

2-1968

OZ 9

Richard Neville
Editor

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OZ 9

Description

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

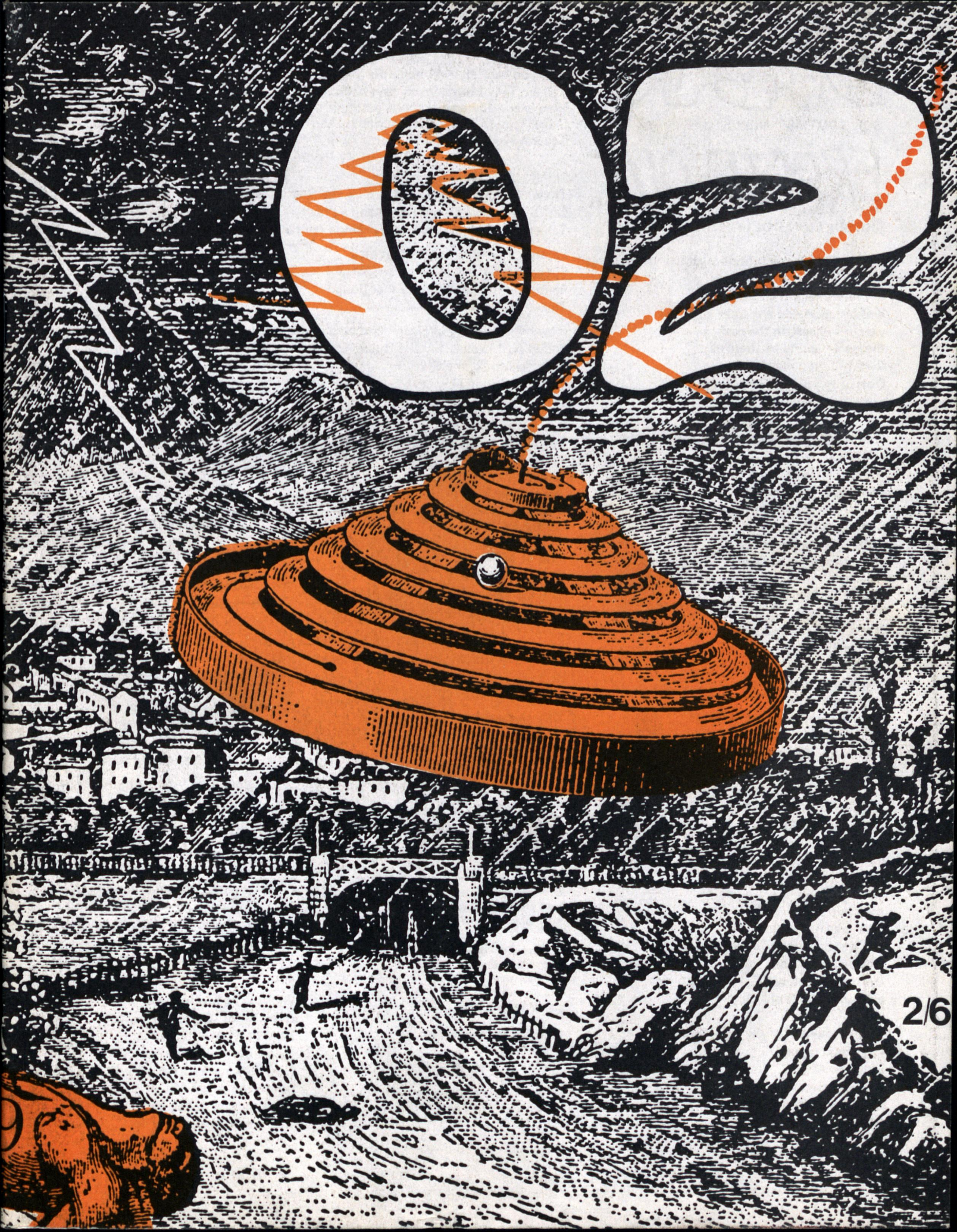
Content: Martin Sharp Flying Saucer cover, Dylan 'song poems new stuff "FREEZE-OUT"' - transcribed lyrics for 'The Million Dollar Bash', 'Tiny Montgomery Says Hello', 'I see My Life Come Shining' (sic) & 'Crash on the Levee'. Ozmosis. 'Blow-Up!' - the Kennedy assassination and the 'Moorman photo'. 'The Digger Thing is Your Thing...' call for a British Digger movement. Che Guevara montage. IT subscription ad. Letter from Michael X. Angelo Quattrochi's open letter to Fidel Castro. Martin Sharp 'If I Could Turn You On...' graphic. 7p Flying Saucer Digest + graphics + Martin Sharp cartoon. *Flying Saucer Review* ad. 'A Healthy Mind in a...' - Julian Manyon on schools. Big O Posters full page ad. 'Devaluation Trilogy' - David Widgery on Georg Buchner. R. Cobb modern Americans/dead natives cartoon. Geuvara/Guevara apology. A handout from The Antiuniversity of London + Bob Whitaker photo. Liberation News Service + montage/cartoon. Neil Oram photo/poem.

Publisher

OZ Publications Ink Limited, London, 32p

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.



DYLAN

SONG POEMS NEW STUFF

"FREEZE-OUT."

THE MILLION DOLLAR BASH

Well the big dumb blonde with her wheel gorged
turned to the friend of hers
with his cheques all forged
and his cheeks in a chunk
with his cheese in the cash,
they're all gonna be there at
that million dollar bash
Ooh baby, ooh ee,e . . . its that
million dollar bash

Everybodys ridin out to over there
and back
the louder they come
the bigger they crack
come now, sweep clean
dont forget to flash
we're all gonna meet at
that million dollar bash
Ooh baby, ooh eee . . . its that
million dollar bash

Well i took my counsellor out to the barn
silly nellie was there
she told him a yarn
then along came jones,
emptied the trash
everybody went down to that
million dollar bash
Ooh baby, ooh eee . . . its that
million dollar bash

Well ive hit her too hard
my stones wont take
i get up in the morning
but its too early to wake
first its hello
goodbye
then pushing
then crash!
but we're all gonna make it at that
million dollar bash
Ooh baby, ooh eee . . . its that
million dollar bash

Well i looked at my watch i looked at my wrist
i punched myself
in the face
with my fist
i took my potatoes
down to be mashed
then i made it on over
to that million dollar bash
Oohoooh baby, ooeeee, oohoo baby ooheee
its that million dollar bash

TINY MONTGOMERY SAYS HELLO!

Well you can tell everybody down in ole Frisco
Tell em Tiny Montgomery says hello.
Now every boy an girl gonna get their thing
Cause Tiny Montgomery's gonna shake that thing!
Tell em everybody down in ole Frisco that Tiny Montgomery's comin
down to say hello

Skinny-Moo and T-Bone Frank
They're all gonna take on down by the Bounty Bank
One bird book, and a buzzard and a crawl
Tell em all Tiny Montgomery's gonna say hello!

Scratch your dad and do that bird
Suck that pig and bring it on home.
Paint that dream and nose that dough
Tell em all that Tiny says hello!

Now he's the King of Drunk and he squeezes too . . .
Watch out, Lester . . . take it Lou
Join the Monk, the CIO
Tell em all that Tiny says hello!

Now bitch that gig
And play it blank
Tell em to go on out and gas that dog.
Track on in
Flower that snow
Take it on down
Begin to grow
Now play that load
An pick it up
Take it on in
In a bottle truck
Three legged man in a hotlip hold
Tell em all that Montgomery says hello!

Well you can tell everybody down in ole Frisco
Tell em all that Montgomery says hello!

I SEE MY LIFE COME SHINING

*They say everything can be replaced
yet every distance is not near
so i remember every face
of every man who put me here*

*I see my life come shining
from the west unto the east
any day now
any day now
I shall be released*

*They say every man needs protection
They say every man must fall
yet i swear i see my reflection
some place so high above this wall*

*I see my life come shining
from the west unto the east
any day now
any day now
I shall be released*

*Now you all see standing
in this lonely crowd
a man who swears he's not to blame
all day long
i hear his voice shouting so loud
crying out that he was framed*

*I see my life come shining
from the west unto the east
any day now
any day now
I shall be released*

CRASH ON THE LEVEE

Crash on the levee mama
waters gonna overflow
swamps gonna rise
slow boats gonna roll
Now you can train on down
to Williamspoint

you can bust your feet
you can rock this joint
Aah mama
aint you gonna miss
your best friend now
You gonna have to find yourself
another best friend somehow

Now dont you try to move me
you're just gonna lose
there's a crash on the levee
and mama you been refused
Well its sugar for sugar
and salt for salt
if you go down in the flood
its gonna be your fault

Aah mama aint you gonna miss
your best friend now

Yes you gonna have to find yourself
another best friend somehow

Well the high tides risin
mama dont you let me down
pack up your suitcase
mama dont you make a sound
Now its king for king
queen for queen
theres gonna be the meanest flood
that anybody seen

Oh mama aint you gonna miss
your best friend now
yes you're gonna have to find yourself
another best friend somehow



USO

A Home Away from Home

- 2 -

Just managed to get the planes out before it blew up. I heard later one of them was on acid at the time. What a trip!

Two of my buddies, Rick & Stace got busted last week for grass. They're really watching us now man, but there's piles of stuff around as well as lots of hash. There've been deals within the whole base smelled like Tomkins Sq. Park. The grass comes from Cambodia, I've heard, but anybody who's been in Saigon says it's as easy to score as get laid and often both at once. Out in the field we get mostly hash because R & R in Saigon has been restricted lately and hash is so much easier to stash in a spot check. There are opium dens in S. incidentally, a couple right across from the Caravelle and supposedly operated by the Cong. But I don't dig that shit. Pot's fine for me and most of the other guys around, who can at least thank the Army for one thing - turning them into heads. Some days everybody for miles around seems stoned. They're all got those sunny grins on their faces, you know, and we salute each other - "Peace!" It really breaks us up.

RVNAF (the S. Vietnam gov. radio station) now has some teenybopper disc jockey chick called Max-han, which means M



OMNOSIS

John Steinbeck II, just back from Bien Hoa, embarrassed the Pentagon and his super hawk dad when he revealed that 75% of American troops stayed stoned throughout their Vietnam year. It only costs fifteen dollars. Unreported so far in England, the fact that troops going on R & R, rest and recreation leave, in nearby Asian capitals, are marketing Viethash to pay for the holiday. Even Sydney's lackadaisical drug squad have been embarrassed into arresting an Ally a day.

If your eyes were up to reading, Lisa Bieberman's Psychedelic News Sheet No. 12, last issue, you might still be relishing her axe-job on Arthur Kleps. Kleps is the Chief Boo Hoo of the Neo American Church, the post-Leary religious organisation whose sacrament is peyote and whose ministers or Boo Hoos, seminary a five dollar note, are required by their faith to turn people on—sure grounds for a draft deferment. Kleps hits back hard at Bieberman in the latest issue of Divine Toad Sweat, the 'Dilated House Organ of the Church.'

Lisa Bieberman: You may have seen Lisa's muckraking bulletin or her article in the New Republic. I agree with much of what she has to say about the movement, and would only add, "so what?" Most people in the movement are fools for the same reason that most people in the telephone book are fools—statistical probability. Lisa has always tested the behaviour of others against some imaginary standard of correct behaviour appropriate to her own fears and limitations, rather than trying to assess the alternative and do what is possible with what is at hand. I am no more a standard Hippie than she is, but I enthusiastically advocate this life style for the majority of young people today. Conversely, although I am about as Red as you can get without being a tomato, I am quite happy to number among my closest friends some millionaires whom I consider to be blood-sucking parasitical imperialist conspirators. Lisa, and too many of the Hippies she finds so repugnant, share a common infantile conceit, they consider their tastes more important than their policy, and even, in extremis, wholly define their policy as the extension of their tastes. As for her personal attack on me, all I can say is (1) the bail money she solicited has not been forfeited or used to pay a fine as of the present date (2) almost all of it was raised from friends of mine who know that I know that they know that I know, etc. etc.—It would be an insult to ask, "May I borrow the \$100 you put up for a few months to pay the fine, or would you rather see me in prison?" (3) If I am forced by necessity to pay the fine out of the bail money, it will only amount to \$500 or so and the people who need cash in hand at once will get their contribution back at once (4) Lisa seems to think the circumstance of my being picked up passed out drunk in the Sarasota Railroad Station is evidence of moral iniquity and mental degeneracy so desperate as to make public disclosure obligatory. I should be, I suppose, "disgraced" in the eyes of all those Sunday School superintendent acid heads out there to whom Lisa so coquetishly addresses herself ("Look Ma, I take drugs!"). Yes, folks, I had, indeed, on that occasion, more-or-less voluntarily, rendered myself unconscious in a public place (no private place was available). How about that? Some people, of course, lead affectional lives so rigorously ordered and circumscribed that they never experience losses, anguish which may verge on the unbearable. I have noticed that these people very frequently end up rendering themselves dead in private places. To each his own.

Mixed media. Secker & Warburg, Studio Vista and almost every book publishing house have begun publishing film scripts. While moviemakers like Peter Whitehead, and Ian Cameron have begun publishing books. On films. Our McLuhan award goes to Whitehead and Andrew Sinclair's, Lorimer Publishing, who have cornered the market in Godard and the more memorable classics and will be bringing out a title a month for the next three years.

Not all the good movies in town are at the New Cinema Club, which is getting round the censorship hangup, though their Chelsea Girls is a very bland strip of celluloid. The uncut version is expected to be presented by the BFI in conjunction with the Arts Lab soon. Meantime try and take in Alain Jessua's 'Comic Strip Hero' at the Cinephone.

U.P.S.

BLOW UP!

The photograph is the one taken by Mary Moorman with her Polaroid camera as President Kennedy was being assassinated.

David Lifton, a graduate student at UCLA, made an examination of the Moorman photo in 1965 and discovered the man shown in the series of blow-ups. He is holding a straight object in his hands and possibly may have actually fired a frontal shot at the President's car as it came up the street. This can not be determined from this photo but it is important to note that the existence of this man at that time and place contradicts the Warren Commission report on the assassination, which denies that anyone stood behind this wall or the picket fence.

This photograph proves the presence of at least one man, No. 5, half hidden behind the wall on the knoll, at the time of the shooting. The published Warren Commission documents do not reveal the presence of any individual behind the wall or fence at that time, either in an official capacity or otherwise; and Joseph Ball, senior commission counsel (who identifies himself as being in charge of this area of the investigation), explicitly denies that any one was there.

