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OZ 13

Richard Neville
Editor

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OZ 13

Description

Editor: Richard Neville, Deputy Editor: Paul Lawson, Design: Jon Goodchild assisted by Felix Dennis, Art: Martin Sharp and Virginia Clive-Smith, Advertising: John Leaver, Writers: Andrew Fisher, David Widgery, Angelo Quattrocchi, John Wilcock, Dave Phillips & Nigel Fountain, Photography: Kei;h Morris, Pushers: Felix Dennis and Louise Ferrier.

Content: Quadruple 'Catherine and the Wheel of Fire' poster with Big O Posters ad on reverse. Martin Sharp and Johnny Hurford Legalise Pot Rally graphic on the internal front cover. 'We Need you Cohn-Bendit' letter. Eva. The Fugs. Jean-Jacques Lebel. John Wilcock's Other Scenes. IT subscription form. 'Agit Oz' - revolutionary quotes, chart + graphics. 'When Harrods is Looted' by David Widgery. 2p 'Hubert Sanguine' graphic by Andrew Fisher & David Spode. 'The May Revolution' and 'Philistine's Tears - Nectar of the Gods' by Angelo Quattrocchi. Oz Night - the Nice ad. OZ subscription/back issue page. Graffiti 1968. Transcriptions from Dylan's *Don't Look Back*. Incredible String Band ad. 'Smokeless Interzone' by Michael Horovitz. Ozmosis - 'We clothe every child in napalm' by Paul Lawson. 'The Alf-Back' - the Queen in Australia. 'Kubrick's 2001 A Space Odyssey - The Worst Trip Ever' by Tom Nairn.

Publisher

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Comments

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

price 3s. No 13



WORLD REVOLUTION
BRIAN JONES TALKS!
BOB DYLAN FILM SCRIPT
LEGALISE POT POSTER!
THE GREAT SPACE ODYSSEY

CATHERINE AND THE WHEEL OF FIRE / a space poem revealed.

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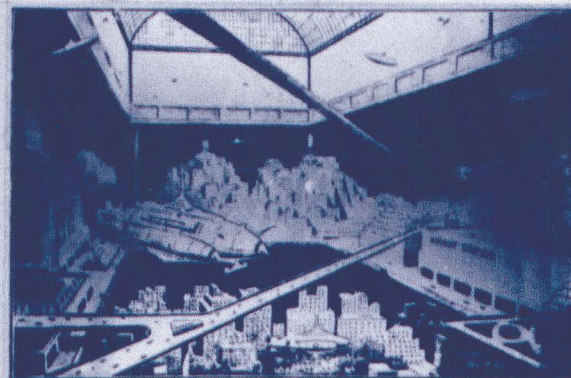
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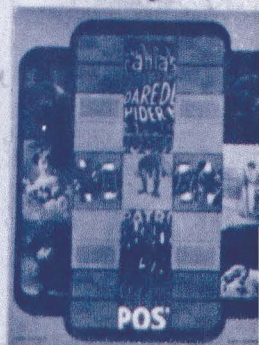
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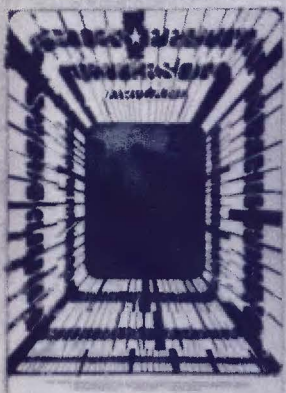
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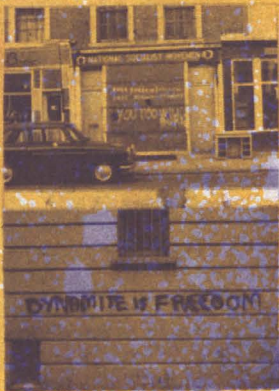
48 PAGES
SUPPRESSED
DYLAN
AGIT-OZ
MARCUSE
MARX
& EVA
2001

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Demystify the Press! Confound the British Printing conspiracy! Remove the staples from this extraordinary cocked-up OZ and unfold a pure GOLD Nigel English poster gatefold. As long as OZ is prevented from experimenting, England will be safe from the Technoligarchy.

LEGALISE
POT
RALLY

SPEAKERS CORNER,
HYDE PARK, 7th JULY
SUNDAY,
2.00 PM '68



OZ 13

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Dear OZ,

After living in one roomed
communes of the love/hate type
in the Notting Hill Gate area,
since I dropped out in September
last year I have come to the
conclusion that the city drop-out
scene is a pathetic one.

I would like to list some of my
observations.

1. People thrown together by
necessity (usually financial)
although sharing in the true
community spirit, food (usually
stolen); experiences (usually
hallucinatory) and pot (usually
not enough), still tend to split
into little camps, ie Joe hangs up
Bill and Bill hangs up Fred which
upsets Jim because Jim likes every-
one. Which is a big hang up for
Him, for if he refuses to bend in
one direction or another, he's on
his own man!

2. Speed kills—not only people,
but scenes as well. Someone
suffering (and they do!) from
speed hang ups and come downs
really drag the whole scene down.
Watching a friend becoming an
addict, drifting into the misty
world of Boot's disposables, is a
soul searing experience not to
be forgotten easily.

Perhaps if many dealers sold
decent acid and not disappoint-
ments, a lot of the speed thing
might disappear.

3. Most conversation in turned-
out scenes, is mainly turned in to
'My best trip' or various 'Freak
you out cocktail recipes', and
little else is discussed.

4. Even the people wanting to
be in on the love commune thing,
seem to be sitting around on their
arses, drawing the NAB and wait-
ing. Waiting for what?

For things to be arranged for them
by the diggers? (That mythical
race of people) or perhaps for
guidance from our friends? in
space? Whilst this situation exists
it just isn't going to happen.

Dharma—Karma—Smarmal!
Each of us should be a digger for
fucks sake, otherwise there's not
going to be any communes 'cos
we'll all die of old age, *waiting!*

My grumbles may seem slanted
from one angle, but walk around
NHG and ask any drop out on
the scene where they've been
lately (apart from MOSS or
Middle Earth) its a strange land
surrounding a strange land.

As for myself, I'm giving up my
cherished freedom (and the NAB),
my long locks are to be shorn
and I'm dropping IN decked out
in my blue suit, white shirt and
tie, to become a purveyor of
holiday shell ashtrays and other
plastic goodies for the grey people

(poor bastards) in Sunny Jersey
(from whence I came) for as long
as I can stand it.

Then along with my brother and
anyone else who wants to create
something, by raising bread, we're
going to buy a cottage and land in
the country, grow our own food
etc, and build a commune out of
our own efforts.

A 20th century city of Electric
Gardens is no place for anyone to
find their relationship with the
things which will always be here.

Love and peace
(if you can find it)

Michael Escott
7 Foxhill Close
Greatfield, Hull
Yorks

Dear Sir,

We are shocked by the Prime
Minister associating himself with
Monsieur Roche, Rector of the
Sorbonne, whose one chapter in
history can be written with a sent-
ence. He closed the Sorbonne.

That our Prime Minister as
Chancellor of Bradford University
should confer the honour of a
degree on a man who abused the
trust of more than seven centuries
of students by violating the right
to maintain the University as a
centre of free thought, and who,
apparently in the name of the
State, called the armed representa-
tives of that State, and violated
one of the worthiest of French
traditions, the sanctuary of the
Sorbonne, suggests that our Prime
Minister would follow Monsieur
Roche and the french government
if the liberties of our own Univer-
sities were ever put to the test.

Yours sincerely,

MW Watson Todd
David Schreiber
R Deane Edwards
Michael N Momache

The English Revolutionaries

When they broke into the town
hall guns at the ready the town
clerk said "I'm sorry you'll have
to write for an appointment."
So they went away and came
back three weeks on tuesday in
their best suits.

Steve Sneyd
Aldmondbury
Huddersfield, Yorks

We need you Cohn-Bendit, because

1. We are fed and watered by
the State's Almighty Hand, and do
exactly as we are told.

2. We are told that the Govern-
ment knows what's best for us; the
big Corporations know what's best

for us; BBC, TV and the Press
know what is good for us to hear;
Advertising Agencies know what
is good for us to buy; teachers
know what is good for us to know;
Law and Order is good for us,
because it excludes anybody who
tells us that we ourselves might
know best what is good for us.

3. In return for being well
looked after, we PAY taxes to the
Government, to buy noisy aero-
planes for Corporation men to
deafen us with; we PAY for the
BBC, TV, and Press, and give them
our trust; we PAY the Advertisers,
and they don't need our trust be-
cause there is nothing but their
products to buy; we PAY for our
teachers and pretend they are all
profound and knowledgeable; we
PAY for Law and Order with cash
and obedience, and agree to call
you 'irresponsible'.

4. We do not know how to
want to be responsible for our
own lives and our own environ-
ment.

5. We are superior to all
foreigners, who are (1) oppressed
(2) untrustworthy (3) violent
(4) backward (5) far away.

WATCH
FOR
DETAILS

8-11 pm. 2 groups, 2 bars. 6/-d
Jay Mews, Kensington Gore.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF ART
BAR PARTIES

6. We admire America, and are the only country in Europe who like the Americans to be in Vietnam.

7. We have a good trade going in poison gases . . . and you can tell us how they work.

8. Our policemen are wonderful.

9. Our Leaders are a bunch of fixers, our politicians their pimps, our businessmen arrogant blood-suckers, our universities teach us only how to be teachers, our parents fear and hate (1) negros (2) jews (3) jews (4) foreigners (5) the Lower Orders (6) us; our Press tells us lies about you, and loves our politicians, businessmen, pundits and parents; and our Law orders us to obey them all.

10. Our debt to all of them has made us morally bankrupt.

11. We think we owe our lives to Society, and forget that we ARE society.

12. We are made oblivious with Welfare; blind with parochial pride; childish with obedience; petulant with disobedience; anxious for a pension; taught to be ignorant. We do not like FACTS.

13. We are very young for our age; very insulated; devoted to cash and status.

14. Sex and pot are our substitutes for Freedom.

15. WE HAVE NO PASSION.

16. Although we don't believe in god, we let him make our laws and frighten our children.

17. We don't believe in politicians, but we act as if we do.

18. We don't believe our Press, but we buy it.

19. We want what you want, but we support the other side.

20. We call police violence and the violence of the State . . . "student violence", and make it our excuse.

21. WE ARE VERY, VERY FRIGHTENED.

Issued by the Surrealist Group:
Ian Breakwell, Alan Burns,
Rupert Cracknell, Sophie Kemp,
John Lyle, Conroy Maddox,
George Melly, Peter Rider,
John Rudlin, Ken Smith.

Dear Sir,

Sorry to say that there were not 50 but 25 of us, ('Police arrest Poets') sorry to say that Christopher Logue was not a participant in the event but a watcher.

Yours sincerely,
Sonia Sharkey (known as Wendy)
52 Queensway
London W2

Dear Sir,

This year will be the last year that mankind will have in the consciousness they have manifested hitherto.

On our part, we have planned everything, and everything has been prepared carefully. The message is a message of joy, and I wish that it be treated as a message of joy. Serious events will strike Earth, they will end in the Second Coming. And this is what should be stressed; speak of the spiritual side of the matter more than the violent part of it. Violence does not belong to us,—it belongs to Man; but violence will come to an end for Man now.

Certainty and knowledge are to be preferred to faith; but in order to attain certainty in this matter, one must believe. When the events begin to speed up you should group together and talk about these subjects. Never discuss, but talk—and be calm and harmonious within. The more calm and harmonious one is, the more one will understand about the nature of this message. Many individuals will receive messages themselves during the forthcoming days.

Confusion begets confusion. Only he who will not receive confusion within himself will escape confusion. Do not allow outer things to disturb your innermost being, and it will apply now more than ever before in the situation in which you will come to stand. Find peace and harmony within yourselves; they will be necessary during these latter days of Earth.

Au Revoir !

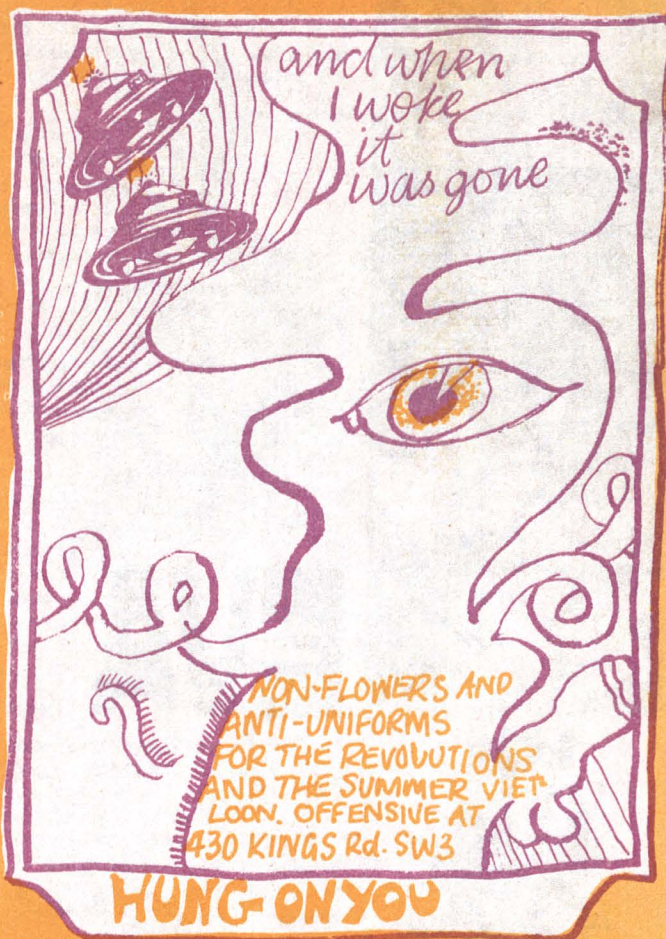
Universal Link
PO Box 13
4140, Borup, Denmark

Dear Sir,

These ideas might interest you . . . Over the past ten years I have been the author of numerous un-American letters to the local newspapers. It has always been my basic purpose in writing letters to the newspapers to present ideas, to make people think. In this small way, I have been contributing to the increase of consciousness. A deliberately subversive enterprise I admit.

With the widespread increase of consciousness society will mature, and authoritarian institutions such as governments and religions will lose their power over the human spirit. The maturing of society means precisely the increase of consciousness, on a general or collective scale.

Psychedelic drugs are the best way to achieve a radical increase of consciousness, although there are clumsier drugless methods such as fasting, breathing exercises, and concentration, as in yoga or



meditation. This is why psychedelics are felt to be a threat to the present order. In spite of persecution, the advent of psychedelics will have the effect of accelerating the growth of the human race.

To experience an altered state of consciousness, such as intoxication is educational and broadening, like speaking a foreign language or playing a musical instrument. But psychedelic drugs do not merely alter the consciousness, they literally increase or expand consciousness. The mind opens up, everything is more real. This is the minimum effect; it may be followed by psychological hallucinations or by spiritual insight, depending on the temperament or personality of the drug user.

The basic conflict in society is between the forces of growth and the forces of inertia (sometimes called 'stability'). Psychedelic drugs are a powerful force for growth, too important to be confined by legalism or medicalism.

Dave Reissig
402 Arthur St
Syracuse NY 13204

PADS

Along with some 'Smalls' advertisements, offers of crashpads have been lost. If you want to add your name to the world wide list of crashpads being prepared, please write to OZ, c/o Crashpads. Please write again if we lost you.

Leave it blank till the last moment we might find the copy then



EVA

I have had many letters in response to the appeal in OZ 12 to get Eva into the country. It is impossible to answer them all, and so I'd like to thank you all here. Eva has 'chosen' her man, and will be in touch with him by June 10. Thank you again—love Judy.

Dear Judy,

If she really needs someone in order to gain entry into England, being a man of leisure, I guess I'll give it a try. (No strings, of course.)

About myself, am 22, live in Spain, teacher by profession, 6'1½" and believe in trying everything once. Anyhow, all this apart, will help Eva out if I can.

A. Q.

Dear Judy,

With respect to Eva, OK.

Yours,
MHD

Dear Judy,

I would be more than happy to marry your friend Eva. As divorce is now quite simple in England it would be of advantage to both of us: Eva would get into this country and as I'm in the air force I would get a pay rise of £3 a week, and the added advantage of her company for I week.

Yours faithfully,
JF

Dear Judy,

I think I should start by telling

you a few things about myself. I am twenty-eight years old, and a University lecturer in physical chemistry. My main interests are surfing, swimming and rally-driving. I am also interested in photography and am a keen hi-fi enthusiast.

I have every sympathy with Eva's problem of getting British citizenship, and would be willing to help her in any way possible, the more so because I believe this could be a stimulating and enjoyable experience for us both.

Yours,
Dr DB

Dear Judy,

I have just read the **thing** about your friend, Eva, in the OZ. I have just been sentenced to Borstal for being in possession of hashish. I would be glad to help her as the prison authorities should allow me a days freedom to get married.

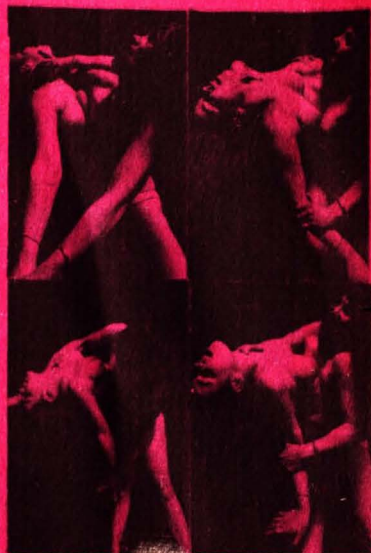
Marriage means nothing whereas freedom be it only for a day is everything.

As from next Tuesday my postal address will be Wormwood Scrubs Prison, London. If your friend is still willing to enter England you can reach me there.

Yours hopefully,
JB
HM Prison, Leicester.

To Judy,
23 yr old, free thinker requests the hand of EVA.

