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OZ 13

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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WORLD REVOLUTION
BRIAN JONES TALKS
BOB DYLAN FILM SCRIPT
LEGALISE POT POSTER
THE GREAT SPACE ODYSSEY

CATHERINE AND THE WHEEL OF FIRE / a space poem revealed.
We'd hate you to spoil Mike English's beautiful cover for OZ - it's not often you get a gatefold on OZ - so there's no coupon for you to cut out with your selections. Instead we'll trust to your good sense and let you fill in on any old scrap of paper the details of what you want. Remember to put the number down - that's the most important thing.

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IMPORTANT NOTICE

Demystify the Press! Confound the British Printing conspiracy! Remove the staples from this extraordinary cocked-up OZ and unfold a pure GOLD Nigel English poster gatefold. As long as OZ is prevented from experimenting, England will be safe from the Technoligarchy.

LEGALISE POTT Rally
SPEAKERS CORNER, HYDE PARK, 7TH JULY SUNDAY, 2.00 PM '68
Dear OZ,

After living in one roomed communities of the low/medium type in the Notting Hill Gate area, since I dropped out in September last year I have come to the conclusion that the city drop-out scene is a pathetic one.

I would like to list some of my observations:

1. People thrown together by necessity (usually financial), through sharing in the true community spirit, food (usually stolen), experiences (usually hallucinatory) and pot (usually too much), still tend to split into little camps, i.e. Joe hangs up Bill and Bill hangs up Fred which upsets Jim because Jim likes everyone. Which is a big hang up for him, for if he refuses to bend in one direction or another, he's on his own man.

2. Speed kills—not only people, but scenes as well. Someone suffering (and they do!) from speed hang ups and come downs really drag the whole scene down. Watching a friend become an addict, drifting into the misty world of Boot's disposables, is a soul tearing experience not to be forgotten easily.

Perhaps if many dealers sold decent acid and not disappointments, a lot of the speed thing might disappear.

3. Most conversation in turned-on scenes, is mainly turned in to "My best trip" or various "Freak you out cocktail recipes" and little else is discussed.

4. Even the people wanting to be in on the love commune thing seem to be sitting around on their asses, drawing the NAB and waiting. Waiting for what?

For things to be arranged for them, by the dealers? That my little group of people, or perhaps for guidance on from our friends? In space? Whilst this situation exists I just ain't going to happen. Dharma—Karma—Sarmac!

Each of us should be a digger for fuck's sake, otherwise there's no going to be any communes (cos we'll all die of old age waiting!

My grumbles may seem slanted from one angle, but walk around NHG and ask any drop out on the scene where they've been lately (apart from MOSS or Mickie Earth) it's a strange land surrounding a strange land.

As for myself, I'm giving up my cherished freedom (and the NAB) my long locks are to be shorn and I'm dropping IN decked out in my blue suit, white shirt and tie, to become a purveyor of holiday shell ashtrays and other plastic goodies for the grey people (poor bastards) in Sunny Jersey (from whence I came) for as long as I can stand it.

Then along with my brother and anyone else who wants to create something, by raising bread, we're going to buy a cottage and land in the country, grow our own food etc., and build a commune out of our own efforts.

A 20th century city of Electric Gardens is no place for anyone to find their relationship with the things which will always be here.

Love and peace (if you can find it).

Michael Escott
Foxhill Close
Greatfield, Hull

Dear Sir,

We are shocked by the Prime Minister associating himself with Monsieur Roche, Rector of the Sorbonne, whose one chapter in history can be written with a sentence. He closed the Sorbonne.

That our Prime Minister as Chancellor of Bradford University should confer the honour of a degree on a man who abused the trust of more than seven centuries of students by violating the right to maintain the University as a State, called the armed representatives of that State, called the armed representatives of that State, and violated one of the worthiest of French traditions, the sanctuary of the Sorbonne, suggests that our Prime Minister would follow Monsieur Roche and the French government if the liberties of our own Universities were ever put to the test.

Yours sincerely,

MW Watson Todd
David Schreiber
R Deane Edwards
Michael N Momsche

The English Revolutionaries

When they broke into the town hall guns at the ready the town clerk said, "I'm sorry you'll have to write for an appointment." So they went away and came back three weeks on tuesday in their best suits.

Steve Sneyd
Aldmondbury
Huddersfield, Yorks

We need you

Cohn-Bendit because

1. We are fed and watered by the State's Almighty Hand, and do exactly as we are told.

2. We are told that the Government knows what's best for us; the big Corporations know what's best for us; BBC, TV and the Press know what is good for us to hear; Advertising Agencies know what is good for us to buy; teachers know what is good for us to know; Law and Order is good for us, because it excludes anybody who tells us that we ourselves know best what is good for us.

3. In return for being well looked after, we PAY taxes to the Government, to buy noisy aeroplanes for Corporation men to deem us with; we PAY for the BBC, TV, and Press, and give them our trust; we PAY the Advertisers, and they don't need our trust because there is nothing but their products to buy; we PAY for our teachers and pretend they are all profound and knowledgeable, we PAY for Law and Order and cash and obedience, and agree to call you irresponsible.

4. We do not know how to want to be responsible for our own lives and our own environment.

5. We are superior to all foreigners, who are (1) oppressed (2) untrustworthy (3) violent (4) backward (5) far away.
Dear Sir,
This year will be the last year that mankind will have in the consciousness they have manifested hitherto. On our part, we have planned everything, and everything has been prepared carefully. The message is a message of joy, and I wish that it be treated as a message of joy. Serious events will strike Earth, they will end in the Second Coming. And this is what should be stressed; speak of the spiritual side of the matter more than the violent part of it. Violence does not belong to us—it belongs to Man; but violence will come to an end for Man now.

Certainty and knowledge are to be preferred to faith; but in order to attain certainty in this matter, one must believe. When the events begin to speed up you should group together and talk about these subjects. Never discuss, but talk—and be calm and harmonious within. The more calm and harmonious one is, the more one will understand about the nature of this message. Many individuals will receive messages themselves during the forthcoming days.

Confusion begets confusion. Only he who will not receive confusion within himself will escape confusion. Do not allow outer things to disturb your innermost being, and it will apply now more than ever before in the situation in which you will come to stand. Find peace and harmony within yourselves; they will be necessary during these latter days of Earth.

Au Revoir!
Universal Link
PO Box 13
4140, Borup, Denmark

Dear Sir,
These ideas might interest you. Over the past ten years I have been the author of numerous un-American letters to the local newspapers. It has always been my basic purpose in writing letters to the newspapers to present ideas, to make people think. In this small way, I have been contributing to the increase of consciousness. A deliberately subversive enterprise I admit.

With the widespread increase of consciousness society will mature, and authoritarian institutions such as governments and religions will lose their power over the human spirit. The maturing of society means precisely the increase of consciousness, on a general or collective scale.

Psychedelic drugs are the best way to achieve a radical increase of consciousness, although there are clumsier drugless methods such as fasting, breathing exercises, and concentration, as in yoga or meditation. This is why psychedelics are felt to be a threat to the present order. In spite of persecution, the advent of psychedelics will have the effect of accelerating the growth of the human race.

To experience an altered state of consciousness, such as intoxication is educational and broadening, like speaking a foreign language or playing a musical instrument. But psychedelic drugs do not merely alter the consciousness, they literally increase or expand consciousness. The mind opens up, everything is more real. This is the minimum effect; it may be followed by psychological hallucinations or by spiritual insight, depending on the temperament or personality of the drug user.

The basic conflict in society is between the forces of growth and the forces of inertia (sometimes called 'stability'). Psychedelic drugs are a powerful force for growth, too important to be confined by legalism or medicalism.

Dave Reissig
402 Arthur St
Syracuse NY 13204

Syracuse Universal Link
PO Box 13
4140, Borup, Denmark

Issued by the Surrealist Group: Ian Breakwell, Alan Burnie, Rupert Cracknell, Sophie Kemp, John Lyle, Conroy Maddox, George Selly, Peter Rider, John Rudlin, Ken Smith.

Dear Sir,
Sorry to say that there were not 50 but 25 of us, ('Police arrest poets') sorry to say that Christopher Logue was not a participant in the event but a watcher.

Yours sincerely,
Sonia Sharkey (known as Wendy)
52 Queensway
London W2
I have had many letters in response to the appeal in OZ 12 to get Eva into the country. It is impossible to answer them all, and so I’d like to thank you all here. Eva has ‘chosen’ her man, and will be in touch with him by June 10. Thank you again—love Judy.

Dear Judy,

If she really needs someone in order to gain entry into England, being a man of leisure, I guess I’ll give it a try. (No strings, of course.)

About myself, am 22, live in Spain, teacher by profession, 6'1" and believe in trying everything once. Anyhow, all this apart, will help Eva out if I can.

A. Q.

Dear Judy,

With respect to Eva, OK.

Yours,

MHD

Dear Judy,

I would be more than happy to marry your friend Eva. As divorce is now quite simple in England it would be of advantage to both of us: Eva would get into this country and as I’m in the air force I would get a pay rise of £3 a week, and the added advantage of her company for 1 week.

Yours faithfully,

JF

Dear Judy,

I think I should start by telling you a few things about myself. I am twenty-eight years old, and a University lecturer in physical chemistry. My main interests are surfing, swimming and rally-driving. I am also interested in photography and am a keen hi-fi enthusiast.

I have every sympathy with Eva’s problem of getting British citizenship, and would be willing to help her in any way possible, the more so because I believe this could be a stimulating and enjoyable experience for us both.

Yours,

Dr DB

Dear Judy,

I have just read the thing about your friend, Eva, in the OZ. I have just been sentenced to Borsal for being in possession of hashish. I would be glad to help her as the prison authorities should allow me a days freedom to get married.

Marriage means nothing whereas freedom be it only for a day is everything.

As from next Tuesday my postal address will be Wormwood Scrubs Prison, London. If your friend is still willing to enter England you can reach me there.

Yours hopefully,

JB

HM Prison, Leicester.

Due to the urgency of the content of this issue, the final part of Ray Durgnat’s article, the continuation of Meat Pack and Hipocrates are held over till issue 14
classics as 'A Thousand and One ways to Live without Working' and 'A Thousand and One ways to Beat The Draft. His next book is 'A Thousand and One ways to Make Love.'

Kuperberg spent much of his time in London conferring with the Anti Vaccination League to equip himself for the fight against his country's compulsory smallpox vaccination laws. He points out that smallpox is virtually extinct and that in the last 30 years more people have died from the vaccination than have caught smallpox.