Since the subject area of the knoll is generally consistent with that designated by most witnesses as the source of at least one shot, No. 5 man must logically be considered an important suspect. This would be true even if it

were not a fact that he appears to be holding a straight object.

The photograph and surrounding circumstances demonstrate graphically and powerfully the urgent need for a complete reinvestigation of the assassination of President Kennedy.

Reprinted from the Los Angeles Free Press, No 175, Dec. 1, 1967.

(Re: OZ No 3, Mark Lane.)

1.



Is this one of the Kennedy Assassins?

Why doesn't the 'Moorman Photo' appear as a Warren Commission Exhibit?

Who is this man?

What is the straight object he appears to be holding in his hands?

Why is he on the grassy knoll, half hidden behind the wall at the time Kennedy was shot?

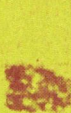
Why does Counsel Joseph Ball insist that there was no one either behind the wall or the picket fence?



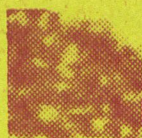
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DRAWING BY RICHARD HEFFEREN
M.I.T. GRAPHIC ARTS SERVICE

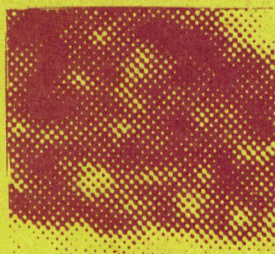
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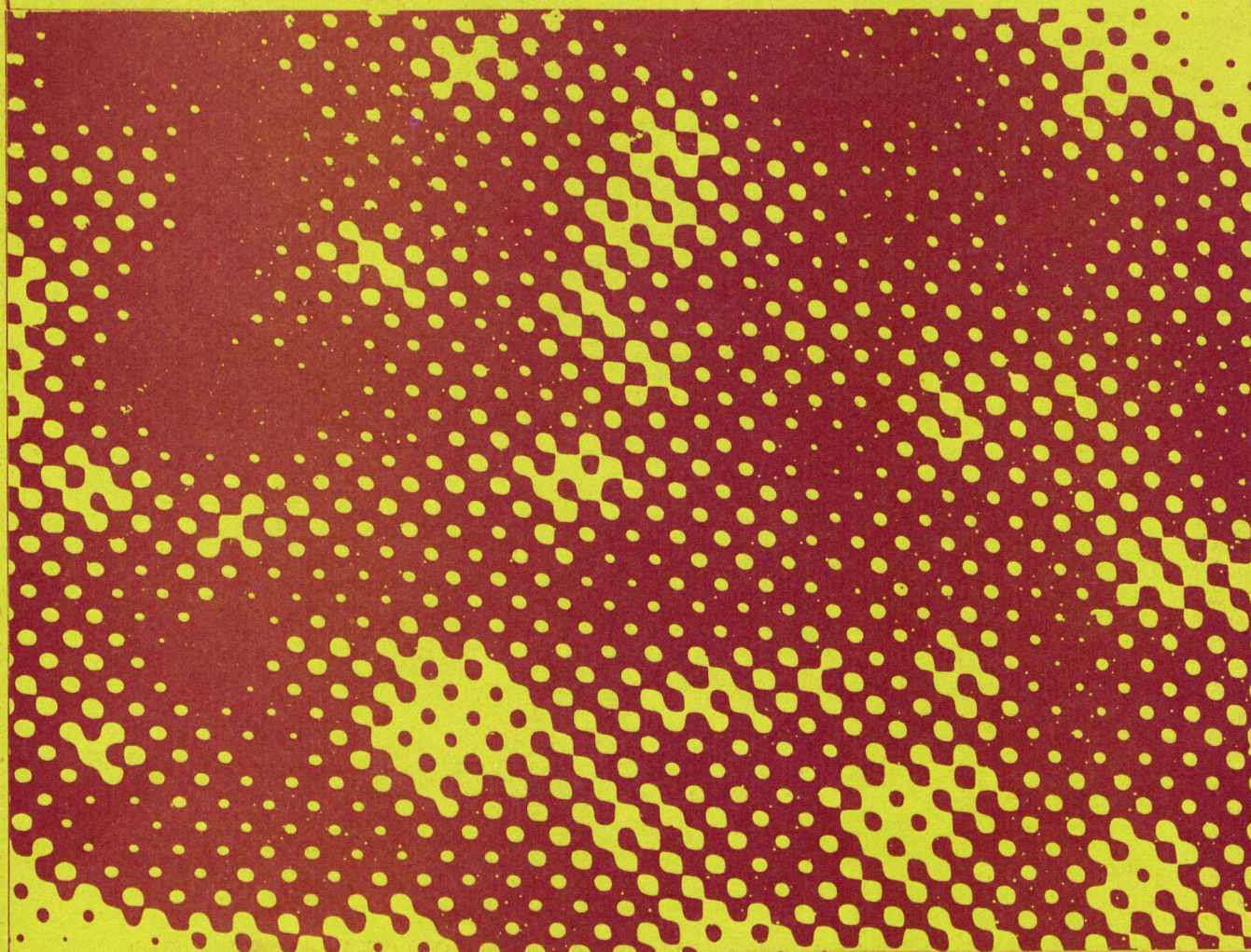


5.



6.

Stand back a few paces to view.





The DIGGER THING is your thing.... IF YOU ARE REALLY.....

Unless we can wipe out the menacing mountain of evil karma accumulated by the human race, it will soon crush out love, freedom, enlightenment and all that is beautiful in the world. To avert this catastrophe we must act quickly, for time is not on our side. It cannot be overemphasised that delay will surely spell doom of the love revolution.

TURNED ON!

Alex Lowsiewkee

The modern diggers are the dharma descendants of the Diggers who tilled common land and practised sharing in the England of 1649 and whose declared aims were to 'lay the Foundation of making the Earth a Common Treasury for All' and to create a new society in which all would 'as one man, working together, and feeding together... not Lording over another, but all looking upon each other, as equals'. But without reference to any historical affiliation, the term 'digger' may simply be defined in the present day revolutionary context as 'a person who digs love, freedom and sharing and acts on his understanding'.

The first of the modern diggers emerged from the hippie community in the autumn of 1966 in the Haight-Ashbury district of San Francisco. They made history there by dishing out free food to all comers, running a free store called 'The Free Frame of Reference' where goods were given away free, providing crash pads in their communes for dropouts and distributing a free newsheet (Communication Company, San Francisco).

This pattern of action has been taken up in one way or another by diggers in other cities and towns on the North American continent. The digger movement is spreading fast over...

CONTINUED

People get annoyed because OZ isn't laid-out like the 'New Statesman'.

'You publish some extraordinary articles,' they say, 'but no one can take them seriously when they're printed upside down in circles in purple ink.'

Yes, they can. That's why OZ is banned at Parkhurst Prison. Their library committee take OZ very seriously. The police in Piccadilly take OZ seriously too. That's why they cautioned the news vendor for selling OZ. (He doesn't sell it anymore.) And the man who sent the editor 24 cakes of Coal Tar soap takes OZ seriously. (We wish more people would send us soap - you can't have a bath with abusive letters.) Best thing to send us is 30/-. Then you'll find out whether OZ is just a load of psychedelic rubbish or the most creative and stimulating monthly magazine in the world. **HA! HA! H...A....**

Rubbish from past issues:

Michael X and the Flower Children... The Poetry of Bob Dylan... Letter from a Greek Gaol... The Coca Cola King of Kathmandu... Mark Lane's famous exposé of the BBC... Peter Porter's 'Metamorphoses'... Toad of Whitehall... The Great Alf Conspiracy... Mind Benders of Mayfair... How to take acid...

Plus Angelo Quattrochi on De Gaulle, Italy and Russia... David Widgery on Guevara, the quality Sunday's, hippies... Anthony Haden-Guest on Girodias... Ray Durnat on Marshall McLuhan, suicide and sex...

Edward de Bono on lateral thinking... Elizabeth Smart on picking her nose.

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there and diggers are now developing land-based love communes where they grow their own food, and even building their own 'drop cities'.

Over here in England we are lagging behind - but we'll soon catch up. However when moving into the third phase of the love revolution, we must appreciate that the circumstances existing here are somewhat different from those in America. So, although we can learn a lot from the experiences of our American dharma brothers and sisters, it may be necessary for us to evolve a somewhat different course of action.

As I see it, the most essential and urgent thing is the creation of love communes, each with its own land, houses and means of production for primary as well as secondary goods.

At present most of the land, houses and means of production are in the hands of the state and private capitalists; so we have to play their money-game and score bread to buy these things (or rather *retrieve* these things, for they belong to everyone by right of birth and our share has been filched from us).

wise up on what a love commune really is.

What Is A Love Commune?

A love commune is a group of diggers practising together the digger dharma of love, freedom and sharing. It is a nucleus of the love society and has a love economy. It is inter-linked with other love communes all over the world in a love network.

For the digger dharma to be a concrete reality within the love commune, all diggers must be hip to certain fundamental points of the dharma and practise these within their love communes. The following are some of these points whose reification characterises the fully developed love commune.

Point On Love In The Love Commune In Full Flower.

- (1) There is love in everyone for all sentient beings.
- (2) In everyone there is the openness and nakedness of love and complete freedom from all square hangups.
- (3) Everyone has arrived at that enlightened state of expanded awareness known as yung-huo (in chinese). This is a state best described as freedom from possessive or clinging attachment to things.
- (4) In everyone there is sympathetic and compassionate understanding for the failings and deficiencies of others.

When these points are realised, there will be true communion between the diggers of the commune. Love communes are powered by love and it's love that makes what's human divine.

Points On Freedom And Sharing In The Love Commune In Full Flower.

- (1) The love commune is an anarchistic organisation without any authoritarian hangups. This means it has no place for such megalomaniacal frauds and con-men as leaders and bosses and quack gurus.
- (2) All work as far as possible is shared by all. There is no swindle like a permanent 'division of labour' which inevitably leads to division of people into different classes.
- (3) All knowledge and enlightenment are shared and made available and free to all. This means that there is no monopolistic professionalism. This means diggers can and will evolve into versatile or even universal cats and chicks with their beautiful potentialities maximally realised, and thus become the forerunners of the fully aware and enlightened beings of the coming Aquarian Age. And each digger contributes to the love commune according to his or her ability.
- (4) All material goods of the commune are shared out to each digger according to his or her need or, when the goods are abundant, simply made available and free to all.
- (5) All drudgery, toiling and moping are automated out of productions so that everyone can have as much leisure as possible to do his or her own thing.
- (6) Everyone is free to do his or her own thing on the understanding that he or she does not shit on the freedom of others.
- (7) To ensure true personal freedom, no one is treated or regarded as the property of another - this applies to children as well as adults. No one has

any 'rights' over another and parents have no 'rights' over their children.

- (8) The freedom, well-being, education and enlightenment of children are the responsibility of the whole commune.
- (9) To ensure true sexual freedom, the sexual relationship between a couple is treated as a mutual arrangement which is freely entered into and which may be of as long or short a duration as is convenient to both parties. It may be freely broken at any time by either party and both may then make new arrangements with new parties - a current arrangement automatically cancelling out a previous one. The sexual arrangement is regarded as entirely the concern of the couple involved and is not subjected to the unsolicited interference of a third party. All sexual matters are freely discussed and openly illustrated and demonstrated as desired.
- (10) There are neither putdowns like laws, rules and regulations nor putons like pharisaic respectability and morality and 'holier-than-thou' attitudes. The lifeways of the diggers are always entirely a matter of love and understanding.

The foregoing points, if fully realised, will raise the practice of freedom and sharing to a new high in human society.

Practical Side-Issues And The Revolutionary Praxis.

The diggers of each love commune will work out for themselves the practical details not only of the diggers' dharma but also of certain side-issues which may arise from their particular environment.

For example, in the early days of love commune development it may be of value or even indispensable for some communes to have weekend or part-time diggers. Again it may be useful or necessary for some diggers to learn kung-fu and/or judo and/or karate for self-defence against the brutal violence of thugs, bullies and other crooks and evil elements, including sadistic fuzz.

If our revolutionary praxis is a living and tuned-in one, it can easily cope with such side-issues. To keep the praxis evergreen and always in tune and in touch, it is essential to have a revolutionary critique and a revolutionary dialogue among the diggers to ensure that each and every practical detail pertaining to the praxis will be both meaningful and effective.

The London Diggers' Love Commune.

With this point in view, my dharma comrades associated with OZ magazine, *The International Times* newspaper, Family Dog Productions, The Arts Laboratory, The Tribe of The Sacred Mushroom, The Hyde Park Digger Movement (The Flower Children), The 192A People and The Exploding Galaxy, and myself invite all love revolutionaries to join us at the first open forum of The London Diggers' Love Commune, which will be convened to discuss the launching of the commune. We also invite everybody to the commune's first 'Breaking Ground' ceremony to be held on a subsequent occasion. If you are interested and would like to participate in the forum and/or the ceremony, please write to: Diggers, c/o OZ Publications Ink Ltd., 38A Palace Gardens Terrace, London W8.

If you're a real love revolutionary, give us your support, and come and join your dharma comrades in developing the London Diggers' Love Commune. Let's all get in touch as soon as we can.

OZ Magazine
The International Times
Family Dog Productions
The Arts Laboratory
The Tribe of The Sacred Mushroom
The Hyde Park Digger Movement
The 192A People & The Exploding Galaxy
and Alex Lowsiewkee
invite you to the Commune's Forum and/or Ceremony
of 'Breaking Ground', to be held in March.
Date to be announced.
Please write to Diggers, c/o OZ Magazine
NOW.

When we've got the communes on the groove, we'll support and expand the whole of Hipville by giving away some of our surplus produce free to hippies and diggers in need of them, and by selling the rest in hippie shops, preferably at prices which will appreciably undercut those of the profiteering hucksters of Squareville. The bread obtained from the sale will go partly to support those hippie shops and hippie enterprises which have to survive in the grab-world of straight society, and partly to reinvestment in land, etc. for the communes.

We'll automate our means of production and do our own scientific and technological research as soon as possible. And when we've done that, we could easily flood the market with cut-price and free goods because we would be unaffected by the hassles of big-profit margins and engineered scarcity which string out the square.

