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OZ 3

Richard Neville
Editor

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Description


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Comments
Please be advised: This collection has been made available due to its historical and research importance. It contains explicit language and images that reflect attitudes of the era in which the material was originally published, and that some viewers may find confronting.

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WE ARE WATCHING BIG BROTHER

LOVE ME IN AN UGLY FAILURE

WHAT MAKES HIPPIES HAPPEN ON THE PSYCHEDELIC BUS?
Beautiful Breast competition, There's still time to send profile and full face photos of a handsome set and win £20. Meanwhile, entries pour in. So far received: 1 pair of male bottoms, 1 rubber false, 2 sets of breasts (our semi-finalists printed below) and 7 giggling phone calls. The winning breasts will be spread over a double page in OZ 4. Best way to fight the tiresome square backslash is to support it's defence appeal. Cheques to Freedom of Speech Benefit, 102 Southampton Row, WC1. Similar support should be offered to Calder and Boyars Ltd, publishers of Last Exit to Brooklyn—despite a petulant indictment of his publishing methods on page 11, penned by a well known Calder author. This OZ blazes away at politicians in an irresponsible fit of bad temper. It includes three 'Instant Protest' post-cards to send to your favourite hypocrites. Post early for Christmas. (We'll publish any replies).

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Letters

Dear Sir,
Your correspondent on Swinging London, as we call it, has got it all wrong. He represents what one might call the third reaction to the phenomenon: one which could be described as coming from the miss-outs; except that patiently, having contributed to your magazine, he is not himself a miss-out. Sure, Time-Life did a massive injustice to the UK scene when they coined that phrase Swinging London—it imposed on the city an image which simply didn't fit. If the scene is nothing but Sibylia's, strobes, and The Incredible Love Generation, then, yes he's right, London is about as exciting as the Eurovision Song Contest. More to the point, if this were in fact true, then you could get the same sort of excitement in Paris, Brussels, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Bradford and I suppose even Sydney, NSW. The fact that remains is that it's defence appeal. Cheques to Freedom of Speech Benefit, 102 Southampton Row, WC1. Similar support should be offered to Calder and Boyars Ltd, publishers of Last Exit to Brooklyn—despite a petulant indictment of his publishing methods on page 11, penned by a well known Calder author. This OZ blazes away at politicians in an irresponsible fit of bad temper. It includes three 'Instant Protest' post-cards to send to your favourite hypocrites. Post early for Christmas. (We'll publish any replies).

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

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

We cannot afford to let him flint his talent away in pieces and glimpses. A 12-month ban by all the mass media might cork him enough to produce something worthwhile. A vicious long pamphlet, with well-supported argument, on the evil of universal literacy, might well suit for subject.

The public display of this man's sharp mind has become so standard a performance that it is now a ceremony. By the end of each article, by the end of each programme, Muggerdige's target is nicely caked with dried mud. Its essence thoroughly disguised by his potter's hand, we are given a last look at in the round, now a distorted artifact. See, says MM, see you mortals, your idol is but a hunk of clay. And by that time it is. But by that time little Malcolm has been working so hard in the barnyard, a close look reveals that he himself has feet of shit. Contrariness can only get you so far, and that backwards. Muggerdige is too old and too bright to be our court jester. That aimless, confidence-ridden Kenneth Tynan once made the irrelevant plea that Private Eye should have a point of view. It would be good to see Muggerdige at least trying to find one. It would be good to see him exercising his intellect instead of merely flexing it. They gave him a part in the BBC Alice. He took an unpaid ad in the New Statesman to write about it. He said Lewis Carroll was a sick pervert, Peter Cook's Mad Hatter was 'too nice'. Miller's competence as a director is doubtful. Alice 'had no idea what acting meant', but he liked the movie. Maybe he's getting soft. It may be too late. Do you think perhaps he is soft? The black Dalek's heart and the puppets' jaw-twitch just a masquerade, like playing the Gryphon? This is really a man, a human being, in love with life? It is time he levelled with us. For your own sake, man, stop cheating. Do something you can be proud of.

Yours sincerely
Chester, Hampstead NW3

Dear Sir,

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

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

Yours sincerely,
P. Leech
27 de Crespingy Park
London SE5

Dear Sir,

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

I would not venture to suggest the usage of the word 'Raas' in the vulgar currency of the other West Indian islands outside of Jamaica where 'Raas' is the local corruption of the English, or British, 'Your a'res', hence 'You Raas', and is interpreted similarly regardless of gender. MacInnes's interpretation is applicable only in the adjectival form 'Raas-Cloth' which is humorously said to be the most authentic and identifiable password among Jamaicans abroad.

