2-1968

OZ 9

Richard Neville
Editor
OZ 9

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.

This serial is available at Research Online: http://ro.uow.edu.au/ozlondon/9
I see my life come shining
from the west unto the east
any day now
any day now
I shall be released

FREEZE-OUT

THE MILLION DOLLAR BASH

Well the big dumb blonde with her wheel gorged
turned to the friend of hers
with his cheques all forged
and his cheeks in a chunk
with his cheese in the cash,
they're all gonna be there at
that million dollar bash
Ooh baby, ooh e.e... its that
million dollar bash

Everybodys ridin out to over there
and back
the louder they come
the bigger they crack
come now, sweep clean
dont forget to flash
we're all gonna meet at
that million dollar bash
Ooh baby, ooh e.e... its that
million dollar bash

Well i took my counsellor out to the barn
silly nellie was there
she told him a yarn
then along came jones,
emptied the trash
everybody went down to that
million dollar bash
Ooh baby, ooh e.e... its that
million dollar bash

Well ive hit her too hard
my stones wont take
i get up in the morning
but its too early to wake
first its hello
goodbye
then pushing
then crash!
but we're all gonna make it at that
million dollar bash
Ooh baby, ooh e.e... its that
million dollar bash

Well i looked at my watch i looked at my wrist
i punched myself
in the face
with my fist
i took my potatoes
down to be mashed
then i made it on over
to that million dollar bash
Ooohoo baby, oooeee, oooohoo baby ooohee
its that million dollar bash

I SEE MY LIFE COME SHINING

They say everything can be replaced
yet every distance is not near
so i remember every face
of every man who put me here

They say every man needs protection
They say every man must fall
yet i swear i see my reflection
some place so high above this wall

The million dollar bash

CRASH ON THE LEVEE

Crash on the levee mama
waters gonna overflow
swamps gonna rise
slow boats gonna roll
Now you can train on down
to Williamspoint
you can bust your feet
you can rock this joint
Aah mama
aint you gonna miss
your best friend now
You gonna have to find yourself
another best friend somehow
Now dont you try to move me
you're just gonna lose
there's a crash on the levee
and mama you been refused
Well its sugar for sugar
and salt for salt
if you go down in the flood
its gonna be your fault
Aah mama aint you gonna miss
your best friend now
Yes you gonna have to find yourself
another best friend somehow
Well the high tides risin
mama dont you let me down
pack up your suitcase
mama dont you make a sound
Now its king for king
queen for queen
theres gonna be the meanest flood
that anybody seen
Oh mama aint you gonna miss
your best friend now
yes you're gonna have to find yourself
another best friend somehow
John Steinbeck II. just back from Bien Hoa, embarrassed the Pentagon and his super hawk dad when he revealed that 75% of American troops stayed stoned throughout their Vietnam year. It is the official line of the US government that troops are having the time of their lives in Vietnam so far in England, the fact that troops going on R & R just and recreation leave, in nearly Asian capitals, are marketing Viettrash to pay for the holiday. Ev ery Sydney's lackadaisical drug squad have been embarrassed into arresting an ally a day.

If your eyes were Up to reading, Lisa Biebeman's Psychedelic News Sheet No. 72, last issue, you might still be relishing her article on Arthur Klein, patriarch of the Neo American Church, the post-Spy religious organisation whose sacrament is peyote and whose ministers or Boo Hossem every a five dollar note are required by their faith to turn people on—sure grounds for a draft deferment. Kneeling on her latest issue of Divine Toad Sweat, the Dilated House Organ of the Church.

Lisa Biebeman: You may have seen Lisa's much kcred bulletin on her article in the New Republic. I agree with much of what she has to say about the movement, and would only add, "so what?" Most people in the movement are fools for the same reason that most people in the telephone book are fools—statistical probability. Lisa has always referred the behaviour of others against some kind of standard of correct behaviour appropriate to her own fears and limitations, rather than trying to assess the alternative and do what is possible with what is at hand. I am no more a standard Hippie than she is, but I enthusiastically advocate for her movement and young people today. Conversely, although I am about as Red as you can get without being a tomato, I am quite happy to number among my closest friends some millionaires whom I consider to be blood-headers paid to do nothing. As for Lisa and too many of the Hippies she finds so repugnant, share a common infantile concept, they consider their tastes more important than their policy, and even in extremis, wholly define their policy as the extension of their tastes. As for her personal attack on me, all I can say is (1) the ball money she solicited has not been forfeited or used to pay a fine as of the present date (2) almost all of it was raised from friends of mine who know that I know that they know that I know, etc.—it would be bloodstained to ask. May I know that $100 put up for a few months to pay the fine, or would you rather see me in prison? (3) If I am forced by necessity to pay the fine out of the ball money, it will only amount to $500 or so and the people who need cash in hand at once will get their contribution back at once. (4) Lisa's statement that the presence of my being picked up passed out drunk in the Sarasota Railroad Station is evidence of moral turpitude and mental derangement is so desperate as to make public disclosure obligatory. I should be. I suppose, in the O. H. F. of the O. R. C. the House of the O. N. R. C. that I should be. (5) I am a standard Hippie. (6) I am no more a standard Hippie than she is. (7) Lisa, apply this same argument to Richard Nixon and your”Look Ma, I just don’t do drugs!” Yes, folks, I had, indeed, on that occasion, more-or-less voluntarily, rendered myself unconscious in a public place (the premises were available, how about that?) Some people of course, lead affectional lives to rigorously ordered and cursumcribed that they never experience losses, anguish which they wring on the unbearable. I have noticed that these people very frequently end up rendering themselves dead in private places to reach their own.

Mixed media, Sacker & Warburg, Studio Vista and almost every book publishing house have begun publishing film scripts. While moviemakers like Peter Whitehead and John E. Cohen have begun publishing books. On films. Or McLuhan award goes to Whitehead and Andrew Sinclair's, Lorimer Publishing, who have cornered the market in God's and the more respectable classics and will be bringing out a little 6 month by the next three years.

Not all the good movies in town are at the New Cinema Club which is getting round the censorship horn. Though their Chelsea Girls is a very bland strip of celluloid. The print version is expected to be presented by the BFI in conjunction with the Arts Lab soon. Meanwhile try and take in Alain Jessua's Comic Strip Hero at the Cineplex.
The photograph is the one taken by Mary Moorman with her Polaroid camera as President Kennedy was being assassinated. David Lifton, a graduate student at UCLA, made an examination of the Moorman photo in 1965 and discovered the man shown in the series of blow-ups. He is holding a straight object in his hands and possibly may have actually fired a frontal shot at the President's car as it came up the street. This cannot be determined from this photo but it is important to note that the existence of this man at that time and place contradicts the Warren Commission report on the assassination, which denies that any one stood behind the wall or fence at that time.

Since the subject area of the knoll is generally consistent with that designated by most witnesses as the source of at least one shot, No. 5 man must logically be considered an important suspect. This would be true even if it were not a fact that he appears to be holding a straight object.

The photograph and surrounding circumstances demonstrate graphically and powerfully the urgent need for a complete reinvestigation of the assassination of President Kennedy.


[Re: OZ No. 3, Mark Lane]
Is this one of the Kennedy Assassins?
Why doesn't the 'Moorman Photo' appear as a Warren Commission Exhibit?
Who is this man?
What is the straight object he appears to be holding in his hands?
Why is he on the grassy knoll, half hidden behind the wall at the time Kennedy was shot?
Why does Counsel Joseph Ball insist that there was no one either behind the wall or the picket fence?

Stand back a few paces to view.
Unless we can wipe out the menacing mountain of evil karma accumulated by the human race, it will soon crush out love, freedom, enlightenment and all that is beautiful in the world. To avert this catastrophe we must act quickly, for time is not on our side. It cannot be overemphasised that delay will surely spell doom of the love revolution.

The modern diggers are the dharma descendents of the Diggers who tilled common land and practised sharing in the England of 1649 and whose declared aims were to 'lay the Foundation of making the Earth a Common Treasury for All' and to create a new society in which all would 'as one man, working together, and feeding together ... not Lording over another, but all looking upon each other, as equals'. But without reference to any historical affiliation, the term 'digger' may simply be defined in the present day revolutionary context as 'a person who digs love, freedom and sharing and acts on his understanding'.

The first of the modern diggers emerged from the hippie community in the autumn of 1966 in the Haight-Ashbury district of San Francisco. They made history there by dishing out free food to all comers, running a free store called 'The Free Frame of Reference' where goods were given away free, providing crash pads in their communes for dropouts and distributing a free newsheet (Communication Company, San Francisco).

