3-1967

OZ 2

Richard Neville

Editor

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Description


Publisher
OZ Publications Ink Limited, London, 20p

Comments
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Bite sized OZ! Monster posters!

London Two and Six

British Breast
30s a Grain
Whitehall Toad
Peter Porter

Tom Jones
Mark Lane

Shut That Guy Up!
What really happened at the BBC’s Lime Grove studios on January 29? Ostensibly, a much fan-fared impartial investigation into the death of Kennedy which pitted Mark Lane, author of ‘Rush to Judgement’ against two Warren Commission lawyers, Arlen Spector and David Belin and two of the Warren Report’s influential defenders, Lord Devlin and Professor Bickel. What actually appeared on TV screens outraged an undisclosed number of viewers; prompting them to jam BBC switchboards. The strict format of the programme seemed loaded against Lane, to say nothing of compere Kenneth Harris’s compulsive partiality. What didn’t appear on camera is even more fascinating. Here Mark Lane recounts his negotiations with the BBC, reveals how rehearsals with other protagonists were underway 12 days before he arrived and discloses astonishing occurrences behind-the-scenes.
If you were watching BBC-2 for almost five hours on January 29 you should have been informed that the distortion was not caused by a faulty television set in your home. It originated at BBC's Lime Grove studio. It was, in fact, planned that way.

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

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

It seemed just a bit odd to me that so astute a politician as Mr Specter would refuse to debate with me in America (the major networks and leading universities had sought to arrange such debates on many occasions but Mr Specter was adamant in his rejection of every such invitation) and so quickly agree to escape across the ocean for the encounter. One less naive would have had a clue that the BBC had somehow made the confrontation most attractive to the Commission's representatives. I confess to having speculated about the matter with myself for a moment or two. I concluded that the suites at the Connaught, the expense account, the trip to London for the Commission and I alone will speak for the critics? In a sense you might say that, he replied, but Lord Devlin and Professor Bickel are not Commission personnel. I let that one pass not saying that they had been more effective for the Commission even if more ignorant of the facts. I said I would like to make a suggestion. Perhaps you might invite Professor Hugh Trevor-Roper—you know who he is? Among his credentials to qualify as a participant was the fact that he has read the 26 volumes, and his writings on the subject seemed to demonstrate that he was almost the only person in England to have bothered to examine the evidence. Certainly Lord Devlin gave no sign of such an acquaintance with the facts. The answer was that Professor Trevor-Roper was not to be a participant. And now that that's out of the way, what hotel would you like to stay at. I couldn't care less. Any will do. Well, then we'll make a reservation for you at the X hotel, and if there is any change we'll have a message waiting for you when you arrive at the airport. Please cable Dick Francis the time of your arrival and contact Paul Fox after you're settled in your hotel in London. The cable was sent.– Arrive January 28th 7:00 AM.

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

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

My first direct contact with a BBC staffer came when I was in Los Angeles. A call came from London. A very correct and polite English voice informed me that it was owned by one Peter Pagnamenta who was the assistant director of the programme which had been named "The Death of Kennedy". He called to find out when I would arrive and to be sure that I understood the approach that the director had taken to the programme. I would arrive on the 28th I said, and I should like to hear the director's approach. He explained that the film would be shown. It would constitute the opening statement of "your case" as he put it. Then the Commission lawyers would be permitted to make comments. Didn't I think it fair that they should speak next? I did, indeed. And then you will rebut the debate will proceed. It all sounded fine, I said, but weren't there to be two other participants? Oh yes. Lord Devlin, you know who he is? I did. Well he and a Professor Bickel will speak later in the programme. In other words, I said, you will have four Commission supporters present the Commission's case and I alone will speak for the critics? In a sense you might say that, he replied, but let it be worth it financially, for since I was not paid a farthing for the programme, and in fact was compelled to cancel speaking engagements for it which were to have paid handsomely, the programme was, in that sense, to be worse than a total loss. But the chance to meet the imaginative creator of the single bullet theory in an open, no holds barred encounter, before some seven million viewers, with the knowledge that it would be fully reported in my own country, was worth any sacrifice of time or money or effort. Still, I was tired. I cleared Immigration quickly with a greeting from the clerk. He said he'd be watching the programme. Customs, too, was
There was no message waiting. I called the X hotel to find that there was no reservation. Since D had told me that the Commission lawyers, Mr Spector who you have already met, and Mr Belin from Iowa, were to stay in rather luxurious quarters at the Connaught, I called there as well. It was almost nine and I had left New York the evening before and hadn't yet been to sleep. In due course a responsible and concerned young lady at the BBC was located and a reservation made at a hotel. I was too tired to care that the hotel was undergoing noisy renovation and that the lobby resembled a bombed out village or that the room was dark and musty.