Yours sincerely,
P Alexander
4 Grenville Road
London N19

After six months of wedded bliss, my wife and I, to celebrate the kiss which ratified the union a computer bound, gratefully pilgrimaged to Kingston, and found gay students in a one-room flat, picking fated names from a bowler hat.
FRIEDacha
SKIPPING THE
SUMMER
OF THE WOND
ER
SING MUSIC WITH
SHOUTING &
LAUGHTER
RAMPARTS BY
FROM HARREN HOLLER

4 LONDON OZ
An elderly school bus, painted like a floriated cent, passed through the on-guard warehouse. Speaking, sometimes all at once; inside the warehouse, a heavy sounds of clattering, clanging, and voices filled the air. The men and women, all dressed in matching uniforms, were busy with their duties.

There was a sense of stark contrast between the outside world and the warehouse. The outside was chaotic, with people rushing here and there, while inside, there was a calm order. The men and women worked diligently, their movements synchronized like a well-oiled machine.

The warehouse was a hub of activity, with boxes being moved, and machinery humming away. The air was thick with the smell of grease and sweat, but there was a purpose to it all. The men and women were dedicated to their tasks, and their efforts were crucial to the operation of the warehouse.

Despite the chaos outside, inside the warehouse, there was a sense of peace and order. The men and women worked in harmony, their movements perfectly timed. The warehouse was a place of efficiency and effectiveness, a place where things were done right, every time.

The men and women inside the warehouse were a testament to the power of hard work and dedication. They were a shining example of what can be achieved when people work together towards a common goal. And as the sun set outside, casting a warm glow over the warehouse, the men and women continued to work, their efforts a testament to the strength and resilience of the human spirit.
Kesey a state visit were seven members of
The Diggers, a radical organization even by
Haight Ashbury standards, which exists to
give things away, free. The Diggers started
giving out free food, and they began
outgrowing and free legal advice, and so
they eventually created a totally free co-operative
community. They had come to ask Kesey to
get serious and around the weekend meeting
on the state of the nation of the hippies.
The dialogue had hardly begun, however,
before Kesey loaded all company into the
bus and pushed off into the dark to search
for a normal enough man to
which came on to bring the self sufficiency of
Captain Nemo’s scenario, has its own
power supply and is equipped with instru-
ments for a full rock band, and microphone
seats all round. The Pranksters are feet on
installing microphones every three feet on
the bus walls so everybody can broadcast
to everybody else all at once.

At the helm was the intrepid Traveller, Ken
Babbs, who is auxiliary chief of the Merry
Pranksters when he is out of town, or
in all of those cases when he
incommunicado, or in jail. He has received been Babbs, who is said
to be the model for the heroes of both Kesey’s
two great novels. One was a
and published a year before The

That US society finds it so difficult to take
such rapidly growing types seriously is no
surprise. The indication of a deep hang
up. But to complement the psychosis of
America in the Computer Age, you have to
know what’s with the hippies.

Games people play. Merry Prankster

Division
Let’s go, then, on a trip. You can’t just
miss the Tripmaster, the thick-
nicked lad in the red belt and the golden
toosh, a streak of wasteland toilet
parasites in his pale blue eyes one rant tooth
buckled, an eagle down in his hair, fixen, strutting like
capped in pinstriped red, white and blue
jackets, the two small toupees passed on side by side.

Kesey Heir. Apparently, Number One to the
grand American tradition of blowing
off the straight edge, for some other thing, was
artistic talent to do some other thing, was
sitting in the back of the psychedelic chair,
absurdly uncomfortable in a harmonica.

The bus itself was ambulatory at about 50
miles an hour, logging a long road
in Sydney, Marin county, by fortifying itself
against the slums of Marin. Carlin turned all the way up, and
Burdan smoking marijuana and looking
while Kesey and Capote were turned on yes men and
women who call him “Chief” in return, was
called the “Merry games of visiting hippie firemen.

Crossing North over the Golden Gate Bridge
to pay from San Francisco to Marin County to pay
down the nation’s highways, high on LSD
watching and waiting for the cops to blow
their minds.

At least, the Kesey posture has the advantage
of being a real one. He is not
a personal hero of the Cuckoo Nest, but he
uses the setting of an insane asylum as a metaphor
for what he considers to be the basic insanity
of American society. Since the world without,
you are better off inventing your own game.

At least that’s what Kesey thinks.

When the Hell’s Angels, California’s Guerrilla
force of rockers, rumbled by, Kesey welcomed
them with LSD. “We’re in the same people’s
world,” he told them. The Angels seemed to
understand that the whole acid thing in the Haight Ashbury
side was a fairly consistent act in the Haight Ashbury
scene. Kesey’s had abridged his role as
chant at the fledging acid heads and
Scoutmaster to the fledging acid heads and
what to do. He got into a responsibility, big
what to do. He got into a responsibility, big

At 31, Ken Kesey is a hippie’s been.

