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Richard Neville
Editor

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OZ 3

Description

Editor: Richard Neville. Assistant Editor: Paul Lawson. Business Manager: Peter Ledeboer. Design: Jon Goodchild. Photography: Robert Whitaker. Art: Martin Sharp. Contributors, Etc: Andrew Fisher, David Reynolds & Louise. London OZ is published by OZ Publications Ink Limited, 40 Anhalt Road, London, W.11.

Content: Mona Lisa cover. Mike McInney cartoon/article. Merry Pranksters and Acid Tests. Timothy Leary *Playboy* interview. Will the real Frodo Baggins please stand up? 2 page naked girl sitting on toilet/parliament. An address to politicians-pop-drugs. Protest Postcards to politicians. Colin MacInnes 'In Praise of Ugliness'. Yoko Ono film protest. 3 page Martin Sharp foldout What Beautiful Eyes She Has with Revlon Invents Wet Lipstick on the reverse.

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.

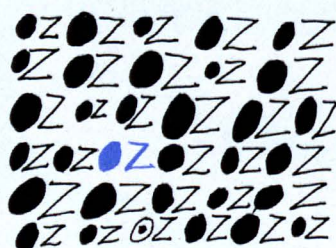
WE ARE WATCHING
BIG BROTHER

LOVE ME IN AN
UGLY
FAILURE

WHAT MAKES HIPPIES HAPPEN ON THE PSCHYEDELIC BUS?

MARTIN

SHARP



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Deputy Editor: Paul Lawson
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Beautiful Breast competition. There's still time to send profile and full face photos of a handsome set and win £20.

Meanwhile, entries pour in. So far received: 1 pair of male bottoms, 1 rubber falsie, 2 sets of breasts (our semi-finalists printed below) and 7 giggling phone calls. The winning breasts will be spread over a double page in OZ 4.

Best way to fight the tiresome square backlash is to support IT's defence appeal. Cheques to Freedom of Speech Benefit, 102 Southampton Row, WC1. Similar support should be offered to Calder and Boyars Ltd, publishers of *Last Exit to Brooklyn*—despite a petulant indictment of his publishing methods on page 11, penned by a well known Calder author.

This OZ blazes away at politicians in an irresponsible fit of bad temper. It includes three 'Instant Protest' post-cards to send to your favourite hypocrites. Post early for Christmas. (We'll publish any replies).

We care, dear reader, we care for your warts, spots, unsightly blemishes, superfluous hairs, embarrassing odours . . . for the young executive on his way down, the flops, the failures, the losers; hence Ugliness and Failure p 00 to p 00.

Our *In Bed with the English* girl, Germaine, has not yet filed a

report of her rendezvous with challenger Rod C B Lake. Like a detailed and hilarious *In Bed with the Americans* it appears next issue.

letters

Dear Sir,
 Your correspondent on *Swinging London*, as we call it, has got it all wrong. He represents what one might call the third reaction to the phenomenon: one which could be described as coming from the miss-outs; except that patently, having contributed to your magazine, he is not himself a miss-out.
 Sure, Time—Life did a massive injustice to the UK scene when they coined that phrase *Swinging London*—it imposed on the city an image which simply didn't fit. If the scene is nothing but Sibylla's, strobes, and The Incredible Love Generation, then, yes he's right. London is about as exciting as the Eurovision Song Contest. More to the point, if this were in fact true, then you could get the same sort of excitement in Paris, Brussels, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Bradford and I suppose even Sydney, NSW. The fact that remains is that Paris, Brussels, etc., are *not* the same, and that's not just because they were built by a different set of architects. The atmosphere in London at this time is different; the cultural environment here is unique. *Not only* can you get pot at [redacted] (as you have been able to do these ten years), *but also* . . .

(1) David Bailey, in his 20s, is earning more than Cecil Beaton ever did as a photographer.
 (2) Peter Watkins, in his 20s, is making better films than Cecil B. de Mille ever made. And these films are being shown to the public at a modest profit.
 (3) Mary Quant, to take an archetypal example, and four hundred other original dress designers and fashion buyers and clothes retailers, are making more money each than Balenciaga ever did in the rag trade. And they are selling attractive clothes to everyone who can wear them for pocket money prices. Which is more than you could ever say for Balenciaga, Dior, Chanel, etc.
 (4) Clive Rees, in his 20s, directs television commercials for multi-million pound spending advertisers, and owns one of the top ten television commercial production companies in London. Rosser Reeves was 50 before anybody knew who he was, and David Ogilvy's advertising ideas were formulated before the war.
 (5) Ken Loach, in his 20s, directed three television plays which made more impact on this country in any sense than the sum total of every movie made

before 1950.

(7) Michael Peacock, in his 30s, is responsible for the entire programme output of BBC1. Say what you will about BBC1 (and I notice that you already have) Peacock has done more good for the Corp in three or four years than John Reith did in twenty.

(8) Ronan O'Rahilly, in his 20s, has changed the face of British broadcasting for ever, and runs a million-pound business into the bargain.

(9) Etcetera.

The fact that people like yourself have managed to get London OZ, not to mention Aussie Oz, under way, goes to demonstrate that for the first time anywhere young people, in the prime of their talents, have had a proper chance to make their impressions on culture, business and commerce while they are still young, and before they are battered into conformity by their elders. Sibylla's, and all the rest, are just by-products of this environment, and don't matter two hoots. What does matter is that business, social, and leisure services and products are being provided more and more by young people and less and less by old people. The young are getting richer and the old are getting older. That's as it should be, and unless you recognise it your magazine is going to have a problem. Because you're either on the side of the swingers or you're dead.

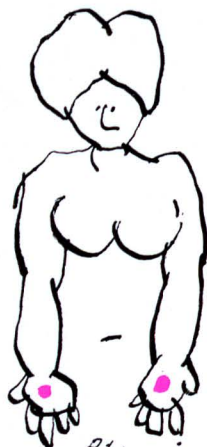
Sincerely,

Rod Allen
 Television Mail
 31 George Street
 London W7

Dear Sir,

I would enter your Beautiful Breasts Competition except that the current taste for an overblown, cleft shelf of bulging, fat bobbies makes girls like me with swinging, separated breasts surmounted with ripe, red tits feel unfashionable. Too many men (and women) think a double handful with a droopy, pale, insignificant dug is desirable.

A few years of being torturously strapped down in the sort of contraption Germaine describes ruins both the natural elasticity and bounce of the breasts and deadens the nipples' reaction to stimulation. I, too, am tired of dykey salesladies who maliciously shove my soft boobs into hard, unnatural shapes—probably because nobody wants to play with their own ugly, uninteresting protruberances. I bet you find your competition winner wears a bra only because prudish people around are frightened by their sexual reaction to shapely nipples on free-moving breasts. If she is one of those pneumatically swollen types, I shall lose faith in the honesty



SEMI FINALISTS



of OZ.

By the way, now you have started truthful beauty contests, don't just cling to stimulating, tasteful and soft tits. How about a real male beauty contest (not Charles Atlas poovy nonsense) for the most palpably provocative prick—according to dimension, colouring and manoeuvrability?

Keep up the good work.

Brenda Breustom (Mrs)
London SW19

Dear Mr. Competition Editor,

Hi—what about us British boys? Don't you think our nice tight bottoms ought to be "immortalised over a double page of OZ"? We do. Equal rights for males!

Anyway here's my entry for when you come to your sense and run a comp. for us.



Yours sincerely,

Larry,
London NW8

Dear Sir,

Malcolm Muggeridge is tired. He is tired of our masters. He is tired of our slaves. He is tired of us. I am tired of him. His magazine pieces are skilful, and can be entertaining. In writing about his experiences in British espionage, writing where he chose to inform, he was a genuine treat. But so often his journalism decries journalism. Too often we buy magazines to find him sneering at us for doing so. I have seen him on television. The paradox is only possible because he does not mount a concerted campaign, he does not debate. He does not expose; he peeps. His criticisms can not be pursued to any result, his anathema is not seriously meant to be effected. This is cheating. His speciality is the successive application of mud, thin layers caking as he scrabbles for the next clawful. It is like constructing an ode, or the expert's stroking of a cat. Piss-on-you is the strong basic drive still left to him. The unsatisfactoriness of God is balanced by MM's contempt for atheists. Our capitalism revolts him; their socialism he finds unthinkable. There is much,

indeed, that he finds unthinkable; in general, anything not obviously shameful.

His acidulation, his wit, his pitilessness might enrich us if we could get a book out of him. Writing a good book is harder than going on television and poking borak at everything in sight, but if you write a good book people take more notice. Muggeridge may not live much longer; I guess his digestive system is a perpetual rack, and if there is any sincerity behind all that babbling despair we must be prepared for his suicide.

We cannot afford to let him fritter his talent away in pieces and glimpses. A 12-month ban by all the mass media might cork him enough to produce something worthwhile. A vicious long pamphlet, with well-

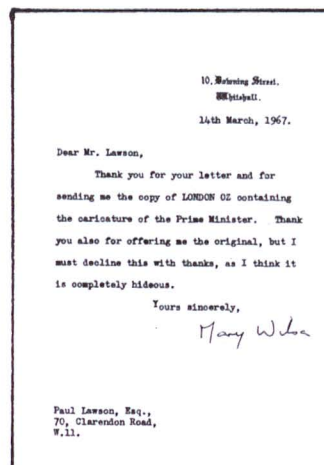
supported argument, on the evil of universal literacy, might well suit for subject.

The public display of this man's sharp mind has become so standard a performance that it is now a ceremony. By the end of each article, by the end of each programme, Muggeridge's target is nicely caked with dried mud. Its essence thoroughly disguised by his potter's hand, we are given a last look at in the round, now a distorted artifact. See, says MM, see you mortals, your idol is but a hunk of clay. And by that time it is. But by that time little Malcolm has been working so hard in the barnyard, a close look reveals that he himself has feet of shit. Contrariness can only get you so far, and that backwards. Muggeridge is too old and too bright to be our court jester. That aimless, confidence-ridden Kenneth Tynan once made the irrelevant plea that *Private Eye* should have a *point of view*. It would be good to see Muggeridge at least trying to find one. It would be good to see him exercising his intellect instead of merely flexing it. They gave him a part in the BBC *Alice*. He took an unpaid ad in the *New Statesman* to write about it. He said Lewis Carroll was a sick pervert, Peter Cook's Mad Hatter was 'too nice', Miller's competence as a director

is doubtful. Alice 'had no idea what acting meant', but he liked the movie. Maybe he's getting soft. It may be too late. Do you think perhaps he is soft? The black Dalek's heart and the puppets' jaw-twitch just a masquerade, like playing the Gryphon? This is really a man, a human being, in love with life? It is time he levelled with us. For your own sake, man, stop cheating. Do something you can be proud of.

Yours sincerely

Chester, Hampstead NW3



Dear Sir,

My biggest criticism is of OZ's self-consciousness. To print letters from businesses which refuse to advertise OZ or whatever shows a threadbare awareness of protocol and besides seems rather arrogant and narrow-minded. If a particular quarter does not like OZ then surely that is their privilege—and you are abusing that privilege; by printing these letters it is apparent that you feel in some way hurt and your criticism of the opinion motivating the refusal to advertise is implicit. I don't think you can fight narrow-mindedness from a similar position.

The drugs article in March OZ I thought very good, with one

exception. What about some editorial responsibility, both for your own protection and others? Subtle editing could I think have neutralised the tone of the article—but perhaps I mistake your intention: maybe you condone the drug scene. (I don't object, I might add, to the right to take drugs if you feel too weak to deal with life as it is.)

Yours sincerely,

Peter Leech,
27 de Crespigny Park
London SE5

Dear Sir,

Colin MacInnes's misinterpretation of a West Indian four-letter word in February OZ points up the pitfalls of being a PRO to a group from a different environment with unfamiliar idiom.

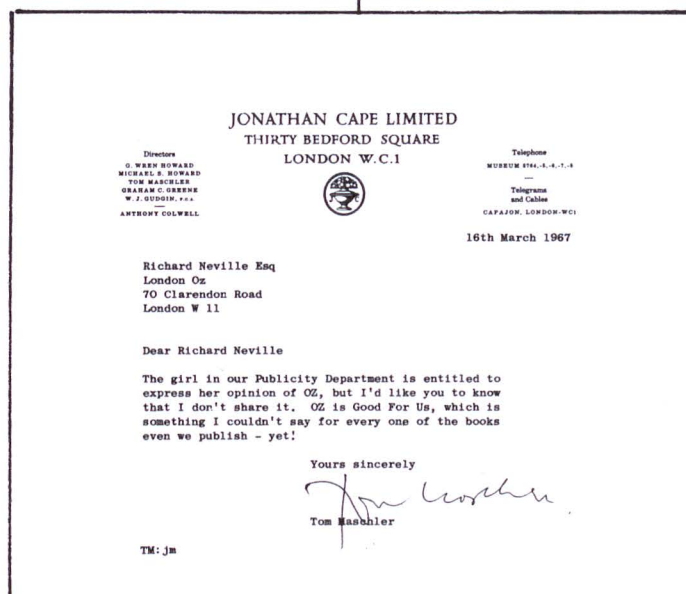
I would not venture to suggest the usage of the word 'Raas' in the vulgar currency of the other West Indian islands outside of Jamaica where 'Raas' is the local corruption of the English, or British, 'Your arse', hence 'You Raas', and is interpreted similarly regardless of gender.