Sincerely,
JD



Due to the urgency of the content of this issue, the final part of Ray Durnat's article, the continuation of Meat Pack and Hipocrates are held over till issue 14



BOY WANTS BIRD
BIRD WANTS BOY
ALL GET EXCITING
PARTNERS
THROUGH DATELINE
FREE QUESTIONAIRE
FOR ALL AGES
WITHOUT OBLIGATION
FROM:
DATELINE
DEPT OZ
18 LEXHAM MEWS
LONDON W8
WES 4112

MIDDLE EARTH

43 KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN. 240 1327

JUNE
JULY

10.30—Dawn

Friday June 14
Saturday June 15

The Move
Hapshash & the Coloured Coat
+ from Holland—The Dragonflies

Friday June 21
Saturday June 22

The Pink Floyd
The Pretty Things

Friday June 28
Saturday June 29

The Fairport Convention
+ The Chris McGregor Sextet
The Family + The Will Spoor
Mime Troupe

Sunday June 30

OZ NIGHT

Friday July 5
Saturday July 6

to be advised
The Bonzo Dog Doo-Da! Band

Friday July 12
Saturday July 13

The Yardbirds
to be advised

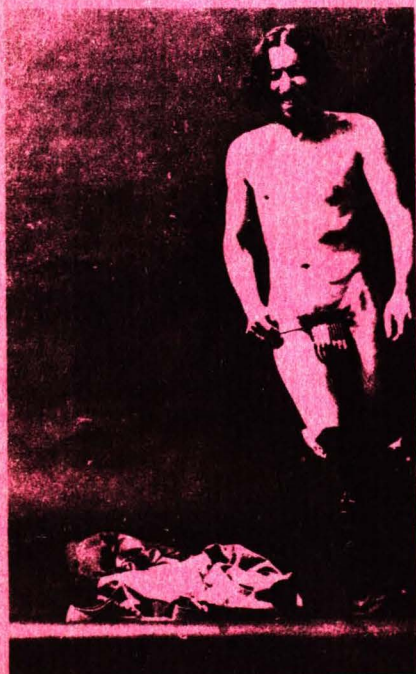
**HAPSHASH & THE
COLOURED COAT
THE MOVE**



FUGS

begun in 1965, The Fugs are probably the world's first underground rock group. They are the fathers of 'The Mothers of Invention', and known for such pop poems as Kill for Peace, Coca Cola Douche, Group Grope and the Virgin Forest. They've released four LP's in the US and all but one of their songs have managed to avoid the charts. You haven't heard their dulcet acrobatics on Radio Yawn because, according to John Peel, the dj's are not allowed to announce even the word Fugs.

One of the unannouncables, Tuli Kupferberg, was in London recently. Tuli's a poet, publisher, pacifist, vegetarian and author of such Grove Press



classics as A Thousand and One ways to Live without Working and A Thousand and One ways to Beat The Draft. His next book is A Thousand and One ways to Make Love.

Kupferberg spent much of his time in London conferring with the Anti Vaccination League to equip himself for the fight against his country's compulsory smallpox vaccination laws. He points out that smallpox is virtually extinct and that in the last 30 years more people have died from the vaccination than have caught smallpox.

In between arming himself with Doctor's letters confirming that "that there has been no recent outbreak of smallpox in Earls Court," Tuli Kupferberg spoke to OZ:

TK I have come to a rather simplified outlook: As long as you're getting more from them than they are taking from you then its worth working with the establishment. But you have to be very careful. Sometimes you wake up and say I really shouldn't be doing this—how did I get here and then you should leave.

How often do you compromise?

TK At Santa Monica we were playing in this place and the sound system was awful and the whole atmosphere was bad—we came onto the band stand and looked down and there were 11 and 12 year old kids which would be alright except their



parents were with them—so we really couldn't do our kind of show. And that's happened a few times. This happens in my publishing also. There are certain things I wanted to publish and don't dare to and in a sense that's a compromise. But then if I had always told the truth by now I would be dead. And I don't really believe in paying rent. I think it's unjust. But if I didn't pay rent then my landlord would throw me out and I'd end up having to pay it to another. And that's a sort of daily compromise. One should compromise as little as possible though. And always push yourself. I have published many things where I was afraid that the next day the police would be there. I was the first one to print the word shit on a cover. I'm sort of proud of that. But this seems like nothing today which just shows how fast the revolution is going.

And where is it going to?

TK Well I think the best examples are on the west coast of California. Thousands and thousands of young people have moved out of the society

and for them the revolution has occurred. They have enough money and enough leisure to do whatever they want.

Where does the money come from?



TK Firstly they bypass a lot of people's ideals. I mean they don't care where they live or what they eat or how they dress. And in California the climate is warm. Some of them still have money coming from their families. A lot of them live communally which makes things a lot easier. And most of them don't even care if they get into trouble with the authorities. They are considered just like a natural force, nothing to worry about. And they have drugs too. But what they're going to do with it we don't know yet. They spend their freedom playing with a frisby—a plastic disc you throw back and forth. At first this annoyed me but what else is there to do?

Have the Fugs been as successful as you would have liked?

TK Well at the beginning I didn't care, but now I think it should have been more successful. I felt it should have evolved into theatre, we should have read poetry. And done more extensive skits. So it hasn't been a success artistically. The others in the Group don't realise what our popularity is based on. Its not based on the fine music in quote marks, but on our vitality. Our energy. And our kind of amateurishness. A kind of anything goes bit. Most important with the material. But also technically. It would be beautiful if we were all inspired musicians but we're not. What we really needed was someone like Jimmi Hendrix or the Stones as musicians. So we could have had a fusion of music, theatre, poetry and politics.

Why didn't you play in London?

TK Various technical reasons. We will be here in September. But I think its a pity we didn't play here at our peak. I think each group has one special contribution to make to music and then they fade. I am afraid that we may have already made ours.



The unit I am right to

LEBEL

Jean-Jacques Lebel led the storming of the Paris Odeon. Now he is in geol and the building has been cleared by police. Many complicated, contradictory elements are united against French fascism; not the least of which is Lebel, who sometimes inspires derision from his more stubbornly political colleagues (who also regard the Odeon as a tourist's revolution). But the eloquence of Lebel is considered dangerous enough to have him geoled. Here he speaks to Bryan Willis a few days before his arrest:

We are for the total end of the human rapport which is established between the governor and the governed, the ruler and the ruled. We are for self management in each profession and each category of the people by themselves, but we are also for the destruction of the categories. In other words one of the reasons that we occupied the universities is not only for the students or for the workers: it is for everyone to come and use this university for whatever they want to use it. Not only for education, but if they want to eat there, sleep there, fuck there, get high there or live there. We are for the total destruction of categories.

One of the main ways the Capitalist system maintains its total control over bodies and minds is by categorising everybody into social groups. They say "You're the workers you're the students, you're the intellectuals, you're the doctors or whatever". We are for the destruction of this division into small groups. The fact that a tremendous number of workers now come to the Sorbonne or to other faculties that are occupied means that they feel that these are their places. These places belong to them. They do not just belong to the students or to the teachers.

As far as the Cultural industry is concerned, one of the main industries of the capitalist state is culture, in the sense that the propaganda of the ideology of the ruling class goes through everything that is called artistic. The movies for instance, were first an art and are now an industry—the same thing has happened to writing, to theatre to painting. Whatever is done in the way of culture is completely counter-revolutionary because it is the culture of money. The main thing about all cultural activity in the capitalist state is that it makes money. Whether you make money by playing Brecht or by playing Moliere it is exactly the same thing. You are giving a spectacle to people who do not participate in any way in what's happening. They consume the spectacle in exactly the same way as they consume when they buy a car or a refrigerator or chewing gum.

The society has made everybody into consumers and everything including art and political ideology has become consumer goods. We want to demolish completely the structure of the consumer society. It is possible for the people to

make their own art. Some artists who pretend to be revolutionaries exhibit at the museum of modern art, which is a temple of capitalism just as much as the stock exchange we burned the other day. Some painters want to bring their paintings to the factories but that is a completely counter-revolutionary attitude. The workers don't need pseudo avant-garde paintings in the factories they need the total destruction of the social rapport between the bosses and the workers. They have to make their own paintings or invent their own art which will probably not be with brushes and canvases, but an art which will be completely integrated into the life process itself. Art can become, when the revolutionary process has really demolished a number of mental and social taboos, something completely integrated in daily life.

Our action is to demolish even the left. For years the unions have been trying to stop the students and the workers coming together. Our main work is now in the factories, talking to the workers and telling them how the unions are helping the government to alienate them. The unions manipulate the workers into obeying the government. The workers get a shilling a day more to continue doing the same work, when it is the concept of work that needs to be questioned. Self-management would enable people to cease working for others and break down their work into what was necessary for economic exchange with others. We are trying to, beginning to, reinvent the concept of life, language and political expression itself.

De Gaulle is trying to sell an image of France abroad which does not correspond at all to the corruption and pseudo liberal fascism that is going on inside the country. So one of the aims was to destroy this image and I think that we succeeded in that. We took over one of the centres of propaganda, the Odeon. This used to represent the French culture from Warsaw to Tokyo and everywhere. So we took it over and decided that was the end of the cultural industry there. It would never be a theatre any longer, just a place, an ordinary place where anybody could come and learn, inform other people, talk with other people and exchange information and ideas.

What happened later, alas, and this we must criticize, was that a bureaucracy installed itself in there. It started making the usual little bureaucratic decisions which were cut off completely from the general movement.

What we are doing today is denouncing completely what is going on inside the Odeon. It re-institutionalized itself within a few weeks. It became again a sort of Ministry of Culture, a micro Ministry of Culture. What we are doing today is throwing all those people out and giving it again to who ever wants to express themselves there.

We didn't take it to re-establish a leftist bureaucracy there.



John Esam is rumoured to have begun a new publishing project. It is said to be a magazine scheduled to appear each fortnight in a format similar to 'The History of the 20th Century' entitled 'The History of the Future'. It will begin with the end of the world and work its way back. A number of famous but at present unknown writers will be writing for it, many of whom have yet to be born but all of whom have died.

John Wilcock's Other Scenes is now being distributed in London by ECAL 22 Betterton Street, WC2. Phone: TEM 8606.

HAROLD MUGGINS IS A MARTYR, (play/festival/freakout/gala/funfair/trial) uses movement, sound, light, projections, and more audience involvement from moment they enter front gate with carnival funfair, amusement arcade, guest orators, and Harold Muggins appealing for support in environment slapped onto Unity Theatre by students from Bradford School of Art; late night shows after performances on Fridays and Saturdays of poets, singers, short plays, films, whatever comes; discussion on the alternative society; children's carnival processions through Camden.

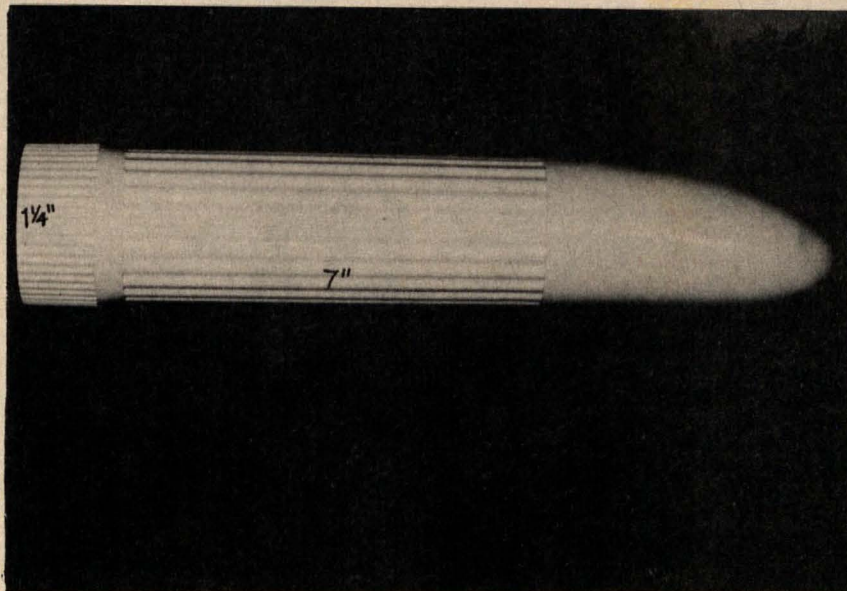
Unity Theatre is old, seedy left-wing theatre club near Kings Cross or Mornington Crescent tube stations. Good stage and auditorium, licensed bar, people don't know about it so hardly used, one of the assets of the Underground that should be developed. Run by committee, ineffective, needs people who want to get things done and just do them. Full membership gives right to take part in shows, vote and stand for election to management (£1 a year plus 1/- on joining).

The Unknown Soldier is on his way
Watch out for The Unknown Soldier
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The Unknown Soldier
The Doors close with The Unknown Soldier
The Doors and The Unknown Soldier We
could be so Good Together
Only John Peel plays The Unknown
Soldier
The Unknown Soldier will be in Britain
from May 31st
The Unknown Soldier will be on Elektra—
where else?
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ANDY

From John Wilcock's 'Other Scenes'

Andy Warhol is alive and well. He's sitting up in his room at New York's Columbus Hospital, reading magazines, unable to talk to anybody. Despite bullets in his head and chest he'll be fine. Meanwhile, Grove Press goes ahead with plans to publish his novel, "Twenty Four Hours" in the fall.

Having produced the ultimate in deadpan paintings, the totally static movie, a pop group that wanders offstage while feed-back entertains the audience and pop-up] book that can't be read so much as looked at, Warhol has now turned his attention to tape recording. "Twenty Four Hours" is an untouched taped record of 24 hours in the life of Andy (carrying the Norelco tape recorder), Ondine, articulate star of Chelsea Girls and other movies (who does most of the talking) and whoever they run into on their serendipitous journeys around Manhattan. It sounds revealing—but isn't.

To the average reader, in fact, the book might as well be in code. To start with, Andy is referred to throughout as Drella or "D", short for the nickname 'Cinderella', known only to intimates. Ondine is clearly identified and some of the Warhol gang or friends (Gerard Malanga, Billy Name, Paul Morrissey, Steve Schorr, Jonas Mekas, Allen Ginsberg, Ed Sanders) are featured by name, but how many people are going to identify references to or by Taxine, the Duchess, the Mayor, Billy Bedroom, Norman or 'the number one artist'?

As for subject matter, it shifts almost every sentence in a surrealist manner that resembles James Joyce more than anything else. It's important to remember that the book is *documentary*—god knows, it's surely too freaky to have been made up.

X

Despite their clamorous indignation about our liberties, Tory MPs are taking great care that the case of Sir Frederick Crawford, the Rhodesian who lost his British passport, doesn't get pushed to the point of an actual investigation. For they know as well as everybody in Rhodesia that Sir F and his wife are pillars of Rhodesian reaction, as long as it makes money.

His wife, an obsessive busybody, is even more famous than the Queen Mother for monumentally unfortunate remarks, and dining at the Crawfords is gracious living indeed: 1 black servant per guest on informal occasions, 3 blacks per guest on formal occasions. It's no secret in Salisbury that Sir F was over here to arrange a big, devious, sanctions-busting deal in asbestos and tobacco. But the whole Tory line on Rhodesia confirms that, where Tory loyalty is concerned, class ('kith and kin' being the smooth phrase) comes first, the Queen a very poor second, and the rest of us, nowhere.

Goodluck to the Manchester Arts Laboratory, which opened on June 22nd.

Congratulations to John Hopkins and Suzy Creamcheese on their marriage trip.

Hilary Barrow and Adrian Rifkin are helping form a White Peoples Association to promote the aims of Black Power and help black people. They plan day nurseries in Notting Hill, cottages in the country for orphaned children, films, plays, dances and summer events. Anyone interested write to Hilary c/o OZ.

OZ

Thank you everyone who helped so generously with the OZ benefit. We're sorry about the girl who rang us weeping over the exploding parrot ("Everyone else was laughing... it was horrible") and for the man who freaked out when the mercenaries freaked in for the crucifixion scene.

The World's Most Boring Man had over 40 customers; some of whom competed with him; and the World's Longest Joke Teller is droning on to this day. The girl wrestlers were sexy, cruel dedicated, deliciously young and are coming back for more on June 30. Yes; we're having another one at Middle Earth next Sunday. It will be wilder, more unexpected totally integrated, and dangerous. Come. It will make our first one seem like a nursery party.

Meanwhile; warm thankyou's to The Pink Floyd, Pretty Things, Social Deviants, Blonde on Blonde, Alexis Korner, Miss Kelly, The Flamingoes, Louise, Buzby Loyd, John Peel, Jeff Dexter, Carolyn Coon, Transcendental Aurora (The Light Show), Ian Knight, Jeff Shaw, Sean Kelly, Peter the popcorn man, Sebastian Jorgensen, Michael Newman, Bruce Beresford, Felix Dennis, the Mercenaries, Dave Hausman, Paul Waldman, Middle Earth, Michael Ramsden, Tony Crerar and the Human Family, David Spode and everyone else who helped OZ at Middle Earth.

Some who couldn't make it to Middle Earth sent a donation instead. We've added a section to the subscription coupon for the convenience of any other philanthropists. The Black Dwarf has a sweet old Scottish lady (she sent them £1000), Private Eye has celebrities, IT has a lovely

banker's son, but OZ, dear readers, has only you.

TOM

A few weeks ago Mr Tom Morton was arrested and roughed-up outside the Royal Courts of Justice for distributing a pamphlet entitled *The Crown of England and the Throne Stinks of the Corruption of Her Majesty's Judges*.

Under the sub heading: *The Palaces of Perjured Judicial Ponces*, Mr Morton alleges, among other things: "That I was brought to secret trial by the Director of Public Prosecutions, on false charges and false evidence, designed to deprive me of my freedom of speech, in order to protect Judge . . . , whom he knew to be criminally corrupt . . ."

Under another heading; *Your*



Majesty's Judges are Posturing, Petrified Pestilential, Perjured Pimps; Mr Morton calls for a public inquiry into his case on the grounds that the Judiciary cannot try a charge against itself.

Mr Morton's contempt for the legal profession derives from the mis-handling of his divorce proceedings in 1953 and he has been fighting the law ever since.

In 1964 he produced a 350,000 word book single handedly, on an electric duplicator, entitled "Treason by Dilhorne and His Corrupt Judges Hilbery Salmon and Rawlins" which is the complete story of a marriage, narrative accounts and the official records of the "corrupt and extraordinary" legal proceedings which followed. He has since persisted with a series of pamphlets written in traditional inflammatory style which he has distributed himself in strategic areas. The penultimate paragraph in one pamphlet reads:

As an artist, I greatly admire Your Majesty. Like many of my fellow citizens, I was filled with pride, when you appeared in France some years ago, looking beautiful and splendid, before an official banquet. We all know you to be the very personification of chivalry and honour, but your judges have placed the filth of perjury and suppression into your mouth. A person who commits perjury spits in the face of God. In condoning these terrible crimes, that is what your judges have done in your name and until you spit this filth out in their faces, you defile heaven and must be known as, The Perjured Queen.

