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OZ 12

Richard Neville
Editor

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OZ 12

Description

Editor: Richard Neville. Deputy Editor: Paul Lawson. Design: Jon Goodchild assisted by Virginia Clive-Smith. Art: Martin Sharp. Pull-out sheets: David Wills / Colin Fulcher. Advertising: John Leaver. Writers: Andrew Fisher, David Widgery, Angelo Quattrocchi, John Wilcock. Photography: Keith Morris. Pushers: Felix Dennis & Louis Ferrier.

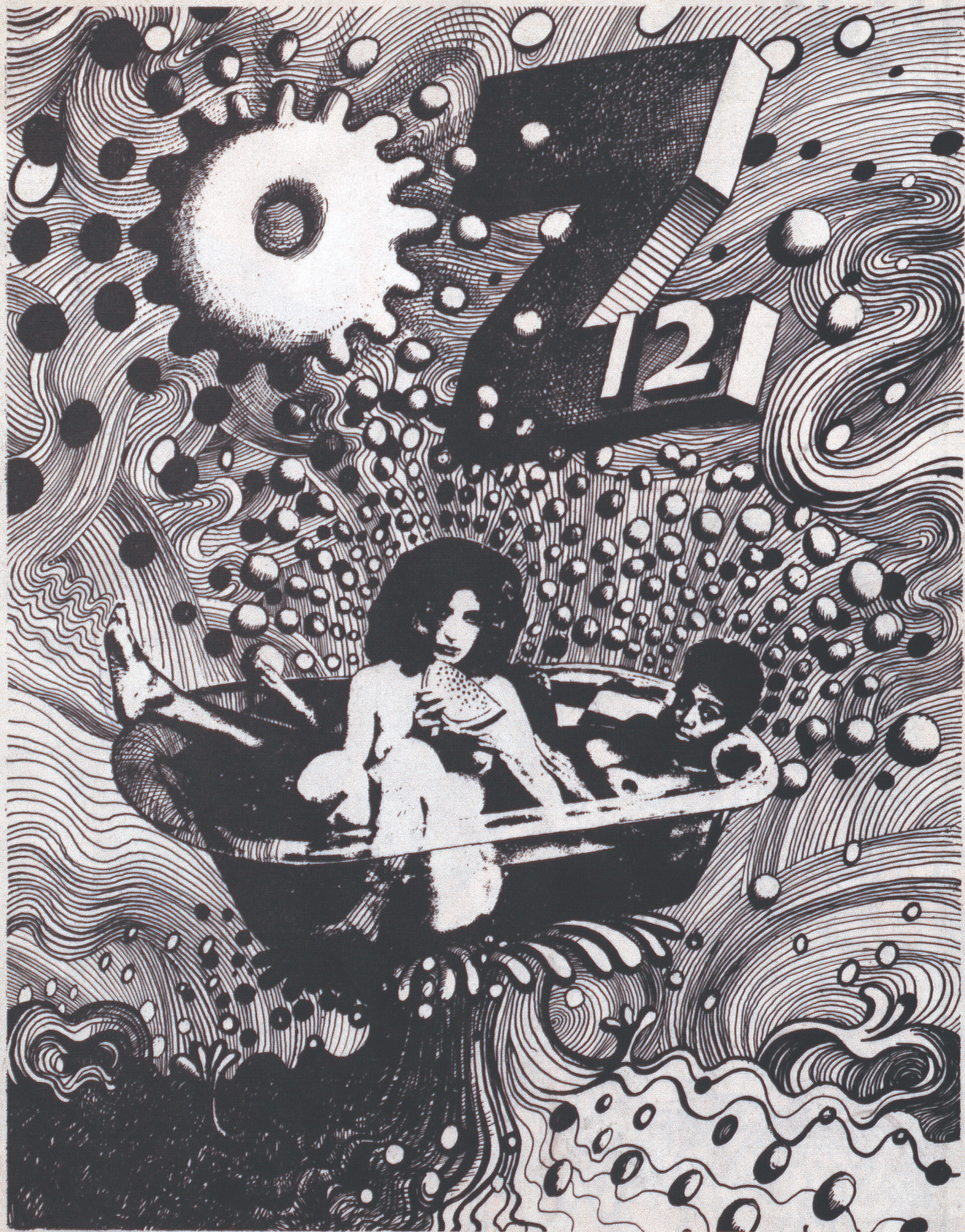
Contents: Centrefold hippy girl. 'Fading Freedoms/Latent Fascisms' part 2 by Raymond Durnat. Racism in the UK — Excuse Me, Is That the Way to the Gas Chambers? Letter from Rishikesh (Maharishi camp). Outer cover poster: Martin Sharp graphics, Incredible String Band ad, Existence is Unhappiness and Desire Can Be Destroyed Oz benefit.

Publisher

OZ Publications Ink Limited, London, 24p

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.



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Oz goes big.
See centre spread.**

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MOSCOW ROAD
1000001 W.8

ENGLAND



Academy of Meditation
Shankaracharya Nagar
Rishikesh
Himalayas U.P.
India
19-3-68

Dear Virginia,

How are you? Write and tell me - things seem to get wider and clearer here every day, one discovers the terrible and finds it's the beautiful, what seems bad is good, what seems good is beautiful. Look at us, take a good long look. One minute I'm crying and weeping and the next I'm laughing hysterically. Oh if you thought we were going away to whatever you thought you were mistaken. It's all here in the Himalayas of spiritual India, the example of the West. I'm writing in my little room, with incense burning to keep away the bugs. I have pictures of Maharishi all over my walls, a tea pot empty, honey jars, limes, tangerines, mangoes, paint box, cushions, wooden bed, oh dear, oh dear, oh dear, I can't stop laughing. Virginia, I'm indeed with problems, with upsets, with incredible paranoia at times, and love at other times. I've seen them all, my hangups in turn laid out, one by one, in waking state and in meditation. I don't know which is worse and have come to the beautiful realisation through the wisdom of Maharishi and my own meditational experiences, that you have just got to get past them all, that you've got to reach a field where none of these things exist, and by reaching that field, which you do in meditation, when you come back to waking state of consciousness everything is viewed as it is like going to a foreign country, you know how one sees everything so clearly? But what a drag to always have to go abroad to see the scene as is much better to be able to see it all the time even when one's being active etc. you see? There's no way out of the field of problems if one remains on the land of problems; what happens, one just gets immersed in all the awfulness of them, or one shoves them to one side and refuses to be influenced by them; in both cases, no good, one gets more sad and the other finds no solution. We can't get away from problems in this relative life of ours, so what is the answer? Get to a field, a level of consciousness, where there are no problems, and then you come back again on a different level, your mind just goes there, straight to the source of the problem. I'm telling you, Anyway I keep finding the problem has been solved during meditation, either in my own thoughts or if it has lain outside me, kind of it's solved itself. Really, Virginia, it's all so amazing. Anyway so love is spreading throughout the world, the same message of Christ, Buddha, Krishna, you name but a few. And we are so lucky, you realise, Virginia, you weren't so clever as to get born into this day and age for nothing, you know, you were kind of cunning and clever, you and me and the rest alike all got ourselves born and still being born, 'cos this time is favourable it seems so all we have to do is take advantage of our intelligence and get going onto meditation. M is beyond recognition, one of the several miracles taking place here. The Maharishi is pleased with her progress, her face is so beautiful, she's calm, walks differently, her pain in the shoulder is practically gone and she's beautiful, wow. A woman here who had a car accident and spinal damage 6 years ago, who could hardly move and all doctors had given up hope on her, can now move normally; this happened through meditating. Peoples' faces, relaxed and clear. So many amazing things are worked out during meditation, and it's kind of fun, think up songs which I can't remember when I come out. Virginia, to meditate, don't let the idea arise that one has to be of a certain nature, spirituality doesn't come into it - unless one wants it to. Anyway, what is religion? You should see the diversity of people here, some reverent, some exceedingly and every little spiritual idea, but it seems common thought throughout that meditation works. What is said happens, and therefore this is what we give people to do, give them a mantra, and that's it. All this fuss and stuff, what is important, the only thing, is to go and get that mantra, that word and repeat morning and evening and find 'heaven' as you put it. That's all it entails. To imagine things could not be better than they already are is nonsense. The idea is, to get Nature working with you. This means that you don't have to do much; you think a little, meditate a little and the thing happens.

It's Mike Love of the Beach Boys' birthday tomorrow, a nice guy - the Beatles and wives are all so natural and meditate a lot and Donovan is something else, such beautiful songs, he feels he was living as a minstrel in the Arthurian times, is that where I've met him before? Mia Farrow cooled down the last few days and was really sweet. That's most of the celebrities - and did they put me through a scene, phew I've had all the scenes here. The lot and more!! I'm tired, must meditate. No great change in me, more relaxed but still screwed up with Karma, though can feel it going with each meditation, can feel it, Universality, absolute. Have you bought Maharishi's Beyond Gita? I'm under no illusions as far as the actual meditation goes, there's nothing that could be an illusion. Virginia, write me some good news.

lots of love
V.



