Description

Content: Theological Striptease cover. Turn on, tune in, drop dead. Why New Statesman editor Paul Johnson is so bloody successful, In Bed with the English — Germaine Greer analyses the English man, LBJ playmate foldout, 'Madonna of the Napalm' poster, Colin MacInnes on Michael X, Private Eye-the death, David Widgery denounces the paper for having succumbed to establishment celebrities.

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.
Theological striptease

turn on, tune in, drop dead

Why ‘New Statesman’ editor Paul Johnson is so bloody successful

In bed with the... English Free!

LBJ playmate fold-out/ Private Eye? / the Death of a President / Colin MacInnes & Malcolm X / "Raped Congo Nuns whipped with Rosary beads" / Yankee Doodles / and so much more in this first issue of London OZ, February 1967...
HENRY MILLER
TROPIC OF CANCER
TROPIC OF CAPRICORN
PLEXUS
NEXUS

JEAN GENET
OUR LADY
OF THE FLOWERS

JOHN BARTH
THE SOT-WEED FACTOR

JOHN RECHY
CITY OF NIGHT

JAKOV LIND
* SOUL OF WOOD

DORIS LESSING
MARSHA QUEST
A PROPER MARRIAGE
A RIPPLE FROM
THE STORM
* LANDLOCKED

SIMON RAVEN
BROTHER CAIN
DOCTORS WEAR SCARLET
THE RICH PAY LATE
FRIENDS IN LOW
PLACES

WILLIAM EASTLAKE
* CASTLE KEEP

WILLIAM WILSON
* THE L.B.J.
BRIGADE

EDMUND WILSON
* MEMOIRS
OF HECATE COUNTY

CHESTER HIMES
* COTTON COMES TO
HARLEM

B. S. JOHNSON
* ALBERT ANGELO

ANTHONY WARD
* THE RIVER SLEA

* to be published on February 23rd.
Good Vibrations

A gigantic machine has been constructed on the outskirts of the Pentagon. In future American soldiers will not be sent to Vietnam but will be put inside this machine where giant hammers will pound them to a pulp.

The machine will be programmed to take in soldiers at the same rate as the average death rate in the Vietnam war. Thus the machine will in every way be a substitute for the U.S. commitment to Vietnam and—best of all—her soldiers will not have to leave their homeland to die.

To those who have criticised the operation of the machine U.S. Defence Secretary Robert McNamara says, "Those people sitting there in perfect safety have no right to criticize while our boys are in there dying for us."

On the advice of State Department officials, the Australian Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Holt, has ordered a similar machine to be constructed on the outskirts of Canberra. It will be modified to pulverise at their average Vietnam commitment death rate.

Department of malicious gossip

Mr. Michael Randall, who was recently fired for trying to improve the Daily Mail, will, as is the custom, receive a considerable sum of money to compensate for the loss of his editorship. This rumpus is known as a settlement and the point of it is to prevent editors from suing for wrongful dismissal. On the afternoon of the evening Randall appeared on the Frost Programme, the Frost people inquired if Lord Rothermere would like to appear on the programme to put his side of the case. Rothermere declined to answer before seven in the evening. Randall meanwhile got a phone call from his erstwhile employer. Was he appearing on the Frost show? Would he in that case kindly remember before he said anything displeasing to Lord Rothermere or the Daily Mail, that the question of his settlement had not yet been agreed? Mr. Randall hardly said anything on the programme and gossip has it that there will be a transferral of funds in the region of fifty thousand pounds.

FEBRUARY 67/LONDON OZ 3
from Polly Peachum

Every time a clock strikes the hour (or so it would seem from the vast number of these pictures around) a young man somewhere in the United States is taking off his blue jeans and having his picture taken.

He is taking them off, though sometimes they are left on for novelty, because the last thing the photographer is interested in is his face.

And that's just as well, because where some of these pictures will end up, a man wouldn't even want his chest left on, let alone his face. Why, there are people who have seriously asked to have their navel airbrushed out in case someone recognises it.

A strange thing has been happening to American pornography lately. Until recently, every decent collector prided himself on the wide range of his collection—Xeroxed comic strips, a stack of smudgy photographs and drawings, a carbon copy of a short story or two, all, if nothing else, full, rich and varied, hyperactive and VERY sociable.

Now, suddenly, the togetherness is gone. The action (paralleling a whole trend in underground movies) is non-existent. No second person, let alone third or fourth, in fact, not even a face, arms, legs or too much of a torso is allowed to distract the purity of the viewer's visual experience.

In other words, Pop has finally caught up with Pornography. The American collector has turned specialist.

What might be best, but not always quite accurately, be described as still life has completely taken over the field for the moment.

The new pop oriented porno is presented in much the same way. It is not, as in the old days, kept well away from the ladies under lock and key in an old tin box. On the contrary, being respectable still life and a found object, in a sense the pictures are whipped out for ladies at almost any good opportunity and very, very rarely with intent.

(This is partly because most collectors, not surprisingly, have not that much intent for ladies anyway.)

What is surprising, however, is not that these pictorial portfolios exist but that they exist in such numbers and lately to the exclusion of more complex and varied related matter. It is as if all the stamp collectors in the world had suddenly started saving only African stamps and then just those featuring a woodland flower.

Generally speaking, one tends to see them on Sunday afternoons in winter when there is little else to do, often when the original owners are out of town on business or ski-ing and the house has been left in the care of whoever comes to cat-sit, dog-sit or water the indoor plants.

Stored in cardboard boxes or, for starter collections, in manila envelopes, they are usually ten by eight, glossy, not very well lit, invariably over-exposed and always looking as though composition was not on the photographer's mind while he was working. Many, especially those that present both full face and profile, bear an odd and melancholy resemblance to police station mug shots. All that is missing is the number. (In fact, since nature and science often imitate art, they may eventually come to replace, or at least supplement, the fingerprint system.)

All sorts of complicated ethics come into it. Some collectors swear that they would die sooner than take a picture themselves. They see it as decidedly kinky and a form of cheating to boot.

Others, the brisk do-it-yourself types found involved in almost any hobby, carry Polaroids everywhere.

Some think it completely unsporting to expose someone they may have briefly dallied with to the cruel and critical eyes of the collector's world. Others think the exact opposite—that showing pictures of someone they have not dallied with is as unsporting as going fishing and coming home with someone else's catch.

What all the collectors have in common is the bright-eyed eagerness of the schoolboy swapping marbles or baseball cards and it is not surprising to learn that minor variations, like tattoos for instance, carry much the prestige of those lovely cat's eye marbles that always brought in eight ordinary marbles at primary school.

It has been said that to a white man, all Chinese look alike. To the untrained eye, then, the pictures—like Andy Warhol's Soup cans, are frankly monotonous with variations that are soon seen to be firmly limited.

To the connoisseur, however, the man who has trained his eye by going through perhaps a hundred such collections, it is a fascinating world.

The connoisseurs seem to know everything—where each picture came from, what sort of person posed for it and under what circumstances.

Some of the pictures are classics and no collection is considered complete without them. As in other fields, there are stars and superstars. Some of the models are long established, familiar and quickly recognised, professionals. Others are brilliant amateurs.

