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OZ 12

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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Tax dodge special:
Oz goes big.
See centre spread.
Dear Virginia,

How are you? Write and tell me things seem to give water and pleasure here every day, or do you discover the terrible and kind of the beautiful, what means the good? what everyone does is beautiful. Look at us, take a good long look. One minute I'm crying and weeping and the next I'm laughing hysterically. Do you think we were going away to be happy? where you thought you were mistaken. Our all happiness will come to the Himalayas. We're writing in this little room with incense burning to keep away the bugs. I have a picture of Maharishi all over my wall, a tea pot empty, honey jar, limes, mangoes, paint box, cushions, wooden bed, oh dear, oh dears, oh dear, I can't stop laughing. Virginia, I suppose it's problems, with people, with incredible paradox in them and love. At other times, I was happy, then would harden my faith, or say yes, or in waking state and meditation. I don't know which is worse and I have to make the beautiful realization through the wisdom of Maharishi and my own meditations, that you have just got to get past them all, that you've got to reach a field where none of these things exist, and by reaching that field, which you go into meditation, then you can make a difference. And if you love everyone, you can make a difference. Virginia, it's all possible. Anyway, so we've been making the other finds. I don't get away from problems in this relative life of ours, so what is the answer? Give in, field a level of consciousness, stop there are no problems, and then when you come back again on a different level, you find that there is a source of the problem. I'm telling you, anyway. Even thinking too much has the same level of consciousness. It's all possible, kind of itself. Swallowed itself, Really, Virginia, it's all possible. Anyway, so we've been spreading throughout the world, the same message of Christ, Buddha, Krishna, peace but a few. And we are so, virginia, you won't be so clever as to get every life out of this life, and go for nothing. You know, you're kind of thinking clairvoyance, and all the thing is, you've got to go out of yourself. So all we have to do is take advantage of our intelligence and get going into meditation, you know. With the people, help them.

M is beyond recognition, one of the natural miracles taking place here. the Marathi isvb - with her progress, her face is so beautiful, she can walk differently, her body is the apollite in person, she's very beautiful, very beautiful. And women here and there and everywhere, she's been everywhere. So all dogs are perceiving. She is so normal, this happened through meditation. People's faces, relaxed and clear. So many amazing things we've worked out during the meditation, that's kind of fun. Think up songs which I can't remember when I was with Virginia. To achieve, don't let the idea arise that you have to be a fully spiritual nature, spiritually does not mean it, unless you want to do anyway. In every little spiritual idea, there means common thought throughout that meditative works, that is said happens, and therefore this is what we give people to do, give them a mantra, and that's it. All this stuff and stuff, what is important, the only thing, is to go and get that mantra, that word, and repeat it, and meditate on it, and find heaven as you put it. That's all. I'm writing things could not be written better than they already are in nonsense. The idea is, to study Nature with you. This means that you don't have to do too much. you think a little, meditate a little, and the thing happens.

It's Mike Love of the Beach Boys' birthday tomorrow, a nice guy - the Beatles and the Kinks are all so natural and meditated a lot and everyone is beautiful, such beautiful people, he feels he was living as a minister in the Arakan times, is that where? I've met him before? Min Maw told me down the last few days and was really sweet, that's most of the celebrations - and did they put them through a scene, phew I've had all the scenes here, the lot and more. I'm tired, must meditate. No great change in me. more relaxed but still output with karma, though can feel it going with meditation, but still. Have you bought Maharishi's Beyond Cigs? I've understood illusory as far as the actual meditation goes, there's nothing that could be that illusion. Virginia, write me some good news. lots of love V.
Dear OZ,

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

Yours,
I J Evetts

Dear Sir,

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

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

Dear OZ,

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

Yours,
Paul Stanley.
Bethnal Green.

PS. Who exactly is Richard Metzler? Who exactly am I? I do like the byrds, reality!

(Now come off it OZ, the rumour is you're really sanctioned by the T.A.S. agency and receive payments from them.)