In between arming himself with Doctor's letters confirming that 'that there has been no recent outbreak of smallpox in Earls Court,' Tuli Kuperberg spoke to OZ:

TK I have come to a rather simplified outlook: As long as you're getting more from them than they are taking from you then its worth working with the establishment. But you have to be very careful. Sometimes you wake up and say I really shouldn't be doing this—how did I get here and then you should leave.

How often do you compromise?

TK At Santa Monica we were playing in this place and the sound system was awful and the whole atmosphere was bad—we came onto the band stand and looked down and there were 11 and 12 year old kids which would be alright except their parents were with them—so we really couldn't do our kind of show. And that's happened a few times. This happens in my publishing also. There are certain things I wanted to publish and don't dare to and in a sense that's a compromise. But then if I had always told the truth by now I would be dead. And I don't really believe in paying rent. I think it's unjust. But if I didn't pay rent then my landlord would throw me out and I'd end up having to pay it to another. And that's a sort of daily compromise. One should compromise as little as possible though. And always push yourself. I have published many things where I was afraid that the next day the police would be there. I was the first one to print the word shit on a cover. I'm sort of proud of that. But this seems like nothing today which just shows how fast the revolution is going.

And where is it going to?

TK Well I think the best examples are on the west coast of California. Thousands and thousands of young people have moved out of the society and for them the revolution has occurred. They have enough money and enough leisure to do whatever they want.

Where does the money come from?

TK Firstly they bypass a lot of people's ideals. I mean they don't care where they live or what they eat or how they dress. And in California the climate is warm. Some of them still have money coming from their families. A lot of them live communally which makes things a lot easier. And most of them don't even care if they get into trouble with the authorities. They are considered just like a natural force, nothing to worry about. And they have drugs too. But what they're going to do with it we don't know yet. They spend their freedom playing with a frisby—a plastic disc you throw back and forth. At first this annoyed me but what else is there to do?

Have the Fugs been as successful as you would have liked?

TK Well at the beginning I didn't care, but now I think it should have been more successful. I felt it should have evolved into theatre, we should have read poetry. And done more extensive skits. So it hasn't been a success artistically. The others in the Group don't realise what our popularity is based on. It's not based on the fine music in quite marks, but on our vitality. Our energy. And our kind of amateurishness. A kind of anything goes bit. Most important with the material. But also technically. It would be beautiful if we were all inspired musicians but we're not. What we really needed was someone like Jimmy Hendrix or the Stones as musicians. So we could have had a fusion of music, theatre, poetry and politics.

Why didn't you play in London?

TK Various technical reasons. We will be here in September. But I think its a pity we didn't play here at our peak. I think each group has one special contribution to make to music and then they fade. I am afraid that we may have already made ours.
Jean-Jacques Lebel led the storming of the Paris Odeon. Now he is in jail and the building has been cleared by police. Many complicated, contradictory elements are united against French fascism: not the least of which is Lebel, who sometimes inspires devotion from his more stubbornly political colleagues (who also regard the Odeon as a point of revolution). But the eloquence of Lebel is considered dangerous enough to have him jailed. His words, the police are afraid, are capable of inspiring others.

We are for the total end of the human rapport which is established between the governor and the governed, the ruler and the ruled. We are for self-management in each profession and each category of the people by themselves, but we are also for the destruction of the categories.

In other words one of the reasons that we occupied the universities is not only for the students or for the workers: it is for everyone to come and use this university for whatever they want to use it. Not only for education, but if they want to eat there, sleep there, fuck there, get high there or live there. We are for the total destruction of categories.

One of the main ways the Capitalist system maintains its total control over bodies and minds is by categorising everybody into social groups. They say “You’re the workers you’re the students, you’re the intellectuals, you’re the doctors or whatever”. We are for the destruction of this division into small groups. The fact that a tremendous number of workers now come to the Sorbonne or to other faculties that are occupied means that they feel that these are their places. These places belong to them. They do not just belong to the students or to the teachers.

As far as the Cultural industry is concerned, one of the main industries of the capitalist state is culture, in the sense that the propaganda of the ideology of the ruling class goes through everything that is called artistic. The movies for instance, were first an art and are now an industry—the same thing has happened to writing, to theatre to painting. Whatever is done in the way of culture is completely counter-revolutionary because it is the culture of money. The main thing about all cultural activity in the capitalist state is that it makes money. Whether you make money by playing Brecht or by playing Moliere it is exactly the same thing. You are giving a spectacle to people who do not participate in any way in what’s happening. They consume the spectacle in exactly the same way as they consume when they buy a car or a refrigerator or chewing gum.

The society has made everybody into consumers and everything including art and political ideology has become consumer goods. We want to demolish completely the structure of the consumer society. It is possible for the people to make their own art. Some artists who pretend to be revolutionaries exhibit at the museum of modern art, which is a temple of capitalism just as much as the stock exchange which we burnt the other day. Some painters want to bring their paintings to the factories but that is a completely counter-revolutionary attitude. The workers don’t need pseudo avant-garde paintings in the factories they need the total destruction of the social rapport between the bosses and the workers. They want to make their own paintings in their own art which will probably not be with brushes and canvases but an art which will be completely integrated into the life process itself. Art can become, when the revolutionary process has really demolished a number of mental and social taboos, something completely integrated in daily life.

Our action is to demolish even the left. For years the unions have been trying to stop the students and the workers coming together. Our main work is now in the factories, talking to the workers and telling them how the unions are helping the government to alienate them. The unions manipulate the workers into obeying the government. The workers get a shilling a day more to continue doing the same work, when it is the concept of work that needs to be questioned. Self-management would enable people to cease working for others and break down their work into what was necessary for economic exchanges with others. We are trying to, beginning to, reinvent the concept of leisure, language and political jurisdiction itself.

De Gaulle is trying to sell an image of France-aboard which does not correspond at all to the corruption and petty liberal fascism that is going on inside the country. So one of the aims was to destroy this image and I think that we succeeded in that. We took over one of the centres of propaganda, the Odeon. This used to represent the French culture from Warsaw to Tokyo and everywhere. So we took it over and decided that was the end of the cultural industry there. It would never be a theatre any longer, just a place, an ordinary place where anybody could come and learn, inform other people, talk with other people and exchange information and ideas. What happened later, alas, and this we must criticize, was that a bureaucracy installed itself in there. It started making the usual little bureaucratic decisions which were cut off completely from the general movement.

What we are doing today is denouncing completely what is going on inside the Odeon. It re-institutionalized itself within a few weeks. It became again a sort of Ministry of Culture, a micro Ministry of Culture. What we are doing today is throwing all those people out and giving it again to who ever wants to express themselves there. We didn’t want to re-establish a leftist bureaucracy there.
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We shall attack, consistently, every kind of bureaucratic humbug that believes that “They” should control “Us”. HELP wants participation democracy, at all levels. And a genuine belief in people. Not shadow-boxing and public relations.

We’re backing the underdog. The squeezed-out, unaffluent, not-politically-important minorities. The mentally sick. The gypsies. The handicapped.

We’re looking at protest groups because they are the Davids in a Goliath society. They have the sniff of truth for what’s wrong. Perhaps because they have no power and money.

In 10 years more cause groups have been formed in Britain than in any other decade in our history. From Consumers Associations to Shelter, from Child Poverty Action to Stansted. Draw your own conclusions.

We see HELP as a movement. A gathering of people who care. We will use volunteers. Pool information. Try and act as some kind of publishing ombudsman.

We see HELP developing a computer service to readers, publishing subsidiary material to the order and interests of the individuals and groups working with us.

HELP staff are young. And they are sick and tired of the cynicism they have inherited. Not just in politics. In just about everything.

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From John Wilcock's 'Other Scenes'

Andy Warhol is alive and well. He's sitting up in his room at New York's Columbus Hospital, reading magazines, unable to talk to anybody. Despite bullets in his head and chest he'll be fine. Meanwhile, Grove Press goes ahead with plans to publish his novel, "Twenty Four Hours" in the fall.

Having produced the ultimate in deadpan paintings, the totally static movie, a pop group that wanders onstage while feedback entertains the audience and pop-up book that can't be read so much as looked at, Warhol has now turned his attention to tape recording. "Twenty Four Hours" is an untouched taped record of 24 hours in the life of Andy (carrying the N'Drelo tape recorder), Ondine, articulate star of Chelsea Girls and other movies (who does most of the talking) and whoever they run into on their serendipitous journeys around Manhattan. It sounds revealing—but isn't.

To the average reader, in fact, the book might as well be in code. To start with, Andy is referred to throughout as Drella or "D", short for the nickname 'Cinderella', known only to intimates. Ondine is clearly identified and some of the Warhol gang or friends (Gerard Malanga, Billy Name, Paul Morrissey, Steve Schorr, Jonas Mekas, Allen Ginsberg, Ed Sanders) are featured by name, but how many people are going to identify references to or by Taxine, the Duchess, the Mayor, Billy Bedroom, Norman or 'the number one artist'?

As for subject matter, it shifts almost every sentence in a surrealistic manner that resembles James Joyce more than anything else. It's important to remember that the book is documentary—god knows, it's surely too freaky to have been made up.

Despite their clamorous indignation about our liberties, Tory MPs are taking great care that the case of Sir Frederick Crawford, the Rhodesian who lost his British passport, doesn't get pushed to the point of an actual investigation. For they know as well as everybody in Rhodesia that Sir F and his wife are pillars of Rhodesian reaction, as long as it makes Tory loyalty is concerned, class ('kith and kin' being the smooth phrase) comes first, the Queen a very poor second, and the rest of us, nowhere.

Goodluck to the Manchester Arts Laboratory, which opened on June 22nd.

Congratulations to John Hopkins and Suzy Creamcheese on their marriage trip.

Hilary Barrow and Adrian Riftkin are helping form a White Peoples Association to promote the aims of Black Power and help black people. They plan day nurseries in Notting Hill, cottages in the country for orphaned children, films, plays, dances and summer events. Anyone interested write to Hilary c/o OZ.

Thank you everyone who helped so generously with the OZ benefit. We're sorry about the girl who rang us weeping over the exploding parrot ("Everyone else was laughing . . . it was horrible") and for the man who freaked out when the mercanaries freaked in for the crucifixion scene.

The World's Most Boring Man had 43r'd 40 cups (where some of whom competed with him; and the World's Longest Joke Teller is droning on to this day. The girl wrestlers were sexy, cruel dedicated, deliciously young and are coming back for more on June 30. Yes; we're having another one at Middle Earth next Sunday. It will be wilder, more unexpected totally integrated, and dangerous. Come. It will make our first one seem like a nursery party.