5 LONDON OZ
The Acid Tests—From Unitarians to One Dollar

Ken Kesey is now a self-sufficient but lonely figure—his can be lonely in a house full of people, but the main thing was that, in Napa, Ashbury and other LSD centers, LSD got out of the minds in the audience and into the coffee. Most people were generally getting high on LSD in the community and getting the idea that LSD was the key to salvation.

Dr. Leary—Pretender to the Hippie Throne

Dr. Leary was the president of the psychedelic movement in the early sixties. His LSD experiments were highly publicized, and he was known as the "Guru of the Hippies." His ideas of LSD as a spiritual drug were widely spread among the younger generation, and his words and actions had a significant impact on the development of the hippie movement.
when the reds got their chance the country would know just what was coming off. It was back to the old drawing board after that, but Alpert and Dr. Leary made their article, but Alpert and Dr. Leary made a main contribution to the incredibly swift main contribution to the US in 1964 by the spread of LSD through a formula for LSD, all that was needed for any housewife with a simple act of publishing a formula for LSD, all that was needed for any housewife with a high school chemistry B-plus and an inclination for black market activity. Dr. Leary's religious crusade has been a bust, so he announced recently he was dropping out himself to contemplate his novel under the influence. It would be easier to take Dr. Leary seriously if he could overcome his penchant for treating LSD as a patent snake bite medicine.

An enlightening example of this panacea philosophy is found back among the truss ads in the September 1966 issue of Playboy. In the midst of a lengthy interview, when, as happens in Playboy, the subject got around to sex, Dr. Leary was all answers: “An LSD session that does not involve an ultimate merging with a person of the opposite sex isn’t really complete,” he said, a facet of the drug he neglected to mention to the Methodist ladies he was attempting to turn on in ladies quarter and wait for nobody — Why can’t they just present alternatives. He is in and out of jail 17 times a week, sometimes for smashing a cop in the nose (Groguan has a very intolerant attitude towards policemen), sometimes bailing out a friend, and sometimes, like Monopoly, just visiting. The alternatives he presents are rather disturbing to the hippie presents are rather disturbing to the hippie bourgeois since hippies money for their daily business changing hippies purpose for their daily business and should have the decency to give things away free like the Diggers do, or at least charge the squares and help but the hippies.

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

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

A few weeks ago, collecting supplies for the Diggers daily feed, Grogan went into a San Francisco wholesale butcher and asked for soup bones and meat scraps. “No free food here, we work for what we eat,” said the head butcher, a tattooed bulgar named Louie, who was in the ice box flanked by seven assistant butchers. “You’re a fascist pig and a coward,” Grogan replied Grogan, who inquired how one could easily pass for McMurphy, the rogueous hero of Kesey’s novel set in an insane asylum. The alternatives he presents are rather disturbing to the hippie philosophers: “Any charismatic person who is conscious of his own mythic potency awakens this basic hunger in women and pays reverence to it at the level that is harmonious and appropriate at the level.”

Dr. Leary also said that LSD is a “specific cure for homosexuality.” The final measurement of the tilt of Dr. Leary’s windmill, his no doubt earnest claim to be the prophet of his generation, must be made by weighing such recorded conversations against his frequent and urgent pleas to young people to “drop out of politics, protest, petitions and pickets” and join his new “religion” where as he said recently: “You have to be out of your mind to pray.” Perhaps, and quite probably so.

Will the Real Frodo Baggins Please Stand Up?

Except for the obvious fact that he wasn’t covered in fur, you would have said to yourself that for sure there was old Frodo himself that for sure there was old Frodo Baggins, crossing Haight Street. Frodo Baggins is the hero of J. R. Tolkien’s classic trilogy, Lord of the Rings, absolutely the favourite book of every hippie, about a race of little people called Hobbits who live somewhere in prehistory in a place called Middle Earth. Hobbits are hedonistic, happy little fellows who love beauty and pretty colours.
Ashbury, the Diggers happened. "Everybody was trying to figure how to react to the curfew, to the riots. The SDS (Students for Democratic Society) came down and said ignore it, go to jail. The San Francisco Mime Troupe, the city's original and brilliant radical theatre, put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters saying "for merchants put up chicken posters says: "Grogan shrugged, "I'm crazy," he said."

Something to do, so Grogan was to eat if you were hungry, so at 8 p.m., as the curfew was about to ring, he and an actor friend named Grogan shoved a meal on the busboy and walked off. The busboy had to clean the barracks. His idea of cleaning the barracks was to throw all the guns out the window, plus a few of the rusty beds, and artistically displacing foot lockers. Then he began painting the remaining bed frames yellow. "I threw everything out, everything that was not esthetically pleasing," Grogan told the sergeant.