Before I left the States, D had told me that the BBC had constructed a most elaborate model of Dealey Plaza and that it was hoped, by the BBC, that instead of aerial photographs of the area which appeared in our film, live, on camera, shots of the model might be substituted. D agreed to the substitution upon my agreement that the model was accurate. I took a shower, shaved, and called Paul Fox. The operator at the BBC cut me off. I called again. He was not in but would call back. He never did. I called Peter Pagnamenta. He was at a meeting and his office would switch me to the meeting room. We were cut off again. I called back. Mr Pagnamenta will call you in a minute. He didn't. I called back in fifteen minutes and reached him. I said that I would like to see the model. He said, sorry about the renovation at the hotel; hope it hasn't disturbed you. I said that it is quite all right, thinking that if he knew about it why didn't he book a room at some other hotel. I would like to see the model. He said, how would tomorrow do. Not too well, he said, never mind, I have some at the hotel and I'll fetch them now. But before I left to get them I observed the remainder of the set. On the far left, appearing almost as if it were in a hole, was a small table, at which I was told I would sit during the programme. A larger table, raised, as is a judge's bench, was in the middle, and it was this that created the hole in the ground impression for my table. To the right was another larger table for two, and still further along, the set for our impartial moderator, Kenneth Harris.

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

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

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

Mr Fox seemed deeply perturbed. I understand you have some problems, he said. I explained them all. The model was not accurate. How can two Warren Commission sycophants be judges. Lord Devlin has served as the almost official salesman for the Warren Report in England for more than two years. He endorsed the Report before the evidence was published, and since the publication of the 26 volumes he has betrayed no trace of having examined them. Bickel, on a smaller scale, has tried to serve the establishment in his own country in much the same way. How can you suggest that they be judges. Mr Fox said, after all we are showing your two hour film, so there is no need for everyone on the panel to agree with you. I submitted that he had not understood my point. If he desired, he could have a dozen Warren Commission spokesmen on the programme, and I would not object. What I objected to was the BBC establishing two such spokesmen as judges. Mr Fox, now...
aided by the impartial moderator, said that we can hardly be
expected or hope that would be done. Just take off their black
robes and make them mere mortals as were the rest of us.
Cannot be done, said Mr Fox. Well, then, I said, introduce them
properly. That is let the audience know that they have written
in support of the Commission's central conclusion that Oswald
was the lone assassin. Surely, said Mr Fox, you don't doubt the
integrity of two such important men in public life. Surely you
believe that they can be swayed by the evidence if it proves that
their previously held position was wrong. Their integrity was
irrelevant to the discussion—their prejudice central, I offered.
Mr Harris resolved the problem by stating that he would
introduce them as two men who have supported the Com-
mision's view. He added that if I wanted to discuss my objec-
tions to them on the air, I would be given every opportunity
to do so. I said that I would do so.

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

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

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

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

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

wrung but one concession from the BBC. Harris
and Fox both agreed, both gave solemn
commitments, that I would be given ample time at the
outset of the programme to dissent from the format,
but only those portions which were, for want of a better
word, filmic, and that, in my view, the BBC formula
defeated a genuine exchange of the facts. We shook hands

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

Q: Don't you write for the Observer?
Harris: Yes, I do.
Q: What is the Observer's position on the assassination?
Harris: We don't have one.
Q: You don't have one?
Harris: No.
Q: Don't you think that the subject is sufficiently important
for you to think about it and take a position?
Harris: Well, we did do that when the Report came out.
Q: Yes?
Harris: Well, we supported the Commission.
Q: Have you taken another position since then?
Harris: No.
Q: Then the Observer's position is in support of the Warren
Commission?
Harris: Well, you might say that.
Q: Wouldn't you say that?
Harris: Yes, I suppose so.
Q: You will be the moderator tonight?
Harris: Yes.
The next day The Times ran a fairly lengthy and scrupulously fair and accurate story presenting some of my objections and the BBC reply. By combining that reply with the Kenneth Harris statement to the Standard the day before the definitive establishment position can be ascertained. But before that some more facts.