When Mr Morton appeared at Bow Street Magistrates Court on a charge of disturbing the peace he was convicted and put on a good behaviour bond. The court treated him with a bored paternalism, telling him to go home to Polperro and forget all about his bizarre allegations. "We've heard it all before", said the magistrate.

Tom Morton is a friendly, elegant artist from Polperro in Cornwall, intelligent and courageous. When young, he was a policeman, joined the army, became a landscape artist and now runs his own gallery.

OZ has no opinion about what he says; but defends to the last column inch, the flair with which he says it. HO! HO!



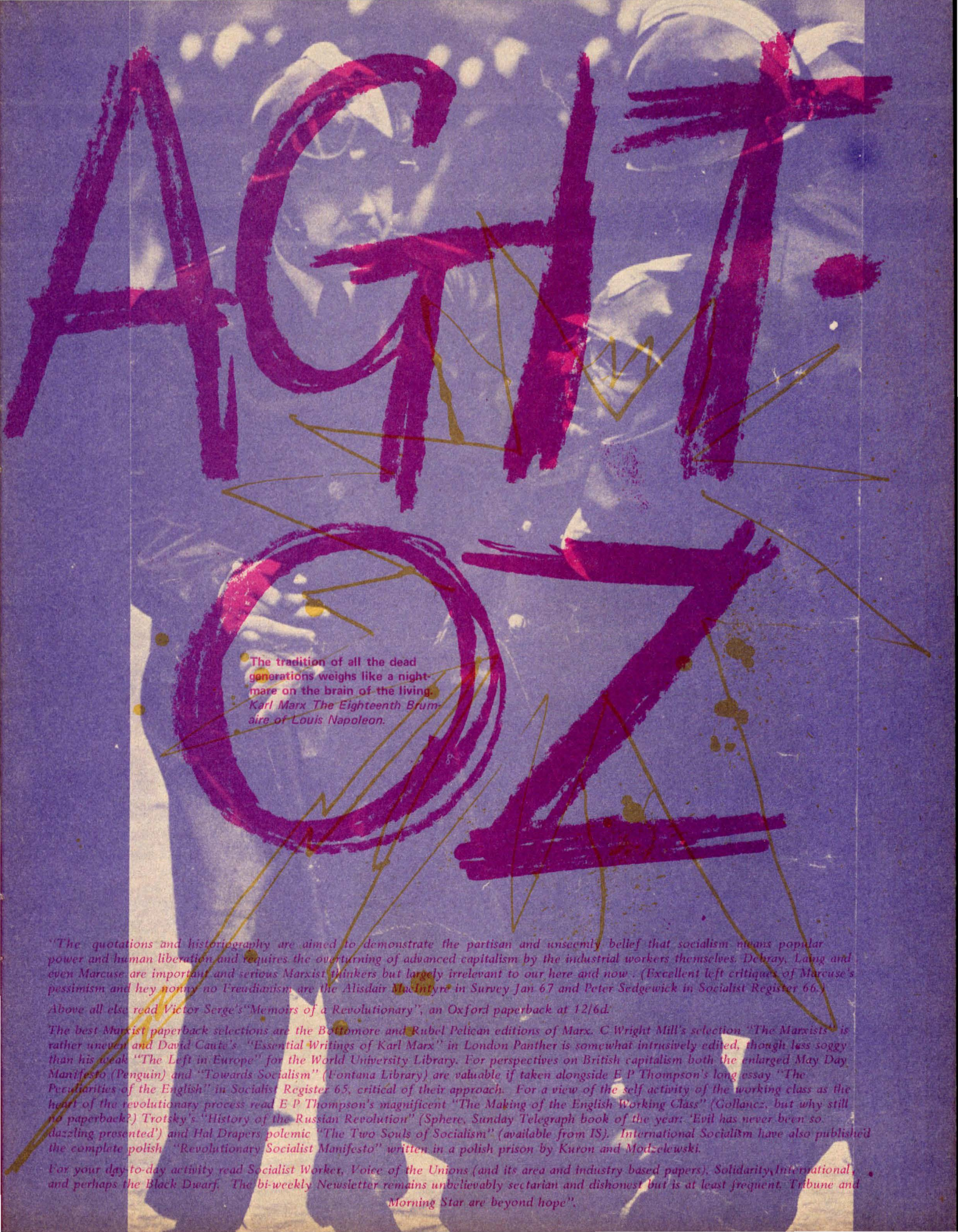
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The tradition of all the dead generations weighs like a nightmare on the brain of the living.
Karl Marx *The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Napoleon*.

"The quotations and historiography are aimed to demonstrate the partisan and unseemly belief that socialism means popular power and human liberation and requires the overturning of advanced capitalism by the industrial workers themselves. Debray, Lang and even Marcuse are important and serious Marxist thinkers but largely irrelevant to our here and now. (Excellent left critiques of Marcuse's pessimism and hey nonny no Freudianism are the Alisdair MacIntyre in *Survey* Jan 67 and Peter Sedgwick in *Socialist Register* 66.)

Above all else read Victor Serge's "*Memoirs of a Revolutionary*", an Oxford paperback at 12/6d.

The best Marxist paperback selections are the Bottomore and Rubel Pelican editions of Marx. C Wright Mill's selection "*The Marxists*" is rather uneven and David Caute's "*Essential Writings of Karl Marx*" in London Panther is somewhat intrusively edited, though less soggy than his weak "*The Left in Europe*" for the World University Library. For perspectives on British capitalism both the enlarged *May Day Manifesto* (Penguin) and "*Towards Socialism*" (Fontana Library) are valuable if taken alongside E P Thompson's long essay "*The Peculiarities of the English*" in *Socialist Register* 65, critical of their approach. For a view of the self activity of the working class as the heart of the revolutionary process read E P Thompson's magnificent "*The Making of the English Working Class*" (Gollancz, but why still no paperback?) Trotsky's "*History of the Russian Revolution*" (Sphere, Sunday Telegraph book of the year: 'Evil has never been so dazzling presented') and Hal Drapers polemic "*The Two Souls of Socialism*" (available from IS). International Socialism have also published the complete polish "*Revolutionary Socialist Manifesto*" written in a polish prison by Kuron and Modzelewski.

For your day-to-day activity read *Socialist Worker*, *Voice of the Unions* (and its area and industry based papers), *Solidarity*, *International*, and perhaps the *Black Dwarf*. The bi-weekly *Newsletter* remains unbelievably sectarian and dishonest but is at least frequent. *Tribune* and *Morning Star* are beyond hope".

AGIT 1

Men fight and lose that battle, and then the thing they fought for comes about in spite of their defeat, and when it comes, turns out to be not what they meant, and other men have to fight for what they meant under another name.

There are of the English middle class, today . . . men of the highest aspirations towards Art, and of the strongest will; men who are most deeply convinced of the necessity to civilization of surrounding men's lives with beauty; and many lesser men, thousands for what I know, refined and cultivated, follow them and praise their opinions: but both the leaders and the led are incapable of saving so much as half a dozen commons from the grasp of inexorable Commerce: they are as helpless in spite of their culture and their genius as if they were just so many overworked shoemakers: less lucky than King Midas, our green fields and clear waters, nay the very air we breathe, are turned not to gold (which might please some of us for an hour may be) but to dirt; and to speak plainly we know full well that under the present gospel of Capital not only there is no hope of bettering it, but that things grow worse year by year, day by day.

William Morris, craftsman poet and political writer who asserted revolutionary social change against the dominant Fabian reformism.

When philosophy paints its grey in grey, one form of life has become old, and by means of its grey it cannot be rejuvenated but only known. The owl of Minerva takes its flight only when the shadows of evening are fallen.
The Philosophy of Right by Hegel

The best laws that England hath are yokes and manacles, tying one sort of people to be slaves to another. . . . let the gentry have their enclosures and waste lands set free to them from all Norman enslaving lords of manors . . . If you found out the Court of Wards to be a burden and freed lords of the manors and gentry from paying fines to the King . . . let the common people be free too for paying homage to the lords of the manors.
Gerrard Winstanley
'The Putney Debates' radical agitator in Oliver Cromwell's army

You are horrified at our intending to do away with private property. But in your existing society, private property is already done away with for nine-tenths of the population; its existence for the few is solely due to its non-existence in the hands of the nine-tenths. You reproach us, therefore, with intending to do away with a form of property, the necessary condition for whose existence is the non-existence of any property for the immense majority of society.

In one word, you reproach us with intending to do away with your property. Precisely so; that is just what we intend.
Communist Manifesto, Karl Marx

The science of marvellous industry is simultaneously the science of asceticism . . . Self-denial, the denial of life and of all human needs is its cardinal doctrine. The less you eat, drink and read books; the less you go to the theatre, the dance hall, the public-house; the less you think, love, theorize, sing, paint, fence, etc, the more you save—the greater becomes your treasure, which neither moths nor dust will devour—your capital. The less you are, the more you have; the less you express your own life, the greater is your alienated life—the greater is the store of your estranged being.
The Holy Family, Karl Marx

A negro is a negro, but only under certain conditions does he become a slave. A machine to weave cotton is a machine to weave cotton, but only under certain conditions does it become capital. Separated from these conditions it is as little capital as gold, in itself is money or sugar is the price of sugar.
Das Kapital, Karl Marx

In direct contrast to German philosophy, which descends from heaven to earth, here we ascend from earth to heaven. That is to say, we do not set out from what men say, imagine, or conceive, nor from what has been said, thought, imagined, or conceived of men, in order to arrive at men in the flesh. We begin with real, active men, and from their real life-process show the development of the ideological reflexes and echoes of this life-process. The phantoms of the human brain also are necessary sublimates of men's material life-process, which can be empirically established and which is bound to material preconditions. Morality, religion, metaphysics, and other ideologies, and their corresponding forms of consciousness, no longer retain therefore their appearance of autonomous existence. They have no history, no development; it is men, who, in developing their material production and their material intercourse, change, along with this their real existence, their thinking and the products of their thinking. Life is not determined by consciousness, but consciousness by life.

The existence of revolutionary ideas in a particular age presupposes the existence of a revolutionary class . . .

The ideas of the ruling class are, in every age, the ruling ideas: ie, the class which is the dominant material force in society is at the same time its dominant intellectual force. The class which has the means of material production at its disposal, has control at the same time over the means of mental production, so that in consequence the ideas of those who lack the means of mental production are, in general, subject to it.

The question whether objective truth can be attributed to human thinking is not a

question of theory but is practical question. In practice man must prove the truth, that is, the reality and power, the this-sidedness of his thinking. The dispute over the reality or non-reality of thinking which is isolated from practice is a purely scholastic question.

The materialist doctrine that men are products of circumstances and upbringing, and that, therefore, changed men are products of other circumstances and changed upbringing, forgets that it is men that change circumstances and that the educator himself needs educating . . . The coincidence of the changing of circumstances and of human activity can be conceived and rationally understood only as revolutionary practice.

Social life is essentially practical. All mysteries which mislead theory to mysticism find their rational solution in human practice and in the comprehension of this practice.

The philosophers have only interpreted the world in various ways; the point, however, is to change it.

Theses on Feuerbach, Karl Marx
1818-1883, German revolutionary socialist. Exiled in Paris and later to London where he died. Founder of the First International, co-author of the Communist Manifesto and wrote Das Kapital.

A narrow empiricism denies that a fact does not really become a fact except in the course of an elaboration according to a method. It finds in each factor, in each statistic, in each *factum brutum* of economic life, an important fact. It does not understand that the simplest enumeration of 'facts', their stringing together without any commentary, is already an interpretation, that at this stage the facts are already examined from a point of view, a method, that they have been abstracted from the context of life in which they were found and introduced into a theory . . .

When one faces a situation where the exact knowledge of society becomes, for a class, the immediate condition of its self-affirmation in struggle; when, for this class, self-consciousness of society; when this class is, through its consciousness, both of the subject and object of consciousness, then the theory is an immediate, direct and adequate relation to the process of the social revolution, then the unity of theory and practice, that precondition of the revolutionary function of theory, becomes possible.

Georg Lukacs 1885— Marxist literary and social critic who served as Commissar for Culture in the brief Bela Kun Soviet Republic of Hungary in 1919 and supported the Hungarian revolution of 1956 serving as Minister of Culture in the Nagy Government and as a founding member of the anti-Stalinist Hungarian Communist Party. Professor of Aesthetics at Budapest University.

You are wrestling with the Enemies of the human Race, not for yourself merely, for you may not see the full Day of Liberty, but for the Child hanging at the Breast.

Instructions of the London Corresponding Society to its travelling delegates 1796

WITH REGARD to a false interpretation of our enterprise, stupidly circulated among the public, WE DECLARE as follows to the entire braying literary, dramatic, philosophical, exegetical and even theological body of contemporary criticism:

- 1) We have nothing to do with literature. But we are quite capable, when necessary, of making use of it like anyone else.
- 2) Surrealism is not a new means of expression, or an easier one, nor even a metaphysics of poetry. It is a means of total liberation of the mind *and all that resembles it*.
- 3) We are determined to make a Revolution.
- 4) We have joined the word *surrealism* to the word *revolution* solely to show the disinterested, detached, and even entirely desperate character of this revolution.
- 5) We make no claim to change the *mores* of mankind, but we intend to show the fragility of thought, and on what shifting foundations, what caverns we have built our trembling houses.
- 6) We hurl this formal warning to Society: Beware of your deviations and *faux-pas*, we shall not miss a single one.
- 7) At each turn of its thought, Society will find us waiting.
- 8) We are specialists in Revolt. There is no means of action which we are not capable, when necessary, of employing.
- 9) We say in particular to the Western world, *surrealism* exists. And what is this new ism that is fastened to us? Surrealism is not a poetic form. It is a cry of the mind turning back on itself, and it is determined to break apart its fetters, even if it must be by material hammers!

The Surrealist Declaration of 27th Jan 1925. Signatories included Aragon, Artaud, Breton, Eluard, Ernst and Queneau.

"One must dream," said Lenin. "One must act," said Goethe. Surrealism has never maintained anything else, for practically all its efforts have tended towards the dialectical resolution of this question.

Position Politique de Surrealisme, 1935

Both feeling and reason degenerated in the age of capitalism when that age was drawing towards its end, and entered into a bad, unproductive conflict with each other. But the rising new class and those who fight on its side are concerned with feeling and reason engaged in *productive* conflict. Our feelings impel us towards the maximum effort of reasoning, and our reason purifies our feelings.

Bertold Brecht 1898–1956. Marxist poet and dramatist

The working class must carry out all these changes in the area of political, social and economic relations in order to

realize its own class interest, which is the command over its own labour and its products. Is this program realistic?

With the initial step toward its realization—making the enterprise independent—the working class would create the conditions for adapting production to needs, eliminating all waste of the economic surplus and the proper use of the intensive factors of economic growth. The same would be carried out by the technocracy, the difference being that the production goal of the working class is consumption by many, not the luxury consumption of privileged strata. That is why workers' control of production would assure the most radical resolution of the contradiction between an expanded productive potential and the low level of social consumption which impedes economic growth today.

The workers separate class interest coincides with the economic interests of the mass of low-paid white collar employees and of the small and medium holders in the countryside. In their combined numbers, they are the overwhelming majority of the rural and urban population. Since the slavery of the working class is the essential source of the slavery of other classes and strata, by emancipating itself, the working class also liberates the whole of society.

To liberate itself, it must abolish the political police; by doing this it frees the whole of society from fear and dictatorship.

It must abolish the regular army and liberate the soldier in the barracks from nightmarish oppression;

It must introduce a multi-party system, providing political freedom to the whole society;

It must abolish preventive censorship, introduce full freedoms of the press, of scholarly and cultural creativity, of formulating and propagating various trends of social thinking. It will thereby liberate the writer, artist, scholar and journalist; it will create, on the widest possible scale, conditions for the free fulfillment by the intelligentsia of its proper social function;

It must subject the administrative apparatus to the permanent control and supervision of democratic organizations, changing existing relationships within that apparatus. Today's common civil servant will become a man free of humiliating dependence on a bureaucratic hierarchy;

It must assure the peasant control over his product, as well as economic, social and political self-government. It will thereby change the peasant from the eternal, helpless object of all power into an active citizen sharing in making decisions which shape his life and work.

An Open Letter to the Party by Jacek Kuron and Karol Modzelewski Both these Polish revolutionary socialists are in jail as a result of circulating this document. Street fighting by young Poles in Warsaw this year originated in protest against the imprisonment.

This is a sad reality: Vietnam—a nation representing the aspirations, the hopes of a whole world of forgotten peoples—is tragically alone. This nation must endure the furious attacks of US technology, with practically no possibility of reprisals in the South and only some of defence in the North—but always alone.

The solidarity of all progressive forces of the world towards the people of Vietnam today is similar to the bitter irony of the plebeians coaxing on the gladiators in the Roman arena. It is not a matter of wishing success to the victim of aggression, but of sharing his fate; one must accompany him to his death or to victory.

Che Guevara 1928–1967, Message to the Havana Tricontinental 1967

The International of Crime and Treason exists, the present task is to create an International of Resistance and Solidarity.

We must leave our dreams and abandon our old beliefs and friendships of the time before life began. Let us waste no time in sterile litanies and nauseating mimicry. Leave this Europe where they are never done talking of Man, yet murder men everywhere they find them, at the corner of every one of their own streets, in all corners of the globe. For centuries they have stifled almost the whole of humanity in the name of a so-called spiritual experience. Look at them today swaying between atomic and spiritual disintegration.

The Wretched of the Earth, by Frantz Fanon 1925–1961. Born in Martinique, Fanon was a doctor who became the leading thinker of the Algerian Revolution. He died of leukaemia.

The Government have referred the GLC rent increases to the Prices & Incomes Board. Tenants should be under no illusions that this is going to mean anything other than a postponement or slight adjustment, of the rent increases. Petitions and lobbies will only have the same effect.

In the last resort only a rent strike by GLC tenants will effectively stop the rent increases; otherwise they will go through. Lobbies and petitions which are not backed by strike action will be largely ignored.

If the GLC rent scheme is going to be stopped this will not be done by Parliament or the Labour councillors at County Hall.