This pattern of action has been taken up in one way or another by diggers in other cities and towns on the North American continent. The digger movement is spreading fast over...
There and diggers are now developing land-based love communes where they grow their own food, and even building their own 'drop cities'.

Over here in England we are lagging behind, but we'll soon catch up. However, when moving into the third phase of the love revolution, we must appreciate that the circumstances existing here are somewhat different from those in America. So, attention we can learn a lot from the experiences of our American brothers and sisters. It may be necessary for us to evolve a somewhat different course of action.

As I see it, the most essential and urgent thing is the creation of love communes, each with its own land, houses and means of production for primary as well as secondary goods.

At present most of the land, houses and means of production are in the hands of the large private capitalists, so we have to play their game and score bread to buy these things (rather retain these things, for they belong to everyone by right of birth and our share has been stolen from us).

For the digger dharma to be a concrete reality within the love commune, all diggers must be hip to certain fundamental points of the dharma and practise these within their love commune. The following are some of these:

1. There is love for everyone for all sentient beings.
2. In everyone there is the openness and nakedness of love and complete freedom from all square hangups.
3. When these points are realised, there will be true communion between the diggers of the love commune. Love communes are powered by love and it is love that makes them divine.

Points On Freedom And Sharing In The Love Commune In Full Flower.
(1) The love commune is an anarchistic organisation without any authoritarian hangups. This means it has no place for such phenomena as leaders and bosses and gurus.
(2) All goods are freely shared among the diggers of the commune according to his or her ability.
(3) All knowledge and enlightenment are freely shared and available and free to all. There must be no monopolistic professionalism. This means diggers can and will evolve into versatile and/or universal cats and chicks with their beautiful potentialities minimally realised, and thus become the forerunners of the fully aware and enlightened beings of the coming Aquarian Age. And each digger contributes to the love commune according to his or her ability.
(4) All material goods of the commune are shared out to each digger according to his or her need or, when he or she is abundant, simply made available and free to all.
(5) All surgery, tailing and molting are automated out of productions so that everyone can have as much leisure as possible to do his or her own thing.
(6) Everyone is free to do his or her own thing on the understanding that he or she does not shirk on the freedom of others.
(7) To ensure true personal freedom, no one is treated or regarded as the property of another - this applies to children as well as adults. No one has any 'rights' over another and parents have no 'rights' over their children. The freedom, well-being, education and enlightenment of children are the responsibility of the whole commune.

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The foregoing points, if fully realised, will raise the practice of freedom and sharing to a new high in human society.

Practical Side-Issues And The Revolutionary Praxis.

While the diggers of each commune will work out for themselves the practical details not only of the diggers' dharma but also of certain side-issues which may arise from their particular environment.

For example, in the early days of love commune development it may be of value or even indispensable for some communes to have weekend or part-time diggers. Again it may be useful or necessary for some diggers to have guides and/or 'family' and/or 'health' procedures for self-protection against the brutal violence of thugs, bullies and other crooks and evil elements, including sadistic fuzz.

If the revolutionary praxis is a living and tuned-in one, it can easily cope with such side-issues. To keep the praxis evergreen and always in tune and in touch, it is essential to have a revolutionary critique and a revolutionary dialogue among the diggers to ensure that each and every practical detail pertaining to the praxis will be both meaningful and effective.

The London Digger Love Commune.

With this in mind, my dharma comrades associated with OZ magazine invite you to the Commune's Forum and/or Ceremony 'Breaking Ground', to be held in March. Please write to Diggers, c/o OZ Magazine, 38A Palace Gardens Terrace, London W8.
Dear Sir,
Although suicide is no longer a crime, it remains an offence to aid, abet or counsel suicide in specific cases. Raymond Durgnat's letter in the last issues of your journal almost argues the wish that the encouragement of suicide in general should be subject to the same penalties. He will no doubt attempt to shelter behind the distinguished poets from whom he quotes. But this would be to take these verses outside the context of their authors' obvious concern with the betterment of human life. Great art is on the side of Life, not of Death.

Yours sincerely,
David Holbrook

Dear Sir,
I am not in the least surprised that your correspondent Raymond Durgnat has failed to find a suitable suicide prescription. His article is garlanded with quotations from various cinematograph entertainments and from such minor literary figures as Messrs Housman and Keats. If he had turned aside from these potting foothills, and directed his attention towards my towering plays, he would immediately have found the recipe he requires.

In 'The Millionaires', which I presented to the world almost one-third of a century ago, Epifania Fitzfassenden, nee Ognisanti di Pararga, approaches her solicitor, Julius Sagamore, with a similar request, and is immediately gratified with the following instructions:

'You will have to sign the chemist's book for the cyanide. Say it is for a wasp's nest. The tartaric acid is harmless, the chemist will think you want it to make lemonade. Put the two separately in just enough water to dissolve them. When you mix the two solutions the tartaric and potash will combine and make tartrate of potash. This, being insoluble, will precipitate to the bottom of the glass and the supernatant fluid will be pure hydrocyanic acid, one sip of which will kill you like a thunderbolt.'

Time spent on the enjoyment of the loftier peaks of English literature is never wasted.

Yours,
G.B.S.

Raymond Durgnat replies:
So stalwart an exponent of the life-force as Mr Shaw cannot command one's respect. He has, perhaps, had a little difficulty in understanding the problems of the weaker candidates for suicide, with whose plight I probably find it easier to identify. With those who could hardly face the complex task of concocting a chemist of asking for cyanide in a nonchalant voice, of looking as if they have access to a garden with wasps nests.

Dear Sir,
After reading John Wilcox's 'blue print for a beautiful community (OZ No 7) - almost arose from apathy to comment - J.W.'s enthusiasm for freeb dogma overloaded his capacity for reason (assuming he has one) and faith in politics and willingness for compromise with the Establishment, in the last paragraph was excruciatingly nauseous. Despite these emotional reactions I was silent, not wishing to shatter the tranquil intellectual progress of your readers and amigos.

Come OZ No 8, and remarkable Angelo Quattrochi's sermon upon the freedom of Russia (which has rushed nowhere slow) stating criticisms and targets superna-aturally parallel to my own. Russia is now fast retracting within its own A.M.M. shell. The Gremlins has decided that it is now prepared to undergo a nuclear attack (vis civil exercises resumed) and has reformed to undermine PEACEFUL co-existence.

With more unstable regimes, an expanding wipeout gang, population explosion, germ warfare, famine, race war, Chinese missiles ad infinitum, posing a mushroom threat to the very continuance of man; the time has come for a radical ideological change ... NOW! It should be intolerable to us to contemplate the total eradication of life on earth. (see 'Words' by J-P Sartre)

Leo Tolstoy, a religious anarchist, had a solution which Ghandi proved practical in India in the fifties: He advocated rule by Love, i.e. abolition of organized authority. This would mean the free association of individuals, no armed forces, courts, prisons or written law. Hippies believe in a peaceful transition to anarchy. Regis Debray & Che Guevara demand revolution as do 'Tomorrow' on their last record. This is not these aims which require debate only the methods advocated for achieving them. Peace-ful anarchists like Tolstoy proposed refusal by the people to 1) render military service 2) to pay taxes 3) to recognise the courts and the police.

while Guevarian radicals proposed armed insurrection and revolution by the people at the 1877 & 1907 International Anarchist Congresses. Their common purpose ... the collapse of the established order!

Assuming that the world 'civilisation' is truly doomed these are the alternatives facing us: extinction, revolution, or transition peacefully. This first is ludicrous and the other two are dependent upon how much time we feel we can spare. Hippies are a long term solution whereas the Revolutionaries believe the problem to be more urgent, thereby requiring more radical action. It remains to be seen which method humanity will choose, provided it has time to do so!

Yours sincerely,
N.A. Megson (optimist)
Solihull, Warwickshire.

Dear Sir,
I would have thought that such a lavish presentation as your Che Guevara fold-in merited a bit more attention than it obviously received.

I can visualize your design and layout people congratulating each other over their latest neo-psychedelic, total man, super-hero creation.

'Are you sure it's Gue-ee-ee-Ewe? who cares, man they'll know who he is. We'll explain all that at the bottom, and we'll throw in g - e - urillas just to really upset everyone.'

Men like Guevara are too big and angry for our world of typewriters and soft hands.

You said it and I bet He'd puke if he could see the hollow tribute you've paid him.

Yours,

All advertising enquiries to Penny Service at FLA 5785.
In No. 24...

Berlin Commune / Sedition Goes On

Belgium Experimental Film Festival.

The Nature of Vision by Jeff Nuttall

Roy Lichtenstein interview

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you may have heard of, but can't
get - try us...