Dear Sir,

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

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

I did not agree, but I could not risk opposing her openly in front of a class of 35 girls. They are very much Catholic influenced in these matters. They never think in depth about anything or anyone, nor themselves, so they either accept it or ignore it. Consequently I was afraid of exposing my views and being laid open to defecceless criticisms. Close friends 'sympathise' but fail to understand. Moreover I'm 'teacher's pet'—a tag I enjoy and do not wish to jeopardise.

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

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

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

However, I do not agree with all you say. You seem to be against universities and colleges as such. Why? The society at which you are aiming frightens me. You seem to be against individualism! In any sort of sort of community—I purposely avoid the word 'society'—leaders and followers will arise, it is inevitable. A Community cannot exist without leaders and your kind can only serve to frustrate and alienate these people. You will be left with the sheep, but no shepherds. What a confusion that will be!

KTY

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

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

THE BLACK DwarF HAS RETURNED!
MIDDLE EARTH
33, KING St. Covent Gdn. 240 1347

10.30 – Dawn
Fri. 10th May FAMILY
The Action
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OTHER SCENES
COME MARRY EVA

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

We finally got around to testing the wares of our two faithful advertisers, Pellen Personal Products Ltd. and Ravensdale Products Ltd. ('Men it can be done. Pellen is an amiable husband and wife team, who operate from discreet offices in N10. Their attractive young staff away the hours packing and dispatching a fascinating range of personal articles. These include fancy sheath styles which vary from the delicately subtle to the sensationalistically. For the man, there is a loss of sensitivity but he will report reaching new ecstasy.

Results of the OZ Sunday Times quiz:

- Century's most glamorous woman: Girlfriends, followed by Anna Karina, Suzy Kendall, Marilyn Monroe.
- Most prestigious occupation: Doctor, then trendy Duke, artist, writer, cook, fishmonger.
- Nation you would most like to belong to: Czechoslovakia, Tonga ('is it just their press image or are they really so bloody happy?).
- And a tribe: Vanuatu.
- Most fascinating 20th century man: Most OZ readers voted themselves, other Guyara, Bob Dylan, Syd Barrett, Alastair Crowley, ('creator of the apple'). Miss April Ashley, Bertrand Russell and Alfred E Neuman ('the first drop-out').

When the Beatles were refused admission to Disneyland, because of their long hair they reappeared dressed as mums and were allowed in.

William H James PhD published a letter in OZ 10 seeking 'cultural calendars'. The report concerned the days in which women menstruate and have sexual intercourse with their husbands. The letter was written by 'People'. Since then he has received over 20 replies. "Two of them by the same crank—once at 27 years of age, once as a 16 year old girl, once as a 53 year old woman. According to Dr. James, a biometrician, about four of the cultural records are extremely useful and will provide valuable and a completely new kind of data. He tried, without success to publish the same letter in New Statesman, The Spectator, Nova, Sunday Times, Observer, New Society, Lancet and several other broadminded journals.

Donovan has become an obsessive drug-crazed. Following the recent raid on Middle Earth he drenched his concert there. Donovan grants any visitors to his home with 'Hello, make sure you're not holding.'

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

10 DAYS

IN NEW YORK

Spike File

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

Earlier, as the planeword had chipped along the concrete corridors towards takeoff area, after passing currency control, I spied wads of notes crashing to the ground from between the legs of thugs like so many recollected tank tarpaulins, to be urgently retrieved by accompanying males. Their money, lucky but lost.

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

Later, it's Ham A eggs at a drug store and rides up town in fibre glass sealed buses which have noisy machines sorting and spewing coins for the drivers. Above is a candleboard Lyn Redgrave offering her recipe for Lamb Casserole.

DYLAN

Ebb and Flow on gold Gold. 7/6d.

