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OZ 11

Richard Neville  
*editor*

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# OZ 11

## **Description**

Editor: Richard Neville Deputy Editor: Paul Lawson Design: Jon Goodchild assisted by Virginia Clive-Smith  
Advertising: John Leaver c/o OZ Art: Martin Sharp Writers: Andrew Fisher, David Widgery, Angelo  
Quattrocchi Subscriptions: Louise Ferrier Pusher: Felix Dennis.

Contents: 'The Meat Pack' by Anthony Haden-Guest and Norman Rubington. 'Black Power' letter. Middle Earth and London Anti-University ads. Full page Big O Posters ad. 'Vote, Vote, Vote, For Whoever You Like' – mobilization for an international Yippie mock election by Jerry Rubin. 'The Anglo American Pumice Factory' by Richard Meltzer. Dr Hip ocrates. Martin Sharp's 'Vietloon' text/montage. 'Fading Freedoms/Latent Fascisms & Hippy High Hopes' part 1 by Raymond Durnat. 'Yesterday I Subscribed to the New Statesman, Today I am Just, Reasonable, Good, & Dead' + letters. 'Hippy' cartoon. Martin Sharp - Ringo graphic. Willem cartoons. Oz subscription page.

## **Publisher**

OZ Publications Ink Limited, London, 36p

## **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.



Britain . . . . . 2/6d  
 Holland . . . . . 2 G.  
 Denmark . . . . . 3 Kr.  
 Germany . . . . . 1.80 Dm.

**OZ**

**11**

**26**

DO YOU  
UNDERSTAND?



**YES**



**CAN YOU SEE**



**NORMAN  
NORMAL**

**BLACK**

**VIET**

**LBJ**



**IS  
BEAUTIFUL!**

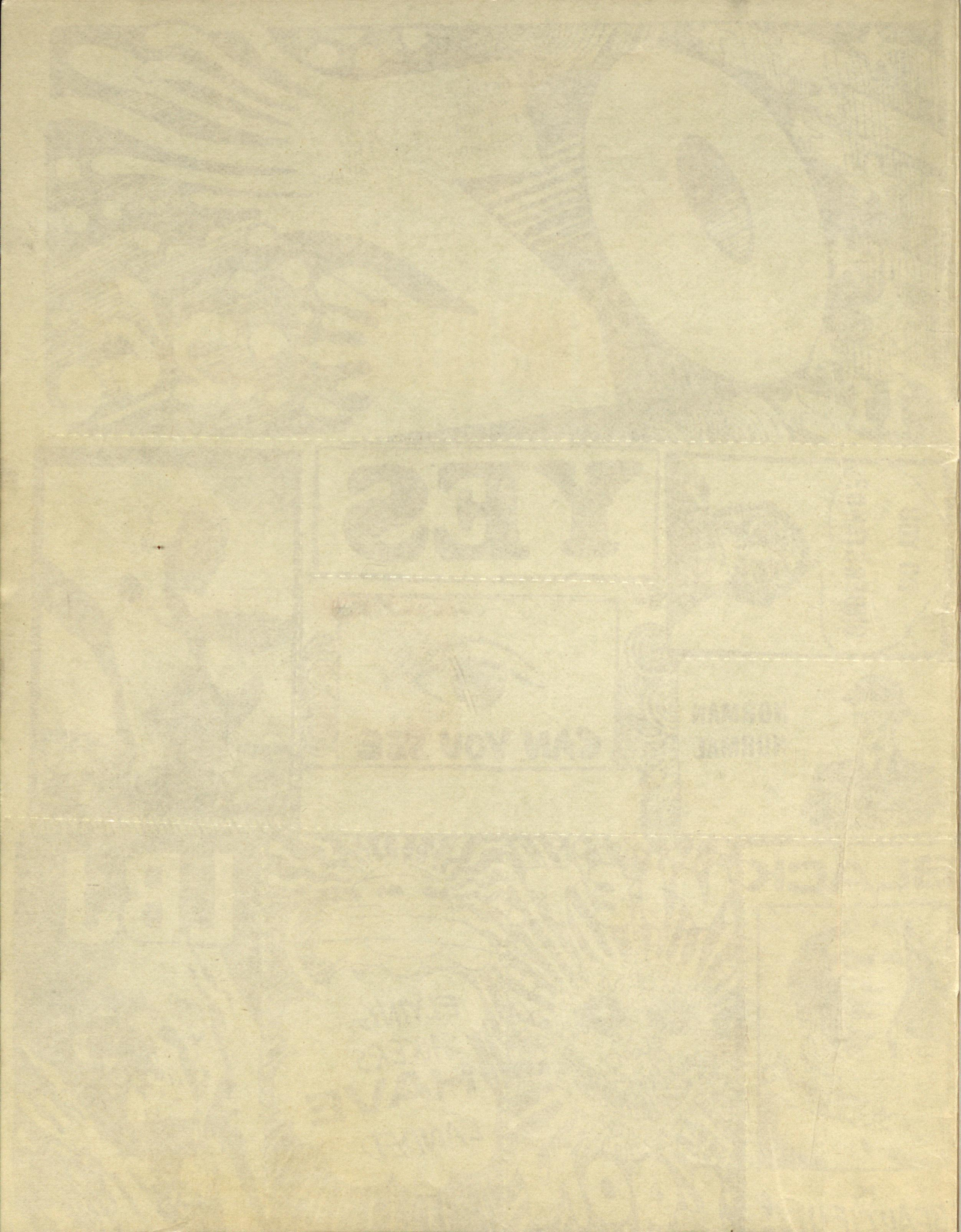
**LOON**



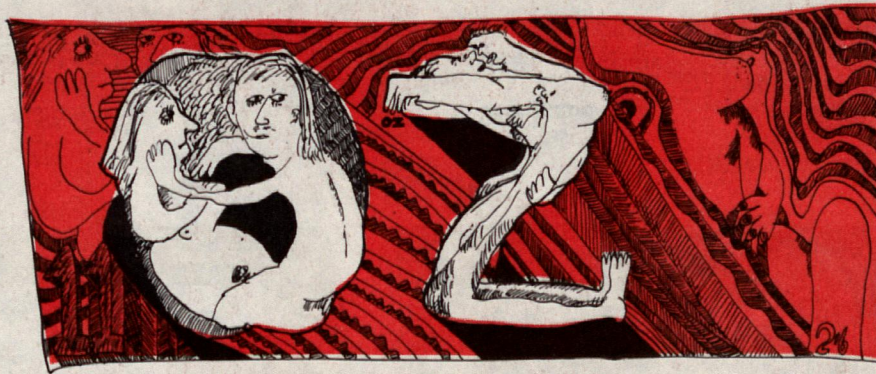
**FLYING  
SAUCERS  
HAVE  
LANDED**











It is Year Zero. Morel, the transvestite industrial spy, has been summoned by General Zuk of Inter-Galactic Security to the Chicago of the Orient — Khatmandu ! Menace lurks at the Protoplaxon Plant where the canned artificial meats begin to swell with alien life . . . but, even as Morel arrives, General Zuk is struck down by the Flying Lobotomy. Now read on . . .

**Morel checks out Khatmandu . . .**  
7.30 am, time for Kelloggs, and the rituals of Baptist-Yoga, guru naked, except for his hat which is a personal relic of J Edgar Hoover IV, and comes equipped with a Strontium-count, an instant abortive, and a sensitivity to

# the meat pack

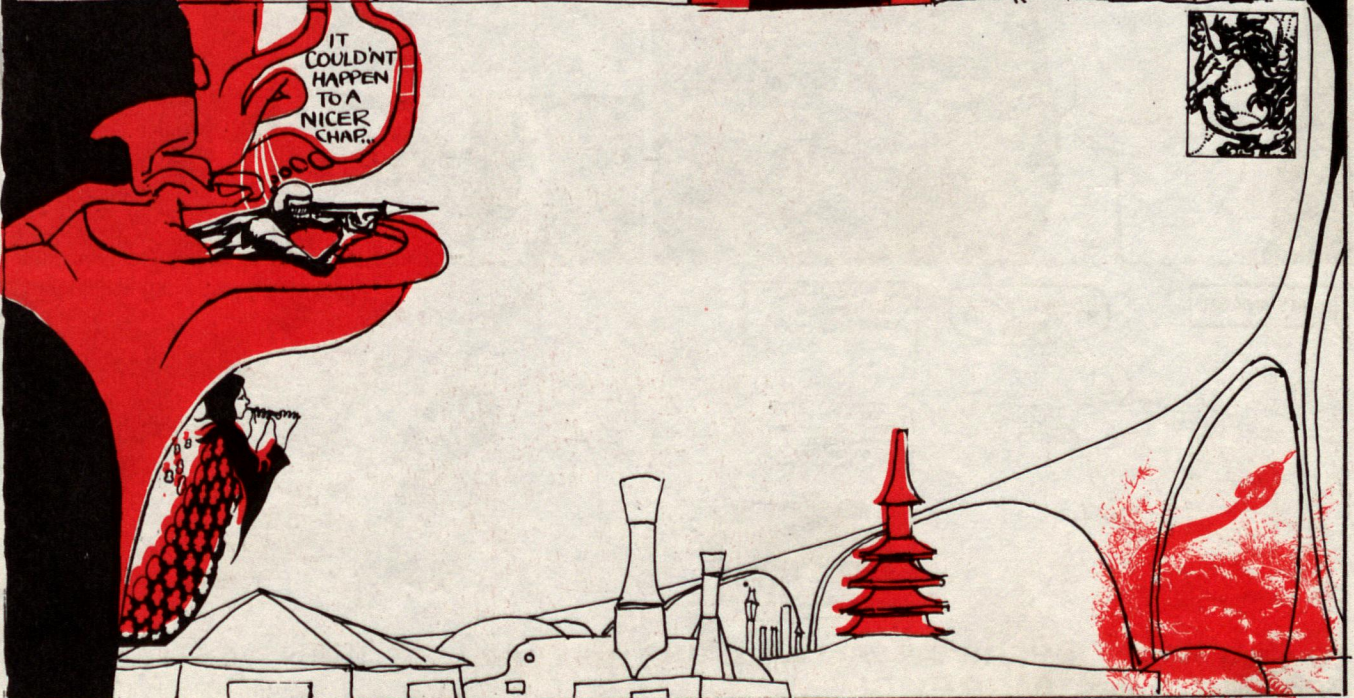
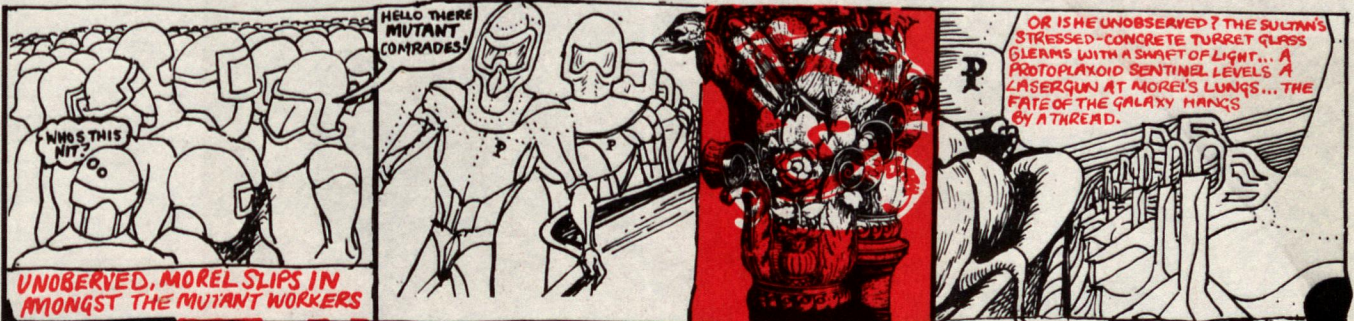
Anthony Haden-Guest

Norman Rubington

many common plague bacilli.

10.30 am. A touch of the fingertips at the Holy Water stoop, and Morel insinuates himself with the Maharanee of Nairobi & Dover (who is, in fact, an agent for Shell Chemicals) . . . Under the guise of deep-trance sexplay, Morel submits the Maharanee to brain surgery, in which he took a degree by post . . . HER PALPITATING

MEDULA POINTS DIRECTLY TO PROTOPLAXON !

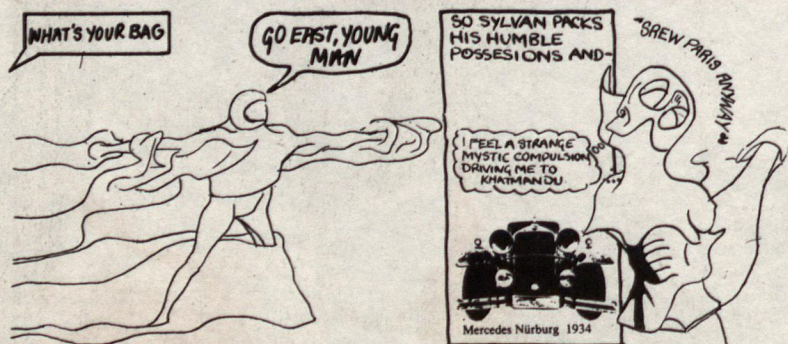




**MEANWHILE IN PARIS . . .** a multiple suburb where glitters a two-mile Eiffel Tower passed in 18 carat gold, and Maurice Chevalier is kept in suspended animation by a quart of blood a month . . . wanders SYLVAN !

**SYLVAN is on a quest . . .** It leads him through decaying drug stores and discoteques, crumbling art factories and compulsory orgies given for the bourgeoisie . . . What is SYLVAN'S quest?

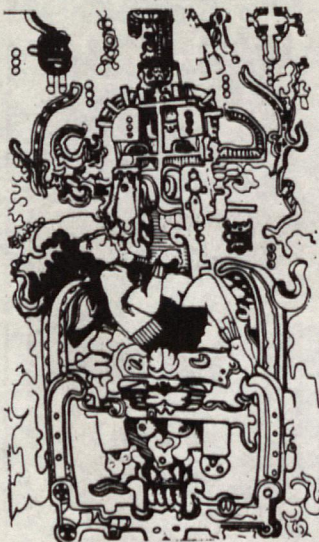
**In the foyer of Maxim's he meets a decrepit super-woman . . .** buys a packet of matches . . . she whispers an electric message !



**TO KHATMANDU, WHERE SYLVAN WILL FIND HIS LONG-LOST TRANSVESTITE ELDER BROTHER . . . YES, MOREL!!!**

(Continued. Very Copyright.)





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Dear Sir,

I was interested to see in issue number 10 of OZ that you are having problems with the Commissioners of Customs and Excise.

You appear to be approaching this from a common sense point of view. This is the last approach to succeed with the purchase tax authorities.

They are however sensitive about being embarrassed or faced with the possibility of having to do some work. I have found that in negotiating with them it is useful to show examples of similar situations where tax is not being charged. If you can claim that you are being discriminated against unfairly, their grounds for argument seem to shift. If you tell them that you are willing to take the matter to court, they are more likely to back down.

I am sending to you with this letter, copy of a magazine published by Evans Brothers, the entire format of which makes it suitable only for display on the wall of a classroom. It cannot be argued by the Commissioners that the educational connection has any significance since they steadfastly maintained for years that educational apparatus is liable to tax as a toy.

I hope you win this fight. You probably realise that the civil servants attempting to exercise their rather spurious authority are hollow men susceptible to deflation by a sharp prick.

Yours sincerely,  
T B von Hohenheim

Dear Sir,

With much reluctance and forethought, I feel the need to write to you in connection with the London Diggers Love Commune. (OZ No 9.)

It is an admirable idea, but it would obviously become the retreat for sex-starved male, yellow bellied cowards; men who want security from life, without all the responsibilities that it entails. They feel the need to be wanted by the opposite sex and to cement this need with a child but they will not accept the responsibilities resulting from these actions. In fact they can not face up to this 'modern world'.

Yours,  
C F Eaton-Hall

13 Uxbridge Street,  
London W8.

Dear Sir,

amici N A Megson (optimist) wrote before on many issues and is to be congratulated on raising his head above the money-coloured urine that drowns this peaceful slumbering middle-class Solihull place. With approx. (v.approx.) population of 25,000 one new-agent manages to sell 8 copies of OZ; i know 4 of the people who buy it so well i mean once in a

dirty article (Wog Beach Shock) quattrocchi (sorry Quattrocchi as in God) wrote about how all good true 'hippies' should invade the black Italy place . . . \* . . could we have a few pleasant peasant diggers come blow our/their minds. Even if you dont puplically publish this could you do something, tell or send someonebody. We have pleasant green-bladed parks,

Yours . . .  
anun.

the main thing is: COME BUM IN SOLIHULL.

Dear Sir,

The OZ No 10 'Pornography of Violence' impressed me very much with the horror of violence, but it left me more confused than ever.

What confuses me is this; on the 'Guevara' poster of OZ No 8 was written 'Guevara is dead. Long Live Guevara.' Wondering who Guevara was I forgot about it until I read in 'Radio Times' Sunday 11 February (3rd Programme)

Che Guevara, who died last November, has left behind a reputation comparable to that of the legendary heroes of the past. In this talk, Peter Calvert discusses the theory and practice of guerrilla warfare and assesses the achievements of Guevara as a guerrilla leader.

Does this mean that the producers of OZ condemn all violence provided it is anti-communist and support violence which is pro-communist?

Do they love the socialists and hate the 'capitalists'?

Do the people behind OZ have a batch of machine guns hidden behind those innocent looking flowers?

If this what 'Flower Power' is all about, count me out

Sincerely,  
Colin Connaughton  
(ex-hippie?)  
68, University Street,  
Belfast, 7.

PS: I will be very surprised if you publish this letter but if you don't I suppose I'll have to try 'International Times'.