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

But, of course, you saw all this and I should tell you of the programme that BBC did not transmit. While the film was playing, the debate in the studio flourished, only to die under Mr Harris’ heavy hand when the live broadcast, so to speak, commenced. An example. During an early segment of the programme Mr Harris began questioning Mr Belin, asking him in effect if he had been engaged in any correspondence with me regarding the making of the film. Mr Belin, it seems, wished to become a movie star and, unable to make it on his own, felt that we should provide a camera, film, and a crew and an opportunity for him to speak in our film for a minimum of thirty minutes. Mr Belin was well prepared for the leading questions put to him. He had the correspondence in question spread out before him even before the first question was asked which, I must confess, raised some question in my normally unsuspicious mind regarding the possibility that the area had been explored before the programme began. I quickly put that evil thought aside but it recurred in a more persistent form shortly thereafter when, for a moment, Mr Harris forgot what he was about and departed from the script. Mr Harris, perhaps to establish his own identity, asked Mr Spector about a glaring inconsistency that the BBC had tracked down in the Warren Report. The FBI agent, Frazier, had testified that an area behind the fence was certainly more than half right about that. But, I said, you never even discussed general areas with me. No answer. I then asked Mr Harris if I might have a copy of the script. He said that there were but three, his, Belin’s and Spector’s. Of course, I could not doubt his word, but in my own country we rarely mimeograph just three copies of a document, we use carbon paper, and it was that which预防ed me from fully accepting his answer. During the next four hours I made fifteen, count them, fifteen, requests to four different BBC representatives for a copy of the script.

About eleven o’clock I found Mr Fox and told him that he had made a solemn commitment to me the day before. That it had been agreed that at the outset of the programme I might register a dissent from the programme’s format and choice of judges. Mr Fox said that I would be able to have time at 11:30. While that did not meet my definition of the programme’s outset, I agreed. Closer to midnight than eleven Mr Harris said I could have a few minutes. I began by saying that the BBC had rendered a disservice to the truth when Mr Harris stopped me and then picked up his phone to converse with the powers that be at the BBC. Silence. More on camera silence. Then Mr Harris spoke. I could almost have sympathized with him had he appeared torn between his commitment to his word of honour and the word from above. But that conflict evidently did not confront him. He said, you may not discuss that subject at all. I then began to discuss the single bullet theory. At this moment, Spector, who invented the whole thing, left his seat and charged over to Harris telling him quite loudly, that I have missed something by not arriving a week ago. Have you been having rehearsals in my absence? Mr Harris said that they had gone over the general area of the questions with the Commission lawyers, yes we have. I suggested that it appeared that even some specifics had been agreed upon, based upon Mr Spector’s anger regarding one question and Mr Harris’ agreement to stray never again. Mr Harris replied that Mr Spector only meant that if he was not prepared for a specific question then he would be placed in the embarrassing position of having to fumble for papers and, added Mr Harris, Mr Spector was certainly more than half right about that. But, I said, you never even discussed general areas with me. No answer. I then asked Mr Harris if I might have a copy of the script. He said that there were but three, his, Belin’s and Spector’s. Of course, I could not doubt his word, but in my own country we rarely mimeograph just three copies of a document, we use carbon paper, and it was that which prevented me from fully accepting his answer. During the next four hours I made fifteen, count them, fifteen, requests to four different BBC representatives for a copy of the script.