MacInnes's interpretation is applicable only in the adjectival form 'Raas-Cloth' which is humorously said to be the most authentic and identifiable password among Jamaicans abroad.

Yours sincerely,

P Alexander
4 Grenville Road
London N19

After six months of wedded bliss, my wife and I, to celebrate the kiss which ratified the union a computer bound, gratefully pilgrimaged to Kingston, and found gay students in a one-room flat, picking fated names from a bowler hat.



TRIPPING &
SKIPPING THEY
SWIMMERLY
SPUR THE WONDER
FULL MUSIC WITH
SHOUTING &
BLIGHTER
RAMPAKTS BY
FROM WARREN HINKLES



WARREN HINKLES



An elderly school bus, painted like a flourescent Easter egg in orange, chartreuse, cerise, white, green, blue and, yes, black, was parked outside the solitary mountain cabin, which made it an easy guess that Ken Kesey, the novelist turned psychedelic Hotspur, was inside. So, of course, was Neal Cassady, the Tristram Shandy of the Beat Generation, Kerouac's *On The Road*, who had sworn off allegiance to menopausal and signed up as the driver of Kesey's fun & games bus, which is rumoured to run on LSD. Except for these notorious luminaries, the Summit Meeting of the Sierras during an early spring weekend last month, seemed a little like an Apalachin Mafia gathering without Joe Bananas.

Where was Allen Ginsberg, father goddam to generations of the underground? In New York, reading his poetry to freshmen. And where was Timothy Leary, self styled guru to tens or is it hundreds of thousands of turned on people? Off to some nowhere place like Stockton, to preach the gospel of Lysergic Acid Diethylamide to nice ladies in drip dry dresses.

The absence of the elder statesmen of America's synthetic gypsy movement meant something. It meant that leaders of the booming psychedelic bohemia in the seminal city of San Francisco were their own men, and strangely serious men indeed for hippies. Ginsberg and Leary may be Pied Pipers but they are largely playing old tunes. The young men who make the new scene accept an Elmer Gantry on their side, to be used for proselytizing squares only.

The mountain symposium has been called for the extraordinary purpose of discussing the political future of the hippies. Hippies are many things, but most prominently bearded and beaded inhabitants of San Francisco's Haight Ashbury area, a little psychedelic city state edging Golden Gate Park. There, in a daily street fair atmosphere, upwards of 15,000 unbonded girls and boys interact in a tribal, love seeking, free swinging, acid based type of society where, if you are a hippie and have a dime, you can put it in a parking meter and lie down in the street for an hour's suntan (30 minutes for a nickel) and most drivers will be careful not to run you over.

Speaking, sometimes all at once, inside the Sierra cabin were many voices of conscience and vision of Haight Ashbury—belonging to men who, except for their Raggedy Andy hair, paisley shirts and pre mod western Levi jackets, sounded for all the world like Young Republicans.

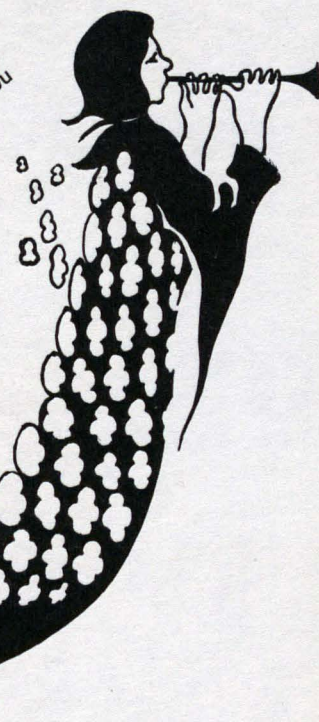
They talked about reducing government controls, the sanctity of the individual, the need for equality among men. They talked, very seriously, about the kind of society they wanted to live in, and the fact that if they go out and make it for themselves, because nobody, least of all the government, was going to do it for them.

The utopian sentiments of the hippies were not to be put down lightly. Hippies have a clear vision of the ideal community—a everyone is turned on and beautiful and loving and happy and floating free. But it is a vision that, despite the Alice in Wonderland phraseology hippies usually embody, radical political philosophy: communal life, drastic restriction of private property, rejection of violence, creativity before consumption, freedom before authority, de-emphasis of government and traditional forms of leadership.

Despite a disturbing tendency to quietism, all hippies *ipso facto* have a political posture—one of unremitting opposition to the Establishment which insists of branding them as criminals because they take LSD and they enjoy sleeping nine in a room and three to a bed, seem to have free sex and guiltless minds, and can raise healthy children in dirty clothes.

The hippie choice of weapons is to love the Establishment to death rather than protest it or blow it up (hippies possess a confounding disconcert about traditional political methods or issues). But they are decidedly and forever outside the Consensus on which US society places such a premium, and since the hippie scene is so much the scene of those people under 25 that Time magazine warns will soon constitute half the US population, this is a significant political fact.

This is all very solemn talk about people who like to skip rope and wear bright colours, but after spending some time with these fun and fey individuals you realize that, in a very unexpected way, they are as serious about what they're doing as the John Birch Society. It is not improbable, that after a few more mountain seminars by those purposeful young men wearing beards, that Haight Ashbury may spawn the first utopian collectivist community since Brook Farm.



Kesey a state visit were seven members of The Diggers, a radical organization even by Haight Ashbury standards, which exists to give things away, free. The Diggers started out giving out free food, free clothes, free lodging and free legal advice, and hope eventually to create a totally free co-operative community. They had come to ask Kesey to get serious and attend the weekend meeting on the state of the nation of the hippies.

The dialogue had hardly begun, however, before Kesey loaded all comers into the bus and pushed off into the dark to search for a nocturnal ice cream store. The bus, which may be the closest modern man has yet come to aping the self sufficiency of Captain Nemo's submarine, has its own power supply and is equipped with instruments for a full rock band, microphones, loudspeakers, spotlights and comfortable seats all round. The Pranksters are presently installing microphones every three feet on the bus walls so everybody can broadcast to everybody else all at once.

At the helm was the Intrepid Traveller, Ken Babbs, who is auxiliary chief of the Merry Pranksters when Kesey is out of town, or incommunicado, or in jail, all three of which he has recently been. Babbs, who is said to be the model for the heroes of both Kesey novels, *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* and *Sometime a Great Notion*, picked up a microphone to address the guests in the rear of the bus, like the driver of a London Monuments tour: "We are being followed by a police car. Will someone watch and tell me when he turns on his red light."

That US society finds it so difficult to take such rascally looking types seriously is no doubt the indication of a deep rooted hang up. But to comprehend the psychosis of America in the Computer Age, you have to know what's with the hippies.

Games people play, Merry Prankster Division

Let us go, then, on a trip. You can't miss the Tripmaster: the thick-necked lad in the blue and white striped pants with the red belt and the golden eagle buckle, a watershed of wasted promises in his pale blue eyes, one front tooth capped in patriotic red, white and blue, his hair downy, flaxen, straddling the incredibly wide divide of his forehead like two small toupees pasted on sideways. Ken Kesey, Heir Apparent Number One to the grand American tradition of blowing one's artistic talent to do some other thing, was sitting in a surprisingly comfortable chair inside the bus with the psychedelic crust, puffing absentmindedly on a harmonica.

The bus itself was ambulatory at about 50 miles an hour, jogging along a back road in sylvan Marin county, four loudspeakers turned all the way up, broadcasting both inside and outside Carl Orff's Carmina Burana and filled with two dozen people simultaneously smoking marijuana and looking for an open ice cream store. It was the Thursday night before the Summit Meeting weekend and Kesey, along with some men and members of the turned on yes men and women who call him "Chief" and whom he calls the "Merry Pranksters" in return, was demonstrating a "game" to a delegation of visiting hippie firemen.

Crossing North over the Golden Gate Bridge from San Francisco to Marin County to pay

The law was not unexpected of course because any cop who sees Kesey's bus just about has to follow it, would probably end up with some form of the game; the cop was he didn't. It is part of the game, and Kesey and his Pranksters were delighted. In fact, a discernible wave of disappointment swept across the bus when the cop gave up chasing this particular UFO and turned onto another road.

The games he plays are very important to Kesey. In many ways his intellectual rebellion has come full circle; he has long ago rejected the structured nature of society, the foolscap rings of success, conformity and acceptance "normal" people must regularly jump through. To the liberated intellect, no doubt, these requirements constitute the most sordid type of game. But, once rejecting all the norms of society, the artist is free to create his own structures—and along with any new set of rules, however personal, there is necessarily, the shell to the tortoise, a new set of games. In Kesey's case at least, the games are usually fun. Running round the outside of an insane society, the healthiest thing you can do is laugh.

It helps to look at this sort of complicated if not confused intellectual proposition in bas relief, as if you were looking at the simple pictures on Wedgewood china. Stand Successful Author Ken Kesey off against, say, Successful Author Truman Capote. Capote, as long as his name is accepted by the system, is free to be as mad as he can. So he tosses the biggest, most vulgar Ball in a long history of vulgar balls, and achieves the perfect idiot synthesis of the upper middle and lower royal classes. Kesey, who cares as much about the system as he does about the Eddie Kantor Memorial Forest, invents his own game. He purchases a pre '40s International Harvester school bus, paints it psychedelic, fills it with undistinguished though lovable individuals in varying stages of eccentricity, and drives brazenly

down the nation's highways, high on LSD watching and waiting for the cops to blow their minds.

At least, the Kesey posture has the advantage of being intellectually consistent with the point of view of his novels. In *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, he uses the setting of an insane asylum as a metaphor for what he considers to be the basic insanity, or at least the fundamentally bizarre illogic, of American Society. Since the world forces you into a game that is both mad and unfair, you are better off inventing your own game. Then at least you have a chance of winning. At least that's what Kesey thinks.

When the Hell's Angels, California's guerrilla force of rockers, rumbled by, Kesey welcomed them with LSD. "We're in the same business. You break people's homes. I break people's heads," he told them. The Angels seem to like the whole acid thing, because today they are a fairly constant act in the Haight Ashbury show, while Kesey has abdicated his role as Scoutmaster to the fledgling acid heads and exiled himself across the Bay. This self imposed that the hippie committed the one sensed Elba came about when Kesey soured on him. He had committed the one mortal sin in the hippie ethic: *telling* people what to do. "Get into a responsibility, bag," he urged some 400 friends attending a private Halloween party. This sudden social conscience may have had something to do with beating a jail sentence on a compounded marijuana charge, but when Kesey obtained his freedom with instructions from the judge to "preach an anti-LSD warning to teenagers," it was a little too much for the Haight Ashbury set. Kesey, after all, was the man who had turned on the Hell's Angels. At 31, Ken Kesey is a hippie has been.

rock group, to his acid tests and, the vinegar on the chips, the light show atmospheric technique of projecting slides and wild colours on the walls during rock dances. This combination he called "trips". Trip is the word for an LSD experience, but in Kesey's lexicon it also meant kicks, which were achieved by rapidly changing the audience's sensory environment what seemed like approximately ten million times during an evening by manipulating bright coloured lights, tape recorders, and whatever else may be found in the electronic sink, while the participants danced under stroboscopic lights to a wild rock band or just played around on the floor.

It was a fulgurous, electronically orgasmic thing (the most advanced tests had closed circuit television sets on the dance floor so you could see what you were doing), which made psychedelics very "fun" indeed, and the hippies in San Francisco went to every hippie in San Francisco to at least one Acid Test, and it is not exceeding the bounds of reasonable speculation to say that Kesey may have turned on at least 10,000 people to LSD during the 24 presentations of the Acid Tests. (During these tests the Merry Pranksters painted everything including themselves in fluorescent tones and bright colours became the permanent thing in psychedelic dress.)