London 'OZ'

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Dear OZ,

So yet another desperate Solihullian leaps on the 'get a letter in OZ' trend—which of course is all I am doing now. That letter from 'anon' was desperately incorrect in its facts and in its request a little pathetic but the basic fact of the semi-humanoid mass being clogged in a sticky pool of coagulating 'money-coloured urine' is right and there is of course nothing we can do to radically alter this embryonic headquarters of the New Wipeout Gang... however it is interesting to note that the newsagent which previously stocked supposedly 8 (nearer 10/12) copies of the withering OZ now stocks nearly 2 dozen. It would be very nice of you if you published this short letter thing for we feel we must keep splashing the fear-striking name of Sofihuee across the pages of your dying magazine-type. (SOEIHUEE IS THE NEW MENTAL VIETNAM).

Yours,
I J Evetts

Dear Sir,

Your interest in 'drop-out' communities seems relevant to what I am doing at Southwood House, which is a hostel for boys with Muscular Dystrophy. The nursing staff here have a totally informal relationship with the boys, and love, in its most unsentimental form seems to overcome all the drudgery of nursing and almost all the pain of being crippled. Could this be an idea for drop outs; to infiltrate an isolated institution for old people or cripples as volunteer workers, and gradually destroy any institutionalisation and petty-mindedness, replacing it with love? That way, the drop-outs wouldn't be parasitical (except in the way any charity or social service is parasitical), and would also be making good propaganda for the cause of the love revolution.

Yours,
R G N Davie
Southwood House,
Hinwick,
nr Wellingborough,
Northants.

Dear OZ,

We at Jesus College, Cambridge all love OZ, but we regard the announcement that Richard Meltzer will be writing regularly for OZ as BAD NEWS. His first article was 100% pretentious junk—send him back to Crawdaddy, they deserve him! Despite Meltzer, we still love you!

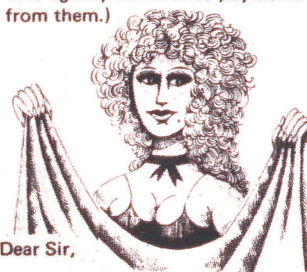
Yours sincerely,
Patrick B Hefferman
Jesus College
Cambridge.

OZ,

Re Meltzer thing on paper. Complete total bewilderment stems from free ignorance of wavelength Love, forever changes, da capo et cetera tres bien but give me quelques autres choses. Hello how are you, easy baby beats me to pulp. Broken Jug picture speaks to me (smokey—I second that emotion). 1000 light-years too far to see worse than eight miles high, strictly for the byrds. Will the pun censorship. Marvel better than DC says me.

Yours,
Paul Stanley.
Bethnal Green.

PS. Who exactly is Richard Meltzer? Who exactly am I? I do like the byrds, really! (Now come off it OZ, the rumour is you're really sanctioned by the TAS agency and receive payments from them.)



Dear Sir,

I am a 16 year old female pupil of a Roman Catholic Grammar school. (Run by Nuns.) If you are still with me and are not too busy shoving the salvolatile up your nose, I shall continue to 'shock' you, with the news that OZ No 6 has reached two of those 'Black-skirted virgins'—as your Mr Quattrocchi so aptly put it in OZ No 7.

During a religious lesson, given by our English teacher—a nun—she began talking about God and love-war and peace... hippies... drugs and 'freedom'. On the question of 'freedom' and the 'New' Morality, sister X said that drug taking and 'living it up' were not free actions! on the part of the young. She said, very authoritatively that the actions of the young particularly in drug-taking were a result of fears of the future and an attitude of 'Let's get as much as we can out of life! She spoke of this as if it was a sin. (The attitude is—lead a miserable, poverty stricken, sexless life, and go to—Heaven! Ah! Lead a happy life and you are doomed to—Hell!)

I did not agree, but I could not risk opposing her openly in front of a class of 35 girls. They are very much Catholic influenced in these matters. They never think in depth about anything or anyone, not even themselves, so they either accept it or ignore it. Consequently I was afraid of exposing my views and being laid open to defenceless

criticisms. Close friends 'sympathise' but fail to understand. Moreover I'm 'teacher's pet'—a tag I enjoy and do not wish to jeopardise.

Taking all this into account, I reached for the most subtle way of airing my views (in part) and remaining 'safe' at the same time. I had previously come across your magazine—for the first time—and having studied Mr Chester Anderson's article carefully, I gave it to sister X. (Added reasons: the article contained the word 'freedom' several times and since to my mind sister X did not know what she was talking about—the article was in complete contradiction to her ideas.)

She read it and gave it to sister Y—our HEADMISTRESS! Later, sister X and I had a chat, while two of my astounded friends looked on. During our conversation she revealed to me that she had had a chat with the 'head' about me—and quite a thorough chat it was. In answer to 'one' question I admitted to not being against drugs and told her of my views. Surprisingly, she was quite sympathetic, but spoilt it all by saying she would 'pray for me'! My friends looked on in awe. Sister X admitted she was now more aware of what was going on (attitudes etc) after reading the article, but denied reading the rest of the magazine. I assured her I would not buy another issue of OZ. I lied!

After being subjected to shocked and dirty looks from shop assistants and witnessing the ripping up of my OZ 7 by my enraged father and disgusted, incredulous mother, I am still an OZ reader. (I have survived).

However, I do not agree with all you say. You seem to be against universities and colleges as such! Why? The society at which you are aiming frightens me. You seem to be against individualism! In any sort of sort of community—I purposely avoid the word 'society'—leaders will arise, it is inevitable. A Community cannot exist with out leaders and your kind can only serve to frustrate and alienate these people. You will be left with the sheep, but no shepherds. What a confusion that will be!

KTY

PS. I am at present considering whether your magazine is sincere, or just a superficial load of old rubbish!

I am at an experimental stage in life and as in any experiment one allows for mistakes. I hope OZ is not one of them!

THE BLACK DWARF HAS RETURNED!

Dear Sir,

This is to say how happy we are with the success of our advert in OZ No 9.

We received over 200 replies and in fact, sold 800 posters through this medium.

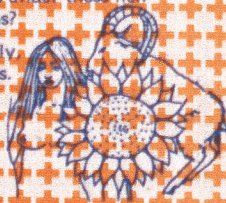
We hope in the near future, to take further full page feature adverts with you.

Yours sincerely,
Peter Ledbetter
Managing Director
Big O Posters Ltd
49 Kensington High Street
London W8

Dear Sir,

Amused and chastened as I was by the scathing attack on the Moral complacency of the New Statesman and its readers in your last issue, I feel it only fair to point out to some of your less schizoprenic readers (who take OZ only), that both Mr Quattrocelli and Mr Widgey (the latter on several occasions) have in the past written for that pale, pink and gutless (?) journal. Or could it be that some evil fascist fairy has been submitting watered-down copy to the NS under these hellish pseudonyms?

Yours cheerfully,
Alan Pulverness.



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Write:

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MIDDLE EARTH

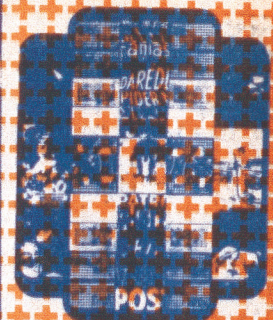
43, KING St. Covent Gdn. 240 1327

10.30 - Dawn

Fri. 10th May	FAMILY The Action 3
Sat. 11th May	From USA The BYRDS Spider John Koerner
Fri. 17th May	BLOSSOM TOES
Sat 18th May	PINK FLOYD
Fri. 24th May	SPOOKY TOOTH TANGERINE SLYDE
Sat. 25th May	The return of CAPTAIN BEEFHEART

EXTRAORDINARY ANTI-UNIFORMS
FOR PIED-PIPERs ☆ MAGICIANS ☆
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GODESSES ☆ LOVERS ☆ LIVERS ☆
GIVERS ☆ CLEAR EYES ☆ SMILERS
and ASTRAL TRAVELLERS.....

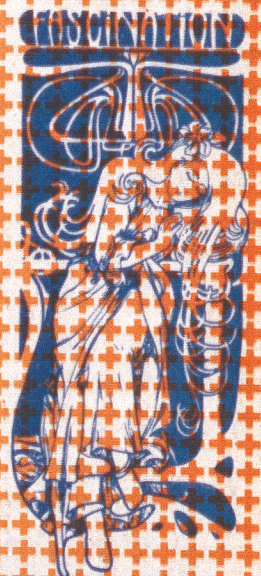
KUNG ON YOU SPECIAL RATES FOR
430 KINGS RD. WORLDS END EXTRA TERRESTIALS



SPIDERMAN

BOP20. An intricate full colour montage by Bernard Schofield. Superb colouring. 18 x 22" 7/6d.

1. 2.



FASCINATION

OAC18. A Giant Mural Poster, by Bob Masse in Black & White. 6ft x 3ft. 17/6d.