Meanwhile; warm thankyou's to The Pink Floyd, Pretty Things, Social Deviants, Blonde on Blonde, Alexis Korner, Miss Kelly, The Flamingoes, Louise, Buzzby Loyd, John Peel, Jeff Dexter, Carolyn Coon, Transcendental Aurora (The Light Show), Ian Knight, Jeff Shaw, Sean Kelly, Peter the popcorn man, Sebastian Jorgensen, Michael Newman, Bruce Beresford, Felix Dennis, the Mercenaries, Dave Hausman, Paul Waldman, Middle Earth, Michael Ramsden, Tony Crearar and the Human Family, David Spode and everyone else who helped OZ at Middle Earth.

Some who couldn't make it to Middle Earth sent a donation instead. We've added a section to the subscription coupon for the convenience of any other philanthropists. The Black Dwarf has a sweet old Scottish lady (she sent them £1000), Private Eye has celebrities, IT has a lovely banker's son, but OZ, dear readers, has only you.

A few weeks ago Mr Tom Morton was arrested and roughed-up outside the Royal Courts of Justice for distributing a pamphlet entitled The Crown of England and the Throne Stinks of the Corruption of Her Majesty's Judges.

Under the sub heading: The Palace of Perjured Judicial Ponces, Mr Morton alleges, among other things: "That I was brought to secret trial by the Director of Public Prosecutions, on false charges and false evidence, designed to deprive me of my freedom of speech, in order to protect Judge . . ., whom he knew to be criminally corrupt . . ."

Under another heading: Your
Majesty's Judges are Posturing, Petrified Pestilent, Perjured Pimps; Mr Morton calls for a public inquiry into his case on the grounds that the Judiciary cannot try a charge against itself.

Mr Morton's contempt for the legal profession derives from the mishandling of his divorce proceedings in 1953 and he has been fighting the law ever since.

In 1964 he produced a 350,000 word book single handedly, on an electric duplicator, entitled "Treason by Dilhorne and His Corrupt Judges Hilbery Salmon and Rawlins" which is the complete story of a marriage, narrative accounts and the official records of the "corrupt and extraordinary" legal proceedings which followed. He has since persisted with a series of pamphlets written in traditional inflammatory style which he has distributed himself in strategic areas. The penultimate paragraph in one pamphlet reads:

As an artist, I greatly admire Your Majesty. Like many of my fellow citizens, I was filled with pride, when you appeared in France some years ago, looking beautiful and splendid, before an official banquet. We all know you to be the very personification of chivalry and honour, but your judges have placed the filth of perjury and suppression into your mouth. A person who commits perjury spits in the face of God. In condoning these terrible crimes, that is what your judges have done in your name and until you spit this filth out in their faces, you defile heaven and must be known as, The Perjured Queen.

When Mr Morton appeared at Bow Street Magistrates Court on a charge of disturbing the peace he was convicted and put on a good behaviour bond. The court treated him with a bored paternalism, telling him to go home to Polperro and forget all about his bizarre allegations. "We've heard it all before", said the magistrate.

Tom Morton is a friendly, elegant artist from Polperro in Cornwall, intelligent and courageous. When young, he was a policeman, joined the army, became a landscape artist and now runs his own gallery.

OZ has no opinion about what he says; but defends to the last column inch, the flair with which he says it. Hot Hot!
The quotations and historiography are aimed to demonstrate the partisan and uncontested belief that socialism means popular power and human liberation and requires the overthrow of advanced capitalism by the industrial workers themselves. Deluge, Lion and even Marcuse are important and serious Marxist thinkers but largely irrelevant to our here and now. (Excellent left critiques of Marcuse's pessimism and heavy money on Freudsianism are the Alasdair MacIntyre in Survey Jan 67 and Peter Sedgwick in Socialist Register 66.)

Above all else read Victor Serge's "Memoirs of a Revolutionary", an Oxford paperback at 12/6d. The best Marxist paperback selections are the Blandford and Rebel Pelican editions of Marc C Wright Mill's selection "The Marxist" is rather usable and David Caute's "Essential Writings of Karl Marx" in London Panther is somewhat intrusively edited, though less soggy than his book "The Left in Europe" for the World University Library. For perspectives on British capitalism both the enlarged May Day Manifesto (Penguin) and "Towards Socialism" (Fontana Library) are valuable if taken alongside E.P. Thompson's long essay "The Peasantry of the English" in Socialist Register 65. Critical of their approach. For a view of the self activity of the working class as the heart of the revolutionary process read E.P. Thompson's magnificent "The Making of the English Working Class" (Gollancz, but why still no paperback?). Trotsky's "History of the Russian Revolution" (Sphere, Sunday Telegraph book of the year. 'Evil has never been so dazzling presented') and Hal Draper's polemic "The Two Sides of Socialism" (available from IS). International Socialism have also published the complete polish "Revolutionary Socialist Manifesto" written in a polish prison by Karon and Medelewski.

For your day to day activity read Socialist Worker, Voice of the Unions (and its area and industry based papers), Solidarity, International, and perhaps the Black Dwarf. The bi-weekly Newsletter remains unbelievably sectarian and dishonest but is at least frequent. Tribune and Morning Star are beyond hope."
Men fight and lose that battle, and then
the thing they fought for comes about
in spite of their defeat; and when it
comes, turns out to be not what they
meant, and other men have to fight for
what they meant under another name.

There are of the English middle class,
today . . . men of the highest aspirations
who are the strongest will, men who are
most deeply convinced of the necessity to
civilization of surrounding man's lives with beauty;
and many lesser men, thousands for what I
know, refined and cultivated, follow
them and praise their opinions; but both
the leaders and the led are incapable of
saving so much as half a dozen commons
from the mercenary Commerce: they are as
helpless in spite of their culture
and their genius as if they were just
so many overworked shoemakers: less
lucky than King Mids, our green fields
and clear waters, may the very air we
breathe, are turned not to gold (which
might please some of us for an hour may
be) but to dirt; and to speak plainly we
know full well that under the present
gospel of Capital not only there is no hope
of bettering it, but that things grow
worse year by year, day by day.

William Morris, craftsman poet and
political writer who asserted revolution.
ary social change against the dominant
Fabian reformism.

When philosophy paints its grey in grey,
one form of life has become old, and by
means of its grey it cannot be rejuvenated
but only known. The owl of Minerva
takes its flight only when the shadows of
evening are fallen.

The Philosophy of Rights by Hegel

The best laws that England hath are
yokes and manacles, tying one sort of
people to be slaves to another.
. . . let the gentry have their enclosures
and waste lands set free to them from all
Norman enslaving lords of manors . . .
If you found out the Court of Wards to
be a burden and freed lords of the
manors and gentry from paying fines to
the King, in a sort of invariable people be
free too for paying homage to the lords of
the manors.

Gerrard Winstanley
'The Putney Debates' radical agitator in
Oliver Cromwell's army

You are horrified at our intending to do
away with private property. But in your
existing society, private property is al-
day done away with for nine-tenths of
the population; its existence for the few
is solely due to its non-existence in the
lands of the nineteenth. You reproach
us, therefore, with intending to do away
with a form of property, the necessary
condition for whose existence is the non-
existence of any property for the immense
majority of society.

In one word, you reproach us with intending
to do away with your property.
Precisely so; that is just what we intend.

Communist Manifesto, Karl Marx

The science of mannfuel industry is
simultaneously the science of asceticism . . .
Self-denial, the denial of life and of all
human needs is its cardinal doctrine.
The less you eat, drink and read books;
the less you go to the theatre, the dance
hall, the public-house; the less you think,
love, theorize, sing, paint, fence, etc.,
the more you save—the greater becomes
your treasure, which neither moths nor
dust will devour—your capital.
The less you are, the more you have;
the less you express your own life, the greater is
your alienated life—the greater is the store
of your estranged being.

The Holy Family, Karl Marx

A negro is a negro, but only under certain
conditions does he become a slave.
A machine to weave cotton is a machine
to weave cotton, but only under certain
conditions does it become capital.
Separated from these conditions it is as little
capital as gold, in itself is money or sugar
is the price of sugar.

Das Kapital, Karl Marx

In direct contrast to German philosophy,
which descends from heaven to earth,
here we ascend from earth to heaven.
That is to say, we do not set out from
what men say, imagine, or conceive, nor
from what has been said, thought,
imagined, or conceived of men, in order to
arrive at men in the flesh. We begin with
real, active men, and from their real
life-process show the development of the
ideological reflexes and echoes of this
life-process. The phantoms of the human
brain also are necessary subordinates
of men's material life-process, which can be
empirically established and which is
bound to material preconditions. Morality,
religion, metaphysics, and other ideolog-
el studies, and their corresponding forms of
consciousness, no longer retain therefore
their appearance of autonomous existence.
They have no history, no development;
it is men, who, in developing their materi-
production and their material inter-
course, change, along with this their real
existence, their thinking and the products
of their thinking. Life is not determined
by consciousness, but consciousness
by life.

The existence of revolutionary ideas in
a particular age presupposes the existence
of a revolutionary class . . .

The ideas of the ruling class are, in every
age, the ruling ideas, i.e., the class which
is the dominant material force in society
is at the same time its dominant intellec-
tual force. The class which has the
means of material production at its
disposal, has control at the same time
over the means of mental production,
so that in consequence the ideas of those
who lack the means of mental production,
are, in general, subject to it.

The question whether objective truth can
be attributed to human thinking is not a
question of theory but is practical
question. In practice man must prove the
truth, that is, the reality and power, the
this-sidedness of his thinking. The dispute
over the reality or non-reality of thinking
which is isolated from practice is a purely
scholastic question.

The materialist doctrine that men are
products of circumstances and upbring-
ing, and that, therefore, changed men are
products of other circumstances and
changed upbringing, forgets that it is men
that change circumstances and that the
educator himself needs educating . . .
The coincidence of the changing of circum-
stances and of human activity can be con-
ceived and rationally understood only as
revolutionary practice.

Social life is essentially practical. All
mysteries which mislead theory to mysti-
cism find their rational solution in
human practice and in the comprehen-
ion of this practice.

The philosophers have only interpreted
the world in various ways; the point, how-
ever, is to change it.

Theses on Feuerbach, Karl Marx
1818-1883, German revolutionary social-
ist. Exiled in Paris and later to London
where he died. Founder of the First
International, co-author of the
Communist Manifesto and wrote Das Kapital.

A narrow empiricism denies that a fact
does not really become a fact except in
the course of an elaboration according to
a method. It finds in each factor, in each
statistic, in each factum brutum of
economic life, an important fact. It does
not understand that the simplest
enumeration of 'facts', their stringing together
without any commentary, is already an
interpretation, that at this stage the facts
are already examined from a point of
view, a method, that they have been
abstracted from the context of life in
which they were found and introduced
into a theory . . .