Turning so many unsuspecting people onto LSD at once could be dangerous, as the Pranksters discovered on a 1965 psychedelic road show when they staged the fated Watts Acid Test. Many of the leading citizens of Watts came to the show, which was all very fine except that whoever put the LSD in the free punch that was passed around put too much in by a factor of about four. This served to make for a very wild Acid Test, and one or two participants "freaked out" and had a very hard time of it for the next few days.

After the California legislature played Prohibition and outlawed LSD on October 6, 1966, Kesey wound up the Acid Test syndrome with what was billed as a huge "Trips Festival" in San Francisco. People who regularly turn on say the Trips elements a bore: it embodied all the Trips of Intrepid Trips Inc., attracted a huge crowd of newspapermen, narcotics agents and Merry Pranksters slyly passed out plain sugar cubes for the benefit of the undercover agents.

Suddenly San Francisco, which for a grown up city gets excited very easily, was talking about almost nothing but "trips" and LSD. Hippies, like overnight, had become fashionable.

If you are inclined to give thanks for this sort of thing, they go to the bad boy wonder of psychedelphia, disappearing there over the horizon in his way ward bus.

Dr. Leary—Pretender to the Hippie Throne

The suit was Brooks Brothers '59 and the paisley tie J. Press contemporary, but the bone carved Egyptian mandala hanging round his neck, unless it was made in occupied Japan, had to be at least 2,000 years old. Dr. Timothy Leary, BA University of Alabama, PhD. University of California LSD Cuernavaca and rusticated Harvard College, was dressed up for a night on the town, but as his devotees say of this tireless proselytizer of the psychedelic cause, it was work, work, work. Tonight Leary was

scouting somebody else's act, a Swami's at that, who was turning on the hippies at the Avalon ballroom by leading them in an hourlong Hindu chant without stopping much for breath. The Avalon is one of the two great drafty ballrooms where San Francisco hippies, hippie hangers on, and young hippies to be congregated each weekend to participate in the psychedelic rock and light shows that are now as much a part of San Francisco as cable cars and a lot noisier.

This dance was a benefit for the new Swami, recently installed in a Haight-Ashbury storefront, with a fair passage sign from Allen Ginsberg whom he had bumped out just to see what the Swami's *sttick* was, but Dr. Leary had a different purpose. He has a vested, professional interest in turning people on, and here was this Swami, trying to do it with just a chant, like it was natural childbirth or something.

The word professional is not used lightly. There is a large group of professionals making it by servicing and stimulating the hippie world—in the spirit of Haight Ashbury we should refer to these men as merchant princes—and Timothy Leary is pretender to the throne.

Dr. Leary claims to have launched the first indigenous religion in America. That may very well be, though as a religious leader he is Aimee Semple MacPherson in drag. Dr. Leary who identifies himself as "prophet", recently played San Francisco in his LSD road show where he sold \$4 seats to lots of squares, but few hippies (Dr. Leary's pitch is to the straight world), showed a technicolour movie billed as simulating an LSD experience (it was big on close ups of enlarged blood vessels), burned incense, dressed like a holy man in white pyjamas, and told everybody to "turn on, tune in, and drop out".

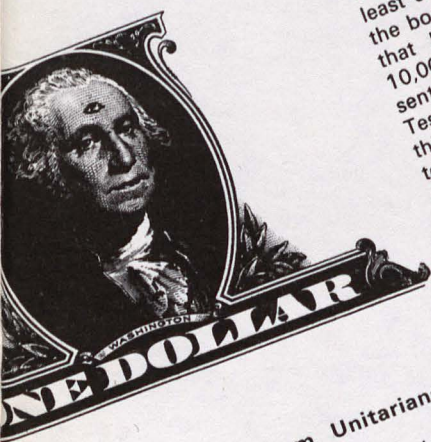
In case you are inclined to make light of this philosophic advice you should not laugh out loud. Because Dr. Leary is serious about his work, he cannot be dismissed as a cross between Father Divine and Nietzsche, no matter how tempting the analogy. He has made a substantial historic contribution to the psychedelic scene, although his arrest records may figure more prominently than his philosophy in future hippie records.

The Acid Tests—From Unitarians to Watts

Ken Kesey is now a self-sufficient but lonely figure—if you can be lonely with dozens of Merry Pranksters running around your house all day. If he ever gets maudlin, which is doubtful, he can look back fondly on his hippie memories, which are definitely in the wow! category, because Ken Kesey did for acid roughly what Johnny Appleseed did for trees, and probably more.

He did it through a unique and short-lived American institution called the Acid Test. A lot of things happened at an Acid Test, but the main thing was that, in the Haight Ashbury vernacular, everyone in LSD got zonked out of their minds on LSD. LSD in coffee. Most people were generally surprised because they didn't know they were getting punch. Most people were too late. Later, when any LSD until it was too late. Later, when word got around that this sort of thing was happening at Acid Tests, Kesey sometimes didn't give out LSD on purpose, just so people wouldn't know whether they did or did not have LSD. Another game.

The Acid Tests began calmly enough. In the early versions Kesey merely gave a heart to heart psychedelic talk and handed LSD around like the Eucharist, which first happened at a Unitarian conference in Big Sur in August of 1965. He repeated this ritual several times, at private gatherings in his home, in La Honda, on college campuses, and once at a Vietnam Day Committee rally at Berkeley. Then Kesey added the Grateful Dead, a pioneer San Francisco



when the reds got *their* chance the country would know just what was coming off. It was back to the old drawing board after that article, but Alpert and Dr. Leary made their main contribution to the incredibly swift spread of LSD through the US in 1964 by the simple act of publishing a formula for LSD, all that was needed for any housewife with a B-plus in high school chemistry and an inclination for black market activity. Dr. Leary's religious crusade has been a bust, convert wise, not so salutary financially either so he announced recently he was dropping out himself to contemplate his navel under the influence. It would be easier to take Dr. Leary seriously if he could overcome his penchant for treating LSD as a patent snake bite medicine.

An enlightening example of this panacea philosophy is found back among the truss ads in the September 1966 issue of Playboy. In the midst of a lengthy interview, when, as happens in Playboy, the subject got around to sex. Dr. Leary was all answers: "An LSD session that does not involve an ultimate merging with a person of the opposite sex isn't really complete," he said, a facet of the drug he neglected to mention to the Methodist ladies he was attempting to turn on in Stockton, California. But this time, Dr. Leary was out to turn on the Playboy audience.

The following selection from the interview is reprinted in its entirety. Italics are Playboy's.

Playboy: We've heard that some women who ordinarily have difficulty achieving orgasm find themselves capable of multiple orgasm under LSD. Isn't that true?

Leary: In a carefully prepared, loving LSD session, a woman will inevitably have several hundred orgasms.

Playboy: Several hundred?

Leary: Yes several hundred.

After recovering from that intelligence, the Playboy interviewer, phrasing the question as diplomatically as possible, asked Dr. Leary if he got much, being such a handsome LSD turn on figure. Dr. Leary allowed that women were always falling over him, but responded with the decorum of Pope Paul being translated from the Latin: "Any charismatic person who is conscious of his own mythic potency awakens this basic hunger in women and pays reverence to it at the level that is harmonious and appropriate at the time."

Dr. Leary also said that LSD is a "specific cure for homosexuality."

The final measurement of the tilt of Dr. Leary's windmill, his no doubt earnest claim to be the prophet of his generation, must be made by weighing such recorded conversations against his frequent and urgent pleas to young people to "drop out of politics, protest, petitions and pickets" and join his new "religion" where as he said recently:

"You have to be out of your mind to pray." Perhaps, and quite probably so.

Will the Real Frodo Baggins Please Stand Up?

Except for the obvious fact that he wasn't covered with fur, you would have said to yourself that for sure there was old Frodo Baggins, crossing Haight Street. Frodo Baggins is the hero of J. R. Tolkien's classic trilogy, *Lord of the Rings*, absolutely the favourite book of every hippie, about a race of little people called Hobbits who live somewhere in prehistory in a place called Middle Earth. Hobbits are hedonistic, happy little fellows who love beauty and pretty colours.

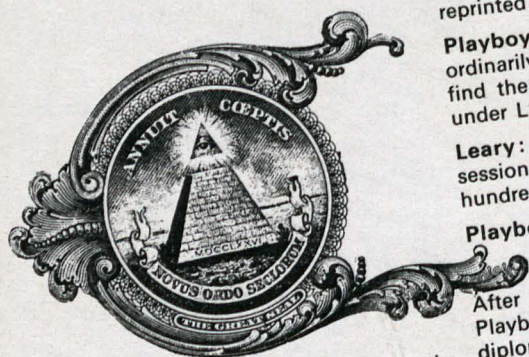
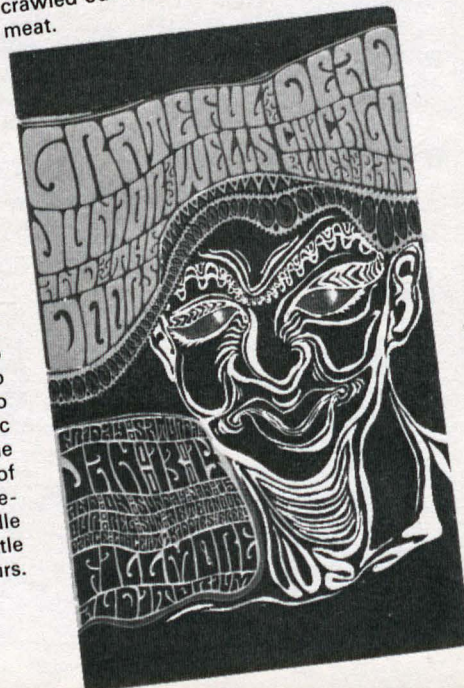
Hobbits have their own scene and resent intrusion, pass the time eating three or four meals a day and smoke burning leaves of herb in pipes of clay. You can see why hippies would like Hobbits.

The hustling heroic looking fellow with the mistaken identity was Emmett Grogan, king-pin of the Diggers and the closest thing the hippies of Haight-Ashbury have to a real live hero. Grogan, 23 with blond unruly hair and a fair freckled Irish face, has the aquiline nose of a leader, but he would prefer to say that he "just presents alternatives." He is in and out of jail 17 times a week, sometimes busted for smashing a cop in the nose (Grogan has a very intolerant attitude towards policemen), sometimes bailing out a friend, and sometimes, like Monopoly, just visiting. The alternatives he presents are rather disturbing to the hippie bourgeoisie since he thinks they have no business charging hippies money for their daily needs and should have the decency to give things away free like the Diggers do, or at least charge the squares and help out the hippies.

Grogan has a very clear view of what freedom means in society: "Why can't I stand on the corner and wait for nobody? Why can't everyone?" and an even clearer view of the social position of the hippie merchants: "They just want to expand their sales, they don't care what happens to people here: they're nothing but goddamn shopkeepers with beards."

Everyone is a little afraid of Grogan in Haight-Ashbury including the cops. A one man crusade for purity of purpose, he is the conscience of the hippie community. He is also a bit of a daredevil and a madman, and could easily pass for McMurphy, the roguish hero of Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. There is a bit of J. P. Donleavy's *Ginger Man* in him too.

A few weeks ago, collecting supplies for the Diggers daily feed, Grogan went into a San Francisco wholesale butcher and asked for soup bones and meat scraps. "No free food here, we work for what we eat," said the head butcher, a tattooed bulgar named Louie, who was in the ice box flanked by seven assistant butchers. "You're a fascist pig and a coward," replied Grogan, whom Louie immediately smashed in the skull with the blunt side of a carving knife. That turned out to be a mistake, because the seven assistant butchers didn't like Louie too much, and all jumped him. While all those white coats were grunting and toiling in the sawdust, a bleeding Grogan crawled out with four cardboard boxes full of meat.



Since, something like Eve, he bit into the psychedelic mushroom while lounging beside a swimming pool at Cuernavaca, he has been hounded by the consequences of his act. Since Dr. Leary discovered LSD, he has been booted out of Harvard for experimenting a little too widely with it among the under-graduate population, asked to leave several foreign countries for roughly the same reasons, and is now comfortably, if temporarily ensconced in a turned on billionaire friend's estate near Poughkeepsie, New York while awaiting judicial determination of a 30 year prison sentence for transporting a ½ oz. of marijuana across the Rio Grande without paying the Texas marijuana tax, which has not been enforced since the time of the Lone Ranger.