Big O Posters Ltd.
(See Page 21)

OTHER SCENES

Other Scenes costs £2.10.0d for ten surprise mailings from all over the world. Make cheques out to John Wilcock, please. Mail this form to Other Scenes, 12 Glazbury Road, London, W14.

Name:

Address:

Country:



Spike File is a hotchpotch of editorial and outside contributions. Anyone with cheap gossip or important information should send concise paragraphs to 'Spike' c/o OZ, 38a Palace Gardens Terrace, W8.

COME, MARRY EVA



The wretched Customs Alfs have again refused even a temporary entry permit to golden Eva. She has £50 and a permanent invitation to stay at her girlfriend's home, but British Customs keep sending her back to Paris. Her only loophole is to marry an Englishman. Eva is an exceptionally hip, beautiful Swedish summer and she promises to live at least a week with an Englishman who takes her hand in wedlock. Write to her girlfriend Judy, c/o OZ.

We finally got around to testing the wares of our two faithful advertisers, Pellen Personal Products Ltd, and Ravensdale Products Ltd. ('Men it can be done'. Pellen is an amiable husband and wife

team who operate from discreet offices in N10. Their attractive young staff while away the hours packing and dispatching a fascinating range of 'optional extra' sexual attachments. These include fancy sheath styles which vary from the deliciously subtle to the sensationally sadistic. For the man, there is a loss of sensitivity but most girls report reaching new ecstasy thresholds. The male pleasure reduction can be avoided with Pellen's clitoral cushions and other devices. (One of which is called simply 'Marriage Happiness'). Ravensdale, the makers of 'Magnaphal' are also helpful and efficient. Although I haven't persevered with the famous ointment, which is designed to be used with a series of exercises, I saw many hundreds of letters from exuberantly satisfied customers. One man reported such an astonishing increase in the size of his prick that the makers of 'Magnaphal' declined to believe him. 'If you think I'm a liar', responded the satisfied customer, 'I'll come in and show you'. He was advised to discontinue treatment. Yes, men, it seems it can be done, but I remind you that Masters and Johnson in their book 'Human Sexual Response' concluded that there is no relation between penis size and male sexual prowess.

Results of the OZ Sunday Times quiz:

Century's most glamorous woman: Girlfriends, followed by Anna Karina, Suzy Kendall, Marilyn Monroe.

Most prestigious occupation: Doctors, then trendy Dukes, artist, writer, cook, fishmonger.

Nation you would most like to belong to: Czechoslovakia, Tonga ('Is it just their press image or are they really so bloody happy?'), Andean tribe.

Most fascinating 20th century man: Most OZ readers voted themselves, other: Guevara, Bob Dylan, Syd Barrett, Alistair Crowley, God ('creator of the apple'), Miss April Ashley, Bertrand Russell and Alfred E. Neuman ('the first drop-out').

When the Beatles were refused admission to Disneyland, because of long hair they re-appeared dressed as nuns and were allowed in.

William H James PhD published a letter in OZ 10 seeking 'coital calenders'. These are records of the days in which women menstruate and have sexual intercourse with their husbands. This letter was written up in 'People'. Since then he has received over 20 replies. Three of them by the same crank—once as a 27 year old man, once as a 16 year old girl, once as a 55 year old woman. According to Dr James, a biometrist, about four of the coital records are extremely useful and will provide 'valuable and a completely new kind of data'. He tried, without success to publish the same letter in New Statesman, The Spectator, Nova, Sunday Times, Observer, New Society, Lancet and several other broadminded journals.

Donovan has become an obsessive drug coward. Following the recent raid on Middle Earth he cancelled his concert there. Donovan greets any visitors to his home with 'Hello. Make sure you're not holding.'

That gaggle of old women who run the Rationalist Press Association which publishes the dull grey, moribund magazine 'Humanist' have refused to accept the standard OZ advertisement. A special committee meeting was called for it to be rejected. The advertisement shows a female bosom.

10 DAYS

IN NEW YORK

Spike File

At airports, the small print on automatic insurance machines firmly disqualifies charter flights from eligibility. Yet £50 for a ten day charter return trip to New York proved irresistible—even on a discarded Qantas Boeing 707. Sandie Shaw was aboard, she had wrung some publicity out of the non-incident of her small-pox vaccination which caused the Evening Standard to dub the flight 'the pop special'. Miss Deb 1967 was there, languidly stoned between two giggly friends, so was Al Stewart, folksinger, Steve, from Osiris posters, Mike Henshaw, the hippy accountant, photographers, literary agents, restaurateurs, one plump Indian woman (who was absorbed in pornography) and two gentleman looking uncomfortable in business suits.

Earlier, as the planeload had chirped along the concrete corridors towards takeoff area, after passing currency control, I spied wads of notes crashing to the ground from between the legs of debs like so many recoiling tampons; to be urgently retrieved by accompanying males. Their money, sticky but safe.

Seven hours later, New York. Visas were stamped, names were checked in an ominous black book and baggage trolleys were issued for us to queue up at customs like rush hour at MacFisheries.

Later, it's ham & eggs at a drug store and rides up town in fibre glass seated buses which have noisy machines sorting and spewing coins for the driver. Above is a cardboard Lyn Redgrave offering her recipe for Lamb Casserole.



Robert Arnam

3.



DYLAN

BOP1. Martin Sharp's beautiful Litho Poster, 20 x 30". Printed Red & Black on gloss Gold. 7/6d.

Big O Posters Ltd.
(See Page 21)

Project 3. Jerry Rubin and Paul Krassner announce they are preparing a book of quotations on the disalienation of world youth. They want any quotes that express what's happening. It doesn't matter who says them; they can be your own. Yippee will receive a healthy publishers advance. (Any helpful OZ readers can write to them c/o Yippee, Apt 607, 32 Union Square East, NY 10003. New York.)

Project 4. Man announces a loot-in. 'We'll choose a store. About 20 of us can go hand a cashier a flower and begin walking towards the door.'

Project 5. Chicago survival. A call for camping equipment, tinned food etc..

Project 6. General sabotage programme. Men wanted.

Project 7. Please hand out free tickets to community dinners at St Marks Church.

Project 8. Please paste up posters for yippee.

Project 9. People asked to join international student strike following week, April 26. 'Day of Peace, day of Spring, day of Warmth'

So ended the meeting of yippies and my stay in New York. Diggers, it should be pointed out, are ideologically opposed to yippies and equate the call to Chicago with a lemmings picnic. For me, if it ever becomes a choice between retiring to Norfolk growing vegetables or marching, like yippies, to the Stock Exchange and throwing money into the centre of the floor; it won't be cabbages.

Richard Neville

You'll see an advertisement in this issue for an OZ benefit at Middle Earth. Please come. We can't yet divulge all the reasons why OZ needs money, because it would frighten too many people on whom our existence depends. And although the recent issues have been covering cost, we're still paying for youthful extravagances. Example: Haphash and the Coloured Coat's psychedelic Kama Sutra gatefold (OZ 4) where we used pure gold ink instead of sensible varnish. The purchase tax people insist that our poster OZes weren't really OZes at all, but posters, and they want 27½%. David Hauseman and Paul Ableman have generously donated the use of Middle Earth on Sunday 26 May and groups will appear for expenses only. If Mick Jagger is reading this, please come and play.

From P.B.:

In Queensway, London, there stands a news-agent trafficking in the most catholic selection of papers and magazines—not, I should say, hard-core pornography, but serious stuff like *Ebony*, *Iraqi journals*, *La Stampa*, *Male*, and the like. This pleasant little store was until recently run by a Jewish lady of uncertain years and temperament. She was, of course, white. The chief attraction of this emporium, was the interesting selection of personal advertisements carried on cards in glass cases outside the shop. Such things are common enough: '42-inch chest for hire'; 'Erections and demolitions a speciality'; 'Cultured coloured lady seeks interesting position'; 'Young American ex-gymn mistress gives private workouts. Rough matting a speciality'; and very innocuous statements such as 'typing done at home', the advertiser of which, when approached by an innocent who did indeed want something typed, said 'you should read between the lines. Piss off.' It will readily be understood why the shop's glass display cases were the subject of intense study at all hours by men in raincoats with one hand in their pockets. Came the day when the above-mentioned Jewish lady sold out, perfectly amicably and in just the spirit that General Dayan might emulate, to some Arabs. The character of the shop changed not at all—at first. Then horrified habitués of the subtle commercials of whoredom noticed that the cards were disappearing. Where previously the request to 'share a bedsitter' had been an invitation to pay for a fuck, it now



(By permission from *Ebony* & *Nadagassari*)

meant exactly what it said. 'Wardrobe for sale' implied a public man padding in an assortment of exotic garbs now it meant a piece of utility furniture designed for shopping.

The men in raincoats were seen gathered on the street's windy corners, muttering angrily amongst themselves. Normally unconcerned about racial problems, they became vehement supporters of the Immigration Laws and talked of the wogs ruining the area. It seemed, indeed, as if the Arab owners had proclaimed on a righteous crusade to clean the shop up, with the result that they had lost a lot of business.