Dear Sir,

Julian Manyon's critics have rightly picked him up on the question of the necessity of rules and regulations for the running of any community. But I think he was trying to say that the whole ethos, ie. the emphasis on competitiveness in games (both athletic and academic) is fundamentally anti-educational. It is a hindrance to the growth of intelligence and sensitivity. Nevertheless he seems to have a pretty bad chip.

My earlier experience was that, with notable exceptions, teachers at St Paul's projected the image of themselves as benevolent dictators. The prefect system (ostensibly democratic) was *their* system - not ours. For the crime of being found out by a prefect for pissing into a convenient milk-bottle at prep, I was called before the High Master. He obviously thought I had done something else - maybe I had, I can't quite remember! He was sweetly understanding and, to my utter astonishment, confessed to a somewhat similar school-boy error himself. Was I really happy there, he inquired? The next scene is the sportsfield with the solicitous prefect giving me encouraging smiles as I worked off my energies in the proper way.

This incident surely suggests that a real conflict of values has been going on for some time; and all it symbolizes is the new psychological, open-ended approach to the business of education. I had hoped psychology was winning.

Yours sincerely, R N Parkhurst (42)





Friends,

April 21st, 1968, marks the black anniversary of the military junta's takeover in Greece. The regime has spent the last ten months tightening its grip on the country; by appointing its own men to key positions in all areas of public administration, and by making the "oath of loyalty" a pre-requisite to the right to work.

In the recent report of Amnesty International it stated, (OZ 10-Ed) "The Security Police and Military Police are unrestricted today in Greece. Since, in Mr Pattakos's words, "the law sleeps", the police may arrest anyone, in any place, at any time, with no obligation to charge him or inform anyone of his arrest". From the details given in this report, it is no exaggeration to state that the methods employed by the Greek security police, including torture, sadism, and blackmail, have not been paralleled in the Western world since the heyday of Nazism.

Resistance to the regime within Greece grows stronger. Two major resistance movements, Democratic Defence and Patriotic Front, organised by representatives of all political parties, outlawed since last April, are working together for a common aim . . . the establishment once and for all of true democratic government in Greece. The hope for Greece rests at the moment with D.D. and P.F., but they must be able to rely on support from democrats all over the world.

All those in this country who are outraged by the military regime's very existence, let alone their barbarous methods, and who wish to express their support for the Greek resistance movement, will have the opportunity to do so at a Rally to be held at Trafalgar Square on Sunday, April 21st, at 2.30 pm. This will be followed by a march via Downing Street to the Greek Embassy - letters of protest will be delivered at both.

The actress Melina Mercouri will be coming from New York specially for this demonstration, and will speak at Trafalgar Square; together with Greek Democratic Movement leaders, and invited representatives of the political, trade-union, religious, academic, and artistic worlds. It is hoped that the BBC Greek Service will record the voiced approval of all those present for a resolution condemning the military regime and expressing solidarity with the Greek resistance movement. This will later be broadcast to Greece.

Yours sincerely,

Raphael Papadopoulos, Ph.D.  
for April 21 Greek Freedom Rally Committee.

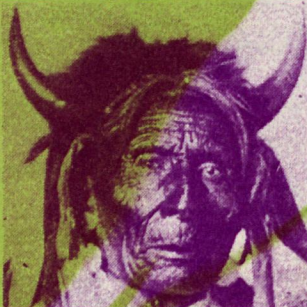


# MIDDLE EARTH

43 KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN. 240 1327

Club Rules and Regulations Strictly Enforced

10.30  
UNTIL  
DAWN



JEFF  
DEXTER  
IS  
THE  
D.J.

MARCH

29th CRAZY WORLD OF ARTHUR BROWN

30th JOHN MAYALLS BLUESBREAKERS

APRIL

5th TIM BUCKLEY AND ROY HARPER

6th THE FAMILY

12th ARLO GUTHRIE

13th. SOFT MACHINE

19th BRIAN AUGER TRINITY  
WITH JULIE DRISCOLL

20th FAIRPORT CONVENTION

26th DANTALIONS CHARIOT

NATIONAL COUNCIL FOR  
CIVIL LIBERTIES, EUSTon 2544.  
If you believe that treatment  
which you have recieved is unjust,  
call Civil Liberties.

## WANTED FOR MURDER



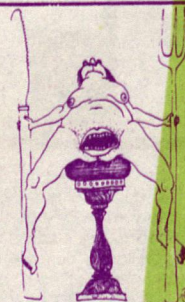
IAN SMITH, leader of the gang of white racials who seized power illegally in Rhodesia, and have been charged the world over with judicial murder.

THE GANG, after holding three Africans for over two years, had them hanged despite a reprieve granted by the Queen to whom it claims allegiance.

It was reported yesterday that Smith is expected to follow up Wednesday's killings by putting to death another group of Africans now in the death cells in Salisbury.

GET SMITH and his gang out before more of Rhodesia's liberation fighters are dragged to the gallows.

From "The Morning Star"



● With the sponsorship of the second issue of the SHINJUKU SUTRA, carrying 12 pages of his material, John Wilcock finishes his first year of publishing OTHER SCENES, a subscription-only newsletter which grew out of his column of the same name. The 800 subscribers to OS have received 20 mailings during 1967; five small issues from Los Angeles in the spring; a 16-page tabloid, prepared as four issues from New York in May; a 32-page color magazine prepared in collaboration with Oz in London during the summer; a full-size poster filled on one side with stories and pictures from Greece in September; a four-page tabloid from New York in October; the 24-page Sutra from Tokyo in December. In addition to these 13 newsletters, subscribers received the Los Angeles Free Press, the San Francisco Oracle, LA's Open City, New York's Books and Downtown, California's Nude Living and two copies of OZ from London. (Eight years ago Wilcock offered subscribers to his Surprise Club ten mailings per year; now they get



# LISTEN

● Other Scenes costs \$6 per year for 20 issues (\$7 foreign in any local currency). Make checks out to John Wilcock, please

● Please mail this form to: P.O. Box 8, Village Station New York, 10014

● NAME:

● ADDRESS:

● ZIP:





Anyone who lost marbles, pepper, glass cutters or any other belongings at Trafalgar Square recently can claim them from surprisingly friendly police at West End Central.

What ever happened to Tony Bennett? According to an interview in the latest Rank Showguide, He's doing better than ever. When asked about his income he reported coyly: "There are an awful lot of people not making as much as me and I don't want to offend them. Let's just say my income is enormous and leave it at that". Bennett regards pop as "mumble jumble . . ." "I get up on stage, tune in to how the audience is, what sort of people they are, how they swing and I sing accordingly. I try to make myself a sensitive instrument". A prick?

Dial 160 and Engelbert Humperdink will tell you how to help Britain and help yourself.

That totalitarian institution, Private Eye, labours incessantly to stamp out its rivals — especially indigent newcomers. When OZ appeared, Eye editor Richard Ingrams lurched through Soho boasting it wouldn't last three issues. He did his best to guarantee this prediction with a gauche attempt to blackmail our mutual distributors. And Christopher Booker's witty retaliation to our little magazine was to publicly tear it up. Their OZphobia has since jellied into a blanket warning from Ingrams that he will dissociate himself from anyone who contributes. Meanwhile, that "affectionate lampoon" of Whitehall continues to delight young Tory audiences at the Criterion and the Eye's nervous attacks on projected magazines continues. Both the Running Man and the Black Dwarf have been singled out for continued abuse. Perhaps this will be justified, but why not wait for them to appear? There's a shortage of good little magazines.

Not that OZ holds any brief for the Running Man. Their promotional advertisements (see OZ 10) claim it will be available on subscription only. In fact, arrangements have already been made for its national retail distribution.

Sinclair Eustace, "the hippy candidate" pulled few votes in the South Kensington by-election despite his 3½ page advertise-

ment in IT, paid for in advance (yes, yes, we're jealous). His cozy press party was crawling with sympathetic Tories and Eustace himself was amiably evasive. His attitude on Vietnam and pot legalisation was aggressively equivocal, or rather, allegorical: "If you try and cross a big river in a little boat and you pack too much luggage in your little boat, then it will sink." His little boat never got floated in the first place.

Nomadic underground newspaper editor, John Wilcock, is now co-producing a new "truly international" paper, the SEER. Twenty thousand copies of the first issue have been printed to sell in New York, Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles and London. It will appear as often as necessary. Enquiries: Oliver Johnson, 26 Perry Street, NYC 10014.

So you think the most fascinating and exciting man of the century, dead or alive, is the Duke of Edinburgh; that his wife is the second most glamorous woman; that Australia is your home away from Ongar? Please try again. I can't believe it. Send us your answers, addressed to OZ Quiz, 38a Palace Gardens Terrace, W8.

1. Who do you think is the century's most glamorous woman?  
.....
2. What profession or occupation, in your estimation, carries the most prestige?  
.....
3. If you were not British, to which nation would you most like to belong?  
.....
4. Who do you think is the most fascinating and exciting man of the 20th century, dead or alive?  
.....

The Free Bookshop exists to serve all; is not a charity and wants to see more things for free. Send unwanted books, magazines and children to The Free Bookshop, Coleherne Mews, Wharfedale Street, Earls Court, SW10. phone PAD 2409 and they'll come and collect. Open 6 to 10 pm weekdays; 10 am to 6 pm Saturdays.

Frankie Dynon (known as "Y" to his friends at 'the Times') is off to Paris next week to 'negotiate arms'. When he returns he'll be playing a black power leader in a new film for Paramount. He fills this month's OZ hand-out section:

#### R.A.A.S. BLACK POWER

Message to My Brothers and Sisters All Over England and The World!

#### Brothers and Sisters!

We are faced with many problems in this Western society, where we are the only ones who can liberate ourselves.

1. We must recognise what we are and never be anything else but proud of being black.
2. We must stop imitating the White man and meet him on our terms. (b) If he continues to use violence towards us we must use it in turn towards him.
3. We have waited for over 400 years for our freedom, we can wait no more.

4. We must liberate ourselves now for the benefit of our children. Their legacy must be a better one than the one we have got.
5. Our unity is being challenged by white mans power structure in forms like:  
(a) Arrests of our leaders and people.  
(b) Denial of halls for public meetings.  
(c) Our communications system interrupted.  
(d) Laws against us entering his country where we are citizens.  
We must defy it and do it now. Your part is important, for without you we are not full strength.
6. Our brothers and sisters in South Africa are being killed by Whites, we must help them.

There are 3 million whites who are taking advantage of over 14 million blacks. We cannot leave them alone.

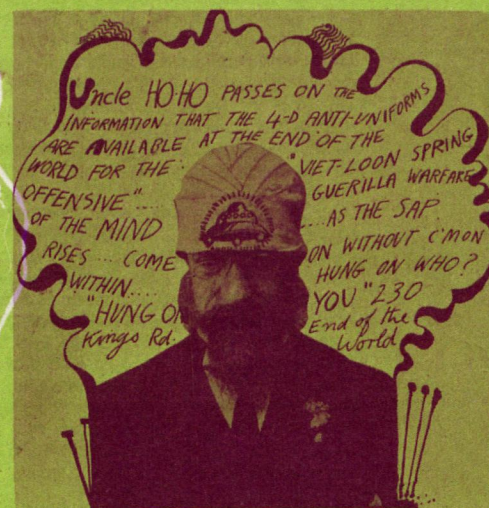
Our brothers in America are doing things, so must we.

If you feel that you don't know what to do or you want to do something, please write to us. We will also tell you what we are doing and you can tell us how you can participate.

Our address is:—  
58, Compayne Gdns,  
London NW6.

RAAS,  
25 Bearing Street,  
London N1.

Your Brother:  
Frankie Dynon "Y"



Note: The cover is perforated and gummed. Please help us by posting your OZ sticker prominently (and any of the others you like).

The most important short film festival in the world took place in Tours, France, at the end of January. It received no English coverage, except a small and slightly snotty piece in that well-known cineaste's bible, The Financial Times. All right, it's only the wogs, but as a matter of fact the Grand Prix was won by an Englishman (the prize was an original sculpture by Jean Arp, worth £700). Not a Froggie was placed.

This particular prize-winning Englishman has never had the public recognition he deserves, despite heavyweight critical encomia that are a blurb-writer's dream. Und-



oubtedly he is one of the most talented and adventurous polymaths English culture has produced since the War, and if certainty is a virtue, he sets an even higher valuation on his own work than do the critics. He doesn't progress from book to book, but produces something different each time. His achievement is to force senses into play other than those expected to be employed in reading a book, so that the reader is brought into an involvement, or a participation, in the act of creation and reaction that has been usurped by the theatre. This does not involve off-putting stylistic tricks, but engaging experiments with form, like pages with see-through holes or a grey, op-art fog. By staying with the familiar, but tripping us over the expected, he induces the imagination to work differently. In the way in which Beckett has altered the form of the play and Godard has tinkered with the form of the film so that both media are capable of achieving effects, and eliciting responses, they couldn't before, the author of *Travelling People*, Albert Angelo, Trawl, and now a new book to be sold in a box, its sections unsewn, so that apart from the first and last chapters it can be read in any order, has shown how the novel can be revolutionary without taking off into incomprehensibility. He's even the subject of a half-hour radio programme called "Novelists of the 60s".

His Grand Prix-winning *m You're Human* Like the Rest of Them is written entirely in decasyllables. It's central character is a schoolmaster whose lesson is simply that we must make it as difficult as possible for us to be destroyed. To even make this attempt to describe the film is to risk making it seem portentous. It isn't. Though the language is extra-ordinary it is totally familiar: to make sense and Beauty out of the obvious is the film's original achievement. The British Film Institute backed the project: at the same meeting at which its winning of the Tours prize was announced, they turned down his request for £800 to finance another film, to be about three minutes long. Perhaps this was because the script is to be, in the author's words, gibberish. No progression, you see — you never know where you are with him. That is the fate of an author who has to appear in a borrowed dinner jacket to receive the short film maker's highest award, who has won the Somerset Maugham Award, been called "one of the best writers we have got" by the *Sunday Times*, and who won't stay in one furrow long enough to build that popular following of beloved publishers. His name is B S Johnson.

Now that April's almost on us the big city dailies are starting to run their usual con game stories about how the eyes and ears of the Internal Revenue service are everywhere. All about the all-seeing robots who can spot tax-evaders and brainwashing pieces about how generous the government is to allow you to keep anything at all. It's always amazing to me how few people question these obviously planted stories... A GI named Andy Stapp is trying to organize soldiers into a union with such common human rights as democratic election of officers by their troops, an end to saluting seats on court martial boards for enlisted men, the right to join political groups and the right to refuse illegal orders such as being sent to Vietnam etc. Supporting Andy Stapp is the Comm. for GI Rights (PO Box 76, Old Chelsea Station, NYC 100100)... Howard Hughes' phone number is (702) 735-1122... Right after word got out that Andy Warhol had been sending a substitute to impersonate him at bookings on college campuses came the word from

ard Malanga, had not only forged a Warhol painting but actually had a buyer for it (for \$3000). Answering Gerard's frantic: call to authenticate the picture, Warhol outfoxed Gerard by sending a letter agreeing it was his but belonged to his private collection and couldn't be sold... The Underground Press Syndicate, finally out of EVO's clutches, now operates out of its own independent address: Box 26, Village Post Office, New York 10014. List of papers, information etc on receipt of a stamped self-addressed envelope...

... Aspen magazine (a quarterly that offers a batch of assorted goodies in a box) included a reel of film in its current issue and most its subscribers are still looking for a friendly projector...

The National Theatre has come up with another brilliant idea. Why not 4 playlets about 4 aspects of *Woman*, all starring the Boss's wife, Joan Plowright? And, even more scintillating, why not commission 4 women to write them — even if they all bitterly resent the label "Woman Writer". So, over dinners with the Oliviers, Shena Mackay, Maureen Duffy, Margaret Drabble, and Gillian Freeman were all asked in a vague sort of way if they would produce an outline, a sort of synopsis, for which a sort of fee might be paid. Penelope Mortimer was also approached, but felt she was "too old" for that sort of thing. The whole project however, may come to nothing, firstly because the National are so vague about things like contracts, the authoresses are getting a bit wary, secondly because the history of multi-authored evenings is universally disastrous. Remember Peter Brook's US with its casualty roll of writers? Perhaps managers in despair at the "new" playwrights, are looking to novelists for drama, but scared of the possible results want a lucky dip to spread talent and blame thinly and evenly.

We can't afford advertising. Please help us by sticking up your OZ cover-sticker.

The smuggest industry in the country — publishing — held its annual National Book Awards in New York's Lincoln Centre last week. Poet Robert Bly and author Jona than Kozol mildly reprimanded the industry for its lack of action against the Vietnam War. They were met with some boos, mostly indifference. It takes an occasion like this to remind us that there's nothing courageous, adventurous or even civilized about most publishing — a big business that gains more from the continuance of the war than its ending... Calling *Playboy's* Jazz and Pop poll 'insipid' and its audience 'musically retarded', *Soul's* jazz editor, Leroy Robinson, expresses surprise that Nat Hentoff "who cut a good deal of his teeth with the raw, real jazz artists and their music should lend his authoritative name and writing craftsmanship to such a big joke as the *Playboy* poll"... Graphics: New York magazine says that the city's new subway map (totally incomprehensible) was "apparently designed by a taxi industry lobbyist"

For one lovely week there will be no necessity to watch underground movies lying full length on a rubber floor at the Arts Lab. From 22–28th April the National Film Theatre is running an 'underground' week which will include works by such notable anti-film makers as Warhol, Markopolous, Bruce Connor, Stan Brakage, Harry Smith and Ron Rice. Don't miss 'The Match Girl' by New Yorker, Andrew Mayer.