The professional amateurs (after all, every man has his price) is a recognised classification, as is the obliging friend or acquaintance, who sometimes may never be aware that he has been photographed, let alone near immortalised across the nation, albeit in part only.

Some collectors like these unknowing models best and claim to be able to recognise one immediately.

One of New York's best collections is owned by a top fashion photographer. Someone who does not fully appreciate the finesse of the game might understandably expect him to produce from his particular cardboard box a series of masterpieces in aesthetic tone.

But his collection is as splodged and mottled and scratched and badly printed as any other.

This, he explains impatiently, is just the way he wants it. They should, he says, look amateurish, as if they had been photographed in a moment of feverish preoccupation by one whose mind was not truly on the task.
Anything posed, lit, slick or arty, he insists, would be "positively sick". And no one in America ever wants to be accused of that.

With this kind of cinema verité approach, where the medium is the message, any picture which shows marks of being a photograph of a photograph takes on a special aura, like a chain letter but more so. It puts the whole thing on a national, perhaps even international level.

Collectors like to emphasise how much time and space a well travelled picture might have covered. One soon learns which were taken in Italy by an Illinois friend on holiday; which were part of a classic and, alas, now mostly destroyed by fire, sequence from Mexico; and which are reputedly old Hollywood pictures taken when a now big-name and very happily married male star was a penniless unknown. Anyone who shows scepticism over this last claim is very quickly assured that the original pictures from which these still lifes were taken still circulate from time to time. (No one however seems to have them. Pictures with heads, arms, chests and legs are, in the light of the current fad, passé and not worth keeping.)

But surely, one ventures to ask, faces and the rest provide more excitement and information.

It was on the third day, when He didn't rise again, that Jackie knew for certain the President was dead. During those tense, terrible, tragic hours following the brutal assassination, she had nursed a faint, desperate hope that the days of a Kennedy in the White House were not yet over.

For, as searingly tragic as J.F.K.'s world-crippling death was (as Jackie was to disclose to me, privately, in an exclusive interview for my epic eulogy, still on tape, remembered and contested), even more shattering was the tragedy of a succession so garishly personified by Lyndon B. Johnson.

She was to recount to me, three years later, in a chic Fifth Avenue salon—manifesting that exquisite, graceful compound of modesty and refined humility that we've come to see photographed so often—she was to recount, clad tastefully in a discreet off-black mini-skirt and obviously still suffering from the grim effects of the previous night's social commitments, she was to recount perceptive, accurately, and in poignant hysterical detail her unforgettable flight back to Washington.

"From the time we left hospital to the time we boarded the Presidential plane, we were still wearing our ensemble splashed by our husband's blood to demonstrate what the masses had done. What plied us most on the plane was Johnson's eftiveness—even during those calamitous moments in mid-air—that he, a mere Vice-President, should presume to contemplate our beloved throne. This is a goal far and away beyond the reach of someone with his looks—even if he had the money."

Here she wept—movingly, meaningfully, ferociously.

During the flight Johnson begged Jackie to appear in the picture that was to be taken while he took the Oath of Office as President. Magnanimously, she condescended and moved up from the rear of the plane. Now something extraordinary was to happen; something so spellbinding, so sensational that many readers have already heard rumours of it before serialisation of my book. The official photographer's camera failed! There was an embarrassing, agonising delay in the most uncomfortable of circumstances.

It is now known that Johnson took the unprecedented step of contacting the Attorney-General, Robert Kennedy, by telephone from the plane to seek details of the swearing-in ceremony. Details, most of us felt, that could best be ignored. Bobby, quite naturally, greeted Johnson's tactless telephone call with a reaction one would expect from this sensitive college football hero, this old close friend of the late Senator McCarthy, this sly liberal phone tapper—he said nothing.

What could Bobby do when Johnson, in his ill-bred provincial manner, made maudlin and extravagant gestures of sympathy? He could do—and did—the only thing possible.

He turned his back.

Always, Bobby had worshipped the ground his sister-in-law danced on. It was in the Bethesda Naval Hospital while waiting for the President's autopsy that Jaqueline Kennedy heard of Lee Oswald for the first time. Bobby took her to one side and told her..."They think they've found the man who did it. He says he is a communist." The beautiful black widow responded with her penetrateing (Vassar schooled) wisdom, "He didn't even have the satisfaction of being killed for civil rights. It had to be some silly little communist." How unfashionable.

Johnson was a weak and ineffectual Vice-President. So much so, that prior to the fateful Dallas procession, many of the Kennedy entourage refused to ride with him.

Some of Johnson's contemptible defenders point out that Johnson pushed Civil Rights reform through Congress with more vigour and success than his predecessor could have managed. They stress Johnson's achievements in the War on Poverty. But they are wrong. His minor successes here are not due to acumen or energy, they are due to political skullduggery, publicity.

Even now, the Kennedys have not forgotten that dark day in Dallas and they have not forgotten their destiny. And Bobby especially is a dutiful and dapper mourner at his brother's graveside. He has not, and will not, recover from his brother's historic, headline-making murder.

He is crying all the way to the White House.
When you hear an Englishman shouting 'It's going down the drain,' it is odds on that he is referring to the British economy: but, providing he stands somewhere to the left of Enoch Powell, there's a fair chance that he is talking about the New Statesman. This publication has been allegedly seeping down the plug-hole ever since its foundation in 1913. In this it has perhaps followed the fortunes of those whose favourite stamping ground it has been—the British liberal intelligentsia. Notwithstanding the organisation its circulation has risen to above 90,000, its readership to 450,000. It is read not only by those of leftish aspect, but also by the far larger section of the populace who, for varying reasons, do not wish to have the Economist, the Spectator, New Society or the Times Literary Supplement as weekly nutriment.

Its editor must therefore be a sanctuary of the British progressive tradition. For many years Kingsley Martin performed this role admirably. Following his retirement the position was assumed by John Freeman, who to the relief of all shortly left to become High Commissioner in New Delhi, an imperial task in keeping with his character. After a short pause, Paul Johnson, at the age of 36, was confirmed as editor. Since his assumption of office the circulation has continued to rise, and standards alleged to have sunk. The make-up has changed: centre pieces have appeared. Leonard's voice is heard in the land; Alan Brien holds Private Views.

Johnson himself has the virtues and vices of a pragmatic left-wing journalist. His prose, pleasant and clear, has been pressed into service in admirable vituperation against American action in Vietnam, mistaken hopes that with the wage freeze Labour Blundered into Socialism, and stern admonitions about the education of, the seriousness of the Victorians.

Design. Johnson prefers to retain his premises. While a lot of people assumed this was because he was kicking. The most fundamental augur of the government was the absence of any evident plan, and a limit to the criticisms you can make of the government, a point on which I became interested in socialism.

Johnson: When I was at Oxford I was passionately interested in the history, which was what I was reading. When I was up, from 1946 to 1950 Oxford was politically dead, and I took very little interest in politics: it was the same thing in the army. In Paris I met a lot of people on the left bank, where I lived, and I became interested in socialism?