If he were asked to contribute to the "L" volume of the World Book Encyclopaedia, Dr. Leary would no doubt sum up his work as having "turned on American culture", though his actual accomplishments are somewhat more prosaic. Together with Richard Alpert, who was to Dr. Leary what Bill Moyers was to President Johnson, Leary wrote an article in May 1962, in surprise, *The Bulletin of Atomic Scientists*. The article warned that in event of war the Russians were likely to douse all our reservoirs with LSD in order to make people so complacent that they wouldn't particularly care about being invaded, and as a civil defence precaution we ought to do it ourselves first—you know, douse our own reservoirs douse our own reservoirs—so that

Ashbury, the Diggers happened. "Everybody was trying to figure how to react to the curfew. The SDS (Students for Democratic Society) came down and said ignore it, go to jail. The merchants put up chicken posters saying "for your own safety, get off the street." Somehow, none of those ideas seemed right. If you had something to do on the streets, you should do it and tell the cops to go screw off. If you didn't you might as well be inside."

Something to do, to Grogan was to eat if you were hungry, so at 8 p.m. at the curfew witching hour, he and an actor friend named Billy Landau set up a delicious free dinner in the park, right under the cop's noses, and the hippies came and ate and have been chowing down, free, every night since. The Haight-Ashbury has never been quite the same.

A Psychedelic "Grapes of Wrath"

Every bohemian community has its inevitable coterie of visionaries who claim to know what it is all about. But the Diggers are, somehow, different. They are bent on creating a wholly cooperative subculture and so far, they are not just hallucinating, they are doing it.

Free clothes (used) are there for whomever wants them. Free meals are served every day. Next, Grogan plans to open a smart mod clothing store off Haight Street and give the clothes away free too (the hippie merchants accused him of trying to undercut our prices"). He wants to start digger farms where participants will raise their own produce. He wants to give away free acid, to eliminate junky stuff and end profiteering. He wants cooperative living to forestall inevitable rent exploitation when the Haight-Ashbury becomes chic.

Not since Brook Farm, not since the Catholic Workers, has any group in this dreadful co-optive consumer society been so serious about a utopian community.

If Grogan succeeds or fails in Haight-Ashbury it will not be as important as the fact that he has tried. For he is at least providing the real possibility of what he calls alternatives in the down the rabbit hole culture of the hippies.

Grogan is very hung up on freedom. "Do your thing, be what you are, and nothing will ever bother you", he says. His heroes are the Mad Bomber of New York who blissfully blew up all kinds of things around Manhattan over 30 years ago because he just liked to blow things up, and poet Gary Snyder, whom he considers "the most important person in Haight-Ashbury" because instead of sitting around sniffing incense and talking about it, he went off to Japan and became a Zen master. "He did it, man."

This is an interesting activist ethic, but it remains doubtful just what the hippies will do. Not that many certainly will join Grogan's utopia because utopias after all have a size limit.

The New Left has been flirting with the hippies lately, even to the extent of singing "The Yellow Submarine" at a Berkeley protest rally, but it looks from here like a largely unrequited love.

The hip merchants will of course go on making money.

And the youngsters will continue to come to Haight-Ashbury and do—what?

That was the question put to the hippie leaders at their summit Meeting. They resolved their goals, but not the means, and the loud noise you heard from outside was probably Emmett Grogan pounding the table with his shoe.

The crisis of the hippie ethic is precisely this: it is all right to turn on, but it is not enough to drop out. Grogan sees the issue in the gap

between the raw radical political philosophy of Jerry Rubin and Mario Savio and psychedelic love philosophy." He himself is not interested in the war in Vietnam, but on the other hand he does not want to spend his days like Ferdinand sniffing pretty flowers. That is why he is so furious at the hip merchants. "They created the myth of this utopia; now they aren't going to do anything about it."

Grogan takes the evils of society very personally, and he gets very angry, almost physically sick, when a pregnant 15-year-old hippie's baby starves in her stomach, a disaster which is not untypical in Haight-Ashbury, and which Grogan sees being repeated ten-fold this summer when upwards of 200,000 migrant teenagers and college kids come as psychedelic "Grapes of Wrath", to utopia in search of the heralded turn on. The danger in the hippie movement is more than overcrowded streets and possible hunger riots this summer. If more and more youngsters begin to share the hippie posture of unrelenting quietism, the future of activist, serious politics is bound to be affected. The hippies have shown that it can be pleasant to drop out of the arduous task of attempting to steer a difficult, unrewarding society. But when that is done, you leave the driving to the Hell's Angels.

This was a typical day in Dogpatch for Grogan who has had his share of knocks. A Brooklyn boy, he ran away from home at 15 and spent the next six years in Europe, working as a busboy in the Alps, and later, studying film making Italy under Antonioni. Grogan had naturally forgotten to register for the draft, so when he returned to the United States he was in the Army four days later. That didn't last long however, because the first thing Grogan had to do was clean the barracks. His idea of cleaning the barracks was to throw all the guns out the window, plus a few of the rusty beds, and artistically displeasing foot lockers. Then he began painting the remaining bed frames yellow. "I threw everything out, everything that was not esthetically pleasing," he told the sergeant.

Two days later Grogan was in the psychiatric ward of Letterman Hospital in San Francisco where he stayed for six months before the authorities decided they couldn't quite afford to keep him. That was shortly after an Army doctor, learning of his film training, ordered Grogan to the photo lab for "work therapy". "It was a beautiful, tremendously equipped lab," Grogan recalls, and since it wasn't used very much, he took a print of his own big blond face and proceeded to make 5,000 prints. When the doctors caught up with him, he had some 4,700 ten by twelve glossies of Emmett Grogan neatly stacked on the floor, and all lab machines: driers, enlargers, developers were going like mad, and water was running over on the floor. "What did you do that for?" a doctor screamed.

Grogan shrugged, "I'm crazy," he said.

He was released a little later, and acted for a while with the San Francisco Mime Troupe, the city's original and brilliant radical theatre ensemble. Then last autumn, when the negro riots broke out in San Francisco and the National Guard put a curfew on Haight-

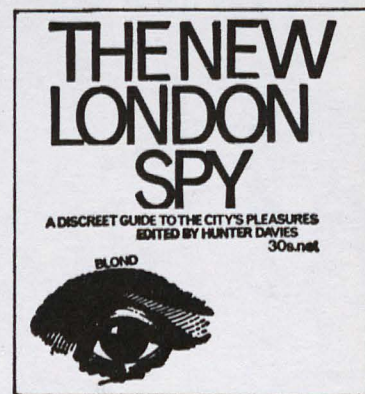


Last exit to Brewer St.

A recent letter to *The Guardian* from publisher John Calder put ironic and sad smiles on veteran faces of London's literary scene. Calder proposed setting up an English literary prize whose value and kudos would make it an English equivalent of the *Prix Goncourt*, and asked all those interested to write in and offer help. Such a prize would obviously benefit the book trade, though it would probably do little for the author's profession. It would almost inevitably heap additional emoluments on an already widely acknowledged author, and become something of an Oscar. The intrigues over French literary prizes are scarcely the pleasantest feature of French literary life. But the pros and cons of the idea aren't our main concern, which is the equally significant question of whether Calder himself takes his own idea seriously. One remembers Calder's previous project for a West End arts centre, complete with art-gallery, coffee-bar, social centre for creative people, and so on. Then there was the silly business of bringing a nude into an Edinburgh literary conference, which brought Calder plenty of free publicity as trailblazer and challenger of tabus, the Peter Brook of the publishing world. There was the 'mock trial' of 'Sir Byril Slack' at a Better Books literary soiree, while the *Last Exit to Brooklyn* case was on the cards. Overtly, it was a 'satirical' manifesto on behalf of freedom, although its underlying purpose was, obviously, to quicken the book's suddenly accelerated sale. It was one of Calder's less successful gimmicks; about 15 spectators turned up, four of Calder's employees and four Better Books staff, leaving about seven paying customers, but no press. Calder then broke the show off halfway through, hinting that his

time was far too valuable to give a mere 7 people their money's worth. Actually their response was one of relief, since they didn't see 'what was so witty about alternating the reading of choice passages from the book under promotion with John Calder, pretending to be a dimwitted 'Sir Byril', crumbling under the trenchant questioning of the enlightened. Things didn't quite turn out like that, did they? They might even have done so if Calder had spent more time preparing his case and less on a footling sales gimmick. Publicity-hunting is part of a publisher's job, and Calder's taste for it can't be held against him. But he might be better-advised to take more paid publicity rather than concoct plausible schemes which involve well-intentioned people. What's more serious is that Calder's 'image-making' is successful enough to attract manuscripts from young, artistically promising authors, whose work deserves, and needs, efficient promotion. My criticism is that Calder's tactics do a great deal for Calder and very little for just those authors of his, who, lacking reputations, need help. This remark may surprise, in view of the fact that Calder's lists contain many avant-garde works. His primary lines are (1) the French nouveau-roman (Robbe-Grillet, Duras, etc), (2) drug and beatnik literature (Burroughs, Trochhi), and (3) obscure European classics. However enterprising the list may seem at first, one soon realises that Calder has simply taken over talked-about books from foreign catalogues, that is to say, already proven successes. Importation has its risks, but, so far as the adoption of young, experimental, unknown authors is involved, Hutchinson, Methuen or Anthony Blond have equally impressive lists. What facilitates Calder's image-

making is the limited range he adopts because his firm is, in the best and the worst senses of the word, an amateur outfit. It's amateur in the best sense, in that he doesn't need to make money, only to cover his costs (for he is amply equipped with income connected with the family estate in Scotland). He can afford to indulge his own taste, and only his own taste. He doesn't need steady sellers or best sellers. He can flourish on what other publishers find a loss. But the Calder outfit is also amateur in the worst sense. Thus Calder's co-director, Marion Boyars, advanced the (surprisingly) low sales of *Last Exit to Brooklyn* as evidence that its exploitation avoided salacious appeal, no doubt—but an explanation of its poor sales performance is required. And they're to hand. Calder and Boyars' advertising is exceptionally restricted; few of their books are given any paid advertising at all. Their salesmanship is often peculiar (one major Hampstead bookshop won't allow any Calder representative on the premises). Distribution arrangements are gruellingly casual (one large bookshop a mile from Calder's offices had to write 3 letters and make 10 phone-calls over 9 weeks before Calder's met an urgent order for a just-published book). Production arrangements are even dicier. Some sort of nadir was attained when Raymond Durnat's *Eros in the Cinema*, a topical book, was announced every year for three years running, and finally appeared with such incredible production howlers as a two-page photo appearing on page 196 and 199 and type which changed size in the middle of a line. Eighty-eight photographs looked as if blocks had been cut out of soggy blotting-paper; and the book was grossly overpriced (at £1 when 10/- would have been appropriate). Marguerite Duras was so vexed by similar publication



delays that she decided to take her work elsewhere. And the literary editor of one national magazine facetiously suggested a feature on *Books That Have Been Sitting Under Calder's Arse for Ten Years Without Getting Published*. Calder and Boyars are probably the only publishing firm which omits such standard procedures as sending authors a biographical questionnaire, or submitting blurbs for discussion. (The blurb for *Eros* consists entirely of such flatulent banalities as: 'It is, as its title suggests, concerned with eroticism...'). Calder's lack of interest in his authors is summed up by his remark to an author requesting a payment which was already a month overdue: 'I'm much too busy to bother about that this week, I'll sign a cheque for you when I have time.' At this point *dilettantism* comes very near contempt for his authors. All these samples of inefficiency and insouciance have a common source. Calder's interest is not in sales, but in being a publisher, not in his authors but in his own image. What this means to his authors is obvious. It means less promotion, fewer copies sold, a smaller impact and reward, than if the book had been sent to a less pretentious firm. And authors who are more concerned with advancing their own fortunes than with gratifying Calder's narcissism would be well advised to hitch their wagons to a better organised publisher.

WHY POLITICS IS GIVING EVERYONE THE...





An address to politicians

"Complacency, pride and dead imagination these are the corruptions of politics. Most of them are moral prostitutes, randy for power, and theirs, perhaps, is the world's oldest profession. Humanity has paid over and over again in blood and suffering for its politicians."

J. H. Plumb.

Politicians and Corruption/The Spectator, 17.3.67.

"120 of the 180 (L.S.E.) demonstrators polled said they belonged to no political society."

'Insight'/Sunday Times
19 March 67

"At a time when the Government seem to be enforcing middle-aged respectability on the motor cyclist, where does the rocker find excitement?"

Brian Priestley.

Rocker's Ambition is to Fly a Spitfire/The Times, 17.3.67.

"The new movement is slowly, carelessly, constructing an alternative society. It is international, inter-racial, equisexual, with ease."

Tom McGrath.

Editorial/International Times.

"In a general way, it would seem 'direct'—if not revolutionary—action is approved of since thinking must not become 'apoliticized'. The purpose of provos is to put 'a spoke in the wheel of (material) progress' and to evolve from 'creative beatniks' to persons 'dangerous to the state'."