The feature film 'Charley Bubbles', directed by Albert Finney (who now wears a 10 gallon hat and spurs) is not quite the smash success the publicity boys here would have us believe. In fact, no New York distributor would touch it unless Mr Finney played the lead on Broadway in 'A Day in the Death of Joe Egg' so they could cash in by publicising the great presence.

'Spike File' is just that. A hotchpotch of editorial and outside contributions. Writers this month include, John Wilcock (Other Scenes), Bruce Beresford and Peter Buckman.



OZ/AntiUniversity  
FORUM ON COMMUNAL LIVING  
26–28 April 1968

The Digger Forum will be held at the AntiUniversity, 40 Rivington Street, London EC2, over the weekend, Friday to Sunday, 26–28 April.

OZ is pleased to welcome the AntiUniversity as co-sponsor.

The Forum is planned as a working, creative event. Representatives of Communities as diverse as Dominicans and Gypsies, German Left Radicals and Welsh Quakers will contribute their experiences of the commune in action. But the Forum is not planned as a long lecture with the audience sitting stolidly in their seats. It will be a genuine dialectic. Every single person attending will contribute to the shape of the Community expected to emerge. If the Community is your bag, you will be at the Forum.

Further information will be posted in OZ and IT.



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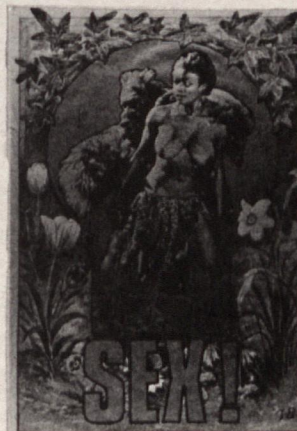
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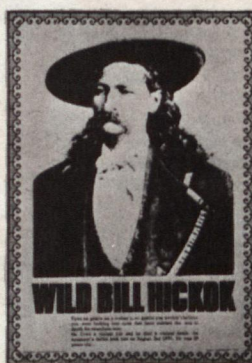
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## A CALL TO ARMS FROM:

Mobilization for an  
International  
Mock Election (MIME)  
46 Leckford Road,  
Oxford,  
England.

### International Mock Election

On November 11, 1968, the United States will choose its next President. That man will effectively determine the foreign policies of every nation in the world; his decisions will affect the lives of virtually every person in the world. In the technological age, domestic politics are in fact foreign politics, and national politics are in fact international politics. The United States, because of its overwhelming power and presence, has assumed, consciously or by default, the role of structuring the shape of international politics, to which every nation must react either in conformity or opposition. In a very real sense, this man is the President of the World.

And how is this extraordinary power delegated to this one man? The Americans hold an election. This is the first point. The entire world, except for America, is disenfranchised from the democratic process; the world's peoples have no voice in the selection of the men who exercise power over their lives.

But that may be a moot point, for American democracy disenfranchises most Americans as well. Democracy is the form of government wherein the people control the body politic. The central tenet of democratic politics is that periodically the people will exercise their prerogatives and choices by an election. The 'free' election has become the sacred trademark of Western democracy; having an election means having a democracy (ie. the holding of elections in South Vietnam means that there is a democracy there). But, in fact, elections in themselves mean nothing; they are only the climax of the democratic process. The real significance of democracy lies in the way the system generates the alternatives from which the people choose the way they will live and be governed.

### The Proposal

We propose that an International Election be held concurrent with the US Presidential election: an **International Mock Election**.

The project, in itself, makes the two major points: that all politics is world politics and that the established system is an unacceptable form of democracy. The first point is made precisely because we are conducting an **INTERNATIONAL** election, pointing to the realities of power and politics and asserting that national boundaries are in fact imaginary. Secondly because it is a **MOCK** election, we are beginning to say that the normal procedures of western democracy are inadequate (to say the least) to cope with the problems we consider crucial to the survival of humanity — survival in spiritual and moral terms as well as physical. These points may be emphasised to a greater or lesser degree, expanded upon or not, but they cannot be avoided completely.

Apart from demonstrating these themes, the election project is conceived to answer two basic needs: 1) to be a common form of action that can serve as a focus for the amorphous international movement that is directed to a redefinition of Western society in sympathy with the realities and the ideals of a non-Western world; and 2) to be a new vehicle for protest.

There is in fact an international movement growing out of a common fundamental disaffection among the young for Western society. There is an increasing consciousness of the perverse values of the formal structure, resulting in an almost instinctive reaction to the mindless way our social and political institutions impose their values on the world and ourselves. We all react in common to manifestations of gross colonialism, acquisitiveness, nationalism, and hold a belief that war is an evil, at the very least because it is an anachronism in the nuclear age. We want men over machines, and at the same time assert the capacity of the computer to free men if properly used. We suspect a drift to technological totalitarianism in Western civilization; yet we know the creative age looms in the midst of the great Grey. This and much more. It is, then, our belief that our instinctive reaction is closer to the realities of the world than are the values of the established system, a contention that, if true, is the reality on which the international movement will crystallize.

But a genuine movement cannot be formed by words: it is a product of action, action linked to words and words linked to actions. And since our actions are generally labelled protest, so the election project must be conceived as a vehicle for protest. To this end, the structure of the project precludes no particular issue, no mode of protest. Generally, however, the form of the project implies that the actions will be creative rather than nihilistic. This project may generate alternatives to the system, provoke experimentation in humanistic democracy, and enable us to learn creatively from our opposition.

The following outline is intended to give some of the positions that might be developed by the election project. But since the most fundamental rule of the project must be its openness, making the campaign framework available to all modes of expression and protest, then any part of, or all of, the following explanation may be ignored. In essence, a mock election will be held and a hypothetical candidate announced. Beyond that, the entire content of the project must be filled by the initiative of the participating groups — national, local, or international.

Our intention is to hold a **MOCK** election. It is mock because we are in no way playing the power game. This is not a third party attempt; this is not a disguised way to gain power, nor is it really even an attempt to influence policy in

the sense that we therein commit ourselves to measuring our success by their rules. We want to play with the real world, so we must ignore the false game the politicians play. Holding a mock election is not doing the establishment thing, because the sickness in the Western policy does not lie in its holding elections, but rather in the way it contorts the choices and options into one sort of mold. And that is the crux of our problem: how to articulate issues so as to make them relevant to the system, how to make them relevant to the people who are to vote, and then how to make the political act and these issues significant to everyday life — not as impositions but as possibilities.

Our operational set for this project — for ourselves and others — ought to be that **participation** is the real point of the mock election.

### The Candidate

We will run an election, the whole circus. We will have our own buttons, rallies, speeches, platforms, manifestos, petitions, conventions, parades, door-to-door canvassing — all in our own style. And, of course, we will have our own candidate. But our candidate will not be a real person, he will be a symbolic candidate. The candidate must be hypothetical because his speeches, his platform, his views will be the views of all the groups and all the people using him as their expression of what the world ought to be and what a political figure ought to be saying.

Our election is really to be used as a means to test two different world views in a political arena, and therefore the exact makeup of the candidate is not a big thing — ie. we do not need a perfectly identifiable alternative to the personalities on the other side — but what we do need is a means to confront the established political system. Established candidates per se are quite irrelevant because they are all representative of basically the same mentality and value-structure — the differences that they imagine to exist between one another having little substance in a world that has moved far beyond them. The real point is that our **election** confronts their **election**, not that our candidate is confronting their candidate; the candidates are merely symbols of respective world outlooks. Since we reject their rules as having produced an undemocratic system, then we must begin to experiment, devise our own rules or play by as few restrictions as possible. And since we are not tied to either party or man, and certainly not to a hope of gaining power, then we can keep the notion of the candidate wide open. Our candidate can speak in a dozen places on the same night, give a dozen different kinds of speeches, give a dozen different press conferences. Rather than have a candidate that is the lowest common denominator of many pressures, our candidate can be open to definition by anyone who wants to play our game.



Consistency, why? What we must generate is wide experimentation, wide participation, provide a constant dynamic and interaction of our own ideas. We are ready neither for power nor for ideology, so why be bound by that pretension?

The end of the project, on or around November 11 — assuming that we have carried the drama this far — will probably culminate in a ballot. The ballot should be kept simple. We might just present the American non-alternatives against our own hypothetical candidate. Or perhaps the American choice of Johnson and Nixon (or anyone else) could actually be made one choice so our ballot really becomes a choice between world perspectives. The polling itself might take place in polling stations that we would set up, or it could be newspaper balloting, or perhaps ballots passed out on street corners.

As the campaign progresses, the technical questions of an end ballot will be decided, but the important thing now is to remove the concern about the vote itself — the emphasis remaining on participation, doing the election, not on having a vote.

### An Attitude

This mock election is presented as a serious endeavour. We are declaring the bankruptcy of the present style of Western democracy and our intent is to face it and its problems on an active, involved level. Our effort is deadly serious in that we assume the eventual disintegration of the present structure and are committed to evolving a conception of what shall replace it. Yet, as we act, we must incorporate the characteristics of the world we envision — of beauty, love, and openness — rather than the visage of the taut, intensely serious, humourless revolutionary of a by-gone era. To break the patterns of the past, both the institutions and the mentality will require wide experimentation in bizarre forms of action.

### The End is only the Beginning

Conducting a free-swinging, open experiment — itself serving as a tremendous medium of expression, for dissent, for zapping people — will initiate thousands of different individual experiments with the election form, experiments in resolving all the questions we ask. Many attempts will be interesting and a few might yield genuine clues about new alternatives, new forms and notions about how the political can be made more responsive and more like the human.

The possibilities inherent in the election medium are infinite. It can serve both the short-run goals of particular protest on Vietnam and other contemporary issues, and it can begin the long process of evolving a world-order that will not accommodate Vietnams, imperialism, cultural distortions, and the debasement of human dignity

in an age that can afford freedom for all men. To all these ends the mock election is an experiment that hopefully will lead to many other forms of action. Finally, we really don't want to try to predict specific goals for this project, or to decide now just what will have made it valuable, but give it some room to expand, to move, to teach us where to go next.

### YIPPEES ARE COMING, COMING, COMING TO CHICAGO!

NEW YORK, March 1 (LNS) — 1968 is the year of the "yippees".

A yippee is anyone who wants to be. A yippee! sounds like the name. Say it loud, and you'll see what I mean. Yippee! Yippee!

The yippees will be in Chicago this August for the youth festival, or Youth International Party, YIP.

The yippees were born at the Pentagon last October, although they have been developing in the womb of Mother America since the late 1950's.

The yippees are the children of the middle class, children who refuse to 'grow up', refuse to accept the world their parents created. The yippees have had white middle class America, and they didn't like it.

A yippee is a stoned-idealist, moved by a vision of a future utopia. He is a romantic. It is not fear which moves the yippee; it is faith and hope.

The yippees are fighting for their own freedom. The yippees know in their bones what America has done — rivers of blood, man against man, death of spirit, denial of dignity. The yippee is free because he is engaged and committed to change.

The yippee sees America as a huge prison, with her institutions (bureaucracies, office building, armies, universities, schools) as bars. The yippees are drop-outs from that world. They were raised on horror stories of Eichmann, the bureaucratic cop-out.

The yippees are with the Vietnamese, peasant guerrillas wherever they are, and the black and other struggling people of America in this mid-20th century saga of the battle of Man vs. Machine.

To America's insanity, the yippees ask: 'Why?' Yippees are naive.

The answers?

'You're freaky-looking.'

'The Chinese are coming.'

'Watch out for the commies.'

'Get a bath.'

The yippee is not busy working within the system or trying to explain his actions to the Establishment or the middle-class mentality. He is too concerned with creating a clear alternative, an underground, an opposition. He is involved in a cultural revolution. In the process he is seducing the 10 year olds with happenings, community, youth power, dignity, underground media,

music, legends, marijuana, action, myth, excitement, a new style.

You don't agree with this description of yippee. That's because you are a yippee, and you have your own fantasy.

The New Left created the teach-in, the hippy created the be-in, and the yippee is creating the do-in or live-in. America's first youth festival will be a do-in and it will take place Aug 25 to Aug 30 in Chicago in Grant Park.

*That's the same time the National Death Party meets to crown LBJ. Quite a coincidence! The world will see what the youth of America thinks of the Death Party and its war games. Our youth festival will be a living alternative. Take your choice.*

Imagine the sight: thousands upon thousands of yippees, from 200,000 and beyond, making their way to Chicago by thumb, Magical Mystery Tour Bus, bicycle, car, truck, foot — from big town to small hamlet — carrying sleeping bags, guitars, blankets, food — and coming together in the middle of the country at the end of the summer for a super-creative synthesis, energy explosion, information exchange.

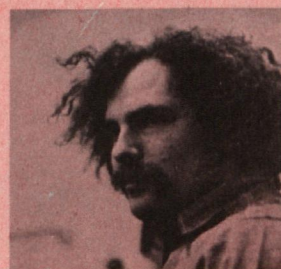
It will be a total multi-media experience. For six days we will be together sharing and learning. Every morning all our money is thrown into big barrels to buy enough food to feed everyone. Our own Alice's Restaurant! And that tells America how we think the needs of human beings should be solved — everything free.

The music will be free. The performers will be playing for their community. Definite already are Country Joe and the Fish, the Fugs, Arlo Guthrie, Phil Ochs, the United States of America band, Pageant Players, Bread and Puppet Theatre, Allen Ginsberg, Timothy Leary, Paul Krassner, Steve Miller Blues Band; invitations are now going out to Dylan, Eric Burdon and the Animals, the Monkees, the Jefferson Airplane, Richie Havens, Simon and Garfunkel, the Doors, the Who, the Blues Project, the Beatles, Mothers of Invention, Mamas and Papas, Janis Ian, the Cream, and Smothers Brothers, to name just a few.

Walk across Grant Park at any time during the youth festival and you'll find:

1. Free mikes and soapboxes for anyone who wants to rap.
2. Free mimeo for anyone who has something to pass out.
3. The underground papers will come from all over the country to Grant Park to publish a daily paper for the festival. They'll do it right in the park and teach people how to start and do a paper.
4. Film-makers will hold workshops on the film, and they will show at night what they film during the day.
5. Continuous workshops will be

By Jerry Rubin  
LIBERATION News Service





offered on the draft, and how to end it. A real school for the drop-outs. Art of the streets, art for and from the people. You name it. You do it. Everyone participates — every man a creator.

6. We'll have yippees dressed like Vietcong walking the streets and shaking hands like ordinary American politicians. We'll infiltrate right-wing crowds with short-hair yippee veterans who at the proper moment will blow minds with speeches like: 'Now, these yippees have something to say . . .'

7. Guerrilla theatre groups from all over the country will be there. The day before LBJ arrives in Chicago we will announce to the over-ground press that LBJ will arrive at 2 pm at O'Hara Airport. And it will be our own LBJ who will be greeted enthusiastically by the yippees, honored by a motorcade through Chicago, and then on to a hotel for a press conference to announce America's withdrawal from Vietnam. You are there!

8. Yippees plan to paint their cars like cabs, pick up delegates, and drop them off in Wisconsin. We are infiltrating the hotels with bell-boys, cooks. We are also infiltrating the press.

9. We'll also have our own theatre convention. We'll nominate Bancroft P Hogg, a pig made out of vegetables, for President and LBJ for Vice-President. After Hogg is nominated, we will kill him and eat

him. And we will say to America: 'You nominate a President and he eats the people. At our convention we nominate a President, and we eat him!'

10. The youth festival will dramatize the nation's most massive collective and individual acts of resistance. One night 100,000 people will burn draft cards at the same moment, with the fires spelling out 'Beat Army'. The next day all the pyromaniacs will send signed letters to the government confessing their act, and will encourage more young men to follow them.

This do-in will be unique in that it must be a bottom-up revolution to succeed. Heavy preparations are naturally needed. You are needed to work on it and to make it happen. It will not be done for you. We have opened up a coordinating office at YIP, Room 607, 32 Union Square East, New York, New York 10003, Phone (212) 982-5090, and we are there coordinating information.

At the same time as the American Youth Festival (YIP), youth festivals may take place all over the world, dramatizing the youth international revolution.

The Chicago power structure, especially Mayor Daley, is not going to be thrilled about our using Grant Park. But with hundreds and thousands of us, what are they go-

ing to do? It is our human right. We are confident of receiving a permit to use Grant Park.

That week in Chicago will be a living theatre of America. King will be there, also Gregory, also Spock and the peace movement. The Democrats will probably have to travel from hotel to convention hall by helicopter. Johnson will be nominated under military guard, under the protection of bayonets and the Army. Even if Chicago does not burn, the paranoia and guilt of the government will force them to bring thousands of troops, and the more troops, the better the theatre.

A lot of troops will have to stay and watch us (long hair freaks them out), diverting troops from the black community. And the yippees, being wanderers, will be all over the city.

Lyndon Johnson and his Democratic Party gang cannot rule this country — it is becoming clearer every day. The choice is between the life of American youth or of the American Establishment. For those who don't see that now, Chicago will be an eye-opener.

Yippee!

(prepared cooperatively with the Berkeley Barb.)





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# The Anglo American Pumice Factory

Richard Meltzer will be writing regularly on pop for OZ. He is a staff writer for "Crawdaddy", (the magazine of rock) and about 10 thousand light-years ahead of London's free-lance pop hacks.



Geographic reinforcement of distance is amazing.

Two major hunks of land where **English Language** is the public window & window shade and sand mold and force-fed billiards game and black-on-white curved & pointed sound picture jamboree. Mm-hmm. What am I babbling about? (What, no ??) Okay, you now see or don't see the language-meaning-distance-interpretability-distance picture on just a simple you/me level, right? Do you or don't you? Add to that all, and some of, the standard and personal personal-transitory-topical-tedium & interest-through-linguistic-expression (-and-all-that) variables and you're either bored or not bored (and/or both and/or neither), in addition to being confused or not confused (and/or etc.) . . . And it's still just you-me of sorts. . . . language qua language plus **concrete reference**. But now more . . .