Cockburn: And at this time you became interested in socialism?

Johnson: No, not at all, I'm more a pragmatist like him.

Cockburn: On this question of Catholicism, did you lapse or have you always been a Catholic?

Johnson: Well, I've always been very fond of the Catholic Church. It fascinates me, but of course it's very wrong-headed in many ways. And I think the Vatican is an absurd set-up. I think Hilaire Belloc said what could become the Catholic Church. It fascinates me, but of course it's very wrong-headed in many ways. And I think the Vatican is an absurd set-up. I was in Ireland between the wars, and the government had put the whole thing through in a muddle, rather against their wishes, and hadn't realised that it had done a great deal of quite an important socialist development, which I've always been in favour of, namely a social wages policy.

Alexander Cockburn Talks to Paul Johnson

Cockburn: Blundered. Apart do you think the government presents any prospect of advance to socialism?

Johnson: I think this government will go where it is kicked. And we intend to do a great deal of kicking. The most important point is the government's continued determination to uphold sterling as a world currency. So long as they do that, pressures from the city, from international bankers and so forth, are bound to prevail. I don't think this government has a long-term socialist influence paper, aimed primarily at a small elite of people, cabinet ministers, leaders of the opposition, M.P.s, senior civil servants, a certain number of enlightened businessmen, to influence them along progressive lines. Of course, as the Labour Party gradually established itself as the chief progressive party in the country, it has tended to aim more at that and it has been loosely associated with the Labour Party, but it has never been a party magazine. It is written by intellectuals, for intellectuals, trying to influence people in authority.

Cockburn: Do you feel there is a limit to the criticisms you can make of the government, a point beyond which you might lose whatever influence you may think you have on them?

Johnson: This is precisely the tricky thing. We have to achieve the right balance between giving broad support and, on the other hand, criticising what one thinks is wrong. It's a razor-edged cliff that one is on, and I don't maintain I've always got the balance right.

Cockburn: This kind of support came out most strongly in that piece you wrote after the wage freeze, called How Labour Blundered into Socialism...

Johnson: Now that was quite interesting. A lot of people thought I had been put up to this by the government, and in particular by Dick Crossman. Quite untrue. I was in Ireland between the wars, and the government had put the whole thing through in a muddle, rather against their wishes, and hadn't realised that it had done a great deal of quite an important socialist development, which I've always been in favour of, namely a social wages policy.

I went to Stonyhurst & then to Mag-dalen. I did my military service rather foolishly after I went to Oxford: the normal thing, Infantry, Officer Cadet School, then I had a year...
future as a socialist instrument so long as sterling is sacrosanct.

Cockburn: But do you really think the government will ever have the guts to do anything about sterling, or, on another front, to dissociate themselves more specifically from the Americans over Vietnam?

Johnson: They are all tied up together, you see. So long as you sacrifice everything to defeat stern the, you are not in a position to have an independent foreign policy.

Cockburn: You recently said the Vietnam war was the foulest in history . . .

Johnson: I think it has become so obvious. The range and odiousness of the weapons now being deployed are so horrible, used day by day, to a great extent on a civilian population which has had over twenty years of war. The spectacle of the largest and strongest power in history hurling itself with all the resources of scientific technology on this small community could not have been far from, be almost beyond description. And incidentally, I don't think criticism of the government for its position is useless: it's arguable that if there had been more pressure from the left, we would be more firmly committed to American policy than we now are: for all I know, British troops would be at present serving in Vietnam.

Cockburn: But you don't always seem to have been so against military presences. In 1963 you told Statesman readers: "A British military presence is the Malaysian Federation's only protection against the totalitarian, imperialist powers of China and Indonesia . . . British military protection offers the best chance for the gradual development of the rule of the law." Would you express the same sentiments now?

Johnson: I don't think I would quite. The fact is, one makes mistakes and misjudgments. I went back a few years ago over all that I had written in the paper, and I roughly calculated that I had been right 40%, wrong 30%, and the other 30% was arguable. Any editor who tries to maintain that he's always been right is either a fool or a crook. But I would be prepared to argue about those points you quoted. I'm not against a British military presence overseas in all circumstances. I don't have any moral repugnance about that, provided the people want us there, and provided we can afford it.

Cockburn: On another front, a lot of people were rather surprised by your lengthy article advising the Royal Family on what to do about Prince Charles's education—the suggested course seemed almost at times to parallel your own—why did you write the piece?

Johnson: It was awfully difficult to do. Most people, to judge from the surveys, read between 80% and 90% of the paper. You can't really say people buy it for the front or the back. This is an old myth.

Cockburn: Did your literary editor, Karl Miller's, resignation have anything to do with different plans of yours, as far as the back half is concerned?

Johnson: I'm interested in improving the back half. It has a great deal of very skilful and erudite academic reviewing, but I'm interested in improving the back half, seeing it appeal more broadly to people. Indeed, by the time this interview appears, you will, I hope, see the beginnings of changes.

Cockburn: Now you are the father figure of the Statesman, discussing weekly in the diary and other pieces, what kind of readers are getting?

Johnson: God knows. That's not for me to say. Writing a weekly diary is an exercise in egotism. It's bound to be. If you don't reveal a certain amount of yourself then the thing is dull. And if you do reveal bits of yourself, then to some extent you hold yourself up to ridicule. I get a lot of that.

Cockburn: Yes, you recently described how you had a tussle with the police after some Suez demonstration and then went along to the Ritz and had a button sewn on by a waiter. Did it surprise you that people thought this funny?

Johnson: It was meant to be funny. I knew they'd think it was funny. It was true. I thought it was quite comic, though I'm bound to say I thought it was a perfectly sensible thing to do, because in those days the Ritz gave you a jolly good tea for 4s. 6d., a good Socialist tea.

Cockburn: Again, you've attacked the Beatles, Francis Bacon, got quite worked up, indeed . . .

Johnson: I just write the diary in the way I would ordinarily write a diary. I think the whole of the pop music thing is deplorable and I said so, and I got into frightful trouble for saying so. I still get a lot of trouble from it. As for Francis Bacon, I like him and think he's an extremely nice man and very talented. I just happen not to like his paintings, along with a lot of other people.

Cockburn: You thought you were going to be prime minister when you were twelve. Were there any other transitional ambitions, before the climax, as editor of the New Statesman?

Johnson: At one time I wanted to be a don. At another I wanted to be an art critic. In fact I wouldn't mind ending my days as an art critic, it's always seemed a marvellous occupation . . .

Cockburn: Voicing opposition to Francis Bacon, no doubt.

Johnson: Not necessarily, but putting a different point of view, maybe, to the one generally held today. I think it's possible I might still go into politics. I don't know. I can't see myself editing the Statesman indefinitely, and I don't think anyone would want me to do so. After one's been doing it a maximum of ten years, one ought to go, provided one has trained a good successor.

Cockburn: So you're safe till 1974 . . .

Johnson: I don't want to lay down any deadlines, otherwise...
One of the more endearing sides of Cassius Clay's nature is that he abhors violence. He has told Uncle Sam in no uncertain way that he is not prepared to go and slug it out with the Vietcong.