Colin McInnes

New Society

"Despite a disturbing tendency to quietism, all hippies *ipso facto* have a political posture—one of unremitting opposition to the Establishment which insists on branding them criminals because they take LSD and marijuana, and hating them anyway, because they enjoy sleeping nine to a room and three to a bed, seem to have free sex and guiltless minds, and can raise healthy children in dirty clothes."

Warren Hinckle

Hippies/Ramparts, March 1967.

First to you who are currently successful: you who made it mouthing phony, ill-written, unutterably boring, lying, arse-licking speeches. Lend an unctuous ear—it may prove expedient.

And you out of office need not look so pious. Sincerity, sensitivity or honesty did not cost you election. Had you possessed any of these qualities you would never have stood. Only the scum of a society could bother to fashion a career so ruthlessly opportunist, so intellectually parasitic, so spiritually unrewarding.

Platitudes. This indignation doesn't bruise your egotism, this rage prompts no self-assessment, nor costs you votes. Philosophers, poets, authors, dramatists, artists and tele-pundits have interminably exposed the vileness of your methods, the sordidness of your ambitions. The masses, whom you despise, hold your profession beneath contempt.

And still you survive.

You think that Parliament is the greatest institution in the world. Parliament! Parliament; bloated with fat pompous, dying alcoholics who babble on with: here, here honourable member, procedural motions, precious amendments, last ditch filibustering; farts who can't free their daughters to abort legally without dragging in the corpse of an anachronistic God, irrelevancies of hypothetical foetal discomfort, the population explosion and the burdens of motherhood . . . Parliament; the gulch parting promise from achievement.

"We're not all fat alcoholics!" We hear you bleat; you academically brilliant whiz kids who stormed provincial rostrums thumping your chests righteously against corruption and ignorance, randy and hell-bent on steam cleaning the House. Where are you now? You, Ben Whitaker, who once leapt around Hampstead canvassing 'revolutionary' reforms (shouting, Abolish Public Schools! Abolish House of Lords! Protest U.S. Vietnam policy!), now as silent as fear. You, Tony Greenwood, once the dapper hero of Aldermaston, co-founder of the radical 'Voice of the Union', now a gutless sycophant. You, Stephen Swingler, who once lead the rabid ginger group 'Victory for Socialism', now seen on telly exhorting people to drive carefully. And you, Richard Marsh, and you, Andrew Faulds, and you, Raymond Fletcher . . . and all the others who betrayed ideals at the crack of a Whip. Where are you now? Lost in that gap between action and words. Words, words, the fetid words of politicians, becoming more incomprehensible as we grow younger. Words, words . . . a vocabulary of bullshit, a syntax of cynicism, a language of grandiose inconsequence.

You waffle in abstract generalities about peace, love, freedom, yet you're bewildered by your daughter's hatred. Do you know she's been fucking since she was 16, like everyone else? She doesn't give a stuff about the Magna Carta or your duty to the party machine. Your son is on pot. He can't follow the quibbling legalisms of the '54 Geneva Accords but he

knows that thousands of Vietnamese kids are frying to death and you sit at breakfast dribbling marmalade, droning on about Britain's new role.

Oh yes, you smugly remind us, upper class Oxbridge intellectuals ARE busy joining Conservative clubs or publishing seedy left wing journals or praying that the young libs won't buckle to filthy compromises. They accept your frailties as the rules of politics, and channel their rancour into arbitrary dialectics. They are tomorrow's 'political con-men momentarily dazzled by copy-written credos.

And there are the sad cells of anarchists, Marxists, pacifists and humanists who think they understand how power works. Scribbling notes to their M.P.'s; revelling in the impossible prospect of affecting the legislative machinery.

You'll ban the pirate radios—not for the public benefit—but because the wrong people are getting a rake off. You'll pounce on a bawdy book because it offends your wretched concept of what life's all about, then crawl into the lobby bar to swap army jokes.

You humbug: setting up a Monopolies Commission to grovel before Lord Thomson. Socialising economic planning to victimise the workers. Promising disarmament and launching the Polaris.

All your life you've known there are too many slums, that families were being chucked into the gutters. You saw the statistics—200,000 homeless families in London alone. You know the British home building rate is an index of despair, a barometer of bumbling. But you have a cosy fireplace. You didn't care—until the public conscience was pricked by a sexy Cathy in distress. Then you were there on late night panels preening with mock concern, boasting instead of apologising.

Practically everyone under thirty smokes pot and you disapprove out of prejudice (lamenting the lost Excise). Yet you countenance coffee which screws nervous systems, Coke which dissolves teeth, alcohol which erodes livers, and tobacco which causes cancer.

At your most liberal you will distastefully offer a mildly tolerant homosexual bill burdened with primitive amendments. You limit the age of consent to 21 though we reach puberty 7 years earlier (in case you hadn't noticed).

This maxim guides your exercise of power: Authority should adopt or change a moral position only when self interest makes this necessary. That is, when positive disapproval of authority's existing position outweighs the combined effect of indifference and positive approval. It has nothing to do with ethics, morals or absolutes.

You will jump at anything to further your chances. This Labour Government is built on the wreckage of one politician's sex life—whose only crime (in your eyes) was being caught.

Whenever it becomes known a Minister is screwing his secretary, The Right Honourable opposition telephone their scruples to the news-desks. (Last year the 'Evening Standard' averaged ten calls a day over one top minister's indiscretion.) It matters not that his liason is harmless and human, only that its disclosure could weaken his party and so further the chances of the informer's.

That's politics.

Such a filthy game, that it is, after all, best left to politicians.



Have you ever tried to listen to BBC radio? Can anyone be really serious about suggesting it as an alternative to Pirate Radio. And the third. Put aside those who like classical music. They must be catered for even if it does mean Boulez for breakfast. What about the rest? Early

Assyrian earthworms for lunch, shorthand fantasies for dinner and the Gay Sparkling stock exchange as a nightcap.

The light and home. Most people who tune to the radio do so for background. Few have time to listen attentively during the day. In the evening they either want background or watch telly. So what do we get during the day. Soap operas, educational talks and fearsome music. By night quizzes, soap operas and more fearsome music. That music—they must be joking. "Music to remember", "Gems from Musical Comedy", "Strings by Starlight", "Family Favourites" etc etc.

This is where that argument about putting musicians out of work breaks down. No one hesitated to retire the horse when they found out about steam. The BBC makes people remember all that forgettable music simply because having a monopoly they play nothing else. Live. The orchestration often sounds like the harmonic variations of a vibrating jelly. Here is an artificially created class of anachronistic artisans producing something people would avoid if they could. Talk about the monarchy.

Just suppose that in fifteen years time or whenever it's going

to be, the BBC does set up a pop station. Can you imagine it; the mind breaks down and whimpers. The dead touch of "live" performance again. By those people. Not the pop groups themselves. Or suppose they started commercial radio. Who would apply for and get the licenses. Not the delightful, original, experienced pirates that everyone knows and likes so much. The sump oil manufacturers, the newspaper combines, the fertilizer cartels would all move in and take over. You wouldn't be able to hear anything for the ads and good taste.

And it's balls to say that pirates injure record sales. Most people only buy records because they've heard them on the air. Los Angeles with 28 FM stations and 26 AM stations, most playing Top 100, 24 hours a day buys more records than London. London's population is three times that of Los Angeles.

DRUGS

Let's end the gratuitous savagery of uncomprehending Magistrates. Penal servitude for smoking pot? Why not, as with alcohol, make it and L.S.D. freely available to a specified age group. The difference between these hallucinogens and hard-core hang-up drugs like cocaine, heroin and morphine needs to be emphasised. Unlike alcohol and tobacco, no evidence has been adduced to demonstrate the malignant effects of L.S.D. and pot. (For every acid-soaked Batmaniac, there are hundreds of drunken driving fatalities.)

It is sometimes suggested that tolerance towards harmless stimulants lower one's threshold of resistance to the compulsive addictives. There is no evidence for this. Any social pressure to "graduate" would almost disappear if the Law recognised the dichotomy.

What are the benefits of pot and L.S.D.? Timothy Leary's exaggerated, though lucid endorsement of acid has been well publicised. An OZ correspondent who lived under a pot cloud for six months regards cannabis as "good, clean smoke". She writes: "At your first puff, muscles relax, tension dissolves and suddenly the world is benign. While your body takes a deep breath, your mind gains another dimension: perception sharpens and you discover a tremendous capacity for concentration and details.

Dear Mr Short,

How dare you take away the pirate stations without giving us a real substitute. I cannot bear the BBC and will go out of my mind if I have to listen to it.

Yours Faithfully, _____

I am.....years old. All
Most of my friends listen only to Pirates and hate the BBC.
Some
None

Unless you stop harrassing the pirates I will vote against your government.

I'm not old enough to vote, but will bear the grudge until I am.

"I know no method to secure the repeal of bad or obnoxious laws so effective as their stringent execution."
Ulysses S Grant

Dear Mr St John Stevas,

I demand you ensure stringent execution of the present Abortion Law, which you are so determined ought not be reformed.

Send all abortionists (back street and Harley St.), every women who has ever had an illegal abortion and the police who tolerate the present system, to gaol now. Begin with me and my friends.

Yours Faithfully, _____

I am.....years old. All
Most of my friends have had at least one illegal abortion.
Some
None

Dear Mr. Jenkins,

Either produce clear and undisputed evidence that pot and/or L.S.D. are more harmful than alcohol or stop interfering with personal liberty. As it stands now, the drugs law, like Prohibition, is widely abused and is thus a bad one.

Yours Faithfully, _____

I am.....years old

All
Most of my friends smoke pot and/or take L.S.D.
Some
None

Those that do have been in my opinion harmed
unharmd.

I will vote against your Government unless you adopt a more enlightened attitude and stop putting me and my friends in fear of gaol.

affix stamp
here

The Right Hon Edward Short
Postmaster General
House of Commons
Westminster
London W1

affix stamp
here

The Right Hon Norman St John Stevas
House of Commons
Westminster
London W1

affix stamp
here

The Right Hon Roy Jenkins
Home Office
Whitehall
SW1

Your sense of hearing changes from mono to stereo, you look at mundane objects with child-like freshness, everything smells like frankincense. Everything you eat tastes like a Cordon Bleu speciality and your appetite, which you thought had gone the way of your laughter, becomes a chef's delight.

The months I spent as a depraved pot-head in Tangier were the healthiest of my life. I put on a stone in weight, slept like the heroine of an Ovaltine ad and ate like a farm-hand. My consumption of normal cigarettes dropped from forty odd to half a dozen. My cough (notorious on three continents), shakes, frustrations and general neuroses quietened down; I was contented for the first time in years. Most of the other foreigners felt the same way—many did their best creative work in the lotus-eating atmosphere, claiming that marijuana (obtained with a minimum of worry and expense) heightened their imagination and clarified their senses.

The local Arabs and Berbers seemed to have started smoking as children without being noticeably stunted. The anti-social and erotic effects with which marijuana is popularly (and hopefully) endowed were very rare. The only aggressive Moroccans were backsliders who had been slyly tipping the vitriolic indigenous wines. Even with them the routine seemed to be I'll kill (and/or rape) you! . . . but tomorrow.

ABORTION

Reason is the life of the law, so why not abortion on demand? When custom runs counter to law then the law is a bad one, and bad laws are the worst form of tyranny.

A skilful abortion carries with it less risk than childbirth. It is only dangerous under the sordid back street conditions the present law encourages. A law based on beliefs now accepted by only a small section of the population. Opposition to reform has stemmed mainly from the Royal College of

Gynaecologists and Catholic lobbyists, the former are afraid of losing income, the latter of losing their souls. Theological bickering is irrelevant to a bill which deals, not with the number of angels that could dance on the head of a pin, but with human beings, whose freedom of choice is being denied. Minority groups are entitled to minority views, but not to impose them on the rest of us. Of course if orals were efficiently distributed abortion would become as outdated and unnecessary as Rickets.

VIETNAM

●The Right Honorable Anthony Greenwood, Minister of Housing and Local Government.

At the Labour Party Conference, 1954:

"In the Labour Movement we rose to power because we were on the side of the 'have-nots' of this country. We must never lose our community of interest and our identity with the 'have-nots' of the world. We have got to convince the masses of Asia that we are on their side in their struggle and that their struggle against exploitation and foreign domination is exactly the same struggle that we have carried on in this country."

He is still, of course, on the side of the have-nots. Formerly, he embraced those who have-not wealth: today, less immoderately, he aligns with those who have-not conscience.

●The Right Honorable Richard Crossman, Leader of the House.

