled sticky and sweaty to one side "Was it good for you too" he leered. That must be obligatory too. Smiling weakly I staggered to the bathroom, and looked in the mirror. I certainly didn't look any different, but I felt dirty, used and angry. Since then I've realised how much men hate women and use them just as a hole to put something in and to abuse. I have felt that way until my present relationship showed me that some men are different.

At the age of fifteen I was lagging; out of the six of us that went around together only two of us were still virgins, so I was therefore desperate to remedy the situation as soon as possible. The chance came during the Easter holidays when my parents were at Kew Gardens. There came to the door a boy selling chamois leathers and other paraphernalia for charity. He said he was tired and asked to come in; liking the gleam of his black leather trousers, I readily agreed. What records do you like he asked? Why, I cried, my record collections in my bedroom. Can I see it? he asked subtly and, when upstairs he asked, even more subtly "Can I fuck you?" Readily I agreed. But, oh how badly Jackie had prepared me for this; the fumbling, the pain, the embarrassment and boredom. Was that all? I screamed to myself as he zipped his feeble member back into the now not so gleaming leathers. "Did you come?" he asked - "What" I screamed as I handed him the money for the chamois leather and he thanked me for my custom. Meanwhile the Specials 'Too much, too young' was playing out of my record player upstairs. Oh fuck.

Well, we'd been discussing it for the past 6 months, so I suppose it was about time we got on with 'it'! Still came as a shock though; there I was, on my parents living room floor, arranging cushions for myself and hoping to God they didn't wake up, when all of a sudden I felt this agonising pain and then everything went very wet and still. I didn't realise what'd happened til I saw the blood on the carpet and thought "Bloody hell, I must've been drunk." And in the immortal words of Peggy Lee: "Is THAT all there is"????

ANON

Menstrual Poems

Right, another moonscape moonquake

Rubble, rubble

burst the bubble!

Red moonsap curtaining down in rivulets

Embers and magical membranes

Thought quakes and warm mindbranes

Rumble out and crash and sparkle

new mindquakes!

This Hood

Sign of my being

Release of a breath

Visit by an old friend

We are alive

This may be an illusion, this may be
temporary

(& temporal,

periodical)

But sometimes it feels good

We are alive

Moving through intricate patterns

Waves that intersect and overlap

lapping gently onto another shore

a strange land...?

We got here through the storm.

In my belly is a heart that beats, pulsing warm and real.

I've become disillusioned and depressed by the direction of the women's movement recently. I think feminism is vitally important, and when some women in the street where I live decided to set up a consciousness-raising group I looked forward to it very much as I thought we could learn to build stronger relations between ourselves as women and also discover the strength to be able to talk to men too, about our problems in relating with them - basically for us all to relate as human beings. However, after missing the first few meetings I found the women in the group seemed to be withdrawing further into themselves and away from everyone else, not only from men but also from women who were not part of the group. I felt they were denying my existence as a woman by announcing to everyone "The women feel this.." when I didn't agree with their opinions. I found it increasingly difficult to talk with a woman from the group who lived in the same house as me (as did other people in the house). She seemed to be repressing her true feelings and desires behind feminist dogma, and when our conversation went beyond points she had read about in feminist books etc., she simply stopped and the conversation ended. This seemed to be happening with other women in the group too - they were becoming more and more mistrustful of anyone not a member of their group or similar groups, to the point of everyone else becoming The Enemy. Rather than trying to break down the walls of social conditioning in order to relate with people as human beings and not objects/aspects of "The State" (or whatever), they were building more walls.

Similarly with the magazine "Spare Rib". This magazine began by attacking patriarchal hierarchies, which is obviously a necessary step for women and men to begin to reclaim their true value as human beings and relate as such. However, now they seem to be trying to rebuild the whole structure upside-down, just as rigidly as ever and so trapping themselves and everyone again, presenting us all as objects just as we are under the patriarchal system, merely a different floor in the same old ugly tower block.

I think its time these blocks are destroyed and we all look at each other face to face, recognising our own and each other's true values instead of inventing boxes that are part of the high rise prison for everyone, whether we be crushed under the weight of it at the bottom, lonely at the top or sitting comfortably trapped somewhere in the middle. Truly radical change can only be made by completely shattering the whole structure right down to its foundation, when we all come down to earth and start to weave a web of real relationships based on trust and love.