Cassius Clay's nature is that he abhors violence. He has told Uncle Sam in no uncertain way that he is not prepared to go and slug it out with the Vietcong.

But it is all done with unfailing restraint, and the nearest hint of violence is an occasional bellow from the exras in the stalls.

How is all this reported to you? Have a look at some quotes:

"He (Mr. Wilson) diverts attention by attacking the Tory leader Mr. Edward Heath with what even many of his own supporters thought was needless savagery."

(Daily Express 4.11.66.)

Hot dog! The bleeding and insensible body of Mr. Heath was presumably dragged from the Chamber by his sorrowing supporters, amid cries of "Shame" from horrified Labour benches.

But the Tories were not to be outdone. According to the same paper eight days later Mr. Enoch Powell "lash out at government by intimidation."

The issue of individual liberty "came to the boil". But the Attorney-General, who had been "under fire", sharply defended the record of his party.

The idea of Mr. Powell, an amiable and peaceful man if ever there was one, lashing out at anybody is nothing short of preposterous.

The list could go on. In recent months I can recall sundry Members of Parliament being whipped, lashed, hammered, clobbered, battered, slammed and, on one celebrated occasion, cut to pieces.

It goes without saying that the carnage extends well beyond Westminster. The impending earthquake around Manchester, discovered by the headline writer of the Daily Sketch, went unreported elsewhere. "Granada-hand to be split in biggest ITV shake-up," he thundered.

Others? How about: "Consumers attack the decimal £." What with, one wonders. Or: "Union chiefs hit out in pay rules storm."

The thought of Mr. Clive Jenkins and his cohorts flailing along through a blizzard of bound copies of the Prices and Incomes Bill is a delightful one, also from the fertile pens of the Daily Sketch. "UNO slaps on oil ban," said the Daily Express. Just like sticking on labels, really.

These headlines were, of course, sandwiched between the usual rapes, murders, and bashings which are part and parcel of every newspaper. (I have not yet seen a headline to beat one which appeared in an overseas afternoon newspaper, a veritable tour de force of sex, sadism, race, religion and politics."

"Raped Congo nouns whipped with Rosary beads.")

But the point about the political and other headlines is that in an essentially non-violent situation they had to draw, on violent images to sound exciting. It's a pretty miserable reflection on the lot of us that we can't record a Tory censure motion without having to drag out the metaphorical machine guns and make it sound like second billing to the St. Valentine's Day massacre.

This isn't an argument for the kind of headline The Times specialises in—"Mild earthquake in Chile, not many dead". Nor is it an argument for the weary, defeated headline writer of the Guardian who once labelled a Victor Zorza story: "Another re-shuffle in Khazakastan."

I suppose what I have to come round to is some newspaper equivalent of the peacekeepers' slogan "Make love, not war". If only we could get a bit of sex into those stories to replace the violence we might be able to save the Sun, Sketch, Mail, Standard, Guardian and Times from whatever dreadful fate awaits them at the moment.

So let's take a straightforward account of a parliamentary debate as it might be reported now. "Mr. Heath," it might begin, "last night the government for its failure to make Chatham House grammar school a national shrine. In a hard-hitting attack on the Home Secretary, Mr. Heath hammered away at Mr. Jenkins' alleged neglect in allowing escaped prisoners to use it as a staging post on the way to Europe. A bedraggled Mr. Jenkins was forced to admit that this was true, but he struck back by declaring that it had also been used for hashish parties by Pakistani tax-evaders during Henry Brooke's spell at the Home Office."

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(Paint it Black)

One of the more endearing sides of Cassius Clay's nature is that he abhors violence. He has told Uncle Sam in no uncertain way that he is not prepared to go and slug it out with the Vietcong.

It's something Cassius has in common with nearly all of us. Some of us think it would be better to stop raining napalm on Uncle Ho's venerable head. Others just think throwing bottles at the referee gives soccer a bad name. But we are against violence. Just ask any of us.

Of course it doesn't stop us enjoying a bit on the side. (Okay, Mrs. Whitehouse, you can start taking notes here.)

We sit slate-eyed in front of the television set while a steady stream of clean-jawed heroes marches off to blow some-body's brains out.

Sit through "Thunderball" with a stop-watch and you'll find sex outstripping violence three to one.

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by Nigel Stone

Under my new system it might read something like this. "Women Cabinet ministers swooned last night after another breathtaking speech by the Leader of the Opposition, Edward "call me Casanova" Heath. His handsome grey hair glowing, in the soft light of the House of Commons, the 49-year-old bachelor huskily wooed his audience with a seductive call for the creation of a national shrine at Chatham House grammar school. Mr. Heath's lithe figure at the dispatch box seemed to dominate the Chamber as he dealt gracefully with the Home Secretary, Mr. Roy Jenkins. The rugged Mr. Jenkins himself had Tory backbench ladies sighing as he replied smoothly to Mr. Heath's points, reminding the Opposition Leader that Chatham House had also been used, etc., etc., etc."
PRIVATE EYE SWALLOWS ITS WORDS
Amazing picture

Bloody Ingrams can pose for the next one himself.
At this, a portly young man in a rather tweedy hat announced he would "liven things up" and shouted, "Piss, bum, poop, old droopy tits," into the mike. Rather ostentatiously a scrawny matron left the hall. She was later identified as a Madame Barrie Humphries. "That's the first funny thing you've said all night", said someone in the third row. Whereupon the young man sat down (or rather wrinkled the crease behind his fat knees a little more, amounts to the same thing) evidently embarrassed.

Henry Masterman, gardening correspondent for the Daily Telegraph. His name a household word you say? The only man with the context of that hysterically right wing gal who appears to have maintained political impartiality? If that is the case then no one can begrudge him his success.

Yes, Masterman does live in a modest semi-detached house in suburban Acton with a "wife" and three children. But, although he bought this house fifteen years ago, Masterman has so far not shown himself ready to tell Private Eye where the money came from. His failure to send this information unsolicited to Private Eye in anticipation of this article can be nothing else than a straight forward admission of guilt.

Unlike Masterman we can back up our statements. A large brooding person now began to outline PE's commitment to social purposes and its editor's aim to influence contemporary events. In the midst of this speech, a gent in row five fared loudly. At which the entire cast descended upon him to effect a citizen's arrest, charging him with both plagiarism and infringement of copyright. In the ensuing fracas the 'performance' ended with spirited audience participation.

A Genuine Apology 29 April 66

PRIVATE EYE & MR ELKAN ALLAN

In the issue of Private Eye dated November 26th. 1965 we published an anonymous article about Mr. Elkan Allan, the television producer and scriptwriter. We now realise that this article was based on misinformation and went a long way past our intention to poke fun. We now see that it was unfair, malicious and demeaning to Mr.

Dear Readers,

the "persons" I hire to produce this rubbish have become so obsessed with so-called 'serious' journalism, that they constantly delude themselves that they "Do Good" with their witless exposes. In doing so they, in typically self contradictory fashion, have adopted the intolerant totalitarian manner for which I am justly famous. Gnomism flourishes and I get no credit for it. I am getting out of hand.