The potential of the love economy is limitless, and we'll realise more and more of it as we develop our love communes. Meanwhile let's



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Dear Sir,

Although suicide is no longer a crime, it remains an offense to aid, abet or counsel suicide in specific cases. Raymond Durnat's letter in the last issues of your journal almost arouses the wish that the encouragement of suicide in general should be subject to the same penalties. He will no doubt attempt to shelter behind the distinguished poets from whom he quotes. But this would be to take these verses outside the context of their authors' obvious concern with the betterment of human life. Great art is on the side of Life, never of Death.

Yours sincerely,
David Holbrook

Dear Sir,

I am not in the least surprised that your correspondent Raymond Durnat has failed to find a suitable suicide prescription.

His article is garlanded with quotations from various cinematograph entertainments and from such minor literary figures as Messrs Housman and Keats. If he had turned aside from these pootling foothills, and directed his attention towards my towering plays, he would immediately have found the recipe he requires.

In 'The Millionaire', which I presented to the world almost one-third of a century ago, Epifania Fitzfassenden, nee Ognisanti di Parerga, approaches her solicitor, Julius Sagamore, with a similar request, and is immediately gratified with the following instructions:

'You will have to sign the chemist's book for the cyanide. Say it is for a wasp's nest. The tartaric acid is harmless; the chemist will think you want it to make lemonade. Put the two separately in just enough water to dissolve them. When you mix the two solutions the tartaric and potash will combine and make tartrate of potash. This, being insoluble, will precipitate to the bottom of the glass; and the supernatant fluid will be pure hydrocyanic acid, one sip of which will kill you like a thunderbolt.'

Time spent on the enjoyment of the loftier peaks of English literature is never wasted.

Yours,

G.B.S.

Raymond Durnat replies:

So stalwart an exponent of the life-force as Mr Shaw cannot but command one's respect. He has, perhaps, had a little difficulty in understanding the problems of the weaker candidates for suicide,

with whose plight I probably find it easier to identify: with those who could hardly face the complex task of conning a chemist of asking for cyanide in a nonchalant voice, of looking as if they have access to a garden 'with wasps' nests.

Dear Sir,

After reading John Wilcox' 'blue print for a beautiful community (OZ No 7) - almost arose from apathy to comment - J.W.'s enthusiasm for freebie dogma overpowered his capacity for reason (assuming he has one) and faith in politics and willingness for compromise with the Establishment, in the last paragraph was excruciatingly nauseous. Despite these emotional reactions I was silent, not wishing to shatter the tranquil intellectual progress of your readers and amigos.

Come OZ No 8, and remarkable Angelo Quattrochi's sermon upon the freakdom of Russia (which has rushed nowhere slow) stating criticisms and targets supernaturally parallel to my own. Russia is now fast retracting within its own A.M.M. shell. The Gremlin has decided that it is now prepared to undergo a nuclear attack (vis: civil exercises resumed) and has redetermined to undermine PEACEFUL co-existence.



With more unstable regimes, an expanding wipeout gang, population explosion, germ warfare, famine, race war, Chinese missiles etc. ad infinitum, posing a mushroom threat to the very continuance of man; the time has come for a radical ideological change . . . NOW! It should be intolerable to us to contemplate the total eradication of life on earth. (see 'Words' by J-P Sartre)

Leo Tolstoy, a religious anarchist, had a solution which Ghandi

proved practical in India in the forties: He advocated rule by Love, i.e. abolition of organized authority. This would mean the free association of individuals, no armed forces, courts, prisons or written law. Hippies believe in a peaceful transition to anarchy Regis Debray & Che Guevara demand revolution, as do 'Tomorrow' on their last record. It is not these aims which require debate only the methods advocated for achieving them. Peaceful anarchists like Tolstoy proposed refusal by the people to 1) render military service 2) to pay taxes 3) to recognise the courts and the police;

while Guevarian radicals proposed armed insurrection and revolution by the people at the 1877 & 1907 International Anarchist Congresses. Their common purpose . . . the collapse of the established order! Assuming that the world 'civilisation' is truly doomed these are the alternatives facing us: extinction, revolution, or transition peacefully. This first is ludicrous and the other two are dependent upon how much time we feel we can spare. Hippies are a long term solution whereas the Revolutionaries believe the problem to be more urgent, thereby requiring more radical action. It remains to be seen which method humanity will choose, provided it has time to do so!

Yours sincerely,
N.A. Megson (optimist)
Solihull,
Warwickshire.

Dear Sir,

I would have thought that such a lavish presentation as your Che Guevara fold-in merited a bit more attention than it obviously received.

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'Men like Guevara are too big and angry for our world of typewriters and soft hands.'

You said it and I bet He'd puke if he could see the hollow tribute you've paid him.

Yours,

J. Russell Wimbush
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From Michael X, Swansea

The last time I sat down to write I had no idea where the writing would lead: a book, however, came out of it. In that document I find that I was consistently accusing myself. Well to that I say 'beautiful' for the more I accuse myself the more I have the right to judge you. Better yet I make you judge yourself, which makes it that much less necessary for me to do it.

Don't matter where I start from. It can be called a bad start, but still let us compare feelings. I would like to say let us compare facts. But then I may take offence as what you present to me as fact, and here lies one of the strange dichotomies that arises whenever we speak to each other. So, like I said to the judge, (in Reading) I have no doubt that some of the things I say may sound offensive to your ears, but please bear in mind that your words may unknowingly have been an assault on my ears all my life. Nonetheless, these words must be spoken for with meaningful dialogues we may yet be able to contain the conflagration.

At this precise moment I visualise myself talking to people: black people, white people, and, this is important, the others, for so many people to-day are in the strange state of limbo. I would like to describe what I mean when I say white people. They include some folk with black skins with thoughts as grey as the majority of anglo-saxons and of course the majority of anglo-saxons, they are white people.

It seems strange to me that I use two words like 'White Monkeys' and white people get very offended, when in point of fact that is being quite kind, for I could have said 'white man' and that is probably the nastiest thing that a black man could call another human being, and daily, they, the grey ones, hear it and never even get slightly upset.

To-day I look back at that trial in Reading and I see what was really needed were interpreters, for during this monumental farce the judge invited me to come and stand two or three feet away from him. Me, who has always said that there is more of us than them. Yes, me, who sincerely believes that there is only one way to go when you are sure you are going, and that's taking one of them with you. That judge could not have understood a word I was saying for all that he had between him and his maker was those two or three feet of empty space. Judges, I believe, are the main bastions of grey thought. The greys are few but they are powerful. They have succeeded in

splitting us in so many bits that it isn't funny. They create mythical alliances and we see them as real. For example when the word 'White' is used in relation to racial issues all the pink people, all the pale faces together with the greys see themselves as a monolithic group and act accordingly. This unique power of persuasion, through which the greys have ruled for centuries I call the grey super power super structure. It claims almost every media of mass communication. It is almost unbeatable, for people are naturally attracted to that which is strong. And all the pink idiots identify there.

How many pink or pale faced readers will actually renounce this alliance and come and fight the good fight with us, for man, for free man? No. I have heard them: 'you are right, but . . .'. Please, please, ask yourselves this for anyway you care to look at it there is more us than you.

And still they pretend not to understand for they see finally that truth is facing them, so they ask 'What is really wanted is apartheid in reverse, isn't it?' How can I answer after trying so hard to show the many shades of man.

So I evade the question, for I know they will be no better off if I say 'No' in reply. Instead we talk a bit about South Africa and they say that apartheid is abhorrent. I make my final plea - can't you see now why our struggle must be international? What are we going to do when black people begin to storm Johannesburg, Durban, Capetown? What role are you going to take then? For it is obvious that this country will go the way of protecting its financial interests in South Africa, which in effect means protecting the grey thinking South Africans. We cannot wait until D-Day to organise ourselves. It is crystal clear that it is the duty of all clean thinkers to be ready to oppose or at least to neutralise the greys.

There you see one example of why we must move now. Letters or even a big advertisement in The Times condemning the action of the British government will not be enough. At this point I will have to fight you too, for then the end will be near and in that sea of faces one cannot identify individuals. When that happens all is lost. Your cause and mine. Just think this is only one example of many such situations around the world. Now I see the problem, they say, but you put it badly, if you will change the language Allah be merciful. Give me patience.

Give me guidance. Just like the prayer was unheard. Out goes my cool. Instead a torrent of words 'What else must I change?' Why don't you do some changing too? Why is it always me who must change? No. I will not change. This is how I have twisted and turned to please you. I have done your building for centuries. Now I put my foot down. You will have to look at me in the eyes with truth this time or all that you have worked for will go. I can give no more. Naught have I and since that is the legacy for my children like it was for my father and his father before him, so it will be for you and yours. In this world there are two kinds of people - the takers and the took. We have been took. You have always told me what I wanted, now let me tell you what I want

MICHAEL

Justice Partial, Your Lies Are Showing

The week before Christmas, Michael Abdul Malik was taken from Swansea goal to make his fourth court appearance, this time before Lord Chief Justice Parker at the High Court of Appeal. Mr. Pain Q.C. Counsel for the Defence, did all the talking, finding four grounds for appeal.

For a start, in the light of 'The Sunday Times' article which described Malik as 'taking to politics after an unedifying career as brothel-keeper, procurer and property racketeer' the trial should not have proceeded. Mindful of his career Mr. Pain neglected to press the obvious: that Justice Parker had in this same court a fortnight earlier fined the owners of 'The Sunday Times' £5,000 for contempt of court and was now backpedalling. 'Though the article was likely to have caused an unfair trial', declared Milord Parker, 'in the opinion of this court it did not have that effect'.

Secondly Mr. Pain cited the Reading prosecution's choice of evidence as showing the jury that Malik had been in prison before. Thirdly he showed how the Recorder had failed to put the case fairly to the jury. On the question of Michael's intent the Recorder had presented the jury with a bogus simplification: did Malik understand what he was saying or didn't he? Michael's defence in fact rested on his being of a different background and so using the words in a different sense to that understood by the white majority. For a full hour Michael had explained at his Reading trial why the oppressed cannot and must not

accept the culture of their oppressor, how the white man had subverted the black. The Recorder left all that out in his summing up to the jury. The accused was getting personal, the court had listened in absolute silence.

Q.C. Pain made an awkward point for a liberal advocate: that Michael's complaints and abuse related to the system, not to individuals or as the law has it, 'a section of the public distinguished by colour'. Parker, whey-faced and tight-smiling, didn't need to be told this. He dug what was in question, his own top job in that system, and what he had to do with this political criminal, shut him up.

Lastly Defence suggested to Parker it would be a help if he could lay down some precedent for this type of case. Wasn't Michael's sentence of one year excessive for a first offence under the Race Relations Act, hadn't the four coloured speakers tried on the same charge at the Old Bailey been fined £30 with one 2 year binding over? Parker would not be drawn, Defence had failed to pose an intriguing problem for his learned mind to work upon. Each case must be dealt with individually Parker replied and dismissed all four grounds for appeal.

Rather patronisingly Pain suggested that the coloured people had very little political experience and so lacked the background to English public life of an Englishman's sense of what is reasonable and what is not. Had Michael's original speech actually endangered the public peace, did we read that Reading rioted? Or had some chunks of misreported speech disturbed the media-believers' peace of mind? Either way the Race Relations Act was a good stick to beat down a man not deceived by it.

Question for the Establishment: Is Michael Abdul Malik backed by an organisation ready to execute the speaker's calls for action?

Question for the public: If Michael Abdul Malik is fishing in troubled waters (see Political and Economic Planning Report now before Parliament) will the spread of legal oil do more than calm the surface? Discrimination in public places has roots in the private prejudice of individuals. How do you legislate a change of heart?

Guy Gladstone
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Open letter to Castro by
Angelo Quattrocchi

Compagnero Fidel,
Back in the Sierra you promised
to transform all Cuba's prisons
into schools, the army barracks
into hospitals.

The Batista tyranny over your
country made you first a politi-
cal opponent, then a guerrilla,
and finally a victorious leader -
and a Marxist statesman.

Some come to Cuba to see if you
have built, if you can build, the
schools and the hospitals which
you promised. Others come to
see how Cuba bears the blockade;
what the Cubans eat, what they
wear, how they cope. Those who
come with small minds - and
small questions - leave with their
small answers, for the overfed
philistines of the world: the
Cubans cope well.

Many come claiming that Cuban
socialism is subsidized by Russia
(and China?) and therefore its ach-
ievements and significance are very
limited.

You do not need to answer them;
they are often the ones who deal
in South African gold, they choose
their friends.

But I came with different ques-
tions, and other hopes.

The hopes of European Marxists;
hopes destroyed by Stalin, killed
in Hungary, mocked by revision-
ism.

Seemingly impossible hopes that
a change in society means a change
in man. The other world, China,
has offered us negative hopes: it
can only teach us humility, no
more.

Cuba, the hostage of the future,
suggested more than a geographi-
cal diversion. From the start,
it promised more than a revised
edition of the socialism of the
means and the capitalism of the
heart. In words made pathetic by
our long wait and our historical
impotence, we hoped, not only
for social justice, but for socialist
happiness.

Our questions were simple, and
therefore very difficult to formu-
late. 'When exploitation of one
man by another ends,' said Che,
'socialism begins.'

But that is only the beginning;
the Russians decided that it was
all, and when man's heart didn't
change, affirmed that nothing else
could be done - and late - pretend-
ed that all had been. A socialist
dropout of historical proportions.

The Chinese have had to wait for
us all, while we ride the ferocious
paper tiger, judiciously imparting
phosphorous death to the strugg-
ling. But Cuba, privileged by its
own smallness, its unique position,
can go further. The two old hopes
of Marxism, elimination of money

and the obliteration of the family,
are in sight.

Money means a reward for egoism.
It is an unnecessary incentive for
a free, happy and responsible man.

Family means egoism applied to
emotions. A free and happy man
does not need to own other people
he enjoys them.

Now in the West, young people
freed, by chance, from the
fear of necessity, are tentatively
striving to get rid of these bonds.
They are achieving little but offer-
ing an image of what our future
could be.

Cuba could make reality of their
dreams. I am not mistaken: the
young work-brigades on the Isla de
Pinos are already that future.

But the morality of production
must not be allowed to over-ride
the ultimate morality of the revolu-
tion: human happiness.

Let us speak simply and sincerely.
Life is not easy in Cuba - hard
work is necessary. Young Cubans
are enthusiastic and give their
energies to the work in hand. Their
society must not only be just, it
must also become beautiful. They
don't need money, only total
freedom of choice and decision,
whenever and wherever possible.