IT WILL ONLY BE DONE BY THE TENANTS THEMSELVES THROUGH THEIR OWN RESOLUTION, ACTION AND ORGANISATION.

Not a Penny on the Rents. A leaflet of the GLC Tenants Action Committee

Moralists of the Anglo-Saxon type, in so far as they do not confine themselves to rationalist utilitarianism, the ethics of bourgeois bookkeeping, appear to be conscious or unconscious students of Viscount Shaftesbury, who—at the beginning of the eighteenth century!—deduced moral judgements from a

special "moral sense," supposedly once and for all given to man. Supra-class morality inevitably leads to the acknowledgment of a special substance, of a "moral sense," "conscience," some kind of absolute which is nothing more than the philosophic-cowardly pseudonym for God. Independent of "ends," that is, of society, morality, whether we deduce it from eternal truths or from the "nature of man", proves in the end to be a form of "natural theology." Heaven remains the only fortified position for military operations against dialectic materialism.

Their Morals and Ours, 1938 Trotsky

It is true that humanity has more than once brought forth giants of thought and action who tower over their contemporaries like summits in a chain of mountains. The human race has a right to be proud of its Aristotle, Shakespeare, Darwin, Beethoven, Goethe, Marx, Edison, and Lenin. But why are they so rare? Above all, because almost without exception, they came out of the upper and middle classes. Apart from rare exceptions, the sparks of genius in the suppressed depths of the people are choked before they can burst into flame. But also because the processes of creating, developing, and educating a human being have been and remain essentially a matter of chance, not illuminated by theory and practice, not subjected to consciousness and will.

From a lecture in Denmark 1932, Trotsky

—Death to Utopia! Death to faith! Death to love! Death to hope! thunders the twentieth century in salvos of fire and in the rumbling of guns.

—Surrender, you pathetic dreamer. Here I am, your long awaited twentieth century, your "future".

—No, replies the unhumiliated optimist: You—you are only the present.

On Optimism and Pessimism, 1907
Leon Trotsky 1879–1940. Leader of the 1905 Russian Revolution. Peoples Commissar for Foreign Affairs 1917–18; founder and leader of the Red Army during the Civil War. Denied possibility of 'socialism in one country' and continued to work for world revolution until murdered by Stalin in Mexico.

Even before I emerged from childhood I seem to have experienced, deeply at heart, that paradoxical feeling which was to dominate me all through the first part of my life: that of living in a world without any possible escape, in which there was nothing for it but to fight for an impossible escape. I felt repugnance, mingled with wrath and indignation, towards people whom I saw settled comfortably in this world. How could they not be conscious of their captivity, of their unrighteousness?

One night, in a port whose houses were shattered by bombs, the sick man in our party, some police officers and I went into a tavern filled with British soldiers. They noticed our unusual appearance. 'Who are you lot? Where are you going?'

'Revolutionaries—we are going to Russia.' Thirty tanned faces surrounded us eagerly, there were hearty exclamations all round us, and we had to shake everybody's hand. Since the Armistice popular feeling had changed once again; the Russian Revolution was once more a distant beacon to men.

Memoirs of a Revolutionary, Victor Serge 1890–1947. Son of Russian emigre, grew up in Brussels and Paris. Returned to Russia in 1918 and worked for Comintern. Supported Trotsky and the Left Oppositionists, imprisoned by Stalin 1933–6. Freed after outcry in France, died in Mexico.

Unfurl the red flag in the east wind
To turn the world scarlet

Mao Tse-Tung 1893—
Reply to Kuo Mo-jo.
Assumed leadership of the Chinese Communists after their decimation by Chiang in 1927. Led epic long march to Yenan in 1934–5. Fought against the Japanese and defeated the Kuomintang in 1949 when he became Chairman of the Chinese People's Republic. Nationalist warlord and poet.

Imperialist bestiality has been let loose to devastate the fields of Europe, and there is one incidental accompaniment for which the 'cultured world' has neither heart nor conscience—the mass slaughter of the European proletariat... It is our hope, our flesh and blood, which is falling in swathes like corn under the sickle. The finest, the most intelligent, the best-trained forces of international Socialism, the bearers of the heroic traditions of the modern working-class movement, the advanced guard of the world proletariat, the workers of Great Britain, France, Germany and Russia, are being slaughtered in masses. That is a greater crime by far than the brutish sack of Louvain or the destruction of Rheims Cathedral. It is a deadly blow against the power which holds the whole future of humanity, the only power which can save the values of the past and carry them on into a newer and better human society. Capitalism has revealed its true features; it betrays to the world that it has lost its historical justification, that its continued existence can no longer be reconciled with the progress of mankind...

Deutschland, Deutschland Über Alles!
Long live Democracy! Long live the Tsar and Slavdom! Ten thousand blankets guaranteed in perfect condition! A hundred thousand kilos of bacon, coffee substitutes—immediate delivery! Dividends rise and proletarians fall. And with each one sinks a fighter for the future, a soldier of the Revolution, a liberator of humanity from the yoke of capitalism and finds a nameless grave.

"The madness will cease and the bloody product of hell come to an end only when the workers of Germany and France, of Great Britain and Russia, awaken from their frenzy, extend to each other the hand of friendship, and drown the bestial chorus of imperialist hyaenas

with the thunderous battle cry of the modern working-class movement:
'Workers of the World Unite!'

The Accumulation of Capital 1913, Rosa Luxembourg

"... socialist democracy is not something which begins only in the promised land after the foundations of socialist economy are created; it does not come as some sort of Christmas present for the worthy people who, in the interim, have loyally supported a handful of socialist dictators. Socialist democracy begins simultaneously with the beginnings of the destruction of class rule and of the construction of socialism. It begins at the very moment of the seizure of power by the socialist party. It is the same thing as the dictatorship of the proletariat.

"Yes, dictatorship! But this dictatorship consists in the manner of applying democracy, not in its elimination, in energetic resolute attacks upon the well-entrenched rights and economic relationships of bourgeois society, without which a socialist transformation cannot be accomplished. But this dictatorship must be the work of the class and not of a little leading minority in the name of the class..."

The Russian Revolution 1917, Rosa Luxembourg

"Mistakes committed by a genuine revolutionary labour movement are much more fruitful and worth-while historically than the infallibility of the very best Central Committee."

in Die Neue Zeit 1904, by Rosa Luxembourg 1871–1919. Born in Poland, became leading Socialist Revolutionary, moved to Germany 1898 where with Karl Liebknecht she led the anti-revisionist wing of the Social Democrats. Author of 'The Accumulation of Capital' murdered by Fascist thugs in January 1919 during the abortive German Revolution. With Lenin one of the two greatest Marxists of the twentieth century.

It is not only the conscious hypocrites, scientists, and priests that uphold and defend the bourgeois lie that the state is free and that it is its duty to defend the interests of all, but also a large number of people who sincerely adhere to the old prejudices and who cannot understand the transition from the old capitalist society to socialism.

The State, 1919 by Vladimir Ilyich Lenin 1870–1923, leader of the Bolshevik wing of the Russian Social Democrat Party. Against the opposition of every other political group and sections of the Bolsheviks he agitated for and brought about the October Revolution, the world's first proletarian revolution. Died with the USSR isolated, the Western European Revolution he anticipated not having materialised.

AGIT 2

David Widgery

WHEN HARRODS IS LOOTED

1968 would be as good a year as any for the liberal intelligentsia to start taking politics seriously. Let's, for example, pretend that the Metropolitan Police are the Wehrmacht and the dockers are breaking the windows of all the Indian restaurants in Gerrard Street. Or we could make believe in the National Conservative administration of 1971, the first shot striker and the Student Problem. Or perhaps the meat porters do find out that it's the bankers and not the blacks. Either way the elaborate parlour games of most of our political intellectuals could be broken up very fast by the realities of a world recession, concentrated economic and political power and eroded democratic institutions.

Fleet Street's chain of fools and their allies in the university have told us for years that the class struggle didn't exist or wasn't needed any more or that it was our business to be on the other side of the barricades anyway. When the students in Germany talked about overturning capitalism, they patronised them and put the rebels on the front of their glossies like cavemen painted mastodons to show their mastery. When it happened in France, they talked of its 'style' and how we have a middle tier of oppression so it can't happen here. And when it does happen here and maybe it's no longer chic but brutal and muddy and the rubbish is burning and Harrods is looted, they will not still see it's about revolution and socialism and that for us all else is folly. The nice people will have to choose then between those who honked their horns around the

Champs Elysee and shouted 'Cohn Bendit to Dachau' and accurately 'Liberate' our factories' and the workers marching in the Place de la Bastille with the clothes they have stood beside machines in all their life. And if that's already too much like cliché, then you've already chosen your side. As for us we should have chosen long ago. For until this struggle against capitalism and for popular power is finished, we remain in this log jam at the middle of the century slung as Arnold wrote, "between one world dead and the other still powerless to be born".

At least while the Labour Party is in opposition the myths of Fabianism might be maintained; for the intellectual that increased Parliamentary representation of the Labour Party means the increase and then the achievement of popular power, for the worker that if there was a Labour Government as well as a Labour Council then rents would not still go up and houses would get built. But the vulnerability of the British economy to international capital movement and 'confidence' has revealed yet again the marked and unjustified optimism that social democrats have always had about economic and political power. The independent foreign policy, as beloved of C.N.D. as Douglas Home, is so many sweepings before the broom of American power. The 'export-led boom' depends simply on for how long and how low working class living standards can be forced, and the science of '64 means the productivity of '66 means the exploitation of '68. Labour has simply been taking its pleasure too often on the bed of Capital, for us still to be crying rape. But the rewards of collaboration with capital have not been adequate to buy mass support with wages and domestic booms and Labour has been without mass support for 4 years now. But over the last two years even those party activists who remained have been finally sickened away from politics and gone back to "Gardeners' Question Time" and mild and bitter. Increasingly suitable undemocratic

professionals of Transport House are wielding the dead weight of a party defined by the absence of militants or of real strength from the class socialism is all about. In fact the students' emphasis on opposition outside Parliament is a precise expression of the options open to serious socialists in the face of the shift to the right which social democracy and European communism has made over the last 20 years. Coalition social democracy has abandoned even its verbal claims to equality and social reform, the rhetoric of Wilson, Brandt, Mollet and Nenni (and for that matter Sik and Lieberman) is now thoroughly state planner, elitist, technical and manipulative.

The Communist Parties have in turn occupied the reformist parliamentary programmes which social democracy has vacated. The drive towards respectability and the attempt to strip the tiger, ballot box by ballot box, has meant the isolation and frequent suppression of the CP's militants so that its functionaries could achieve the plush comforts of the Parliament. The marxism they practise is for the most part the ruling class ideology of the Soviet Union, national and conservative and forced to express the most authoritarian elements of European socialism. The responsible CP-ers appealing for moderation at tenants meetings are as fundamentally reformist as the French Stalinists who shopped the students and workers of Paris, just less successful. They are no more de-Stalinised than Globke and Oberlander are de-nazified. The cameos are plain; the leaders of the CBI welcomed to the leather chair of the Kremlin to complain about their workers over vodka aperitifs; the cautious and 'responsible' behaviour of the Moscow Narodny Bank Ltd. in tidying over the last two gold crises.

But because there is no visible political institution which can be seen to represent student socialists and because loyalty to Eastern Europe is no longer an accurate litmus to the far left, the political train spotters

Continued. p18

1640 cromwell's revolution

DIGGERS

1791 jacobins

T. PAINE

LUDDITES

CHARTISTS

MORRIS

1885 fabians

ANARCHISTS



marx



RUSSIAN
REVOLUTION

1917

1920



lenin



Luxembourg



trotsky

WEBBS

1930 Mc
DONALD



mao



stalin

No!! It's the last straw!

America and Russia have

ATLEE

BEN

decided to ally in one strategy:
THE SOVIET AMERICAN R.I.C. (S.A.R.)

Their command Headquarters centre
of a vast joint scientific and industrial

50'S

TRIBUNE

CASTRO

FOOT 1

CHE

C.N.D

1968 WILSON



MayDay Manifesto

11 Fitzroy Square London N1.

New Left Review

Vietnam Solidarity Campaign

8 Toynbee Street London E1

Communist Party of Great Britain

(Marxist Leninist)

London Workers Committee

International Socialism

36 Gilden Road, London NW5.

COMMUNIST PARTY

36 King Street, London W1

4th International (Paris)

Voix Ouvrier

Jeunesse Communiste Revolutionnaire

International Marxist Group

SERGE

Left Opposition

PARIS

Solidarity

534 Westmoreland
Road, Bromley,

and student affairs 'experts' whose ideology is end of ideology, have assumed that students are no longer interested in theory and analysis but are just in it for the punch-ups. If only lines of communication could be opened for full and free dialogue and the trouble makers eliminated, the universities could get back to the real and superbly harmless works of scholarship. Whereas in fact political students spend their waking, thinking, drinking life utterly bound up in politics and analysis. Those who are fond



of asking why we don't join the NLF should not suppose that the workers and intellectuals of the Spanish War are the only people who meant what they said when they declared they would die for what they believed. Indeed the very fracticness of students, their capacity for outrage and hope, is an affront to the play ethic of late capitalism for which a flayed self-awareness wears so much better than conviction.

What is at the back of this urgency, what makes the anger last and deepen is the horror which must happen every day to maintain the US occupation of South Vietnam and the final horror which comes from the realisation the Vietnams will be repeated until the US is either a fortress in mutiny or so over-extended that the final reckoning comes. But students response is not just the cont-

empt that any person with a sense of meaning must feel over the mouth disease of LBJ, Brown's righteous hypocrisy and Wilson's diatribes written in the Pentagon. It is not only the well chronicled, familiar, glutinous lies, the genocide to save a civilisation, humanities Incendergel, the fragmentation bomb of freedom. The mirror Vietnam holds up to the West illuminates precisely those myths that are at the centre of the status quo, the absence of class struggle, the inevitability of economic growth and thus increase in living standards, the post colonial powers' begin international intentions.

International capitalism has obliged the triple anniversary of Marx with a life-scale demonstration of precisely why it cannot make the world liveable for its people. It is not just the war in Vietnam, but the needs of an economy which makes Vietnam the rule rather than the exception an economy 'stabilized' only by high unemployment and massive defence related expenditure, a system required to police the neo-colonial empire that it has, at least for a few more years yet, to expropriate economically and supervise politically. America, that fine citadel of democracy, needs its guns and buttresses; to get them Tom Paine must be bound naked to the stake of militarism. As the late Isaac Deutcher, whose magnificent witness against the new barbarism alongside Sartre and Russell was an initial inspiration to the movement which has grown up across Europe to defeat the Americans in Vietnam, wrote:

"About 60 years ago Rosa Luxemburg predicted that one day militarism would become the driving force of the capitalist economy but even her forecast pales before the facts".

The helplessness of Wilson even to make a formal diplomatic break with America (and thus the helplessness of those on the Left whose sole aim was to pressure him into dissociation) illuminated the nature of our satellitism to the needs of im-

perialism as clearly as the bankers budget, the gratuitous cuts say in the NHS for the foreign audience, and the shows of 'toughness' indicate the helplessness of national capitalist planning with capital international and irrational. The world's on fire; all Wilson can offer is the nudging and anticipation of backward British capitalism into mergers, investment and what is known as technological advance. The carrot is his grim dedication to the task of depressing living standards to a level at which even British business cannot help but become more competitive in the bitter conflict over the dwindling growth (perhaps even an absolute decrease in '68) margin of world trade. The political drive towards state capitalism makes sense to Maudling and Shore as well as Robbins and is resisted mainly by small CBI firms. Its main political implication is the increased induction of the higher levels of the trade union bureaucracy into the state planning machinery and then the use of the unions themselves to discipline their own rank and file. The TUC leaders find themselves wandering the corridors of power without entry to any of the doors of control and having abandoned even the notion of a militant rank and file on their journey to the top.

In the fifties, it proved easier for much of British business to pay wage drift rather than fight it and union officialdom was able to accimatise to relatively automatic reformism from above. But the conditions which underlie the Gold Crisis mark the end of this era; wage increase must be fought and won in conditions which inevitably link the industrial to the political. It is in this promising situation and in the opportunities it provides for attacking the fact and the politics of freezism, that student socialists have tried to find a footing. But as the aprons and boots in St. Stephens Yard suggest, there is no guarantee provided that the turbulence and disillusionment within the union rank and file will turn to the left, although similar vacuums in

Germany, France and US have led to important achievements for the revolutionary left. What is clear is that the Labour Party's roots in the working class are withered in the air; the MP's and intellectuals who remain must feel as far away from the young people who proudly carry NLF flags, as they do from the workers who are no longer ashamed to shout Keep Britain White.

The Sunday Press waxes, or rather wanes, eloquent, the svelte left cries into its whiskey and the Parliamentary Left continues to flog its dead horses in the Augean stables of Westminster but none of them notice there's no one listening and nothing is revealed...Of course the taste for revolution is nothing new to the young middle class. Acid hippies, progressive school bohemians and bored pop entrepreneurs all like the language of total liberation and look of Che Guevara (and some can even spell this name right). But as for theory and ways of understanding, these are either brain diseases any way or have already been gleaned from Cinerama Dr. Zhivago. Indeed, the more the underground loons on about revolution, the more obvious it becomes that pot serves roughly the social role that gin did in the Thirties, by enabling the young enlightened middle class to gather round and talk about their enlightenment. The club called Revolution where the young ruling class whinnies under portraits of Mao and Che is only typical of this radical dishonesty.

As the traffic to Xanadu thins, it ought to become clearer which of the new orientalists are moved to ask or answer any serious political questions. But in the USA the generous dreamings of the acid left has been overtaken by reality, hippies give away food but negroes take refrigerators, and will hopefully leave the induction centres, police stations and tenements in ashes. Ginsberg did drink the water of the Ganges and he did have dysentery for a month afterwards. The intelligensia seem happy enough treading the water of the Mall palaces, content in the knowledge that we live in a world of vio-

lently interacting bourgeois bric-a-brac. To paraphrase Buechner, the whole thing makes you realise how much more important is a single busman on strike than five thousand critics campaigning to legalise pubic hair.

What, on the other hand characterises the political militants is a strong sense of the impotence of seminar socialism marxist hash evenings and all the complicated rationalisations of the liberal intelligensia which ultimately serve to limit all activity to discussion and contain all discussion within the magic circles of the academic middle class. It has made them wary even of the photogenic struggles within the university. For the result of such militancy is usually the collaboration within a few committees on the herbaceous border of power where a large amount of time is spent comparing the students white with the administrations black and settling on a negotiated charcoal.

