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## OZ 2

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*Editor*

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## OZ 2

### Description

Editor: Richard Neville. Business Manager: Peter Ledeboer. Deputy Editor: Paul Lawson. Design: Jon Goodchild. Photography: Harry Youlden. Art Direction: Martin Sharp. Contributors, Etc: Andrew Fisher, David Reynolds, Dr. Herod Peron, Germaine Greer. Advertising: Ian Stocks, & Louise.

**Content:** Bite Sized Oz! Monster Posters! Martin Sharp Toad of Whitehall poster with reverse cut-out 'Image Seekers' parody. 'Shut That Guy Up!' – Mark Lane on the cover up at the BBC over Warren Commission/Kennedy. Letters including reader willing to have sex with Germaine Greer. Day by dreary day. Martin Sharp 'Direct from Nirvana Frisco Speaks' cartoon. 'British Breasts'—Germaine Greer analyses breasts and bras (+competition to find the best). Amphetamines, where to score in London, prices and dealers. Metamorphoses poem by Peter Porter + graphics. 'Little Malcolm and His Struggle Against the 20<sup>th</sup> Century' - interview with Malcolm Muggeridge + Martin Sharp cartoon. *Detoured* romance strip. 'A Work of Art' by Elizabeth Smart. 'No, Sir, When a Man is Tired of London, He is Tired of Life' - David Wiggery on the London scene. Playmate of the Month (Toad Wilson of Whitehall) text.

### Publisher

OZ Publications Ink Limited, London, 20p

### 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.





**SHUT THAT GUY UP!**

TOM JONES

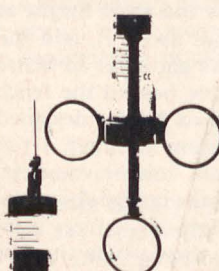
MARK LANE

BRITISH BREAST

30s a GRAIN

WHITEHALL TOAD

PETER PORTER



**BITE SIZED OZ! MONSTER POSTERS!**



MARK LANE: "RUSH TO JUDGEMENT"



# SHUT THAT GUY UP!

What really happened at the BBC's Lime Grove studios on January 29? Ostensibly, a much fan-fared impartial investigation into the death of Kennedy which pitted Mark Lane, author of 'Rush to Judgement' against two Warren Commission lawyers, Arlen Specter and David Belin and two of the Warren Report's influential defenders, Lord Devlin and Professor Bickel. What actually appeared on TV screens outraged an undisclosed number of viewers; prompting them to jam BBC switchboards. The strict format of the programme seemed loaded against Lane, to say nothing of compere Kenneth Harris's compulsive partiality. What didn't appear on camera is even more fascinating. Here Mark Lane recounts his negotiations with the BBC, reveals how rehearsals with other protagonists were underway 12 days before he arrived and discloses astonishing occurrences behind-the-scenes.



If you were watching BBC-2 for almost five hours on January 29 you should have been informed that the distortion was not caused by a faulty television set in your home. It originated at BBC's Lime Grove studio. It was, in fact, planned that way.

**O**N January 17 I drove to a college in Philadelphia with the anticipation of a debate with Arlen Specter, one of the most inventive of the Warren Commission's lawyers. Mr Specter had been, I was informed, a young Democrat, given an assignment as an assistant district attorney by the Democratic District Attorney of Philadelphia. His employer permitted him to serve as a Commission lawyer, an extra-curricular bit of activity that enhanced both his reputation and his finances. Mr Specter returned from the Washington crusade. He changed his political party, announced his candidacy for the office of District Attorney, and the prestige that his work for President Johnson's Commission brought him enabled him to defeat his former friend and supporter. On the very afternoon of my arrival in Philadelphia the leading newspaper announced that Mr Specter would be the Republican candidate for Mayor. You may well imagine my desire to meet so famous a person in public debate in his own city. But, alas, it was not to be. Mr Specter's office announced that he must retire early that night (the debate was set for 7:30 pm) for he was required to catch an early plane for London the next day in order to debate with me—twelve days later. (In the interim I flew to California, appeared on radio and television programmes there and debated another Warren Commission lawyer at the University of California at Los Angeles before flying to London.)

**H**owever, as the reader will discover, perhaps to his amusement, and as I discovered, much to my regret, my absence from London was apparently an error for I missed the BBC rehearsals for the extemporaneous debate programme. **In retrospect I must add that I am not now sure that my mere presence in London would have ensured my knowledge of the rehearsal schedule or an invitation to the preparations.**

**I**t seemed just a bit odd to me that so astute a politician as Mr Specter would refuse to debate with me in America (the major networks and leading universities had sought to arrange such debates on many occasions but Mr Specter was adamant in his rejection of every such invitation) and so quickly agree to escape across the ocean for the encounter. One less naïve would have had a clue that the BBC had somehow made the confrontation most attractive to the Commission's representatives. I confess to having speculated about the matter with myself for a moment or two. I concluded that the suites at the Connaught, the expense account, the trip to London for the lawyers and presumably their wives or associates, and perhaps even a fee might have tipped the balance. No—it could not be any assurances regarding the programme's format. My own genuine admiration for the English respect for fair play ruled out that consideration.

**T**he format was, of course, soon to become the question of the day. This being so let me trace my contact with it from the outset. The film's director, Emile de Antonio (who having now been identified to you I must henceforth refer to as D, for I have only known him so, and I should forget who it is I write about if I call him anyone else), bore the burden of the original negotiation with the BBC officials.

**H**e told me that the BBC had agreed to show the film on January 29, that there would be an intermission, and that it would be followed by a general discussion in which it

was hoped that I would participate. I agreed at once. BBC insisted that I sign a document in which I agreed not to appear on any other radio or television programme to be broadcast in England prior to January 29. This effort at the creation of a very small monopoly hardly seemed appropriate, but as it was the condition for the showing of the film, and as I did not plan to be in London much before that date anyway, I executed the document and it was submitted to the BBC. Subsequently, the BBC officials signed the contract purchasing the film for one showing.

**M**y first direct contact with a BBC staffer came when I was in Los Angeles. A call came from London. A very correct and polite English voice informed me that it was owned by one Peter Pagnamenta who was the assistant director of the programme which had been named "The Death of Kennedy". He called to find out when I would arrive and to be sure that I understood the approach that the director had taken to the programme. I would arrive on the 28th I said, and I should like to hear the director's approach. He explained that the film would be shown. It would constitute the opening statement of "your case" as he put it. Then the Commission lawyers would be permitted to make comments. Didn't I think it fair that they should speak next? I did, indeed. And then you will rebut and the debate will proceed. It all sounded fine, I said, but weren't there to be two other participants? Oh yes. Lord Devlin, you know who he is? I did. Well he and a Professor Bickel will speak later in the programme. In other words, I said, you will have four Commission supporters present the Commission's case and I alone will speak for the critics? In a sense you might say that, he replied, but Lord Devlin and Professor Bickel are not Commission personnel. I let that one pass not saying that they had been more effective for the Commission even if more ignorant of the facts. I said I would like to make a suggestion. Perhaps you might invite Professor Hugh Trevor-Roper—you know who he is? Among his credentials to qualify as a participant was the fact that he has read the 26 volumes, and his writings on the subject seemed to demonstrate that he was almost the only person in England to have bothered to examine the evidence. Certainly Lord Devlin gave no sign of such an acquaintance with the facts. The answer was that Professor Trevor-Roper was not to be a participant. And now that that's out of the way, what hotel would you like to stay at. I couldn't care less. Any will do. Well, then we'll make a reservation for you at the X hotel, and if there is any change we'll have a message waiting for you when you arrive at the airport. Please cable Dick Francis the time of your arrival and contact Paul Fox after you're settled in your hotel in London. The cable was sent.—Arrive January 28th 7:00 AM.

**A**nd that was the first and last word regarding the format of the programme before my 7,000 mile journey from Los Angeles to London in reliance upon that conservation.

**A**rrived at 7:00 AM. It was raining. I was tired from the trip from New York to Los Angeles, a busy schedule on the west coast, the flight to London from Los Angeles, and the thought of flying back to New York in three days for two days there before flying back to Paris. But this was an important programme and well worth the effort. By worth the effort, I meant not that it would be worth it financially, for since I was not paid a farthing for the programme, and in fact was compelled to cancel speaking engagements for it which were to have paid handsomely, the programme was, in that sense, to be worse than a total loss. But the chance to meet the imaginative creator of the single bullet theory in an open, no holds barred encounter, before some seven million viewers, with the knowledge that it would be fully reported in my own country, was worth any sacrifice of time or money or effort. Still, I was tired. I cleared Immigration quickly with a greeting from the clerk. He said he'd be watching the programme. Customs, too, was



fast and pleasant. There was no message waiting. I called the X hotel to find that there was no reservation. Since D had told me that the Commission lawyers, Mr Spector who you have already met, and Mr Belin from Iowa, were to stay in rather luxurious quarters at the Connaught, I called there as well. No reservation for me. I called the BBC. A gentleman, obviously a night-time receptionist hoping the morning would pass without the kind of problem I was about to present, answered. He said he had no authority. Of course Mr Fox was not in and wouldn't be for hours and, sir, no one is in, except me and I know nothing about hotels, perhaps you might call back in a couple of hours. Two hours passed rather slowly in the drafty terminal building. It was almost nine and I had left New York the evening before and hadn't yet been to sleep. In due course a responsible and concerned young lady at the BBC was located and a reservation made at a hotel. I was too tired to care that the hotel was undergoing noisy renovation and that the lobby resembled a bombed out village or that the room was dark and musty.

**B**efore I left the States, D had told me that the BBC had constructed a most elaborate model of Dealey Plaza and that it was hoped, by the BBC, that instead of aerial photographs of the area which appeared in our film, live, on camera, shots of the model might be substituted. D agreed to the substitution upon my agreement that the model was accurate. I took a shower, shaved, and called Paul Fox. The operator at the BBC cut me off. I called again. He was not in but would call back. He never did. I called Peter Pagnamenta. He was at a meeting and his office would switch me to the meeting room. We were cut off again. I called back. Mr Pagnamenta will call you in a minute. He didn't. I called back in fifteen minutes and reached him. I said that I would like to see the model. He said, sorry about the renovation at the hotel; hope it hasn't disturbed you. I said that it is quite all right, thinking that if he knew about it why didn't he book a room at some other hotel. I would like to see the model. He said, how would tomorrow do. Not too well, I said, for if any changes have to be made you may need some time and tomorrow is the day of the programme. Well, let's see what time might be convenient for us for you to arrive. He said he'd call back. The phone rang and it was Per Hanghoj, a journalist for the Danish afternoon newspaper Ekstrabladet.