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

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

A Psychedelic "Grapes of Wrath"

Every bohemian community has its inevitable coterie of visionaries who claim to know what the rest of us are doing. But the Diggers are, somehow, it is all about. But the Diggers are, somehow, it is all about. But the Diggers are, somehow, it is all about. But the Diggers are, somehow, it is all about. But the Diggers are, somehow, it is all about. But the Diggers are, somehow, it is all about. But the Diggers are, somehow, it is all about. But the Diggers are, somehow, it is all about. But the Diggers are, somehow, it is all about. But the Diggers are, somehow, it is all about. But the Diggers are, somehow, it is all about. But the Diggers are, somehow, it is all about. But the Diggers are, somehow, it is all about. But the Diggers are, somehow, it is all about.

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

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

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

This is an interesting activist ethic, but it remains doubtful just what the hippies will do. Not that many certainly will join Grogan's utopia because utopias after all have a size limit. The New Left has been flitting with the hippies lately, even to the extent of singing "The Yellow Submarine" at Berkeley protest rally, but it looks from here like a largely unrequited love.

The hip merchants will of course go on making money. And the youngsters will continue to come to Haight–Ashbury and do—what?

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

The crisis of the hippie ethic is precisely this: it is all right to turn on, but it is not enough to drop out. Grogan sees the issue in the gap between the raw radical political philosophy of Jerry Rubin and Mario Savio and psychedelic love philosophy. "He himself is not interested in the war in Vietnam, but on the other hand he does not want to spend his days like Ferdinand sniffing pretty flowers. That is why he is so furious at the hip merchants. They created the myth of this utopia and they aren't going to do anything about it."

Grogan takes the evils of society very personally, and he gets very angry, almost physically sick, when a pregnant 16-year-old is abandoned to a gang of Hell's Angels. "It was a beautiful, tremendously equipped lab," Grogan recalls, and since it wasn't used who stay for six months before the authorities decided they couldn't quite afford to keep him. That was shortly after an Army doctor, learning of his film training, ordered Grogan to the photo lab for "work therapy." "It was a beautiful, tremendously equipped lab," Grogan recalls, and since it wasn't used very much, he took a print of his own big blond face and proceeded to make 5,000 prints. When the doctors caught up with him, he had some 4,700 ten by twelve glasses of Emmett Grogan neatly stacked on the floor, and all lab machines, driers, enlargers, de...

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

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

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A recent letter to The Guardian from publisher John Calder put ironic and sad smiles on veteran faces of London's literary scene. Calder proposed setting up an English literary prize whose value and judos would make it an English equivalent of the Prix Goncourt, and asked all those interested to write in and offer help. Such a prize would obviously benefit the book trade, though it would probably do little for the author's profession. It would almost inevitably heap additional emoluments on an already widely acknowledged author, and become something of an Oscar. The intrigues over French literary prizes are scarcely the pleasantest feature of French literary life. But the pros and cons of the idea aren't our main concern, which is the equally significant question of whether Calder himself takes his own idea seriously.

One remembers Calder's previous project for a West End arts centre, complete with art-gallery, coffee-bar, social centre for creative people, and so on. Then there was the silly business of bringing a nude into an Edinburgh literary conference, which brought Calder plenty of free publicity as trailblazer and challenger of tabus, the Peter Brook of the publishing world. There was the 'mock trial' of 'Sir Byril Slack' at a Better Books literary soiree, while the Last Exit to Brooklyn case was on the cards. Overtly, it was a satirical manifesto on behalf of freedom, although its underlying purpose was, obviously, to quicken the book's suddenly accelerated sale. It was one of Calder's less successful gimmicks; about 15 spectacles were turned up, four of Calder's employees and four Better Books staff, leaving about seven paying customers, but no press. Calder then broke the show off halfway through, hinting that his time was far too valuable to give a mere 7 people their money's worth. Actually their response was one of relief, since they didn't see what was so witty about alternating the reading of choice passages from the book under promotion with John Calder, pretending to be a dimwitted 'Sir Byril', crumbling under the trenchant questioning of the enlightened. Things didn't quite turn out like that, did they? They might even have done so if Calder had spent more time preparing his case and less on a footing sales gimmick.

Publicity-hunting is part of a publisher's job, and Calder's taste for it can't be held against him. But he might be better-advised to take more paid publicity rather than concoct plausible schemes which involve well-intentioned people.

What's more serious is that Calder's 'immediate' success is successful enough to attract manuscripts from young, artistically promising authors, whose work deserves, and needs, efficient promotion. My criticism is that Calder's tactics do a great deal for Calder and very little for just those authors of his, who, lacking reputations, need help.