A few brigades of ideological dissen-
ters from Europe, the young who
have discovered the way of the
future through moral dissent,
could help.

You, Fidel, could invite them to
come. Some will, I know, go
next summer to work, they could
form the first international brigade
of the new revolution. Ask them.

They would not come for love of
money, only for love of the
revolution - which means love.

Dear Sir,

As a free-lance writer and,
at the moment, also an instru-
ctor in Magazine Journalism
(at Univ. of Iowa), may I say
that rarely have I seen a more
confused, confusing, botched-
looking, noxious, sloppy, taste-
less or incoherent magazine
than yours. Keep up the good
work!

Yours admirably,

Bob Perlono
School of Journalism,
University of Iowa,
Iowa 52240, USA.

Dear Sir,

Many congratulations on the
success of your magazine 'OZ',
biggest confidence trick of the
modern age. You are very fortun-
ate in having discovered such a
large section of the public who
are so naive as to be seduced into
buying your superficial magazine.

As a new reader I expected to
discover something which, if not
revolutionary, may at least be
termed original. Regrettably I
failed to find this. Certainly,
your ideas about sex are complet-
ely opposed to the norms of
society, similarly your attitude
to drug-taking. However, all this
proves is that you are able to
look at the values of society and
decide that yours will be exactly
the opposite, hardly a very
mature attitude. Constructive
thinking is evidently beyond
your ability and you are merely
able to find fault with the ideas
of others, something which is not
beyond the most simple-minded

I therefore sympathise with
those who think they are
discovering some new philosophy
in your magazine for they are
sadly mistaken.

Yours etc.,

Sheila Ladd
University College,
Glamorgan.

You are making Money out of
Flirt with your magazine
the so called OZ and I am glad
to see the "People" Newspaper is
about to do something about this and
about time too, there are others of
this works about to become/Anyng
at this SUSSH!







In the beginning God created the heaven and earth. And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep; and the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said: Let there be light; and there was light. And God saw the light that it was good.

Genesis 1:1-4

I believe that there have been civilisations in the past that were familiar with atomic energy, and by misusing it they were totally destroyed.

Frederick Soddy

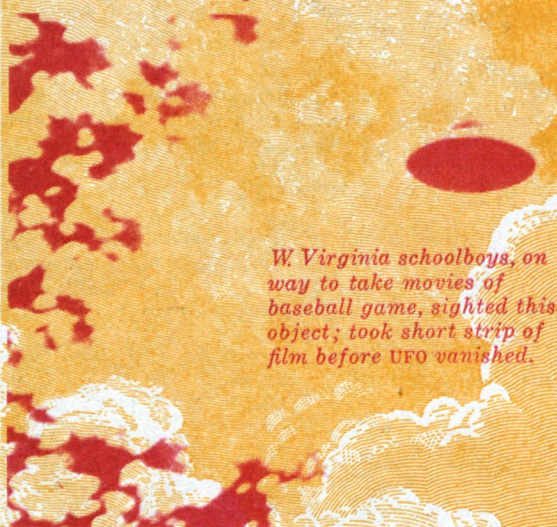
Observing that the human young needs a long period of care and protection, Anaximander concludes that had man always been as he is now, he could not have survived. Therefore he must have been different, that is, he must have evolved from an animal which can fend for itself more quickly. Later, Darwin explained the theory of evolution in terms of natural selection from a universal ancestral organism.

Bertrand Russell, 1959

It may be that other forms of humanity, or rather other thinking beings, made their appearance and disappeared. They may not have left visible traces, but their memory is preserved in legends . . .

Ten thousand years ago an enlightened civilisation controlled the world. It set up in the Frozen North zones of deportation. Now what do we find in Eskimo folklore? References to tribes being transported to the Frozen North at the beginning of time by giant metallic birds. Nineteenth century archaeologists always scoffed at these 'metallic birds'. And what do you think?

Louis Pauwels/Jack Bergier, 1960



W. Virginia schoolboys, on way to take movies of baseball game, sighted this object; took short strip of film before UFO vanished.

No matter how cheerful and unsuspecting my disposition may be, when I go to the American Museum of Natural History dark cynicisms arise the moment I come to the fossils or old bones that have been found - gigantic things, reconstructed into terrifying but 'proper' Dinosaurs. On one of the floors below they have reconstructed the DODO. It's frankly a fiction . . . but it's been reconstructed so cleverly and so convincingly . . .

14 I think we are property. I should say we belong to something that

once upon a time this earth was no-man's land, that other worlds explored and colonised here and fought among themselves for possession, but that now its' owned by something . . .

I suspect that, after all, we are useful - that among contesting claimants adjustment has occurred, or that something now has a legal right to us, by force, or by having paid out analogues of beads for us to former owners of us - and that all this has been known, perhaps for ages, to certain ones upon this Earth, a cult, or Order, members of which function like bell-wethers to the rest of us, or as superior slaves or overseers, directing in accordance with instructions received from Somewhere else - in our mysterious usefulness.

In the past, before proprietorship was established, inhabitants of a host of other worlds have dropped here, hopped here, wafted sailed, flown, motored - walked here, for all I know - been pulled here, been pushed; have come singly, have come in enormous numbers; have visited occasionally, have periodically, for hunting, trading, mining, replenishing harems: have established colonies here; far advanced peoples, or things, and primitive peoples or whatever they were: white ones, black ones, yellow ones . . . We are not alone; the Earth is not alone.

Charles Fort

The recognition of our eternal ignorance does not lead back to religion. In fact the acceptance of our incorrigible ignorance puts us far above the religions. The latter know the ultimate answer to everything. The explanation of everything is embodied for them in a three letter word beginning with G and ending in D, with an O in the middle.

Hans Eliot, 1966

It seems certain that the world stands at the threshold of a new Age and that life on our planet in all its forms is enduring the birth pangs that precede a new dispensation . . . In the villages of West Somerset there still exists a tradition which says that: The Day will come when Jesus the Christ will come striding up the lanes from Cornwall on His way to Avalon.

Wellesley Tudor Pole, 1951

How can man be prevailed upon and empowered to make the radical changes in thinking and living which are indispensable for man's survival and for his evolution into a higher state of being?

Talk would be incomplete without mention of telepathic messages purporting to be coming from the inhabitants of other planets, many of them beyond our solar system, which reflect an apprehension that we may, by some foolhardy act set fire to the earth's outer atmosphere, which consists largely of helium. These messages are being received in different parts of the world and are generally accompanied by invitations to the effect that our activities have long been observed by these friendly and highly evolved visitors from outerspace, who are ready to welcome us into their interplanetary brotherhood the moment we show signs of becoming a little more civilised. In fact, their purpose in coming is to help their brother man on planet earth as the new age dawns. The principal governments of the world know about these things, but are at present somewhat confused. Clearly nothing is more likely to result in a dramatic transformation almost overnight of the world-wide ordering of affairs on earth than the enforced admission by governments, that government as we know it, including the whole gamut of our national self-defence system, is outdated. Many things are being kept from the peoples of the world which they need to know at this time, but all doubts will soon be replaced as our visitors from outer space begin to show themselves in greater numbers all over the world.

Anthony Brooke, 1965

Secrecy results from the nature of the thing kept secret, and is not necessarily imposed by those who know.

Louis Pauwels/Jack Bergier, 1960

It would clearly be vain to study approaches to human unity and the creation of a planetary society in a narrow perspective divorced from the total stream of our evolutionary development and from significant universal cosmic facts which are widely impinging themselves upon our consciousness at this time. Although there may be need to give careful consideration to whatever institutions, frameworks and laws we may envisage for our world society, it is equally indispensable and even more important to direct our concern to the spirit of our world community in its individual and collective expression and in particular to the ways and means of effecting the release of those infinite divine resources which, like the power locked up in the atom, lie virtually asleep at the core of our individual being. It is an awakening of these latent powers which alone can give glory and meaning to life on earth. Without such an awakening any 'peace' and 'unity' brought about by external arrangements of a formal character will be without substance and will certainly not meet the deepest aspirations of the heart and soul of man.

Anthony Brooke, 1967

He who seeks to acquire knowledge must first know how to doubt, for intellectual doubt helps to establish the truth.

Aristotle, 360 BC

It was a small creature, with a normal human face, from 1 meter to 1.20 meters tall; he was wearing a transparent suit that covered him completely: he reminded me of a child wrapped in a cellophane bag.



*Sun turning round - graceful motion
We're setting off with soft explosion
Bound for a star fiery ocean
It's so very lonely
You're a 100 light years from home
Freezing red desert turned to dark
Energy here in every part . . .*

Mick Jagger, 1967

I saw a great star most splendid and beautiful, and with it an exceeding multitude of falling sparks which with the star followed southward. And they examined Him upon His throne almost as something hostile, and turning from Him they sought rather the north. And suddenly they were all annihilated, being turned into black coals . . . and cast into the abyss that I could see them no more.

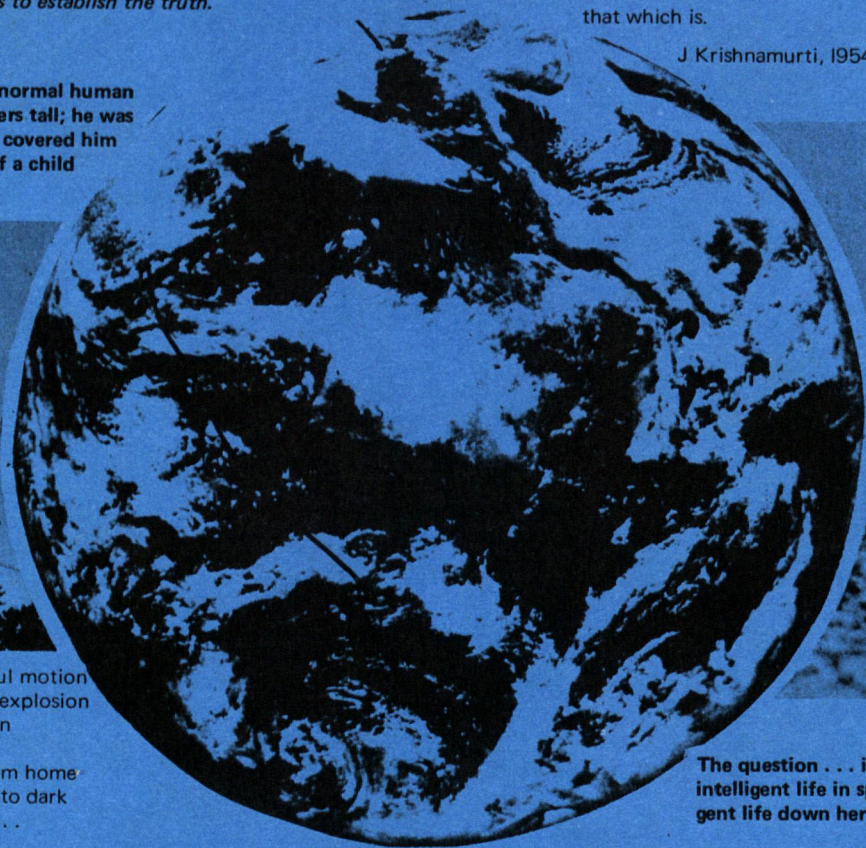
Hildegard of Bingen, 1195

The *Daily Express* published an interesting account from their representative in Moscow, Mr. Roy Blackman, who wrote to say that Russia is to open the world's first UFO detection agency. He went on to tell how it was revealed over the weekend that a Soviet scientific commission will in future investigate all corroborated sightings of UFOs over the Soviet Union. The commission, he said, is headed by Air Force General Anatoli Stolyerov. The establishment of the agency, added Mr. Blackman, represents a rethinking by Soviet scientists on flying saucers, which have always previously been ridiculed, and he concluded his piece with a reference to the Zigel article, and the new appraisal revealed therein.

One of our friends, recently in Moscow, had given us prior notice, in a letter dated October 25, that a permanent commission had been established on October 18. We also understand, from other sources, that General Stolyerov's No. 2 is the distinguished Dr. Zigel, and that among others the committee includes an unnamed Russian cosmonaut and 18 scientists and astronomers. There will also be 200 qualified observers throughout the country, and the Commission will be particularly interested in persistent reports from the Caucasus, the Urals and Central Asia.

One of the things, it seems to me, that most of us most eagerly accept and take for granted is the question of beliefs. I am not attacking beliefs. What we are trying to do is to find out why we accept beliefs; and if we can understand the motives, the causation of acceptance, then perhaps we may be able not only to understand why we do it, but also be free of it. One can see how political and religious beliefs, national and various other types of beliefs, do separate people, do create conflict, confusion, and antagonism - which is an obvious fact; and yet we are unwilling to give them up. There is the Hindu belief, the Christian belief, the Buddhist - innumerable sectarian and national beliefs, various political ideologies, all contending with each other, trying to convert each other. One can see, obviously, that belief is separating people, creating intolerance; is it possible to live without belief? One can find that out only if one can study oneself in relationship to a belief. Is it possible to live in this world without a belief - not change beliefs, not substitute one belief for another, but be entirely free from all beliefs, so that one meets life anew each minute? This, after all, is the truth; to have the capacity of meeting everything anew, from moment to moment, without the conditioning reaction of the past, so that there is not the cumulative effect which acts as a barrier between oneself and that which is.

J Krishnamurti, 1954



The question . . . is not whether there is intelligent life in space but: is there intelligent life down here on earth?

Max Lerner, 1967

It seems amazing that man was so philosophically advanced in such ancient times. The mere fact that any culture in those days could deduce the correct explanation for the whiteness of the Milky Way is astonishing! There seems to be more mystery about early man than any anthropologist has guessed.

Joseph F Goodavage, 1967



On November 9, 1965, 80,000 square miles of America was plunged into darkness by the failure of the Northeast Power Grid. The magnitude of such a failure; its consequences and its forbidding potential demanded and received instant investigation and general world-wide puzzlement and requests for explanation.

Quick answers were given and hastily retracted.

One early explanation was that a line break near Niagara Falls was the cause. This proved not to be the case. The blame switched to power lines near Clay, NY. They were not at fault. Investigators turned their attention to trouble in the Montezuma Marshes near Syracuse. Everything ship-shape. Ultimately the cause was said to have been a malfunctioning tripper at the Sir Adam Beck No 2 plant, in Canada. But authorities admit today that the real cause of the disastrous blackout remains a mystery.