When one faces a situation where the
exact knowledge of society becomes, for
a class, the immediate condition of its
self-assertion in struggle; when, for
this class, self-consciousness of society;
when this class is, through its conscious-
ess, both of the subject and object of
consciousness; then the theory is an
immediate, direct and adequate relation
to the process of the social revolution,
thenuity of theory and practice, that pre-
condition of the revolutionary function of
theory, becomes possible.

Georg Lukács 1885 - Marxist literary
and social critic who served as Commissar
for Culture in the brief Bala Kun Soviet
Republic of Hungary in 1919 and
supported the Hungarian revolution of
1956 serving as Minister of Culture in
the Nagy Government and was a founding
member of the anti-Stalinist Hungarian
Communist Party. Professor of Aesthetics
at Budapest University.
You are wrestling with the Enemies of the human Race, not for yourself merely, for you may not see the full Day of Liberty, but for the Child hanging at the Breast.

Instructions of the London Corresponding Society to its travelling delegates 1796

WITH REGARD to a false interpretation of our enterprise, stupidly circulated among the public, WE DECLARE as follows to the entire braying literary, dramatic, philosophical, exegetical and even theological body of contemporary criticism:

1. We have nothing to do with literature. But we are quite capable, when necessary, of making use of it like anyone else.
2. Surrealism is not a new means of expression, or an easier one, nor even a metaphysics of poetry. It is a means of total liberation of the mind and all that resembles it.
3. We are determined to make a Revolution.
4. We have joined the word surrealism to the word revolution solely to show the disinterested, detached, and even entirely desperate character of this revolution.
5. We make no claim to change the mores of mankind, but we intend to show the fragility of thought, and on what shifting foundations, what caverns we have built our trembling houses.
6. We hurl this formal warning to Society: Beware of your deviations and faux-pas, we shall not miss a single one.
7. At each turn of its thought, Society will find us waiting.
8. We are specialists in Revolt. There is no means of action which we are not capable, when necessary, of employing.
9. We say in particular to the Western world, surrealism exists. And what is this new ism that is fastened to us? Surrealism is not a poetic form. It is a cry of the mind turning back on itself, and it is determined to break apart its fetters, even if it must be by material hammers!

The Surrealist Declaration of 27th Jan 1925. Signatories included Aragon, Artaud, Breton, Eluard, Ernst and Queneau.

"One must dream," said Lenin. "One must act," said Goethe. Surrealism has never maintained anything else, for practically all its efforts have tended towards the dialectical resolution of this question.

Position Politique de Surrealisme, 1935

Both feeling and reason degenerated in the age of capitalism when that age was drawing towards its end, and entered into a bad, unproductive conflict with each other. But the rising new class and those who fight on its side are concerned with feeling and reason engaged in productive conflict. Our feelings impel us towards the maximum effort of reasoning, and our reason purifies our feelings.

Bertold Brecht 1898–1956. Marxist poet and dramatist

The working class must carry out all these changes in the area of political, social and economic relations in order to realize its own class interest, which is the command over its own labour and its products. Is this program realistic?

With the initial step toward its realization—making the enterprise independent—the working class would create the conditions for adapting production to needs, eliminating all waste of the economic surplus and the proper use of the intensive factors of economic growth. The same would be carried out by the technocracy, the difference being that the production goal of the working class is consumption by many, not the luxury consumption of privileged strata. That is why workers' control of production would assure the most radical resolution of the contradiction between an expanded productive potential and the low level of social consumption which impedes economic growth today.

The workers separate class interest coincides with the economic interests of the mass of low-paid white collar employees and of the small and medium holders in the countryside. In their combined numbers, they are the overwhelming majority of the rural and urban population. Since the slavery of the working class is the essential source of the slavery of other classes and strata, by emancipating itself, the working class also liberates the whole of society.

To liberate itself, it must abolish the political police; by doing this it frees the whole of society from fear and dictatorship.

It must abolish the regular army and liberate the soldier in the barracks from nightmarish oppression;

It must introduce a multi-party system, providing political freedom to the whole society;

It must abolish preventive censorship, introduce full freedoms of the press, of scholarly and cultural creativity, of formulating and propagating various trends of social thinking. It will thereby liberate the writer, artist, scholar and journalist; it will create, on the widest possible scale, conditions for the free fulfillment by the intelligentsia of its proper social function;

It must subject the administrative apparatus to the permanent control and supervision of democratic organizations, changing existing relationships within that apparatus. Today's common civil servant will become a man free of humiliating dependence on a bureaucratic hierarchy;

It must assure the peasant control over his product, as well as economic, social and political self-government. It will thereby change the peasant from the eternal, helpless object of all power into an active citizen sharing in making decisions which shape his life and work.

This is a sad reality: Vietnam—a nation representing the aspirations, the hopes of a whole world of forgotten peoples—is tragically alone. This nation must endure the furious attacks of US technology, with practically no possibility of reprisals in the South and only some of defence in the North—but always alone.

The solidarity of all progressive forces of the world towards the people of Vietnam today is similar to the bitter irony of the plebeians coaxing on the gladiators in the Roman arena. It is not a matter of wishing success to the victim of aggression, but of sharing his fate; one must accompany him to his death or to victory.


The International of Crime and Treason exists, the present task is to create an international of Resistance and Solidarity.

We must leave our dreams and abandon our old beliefs and friendships of the time before life began. Let us waste no time in sterile litanies and nauseating mimicry. Leave this Europe where they are never done talking of Man, yet murder men everywhere they find them, at the corner of every one of their own streets, in all corners of the globe. For centuries they have stifled almost the whole of humanity in the name of a so-called spiritual experience. Look at them today swaying between atomic and spiritual disintegration.

The Wretched of the Earth, by Frantz Fanon 1925–1961. Born in Martinique, Fanon was a doctor who became the leading thinker of the Algerian Revolution. He died of leukaemia.

The Government have referred the GLC rent increases to the Prices & Incomes Board. Tenants should be under no illusions that this is going to mean anything other than a postponement or slight adjustment, of the rent increases. Petitions and lodges will only have the same effect.

In the last resort only a rent strike by GLC tenants will effectively stop the rent increases; otherwise they will go through. Lodges and petitions which are not backed by strike action will be largely ignored.

If the GLC rent scheme is going to be stopped this will not be done by Parliament or the Labour councillors at County Hall. IT WILL ONLY BE DONE BY THE TENANTS THEMSELVES THROUGH THEIR OWN RESOLUTION, ACTION AND ORGANISATION.

Not a Penny on the Reints. A leaflet of the GLC Tenants Action Committee

Moralists of the Anglo-Saxon type, in so far as they do not confine themselves to rationalist utilitarianism, the ethics of bourgeois bookkeeping, appear to be conscious or unconscious students of Viscount Shaftesbury, who—at the beginning of the eighteenth century—deduced moral judgements from a
special "moral sense," supposedly once and for all given to man. Supra-class morality inevitably leads to the acknowledgment of a special substance, of a "moral sense," a "moral nature," some kind of absolute which is nothing more than the philosophic cowardly pseudonym for God. Independent of "ends," that is, of society, morality, whether we deduce it from eternal truths or from the "nature of man," proves in the end to be a form of "natural law" in its most repressive sense.

Heaven remains the only fortified position for military operations against dialectic materialism. Their Morals and Ours, 1938, Trotsky.

It is true that humanity has more than once brought forth giants of thought and action who tower over their contemporaries like summits in a chain of mountains. The human race has a right to be proud of its Aristotle, Shakespeare, Darwin, Beethoven, Goethe, Marx, Edison, and Lenin. But why are they so rare? Above all, because almost without exception, they came out of the upper and middle classes. Apart from rare exceptions, the sparks of genius in the suppressed depths of the people are choked before they can burst into flame. But also because the processes of creating, developing, and educating a human being have been and remain essentially a matter of chance, not illuminated by theory and practice, not subjected to consciousness and will.

From a lecture in Denmark 1932, Trotsky.

"Death to Utopia! Death to faith! Death to love! Death to hope! Thunders of the twentieth century in salvos of fire and in the rumbling of guns. Surrender, you pathetic dreamer. Here I am, your long awaited twentieth century, your "future." No, replies the unhumbled optimist: You—you are only the present."

On Optimism and Pessimism, 1907,
Leon Trotsky, 1879-1940. Leader of the 1905 Russian Revolution. Peoples Commissar for Foreign Affairs 1917-18; founder and leader of the Red Army during the Civil War. Denied possibility of "socialism in one country," and continued to work for world revolution until murdered by Stalin in Mexico.

Even before I emerged from childhood, I seem to have experienced, deeply at heart, that paradoxical feeling which was to dominate me all through the first part of my life: that of living in a world without any possible escape, in which there was nothing for it but to fight for an impossible escape. I felt repugnance, mingled with wrath and indignation, towards people whom I saw settled comfortably in this world. How could they not be conscious of their captivity, of their unrighteousness?

One night, in a port whose houses were shatter by bombs, the sick man in our party, some police officers and I went into a tavern filled with British soldiers. They noticed our unusual appearance. "Who are you lot? Where are you going?"

"But the thousands of kilos of bacon, coffee substitutes—immediate delivery! Dividends rise and proletarians fall. And with each one sinks a fighter for the future, a soldier of the Revolution, a liberator of humanity from the yoke of capitalism and finds a nameless grave.

"The madness will cease and the bloody product of hell come to an end only when the workers of Germany and France, of Great Britain and Russia, awaken from their frenzy, extend to each other the hand of friendship, and drown the bestial chorus of imperialist hyenas" with the thunderous battle cry of the modern working-class movement: "Workers of the World Unite!"

The Accumulation of Capital 1913, Rosa Luxemburg.

"...socialist democracy is not something which begins only in the promised land after the foundations of socialist economy are created; it does not come as some sort of Christmas present for the worthy people who, in the interim, have loyally supported their socialist dictators. Socialist democracy begins simultaneously with the beginnings of the destruction of class rule and of the construction of socialism. It begins at the very moment of the seizure of power by the socialist party. It is the same thing as the dictatorship of the proletariat.

"Yes, dictatorship! But this dictatorship exists in the manner of applying democracy, not in its elimination, in energetic resolute attacks upon the well-entrenched rights and economic relationships of bourgeois society, without which socialist transformation cannot be accomplished. But this dictatorship must be the work of the small and not of a little leading minority in the name of the class..."

The Russian Revolution 1917, Rosa Luxemburg.

"Mistakes committed by a genuine revolutionary labour movement are much more fruitful and worth while historically than the infallibility of the very best Central Committee."