This remark may surprise, in view of the fact that Calder's lists contain many avant-garde works. His primary lines are (1) the French nouveau-roman (Robbe-Grillet, Duras, etc.), (2) drug and beatnik literature (Burroughs, Trochhi), and (3) obscure European classics. However, entering the list may seem at first. One soon realises that Calder has simply taken over talked-about books from foreign catalogues, that is to say, already proven successes. Importation has its risks, but, so far as the adoption of young, experimental, unknown authors is concerned, Hutchinson, Methuen or Anthony Blond have equally impressive lists. What facilitates Calder's image-making is the limited range he adopts because his firm is, in the best and the worst senses of the word, an amateur outfit. It's amateur in the best sense, in that he doesn't need to make money, only to cover his costs (for he is amply equipped with income connected with the family estate in Scotland). He can afford to indulge his own taste, and only his own taste. He doesn't need steady sellers or best sellers. He can flourish on what other publishers find a loss. But the Calder outfit is also amateur in the worst sense. Thus Calder's co-director, Marion Boyars, advanced the (surprisingly) low sales of Last Exit to Brooklyn as evidence that its exploitation avoided salacious appeal, no doubt —but an explanation of its poor sales performance is required.

And they're to hand. Calder and Boyars' advertising is exceptionally restricted. Few of their books are given any paid advertising at all. Their salesmanship is often peculiar (one major Hampstead bookshop won't allow any Calder representative on the premises). Distribution arrangements are grudgingly casual (one large bookshop a mile from Calder's offices had to write 3 letters and make 10 phone-calls over 9 weeks before Calder's got an urgent order for a just-published book).

Production arrangements are even dicier. Some sort of nadir was attained when Raymond Durgnat's Eros in the Cinema, a topical book, was announced every year for three years running, and finally appeared with such incredible production howlers as a two-page photo appearing on page 196 and 199 and type which changed size in the middle of a line. Eighty-eight photographs as if blocks had been cut out of soggy blotting-paper; and the book was grossly overpriced (at £1 when 10/- would have been appropriate). Marguerite Duras was so vexed by similar publication delays that she decided to take her work elsewhere. And the literary editor of one national magazine facetiously suggested a feature on Books That Have Been Sitting Under Calder's Arse for Ten Years Without Getting Published. Calder and Boyars are probably the only publishing firm which omits such standard procedures as sending authors a biographical questionnaire, or submitting blurbs for discussion. (The best for Eros consists entirely of such flatulent balanities as: 'It is, as its title suggests, concerned with eroticism ...'). Calder's lack of interest in his authors is summed up by his remark to an author requesting a payment which was already a month overdue: 'I'm much too busy to bother about that this week, I'll sign a cheque for you when I have time.' At this point dilettantism comes very near contempt for his authors.

All these samples of inefficiency and insouciance have a common source. Calder's interest is not in sales, but in being a publisher, not in his authors but in his own image. What this means to his authors is obvious. It means less promotion, fewer copies sold, a smaller impact and reward, than if the book had been sent to a less pretentious firm. And authors who are more concerned with advancing their own fortunes than with gratifying Calder's narcissism would be well advised to hitch their waggons to a better organised publisher.
WHY POLITICS IS GIVING EVERYONE THE...
"Complacency, pride and dead imagination these are the corruptions of politics. Most of them are moral prostitutes, randy for power, and theirs, perhaps, is the world’s oldest profession. Humanity has paid over and over again in blood and suffering for its politicians."
J. H. Plumb.

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

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

Colin McInnes

Politicians and Corruption/The Spectator, 17.3.67.

"120 of the 180 (L.S.E.) demonstrators polled said they belonged to no political society."
'Insight/'Sunday Times' 19 March 67

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

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

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

Editorial/International Times.

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

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

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

And still you survive.

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

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

Words, words . . . a vocabulary of bullshit, a syntax of cynicism, a language of grandiose inconsequence.