Big O Posters Ltd. (See Page 21)
Every Saturday the politicised hippies, yippies, (see OZ 11) meet at the Free School (Van Hall Free University) on East 14th Street. That afternoon they were preparing for the mass Yip Out - "Redirection of Free" - to be held in Central Park next day. Balloons, posters, flowers, records, fun and magic. We were all asked to bring a can of food 'to build a mountain of it for the poor people'. Rock groups were coming. Amplified sound is illegal in New York parks, but yippies warned City Hall that, in the wake of King's assassination, they had better cool it. Light aeroplanes were booked to drop flowers on the crowds. One yippie reported the results of his free flower fall experiments. He had dropped chrysanthemums, daisies and daffodils from a high building to compare their endurance capacity. I was handed a yippie conscript form: 'I CAN STEAL FOR YIPPEE Mimeo paper - Money - records - dope - flowers - space -'. Paul Krassner, editor of the wild, original, personal, Realist, was there, exuding sanity.

Once Krassner was interviewed by Joe Pine, a neurotic, right wing telly celebrity who, like our Ken Allenop, has a wooden leg. Pine asked Krassner whether he ever felt embarrassed about dating girls because of his scarred face. Replied Krassner: 'Are you so frightened when you unstrap your wooden leg to fuck your wife?'. The video tape was never screened.

Thousands of people arrived at the park next day to give and receive free posters and records, score acid, hash, STP and Morning Glory seeds. Groups rocked, one couple loved under a blanket, a large brown beautiful girl sucked a baby, men in purple sweat shirts and yippie girls in purple carried collection boxes chanting: 'get hip, give to yip'. Planes dropped flowers, which blew into the surrounding trees and the cops were benign.

LOUIS ABOLEAFIA FOR PRESIDENT 1968

- What have I got to hide? -

Louis Aboleafia was in the park, standing for President. His handout leaflet shows him naked ('What have I got to hide?'). Aboleafia was executive director of the Foundation for Runaway Children... 'We try to mediate and counsel... he appears in Lonesome Cowboy, he turns a

Now on Broadway, 'Hair', the rock musical, is the only thing worth going uptown for, apart from Macy's 'Toy City'. 'Hair' is a fast furious blend of love, hate, nudity, sex, satire, soul, pot and revolution. For a start, the leading lady Sheila lives with two men at once—which is a long way from 'West Side Story' (Natalie Woodn't). The middle class audiences roarten. minimus'. She Jalles, up to now cut off, with her head full of flowers, is the first of his films to enjoy editing. It stars Viva (the white coatgirl) and Taylor Mead. This movie will become talked of for its spontaneous gang rape scene and its deeply homosexual parody of Westerns. Dialogue, direction, and most of its action is, of course, ex tempore so the burden of communication falls heavily on each member of Warhol's cast, or rather, coeteris. Lonesome Cowboy is patchy; at times monumentally boring and repetitive; often eccentrically brilliant. Hopefully it will emerge, in the finally edited version, as the ultimate anti-Western. Taylor Mead is a mind, camp clown. It is said that he turns real life into a movie. Whenever he appears in Lonesome Cowboy, he turns a

Warhol himself is still No 1 on the New York celebrity poll. It is said that Warhol let's every one exploit him to his own advantage, Max's of Kansas city, the famous bar, granted Warhol a free room for a painting. When the credit expired Max's had a fire. Now Andy is doing them another painting and still more. He cultivates the great American craft of rudeness, which of course enhances its popularity.

Jimmy Hendrix appeared everywhere—except Harlem, where he was tossed out. His skin was too pale. I briefly met him once as I was grandly displaying some of Martin Sharp's best-selling art. One time, Van Gogh. Suddenly Hendrix leaned over the table: 'Van Gogh? What group does he sing with, man?' I told him Gene Vincent.

The worst club in the Village is called 'Salvation', rendered instantly unpalatable by two prominent scenes on the London pop scene. 'You don't smoke, chums', and 'Men must wear ties or fashionable costume'. The entrance fee is £1 and not surprisingly, it was apparently the permanent venue for many of the swingers on our Boeing pop special.