Pellen Personal Products LTD.
47 Muswell Hill Broadway,
London N.10
From Michael X, Swansea

The last time I sat down to write I had no idea where the writing would go. I didn't have a book, however, I seem to have come out of it. In that document I find that I was consistently accusing myself. Well to that I say 'beautiful' for the more I accuse myself the more I have the right to judge you. Better yet I make you judge yourself, which makes it that much less necessary for me to do so.

Don't matter where I start from. It can be called a bad start, but still let us compare feelings. I would like to say let us compare facts. But then I may take offence as what you present to me is fact, and here lies one of the strange dichotomies that arises whether you speak to each other. So, like I said to the judge, 'in Reading' I have no doubt that some of the things I say may sound offensive to your ears, but please bear in mind that your words may unknowingly have been an assault on my ears all my life. Nonetheless, these words must be spoken for with meaningful dialogues we may yet be able to contain the conflagration.

At this precise moment I visualise myself as a black man. I see white people, white people, and, this is important, the others, for so many people today are in the strange state of limbo. I would like to describe what I mean when I say white people. They include some folk with black skins with thoughts as grey as the majority of anglo-saxons and of course the thoughts as grey as the majority of anglo-saxons, they are white people.

It seems strange to me that I use two words like 'White Monkeys' and white people get very offended, when in point of fact that is being quite kind, for I could have said 'white man' and that is probably not the most offensive thing that a black man could call another human being, and daily, they, the grey ones, hear it and never even get slightly upset.

To-day I look back at that trial in Reading and I see what was really needed were interpreters, for during the whole case the judge invited me to come and stand two or three feet away from him. Me, who has always said that there is more of us than them. Yes, me, who sincerely believes that there is only one way to go when you are sure you are going, and that's taking one of them with you. That judge could not have understood a word I was saying for all that he had between him and his maker was those two or three feet of empty space. Judges, I believe, are the bastions of grey thought. The greys are few but they are powerful. They have succeeded in splitting us in so many bits that it isn't funny. They create mythical alliances and we see them as real. For example when the 'white man' is under some relation to racial issues all the pink people, all the pale faces together with the greys see themselves as a monolithic group and act accordingly. This unique power of persuasion, through which the greys have ruled for centuries I call the grey super-power super-structure. It claims almost every media of mass communication. It is almost unbeatable, for people are naturally attracted to that which is strong. And all the pink idiots identify there.

How many pink or pale faced readers will actually re-construct this alliance and come and fight the good fight with us, for man, for free man? No. I have heard them: 'you are right, but...'. Please, please, ask yourselves this for anyway you care to look at it there is more us than you.

And still they pretend not to see and for they see finally that truth is facing them, so they ask: 'What is really wanted is apartheid in reverse, isn't it?' How can I answer after trying so hard to show the many shades of man.

So I evade the question, for I know they will be no better off if I say 'No'. In reply, I ask, what's this about South Africa and they say that apartheid is abhorrent. I make my final plea: can you now see why our struggle must be international? What are we going to do when black people begin to storm Johannesburg, Durban, Cape Town? What role are you going to take on? For it is obvious that this country will go the way of protecting its financial interests in South Africa, which in effect means protecting the grey thinking South Africa. We cannot wait until D-Day to organise ourselves. It is crystal clear that it is the duty of all clean thinkers to be ready to oppose or at least to neutralise the greys.

There you see one example of why we must move now. Letters or even a big advertisement in the Times condemning the action of the British government will not be enough. At this point I will have to fight you too, for then I will be nearer you and you will be nearer me. How many times can one person do that? When that happens, all is lost. Your cause and mine. Just think this is only one example of many such situations around the world. Now I see the problem, they say, but you put it badly, if you will change the language...... Allah be merciful. Give me patience.

Give me guidance. Just like the prayer was unheard. Out goes my cool. Instead a torrent of words 'What else must I change?' Why don't you some doing changing too? Why is it always me who must change? No. I will not change. This is how I have twisted and turned to please you. I have done your building for centuries. Now it just my turn to sit down. You have to look at all the truths this time or all that you have worked for will go. I can give no more. Naught have I and since that is the legacy for my children it was for my father and his father before him, so it will be for you and yours. In this world there are two kinds of people - the takers and the took. We have been took. You have always told me what I wanted, now let me tell you what I want.

MICHAEL

Justice Partial, Your Lies Are Showing

The week before Christmas, Michael Abdul Malik was taken from Swansea gaol to make his fourth court appearance, this time before Lord Chief Justice Parker at the High Court of Appeal. Mr. Pain Q.C. Counsel for the Defence, did us in the taking, finding four grounds for appeal.

For a start, in the 'light of 'The Sunday Times' article which described Malik as 'taking to politics after an unedifying career as brothel-keeper, procurer and property racketeer 'the trial', Justice Partial asked 'How many kinds of people are naturally attracted to police and procurers?'

The wee article, 'I am not sure what Michael had explained that a full hour Michael had explained at his reading trial why the oppressed cannot and must not accept the culture of their oppressor, how the white man had subverted the black. The Recorder and what is this. Is this summing up to the jury. The accused was getting personal, the court had listened in absolute silence.

M.C. Pain made an awkward point for a liberal advocate: that Michael's complaints and abuse related to the system, not individuals, and at the law has it, a section of the public distinguished by colour'. Parker, wey-faced and tight-smiling, did not need to be told this. He dug what was in question, his own top job in that system, and what he had to do with this political criminal, shut him up.

Lastly Defence suggested to Parker it would be a help if he could lay down some precedent for this type of case. Wasn't Michael's sentence of one year excessive for a first offence under the Race Relations Act, hadn't the four, colour-speakers, stood trial on the same charge, and yet have been fined £30 with two year's binding over? Parker would not be drawn. Defence had failed to pose an intriguing problem for his learned mind to work upon. Each case must be dealt with differently, he said, and dismissed all four grounds for appeal.

Rather patronisingly, Pain suggested that the coloured people had very little political experience and so lacked the background to English public life of an Englishman's sense of what coloured people represented. Had Michael's original speech actually endangered the public peace, did we read that Reading noted? Or had some chunks of mispronounced speech disturbed the radio-listeners' peace of mind? Either way the Race Relations Act was a good stick to beat down a man not deceived by it.

Question for the Establishment: Is Michael Abdul Malik backed by an organisation ready to execute the speaker's calls for action?

Question for the public: If Michael Abdul Malik is fishing in troubled waters face Political and Economic Planning Report now before Parliament will the spread of legal aid do more than calm the surface? Discrimination in public places lies within the private prejudices of individuals. How do you legislate a change of heart?

Guy Gladstone
721 Fulham Road
London S.W.6
National Council for Civil Liberties, 4 Camden High Street, London, N.W. 1
EUSTON 2544.
If you believe that treatment you have received at LANE.
Street, London, N.W. 1
busted for drugs or if you need and CINEMA
the hands of the authorities is
unjust call Civil Liberties.
Call this number if you ar,
1.1NIT, STUDENTS UNION,
obtainable from INDICA. and
BETTER BOOKS. university
towns
or incoherent magazine
You do not need to answer them;
They would not come for love of
money, only for love of the
revolution - which means love.

Dear Sir,
Many congratulations on the success of your magazine 'OZ',
biggest confidence trick of the modern age. You are very fortunate
in having discovered such a large section of the public who are so naive as to be seduced into
buying your superficial magazine.
As a new reader I expected to discover something which, if not
revolutionary, may at least be termed original. Regrettably I
failed to find this. Certainly, your ideas about sex are completely
opposed to the norms of society, similarly your attitude
to drug-taking. However, all this proves is that you are able to
look at the values of society and decide that yours will be exactly
the opposite, hardly a very mature attitude. Constructive
thinking is evidently beyond your ability and you are merely
able to find fault with the ideas of others, something which is not
beyond the most simple-minded
I therefore sympathise with those who think they are
discovering some new philosophy
in your magazine for they are
sadly mistaken.
Yours etc.,
Shelia Ladd
University College, Glamorgan.

Dear Sir,
As a free-lance writer and, at the moment, also an instructor in Magazine Journalism
(at Univ. of Iowa), may I say that rarely have I seen a more
confused, confusing, botched,
looking, noxious, sloppy, taste-
less or incoherent magazine
than yours. Keep up the good
work!
Yours admiringly,
Bob Perlongo
School of Journalism,
University of Iowa,
Iowa 52240, USA.
If I could turn you on...

If I could drive you out of your wretched mind,
I could tell you...
In the beginning God created the heaven and earth. And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep; and the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said, Let there be light; and there was light. And God saw the light that it was good.