**I** said, how would you like to see the BBC model and meet some BBC officials? He said he'd like to and we took a taxicab to the BBC Lime Grove studio. There we met Mr Pagnamenta who permitted us to see the model. It was breath-taking in detail.

#### **And in each crucial respect it was inaccurate.**

One of the participants, Mr Bickel, in an effort to prove that no shots could have come from behind the wooden fence, the area from which some of the shots originated, had written in an American publication (Commentary, October 1966) "people were milling about this area and looking down on it from the railroad bridge over the underpass, and no one saw an armed man". Mr Bickel's argument obviously rests upon the allegation that one can observe the area behind the wooden fence from the railroad bridge which is above it. His abysmal ignorance of the geography of the area can probably be explained by his failure to visit the location. The railroad bridge is the same height as the base of the five foot wooden fences, not above it, and the fence area is heavily landscaped with bushes and trees so dense that it is absolutely impossible to see anyone behind the fence from the bridge. Yet the BBC model seemed almost designed to accommodate Mr Bickel's false impression, although I felt quite certain that slovenly supervision, not mischievousness, was responsible for the model which placed the bridge above the fence and removed all of the bushes and most of the trees from the area thus giving the model witnesses a view which the real witnesses could never secure.

**I**n its Report the Commission had said that a most important witness, S. M. Holland, was living proof that no shots came from behind the fence since he ran to the area behind the fence from the railroad bridge "immediately" after the shots were fired. In our film Holland answered that incorrect conclusion by stating that it took him two or two and a half minutes to get to the fence since the area between him and that destination was "a sea of cars". He said, they were so tightly packed, bumper to bumper, that he had to climb over them. Again the BBC model accommodated the Commission rather than the facts. There was no sea of cars, just a few scattered models that would not have prevented Holland from speeding to the fence.

**M**r Pagnamenta resisted my suggestions for changes in the model. I suggested that we compare the model to photographs. We don't have any photographs here at the studio, was the reply. How could you construct a detailed model without photographs, I asked, but interrupting myself I said, never mind, I have some at the hotel and I'll fetch them now. But before I left to get them I observed the remainder of the set. On the far left, appearing almost as if it were in a hole, was a small table, at which I was told I would sit during the programme. A larger table, raised, as is a judge's bench, was in the middle, and it was this that created the hole in the ground impression for my table. To the right was another larger table for two, and still further along, the set for our impartial moderator, Kenneth Harris.

**W**hy the elevated table, I asked? For the two judges or assessors, as we call them, was the reply. And who might they be? As I told you before, Lord Devlin and Professor Bickel. I thought that they were participants in the debate. Well, they will participate as judges, that is they will give their verdict at the end of the programme, and as to the debate, it will not really be a debate. That is you will be given a chance to speak when you are personally attacked. When, not if? You make it sound as if it is already set. Surely I didn't come all this way to defend myself. I came to discuss the facts surrounding the death of the President. Isn't that the name of your programme? Well, you had better talk with Mr Fox about this, was the answer.

**M**r Hanghoj and I were ushered into a small downstairs room to await Mr Fox. In time he appeared with Kenneth Harris. We were offered a drink as is the custom at the BBC. I accepted. My scotch arrived at once with ice and water as all Americans presumably like it, although I said I would prefer it straight. Mr Harris' gin arrived just after we began to depart.

**M**r Fox seemed deeply perturbed. I understand you have some problems, he said. I explained them all. The model was not accurate. How can two Warren Commission sycophants be judges. Lord Devlin has served as the almost official salesman for the Warren Report in England for more than two years. He endorsed the Report before the evidence was published, and since the publication of the 26 volumes he has betrayed no trace of having examined them. Bickel, on a smaller scale, has tried to serve the establishment in his own country in much the same way. How can you suggest that they be judges. Mr Fox said, after all we are showing your two hour film, so there is no need for everyone on the panel to agree with you. I submitted that he had not understood my point. If he desired, he could have a dozen Warren Commission spokesmen on the programme, and I would not object. What I objected to was the BBC establishing two such spokesmen as judges. Mr Fox, now



aided by the impartial moderator, said that we can hardly be expected to withdraw the invitation to Lord Devlin. I did not expect or hope that would be done. Just take off their black robes and make them mere mortals as were the rest of us. Cannot be done, said Mr Fox. Well, then, I said, introduce them properly. That is let the audience know that they have written in support of the Commission's central conclusion that Oswald was the lone assassin. Surely, said Mr Fox, you don't doubt the integrity of two such important men in public life. Surely you believe that they can be swayed by the evidence if it proves that their previously held position was wrong. Their integrity was irrelevant to the discussion—their prejudice central, I offered. Mr Harris resolved the problem by stating that he would introduce them as two men who have supported the Commission's view. He added that if I wanted to discuss my objections to them on the air, I would be given every opportunity to do so. I said that I would do so.

**W**

hen we approached the crux of the matter—my role in the debate. It was set, it could not be changed. I could only respond to personal attacks, said Harris and Fox in one voice and several times. I doubt that the audience cares much for hearing personal attacks made or defended against, I said. **I think, perhaps they would like to hear about the death of the President—that is why they will turn to the programme called The Death of Kennedy. If you want to do another programme, called Mark Lane Attacked and Defended, I will come back for it, but I do not suppose that anyone will care to watch it!**

**T**

he format is set. The format is set. It cannot be changed. It cannot be changed. The film will be presented in four segments, the Commission lawyers will attack each portion and if, in doing so, they make any personal attacks upon you, you will be permitted some time to respond. In addition, as we have agreed, you will be given ample time to point out what you consider to be weaknesses in the programme's format and with its choice of assessors.

**I**

n four segments, I asked? We worked for two years to make that film. We drove from New York to Dallas and back because we could not afford the air fare. My wife cooked dinner for us all in Texas because we could not afford to eat in restaurants. We have sacrificed to make that film. This is its world premiere. And you intend to chop it up into four pieces. Let it be seen as it was made, and then let your critics say what they will. The film has an integrity and an identity of its own. Do not destroy that.

**M**

r Fox said that in the contract, that Mr de Antonio signed, we have the right to show the film in four segments and that we intend to do it that way.

**I**

called D. He said that the BBC had told him that the film would be shown with just one intermission.

**I**

wrung but one concession from the BBC. **Harris and Fox both agreed, both gave solemn commitments, that I would be given ample time at the outset of the programme to dissent from the format, to explain my objection to the judges, to explain that the film could not possibly present the case against the Report but only those portions which were, for want of a better word, filmic, and that, in my view, the BBC formula defeated a genuine exchange of the facts.** We shook hands

and were about to depart when Mr Hanghoj, as journalists will do, asked a few questions of Mr Harris.

*Q: Don't you write for the Observer?*

*Harris: Yes, I do.*

*Q: What is the Observer's position on the assassination?*

*Harris: We don't have one.*

*Q: You don't have one?*

*Harris: No.*

*Q: Don't you think that the subject is sufficiently important for you to think about it and take a position?*

*Harris: Well, we did do that when the Report came out.*

*Q: Yes?*

*Harris: Well, we supported the Commission.*

*Q: Have you taken another position since then?*

*Harris: No, we haven't.*

*Q: Then the Observer's position is in support of the Warren Commission?*

*Harris: Well, you might say that.*

*Q: Wouldn't you say that?*

*Harris: Yes, I suppose so.*

*Q: You will be the moderator tonight?*

*Harris: Yes.*

**W**

e arrived back at the studio one hour and a half before air time. The parties were well separated. I was placed in a small cubicle, lavishly furnished with food, liquor, and excellent wine. Some doors away were Spector and Belin and the visiting BBC brass, all of whom, we were told in whispers, had arrived for the programme—the longest live studio production in British history.

**J**

ust before air time I asked what was to be done about make-up. A veteran of three to four hundred appearances in America, I had expected that matter to be disposed of in a dressing room long before then. It will be taken care of in the studio. Make-up was applied to some but not to me. Of serious concern was the fact that there was but one set of the 26 volumes and these were given to Belin and Spector and placed far out of my reach. As the programme began it became clear that Harris was working from a script and that both Belin and Spector had copies of the script. I had none and, in fact, I thought that the spontaneous programme which had been described to me would preclude the use of one.

**I**

shall not offer an account of the programme here. The English press was fair in its reportage, more fair than the American press has been on this subject. The Times reported on its front page that the BBC switchboard was jammed with viewers complaining that the programme was unfair. The Daily Mirror said, "Chairman Kenneth Harris officiously and for me, embarrassingly clumsily silenced Mr Lane whenever he tried to cross verbal swords with the rival lawyers . . ." The Daily Sketch said that Harris conducted the programme "far too brusquely". The Daily Express headlined its story, "Viewers Protest 'Unfair' During TV Marathon" and added "Harris *did* appear to behave pompously". In a story headed "Verdict on Harris" the Londoner's Diary in the Evening Standard evidently found him, Harris, guilty of being "nervous", "too abrupt", and "fairly childish". On the facts, the Times pointed out that many witnesses did insist that the shots came from behind a fence on a grassy knoll, and the Guardian, an original supporter of the Commission, did a complete turn about "Mark Lane seems now to have won his case, or Oswald's case." And, "Now it seems clear to almost everyone but the Warren Commission that it was indeed a rush to judgment." Could one bullet have hit both the President and Governor Connally? If not, there were at least two assassins. Said the Daily Mirror, "It just doesn't seem possible."



**T**he next day The Times ran a fairly lengthy and scrupulously fair and accurate story presenting some of my objections and the BBC reply. By combining that reply with the Kenneth Harris statement to the Standard the day before the definitive establishment position can be ascertained. But before that some more facts.