But the true cause of this unpopularity, the real goad of racist sentiment, was a surprise—the surprise—our very own police force. They had paid a visit to the shop and told the ex-owner's sister (also Jewish and white), who had stayed on and had nothing but praise for her new employers, that it was urgent for her to run porno-graphic adverts (pornography originally meant the study of whores) until the blacks did it. They'd bust them. Here we have, in one explosive mixture, the issues of censorship and colour and not a protest has been made.

The Conference on Human Rights opened in Teheran as a new wave of repression swept the country. The military dictatorship, under the Shah's direct orders, have reacted to unrest with mass arrests and prison tortures which are documented in letters smuggled out of the country. Some of these tortures are described as unspeakable. Banishment is common. Shiraz University has been closed for protesting against the absence of democratic liberty; Teheran University is surrounded by troops. Religious leaders have been badly beaten up, interrogated, and put in gaol where the rations are 24 grammes of sugar, one gram of tea, two loaves of stale bread, 40 grammes of the poorest quality soap, and one shilling per day in cash.

As many as fifty student leaders have been arrested and banished to areas with unbearable climatic conditions without even the customary mock trial. This is the country playing host to U Thant and delegates sworn to defend the lofty principles of the Declaration of Human Rights.

The woolgatherers' favourite *Sunday Newspaper* stepped fearlessly into the shit raised by Mr Enoch Powell and sank without a trace. It's editorial, as usual, was distinguished by its rhetorical flourish and earnest meaninglessness. In the best tradition of middle class liberalism it placed the wrong interpretation on a series of false assumptions and concluded triumphantly by saying nothing at all. All this we expect, but at the beginning of the week its distinguished, wealthy and patrician editor took a different stand on the race problem. Separate development (sometimes known as apartheid) was the answer, he argued. The Blacks wanted it, the whites would welcome it, it solved the problem of Britain's ghettos. It was both sane and humane. He was amazed when most of his editorial staff then offered their resignations. Being a man of principle, he promptly altered his editorial. His staff withdrew their notice. His paper's attitude on race was then bravely exposed for what it was: the unhappy product of insecure men, uncertain of anything.

On a personal note, we celebrate the launching of a new publishing imprint by a friend of this magazine, Barley Alison. She is one who excels in the unexpected, being the last person you would expect to have been trained to pick a lock (during the War), spent ten years in the Foreign Office (after it), or shared a governess with Peter Ustinov. She is both an editor and a hostess in the grand tradition. The first book under her imprint—The Alison Press—is *Downstairs at Ramsey's* by James Leigh, a beautiful, funny American novel, as smooth and bitter as good coffee. At a time when publishing is becoming as monotonously anonymous as government, writers need Barley Alison.

From R.H.:

Despite the Grand Prix at Tours Film Festival and a circuit sale in the USA, B S Johnson's brilliant short movie *You're Human Like the Rest of Them* has still not found a British distributor. American distributors, who have never been noted for their dedication to aestheticism, regard their *Wardour Street* counterparts as a bunch of garbage men. Their gross under-estimation of public taste is the sole reason for the grim, old fashioned shorts (and frequently features) in every circuit cinema in Britain.

Lindsay Anderson's short feature film *The White Bus* was a total fiasco at the Oberhausen

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 Watch for announcements of new releases.

Festival this month. Non-directed actors, obscure social comment and crude humour left the audience mystified. Anderson built a reputation in the fifties by making minor (now dated) 'social comment' shorts and then encouraging his friends to write enthusiastic reviews. Although a nominal left-winger, his fascistic treatment of his associates makes him all but impossible to work with, and he hasn't made a full-length film since the melodrama *This Sporting Life* some years back. If, and it's unlikely, *The White Bus* gets a London release we can be reasonably certain of being spared future films.

Another fascist, Peter Watkins, who cloaks his penchant for mutilation and suffering with an convincing left-wing veneer, is back in London looking for work after the cancellation of his three picture American contract. Although someone (at least) was obviously impressed by *Privilege*, Watkins proved far too irrational and dogmatic for the (always nervous) boys with the money.

A BFI Production Board film called *The Park* is arousing a lot of controversy. Called by the 'International Times' as 'the worst film at the Knokke festival' and by the 'Daily Telegraph' as 'a gloomy view of urban recreation'. *The Park* has received enormous praise from people such as Eric Rhode and Sir William Coldstream. This week (7.4.68) John Berger the novelist and art critic wrote a long eulogy on the film in the *stai* New Society. A number of people, this writer included, consider the director, writer, cameraman, editor, 21 year old Richard Saunders, as the most original film talent to appear in this country for many years. Saunders is now making a short (70') 35mm wide screen feature, *Jack Pudding and the Acrobat*, from his own original screenplay. Intellectual, withdrawn, a perfectionist in his work (it was his attention to detail that enraged the 'International Times'), Saunders was undismayed at the lack of understanding which was the first reaction to his films. Film makers manque who complain ceaselessly about lack of BFI support should look at Saunders

and Stone, to return them any of their works in stock. This he did, with a mixture of amusement and embarrassment.

It is rumoured that a group of short film makers in London are preparing a dossier against a well known short film distributor. It is alleged that, for example, he sells a film for £200 to a TV station, sells the film maker the price was £100, then deducts his 15% commission.

In Paris go and see Louis De Wet's exhibition of drawings at the Galerie 413, 6 Rue Visconti Paris 6e. Actually drawings doesn't really describe them. Highly fashioned detailed works in pencil that have the weight of painting, like Pisanello using 15th century techniques on a complex 20th century vision. Like Pisanello where girls and modern sexual paraphernalia have been substituted for animals. De Wet is London based now and some of his work will be exhibited here later this year. His stuff is electrifying.

POLICE ARREST POETS

On Saturday, April 27, ten people were arrested outside Bernard Stone's Turret Bookshop in Kensington Church Walk and charged with wilful obstruction. Those arrested included Asa Benveniste (of Trigram Press), Anthony Barnett (poet), Hugh Kenno (Indica Books), Wendy and John Sharkey (ICA) and Clive Watson (poet). They were part of a demonstration which assembled outside the Turret Bookshop to protest against the inclusion of small press works in an exhibition at the United States Embassy.

This exhibition had been organised by Turret Bookshop partner, Edward Lucie Smith and included works of the demonstrators without their permission. Edward Lucie Smith had refused to withdraw their works on the grounds that he was exhibiting his private collection of small press works. The demonstrators did not want their works used for US propaganda purposes.

The 50 arrived at the Turret Bookshop clutching daffodils and anti-US posters. They burnt two books on the pavement, pinned a wreath on the door of the shop and asked the manager, Bern-

ard Stone, to return them any of their works in stock. This he did, with a mixture of amusement and embarrassment.

Suddenly the police arrived. They urged Bernard Stone to press charges. He declined. Police then asked demonstrators to make way for a puzzled bystander. They did. Then Christopher Logue, one of the demonstrators, suggested the crowd move to the Embassy and remove the books forcibly. The ransacking motion was rejected, but the demonstrators decided to move to the Embassy anyway. Too late. The police swooped in and arrested ten of them. Of those who escaped, about eight arrived at the Embassy and were turned away.

Since the arrests, Bernard Stone has organised a petition from surrounding shopkeepers stating that there was no obstruction. It is believed by some of those involved in the demonstration and the events preceeding it, that the CIA are behind the arrests: 1. There has been an official clamp-down on press coverage of the arrests. 2. The 'wilful obstruction' arrests were made at a time and place where it is customary for people to gather. 3. One of the most vociferous demonstrators, Asa Benveniste, had his home burgled professionally, but little was taken. The next day his printing press was broken into. All metal typefaces and ancillary utensils were destroyed or taken. The low price for scrap lead and metal rule out the theft motive. The police did not take finger-prints.

(This report was prepared with the co-operation of Sonia Sharkey and International Times.)

KINEMATOGRAPH WEEKLY: April 27, 1968

A DIFFERENT APPROACH TO



COLUMBIA has certainly produced a different campaign book for "In Cold Blood." This was done because the company feels the picture demands very careful thought from managers and a really sensibly conceived and executed campaign. The conventional approaches and conventional printing were therefore thrown overboard.

Local press—"tell them about it as far in advance of your playdate as possible," Columbia suggests. And then send periodic reminders, and possibly copies of the Penguin book. Editors, music critics, women's page writers, should all have a special interest, because of the film's content.

At the theatre in advance of playdate Columbia believe a personal letter on normal letter paper, and personally signed, and displayed on the newsboard, or blown up and displayed in a glazed frame on a prominently sited easel, would provide the necessary personal approach to patrons. (And there's a suggested text too.)

Nearer playdate, cut-out film reviews from local and national papers could be added to the letter, and so make a special display panel.

Another advance theatre activity could be a talk to the audience from the stage—not a long speech, but a sincere word of recommendation. Again the text is provided.