Genesis 1:1-4

I believe that there have been civilizations in the past that were familiar with atomic energy, and by misusing it they were totally destroyed.

Frederick Soddy

Observing that the human young needs a long period of care and protection, Anaximander concludes that had man always been as he is now, he could not have survived. Therefore he must have been different, that is, he must have evolved from an animal which can fend for itself more quickly. Later, Darwin explained the theory of evolution in terms of natural selection from a Universal Animal Organism.

Bertrand Russell, 1959

It may be that other forms of humanity, or rather other thinking beings, made their appearance and disappeared. They may not have left visible traces, but their memory is preserved in legends.

Ten thousand years ago an enlightened civilization controlled the world. It set up in the Frozen North zones of deportation. Now, what do we find in Eskimo folklore? References to tribes being transported to the Frozen North at the beginning of time by giant metallic birds. Nineteenth century archaeologists always scoffed at these 'metallic birds'. And what do you think?

Louis Pauwels/Jack Bergier, 1960

W Virginia schoolboys, on way to take movies of baseball game, sighted this object; took short strip of film before UFO vanished.

No matter how cheerful and unsuspicious my disposition may be, I think we are property. I should say we belong to something that once upon a time this earth was no man's land; that other worlds explored and colonised here and fought among themselves for possession, but that now it's owned by something.

I suspect that, after all, we are useful; that among contesting claimants adjustment has occurred, or that something now has a legal right to us, by force, or by having paid out analogues of beads for us to former owners of us, and that all this has been known, perhaps for ages, to certain ones upon this Earth, a cult, or Order, members of which function like bell-wethers to the rest of us, or as superior slaves or overseers, directing in accordance with instructions received from Somewhere else - in our mysterious usefulness.

In the past, before proprietorship was established, inhabitants of a host of other worlds had dropped in here and have waited; flown, motored, walked here, for all I know; been pulled here, been pushed; have come singly, have come in enormous numbers, have visited occasionally, have periodically, for hunting, trading, mining, replenishing harem: have established colonies here; far advanced peoples, or things, and primitive peoples or whatever they were: white ones, black ones, yellow ones.

We are not alone; the Earth is not alone.

Charles Fort

The recognition of our eternal ignorance does not lead back to religion in face of the undeniable evidence of our incorrigible ignorance put forth by the religions. The latter know the ultimate answer to everything. The explanation of everything is embodied for them in a three letter word beginning with G, and ending in D, with an O in the middle.

Hans Blumenberg, 1966

It seems certain that the world stands at the threshold of a new Age and that life on our planet in all its forms is enduring the birth pangs that precede a new dispensation. In the villages of West Somerset there will exist a tradition which says that The Day will come when Jesus the Christ will come standing up the lanes from Cornwall on His way to Avalon.

Wellesley Tudor Pole, 1951

How can man be prevailed upon and empowered to make the radical changes in thinking and living which are indispensable for man's survival and for his evolution into a higher state of being?

Talk would be incomplete without mention of telepathic messages purporting to be coming from the inhabitants of other planets, many of them beyond our solar system, which reflect an apprehension that we may, by some foolish act, set fire to the hearts outer atmosphere, which consists largely of helium. These messages are being received in different parts of the world and are generally accompanied by invitations to the effect that our activities have long been observed by these friendly and highly evolved visitors from outer space, who are ready to welcome us into their interplanetary brotherhood.

In the American Museum of Natural History dark encyclopaedias arise the moment I come to the fossils or old bones that have been found - gigantic things, reconstructed into terrifying but 'proper' Dinosaurs. On one of the floors below they have reconstructed the DODO. It's frankly a fiction, but it's been reconstructed so slowly and so convincingly...
It would clearly be vain to study approaches to human unity and the creation of a planetary society in a narrow perspective divorced from the total stream of our evolutionary development and from significant universal cosmic facts which are widely impinging themselves upon our consciousness at this time. Although there may be need to give careful consideration to whatever institutions, frameworks and laws we may envisage for our world society, it is equally indispen-sible and even more important to direct our concern to the spirit of our world community in its individual and collective expression and in particular to the ways and means of effecting the release of those infinite divine resources which, like the power locked up in the atom, lie virtually asleep at the core of our individual being. It is an awakening of these latent powers which alone can give glory and meaning to life on earth. Without such an awakening any 'peace' and 'unity' brought about by external arrangements of a formal character will be without substance and will certainly not meet the deepest aspirations of the heart and soul of man.

Anthony Brooke, 1967

He who seeks to acquire knowledge must first know how to doubt, for intellectual doubt helps to establish the truth.

Aristotle, 360 BC

It was a small creature, with a normal human face, from 1 meter to 1.20 meters tall; he was wearing a transparent suit that covered him completely: he reminded me of a child wrapped in a cellophane bag.

One of the things, it seems to me, that most of us most eagerly accept and take for granted is the question of beliefs. I am not attacking beliefs. What we are trying to do is to find out why we accept beliefs; and if we can understand the motives, the causation of acceptance, then perhaps we may be able not only to understand why we do it, but also be free of it. One can see how political and religious beliefs, national and various other types of beliefs, do separate people, do create conflict, confusion, and antagonism - which is an obvious fact; and yet we are unwilling to give them up. There is the Hindu belief, the Christian belief, the Buddhist - innumerable sectarian and national beliefs, various political ideologies, all contending with each other, trying to convert each other. One can see, obviously, that belief is separating people, creating intolerance, is it possible to live without belief? One can find that out only if one can study oneself in relationship to a belief. Is it possible to live in this world without a belief - not change beliefs, not substitute one belief for another, but be entirely free from all beliefs, so that one meets life anew each minute? This, after all, is the truth; to have the capacity of meeting everything anew, from moment to moment, without the conditioning reaction of the past, so that there is not the cumulative effect which acts as a barrier between oneself and that which is.

J Krishnamurti, 1954

The question . . . is not whether there is intelligent life in space but: is there intelligent life down here on earth?

Max Lerner, 1967

It seems amazing that man was so philosophically advanced in such ancient times. The mere fact that any culture in those days could deduce the correct explanation for the whiteness of the Milky Way is astonishing! There seems to be more mystery about early man than any anthropologist has guessed.

Joseph F Goodavage, 1967

The Daily Express published an interesting account from their representative in Moscow, Mr. Roy Blackman, who wrote to say that Russia is to open the world's first UFO detection agency. He went on to tell how it was revealed over the weekend that a Soviet scientific commission will in future investigate all corroborated sightings of UFOs over the Soviet Union. The commission, he said, is headed by Air Force General Anatoli Stolyerov. The establishment of the agency, added Mr. Blackman, represents a rethinking by Soviet scientists on flying saucers, which have always previously been ridiculed, and he concluded his piece with a reference to the Zigel article, and the new appraisal revealed therein.

One of our friends, recently in Moscow, had given us prior notice, in a letter dated October 25, that a permanent commission had been established on October 18. We also understand, from other sources, that General Stolyerov's No. 2 is the distinguished Dr. Zigel, and that among others the committee includes an unnamed Russian cosmonaut and 18 scientists and astronomers. There will also be 200 qualified observers throughout the country, and the Commission will be particularly interested in persistent reports from the Caucasus, the Urals and Central Asia.
On November 9, 1965, 80,000 square miles of America was plunged into darkness by the failure of the Northeast Power Grid. The magnitude of such a failure; its consequences and its forbidding potential demanded and received instant investigation and general world-wide puzzlement and requests for explanation.

Quick answers were given and hastily retracted.

One early explanation was that a line break near Niagara Falls was the cause. This proved not to be the case. The blame switched to power lines near Clay, NY. They were not at fault. Investigators turned their attention to trouble in the Montezuma Marshes near Syracuse. Everything ship-shape. Ultimately the cause was said to have been a malfunctioning tripper at the Sir Adam Beck No 2 plant, in Canada. But authorities admit today that the real cause of the disastrous blackout remains a mystery.

The utility companies, the Air Force and the press made little mention of the reported UFO sighting that afternoon of November 9. Two commercial airline pilots spotted two disc shaped objects flying over Pennsylvania. In pursuit were two jets. At 4.30 p.m. a tremendous burst of speed carried the UFOs out of sight. At 5.30 p.m. a brilliantly glowing light was seen coming down over Syracuse, NY. At that same time 36,000,000 people were plunged into the Great North Eastern Blackout. Two huge fireballs were reported by two sets of reliable witnesses at this same time; one over the airport at Syracuse; the other above the power lines leading to the generating plant at Niagara Falls.