In Die Neue Zeit 1904, by Rosa Luxembourg 1871-1919. Born in Poland, became leading Socialist Revolutionary, moved to Germany 1898 where with Karl Liebknecht she led the anti-revisionist wing of the Social Democracy. Author of "The Accumulation of Capital" murdered by Fascist thugs in January 1919 during the abortive German Revolution. With Lenin one of the two greatest Marxists of the twentieth century.

It is not only the conscious hyprocites, scientists, and priests that uphold and defend the bourgeois lie that the state is free and that it is duty to defend the interests of all, but also a large number of people who sincerely adhere to the old prejudices and who cannot understand the transition from the old capitalist society to socialism.

The State, 1919 by Vladimir Ilyich Lenin 1870-1923, leader of the Bolshevik wing of the Russian Social Democrat Party. Against the opposition of every other political group and sections of the Bolsheviks he agitated for and brought about the October Revolution, the world's first proletarian revolution. Died with the USSR isolated, the Western European Revolution he anticipated not having materialised.
1968 would be as good a year as any for the liberal intelligentsia to start taking politics seriously. Let's, for example, pretend that the Metropolitan Police are the Wehrmacht and the dockers are breaking the windows of all the Indian restaurants in Gerrard Street. Orwell could make believe in the National Conservative administration of 1971, the first shot striker and the Student Problem. Or perhaps the meat porters do find out that it's the bankers and not the blacks. Either way the elaborate parlour games of most of our political intellectuals could be broken up fast by the realities of a world recession, concentrated economic power and eroded democratic institutions.

Fleet Street's chain of fools and their allies in the university have told us for years that the class struggle didn't exist or wasn't needed any more or that it was our business to be on the other side of the barricades anyway. When the students in Germany talked about overturning capitalism, they patronised them and put the rebels on the front of their glossies like cavemen painted mastodons to show their mastery. When it happened in France, they talked of its 'style' and how we have a middle tier of oppression so it can't happen here. And when it does happen here and maybe it's no longer chic but brutal and muddy and the rubbish is burning and Harrods is looted, they will not still see it's about revolution and socialism and that for us all else is folly. The nice people will have to choose then between those who honked their horns around the Champs Elysee and shouted 'Cohn Bendit to Dachau' and accurately 'Liberate' our factories' and the workers marching in the Place de la Bastille with the clothes they have stood beside machines in all their life. And if that's already too much like cliche, then you've already chosen your side. As for us we should have chosen long ago.

For until this struggle against capitalism and for popular power is finished, we remain in this log jam at the middle of the century sung as Arnold wrote, "between one world dead and the other still powerless to be born". At least while the Labour Party is in opposition the myths of Fabianism might be maintained; for the intellectual that increased Parliamentary representation of the Labour Party means the increase and then the achievement of popular power, for the worker that if there was a Labour Government as well as a Labour Council then rents would not still go up and houses would not be built. But the vulnerability of the British economy to international capital movement and confidence has revealed yet again the weakness and unjustified optimism that social democrats have always had about economic and political power.

The independent foreign policy, as beloved of C.N.D. or Douglas Home, is so many sweepings before the brush of American Power. The export of hope depends simply on how long and how low working class living standards can be forced and the science of '64 means the productivity of '65.' But the rewards of collaboration with capital have not been adequate to buy mass support with wages and domestic booms and Labour has been without mass support for 4 years now. But over the last two years even those party activists who remained have finally sickened away from politics and gone back to "Gardeners' Question Time" and mild and bitter. Increasingly suitable undemocratic professionals of Transport House are wielding the dead weight of a party defined by the absence of militants or of real strength from the class socialism is all about.

In fact the students' emphasis on opposition outside Parliament is a precise expression of the options open to serious socialists in the face of the shift to the right which social democracy and European communism has made over the last 20 years. Coalition social democracy has abandoned even its verbal claims to equality and social reform, the rhetoric of Wilson, Brandt, Mollet and Nenni (and for that matter Sik and Lieberman) is now thoroughly state plannist, elitist, technical and manipulative.

The Communist Parties have in turn occupied the reformist parliamentary programmes which social democracy has vacated. The drive towards respectability and the attempt to strip the tiger, ballot box by ballot box, has meant the isolation and frequent suppression of the CP's militants so that its functionaries could achieve the plush comforts of the Parliament. The Marxism they practice is for the most part the ruling class ideology of the Soviet Union, national and conservative and forced to exorcise the most authoritarian elements of European socialism. The responsible C.P.-ers appealing for moderation at tolerant meetings are as fundamentally reformist as the French Stalinists who stopped the students and workers of Paris, just less successful. They are no more de-Stalinised than Globke and Oberlander are de-nazified. The comment is plain; the leaders of the C.B.I welcomed to the leather chair of the Kremlin to complain about their workers over vodka aperitifs; the cautious and 'responsible' behaviour of the Moscow Narodny Bank Ltd. in tidying over the last two gold crises.

But because there is no visible political institution which can be seen to represent student socialists and because loyalty to Eastern Europe is no longer an accurate litmus to the far left, the political train spotters
NO!! It's the last straw!
America and Russia have
decided to billy in one and
The Soviet American
Their command, headquarters, centre
or a vast joint scientific and industrial

1917
1920

WEBBS

1930
Mc
DONALD

1950'S

TRIBUNE

CASTRO

CHE

C.N.D

1968
WILSON

MayDay Manifesto
V1 Fitzroy Square, London N1.
New Left Review
Vietnam Solidarity Campaign

MayDay Manifesto
11 Fitzroy Square, London N1.
New Left Review
Vietnam Solidarity Campaign
8 Toynbee Street, London E1

Communist Party of Great Britain
(Marxist Leninist)
London Workers Committee

INTERNATIONAL SOCIALISM
36 Gilden Road, London NW5

COMMUNIST PARTY
35 King Street, London W1

Left Opposition

HUNGARIAN
UPRISING

PARIS

Solidarity
534 Westmoreland Road, Bromley,
and student affairs' experts' whose ideology is end of ideology, have assumed that students are no longer interested in theory and analysis but are just in it for the punch-ups. If only lines of communication could be opened for full and free dialogue and the trouble makers eliminated, the universities could get back to the real and superbly harmless works of scholarship. Whereas in fact political students spend their waking, thinking, drinking life utterly bound up in politics and analysis. Those who are fond of asking why we don't join the NLF should not suppose that the workers and intellectuals of the Spanish War are the only people who meant what they said when they declared they would die for what they believed. Indeed the very frantically of students, their capacity for outrage and hope, is an affront to the man ethic of late capitalism for which a flayed self-awareness wears so much better than conviction.

What is at the back of this urgency, what makes the anger last and deepen is the horror which must happen every day to maintain the US occupation of South Vietnam and the final horror which comes from the realisation the Vietnamese will be repeated until the US is either a fortress in mutiny or so over-extended that the final reckoning comes. But students respond is not just the contr-empt that any person with a sense of meaning must feel over the mouth disease of LBJ, Brown's righteous hypocrisy and Wilson's diatribes written in the Pentagon. It is not only the well chronicled, familiar, glutinous lies, the genocide to save a civilisation, humanities Incendetgels, the fragmentation bomb of freedom. The mirror Vietnam holds up to the West illuminates precisely those myths that are at the centre of the status quo, the absence of class struggle, the inevitability of economic growth and thus increase in living standards, the post colonial powers' begin international intentions.

International capitalism has obliged the triple anniversary of Marx with a life-scale demonstration of precisely why it cannot make the world liveable for its people. It is not just the war in Vietnam, but the needs of an economy which makes Vietnam the rule rather than the exception an economy's stabilised only by high unemployment and massive defence related expenditure, a system required to police the neo-colonial empire that it has, at least for a few more years yet, to expropriate economically and supervise politically. America, that fine citadel of democracy, needs its guns and buttresses; to get them Tom Paine must be bound naked to the stake of militarism. As the late Isaac Deutcher, whose magnificent witness against the new barbarism alongside Sartre and Russell was an initial inspiration to the movement which has grown up across Europe to defeat the Americans in Vietnam, wrote: "About 60 years ago Rosa Luxembourg predicted that one day militarism would become the driving force of the capitalist economy but even her forecast pales before the facts". The helplessness of Wilson even to make a formal diplomatic break with America (and thus the helplessness of those on the Left whose sole aim was to pressure him into dissociation) illuminated the nature of our servility to the needs of imperialism as clearly as the bankers budget, the gratuitous cuts say in the NHS for the foreign audience, and the shows of 'toughness' indicate the helplessness of national capitalist planning with capital international and irrational. The world's on fire; all Wilson can offer is the nudging and anticipation of backward British capitalism into mergers, investment and what is known as technological advance. The carrot is his grim dedication to the task of depressing living standards to a level at which even British business cannot help but become more competitive in the bitter conflict over the dwindling growth (perhaps even an absolute decrease in '68) margin of world trade. The political drive towards state capitalism makes sense to Maudling and Shore as well as Robbins and is resisted magnificently by small CBI firms. Its main political implication is the increased induction of the higher levels of the trade union bureaucracy into the state planning machinery and then the use of the unions themselves to discipline their own rank and file. The TUC leaders find themselves wandering the corridors of power without entry to any of the doors of control and having abandoned even the notion of a militant rank and file on their journey to the top. In the fifties, it proved easier for much of British business to pay wage drift rather than fight it and union officialdom was able to acculturate to relatively automatic reformism from above. But the conditions which underlie the Gold Crisis mark the end of this era; wage increase must be fought and won in conditions which inevitably link the industrial to the political. It is in this promising situation and in the opportunities it provides for attacking the fact and the politics of freezism, that student socialists have tried to find a footing. But as the aprons and boots in St Phcphers Yard suggest, there is no guarantee provided that the turbulence and disillusionment within the union rank and file will turn to the left, although similar vacuums
Germany, France and US have led to important achievements for the revolutionary left. What is clear is that the Labour Party's roots in the working class are withered in the air; the MP's and intellectuals who remain must feel as far away from the young people who proudly carry NLF flags, as they do from the workers who are no longer ashamed to shout 'keep Britain White.'

The Sunday Press waxes, or rather wanes, eloquent, the svelte left cries into its whiskey and the Parliamentary Left continues to flag its dead horses in the Augean stables of Westminster but none of them notice there's no one listening and nothing is revealed... Of course the taste for revolution is nothing new to the young middle class. Acid-hippies, progressive school bohemians and bored pop entrepreneurs all like the language of total liberation and look of Che Guevara (and some can even spell this name right). But as for theory and ways of understanding, there are either brain diseases any way or have already been gleaned from Cimarama Dr. Zhivago. Indeed, the more the underground loons on about revolution, the more obvious it becomes that not serves roughly the social role that gin did in the Thirties, by enabling the young enlightened middle class to gather round and talk about their enlightenment. The club called Revolution where the young ruling class weariness under portraits of Mao and Che is only typical of this radical dishonesty.