Someone forgot the key to the Free School offices, so the second Saturday yippee meeting was spread across the grass of nearby Union Square. A yippee to Luther King was handed out to bystanders (who are always where yippies are)... 'We are going to write vengeance on the wall of the White House', it shouted from scarlet paper. One little old lady shedded her instantly, much to the irritation of onlooking blacks. Jerry Rubin pleaded for the yippee Saturday meetings to become information exchange centres. He also said it was 'nuts to think of revolution without ideology—inevitably that would mean, consciously or otherwise'. Henceforth, Saturday meetings would be for each yippee to announce his project and invite those interested to rendezvous nearby. The key yippee happening will be for the Presidenti- al elections. Already plans are underway for hiring buses, road kitchens and medical teams to accommodate the thousands of yippies expected to head for Chicago in August. The inaugura- tion of the Youth International Party. Mean- while, the new anarchists are rehearsing. These were the projects announced in Union Square Park on the sunny Saturday afternoon, April 20.

Project 1. Man with homebuilt portable amplifier and loudspeaker. 'I made this. We can control crowds with it. We can disrupt police with it. Give me some help and money and we'll make dozens. We will take them to Chicago.

Project 2. A girl quietly explains her poor people programme. Would those interested speak to her.

Project 3. Jerry Rubin and Paul Krassner announce they are preparing a book of quotations on the London pop scene. They want any quotes that express what's happening. It doesn't matter who says them; they can be your own. Yippies will receive a healthy publisher's advance. (Any helpful OZ readers can write to them c/o Yippee, Apt 607, 32 Union Square East, NY 10003 New York.)
You'll see an advertisement in this issue for an OZ benefit at Middle Earth. Please come. We can't yet divulge all the reasons why OZ needs to meet. We're still paying for youthful extravagances. Example: Haphash and the Coloured Rama psychedelic gatefold (OZ 4) where we used pure gold ink instead of sensible varnish. The purchase tax people insist that om

So ended the meeting of yippees and my staff. The call to Chicago with a lemmings picnic. For most of us, it ever became a choice between retiring to Norfolk growing vegetables or marching, like yippees, to the Stock Exchange and throwing money into the centre of the floor; it won't be cabbages.

Richard Neville

You'll find an advertisement in this issue for an OZ benefit at Middle Earth. Please come. We can't yet divulge all the reasons why OZ needs money, because it would frighten too many people on whom our existence depends. And although the recent issues have been covering cost, we're still paying for youthful extravagances. Example: Haphash and the Coloured Rama psychedelic gatefold (OZ 4) where we used pure gold ink instead of sensible varnish. The purchase tax people insist that our poster OZes weren't really OZes at all, but posters, and they want 27%. David Hausman and Paul Ableman have generously donated...
COLUMBIA has certainly produced a different campaign book for "In Cold Blood." This was done because the company feels the public demands very careful thought from managers and a really conceived and executed campaign. The conventional approaches and conventional printing were therefore thrown overboard.

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

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

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

Another advance theatre activity could be a talk to the audience from the stage—not a long speech, but a sincere word of recommendation. Again the text is provided.
Heisenberg had a theory about electrons. Then it looked like a sham, and Heisenberg's Theory of Indeterminacy, as it's called, infers that the behaviour of electrons is so unpredictable they can never tell where they are. Heisenberg would have been in his element at the Digger's Conference.

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

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

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

(For a fee) the local parson was very interested in accommodating communal living. The only hang up was, did we mind the coppers? Some parishioners were repairing the staiors to the choir loft, they would need to fill their buckets at the tap in the hall just behind the speakers, and they would of course, be unable to wheel their barrows any other way but through the crowd. McLuhan says in an age of accelerating transcendence we have to forget trying to adjust our frames of reference to new conditions, they are gone and replaced before we have even thought about them. So a good natured crowd ignored the coppers and settled down to hear the first speakers. Line group, psychiatrists, David Cooper and Joe Berke. David and Joe spoke briefly, eloquently, pertinently and way above the heads of the audience, who listened patiently and then satisfactorily finally went on to address themselves. A transience of form accentuated by the Exploding Galaxy (present in the crowd. The organiser's attempt at structuring by