You waffle in abstract generalities about peace, love, freedom, yet you’re bewildered by your daughter’s hatred. Do you know she’s been fucking since she was 16, like everyone else? She doesn’t give a stuff about the Magna Carta or your duty to the party machine. Your son is on pot. He can’t follow the quibbling legalisms of the ’54 Geneva Accords but he
knows that thousands of Vietnamese kids are frying to death and you sit at breakfast
dribbling marmalade, droning on about Britain’s new role.
Oh yes, you smugly remind us, upper class Oxbridge intellectuals ARE busy joining
Conservative clubs or publishing seedy left wing journals or praying that the young libs
won’t buckle to filthy compromises. They accept your frailties as the rules of politics, and
channel their rancour into arbitrary dialectics. They are tomorrow’s political con-men
momentarily dazzled by copy-written credos.
And there are the sad cells of anarchists, Marxists, pacifists and humanists who think they
understand how power works. Scribbling notes to their M.P.’s; revelling in the impossible
prospect of affecting the legislative machinery.
You’ll ban the pirate radios—not for the public benefit—but because the wrong people are
getting a rake off. You’ll pounce on a bawdy book because it offends your wretched concept
of what life’s all about, then crawl into the lobby bar to swap army jokes.
You humbug: setting up a Monopolies Commission to grovel before Lord Thomson.
Socialising economic planning to victimise the workers. Promising disarmament and
launching the Polaris.
All your life you’ve known there are too many slums, that families were being chucked into
the gutters. You saw the statistics—200,000 homeless families in London alone. You know
the British home building rate is an index of despair, a barometer of bumbling. But you have a
cosy fireplace. You didn’t care—until the public conscience was pricked by a sexy Cathy in
distress. Then you were there on late night panels preening with mock concern, boasting
instead of apologising.
Practically everyone under thirty smokes pot and you disapprove out of prejudice
(lamenting the lost Excise). Yet you countenance coffee which screws nervous systems,
Coke which dissolves teeth, alcohol which erodes livers, and tobacco which causes cancer.
At your most liberal you will distastefully offer a mildly tolerant homosexual bill burdened with
primitive amendments. You limit the age of consent to 21 though we reach puberty 7 years
earlier (in case you hadn’t noticed).
This maxim guides your exercise of power: Authority should adopt or change a moral
position only when self interest makes this necessary. That is, when positive disapproval of
authority’s existing position outweighs the combined effect of indifference and positive
approval. It has nothing to do with ethics, morals or absolutes.
You will jump at anything to further your chances. This Labour Government is built on the
wreckage of one politician’s sex life—whose only crime (in your eyes) was being caught.
Whenever it becomes known a Minister is screwing his secretary, The Right Honourable
opposition telephone their scruples to the news-desks. (Last year the ‘Evening Standard’
averaged ten calls a day over one top minister’s indiscretion.) It matters not that his liason is
harmless and human, only that its disclosure could weaken his party and so further the
chances of the informer’s.
That’s politics.
Such a filthy game, that it is, after all, best left to politicians.

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

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

This is where that argument
about putting musicians out of
work breaks down. No one
hesitated to retire the horse
when they found out about
steam. The BBC makes people
remember all that forgettable
music simply because having a
monopoly they play nothing else.
Live. The orchestration often
sounds like the harmonic
variations of a vibrating jelly.
Here is an artificially created
class of anachronistic artisans
producing something people
would avoid if they could. Talk
about the monarchy.
Just suppose that in fifteen
years time or whenever it’s going
to be, the BBC does set up a pop station. Can you imagine it; the mind breaks down and whimperers. The dead touch of "live" performance again. By those people. Not the pop groups themselves. Or suppose they started commercial radio. Who would apply for and get the licenses. Not the delightful, original, experienced pirates that everyone knows and likes so much. The sump oil manufacturers, the newspaper combines, the fertilizer cartels would all move in and take over. You wouldn't be able to hear anything for the ads and good taste.

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

**DRUGS**

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

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

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

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Dear Mr Short,

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

Yours Faithfully,

All

I am…… years old. Most of my friends listen only to Pirates and hate the BBC.

Some

None

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

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

---

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

_ Ulysses S Grant_

Dear Mr St John Stevas,

I demand you ensure stringent execution of the present Abortion Law, which you are so determined ought not to be reformed. Send all abortionists (back street and Harley St.), every women who has ever had an illegal abortion and the police who tolerate the present system, to gaol now. Begin with me and my friends.

Yours Faithfully,

All

I am…… years old. Most of my friends have had at least one illegal abortion.

Some

None

---

Dear Mr. Jenkins,

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

Yours Faithfully,

\[ Your age. \]

Most of my friends smoke pot and/or take L.S.D.

Some

None

Those that do have been in my opinion harmed

unharmed.

I will vote against your Government unless you adopt a more enlightened attitude and stop putting me and my friends in fear of gaol.
Your sense of hearing changes from mono to stereo, you look at mundane objects with child-like freshness, everything smells like frankincense. Everything you eat tastes like a Cordon Bleu speciality and your appetite, which you thought had gone the way of your laughter, becomes a chef’s delight.

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

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

Abortion

Reason is the life of the law, so why not abortion on demand? When custom runs counter to law then the law is a bad one, and bad laws are the worst form of tyranny. A skilful abortion carries with it less risk than childbirth. It is only dangerous under the sordid back street conditions the present law encourages. A law based on beliefs now accepted by only a small section of the population. Opposition to reform has stemmed mainly from the Royal College of
Gynaecologists and Catholic lobbyists, the former are afraid of losing income, the latter of losing their souls. Theological bickering is irrelevant to a bill which deals, not with the number of angels that could dance on the head of a pin, but with human beings, whose freedom of choice is being denied. Minority groups are entitled to minority views, but not to impose them on the rest of us. Of course if orals were efficiently distributed abortion would become as outdated and unnecessary as Rickets.