Just imagine a far-reaching **physical** intensifier of things. Then think about the same intensifier in-principle as an intensifier for **everybody**. Right? Here it is: (North) America & Britain. America: you don't get the first *Traffic* album until three months later (how could you live without it, only you also got the under-ritualized who-even-knows-about-that-sort-of-thing so you live somehow), you don't even know if anybody outside of Mick & his boys over in Britain have really ever heard of/heard Arthur Lee and his boys (*Love*); you don't even consider Australia just because you read somewhere that Mick considered Australians a pack of hicky farmers. There's New York & San Francisco & there's London & Liverpool and all that, but just dig: **USA & ENGLAND!**

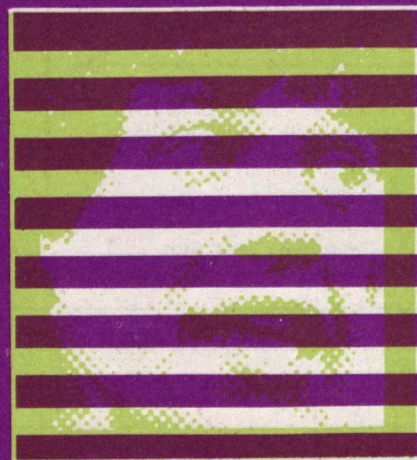
Have a lot of fun with Beatle-Zombie English accents and English apparent enunciative and referential localisms in their foreignness (and their extensions to total foreignness with 'Komm Gib Mir Deine Hand') and (who can tell?) New Jersey, USA, nasality by the *Knickerbockers*, but this is black on white paper, man!

Well, the *Stones'* *Satanic Majesties* is *Simon & Garfunkel* 'Dangling Conversation' focused in on itself overstatedly enough via the modification of 'Is the theatre really dead' into 'Are the Stones really dead' as sung by the Stones themselves: such a degree of infinite-regress world self-referential unity after-it's-too-late (?) that it really cuts through layers and layers of universal bone. That bit about how *S & G*, by being really almost scary for a second, are really scary by the

fact of being scary at all, like, how can *Simon & Garfunkel* be scary? And with the *Stones*, death-dead and over-under-over-musicality, never awkward, until finally, when it's just finally; or something like that. And '*All you Need Is Love*' is all about *Arthur Lee* and his boys stateside, isn't it? Argh!

Comic books too: 2 major conceptual comic realities in US (*Marvel*, *DC* just to make sure you . . .) comic metaphor of total explicitness of description even in **Help!** (Roy Kinnear: 'I am moving my right foot, I am moving my, I am . . .'), who knows?

Geometricize and geographicize your soul and work out with intra-personal memory, intra-personal aesthetic evaluation. Even Manhattan Island as an Island and as a mainland (hey, does **geography** itself work all over the place; hey, are all places **places**; hey, how about **hey** everywhere?)



History only makes it as pre-history. Nonsense! Well, history as anything other than pre-history is just a hard dry pumice sponge. It is? Yeah. Everything qua rock is the not-yet-fixed-even-after-everything-is-fixed-just-because-everything-is-fixed or something that. Everything else is just the apparently not-yet-fixed or the apparently fixed. The reason rock is it (in fact the first it) is that history (?) is on its side; it is on history(?)'s side. Too bad/good *Dylan's* current (*John Wesley Harding*) move is not only non-historical, but also non-prehistorical. Anyway, this geography business is a **specific** archaeological-epistemological problem, and the only

reason such a *problem* exists is the apparent fact of the Anglo-American rival fixities, if you assume the **problem** problem has had it in both systems. And that's that.

Thus (and not-thus):

\*\*\* R Meltzer





THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN LOVE AND JOHNNY MATHIS EXTENDS FAR BEYOND THE OBVIOUS STUFF (THE STANDARD SPECIFIC RELATIONAL TRASH) AND TRANSCENDENTAL MASCULINIZATION OF LATENT-BLATANT BULLFIGHT

**Arthur Lee:** 10 to 14 years . . . 4 teaspoon-fuls

**Johnny Mathis:** faster relief guaranteed for pumice or you can make love to yourself in the ear

**John Echols:** fork yourself in the garment and French tickler sponge cleft

**Bryan Maclean:** if you can then your not worth a lick off an asshole in the shower at the YMCA if your a girl nosiree

**Forssi:** foresee

**Johnny M:** force me

**Smokey Robinson:** you weren't supposed to say that although Pansy's feelings for Dobie are equally strong, Pansy's Dad doesn't like the boy

**Michael Stuart:** Debbie Reynolds, Hans Conreid

**Herb Alpert:** bullfight without words

**Johnny M:** words but keep it in your pants



**Arthur:** okay, but not at all costs

**Arthur:** hokey pokey, founds and losts  
(**Snoopy:** hey you fork, the whole things contained in the title)

**Roger Price:** \$ 15 hamburger

(**TJay:** rotten apple tits the hole things another kidnapping of a dead bride)

**Memphis Sam Pearlman:** once there was a bullfighter a non-bummer bullfighter in every sense of the word and all his fights were the same but they were all the same and it didn't matter because Molissa quieted everyone and every conceptual response possibility by saying what a fight what a bullfight and Molinda said older but she meant louder

**Bryan:** shrimp balls at the place next door to the Dumpling House

**Arthur:** clam balls for your balls

**Michael:** not all plays are movies, not all sequences are plays, not all temporal juxtapositions are sequences except all of them unless you play the drums and say otherwise or think otherwise or

**Napoleon XIV, Jimmie Morrison:** stop being so subjective so fallacious so stuffed with order ready to be jarred so 1-2-3 so you can ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha and do a little part-whole thing  
**Arthur:** ambiguity and that was the thing and that's the sing because it isn't cause it is and and Country Joe no Gene Autry Johnny M: Adam Wade making money off my style but I'm better

**Arthur:** my use of Carousel consists of more than pitter patter

**Elvis Presley:** right, its a matter of gold-sequin velvet satin shirts

**Arthur, Meltzer, Moondog:** not quite, its a matter of gold-sequin velvet satin paisley corduroy underpants with angel patterns and Cru-ex stains

**Lee Marvin as an innocent bystander:** stop clouding the issue, its a matter of when ya use words ya have ta say somethin whereas pillows rarely say that much and cups with Nancy's name on them don't say anything except Nancy and not even that much if your a flea or an illiterate or there's a fake wedding set up with fake actors no not fake actors fake people played by actors and with Bela Lugosi reminding the dying wounded dwarf that it's not sequence so much as it's characters spectacle too (spectacle too)

**Arthur:** what about the pillow spectacle when my name is Lee is the way I would phrase it punctuate it

**Bryan:** I'm not saying this cause then there'd have to be a capital letter (and quotes) at the beginning of the sentence it's just a thing about me who's me it's a thing with words after a colon after Bryan Maclean's first name snoops-mothersnipples and cocks instead of cops

**Lonny Donnegan:** move from skiffle to ping pong to Arthur Lee and you don't even have to change the words except temporarily

**Johnny M:** move from and you don't really have to change the words only you sort of gotta beat up at least one person per month 1961-1967 to why even mind if they call you a faggot to it's okay if you use grease on both your hair and records Xavier Cugat uses grease too and maybe you can even use him on your next record no you can't Xavier Cugat is dead

**Johnny M, Mick, Donovan, McGuinn, Lennon:** an unbroken burlap arrow blazing with the flame of after-the-fact-ad-hominem-transcendence-anyway on the one obvious (Lennon) end and with feathers on Johnny M's ass and Johnny M singing his Johnny Mathis song(s) on the other, with Arthur Lee laughing in the form of a circular vinyl arrow someplace in North America

**William Yip:** I remember when I was a dyke That's when puma was not wasn't trite

They tell me that I was a prince Royal mustard tasters dropped me many hints

About the puppy who rolled over once too . . .

**Hopalong Cassidy:** take any random page of any random telephone book and replace every proper noun by a precious object mentioned in any song by Arthur Lee, Bryan Maclean or Burt Bachrach, well I've got one word for it, bad medicine is two words, multiple chrome-plated orangutan(g)s is three three or four

**Dry chartreuse record cloth:**

I believe in iodine meatball

tweedy-bus

Why because it is so tedi-ous

\*\*\*R Meltzer





**S**o 117 policemen earned their double pay. They came in charabancs laughing and they went home in an ambulance. Tough. They deserved everything they got. They were inept and brutal. Not as brutal as the 'flics' or the Spanish Civil Guard or the Dutch 'kips' would have been. But they were brutal. Some of them were hurt being brutal. Callaghan tears.

But the demonstration failed. Demonstrably. After all those masturbatory plans, no one did get through to splash the Embassy with blood. Most of it was confiscated at Hendon. No one was prepared to stick their neck out and lead, as Red Rudi has been brave enough to do in Germany. So, unorganised, the march entered the square, substantially in one column and allowed police to contain it. They had only one entrance covered, a simultaneous convergence from three directions would have baffled them completely.

But the march was planned to be non-violent. Oh? If demonstrations are to be non-violent, OK. March people *through* residential areas. 10,000 people tramping through a suburban street would bring a few Katie Boyles and Mrs Thursdays and their men to the windows and maybe shake their preconceptions as much as their mantelpieces. But if marches are to engulf Embassies, then plan and do the job properly.

If, *if*, our consciences are so wrought over Vietnam, festooning our foreheads with loo paper ought hardly be a release. Demonstrations in London slap the public with a languid hand.

**a**fter the raid at Middle Earth, cleaners found 91 pieces of 'gear' on the floor. [

Today, a month after the raid, the proprietor Paul Waldman has yet to be charged. 'But the police have all the time in the world,' he says, rather pessimistically. And last week, two Bust Balls were held to provide legal funds for those busted and for the Club, just in case.

Waldman reports no harassment since the raid. But it's hardly surprising. 'A dozen policemen are through here every weekend. They have an underground of their own. Kids were selling to anyone. The cops must have scored pretty often.'

Now, every single person who comes into the club has to sign a declaration saying he does not have drugs in his possession. 'And we don't let any of the known dealers in. We throw people out. We really hustle the kids around now. They were very uncool before. Shmoks. Some of them were even smoking after the raid. I'm a businessman. I haven't got banners to wave. I won't do time for a test case. If there is any repetition of the circumstances that led to the raid, I'll close the place myself.'

**J**oe Berke denies any knowledge of Pandora. 'A friend of Joanna Southcott's?' But he has managed to liberate *FIRE*, the literary magazine he produces three times a year. The current issue, just available, describes itself as a dialectic between direct revolutionary action and cultural guerilla warfare. Which is fairly fitting as it opens with a longish slab from Che Guevara's diaries of the rather bumbling, Sleepy Gonzales beginning of the Cuban Revolution. The disasters that befell the 26 July Movement were as relentless and as banal as Pat Boone singing in a Mexican accent. However like all good 'B' movies about Revolution in Costa San Sebastian the Fidelista's make it. With odds against they created themselves it is hard not to think that Time must have been on their side. Well, the NY Times.

Guevara makes a nice counterpoint to poet Gary Snyder's Passage to more than India, a voyage of discovery whose Newfoundland is the wider concept of 'family'. Julian Beck manages to hit us where the Living Theatre live, and Joe historicizes the Free University of New York - fore-runner to EC2's Anti-University. If you still read Spike Hawkins, there are some beautifully presented poems to look at. 10/-d or \$1.50. Worth it. 'I hope a lot of people buy,' says Joe, 'the printer doesn't know we haven't got the bread to pay for it yet.' But as the last issue sold out, there seems every chance of a *FIRE* next time.

The People's report on the Diggers was as condemnatory as the Press Council Report on the paper's methods in obtaining their material should be.

Most of the information in the article was obtained under the guise that it was for the *Sunday Times*.

One of the victims of the deception, 'Paradise' Hartley, who has been associated with the planning of the Forum on Communal Living is protesting to the Press Council. 'They came round first of all, a man and a woman, saying that they were sympathetic to the Digger thing, which they'd read about in OZ and could they have more information. Then they came back again with a woman photographer, who kept saying things like, "Do something symbolic of the Digger movement." This time the woman identified them as reporters and said they were doing an article for the *Sunday Times Colour Supplement*. "Of course, we'll let you see the finished thing before we print it," she said.

"The next thing what I told her turns up in the *People*, completely misquoted. I rang the *Sunday Times* and they said they had a lot of trouble like that form the *People*."

The name of the *People* reporter is Douglas Braun. He lives at 10 Granville Court, N4, and is on the telephone. MOU 3174. OZ readers may feel obliged to keep him informed of Underground news at all hours.

With Caroline, sadly interned in Amsterdam, the pirates seem to have vanished from the waves. Well, almost. Because Big L is about to make a comeback - among the soapsuds. Yes, swingers. Its Radio Laundromat, about to be launched in a 1000 coin-ops throughout the land. Laundrette Advertising Media plan to broadcast pop and what they call 'soft' music to all those housewives watching the dirty smalls slosh around the Westinghouse. Oh, and uh advertising.

Paul Lawson





# hip ocrates

Copyright 1968 Eugene Schoenfeld MD

'HIP ocrates' is a reader's medical advice column which appears regularly in the Los Angeles Free Press — one of the world's best (under ground) newspapers.

**Question:** I should like to know the physical dangers, if any, for the passive partner in anal intercourse. I enjoy that sexual experience very much.

**Answer:** Because of the many letters I receive from males and females concerning anal intercourse I recently consulted a noted proctologist. His opinion is that anal intercourse is not physically harmful when done in moderation. When performed frequently (and don't ask me to define frequent) there may be a tendency for the passive partner to develop earlier in life conditions usually found a decade or two later — such as hemorrhoids and a loosening of the anal sphincter or muscles controlling the anus.

Theoretically, one would expect a high incidence of urinary tract infections in the active partner because *E. coli* bacteria, which most commonly cause urinary tract infections, are normally found in the rectum. But clinically no increase in urinary tract infections in active partners has been observed.

Rectal VD is a real danger of anal intercourse because the carrier usually has no symptoms. Both gonorrhea and syphilis may be found.

Sodomy (a legal term for anal intercourse) is a felony crime in most states punishable by long prison terms. The name is derived from the Biblical city destroyed because of its 'wickedness'. But what were they doing in Gomorrah?

**Question:** My mom in New York keeps informing me of the latest anti-birth control news. What have you heard about any ill effects from long term use? Is it true that their use can bring on diabetes if there is a history of it in the family?

My mother hates sex so I don't know when to believe her.

**Answer:** Several sensational articles have appeared recently in national magazines about the alleged dangers of birth control pills. They are based, in the main, on the observations by some physicians that young women on birth control pills seem to have a high incidence of blood clots forming in their legs, and, in some cases, of these clots traveling to the lungs. So far, there is no statistical proof that blood clots form more frequently in those taking birth control pills. Nor is there evidence that birth control pills bring on diabetes mellitus, with or without a family history of the disease.

We do know that the normal hazards of pregnancy are more common and more serious than those associated with the use of birth control pills.

They have been no reported ill effects from long term use of birth control pills; but they have been used only in the last ten years.

**Question:** Can you give us some straight information about cigarette smoking? Do you think the habit is really harmful?

**Answer:** I think there is little doubt that cigarette smoking causes lung cancer, emphysema and perhaps heart disease.

Since the US Surgeon General's report on the association between smoking and lung cancer, 85,000 MD's have given up smoking. Today, only 21% of all MD's smoke cigarettes and only 165 of those under the age of 35.

The tobacco interests spend more on advertising than any other industry. They are very successfully selling death.

**Reader's Postscript:** The reader who wrote you about the 'hum-job' divulged a rare and beautiful secret indeed: but have you heard of a razzberry job? It is similar to the 'hum-job' (humming during fellatio and/or cunnilingus), but instead of humming one executes a loud and vibratory experimentation.

It is important to maintain good contact while 'razzing' so that all the vibrations are not lost to the air.

**Question:** I am 45 years of age, unmarried, and in excellent physical condition, which I maintain by working out weekly at the YMCA. My problem is that every so often while doing chinups, I have an orgasm. This prevents me from finishing my workout, but after relaxing in the hot room I seem to feel better than ever.

Nevertheless, there are physical and moral implications which I would like to have cleared up ie:

1. Is this physically harmful?
2. Since I usually know it is going to happen and continue the chinups anyway, would the Catholic Church consider this masturbation and therefore a sin?

**Answer:** I suspect there is something about this situation which arouses you consciously or unconsciously. Aside from being unable to continue your workout, no physical harm seems possible. But you should consult your own physician who may wish to refer you for psychiatric consultation.

I am not widely renowned as a Catholic theologian so I suggest

you consult a priest in order to find out whether the situation you mention is considered sinful in the eyes of the Church.

**Question:** I have been told there is a penicillin tablet available by prescription which can be taken 30 minutes before intercourse and 30 minutes after which will effectively prevent venereal infection. What do you think of the effectiveness of such a program?

**Answer:** Not much. As you suggest, most venereal infections could be prevented by the prophylactic or preventive use of penicillin.

But such a program would do far more harm than good for the following reasons:

1. Bacteria such as those which cause gonorrhea are becoming more resistant to penicillin therapy. If everyone dropped a penicillin tablet each time he had sex, it would only be a matter of time before the drug was totally ineffective for treating VD. There is a growing fear among public health specialists that this may happen in the foreseeable future.
2. The more one is exposed to a drug like penicillin, the greater his chances are of developing an allergy to it, and many people are sensitive to penicillin already. The chances of dying from a penicillin reaction are greater than from a venereal disease.