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But the System, in this case represented by the Vicar, did not want to hear about any sort of 'happening' and the organiser weren't too handy with the relevant biblical text to calm him down. So the hall was cleared and most of the group returned to the Anti-U where they rapped affectively, serious / till late. Saturday afternoon, about 90 people returned to the Anti-U for seminars with members of existing communities. George Ineson a member of a Gloucester community which has been operating successfully for 20 years, was probably the most interesting of the speakers.

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

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

The man from the Free Bookshop complained at length, that he just couldn't seem to give anything away. Nobody wanted to take. Only swap. So everyone promised to come and denude his shelves sometime soon.

Address: Colerne Mews, Wharfside, SW10, PAB 2409. Open 6 -10 weekdays, 10-6 Saturdays.

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

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

Max Murray revealed that a Europe-wide list of crashpads was being prepared and paper and pencils were passed. Nearly everyone with a roof over their heads put their names down.

The idea is being spread. Starting with the Local Piers. Pottery Bar and did anyone want to join? Address: 39 Highfield Way, Porter's Bar.

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FAADING FREEDOMS/LATE HIPPIE HIGH HOPES:

THE STORY SO FAR:—
Sections 1–4 of this non-linear political mosaic appeared in OZ No 11. Section 1 suggested that freedom is meaningless unless defined in terms of power, and compared the Socialists' and the Conservatives' claims to being the party of freedom; suggesting that, on balance, the party of planning left more people freer than that of free enterprise for top people. Section 2 thought that anarchists were usually too sentimental in assuming that it's natural, egalitarian and com- radely; they ought also to allow for right-wing (competitive) and 'black' (sadistic) anarchism. And the internal constraints needed for anarchy needn't necessarily be less tyrannical than our external ones. Section 3 looked envious- ly at another aspect of right-wing anarchism: the para-hippie irresponsibility enjoyed anyway by our upper classes, and its grim consequences for the rest of us, as top people team up with American and European finance and say 'Up the Union Jack, I'm all right' to middle and lower-class Britain. Section 4 wound up how the hippie pitch would be queered by Britain's decline and, if not fall, then stagnation or only slow rise, and concluded that the best situation would be a very slow rise with absolutely no Dunkirk spirit.

NOW READ ON:—

In Which Sir Oswald Mosley is Sympathetically Considered.

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

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

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

To the three preconditions of Fascism proper (industrial rhythms, hierarchy, nationalism), we can add a fourth: a sense of crisis. The best brooding ground for Fascism is one in which one group can reasonably hope to keep power over other groups, but only by straining every nerve, by mobilising every resource. The English Tories gave up early in the 19th century, when they realised they couldn't take on middle and working classes together; they switched to compromises with democracy instead, and that's why England is the land of democracy, freedom, compromise and peaceful evolution. Germany was unlucky; A.J.P. TAYLOR sees Nazism as deriving spiritual sustenance from Prussian Junker experience as a poor aristocracy dominating a vast population of Prussian and Slav serfs by efficiency alone. The French scene is so fragmented that shaky coalitions alternate with weak, but nasty, Fascist spurs (Boulangism, M CoTY'S mercenaries of the '30s, Vichyism, Poujadism, OASism), because her social diversity creates bitter, on-a-knife-edge situations very tempting to opportunists. Macchiavelli's words are still true; for every revolution undertaken by the poor, ten are undertaken by the rich. Hence the Western fear of Moscow, whose guns and gold make the poor rich.
It also seems that there's such a thing as democratic Fascism; a prosperous majority permanently, and violently, oppressing a wretched minority. The American negro is such a minority. (It's ironic that Nazi propaganda against America wasn't quite as distorted as it then seemed). But the most popular form of Fascism is that which consists of exporting one's proletariat. One lets one's workers at home into some sort of prosperity; it profits, with one's bourgeoisie, at the expense of the coloured proletariat of the third world. In popular language, this becomes 'bash the wogs', and those portions of the English working-class which rise above the level of such responses tend to become somewhat resigned to the possibility of such responses and tend to adopt the callous, or a philosophical, that is to say, an actively or passively Fascist, attitude, towards the exploitation of the ex-colonial world.