Yours very 'seriously',
Lord Gnome, pp. OZ.
In the Conqueror’s reign, the court jester earned himself a fee simply by performing his celebrated simultaneous leap, whistle and fart, each Pancake Tuesday. The custom survives. Each Tuesday fortnight, certain of Her Majesty’s simples earn themselves a fee of 1/6 (and multiples thereof) as they perform a similar act, now known as the Eyeing of the Privates.

The ramifications of the revived custom are best explained by self styled ‘editor’ Ingrams—the Corporal in charge of Private Eye. “We see our job as taking the mickey, the moses and in some (integrated) cases the rastus out of everyone. Well, that is, everyone who is someone. Establishments are defined by their critics, assured of an eminence from which to be tipped, ah, toppled. Hence our own particular licence is really licensed I suppose. Establishments relish cock and old balls. And in this respect, I think we can rightly claim to have courted favour assiduously.

Yet I suppose we started as a sort of New Satirical Express, cataloguing Pop of the Top People. Once upon a time, you know, it was trendy to have been attacked by us. Lately, of course, we’re more whipping boys. But we’ve never equivocated. We’ve always taken a point of view. Look Back in Anger gave us that point of view and for six long years we’ve done little else. That we have been boring repetitive is of course another issue. In fact, often was the next issue.

Now the public are a little satiated of it all. But I think I’m confident in saying our share-cropping of the Fourth Estate has meant something. To a discerning populace, due to our efforts, Disestablishmentarianism has added up to something new, Anti-Disestablishmentarianism.”

**O’Booze**

**WHAT KIND OF MAN IS PITMAN?**

In a frank, outspoken attack, Lunchtime O’Booze, Britain’s most fearless columnist, answers this question in his own inimitable way:

**RODNEY BENNETT-ENGLAND**

**A CORRECTION**

11 Nov. 66

We apologise to Mr. Bennett-England for any inconvenience he may have suffered as a result of this article.

**Drawings by**

Nicholas Garland

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**THE STONE SO FAR...**

After multiple rounds of the Amor Flavo at the Robbity, Brazil and his mates common together for a hanging lampshade and festive painting of their perils at the Porcull: As they stand there on Blood Rock, Brazil mentions that he is pesadous of attending to the Down Under Club.

**NOW READ ON...**
Much of what makes 'Private Eye' boring and ineffectual is parodied in the dogged tabloid for power wagged these last eighteen months between the present editor, Richard Ingrams and immediate editor emeritus, John Wells. Wells is an ex-Eton master who relishes his strong personal connections with minor royalty and really wants to be a celebrity - unlike Ingrams, despite his former period of facile punditry on swinging London. Typically 'Old Pal', Wells tried to stifle 'P.E.'s' 'farts at Meg because, as he put it, she couldn't answer back.

Ingrams loathed Son of Bumhole and Wells covered himself by writing bitter gossip about it. He was killed once in 'P.E.' as 'Literary Influence' and was later relegated to mere 'Contributor' after a putch by Ingrams on the Board. Wells took to writing idiotic T.V. criticism for the Daily Mail and is currently the best of a bad lot on the 'Late Show'. He also pens two columns of 'Afterthought' for the Spectator which is mostly belated gossip about media and the press. He is the sort of inept and arrogant T.V. celebrity - unlike Ingrams, despite his attacks on the sort of prolific and arrogant T.V. celebrity - unlike Ingrams, despite his former period of facile punditry on swinging London. Typically 'Old Pal', Wells tried to stifle 'P.E.'s' 'farts at Meg because, as he put it, she couldn't answer back.

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Private Eye' still reeks of this old guard bumhole element who are eternally adolescent and self-consciously upper class...the sort of inept and arrogant T.V. debaters which public schools now manufacture instead of Major Generals.

The William Rushton and Christopher Bookers who are responsible for the Blue Records, the Dirty Book and 'P.E.' things...all the classic revue satire stuff that bright young aristos have been titillating each other with. Rushton, for example, was once employed on the I.T.V.extravaganza, 'Stars and Garters' as resident dirty comic and was so awful - even by I.T.V. standards - that he was fired. 'P.E.' retaliated with an ill-written diatribe against the show's Elkan Allen who had despised Rushton and dubbed him 'Ginger Judas'. They were compelled to retract and publish their usual, lying apology. Rushton, incidentally, is currently in Australia posing as the brains of Greek Street satire and fraudulently marketing other people's stale 'P.E.' jokes (much to the irritation of Ingrams, who likes to save them for Oxford Review debates). Rushton's new found employer is Sir Frank Packer, an enlightened monopolist, whose vast press, radio and T.V. media grind out a philosophy which longs to be attacked in this painless, upbeat, petty nihilism, stubborn inaccuracies and principles of information on a number of occasions.

Never popular at the 'Telegraph', Foot is soon to move permanently to 'Private Eye' where he will double the back page output.

Apart from the odd useful piece of information that was taken, Ingrams has never really had the staff or sources to be able to write a page taken from the back page output.

So much for satirical conviction.

Not that anti-bumhole paranoiac, Ingrams, is concerned much with satire anyway. He often rejects cartoon contributions for being "too satirical", requesting "whimsey" instead. He is not above staging office tantrums in front of visitors to embarrass Tony Rushton, amiable business manager, into raising his £30 weekly salary.

A huge, somewhat scarred figure, he rallies forth from his rose-covered weekender, astride an imposing iron bicycle to tilt mightily at the treadmills of Fleet Street. The Ray Gunter of satire, Ingrams seems himself as the Messiah of 'Private Eye', is tautly religious about its continuation but in practice has proved all Exodus and no Revelations. His pet through Ingrams is to print the sort of hard reportage of political malfeasance that distinguishes 'Der Spiegel' and 'Le Canard Enchaine'. With rare exceptions (e.g. Hanratty) he has, of course, failed.

His attempt to politicise 'P.E.' resulted in the recruitment of Claude Cockburn and Paul Foot - both bitterly resented and boldly resisted by the bumhole boys.

Cockburn's 'This Week' is hardly the coruscating, witty mould of society's opinion that Ingrams hoped it would be. The envisaged Thunderer role emerges as rather the sound of one hand clapping: largely because the ruined Limerick mansion Cockburn writes from is not Cliveden and he is no Nancy Astor.

Ingrams second appointment was more hopeful. Paul Foot, Mandrake of the Sunday Telegraph, and source of all those contemptuous stories about laughable editor McLauchlin (now retired) was brought in as effective political editor. Ingrained aristocrat and past President of the Oxford Union, he fitted-in to Greek Street well. A journalist and author of a heavy-handed Penguin on race relations, he introduced fairly novelty to race relations, he introduced relatively well-informed and irreverent but principled information on a number of occasions.

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In no terms save those of an essentially mixed-up society can the strip-tease form of entertainment make sense. But today there is another kind of "stripping" which is gaining popularity, and that is the intellectual stripping of modernist Christians who are discarding their theological veils one by one. "The Fall of Man," "the Devil," "God the Father," "the Virgin Birth," "Hell" and even "Man," "the Devil," "God the Father," "the Devil," "God the Father," are tossed aside—if only to attract a more sophisticated audience; but when this does happen, it is hushed-up as much as possible. Generally the fear of complete exposure is as acute as ever it was.