During a studio intermission it had become plain that Prof. Bickel had a surprise in store. He was going to depart somewhat from his previously published position and say that he was not quite satisfied with the single bullet theory and that if the single bullet theory failed there were two assassins. Spector was livid. The fixed jury was no longer under control. Spector demanded an opportunity to answer Prof. Bickel who had hardly uttered a word for almost five hours. Harris approached Bickel and asked if he would mind if Spector answered him when he rendered
his verdict. They must have wild court scenes in Philadelphia, I kept on thinking. Bickel was a bit put out. Harris was insistent—at last showing the stern stuff he was made of. Bickel reluctantly yielded.

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

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

The BBC officials invited me to wine and dine in my cubicle below. I was somehow neither hungry nor thirsty, just anxious to say a few words. Reporters from two London daily papers were there. They asked for an interview. I agreed. A young BBC official approached. He said no rooms were available for a press conference. It was not much before one on the morning and I found it difficult to believe that they could not scrounge up one empty room. Oh, it's not that, the young man replied, but we cannot permit you to talk with the press here. I said that the BBC had made a room available to me and that I wished to utilize it for a conference. Cannot be done. Against the rules. The reporters were incredulous. We began to pack our belongings for a trip back to my hotel for the conference when the BBC relented and permitted it to take place there.

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

Mark Lane.
Nykobing, Danmark.

weeks ago, he was invited to attend so that if anybody made charges against him personally—for example he was just interested in making money out of the whole business or that he was a Communist—he could answer the charges against him. Mr Harris added that if he permitted me to debate with Spector or Belin "I should have had trouble with the two lawyers. They only came on the basis of this agreement." Mr Harris added that if he allowed me to enter the debate the two Commission lawyers "would have walked off". I have never refused a debate on equal grounds with Commission personnel. One must wonder what the two lawyers know about their own case which would cause them to walk away rather than debate.
February 9

Dear Sir,

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

Sincerely,
Mark Lane
January 24

Dear Sirs,

Having just purchased your first issue of ‘London OZ’, I was, to say the least, somewhat amused by the article ‘In Bed With The English’. The poor woman that wrote it must be pretty ugly, or a raving Nympho; trying too hard, As an Englishman I must say, The English, If he is good, is the best lover in the World, And if your poor frustrated writer wishes proof of this statement, I invite her to spend a night or two with me, and if I cannot, in her opinion, back up my statement with actions, in other words, give her complete sexual satisfaction, she can write an article on the one Englishman She has had, and really run the Englishman down and even use my name. This is not just a proposition to your writer for a cheap thrill, It is an Englishman trying to stand up for his fellow countrymen, and to prove his statement, Which your writer hasn’t done, I gathered from her article, that she has not in ever really been to bed with an English Man, and I would like to add, That until She has, She should shut up. A personal reply from your writer would be very much appreciated, (If she has the nerve.)

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

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

January 31

Dear Sir,

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

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

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

Yours sincerely,

John Whiting
London Correspondent
Pacifica Radio
7 Gledhow Gardens
London SW5

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

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

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

Dear Sir,

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

Yours faithfully,
Office Manager
Advertising Dept
The Times
London EC4
Extensive investigations have conclusively established the link between newspapers and narcotics. There can be no doubt. The newspaper is a dangerous drug.

Yet millions of doses of this depraving substance are allowed to fall into the hands of men, women and even children, every day. With strict medical supervision, this hallucinogen undoubtedly can benefit man. But to-day's indiscriminate traffic on the streets where the addict can attain his daily trip, without fuss, for as little as 4d. from a street corner pusher (impregnated on 60 sq. ft. of absorbent paper) is causing deep concern in government and medical circles.

Users apparently think nothing of fixing in full view. Hence it is hard to avoid noticing the characteristic symptoms of addiction. Examining the effect on a typical patient, we find, only minutes after purchase, a contraction of neck, arm, and leg muscles. Worry lines appear on the forehead. The eyes fix opaquely in a set expression as the visually overstimulated imagination begins to colour the mind with every possible form of death and disaster. The heartbeat accelerates rapidly as endless visions unroll of all that is unnatural to the consciousness, from incest and rape to economic disasters and world starvation.

The more disturbing addict moves in even more dangerous realms—with a morning and evening fix daily and often up to three on Sunday. Sometimes 'supplemented' even further in very extreme cases. This massive overdosing produces comas and a total inability to communicate thoughts or feelings in any way connected with everyday life.