Those who are serious are increasingly aware that the universities and the technical wing of the binary system are essentially there, enlarged or otherwise, to provide specified amounts of predictable skills to the medium levels, to a given industrial system. It is this system and the ways of changing it which finally concern us; the JCR's are voting their money to the picket line not the pantomime, students spend as much time with Tenants Associations as with their tutors, the spectre is still haunting Europe but its banners this time read: 'Today the students, tomorrow the workers'. Unnoticed by the whispering gallery of the London Left, students and workers are making growing contacts, gaining mutual self respect and through their activity and their experience of it retrieving something from the husks of Wilsonism. For without these roots into and connections with working class life, the most scintillating critique of bourgeois ideology, the fulles of blue prints for student power, and the grooviest of anti-universities could all

be paid for by the Arts Council for all the danger they present.

To wait for revolution by Mao or Che or comprehensive schools or BBC-2 is to play the violin while the Titanic goes down, for if socialists don't take their theory back into the working class there are others who will.

Similarly the solidarity with our German and French comrades was not just a vicarious gesture, but because we know our struggle is integrally linked to theirs and that we both face and are overcoming very similar problems. The spirit in which the students of Europe increasingly collaborate and meet politically is specifically one of socialist internationalism, not the remnants of the Fourth International nor the furniture of international Stalinism or the dining clubs of European social democracy but rather the invisible international which the great revolutionary Victor Serge wrote of.

It represents the beginning of a recovery of the tradition of European revolutionary socialism and the activist heart of Marxism within it. It is no accident that Luxembourg and Liebknecht were the faces paraded in the German streets and Trotsky's face that the students pinned across the court-yards of the Sorbonne. The rifle butt and the canal for Luxembourg, the ice axe for Trotsky and the pistol for Dutsche, these are different weapons of different ruling classes. The message of this last year is that their imperatives are being taken up again in the cockpit of Europe.



THEMISSION.....OF

HUBERT SANGUINE

a reasonably average man in the street....

BY ANDREW FISHER & DAVID SPODE

THE SOCIALIST DREAM HAS FADED



NEVERMORE THAN NOW



I AM A REASONABLY SATISFIED MAN

MORNING FROTH

DEEP DISSATISFACTION RUNS THROUGH COUNTRY

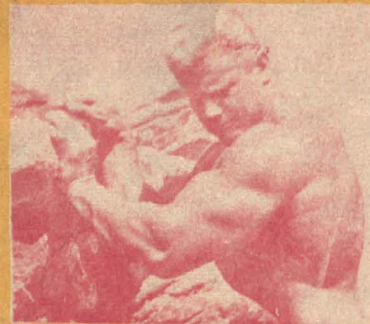


WHY AM I CALM WHILE THE NATION IS TROUBLED? WHAT DO I POSSESS THAT THE NATION DOES NOT?

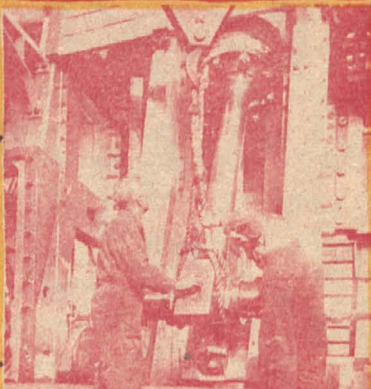
EVENING FOAM

A FEELING OF EMPTINESS PREVAILS

....OUR YOUNG MEN OF PROMISE..... OUR PASTORAL HERITAGE.....THE



TURNING WHEELS OF INDUSTRY



To no, there is only one reply- Yes. Nihilism has no point. There is no such thing as nothingness. There does not exist. Everything is something. Nothing is nothing. Man lives by affirmation even more than by bread.



"Adabra is applied to the whole of the radiations which the probe he uses, and which he would venture to affirm that the perfume of the hawthorn is useless to the constellations who then calculate the course of a molecule?"

HERE IS THE HEART OF CONFIDENT ACTIVITY. HERE I SHALL FOCUS MY MISSION BY REVIEWING THE VIRTUES OF CONFIDENCE.



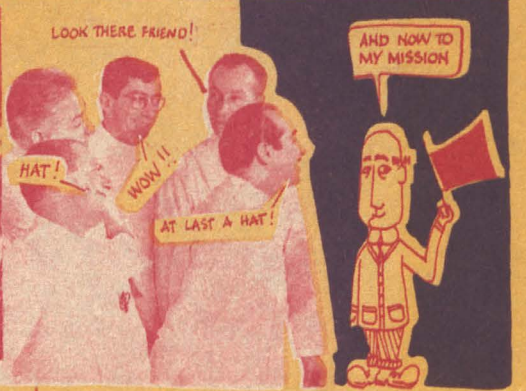
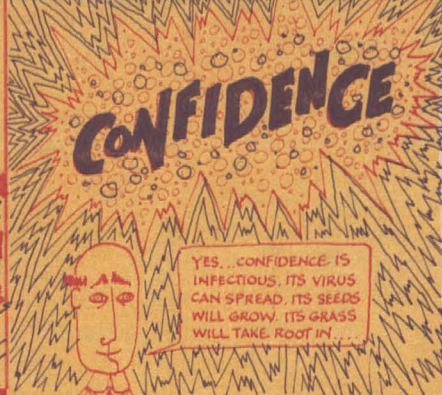
I FEEL ODD MUMMY- I'VE NEVER FELT LIKE THIS BEFORE

MAN CONFIDENCE IS A DRAG

THAT'S CONFIDENCE DARLING?

IT'S FOR ME THEN DUCKIE!





AGIT3

THE MAY REVOLUTION

by Angelo Quattrocchi

Last day of May.

Hopes are crumbling around us, we have lived a successful rebellion, a failed revolution.

Now: rage, impotence, bewilderment. Images of workers going back to the same factories, owned by the same capital.

Early morning. The factory gates opens and sucks them in, as before, as always. They sell their labour, they buy their bread.

We have gone the full circle.

The red and black flags still wave at the Sorbonne, at the Odeon. Hostages of a dream, defenceless.

Feverishly, the frail hands of the students prepare for the world to come, amidst the ruins of a working class betrayed by its leaders, the Trade Unions and the Communist Party. For decades those leaders have skillfully bargained for crumbs, and in so doing lost aims and will.

The paving stones wrote improbable poems which lasted fulminating seconds.

Calcinated cars, scars, fumes, flames, flares.

Kids running and trembling and running and throwing stones and being hit, for having discovered they exist. Nights of the long knives. Barricades which changed the pages of history, pages turned at unparalleled speed. People stood to be counted, each according to his dreams fighting his ghosts, against blue slowly moving barriers of ancient force and brutality: the faceless arm of Capital.

We now commit to paper, after the revolution which is lost and before the one which has to come, the words of hate for old and new enemies, the words of hope for new minds and young consciences.

Riddles, examples, courage. The young fight better.

More to hope, less to fear. In a revolution you risk your life to save your soul.

A revolution is total or is nothing.

Everything in the melting pot.

Students take over the Universities.

Workers take over the factories.

Students want to run the Universities.

Workers want to run the factories.

To each according to his dreams.

The young girl who is not allowed out after eleven is a bloodstained pullover lit by the barricades in flame, in rue Gay Lussac. The May Commune.

The three red Fridays:

the 3rd, when the police invaded the Sorbonne;

the 10th, the night of the student's barricades;

the 24th, the night of the riots, when the Stock Exchange burned for long minutes.

The three red Fridays, red with flames and blood, but in the latter part of the night black, dark with fear and savagery.

Students and workers and innocents pay. In the police stations the skulls crack, limbs are torn, broken, faces beaten to a pulp.

Silhouettes squashed against street-doors, dark upon dark,

while the sirens run through the conquered streets.

Shame, misery, vulgarity.

The spasms of a class in agony, a class which pays the mercenaries to maim its own children, who have suddenly learned to think.

When the workers joined the students the walls were crying the revolution could win, against the old logic of the tired masters, against the tired horses of marxist faith.

The revolution was feeding itself, escalating madly and remorselessly, because there was victory in every defeat.

In the Latin Quarter, the end-products of the factories were used to build barricades. It was like trying to stop the flow of the river. But then it happened at the source, with the occupation of the factories. The rebellion had become a revolution.

We state here, against the manipulators of our truths, that this has been a spontaneous rebellion, followed by a spontaneous revolution, slowed, harassed and finally brought to the halt not by the enemy, but by those who should have lead us, and betrayed us. It has been confronted by the traditional powers of darkness, the strong-arm of Capital.

And that is as it should be.

But darkness has found new allies: the parties of the Left, the Communist Party traitor to its cause, and the Trades Unions, which assumed the role

of the police of the working class.

Two old aims. More bread and the overthrow of the capitalist system. For the first, the Trade Unions.

For the second, the Communist Party. A century goes by. The communist Union —CGT— wants more money, nothing else.

The Communist party wants order, at all costs.

Two hundred young workers occupy the first Renault factory, in the middle of the night (when their police — the CGT — isn't around). In a few hours the fire spreads to the country, in three days there are nine million strikers. The country is at a standstill. But the CGT asks only for money, keeps the students out of the factories, chokes the movement.

The middle classes hoard food and tremble behind closed shutters, in country houses. The government howls, a powerless hyena. De Gaulle calls for a referendum and is ignored.

The army is indifferent.

Then, the realization. No money, no transport, the food is there only because the workers have decided to bring it to the towns. Electricity is there only because the workers want it. The country is immobilized, breathless. It's time for takeover. Start running the factories, providing the essential services. Worker's control, workers' councils. Now. Now.

The CGT and the Communist Party prevent it.

They threaten, appeal to reason, cheat, lie. The workers have taken over without them, in spite of them. But they say they are not ready, they ask for a bit more money. And De Gaulle goes to see his Generals, pleads for their help, brings in the army and his fascist allies. It's election or civil war. The CGT and Communist Party back down. It's the end, the end of the first episode.

Burn, Saint Michel, burn!

Rue Gay Lussac is in flames. The tear-gas burns eyes and lungs, plastic helmets are handy, three cars are enough to block a street. A street is a battle, the paving stones are the same. The second French revolution, the same stones. Thanks to them, and thanks to the 73 comrade trees which consolidated the barricades, and were burned by the enemy's grenades. And thanks to those people of the Latin Quarter who didn't dare to come out but at least threw us food that night we waited for hours on the barricades, before the attack.

Thanks to the people who gave refuge

to the students chased by the riot police, whose batons aim at the face and the crutch, two things they do not have.

And finally thanks to the fascist press and the fascist radios who have unwillingly helped the movement by their constant lies. One special mention for 'l'Humanité', organ of the French Communist Party, which has made clear to all that they are the fifth column of the enemy, in spite of their tradition and name.

Oh yes! New people have been born. They do not experience poverty, physical hunger, only frustration for their social condition and contempt for the written and unwritten laws of society.

They are the students, the workers, the unemployed, the young who sparked the fire. The old-fashioned working class, under the grip of the Communist Party and the Unions, are the gunpowder. True, the mass of the working class only wants better conditions, mesmerized by its own institutions and half lulled marginal concessions.

Spark and powder came to contact, only the detonator didn't work.

It started in the Universities, concentration camps of the mind, where privilege is consumed, and perpetuated.

There, the predilected sons of injustice and absurdity learned the reasons for injustice, discovered the sources of that absurdity.

And rebelled.

Who is Charlemagne, Professor Emeritus?

Charlemagne was a very good king who defended Christianity.

Do you know what workers eat for lunch?

Professor Emeritus assumes his students want their piece of paper, to become patented oppressors. They are therefore allowed to give the right answers, not to put questions.

The trades union official assumes that his workers, ruled by poverty and fear, want just a few more crumbs to fall from the capitalist tree, a tree resplendent in goods and napalm, prodigal in arms and bombs, sparing with salaries. Both were wrong.

And the factories are occupied, the owners and the managing directors locked up in their offices.

There too, it's mostly the young, because the older fear victimization, which they have suffered countless times, and have wives, and families, and worries, and the best of them a party-card, or a trades union card, which ties

them up. First Renault, then Citroen, and Berliet, and Nord and Sud Aviation, where they build the Concorde. Then the researchers and scientists came out, and all the rest, like an artichoke.

Do the scientists want just more money? Oh brother, they all talk of direct democracy. They talk of workers' and students' power. The old word 'comrade' is resurrected by exalted teenagers and handed back as good as new to the workers. All the universities occupied, all the secondary schools occupied. Will the children occupy the family homes and demand control, or better, the abolition of the family altogether?

This is only the first episode of the second French revolution. Remember how many battles, riots, fights it took to eliminate the aristocracy and to behead the king?

This time it is the people who want direct control against the system based on ownership of the means of production. The decisions are questioned at all levels by the people who produce. The producers, at all levels, from the working class level to the technocratic level ask for the elimination of hierarchy and direct control of their concerns. They challenge not only the functioning of the system but its very aims, and therefore its existence. The institutions of the Left prevented the workers from transforming their strike committees into workers councils. At other levels, from the teachers to the scientists, from the television men to the football players, they contested the existing system and prepared blueprints for a direct control of their concerns. They cannot be stopped. And what they want can only be done with a successful revolution.

The monarch flew to see his Generals, pleaded, won their support, flew back and declared war on the revolution. And astutely offered the escape to the washing-machine-conscious left: elections.

There was a choice to make, a choice between the bullet and the ballot. That evening after De Gaulle spoke, when the army took its positions around Paris and at strategic points all over the country.

The leaders of the Left, chemists of sweat and crumbs, for decades preaching revolution and teaching resignation said they would take the ballot, once again. It could have been a victory, it would have been a victory because there were nine million strikers on one side, and only the police force on the other. The army is made of peasant soldiers and student officers. They could have

only used paratroopers and certain specialized corps. The proof. De Gaulle went to Germany to see General Massu, the only one who would have stepped in to obtain amnesty for his old friends of the Algerian coup. And they brought contingents from Corsica. The bulk of the army, soldiers and officers would have refused to be employed, let alone to fire on the strikers.

And the Gaullists, the shopkeepers, the fascists?

They were there the day De Gaulle spoke and threatened, true, but very few, only commandos would have been prepared to fight. The bourgeoisie does not come into the streets, it pays the police and the fascists to do that. They would have been drowned by the people.

But the leaders of the Left took the ballot.

Murder! Murder! Fire to the police stations, this is a time of hate and blindness. History forgive us who could not be kind, who had to be hateful in order to create kindness.

11th of June. Two kids have died.

No names, no sentiments, no time.

Comrades, when shall we be able to sing again, in quietness and kindness?

Comrades, the gates of the factories are the gates of hell and of paradise, because both hell and paradise are on earth.

We must, and therefore we shall, we will trespass.

Who will find the words to sing the Sorbonne besieged? The agony of an era is agony of flesh and blood, it is screaming, pain, suffering.

Words come before and after, only.

Oh it had to happen, the pattern is old, too well known.

Power, ready to bathe us in blood, played its cards.

The conventional left backed down.

They started to bargain 10% of the present wages and sold all of our future. But many said no, the best said no and the vanguard of the future was left alone to stand and be broken.

The Renault workers and others. And the students, the bad conscience of this society.

The Sorbonne shudders, the bell of the chapel has been heard last night, calling its occupants to defend the citadel. Pravda's and Figaro's rotatives lie. Transistors ooze soothing music and lies. But we have eaten the apple, we will be back to take the tree.

Your desires should come to consciousness, your dreams will become realities, because this is a revolution. Not for bread, not for comfort, but for all you

think possible.

We do not want to have more, we want to be more. We want the factories because we want to produce what is needed. What is the use of getting a penny and working for factories which make bombs?

Our mouths full of ashes will pass the words from university to factory, from factory to university. The humming of their machinery which impartially produces visible goods and invisible injustice cannot stop that. Those who have nothing to fear, those who do not care about what they own or what they will own, they will be the carriers of the future.

And our old organizations we will throw away like used rags. Only two rags to be kept, the red and the black, the red to scare the old bourgeoisie, the black to scare the old communist horses.

Old horses who tried to prevent the link between the students and the workers, the link between mind and body which would have made, which is making the revolution unbeatable. They had thrown a mystifying ring around us, the last emissary of the enemy.

Now the ring is broken.

Factories occupied, country paralyzed, power on the defensive, bourgeoisie hoarding food and keeping indoors. We were at the top of the mountain, the promised land in sight.

The movement, the students of the pale hands and troubled minds and the workers with heavy hands and clear minds, they wanted to take over.

They wanted to start the factories themselves, to start running the country.

But those who keep the workers in ignorance and the students in their ghettos, our false leaders said 'no'.

They were contented with a mess of pottage, they were reasonable, sensible, peace-loving, they kept the country in check so that the owners and the State could find the machinery in order when the time came.

The promised land in sight, yes, but this side of the mountain, the forces of darkness grew denser, darker.

Ready for the embrace which suffocates, for the pistol-shot which kills. We had to climb down the same way we came, to the waiting embrace of those who own in fear and live in death.

Splintered glass and burning wood, cobble stones are good projectiles, handkerchiefs soaked in lemon juice against the tear gas, the stones are dug up and passed from hand to hand and reach the barricade, where the defenders

stand.

When the gas makes the position untenable, run to the second barricade, when they cross the first one, then and only then it's time to throw all you have.

Barricades shouldn't be kept for too long. When running away from it, do not leave anybody behind, pick up your wounded if possible, because lying bodies will be kicked by successive waves of the enemy with white sticks. Between the barricades, fifty yards or so.

The enemy front line, the shielded and masked men with the grenades, are heavy and clumsy, they can run for fifty yards and no more. So by the time they come you should be already entrenched behind the second barricade.

The enemy, like all barbarians, shouts in a frenzy of excitement. Remember when faced they are cowards, they are only mercenaries. Just beware of the ones who shoot their grenades point blank, they shoot to kill.

Encirclement is the everlasting danger. Most battles have a pattern. The enemy comes from the river and works its way up Boulevard Saint Michel. If Saint Michel must be kept as long as possible, diversionary tactics are essential. They have proved successful more than once. The attack on the police station by the Pantheon is the best example.

Police stations where they beat and torture the prisoners are the most advisable targets, of course.