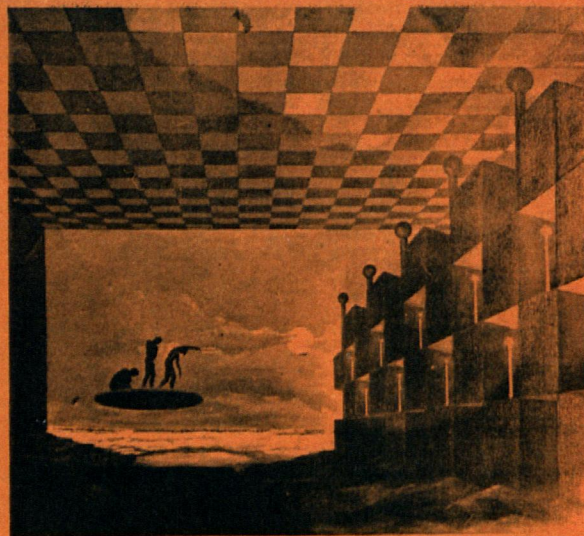
The utility companies, the Air Force and the press made little mention of the reported UFO sighting that afternoon of November 9. Two commercial airline pilots spotted two disc shaped objects flying over Pennsylvania. In pursuit were two jets. At 4.30 p.m. a tremendous burst of speed carried the UFOs out of sight. At 5.30 p.m. a brilliantly glowing light was seen coming down over Syracuse, NY. At that same time 36,000,000 people were plunged into the Great North Eastern Blackout. Two huge fireballs were reported by two sets of reliable witnesses at this same time; one over the airport at Syracuse; the other above the power lines leading to the generating plant at Niagara Falls.

Joseph F Goodavage, 1967



On November 4 Jose Alves of Pontal was fishing in the Pardo River near Pontal. The area was deserted, the night quiet with only a slight breeze blowing from the east. Suddenly Alves spotted a strange craft in the sky, apparently heading towards him. He watched, transfixed, as it closed in with a wobbling motion and landed. It was so near he could have touched it, he said. The object appeared as two wash-bowls placed together, looked to be about ten to fifteen feet in diameter. He was too frightened to run. Three little men, clad in white clothing with close-fitting skullcaps, emerged from a window-like opening in the side of the small craft. Their skin appeared to be quite dark. Alves stood terror-stricken, watching the small creatures collect samples of grass, herbs and leaves of trees; one of them filled a shiny metal tube with river water. Then, as suddenly as they had come, they jumped back into their machine, which took off vertically as swiftly and silently as it had come. Residents of Pontal, who heard Alves story when he came back to town, told the press he was a quiet man who lived only for his work and his family. He had never heard of flying saucers, and he was sure the little men were some kind of devils.

Coral E Lorenzen, 1967



"Lamentations," by the Belgian artist A. M. Renier. Professor C. J. Jung observed that the shape of the "flying saucer" was commonly depicted by artists, generally associated with fantastic themes.

We are no longer living in an age where progress is assessed exclusively in terms of technical and scientific advances. Another factor has to be considered, the same that was envisaged by the Unknown Elite in olden days who showed that Liber Mundi was concerned with 'Something else'.

Louis Pauwels/Jack Bergier, 1960

A man travelling across a field encountered a tiger. He fled, the tiger after him.

Coming to a precipice, he swung himself down over the edge. The tiger sniffed at him from above. Trembling, the man looked down to where, far below, another tiger was waiting to eat him. Only the vine sustained him.

Two mice, one white and one black, little by little started to gnaw away the vine. The man saw a luscious strawberry near him. Grasping the vine with one hand, he plucked the strawberry with the other.

How sweet it tasted!

A Zen story

No man can reveal to you aught but that which already lies half asleep in the dawning of your knowledge.

The teacher who walks in the shadow of the temple, among his followers, gives not of his wisdom but rather of his faith and his lovingness.

If he is indeed wise he does not bid you enter the house of his wisdom, but rather leads you to the threshold of your own mind.

The astronomer may speak to you of his understanding of space, but he cannot give you his understanding.

The musician may sing to you of the rhythm which is in all space, but he cannot give you the ear which arrests the rhythm, nor the voice that echoes it.

And he who is versed in the science of numbers can tell of the regions of weight and measure, but he cannot conduct you thither.

Kahlil Gibran, 1926

More ancient writings have been lost than have been preserved, and perhaps our new discoveries are of less value than those that we have lost.

Atterbury

On September 14, 1957, Ibrahim Sued, a well-known Rio de Janeiro society columnist, reported a strange story which startled the readers of his column in the newspaper 'O Globo'. Under the heading, 'A fragment From a Flying Disc,' he wrote:

We received the letter: 'Dear Mr. Ibrahim Sued, As a faithful reader of your column and your admirer, I wish to give you something of the highest interest to a newspaperman, about the flying discs. If you believe anything said or published about them. But just a few days ago I was forced to change my mind. I was fishing together with some friends, at a place close to the town of Obatuba, Sao Paulo, when I sighted a flying disc. It approached the beach at unbelievable speed and an accident, i.e. a crash into the sea seemed imminent. At the last moment, however, when it was almost striking the waters, it made a sharp turn upward and climbed rapidly on a fantastic impulse. We followed the spectacle with our eyes, startled, when we saw the disc explode in flames. It disintegrated into thousands of fiery fragments, which fell sparkling with magnificent brightness. They looked like fire works, despite the time of the accident, at noon, i.e. at midday. Most of these fragments, almost all, fell into the sea. But a number of small pieces fell close to the beach and we picked up a large amount of this material - which was as light as paper. I am enclosing a small sample of it. I don't know anyone that could be trusted to whom I might send it for analysis. I never read about a flying disc being found, or about fragments or parts of a saucer that had been picked up. Unless the finding was made by military authorities and the whole thing kept as a top-secret subject. I am certain the matter will be of great interest to the brilliant columnist and I am sending two copies of this letter to the newspaper and to your home address.'

From the admirer (the signature was not legible), together with the above letter, I received fragments of a strange metal...

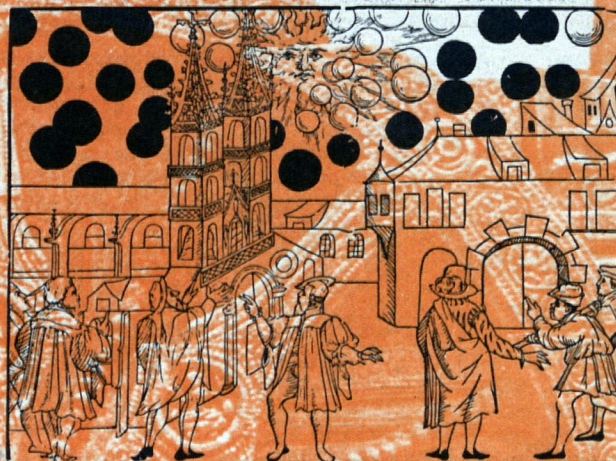
The magnesium in the samples analyzed, which was absolutely pure in the spectrographic sense, represents something outside the range of present-day technological development in earth science. In fact, the metal was of such fantastic purity that even to see it symbolized on paper is unbelievable. Even the infinitesimal quantities of 'trace elements' usually detected by spectrographic analysis - traces so small they could not possibly be detected by any other analytical method - were not found. Thus, the magnesium in the samples was absolutely pure in the spectrographic sense - with a percentage of 100. X-ray spectrometry and X-ray diffractometry by the powder method confirmed the results of the spectrographic analyses - the metal was pure magnesium. Again, no impurity was detected to introduce irregularities in the crystal lattice. The presence of any impurity of any interstitial atoms would change the regularity of the crystal lattice, thus causing crystal imperfections that would be revealed by the X-ray method. Therefore, on the basis of the chemical analyses the conclusion was that the magnesium in the samples was of absolute purity, in the sense that any other possible constituents which could be present would be present in such an infinitesimal amount as to be beyond the reach of any known method of chemical analysis.

We know very little about metals completely free of impurities and imperfections, simply because they are never found in nature and, in most cases cannot be prepared in the laboratory. It is not too difficult to refine a metal to 99.99% purity (which means there is something else besides the metal to the extent of 1 part in 10,000), but once beyond this point the going gets rough. For every 9 we tack on after the decimal point following the first two 9s, the cost increases tenfold, sometimes a hundredfold. This is so because involved, delicate and time-consuming crystallization operations are required so that the final product becomes more precious than gold.

On the basis of this evidence, it is highly probable the metallic chunks picked up on the beach near Ubatuba, in Sao Paulo, Brazil, are extraterrestrial in origin. This is indeed an extremely important and almost incredible conclusion. But on the basis of the findings of these chemical analyses there is no other alternative. As staggering as the implications may be, this appears to be the only acceptable explanation. Therefore, the magnesium samples analyzed must represent 'physical evidence' of the reality and extraterrestrial origin of a UFO destroyed in an explosion over the Ubatuba region. They are, in fact, 'fragments' of an extraterrestrial vehicle which met with disaster in the earth's atmosphere, as reported by human beings who witnessed the catastrophe. The gratifying aspect of this case, however, in that we do not have to depend on the testimony of witnesses to establish the reality of the incident, for the most advanced laboratory tests indicate the fragments recovered could not have been produced through the application of any known terrestrial techniques.

Coral E. Lorenzen, 1962. Olavo T. Fontes, M.D.

The Solar system is not a structure that has remained unchanged for billions of years; displacement of members of the system occurred in historical times. Nor is there any justification for the excuse that man cannot know or find out how this system came into being because he was not there when it was arranged in its present order.



Aerial phenomenon observed in Basel on August 7, 1566. The dark, round objects seem to be fighting each other. (Collection Wickiana, Zurich Central Library)

All human conceptions are on the scale of our planet. They are based on the pretension that the technical potential, although it will develop, will never exceed the terrestrial limit. If we succeed in establishing inter-planetary communications, all our philosophical, moral and social views will have to be revised. In this case the technical potential, become limitless, would impose the end of the rule of violence as a means and method of progress.

Lenin to H G Wells, 1920

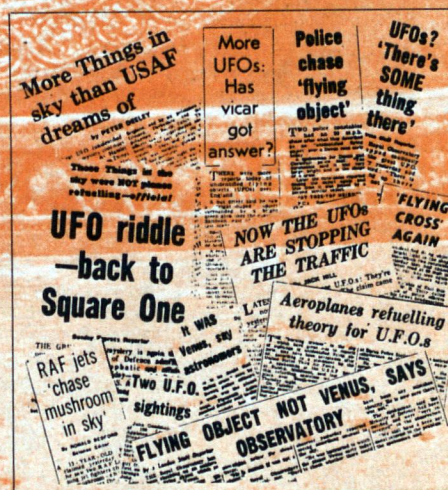
'I saw a big disk, some eight to twelve meters in diameter, pass over my property at Jouy-sur-Morin, spinning as it flew and giving off a reddish-violet light together with a whistling sound somewhat reminiscent of the approach of a jet aircraft. The machine was at an altitude of about four hundred meters and hovered above me for more than twenty minutes; thus I had plenty of time to study it well. It then departed in the direction of Coulommiers.

As a former manager of the Aero-Club of France and having served in the airforce, I have not been the victim of a hallucination, and this machine was not a balloon, but a thick circular wing that hovered over one spot, then moved off at very great speed, climbing steadily as it did so.'

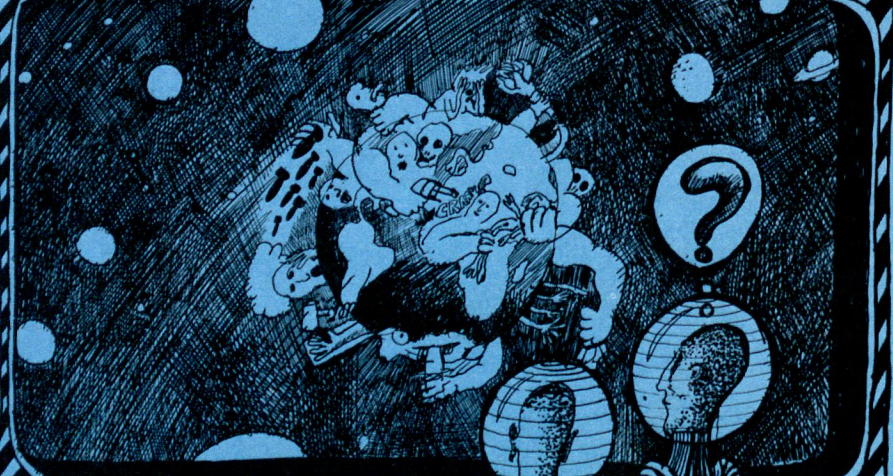
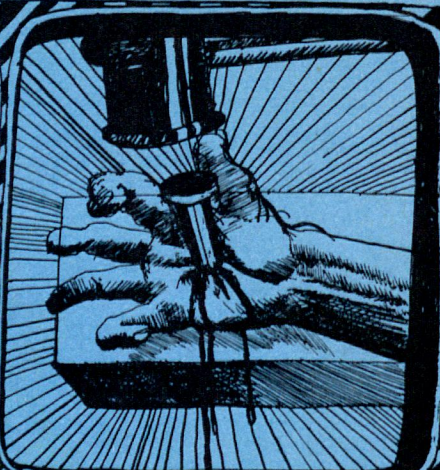
G Farnier, FSCE, 1954

FLYING SAUCER REVIEW

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BRITAIN'S BUSIEST UFO DAYS



SHARP

SHARP

The Moth Man

Perhaps the weirdest creature of them all is the "Moth Man" who chose 1966 to settle himself down in America. On September 1st, Mrs. James Ikart of Scott, Mississippi, phoned a local paper to report a man-shaped object fluttering about the sky. Reporters and photographers dashed to the scene but the winged being had flown. However, several other people said they had also seen it. John Hursh, a local meteorologist, solved the mystery by calling it a weather balloon.