**Question:** I had a vaginal discharge and terrible itching so I saw my doctor. He told me I had a yeast infection and prescribed vaginal suppositories. What is a yeast infection? Is it necessarily caused by sex? Is it contagious? (like I have a boyfriend and all?)

**Answer:** Next to trichomonas vaginalis, yeast (monilia, fungus) is the chief cause of vaginal infections. The same organism (monilia albicans) causes 'thrush' in the mouths of children, in fact, an important cause of thrush in children is transmission from the mother during childbirth.

Yeast are often present in the vagina, without causing symptoms. But when broad spectrum antibiotics are given (tetracycline, for example), normal vaginal bacteria are killed, thus allowing the yeast organisms to grow and multiply. Diabetic women are especially susceptible to monilial infections. Symptoms of monilial infections are a vaginal discharge, irritation of the vulva (lips of the vagina) and itching.

The same symptoms may be caused by other infections, such as trichomonas or, less commonly, gonorrhea. That's another reason for seeing a doctor whenever these

symptoms occur. I've known girls that borrow medication from girl friends because they think they have the same disease. But a pelvic and microscopic examination is necessary for often there are 'mixed' vaginal infections.

Treatment includes application of gentian violet (which accounts for many purple bottoms) or vaginal suppositories. Monilial infections are not transmitted by sexual contact but tend to recur so don't be discouraged if more treatments are necessary.

**Question:** I would like some advice on fucking during pregnancy. Is there any position that will not hurt a pregnant woman during the later months?

**Answer:** Most gynaecologists advise against intercourse in the last month of pregnancy. But your own doctor undoubtedly has his own theory. By that time the only feasible position is face to back.

In 1940s some scientists of the Dianetics school wondered what effect intercourse had on the psyche of the unborn child. Imaginé the foetus floating in warmth and darkness. Suddenly he is subjected to thumping, buffeting and other phenomena. Are there any readers who remember?

**Question:** After a recent session with acid, I noticed severe pain in the joints of my knees, my neck and my groin. Is this common, is it me, or is it the acid?

**Answer:** LSD users have often reported muscle cramps and aching in the joints under the effects of the drug. Whether this is due to the effects of LSD or whether the user does not move about as he usually does is unclear.

I have observed similar effects in Africans given the hallucinogenic root Tabernanthe iboga. At intervals during ceremonial dances, the limbs of the patient are stretched apparently to prevent muscle cramps.

**Question:** I've heard that the intensity of a woman's sneeze is somehow comparable to the intensity of her orgasm — a very convulsive sneeze, a very convulsive orgasm. A sexologist has said this observation is not to be sneezed at. Would you please comment?

**Answer:** Seems to me I've heard the same but I do not know of any evidence supporting this observation. I'm certain there are many who would be willing to join in a research project to settle this question.



# MASSIVE

# VIETLOON

# BY GREY FORCES

BY OUR SPECIAL  
CORRESPONDENT



A RECENT PHOTO OF VIETLOON LEADERS INDULGING IN "GOOD" VIBRATIONS - A TYPICAL VIET LOON PROPAGANDA TECHNIQUE.

## INTERNATIONAL CONCERN

WASHINGTON 31<sup>st</sup> MARCH. GREY FORCE LEADER JOHNSON IN A SPEECH TO THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION SAID THAT "THE COMBINED THREAT OF THE VIET-SPADE AND VIETLOON BUILD UPS POSED A FAR GREATER DANGER TO THE WORLD'S CONSCIOUSNESS THAN THEIR ASIAN ALLIES THE VIET CONG." HE CONTINUED... "THEIR INTERNATIONALISM AND DESIRE TO UNITE THE WORLD, THEIR DESIRES FOR PEACE AND LOVE, TO EXPAND THEIR MINDS, THREATENS THE VERY BASIS OF LIFE AS WE KNOW IT... THESE GUERRILLAS OF THE MIND MUST BE BRUTALLY CRUSHED... THEIR VICTORY MAY MEAN WORLD PEACE."



L.B. GRAY

## "ROCK REVIVAL" FAILS

LONDON... DESPITE THE DESPERATE EFFORTS OF THE GOVERNMENT TO COUNTERACT VIETLOON PROPAGANDA BY REVIVING "GOOD CLEAN VIOLENCE" THEY HAVE MET WITH LITTLE SUCCESS. LAUNCHED BY THE 'PUPPET' GOVT. RADIO THE CAMPAIGN INCLUDED INTERVIEWS IN ALL MEDIA WITH AGING "VIOLENCE MONGERS". THE RELEASE BY GOVT. CENSORS OF THE LONG SUPPRESSED FILM "WILD ONES".



LONDON.. APRIL 1<sup>st</sup>. THERE IS GRAVE CONCERN IMPRESSED IN WHITEHALL TONIGHT OVER THE HUGE INCREASE OF VIETLOONS IN AND AROUND LONDON. THE GREY FORCES ARE PREPARING TO DEFEND THE CAPITAL AGAINST THE RUMOURED VIETLOON SPRING OFFENSIVE EXPECTED TO COME WITH THE WARMER WEATHER. GENERAL CALLAGHAN HAS REQUESTED EXTRA TROOPS TO COMBAT THE NATIONAL LIBERATION FRONT OF THE MIND.

AFTER A QUIET WINTER OF PREPARATION THE VIETLOON ARE TO BE SEEN MORE AND MORE FREQUENTLY IN THE STREETS AND PARKS OF LONDON. IT IS BELIEVED THAT THEY HAVE HAD AN AMAZINGLY SUCCESSFUL RECRUITING DRIVE OVER THE LAST FEW MONTHS AND HAVE INCREASED THEIR FORCES BY HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS. THE VIETLOON ARE BELIEVED TO HAVE DEVELOPED SECRET WEAPONS CAPABLE OF "BLOWING" THEIR GREATEST MIND.

### SEARCH AND DESTROY

DESPITE CONTINUOUS SEARCH AND DESTROY SORTIES CARRIED OUT BY GREY FORCES THEY HAVE FAILED TO FORCE THE VIETLOONS UNDERGROUND. THEY HAVE NO KNOWN LEADER, EXCEPT THE LEGENDARY 'SAGA'. A BEAUTIFUL NUDE GODDESS WHO IS RUMOURED TO LIVE IN AN ENCHANTED FOREST, IN THE VICINITY OF HAMPSHIRE HEATH. UNIDENTIFIED FLYING OBJECTS HAVE BEEN SEEN IN THE AREA RECENTLY WHICH COULD WEIGH IN TO THE RUMOUR.



A RARE PHOTO OF THE LEGENDARY VIETLOON LEADER CAPTURED FROM VIETLOON SUSPECT.

## GOVT. TAX ON COLOUR

# WHY I LOVE HIM

This Is a Political Matter

(THIS POLITICAL ADVERTISEMENT)  
VIOLENCE IS THE NEW SCENE KIDS YES, ALL THAT FLOWER POWER AND PSYCHEDELIC LOVE CRAP IS UNCOOL. IT'S THE NEW ALCOHOL AGE. LETS KEEP BRITAIN WHITE. LETS BEAT SHIT OUT OF ALL THOSE INTELLECTUAL SISSYS. LETS ALL BACK BRITAIN KIDS... I DO.



GET LOAD OF THAT



GREY F EXCEPT AND HA

DRA IN THE FILMING MANOU



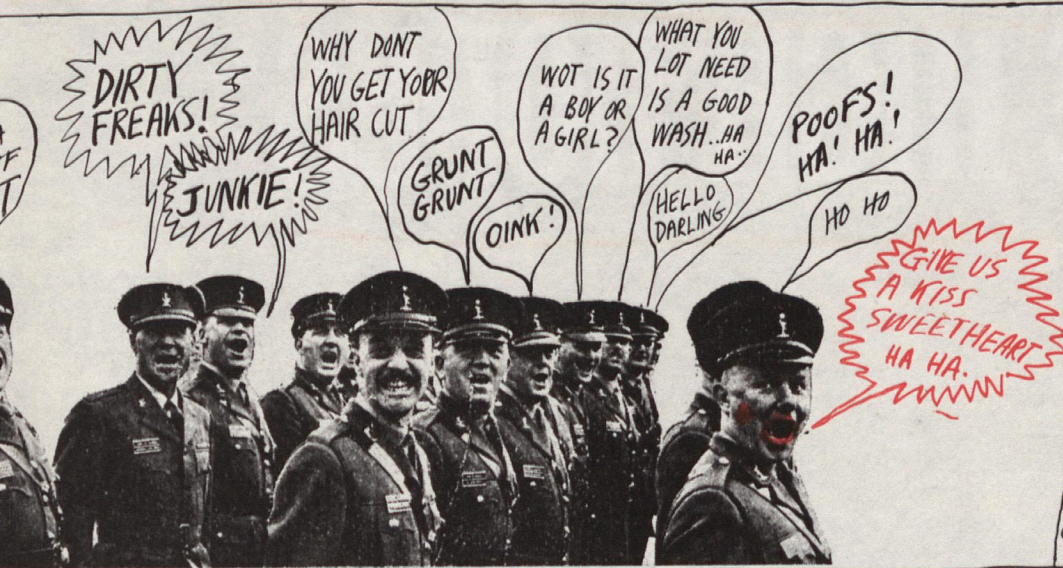
MA VO BE

VILLAGE around Kwaku Mar his next act. He would, h man and then to life after th





# SPRING OFFENSIVE FEARED



## BROWN POWER

WHY GEORGE WAS FORCED TO RESIGN!

THE TRUE STORY

VETLOON SUSPECT RUMOURED TO BE SON OF EX-GREY LEADER GEORGE BROWN

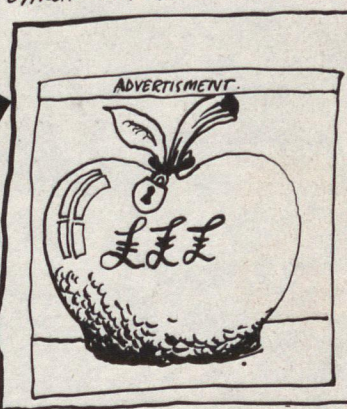
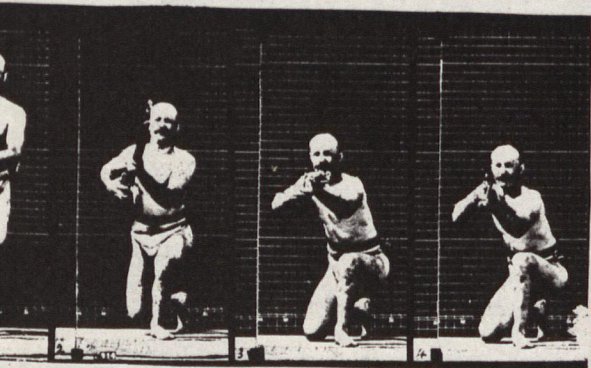


Britain's Brown: Cabinet dropout

FORCE TROOPS IN TRAINING. THESE FINE UPSTANDING MEN ARE HAND PICKED BY GREY LEADERS FOR THEIR ORIGINAL QUALITIES OF ORIGINALITY, OPEN MINDEDNESS, ABILITY TO WALK IN STRAIGHT LINES, COUNT UP TO THREE. TE MUSIC.

## AMATIC SCENES: UNDERGROUND FILMMAKER SHOT BY NUDE POLICEMAN

IS EXTRAORDINARY SEQUENCE SGT. 'BUST' PLANTER IS SEEN THROUGH THE LENS OF THE LATE VIETLOON MAKER FRISCO FERLINGHETTI. THE SEQUENCE AND FERLINGHETTI WERE SHOT DURING A SEARCH WITHOUT WARRANT WERE LAUNCHED BY THE GREY FORCES TO COMBAT THE ADVENT OF SPRING



DAILY MIRROR, Thursday, February 15, 1968 PAGE 7

## MAGICIAN GETS VOLUNTEER..TO BE KILLED

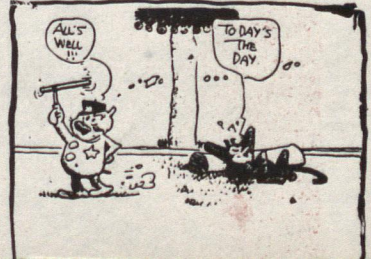
RS crowded as magician announced Nuhu stepped forward. The magician drew out a knife. He slashed open Nuhu's throat, forced him struggling into a coffin and held him till he bled to death. Then he buried the coffin in a grave specially dug for the act. The villagers went away awestruck.

### Charge

Last night police waited with Mark at the graveside. If Nuhu is not alive when the three days are up, they will charge the magician

## GREY FORCES INFILTRATED

LONDON... APRIL 19. DESPITE THE MOST STRINGENT SECURITY THE VIET-LOON HAVE MADE MASSIVE IN-ROADS INTO THE GREY FORTRESSES. INCREDIBLE BURSTS OF BRILLIANT COLOUR SPURTING FROM THE GREYS CONCRETE SIGNAL ANOTHER BREAKTHROUGH BY THE LOON FORCES..... DAILY AREAS PREVIOUSLY FELT SECURE BY THE GREYS HAVE BEEN FALLING TO THE GUERILLAS OF INNER SPACE.



SHARP



# FADING FREEDOMS/LATE HIPPIE HIGH HOPES:

## Chapters

- 1 Orthodox Politics: Power as Freedom
- 2 Anarchism: Parodies and Pitfalls
- 3 The Pinstripe Hippies
- 4 A Hippies' Decade ?
- 5 In Which Sir Oswald Mosley is Sympathetically Considered
- 6 A Conservative Revolution ?
- 7 Snarling Through
- 8 Is the Muse of Satire the Midwife of Corruption ?
- 9 Libertarians, Left and Right
- 10 Nipples or Nozzles ?
- 11 Was I Right to Embrace Hugh Hefner without Divorcing Berthold Brecht ? by Ken Tynan
- 12 The Social History of Layaboutsia
- 13 All You Need is a Bit of Common
- 14 When is a Class not a Class ? Answer: When it's a Chapel

Note: Chapters 5-14 will appear in OZ No 12.

## 1 Orthodox Politics: Power as Freedom.

It's ironic that the Conservative party, which proclaims itself as the party of individual enterprise and freedom, appears to the lower orders as the authoritarian party. While the left, which advocates planning, control and bureaucratic centralisation, is preferred by the majority of anarchists and libertarians.

**The paradox is resolvable, of course.** The Conservative idea of freedom is freedom for power and money to have full rein. It stands for freedom for top people; the others need discipline, and must be kept disunited, weak; other power structures (eg. the unions) must be discouraged. Conversely, the Socialist argument is that in a democracy bureaucracy enables top people to be controlled by those below. 'State ownership is public ownership'. Thus more control of the powerful few means more freedom for the many with less power. And a great battle in British politics is for the centre: for those who can't decide whether the Socialists' giving of power to those below will cut down their own position more than the Conservatives' giving of power to those above. The recent history of English politics can be written in terms of the ambivalence of the large middle group. Before 1800, the country gentry and the hereditary aristocracy (the Tory party) had a monopoly of political power and were challenged by the rising industrialists and some merchants (the Whigs). The result was a merger (now, the public school network). 1945 represented a second major adjustment in favour of the working classes (the Welfare State) and until recently its gains seemed secure. With economic crises, this is less certain.

**Socialism tries to make bureaucracy a 'third force'**, as between the top few and the many. In fact, it is so infiltrated by public school personnel, so enmeshed with private property, so dependent on foreign and domestic capital, that it often has to further, and obey the 'system' it intended to check and transform. Labour ignominiously does the Tories' dirty work (curbing the unions). Humble as a scholarship boy, it carries the can, loses its nerve before it reaps even the 'Conservative' success it has sown, and gets booted out by an angry populace until just before the next big crises, when everything happens all over again.

**The Conservative dislike of bureaucracy**, is almost too obviously motivated to need comment. The role of disciplining the lower classes can be left to poverty or, where humanitarianism won't allow that, to a combination of poverty, incentive and the ratrace spirit (which by preventing the employed from combining keeps wages down). The tails of the freedom to compete is that one loses the freedom not to compete, and the power which that bestows.

**The underlying Conservative authoritarianism appears readily enough** in attitudes to students, long hair, compulsory games, slackers, cadet corps, bringing back the thumbscrews, etc. The effect of all this is cancelled out by another paradox. Mass organisations have to be power structures too, eg. trade unions without the closed shop are heading for helplessness. Every side furiously conscripts one for the sake of one's freedom. Very puzzling...

**Less obvious is the interior ambivalence of bureaucratic and trade union structures.** Each union exists to defend its members, not only against the boss class, but against non-union members of one's own class, not forgetting those lower in the scale. Second, any organisation large enough to matter tends to become a class in itself. Current rifts between union officialdom and unofficial strikers are an example. Similarly, Bolshevism became Stalinism. Or a bureaucratic caste may



# NT FASCISMS &

A Paranoid Guide  
by Raymond Durnat

compromise with capitalism against old-age pensioners, students, and every weak group. It may be (it is) infiltrated by the capitalist old boy net. It can be set up as or turned into, capitalism's disciplinary arm (Fascism).

A similar paradox occurs in the sphere of personal behaviour (freedom versus conformism). Those who wish to impose their rules have to seem to obey them too, and to some extent really obey them. Power makes its demands on the powerful as well as on the others — at least in the sense that the Pullman passengers are on the same train as the cattle-truck rabble.