VIETNAM

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

At the Labour Party Conference, 1954: “In the Labour Movement we rose to power because we were on the side of the ‘have-nots’ of this country. We must never lose our community of interest and our identity with the ‘have-nots’ of the world. We have got to convince the masses of Asia that we are on their side in their struggle and that their struggle against exploitation and foreign domination is exactly the same struggle that we have carried on in this country.” He is still, of course, on the side of the have-nots. Formerly, he embraced those who have-not wealth; today, less immoderately, he aligns with those who have-not conscience.

The Right Honorable Richard Crossman, Leader of the House.

House of Commons, 1953: “I was delighted to hear Mr. Attlee say what we all know is true, that Ho Chi Minh leads the real national movement in Indo-China. Do not let us be hypocritical about it. It is time to tell the French and the Americans that they are fighting an unjust war in Indo-China. If the French had done the right thing, Indo-China today would stand alongside Indonesia and Burma. Ho Chi Minh and his rebels are not communists by nature but by compulsion. They are driven to be communists in order to get national liberation. If we accept the Chinese Revolution we must accept the Indo-Chinese Revolution, and tell our friends not to waste millions of dollars on preserving a few square miles round Saigon.”

The Right Honorable Barbara Castle, Minister of Transport.

House of Commons, 1953: “The foreign policy of the United States of America is to destroy communism. That is a policy which does two things. First it says that the nationalist movements in Asia are all Moscow-inspired, Kremlin-financed, part of a great Russian plot. It fails completely to understand what is happening in Asia, the revolution which is taking place over large parts of the earth’s surface — which, as hon. members on this side of the House have shown quite clearly, springs from the natural needs and indigenous demands of the peoples themselves.”

The Right Honorable Jennie Lee, “Minister for The Arts.”

House of Commons, 1953: “There are liberal Americans who are anxious to see Indo-China liberated from what they call old-fashioned colonialism. We cannot talk to those Americans, when at the same time, we approach Washington with a begging-bowl held out, because money talks louder than words. I am grieved and shamed when I hear that the contribution which our country can make to international affairs is lost because of the clatter of the dollars falling into the begging-bowl.”

The Right Honorable Harold Wilson, Prime Minister.

Mayday 1954: “We must not join or in any way encourage an anti-communist crusade in Asia under the leadership of the Americans or anyone else . . .”. “I believe at the moment the danger to a negotiated settlement in Asia is provided by a lunatic fringe in the American Senate. Asia, like other parts of the world, is in revolution, and what we have to learn today in this country is to march on the side of the peoples in that revolution and not on the side of their oppressors.”

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

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

In the Louvre, there is a painting an old man with a hideously pocked and bulbous nose looking down at a boy whose young face promises a resounding masculine beauty in the future. Far from being repelled by the old monster, the boy is looking up at him with confident affection. Picasso, whose rare statements about his art are gnomic, yet always worthy of close attention, once answered the perpetual philistine question as to why his pictures are so ugly. They are not, he replied. All necessary destruction in order to create seems ugly, because of a pre-conceived public notion as to what is beautiful. All creation is ugly. The act of birth itself, the greatest beauty in our world, does not seem specially 'beautiful' until the child is washed and laid in its elegant cradle. Francis Bacon is generally believed to be an artist who portrays, in terms of anguished satire, the horror of our age. Yet he has more than once assured me that his object is to create true beauty—the beauty, that is, of our particular times. I am sure he is right about this, and that his intentions have been largely misunderstood. (He was not very pleased, nevertheless, when I once compared his art to that of Fragonard.)

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

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

From these examples, I think we can deduce two principles: 1. In physical beauty, there are no absolutes. Beauty is indeed in the eye of the beholder, and if the social conventions of the beholder alter, so does his sense of what is beautiful.

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

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

Hermans Goring, and yet the reply of Mrs Maugham to her son, and the upward gaze of confidence by the young Florentine to his ugly old preceptor: each spectator of the ugly person was himself an innocent, a pure person.

I saw Chimes at Midnight the other day, and was immediately struck—as I suppose everyone else was—by the way Gielgud acted everyone right off the screen: even Orson Welles, and the handsome young actors and actresses surrounding him. Was this merely due to his greater experience or even talent? Not entirely. No one could call Sir John a beauty. He's bald, has a big nose, and a somewhat ungraciously ugly face. Yet because his ravaged face seems that of a man who has accepted, through suffering and understanding, that he must live in our times and accept them, and yet always try to transcend them, this battered old mask seems beautiful. Because the moment he opens his objectively ugly mouth the words that soar out are of such stunning beauty as to make all his colleagues seem numbing amateurs, one is instantly aware of the intellectual and spiritual depths within him.