As the traffic to Xanadu thins, it ought to become clearer which of the new orientalists are moved to ask or answer any serious political questions. But in the USA the generous dreamings of the acid left has been overtaken by reality, hippies give away food but negroes take refrigerators, and will hopefully leave the induction centres, police stations and tenements in ashes. Ginsberg did drink the water of the Ganges and he did have dysentry for a month afterwards. The intelligensia seem happy enough treading the water of the Mall palaces, content in the knowledge that we live in a world of viciously interacting bourgeois bric-a-brac. To paraphrase Buechner, the whole thing makes you realise how much more important is a single houseman on strike than five thousand critics campaigning to legalise public hair.

What, on the other hand characterises the political militants is a strong sense of the impotence of seminar socialism marxist hash evenings and all the complicated rationalisations of the liberal intelligentsia which ultimately serve to limit all activity to discussion and contain all discussion within the magic circles of the academic middle class. It has made them wary even of the photogenic struggles within the university. For the result of such militancy is usually the collaboration within a few committees on the herbaceous border of power where a large amount of time is spent comparing the students white with the administrations black and settling on a negotiated charred.

Those who are serious are increasingly aware that the universities and the technical wing of the binary system are essentially there, enlarged or otherwise, to provide specified amounts of predictable skills to the medium levels, to a given industrial system. It is this system and the ways of changing it which finally concern us. The JCR's are voting their money to the picket line not the pantomime, students spend as much time with Tenants Associations as with their tutors; the spectre is still haunting Europe but its banners this time read: 'today the students, tomorrow the workers.' Unnoticed by the whispering gallery of the London Left, students and workers are making growing contacts, gaining mutual self respect and through their activity and their experience of it retrieving something from the husks of Wilsonism. For without these roots into and connections with working class life, the most scintillating critique of bourgeois ideology, the fulness of blue prints for student power, and the grooviest of anti-universities could all be paid for by the Arts Council for all the danger they present.

To wait for revolution by Mao or Che or comprehensive schools or BBC-2 is to play the violin while the Titanic goes down, for if socialists don't take their theory back into the working class; there are others who will.

Similarly the solidarity with our German and French comrades was not just a vicarious gesture, but because we know our struggle is integrally linked to theirs and that we both face and are overcoming very similar problems. The spirit in which the students of Europe increasingly collaborate and meet politically is specifically one of socialist internationalism, not the remnants of the Fourth International nor the furniture of international Stalinism or the dining clubs of European social democracy but rather the invisible international which the great revolutionary Victor Serge wrote of: 'It represents the beginning of a recovery of the tradition of European revolutionary socialism and the activist heart of Marxism within it. It is no accident that Luxembourg and Liebknecht were the faces paraded in the German streets and Trotsky's face that the students pinned across the courtyards of the Sorbonne. The rifle butt and the canal for Luxembourg, the ice axe for Trotsky and the pistol for Dutschke, these are different weapons of different ruling classes. The message of this last year is that their imperatives are being taken up again in the cockpit of Europe.'
I will not cease from mental fight
nor shall my sword rest in my hand,
till we have built Jerusalem
in England's green and pleasant land.
AGIT 3
THE MAY REVOLUTION
by Angelo Quattrocchi

Last day of May.
Hopes are crumbling around us, we have lived a successful rebellion, a failed revolution.
Now: rage, impotence, bewilderment. Images of workers going back to the same factories, owned by the same capital.
Early morning. The factory gates open and sucks them in, as before, as always. They sell their labour, they bow their bread.
We have gone the full circle.
The red and black flags still wave at the Sorbonne, at the Odeon. Hostages of a dream, defenestred.
Feverishly, the frail hands of the students prepare for the world to come, amidst the ruins of a working class betrayed by its leaders, the Trade Unions and the Communist Party.
For decades those leaders have skillfully bargained for crumbs, and in doing lost aims and will.
The paving stones wrote improbable poems which lasted fulminating seconds.
Calcinated cars, scars, fumes, flames, flares.
Kids running and trembling and running and throwing stones and being hit, for having discovered they exist.
Nights of the long knives. Barricades, which changed the pages of history, pages turned at unparalleled speed.
People stood to be counted, each according to his dreams fighting his ghosts, against blue slowly moving barriers of ancient force at 1 brutality: the faceless arm of Capital.
We now emit to paper, after the revolution which is lost and before the one which has to come, the words of hate for old and new enemies, the words of hope for new minds and young consciences.
Riddles, examples, courage. The young fight better.
More to hope, less to fear. In a revolution you risk your life to save your soul.
A revolution is total or is nothing.

Everything in the melting pot.
Students take over the Universities. Workers take over the factories. Students want to run the Universities. Workers want to run the factories. To each according to his dreams.
The young girl who is not allowed out after eleven is a bloodstained pullower lit by the barricades in flame, in rue Gay Lussac. The May Commune.
The three red fridays: the 3rd, when the police invaded the Sorbonne; the 10th, the night of the student’s barricades; the 24th, the night of the riots, when the Stock Exchange burned for long minutes.
The three red fridays, red with flames and blood, but in the latter part of the night black, dark with fear and savagery.
Students and workers and innocents pay. In the police stations the skulls crack, limbs are torn, broken, faces beaten to a pulp.
Silhouettes squashed against street doors, dark upon dark, while the sirens run through the conquered streets.
Shame, misery, vulgarity.
The spasms of a class in agony, a class which pays the mercenaries to maim its own children, who have suddenly learned to think.
When the workers joined the students the walls were crying the revolution could win, against the old logic of the tired masters, against the tired horses of marxist faith.
The revolution was feeding itself, escalating madly and remorselessly, because there was victory in every defeat.
In the Latin Quarter, the end-products of the factories were used to build barricades. It was like trying to stop the flow of the river. But then it happened at the source, with the occupation of the factories. The rebellion had become a revolution.
We state here, against the manipulators of our truths, that this has been a spontaneous rebellion, followed by a spontaneous revolution, slowed, harassed and finally brought to the halt not by the enemy, but by those who should have lead us, and betrayed us. It has been confronted by the traditional powers of darkness, the strong arm of Capital.
And that is as it should be.
But darkness has found new allies: the parties of the Left, the Communist Party traitor to its cause, and the Trades Unions, which assumed the role of the police of the working class.
Two old aims. More bread and the overthrow of the capitalist system. For the first, the Trade Unions. For the second, the Communist Party. A century goes by. The communist Union — CGT — wants more money, nothing else.
The Communist party wants order, at all costs.
Two hundred young workers occupy the first Renault factory, in the middle of the night (when their police — the CGT — isn’t around). In a few hours the fire spreads to the country, in three days there are nine million strikers. The country is at a standstill.
But the CGT asks only for money, keeps the students out of the factories, chokes the movement.
The middle classes hoard food and tremble behind closed shutters, in country houses. The government howls, a powerless hyena. De Gaulle calls for a referendum and is ignored.
The army is indifferent.
Then, the realization. No money, no transport, the food is there only because the workers have decided to bring it to the towns. Electricity is there only because the workers want it. The country is immobilized, breathless.
It’s time for takeover. Start running the factories, providing the essential services. Worker’s control, workers’ councils. Now. Now.
The CGT and the Communist Party prevent it.
They threaten, appeal to reason, cheat, lie. The workers have taken over without them, in spite of them. But they say they are not ready, they ask for a bit more money. And De Gaulle goes to see his Generals, pleads for their help, brings in the army, and his fascist allies. It’s election or civil war. The CGT and Communist Party back down. It’s the end, the end of the first episódex.

Burn, Saint Michel, burn !
Rue Gay Lussac is in flames. The tear gas burns eyes and lungs, plastic helmets are handy, three cars are enough to block a street. A street is a battle, the paving stones are the same. The second French revolution, the same stones. Thanks to them, and thanks to the 73 comrade trees which consolidated the barricades, and were burned by the enemy’s grenades. And thanks to those people of the Latin Quarter who didn’t dare to come out but at least threw us food that night we waited for hours on the barricades, before the attack.
Thanks to the people who gave refuge
to the students chased by the riot police, whose batons aim at the face and the crutch, two things they do not have.

And finally, thanks to the fascist press and the fascist radios who have unwillingly helped the movement by their constant lies. One special mention for 'Humanitaires', organ of the French Communist Party, which has made clear to all that they are the fifth column of the enemy, in spite of their tradition and name.

Oh yes! New people have been born. They do not experience poverty, physical hunger, only frustration for their social condition and contempt for the written and unwritten laws of society.

They are the students, the workers, the unemployed, the young who sparked the fire. The old-fashioned working class, under the grip of the Communist Party and the Unions, are the gunpowder. True, the mass of the working class only wants better conditions, mesmerized by its own institutions and half lulled marginal concessions. Spark and powder came to contact only the detonator didn't work.

It started in the Universities, concentration camps of the mind, where privilege is consumed, and perpetuated. There, the predilected sons of injustice and absurdity learned the reasons for injustice, discovered the sources of that absurdity.

And rebelled.

Who is Charlemagne, Professor Emeritus?
Charlemagne was a very good king who defended Christianity.

Do you know what workers eat for lunch?
Professor Emeritus assumes his students want their piece of paper, to become patented oppressors. They are therefore allowed to give the right answers, not to put questions.

The trade union official assumes that his workers, ruled by poverty and fear, want just a few more crumbs to fall from the capitalist tree, a tree resplendent in goods and napalm, prodigal in arms and bombs, sparing with salaries. Both were wrong.

And the factories are occupied, the owners and the managing directors locked up in their offices. There too, it's mostly the young, because the older fear victimization, which they have suffered countless times, and have wives, and families, and worries, and the best of them a party card, or a trade union card, which ties them up. First Renault, then Citroën, and Berliet, and Nord and Sud Aviation, where they build the Concorde. Then the researchers and scientists came out, and all the rest, like an artichoke.

Do the scientists want just more money? Oh brother, they all talk of direct democracy. They talk of workers' and students' power. The old word 'comrade' is resurrected by exalted teenagers and handed back as good as new to the workers. All the universities occupied, all the secondary schools occupied. Will the children occupy the family homes and demand control, or better, the abolition of the family altogether?

This is only the first episode of the second French revolution. Remember how many battles, riots, fights it took to eliminate the aristocracy and to behead the king?