Rehabilitation methods are in their infancy. No antidote is yet known. But with at least 15,000,000 heads on our hands, action is essential.

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

Here is the spirit that made Britain great. The answer is plain—we must learn to grit our teeth and bear it.

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

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

Once upon a time the Kennedy family commissioned a book to "tell the truth about November 22, 1963". It was to sensationalise Johnson's indelicate behaviour following the assassination and to boost Robert Kennedy's Presidential chances. The tenor of the book was discussed in Washington circles. The Wall Street Journal reported that the Kennedy family feared the wrath of President Johnson because of passages in it.

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

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

The book, of little real literary interest and historic significance, has yet played its part in history. Designed as a weapon to be used to assist Robert Kennedy in his private and personal war with Lyndon Johnson it resulted in harming them both; Johnson far less.
There is no doubt about it, the bosom is being driven out of England. One glance at our women's magazines, at the narrow-chested models hanging dresses made of riveted metal plates on their naked bodies, and any lass with boobs knows that fashion has passed her by. Imagine the soft roundness of a breast oozing between those metal plates, or butting into the severity of a prickly lame mini-dress. The buttock went long ago, and the hip followed it, but surely we should make a stand about the bosom. Paris cannot be blamed for this. The little dress in Paris is knitted, and fits like a second skin of jersey or angora over the round eminences; be they large or be they small, suffice it that they be round and full.

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

For a long time, the breast has been sorely neglected in England. There are advertisements in a certain kind of magazine for treatments to enlarge the bust, but nothing at
all about keeping the bust one already has smooth-skinned and firm and pretty. It is regarded as a sexy thing, all night, if you like that sort of thing, but not a beautiful thing. But if it comes to that, I don't believe in conning with the scrawny nor droopy nor super-droopy. Let's pretend she was a B cup, and ventured into the fascinatingly naughty world of the half-bra. Most half-bras exist to create cleavage where none existed, therefore they have semi-circular armatures which are joined in the middle. The massive junction is disguised by a coy bow or a heart of a flower. Thus the bosom is presented as a kind of joggly pudding in the middle of the chest. The rigid armature rubs ulcers on the rib cage, and the ends of it keep piercing the binding and stabbing into the tit, or appearing at the neckline. The effect in a sweater is distressing, because the actual shape of the pudding is more or less amorphous.

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

Nowhere could she find a brassiere which would perform the simple task of housing her peach of a bosom. Her body stocktoning flattened it. The rude brass she tried on in strange little shops in Soho were ugly, or distorting, or uncomfortable. The salesladies convinced her that it was her fault that the stock lines didn't suit her, and upbraided her for her narrow back, and positively sneered at the intricable firmness and roundness of her breasts. One day she went to Paris and she never came back. She got a job as a brassiere model.

Germaine

The London OZ Beautiful Breasts Competition.

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

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

Some correspondence might be entered into.

P.S. If you have no suitable photographer please ring or write to Bob Whittaker—FLA 8778 for a free appointment.

March 67/London OZ 11
The Brain Report was all right so far as it went. The legislation to be brought in before the present sessions are over, will undoubtedly comfort a number of the people involved with drug addiction—none more than the black-marketeers. This new legislation, dependent on the Brain Report for information, sees the roots of the recent rise in the incidence of addiction in the handful of doctors who over-prescribe. The naivety of such an interpretation is alarming; nevertheless the new legislation will take the prescription of heroin (for addicts) out of the hands of G.P.'s and put it into the hands of the New Treatment Centres. This really is as far as new legislation goes, except for the establishment of a standing committee on drug addiction.