Do not break anything if not absolutely necessary for self defence. Cars have to be used for barricades; big and posh ones are more useful, small ones might belong to people who cannot buy another one.

The purpose of the enemy is to break your morale and your bones.

Your purpose, to defend your ideas.

The barricades are only self defence, the street battles are only a necessity, because the enemy has only brute force, and employs it.

Victory is inevitable. Only, it must be conquered.

The first episode is often the most heroic.

It has proved that a takeover is possible. Now the unpredictable is at hand.

People have learned to measure their lives in weeks, not decades. Hope is their strength, resignation their only enemy.

All the rest is rubbish.

Only the small-minded want better conditions for themselves, and bugger the neighbour.

Look at the shopwindows, full of things. If you are good, you can buy them too, like others do.

Please be good, and work, so you can consume, please consume, so everybody can carry on working.

Don't ask questions, just work and consume.

Your superiors, teachers, trades unions leaders and bosses think for you. They are good for you.

When work is finished, the telly and the radio tell you how to spend the money you have been handed.

Please be good. Nice people do not make demonstrations.

In the cruel month of April this was true, but France was waiting.

In the gay month of May all this muck was washed away.

In the hard month of June we shall see who sets the tune.

Latin Quarter: battleground

Who did throw the first stone?

Echoes reverberate from Rome.

Nothing is given, just one more pound.

All must be taken, like the Sorbonne.

Rue Monsieur Le Prince: scattered fights.

Rue Gay Lussac: we lasted three hours.

Place Denfert Rochereau: we were too many.

Boulevard Saint Michel: taken and lost.

Gare de l'Est: the workers are there.

Renault factories: we don't want elections.

Citroen factories: the people are with us.

The Sorbonne and Odeon: the revolution goes on.



AGIT4

Angelo Quattrocchi

PHILISTINES TEARS — NECTAR OF THE GODS

Nanterre la Folie, where it all started. Resentment bottled in people. Remember: the poor suffer, the not so poor are bored. In France more than everywhere else. Undercurrent of class hate. Cohn Bendit is rumoured to have laid the daughter of the ex minister of education, a student of Nanterre.

At Nanterre now, meetings. The kids from the surrounding slums play hide and seek in the Campus.

Will they go to University?

The examinations are the police patrol of the mind. Abolish the University altogether. Culture, learning is for all.

The population of Flins (Renault factory) joined strikers and students against the police.

The kid drowned near Flins was seventeen, and a Maoist.

The police Unions issued several communiques during the months of May, asking for more pay and complaining about being put in front of the students and the strikers.

The communique said that if they were

asked to confront the strikers it could become, for many, 'a case of conscience'. They must be using only the most brutal and ignorant now. When the army was called in to clean up Saint Michel after the nights of riots, the police was keeping watch on them. Power feared they would talk to the students and sympathize with them. One student was stripped naked but for his slip. Taken to a police station they put a grenade on his slip. It blew up. It's been testified by other students present. It has been impossible to trace him since. Passers by with red hair or red garments have been beaten late at night and in the early morning, the time of the witch-hunt in the Latin Quarter.

The most popular sign at the Sorbonne: 'It is forbidden to forbid'.

Many of the soldiers were confined to their barracks during the month of May. What did De Gaulle promise to General Massu, in exchange for his support and intervention in case of a showdown?

The amnesty of the generals of 'Algerie Francaise'.

It was De Gaulle who gave orders 'to be firm', the first night of the students barricades, when police attacked at 2.20 in the morning.

When a demonstration went by the 'General Assembly', the Parliament whose MPs people will vote for at the elections, there are six policemen to guard it. The demonstrators ignored it.

When granpa De Gaulle made his fireside chat it was retransmitted in the courtyard of the Sorbonne. The students laughed a lot. When he said that the police had done its duty admirably, there was silence. Not one single shout.

The Paris Prefect of Police said that he too was clobbered when a student.

The high school students have been the bravest under police attack. Kids between fifteen and seventeen were totally oblivious to danger, even more than university students.

The Communist Party says it respects two flags, the red one and the French one. They are Communists, but also French.





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NIGHT**

**JUNE
30**
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Seven: What's so good about Bob Dylan ... Wog Beach Shock ... Michael X and the Flower Children ... In bed with the

Americans ... Review of Maharishi's The Science of Being and the Art of Living.

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

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

Ten: The pornography of violence ... Amnesty report from Athens ... Gaol in Arkansas ... The men

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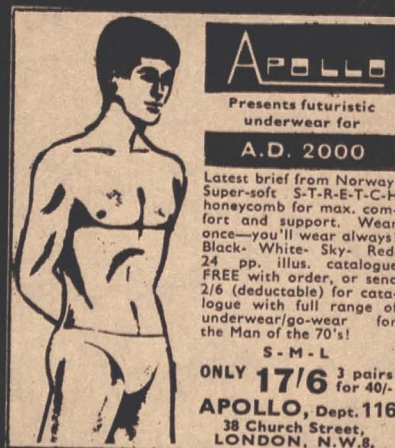
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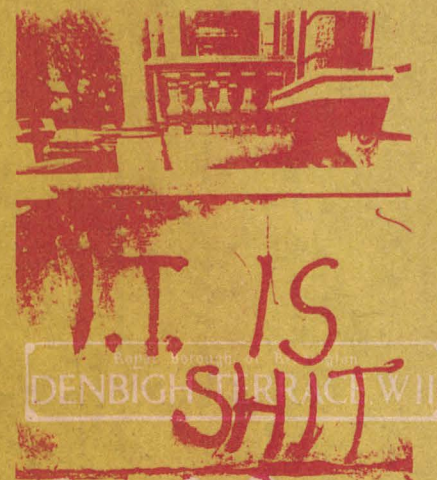
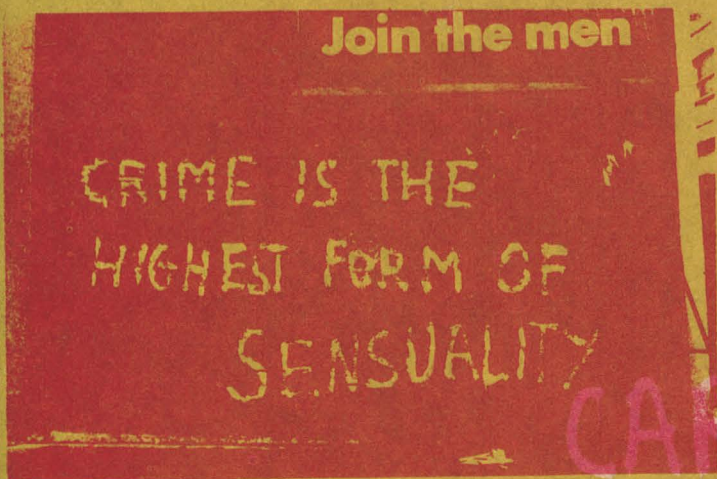
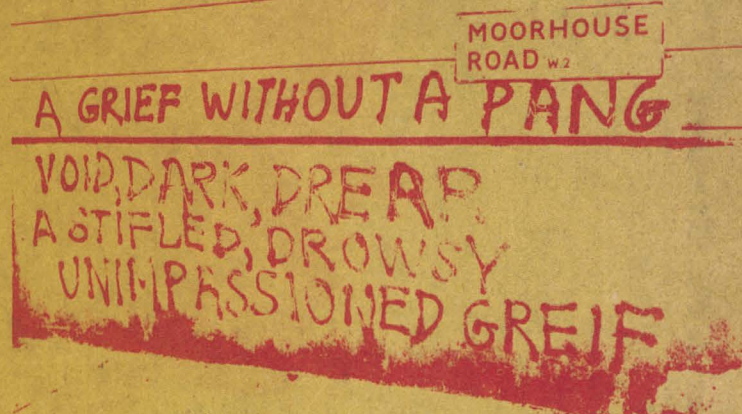
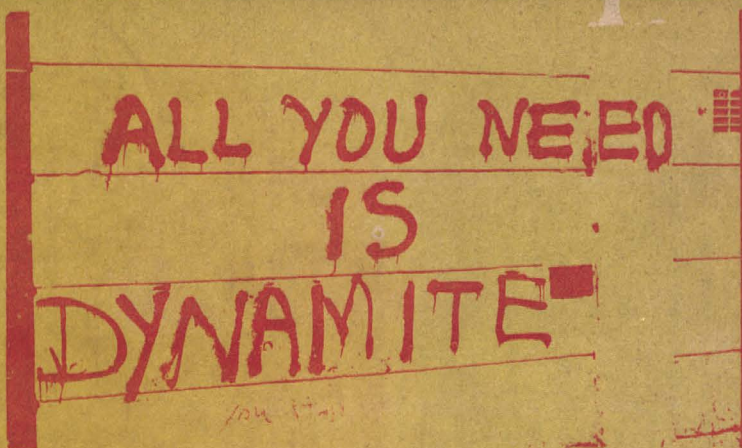
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AGIT 5

GRAFFITI

1968

These graffiti photographs are from a series of postcards being prepared by JLT, 49 Kensington Park Road, W11. Phone: 727 3723.



THE CAST

BOB DYLAN
ALBERT GROSSMAN
BOB NEUWIRTH
JOAN BAEZ

ALAN PRICE
TITO BURNS
DONOVAN
DERROLL ADAMS

The dialogue below is taken from 'Don't Look Back', a film of Dylan's tour in this country by D A Pennebaker. The full transcript has been published in paperback by Ballantine Books Inc, 101 5th Avenue, New York, 10003.

WHO THREW THE GLASS IN THE STREET...

Dylan's hotel room—party—Donovan listens, as one of his records plays in background.

DYLAN *from other side of room, breaks in suddenly.* Hey come on, I want to know who threw that glass in the street? Who did it? Now, you better tell me, now if somebody doesn't tell me who did it, you all gonna get the fuck outa here and never come back. Now, who did it? I don't care who did it, man, I just wanna know who did it.

DRUNK I'm pissed. . . I was out there in the bathroom, coming out . . .

DYLAN Hey, don't tell me you're pissed, man. Don't tell me you're pissed because I don't want to hear you're pissed.

DRUNK I'm not, I'm not.

DYLAN Who threw the glass in the street?

DRUNK I didn't throw the glass.

DYLAN Well, who did it? Tell me, you were there—who threw it? You know who?

FRIEND OF DRUNK Yeah, I know who, Bob. But you know . . .

DYLAN All right, hey, I don't care who did it. If you know who did it you just better tell whoever did it to get out there and tell the cats that come up here to ask who did it, tell them who it was. I'm not taking no fucking responsibility for cats I don't know, man. I got enough responsibility with my friends and my own people.

DRUNK I, I agree.

DYLAN Now, now come on!

DRUNK I was out there . . .

DYLAN I don't care who was . . .

DRUNK . . . When you asked who did it.

DYLAN I don't want no—none of your—none of your shit man.

DRUNK I'm not givin' you shit.

DYLAN Throwing a glass in the street!

DRUNK I'm not givin' you shit.

DYLAN What'd you do it for man? What'd you do it for, I mean, what'd you throw a glass in the street for?

DRUNK I didn't throw a glass in the street.

DYLAN Well, show me the person that did it. If you don't have him here by the time I count to ten you better take the responsibility for him.

DRUNK All right.

DYLAN All right—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten . . . you got him here?

DRUNK No.

DYLAN Hey, man, I'm not kidding. You think I'm kidding. He's gonna clean up that glass, man, or I'll clean it up.

VOICE I'll clean up your glass, man.

DONOVAN Hey, I'll help you man.

DRUNK I wouldn't clean your . . .

DARROLL ADAMS He's all right . . . he's . . .

DYLAN Hey, I believe he's all right, man. I believe he's all right. Well, okay, I believe it.

DRUNK Listen . . .

DYLAN I know a thousand cats that look just like you, man, talk just like you.

DRUNK Ah, fuck off. You're a big noise, you know.

DYLAN I know it man, I know I'm a big noise. I'm a bigger noise than you, man.

DRUNK I'm a small noise.

DYLAN Right.

DRUNK I'm a small cat.

DYLAN That's right.

DRUNK If I'd thrown a fucking glass in the street . . .

DYLAN Shoves him.
You're anything you say you are, man.

DRUNK I'm nothing!

DYLAN You say you're small
. . . you're nothing.

DRUNK I'm nothing!

DYLAN I believe you.

DRUNK Nothing.

DYLAN I believe you, man.

DERROLL ADAMS Boys.

Later . . .

DYLAN *leans over and takes drunk's hand.*
I just didn't want any, I didn't want that glass . . . if you're sober, I didn't want that glass to hurt anybody.

DRUNK What?

DYLAN I just didn't want that glass to hurt anybody.

DRUNK It didn't.

DYLAN Okay.

Denmark Street

London home of agents and music publishers. Grossman sits in office of Tito Burns, British Producer.

GROSSMAN Now, what kind of money do you think? How far do you think we can push them?

TITO BURNS I tell you. As far as Granada goes, uh, they were talking 12-13 hundred pounds but there's 15 hundred there, I know.

GROSSMAN You don't think we can do better?

TITO BURNS Possibly, yeah. But I know that like he's talking to us 13. . .

GROSSMAN Why don't we ask for 2,000?

TITO BURNS *laughs.*
Well, I had that figure in mind, strangely enough.

GROSSMAN *doesn't laugh.*
Get it settled.

BURNS Great.

GROSSMAN Why don't we, why don't we hear now and get an answer from them . . . 'cause you know why, don't you? Just tell them that I have to present it to Bob before we can give them the final answer, but we'll give it to them by tomorrow.

BURNS Fine . . . I'll get Johnny Hamp, Granada in there. The other one was rediffusion, but they're the same. To secretary.

Uh, Johnny Hamp, please. Urgently, wherever he is. Track him down, dear.

To Grossman.
The top one so far really is Granada, but I haven't spoken to him.

Phone rings.

SECRETARY *on intercom.* Umm, Johnny Hamp is in the studio, his secretary's there. If she could have some idea of what it's about she might be able to get him to come to the phone.

BURNS Just say Bob Dylan. He'll be there in a shot. To Hamp. Two grand, Johnny. Yeah, on an exclusive.

And it would be very much exclusive. He's not going to do anything else. Yeah . . . yeah . . . yeah . . . yeah . . . you want to leave that with you, John? Hello?

CHRIS *On phone at other end.* Hello.

BURNS Yes.

CHRIS Ah, this is Chris, Stewart's P.A. speaking. He's not there. He's not, he's not, you know, available at the moment. He's a bit tied up in the theatre. Can I help?

BURNS Well, I think he might untie himself. Would you tell him this is the call he was expecting regarding Bob Dylan?

CHRIS Bob Dylan?

BURNS Yes.

CHRIS OK, well you know, when I say he's tied up I really mean it. You know, I'm not kidding.

BURNS I know he is . . . with rope, right?

CHRIS No, look, we've got a show on in the theatre here, you know?

BURNS Don't get upset, don't get upset—I'm only kidding ya.

CHRIS OK, well I'll try and get him.

BURNS Well, you tell him, Chris, that I have Mr. Grossman with me. Uh, Bob's manager, Albert Grossman's with me now.

CHRIS OK.

BURNS OK? Bye . . . how 'bout that? Thinks I'm tryin' to put him on.

To Stewart on phone. Stewart? Ummm . . . yeah . . . yeah . . . uh huh, oh dear. That for the two? Hmmm might go to 13, I see. Uh, fine. Well, I'll tell you what I'll do. Yeah, not bad for me, I'll take it for a week's work. I don't mind. Uh, Stewart, look, shall I just check this out with Albert now and sit down there and . . . to save you from hanging on? And then give you a call back? God bless you. To Grossman.

1250. You could probably get him to stretch it to fifteen hundred. So, I figure this, you know, BBC, ah . . .

GROSSMAN One show, but not for two.

BURNS No. I had a feeling that Granada would come up with the money because they have done in the past. Remember what he offered Peter, Paul & Mary for two shows BBC. For two that seems to be their, their top.

GROSSMAN If you get him back, why don't you leave me take a crack at him on the phone.

BURNS Pleasure.

GROSSMAN 'Cause he called me in the states, you know.

BURNS Who . . . Stewart or Johnny?

GROSSMAN Stewart.

BURNS Stewart? . . . Listen Stewart, I've got Mr. Grossman for you. Will you hold on a second?

GROSSMAN I spoke to you in New York, didn't I? Uh, remember. Yeah. And uh, at that time I indicated, uh, the kind of money we were looking for . . . for Bob and I assumed that when Tito told me you were interested that we were somewhere in that vicinity and that I was personally, you know, kind of you know, surprised, you know, at, you know, the nature of the offer. In other words, as much as we'd like to do the show for BBC I think we can't even consider it at that money 'cause it doesn't come anywhere near the other offers that we have. OK, well the minimum that I would consider would, uh, be the fee that you mentioned for each half hour. No, no, no—I wouldn't . . . 1250 for each half hour. Well, uh, thank you very much. Bye.

To Burns.

He said he'll put it to them but he's almost certain it'll be, it'll be no . . . but I think he's going to come back with 2,000, I bet. For two shows.



six. "Subterranean Hamesick Blues." Yeah, jumped from like 45 or something to six. Yeah, I'll be with Albert within ten minutes or so. Albert looks up at Tito.

THE HOTEL ROOM

Hotel manager enters, accosts Grossman.

HOTEL MANAGER Who's in charge?

GROSSMAN In charge of what?

HOTEL MANAGER Who is in charge of this room?

GROSSMAN What do you mean "Who's in charge of this room?" It's rented to Bob Dylan. What do you mean, "who's in charge of it?"

Dylan appears in doorway.

HOTEL MANAGER Are you Bob Dylan's manager? *Neuwirth moves in front of Dylan protectively.*

GROSSMAN Yes, I'm Bob Dylan's manager, but I'm not in charge of his room.

HOTEL MANAGER No, you're in charge of Bob Dylan?

GROSSMAN No, I'm not in charge of Bob Dylan.

HOTEL MANAGER We have had complaints about the noise—above, below.

GROSSMAN Oh, that's unfortunate. We'll try to hold it down.

HOTEL MANAGER And if it isn't organized in five minutes, I will ask you to leave.

GROSSMAN Why don't you get a constable—would you please?

HOTEL MANAGER I will.

GROSSMAN Please do that. There's been no noise in this room, and you're one of the dumbest assholes and the most stupid persons I've ever spoken to in my life. If we



were someplace else I'd punch you in your goddam nose—you stupid nut. Would you... we've rented this room and I'm asking you to leave this room. We have valuables in here and I don't want you in here.