This time it is the people who want direct control against the system based on ownership of the means of production. The decisions are questioned at all levels by the people who produce. The producers, at all levels, from the working class level to the technocratic level ask for the elimination of hierarchy and direct control of their concerns. They challenge not only the functioning of the system but its very aims, and therefore its existence. The institutions of the Left prevented the workers from transforming their strike committees into workers councils. At other levels, from the teachers to the scientists, from the television men to the football players, they contested the existing system and prepared blueprints for a direct control of their concerns. They cannot be stopped. And what they want can only be done with a successful revolution.

The monarch flew to see his Generals, pleaded, won their support, flew back and declared war on the revolution. And astutely offered the escape to the washing-machines-conscious left elections.

There was a choice to make, a choice between the bullet and the ballot. That evening after De Gaulle spoke, when the army took its positions around Paris and at strategic points all over the country.

The leaders of the Left, chemists of sweat and crumbs, for decades preaching revolution and teaching resignation said they would take the ballot, once again. It could have been a victory, it would have been a victory because there were nine million strikers on one side, and only the police force on the other.

The army is made of peasant soldiers and student officers. They could have only used paratroopers and certain specialized corps. The proof. De Gaulle went to Germany to see General Massu, the only one who would have stepped in to obtain amnesty for his old friends of the Algerian coup. And they brought contingents from Corsica. The bulk of the army, soldiers and officers would have refused to be employed, let alone to fire on the strikers.

And the Gaullists, the shopkeepers, the fascists?

They were there the day De Gaulle spoke and threatened, true, but very few, only commandos would have been prepared to fight. The bourgeoisie does not come into the streets, it pays the police and the fascists to do that. They would have been drowned by the people. But the leaders of the Left took the ballot.

Murder! Murder! Fire to the police stations, this is a time of hate and blindness. History forgive us who could not be kind, who had to be hateful in order to create kindness.

11th of June. Two kids have died. No names, no sentiments, no time. Comrades, when shall we be able to sing again, in quietness and kindness?

Comrades, the gates of the factories are the gates of hell and of paradise, because both hell and paradise are on earth.

We must, and therefore we shall, we will trespass.

Who will find the words to sing the Sorbonne besieged? The agony of an era is agony of flesh and blood, it is screaming, pain, suffering.

Words come before and after, only.

Oh it had to happen, the pattern is old, too well known.

Power, ready to bathe us in blood, played its cards.

The conventional left backed down.

They started to bargain 10% of the present wages and sold all of our future. But many said no, the best said no and the vanguard of the future was left alone to stand and be broken.

The Renault workers and others. And the students, the bad conscience of this society.

The Sorbonne shudders, the bell of the chapel has been heard last night, calling its occupants to defend the citadel. Pravda's and Figaro's rotatives lie. Transistors ooze soothing music and lies. But we have eaten the apple, we will be back to take the tree.

Your desires should come to consciousness, your dreams will become realities, because this is a revolution. Not for bread, not for comfort, but for all you
think possible. We do not want to have more, we want to be more. We want the factories because we want to produce what is needed. What is the use of getting a penny and working for factories which make bombs?

Our mouths full of ashes will pass the words from university to factory, from factory to university. The humming of their machinery which impartially produces visible goods and invisible injustice cannot stop that. Those who have nothing to fear, those who do not care about what they own or what they will own, they will be the carriers of the future.

And our old organizations we will throw away like used rags. Only two rags to be kept, the red and the black, the red to scare the old bourgeoisie, the black to scare the old communist horses.

Old horses who tried to prevent the link between the students and the workers, the link between mind and body which would have made, which is making the revolution unbeatable. They had thrown a mystifying ring around us, the last emissary of the enemy.

Now the ring is broken. Factories occupied, country paralyzed, power on the defensive, bourgeoisie hoarding food and keeping indoors. We were at the top of the mountain, the promised land in sight.

The movement, the students of the pale hands and troubled minds and the workers with heavy hands and clear minds, they wanted to take over. They wanted to start the factories themselves, to start running the country. But those who keep the workers in ignorance and the students in their ghettos, our false leaders, said 'no'. They were contented with a mess of potteage, they were reasonable, sensible, peaceloving, they kept the country in check so that the owners and the State could find the machinery in order when the time came.

The promised land in sight, yes, but this side of the mountain, the forces of darkness grew denser, darker.

Ready for the embrace which suffocates, for the pistol shot which kills. We had to climb down the same way we came, to the waiting embrace of those who own in fear and live in death.

Splintered glass and burning wood, cobblestones are good projectiles, handkerchiefs soaked in lemon juice against the tear gas, the stones are dug up and passed from hand to hand and reach the barricade, where the defenders stand. When the gas makes the position untenable, run to the second barricade, when they cross the first one, then and only then it's time to throw all you have.

Barricades shouldn't be kept for too long. When running away from it, do not leave anybody behind, pick up your wounded if possible, because lying bodies will be kicked by successive waves of the enemy with white sticks. Between the barricades, fifty yards or so.

The enemy front line, the shielded and masked men with the grenades, are heavy and clumsy, they can run for fifty yards and no more. So by the time they come you should be already entrenched behind the second barricade. The enemy, like all barbarians, shouts in a frenzy of excitement. Remember when faced they are cowards, they are only mercenaries. Just beware of the ones who shoot their grenades point blank, they shoot to kill.

Encirclement is the everlasting danger. Most battles have a pattern. The enemy comes from the river and works its way up Boulevard Saint Michel. If Saint Michel must be kept as long as possible, diversionary tactics are essential. They have proved successful more than once. The attack on the police station by the Pantheon is the best example.

Police stations where they beat and torture the prisoners are the most advisable targets, of course.

Do not break anything if not absolutely necessary, for self defence. Cars have to be used for barricades, big and posh ones are more useful, small ones might belong to people who cannot buy another one.

The purpose of the enemy is to break your morale and your home. Your purpose, to defend your ideas. The barricades are only self-defence, the street battles are only a necessity, because the enemy has only brute force and employs it. Victory is inevitable. Only, it must be conquered.

The first episode is often the most heroic. It has proved that a takeover is possible. Now the unpredictable is at hand. People have learned to measure their lives in weeks, not decades. Hope is their strength, resignation their only enemy.

All the rest is rubbish. Only the small-minded want better conditions for themselves, and bugger the neighbour.

Look at the shopwindows, full of things. If you are good, you can buy them too, like others do. Please be good, and work, so you can consume, please consume, so everybody can carry on working.

Don't ask questions, just work and consume. Your superiors, teachers, trades unions leaders and bosses think for you. They are good for you. When work is finished, the telly and the radio tell you how to spend the money you have been handed. Please be good. Nice people do not make demonstrations.

*In the cruel month of April this was true, but France was waiting.*

*In the gay month of May all this muck was washed away.*

*In the hard month of June we shall see who sets the tune.*

Latin Quarter: battleground
Who did throw the first stone?
Echos reverberate from Rome.
Nothing is given, just one more pound.
All must be taken, like the Sorbonne.

Rue Monsieur Le Prince: scattered fights.
Rue Gay Lussac: we lasted three hours.
Place Denfert Rochereau: we were too many.
Boulevard Saint Michel: taken and lost.
Gare de l'Est: the workers are there.
Renault factories: we don't want elections.
Citroen factories: the people are with us.
The Sorbonne and Odeon: the revolution goes on.
Nanterre la Folie, where it all started. Resentment bottled in people. Remember: the poor suffer, the not so poor are bored. In France more than everywhere else. Undercurrent of class hate. Cohn Bendit is rumoured to have laid the daughter of the ex minister of education, a student of Nanterre.

At Nanterre now, meetings. The kids from the surrounding slums play hide and seek in the Campus.

Will they go to University?

The examinations are the police patrol of the mind. Abolish the University altogether. Culture, learning is for all. The population of Flins (Renault factory) joined strikers and students against the police.

The kid drowned near Flins was seventeen, and a Maoist.

The police Unions issued several communiques during the months of May, asking for more pay and complaining about being put in front of the students and the strikers. The communiqué said that if they were asked to confront the strikers it could become, for many, 'a case of conscience'. They must be using only the most brutal and ignorant now. When the army was called in to clean up Saint Michel after the nights of riots, the police was keeping watch on them. Power feared they would talk to the students and sympathise with them. One student was stripped naked but for his slip. Taken to a police station they put a grenade on his slip. It blew up. It's been testified by other students present. It has been impossible to trace him since. Passers by with red hair or red garments have been beaten late at night and in the early morning, the time of the witch-hunt in the Latin Quarter. The most popular sign at the Sorbonne: 'It is forbidden to forbid'.

Many of the soldiers were confined to their barracks during the month of May. What did De Gaulle promise to General Massu, in exchange for his support and intervention in case of a showdown? The amnesty of the generals of 'Algerie Francaise'.

It was De Gaulle who gave orders 'to be firm', the first night of the students barricades, when police attacked at 2.20 in the morning.

When a demonstration went by the 'General Assembly', the Parliament whose MPs people will vote for at the elections, there are six policemen to guard it. The demonstrators ignored it.

When grandpa De Gaulle made his fireside chat it was retransmitted in the courtyard of the Sorbonne. The students laughed a lot. When he said that the police had done its duty admirably, there was silence. Not one single shout.

The Paris Prefect of Police said that he too was clobbered when a student. The high school students have been the bravest under police attack. Kids between fifteen and seventeen were totally oblivious to danger, even more than university students.

The Communist Party says it respects two flags, the red one and the French one. They are Communists, but also French.
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AGIT 5
GRAFFITI
1968

These graffiti photographs are from a series of postcards being prepared by JLTY, 49 Kensington Park Road, W11. Phone: 727 3723.

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A GRIEF WITHOUT A PANG

VOID, DARK, DREAM

ASTIFLED, DROWSY

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IT IS SHIT

CARS ARE DEAD!

BURN IT ALL DOWN

WE ALL RACES ALL MEN ARE BROTHER
Dylan's hotel room—party—Donovan listens, as one of his projects plays in the background.

DYLAN from other side of room, breaks in suddenly.

Hey come on, I want to know who threw that glass in the street? Who did it? Now you better tell me, now it somebody doesn't tell me who did it, you all gonna get the facts here and never come back. Now, who did it? I don't care who did it, man, I just wanna know who did it.

DRUNK I'm passed... I was out there in the bathroom, coming out...

DYLAN Hey, don't tell me you're passed, man. Don't tell me you're passed because I don't want to hear you're just passed.

DRUNK I'm not, I'm not.

DYLAN Who threw the glass in the street?

DRUNK I didn't throw the glass.

DYLAN Well, who did it? Tell me, you were there—who threw it? You know who?

FRIEND OF DRUNK Yeah, I know who, Bob. But you know, you know.

DYLAN All right, key, I don't care who did it. If you know who did it you just better tell whatever did it to get out there and tell the cats that come up here to ask who did it, tell them who it was, I'm not taking no fucking responsibility for cats I don't know. I got enough responsibility with my friends and my own people.