What gives concern to those directly involved with the problems of addiction is how any governmental committee can permit such statements to appear in what is erroneously assumed to be an informed report. We quote: "We are satisfied from our
between 6 and 7. 'I think your English Health Service is
some chance of dealing with
attention; and the new
obvious, it is already perhaps one
other countries by supplying
drug addicts with their needs'
illicit trafficking. Unhappily,
prescription control might have
January 29th, 1967, that the
supply, the innane mumblings of
registered junkies were to
purchase heroin within a period
registered addicts. 
precisely how many heroin
bought in 5's, 10's, 20's, 50's
blues (drynamil) sell at 1/3d.
other market they have is for
undercutting other pushers by
it.
\*\*\*\*\

Their joint income is between
£200 and £400 per week, of
try to block anyone else. Two
and unintelligent, frequently
is often sought in order to avoid
overdoses continuously a much
more intense and powerful drug
is long been widespread in the
traffic, organized or otherwise, in
dangerous drugs that have been
stolen or smuggled into this
country'. (Brain Report '65)
The Brain Report is quite right in
assuming that a number of so-called junkies, as yet
unregistered, obtain their first supplies from registered addicts.
Piccadilly Circus, will, until the new legislation is introduced,
provide an open source of NHS heroin. The most well-known
method (not for the shy) is to stand outside Boots, or if tired, to
sit on the baskets situated just to the left of the entrance. Most
of the young junkies are willing to sell and are easily identified by
their ability to sleep in an upright position.

One of the most amenable pushers is a blonde well-built
American girl of 22 who collects her heroin every evening

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

Traffic in amphetamines, when taken in overdoses the comedown is
very unpleasant. Pushers of pills are often young and unintelligent, frequently
blocking themselves before they try to block anyone else. Two
such pushers are Paul and Cliff; both are 21. Both own their own
66 Zepphs; their sole source of income is their drug pushing.
Their joint income is between £200 and £400 per week, of

any pills remaining, they move into Chelsea where apparently
tired debs are always a ready

recording I of the origin of the
amphetamine, they said that
some of their pills were knocked off
but most came as a regular
supply through London docks —
they weren't sure where, but
'Big Syd looks after that end'.

'Cocaine is the most well-known
excitant. Greatly increased is the
importation of speed, and it is now
sold at 1/– each. The only other
market they have is for

Nicotine, Oxford Street—often has
more pushers than dancers.
The Angel, Islington, is good
for heroin and cocaine at £1 to
£3 per grain, coke, meths
(5/– an ampule), amphetamines,
barbiturates—the Casino.

Wardour Mews is the place to go,
and maybe you can brush
shoulders with many of those
directly involved with trading.
Prices are rising, but that's the
price we have to pay for
organized drug trafficking, so
buy now!

Drugs were purchased by one
American Sociologist in each of
the clubs named above in one
week-end they never sell
535 grains (one ounce) and
sometimes up to £5 per grain.
When these prices are too high,
Notting Hill and Kilburn are
resorted to, or the numerous
cafes in the Back Lane area of the
East End have always been an
excellent source.
Metamorphoses


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

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

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

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

Playing the first of the '48
on his Bermondsey gas pipe
didgeree-du, Wolfe Morris
becomes 'The Wanderer's Pozzie'
motel at Surfer's Paradise
on the Gold coast near Brisbane,
Queensland, Australia.
No fearful indignation lacerates the heart of Malcolm Muggeridge, so far as I can see, but then, he is not exiled like poor Swift, buried in the provincial hell of Dublin, but indulge, heard and forgotten as fast as the than all the mumbling prelates and incompetent satirists in England—and a great band of them there are too. He is the most irritating man in England and the least loved after Harold Wilson.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Oh I approve of that, but it might not. It depends how they use it. There is a great fallacy of our time, that if you can raise the standard of life or even the standard of education, you automatically enrich people's lives. Not so. The most barren and wretched place in the world I've ever visited is California, which also happens to have the highest gross national product as a sort of deity and it is obnoxious. There never was a golden age or ever could be. I take the Christian view that man is bound at all times to make a mess-up of things. He is bound to be unhappy because he is a creature who can conceive perfection but is intrinsically imperfect. His comfort lies in relation to circumstances which are greater than the circumstances of his life. Insofar as he can look beyond the circumstances of his life, there is his comfort, his joy, his greatness. He tries to understand. Pascal says the greatness of man is a simple thing: he is so made that he tries to understand.

The point, really, was that in the twentieth century human genius had gone into what is called science rather than into imaginative pursuits such as writing or architecture. Neither Proust nor Joyce are writers I would consider as creative, but they were great. The point is that the twentieth century has nothing to do with other centuries.