House of Commons, 1953:

"I was delighted to hear Mr. Attlee say what we all know is true, that Ho Chi Minh leads the real national movement in Indo-China. Do not let us be hypocritical about it. It is time to tell the French and the Americans that they are fighting an unjust war in Indo-China. If the French had done the right thing, Indo-China today would stand alongside Indonesia and Burma. Ho Chi Minh and his rebels are not communists by nature but by compulsion. They are driven to be communists in order to get national liberation. If we accept the Chinese Revolution we must accept the Indo-Chinese Revolution, and tell our friends not to waste millions of dollars on preserving a few square miles round Saigon."

●The Right Honorable Barbara Castle, Minister of Transport.

House of Commons, 1953:

"The foreign policy of the United States of America is to destroy communism. That is a policy which does two things. First it says that the nationalist movements in Asia are all Moscow-inspired, Kremlin-financed, part of a great Russian plot. It fails completely to understand what is happening in Asia, the revolution which is taking place over large parts of the earth's surface — which, as hon. members on this side of the House have shown quite clearly, springs from the natural needs and indigenous demands of the peoples themselves."

●The Right Honorable Jennie Lee, "Minister for The Arts."

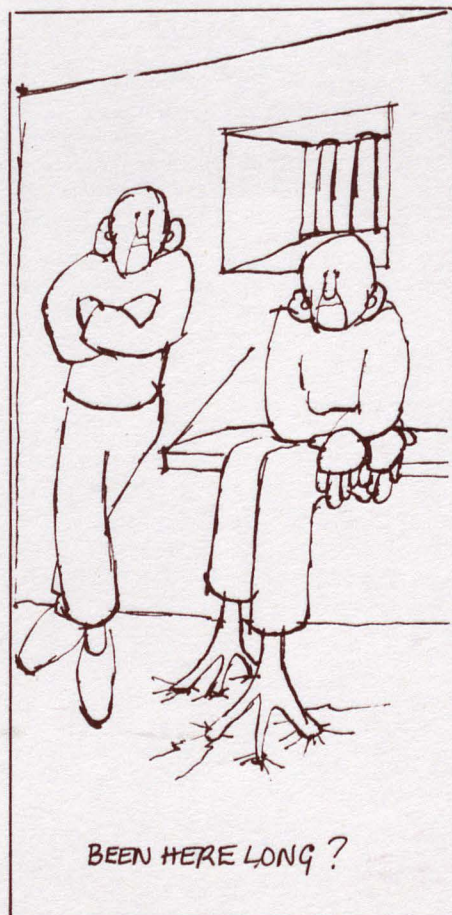
House of Commons, 1953:

"There are liberal Americans who are anxious to see Indo-China liberated from what they call old-fashioned colonialism. We cannot talk to those Americans, when at the same time, we approach Washington with a begging-bowl held out, because money talks louder than words. I am grieved and shamed when I hear that the contribution which our country can make to international affairs is lost because of the clatter of the dollars falling into the begging bowl."

●The Right Honorable Harold Wilson, Prime Minister.

Mayday 1954:

"We must not join or in any way encourage an anti-communist crusade in Asia under the leadership of the Americans or anyone else . . .".
"I believe at the moment the danger to



a negotiated settlement in Asia is provided by a lunatic fringe in the American Senate. Asia, like other parts of the world, is in revolution, and what we have to learn today in this country is to march on the side of the peoples in that revolution and not on the side of their oppressors."

Well, once in power, Harold and his colleagues soon stopped worrying about Vietnam and learnt to love the dollar.

Researched by Ken Coates

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O!

in praise of ugliness

Colin MacInnes

Somerset Maugham tells us that his mother and father were known in Paris as Beauty and the Beast. Dr Maugham senior, whose patients were the Anglo-American colony of the day, was apparently of quite sensational ugliness, whereas photographs confirm that his mother was exquisitely pretty. Why then, young Somerset wondered, had his mother never deserted Dr Maugham, or even taken lovers? After his father's death, he asked her this. She answered: 'Because in all our married life, he never humiliated me.'

In the Louvre, there is a painting an old man with a hideously pocked and bulbous nose looking down at a boy whose young face promises a resounding masculine beauty in the future. Far from being repelled by the old monster, the boy is looking up at him with confident affection.

Picasso, whose rare statements about his art are gnomic, yet always worthy of close attention, once answered the perpetual philistine question as to why his pictures are so ugly. They are not, he replied. All necessary destruction in order to create *seems* ugly, because of a pre-conceived public notion as to what is beautiful. All creation *is* ugly. The act of birth itself, the greatest beauty in our world, does not seem specially 'beautiful' until the child is washed and laid in its elegant cradle.

Francis Bacon is generally believed to be an artist who portrays, in terms of anguished satire, the horror of our age. Yet he has more than once assured me that his object is to create true beauty—the beauty, that is, of our particular times. I am sure he is right about this, and that his intentions have been largely misunderstood. (He was not very pleased, nevertheless, when I once compared his art to that of Fragonard).

The French understand this better than we do. For their term *belle-laide*, no equivalent exists on our language. A *belle-laide* is an ugly person whose ugliness is so striking, so expressive, and so touching that it at once seems beautiful. Bogart and Peggy Ashcroft are perfect examples.

We can see this at work in our own day among pop groups. A decade or so ago, the heroes of pop song were conventionally beautiful: Whitfield, Vaughan or, from America, Ray or Laine. Then lo and behold, dozens of boys and girls who were objectively ugly, seemed dazzlingly beautiful.

From these examples, I think we can deduce two principles:

1. In physical beauty, there are no absolutes. Beauty is indeed in the eye of the beholder, and if the social conventions of the beholder alter, so does his sense of what is beautiful.

2. True beauty or ugliness depend as much on the inner moral quality of the person as on the outward features bestowed on his flesh by nature. Thus, Dr Maugham and the bottle-nosed Florentine, though hideous, were seen as beautiful.

The confusions that arise from the first of these two principles are the easier to explain. As a key to doing so, we might compare a painting by Giorgione to one by Rembrandt. Both will be masterpieces by men of genius, and the purely aesthetic beauty of both will be undeniable.

But whereas Giorgione, perhaps because he was a southerner and a Venetian, adheres, in portraying human persons, to a classic, conventional style of beauty, the figures in almost all of Rembrandt's paintings are, objectively considered, hideous—including even his splendid self. Yet do they not seem, paradoxically, to be overwhelmingly beautiful—even more so, indeed, than those of Giorgione, lovely as these are?

And is this not because Giorgione, fettered (or inspired) by the Renaissance rediscovery of classic Graeco-Roman beauty, could not re-invent a new Venetian beauty of his own day? Whereas Rembrandt, unfettered (or unhelped) by any equivalent Dutch tradition, had to start from scratch with an ugly girl like Hendrikje Stoffels and make her look absolutely ravishing?

When we come to consider the moral reality underlying beauty, and which can create the feeling of it despite exterior ugliness, the definition is more complex. Negatively, we can all think of 'handsome' men or 'pretty' women whom we all know to be bastards or bitches, so that their physical beauty, however scintillating, seems like some monstrous fraud; and once we have got over our bedazzlement, their splendour fills with fear and horror. Equally, there are ugly people whom we know just *are* damn ugly, inside and out. Hermann Goring is a good example.

But positively, who can discern, in an objectively ugly man or woman, the inner spiritual quality that makes them in fact seem beautiful? The key to the answer may be in the reply of Mrs Maugham to her son, and the upward gaze of confidence by the young Florentine to his ugly old preceptor: each spectator of the ugly person was himself an innocent, a pure person.

Sometimes, the two factors creating beauty in ugliness coincide in a single person. That is to say, the person, though ugly, will seem beautiful because his epoch has grown to see his face as such, and also because his inner spiritual qualities have become so apparent as to transcend completely his physical lack of beauty.

I saw *Chimes at Midnight* the other day, and was immediately struck—as I suppose everyone else was—by the way Gielgud acted everyone right off the screen: even Orson Welles, and the handsome young actors and actresses surrounding him. Was this merely due to his greater experience or even talent? Not entirely.

No one could call Sir John a beauty. He's bald, has a big nose, and a somewhat ungainly figure. Yet because his ravaged face seems that of a man who has accepted, through suffering and understanding, that he must live in our times and accept them, and yet always try to transcend them, this battered old mask seems beautiful. And because the moment he opens his objectively ugly mouth the words that soar out are of such stunning beauty as to make all his colleagues seem mumbling amateurs, one is instantly aware of the intellectual and spiritual depths within him.

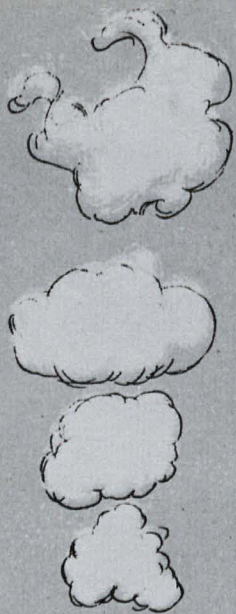
Some artists, unlike Bacon or Picasso, get bogged down in mere ugliness when they attempt to transform this into beauty. Such an artist, it seems to me, is Gerald Scarfe. He makes his sitters ugly, which is entirely correct, since almost all of us are, yet fails to provide the alchemy by which this ugliness then becomes beautiful. This is because his drawing is feeble and his imaginative faculty mediocre, so that his drawings remain merely sensational and rather vulgar. Yet even Giles, whose figures are invariably hideous, achieves real beauty of a sort by his authentic poetic and ironic gifts.

The perfect master of beauty-from-ugliness in our era seems to me to be Soutine. His subjects are almost always revolting. His paintings, because of his tragic sense and immense pictorial skill, are startlingly beautiful.

To conclude, let us consider the features of James Baldwin. He told me he was known as 'frog-face' in his youth, and was much mocked for this. Once a nice teacher (white, liberal and female) took him to the movies—his very first visit, and only after the fierce disapproval of his terrifying pastor daddy had been overcome. They entered in mid-film, and the first thing he saw was a close-up of Bette Davis. 'She's a frog-face too,' he thought, 'and yet the world thinks she's beautiful. Then perhaps I am too, despite what the kids say.'

He is indeed—and I think this is the most beautiful face I have yet seen. And that may be because our times are etched on his features, and the light that shines through them is the same one we may recognize when we read what he has written.

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MAGNIFICENT FAILURES

Hitler's Art teacher—politics was Hitler's second choice.
Zhivago overcoats.

The Plan to relieve Dien Bien Phu.

Princess Margaret's marriage.

The Great Society.

Bob Dylan—pale imitation of Donovan.

'Wrong Way' Corrigan—who set out to fly to Labrador, arrived in Los Angeles 27 hours later. Thus, either the first man to circumnavigate the globe in a Curtis biplane at Mach 1.5, or else the only aviator ever to be blown backwards across the USA.

The LSE's late porter—attemped to quell a scuffle in a passageway.

Marlowe—after centuries of valiant effort he has still failed to prove that he is Shakespeare.

The American who designed the Confederate 'Chain' Cannon, Two cannons were placed parallel on either side of the main street of a besieged Virginian town facing the enemy. Their cannon balls were linked by a chain, so that when the cannons were fired simultaneously the entire invading army would be mown down. However, once in flight, the device whiplashed and gracefully boomeranged to massacre the defenders.

The Brabazon Flying Boat and the TSR-2—first deliveries were made dead on schedule, to the Imperial War Museum.

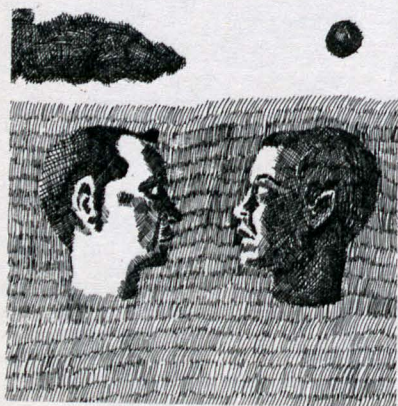
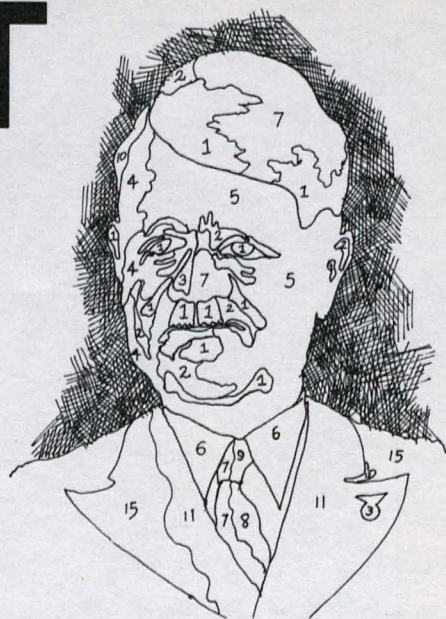
Bert Russell and J-P. Sartre's War Crimes Trial of LBJ.