**A**fter the witnesses in the film said that they heard shots come from behind the fence, and saw a puff of smoke come from that location as well, Cliff Michelmore, not waiting for the Belin-Spector response, said for the BBC, the whole of Dealey Plaza is bowl shaped and that the area behind the fence is criss-crossed with steam pipes thereby accounting for the "smoke". Ignorance, Mr Bickel's only excuse, cannot be brought forward in defence of that false allegation since the BBC had sent Mr Michelmore to Dallas to look about. I know not what passes for a bowl in England but there would be little room for so flat a bowl to accommodate enough porridge for a very young child in my country. **The area behind the fence is not criss-crossed with steam pipes.** There is but one pipe anywhere in the entire area and it runs in a straight line from the overpass and not behind the fence. Does Mr Michelmore really think that a man who spent 42 years working that section of the railroad yards, as in the case of Mr Holland, would state that he saw smoke, that he knows that it came from a weapon, and be totally unaware of the presence of steam pipes that the clever Mr Michelmore found in his first trip there? I mention Mr Michelmore's criss-crossed pipes because it was unfortunately typical of several false statements that he made—all of which conformed to the Commission's case, if not to the facts.

**B**ut, of course, you saw all this and I should tell you of the programme that BBC did not transmit. While the film was playing, the debate in the studio flourished, only to die under Mr Harris' heavy hand when the live broadcast, so to speak, commenced. An example. During an early segment of the programme Mr Harris began questioning Mr Belin, asking him in effect if he had been engaged in any correspondence with me regarding the making of the film. Mr Belin, it seems, wished to become a movie star and, unable to make it on his own, felt that we should provide a camera, film, a crew and an opportunity for him to speak in our film for a minimum of thirty minutes. Mr Belin was well prepared for the leading questions put to him. He had the correspondence in question spread out before him even before the first question was asked which, I must confess, raised some question in my normally unsuspicious mind regarding the possibility that the area had been explored before the programme began. I quickly put that evil thought aside but it recurred in a more persistent form shortly thereafter when, for a moment, Mr Harris forgot what he was about and departed from the script. Mr Harris, perhaps to establish his own identity, asked Mr Spector about a glaring inconsistency that the BBC had tracked down in the Warren Report. The FBI agent, Frazier, had testified that an examination of the President's shirt did not prove that a shot came from the rear but only that it was "possible" that a shot came from the rear. In the Report the word "possible" was escalated into "probable". Despite Mr Harris' sheepish grin regarding this discovery, it must be said that he appeared to have been fishing in shark water and to have hooked a baby minnow. Spector had no answer at first for this misdeemeanour. Then Belin handed him the wrong page of the volume, after I had volunteered the correct one, and there the word "probable" did appear but in another context. Spector read probable with his booming district attorney voice and thus the matter was settled. That is almost settled. I asked if I might comment upon that for just a moment. The answer from Mr Harris, who had now regained his composure and commitment, was a stern no. The matter *was* settled. But it was not forgotten. Soon a portion of the film was shown.

**T**his generally would herald an immediate period of relaxation, but when the cameras in the studio went off the tension began to build. Spector scowled and raised his voice so that it registered in menacing terms. His anger was directed at a crumbling Harris. Why did you ask that question? We never went over that. If you do that again—well you'd better not. I'm not fooling now. And then the prosecuting attorney gestured towards me while still addressing Harris. And you'd better shut that guy up too—I'm telling you now. I had spoken but a few words, mostly they were, "May I say something now?" Harris apologized. He promised to depart from the pre-arrangement no further. I left my little table and casually approached Mr Harris. Sir, I said, I have the feeling that I have missed something by not arriving a week ago. Have you been having rehearsals in my absence? Mr Harris said that they had gone over the general area of the questions with the Commission lawyers, yes we have. I suggested that it appeared that even some specifics had been agreed upon, based upon Mr Spector's anger regarding one question and Mr Harris' agreement to stray never again. Mr Harris replied that Mr Spector only meant that if he was not prepared for a specific question then he would be placed in the embarrassing position of having to fumble for papers and, added Mr Harris, Mr Spector was certainly more than half right about that. But, I said, you never even discussed general areas with me. No answer. I then asked Mr Harris if I might have a copy of the script. He said that there were but three, his, Belin's and Spector's. Of course, I could not doubt his word, but in my own country we rarely mimeograph just three copies of a document, we use carbon paper, and it was that which prevented me from fully accepting his answer. During the next four hours I made fifteen, count them, fifteen, requests to four different BBC representatives for a copy of the script.

**A**t about eleven o'clock I found Mr Fox and told him that he had made a solemn commitment to me the day before. That it had been agreed that at the outset of the programme I might register a dissent from the programme's format and choice of judges. Mr Fox said that I would be able to have time at 11:30. While that did not meet my definition of the programme's outset, I agreed. Closer to midnight than eleven Mr Harris said I could have a few minutes. I began by saying that the BBC had rendered a disservice to the truth when Mr Harris stopped me and then picked up his phone to converse with the powers that be at the BBC. Silence. More on camera silence. Then Mr Harris spoke. I could almost have sympathized with him had he appeared torn between his commitment to his word of honour and the word from above. But that conflict evidently did not confront him. He said, you may not discuss that subject at all. I then began to discuss the single bullet theory. At this moment, Spector, who invented the whole thing, left his seat and charged over to Harris telling him quite loudly, and now on camera, that I should not be allowed to trifle with *his* theory. (It had made him a district attorney and a candidate for the mayoralty and was not to be fooled with.) Mr Harris supinely yielded once again saying that I could only discuss subjects that came up in the second part of the programme. I asked him to tell me what to talk about and promised to discuss any subject he wished to hear when he informed me that my time was up.

**D**uring a studio intermission it had become plain that Prof. Bickel had a surprise in store. He was going to depart somewhat from his previously published position and say that he was not quite satisfied with the single bullet theory and that if the single bullet theory failed there were two assassins. Spector was livid. The fixed jury was no longer under control. Spector demanded an opportunity to answer Prof. Bickel who had hardly uttered a word for almost five hours. Harris approached Bickel and asked if he would mind if Spector answered him when he rendered



his verdict. They must have wild court scenes in Philadelphia, I kept on thinking. Bickel was a bit put out. Harris was insistent—at last showing the stern stuff he was made of. Bickel reluctantly yielded.

**A**fter Bickel spoke briefly, Harris, as if he thought just struck him, turned to Spector and said, sir, would you like to comment on that. Well, as long as he was asked, Spector was willing. It did occur to me during this exchange that this was the very subject that I was prevented from discussing because it was not in the 'second part of the programme', whatever that meant. Surely, now that it had been introduced twice more, I would not be denied my first comment on the subject. Waiting until Spector concluded I addressed a rather brief request to our chairman. May I comment upon that? The reply was no.

**T**he evening ended on an unmistakably light note. Lord Devlin summed up. He wanted us to let President Kennedy's soul rest in peace. Anyway, suppose there was another assassin, no one has proved that he was a subversive, and if he wasn't subversive what difference does it make? I was about to ask Lord Devlin for a definition of the word "subversive" that does not include one who kills his own President, but I decided not to.

**T**he BBC officials invited me to wine and dine in my cubicle below. I was somehow neither hungry nor thirsty, just anxious to say a few words. Reporters from two London daily papers were there. They asked for an interview. I agreed. A young BBC official approached. He said no rooms were available for a press conference. It was not much before one on the morning and I found it difficult to believe that they could not scare up one empty room. Oh, it's not that, the young man replied, but we cannot permit you to talk with the press here. I said that the BBC had made a room available to me and that I wished to utilize it for a conference. Cannot be done. Against the rules. The reporters were incredulous. We began to pack our belongings for a trip back to my hotel for the conference when the BBC relented and permitted it to take place there. I said that the programme had been rigged by the BBC to protect the Warren Commission lawyers from debate. I added that we never ran into that sort of trouble in countries, France as one example, whose economies are not entirely dependent upon the United States. The Socialist government indeed. Lenin must be twirling in his tomb.

**I** left BBC's Lime Grove studio to find a few citizens waiting outside. One offered his hand and his sympathy and said that the BBC does not speak for the English people, not this disgraceful night it doesn't, he added. Others agreed.

**A**t my hotel a delegation of three, sent by twenty who had watched the programme, expressed similar views but in stronger language.

**A**t Oxford University the next day the students made their views known also.

**M**r Harris told the Evening Standard, "I don't think Mark Lane has any grounds for complaint. He was here for one purpose, and one purpose only. As it was stated

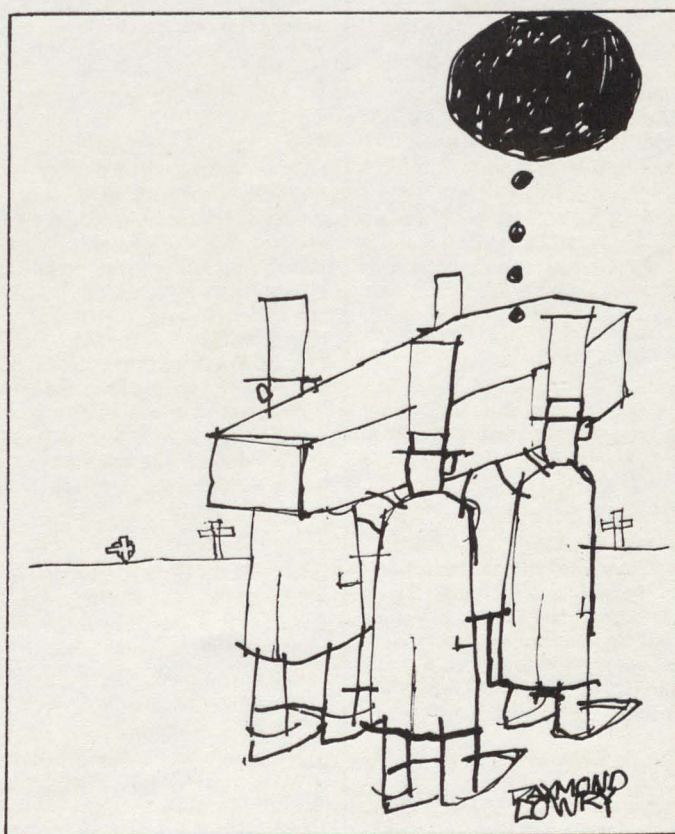
weeks ago, he was invited to attend so that if anybody made charges against him personally—for example he was just interested in making money out of the whole business or that he was a Communist—he could answer the charges against him." Mr Harris added that if he permitted me to debate with Spector or Belin "I should have had trouble with the two lawyers. They only came on the basis of this agreement." Mr Harris added that if he allowed me to enter the debate the two Commission lawyers "would have walked off". I have never refused a debate on equal grounds with Commission personnel. One must wonder what the two lawyers know about their own case which would cause them to walk away rather than debate.