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

A Conservative Revolution?

The Conservatives are right to see a powerful bureaucracy as a potentially Fascist class. As Ernest Mandel remarked, the Russian revolution set up a party bureaucracy, which, as Tory commonsense, and Marx's own basic principles, might have warned it, would put its own interests first. But everyone can see the danger and the Conservatives only obscured it by the obviousness of their motivations, as well as by that endless and inane Conservative attempt to link Socialism and tyranny, which goes back to the forging of the Zinoviev letter in the '20s, through Churchill's utterly serious allegation that the 1945 Attlee administration would put Harold Laski in charge of its Gestapo, and goes on every day in the Daily Telegraph's Peter Simple.
As subsequent elements have made clear, the creeping extension of control is as irreversible as inflation. There is a Parkinson's law of loss of liberty. A Labour government introduced peacetime conscription for the first time in English history, a Conservative government continued it. For nearly 20 years now, they have been requiring university authorities to inform them which students belong to far left political clubs—just for reference, of course. A study of changing police attitudes would reveal the gradual, but steady increase in the docility it expects from the public. Since 1945, they were encouraged in this by the public's satisfaction with affluence, with tradition, with all things moral and British.

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

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

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

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

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

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

How numerous and short are the paths from 1968 to 1984 might be indicated by a (frankly artificial) scenario, one of many possible ones. Crisis worsens. Labour government in head on shock with unions. Labour movement splits, Wilson resigns, general elections, thumping Conservative majority. Showdown with unions; general strike. Middle classes patriotically silly and break strike. New policies decided on to distract attention from austerity. Conservatives adapt Liberal co-ownership schemes.
with owners to retain 51% interest. Combination of depression and workers competing against others improves labour discipline no end. Since the workers are in a minority against an owners/bureaucracy/middle-class united front, and that is tied to the gnomes of Zurich, who is working for whom? General discontent, and government institutes one-year national labour service to soak up unemployment among young, especially coloured. Informal employers' organisations hire Tracers Ltd to keep photographic record of labour agitators. And so it goes. There'd be no need to legislate against freedom of speech, provided only that the middle classes could be kept frightened of, and uninterested in, the lower classes. It's at this point that the scheme shows its artificiality; the middle classes are just as frightened of the upper classes. And how right they are.

7

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

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

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

The first wave were the 'Angry young men', and the brief boom in the boomlet that as it ebbed, baffled, the first trickle of 'ømancipated' public-school boys joined us with a second wave and produced the aesthetists. Concurrently, gifted non-intellectuals set up the pop and Carnaby/Stones jungle. Lucan came the Underground, whose every radicalism entailed a retreat from normal politics. Thus its spending power and the diminishment of business' self-confidence in involvement, a shift from positive politico-cultural goals to the leisure ghastly to inner-space.