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Heisenberg had a theory about electrons. They jig about in a rather excited way, and Heisenberg's Theory of Indeterminacy, as it's called, infers that the behaviour of electrons is so unpredictable you can never tell where they are at. Heisenberg would have been in his element at the Digger's Conference.

Carefully non-organised as an unstructured event, it looked like a shambles, spoke with the gift of tongues (all at once) and by Sunday night, seemed something of a success.

Friday evening, as the lady from the Guardian pointed out, (with greater kindness than perhaps was deserved) started out with something of a false start. About 150 people turned up at the Anti-U. In the confined space at 49 Rivington St, things took on something of the crowd quality of St Peter's Square on Easter Sunday. (Elias Canetti would have been ecstatic).

So we lit out of the local church hall. On the way, Policeman G 253, (I think, he was very tall) accosted a group walking over and demanded to know why Hackney police had not been informed of the 'march'. A polite reply that the 'march' was only peaceable citizens walking round the corner to church was answered with a string of remarks indicating the Constable's extreme distaste for communal livers. After we had crossed the street, someone whispered 'Blue Fascist', loudly and honour was satisfied.

(For a fee) the local parson was very interested in accommodating communal living. The only hang up was, did we mind the concreters. Some parishioners were repairing the stairs to the choir loft, they would need to fill their buckets at the tap in the hall just behind the speakers, and they would, of course, be unable to wheel their barrows any other way but through the crowd. McLuhan says in an age of accelerating transience we have to forget trying to adjust our frames of reference to new conditions, they are gone and replaced before we have even thought about them. So a good natured crowd ignored the concreters and settled down to hear the first speakers, Laing group psychiatrists, David Cooper and Joe Berke. David and Joe spoke briefly, eloquently, pertinently and way above the heads of the audience, who listened patiently and then sullenly, and finally resentfully began addressing themselves. A transience of form accelerated by the Exploding Galaxy (present in strength) beginning their performance a full two days earlier than scheduled. So it was a non-structured event. Right? Right! One of their members, wearing a huge Mexican hat full of wood shavings commandeered the speakers table, eyed the crowd, and gobbled like a Christmas turkey threatened with the axe. They cheered. And maybe they were right.

As someone diagnosed later, the new order is almost unable to express itself in language and finds little reward in the anachronism of the dialectic. The meeting was thrown open and 150 voices set about each other. The loudest of them belonged to Sid Rawle, self-styled 'unique friend and adviser' to the Hyde Park Diggers, (denounced by another speaker as primitive capitalists) who strode, cape aswirl to the centre of the hall and announced in full stentor, 'This is a bloody shambles', a sentiment requiring little perception, but Sid declined to elaborate and sat down. A few speakers came to the front and attempted to articulate their anguish or confusion, but failed or were unheard. Everyone else was sitting about the floor in groups rapping. Communicating. As the Galaxy exploded round them. It might have gone on all night.

But the System, in this case represented by the Vicar, was very uptight about any sort of 'happening' and the organisers weren't too handy with the relevant biblical text to calm him down. So the hall was cleared and most of the group returned to the Anti-U where they rapped affectively, seriously, till late.

Saturday afternoon, about 90 people returned to the Anti-U for seminars with members of existing communities. George Ineson a member of a Gloucester community which has been operating successfully for 20 years, was probably the most interesting of the speakers.

Ineson indicated the problems of communal living with great clarity, but the discussion groups seemed reluctant to tackle the two real bugaboos of any social set-up, money and sex. As Alan Krebs, remarked, 'They're afraid to reach out and touch the peckers of the dragons'. And the session closed without any St George showing up.

Sunday's session was at Middle Earth. It was intended to be a workshop conducted by Leon Redler, but it was a sunny day, so he played baseball on Primrose Hill. As touchingly expatriate an activity as the Australian anti-Vietnam people disrupting Anzac Day at the Cenotaph. Improvising, the organisers attempted a little crafty structuring by arranging the only available seating in the form of concentric circles and the afternoon went off just like a Quaker prayer meeting, with quite remarkable rapport.

The man from the Free Bookshop complained at length, that he just couldn't seem to give anything away. Nobody wanted to take. Only swap. So everyone promised to come and denude his shelves sometime soon. Address: Coleherne Mews, Wharfedale St. SW10, PAD 2409. Open 6-10 weekdays, 10-6 Saturdays.

Emmanuel Petrakis spied for the New Life community, but made it clear he didn't want anyone with hangups, after all his was a 'family' community. Address: New Life, 15 Camden Hill Rd. Gypsy Hill, SE19.

Nick Stapleton announced that a commune was starting in Potter's Bar and did anyone want to join? Address: 39 Highfield Way, Potter's Bar.

Muz Murray revealed that a Europe-wide list of crashpads was being prepared and paper and pencils were passed. Nearly everyone with a roof over their heads put their names down. The idea is being spread. Starting with the next issue of OZ, this list will be published in a form suitable for future reference. If you would like to add to the list please write to Crashpads, c/o OZ, 38a Palace Gdns Terrace, London W8.

Someone else threatened to burn his last 10/- note. And even lit the match. But a gaunt Galaxy man cried out that it should be used to buy food. Someone shouted 'diggers do' and on cue coins showered into the centre of the group. They were collected and eventually almost everyone got a bite of a cheese roll. Those that missed out were told that Greg Sam's Macrobiotic Restaurant, 136 Westbourne Park Rd. W2, gives out free food Sunday nights.

Finally, the Exploding Galaxy, having patiently endured Sunday's extended session, gave a workshop performance of the Buddha ballet which had sufficient magic to transform each member of the Forum into one of the Buddha's five hundred milch cows. It seemed a nice communal way to close.

War is hell. Yeah! And draft dodging isn't all that much fun either (would you rather be shot or would you rather starve in exile?). The summer draft offensive in America will see a significant escalation of draft dodgers in London. They'll need jobs and accommodation. If you can help, contact, Liz Salt, c/o support Advisory Council for American Resisters, 4 Shavers Place, Haymarket, London SW1. After all your mothers loved their fathers in 1942.

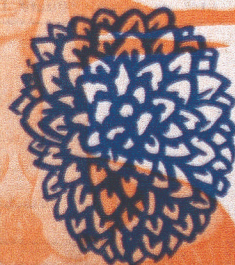
If Robert Kennedy were Jean Luc Godard he'd make movies like Don Levy's first feature *Herostatus*, playing this month at the new ICA, Carlton House, The Mall.

A perfectly assured technique of great adventurousness confronts the 'issues' of our time with incredible intensity and such ruthless commitment that audiences emerge white-faced, as wrought as heroine Gabriella Licudi who breaks down completely in the final scene. And she's not acting.

If you've ever thought there might be more to movies than Busby Berkeley, see it.

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FADING FREEDOMS/LATE HIPPIE HIGH HOPES:

THE STORY SO FAR:—

Sections 1–4 of this non-linear political mosaic appeared in OZ No 11. Section 1 suggested that freedom is meaningless unless defined in terms of power, and compared the Socialists' and the Conservatives' claims to being the party of freedom; suggesting that, on balance, the party of planning left more people freer than that of free enterprise for top people. Section 2 thought that anarchists were usually too sentimental in assum-

ing that it's natural, egalitarian and comradely; they ought also to allow for right-wing (competitive) and 'black' (sadistic) anarchism. And the internal constraints needed for anarchy needn't necessarily be less tyrannical than our external ones. Section 3 looked enviously at another aspect of right-wing anarchism: the para-hippie irresponsibility enjoyed anyway by our upper classes, and its grim consequences for the rest

of us, as top people team up with American and European finance and say 'Up the Union Jack, I'm all right' to middle and lower-class Britain. Section 4 wondered how the hippie pitch would be queered by Britain's decline and, if not fall, then stagnation or only slow rise, and concluded that the best situation would be a very slow rise with absolutely no Dunkirk spirit.

NOW READ ON:—

5 In Which Sir Oswald Mosley is Sympathetically Considered.

If Fascism, like right-wing anarchism, lacks a voice, it is for the same reason; whoever claims absolute power arouses sales resistance. One understands Fascism amongst one's friends, but never in public debate, when it becomes that deep deep black mass in comparison to which one's own dirty grey seems as white as democratic white. Yet it's as pervasively around us as the air we breathe.

In theory, at least, Fascism could evolve into just what Hitler called it, 'National Socialism'. In fact it loses Communism's traditional drawback, its allegiance to the working classes of the world, who are either too vague, or wogs, or Moscow spies. And when Russian Bolshevism's massive bureaucratic apparatus, instead of withering away, turned into Stalinism, National Socialism was, perhaps, just what it was, only with the bureaucrats playing the capitalists as well as themselves. But Stalin and de Gaulle remembered what Napoleon and the Marxists ignored, a nation is, economically as well as culturally, a class; one, admittedly, that criss-crosses others, but a class all the same. It was nasty, but it was only human, of the German little man to believe that, one day, he too would be an aristocrat, that is one of the herrenvolk.