Joseph F Goodavage, 1967

We are no longer living in an age where progress is assessed exclusively in terms of technical and scientific advances. Another factor has to be considered, the same that was envisaged by the Unknown Elite in olden days who showed that Liber Mundi was concerned with 'Something else'.

Louis Paouwels/Jack Bergier, 1960

A man travelling across a field encountered a tiger. He fled, the tiger after him. Coming to a precipice, he swung himself down over the edge. The tiger sniffed at him from above. Trembling, the man looked down to where, far below, another tiger was waiting to eat him. Only the vine sustained him.

Two mice, one white and one black, little by little started to gnaw away the vine. The man saw a luscious strawberry near him. Grasping the vine with one hand, he plucked the strawberry with the other.

How sweet it tasted!

A Zen story

No man can reveal to you aught but that which already lies half asleep in the dawning of your knowledge.

The teacher who walks in the shadow of the temple, among his followers, gives not of his wisdom but rather of his faith and his lovingness.

If he is indeed wise he does not bid you enter the house of his wisdom, but rather leads you to the threshold of your own mind.

The musician may sing to you of the rhythm which is in all space, but he cannot give you his understanding.

The astronomer may speak to you of his understanding of space, but he cannot conduct you thither.

Yet in the twilight of your mind, there is a tiger, a tiger!

Coming to a precipice, he swung himself down to where, far below, another tiger was waiting to eat him. Only the vine sustained him.

Two mice, one white and one black, little by little started to gnaw away the vine. The man saw a luscious strawberry near him. Grasping the vine with one hand, he plucked the strawberry with the other.

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If he is indeed wise he does not bid you enter the house of his wisdom, but rather leads you to the threshold of your own mind.

The astronomer may speak to you of his understanding of space, but he cannot give you his understanding.

The musician may sing to you of the rhythm which is in all space, but he cannot give you the ear which arrests the rhythm, nor the voice that echoes it.

And he who is versed in the science of numbers can tell of the regions of weight and measure, but he cannot conduct you thither.

Kahlil Gibran, 1926

More ancient writings have been lost than have been preserved, and perhaps our new discoveries are of less value than those that we have lost.

Atterbury
On September 14, 1957, Ibrahim Sued, a well-known RJ do Jornal society correspondent, reported a strange story which startled the readers of his column in the newspaper 'O Globo'. Under the heading, 'A Fragment From a Flying Disc,' he wrote:

We received the letter: 'Dear Mr. Ibrahim Sued. As a faithful reader of your column and your admirer, I wish to reveal something to you concerning the most interesting and well-kept secret, perhaps, in the world, about the flying discs. I am convinced that these crafts are of extraterrestrial origin.'

We followed the narrative with our eyes. When we saw the disc fly, we were startled. The machine was at an altitude of about four hundred meters and hovered above me for a few seconds. It was an object of such fantastic purity that even to see it symbolized on paper is unbelievable. Even the infinitesimal quantities of 'trace elements' usually detected by spectrographic analysis - traces so small they could not possibly be detected by any other analytical method - were not found. Thus, the magnesium in the samples was absolutely pure in the spectrographic sense - with a percentage of 100.

X-ray spectroscopy and X-ray diffractometry by the powder method confirmed the results of the spectrographic analyses - the metal was pure magnesium. Again, no impurity was detected to introduce irregularities in the crystal lattice. The presence of any impurity of any interstitial atoms would change the regularity of the crystal lattice, thus causing crystal imperfections that would be revealed by the X-ray method. Therefore, on the basis of the chemical analyses the conclusion was drawn that the magnesium in the sample was of absolute purity, in the sense that any other possible constituents which could be present were present in such an infinitesimal amount as to be beyond the reach of any known method of chemical analysis.

We know very little about metals completely free of impurities and imperfections, simply because they are never found in nature and, in most cases, cannot be prepared in the laboratory. It is not too difficult to refine a metal to 99.9999% purity (which means there is something else besides the metal to the extent of 1 part in 10,000), but once beyond this point the going gets rough. For every 9 we tack on after the decimal point following the first two or three, the cost increases tenfold, sometimes a hundredfold. This is so because involved are delicate and time-consuming crystallization operations required so that the final product becomes more precious than gold.

On the basis of this evidence, it is highly probable that the metallic chunks picked up on the beach near Ubatuba, in Sao Paulo, Brazil, are extraterrestrial in origin. This is indeed an extremely important and almost incredible conclusion. But on the basis of the findings of these chemical analyses, there is no other alternative. As staggering as the implications may be, this appears to be the only acceptable explanation. Therefore, the magnesium samples analyzed represent 'physical evidence' of the reality and extraterrestrial origin of a UFO destroyed in an explosion over the Ubatuba region. They are, in fact, 'fragments' of an extraterrestrial vehicle which met with disaster in the earth's atmosphere, as reported by human beings who witnessed the catastrophe. The gratifying aspect of this case, however, in that we do not have to depend on the testimony of witnesses to establish the reality of the incident, for the most advanced laboratory tests indicate the fragments recovered could not have been produced through the application of any known terrestrial techniques.

Coral E. Lorenzen, 1962. Olavo T. Fontes, M.D.

The Solar system is not a structure that has remained unchanged for billions of years; displacement of members of the system occurred in historical times. Nor is there any justification for the excuse that man cannot know, because he was not there when it was arranged in its present order.

BRITAIN'S BUSIEST UFO DAYS
The Moth Man

Perhaps the weirdest creature of them all is the "Moth Man" who chose 1966 to settle himself down in America. On September 1st, Mrs. James Kart of Scott, Mississippi, phoned a local newspaper to report a man-shaped object fluttering about the sky. Reporters and photographers dashed to the scene but the winged being had flown. However, several other people said they had also seen it, John Hunter, a local meteorologist, solved the mystery by settling it a weather balloon.

Scott, Mississippi, is near the Mississippi River, not far from where it is joined by the Oktibbeha River. On November 15th, far to the northwest and less than a mile from the Ohio River, that weather balloon turned up again. This time it was seen at midnight by four young people who were driving through a local park, the McClintic Wildlife Station. They were astonished to see a tall, man-like figure with wings standing in front of an old, abandoned power plant. Its eyes were a blazing red, some two inches in diameter, and it thoroughly terrified them before waddling into the deserted building. They went for the local police and their story launched the "Moth Man" saga. Within a few days the little town of Point Pleasant, W. Va., was in upheaval. Armed men searched the McClintic Wildlife Station and the adjoining TNT Area... a World War II ammunition dump which still contains igloos filled with high explosives. People were sharply divided on the "Moth Man" issue. There were the disbelievers, who scoffed, and there were the believers—who were mostly scared out of their wits after having seen the thing. Within a few weeks over one hundred people in the area had reported glimpsing the "Moth Man". Many were prominent business-men, teachers, and clergymen. All their descriptions were the same. The creature was taller and broader than a man, grey in colour, with luminous red eyes that had a hypnotic effect. It was seen both on the ground and in the air. When airborne, its wings, which had a ten foot span, were stationary and not flat. On several occasions it was said to have pursued automobiles at speeds up to 100 miles per hour. Most of the sightings were either in the TNT Area, or very close by.

I first heard of this incident through Jim Moseley of Saucer News and I spent three weeks in Point Pleasant in December. The story of that visit is too involved and too bizarre to record here. But I quickly discovered that circular flying objects were being seen throughout the area and that most of these UFO sightings coincided with the dates of the creature reports, and were always in the immediate vicinity. Oddly, everyone who had obtained a close look at the "Moth Man" later suffered from the same kind of eye ailment associated with UFOs. One woman, together with several other people, had a close encounter with the creature when it came up to within six feet of them after they got out of their car in the TNT area. The woman was so terrified that she actually dropped the baby she was holding in her arms. Her eyes were swollen for two weeks afterwards.

Flying Saucer Review

A Gallup poll in 1966 disclosed that five million Americans had observed something they believed to be an unidentified flying object and that ten million more—fifty times as many as had been thought there was a real phenomenon involved in the reported manifestations. When the percentages are broken down according to educational levels, the proportion of persons inclined to attribute the sightings to imagination and fraud is highest among the least educated strata of the population.

Jacques and Janine Vallee, 1956

In the topography of intelligence, I should say that what we call knowledge is ignorance surrounded by laughter. Charles Fort

In 1966, Colonel Gerdard Darnby of the Norwegian Air Force released information that a UFO had crashed near Spitzbergen, Norway.

'It has - this we wish to state emphatically - not been built by any country on this earth,' Colonel Darnby said. 'The materials used in its construction are completely unknown to all experts who participated in the investigation.'