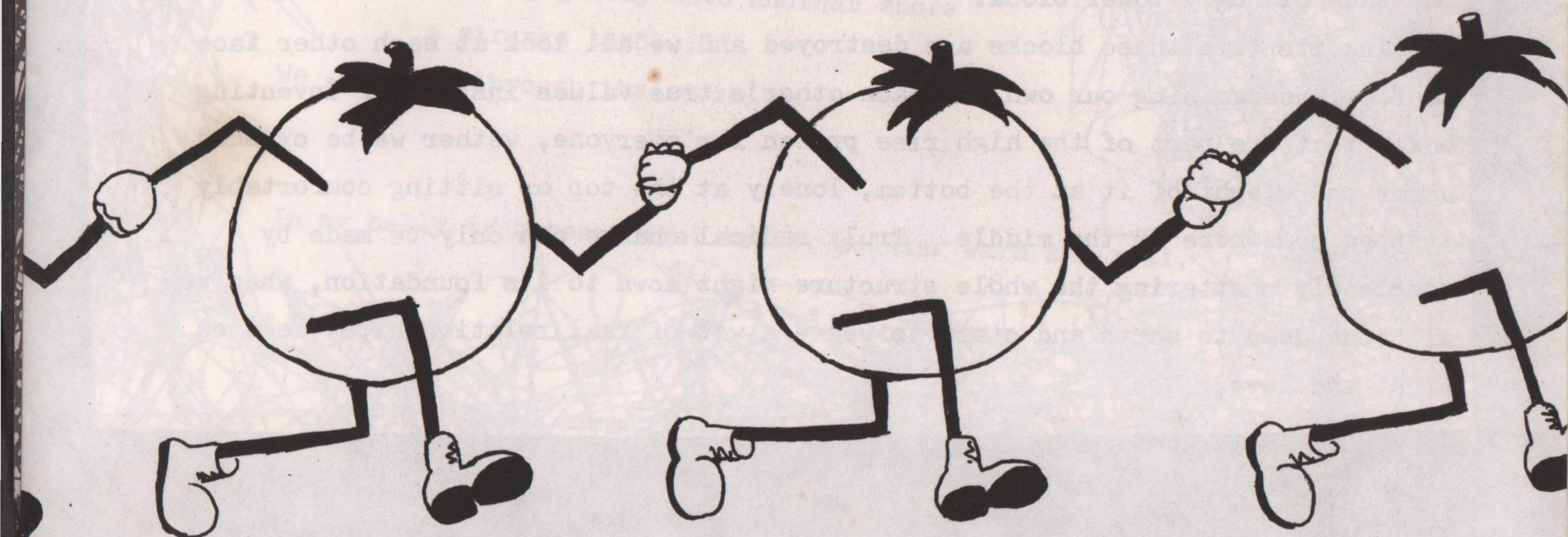
DISCO VEGETARIANISM

or - An Idiots Guide for Something to Eat When You're Sick of Cheese Sandwiches.

Now for all the people out there who have decided for one reason or another not to eat meat and/or dairy products here are some ideas for things you can eat. First a basic tomato sauce which, with a little imagination and experimenting, can be transformed from a sauce for pasta to a meal in its self - the variations are endless. To make the basic sauce you start off with some onions and garlic. The quantities are up to your adventurous nature and how you cut them up will change the finished result, but anyway, chop them up and throw them into a saucepan with some oil and switch on the gas. Cook them gently, stirring so they don't burn, for the length of your favourite Wham! 12 inch single, and then bung in a load of tomatoes. I think tinned tomatoes are best and most convenient but you can use fresh - just chop them up a bit first. Now everything should be sizzling away and this is the fun bit, you can add whatever you like. Handfuls of herbs (rosemary, basil and thyme are good with tomato), lentils (you have to add a bit of water), soya flakes (a wonderful invention because you don't have to ~~seak~~ soak them first), any cooked beans you happen to have knocking around. Other vegetables can be added too - mushrooms, aubergines, courgettes are wonderful - just chop them up a bit and fry with the onion for a while before adding the tomatoes. Capers, olives, nuts (pine nuts and walnuts are best), soya sauce, tomato puree, orange peel, a spoonful of sugar (unrefined brown of course). You can add all or a combination of these things depending on what you've got to hand - the idea is to play about and experiment with different flavours and textures.