Dylan smiles at camera.

Would you get out of this room?

THE SCIENCE STUDENT

DYLAN Are you going to the concert?

SCIENCE STUDENT Yeah, I'm going to watch. I mean, I, I... well, this is what I come to see mostly....

DYLAN Listen....

SCIENCE STUDENT I came to see you....

DYLAN Listen....

SCIENCE STUDENT But I thought I might have a word with you first. I mean, what is your whole attitude to life? I mean, when you meet somebody, what is your attitude towards them?

DYLAN I don't like them.

SCIENCE STUDENT I mean, I came in here. What's your attitude towards me?

DYLAN No, I don't have an attitude towards you at all. Why should I have an attitude towards you? I don't even know you.

SCIENCE STUDENT No, but I mean and it would be an attitude if you wanted to know me or didn't want to know me.

DYLAN Well, why should I want to know you?

SCIENCE STUDENT I don't know.... that's what I'm asking.

DYLAN Well, I don't know. Ask me another question. Just give me a reason why I should want to know you.

SCIENCE STUDENT Um.... I might be worth knowing.

DYLAN Why?

SCIENCE STUDENT Huh?

DYLAN Why? Tell me why. What good is it going to do me for me to know you? Tell me. Give me, name me one thing I'm going to gain.

SCIENCE STUDENT Well, you might learn something from my attitude to life.

DYLAN Well, what is your attitude towards life? Huh?

SCIENCE STUDENT I can't explain that in two minutes.

DYLAN Well, what are you asking me to explain in two minutes?...

SCIENCE STUDENT Huh?...

DYLAN ... That's all you're getting is two minutes. You're asking me to explain something in two minutes too.

SCIENCE STUDENT But you're the artist. You're supposed to be able to explain it in two minutes.

DYLAN I am?

SCIENCE STUDENT Yeah.

DYLAN Hey, now, what about you? Aren't you an artist?

SCIENCE STUDENT Oh, no.



DYLAN What are you?

SCIENCE STUDENT I'm a science student.

DYLAN Well, let's hear it again, what are you?
A what student?

SCIENCE STUDENT A science student.

DYLAN Now, what does that mean? Just what
does that mean?

SCIENCE STUDENT Hm...hm...

DYLAN What does that mean? What do you do?
What's your purpose in the world?

SCIENCE STUDENT Ummm... what's my purpose?

DYLAN Yeah.

SCIENCE STUDENT What's my purpose in the world?

DYLAN Yeah. How do you help? You know. What do
you do in the world?

SCIENCE STUDENT Well, I'm uh, uh, I'm in the
world for me, I guess.

DYLAN Well...

SCIENCE STUDENT Like everybody else.

DYLAN Just like me.

SCIENCE STUDENT Yeah, yeah.

DYLAN So we're just alike, aren't we?

SCIENCE STUDENT I guess so.

DYLAN We don't come from two different worlds.

SCIENCE STUDENT No, we're both alike.

DYLAN We both come from, uh, Prussia.

SCIENCE STUDENT You're wrong, you're wrong. I was
right, I was right—all the time. No, but this, I mean,
this is interesting. Now I go, I go to interview
to groups, if I go interview Alan's mob. I don't
think they're, they, they couldn't care less about me,
you know.

DYLAN Well, you know, why should, you know, haven't
you ever stopped to wonder why?

SCIENCE STUDENT Ummmmmm.
Laughter.

DYLAN There's gotta be some reason, doesn't there?
I mean it just doesn't happen.

SCIENCE STUDENT Yeah, yeah, but it's nothing to do
with me because they don't wanna know me
before I go in.

DYLAN Huh? Well, what do you want from them?

SCIENCE STUDENT Before I go, I don't know them,
I don't...

DYLAN What do you want? Can you write them up in
your paper? That's not it. What's that?

SCIENCE STUDENT No, I don't, I don't think of myself
as... as... as... as...

SCIENCE STUDENT Well, do interviewers ask the same
questions as me?

PRICE Yeah, obviously they do because...

SCIENCE STUDENT They do?

PRICE... You don't know what to ask anybody
because you don't know what's on any person's mind
anyway. Who wants to talk to anybody who doesn't...

SCIENCE STUDENT Well, I won't know if I don't try
to find out, will I?

DYLAN We don't want it either.

SCIENCE STUDENT Well, I can't play it.
Laughter.

SCIENCE STUDENT You know what I meant by give
something material. I'm not necessarily interested...

DYLAN What are they going to give you spiritually?

SCIENCE STUDENT Uh, I might learn something.

DYLAN What?

SCIENCE STUDENT Huh?

DYLAN What! What don't you know that you want
to know?

SCIENCE STUDENT OK.

ALAN PRICE You get a kick out of interviewing people,
ya know.

SCIENCE STUDENT Ohhh, come on, Alan, if I talked
to somebody...

PRICE... People had better sense 'cause I don't know.
They ask the same questions 'cause nobody...
I mean... you got interviewers a million times
ask the same stupid thing so...

SCIENCE STUDENT Well, do interviewers ask the same
questions as me?

PRICE Yeah, obviously they do because...

SCIENCE STUDENT They do?

PRICE... You don't know what to ask anybody
because you don't know what's on any person's mind
anyway. Who wants to talk to anybody who doesn't...

SCIENCE STUDENT Well, I won't know if I don't try
to find out, will I?

NEUWIRTH Besides, it's impossible.
Laughter.

SCIENCE STUDENT If you had said you didn't want an
answer I wouldn't have given one.

DYLAN Do you always try to satisfy everybody?

SCIENCE STUDENT No.

DYLAN Do you every once in a while try?

SCIENCE STUDENT Hm...

DYLAN Do you every once in a while try to satisfy
somebody?

SCIENCE STUDENT Somebody, yeah, not everybody.

DYLAN Yeah, a few people though, uh?

SCIENCE STUDENT Well, some people I can't satisfy
because that's the way I'm made.

DYLAN Yeah.

SCIENCE STUDENT No matter how hard I try I couldn't
satisfy them.

DYLAN Well, how do you know that?

SCIENCE STUDENT Hm...

DYLAN How do you know that?

SCIENCE STUDENT Well, after you get to know
somebody for a little while you can guess
just uhmm...

DYLAN Are you still friends with them even though
you can't satisfy them?

SCIENCE STUDENT Yeah, friends, not deep friends,
not deep friends. You find it's the...

DYLAN What's a deep friend?

SCIENCE STUDENT Well, it's somebody that you're
almost exactly on the same plane with them.

DYLAN So it means you're just like them.

DYLAN

And

Like

And

I can

I'm I

I can

I can

But

SCIENCE STUDENT You can communicate with them
very well.

DYLAN Somebody that they're just like you.

SCIENCE STUDENT Uh... not exa...

DYLAN Looks like you.

SCIENCE STUDENT No.

DYLAN No?

SCIENCE STUDENT No.

DYLAN Talks like you?

SCIENCE STUDENT Uhmmmm.

DYLAN Well, how do you mean like somebody?

SCIENCE STUDENT Thinks the same way.

DYLAN Thinks the same way?

SCIENCE STUDENT Thinks the same way.

DYLAN Like what? Like we both think that, uh, that we
want, that, uh, that both are happy about
a green door?

SCIENCE STUDENT No, think in the same language.

DYLAN Think in the same language.

SCIENCE STUDENT Yeah.

DYLAN Uh huh.

SCIENCE STUDENT And so you can understand each
other. And you know what each other are thinking.

DYLAN Well, let's try and understand each other,
shall we?

SCIENCE STUDENT That wouldn't be a bad idea. That
wouldn't be a bad idea. And how are we going
to set about...

DYLAN Well, you can ask your first question.

SCIENCE STUDENT Hm...

DYLAN You can ask your first question.

SCIENCE STUDENT Ah...

DYLAN Go ahead. You got a question to ask? Come on.

SCIENCE STUDENT Ah...

DYLAN You haven't got any questions?

SCIENCE STUDENT Well, I didn't.

Knock on door.

DYLAN I think somebody's calling for you.

SCIENCE STUDENT You want me to go.

NEUWIRTH I'll get it.

Goes to door and looks outside.

DYLAN No, you don't have to go.

SCIENCE STUDENT No, I didn't come in here, I mean,
I don't consider myself, I mean, he considers me
a journalist. I'm not a journalist.

NEUWIRTH Hey, man, the high sheriff's lady would
like to talk to you.

HIGH SHERIFF'S LADY I'm the sheriff's lady. And I'm
to say on behalf of all of them I've come to say,
how very happy we are to have you here. And
we hope you have a very successful night because
everybody loves you. There are thousands outside.
And these are my three boys—David, Steven
and Steven—and they think you're so marvelous
that they've left all their exam papers. They've got
terribly important exams and they've left
everything to come and listen to you.

DYLAN smiles nervously.
Oh, okay.

LADY So that I do think you'd better be good. Oh,
you are good. I don't think you can help being good.
But we're really very thrilled indeed to have you
here. And if you come after May again, then I'll have
you as my guest in the mansion house.

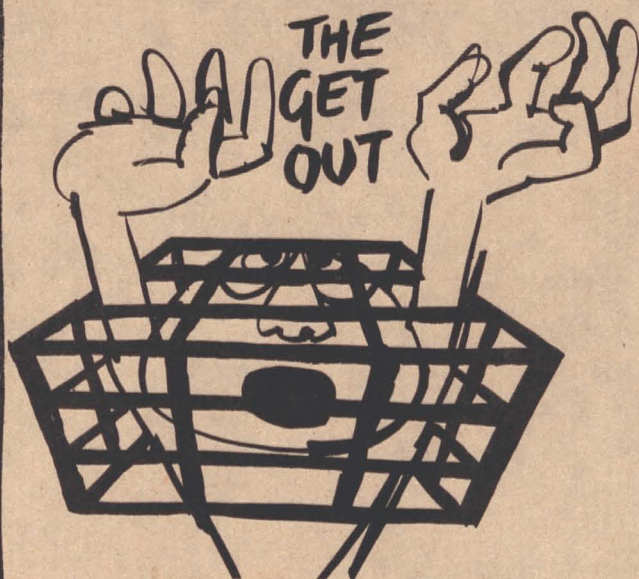
LADY And you write them yourself, too, don't you
sometimes?

DYLAN I write them all, yeah.

LADY Yes, have you really? Yes, because they've got
feeling and they're really marvelous. And I really
mean this, I think you're really a good example
for the youth.

DYLAN Thank you.

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yawping chanting droning whooping recharging the earth's
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salemic Huzza grailzapp
vibrations

— I had to go

& buy

the 3 posh Sunday

papers —

Shat & vomited into them

all the fantastic food & drink
& orgasmic sax-candied groovejoice
gorged down my gullet
over the previous 36 hours

— rolled it all into an immense

but not to me at all grotesque

multi-

techni-

colour-

supplemented

joint

& was just about to light it
When my wife comes round the corner
and says Hey wait
I want to read that —



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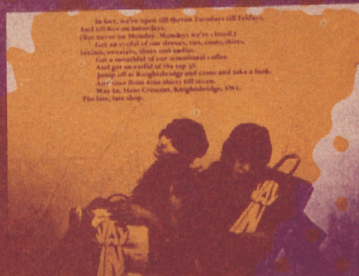
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This year's Legalise Pot Rally is on July 7. Should the sun shine, as tribal rites go, it will almost certainly be a success—a harking back to what John Peel describes as 'last year's beautiful, futile, happy summer.' As an act to impress Legislators, the Rally's chances are as likely as Yoko Ono's of becoming Chairman of Great Britain Ltd.

Law Reform will come when we, who support change, develop sufficient cool to demystify our own responses. Something is happening to Mr Jones, but neither he nor Bob Dylan really know what it is. But Herman Cohen, Joe Berke and Calvin Hernton might be able to tell them, round about August, when the computers feed back the collected findings of the first systematic studies on Cannabis and related drugs. Joe Berke and Calvin Hernton's Research Committee on Cannabis was founded in 1965, and first set about compiling a bibliography of the available literature. It didn't take too much page turning to discover that no valid scientific data existed, for the most part, throughout the western world. So a pilot study was set up to provide original data about the uses of Cannabis in Britain—social variables: background, education, vocation, life-style, sex, age, income; as well as objective information concerning the phenomenology of the Cannabis experience; how the users experience themselves whilst under the influence of the drug. No results until August, but early feed-back appears to explode much of the conventional wisdom.

Herman Cohen in Amsterdam has taken a slightly different approach. More concerned with the interaction of drug takers with society (he lectures the World Health Organisation on Discriminatory Tendencies Towards Drug Takers in London this August), he has set up a Questionnaire concerned to survey what is going on. At least in Amsterdam. How many people are using what? In what kinds of combination? And with what frequency? What kind of social groups do they come from? What interaction do they have within their group? With other people? With Society? And with the Legal machinery of Society? Cohen is intrigued by the influence of legal pressures on the structure of 'the Scene.' He is also very

We clothe every child in napalm



Guerilla Art Sloane Square, one day recently, before the Underground's six man graffiti squad pacified the area for Harrod's once again.

concerned to redefine the terms 'use' and 'abuse' of drugs. Cohen is not so sure that legalising Pot is the answer.

'Of course,' he says, 'it would be better than the present laws, but in itself it is too simple a solution. What I am trying to do is explore the sociological process going on, but in the end, I suppose, I am one of 'them,' because I view the drug taker as a social deviant.'

As the survey is his doctoral thesis, and he has publishing commitments, the full results of his work are unlikely to be available for two years, however, he thinks the early results are less favourable to the basic 'head' position than he himself would have thought. Last question in Cohen's questionnaire:

Was u "stoned" toen u deze vragenlijst invulde?



a consumer survey would have little difficulty in establishing that readers of the new Italian invader International Playmen get more square metres of tit per unit cost than Penthouseholders. But London Editor Herbert Van Thal maintains in a stiff Home Counties accent, that he would prefer to publish more

things like the long Marcuse interview in the launch issue. The younger almost revolutionary tone to some of Playmen's pieces he says is conscious and he is concerned to deny that Playmen Italy was one of the Roman magazines prosecuted for publishing fairly pornographic paparazzi shots of Bardot and Sachs. Though he is not quite sure.

At *Penhouse*, Bob Guccione is coolly unconcerned. No it wouldn't be fair for him to comment on one of his staffer's remarks that Playmen having failed to make Smith's might be left with a lot of the 185,000 initial print order on their hands (Van Thal: 'Typical of Smith's. We're still negotiating.') Guccione points out that Penthouse's quarter million run allows them more colour and draws more advertising revenue than anyone else. And the run goes up to half a million in November when Penthouse applies for a U.S. entry visa.

Last month, Paradise Hartley got married, turned 21 and came of age as "the man who threw a toilet roll at Conservative Leader, Edward Heath and was afterwards fined £100 by Gloucester City Magistrates" (Gloucester Citizen, May 26). In an Anti-Vietnam demonstration outside Gloucester Guildhall, a policeman's helmet was splashed with red paint, Paradise's guitar was crushed, and two toilet rolls were thrown, one by Paradise into an open window, he was arrested, and charged with "Using Threatening Behaviour, Whereby a Breach of the Peace was likely to be occasioned."

For the crimes of, (1), throwing a toilet roll, and (2), singing protest songs, he was fined £45 less than the seventeen demonstrators arrested in the Battle of Grosvenor Square, and £85 more than 3 men with prior convictions for grievous bodily harm who rolled a drunk outside a pub, £15 more than a drunken driver who killed a four year old child sentenced in the same court, the same day, by the same Gloucester Magistrates.

'Don't Look Back'—the movie of Bob Dylan's tour of Great Britain should have been titled 'Don't Think Once.' It has never been shown here, suppressed at the insistence of his manager Albert Grossman—who *did* look back, closely—and thought twice

ROYAL TOUR DE FARCE

When Prince Philip was in Australia recently he made two mundane, mildly critical observations about that country which provoked a national outcry. Australians believe that when a Duke or a Queen opens their mouth it should be only to smile. Unfortunately, whenever Prince Philip opens his mouth he puts his foot in it. He hasn't yet learnt that Australians resent criticism; especially from bloody foreigners. Nevertheless deep down they love Prince Philip. Last time he was in Australia (in 1963) he brought his wife and thousands of locals risked injury to admire the lovely couple. These extracts, taken from the first issue of Australian OZ, show what a Royal Tour is really like!



— being a diary of the Queen's excursions in the great cities of her Australian and New Zealand subjects, culled from Sydney's adoring morning newspapers.
Nothing has been exaggerated or distorted. It all really happened.

Wednesday, February 6: The Queen arrived in New Zealand at the Bay of Islands. Local and imported Maoris staged a welcoming ceremony and later applauded wildly when the Queen spoke a few words to them in Maori: "Araha-nui kia ora koutou", meaning "Love and good luck to you all". Fifteen of the imports were unluckily killed when the bus in which they were going home toppled 200 feet into a valley.

AUCKLAND

Thursday, February 7: The Queen arrived in Auckland and attended an opera in the evening. In the foyer fifty people were treated for shock and heat exhaustion.
Wellington
Monday, February 11: The highlight of the Queen's day in Wellington was a children's rally and shearing contest at Fraser Park. In the grounds of Wellington Hospital a 14-year old crippled girl crawled across the grass by the driveway and on her knees saw the Queen go by in her car only 3 feet away. The girl, in nightdress and bed jacket, moved quite fast on her knees from her seat as soon as she saw where the Royal car would pass. With a delighted smile, she waved to the Queen.

DUNEDIN

Friday, February 15: Twenty children were taken to hospital when a bus careered down a steep hill and crashed through the iron gates of Dunedin Botanic Gardens. Two were admitted to hospital and the other 18, slightly injured, were hurried back to the Royal Garden Party. The Duke quipped to 9 year old Vicky Sherwin, who lost

ADLAIDE

Wednesday, February 20: 9,500 people turned Adelaide's Royal Garden Party into a free-for-all. Fashionably dressed women with shoes off clambered on to chairs for a better view of the Queen. The Duke picked up a handkerchief for a tiny woman in her seventies and said loudly for all those nearby to hear: "There you are. Now we'll make a date." People laughed, clapped and cheered at his gesture. During the evening a gala music festival was held. In an over-crowded stand eighty choristers collapsed.