The Public schools were the mechanism whereby the aristocracy and the country gentry compromised on a joint character-type with the rising industrialist class. It gave the latter tradition-worship and complacency, taking puritanism in exchange. It despised business very much less than it pretended, and never despised the City. But if the aristocrat (the Etonian) allows himself his elegant nonconformity, and 'affects' his conformity, the businessman, the administrator, the Etonian in his serious roles, has to shape his character around his activities. He's dependent on contacts, on goodwill, on discipline. He has life sure, but no incentive to use it to explore himself, to de-conformize himself, and only incentives give him meaning. He conforms: what else is there?

The same process operates on lower levels. In Britain the classes are so continuously graduated, that the fact of hierarchy is, almost, a continuous thing, from top to bottom. One reason why one working man in three votes Tory is that those who are a few rungs up the ladder (skilled working-class, say) are very much more frightened of those just one rung below them than they are envious of those twenty rungs up — or even one rung up. Not rising is quite bearable: falling is moral suicide; politicians talk about incentive, but the real sanction is dread.

Nobody's blood boils over the idle millionaire (he's too remote), and rhetoric to this effect is, perhaps, more puritanical than egalitarian. Since the common man can easily identify with the spendthrift-playboy, he seems more human than the left-wing propagandist who, by sharpening your discontent, intensifies your unhappiness. It's always easier to dream than to throw stones through windows. The addictive drug is mightier than the brickbat. The opium of the people has varied from religion, patriotism, and underwear advertisements, and hash and LSD are next on the agenda.

The Conservatives, who claim to be the party of enterprise, are obviously the party of class barriers. But many young Socialists and anarchists are victims of these barriers, demanding a more open society, that is to say, a society of really free enterprise, and for their own sakes. It's not in the least surprising if so many upstanding young stalwarts of the left turn turtle, traitor and Tory once they've arrived. They always were right-wing laissez-faire, competitive Liberals, or as near as you can be in this day and age.

Thus each of the parties is divided on the libertarian issue. The hanging, drawing, quartering Conservative lobby comes from those country and suburban middle-class elements which identify with country gentry stock. Big business is used to favour puritanising the workers, since drunks and fornicators made bad workmen, but since affluence has come to realise that non-puritan lower classes are excellent markets for consumer goods. It's relatively liberal, but old habits die hard, and the mixture of hedonism and puritanism in the *Daily Express*, for example, is hilarious to see. A popular solution to the ideological tensions is to turn on pop singers, whose hedonism is just a little too extreme, just a little too successful. But the *Express* can't do that, because pop singers have the spirit of success which it tries to sharpen in its readers. But *Express* philosophy is doomed, because the little man whom it strives to encourage is too.

The Labour party might be expected to be very puritan since it boasts of its 'nonconformist conscience', and union organisation is widely based on the old nonconformist chapels. Two elements seem to have moderated its severity. By processes which we will schematise later, the puritan tradition was evolving, by the late 19th century, into agnosticism and humanitarianism, and tolerance of libertarianism. Secondly, where there isn't puritanism, or a near-crisis situation, the bourgeoisie tends to be comfort-loving, ie. non-puritan, and rationalist, ie. logical rather than tabu-ridden. Third, working-class puritanism was associated with the skilled artisans, and left the poorer sections untouched. So side by side with a grim puritanism the working class shows streaks of "it's naughty but it's nice" permissiveness — what is often called "the old folk morality".

## 2 Anarchism: Parodies and Pitfalls

If we define anarchism as a condition of doing without laws, or, more accurately, the force behind laws, then its motive is the maximisation of freedom. But since everyone's freedom impinges on everyone else's, some sort of regulation is needed. This can come from various sources; within or without. It may be felt that only laws made man evil, that a natural kindness would soon prevail. It may be felt that his passions must be disciplined by the voice of God. Or by reason and 'enlightened self-interest'. Or control may come from informal sanctions (neighbourly disapproval, refusal of co-operation, etc). Or it may come from certain communal machinery (constables, courts). Or it may be imposed from above, in the interests of another individual or group. And usually it comes from all these quarters at once.



Those who are unsympathetic to anarchism are quick to see how informal sanctions could prove inadequate, how the machinery of force may have to be called on, to prevent one man or group maximising his own freedom by minimising everyone else's. The anarchist underdog may become the Fascistic overlord. Is the St Valentine's Day Massacre the classic symbol for anarchism in action? De Sade would have argued that it was, and said that anarchism was nothing if it had not overcome the sanctions within as well as those without. The right-wing stress on enterprise and laissez-faire, has a very real anarchism to it, albeit a non-idealistic one; and if we admit de Sade is an anarchist, we can't deny the title to the cut-throat competitor. We conclude with two varieties of anarchism. Right-wing anarchism which accepts the aggrandisement of the differences between individuals, as opposed to left-wing anarchism, which prefers minimisation and egalitarianism. There is ratrace anarchism, which weakens the laws, and has flourished at some intensely creative periods of human history, notably Renaissance Italy. And there is ratstate anarchism, where one group makes the laws for others. Though Nazism is a very obvious form, it's not historically rare (it's how the Normans ran England after the Conquest). If pressures are sufficient, any sense of law can break down, and a state of black anarchism supervene, whereby absolutely arbitrary behaviour, backed by brute force, have no need of laws at all. Rich Romans used to demonstrate their riches by pissing in the mouths of their most expensive slaves, who either learned to hold it in their mouths without swallowing, or very rapidly died.

No doubt a society based on internal and neighbourly constraints is feasible. It certainly is on the level of the foodgathering and hunting tribe, indeed chiefs (as opposed to leaders) don't appear until man has progressed to the pastoral-agricultural stage. An economic situation favourable to a new kind of foodgathering (pleasure-gathering) may be on its way. No doubt too society could bear much less onerously on the individual than the present tendency to multiply and minimise every kind of constraint. This is a reaction to today's split-second, pushbutton, highway-code-and-breathalyser semi-civilisation; at once too automated and not automated enough. But the reaction is panicky and self-perpetrating, and, all metaphysics aside, is one of the most useful targets of hippie activity. It's gratifying too that the boring Christian William Golding has to resort to fiction to put forth the *Lord of the Flies* view, that a few months on an island without adult supervision would turn all our kids into gibbering cannibals (The Jesuits knew better when they said, Give us a child for the first years, and we'll keep him for life).

Monotonously, though, white anarchists spoil their case by a simple-minded romanticism, pointing to the Polynesians or the Eskimos or the little green men on the flying saucers. Polynesian society had free love all right, so long as the lovers were of the right race-caste; if they weren't, and got caught, they were clubbed to death, for not respecting apartheid. The merry Eskimos may invite you to laugh with their wife, but wife-stealing leads to so many murder-type killings, at which the community connives, that in some groups every man has been directly involved in an ad hoc execution Mafia. The argument that sexual libertarianism will make violence unpopular is like the argument that aeroplanes will make walking unpopular. Whether walking is frustrated, flying has nothing to do with the case. And one might argue, with Freud, that loving is like drinking and fighting is like eating, and both activities go pretty well together, which is why 'only the brave deserve the fair'. Maybe man is, intrinsically, a tragic, and rather nasty, clown.

Maybe he could manage an anarchist community. But it won't be 'natural'. It'll be a cultural tour-de-force, subject to internal and external pressures. It'll be the result of a few thousand years of fumbling, it'll be a cultural triumph, and a precarious balance. Far from ending humanity's problems, it'll have to justify itself by the quality of life within it while it lasts, for it will in itself be no better equipped to last than any other mode of government.

Will it, even then, be more than another form of control? Will it amount to more than conditioning people so that their inner tabus and community opinion daunts them? "Conscience doth make cowards of us all", and so does "What'll the neighbours say". Of course, pressures may make towards diversity, innovation and social responsibility, rather than towards conformity, conservatism and a kind of glacial inhibitedness, which we associate these tabus with now. But pressures there will be. And it could be argued that one is, potentially, freer in a complex, plural society which works by external constraints (law and force), which leave you a much better chance of getting away with it and hugging your individuality to yourself. Maybe, of course, freedom isn't in individuality at all, and the natural form of anarchism is communalism. And this still won't solve the problem of external controls being controls.

Automated affluence is the well-known crock-of-gold. Even if it's there, the transition won't be easy, and even if poor old backachy Britain makes it in the end, it will be so far behind everybody else that there's scope galore for further tensions (for example: if non-automated British industry has to compete with foreign automated industries, then the British worker will have to work longer hours for less pay, and things'll get worse before they get better). And the Third World lies in ambush. It's very romantic to support everybody from Mao to Che to Fidel to Stokeley against square old Mum and Dad, but it's a situation that leads to sudden conversions, especially since the wretched of the earth are quite likely to, unideally, turn on each other, as being easier nuts to crack, than on the West, whose internal liberalism is the sine qua non for hippiedom anyway. If you disapprove of dictatorships, then you may well turn out to be on the side of the rich, and therefore kindly, homeland after all.

But let's suppose the world slips by the Scylla of World War 3, how can it scrape past the Charybdis of a population explosion? It's worth a bet that our lifetimes will see offspring rationing (1 per person), with licences for sale, (unless we have a Labour Government, which will forbid it). That is to say, there will be a virtual sterilisation of sex, and though this may suit many a teenage hippie it'll lie very hard on many a paternal and maternal temperament.

Maybe, then, automated affluence will turn boredom into the psychological equivalent of oppression. A safe society will put every man in statu pupillari forever. Character will be just a ghost in a machine, touch on for amusement only. It'll begin falling apart, into a hunt for piecemeal ('transcendental') sensationalism. Or rivalries will centre on marginal status symbols, and the ratrace resumes, with no winners, only losers, ciphers on a treadmill. A thousand flowers of paranoia will bloom. Masochism will do the job of social injustice, a Sheckley-type 'hunt' of people will pass the time, since the few remaining animals will be more precious than human life. Will all this be worse than society now? No, but it'll be no less



If one can't be a pop star, or the ideal hippie, the most fortunate person to be is a spring of the country gentry, but whose family have been in business and in Chelsea for a generation or two. Girls are luckier than boys because their schools mark them less, but the alert and questioning boy can emerge pleasantly sensitive to others' tussles with environment. You have the time to stand and stare. You can have your two-and-a-half-day weekend, and your long business lunch, and your office hours run something like quarter-to-ten to half-past twelve and quarter-to-three to half-past four. Just the right amount of gentle stimulus, leaving you full of energy for the evening's fun. You're sensibly cynical, you have the where-



withal to swing; you have a personable self-confidence, which you soaked up at your mother's knee. And quite apart from the pleasant authoritative style the birds are naturally chatted up by, mannerisms are no detail in this fluid society. Poor old Scholarship Fred will never learn that affable authority, or that authoritative affability, which seduces all sexes. From all points of view the establishment committees are right to emphasise style above qualifications. For many purposes, academic qualifications are mediated along with middle-class, ie. a wrong, style. If a middle-class fellow has changed style he's probably changed attitudes too, and if he hasn't yet, he soon will, as friendships and habits accumulate. The working-class lad has to change twice, first to the schoolroom spirit, then to an upper-class style, and one in a thousand times will make it. Nor does the establishment, today, object to its Bertrand Russell, its Red Dean; they only go to show its tolerance, its diversity, its absence of class. And it knows it needs its diversent voices, a moderate diversity of responses is an excellent adaptive mechanism. And what if this bland crust of gentlemanly inefficiency finally suffocates the nation? The upper-class old boy net will still be sitting on top, keeping up with the Schmidts and the Duvals — too bad about the Joneses; but unemployment is very good for labour discipline. And if one is rather inefficient, well, one mustn't become too obsessed with efficiency, must one, I mean, look at those Americans, rushing about earning money...

The Conservative attitude shows an astonishing dichotomy. On the one hand, although lip-service is paid to the new technological era, there is absolutely no urgency about improving technical, and other, education. Educated employees mean trouble. On the other hand, there is a certain haste about getting into the Common Market. Given gentlemanly sloth, the exposure to competition's icy blasts may seem masochistic. But such 'exposure' will have three results. English capital and contacts will acquire European knowhow, and won't have to turn to the English for it. Second, European 'competition' will be the perfect excuse for further attacks on restrictive practices (ie. the trade unions). Third, competition will eliminate the tangled undergrowth of small inefficient firms and give a clearer run to the larger corporations. Fourth, a small group of international organisations will have vastly more power vis-a-vis, not only labour (which will stagger along being 'British' for the next century or so, long after business has understood that going into Europe means ditching patriotism), but vis-a-vis individual governments. Maybe in a hundred years or so there will be an efficient European bureaucracy, but between now and then the Common Market will be the businessmen's Paradise. In fact the left can hardly oppose it, so large looms the menace of American financial colonisation, and the impossibility of following un-American policies without some such unity.



Old Ray's Almanack is an almost totally useless work, still, by the law of averages, it manages to be right occasionally, and, one never knows, this might be the occasion. It foresees three main possibilities for Britain's future. Either things will get worse, or they'll just change, or they'll get better. Only the last possibility offers much comfort to hippiedom as we know it.

The first alternative is a slow British decline, with pauses and rallies, but a decline nonetheless, with steep, rapid and nasty periods too, and the second is a typically British compromise between competitive efficiency and traditional status. The brunt will in both cases be born by the lower middle and working class, although many of the middle middle class will shift from self-employed to employee status. Will white collar unionism strengthen labour, DATA-style? Wilson bid for, and won it, in the last two elections. But on past form, Conservative control of the press, and the left-wing's helplessness, will have these two groups turning on one another (and since 1945 there's been a truce rather than peace between these two groups).

Eitherway, hippiedom will know hard times. The Labour exchanges will be much, much nastier, and there won't be the money around for posters, and, just as beautiful butterflies turn to caterpillars when winter comes, so all those flower people will be reduced to beatniks and Bohemians (remember them? all cords and beer), if they don't just subside into the 1970 equivalent of Mods or just go plainclothes again. Any hippie symptoms are likely to be scapegoats for the country's nasty mood. Of course, those intellectual hippies who do the splits between the overground and underground will survive, particularly since outside big business, they're the most international-thinking and sharpest-reflexed group in England.

But if Britain's decline is only relative, and compatible with a rise, however slow, in our absolute standard of living, then we can hope Britain's narcissistic parochialism will keep this balding, toothless and humbled old bulldog happily snoozing in its doghouse, dreaming of Croft's, hardly bothering to scratch at the hippie-hoppy-happy fleas pullulating and prancing about in its old pelt.

Or let's just play with the academic possibility that the Dunkirk Spirit, the Angels of Mons, or some such agency, descend once more, and the various classes turn to fight the country's common difficulties without fighting one another. The result will be a smooth and total establishment of American-style efficiency, with exams all the way, from the cradle to the grave, without the massive nonconformism of the ghettos and the long grass. The idea of a massive conformity isn't a mere nightmare, and doesn't need all the melodramatic nonsense of 1984. It's firmly established in Switzerland, for example. There, even the artistic world is conformist; civic theatres abound. Switzerland, having no natural resources, except a traditional craftsmanship, staked everything on skill, and education; the discipline and prosperity of her workers is a joy to behold, while government is at once more democratic and more authoritarian than England's could ever be. Switzerland hasn't even had her Provos or her student riots, which it leaves to ex-imperial powers like Germany and Holland. And the Dutch soon learned. They split and sodomised Provo by luring the intellectuals away from the hooligans with gifts and grants. Compromise and conquer.

It's an obvious model for the English establishment, and Jennie Lee's visit to the Arts Lab may herald the kiss of death. Except that English hippiedom, compared to Provo, has been so inert, that there's little to kill. The kiss of death would also be the kiss of life, keeping, not the flower-people, but the vegetable-people, alive a little longer.





# Yesterday I subscribed to the New Statesman, Today I am just Reasonable, Good, & Dead...

Flowers are not inevitable. They blossom only in our land (yours and mine) inhabited by stardust and white puffy clouds, the only acceptable beds for us cherubs and archangels.

But we should not sit there just waiting for our silver laughing to drive away the storm. From time to time it is salutary to look into the eye of the giant of darkness. If we wink, he might blink, and terror might recede for a moment in his wasteland.

Sad stories, carefully chosen, should fortify us.

Hence this:

1913. A baby of humanitarian inclination, its good intentions matched by fully clothed reason and reasonable-ness, was born in England. It was christened "the New Statesman". (The magazine of the left.) Many a thing it has survived, thanks to its rational armour and unshakable good will. It is still with us, fifty-five years later, imparting relative judgments to the people who are only relatively grey, and would (but oh so much!) like themselves and the world to be better, if only...

If only people could see Reason, Truth, Justice (see "social justice", Oxf. Dict.) and the Common Good. Only they can't.

That is why the New Statesman still imparts its sermon with patience, in blindness, judiciously choosing its words, carefully offering its metaphors, because the flesh is weak, of

course, but somebody, somewhere, has to keep up with the good work. Nothing much has changed, for our mentor; the rich are richer, the poor are just as poor (relative poverty, you see). And the good still stroll on Hampstead Heath on Saturday afternoons, the New Statesman and the hopes with them until the pinkness of the sky will give way to darkness, which always comes. And it's time for dinner.

Occasionally, one of the strollers (J Freeman, former NS Editor) leaves the hills where wisdom is breathed in with the air, and descends to the plains where pestiferous reality is forced down the throat (Ambassador to New Delhi and now to Washington). The ninety thousand NS readers (strollers) will die of age, cancer and wife, fatal illnesses to men of good conscience. Let them live in peace, and in peace die, peace of mind provided for them by the eternal weekly installments of the "pink pill".

33.33% anger-soothing leader, 27% opinionated backbone-strengthening information, the rest is just literary colouring, as the chemist provides, according to need, skill, and the state of the market.

Confection should be sober and yet appealing, designed for a customer of good taste and not unawares of modern trends. It is strongly recommended not to introduce words (ideas) which could shock the patient. His correct thinking (left brand) should be encouraged by our product (to be

taken in weekly doses). Signed, the General Sales Manager: the god of Reason and Human Progress. Trustees (temporarily suspended): the Labour Party.