**B**BC told the Evening Standard, "We arranged a viewing session for a number of representatives from foreign TV networks, and they all made a point of saying how impressed they were by Mr Harris' handling of the programme." That statement appears to be untrue. I spoke with just one representative, Klaus Toksvig, of Danish TV. He told me that the BBC programme was extremely unfair. Perhaps the representative of the Austin, Texas, TV station took another view.

**T**he BBC spokesman concluded, "We arranged a press conference for Mr Lane after the programme ended."

**A**s I prepared to leave London a BBC programme announced that Barrow and Southampton had tied 2-2. I just knew that I couldn't be sure unless I read it in the Times the next morning.

**Mark Lane.**  
**Nykobing, Denmark.**  
**9 February, 1967.**







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'London OZ' derives from 'OZ'—a monthly satirical magazine founded in Australia in 1963 by Richard Neville and Richard Walsh. 'OZ' (Australia) is still thriving with a circulation of approximately 40,000 and a £1 cheque sent to OZ, 16 Hunter Street, Sydney, with your name and address will guarantee a whole year's supply of this delightful, cheeky oddity.



Letters are welcome.  
 Address them to the Editor,  
 OZ, 70 Clarendon Rd,  
 London W11

Owing to the last minute arrival of Mark Lane's expose, some of the promised features have been dropped. Better luck next time.

Please quote:  
 L1/DH/RC/TD  
**PRIVATE & CONFIDENTIAL**  
 London Oz.

Dear Sir,

We thank you for your letter of January 23rd and for the copy of the publication London Oz. We regret to advise you however, that after due consideration we would prefer not to accept (an Oz) advertisement for insertion in our columns.

Yours faithfully,  
 Office Manager/  
 Advertising Dept  
 The Times  
 London EC4

February 9

Dear Sir,

It's a pleasure to have your support. Remind me one day to tell you about *Private Eye* and the assassination. Not that they were involved in planning it, but they played an interesting role in joining with the establishment to lead the attack upon critics of the Warren Commission. They apologised (Wells did) and a year later agreed to run a favourable article or interview. They never did. Wells apologised again and said that Bernard Levin was very close to the publication and he was in love with the Report, PE could do nothing. Good luck with Oz. I'm framing the drawing of LBJ.

Sincerely,

Mark Lane  
 Denmark

January 24

Dear Sirs,

Having just purchased your first issue of 'London OZ', I was, to say the least, somewhat amused by the article 'In Bed With The English'. The poor woman that wrote it must be pretty ugly, or a raving *Nympho*; trying too hard. As an Englishman I must say, The english, If he is good, is the best lover in the World, And if your poor frustrated writer wishes proof of this statement, I invite her to spend a night or two with me, and if I cannot, in her opinion, back up my statement with actions, in other words, give her complete sexual satisfaction, she can write an article on the one Englishman She has had, and really run the Englishman down and even use my name.

This is not just a proposition to your writer for a cheap thrill, It is an Englishman trying to stand up for his fellow countrymen, and to prove his statement, Which your writer hasn't done. I gathered from her article, that she has not in ever really been to bed with an English Man, and I would like to add, That until She has, She should shut up. A personal reply from your writer would be very much appreciated, (If she has the nerve.)

Yours faithfully,

Rod C B Lake Esq  
 40, Penywern Road  
 Earls Court  
 London SW5

(Our author accepts Mr Lake's invitation, although reserving her right to refuse consummation upon inspection. Results will be published next issue.)

January 31

Dear Sir,

At last, I said to myself as I ran all the way home, a real adult-type satirical magazine in London—the kind you can still read after you've come down from the university. Maybe even a good hard-hitting serious article or two thrown in, the sort they wouldn't dare to print elsewhere.

And, by God, there it all was: a brief but thought-provoking article on RAAS; a very funny, informed metaphorical post-mortem on the Death of God; an entertaining hopped-up Fourth Leader on violence in the news media; even a peep behind the scenes of that ever-popular soap opera for liberals, the *New Statesman*.

But what an almighty effort to dig it all out! What endless pages of whiz-bang topography! What plethoric paraphernalia for optical exhaustion! And what dizzying condensed, allusive, learned, convoluted, acrobatic prose! By the time I got to your catty little exposé of *Private Eye*, I was too exhausted to decide whether it was the ultimate send-up, or simply the sort of internecine battle which rages

# THE NEW LONDON SPY

A DISCREET GUIDE TO THE CITY'S PLEASURES  
 EDITED BY HUNTER DAVIES  
 30s.net



between the Pilgrim Free Holiness Apostolic Anabaptists and the Reformed Immersive Holiness Faith Healers. Or then again, maybe your PR boys have determined that this is the stuff it takes to sell satire in London. If it's commercial I won't knock it.

I did finally get all the way through, even the tiny little IT reprints, but I've had to go to bed and send for my oculist.

Yours sincerely,

John Whiting  
 London Correspondent  
 Pacifica Radio  
 7 Gledhow Gardens  
 London SW5

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Peter Ledeboer, Esq.,  
 40 Anhalt Road,  
 London, S.W.11.

8th February, 1967.

Dear Sir,

Thank you for your letter of February 5th. We consider that OZ is extremely immature, amateurish and completely lacking in taste, and therefore we are not likely to take advertising space with you now or in the future.

Yours Faithfully,

*Jan Maxfield*  
 JEAN MAXFIELD,  
 Publicity Department.

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# DAY BY DREARY DAY

The Lord Chancellor decided today to abolish all appeals from the Court of *The Sunday Times*. It was thought that once the court had given its decision in any case, further consideration of the matter would be a waste of column inches. Justice Frost dissented.

**The Russian offer of a peace treaty has alarmed the British Government. Troop movements have commenced throughout the country. Cabinet is reported as seeing the situation as similar to the Munich crisis. "It is too late to appease Britain now", said a spokesman.**

Once upon a time the Kennedy family commissioned a book to "tell the truth about November 22, 1963".

It was to sensationalise Johnson's indelicate behaviour following the assassination and to boost Robert Kennedy's Presidential chances. The tenor of the book was discussed in Washington circles. The Wall Street Journal reported that the Kennedy family feared the wrath of President Johnson because of passages in it.

It has become known that an accommodation between the Kennedys and Johnson was arranged. Johnson was to stand aside after his final term and offer no opposition to Robert Kennedy's ambitions. All that the Kennedys were required to do was to stop the book. Their contract with Manchester gave them absolute right to do so. However, Robert, who drew up the contract, was never much of a lawyer. The contract dealt solely with hard cover sales. Not included were book clubs, paper back rights and serialisation rights which Manchester was industriously flogging.

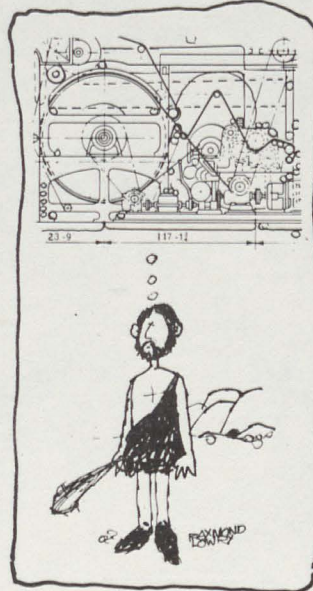
Johnson demanded that the Kennedy family should keep its part of the bargain. In the face of that insistence the Kennedys felt constrained to proceed with legal action although well aware of the dangers.

The book, of little real literary interest and historic significance, has yet played its part in history. Designed as a weapon to be used to assist Robert Kennedy in his private and personal war with Lyndon Johnson it resulted in harming them both; Johnson far less.

Extensive investigations have conclusively established the link between newspapers and narcotics. There can be no doubt. The newspaper is a dangerous drug.

Yet millions of doses of this depraving substance are allowed to fall into the hands of men, women and even children, every day. With strict medical supervision, this hallocinogen undoubtedly can benefit man. But to-day's indiscriminate traffic on the streets where the addict can attain his daily trip, without fuss, for as little as 4d. from a street corner pusher (impregnated on 60 sq. ft. of absorbent paper) is causing deep concern in government and medical circles. Users apparently think nothing of fixing in full view. Hence it is hard to avoid noticing the characteristic symptoms of addiction. Examining the effect on a typical patient, we find, only minutes after purchase, a contraction of neck, arm, and leg muscles. Worry lines appear on the forehead. The eyes fix opaquely in a set expression as the visually overstimulated imagination begins to colour the mind with every possible form of death and disaster. The heartbeat accelerates rapidly as endless visions unroll of all that is unnatural to the consciousness, from incest and rape to economic disasters and world starvation. The more disturbing addict moves in even more dangerous realms—with a morning and evening fix daily and often up to three on Sunday. Sometimes 'supplemented' even further in very extreme cases. This massive overdosing produces comas

and a total inability to communicate thoughts or feelings in any way connected with everyday life. Rehabilitation methods are in their infancy. No antidote is yet known. But with at least 15,000,000 heads on our hands, action is essential.



Can the foetus feel pain? This is the question that many of our young people are asking today. Our special reporter went down into the womb to find out. He found Sir Francis sitting in a swivel chair wearing his smoking jacket and mending a tooth. "Only the bombing gives me trouble", he said. "If the Americans agree to stop that then I shall be willing to come out and start negotiating." Here is the spirit that made Britain great. The answer is plain—we must learn to grit our teeth and bear it.