Scott, Miss., is near the Mississippi River, not far from where it is joined by the Ohio. On November 15th, far to the northwest and less than a mile from the Ohio River, that weather balloon turned up again. This time it was seen at midnight by four young people who were driving through a local park, the McClintic Wildlife Station. They were astounded to see a tall, man-like figure with wings standing in front of an old, abandoned power plant. Its eyes were a blazing red, some two inches in diameter, and it thoroughly terrified them before waddling into the deserted building. They went for the local police and their story launched the "Moth Man" saga. Within a few days the little town of Point Pleasant, W. Va., was in upheaval. Armed men searched the McClintic Wildlife Station and the adjoining TNT Area . . . a World War II ammunition dump which still contains igloos filled with high explosives. People were sharply divided on the "Moth Man" issue. There were the disbelievers, who scoffed, and there were the believers—who were mostly scared out of their wits after having seen the thing. Within a few weeks over one hundred people in the area had reported glimpsing the "Moth Man". Many were prominent business-men, teachers, and clergymen. All their descriptions were the same. The creature was taller and broader than a man, grey in colour, with luminous red eyes that had a hypnotic effect. It was seen both on the ground and in the air. When airborne, its wings, which had a ten foot span, were stationary and did not flap. On several occasions it was said to have pursued automobiles at speeds up to 100 miles per hour. Most of the sightings were either in the TNT Area, or very close by.

I first heard of this incident through Jim Moseley of *Saucer News* and I spent three weeks in Point Pleasant in December. The story of that visit is too involved and too bizarre to record here. But I quickly discovered that circular flying objects were being seen throughout the area and that most of these UFO sightings coincided with the dates of the creature reports and were always in the immediate vicinity. Oddly, everyone who had obtained a close look at the "Moth Man" later suffered from the same kind of eye ailment associated with UFOs. One woman, together with several other people, had a close encounter with the creature when it came up to within six feet of them after they got out of their car in the TNT area. The woman was so terrified that she actually dropped the baby she was holding in her arms. Her eyes were swollen for two weeks afterwards.

Flying Saucer Review

A Gallup poll in 1966 disclosed that five million Americans had observed something they believed to be an unidentified flying object and that ten times as many - fifty million - thought there was a real phenomenon involved in the reported manifestations. When the percentages are broken down according to educational levels, the proportion of persons inclined to attribute the sightings to imagination and fraud is highest among the least educated strata of the population.

Jacques and Janine Vallee, 1956

In the topography of intellection, I should say that what we call knowledge is ignorance surrounded by laughter.

Charles Fort

In 1955, Colonel Gernod Darnbyl of the Norwegian Air Force released information that a UFO had crashed near Spitzbergen, Norway.

'It has - this we wish to state emphatically - not been built by any country on this earth,' Colonel Darnbyl said. 'The materials used in its construction are completely unknown to all experts who participated in the investigation.'

The Colonel promised a complete report as soon as 'some sensational facts have been discussed with US and British experts. We should reveal what we have found out, as misplaced secrecy might lead to panic!'

No report on the analysis of the downed UFO was ever issued. Ufologists have charged that the Norwegians were silenced by threats of economic pressures.

Brad Steiger, 1967

The real tragedy is the laboratory. It is to these 'Magicians' that we owe technical progress. Technique, in our opinion, has nothing to do with the practical application of science. On the contrary it is moving against science. The eminent mathematician and astronomer Simon Newcomb demonstrated that a machine heavier than air could never fly. Rutherford & Millikan showed that it would never be possible to make use of the reserves of energy in the nucleus of the atom. Napoleon III's experts proved that the dynamo could never function. Science erects barriers of impossibilities.

Louis Pauwels/ Jack Bergier, 1960

While tracking Echo II on its course from North to South pole in November, 1964, Father Reyna (a Jesuit Priest, professor of mathematical physics, and director of three scientific centres/observatories) and several other witnesses were curious and perplexed by a 'most wonderful and fantastic sight'. From the observatory at Adhara they picked up the man-made satellite at 8.37 p.m.

Eight minutes later, from the west, near Pegasus, came a UFO, following a right angle course to that of Echo II and continued east, where it descended to the horizon near Orion. The sighting lasted three minutes, during which time everybody inside and outside the observatory was alerted. Four minutes later, with Echo at its zenith, the UFO appeared again, but from the SW, near Centaurus, and performed much in the same fashion and descending to the horizon. The third sighting was at nine. This time it stopped briefly and again disappeared to the horizon at about the same time as Echo II was lost to sight. The object had been seen 'to perfection' when it was near the horizon, by everybody.

A stunning conclusion presents itself: the UFOs speed must have been at least 100,000 kms per hour, since the satellite was travelling at the known speed of 25,000 kms per hour. This was estimated by the observers using several different methods.

Joseph Goodavage 1967

. . . the earth's orbit changed more than once and with it the length of the year; that the geographical position of the terrestrial axis and its astronomical direction changed repeatedly, and that at a recent date the polar star was in the constellation of the Great Bear. The length of the day altered; the polar regions shifted; other regions moved into polar circles . . . electrical discharges took place between Venus, Mars and the earth when, in very close contacts, their atmospheres touched each other; that the magnetic poles of the earth became reversed only a few thousand years ago; and that with the change in the moon's orbit the length of the month changed too, and repeatedly so.

Immanuel Velikovsky, 1950

The secret of alchemy is this: there is a way of manipulating matter and energy so as to produce what modern scientists call a 'field of force'. This field acts on the observer and puts him in a privileged position vis-a-vis the Universe. From this position he has access to the realities which are ordinarily hidden from us by time and space, matter and energy. This is what we call the 'Great Work'.

Fulcanelli

SUDDENLY, OVERHEAD...



Anything that man is capable of imagining,
other men will be capable of making a reality.

Jules Verne

*So (HG) Wells plunged on... to try to envisage a new society,
based upon this great knowledge-synthesis instead of on a religion.
It had to begin with a world government, of course...*

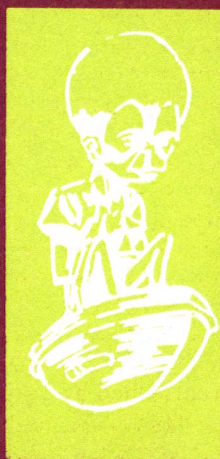
Colin Wilson, 1966

I am a firm believer in the existence of 'Anglegs' or 'Higher Beings', whatever these terms may represent. But let me be free to point out that there seems to be something else in the woodpile too. Surely no greater disservice can be done to the Earth beings of our kind - and to our descendants too, if there are to be any - than is being done by the fatuous and insanely dangerous over-simplifications of the cultists and the crackpots who assure us so blandly that 'They' are all benevolent, and that all is Sweetness and Light. Whence, we may ask, does this certainty spring? Are brainwashings and mental manipulation already occurring? Has the great Take-over already begun? If so, by what?

Gordon Creighton, 1967

Life can also be created. That particular problem was solved as long ago as 1836 by an English scientist named Andrew Crosse... It happened that Crosse was experimenting on the artificial formation of crystals by means of weak and prolonged electric currents, and found to his surprise that living creatures appeared in his chemical solutions. The creatures in question were insects of the type known as acari (mites), and they lived, moved, ate and bred. They first appeared when Crosse was trying to make crystals of silica by allowing fluids to seep through porous stone kept electrified by means of a battery. The fluid used was a mixture of hydrochloric acid and a solution of silicate of potash.

Cederic Allingham, 1954



ON A MISSION OF CONQUEST.



Reference and Further reading:

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The Prophet, by Kahil Gibran, published by Heinemann

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Flying Saucer Review (bi-monthly) published by Flying Saucer Service Ltd, London

Worlds in Collision, by Velikovsky, published by Victor Gollancz Ltd

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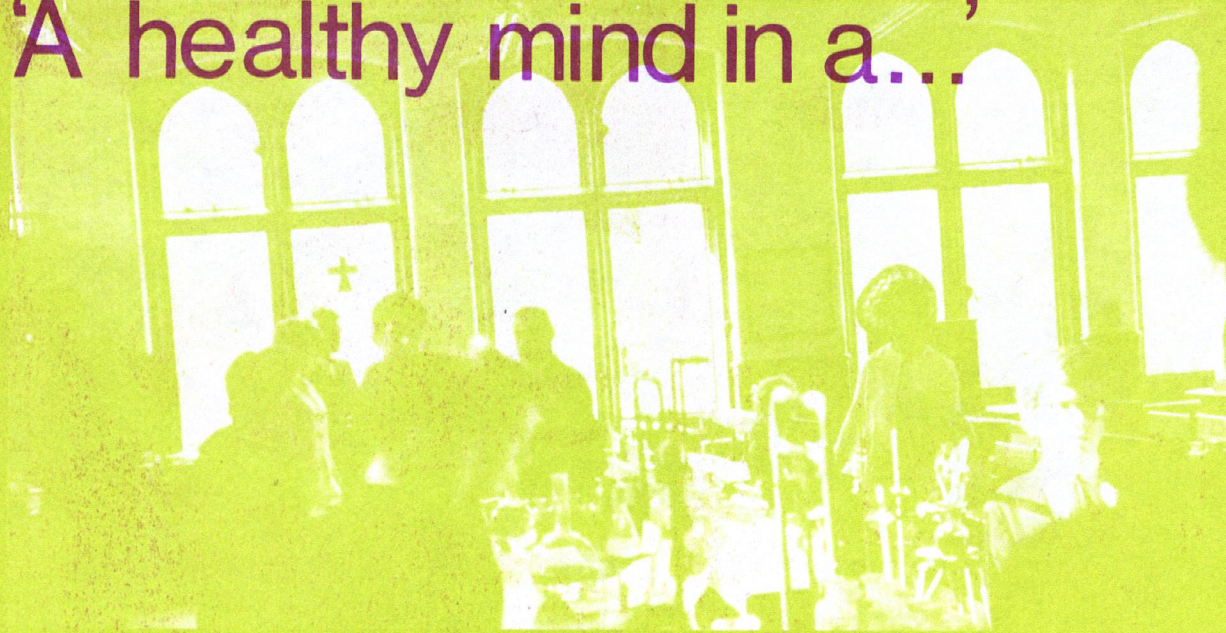
The Warminster Mystery, by Arthur Shuttlewood, published by Neville Spearman

Flying Saucer from Mars, by Cederic Allingham, published by Frederick Muller Ltd

Digest compiled by Martin Sharp and Jon Goodchild. It is to be a continuing development, and comments, notes, contributions, thoughts, written and visual, within this theme are welcomed. Payment made for all pieces printed.

(OZ Digest, 38a Palace Gardens Terrace, London W 8)

'A healthy mind in a...'



The last 20 years have seen a violent assault on the status of the public school. The response of many such schools has been to seek a new and progressive image to try and justify themselves in the eyes of the 20th century. St Paul's is to a large extent typical of these. It's abolition of the Army Cadet Corps; it's plans for ultra modern new buildings; even the calculated flirtation of it's headmaster with the Liberal Party; all serve to silence it's critics and to beguile another generation of 'progressive' parents into parting with £350 a year for the education of it's offspring. One has to experience St Paul's to realize that it's values and many of it's teaching methods are the residue of the 19th century.

Julian Manyon (17)

Competition that began for me at the age of 7 and for years made life a continuous and pointless struggle as, with half a dozen other classical scholars, I fought and grabbed for marks and for the little silver emblems that were the symbols of academic success. It was a competition that left little room for anything else enforcing a kind of monastic discipline upon its participants. A competition whose objects stretched endlessly into the distance altering as the years went by from O to A level, to University scholarships and, ultimately, to a successful career with financial security.

I became aware of the compulsion inherent in St Paul's only as I reacted against the competition. It is a school with few written rules but dominated by established conservative values. '**Mens sana in corpore sano**' is the maxim and to achieve this the traditional public school devotion to sport is fostered. Competitive sport is compulsory for all. Excellence at thumping assorted pieces of leather about the sole criterion for a prefectship; while to express a dislike of sport is to incur the wrath of a large section of the staff who are apparently capable of appreciating little else.

Prayers too are compulsory; objections on the grounds of atheism are not so much disapproved of, as totally disregarded. I have seen a senior boy who would not sing in prayers dragged violently by the scruff of the neck through assembly by a senior master, who told him outside that ... 'you do not deserve to be in this school, if you do not believe in God!'

There are few, however, who openly reject Christianity - ten years of compulsory religious instruction has its effect. I find it strange to reflect that I could say the Lord's Prayer in both Latin and English before I even knew what it meant.

This attitude is constantly defended by the claim that St Paul's is a Christian foundation. This is certainly true and there is even a statute limiting the number of Jews permitted in the school. The fact, however, that the authorities are prepared to employ random attendance checks, and even physical violence, to enforce their beliefs must belie their outwardly progressive attitude.

The true public school philosophy, however, was brought some to me in my experience as a boarder. For the first time in my life there was no escape from discipline and tyrannical regimentation. Every waking moment was controlled by bells ... bells for getting up, bells for breakfast, bells for going to school and bells for coming back, bells for prayers and bells for lights-out at 9.30 p.m. Freedom of action rarely exists for boarders at St Paul's. The summary of their whole existence is contained in notice-boards and in the ridiculous regulations that surround them - you must queue for cocoa in order of seniority; you must not leave your slippers under the bed; you must have a hair-cut every two weeks. Above all I found that communication with most of my companions was almost impossible. Years of regimentation by masters - one of whom held, on his own admission, a puritan view of morality - and bullying by stupid and insensitive prefects had produced a kind of unquestioning apathy; a weak acceptance of their lot, yet an internal tension that erupted into unconscious cruelty and violence, as when, on one occasion, I was struck savagely from behind by a prefect for not making my bed properly - I broke a tooth; he subsequently became head of House.

The philosophy of a school such as St Paul's is indeed frightening, even more so, as Edmund Leach has noted, is the fact that much of the attitude I have described is held by the entire educational system of this country, and not

In our educational system, as well as in our society, success at jumping through a series of stereo-typed hoops is all that really matters. For those who fall by the wayside or, more numerous still, for those who are never able to really enter the race, the future offers little more than a life of continual frustration and boredom made still worse by occasional glimpses of others' success.

Perhaps we have already taken the first steps in this direction, for so few are even aware of this fundamental dilemma.