Malcolm Muggeridge is the Gipsy Rose Lee of these strippers, fluttering his eyelids—now towards the Roman Catholics and now at the Anglicans, pretending to drop a veil, then clutching it all the closer and drawing larger and larger crowds. His fans include Mary Whitehouse, but only since he started having his veils made of red flannel. And then there is his special performance when the stage is lit only by "glow worms," shining "with an intrinsic light" while he is "caught in all-encompassing radiance, like dust in a sun-beam." Some people might suggest, unkindly perhaps, that he is getting just a little beyond it now, and must surely be able to afford a comfortable retirement from his rather pitiful intellectual antics. There are plenty to carry on with his work.

Several highly paid stars (John Robinson, for one) actually perform in church, although they do the show in reverse, arriving part-exposed at the door, humming:

"God is superfluous . . .
God is dispensable . . .
God is intolerable . . ."

and then picking up the veils one by one as they go down the aisle, ready to recite

"I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth . . ."

with their delighted audience. Others have their own groups such as the "Christian Humanists," the "Christian Agnostics" and the "Secular Christians": but top of the pops are probably the lively little company of "Cambridge Theologians." Most of the performers are men, strangely enough, but Monica Furlong is an exception. Some years ago she admitted that stripping (or "being a Christian," as she put it) was "intellectually more exhausting" than it had been for years. There is no doubt at all about that; it is exhausting, even for the audience, if they take it all as seriously. They just let him have Earl's Court, the freedom of the radio, TV and the press, and then leave him to get on with it.

Inevitably some criticism comes from the old-time strippers, who, in their own "Quaker" and "Unitarian" clubs, reached their peak of stripping hundreds of years ago. They simply cannot see what all the fuss is about, and are justifiably a little peeved that these modern performers should be so highly paid for what is really so terribly old-fashioned. The Education Act of 1944 laid down that once a day (and at another period during the week), the children shall put on these absurdly out of date veils, and, although they are not expected to go through the strip routine themselves, some teachers have actually been performing striptease in front of their classes! First they throw off "Adam and Eve" and then "Eternal Damnation," and, if they are only amateurs, before they know where they are, they have dropped the lot.

Other RI teachers demonstrate a special ritual movement (quite obscene) by which the God-veil is ripped and torn but never discarded. It is no wonder that the public is worried about an increase in immorality. Few teachers, however, are

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*Kit Mouat*
"RAAS, in England, is the nearest thing we have to the American Black Muslims. It is not in fact very near, since the social-racial contexts are so different. Although we are a racist society here, white racism is diluted and polite, so that black opposition to it, however militant, is correspondingly mild.

The letters RAAS purport to stand for Racial Action Adjustment Society, but in reality (on an analogy with, say, Ian Fleming's SPECTRE) the title is chosen to give four letters that spell out an exceedingly rude West Indian word—it denotes, in fact, a saturated menstrual cloth.

The President of RAAS is a Trinidadian called Michael Abdul Malik, or Michael X, formerly Michael de Freitas. He is a converted and practising Muslim (I mean religiously, as well as being a "Muslim"), a poet, a former hustler in his unregenerate days, and an impressive man, if rather unorganised.

I have long believed that only Negroes will help Negroes, and that white allies harm as much as they help. As Stokely Carmichael points out—to my mind, accurately—whites should convert whites, not hinder blacks by trying to back them. I was thus sympathetic to Michael's endeavours: though in contradiction to my own belief, joined his organisation as an associate member (only blacks can be full members). This involved my suggesting a task I could take on to further the movement's objectives.

Before describing this, a word about black racism, or racism in reverse. Here one must judge not so much by theory, as by practice. I know Michael is not a racist, and that his shoulders are entirely chipless. Nor can I discover that his members are. In this, I admit, they differ from the American Muslims. But apart from personal inclination, the English situation does not encourage black racialism for three reasons. First, because Negroes are one-fiftieth, not one-tenth of the population as in America, too small a minority for racial aggression. Next, because the aloof, wet cotton-wool style of white English racialism has—with few exceptions—none of the neurotic violence found in the US, which makes the call there to Black Power meaningful. Lastly, neither West Indians, nor Africans, nor Pakistanis have any experience, historically, of being bullied by a white majority, and this gives them a greater assurance in relation to whites. (It is significant, incidentally, that Stokely himself is a Trinidadian.)

Liberals, of course, deem all exclusive racial organisations tainted. But it seems to me they only say this when the organisation is black. What liberal objects to the multiplicity of Jewish bodies, with not a Gentile on their committees, which succour their own race? Does any liberal resent Cypriot, Maltese or, for that matter, Australian self-help organisations? No, such are thought to be both practical and patriotic. But not any body founded by Negroes for helping one another: this, says the liberal, is racialism.

The real reason the liberal doesn't like the idea of a group like RAAS is that it doesn't want him. Well, let him console himself with CARD, or other excellent multi-racial bodies striving, so they say, for the same ends. And perhaps he is to some extent right: the battle against racialism can be fought on many fronts, in many ways, and let he who is concerned with this choose the one he thinks the most effective.

So once an associate member of RAAS, I suggested to

He accepted the idea, and we went into business. The first two problems were lawyers and money. Anyone with experience of courts will know that a solid defence is half the battle. The scared Barbadianorman in the dock, speaking a scarcely comprehensible dialect and having failed to muster witnesses and solid citizens who can stand surety for him, is greatly helped by preliminary advice in the cells (to which only lawyers have access), and the presence in court of a sharp expert who is not intimidated by its atmosphere of doom.

This brings us first to the matter of legal aid. Many think this, like the National Health Service, is a free and automatic privilege. Not a bit of it. It is granted at the magistrate's discretion, and often refused. Of course, if legal aid is granted, the financial problem—and that of legal defence—are both looked after. But since most coloured people haven't the faintest idea how to go about getting legal aid, it is important to have a lawyer in court to apply for it on his behalf. And until it is (or isn't) granted, this lawyer, naturally, has to be paid. Then if legal aid is refused, he has to be paid a great deal more to carry the case to its conclusion.

Most criminal lawyers are willing—subject to this initial payment—to take on legal aid cases since, though these are not generously paid, they cover costs and keep the office busy. We had to find, and did, solicitors who would accept the rather odd cases we sent them, and be prepared to charge as little as possible for the first appearance (to ask for legal aid) and for subsequent efforts if legal aid was not granted.

I say "odd" cases because we made it a principle that guilt or innocence were of no interest to us. To try to decide this would be speculation anyway, and we
followed the excellent principle of the British courts of "innocent until proved guilty." Of course, this principle, in practice, is not as absolute as it is thought—why, to name one of dozens of instances, should the not-yet-proved-guilty person be put into a dock, and not allowed to sit by his lawyer, as in America? Additionally, the proposed Criminal Justice Bill, with its tampering with juries, seems to intend to undermine this ancient principle even further.