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

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

To conclude, let us consider the features of James Baldwin. He told me he was known as 'frog-face' in his youth, and was much mocked for this. Once a nice teacher (white, liberal and female) took him to the movies—his very first visit, and only after the fierce disapproval of his terrifying pastor daddy had been overcome. They entered in mid-film, and the first thing he saw was a close-up of Bette Davis. 'She's a frog-face too,' he thought, 'and yet the world thinks she's beautiful. Then perhaps I am too, despite what the kids say.' He is indeed—and I think his is the most beautiful face I have yet seen. That may be because our times are etched on his features, and the light that shines through them is the same one we may recognize when we read what he has written.
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The Plan to relieve Dien Bien Phu.
Princess Margaret's marriage.
The Great Society.
Bob Dylan—pale imitation of Donovan.
'Wrong Way' Corrigan—who set out to fly to Labrador, arrived in Los Angeles 27 hours later. Thus, either the first man to circumnavigate the globe in a Curtis biplane at Mach 1.5, or else the only aviator ever to be blown backwards across the USA.
The LSE's late porter—attempted to quell a scuffle in a passageway.
Marlowe—after centuries of valiant effort he has still failed to prove that he is Shakespeare.
The American who designed the Confederate 'Chain' Cannon, Two cannons were placed parallel on either side of the main street of a besieged Virginian town facing the enemy. Their cannon balls were linked by a chain, so that when the cannons were fired simultaneously the entire invading army would be mown down. However, once in flight, the device whiplashed and gracefully boomeranged to massacre the defenders.
The Brabazon Flying Boat and the TSR-2—first deliveries were made dead on schedule, to the Imperial War Museum.
Bert Russell and J-P. Sartre's War Crimes Trial of LBJ.
The Yoko Ono Film Protest Rally—4 of a promised 500 eventuated to picket the British Censorship Board Offices.
Walter Craig, President of the American Bar Association—appointed by the Warren Commission to 'defend' Oswald. Craig attended 2 of the 51 sessions and only spoke once, but not on behalf of Oswald.
Jean Rook, Fashion Editor of the Sun, who for more than two years has been predicting the imminent demise of the mini-skirt.
The hippie London Underground Movement—failed to stay underground.

The first two issues of OZ.
Leslie Parkes—soldier.
Any British boxer.
Fonthill Abbey—cost Beckford a million pounds and fell down.
The International Times bid for The Spectator
The Monkees—unable to suppress the information that they didn’t play their own instruments on their hit records, now face the leak that they didn’t sing either.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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


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

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

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

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

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

Donald Macrae—such a failure that even his obscurity has remained unnoticed.
they may be in some groups but

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The Scottish Match King

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

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

Is he happy?

“I don’t give a fuck. All my mates are dead.”

From the war?

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

“See, it hasn’t been a bad night,” he says.

A Man of Leisure

Mick LeBeau “just like the King of France” is 35.

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

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

Mick says he would like a sixpence. The ladies say don’t give him one or he’ll bother you too.

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

Is he happy?

“No. Not since I was dead.”

How long ago was that?

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

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

“Would you like a little drink?”

A gent in a bowler hat and the tea ladies disapprove.
An ugly side of some beautiful people

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

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

“I’ll go anywhere,” he said, “my country needs me.” TIME and NEWSWEEK.

“When Jean (Shrimpton) announced to me she was going to do the film, I felt a sense of loss,” Terence Stamp said, “Obviously she had come under the influence of the director Peter Watkins, he was beginning to Svengali her and I regarded that as my own responsibility, a role I’ve always assumed in my relationships with women.” THE PEOPLE, Aug. 14, 1966.
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WHAT BEAUTIFUL EYES SHE HAS
As the good Mr. Ruskin said so poetically, remember that the most beautiful things in the world are the roseless—Lilie's and lilies for instance.

How far should you go?

Nestle has the answers when you colour your hair!

At the good Mr. Ruskin
Said so poetically:
Remember that the most
Beautiful things in the world
Are the roseless—
Lilie's and lilies, for instance.

How far should you go?

Nestle has the answers when you colour your hair!

Send home my long strained eyes to me,
Which, oh, too long have
dwelt on thee.

Is it safe to backbrush my
hair-paste?

What rep. do I do for an
outbreak of sneezing, which
upsets my face?

Every woman
wants to be beautiful.

All heresess's are beautiful.

The prime of the jean brodie sweater look

Similarly, women are classified
into three categories—
(I) The dear lady who wants
you to make strangers—
(II) The bored
woman who wants you as
angels of a

More cleaning
makes less hair.

Orlane and Nature make you Purely Beautiful.

Miss Elizabeth Taylor slept here
Why don't you?
Vincel lets women be women.
Vive la Revolution!
If he knows it's there, we'll give you your money back

The glamorous creature seen leaving a little later is me!

If that this too solid flesh will melt, turn and melt itself into a dew, and skin bend by reason

To think she used to suffer with facial hair

Bette is a girl who plays with fire.

With a warm smile and a cool hand she sends men's temperatures rising.

And on those lips and fingertips - cosmetics called Evette . . .