Not so long ago, it was easy to assume that the young fellow who expressed a passionate discontent with society must be left-wing. Several angry young men, though not all, although eventually their anger turned out to be a matter of frustrated conservatism rather than of frustrated progressive. It's high time we stopped being surprised, or shrugging 'sell-out', when John Braine, Kingsley Amis, Malcolm Muggeridge, Bernard Levin and others turn out not to be the left-wingers we took them for. Or when David Frost switches from hawk to doves and does a new face as TV's Godfrey Winn (and these days, the sparks fly higher on Panorama). (And have you noticed how solemn Mad became on the subject of Cuban exiles and anti-Castroism?) The right wing always had its intellectuals, but portrayed them, as did everybody else, in consequence of which they tended to be rather Brand X. Because what they advocated depended on tradition rather than thought. The current crisis calls the consensus in question, and the right attitude is still the same. Simon Raven and Anthony Burgess shot their bolt a little early; Raven's The English Gentleman appeared in 1962 and now he just writes. St. John Stevas emerges as the Tory answer to Carnaby St, and says, in almost as many words as TV, that the mindless masses need to be mystified by the romanticism of royalty. He's quite right to sense that this argument can be stated openly. Each TV viewer thinks of the mindless masses as all the others, that he is 'in the know' in the allocatory process. Enoch Powell advocates on antediluvian laissez-faire which he can't take seriously. He seems to be trying to make the complete takeover of the little man by the big combines seem like the triumph of the little man. It's so obvious that even big business is scared of him. What else can one make of economic principles which would require him to denationalise the army, navy, and airforce, not to mention the Church of England, and auction them off to the highest bidder, who would employ them as mercenaries, or as missionaries with an obligation to mention 'Coca-Cola' twice in every sermon? Any day now General Motors will put in a takeover bid for the Conservative party, and even I thought I might be on looking until I read this in The Listener, 29/2/68:

'Britain lost an empire in North America in 1863, but important cultural links have survived and flourished. For although British goods may no longer be in much demand there, the British way of life still remains a very marketable commodity. In return the Americans might be invited to run our industries which, no doubt, they will do considerably better than we can. A suitably patrician prime minister might even be able to present our absorption as yet another in the long series of triumphs of British skill and diplomacy.'

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

/over...

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

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

The most disquieting aspect of this largely admirable (and valuable informative) paper is one of its leadership groups, namely, the advertising agency S. men who need to pull a fortnightly face at the thin smiles left on their taste-buds by ratrace brown-nosing. They think putting a face spiritually disengages them from the system. P. E. is then rawberry-rosy. And simultaneously satire proves that everything is only a racket and that they can pursue their own racket with a clear conscience. It purges one's self-hated and anthropises one's conscience.

The detachment of middle class youth from the vindictive complacency of traditional Conservatism isn't worthless, and in the present climate of opinion, this anarchomilitant right is undoubtedly preferable, first because though it's more cynical it's less self-righteous, second, because it briefly makes hippies happen, because it's less anti-Communist and therefore less anti-Third World, third, because it'll briefly fellow-travel with the left on account of its own frustrations, fourth, because it's more respectful than its leftists. It might come nearer an American or a French situation, where the left-wing would be relatively free from traditional restraints and blindnesses, where the middle class would throw off its nonconformist guilt towards the less fortunate, where what is now done apologetically would be done systematically, and British politics would become hard-edge, energetic, brutal and irresponsible.

Is the Muse of Satire the Midwife of Corruption?

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

What actually has happened in Britain? A couple of politicians have exploited the race question? Some crowds have waved racist banners? What's changed? The presence of racism has no

true, but now a strange process has been completed. For nearly a decade after the Enoch Powell affair, everyone politicians have been gently fanning the lie they were doing, 'chuck-out-the-blacks' strikes in non-racial union, there camemost movements erupted, only a few Maidens watched. Meanwhile from the militant left, the trade union leadership did nothing. The Labour Party did nothing.

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

Nonetheless they all know that: there are well under a million coloured people in Britain. It is now impossible to get in legally unless you are actually needed for a highly skilled job. more people leave the country than enter. Immigrants demand less of the social services than the rest of the population. The police, transport, health and postal services would collapse altogether if the immigrant population took it into their heads to depart.

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

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

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

Racism is one of the purer forms of hatred. It is very satisfying feeling; it gives you a sense of belonging to a group; it cuts through the complex issues; it removes dilemmas and suggests easy solutions. It feels radical, even evolutionary. If you can look at your neighbours and hate them, you can feel comfortingly engulfed, threatened; you are brave, standing firm, uncomplicated, purged of irrelevancies. You know what's going on with the country, you don't have to be told, you can see for yourself.

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

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