[illegible]

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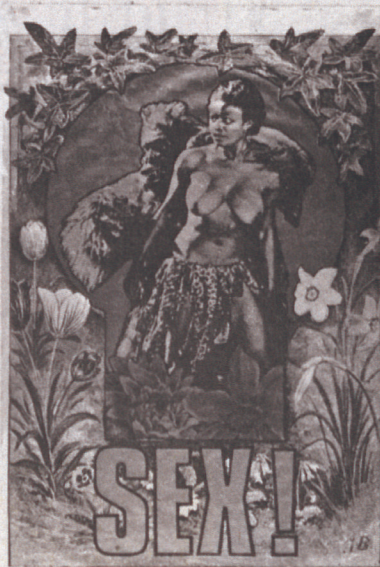
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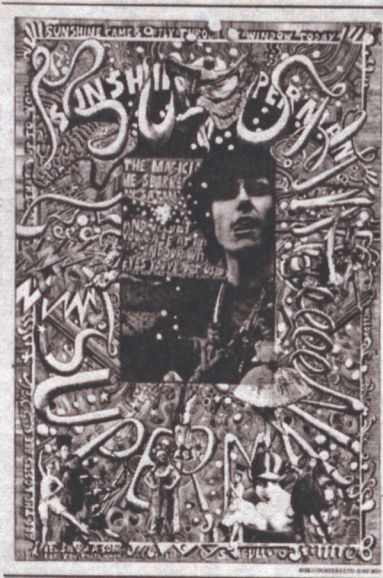
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DEVAL- UATION TRILO- GY!

I. Georg Buechner

Georg Buechner was a revolutionary German dramatist born in 1813. At the age of 19, he was forced to abandon his medical studies after publishing an address to the German peasantry. He lived and taught Natural Science in Austria on the royalties of his play 'Danton's Death'. There he wrote 'Leonie and Lena' and 'Woyseck'. He died aged 23 of Typhoid.

'The mayor coughs, the baby cries, the miner dies. The Poor follow the rubbish carts of prosperity and the Rich follow the Poor to fill their dustbins. For our land is split into two classes; those who own the land and the factories and the machinery and those who must daily sell their sweat as salt for the table of Capital. To serve at the Banquet are the Four Disciples. The *Police* and the blue fascists who ride in the middle of the road and use truncheons for their wives. The morgues and urinals of official *Art*, its practitioners and apologists fawning across the promise and the shame of each others buttocks. The *Universities* and the teachers with minds like bricks who shout from the classroom DEATH DEATH DEATH. The yellow *Press* owned by the purple monsters who swing from each others ears.

To defend their charnel house of freedom, the oligarchies must squad car the peasant and the negro who dare rise against their power. The groin smashers practice murder on plastic Andes erected in Fort Worth and the Pentagon telephones Death around the world. In the whiskey-bar, the cell and the barrack, the Congo Algeria and Vietnam, the Beast operates his electric torture machine. Professors in linen suits travel the Hiltons of the world talking of viable infrastructure. Radicals cry into their beer.

GEUVARA
GEUVARA
G B VARA
GUEVARA
GUEVARA
GBELORX
APOLOGY

But the subversive passion of the revolutionary leans forward to free the present from the past; to the Revolution and the ultimate expression of all forms of human genius.'

2. An attitude of non-commitment in art can crystallise and become accepted only in a stabilised society where the foundations of national existence are generally taken for granted and where national conflict runs at a tension so low that it fails to communicate itself in art.'

Isaac Deutscher 'Ironies of History'

Since Johnson's second year of office, the dollar has been heavily overvalued on the international currency market. The Vietnam war until '65 acted as an economic stimulus, due to war-derived demand for materials and the creation of new jobs and spending power. But increasingly capital is scarce within the US and wage costs are rising at an accelerating rate, a typical war time phenomena. At the same time medium level technical skill is drained from industry especially because students either go to Vietnam or stay within the universities to avoid the Draft. The economy thus suffers the worst effects of both inflation of costs and deflation of value. But on the world market this inflation of US currency makes it easy for US capital to further penetrate W. European business by borrowing paper money out of the Federal Reserve Bank. US interests own 55% of the British car industry (Ford, Vauxhall and Rootes) and about 30% of the European car manufacturers. Despite the US's overall payments imbalance, in investments, she still takes more than she sends out; from '56-64, US corporations sent out 16 billion dollars for direct capital investment and the return as dividends, interest and branch profits was 23 billion dollars.

Faced with increased invasion of US capital and a relatively backward economy, France must either build supra national corporations which compete with the US or counter-attack on the dollar. De Gaulle tends to refuse the former in the name of national sovereignty and it is the logic of the latter which underpins the French attack on the Pound, the dollar's longstop. The attack is easier because British overseas arms spending distorts real trade performance and fiscal stability. The French and Swiss have accumulated gold by buying dollars cheap and cashing them expensive; an important source are the GI dollars draining through the brothels and bars of Saigon. French gold reserves may be directly strengthened by the Russians, who do not publish figures but may well be producing more gold than S. Africa, the other primary gold source. This is an article about politics because it uses words like flat irons. British devaluation then was forced by French based attack but carried out and timed on terms dictated by the US. France feels US attack most acutely but the same nationistic response to international capital is present in the business support for the NPD in Germany and Wilson's 'Britain First' devaluation speech.

In Europe, competition increases and isolated

national recessions continue. So far partial measures have patched isolated problems (ie the protection of Italian autos and French refrigerators in '64), but a general recession will force European capital to shelter its industrial heart in the Paris/Amsterdam/Dortmund triangle, protected by a European currency (the eurofranc with which the decimal pound is meant to mesh) and supported by the appropriate organs of supra-national state power. Meanwhile the US war-demand speculation on internal money markets and the continued refusal of Congress to finance the expected 30,000 million dollars government deficit by June 68 makes the first major postwar monetary crisis look very likely. Certainly if the European assault on the dollar continues, while US interest rates increase, the alternatives are the revaluing of gold, devaluation of the dollar or the US abandonment of the Gold Standard, in that order. But in semi stagnant economies, the increasing profits necessary to continued international competitiveness can only come from decreasing the amount of capital going to shares and salaries. Working class wage levels must be held static while prices and rents increase, so that the working class sustains a loss of real wages which will never be recovered. In England this is accompanied by specific assaults on working class organisation by inducting the union bureaucracy into the state planning machinery at the top and isolating site level organisation by outlawing unofficial strikes (ie 93% of all strikes) where necessary, ie Barbican and Roberts-Arundel, the armed wing of the state will be used to break strikes. The increased aggressiveness of international competition will increase the level of class conflict within each nation.

3. Dr. Filth of 'Desolation Row'

'The Wipeout Gang buys, owns and operates the Insanity Factory - if you don't know where the Insanity Factory is located then you should hereby take two steps to the right; paint your teeth and go to sleep' Bob Dylan
'Mysticism starts in mist and ends in schism' Cardinal Newman.

Each man is his mystery. No reality is as interesting as the veil of my language and the marrow of thought. I need to celebrate being rather than becoming consumption rather than production, the silky fire of my mind before the paper skulls of their words. Poets suffer a fatigued anxiety about the meaning of their words but revolutionaries throw buckets at each other in the sandpit of the sentence. Oh Doctor Scholl, where are you now for these people who wear surgical shoes around their brains.

Socialism is the motto over the door of the prison which I notice as I pass from the sun to the moon. In my land everyone is like pious Buddhists with pails of milk at the point where Beauty and Ignorance married each other in a ceremony served by Chinese Honey. The time for reflection is here. We turn from each other in disgust, weary of our puny exploits, weary of pretending to be able, of being able, of doing a little better than the same old thing. The time to relish and curl into the curves and find the world I miss, even when its here.

David Widgery



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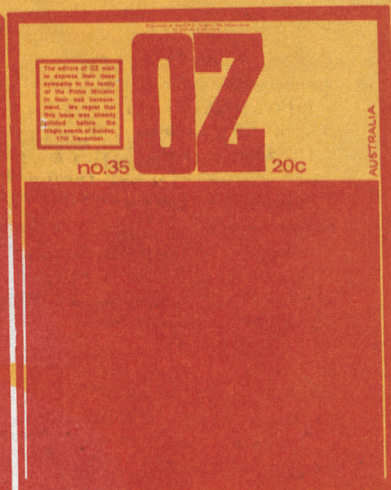
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Sorry that OZ 8 was over-priced and partly unintelligible . . . We can't seem to find an experienced, tenacious advertising pusher so we depend on sale revenue. This issue arrives courtesy of someone very kind, thank you, and if anyone else wants to help, subscribe, take an ad or send OZ a present.

Part of this OZ has been edited by Jon Goodchild and Martin Sharp. They think OZ is too amorphous and negative and have suggested we occasionally free a section for people to develop a world-view or to explore any subject they find important. Groups or individuals are invited to contribute material for up to 6-8 'I'll turn you on' pages.

Carolyn's Coon's piss may help change the law on pot. The Government pathologist, Professor Francis Camps, is researching cannabis resin and is unable to legally obtain it for his experiments. Hearing that Miss Coon, of Release, has a prescription for cannabis, Professor Camps has arranged for a taxi to collect a phial of her precious urine twice a week. He should be in for some surprises. Miss Coon is inviting friends to pee on her behalf.

Less colourful evidence was recently given by representatives of OZ and International Times to the sub-committee of the Standing Advisory Committee on Drug Dependence established by the Home Secretary and Health Minister. At one point the chairman, Baroness Wootton, told the OZ/IT men that they were 'too religious'.

Even more religious is Alex Lowsiwick, who gives the gospel on love communes in this issue and has prodded us into cosponsoring a forum on communal living in March (speakers will include gypsies and Dominicans). His gay evangelicism is in ironic harmony with the current corruption of the London scene. Remember that busy week when the Beatles discovered God through acid (and others discovered acid through the Beatles), when this new generation had a new explanation, when Donovan said 'Pop is the perfect religious vehicle; it's as if God had come down to earth and seen all the ugliness that was being created, and had chosen pop to be the great force for love and beauty.

Pop stars were the golden hopes of the Underground because they could provide the capital, they could finance the revolution, they'd love to turn us on. In America, it is said that some pop groups have poured their money into constructive, radical enterprises. Here, the Beatles talk of launching a mini-cab service and sow the ludicrous 'Apple'. When George Harrison was recently asked to appear free at the Alpha Centaura Concert he reportedly replied. 'No. I've already given £10 to Oxfam'. All you need is love and short memory. God may have chosen pop, but pop chose Apple.

These days, in the Underground, the sound of lovemaking is drowned by the ricocheting of bouncing cheques. Hippie entrepreneurs open cool galleries, launch oracular magazines and acquire posters, vanishing as mysteriously as they came, laughing at their unhappy creditors (people who sell goods or services on trust). Sickening contempt for any financial obligations is now considered hip. The scene is crowded by a band of exhibitionistic hucksters whose disregard of responsibilities makes Dr. Savundra seem like St. Francis of Assisi. Watch OZ. We may soon, like 'People', name the guilty men.

Enjoying a traditional English breakfast in his Chelsea studios yesterday afternoon, Martin Sharp, OZ artiste, applauded the 'I'm backing Britain' movement. 'This is the spirit to get the country out of the horse & buggy era; into the Mini Moke era', he philosophised as he selected a caramel éclair from the tray offered by his Estonian housemaid. As my own personal contribution, said Sharp settling into an elegant plastic hammock, and unwrapping a luxury food parcel from Australia, 'I will endeavour to go to bed half an hour later'.

Continuation of the HAMA Strip is held over for next issue. OZ No 10.

A hand-out from THE ANTIUNIVERSITY OF LONDON

The Antiuniversity of London is to be where many of the original and radical artists, intellectuals, activists and workers in the London-Europe vicinity can meet with people and discuss their ideas and work. In addition, it is hoped that an increasing number of young people will be able to study at the Antiuniversity on a full time basis outside the usual institutional channels. The Antiuniversity is to provide a context for all of its members to find out 'what is going on' without being squeezed dry or turned into marionettes by the school system or the state.

Among those who will participate in the Antiuniversity are: David Cooper, Richard Hamilton, Stuart Montgomery, Allen Krebs, R.D. Laing, Ted Roszak, Alex Jensen, Joseph Berke, Jim Haynes, Asa Benveniste, Alex Trocchi, Juliet Mitchell, Calvin Hernton, Mike Horowitz, Roland Muldoon, Morty Schatzman, Malcolm Caldwell, Leon Redler, Jeff Nuttall, Jesse Watkins, Francis Huxley, John Latham, Ed Dorn, Steve Abrams and Russ Stetler.

Subjects to be discussed include: 'Sound poetry poetry into music', 'The nature of vision, the importance of difficulty, the future of failure', 'Woman', 'The Sociology of Guerilla Warfare', 'The making of a counter-culture', 'The psychology of the family, of sex, of aggression, of the State', 'The fragmentation and violence effected by science and technology', 'From comic books to the dance of Shiva', 'Typography in Poetry' and 'Drugs and the mind'.

Meetings will be informal or not depending on the taste of those involved and will take place once a week or fortnight for a couple of hours. There will also be wide variety of other activities and events.

The Antiuniversity is associated with the many 'Free Universities', 'Antiuniversities' and 'Antischools' that have sprung up in Europe and America during the past five years, among many more to come.

The Antiuniversity of London is located at 49, Rivington Street, London E.C.2 (a few minutes walk from the Old Street Underground, Northern Line). It will open the week of February 12th.

All who are interested are urged to write to the Antiuniversity for a catalogue.

The wonderful thing about London's more exclusive shops, as everyone knows, is their uncompromisingly personal service. Each customer is treated as an individual: evaluated, analyzed, and if necessary, reformed. Twelve years ago I was so rash as to present myself to a Dover Street tailor with a letter of introduction. It altered my whole way of life.

And now, catastrophically, I've been cut down in my prime by a pair of suede shoes.

It all started innocently enough. They caught my eye while I was strolling through Harrod's just before Christmas (which is in itself a considerable achievement). They were tasteful, elegant, unique, unobtrusive — in short, all that a pair of shoes should be for a modest but impeccable chap such as myself. Ignoring the six guinea tag, I bought them forthwith.

Three months later they succumbed to their first heavy rain. The uppers stiffened and broke out in a white, scabrous rash. Fearing the worst, I hurried back to Harrod's Department of Polish and Shoe Repair for a diagnosis.

The attendant, a Harley Street specialist in grey coat and striped trousers, was gravely solicitous. "I'm afraid this is very serious, sir," he murmured. "You see how the leather has hardened and the pores have

closed. And that white deposit — I don't know if we can get that out. I'll send them off to our factory, but I can't be optimistic. If only you'd caught them while they were still wet . . ." His voice trailed off into reproving silence.

I explained that I'd never had this sort of trouble with suede shoes before. Even cheap suede shoes. Entirely outside my experience. Caught me by surprise. Unexpected emergency.

He shook his head. "All sorts of factors could be involved in a condition of this sort." He lowered his voice discreetly. "Your feet, sir. Do they tend to be somewhat — ah — moist? I thought so. The rain could combine with the — ah — residue and bring it to the surface."