DIRECT FROM NIRVANA

## FRISCO SPEAKS



**FELLOW BLOWN MINDS ★**

I SEE ALL FROM MY KATHMANDU HIGHNESS. I SEE THE ENGLISH CUSTOMS BEING INSTRUCTED TO STRIP AND SEARCH EVERYONE WITH LONG HAIR... DON'T CARRY... WAR HAS BEEN DECLARED! MY C.I.A. CONTACT HERE, POSING AS A MEMBER OF THE PEACE CORPS, TELLS ME THE VIETCONG ARE BEING SPRAYED WITH 'ACID' BY THE U.S. AIRFORCE... THE LATEST IN PSYCHEDELIC GERM WAR-FARE. THIS COULD BE VERY UNCOOL IF THE CONG DIDN'T KNOW WHAT WAS HITTING THEM. THE 'ACID' IS STORED IN FORT KNOX. I PREDICT MY C.I.A-PEACE CORPS CONTACT WILL BE RUBBED OUT IN THE NEAR FUTURE... AS I TURN MY THIRD EYE ONCE MORE TO LONDON I SEE A MAN, A POLICEMAN, WITH EARPHONES PAYING GREAT ATTENTION TO THE TELEPHONE CALLS OF A CERTAIN ROLLING STONE... BE COOL ON THE PHONE... BE COOL.

FREAKOUT

**P.S.** DO NOT UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES EAT THIS SECTION OF THE PAGE UNDER THE ILLUSION THAT IT CONTAINS MINDBENDING INGREDIENTS





# BRITISH BREASTS



There is no doubt about it, the bosom is being driven out of England. One glance at our women's magazines, at the narrow-chested models hanging dresses made of riveted metal plates on their naked bodies, and any lass with boobs knows that fashion has passed her by. Imagine the soft roundness of a breast oozing between those metal plates, or butting into the severity of a prickly lame mini-dress. The buttock went long ago, and the hip followed it, but surely we should make a stand about the bosom. Paris cannot be blamed for this. The little dress in Paris is knitted, and fits like a second skin of jersey or angora over the round eminences; be they large or be they small, suffice it that they be round and full.

The mini-pull is an impossibility in England, because its whole appeal is derived from the contrast between the straightness and skimpiness of its line and the pushing rotundity of the bosom beneath. It would need a full-scale revolution in the British bra industry which knows only two shapes; the bump and the pouch, and neither of those will do.

For a long time, the breast has been sorely neglected in England. There are advertisements in a certain kind of magazine for treatments to enlarge the bust, but nothing at





all about keeping the bust one already has smooth-skinned and firm and pretty. It is regarded as a sexy thing, all night, if you like that sort of thing, but not a beautiful thing. But if it comes to that, I dare say connoisseurship in bodies, of the kind practised by a Parisian with a few minutes to spend in a café, has lapsed rather, perhaps as a result of the depredations of two wars upon the British physique.

The attitude of the British manufacturer towards the great British breast is downright unsympathetic. As far as he is concerned it is either under-developed or over-developed and never just right. Either he connives with the scrawny to deceive, or he battles with the blousy to support the weight without cutting the shoulders.

Latins are aware of the bosom as a thing of infinite variety (and positive caprice), capable of piquancy and poignancy or luxury and velvet surfeit. Basically it is to be seen and caressed, and clothes must suggest that. The *soutien-gorge* or *reggipetto* must not be obtrusive, but must be attractive, seen or unseen. It does not insist upon controlling, moulding and supporting. Advertisement stresses much more that the bra must be light, flattering, easy to wear. The breast is not regarded as an encumbrance (the joke about Grandma catching her tits in the mangle is English). Women's magazines carry almost as much advice on the care of the breast as they do for the face. It is supposed that the breast is beautiful, for its owner has splashed it morning and night with cold water to stimulate the circulation and keep it firm, and massages it with skin foods and hormone creams. It is assumed that her husband/lover has paid it the requisite attention. Above all, it is important. It has an identity, and somewhere there is the garment that suits it.

The British manufacturer is convinced, possibly rightly, that the British breast is either meagre and knobby or big and floppy. It has either to be built up by gay deceivers and 'foam' and cushions, or hoisted as far up and out as it will go.

Let us consider the case of the girl whose breast is neither scant and scrawny nor droopy nor super-droopy. Let's suppose she is a slender-backed, round bosomed 34C, measuring 37" around. She has enough muscle tone to do without a brassiere (the very name indicates the antipathetic nature of the object) and probably would, expect that variations of temperature cause the odd eyebrow to shoot up, and sweaters are a bit rough on the old erogenous tissue. She doesn't much like the bobbing about caused by relatively energetic movement either.

She takes her pretty bosom to the corsetiere, who has a trained (*ho-ho*) fitter, and bares her chest to the same. This lady, who usually belongs to the surgical category herself, plants a cold, splayed hand over one warm and tremulous breast, and oracularly pronounces a model for modom. Where two pretty hemispheres went in, two triangular prisms come out. Her own lineaments are jammed into a massive contraption of cotton or nylon (which is worse because it scratches) and elastic, hooked tightly across the back, and hoisted up to a dizzy angle on the collarbone.

The saleslady alais fitter explains that fashionable breasts are meant to look like two little Matterhorns in the vertical plane, and Miss 34C believes her. Half bras aren't made in her size anyway, because C cups need all the support they can get. It is axiomatic that C sizes sag. All Miss 34C knows is that when she twists round to do up her zipper, one of the Matterhorns sticks in her eye. For added freedom of movement Madam may have elastic straps which let the right pyramids zoom about. Uncomfortable and self-conscious in her new piercing bosom hoist aloft by block and tackle, she takes the Underground home, and slightly injures a schoolboy who falls against one of her pyramids.

So she decides to avoid the fitters in future and shops around instead. One salesgirl declares categorically that according to the firm's special graded chart Miss 34C is really a 38 medium, only in that shop you are not allowed to try them on. There the bras are called after an archangel. She discovers that she may change her block and tackle for the more popular pre-formed bra. It is usually made in Japan, or the Empire, and is called Lovable or Adorable or

something of the sort. The idea is that it has a shape of its own, hewn out of polystyrene or polythene, that will not alter no matter what goes inside it. That of course is its great advantage, for the only way of telling whether it be full or empty is to give it a sharp knock, when it is empty it will dint, and if it is full you'll get a reaction. It costs less than other bras and is probably more comfortable, because it has less seaming. Nevertheless, Miss 34C couldn't find one that suited her, because the pretty ones had no room for her bosom in them, and the big ones were pretty much like the block and tackle she already had. She thought they were clammy as well.

She resolved to pretend she was a B cup, and ventured into the fascinatingly naughty world of the half-bra. Most half-bras exist to create cleavage where none existed, therefore they have semi-circular armatures which are joined in the middle. The massive junction is disguised by a coy bow or a heart of a flower. Thus the bosom is presented as a kind of jiggly pudding in the middle of the chest. The rigid armature rubs ulcers on the rib cage, and the ends of it keep piercing the binding and stabbing into the tit, or appearing at the neckline. The effect in a sweater is distressing, because the actual shape of the pudding is more or less amorphous.

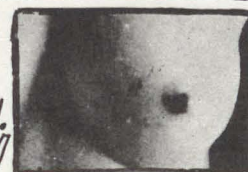
She found that it was tacitly assumed that most girls who affect half-bras are really flat-chested, and that the sizes are not those of the actual bosom, but of the bosom that the buyer would like to think she had. Inside the meagre B cup she found that all the room was already taken up by a little cushion, so that even when she asked for a 36 and thought she could take it in at the sides, her breasts sprang out, or else the seaming at the top was so tight that it divided the breasts into a top and bottom bulge, which made it look as if she had four. Many were cunningly built up with foam (it never says what the foam is made of—rubber is not mentioned in the lingerie business these days) so that her bosom had to escape round the edges.

Nowhere could she find a brassiere which would perform the simple task of housing her peach of a bosom. Her body stocking flattened it. The rude bras she tried on in strange little shops in Soho were ugly, or distorting, or uncomfortable. The salesladies convinced her that it was her fault that the stock lines didn't suit her, and upbraided her for her narrow back, and positively sneered at the intractable firmness and roundness of her breasts.

One day she went to Paris and she never came back. She got a job as a brassiere model.

**Germaine**

THE LONDON OZ  
**BEAUTIFUL** ★  
**BREASTS** COMPETITION.  
ENTER NOW



Was Prince Philip right when he lashed out at sagging British breasts? Have they lost prominence since the War? London OZ means to show the Duke he's blind. Help us put the British breast back where it belongs. You could win £20 and have your bust immortalised over a double page OZ pin-up. (INTERNATIONAL COMPETITORS ARE ALSO WELCOME.)

Send in two photos of your breasts: (1) Profile; (2) full face; no other part of the body need be included. Send your name (or pseudonym) plus a self-addressed envelope to: London OZ Competition, 70 Clarendon Road, London, W11.

Some correspondence might be entered into.