The Yoko Ono Film Protest Rally—4 of a promised 500 eventuated to picket the British Censorship Board Offices.

Walter Craig, President of the American Bar Association—appointed by the Warren Commission to 'defend' Oswald. Craig attended 2 of the 51 sessions and only spoke once, but not on behalf of Oswald.

Jean Rook, Fashion Editor of the Sun, who for more than two years has been predicting the imminent demise of the mini-skirt.

The hippie London Underground Movement—failed to stay underground.



The first two issues of OZ.

Leslie Parkes—soldier.

Any British boxer.

Fonthill Abbey—cost Beckford a million pounds and fell down.

The *International Times* bid for *The Spectator*

The Monkees—unable to suppress the information that they didn't play their own instruments on their hit records, now face the leak that they didn't sing either.

The Irish Famine 1846–1849—a heaven sent chance of solving once and for all England's Irish Problem. It is one of the great historical failures of the 19thC that only 1½ million died and that a million were allowed to escape to America.



Woodrow Wilson, Clemenceau, Lloyd George etc.—foolishly ignored the territorial claims advanced at the Versailles Peace Treaty Conference by a young Indo-Chinese named . . . Ho Chi Minh.

The French Army at Agincourt—at a cost of 36 head, English Archers slaughtered 12,000 French knights in armour.

Captain Cook—who discovered Australia, but lacked the foresight to forget about it, as William Dampier had done before him.

The Beach Battle Cabinet, The Royal Navy, 300 Royal Marine Commandos, The Army, 4 RAF rescue launches, a 'Flying Squad' of 100 men and 50 pumps, the Coastguard, ten Fire Brigades in the West Country, the fishing fleets of Cornwall, 24 1,000 lb. bombs, and 250,000 tons of detergent.

Sir Walter Raleigh—spent most of life in the Tower writing unrecognized sonnets until beheaded by James I.

Erasmus—tried to argue there was no real quarrel round the Reformation.

Wat Tyler, Pugachev, Munzer, Jack Cade, James Connolly who turned out not to be Fidel Castros of their times.

Richard Lester—A Funny Thing Didn't Happen On The Way To The Forum.

Winston Churchill—born of syphilitic father, suffered from obesity, his war strategy disastrous, author of the most catastrophic budget of the twentieth century, inadvertent creator of Australian mythology at Gallipoli, only man England could find to meet Hitler on his own terms.

Bonar Law—the Unknown Prime Minister. His one joke, used strenuously throughout his life, was to tap his pipe on the mantelpiece and shout 'come in'.

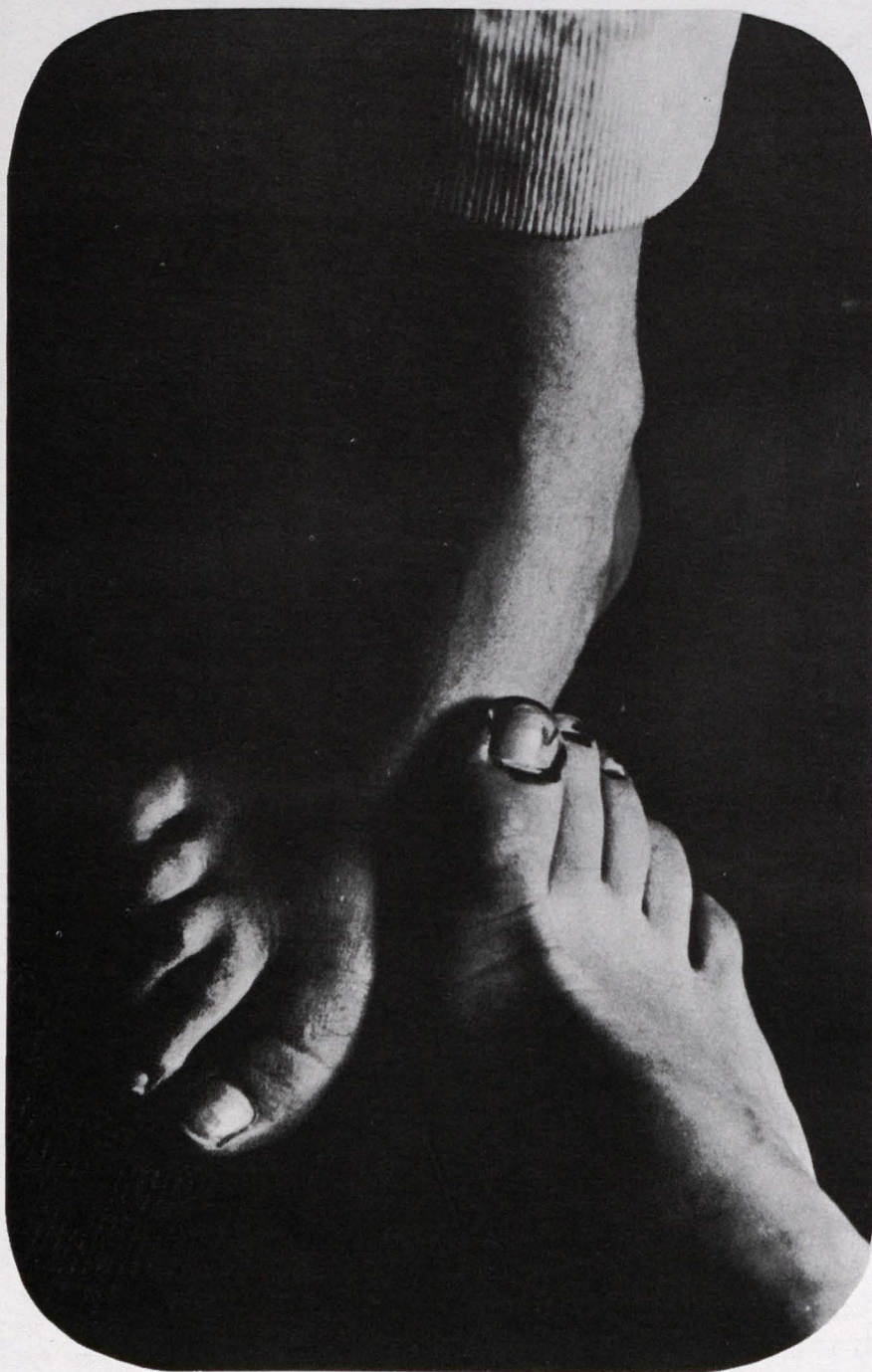
Harold—failed to repel Norman Invaders: his only claim to fame, the famous arrow-in eye canard, has lately been questioned.

Cyril Connolly—a special prize for failing to make a success out of being a self-confessed failure.

Gordon of Khartoum—practised unnatural vices and died by mistake.

Donald Macrae—such a failure that even his obscurity has remained unnoticed.





they may be in
in some groups
but

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The Scottish Match King

David Davidson is 67 and comes from Aberdeen. He hasn't seen his 9 children for a while, nor his wife since the war. "I was in the Navy, had this woman. Thought I was a real fly man. All the time me wife was flyin' me."

David sells matches at Waterloo station and makes about six or seven bob a night. He sings a lot and laughs a lot and people often stop to talk to him.

Is he happy?

"I don't give a fuck. All my mates are dead."

From the war?

"The drink. Got one leg in meself. An' the other one's slipping. Here, let me tell you a joke. Three bairns, one, two, three," he counts with his fingers, "didnae come to school on Monday. Tuesday, the teacher says, where was ye? We couldnae come to school because our father got burned. Was he burnt badly, says the teacher. They don't fuck about when they cremate you, miss." He throws his head back and laughs Falstaff like and someone passing, a little shamefaced, bobs to put a sixpence on his handkerchief.

"See, it hasn't been a bad night," he says.

A Man of Leisure

Mick LeBeau "just like the King of France" is 35.

He couldn't quite remember where he came from, but it sounds as though it was somewhere in Ireland.

Mick says he does "fuck all".

But the ladies who run the tea stall at Waterloo says he bothers them all night and would we mind taking him away from there.

Mick says he would like a sixpence.

The ladies say don't give him one or he'll bother you too.

Mick laughs, smiles for the camera and puts out his hand.

Is he happy?

"No. Not since I was dead."

How long ago was that?

"A long time ago," says Mick and puts out his hand to the cameraman, "he hasn't given me my sixpence yet."

The cameraman gives Mick a two shilling piece and he laughs a lot, then calls us close.

"Would you like a little drink?"

A gent in a bowler hat and the tea ladies disapprove.

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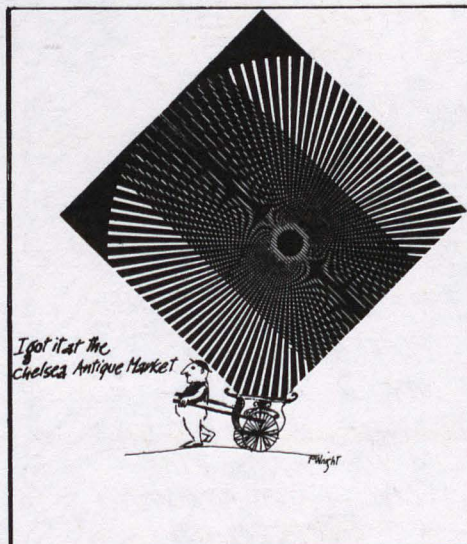
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OF OTHER POP SONGS AND AT PRESENT..
(NOW)... I'M CONCENTRATING MY
CONCENTRATION UPON STRAWBERRIES AND



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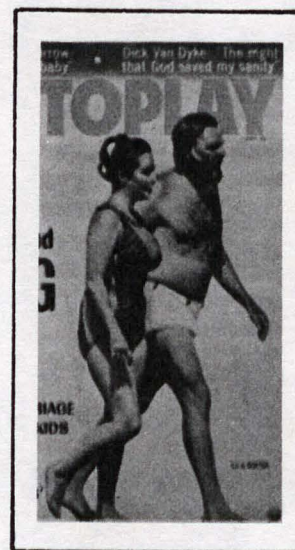
I HAVE JUST CONSULTED "I CHING"
ABOUT WE ALL KNOW WHAT, DONT WE.
AND CAN NOW COFIDENTLY REPORT DIRECT
FROM THE LAP OF BUDDHA: "P!" STANDSTILL
(STAGNATION) - THINGS CANNOT REMAIN UNITED,
HENCE THERE FOLLOWS THE HEXAGRAM OF THE
STANDSTILL!! THE JUDGEMENT! EVIL
PEOPLE DO NOT FURTHER THE PERSEVERANCE
OF THE SUPERIOR MAN. THE GREAT DEPARTS
THE SMALL APPROACHES.. UPPER and LOWER
DO NOT UNITE.. AND IN THE WORLD STATES
GO DOWN IN RUIN - WHEN RIBBON GRASS IS PULLED UP,
THE SOD COMES WITH IT !! SO NOW YOU KNOW YOU
KNOW YOU KNOW.. THAT'S THE SCENE FROM NIRVANA..
FREAKOUT FOREVER..ER..ER **FRISCO.**xxx

An ugly side of some beautiful people

"She wasn't in that case bothered by a tiresome social conscience? 'No. I don't bother about the millions being killed in Vietnam, do you?' " LADY MARY GAYE CURZON. Family motto: Let Curzon hold, what Curzon held. NOVA, April.

On Valentine Day, George Hamilton sent Lynda Johnson a rose. "You are my Valentine today and every day of the year," said a card accompanying the first rose from the actor. Next day along came 364 more red roses. Lynda Bird described George's gesture as "a wild, gay, romantic thing to do." Hollywood gossip Sheilagh Graham figured the current romantic odds: "I have 10 dollars that says YES she quite obviously adores him. At the other end of the bet is his press agent who is wagering 100 dollars that the marriage will not come off." Shortly after, Hamilton announced that his draft board had reclassified him as 1A. "I'll go anywhere," he said, "my country needs me." TIME and NEWSWEEK.

"When Jean (Shrimpton) announced to me she was going to do the film, I felt a sense of loss," Terence Stamp said, "Obviously she had come under the influence of the director Peter Watkins, he was beginning to Svengali her and I regarded that as my own responsibility, a role I've always assumed in my relationships with women." THE PEOPLE, Aug. 14, 1966.