Seen in this light, Mosley's sudden switch from the Labour party, in which he was all set for a brilliant career, to a Fascist plank, ceases to be inexplicable, and becomes a perfectly intelligible calculation, showing more logic than flair. He foresaw that, when it came to a showdown, the Labour party's nerve would always fail it. The leaders' surrender that ended the General Strike stemmed not only from the forelock-toucher's awe of those top hats, not only from the streak of peace-at-any-price meekness that creeps into the labour movement through its middle-class connections, but from a matter-of-fact recognition that victory would mean taking over the country, in the teeth of a mutinous middle and upper class, and international finance i.e. the 1926 Gnomes of Zurich. Parliamentary action would run into the same trouble, in another form (the Labour government would end, like Wilson, frantically running the capitalist machine). Mosley reckoned that nerve was needed, and a readiness to turn patriotism, hysteria, compulsion, anything, against the establishment machine. Unfortunately for himself, Mosley made the odd mistake of imagining that the workers wouldn't fear Fascism more than they feared Conservatism. His movement brought in the lower middle class elements whose chief bugaboo was Communism (and similarly in Germany, Nazism was strongest among the middle classes, weakest among the working classes). Even Mosley's jingo plank failed; his similarities with Nazism gave him the image of a Nazi spy. His anti-Semitism was infinitely more revolting, and less plausible, than the prevalent form of colour-prejudice today.

To the three preconditions of Fascism proper (industrial rhythms, hierarchy, nationalism), we can add a fourth: a sense of crisis. The best brooding ground for Fascism is one in which one group can reasonably hope to keep power over other groups, but only by straining every nerve, by mobilising every resource. The English Tories gave up early in the 19th century, when they realised they couldn't take on middle and working classes together; they switched to compromises with democracy instead, and that's why England is the land of democracy, freedom, compromise and peaceful evolution. Germany was unlucky; A.J.P. Taylor sees Nazism as deriving spiritual sustenance from Prussian Junker experience as a poor aristocracy dominating a vast population of Prussian and Slav serfs by efficiency alone. The French scene is so fragmented that shaky coalitions alternate with weak, but nasty, Fascist spurts (Boulangism, M. Coty's mercenaries of the '30s, Vichyism, Poujadism, OASism), because her social diversity creates bitter, on-a-knife-edge situations very tempting to opportunists. Macchiavelli's words are still true; for every revolution undertaken by the poor, ten are undertaken by the rich. Hence the Western fear of Moscow, whose guns and gold make the poor rich.

NT FASCISMS &

A Paranoid Guide
by Raymond Durnat

It also seems that there's such a thing as democratic Fascism; a prosperous majority permanently, and violently, oppressing a wretched minority. The American negro is such a minority. (It's ironic that Nazi propaganda against America wasn't quite as distorted as it then seemed). But the most popular form of Fascism is that which consists of exporting one's proletariat. One lets one's workers at home into some sort of prosperity; it profits, with one's bourgeoisie, at the expense of the coloured proletariat of the third world. In popular language, this becomes 'bash the wogs', and those portions of the English working-class which rise above the level of such responses tend to become somewhat resigned to the possibility of such responses and tend to adopt the callous, or a philosophical, that is to say, an actively or passively Fascist, attitude, towards the exploitation of the ex-colonial world.

What makes it all more difficult is that this Fascism is the keystone of our prosperity, of our liberalism, of our freedom; that to attack it is not only treacherous to many of our friends (only idealists won't mind that) but masochistic, unless one can locate oneself in those curious God's-eye-views from which intellectuals love to look down on mere mortals. Only this is certain; you can't put the third world, and the British working-man, first, and the Labour movement is due for much more trouble as this problem looms. For 'third world' read the Jews, and you can easily solve the mystery of how so many good Germans could live alongside the concentration camps.

6 A Conservative Revolution?

The Conservatives are right to see a powerful bureaucracy as a potentially Fascist class. As Ernest Mandel remarked, the Russian revolution set up a party bureaucracy, which, as Tory commonsense, and Marx's own basic principles, might have warned it, would put its own interests first. But everyone can see the danger and the Conservatives only obscured it by the obviousness of their motivations, as well as by that endless and inane Conservative attempt to link Socialism and tyranny, which goes back to the forging of the Zinoviev letter in the '20s, through Churchill's utterly serious allegation that the 1945 Attlee administration would put Harold Laski in charge of its Gestapo, and goes on every day in the Daily Telegraph's Peter Simple.



As subsequent elements have made clear, the creeping extension of control is as irreversible as inflation. There is a Parkinson's law of loss of liberty. A Labour government introduced peacetime conscription for the first time in English history, a Conservative government continued it. For nearly 20 years now, 'they' have been requiring university authorities to inform them which students belong to far left political clubs—just for reference, of course. A study of changing police attitudes would reveal the gradual, but steady increase in the docility it expects from the public. Since 1945, they were encouraged in this by the public's satisfaction with affluence, with tradition, with all things moral and British.

Now that the political consensus—or stalemate—is shifting, this happy relationship is shifting too. The unarmed London police beat down mass demonstrations throughout the '30s, and are traditionally paranoid about anything that involves street crowds. Now middle-class people are coming down into the street, people who are less hopeless, and better equipped to complain in the press, about police attitudes, a new line of friction is opening.

Of course, individual waves roll back, even as the tide moves in. We've already gained on some roundabouts (general sexual permissiveness) what we've lost on some swings. It's even arguable that our increased consciousness of bureaucratization results largely from a gain in insight. We know, now, who conditions us, how, why, and how unfree we are, within as well as without. For Acts of God, read Acts of Parliament. However niggling bureaucracy is, the Means Test isn't back—yet. And even in the '30s, Orwell saw the life of the British 'little man' as ruled by nothing else than stark, simple fear. To compare *Coming Up For Air* to 1984 leaves little doubt that Orwell was drawing on the moods of 1934. We're obviously all freer now than the victims of the Depression's callous chaos.

One would expect a Labour bureaucracy to be preferable to a Conservative one, simply because the party's social centre of gravity is lower. If Labour make aggravatingly timid advances in social reform (abortion, homosexuality, divorce, etc), the Conservatives make no advances whatsoever where money isn't involved, and in such cases they always defer to traditions, those which limit freedom, included. Of course, they would curb the closed shop, out of the purest love of Olde English Liberty. The choice is between a bureaucracy which occasionally bares toothless gums at big business, and one which is willing to act as the agent of big business, in polishing off the cumbersome dinosaur with which the working-class defends itself. There is also, of course, a conservative bureaucracy—including J.P.s, lawyers, and other traditionalist groups. In comparison with the other bureaucracy, it hardly shines for its reasonableness, its concern with the individual, or its freedom from red tape.

The present threat to freedom comes from a popular quarter. As Britain hits hard times, as freeze, squeeze and cut stalk the land and the old consensus breaks up, politics repolarise. Certain overtones in the I'm Backing Britain campaign are a straw in the wind. My friendly radio dealer said, with an air of finality, 'It's not actually a British model, of course'. (He seemed to think the Philips was). A millionaire gets at the children: 'Little girl, get rickets for Britain.' The government is helpless in the face of a thousand little rises in price (but can cut down on school milk). The Race Relations Act proves all but useless against white prejudice, but is immediately evoked against Michael X, and Roy Sawyer. As for loveable, fallible George Brown, his remarks about the Ombudsman remind us just how much he resents the lightest pinprick from a character who is virtually castrated by his brief. As for Smiling Jim Callaghan, who previously represented police interests in parliament, bids fair to be the Home Secretary in the Henry Brooke tradition.

On the Conservative side, developments are even more alarming. The supposedly patriotic party is as ready to encourage the Rhodesian rebels now as it was ready to scheme with the Ulster mutineers in 1914. The Enoch Powell-Duncan Sandys axis is more confident, more interesting, than ever before. Conservative rhetoric about Britain's economic crisis comes down to, 'My workers should tighten their belts out of patriotism while I get my expense account lunches back to give me more incentive.' A handful of silly secretaries work an extra half an hour for their bosses, while business sticks 'I'm backing Britain' stickers on everything from its Japanese ballpens to its Volkswagen. The dishonesty was so flagrant it backfired, superbly; everything the camp Union Jack brigade had done in jest was done in earnest.

As gutless as ever, Labour starts trussing up the unions, to such an extent that it might be better off in opposition, resisting the Conservative campaign which is bound to follow. Tough, dynamic, enterprising Mr Wilson blames the gnomes of Zurich, because he knows as well as we do that a great many of those gnomes had English names and addresses, but he doesn't like to say so, because there'd then be more gnomes of Zurich than ever. Of course they're not being unpatriotic, but they have to protect their investments, and, in the long run, what's good for them is good for Britain.