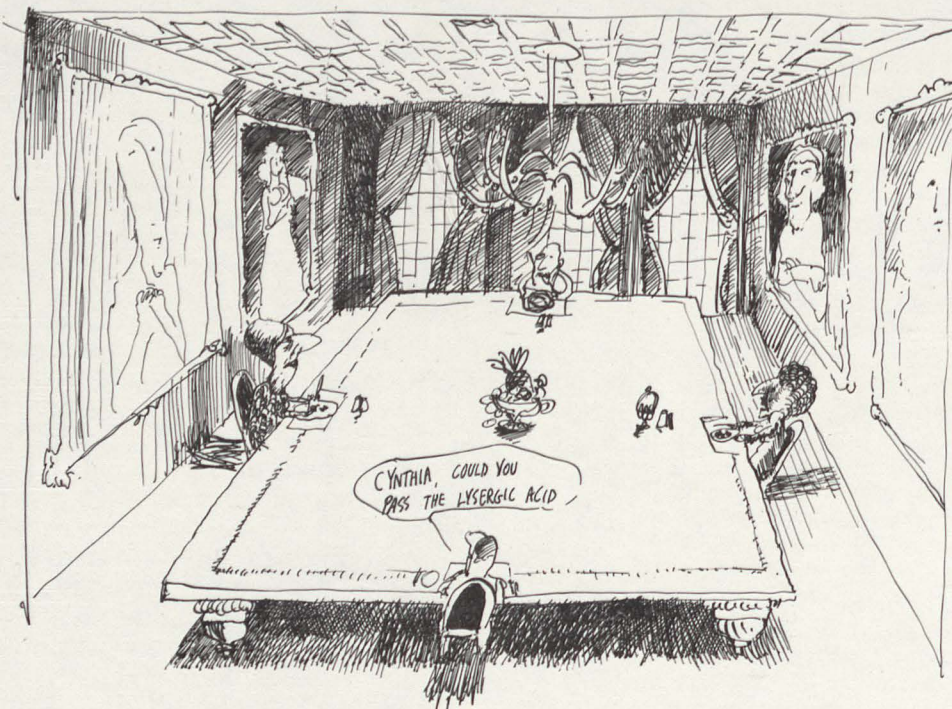
P.S. IF YOU HAVE NO SUITABLE PHOTOGRAPHER PLEASE RING OUR PHOTOGRAPHER, BOB WHITAKER - FLA 8878 FOR A FREE APPOINTMENT.





The Brain Report was all right so far as it went. The legislation to be brought in before the present sessions are over, will undoubtedly comfort a number of the people involved with drug addiction—none more than the black-marketeers. This new legislation, dependent on the Brain Report for information, sees the roots of the recent rise in the incidence of addiction in the handful of doctors who over-prescribe. The naivety of such an interpretation is alarming; nevertheless the new legislation will take the prescription of heroin (for addicts) out of the hands of G.P.'s and put it into the hands of the New Treatment Centres. This really is as far as new legislation goes, except for the establishment of a standing committee on drug addiction.

What gives concern to those directly involved with the problems of addiction is how any governmental committee can permit such statements to appear in what is erroneously assumed to be an informed report. We quote: 'We are satisfied from our





enquiries of the Home Office, the Metropolitan Police and our witnesses that there is at present no evidence of any significant traffic, organized or otherwise, in dangerous drugs that have been stolen or smuggled into this country'. (**Brain Report '65**) The Brain Report is quite right in assuming that a number of so-called junkies, as yet unregistered, obtain their first supplies from registered addicts. Piccadilly Circus, will, until the new legislation is introduced, provide an open source of NHS heroin. The most well-known method (not for the shy) is to stand outside Boots, or if tired, to sit on the baskets situated just to the left of the entrance. Most of the young junkies are willing to sell and are easily identified by their ability to sleep in an upright position. One of the most amenable pushers is a blonde well-built American girl of 22 who collects her heroin every evening

between 6 and 7. 'I think your English Health Service is wonderful!' The usual routine is to follow her until she stands by the left-luggage lockers in Piccadilly Tube after 6 p.m. After a brief conversation she will sell heroin at 3/4d. a jack or £1 a grain. This has been the standard price for some time; such heroin is good unadulterated NHS heroin. Precisely how many heroin users purchase supplies in this way is difficult to assess, but on one Friday evening 34 non-registered junkies were seen to

purchase or to attempt to purchase heroin within a period of two hours. If this were the only, or even the chief, source of supply, the innane mumbblings of Sergeant Arthur Kilner of Scotland Yard's Dangerous Drugs' department, who said on January 29th, 1967, that the National Health Service was

fulfilling the role of Mafia in other countries by supplying drug addicts with their needs' might be worthy of some attention; and the new prescription control might have some chance of dealing with illicit trafficking. Unhappily, though this may be the most obvious, it is already perhaps one of the more insignificant sources of supplies.

Trafficking in amphetamines has long been widespread in the West End; it is virtually impossible to find a teenager dancing in a West End club who hasn't pilled up beforehand; blues (drynamil) sell at 1/3d. each, and can be purchased by the 1,000, but are normally bought in 5's, 10's, 20's, 50's and 100's.

Although technically 'mild stimulants', when taken in overdoses the comedown is unpleasant, and when taken in overdoses continuously a much more intense and powerful drug is often sought in order to avoid this very unpleasant comedown. Pushers of pills are often young and unintelligent, frequently blocking themselves before they try to block anyone else. Two such pushers are Paul and Cliff; both are 21. Both own their own 66 Zephyrs; their sole source of income is their drug pushing. Their joint income is between £200 and £400 per week, of

which they pass a third to their boss, whom they refer to as Big Syd. They work with two West Indians, whom they employ full-time as a protective measure and with whom they share a 20-guinea-a-week set of rooms in Chelmsford.

Starting their work at the Marquee club they sell to a market of 13-year-old mods; after a meal they move into the clubs around **Greek Street**; then to a stand just outside **Tiffany's** at about 1 in the morning. When necessary they work a pitch in the **Lyons' Cafes** around Trafalgar Square; if on Sunday morning they have

any pills remaining, they move into **Chelsea** where apparently tired debs are always a ready market. In conversation with one reporter as to the origin of the amphetamine, they said that some of their pills were knocked off, but most came as a regular supply through London docks—they weren't sure where, but 'Big Syd looks after that end'. In one week-end they never sell less than 3,000 pills and sometimes in excess of 6,000, undercutting other pushers by selling at 1/— each. The only other market they have is for hash which, for a good roll, they sell at about 3/— to 5/— a joint. It is this sort of trading that began exploiting the market for a stimulant drug lying open in the all-night clubs in Soho. But this has been taken over by another, more threatening kind of trading.

Chris is one such pusher, 5' 8" tall and about 35 years old. He prefers the cafes and standing around to entering the clubs. He carries with him (and offered me) amphetamines, barbiturates, heroin, cocaine, methadryne; the barbiturates were all tuinal, a combination of seconal and sodium amytal; the heroin was

powdered, which is significant, because the heroin obtained by registered drug addicts is in pill form; but again this does not lend any weight to any suggestion that there is any organized traffic. One ex-junky obtained all his heroin from his own pushing of heroin; he worked for Ken Collins (now serving time) who he claimed to be boss of most men whose names were linked, perhaps erroneously, with the distribution of drugs in Soho—Big Syd, Big Dave (a front), Jimmy McIntyre, Sigi and Babe; the heroin that this boy pushed was again in powdered form, was collected through the East India dock and was of Italian origin (on analysis); he sold regularly to about 100 non-registered heroin users and alone sold about 500 grains a week—again at £1 per grain; but sees the price already rising sometimes up to £5 per grain. When these prices are too high, Notting Hill and Kilburn are resorted to, or the numerous cafes in the Back Lane area of the East End have always been an excellent source.

While drugs of most kinds can be purchased easily in the majority of clubs, a certain score can be marked up on **The Duke of York** (not very fashionable with mods), now taken over from **Finches** as the 'in' scene; pot is available, but also police (who seem to spend their time searching the young drifters for this relatively innocuous intoxicant).

**Tiles**, Oxford Street—often has more pushers than dancers.

**The Angel**, Islington, is good for heroin and cocaine at £1 to £1 10s. per grain, and pot, but it is a bit out of the way. (L.S.D. 30/— a trip—Czech manufacture).

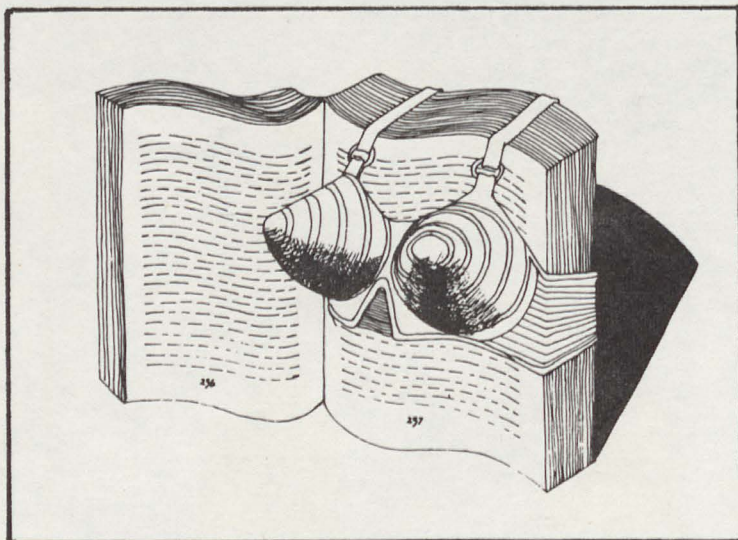
**Marquee** has pills a-plenty; but for anything at all—heroin (£1 to £3 per grain), coke, meths (5/— an ampule), amphetamines, barbiturates—the **Casino**. Wardour Mews is the place to go, and maybe you can brush shoulders with many of those directly involved with trading. Prices are rising, but that's the price we have to pay for organized drug trafficking, so buy now!

Drugs were purchased by one American Sociologist in each of the clubs named above in one evening.



# Metamorphoses

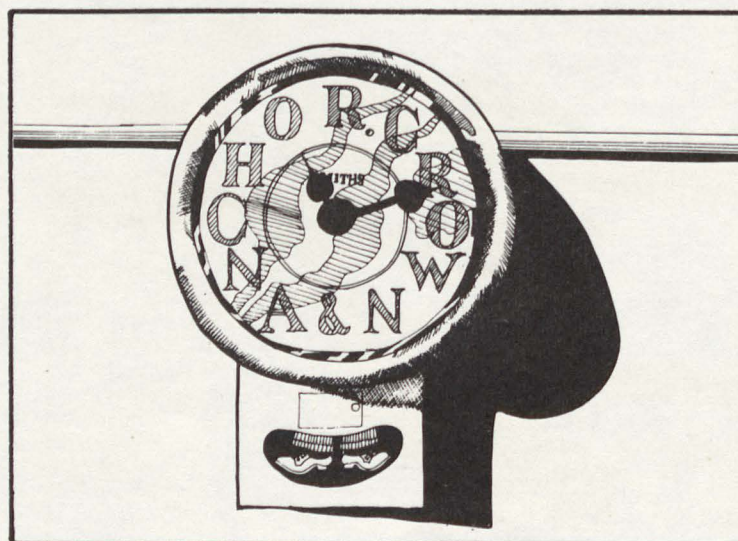
Jocelyn Brouha,  
Wykhamist Accounts Executive,  
deviser of award-winning bra  
campaigns  
and originator of the slogan 'Tat for Tit',  
is reconstituted as page 257  
of the Penguin Edition  
of the Annotated Elinor Glyn.