When you've added what you fancy, switch the heat down low, put a lid on the pan and go and boogie around the room to your favourite Donna Summer album, usually the longer the better. When you return to the kitchen, it should be filled with interesting smells and if it hasn't burnt or dried up your food should be about ready!

Next time I'll try and think of something for people who can't stand tomatoes!



There was a girl inside the Standing Stones - eyes closed, lost inside her head- instinctively moving her body to the flow of chants and rhythms made by the crowd that she was not quite part of. Stonehenge - Midsummer Madness - a carnival, a Coming Together. The girl's mind was receptive and unconscious of her surroundings.

This was when the Serpent rose.

Luminous, bright green energy flashed and leapt from Stone to Stone. The girl could see it with her eyes closed. She found she could lead the flow of this energy at her will. Slowly, she spun it round the stones, then faster, then faster still, till the greenness became a joined circle, enclosing the Standing Stones and fed by the ceremony/celebration within.

A Spiral - thought the girl, and carried the force up into the air, like a whirlwind, like a tornado, 60, 70 then 80 feet high. It felt to the girl like moulding clay into a pot.

She held the Spiral aloft for some minutes - and then sent it like a fountain, like a waterfall, every which way - to shower across the land, and into the future.



I went off the Pill a year ago because I didn't like the thought of what it was doing to my body. Since then I had to find an alternative contraceptive and that's how I found out about natural birth control. It's still not the perfect answer, but it at least gives you a chance to get to know yourself a bit more. There are only three days in each cycle (from one period to the next) when you can get pregnant and the natural methods are all ways of working out when those all important days are! None of the methods are exact, and they all have very long gaps when you are considered 'unsafe' but if you use all three together it gives you a more secure idea and less unsafe times. Unless you have very strong will power, it's best to have something else to use when you're 'unsafe'. Durex's are better than a diaphragm because most males have already got the hang of them, you don't need to get measured up for them, they're much quicker to put on and so amazingly mess-free!

There are three methods of working out when you ovulate (this is the time when you can get pregnant):-

Temperature - You take your temperature every morning, the very first thing you do, before you even yawn! You keep a chart of all your temperatures and you can see when you ovulate when your temperature goes up at least 0.6 degrees and stays there for at least three days in a row. After that, you're safe.

Mucus - The mucus or 'wetness' changes noticeably through the whole cycle, but what you have to look for is when you feel wet or lubricated and your mucus is clear and slippery like raw egg white and you can stretch a strand between your fingers.

Rhythm - This is the well-known one where you work out your longest and shortest cycles for at least six months or a year and by some skillful arithmetic - shortest cycle - 18 days and longest cycle - 11 days - you arrive at an idea of when you're unsafe i.e. the days between the above two sums. It works out at around day 10 to day 20 being unsafe.

In practice, you tend to end up with about 10 days every month when you can't make love (horrible phrase, but better than fucking) but it still leaves another 20 when you can with no hassles.

This is only a brief guide line - if you are interested in using this sort of contraception, you should try going to a family planning clinic where they are supposed to give out free thermometers and charts, etc and help you to work it out. Otherwise, all this was written with the help of Alternative London 6th edition where it's more informative and worth reading. Even if you don't want to rely on it, it's still great to follow your body's cycles and work out when you're about to have a period, and basically get to know yourself!

Awkward,
Ill-at-ease and out-of-place,
Cheap expressions I feel in response
To the ones on your face.
Blank accusations
Leaving me, helpless,
You won't say what's wrong.
Sulking in the corridor,
Am I supposed to kiss it better?

Saying, "Don't leave me.",
You push me away -
Held at arms-length, but,
(it seems to me)
Within your reach.
Unhappy when I'm not
"Don't let me depress you."
Until I hurt as well.
Am I forgiven?

Tiptoeing through the day-time,
I mustn't tread on your thoughts and feelings
"Don't be too nice to me."
But should I be nicer?
Scared to share a dream
In case you feel excluded.
"You didn't used to do that."
But we're not static -
We're just short circuits in our happiness.