How numerous and short are the paths from 1968 to 1984 might be indicated by a (frankly artificial) scenario, one of many possible ones. Crisis worsens. Labour government in head on shock with unions. Labour movement splits, Wilson resigns, general elections, thumping Conservative majority. Showdown with unions; general strike. Middle classes patriotically silly and break strike. New policies decided on to distract attention from austerity. Conservatives adapt Liberal co-ownership schemes,

John Hurford



with owners to retain 51% interest. Combination of depression and workers competing against others improves labour discipline no end. Since the workers are in a minority against an owners/bureaucracy/middle-class united front, and that is tied to the gnomes of Zurich, who is working for whom? General discontent, and government institutes one-year national labour service to soak up unemployment among young, especially coloured. Informal employers' organisations hire Tracers Ltd to keep photographic record of labour agitators. And so it goes. There'd be no need to legislate against freedom of speech, provided only that the middle classes could be kept frightened of, and uninterested in, the lower classes. It's at this point that the scheme shows its artificiality; the middle classes are just as frightened of the upper classes. And how right they are.

7 Snarling Through

Since 1951 the English right has been relatively reasonable. Three major lessons inspired this policy. The first was the 19th-century upper-class realisation that it couldn't hold the country down by force if the middle and lower classes combined against it. The same logic underlay England's attitude to empire. No colony was interesting if the cost of tyranny exceeded the returns in trade; to hold India down in 1945 would have ruined Britain. Giving the Empire away, though it chagrined Churchill, was financially painless; the red left the map, but the trade links remained. The third lesson, taught by Keynes, proved by Schacht, and imposed on the Conservatives by the Attlee government, was that working-class affluence helps trade by increasing its spending-power and broadening the home market. The welfare state and the unions rankled with Conservative suburbia, and the middle class little man who had lost his status vis-a-vis the better-off workers; but big business didn't mind in the least, and big business called the Conservative tune. Not via the rank-and-file, so much as via the Conservative leaders—always, so mystifyingly, to the left of Peter Simple's leaders. For years they, loyal to a man, never murmured against their leaders, simply seething at (a) the trade unions and (b) a curious abstraction called 'the state' or 'bureaucracy'. This curiously omitted the Conservative ministers who headed and extended it and the public-school network which determined its policies. Eventually two things sharpened intra-Conservative strife. But suddenly the party found itself with a middle-class leader; he lacked that magic authority, grumblings began. And the country ran into the economic trouble for which it had been heading since the 19th century.

On the Labour side, Attlee was determined to minimise bitterness. He nationalised minimally, compensated maximally, co-operated with big business. Little business felt it was being taxed to death but working-class cash poured into the till and salved hurt pride.

Thus Conservative and Liberal policy converged in a consensus, which also seemed admirably liberal. And by pre-war standards certainly was. Suez was the first hint that the consensus wasn't altogether Liberal, and though the Labour left pretended otherwise it knew perfectly well that the majority of its supporters favoured bashing that wog Nasser. Fortunately for Gaitskell, the Americans pulled the rug from under Eden's feet. But Suez served to rally the first of a series of youthful 'waves', whose selfless indignation was doubtless sharpened by the denial of equalities and opportunities in a stagnant society.

The first wave were the 'Angry young men', and the brief boom in the New Left. As it ebbed, baffled, the first trickle of 'emancipated' public-school boys joined up with a second wave and produced the satirists. Concurrently, gifted non-intellectuals set up the pop and Carnaby Street circuits. Last came the Underground, whose very radicalism entailed a retreat from *now* politics. There was a diminution, not of seriousness, and not of importance, but of confidence in involvement, a shift from positive politico-cultural goals to a systematic scepticism to the leisure ghetto and lastly to inner-outer space.

Not so long ago, it was easy to assume that the young fellow who expressed a passionate discontent with society must be left-wing. Several angry young men thought so too although eventually their anger turned out to be a matter of frustrated conservatism rather than of frustrated progressivism. It's high time we stopped being surprised, or shrieking 'sell-out', when John Braine, Kingsley Amis, Malcolm Muggeridge, Bernard Levin and others turn out not to be the left-wingers we took them for. Or when David Frost switches from hawk to dove and dons a new face as TV's Godfrey Winn (and these days, the sparks fly higher on *Panorama*). (And have you noticed how solemn *Mad* became on the subject of Cuban exiles and anti-Castroism?) The right wing always had its intellectuals, but ignored them, as did everybody else, in consequence of which they tended to be rather Brand X. Because what they advocated depended on tradition rather than thought. The current crisis calls the consensus in question, and the right turns to arguments again. Simon Raven and Anthony Burgess shot their bolt a little early; Raven's *The English Gentleman* appeared in 1967 and now he just pats. St. John Stevas emerges as the Tory answer to Carnaby St, and says, in almost so many words, on TV, that the mindless masses need to be mystified by the romanticism of royalty. He's quite right to sense that this argument can be stated openly. Each TV viewer thinks of the mindless masses as all the others, that he is 'in the know' in the mystificatory process. Enoch Powell advocates an antediluvian laissez-faire which he can't take seriously. He seems to be trying to make the complete takeover of the little man by the big combines seem like the triumph of the little man. It's so obvious that even big business is scared of him. What else can one make of economic principles which would require him to denationalise the army, navy, and airforce, not to mention the Church of England, and auction them off to the highest bidder, who would employ them as mercenaries, or as missionaries with an obligation to mention 'Coca-Cola' twice in every sermon? Any day now General Motors will put in a takeover bid for the Conservative party, and even I thought I might be only joking until I read this in *The Listener*, 29/2/68:

'Britain lost an empire in North America in 1783, but important cultural links have survived and flourished. For although British goods may no longer be in much demand there, the British way of life still remains a very marketable commodity. In return the Americans might be invited over to run our industries which, no doubt, they will do considerably better than we can. A suitably patrician prime minister might even be able to present our absorption as yet another in the long series of triumphs of British skill and diplomacy.'

Duncan Sandys too has spotted his opportunity. What Suez was to the authentically left-wing minority, immigration could be to the basically right-wing majority. Have you read the new *Tatler* lately?

/over...

The Tribe of the Sacred Mushroom.

8 Is the Muse of Satire the Midwife of Corruption?

Bureaucracy is the big bad wolf. Every fashionable body is anarchist. Swinging Britain is go-ahead Britain. In some undefined way there's no contradiction between affording Carnaby St prices and quadrupling every old age pension. Every lord's son feels quite fond of Mao, because he's so refreshingly different from Sir Alec Douglas Home. Every Carnaby St pattern-cutter thrills to the saga of Fidel and Che, as do those flower-power pacifists whose principles forbid them to squash a human fly under their finger-nail. Rightwing or leftwing, what does it matter, the enemy is the consensus which the various establishments have created between them.

The ambiguity of all this detachment may be expressed in terms of **Private Eye**. The paper itself inherits a curious, and likeable alloy of attitudes: the indignation of the nonconformist conscience; the lordly cynicism and contempt of an aristocratic identification, especially at the expense of Mrs Wilson; upper-middle-class snobbery at the expense of the lower-middle-class (Mrs Wilson again); intellectual-fashionable snobbery at the expense of the middle and upper class; the rage of a generation fed on futile myths by its fathers; in brief, it exploits every possible contradiction between every kind of idealism and every kind of reality.

The most disquieting aspect of this largely admirable (and valuably informative) paper is one of its readership groups, namely, the advertising agency S-men who need to pull a fortnightly face at the thin smears left on their tastebuds by ratrace brown-nosing. They think pulling a face spiritually disengages them from the system; P.E. is their raspberry-rosary. And simultaneously satire proves that everything is only a racket and that they can pursue their own racket with a clear conscience. It purges one's self-hatred and anaesthetises one's conscience.

The detachment of middle class youth from the vindictive complacency of traditional Conservatism isn't worthless, and in the present climate of opinion, this anarcho-nihilist right is undoubtedly preferable, first because though it's more cynical it's less self-righteous, second, because it's less anti-Communist and therefore less anti-Third-World, third, because it'll briefly fellow-travel with the left on account of its own frustrations, fourth, because it's more respectful than it knows of liberalism and more sentimental than it knows about certain facts of life which the left doesn't want to know, thank you very much, which the right, being confusionistic, can't articulate, and which only get mentioned clearly by such great and isolated cynics as Macchiavelli, Hobbes and a few of the other great unread (or ungrasped), and, fifth, because it's libertarian rather than authoritarian.

But there's always the possibility that such cynicism should become a dominant mode, and if the middle-class continues losing confidence in its own sentimentalities, we might come nearer an American or a French situation, where the incorruptibility of the bureaucracy can't be taken for granted, where the rightwing would be relatively free from traditional restraints and blindnesses, where the middle-class would throw off its nonconformist guilt towards the less fortunate, where what is now done apologetically would be done systematically, and British politics would become hard-edge, energetic, brutal and irresponsible.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Eleven: Brutal New Statesman parody... Vietloon spring offensive... Yippees hit Chicago... the Anglo-American Pumice Factory Ray Durgnat's Hippy High Hopes.

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"Excuse Me, is this the Way to the Gas Chambers?"