The Colonel promised a complete report as soon as 'some sensational facts have been discussed with US and British experts. We should reveal what we have found out, as misplaced secrecy might lead to panic!'

No report on the analysis of the downed UFO was ever issued. Ufologists have charged that the Norwegians were silenced by threats of economic pressures.

Brad Steiger, 1967

The real tragedy is the laboratory. It is to these 'Magicians' that we owe technical progress. Technique, in our opinion, has nothing to do with the practical application of science. On the contrary it is moving against science. The eminent mathematician and astronomer Simon Newcomb demonstrated that a machine heavier than air could never fly. Rutherford & Millikan showed that it would never be possible to make use of the reserves of energy in the nucleus of the atom. Napoleon III's experts proved that the dynamo could never function. Science erects barriers of impossibilities.

Louis Paouwel/ Jack Bergier, 1960

While tracking Echo II on its course from North to South pole in November, 1964, Father Reyna (a Jesuit Priest, professor of mathematical physics, and director of three scientific centres/ observatories) and several other witnesses were curious and perplexed by a 'most wonderful and fantastic sight'. From the observatory at Adhara they picked up the man-made satellite at 8.37 p.m.

Eight minutes later, from the west, near Pegasus, came a UFO, following a right angle course to that of Echo II and continued east, where it descended to the horizon near Orion. The sighting lasted three minutes, during which time everybody inside and outside the observatory was alerted. Four minutes later, with Echo at its zenith, the UFO appeared again, but from the SW, near Centaurus, and performed much in the same fashion and descending to the horizon. The third sighting was at nine. This time it stopped briefly and again disappeared to the horizon at about the same time as Echo II was lost to sight. The object had been seen 'to perfection' when it was near the horizon, by everybody.

A stunning conclusion presents itself: the UFOs speed must have been at least 100,000 kps per hour, since the satellite was travelling at the known speed of 25,000 kps per hour. This was estimated by the observers using several different methods.

Joseph Goodavage, 1967

... the earth's orbit changed more than once and with it the length of a year, that the geographical position of the terrestrial axis and its astronomical direction changed repeatedly, and that at a recent date the polar star was in the constellation of the Great Bear. The length of the day altered; the polar regions shifted; other regions moved into polar circles... electrical discharges took place between Venus, Mars and the earth when, in very close contacts, their atmospheres touched each other; that the magnetic poles of the earth became reversed only a few thousand years ago, and that with the change in the moon's orbit the length of the month changed too, and repeatedly so.

Immanuel Velikovsky, 1950

The secret of alchemy is this: there is a way of manipulating matter and energy so as to produce what modern scientists call a 'field of force'. This field acts on the observer and puts him in a privileged position vis-a-vis the Universe. From this position he has access to the realities which are ordinarily hidden from us by time and space, matter and energy. This is what we call the 'Great Work'.

Fulcanelli
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The last 20 years have seen a violent assault on the status of the public school. The response of many such schools has been to seek a new and progressive image to try and justify themselves in the eyes of the 20th century. St Paul's is to a large extent typical of these. It's abolition of the Army Cadet Corps; it's plans for ultra modern new buildings; even the calculated flirtation of it's headmaster with the Liberal Party; all serve to silence it's critics and to beguile another generation of 'progressive' parents into parting with £350 a year for the education of it's offspring. One has to experience St Paul's to realize that it's values and many of it's teaching methods are the residue of the 19th century.

Competition that began for me at the age of 7 and for years made life a continuous and pointless struggle as, with half a dozen other classical scholars, I fought and grabbed for marks and for the little silver emblems that were the symbols of academic success. It was a competition that left little room for anything else enforcing a kind of monastic discipline upon its participants. A competition whose objects stretched endlessly into the distance altering as the years went by from O to A level, to University scholarships and, ultimately, to a successful career with financial security.

I became aware of the compulsion inherent in St Paul's only as I reacted against the competition. It is a school with few written rules but dominated by established conservative values. 'Mens sana in corpore sano' is the maxim and to achieve this the traditional public school devotion to sport is fostered. Competitive sport is compulsory for all. Excellence at thumping assorted pieces of leather about the sole criterion for a prefectship; while to express a dislike of sport is to incur the wrath of a large section of the staff who are apparently capable of appreciating little else.

Prayers too are compulsory; objections on the grounds of atheism are not so much disapproved of, as totally disregarded. I have seen a senior boy who would not sing in prayers dragged violently by the scruff of the neck through assembly by a senior master, who told him outside that ... 'you do not deserve to be in this school, if you do not believe in God!'
just the public schools alone. Certainly, the horrors of
boarding are almost non-existent in state schools, as is
much of the Victorian paraphernalia to which I was subjec-
ted. But I think it is true to say that our entire educational
system is dominated by the pursuit of disciplined mediocrity
and the cultivation of an orthodox and standard intelligence.
The highly organized national examination system results,
not only in encouraging destructive and senseless competition,
but also in elevating within our society those who
possess only the particular talent and mental outlook catered
for by the GCE.
In our educational system, as well as in our society, success
at jumping through a series of stove-piped hoops is all that
really matters. For those who fall by the wayside or, more
numerous still, for those who are never able to really enter
the race, the future offers little more than a life of continual
frustration and boredom made still worse by occasional
glimpses of others' success.
Above all, by pre-selecting the rules and the ruled by such
means as the 1+ or the purchase of a public school education;
by teaching some to compete and others, in the scores
of sink schools littering the country, that they are incapable
of competition; by training them for specific tasks rather
than educating them in the widest sense; by indoctrinating
them with the existing and moral prejudices of our age-
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APOLGY

I. Georg Buechner

Georg Buechner was a revolutionary German dramatist born in 1813. At the age of 19, he was forced to abandon his medical studies after publishing an address to the German peasantry. He lived and taught Natural Science in Austria on the royalties of his play 'Danton's Death'. There he wrote 'Leonie and Lena' and 'Woyzeck'. He died aged 23 of Typhoid.

'The mayor coughs, the baby cries, the miner dies. The Poor follow the rubbish carts of prosperity and the Rich follow the Poor to fill their dustbins. For our land is split into two classes; those who own the land and the factories and the machinery and those who must daily sell their sweat as salt for the table of Capital. To serve at the Banquet are the Four Disciples. The Police and the blue fascists who ride in the middle of the road and use truncheons for their wives. The morgues and urinals of official Art, its practitioners and apologists fawning across the promise and the shame of each others buttocks. The Universities and the teachers with minds like bricks who shout from the classroom DEATH DEATH DEATH. The yellow Press owned by the purple monsters who swing from each others ears.

To defend their charnel house of freedom, the oligarchies must squad car the peasant and the negro who dare rise against their power. The groin smashers practice murder on plastic Andes erected in Fort Worth and the Pentagon telephones Death around the world. In the whiskey-bar, the cell and the barrack, the Congo Algeria and Vietnam, the Beast operates his electric torture machine. Professors in linen suits travel the Hiltons of the world talking of viable infrastructure. Radicals cry into their beer.
But the subversive passion of the revolutionary leans forward to free the present from the past; to the Revolution and the ultimate expression of all forms of human genius."

2. An attitude of non-commitment in art can crystallise and become accepted only in a stabilised society where the foundations of national existence are generally taken for granted and where national conflict runs at a tension so low that it fails to communicate itself in art.

Isaac Deutscher 'Ironies of History'

Since Johnson's second year of office, the dollar has been heavily overvalued on the international currency market. The Vietnam war until '65 acted as an economic stimulus, due to war-derived demand for materials and the creation of new jobs and spending power. But increasingly capital is scarce within the US and wage costs are rising at an accelerating rate, a typical war time phenomenon. At the same time medium level technical skill is drained from industry especially because students either go to Vietnam or stay within the universities to avoid the Draft. The economy thus suffers the worst effects of both inflation of costs and deflation of value. But on the world market this inflation of US currency makes it easy for US capital to further penetrate W. European business by borrowing paper money out of the Federal Reserve Bank. US interests own 55% of the British car industry (Ford/Marschall and Rootes) and about 30% of the European car manufacturers. Despite the US's overall payments imbalance, in investments, she still takes more than she sends out, from '56-64 US corporations sent out 8 billion dollars for direct capital investment and the return on dividend, interest and branch profits was 3 billion dollars.