He paused for a moment, then leaned forward and spoke even more confidentially. "All sorts of factors, sir. For instance, you've probably never thought about it, sir, but very damaging things can happen to your shoes when you use a public urinal." I started to assure him that I always made a special point of not piddling on my feet, but he was well ahead of me. "Now I'm not suggesting that there's anything — ah — unhealthy about you, sir. But all kinds of people use those places. And water will splash, sir. And suede is so very — ah —

absorbent."

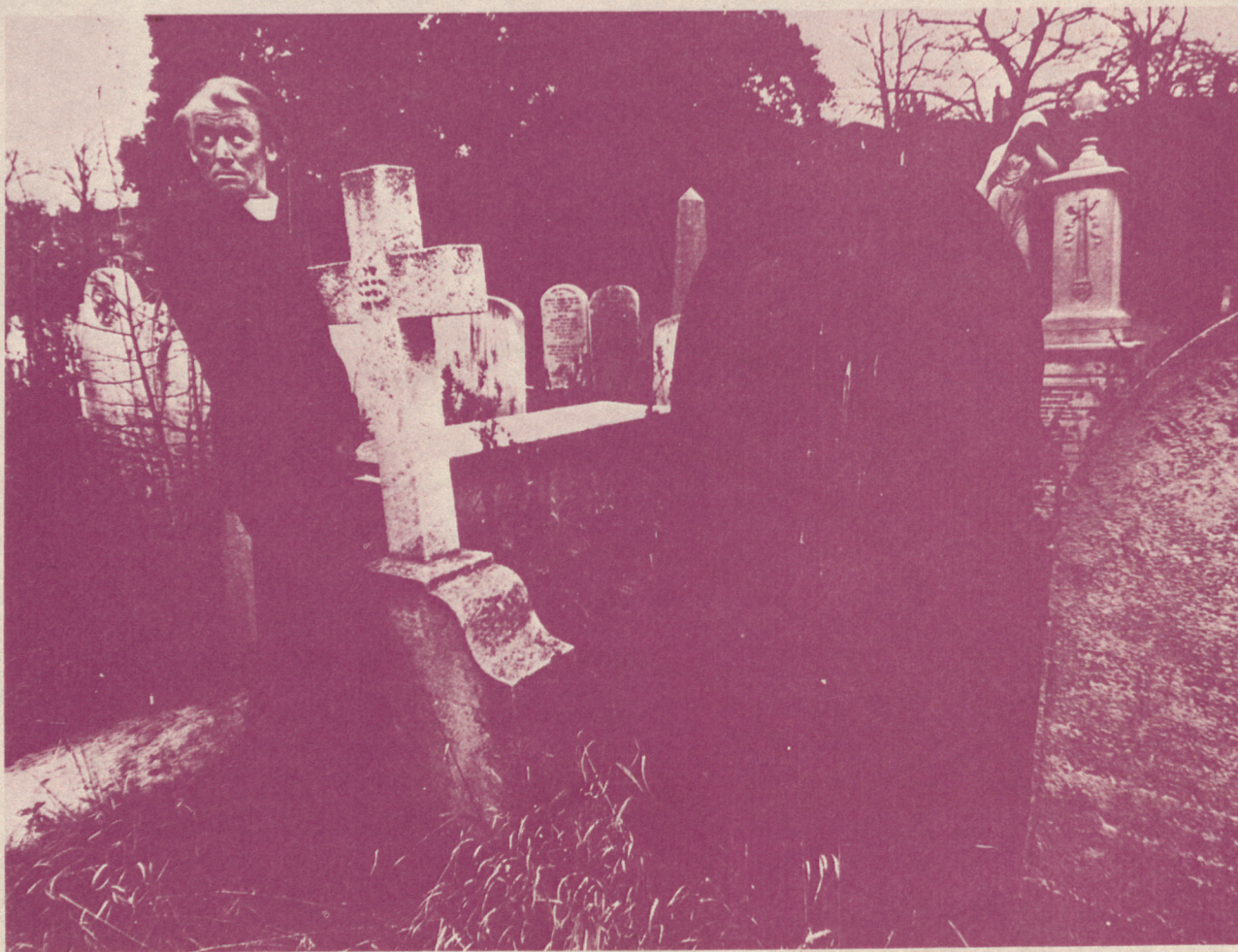
Before continuing, he allowed me a few seconds to contemplate my urine-soaked extremities. "You may not believe this, sir, but when I worked at Lilywhite's, a gentleman returned a pair of bowling shoes. The uppers were in shocking condition — all checked and scaly they were, quite beyond repair. We sent them off to an independent factory for analysis. Sort of a second opinion from a specialist, you might say. We left it to them to determine who was to blame.

"Well, a few days later they sent me their report. You'll never guess what they found, sir. Had diabetes, he did. Very advanced case. Never even suspected it. I had to call in his wife and break the news to her so she could see to it that he went to a doctor right away. Caught it just in time, they did. You never know, sir. You never know . . ."

I left in a state of considerable agitation and came straight home to rest. Tomorrow I have an appointment with my doctor for a urinalysis. And if I'm found dead in bed, I've left a note for the coroner to examine my shoes.

John Whiting

BDB WHITAKER



LIBERATION NEWS SERVICE

WASHINGTON, D.C. (LNS) - In keeping with the fact that the Vietnam war is supported by and for America's big businesses, here is a way to take advantage of modern technology and to engage in simple but effective economic protest.

Anytime you find a business reply card or envelope, **DON'T THROW IT AWAY.**

If the postage is paid by the addressee, fill it out . . . with either the words **STOP THE WAR** or with a fictitious name and address (i.e. D. Rusk, III Main St., New York, N.Y.) Either way, it costs that company money, and sooner or later they'll know why.

Everytime you drop a card in a mail box - and it must be posted once you deposit it - it costs that corporation 4¢, 5¢ and more; and it costs the Post Office too. (Postal rates are already going up as a result of the war, and if this protest forces them up again, it may cause greater anti-war sentiment here.)

Order samples, encyclopedias, subscriptions to **TIME**, **LIFE**, **Better Homes**; join record clubs.

Even if they find out that the address doesn't exist, it will take them hours of time and paper work, costly fruitless effort, and valuable time in research.

Or, if you have just written **STOP THE WAR**, big and clear on the reply cards, even that costs plenty when you multiply the number of cards we can send in a week (with only the slightest bit of energy on our part), by the number of people who are slightly, very, or radically opposed to this war, by the numbers of companies that every day release hundreds of thousands of these otherwise useless communications.

We are asking all newspapers, magazines and radio stations to print, reprint or read this message to the nation. Let **OUR** reply to business be: **STOP THE WAR!**



WASHINGTON, D.C. (LNS) - Back in 1960, when Kennedy was assembling his Cabinet officers, McNamara was reportedly offered the choice of being either Secretary of the Treasury or Secretary of Defense.

He (McNamara) quickly declined the Treasury on the ground that he had had no experience in banking or fiscal affairs.' (Schlesinger,

A Thousand Days)

Will the World Bank offer its new president some obviously needed on-the-job training?

NEW YORK, N.Y. Dec. 15 (LNS) - Mrs. Eleanor Raskin, one of the lawyers currently involved in defending those arrested at Stop the Draft Week demonstrations here last week, adds this footnote:

'Last week one of the hippy . . . er . . . demonstrators came into court with shoulder length hair and an enormous, beautiful yellow balloon.

'The judge, nothing daunted I'm sure by the threat of guns, absolutely quailed at the sight of the big yellow balloon, and flew into an incredible rage when the lad wanted to take it with him when he went to stand before the judge for bail, arraignment, etc.

'The judge finally surrendered and yelled at the lawyers to get the guy out of court. Power of ridicule, to say nothing of love!

U.S. GIVES 7.1 MILLION DOLLARS IN PICKLES TO SOUTH KOREAN MILITARY

BALTIMORE, Md., Dec. 15 (LNS) - Beginning next month, South Koreans fighting in South Vietnam will be supplied with tasty tit-bits to boost their morale - highly spiced 'kimchi' pickles - courtesy of (you guessed it) Uncle Sam. 'We can live a whole year without meat,' Koreans say, 'but without kimchi, we can hardly live a week.'

The U.S., ever mindful of the needs of others, especially when they're the only really efficient pacification units in South Vietnam, is rising to this life-or-death crisis. Recognising the necessity of building Koreans' morale 'to an even higher level,' the U.S. agreed last month to finance a six-month supply of kimchi for its 47,000 freedom-loving allies.



By 'U.S.' we mean that Vice-President Humphrey, during his visit to Seoul last July, told General/President Park that the U.S. taxpayers would be more than happy to underwrite the cost of the six-month supply of kimchi - at a bargain, too - a mere 7.1 million dollars.

'Don't worry, Park,' Hubert probably said. 'You keep your troops in Vietnam and maybe send a few more, eh, and we'll see that your boys get their kimchi.' (Hubert is great pals with generals these days.)

The Koreans' kimchi rations will be prepared by the Korea General Foods Corporation in Seoul - quite a bonanza for the boys at Korea General Foods. We tried to look up this company, thinking it might be a subsidiary of the giant U.S. General Foods Corporation, but to no avail. There is no public record of the company, so it's probably privately owned. Someone's going to make a killing off this deal, but we don't know who. However, with South Korea having the type of government it does, the free enterprisers who own Korea General Foods may quite possibly be some of General Park's buddies. Such shenanigans are not entirely unheard of.

7,100,000 dollars worth of pickles started us to thinking about this little deal cooked up by Hubert and Park. The only parallel we can imagine to this might be if, during the American Revolution, King George III had sent a special shipload of wienerschnitzel to his Hessian mercenaries.

Of course, one way to save the U.S. taxpayers that 7.1 million dollars they're 'investing' in kimchi, plus the 2.1 million dollars in paychecks they're subsidising every month (part of the reported 83,853,000 dollars paid to Koreans or to Korea so far this year for their role in Vietnam) would be to ship the 47,000 Koreans back to Korea and replace them in Vietnam with the 50,000 American GI's currently stationed Korea.

But that would make the Vietnam war even more 'American' than it already is, and, like Johnson said back when he was playing peacenik three years ago, we don't want American boys doing what Asian boys should be doing for themselves.

THE WORKERS AND THE MOVEMENT

STONY BROOK, N.Y., Dec. 15 (LNS) - The urgent need for the movement to change the consciousness of the American working class became evident at a recent antiwar demonstration here.

Rain began falling as an antiwar rally was taking place on the campus of the State University of New York, so a janitor came out to take down the U.S. flag.

When a group of construction workers on a nearby job saw the flag being lowered, they assumed the students were about to deface it. So they rushed to the scene, stomping on students, the janitor and even some school administrators.

THE MCCARTHY CAMPAIGN: A RADICAL POLITICAL CRITIQUE

WASHINGTON, Dec. 11 (LNS) - The crucial word in understanding the significance of the 'presidential campaign' of Sen. Eugene McCarthy is co-optation.

In practice, co-optation means neutralising political activists by removing them from a previously defined role and placing them in a new role while presumably, but not really, promoting the same goals.

There are many examples of people who are co-opted in America today: black militants who take high-paying jobs with government anti-poverty agencies; idealistic youths who join the Peace Corps to 'help' in underdeveloped countries; doctoral candidates interested in revolutionary social change who are required by their academic disciplines to remain aloof from their subject matter in the name of objectivity.

Now, as militant students are increasing the tempo of their attack on

the Vietnam war and the corporate elite that is behind the war, the McCarthy campaign emerges as a clear attempt to co-opt - to turn political activists into political moderates.

An editorial in the Dec. 6 issue of the University of Connecticut Daily Campus gets right to the point: 'By presenting a viable alternative to the war policies of the President, McCarthy will give many disaffected young dissenters a political home, giving them a chance to express their frustrations at the ballot box rather than in street demonstrations.'

One of McCarthy's primary aims, as he himself has admitted and shown by his actions, is to convince young radicals that they should use 'the system' rather than buck it.

McCarthy has so far directed himself to students, professors, clergymen, union leaders - precisely those elements already committed to opposition to the war in some form. If he were making great efforts to carry his antiwar message to the hundreds of thousands of Americans who support the war, McCarthy's efforts might be more worthy of support.

As it is, however, it is a rather obvious attempt at co-optation. Those who are associated with the McCarthy challenge are well known for playing this game. Senator Robert Kennedy, for example, has recently been very critical of students involved in free-wheeling street demonstrations, urging them to retain confidence in 'the system'. Alard Lowenstein, one of McCarthy's top organisers, has frequently been described as a 'peacemaker for the establishment'. Lowenstein is a busy-body lawyer from New York who has appeared at virtually every National Student Association congress for the past 17 years. He has promoted a 'Dialogue' between antiwar students and government officials, promoting the illusion that such conversations yield fruit.

The ultimate question, however, concerns McCarthy's belief that the electoral system does work as an outlet for radical ideas, and that liberal politicians like himself represent a viable alternative.

The answer to that question lies in the careers of Adlai Stevenson, Hubert H. Humphrey and Arthur Goldberg - the McCarthy's of an earlier day. It should be quite clear to student activists that liberal boosters of 'the system' are not the best allies in a principled, effective long-range struggle against the war and its causes.

In any case, McCarthy's antiwar views are vague and limited. They accept the concept of the United States as a worldwide police force.

MADRID (LNS - Canadian University Press) - Students at Madrid University celebrated Gen. Francisco Franco's 75th birthday Dec. 4 in a unique way. They staged a riot on campus.

The riot began as students returned to university after a three-day suspension of classes, ordered last week by the university's chancellor to quell similar rioting and student-police clashes.

The New Democratic Student Union voted to begin an indefinite strike in protest of arrests of Union delegates who were in town for a secret meeting.

Press reports said about 1,000 students were involved in the rioting.

Inert, beneath the ocean, drugged on dreams,
An insect on the ceiling bathed in green
What chance have crabs to taste the blooms of love
to fondle breasts of girls who sail above?
A JOG, deep sleep dissolves, I AM my AM,
raised by surprise, I stride across the sand,
peeling the rind, I stagger from the loam,
SPLASH THROUGH SUN
— warmed billows of foam

She naked, laughing, lithe,
invents her light,
spreading a lake which
ripples through my sight,
Wave by wave
loud flash
begin to burn

as the wheat of my mind
is pounded into sperm

I do not need to stagger clouds and trees
my butter heart is spread upon the breeze