What actually has happened in Britain? A couple of politicians have exploited the race question? Some crowds have waved racist banners? What's changed? The presence of racism has nothing to do with the activities of Parliamentarians, it's always there. True, but now a strange process has been completed. For nearly a decade politicians have been gently fanning the race issue; extremely frightened of what they were doing, wanting to soak it up rather than start anything big. Now after the Enoch Powell affair, everyone can see that the fire really was blazing all the time, and everything that is done from now on will be in some sense a response to a situation in which racism is one of the fixed institutions of political life. When they started the long string of capitulations on the question of immigration, they cast their bread upon the waters; in return there has floated back a solid mass of well-nurtured fascism. Hundreds of dockers marched to Parliament to demand further cuts in immigration and to express support for an extremist Conservative.

Meanwhile from the militant left, famous for its dockside agitation, there came the deafening roar of silence. While a wave of 'chuck-out-the-blacks' strikes and demonstrations erupted, only a few students marched in the opposite direction. The trade union leadership did nothing. The unofficial leadership did nothing. The Labour Party did nothing.

What has happened is that eight hundred thousand coloured people, most of whom have migrated to Britain in the recent past, are now psychologically encircled. They have always had their troubles—now they have become one of the centres of political life. It is assumed as a national fact that most people hate them. Everybody in Britain—including the militant race-haters—knows that all that talk about cutting-down immigration was only a way of preparing the country for the real business of degrading and destroying the black community. There is no debate about the question, there can't be, because nobody in authority any longer wants to rehearse the facts; they merely wish to define their positions and attitudes as a matter of further political convenience. We are scrambling up the down escalator; it's hard enough to stay on the same spot.

Nonetheless they all know that:

there are well under a million coloured people in Britain.
it is now impossible to get in legally unless you are

actually needed for a highly skilled job.

more people leave the country than enter it, immigrants demand less of the social services than the rest

of the population
the rickety transport, health and postal services would

collapse altogether if the immigrant population took it into their heads to depart.

the injection of another more vital and dynamic culture is exactly what this exhausted country needs.

But meanwhile, whatever elected representatives care to believe, bureaucratised racism is on the increase; income tax officials, welfare authorities, port immigration officials and above all the police, riddled as all bureaucracies are with the pin-headed species of dictatorship, are now operating in a situation in which discrimination is an easy path to popularity. Every new law published to deal with the statistical delusion of excessive immigration, makes every law against discrimination three times harder to enforce.

Britain is stuffed with festering resentment; at no other time in its history has there existed such a contrast between our image and the reality. We want everyone to think we are merry, bright, falsely modest, brilliantly decadent. It is a neon picture stuck on a crumbling old building, but we enjoy the way it glitters. Every now and again the millions who are obliged to live out their lives in appallingly drab and uncomfortable homes, who perform idiot jobs in bad conditions, who watch every facility from transport to the health service, from the police force to the education system, gradually decline into frustrating incompetence and then are told that the degeneration is their fault and that they must accept further reduction and decline every now and then, these people (most of us?) notice the gulf between the colourful sophisticated picture and the hollow truth and the shock deepens the frustration, and the frustration turns to hatred.

Racism is one of the purer forms of hatred. It is very satisfying feeling; it gives you a sense of belonging to a group; it cuts through the complex issues; it removes dilemmas and suggests easy solutions. It feels radical, even revolutionary. If you can look at your neighbours and hate them straight, without knowing their names or jobs, you can feel comfortably engulfed, threatened; you are brave, standing firm, uncomplicated, purged of irrelevancies. You know what's wrong with the country, you don't have to be told, you can see for yourself.

The politicians have fed Britain, during elections and between elections, on lies and illusions. Now ordinary indecent people are feeding the politicians back with a newly manufactured lie and illusion—that our troubles are the fault of the blacks. Racism comes from below for the most part—hey presto, the politicians are weak enough to be swayed.

'This is not a racial matter', said the Tories in 1962 when they fought through the first

measures to prevent the free entry of all British subjects in the teeth of Labour Opposition. 'This has nothing to do with Race' said the Labour Party when they maintained and strengthened the same laws a year or two later. 'We denounce the gross slur of racialism' said Harold Wilson as he passed emergency legislation to stop the free entry of Asians from Kenya. 'We will not tolerate racists in our party' cries Mr Heath as he manoeuvres his party into opposing the new laws to prohibit discrimination. 'This has nothing to do with colour' say the leaders of the dockers who marched to the House of Commons to demand measures to reverse the flow of immigrants. That is the way we go about our business in Great Britain.

The entrenchment of racism into politics was an easy though a delicate process and it was, historically speaking, quite rapid. It was a zig-zag path in which everyone, once they let go of principle, quickly came to hold the view which they had denounced two years previously as blind bigotry. The only rule in the game is to keep in step; if you lag behind the general drift you will be denounced for being wildly unrealistic ('nobody wants uncontrolled immigration any more'); if you rush too far ahead, you'll be given the chop (poor mad Enoch).

This steady political evolution is however gaining speed and it will lead as far as the racists want to take it; no organisation exists to stop them. Given the profound socio-economic crisis that Britain is going through, the basis exists for them to get beyond the 'chuck em out' stage, the question is probably only how and not if rioting will start in Britain. The real danger is that the coloured community will endure a useless period of passivity before starting to defend themselves. Unfortunately violence is the only language the racist understands.

In the meantime, the demand that immigrant Pakistanis and West Indians learn to behave in precisely the same way as the rest of us is one of the more self-destructing demands of white racism. Most references to 'integration' are made in a context of fantasy or impertinence. So enduring is the heritage of Britain's imperial past, that the British of all social classes continue to assume that the values of the donor society are the only values available. Such is the legacy of a situation in which one society physically owned another series of societies for generations. If anyone wants to know why Britain is developing a major form of race conflict, that is why. We have lost in any case the will, let alone the leadership to make it otherwise.

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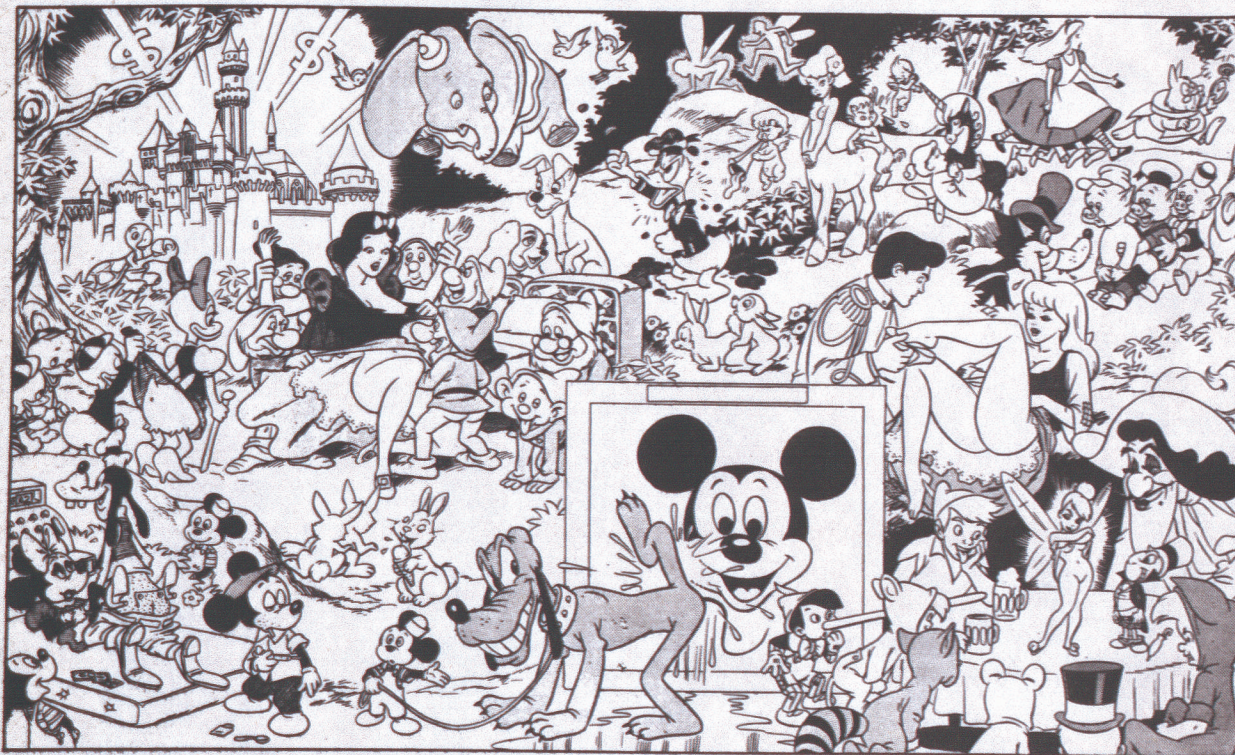
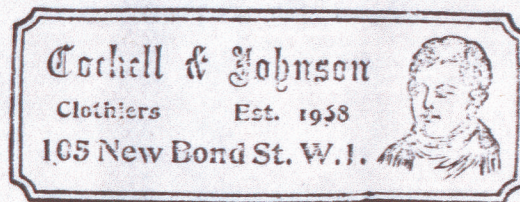
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