Faced with increased invasion of US capital and a relatively backward economy, France must either build supra national corporations which compete with the US or counter-attack on the dollar. De Gaulle tends to refuse the former in the name of national sovereignty and it is the logic of the latter which underpins the French attack on the Pound, the dollar's longstop. The attack is easier because British overseas arms spending distorts real trade performance and fiscal stability. The French and Swiss have accumulated gold by buying dollars cheap and cashing them expensive; an important source are the GI dollars draining through the brothels and bars of Saigon. French gold reserves may be directly strengthened by the Russians who do not publish figures but may well be producing more gold than S. Africa, the other primary gold source. This is an article about politics because it uses words like flat irons. British devaluation then was forced by French based attack but carried out and timed on terms dictated by the US. France feels

US attack most acutely but the same nationistic response to international capital is present in the business support for the NPD in Germany and Wilson's 'Britain First' devaluation speech.

In Europe, competition increases and isolated national recessions continue. So far partial measures have patched isolated problems (ie the protection of Italian autos and French refrigerators in '64), but a general recession will force European capital to shelter its industrial heart in the Paris/Amsterdam/Dortmund triangle, protected by a European currency (the eurofranc with which the decimal pound is meant to mesh) and supported by the appropriate organs of supra-national state power. Meanwhile the US war-demand speculation on internal money markets and the continued refusal of Congress to finance the expected 30,000 million dollars government deficit by June 68 makes the first major postwar monetary crisis look very likely. Certainly if the European assault on the dollar continues, while US interest rates increase, the alternatives are the revaluing of gold, devaluation of the dollar or the US abandonment of the Gold Standard, in that order. But in semi stagnant economies, the increasing profits necessary to continued international competitiveness can only come from decreasing the amount of capital going to share and salaries. Working class wage levels must be held static while prices and rents increase, so that the working class sustains a loss of real wages which will never be recovered. In England this is accompanied by specific assaults on working class organisation by inducing the union bureaucracy into the state planning machinery at the top and isolating site level organisation by outlawing unofficial strikes (18-57% of strikes) where necessary, ie Barbican and Roberts-Arundel, the armed wing of the state will be used to break strikes. The increased aggressiveness of international competition will increase the level of class conflict within each nation.

3. Dr Filth of 'Desolation Row'

'The Wipeout Geng buys, owns and operates the Insanity Factory. If you don't know where the Insanity Factory is located then you should hereby take two steps to the right; paint your teeth and go to sleep.' Bob Dylan

Mythicism starts in mist and ends in schism' Cardinal Newman

Each man is his mystery. No reality is as interesting as the veil of my language and the marrow of thought. I need to celebrate being rather than becoming consumption rather than production, the silky fire of my mind before the paper skulls of their words. Poets suffer a fatigue about the meaning of their words but revolutionaries throw buckets at each other in the sandpit of the sentence. Oh Doctor Scholl, where are you now for these people who wear surgical shoes around their brains.

Socialism is the motto over the door of the prison which I notice as I pass from the sun to the moon. In my land everyone is like pious Buddists with pails of milk at the point where Beauty and Ignorance married each other in a ceremony served by Chinese Honey. The time for reflection is here. We turn from each other in disgust. Weary of our puny exploits, weary of pretending. I am not being able, of doing a little better than the same old thing. The time to relish and curl into the curves and find the world I miss, even when it's here.

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THE LATEST PRINT FROM ED BAYNARD!
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Sorry that OZ 8 was over-priced and partly unintelligible. We can't seem to find an experienced, tenacious advertising pusher so we depend on sale revenue. This issue arrives courtesy of someone very kind, thank you, and if anyone else wants to help, subscribe, take an ad or send OZ a present.

Part of this OZ has been edited by Jon Goodchild and Martin Sharp. They think OZ is too amorphous and negative and have suggested we occasionally free a section for people to develop a world-view or to explore any subject they find important. Groups or individuals are invited to contribute material for up to 6-8 'I'll turn you on' pages.

Carolyn Coon's piss may help change the law on pot. The Government pathologist, Professor Francis Camps, is researching cannabis resin and is unable to legally obtain it for his experiments. Hearing that Miss Coon, of Release, has a prescription for cannabis, Professor Camps has arranged for a taxi to collect a phial of her precious urine twice a week. She should be in for some surprises. Miss Coon is inviting friends to pee on her.

Less colourful evidence was recently given by representatives of OZ and International Times to the sub-committee of the Standing Advisory Committee on Drug Dependence established by the Home Secretary and Health Minister. At one point the chairman, Baronne Wootton, told the OZ/IT men that they were 'too religious'.

Even more religious is Alex Lowenstein, who gives the gospel on love communing in this issue and has produced us into co-sponsoring a forum on communal living in March (speakers will include priests and Dominicans). His new evangelism is in ironic harmony with the current corruption of the London scene. Remember that busy week when the Beatles discovered God through and (and others discovered ace through the Beatles), when this new generation had a new explanation, when Donovan said 'Pop is the perfect religious vehicle; it's as if God had come down to earth and seen all the ugliness that was being created, and had chosen pop to be the great force for love and beauty.

Pop stars were the golden hopes of the Underground because they could provide the capital, they could finance the revolution, they'd love to turn us on. In America, it is said that some pop groups have poured their money into constructive, radical enterprises. Here, the Beatles talk of launching a mini-cab service and sow the ludicrous 'Apple'. When George Harrison was recently asked to appear free at the Alpha Centrala Concert he reportedly replied. 'No, I've already given £10 to Oxfam'. All you need is love and short memory. God may have chosen pop, but pop chose Apple.

These days, in the Underground, the sound of lovemaking is drowned by the ricocheting of bouncing cheques. Hippie entrepreneurs open cool galleries, launch oracular magazines and acquire posters, vanishing as mysteriously as they came, laughing at their unhappy creditors (people who sell goods or services on trust). Sickenig contempt for any financial obligations is now considered hip. The scene is crowded by a band of exhibitionistic hucksters whose disregard of responsibilities makes Dr. Sweeney seem like St. Francis of Assisi. Martin Sharp. We may soon, like 'People', make the guilty men.

Enjoying a traditional English breakfast in his Chelsea studio last afternoon, Martin Sharp, OZ artiste, applauded the 'I'm backing Britain' movement. 'This is the spirit to get the country out of the horse & buggy era into the Mini Moke era.' As the U.S. artiste selected a carrot cake from the tray offered by his Estonian cookmaid. At my own personal contribution, Sharp settled into an elegant plastic hammock and unwrapping a luxury food parcel from Australia, 'I will endeavour to go to bed half an hour later.'
The wonderful thing about London's more exclusive shops, as everyone knows, is their uncompromisingly personal service. Each customer is treated as an individual: evaluated, analyzed, and if necessary, reformed. Twelve years ago I was so rash as to present myself to a Dover Street tailor with a letter of introduction. It altered my whole way of life.

And now, catastrophically, I've been cut down in my prime by a pair of suede shoes. It all started innocently enough. They caught my eye while I was strolling through Harrod's just before Christmas (which is in itself a considerable achievement). They were tasteful, elegant, unique, unobtrusive—in short, all that a pair of shoes should be for a modest but impeccable chap such as myself. Ignoring the six guinea tag, I bought them forthwith.

Three months later they succumbed to their first heavy rain. The uppers stiffened and broke out in a white, scabrous rash. Fearing the worst, I hurried back to Harrod's Department of Polish and Shoe Repair for a diagnosis.

The attendant, a Harley Street specialist in grey coat and striped trousers, was gravely solicitous. "I'm afraid this is very serious, sir," he murmured. "You see how the leather has hardened and the pores have closed. And that white deposit—I don't know if we can get that out. I'll send them off to our factory, but I can't be optimistic. If only you'd caught them while they were still wet..." His voice trailed off into reproving silence.

I explained that I'd never had this sort of trouble with suede shoes before. Even cheap suede shoes. Entirely outside my experience. Caught me by surprise. Unexpected emergency.

He shook his head. "All sorts of factors could be involved in a condition of this sort." He lowered his voice discreetly. "Your feet, sir. Do they tend to be somewhat—ah—moist? I thought so. The rain could combine with the—ah—residue and bring it to the surface."

He paused for a moment, then leaned forward and spoke even more confidentially. "All sorts of factors, sir. For instance, you've probably never thought about it, sir, but very damaging things can happen to your shoes when you use a public urinal." I started to assure him that I always made a special point of not piddling on my feet, but he was well ahead of me. "Now I'm not suggesting that there's anything—ah—unhealthy about you, sir. But all kinds of people use those places. And water will splash, sir. And suede is so very—ah—absorbent."

Before continuing, he allowed me a few seconds to contemplate my urine-soaked extremities. "You may not believe this, sir, but when I worked at Lilywhite's, a gentleman returned a pair of bowling shoes. The uppers were in shocking condition—all checked and scaly they were, quite beyond repair. We sent them off to an independent factory for analysis. Sort of a second opinion from a specialist, you might say. We left it to them to determine who was to blame.