Christopher Columbus,  
for turning back at landfall  
Hispaniola,  
in reward for not discovering America  
is elected Pope Urban XIX  
and publishes the first  
bull on contraception  
'De temporibus tutis'.



Martin Seymour-Smith  
by a costive diet of integrity,  
a perilous run of rule-breaking  
and through extravagant  
over exposure to the demands of  
friendship  
is turned into a Soho pub clock  
and forced to show  
closing time for ever.





# by Peter Porter



Simon Puer  
while chatting up a critic  
at the Festival Hall bar  
sees himself fade  
to a smile on the face  
of Alexander Goehr.



En route to the Out Patients Dept.,  
a scorching article  
on five elder poets in his pocket  
under his favourite pseudonym,  
Ian Hamilton  
is side-tracked to Madame Tussaud's  
and melted down  
for their new tableau  
'The Suicide of Hart Crane'.



Playing the first of the '48  
on his Bermondsey gas pipe  
didgeree-du, Wolfe Morris  
becomes 'The Wanderer's Pozzie'  
motel at Surfer's Paradise  
on the Gold coast near Brisbane,  
Queensland, Australia.



No fearful indignation lacerates the heart of Malcolm Muggeridge, so far as I can see, but then, he is not exiled like poor Swift, buried in the provincial hell of Dublin, but indulged, heard and forgotten as fast as the Epilogue. A pity, because he has more to say than all the mumbling prelates and incompetent satirists in England—and a great band of them there are too. He is the most irritating man in England and the least loved after Harold Wilson.

He is not above farting while on the phone to eminent people, or using what is called filthy language by way of emphasis, or to comment on the character of other eminent people, and is vain enough to keep a particularly unfortunate bust of himself stored amongst his books. These and other things I discovered last week after trudging through a mile-and-a-half of mud, carrying a decrepit and uncertain tape-recorder to his house in Sussex through the most sodden landscape I have ever seen.

I asked him questions from the viewpoint of a world-improver, an attitude he has long since given up, and he was pleasant enough to keep his amusement reasonably well hidden. Why, I began, do you so strenuously object to the twentieth century?

The whole essence of my view of life, he said, is that I intensely dislike the way the world is going. Putting it in its simplest terms, the world is going in the direction of what is called the American way of life. This is what everyone wants and what the whole world is going to have, even the communist countries.

What's wrong with giving people cars and television and too much food?

It's not the higher standard of living itself. It's the method whereby it is achieved and sustained that makes people's lives spiritually less rich, the method being primarily to subordinate everything to production, to accept this mysterious thing the gross national product as a sort of deity and then to build up this terrible structure of advertising and mass communication to ensure that the pot is kept boiling.

True, but might it not free people from the nasty business of having to work all day?

Oh I approve of that, but it might not. It depends how they use it. There is a great fallacy of our time, that if you can raise the standard of life or even the standard of education, you automatically enrich people's lives. Not so. The most barren and wretched place in the world I've ever visited is California, which also happens to have the highest standard of life and education. Yet all the reformers and people like that at their international conferences always assume that if only you could give say, Africa, the standard of life prevailing in California, it would be a great thing.

Technology doesn't make it easier to read books, listen to music, look at paintings?

Depends whether you use it for that purpose. It makes it easier to print things, but what are you printing? When I see what's put on a typical bookstall in America or, for that matter, here, I wish printing had never been invented.

But that's only filling empty minds with rubbish which would in any case be filled with rubbish, or remain empty. Surely in the last century minds were filled with rubbish too?

It's possibly true. My feelings about this century has nothing to do with other centuries. I'm not saying the middle ages were marvellous or the nineteenth century was marvellous, simply that I see in the world a certain way of life which is increasingly held up and accepted by my fellows as the aim and object of living, and it is obnoxious. There never was a golden

age or ever could be. I take the Christian view that man is bound at all times to make a mess-up of things. He is bound to be unhappy because he is a creature who can conceive perfection but is intrinsically imperfect. His comfort lies in relation to circumstances which are greater than the circumstances of his life. Insofar as he can look beyond the circumstances of his life, there is his comfort, his joy, his greatness. He tries to understand. Pascal says the greatness of man is a simple thing: he is so made that he tries to understand.

That reminds me of Shaw recommending



that evolution proceed to the point that men achieve supreme ecstasy by walking around thinking about mathematics.

I don't object to that.

Isn't it a rather impractical proposal for the great mass of mankind?

Certainly, and therefore was typical of Shaw. But what is not impractical is to see that, whatever sort of mess-up human beings make, and I'm quite sure will always continue to make, and however ignoble many of their pursuits may be (war, affluence) still there will be in them this passion to understand, and that will never desert them and can never be destroyed.

You wrote an article in 'Playboy' this December that the twentieth century has distinguished itself by producing not a single work of art of lasting value. Not even from Joyce or Yeats or Proust or Stravinsky or Shostakovich or Britten?

The point, really, was that in the twentieth century human genius had gone into what is called science rather than into imaginative pursuits such as writing or architecture. Neither Proust nor Joyce are writers I would be quite as adulatory towards as is the present fashion, but neither they nor Joyce are really twentieth century. The twentieth century is D. H. Lawrence, Dylan Thomas (a most minor, tenth-rate poet), T. S. Eliot, Ezra Pound. I don't know enough about music to pronounce about it, but I suspect, for instance, Britten is not as good as Beethoven. I have a feeling that it might be so.

I will agree with you he continued benignly, possibly feeling he had been a little unkind, since you are a nice young man, that that sentence was an exaggerated sentence, but it contains a truth in it and that is that it is very difficult to think of any artistic achievement of this century that you could put in a major class. There's no novel written that you could even think of in the same breath (sic) as say, Tolstoy.

We had got tired of literature, so talked about sex. Muggeridge is not supposed to approve of sex, and yet he had written: "There is nothing serious under the sun except love; of one's fellow mortals and of God. All is ridiculous save ecstasy" without excluding sexual ecstasy, which is the most most of us are capable of. He said sexual ecstasy was ecstasy in his sense of the word only when it was accompanied by great love. "All the mystics are unanimous on the point that men can find ecstasy only through escape from the self. Love produces ecstasy, but sex does not if it is the pursuit of personal physical satisfaction." I wanted to know why he disapproved of the famous set of experiments done by Masters and Johnson with glass penises and what-have-you in the interests of those who found sex less than it is described in D. H. Lawrence and 'Playboy'. What was the harm of it if it helped people amuse themselves? The trouble with it, he said, apart from the fact it was ludicrous and absurd, was that there were no sexual problems you could solve with science. "It's absurd to regard the sexual act as something that can be perfected physically. The scientific interest in it is no less morbid than the pornographic interest in it. I strongly suspect all of society is moving in the direction of masturbation and all literature in the direction of what they called in the Weimar Republic, 'one-handed literature'."

The exploiting classes undoubtedly used religion to keep people quiet, and it was a blasphemy and corruption of religion, but I think today they're more inclined to use sex, and it's a great and wicked corruption of sex. If you stupify people's minds with eroticism



they won't question things. An idiot mind, drooling over a Playmate in the middle of 'Playboy' is much less likely to worry about what's happening in Vietnam than otherwise.

*Maybe, I said, having ambitions myself to contribute to 'Playboy', but aren't they innocently employed?*

No, said Muggeridge, this sort of thing cuts them off from a satisfactory fulfilment of sex. To me it's pathetic. It's a debasement of sex that is utterly abhorrent.

*Do you mind being called a puritan?*

In the sense that the word is used pejoratively, which is of someone who avoids involvement in sensuality for reasons of prudence. Now that I'm old, I want to avoid involvement in sensuality because I consider that thereby one's mind is released for other pursuits.

*Have you wasted time on sensuality?*

No, I don't think it's wasted because I don't think that's a thing any mortal man can ever really decide about—what is wasted and what's not. I have a very strong feeling that if we ever understand all of this we shall see that nothing is wasted. All forms of human experience contribute to fulfilling whatever we are here for.

*Have you any programme at all for the improvement of humanity?*

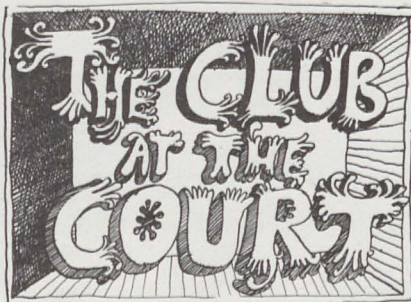
None. All collective schemes for the betterment of man have been disastrous.

*Have you then just settled down to laugh at folly and occasionally fling ink pellets at men who still imagine there is something to be done to improve things?*

That is a just criticism, and I think at times I have been guilty of that, but I'd like to think it doesn't represent the whole effort one's made. I don't think, either, that my ridiculing, which was necessary, was any more negative, to name a great maestro, than Swift's. Certainly no writer could be more conscious than I am that I haven't done as much as I could have.