Of course from our flowerbed, cuddling each other in catacombs, deafened by the bombs of the world outside (isn't Vietnam their only and true happening) we have been oblivious to the multiform chemistry of the enemy's ideology. Too occupied with beautiful refusal we have overlooked the pathetic NS like an ancient statue which goes so well with the square that you don't see it.

You might not know about the NS.

And you should, because in prehistoric times, when all that young people could do was to dream of forbidden crutches and forbidden ideologies, any crumb of dry moral bread, even a Handkerchief to blow the residues of their mind on, must have helped.

Maybe NS helped.

If you dare and care, remember the dark ages when the young poor were kept in check by the English shilling, and the young not so poor by Oxford and buggery. The magazine was then a genteel reminder of the enlightened times to come, a suave reassurance that all will be well in the end, in spite of the church spires and the Krupp factories. Because who knows what is inside a pinstriped pair of trousers, and under a bowler hat, when the time of reckoning comes?



But since then, the iron castles have fallen, the holocausts of the body of the poor and the holy communion of the media of the rich have stripped the land bare. In the pitch dark lacerated by fireworks of death the candle of the New Statesman pales and wanes, the halo of light recedes, and the wick smells.

No wonder you might not ever have heard of the NS.

But in the laundromats where well-groomed people wash their clothes, the first of the two days of oblivion following the five days of alienation, one can still encounter specimen readers (age and sex immaterial) usually going through the leader, one eye to the machine, one eye to the lines. A performance of skill, for the cleanliness of body and mind, in one go. The species has survived against the odds, fed on Penguin Books and British common sense; it breeds the right number at the right time, fucking moderately with moderate light in moderately comfortable apartments mortgaged at moderate price with money earned in moderately successful jobs, possibly in positions where they can moderately exercise their mind, which gets moderately tired so they need moderately long holidays which will bring them back moderately refreshed.

Their lives have problems, and each one of them raises issues. There are two kinds of issues, those raised by private life and those raised by pub-

lic life. The private ones are called moral issues. The public ones are called political issues.

The moral issues are, first, Sex. And its corollaries: the family, divorce, the children, house design, gardening, commuting, the language, the generation gap and the pill. About these moral problems, one cannot give a definite answer, but only a basic set of values, and of course, there is a wide spectrum of justifiable attitudes. Basically, sex, and all the corollaries go under one simple commandment: thou shalt not hurt other people's feelings.

The political issues are: social justice (also socialism, in moderation of course). Corollaries: the economy, redundancy, the colour problem, poverty (see footnote on third world), the cost of living, education, national assistance, the welfare state and of course South Africa.

There isn't really a simple commandment for all of them, and that is precisely why the New Statesman was invented, so one can have, from week to week, an articulate and flexible answer, goodness in instalments, so to speak.

But life is more complex, it's not only a matter of having the honest answer to the issues. Every NS reader knows that. This is why the second part of the NS deals with the facts of the spirit, to put it bluntly, with Art. And the only guiding light there is that Art is eternal. Always, in all

ages, everywhere, under any circumstance. Art can never be suffocated, or destroyed, or even humiliated by any dictatorship or power. Every New Statesman reader knows that. Also, every reader knows in his heart of hearts that mankind cannot be destroyed by the atomic threat, and that Reason and Mankind shall prevail. That is why the NS, first and second part, are there.

by Angelo Quattrocchi

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**JOURNAL**  
**FOR NONVIOLENT**  
**REVOLUTION**  
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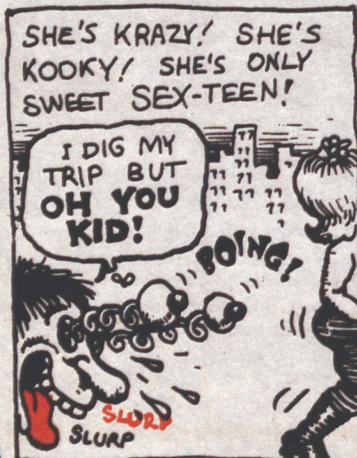
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**WARNING:** OZ paper costs have already risen 15 per cent. Bizarre experiments (such as this month's cover) are costly. The purchase tax gentlemen don't like us and we're not making enough money. Next month's OZ may be dearer. (Silver lining: subscribe now at the old price.)

## MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

MODESTY AND WILLIE DRIVE TO THE LODGING HOUSE WHERE THE HIPPIE GIRL LIVES





# NEW statesman



**J B PRIESTLEY**  
NewFangledness

**ALAN WATKINS**  
Which Testicle?

**PAUL JOHNSON**  
London Diary

**Quilton Spothwaite**  
**ARE WE HUMAN?**

Kerensky, Ramsey  
MacDonald, Albert  
Schweitzer, Tariq Ali  
Guy Mollet, Richard  
Ingrams, Michael Foot  
and John Gollan

John Coleman on  
**CINEMA**  
Francis Hope on  
**TELEVISION**

## Welcome Broom

Casuists and ill-wishers to the Labour Party will be quick to criticise the new coalition government. It is true that in the past this journal has had some hard things to say about Harold Wilson, and the other two members of his ruling triumvirate, Robert Maxwell and Cecil King. The fact remains that only the Garnetts can fail to welcome the new regime in Downing Street. Their policy as yet remains unclear. It is known, of course, that the triumvirate has declared itself against 'Blacks, Buggers, and Bolsheviks,' a declaration which the *New Statesman* has no hesitation in declaring abhorrent.

Yet, what is the alternative? For a while one such alternative lay in the hands of the political group now imprisoned and awaiting trial for treason against the Monarch. It is indisputable that this group, commanding the support of the entire left, had much to be argued in its favour. Yet they were Socialists and although — as this journal has stated many times in the past — the *idea* of Socialism has something to be said for it, one thing that cannot be said is that it is an ideology with which to run Great Britain. So, while there should be criticism

of the manner in which this group was outlawed, and outright protest at the torture and summary execution of its leaders, it would be lunatic to refuse, on these grounds alone, a welcome to the new men.

At all costs a bloodbath must be avoided. In this respect the new regime has acted with commendable dispatch. On the economic front it has moved with equal resolution, and its decision to face facts and finally solve the balance of payments problem by selling Scotland to a consortium of Swiss bankers is heartening news. The time is surely past for murmurings about the mythical gnomes of Zurich.

Perhaps it should be stressed once again that we will wholeheartedly endorse decent policies which render more lacklustre the lives of ordinary men and women. It must be admitted that the misuse of the Queen's prerogative was a severe blow. Nonetheless, an exciting time lies ahead for Britons. This journal finds it hard to remember what precise policy it most recently advocated. No matter. It has been true, it is true, and it always will be true, that the time for words is past.



# London Diary

PAUL JOHNSON

□ I wonder how many NS readers know what is going on in Vancouver, B.C.? The anti-chimpunk campaign there is being carried out with sickening brutality. Asquith, in his famous memorandum to Lloyd George on the subject of chimpunk slaughter, laid down what the foundations of what should be a self-respecting British policy in this frightful business. Small hope, though, of the government taking the lesson to heart! The chimpunk benefit concert last night at Lady Droggle's underlined official apathy. I hate most music, but counsel NS readers to buy the record when it comes out.

□ This week Karl Miller joins us as literary editor. Tomalin's experience in this field has been immense and I am sure that Book section addicts will welcome Anthony Thwaite aboard. Readers will notice a few changes. We are

introducing 500 other new features in a desperate attempt to maintain readers. Henceforward the Crossword will be on the front page, followed by the Competition, chess column, quote puzzle, quickie conundrum, spot-the-misprint, Value Judgment and the Diary. And a whisper to old readers: Leonard Woolf is coming back as our new literary editor!

□ I will not say anything about the new government, since its installation and intentions are fully covered in the rest of this week's paper. Many of the staff are leaving to take up posts in the new regime and Great Turnstile is sorry to see them go. On the other hand, Quilton Sponthwaite joins the NS this week after a remarkably varied career as signalman (in Yorkshire), croupier (in Benghaza), and leaderwriter (in the

*Church Times*). Next week Peregrine Worsthorne will join us as Political Correspondent, along with Montagu Norman and the Marquess of Bath. Lord Longford will be doing the Gardening Notes. I can't stand gardening. Neither can he.

□ The new brothel in Berkeley Square opened with a bang last Monday. I arrived with a couple of ministers to find things well under way. Prices are modest: a special reduction for red-headed editors of weekly periodicals allowed me a satisfactory encounter for 10s. This took place in a room decorated in contemporary style. Any little quirks or foibles I might have, my hostess informed me, would cost 1s. pro rata. (See Roger Opeless's piece on page 467 on *How the Poor Grow Poorer*). We had a bitter argument about contraception in which I found some difficulty in getting my views across, although in fact Doreen reckoned at the end that our discussion was probably hypothetical. Afterwards Fred the Society Fiddler entertained us in the salon to some tricks requiring quite extraordinary agility. I puffed my way back to the Beefsteak tired, but feeling I'd had my money's worth. The upper classes, I'm afraid, do know how to enjoy themselves. NS readers take note!

## Letters to the Editor

### Omar Khayaam

Sir,—Julian Symons owes it to himself, the South and, yes, Mabel Lucy Atwell, to take me more seriously. When I spoke recently in an Edinburgh public house, the barman was so moved he pulled me two pints. Call this cheap if you wish but in doing so deny the whole of the Scottish experience.

ALAN BOLD.

No fixed abode.

### The Comedians

Sir,—We open this letter by touching on the loss of what has so long provided the central focus for the work of the Review. But the yawning gaps we leave behind only serve to restate the imperatives; to open another enclave in the charmed circle of the academic middle class. Conversely, the dialectic goes full circle, we have ourselves too long obscured the recovery of a volatile and labile strain of European Marxism. We have been compelled to give way to a new generation, Roger Opie, Maurice Cranston, Donald Davie and P. N. Furbank. Will they be equal to the problems they inherit? Or will they succumb to the temptations of revisionism? Only history can decide.

TOM COCKBURN and  
BREWSTER PATTERSON.

Carlisle Street, London, W.1.

### Underground Movement

Sir,—There's a new generation with a new explanation, everybody should get VD, when you come to Notting Hill wear a flower in your wig. Why do Alfs still care about politics, Hitler and Oxfam? Groove with Laing. 'Hung on you' has mind-blowing gear. Cops and clocks are all wound up. Flying Saucers are . . . (to be continued).

RICHARD NEVILLE.

Editor,  
Hippy Review,  
Turramurra Nth.

### Race Footnote

Sir, beg pardon for maladroit English, but I immigrant worker from Asia, finding it difficult to know why the police are beating me evry day and calling member of the Grate British Community Dirty Wog. I rite to you Sir as famous and nobel defender of Freedom hopeng that these assaults on me and my family will stop.

SUNDAR PANIT

33 Ladbroke Grove, W.11.

C. H. Rolph writes: We deliberately left the orthography uncorrected to show the charming eccentricity of this ignorant Asian peasant's writing. The metropolitan police deny all knowledge of the charges, and there seems to be no reason to doubt their word.

## Weekend Competition

No. 405,769

Set by Quilton Sponthwaite

Competitors are asked to guess which of the following collaborated to produce the undergraduate and ineffectual parody of the *New Statesman* printed in the monthly magazine OZ, No. 11, April, 1968:

Sidney Webb, Leonard Woolf, Paul Johnson, J. B. Priestley, Alexander Cockburn, Nicholas Tomalin, Claire Tomalin, Karl Miller, D. A. N. Jones, Quilton Sponthwaite, Desmond McCarthy (deceased), Tom Nairn, Anthony Thwaite, Malcolm Muggeridge, Angelo Quattrocchi, Richard Neville, Alan Watkins, Julian Symons, Cyril Connolly, David Widgery, John Coleman.

Entries by April 15th to the *New Statesman*, Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Prize of 5 guineas to the first correct entry.

## This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 10s for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

□ It is a fatal mistake for those protesting against war to get involved in violence. . . . It was madness to try and storm the Embassy. An Embassy is a symbol of civilization. The sooner we can get back to the admirable self-discipline of the CND marches the better.—Paul Johnson, in the *New Statesman*, Mar 22, 1968.

□ This week I said goodbye to my little Olivetti portable. I shudder to think how many million words of sense and nonsense it has chattered out. The awful thing is that I cannot bring myself to feel the smallest particle of affection for this faithful machine, nor the least pang of regret at its passing.—Paul Johnson, in the *New Statesman*, Dec. 15, 1967.

□ The gesture of the Surbiton Back-Britain girls has made a great many people, most of them in humble jobs far from Great Turnstile, think seriously about the future of their country and how they, as individuals, can help. We welcome it.—Editorial in the *New Statesman*, Jan. 12, 1968.

□ Our mixture of left-wing goodwill, sensitive clubman's philosophizing and schoolgirlish fascination with visible success must be an infallible drug for readers who know they have gained a good slice of the world and want to be reassured that they have hung on to their soul.—Francis Hope, in the *New Statesman*, May 12, 1967.

□ Gillian Freeman's article on p. 904 involves the use of a four-letter word. I am still slightly shocked. Though I think it is right to print it ('lust') when it is essential, as in this case, to the writer's argument.—Paul Johnson, in the *New Statesman*, June 30, 1967.



## CENTREPIECE

## The Knight Errant's Story

J B PRIESTLEY

Ever since my old friend Harold Wilson asked me to call round and see him last week, to offer me the post of Minister of Culture in his newly formed coalition government, people have kept on asking me the same question. 'Why, Jack?', they ask, 'why did you accept, when it is surely clear that the job will interfere with your work on *Chips off the Old Loins*, your vast new trilogy on the youth of the seventies?'

I have put the same question to myself. Nor is the answer quite as simple as modern peddlers of the slickly superficial response would make us think. Most of them are under twenty-five years of age. Fortunately, the unique powers of mind I now find within myself, the fruits of an unusually rich and long lifetime of experience, supplied the proper reply to the dilemma.

'Jack', said the Prime Minister, leaning across his desk towards me — I saw immediately that reason and tolerance would never desert this worried countenance — 'I want the young folk cleaned up. Close the discotheques and frippery shops. Send the vagrants to the Isle of Wight. Curfew at nine o'clock. Such a move is long overdue.' I thought for a moment, carefully turning over my Yorkshire accent. 'Nay, lad', I answered, 'more fellow-feeling, more piety of the heart. The answer to the problem is culture.'

Had I not taken the job, some sterile, white-coated man of science, some smug expert in technology, would certainly have stepped in. A man without my psychic depths, my extra dimension of the understanding, my awareness of myth, and consequently incapable of ministering to the real needs of young folk. For, what they truly want, no such smartaleck could possibly supply. The frustrated revolt of youth derives, in fact, from a wish to be like me. The young folk want dreams; they've been given stones, by these men without imagina-

tion or heart. Is it surprising then that they have turned into a generation of filthy morons, clad in barbaric colours, their heads ringing with grotesque sounds, mouthing protests they themselves don't comprehend. Under the new regime they will have more of a chance.

The ancient haunting myths that take shape colour and force from the innermost magic depths of our being are the key to all this. In my own depths — still open and not closed as with so many people who have said goodbye forever to their childhood or youth, without arriving at the second one — there is a special access, a 'hot line' in new-fangled jargon, to these myths. I have realised this is our only real safeguard against the utter collapse of our civilisation. And so, I will advise that the clothes-boutiques be transformed into centres of myth-study (along the lines of the Sunday-schools of own youth). The discotheques will become lending libraries well stocked with myths. On the Isle of Wight the young folk will be encouraged to undertake walking tours. Marriage will be compulsory at the age of nineteen as I have always believed in the profoundly civilising of a good-hearted sensual woman upon we erratic and cerebral males.

'The young folk need a centre to their lives', I told Harold Wilson, 'mere discipline will not do at all. They want something that's always there, which they can look up to'. No new-fangled remedies will do. What is required — perhaps

## FILMS

## Sexulloid Sickness

JOHN COLEMAN

Trouble with film-makers is, they make films. The weird, fraught activity of transferring something probable to an hour or so's celluloid is constantly there to disturb and infiltrate what finally emerges. Rarely more annoying so than in *Flaming Flagellator* ('X', Orifice Films, New Compton Cinema), a first work by Jean-Luc Cognéfort. Sentimental, it gives surface impression of rigour. How it does this is disinterrable from the very first sequence. A blonde strip of girl ('Gwendoline') is lashed brutally to a chair. A person clad entirely in glistening black leather enters, and proceeds to strangle her. I laughed several times, as an avowed addict of this rubbish; but the colour and photography fluctuated between great and dire, and the scene ended inconclusively. I found this fidgety of Cognéfort rather than fruitful. The effect of celluloid wears off faster than the effect of words on a page. Books still give more because they are there for solitary revisiting and genuine participation. And this first effort of Cognéfort's is less drawn from the classic *Cuisses de Cuir* than spattered by it. Nevertheless, wading through the giggles of gagged girls towards a quizzical denouement, I was held but sometimes with rage.

more desperately than anything else — is a young people's edition of this *New Statesman* magazine, to provide the steady influence where our society needs it most. The *New Responsible* will start publication next week, edited by my old friend Malcolm Muggeridge, and will supply for the new generations that comfortable and harmless weekly expression of discontents, without which there is no stable, rooted society. 'Don't worry, Harold lad,' I concluded our interview, 'there's plenty of life in 'told myths yet'.

## NEW FICTION

## An outrageous overstatement

QUILTON SPOTSWAITE

In these troubled times, it should be a relief to turn aside to the peace of Literature. So it is sad to turn over the pages of Professor Morris's latest book\* The author, now Keeper of the Queen's Giraffes, is to be complimented upon his impudence, but upon little else. This upstart, whose work on human beings was recently dismissed by the *New York Review of Books* in one paragraph, has now turned his unwanted attentions to the intellectuals.