"Well, a few days later they sent me their report. You'll never guess what they found, sir. Had diabetes, he did. Very advanced case. Never even suspected it. I had to call in his wife and break the news to her so she could see to it that he went to a doctor right away. Caught it just in time, they did. You never know, sir. You never know..."

I left in a state of considerable agitation and came straight home to rest. Tomorrow I have an appointment with my doctor for a urinalysis. And if I'm found dead in bed, I've left a note for the coroner to examine my shoes.
WASHINGTON, D.C. (LNS) - In keeping with the fact that the Vietnam war is supported by and for America's big businesses, here is a way to take advantage of modern technology and to engage in simple but effective economic protest.

Anytime you find a business reply card or envelope, DON'T THROW IT AWAY.

If the postage is paid by the addressee, fill it out ... with either the words STOP THE WAR or with a fictitious name and address (i.e. D. Rusk, Ill Main St., New York, N.Y.) Either way, it costs that company money, and sooner or later they'll know why. 

Everytime you drop a card in a mail box - and it must be posted once you deposit it - it costs that corporation 4c, 5c and more; and it costs the Post Office too. (Postal rates are already going up as a result of the war, and if this protest forces them up again, it may cause greater anti-war sentiment here.)

Order samples, encyclopedias, subscriptions to TIME, LIFE, Better Homes; join record clubs.

Even if they find out that the address doesn't exist, it will take them hours of time and paper work, costly fruitless effort, and valuable time in research.

Or, if you have just written STOP THE WAR, big and clear on the reply cards, even that costs plenty when you multiply the number of cards we can send in a week (with only the slightest bit of energy on our part), by the number of people who are slightly, very, or radically opposed to this war, by the numbers of companies that every day release hundreds of thousands of these otherwise useless communications.

We are asking all newspapers, magazines and radio stations to print, reprint or read this message to the nation. Let OUR reply to business be: STOP THE WAR!

WASHINGTON, D.C. (LNS) - Back in 1960, when Kennedy was assembling his Cabinet officers, McNamara was reportedly offered the choice of being either Secretary of the Treasury or Secretary of Defense.

He (McNamara) quickly declined the Treasury on the ground that he had had no experience in banking or fiscal affairs.' (Schlesinger, A Thousand Days)

Will the World Bank offer its new president some obviously needed on-the-job training?

NEW YORK, N.Y. Dec. 15 (LNS) - Mrs. Eleanor Raskin, one of the lawyers currently involved in defending those arrested at Stop the Draft Week demonstrations here last week, adds this footnote:

'Last week one of the hippy ... er ... demonstrators came into court with shoulder length hair and an enormous, beautiful yellow balloon.

'The judge, nothing daunted I'm sure by the threat of guns, absolutely qualified at the sight of the big yellow balloon, and flew into an incredible rage when the lad wanted to take it with him when he went to stand before the judge for bail, arraignment, etc.

'The judge finally surrendered and yelled at the lawyers to get the guy out of court. Power of ridicule, to say nothing of love!

U.S. GIVES 7.1 MILLION DOLLARS IN PICKLES TO SOUTH KOREAN MILITARY

BALTIMORE, Md., Dec. 15 (LNS) - Beginning next month, South Koreans fighting in South Vietnam will be supplied with tasty titbits to boost their morale - highly spiced 'kimchi' pickles - courtesy of (you guessed it) Uncle Sam. 'We can live a whole year without meat, ' Koreans say, 'but without kimchi, we can hardly live a week.'

The U.S., ever mindful of the needs of others, especially when they're the only really efficient pacification units in South Vietnam, is rising to this life-or-death crisis. Recognising the necessity of building Koreans' morale 'to an even higher level,' the U.S. agreed last month to finance a six-month supply of kimchi for its 47,000 freedom-loving allies.

By 'U.S.' we mean that Vice-President Humphrey, during his visit to Seoul last July, told General/President Park that the U.S. taxpayers would be more than happy to underwrite the cost of the six-month supply of kimchi - at a bargain, too - a mere 7.1 million dollars.

WASHINGTON, D.C. (LNS) - Mr. S. O. F. Jones, formerly of the U.S. State Department, has been appointed by President Kennedy to serve as the U.S. envoy to the United Nations. Mr. Jones, who was born in Alabama, is a graduate of the University of Alabama and has been a prominent figure in the civil rights movement.
'Don't worry, Park,' Hubert probably said. 'You keep your troops in Vietnam and maybe send a few more, eh, and we'll see that your boys get their kimchi.' (Hubert is great pals with generals these days.)

The Koreans' kimchi rations will be prepared by the Korea General Foods Corporation in Seoul - quite a bonanza for the boys at Korea General Foods. We tried to look up this company, thinking it might be a subsidiary of the giant U.S. General Foods Corporation, but to no avail. There is no public record of the company, so it's probably privately owned. Someone's going to make a killing off this deal, but we don't know who. However, with South Korea having the type of government it does, the free enterprisers who own Korea General Foods may quite possibly be some of General Park's buddies. Such shenanigans are not entirely unheard of.

7,100,000 dollars worth of pickles started us to thinking about this little deal cooked up by Hubert and Park. The only parallel we can imagine to this might be if, during the American Revolution, King George IJ had sent a special shipload of wienschnitzel to his Hessian mercenaries.

Of course, one way to save the U.S. taxpayers that 7.1 million dollars they're investing' in kimchi, plus the 2.1 million dollars in paychecks they're subsidising every month (part of the reported 83,863,000 dollars paid to Koreans or to Korea so far this year for their 50,000 troops in Vietnam) would be to ship the 47,000 Koreans back to Korea and replace them in Vietnam with the 50,000 Americans currently stationed Korea.

But that would make the Vietnam war even more 'American' than it already is, and, like Johnson said back when he was making peace with the enemy, we don't want American boys doing what Asian boys should be doing for themselves.

So they rushed to the scene, stomping on students from a previously defined role and placing them in a new one: black militants who take high-paying jobs with government revolutionary social change who are required by their academic disciplines to remain aloof from their subject matter in the name of objectivity. 

But that would make the Vietnam war even more 'American' than it is already, and, like Johnson said back when he was making peace with the enemy, we don't want American boys doing what Asian boys should be doing for themselves.

An editorial in the Dec. 6 issue of the University of Connecticut Daily Campus gets right to the point: 'By presenting a viable alternative to the war policies of the President, McCarthy will now many more dissatisfied young dissenters a political home, giving them a chance to express their frustrations at the ballot box rather than in street demonstrations.'

One of McCarthy's primary aims, as he himself has admitted and shown by his actions, is to convince young radicals that they should use the 'system' rather than buck it.

McCarthy has so far directed himself to students, professors, clergy, union leaders, pressure groups, more already committed to the opposition to the war in some form. He is making great efforts to carry his antiwar message to the hundreds of thousands of Americans who support the war with McCarthy's efforts to make the Vietnam war and the corporate elite that is behind the war, the McCarthy campaign emerges as a clear attempt to apop - to turn political activists into political moderates.

As it is, however, he is rather obvious in attempting to use the 'system' he is associated with the McCarthy challenge are well known for playing that game. Senator Robert Kennedy, for example, has recently been very critical of students involved in free-wheeling street demonstrations, urging them to remain within the 'system.'

Allard Lowenstein, one of McCarthy's top aides, has frequently been described as a 'peace activist for the establishment.' Lowenstein is a lawyer for the Dreyfus case who has appeared before virtually every National Student Association and Student Strike congress for the past 7 years. He has promised a 'dialogue' between antiwar students and government officials, promoting the illusion that such conversations yield fruit.

The ultimate question, however, concerns McCarthy's belief that the electoral system does work as an outlet for radical ideas, and that liberal politicians like himself represent a viable alternative.

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The ultimate question, however, concerns McCarthy's belief that the electoral system does work as an outlet for radical ideas, and that liberal politicians like himself represent a viable alternative.
Inert, beneath the ocean, dragged on dreams,
An insect on the ceiling bathed in green
What chance have crabs to taste the blooms of love
to fondle breasts of girls who sail above?
A fog, deep sleep dissolves, I AM my AM
raised by surmise, I stride across the sand,
feeling the wind, stagger from the foam,
FLASH THROUGH SUN
warmed billows of foam

She naked laughing, lithe,
shines her light,
spreading a lake which ripples through my sight,
wave by wave

as the wheat of my mind
is pounded into sperm

I do not need to stagger clouds and trees
my butter heart is spread upon the breeze.

NEIL ORAM