*I agreed, and mentioned that I could not see any great difference in potential, reading his work, enjoying his language and intelligence, between himself, Shaw and Voltaire. To his credit (I cannot stand the English habit of hypocrisy), neither could he. When I suggested that, possibly, he too was a victim of the twentieth century he dislikes so much, he agreed it was possible, since this is not an age to encourage dedication to an art and it is one to encourage journalists, witness his own efforts. Shaw, he mentioned, was no less a journalist than he, with the difference that Shaw had chosen the stage to parade his opinions and make his money. He preferred television. Muggeridge and I disagreed over Shaw, but not, I think, over Muggeridge, whom I consider a great journalist and the sanest man I have met. He may have taken his detachment to the point that he does not object to the idea of our all being incinerated tomorrow, but then there is nothing he or any other sane man can do to stave off incineration, if we are going to be incinerated, because sane men are not put in charge of governments or bombs.*

*Muggeridge's greatest usefulness is that, in this credulous age, when we will believe in anything except God and selflessness, he can take our minds for a while off the tedious and futile business of trying to improve humanity, and have us spend some little time improving our own spiritual condition. He would not have anyone cease opposing wickedness, but he would advise us to cease trying to impose "good" on humanity in the form of politically or culturally virtuous systems. Virtue institutionalised is in effect purely wicked, and revolutions have a way of revolving.*



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A WORK OF ART

Sin whispers and is dark and secret. It is wicked, but it has an underground thrill. It comes at night, insinuating intimately. I have an iron cot, with a moveable side that goes up and down. I can reach my hand through the bars and stroke the flamboyant birds trailing over the wall-paper. At night, though, in the homely silence when the nightblinds are drawn, but the world is awake outside, I make my own patterns.

This is the sin. This is the most forbidden thing. I would die of shame to admit it.

I pick my nose. I pick it under the covers like a thief with stolen loot, wrestling absordedly and guiltily, and put it onto the wall below the line of the cot, where it can't be seen. I am making a great pattern, each one spaced so. I am glad, like a diligent workman when I get a big wieldy one. The pattern is rounding out. It is a great circle, designed like heavenly bodies, none to collide or unbalance the mystical whole. Nobody knows. And when my little sister picks her nose I shame her out of it. I call her a pig in terrible outrage and make her get a cloth and wipe it off. 'Kiki I Kiki!' I say in disgust, watching her virtuously. All the time my pattern grows.

But soon we are to leave the hotel, and fear strikes me like an underground tremor. I go cold at the thought of discovery. But I cannot believe they will find me out. How can they know what material covers the wall so beautifully in that great design?

One day I come in and see their hanging faces. Ah. The Day. The Storm. I slide around.

'Did you do that?' the enormous hard horselike face of the landlady says.

'No.'

'What is it?' Grief, wrath, and outrage in her voice. Her huge impotent body. The thing is done. What can she do?

'I don't know.'

'What is it?'

'I don't know.'

'Betty,' my mother says, looking me in the eye — to show the dire eternal consequences of an untruth — 'Did you do that on the wall?'

'No.' I say. I lower my head. I am dying of shame. I am scarlet with revealed intimacies. My privacy violated. But even in my shame I have a soft exultant joy. I did it all. I did it!

And there is nothing they can do! It is on the wall and they cannot undo the deed.

They could make me wash it off.

But I won't admit I did it.

Sin! Sin! Terrible, shameful and sweet. Such tender ardent work despoiled and despised! The sin of its conception. I trembled guiltily on my legs, my lying eyes were slits.

But I walked out into the sun. I went to the dandelion place. 'I am good. I am good.' The dandelions said Yes. All was yellow sun. The day. The bright yellowness. The dandelions said I was good. I was good. Day and night were apart. My day was like the sun. A yellow dandelion. It is twenty years ago. But I still cannot walk by that old hotel. I feel a vague guilt, even forgetting. I see the huge stone outraged face peering at me through the menacing lace curtains.

Elizabeth Smart.

# No, Sir, when a man is tired of London, he is tired of



DAVID WIDGERY

Living in London is like trying to set up home on the pendulum of a clock telling the wrong time. London life is about as exciting as the Eurovision Song Contest . . . as regards significant living experience the average glass of water has got more to get your teeth into. The objects are all right still; St Pancras Library is still running its legendary book amnesty, the old men still fly kites in Hyde Park on Sundays, gold top milk is good as is Benoir Bulka's game pate, there are still some bookstands where you can't buy International Times, there's a shop in Old Compton St. where you can change your name to Mick Jagger by deed of poll. There are still *things* to stay around for: Penguin Classics, Dinky Toys, The British Medical Journal, the 11 o'clock news on the Third, jumping up and down on tightly coiled copies of the 'Observer' on Sundays, Cadbury's Fruit and Nut advertisements.

But on the whole the place is horrible and this is due to the people. There are far too many Australians. The Incredible Love Generation is completely wrapped up with glittering their beautiful eyes at each other to show how great the cold unpleasant Round House really is—spend far too much time getting high and getting nowhere. The tender sexy warm new things don't even notice the vast pyramid of crap we are heaping on ourselves in aid of self liberation or adult movies or something. God help the new thing if it's IT and the Friday night strobes . . . they make me think of the oesophagus of a man who has lived all his life on 10c. hamburgers and pasteurised milk.

The rich old hippies are substantially worse though. There's always been an overfed, overblown appendix of society who lapse into semi-permanent excess. But this lot expect you to take boutique society as an art form as well and between one pull of the forelock and the next, we are supposed to draw brief inspiration from their antics. The incredible pace of Sybilla society is really about as interesting as an 'Evening Standard' lunchtime leader. It's the 'who's for tennis' people now gossiping about their trips but still with the servant problem and the bad-tempered sports car and their mothers' drugs. They're all as dead as Tara Browne. The women have hearts as hard as pecan crunch bars and gossip in the clubs like a seaside sales conference. They are like an Autumn Tints Coach Tour, all yellow and falling down. All their parties are the same one, built out of the same pieces of Meccano. Inside them the same handy units, pretty boys punching their stomachs and eating floor polish, everywhere the Stones and pointless flared-up eyes. The pecan girl is high now, hears nought voices on the roof; it's only the hat burglars stealing overcoats. Then if it's an upper class of party someone overdoses, a 'head' from Golden Beach . . . kicks in the record player and

everyone goes off for a gas oven, waking up in different rooms to the same formica morning. *This* is the Wipeout Gang operating their Insanity Factory.

What's worse—the Factory is the people sent by 'Time' and 'Life' to look for it. American boys trying to grow out of their haircut, always reading the menu from outside and telling the identical story about a panty raid or a trip or something that was broken up by the House Sister. There are wistful girls in almanacks and gaberdine hair who walk around Old Compton Street in threes wanting to be picked up. They are as sexy as Chapter 3 of The Group and as unhappy as doctored cats (who are very happy). Everyone is cheated. French men shaking their fists at Dolls from the outside. Italian ladies being fiddled on the change. Americans from places like Ohio in Renta Cars picking up bleached boys outside of Piccadilly Underground station, who when they come through want money for their prescriptions. Danish girls secretly being sold herbal cigarettes. London's a big hoax, luv. We have got acclimatised to the lies, but you ought to be bitter about them. Bitter like the old 'Confidential' headlines, "Rubirosa was fizzle in bed Latin Beauty says".

In fact, once upon a time there was a swinging Britain—before this Golden Book of Reptiles. The time when London was really zinging was when the Bulge Babies were in school, reading 'Tit Bits' in the back of the class with NHS specs and Sellotape. 'Chalky' taught us long division and to keep our bowels open and our traps shut. We played Dan Dare on the building sites where no one dared to build, with the Mekon as green as a processed pea. Rock Around the Clock was banned throughout Warwickshire. Time and Life's London Bureau didn't notice us then, in the High Street billiards saloons with our duck's arse haircut and Warner Bros. hip talk, always planning world trips on unmuffled Harley Davidsons. On Saturdays watching the birds go past with layers of bouncy petticoats meant to show like that and bouffant sticky hair and everyone looking like a Giles cartoon. The old man remembering El Alamein, when really he spent his war singing dirty songs in the shelters and making lighters in the Spitfire factories and fortunes on vacuum cleaner spares. Thank the Lord for the lads flogging left-handed nylons on bomb sites and smashing up cinema seats for Bill Haley and bunching sports cars on the bikes and ripping the roofs off. This was real, in the abrasive world where people travel in second-class trains to Slough and put cash in the Coop Xmas Box and buy Batchelors records and don't even know about the Psychedelic Revolution.

It hasn't stopped because some American journalist has discovered debts kneecaps. So Wipeout Gang you better start to build bigger and better Borstals, you're going to need them.



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"As he tramped along gaily, he thought of his adventures and his escapes, and how when things seemed at their worst he had always managed to find a way out; and his pride and conceit began to swell within him. 'Ho, ho!' he said to himself as he marched along with his chin in the air, 'what a clever Toad I am! There is surely no animal equal to me for cleverness in the whole world!'

"I am, unfortunately, born into a Toad family, but immediately I became Head Toad I am able to abandon its tiresome principles."

"I am the only Toad bold enough to use old-fashioned Weasel economics to save managers and hurt working Toads."

Toad began to giggle, and from giggling he took to laughing, and he laughed till he had to sit under a hedge.

Now he thought about the famous forest market—and how once an important Weasel tried to lead all the river people to it but went astray.

"But I'll do it," laughed Toad, "or if I fail I'll tell everyone that the Frogs stopped us."

"Ho, ho!" he cried, in ecstasies of self admiration. "Toad again! Toad, as usual comes out on top."

"And what about the grown-up animals?" laughed Toad.

"I stop telling on the naughty eagle, and he gives us food. I invite the clumsy bear to dinner and he wants to be my best friend."

"Ho! ho! I am the Toad, the handsome, the popular, the successful Toad!" He got so puffed up with conceit that he made up a song as he walked, in praise of himself, and sang it at the top of his voice, though there was no one to hear it but him. It was perhaps the most conceited song that any animal ever composed.

"The world has held great Heroes, As history books have showed; But never a name to avoid all blame Like that of Wilson Toad!"

"The clever men at Oxford Know all there is to be known. But none of them know half as much As intelligent Wilson Toad!"

"At number 10, the Cabinet sat, Abuse in torrents flowed But who un-ruffled, simply re-shuffled? Why! The dexterous Wilson Toad!"

"Oh, when the Government's ratings slump, And Party morale's down There's a jolly handy scapegoat In bumbling Badger Brown."

"The Queen and her Ladies-in-Waiting Sat at the window and sewed She cried, 'Look! Who's that fat little man?'"

They answered, "Wilson Toad!"



# MARCH

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8	9	10	11	12	13	14	
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	
29	30	31					





# It's out of the closet

Nature boy: "Where have all the poppies gone?" Sniffed by DONOVAN, every one.