Over several cases, we had failures and successes—some of these "successes" being in fact convictions, but with sentences much less severe, we were sure, than if the accused had not been defended at all. We were also able to arrange sureties for bail when the defendant couldn't supply these—though our sureties, despite their impeccable respectability (and sometimes pure Caucasian skins) were often refused by the magistrates. Meanwhile we paid out of our own pockets more than we could afford, and ran up bills about which the solicitors were, on the whole, patient.

About this time, a rather sensational immoral earnings case came up about which a great many other West Indians were concerned, believing the accused to be innocent. They raised funds for his defence (which the police subsequently suggested were intended to bribe the sureties). The persons involved with this case—for which the accused was eventually sentenced to four years—heard of our endeavours, we got together, and a committee came into being which we called "Defense."

I was in two minds about this body, since sad experience has taught me that individual action of one or two persons is often more effective than that of a quarrelsome group. However, there seemed strong feeling among the coloured community of W.11 that something should be done, and we soon had nine committee members making a whole dreadful paraphernalia of chairman, secretary, treasurer and so forth. After several internal rows, we settled down with an office, telephone (operating day and night so that victims could call from the station on arrest), a part-paid secretary, and we have hitherto handled about a dozen cases.

Sceptics will say—what is the use of all this? At best it is a drop in the ocean of coloured woe ... and why only operate in London W.11, and why only defend coloured persons, and what if the accused has a white wife, and so on?

In moments of anguish and fatigue I agree with these strictures. We seem to be using up a lot of our own precious time (all the committee members have other active occupations), subsidising solicitors, losing a lot of cases—and no doubt raising false hopes in the process. Nor is our initiative greeted with approval by much of the coloured community. Murmurs are heard that we are earning money somehow out of this, or playing politics, or antagonising the law and making things worse.

My only reply to this is that if we can establish that coloured cases will be defended, maybe official attitudes to coloured accused will gradually alter. I was once accused of something with eleven others, all coloured. One of these and myself, having a bit of money, got lawyers and were acquitted. All the rest were convicted on an identical charge. I have not forgotten this.

As to the argument that if we are "Defense" we should defend anybody—a point that was put to me in a court canteen by an intellectual detective who follows, he said, my writing with professional interest—okay, okay, we will; and in fact, in one case we have defended a white accused. The support of coloured peoples seems to me greater and anyway, the organisation is coloured, so why should it not defend its own? As Michael X, in his poetic manner, put it, "Islam teaches me the whole world is my family, but the coloured man is more, he is my brother."

Then what about me, the only white face on the committee? Isn't this inconsistent? Highly so, and as soon as I can I'm going continued on page 17
Darling...

I'd love to write the straight-talking McCarthy-Brophy rundown on the most intimate activities of the English male, but I can't for the simple reason that I've never been to bed with one. It's true that I have no lack of standards of comparison. I regard your request as a compliment to my energy and enterprise, not to mention the catholicity of my taste; under normal circumstances I should have plunged into exhaustive fieldwork, but I can't even do that, because I have taken a vow never to go to bed with, or indeed have sexual traffic anywhere with, an Englishman.

Those who know how passionately I hold my convictions of complete lack of possessiveness and prejudice in sexual affairs would beaghast at this uncharacteristic and illiberal action, which was not so much freely taken by me, as forced upon me by the circumstances.

In Cambridge, where I live, there are (reputedly) eight men to every woman. It seems the ideal spot for a devoted practitioner of the arts of love, for nearly all the men are in the full flower of their potency, being between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two. When I arrived I was elated at the vastness of the opportunity for proselytising.

For six months after I arrived there, the only sex I experienced directly, apart from endlessly repeated discussions in which I found it necessary to explain that there had been improvements upon coitus interruptus as a contraceptive method, or about venereal disease of the order, "Sweetie, those are lice. You are not so much diseased as dirty," was the sight, one by one, of three, grubby, scrumy men in their forties, who derive some wan satisfaction from exposing to me their genitals, pallid and bluish in the frosty air.

In those six months I altered my image violently and constantly, but no real change in my fortunes resulted. I settled down to being bottom-wiper and information service about contraception and venereal disease and matters of the heart generally, and transferred my sexual hopes to the metropolis.

I was sick to the gills of monotony, and constantly, but no real change in my fortunes resulted. I settled down to being bottom-wiper and information service about contraception and venereal disease and matters of the heart generally, and transferred my sexual hopes to the metropolis.

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guilty of deliberately exposing themselves completely; those who are (or who dare to advise the children not to touch the veils at all) find that they are barred from promotion. Most people think this absolutely right and fair—especially the professional stripper who, naturally, want to continue to lay down the rules as to how far stripping can decently go.

One recognises that for some people the theological strip-tease is all part of growing up, like reading Penthouse or Woman's Own. All the same, they can't help being impatient for the time when Stripping Veils will take their place in museums alongside the stays, chastity belts, and bustles of previous ages, and Strip-Tease will be as out of fashion as cock-fighting and the Lancers.

A suggestion was made recently by Dr. J. M. Allegro that scrolls should take the place of veils. He tells the story of how, soon after the war, he found that stripping could be particularly effectively performed with an accompaniment of Hebrew, which he took the trouble to learn. It is quite possible that his ideas may prove a considerable embarrassment and challenge to the groups, although the stars have a powerful backing of half-believers, and will, no doubt, be as ready as the Beatles to extend their repertoires in order to retain their popularity. They have already switched some of their bookings this year from the church to the non-church, and they may even go so far as to suggest that "NSS" stands for "Church of England" rather than for the National Secular Society, which (like most things they say) would make appropriate non-sense. It is, however, exceedingly unlikely that any of the strippers will go so far as to risk endangering their undoubted privileges as "Christian" clergymen, parents, authoritarians, newspaper columnists, or radio and TV stars. Theological strip-tease is here to stay.

people might hold me to them. Of course I'm getting a bit old for politics really, by present day standards, and I'm not sure I'd make a good M.P. Unless you're a strong extrovert with a good dash of personal vanity, it's a difficult life to enjoy.

Cockburn: So it looks like out to pasture as an art critic.
Johnson: Yes, though, on the other hand, if one feels one can do it, it would be rather a dereliction of duty if one didn't try ministerial office, if one felt one had some particular contribution to make.
Cockburn: What would you regard as your great virtue?
Johnson: Well, I think I'm very conscientious and responsible-minded, probably overmuch, because I worry too much about things.
Cockburn: And your vice?
Johnson: I'm impatient, terribly impatient.
Cockburn: Yes, I asked someone who had met you once, what question she would like to ask you, and she said Ask him why he's so bloody unpleasant. Do you feel you have this effect on people?
Johnson: Well, I think I do on people I meet very briefly, occasionally: but much less so than I used to. I'm now much more humble-minded, more benevolent.

to hand over my job (Press officer) to a wise young Caribbean, African or Pakistani. But I was in from the start, they asked me to stay, and there for the present I still am.