MELBOURNE

Thursday, February 21: At Victoria Park race course 65,000 children were packed in for a rally. With the temperature soaring into the 90's the South Australian Education Department installed extra toilets and brought in iced water supplies. 700 children collapsed.

Saturday, February 23: A section of Melbourne's racegoing public staged the worst display of rudeness on the tour. Matrons in new summer ensembles climbed half way up the fences surrounding the mounting yard and for several She ate and drank a little with the guests, though the Duke plucked an occasional glass of beer from a passing waiter's tray — Sydney Morning Herald

At one stage the Queen was so relaxed that she stood, one foot behind the other and with her hands on her hips as she gazed about — Telegraph. He was badly shaken by the incident. So much so that he was unable to make his customary quip — Telegraph. With the reporters and photographers cluttering the rocks all around the Pinnacle look-out he had ample opportunity to clown or make one of his renowned "cracks" — Telegraph. It was pointed out to the Royal couple that the Opera House was more than a mere building... The Queen and Prince Philip seemed to appreciate this — Telegraph. Photographers and Prince Philip stood grinning at each other, but the Queen maintained a dignified demeanour — Telegraph.

Monday, March 4: In the morning the Queen opened the Wallace Wuth School of Medicine and the School of Biological Sciences at the University of N.S.W.

In the university grounds 50 people collapsed and one woman suffered a heart attack.

The Royal couple made a surprise visit to the Moore Park children's recreation centre.

Bert Balbi, 11, said: "When I saw the Duke I asked if he was someone special and if he was the Queen's husband. The Duke said 'yes' but it did not matter if I did not know who he was."

Jimmy Moshides, 13, asked Prince Philip: "Do you play the trumpet?" He later sheepishly admitted to reporters that he had the Duke of Edinburgh mixed up with Duke Ellington.

BRISBANE

Friday, March 8: Before the Queen's arrival in Brisbane, the loyal citizens were reminded by the Premier to give "Re-sounding cheers and forests of waving flags".

The highlight of the day was the unveiling of a memorial commemorating the discovery of the Mooinie oilfields. The ceremony was held at Bulwer Island, a spot transformed almost overnight from a mangrove swamp into a tropical haven.

Fully grown palm trees were planted around the Queen's date and the whole area was sprayed with mosquito repellent. Citizens of a nearby suburb irreverently complained that the island's mosquitoes had moved into their homes.

Saturday, March 9: In the morning the Queen attended a rally of 82,000 children, of whom 100 were treated for heart exhaustion.

In a remarkable change of form, the skies almost washed out the Royal Surf Carnival at Coolangatta.

Before the Royal car arrived a band playing on the beach gave up when some of the instruments filled with water and policemen stood ankle deep in slush to hold back crowds near the road.

As the Duke stepped from the car, people nearby were shocked to hear him remark: "It's bloody wet."



THE WONDERFUL WIT OF HRH PRINCE PHILIP

Nearly everyone restrained from over-starting - Telegraph.

Mr. Menzies amused the Queen by mistakingly introducing 18 year old Eileen Hannan of Melbourne as Mrs. Hannan. "I thought she looked a little young," said the Queen when greying Senator G. Hannan explained she was really his daughter - Mirror.

Although a little hesitant at times, the Queen sensed her guests were too embarrassed to start a conversation and always had something - often pertinent and lively - to say - Telegraph.

hours did not cease gawking at the Royal party.

One woman in a smart blue frock and large blue hat leered on top of the fence gazing at the Queen.

She had a small Union Jack stuck on the top of her binoculars and another mounted on her camera.

Sunday, February 24: In the morning Her Majesty attended the Scots Church, which was filled with 800 people, many of them regular worshippers.

In the evening several people were hurt when spectators ran out of control at the Myer Music Bowl.

The rush began when Miss Laurie Elms and the Royal Melbourne Philharmonic Choir were performing "Land of Hope and Glory".

The crowd knocked down and trampled on middle-aged women and children. Handbags were trodden into the lawn.

As the Queen stood outside the Royal box talking to concert performers, ambulance men 10 yards to the rear were treating middle-aged women who were lying on the ground.

Monday, February 25: 500,000 people came to the city to see the Moomba parade and Royal couple.

Watching the parade the Queen saw a second, but unscheduled, procession.

The impromptu parade was made by stretcher bearers carrying women who had fainted near the Royal date.

The Queen appeared to be concerned.

SYDNEY

Saturday, March 2: Organisers were gratified by the number of small craft on the harbour to greet the Britannia, despite the rough weather.

Several small boats capsized.

At Circular Quay, before the Queen stepped ashore, a tour official with a loud speaker, told waiting dignitaries how to behave.

He told them to stand up when the Queen and the Duke entered the wharf building, to sit during the Queen's inspection of the guard of honour and not to stand on chairs.

Thousands lined the city streets for the Royal progress. In all, twelve people collapsed and had to be taken to Sydney Hospital.

In Bedford Street 32 crippled children waited two hours to greet the Queen.

At Hyde Park a youthful choir sang "A Rose in the Land of Warlike". The Queen waved to the girls, who were blind.

After the progress the Queen remarked: "I'm very pleased with the large crowd that came to see us."

Sunday, March 3: In the morning the Royal couple attended St. Andrew's Cathedral.

Along the route the excitement proved too much for 13 children, who fainted.

The couple made an impromptu tour of the Opera House site with Professor H. Ingham Ashworth, who reported: "I think they both realised it was unique."

At a special quayside ceremony, during which he accepted the keys of a new boat for the Outward Bound movement, the Duke was greeted with the cries of "Rhubarb! Rhubarb!" from some teenage girls.

It was reported that the puzzled Duke was told that "Rhubarb" was a general purpose catch-cry adopted from the "Goon Show". It was a term used to express pleasure or annoyance, enthusiasm or disdain.

The Queen and the Duke's response was to walk to the wharf with barely a glance at the crowd as though they had not really been expected and were just passing by - S.M.H.

The Queen examined a portrait of herself in the hospital foyer before she went to the general wards - S.M.H.

As they stepped aboard the launch, two women gave a self-conscious cheer and began giggling - S.M.H.

SHARP

Stanley Kubrick's
2001:
a space odyssey

The worst Trip ever - Tom Nairn

2001 is a stunning experience. Its impact is so great that one's critical faculties are left numb. And yet, to get at the real sense of the experience requires critical reflection — a great deal more reflection than the average 'message' film, in fact. Hidden in the blinding techniques and psychedelic dazzlement of 2001 there is a moral fable which betrays the apparent meaning of the film. Kubrick's *Odyssey* through space and the future is also an obsessive voyage among his own ideas, ideas already familiar from *Lolita* and *Dr. Strangelove*. The trip to Jupiter is an effort to escape from the profound, pessimistic nihilism of these earlier works. And it is characteristic of Kubrick that escape is felt to be impossible: his dream of the redemption of humanity is in fact a nightmare, perhaps the most disturbing nightmare ever projected on the cinema screen. Beyond Jupiter and the infinite lies man's destiny. This destiny is the contradiction of his existing nature, not its development. And yet the new universe beyond our dreams is even more frightening than the one we know.

2001 is essentially a fantasy-diagram of human evolution. It is punctuated by three titles, printed on the screen like chapter-headings. The first is the Dawn of Man, the second — after the discovery of traces of intelligent life on the

Moon — is Eighteen Months Later: the Mission to Jupiter, and the third is Beyond Jupiter and the Infinite.

In the dawn of man, a species of primitive anthropoids clings to its marginal and precarious existence in a hostile nature. Then one morning a strange object is present when they awaken. It is a tall, black monolith quite devoid of markings. This tablet — whose shape is a formal key-note of the

film — vaguely suggests the 'Tablets of the Law' to a culture whose subconscious is still Christian. The effect is reinforced by the loud choir of unearthly voices which explodes on to the soundtrack every time the Thing appears. However, its form and colour also suggest another familiar emblem of Christianity: the tombstone. The ape-men cluster curiously round this mystery, and touch it.

Somehow the object's influence leads them to see the possibility of tools, in their struggle for life. Next we see them using simple bone implements to hunt, and as weapons in their own wars. They have become meat eaters, killers as effective as the leopards they formerly feared. The leader of a band throws his bone-club victoriously into the air, and as it hurtles through space, it is transposed into a satellite circling the Earth. Our victorious conquest of nature, culminating in space-flight, is merely a continuation of the same story. The tools have become more complex, and we have space-suits instead of anthropoid hair; but essentially nothing is changed. And nothing will change until another Tablet is discovered on the Moon.

It is important to observe that this picture of human evolution is itself an out-of-date one. Lewis



Mumford recently pointed out that

The misleading notion that man is primarily a tool-making animal... will not be easy to displace. Like other plausible conceits, it evades rational criticism, especially since it flatters the vanity of modern Technological Man, that ghost clad in iron... (The Myth of the Machine)

It was a notion which suited the Industrial Revolution, the great burst of tool-invention that created our conditions of everyday living. But its limitations have become obvious in the age of computers and cybernetics which has followed. Here, a new vision of human pre-history has gathered force, where language is seen as the decisive transition from nature to culture. After all, how could tool-using have become established, as a developing tradition within primitive societies, without a context of culture and communication? Speech, dreams, and rituals are more fundamental than implements. The fact is simply more evident to us, from within our web of electronic communication and our mind-simulating automative machines.

In the second part of the film — Jupiter Mission — Kubrick shows he is perfectly aware of the facts behind this change in attitude. It is about a computer with a 'mind' of its own, a perfect cybernetic machine. So why the archaic ideology of the first part? The answer is that this archaism has a definite function in the unfolding of the film's content.

In space, we are carried first of all to a circular space station, then to the American Moon-base. The musical accompaniment of the voyage is a slow Strauss waltz, evocative of the security and comfort of the past. This device of counter-pointing images with an unusual soundtrack — used by Kubrick in other films — again emphasizes the lack of real novelty in the action. Travelling in space has not really changed anything. The complex and beautiful models, the extraordinary 'realism' of these sequences — so much commented upon — have the same total effect. Technical marvels are juxtaposed to human banality, repeatedly. Clever enough to escape from their own world, a race of advanced monkeys is carrying an outworn and still animal heritage towards the stars.

Thus, every sequence in the film shows people eating. Or, when not eating, fighting. The images refer back always to the pre-historic visions of our ancestors chewing their raw meat and battling over the possession of a water-hole. On the space station, a polite but suspicious encounter between Dr. Floyd (the American Space Agency official on his way to the Moon) and a group of Russians shows that even now the Cold War is not over. The fight on the Jupiter expedition becomes between men and their own creation, the HAL 9000 computer. When we first see the astronaut Bowman, he is running round the space-ship's centrifuge making boxing gestures. The two stewardesses on the Moon-ship settle down — with a meal, of course — to watch a judo match on television. In general, there is an ingenious use of film-within-film to accentuate the message. In the very first space episode, we see Floyd asleep before a small movie-screen showing a boy-girl dialogue in a futuristic automobile-vehicle apart, it might be from any Hollywood movie of the forties. Later, there are scenes of exquisite banality when Floyd picture-phones his daughter back on Earth, and a message is relayed to astronaut Poole from his parents on his birthday. There is even a cake with candles, which they blow out for him with big smiles as he glides away from them through infinite emptiness. Even the comic picture of the Zero-gravity Toilet with its arms-length of Instructions fits into this logic: a consequence of eating (animality) man does not escape from, in his conventional adventure into space.

On the Moon, after a briefing reminiscent of the Pentagon scenes in Dr. Strangelove, Floyd and his party go to inspect the Thing. They are sustained by artificial chicken — and ham sandwiches on the way ('They get better at it all the time' says one of the crew). On arrival, the analogy with the anthropoids is rubbed in as they crowd round the black slab: Dr. Floyd reaches out to touch it with the same gesture as the ape Chieftain, four million years previously.

Then, there is an abrupt transition to the Jupiter expedition, after the

second title. The lack of a title between the anthropoids and the earlier space sequences emphasized continuity; this one states, in effect, that something more important than all the intervening human history must have occurred on the Moon, but we do not yet know what. However, we do have a firm picture of a hopeless, unchanging, backward-looking 'human nature' tied to animality and to social rituals which technological advance has rendered ridiculous.

Going towards Jupiter, the two representatives of this hopeless human nature, Bowman and Poole, are in a vast spacecraft which is also a computer. This mechanical intelligence ('HAL') controls every aspect of the craft. As it is programmed to respond to voice instructions, the astronauts can 'converse' with it. It can even take conversational initiatives, as when it inquires how Bowman feels about the mission. It has motives — as we learn later, when it becomes clear that there was a hidden reason for the inquiry into the astronaut's state of mind. In the course of the same conversation, the computer suddenly reports a fault.

Repairing this fault entails going outside the craft in a one-man space machine. We learn that there is in fact no fault — it was a pretext for getting rid of the two humans (and the others hibernating on the voyage) because, as HAL puts it, 'I couldn't let you endanger this mission'. Bowman survives alone, but manages to get into HAL's brain and disable the machine.

Then we learn the truth. The computer knew about the objectives of the mission all along, as it had been programmed with the information before leaving. The astronauts themselves did not — they were supposed to find out on arrival at Jupiter. HAL had therefore to inquire and find out what Bowman (the commander) knew, before deciding how to realize its design: to meet the source of the alien intelligence itself, without human interference. The Moon monolith had given off a radio beam pointing towards Jupiter, like an instruction. Thus, the perfect and infallible intelligence man has created wants to appropriate



riate this cosmic intelligence to itself.

The point is emphasized by the formal properties of the scene inside the computer. The oblong red space in which Bowman swims weightlessly, as he struggles to disconnect the higher brain-functions, recalls the shape of the Tablet. Even more strikingly, so do the computer keys which spring out as he severs them. Hence, H A L is as near as humans can get to Intelligence — but even the machine is corrupted by the human touch. Egoism and aggressive possessiveness have been built into it unwittingly — so that, by themselves, men cannot escape from their own nature even here. They need help, or rather Help. Kubrick's equivalent of the US cavalry — is waiting at Jupiter.

It is worth at this point recalling Kubrick's history as a film-maker. His films are all histories of defeats, from *Killer's Kiss* up to *Dr. Strangelove*. Even the glossy brochure given out with 2001 admits weakly that

Kubrick tends to be somewhat pessimistic and sceptical by nature... He came to the conclusion that space exploration might be the only thing that the human race could learn to do which would keep it from blowing itself up.

2001 lies beyond the destruction of the world. Having dismissed the human species in *Strangelove*, Kubrick has tried to imagine an alternative. As the brochure puts it:

For nearly five years, ever since he finished making *Dr. Strangelove*, Stanley Kubrick has been fascinated by the theme of extraterrestrial life... This life is waiting for the sole remaining astronaut at Jupiter, so that terrestrial life may be redeemed. Another black monolith is circling the planet to conduct Bowman on, a trip of exploration 'Beyond Jupiter and the Infinite'.

In other films, Kubrick offsets his cold pessimism with outrageous grotesqueries (like the scenes between Quilty and Humbert in *Lolita* that underlined the message in black-comic fashion). This element is missing from *Space Odyssey* — its place has been taken by the grandly experimental sequences of Bowman's voyage beyond time and space. The dazzling technical novelties are designed to convey the dissolution of all the normal barriers of the humanly-

conceived universe: inner space and outer space, the seeing eye and the inorganic fuse together into one experience.

Finally, Bowman's trip ends in a bizarre room where time too has ceased to exist. Here, he sees himself age and die, in a few moments of our time, where the only action is, naturally, a meal (a kind of Last Supper), and the shattering of a glass. Then as he wastes away, the Tablet materializes again (more tombstone-like than ever) and death and life themselves are reconciled. He is reborn, and becomes the new life-form demanded by the logic of Kubrick's *Weltanschauung*, the cosmic answer to human depravity. He floats back to Earth, an ethereal foetus in a transparent ball, and turns to face the audience in the film's concluding image: our future, or a reproach to what we are?

Obviously, the interpretation of these last sequences is crucial for understanding the film. The critics were very nice about 2001, on the whole, though some were puzzled by the ending. Writing in *New Society*, Paul Mayersberg claims that

Kubrick's previous view of man... as a self-destructive animal has been considerably modified in 2001. This latest film proposes the possibility of a new start for mankind in space... an optimistic, evolutionary view of man...

He attributes this softening of Kubrick's pessimism to the influence of co-writer Arthur C. Clarke. It is quite true that *Space Odyssey* is an attempt at transcending the gloomy vicious circle Kubrick previously moved in, and this might indeed be due to Clarke's participation. But it is no less important to observe that this attempt emerges as quite unconvincing, and both looks and feels all wrong.

The strange room fashioned by the cosmic Intelligence for Bowman is utterly chilling. Described as 'an elegant apartment' in the British Film Institute Bulletin's review, and taken by Mayersberg as representing humanity's past, its most evident characteristic is actually phoniness. It is in Mid-Western Louis Quinze, rendered even more eerie by the shadowless underfloor lighting. What happens is even

more nightmarish. Bowman undergoes the universal horror of the body's ageing and decay in a lived-out dream-time of instants, from which he may not awake. Uncomprehending, he feels close on him the trap of time, tolerable to our real condition only because the young can never see themselves as older. His position is like a guinea pig in some cruel laboratory experiment. Then, given rebirth by the faceless experimenter, his cold alter ego turns enigmatically once more in our three dimensions.

The Bulletin says that

The film's major achievement is nothing less than to provide a new mythology for Space Age Man...

But it would be more accurate to say that Kubrick has given a new, uncomfortable twist to the oldest religious ideology of all: the idea that men were made by a super-being beyond our understanding called God. However, the old notion pictured this Being as nice, rather than simply intelligent. Christianity: the hand of the redeeming God is disclosed in the last sequences, as cold as an empty ice-box. The texture of the closing images does not show a new Christ of kindness, but one of those chilling Super-brains which stalk the pages of conventional science-fiction. This is not a new start for man, but something else altogether — a being without animal qualities, but also without human ones. Naturally, the film defines the process and its result as inscrutable, unknown; but why must the unknown be nasty?

The Christians always said we shouldn't judge what appears nasty, as it may be for our own good in the long run, and we cannot fathom the ways of God. Fortunately, the ways of Kubrick are another matter. They appear to lead us towards a new world of experience, using the utmost in technique and free imagination; in fact, they lead us back into the heart of the oldest, stalest kind of despair with the human state. The message was always false. In this year of our Revolution, it is absurd, too.