I'm not saying the middle ages were marvellous, or the nineteenth century was marvellous, simply that I see in the world a certain way of life which is increasingly held up and accepted by my fellows as the aim and object of living, and it is obnoxious. There never was a golden,

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

I don't object to that.

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

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

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

The point, really, was that in the twentieth century human genius had gone into what is called science rather than into imaginative pursuits such as writing or architecture. Neither Proust nor Joyce are writers I would consider as creative, but they were great. The point is that the twentieth century has nothing to do with other centuries.

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

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

The exploiting classes undoubtedly used religion to keep people quiet, and it was a blasphemy and corruption of religion, but I think today they're more inclined to use sex, and it's a great and wicked corruption of sex. If you multiply people's minds with eroticism
they won't question things. An idiot mind, drooling over a Playmate in the middle of 'Playboy' is much less likely to worry about what's happening in Vietnam than otherwise. Anyway, I said, having ambitions myself to contribute to 'Playboy', but aren't they innocently employed?

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

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

Have you wasted time on sensuality? No. I don't think it's wasted because I don't think that's a thing any mortal man can ever really decide about—what is wasted and what's not. I have a very strong feeling that if we ever understand all of this we shall see what's not. I have a very strong feeling that if governments or bombs.

Any other sane man can do to stave off Shaw, but not, I think, over Muggeridge,

because sane men are not put in charge of the twentieth century he dislikes so much, To his credit (I cannot stand the English habit of hypocrisy), neither could he. When I .

Muggeridge and I disagreed over opinions and make his money. He preferred

his own efforts. Shaw, he mentioned, was no less a journalist than he, with the difference

that Shaw had chosen the stage to parade his incineration, if we are going to be incinerated,

we ever understand all of this we shall see what's not. I have a very strong feeling that if

virtue institutionalised is betterment of man have been disastrous.

None. All collective schemes for the improvement of humanity?

I agreed, and mentioned that I could not see any great difference in potential, reading his detachment to the point that he does not

and revolutions that thereby one's mind is released for other pursuits.

to cease trying to impose "good"

To me it's pathetic. It's a debasement of sex that is utterly abhorrent.

None. All collective schemes for the improvement of humanity have been disastrous.

To his credit (I cannot stand the English habit of hypocrisy), neither could he. When I .

Certainly no writer could be more conscious of the tedious and futile business of trying to

In the sense that the word is used

FOREIGN CASH FOR

...for it doesn't represent the whole effort one's

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In the sense that the word is used
AND THIS TIME, BESIDES HIS GENTLENESS, I FELT THE STUNNING PASSION OF HIS KISS... AND MY HEART BEAT WILDLY.

AND HIS LIPS WERE A SWEET WHISPER AGAINST MINE...?

AND THE TIME WHEN HIS KISS TOLD ME THE TRUTH... I BELIEVED IT...

DEAREST!

AT THAT MOMENT I FELT THAT LIFE COULD OFFER NO GREATER HAPPINESS THAN THAT WHICH FILLED MY SOUL.

AND, WITH HIS SECOND KISS, I KNEW MY DREAM HAD AT LAST COME TRUE!

AND I SAW THE MYSTERIOUS SEA DRAW OUR LIPS TOGETHER AS IF BY A MAGNET NO HUMAN COULD RESIST...

DARLINGS—DARLINGS— I LOVE YOU— DO YOU LOVE ME—?

BUT HE WOULDN'T WAIT... AND CRUSHED MY ANSWER AGAINST HIS MOUTH...

HOW CAN I TELL HIM THAT ALL I WANT IS A GOOD SCREW?

THE END.
Living in London is like trying to set up home on the pendulum of a clock telling the wrong time. London life is about as exciting as the really is—^apond Contest... as regards significant living experience the average glass of water has got more to get your teeth into. The objects are all right still; St Pancras Library is a work of art. Sin whispers and is dark and secret. It is wicked, but it has an underground thrill. It comes at night, insinuating intimately. I have an iron cot, with a movable side that goes up and down. I can reach my hand through the bars and stroke the filmybasant birds trailing over the wall—paper. At night, though, in the homely silence when the nightblinds are drawn, but the world is awake outside, I must be very, very quiet. This is the sin. This is the most forbidden thing. I would die of shame to admit it.