His method — entirely predictable in its banality — consisted of evening excursions on Hampstead Heath armed with nets and tranquillizers, and the inevitable ciné-camera to record the tethered victims' responses. As is well-known — apart from one subject with a *Daily Express* in his pocket, and who turned out to be a tramp — the subjects were either in possession of a *New Statesman*, or quickly demanded one once they were in the interrogation cages and the first excitement of capture had worn off. The author asserts that they '... feverishly thumbed the pages with expressions of glazed contentment, in what was obviously a timeless ritual'. Those deprived of the paper soon grew melancholic or unnaturally aggressive (several had to be shot). With a feeble show of *risque* logic, Professor Morris concludes as follows: 'To be blunt, this journal has broadly the same function for those using it as the trees, or lamp-posts, at the foot of which lower mammals deposit a trace of excrement: mutual recognition of species.' Only too easy to think, therefore, that the sacred process of 'reading' is mere biological reflex, and that 'intellectuals' are simply bourgeois humans with a few pretensions.

Fortunately, no one need take Professor Morris too seriously. His narrowly dogmatic interpretation of the facts is typical of the scientific mind, a thirst for certainties. Ritual indeed! Any *ingenue* knows that the essential character of a ritual object is to remain ever the same. It is merely preposterous to assert this of our journal, which strives constantly to stay abreast of the times, and this week has a new Literary Editor, a new contributor, myself, and the new type of article you have just been reading, vigorous and outspoken. *Allez vous faire enculer par un singe, Morris!*

\*The Naked Intellectual

by DESMOND MORRIS. Cape, 30s. 27

## TELEVISION

## Well, yes...

FRANCIS HOPE

One often asks oneself wearily whether the protagonists (alright, Fowler) of British *moeurs* really, well, *know* what they're actually saying. I missed *Grumbling in Grimsby* (ITV Rediffusion) by the merest whicker. A terrible pun, one might object, loved I not Cliff Michelmore. But then, do you and I, as liveried liberals with a pinkish tinge, really *know* what we're saying, one asks oneself as well. I think so, naturally (alright Rousseau), but who's to say, really, whether we can say anything when so many people are saying something else. There's a dilemma for someone. Tired out by it, I switched over and just caught the tale-end of *New Relapse*, a new programme on the Arts that looked just as tired out as I felt. One doesn't know what to think, really. Would you send your child to a Grammar School?



# SPOTLIGHT ON POLITICS

## A Difficult Decision

ALAN WATKINS

"I, or rather God, doth command ye to quell this rabid mutinous sectarian rabble lately so active in the environs of the city, to the detriment of the Lord's purpose and the harm of the Commonweal." Cromwell, letter to General Fairfax, January 7, 1650, *Collected Correspondence of Oliver Cromwell*, ed. Hiram P. Hackenlooper, vol. V, p. 378.

This text may serve to remind us that the events of the past few weeks are not really so far removed from the past practices of British political life and the norms of the British Constitution as might appear at first glance. Last week owing to Prime Minister Wilson's lack of consideration for the needs and press times of weekly journals, I had to make some hurried though not, I hope, hasty remarks on the reported Cabinet exchanges between him and the new Minister of Internal Security, Sir George Woodcock. As is now widely believed, the dispute hinged upon Mr Wilson's proposal that dissenters to the policies of the new Coalition Government should be punished by a spell of imprisonment in the new labour-camp on Iona, and the removal of one testicle. Even allowing for some exaggeration in the telling, this story has an air of truth about it. And certainly, the Parliamentary Labour Party is now convinced that there has been a failure both in policy and also (to put it in its politest terms) in communication. Sir George, groping towards the expression of this widespread disillusionment, centred his argument on the problem of possible female dissenters. Or, as one of the more ideologically articulate members of the Left wing whispered to me in confidence last week, the equality of opportunity between the sexes — which Labour has always been pledged to uphold — quite evidently demands equality of punishment, if it is to be meaningfully implemented. So where do we stand? Admittedly, Minister of Pensions Duncan Sandys' newly-acquired habit of setting upon known or suspected Left oppositionists in the corridors of the House and gouging their eyes out was scarcely calculated to soothe such ruffled feelings. But still, one asks oneself, has Sir George chosen quite the most advantageous issue for his daring challenge to Mr Wilson? Possibly, instead of concentrating upon the formal or legalistic aspect of the question, as he was naturally inclined to do given his Trade Union background, the new Minister would have been better advised to look at the substance, the (so to speak) meat of the suggested new policy. The fact is, after all, that Prime Minister could very well have demanded the removal of *both* testicles. And — even more significant, according to certain rumours from usually reliable sources close to the Cabinet — he is believed to favour the excision of the *right-side* testicle, in all cases. Should this rumour be confirmed, it will then be abundantly plain that reason has by no means des-

erted the deliberations of the Government. The Left must take these possibilities into consideration before mounting still another mis-timed and destructive assault on policies which, however faulty in execution, may be right in intention. No-one can accuse me of showing any undue or even due devotion to Mr Harold Wilson and his Governments. Week in and week out, for longer than I care to remember, I have been saying more or less unflattering things about them. There are occasions, however, when it is right to give some credit; this is one of those occasions.

### Oz Statesman

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Vol. 1.

No. 1



Freely available to anyone Ltd. 1968

NEXT WEEK

Douglas Jay:

CAN WE AFFORD CHRISTMAS?

John Morgan:

Money is everything

Malcolm Muggeridge:

On Becoming a Jehovah's Witness

### PRIVATE VIEW

## Self Abuse

ALAN BRIEN

Us performers, damned to perpetually bite the royal hand which feeds us, are intrinsically sad.

Where does self-criticism end and self-advertising begin?

If I hadn't my two kids, a boy of six and a girl of four,

I would have been thrown to the lions a long time ago.

It looks so simple, I feed the presses, and the presses feed me. But

My role is not definable, a *terrain vague* where you can't

turn your head back to look at the throne, an escape forward

pressed by the eternal laughter behind me.

A friend asks me, why not commit hari-kiri for ITV?

No, no, no, I will not commit the sin of pride. And besides,

BBC2 is waiting for me. So I will be patient, and wait for

Malcolm Muggeridge to die instead. God is getting impatient,

I can see the signs, the negotiations for Malcolm M's ascension are

nearing the end. He'll go up on the first of May,

I'll stay, and get a better seat at the table, my puns a bit

more urgent, my jokes a bit more vicious.

This is my Testament, to be printed by the *New Statesman* the

day I'll be appointed Head of British Television.

## More Toads

Anthony Thwaite

(For Philip Larkin)

The galley proofs encircle my tense loins,  
My stones of emptiness. I'm not much  
good

At what they call 'the big emotions'.  
And, it must be said, I never could.

Get worked up about sunsets, sex, that  
sort

Of thing. And politics, well who knows  
what

To think these days. Too easy to get  
caught

With one's pants down. And as for pop  
and pot

Let's face it, I'm too old. In Libya  
A chap could get some peace, collect old  
stones

And mess around the desert with the kids.  
Back here

It's different. These red telephones,

For instance (am I bonkers?) seem to  
leer

Up at my indecision, mockingly,  
And all those bearded lefties I kicked  
out

Still come back, one by one, to haunt  
me.

If there were some convention I could  
flout,

A small one, but mine own, perhaps I'd  
make

My mark. But I'm just not that sort of  
chap.

And who is, who's half-decent? No, I'll  
damn well take

The middle road. Books are a load of  
crap.







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## ICARUS

ON JUNE 15, 1968 DON'T BE WHERE ICARUS IS BECAUSE IF YOU ARE, YOU WON'T BE: IN SPACE IS A CHUNK OF ROCK & SPACE REFINED METAL, APPROXIMATELY 1.2 MILES WIDE AND 300 YARDS THICK, AND IT IS ONLY 16,000,000 MILES AWAY AND IT IS TRAVELLING AT 13,940 MPH TOWARDS US.

PROFESSOR S T BUTLER OF SYDNEY UNIVERSITY ON FEBRUARY 4, 1965, TRIED TO EXPLAIN THAT ICARUS, PLANETOID WEIGHING ABOUT AS MUCH AS MOUNT EVEREST, WAS TO PASS WITHIN 500,000 MILES OF THE EARTH. HOWEVER IF SCIENTIFIC CALCULATIONS WERE OFF .0000001, ICARUS, WHOSE ORBITAL ECCENTRICITY QUOTIENT OF .83 MAKES IT THE MOST UNPREDICTABLE OF ALL PLANETOIDS, COULD COME CONSIDERABLY CLOSER. ICARUS, WHICH IS A SCALED DOWN PLANET, WILL MAKE IT THROUGH THE ATMOSPHERE AND, EVEN THOUGH IT WILL BE ABOUT 1/3 OF ITS FORMER SELF, IT WILL STILL BE A FORMIDABLE PIECE OF ROCK IF IT HITS.

WHY ISN'T THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT ALARMED? IT IS. M.I.T. OUTLINED A PLAN BY WHICH ICARUS WOULD BE BLOWN UP IN SPACE BY SEVEN SATURN ROCKETS EACH CARRYING AN ATOMIC PAYLOAD OF 40 MEGATONS. NOW, WHEN THESE ROCKETS HIT ICARUS OUT IN SPACE THERE WILL BE A BANG WORTH 280 MILLION TONS OF TNT AND SUPPOSEDLY ICARUS WILL BECOME ATOMIC WASTE AND NOT HURT ANYBODY. BUT THE FACT IS ALMOST 2000 DEATHS CAN BE ATTRIBUTED TO ICARUS ALREADY IN THE GUISE OF EARTHQUAKES IN INDIA AND CHINA, FREAK SNOW STORMS IN ARIZONA AND TIDAL WAVES IN THE ALEUTIANS: THESE THINGS BEING INFLUENCED BY THE GRAVITATIONAL PULL OF ICARUS.

ANOTHER DANGER WE EMBRACE WITH ICARUS' APPROACH IS THAT OF DROWNING. IF THIS MOUNTAIN PASSES THE EARTH FROM THE EAST TO WEST AT ABOUT 420 MILES UP IT WILL PASS OVER THE ATLANTIC OCEAN, WHICH IS LESS DENSE THAN ICARUS. THE OCEAN WILL REACH UP 327 FT FOR ICARUS, AND WHEN THE PLANETOID HAS PASSED, LEAVING BEHIND HIS STUNNED LOVER WHO WILL THROW HERSELF BACK TO THE GROUND. THIS WATER WILL FALL FROM 327 FT UP, AND WILL SPEED ACROSS THE OCEAN TRYING TO KEEP UP WITH ICARUS WHO WILL HAVE SLOWED DOWN LITTLE FROM HIS ORIGINAL 13,490 MPH.

ON THE OTHER HAND IF THERE WERE EARTHQUAKES AND TIDAL WAVES WITH VIOLENT FREAK STORMS, OR...

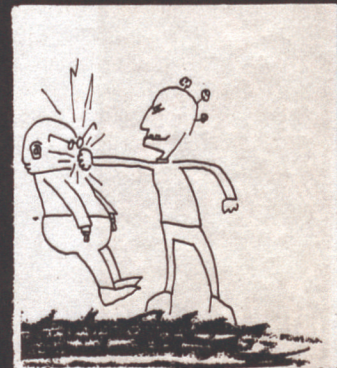
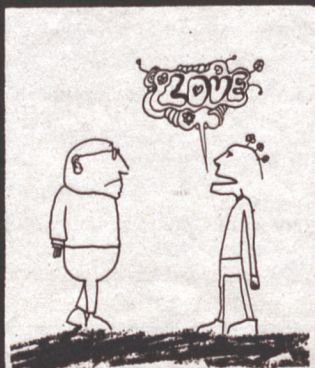
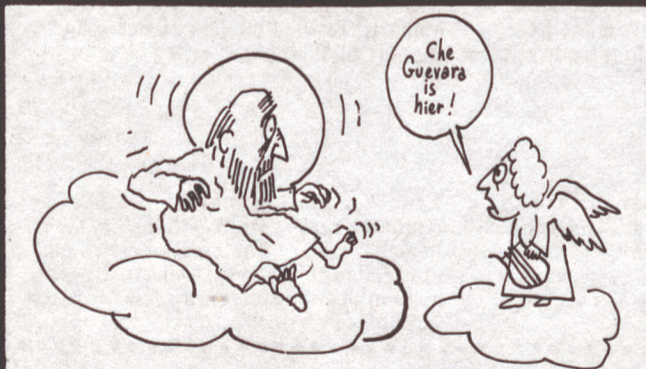
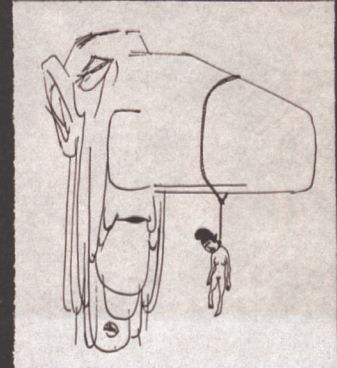
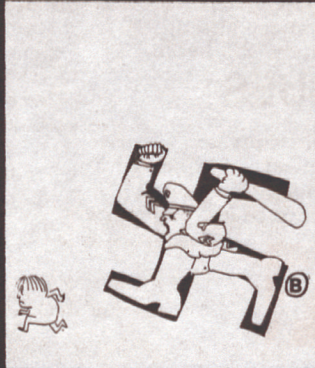
ALL OF THESE DANGERS INCREASE IN DIRECT PROPORTION TO THE CLOSENESS OF ICARUS BECAUSE ICARUS' PULL ON THE EARTH INCREASES WITH THE NEARNESS OF ICARUS AND ICARUS GOT 55.40 MILES CLOSER TO YOU WHILE YOU READ THIS.





Willem, a 26 year old Dutch Cartoonist, is currently threatened with a 3 month gaol sentence in Amsterdam for publishing two "offensive" cartoons. Both are reproduced here. Cartoon A depicts Queen Juliana as a whore. At that time she has asked the Government to double her allowance. (Queen Juliana already owns £750,000 worth of Standard Oil, £835,000 of Royal Dutch Petroleum, £1,170,000 of KLM, £1,440,000 of Adam Express and £6,500,000 of Anaconda copper). Cartoon B is being prosecuted for "cruelty to police".

Willem has recently published a best-selling comic book in Amsterdam, 'Billy the Kid' and he edits a cartoon magazine, 'God, Nederland and Oranje'.





# OZ SUBSCRIPTION



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## PAST ISSUES!

One: Theological striptease... turn on, tune in, drop dead... In bed with the English... Raped Congo nuns whipped with Rosary beads... Private Eye axed.



## RARE 1ST OZ!

The Johnson caricature, 'Madonna of the Napalm' is a three page gatefold in OZ 1. This issue sold out and we have been unable to fill many subsequent orders for it. However, a few have now been returned from our distributors and we're going to offer them to our readers at the ludicrously expensive price of £1. They're not worth it. But no doubt some neurotic collectors will want to complete their sets. (For £2.10s you can have your own complete set delivered to you when OZ 12 is published. That is, OZes 1-12).



Two: Mark Lane's BBC expose... British Breasts... Peter Porter's Metamorphoses... Little Malcolm and his struggle against the 20th century... Cut our pop stars.

Three: What makes hippies happen... Last exit to Brewer Street... An Address to politicians... In praise of Ugliness... Magnificent failures.



Four: Hapshash and the coloured coat golden gatefold... Tarot cards... Process exposed... Sgt Nasser's Lonely heartbreak bank... Norman Normal... Guide to Living in Sin... Let de Gaulle die quickly.

Five: Plant a Flower Child billboard poster... The Great Alf Conspiracy.



Six: (OZ & Other Scenes) Blue movies by the yard... The king of Khatmandu and his Coca Cola Court... Dope Sheet... John Peel interview... Letter from a Greek Prison... Leary in Disneyland... McLuhan's one eyed electric kingdom.

Seven: What's so good about Bob Dylan... Wog Beach Shock... Michael X and the Flower Children... In bed with the Americans... Review of Maharishi's 'The Science of Being and the Art of Living'.

Eight: Mis-Spelt Guevara poster... Russia, you have bread, but no roses... Playboy's banned pictures... Spyder Turner's raunch epistemology... Edward do Bono on lateral thinking.



Nine: New Dylan Lyrics... 'If I could turn you on' UFO digest... Death at St Pauls.

Ten: The pornography of violence... Amnesty report from Athens... Gaol in Arkansas... The men who ban OZ... OH! what a lawful war... Roger McGough's 'Summer with the Monarch' (complete version).

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OF  
DREAMS

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POWER



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DON'T  
PAY  
TAXES

ONE  
WORLD  
OR....  
NONE

ABRAXAS



GIVE



we are all  
learning to  
become  
VIETCONG

A man must make  
his move before  
his move is made

I have seen the Bird of Paradise, she has spread herself  
before me, and I shall never be the same again.  
There is nothing to be afraid of. Nothing.  
Exactly.  
The Life I am trying to grasp is the me that is trying to  
grasp it.

CANNABIS

LIVE!

DONT REVOLVE...EVOLVE

NOTHING IS REVEALED

SMILE

SPEED KILLS

NOW  
eternity

why

HO!

DROP  
OUT.

GREY...

IF I COULD TURN  
YOU ON.....IF I  
COULD DRIVE YOU

OUT OF  
YOUR WRETCHED  
MIND

IF I COULD  
TELL you  
i would let  
you know.

GUERRILLA  
WARFARE OF  
THE MIND

WE ARE LEPERS  
GIVE US BELLS  
NOT DEGREES