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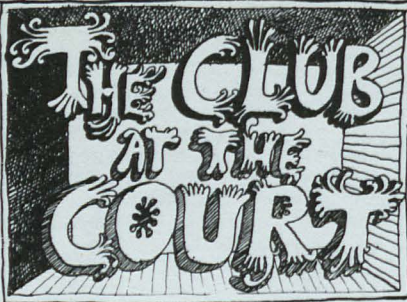


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much more; by means of a special
treatment it prevents premature emiss-
ion and gives you literally a LONG
TIME, so increasing your chances of
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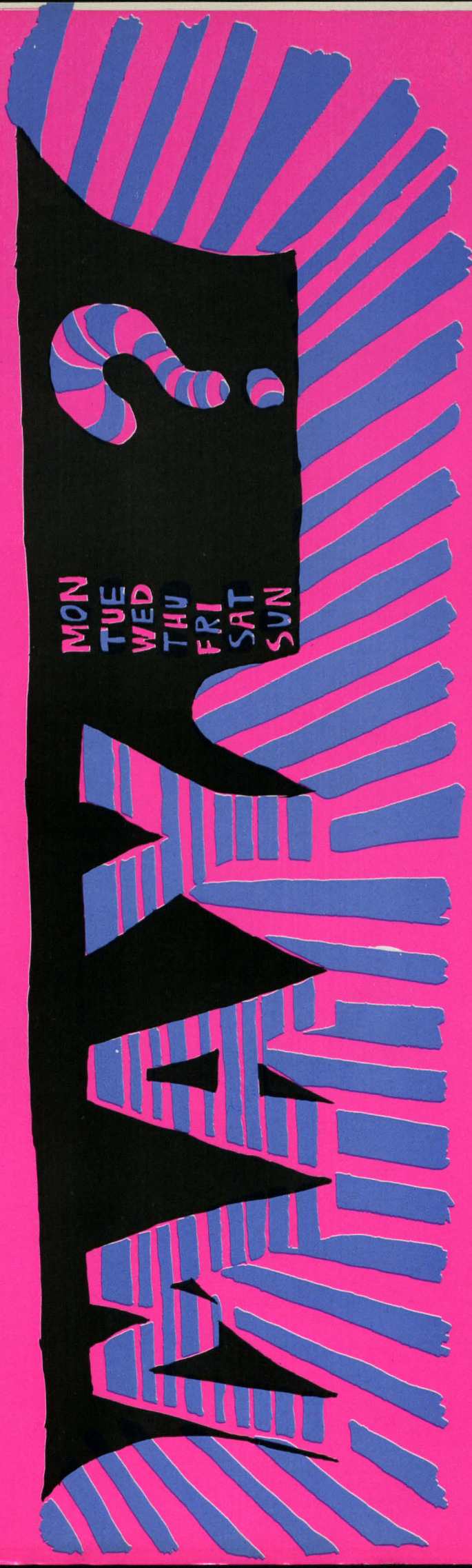
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at the College. It's a real collector's
piece.





MON
TUE
WED
THU
FRI
SAT
SUN

WHAT BEAUTIFUL SHE HAS





SO HE SITS ALONE IN LIBRARIES
HIDEOUS AND HAIRY OF SOUL
A BEAST AGAIN, WAITING
FOR A LUSTFUL KISS TO BRING BACK
HIS HUMAN SMELL, THE TASTE OF WOMAN
ON HIS TONGUE

Revlon invents wet lipstick

ROLL UP,
ROLL UP—
DON'T
DELAY—
JOIN THE
HONEY-BUNCH
TODAY!

HONEY MAKES
ME FUNNY—
WINNIE-THE-POOH

THIS IS
A
SYMPOSIUM
ON
BEAUTY

How
far should
you go?

NESTLE
has the answers
when you colour
your hair!

a dozen pictures later—after lots of sitting, kneeling, curling-up
But then 'Terylene' has never crushed, never needed ironing after w

n guard: he called.

He must have been joking.
I hadn't dare drop my guard—
not since the day
he had asked:
How'd you like to
cross swords with me?
Now I was on the defence.

True, life had been
safer mousy.
But who wants to be safe?
Or mousy?
So I pepped things up
with Polyblonde.

Now I'm in arms all the time... his!

AS THE GOOD MR. RUSKIN
SAID SO POETICALLY...
"REMEMBER THAT THE MOST
BEAUTIFUL THINGS IN THE
WORLD ARE THE MOST USELESS

EMME PERGOV'S
AND LILLIES
FOR INSTANCE

THE MOON
SEEN IN
WATER

VERY UGLY
INDEED!
BUT THAT'S
JUST
MY PERSONAL
OPINION,
OF
COURSE

THOSE PARTICIPATING INCLUDE
VOGUE ★ MARY QUANT ★ RATTI RAHASYA ★ THE INCREDIBLE AND
★ MR. EDWARD HEATH ★ ENGLISH BOY ★ HONEY ★ BERLEI
★ MR. UNIVERSE ★ JOHN RUSKIN ★ 50,000,000 FRENCHMEN ★ MR.
PETER PORTER ★ MR. JEAN COCTEAU ★ AND MANY OTHERS WHO FOR AN
AND SPECIAL GUEST STAR MR. ANDRE BOZ
INCREDIBLE VARIETY OF
REASONS WILL REMAIN
IN ANON.

YOUR CHAIRMAN
MR MARTIN SHARP
VIOLENT SOUNDS
OF ONE HANDED
CLAPPING

SATIRE IS A
WHEREIN BEHOLDERS GENERALLY
DISCOVER EVERYBODY'S GACE
BUT THEIR OWN, A PERFECT
BUST-HIPLINE AND
LEGS CAN BE YOURS
THIS SUMMER! THROW AWAY YOUR
PADDLED BRAS AND CORSETS—
—BE THE REAL YOU!

I recently bought all-in-
one rubber pants and tights
for my baby. Why doesn't
someone adapt this idea
for women's underwear?

How do I stop my nose
getting red, please?

My eyes are puffy. yet I
have lots of sleep!

Why do I get spots on my
shoulders and arms?

THE PRIME OF THE JEAN BRODIE SWEATER LOOK

SEND HOME MY LONG-STRAVED
EYES TO ME...
WHICH, OH, TOO LONG-HAVE
DWELT ON THEE

Is it safe to back-comb my
hair-piece?

What can I do for an out-
break of small, hard, white
spots on my face?

ALL HEIRESSSES
ARE BEAUTIFUL

Every woman
wants to be
beautiful

1. ANGULA IS THE
MEASURE OF A
FINGER'S
BREADTH

My complexion's flaky and
puffy. and my skin feels
tight. Why?

SIMILARLY, WOMEN ARE CLASSIFIED INTO
THREE CATEGORIES—The Deer Type, whose
YONI MEASURES SIX ANGULAS—The MAKE TYPE
WHOSE YONI MEASURES NINE ANGULAS—THE
ELEPHANT TYPE—WHOSE YONI MEASURES
TWELVE ANGULAS

ORLANE and Nature make you Purely Beautiful

Miss Elizabeth Taylor slept here

Why don't you? ??? CURIOUS

Polyblonde adds excitement to your life
sometimes too much excitement.

Does shaving my
make hair grow this

Kinks,
erylene,
both said
action.
washing.

...to look like women, be like women again. Not kink
and kooks and angular astronauts. "Way-out" is
on the way out. Now, Vincel shows the way
back to a woman's world. With fabrics
as soft as a sigh or as crisp as a misty dawn.
In colours that gleam and glow.
Vincel lets women be women.
Vive la Revolution!

I'm 32 and my husband
wants me to wear a mini-
skirt. Do you think I could
get away with it—or are
they only for teenagers?

I MUST GO DOWN TO THE
SEAS AGAIN.
FOR THE CALL OF THE RUNNING TIDE
IS A WILD CALL and a CLEAR CALL
THAT MAY NOT BE DENIED

It's
smart
to be
square

MR. MILTON...

A THING OF BEAUTY IS
A JOY FOREVER—

ITS LOVELINESS INCREASES—

IT WILL NEVER

PASS INTO

NOTHING!

MY DEAR

MR. KEATS

BEAUTY STANDS

IN THE ADMIRATION

OF WEAK MINDS—

LED CAPTIVE

WHAT?

DROP
THAT
MASK
no need to hide
spots now

ANY BRA
CAN LOOK GOOD
IN AN
ADVERTISEMENT

BARE, BONY, BEAUTIFUL.

FRESH NATURAL.

LIAR!

YES and NO.

BARE?

SHE USES "MARY QUANT

"STARKERS" THE NUDE

MAKE-UP, SOOO NATURAL

IT LOOKS LIKE SKIN.

BUT HIDES THE

BLEMISHES.

BONY? SHE HIGHLIGHTS HER BONES WITH "MARY QUANT

FACE LIGHTER"

OF LIQUID WHITE THAT BRINGS OUT

CONTOURS SHE

PS AND SOMEONE MIGHT JUST

MAKE YOU IF YOU DO!

BEAUTIFUL?

LIKES, KEATS THE REST IN SHADOW!

HONESTLY SAYING

YES! BUT YOU WOULDN'T HAVE SEEN IT BEFORE!

AND SO CAN YOU!

IF NATURE DIDN'T QUANT CAN!

KNOWS NOT GOOD OR EVIL, BUT ONLY EXCELLENCE

"Being a
beautiful woman
is a profound
responsibility"

flower fresh
... petal soft!

MORE

MONEY FOR CLOTHES & FUN
IF YOU DON'T SMOKE

BEAUTIFUL

Beautiful

BEAUTIFUL

BEAUTIFUL

WOW

BEAUTIFUL

STRAWBERRY

FIELDS

Evette is a girl who plays with fire. With a warm smile and a cool hand she sends men's temperatures rising. And on those lips and fingertips—cosmetics called Evette...

If he knows it's there, we'll give you your money back

The glamorous creature seen leaving a little later is me!

fashion's continuing geometric Right. Be starkly sensational in your clothes. But. Be Parisienne perverse. And put on a very, very, very, feminine face. Secret? The golden glow of youth in your make-up, and absolutely enormous eyes. It's the latest, loveliest look from Paris. The wide-eyed look from Lenthur.

ances with Inga Lash. an start a war. Eyes are deadly for you. of the tely natural. ga Lash. Only es go on special way.

BEAUTY IS IN THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER BEHOLDING THE BEHELD

SATIE WANTED TO MAKE A THEATRE FOR DOGS. THE CURTAIN RISES THE SET CONSISTS OF A BONE

BUTCH

BUTCHER

VERY BLOODY!

SCARECROWS DRESSED IN THE LATESTS STYLES... WITH FROZEN SMILES...

TO KEEP LOVE AWAY.

APRIL IS THE CRUELLEST MONTH BREEDING LILACS OUT OF THE DEAD GROUND

No belts
No pins
No pads
No odour
No chafing
No irritation
No telltale bulges
No embarrassment
No carrying problems
No disposal problems
No need to remove when taking a bath
No one can know; nothing can show!

ALL MEN ARE CREATED BEAUTIFUL—SOME MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN OTHERS

THE PRICE OF BEAUTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE

NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THE FAIR.

FREE OFFER
Fantastic first-ever offer: FIND YOUR PERFECT MAKE-UP BY COMPUTER from Max Factor

SEA WITCH

BLONDES HAVE AN UNFAIR ADVANTAGE OVER MERE BORN BLONDE

Sea Witch blondes have hair like silk. Soft. Shining with new but natural colour. And it's the same with Sea Witch browns. And auburns. And Sea Witch black.

O! THAT THIS TOO TOO SOLID FLESH WOULD MELT, THAW, AND RESOLVE ITSELF INTO A DEW... INTO SKIN DEW BY REVLOVE

"To think she used to suffer with facial hair"

FIFTY MILLION FRENCH MEN CAN'T BE WRONG

Remove WARTS

BERLEI INVITES YOU TO EXPERIENCE THE SUPER-NATURAL.

INSTANTLY YOU FEEL ALIVE. AN ACTUAL SENSATION OF SUPER SLIMMING AND NATURAL FREEDOM... A FEELING YOU GET ONLY WITH THE NEW BERLEI GAY SLANT

BEREYTHY IS THE SOUL OF WIT THIS RIDICULOUS CARTOON IS FAR FROM BRIGHT THESE BRIEFS ARE FAR FROM WITTY

COME, FILL THE CUP AND IN THE FIRE OF SPRING THE WINTER GARMENT OF REPENTANCE FLING... THE BIRD OF TIME HAS BUT A LITTLE WAY TO FLY—AND LO! THE BIRD IS ON THE WING.

AND... WHEN FRENCHMAN ANDRE BRETON SAID

"ONLY THE MARVELOUS IS BEAUTIFUL AND ONLY THE BEAUTIFUL IS MARVELOUS" HE KNOWS WHAT

IT'S ALL ABOUT!

SPLENDID EXAMPLE OF NOUVEAU ART NOUVEAU