That there are elements of vanity in my presence (the white pet of the dark committee) is undeniable, but in my interfering way I think coloured citizens have to be prodded into organising themselves if they're going to get any sort of a deal in this country. Most of the immigrants still don't realise that they'll lay their bones here, and dream of an eventual return to sunny skies. Few of them see their children will grow up Britons to whom Africa and the West Indies will be no more than a hazy legend. Thus, while white immigrant groups in England are close-knit mafia, the coloured communities remain largely disunited. The result is that, despite individual courage, they are easy to exploit as a minority group.
How LBJ lost an election/gained a friend/and won.

On Saturday, August 23rd, 1948, a Democratic Primary Election took place in Texas. (For the winner this meant automatic victory in November.) Some of the late votes cast in the state were...
Following the tradition set by rival fat glossies, OZ each month unfolds a sumptuously satirical Playmate and adds a special bonus of a monthly calendar.

Our hack cartoonist spotted the lovely Lyndon—President of the United States—deep in the heat of no-one. 'I keep telling folks they can go all the way with L.B.J.,' sighs our dimpled anti-yellow rose of Texas—'but none of them are game to.'

After brooding over this month's erotic exposé, randy OZ readers will certainly seek him out (we warned him) and plug his alluring credibility gap.

'Oh, it won't be that easy,' giggled gorgeous Lyndon, 'it's so wide and getting even wider all the time—I'm such a naughty fibber.'

Tall (6 ft. 4 in.), gaunt and temptingly body scarred, LBJ's favourite hobby is genocide 'Women and children first' he grimaced coquettishly.

Although our shimmering, sensuous, sun-tanned Texan is a relatively new arrival on the international power scene, his political maidenhead was first shattered some eighteen years ago in the most bizarre election of all time—even for Texas.
THE SOMETHING INCREDIBLE TURNING
OF
Mervyn Lymp, Bank Clerk

MEET Mervyn Lymp, Respectable Bank Clerk, Son Of A Respectable Bank Clerk; Grandson Of Equally Respectable Bank Ck.

Once Dull Day Our Wholesome Healthfoods Hero Strolls Absentmindedly Into A Bookshop While Wending His Wary Way To Work. This Was The Beginning Of The End For The Luckless (Lucky) Lad

Scrub My Skin With Women
Churn My Tongue With Hash
Stuff My Nose With Ambien
Coat My Eyes With Psychedelic Transcendental Euphoria
Fill My Ears With Crap
Stick My Legs In Clouds
I'll Tell You Nothing About Vietnam

Frisco (Ex Mervyn) Went To Pot And From Pot To Poetry, Like Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Billy Burroughs, And Donovan Before Him. Frisco Broke Through The Communication Barrier, Succeeding So Pretentiously That The Bookshop Published His Works. "I Am Frisco The Soul" Several Copies Sold. Mervyn Frisco Read Them Publicly... On The Very Same Rostrums That Allen Ginsberg Had Once Performed On...
...TO WORK, MERVIN HAD ACCIDENTALLY SWIPED A COPY OF THE SENSATIONAL "INTERNATIONAL TIMES". BRITAIN'S SWINGING NEW ANGRY NEWS SHEET LAUNCHED TO THOROUGHLY PROTEST THE TURNED ON, TUNED IN, DROP OUTS FINANCED BY GENUINE AMERICANS!!! OUTRAGED BY IT, EXPOSE OF OUR SAD, SICK, SEX RIDDEN SOCIETY, MERWIN BLOWS TO JOIN THE NEW UNDERGROUND CLASS-LESS CULT. MERVIN LYMPE TURNS TO THE SCENE OF...SOMETHING!

SOMETHING'S HAPPENING - BUT YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS...DO YOU, MR. JONES?

IT'S A HAPPENING

INSPIRED BY THE INCREDIBLE ARTISTIC TRIUMPH OF LONDON'S "DESTRUCTION IN ART" SYMPOSIUM. FRISCO...MOVED TO ECSTASY BY A "GROUP-LICKING" OF A CHEVROLET COVERED IN PAINT IN A FIELD NEAR STONE HENGE...FRISCO MADE A PERSONAL BREAKTHROUGH WITH A HAPPENING OF HIS VERY OWN!!!!

I SAT IN KING'S RH AND DRANK PIANTA AND PIANTA (ONLY ASSISTED BY BRADLEY MARTIN'S) FLARING TO REAL THE CLIMAX REGRESSION EXPECTED. NEVER THE LESS, IT WAS COLD, WET AND NO ONE TOOK THE SLIGHTEST INTEREST IT WAS...HOVER, IF FUNCTIONALLY VALID HAPPENING, "ALTHOUGH ACTUALLY NOTHING HAPPENED."

IT'S A VANDALISM
music composed and played by LSY-influenced musicians
the only record of this type available!

FRISCO GROOVED OVER TO
PORTOBELLO RD TO COMPLETE
HIS BOPPERS ENSEMBLE WITH THE PURCHASE
£320 OF A NON-EUR-ANY NOVELLY TAKER PEARL
PILL BOX TO HOLD HIS HIGH AND SKINS!

MAY I CAN HOLD THE SHIT
HERE SO THE FUSS WONT
BUST ME!

DRUGS! DRUGS! DRUGS!
JUST TO HAVE A LITTLE
SCENE!

SITTING HERE ALONE
GETTING STONED
THINKING OVER MY
SELF. IT'S FINE
RIDING HIGH
ON LEBANESE RED
TO BLOW MY HEAD
BUT FOR PSYCHEDELIC COHERENCE
OF MIND EXPANSION
I MUCH PREFER MAN
TO HAVE A TREMENDOUS
OF PEACE WITHDRAWN
FOR NEPAL

HUNG UP AND BROUGHT DOWN "MAN' IM MORE PEBBLED
THAN STONED" FRISCO FELT THE TIME HAD COME TO
CUT OUT FOR THIS YEAR'S MECCA FOR MISTRES
WHERE HE COULD ENJOY THE PERMANENT HIGH OF THE TRENDY THIRD
EYE OPERATION. "THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A HOLE IN THE HEAD TO CURE
EXCESSIVE CAN FRISCO SURVIVE THE HURDLES OF THE EXOTIC EAST

5 FRISCO'S GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT IN THE UNDER
ARTS WAS HIS INCREDIBLE 10 HOUR FEATURE FILM
TINY SKULLS A HAN
TRIBUTE TO ANDY WARHOL AND
"THE MOST BRILLIANT OF THE MARKS BURRIS"
VARIOUS OF ENTERPRISES IN THE SPHERE
OF PSYCHEDELIC UNFORTUNATELY
THIS THE EXPANSION AND THE BRITISH FILM INSTITUTE
PROTEST AGAINST THE "UP-TIGHT
MASS CONSCIOUSNESS" FRISCO TURNED
JOINT OUTSIDE THE SAMMIE ROW
BEING BUSTED FOR OBSTRUCTION OF PUBLIC
THROUGHTRAFFIC.

PS. THOUGH TO THE
OUTSIDE WORLD TO
AND TO ALL INTENTS AND
PURPOSES FRISCO
HAS SHED HIS MORTAL
COIL WE HAVE INFORMATION
THAT HE SEES
ALL FROM HIS NIKWINA
IN THE HIMALAYAS. HE
WILL BE IN TOUCH...
SEE NEXT ISSUE