I pick my nose. I pick it under the covers like a thief with stolen loot, wrestling absorbedly and guiltily, and put it on the wall below the line of the cot, where it can’t be seen. I am making a great pattern, each one spaced so. I am glad, like a diligent workman when I get a big tidy one. The pattern is rounding out. It is a great circle, designed like heavenly bodies, none to collide or unbalance the mystical whole. Nobody knows. And when my little sister picks her nose I shame her out of it. I call her a pig in front of Mrs. Macpherson. Mrs. Macpherson, the landlady says.

But soon we are to leave the hotel, and fear strikes me like an underground tremor. I go cold at the thought of the objects to be picked up, They are as sexy as Chapter 3 of The Group and as unhappy as doctor cats (who are very happy). Everyone is cheated. French men shaking their fists at Dollys from the outside. Italian ladies being fiddled on the change. Americans from places like Ohio in Renta Cars picking up bleached boys outside of Piccadilly Underground station, who when they come through want money for their possessions. Girls secretly being sold herbal cigarettes. London Bureau didn’t notice us then, in the High Street billiards salons with our duck’s arse haircut and Warner Bros, hip talk, always planning world trips on unmuffled Harley Davidsons. On Saturdays watching the birds go past with layers of bouncy petticoats meant to show like that and bountiful sticky hair and everyone looking like a Giles cartoon. The old man remembering El Alamein, when really he spent his war in the abrasive world where people travel in second-class trains to Slough and put cash on vacuum cleaner spares. Thank the Lord for the lads flogging left-handedly on bomb sites and smashing up cinema seats for the stones and pointless flared-up eyes. The pecan girl is high now, hears rought voices on the roof; it’s only the hat burglars stealing overcoats. Then if it’s an upper class of party people someone overdoses, a ‘head’ from Golden Beach... kicks in the record player and everyone goes off for a gas oven, waking up in different rooms to the same formica morning. This is the Wipeout Gang operating their Insanity Factory.

What’s worse—the Factory is the people sent by ‘Time’ and ‘Life’ to look for it. American boys trying to grow out of their haircut, always reading the menu from outside and telling the identical story about a panty raid or a trip or something that was broken up by the House Sister. There are wisty girls in almanacs and gaberdine hair who walk around Old Compton Street in threes wanting to be picked up. They are as sexy as Chapter 3 of The Group and as unhappy as doctor cats (who are very happy). Everyone is cheated. French men shaking their fists at Dollys from the outside. Italian ladies being fiddled on the change. Americans from places like Ohio in Renta Cars picking up bleached boys outside of Piccadilly Underground station, who when they come through want money for their possessions. Girls secretly being sold herbal cigarettes. London Bureau didn’t notice us then, in the High Street billiards salons with our duck’s arse haircut and Warner Bros, hip talk, always planning world trips on unmuffled Harley Davidsons. On Saturdays watching the birds go past with layers of bouncy petticoats meant to show like that and bountiful sticky hair and everyone looking like a Giles cartoon. The old man remembering El Alamein, when really he spent his war in the abrasive world where people travel in second-class trains to Slough and put cash on vacuum cleaner spares. Thank the Lord for the lads flogging left-handedly on bomb sites and smashing up cinema seats for the stones and pointless flared-up eyes. The pecan girl is high now, hears rought voices on the roof; it’s only the hat burglars stealing overcoats. Then if it’s an upper class of party people someone overdoses, a ‘head’ from Golden Beach... kicks in the record player and
By taking advantage of this once only special offer you can belong to over 250 leading London and Provincial clubs completely FREE for a month by signing The Clubman's Club.

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- Sporting
- Establishment

Marquee

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Address

Occupation

Signature

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To: Bank Ltd.

Address

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Signed

Address

London OZ/March 67

"Clubman's Club"

"Oh, ho! he cried out in ecstasies... "Toad as usual"

London OZ/March 67

"Free Membership of 250 Clubs"

..."Toad as usual"

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"Clubman's Club"

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