DRUNK I agree.

DYLAN Now, now come on.

DRUNK I was out there...

DYLAN I don't care who was...

DRUNK ...When you asked who did it.

DYLAN I don't want no—none of your—none of your shit man.

DRUNK I'm not givin' you shit.

DYLAN Throwing a glass in the street?

DRUNK I'm not givin' you shit.

DYLAN What'd you do it for man? What'd you do it for, I mean, what'd you throw a glass in the street for?

DRUNK I didn't throw a glass in the street.

DYLAN Well, show me the person that did it. If you don't have him here by the time I count to ten you better take the responsibility for him.

DRUNK All right.

DYLAN All right—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten... you got him here?

DRUNK No.

DYLAN Hey, man, I'm not kidding. You think I'm kidding. He's gonna clean up that glass, man, or I'll clean it up.

VOICE I'll clean up your glass, man.

DONOVAN Hey, I'll help you man.

DRUNK I wouldn't clean your...

DERROLL ADAMS He's all right... he's...

DYLAN Hey, I believe he's all right, man. I believe he's all right. Well, okay, I believe it.

DRUNK Listen...

DYLAN I know a thousand cats that look just like you, man, talk just like you.

DRUNK Ah, fuck all. You're a big noise, you know. I didn't throw it, man, I know I'm a big noise than you, man.

DRUNK I'm a small noise.

DRUNK Right.

DRUNK I'm a small cat.

DYLAN That's right.

DRUNK If I'd thrown a fucking glass in the street...

DYLAN Shoves him.

You're anything you say you are, man.

DRUNK I'm nothing!

DYLAN You say you're small... you're nothing.

DRUNK I'm nothing!

DYLAN I believe you.

DRUNK Nothing.

DYLAN I believe you, man.

DERROLL ADAMS Boys.

Later...

DYLAN Leans over and takes drunk's hand.

I just didn't want any, I didn't want that glass... if you're sober, I didn't want that glass to hurt anybody.

DRUNK What?

DYLAN I just didn't want that glass to hurt anybody.

DRUNK It didn't.

DYLAN Okay.

---

GROSSMAN Now, what kind of money do you think? How far do you think we can push them?

TITO BURNS I tell you. As far as Granada goes, uh, they were talking 12-13 hundred pounds but there's 15 hundred there, I know.

GROSSMAN You don't think we can do better?

TITO BURNS Possibly, yeah. But I know that like he's talking to us 13...

GROSSMAN Why don't we ask for 2,000?

TITO BURNS Jeez. Well, I had that figure in mind, strange enough. GROSSMAN doesn't laugh. Get it settled.

BURNS Great.

GROSSMAN Why don't we, why don't we hear now and get an answer from them... cause you know why, don't you? Just tell them that I have to present it to Bob before we can give them the final answer, but we'll give it to them by tomorrow.

BURNS Fine... I'll get Johnny Hamps, Granada in there. The other was red/fuzz, but they're the same.

TITO BURNS To secretary.

Uh, Johnny Hamp, please. Urgently, wherever he is. Track him down, dear.

GROSSMAN The top one so far really is Granada, but I haven't spoken with them.

Phone rings.

SECRETARY on intercom. Umm, Johnny Hamp is in the studio, his secretary's there. If she could have some idea of what it's about she might be able to get him to ring in the phone.

BURNS Just say Bob Dylan. He'll be there in a shot. To Hamp. Two grand, Johnny, Yeah, on an exclusive. And it would be very much exclusive. He's not going to do anything wise. Yeah... yeah... yeah... yeah... yeah... you want to leave that with you, John? Hello?

CHRIS On phone at other end. Hello.

BURNS Yes.

CHRIS Ah, this is Chris, Stewart's P.A. speaking. He's not there. He's not, he's not, you know, available at the moment. He's a bit tied up in the theatre. Can I help?

BURNS Well, I think he might untie himself. Would you tell him this is the call he was expecting regarding Bob Dylan?

CHRIS Bob Dylan?

BURNS Yes.

CHRIS OK, well you know, when I say he's tied up I really mean it. You know, I'm not kidding.
THE HOTEL ROOM

Hotel manager enters, briefly (Grossman)

Dylan: Are you going to the concert?

Grossman: Yeah, I'm going to watch. I mean, I—well this is what I come to see most.

Dylan: Listen...

Grossman: ... But I thought I might have a word with you first. I mean, what is your whole attitude to life? I mean, when you meet somebody, what is your attitude towards them?

Dylan: I don't like them.

Grossman: I mean, I came here. What's your attitude towards me?

Dylan: No, I don't have an attitude towards you at all. Why should I have an attitude towards you? I don't even know you.

Grossman: No, but I mean and I would be an attitude if you wanted to know me or didn't want to know me.

Dylan: Well, why should I want to know you?

Grossman: I don't know... that's what I'm asking.

Dylan: Well, I don't know. Ask me another question. Just give me a reason why I should want to know you.

Grossman: Um... I might be worth knowing.

Dylan: Why?

Grossman: Huh?

Dylan: Why? Tell me why. What good is it going to do me for me to know you? Tell me. Give me one thing I'm going to gain.

Grossman: Well, you might learn something...

Dylan: About my attitude to life?

Grossman: Well, what is your attitude to life? Huh?

Grossman: I don't explain that in two minutes.

Dylan: Well, what are you asking me to explain in two minutes?

Grossman: Huh...

Dylan: ... That's all you're getting is two minutes.

Grossman: You're asking me to explain something in two minutes, too.

Dylan: I am?

Grossman: Yeah.

Dylan: Hey, now, what about you? Aren't you an artist?

Grossman: Oh, no.
DYLANYou know what I mean by give something material. I'm not necessarily interested ... 
DYLANYou have to find out what it is. Who do you talk to anybody who don't ... 
DYLANYeah, you know, why should you know, haven't you ever stopped to wonder why? 
SCIENCE STUDENTUmmm ... like everybody else. 
DYLANYeah, there's gotta be some reason, doesn't there? 
SCIENCE STUDENTYes, yeah, but it's nothing to do with me because they don't wanna know me before I go in. 
DYLANYeah ... they don't wanna know us or, you know, they don't wanna know me before I go in. 
DYLANYeah, well, what do you want from them? 
SCIENCE STUDENTBefore I go, I don't know them, I don't ... 
DYLANYou know what I mean by give something material. I'm not necessarily interested ... 
SCIENCE STUDENTNo, I don't, I don't think of myself as ... Do you ever try to find out, will it? 
DYLANYou always try to satisfy everybody? 
DYLANYou can communicate with them very well. 
SCIENCE STUDENTYou can communicate with them very well. 
DYLANYou can communicate with them very well. 
DYLANYou can communicate with them very well. 
DYLANYou can communicate with them very well. 
DYLANYou can communicate with them very well.
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All night rave
Envisioning
Mine own
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The Negative
Capabilities!
Yawping chanting droning whooping recharging the earth’s
Afro-American Asian
ticking over Jerusalem
salamic Huzaa grailzapp, vibrations

I had to go, & buy
the 3 posh Sunday papers
all the fantastic food & drink
& orgasmic sex-candied grovejoice
gorged down my gullet
over the previous 36 hours

rolled it all into an immense
but not to me at all grotesque

multi-technicolour
supplemented joint

I was just about to fight it
When my wife comes round the corner
and says: Hey wait
I want to read that

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SHORT
COMINGS?

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Guerilla Art Sloane Square: one day recently, before the Underground's six man graffiti squad pacified the area for Harrod's once again.

Concerned to redefine the terms 'use' and 'abuse' of drugs, Cohen is not so sure that legalising Pot is the answer.

Of course he says, it would be better than the present laws, but in itself it is too simple a solution. What I am trying to do is explore the sociological process going on, but in the end, I suppose, I am one of them, because I view the drug taker as a social deviant.

As the survey is his doctoral thesis, and he has publishing commitments, the full results of his work are unlikely to be available for two years, however, he thinks the early results are less favourable to the basic 'head' position than he himself would have thought.

Last question in Cohen's questionnaire:
Was u "stoned" toen u deze vragenlijst invulde?

A consumer survey would have little difficulty in establishing that readers of the new Italian invader International Playmen get more square metres of tit per unit cost than Penthouseholders. But London Editor Herbert Van Thai maintains in a stiff Home Counties accent, that he would prefer to publish more things like the long Marcuse interview in the launch issue. The younger almost revolutionary tone of Playmen's pieces he says is conscious and he is concerned to deny that Playmen Italy was one of the Roman magazines prosecuted for publishing fairly pornographic papparazzi shots of Bardot and Sahra. Though he is not quite sure.

At Penthouse, Bob Guccione is coolly unconcerned. No it wouldn't be fair for him to comment on one of his staffer's remarks that Playmen having failed to make Smith's might be left with a lot of the $85,000 initial print order in their hands. (Van Thai: Typical of Smith's: We're still negotiating.)

Guccione points out that Penthouse's quarter million run allows them more colour and draws more advertising revenue than anyone else. And the run goes up to half a million in November when Penthouse applies for a U.S. entry visa.

Last month, Paradise Hartley got married, turned 21 and came of age as "the man who threw a toilet roll at Conservative Leader Edward Heath and was afterwards fined £100 by Gloucester City Magistrates (Gloucester Citizen, May 26)."

In an Anti-Vietnam demonstration outside Gloucester Guildhall, a policeman's helmet was splashed witb red paint, Paradise's guitar was crushed, and two toilet rolls were thrown, one by Paradise into an open window, he was arrested, and charged with "Using Threatening Behaviour, Whereby a Breach of the Peace was likely to be occasioned."

For the crimes of, (1), throwing a toilet roll, and (2), singing protest songs, he was fined £45 less than the seven demonstators arrested in the Battle of Grosvenor Square, and £65 more than 3 men with prior convictions for grievous bodily harm who rolled a drunk outside a pub, £16 more than a drunken driver who killed a fourteen year old child sentenced in the same court, the same day, by the same Gloucester Magistrates.
The Queen and Prince Philip took a leisurely stroll around the grounds of the Queen's official residence, Balmoral House. They were greeted with a Guard of Honour and a display of military bands.

In the grounds of Balmoral, the Royal Family was greeted by representatives of the Royal Victorian Regiment. The Queen and Prince Philip then proceeded to the garden, which was filled with colorful flowers and plants.

As they walked, the Queen and Prince Philip were cheered on by the cheering crowd. The Royal Family then made their way to the Palace, where they were welcomed by the Governor-General of Australia and his wife.

The Governor-General presented the Queen and Prince Philip with a gift, and the Royal Family then proceeded to the Palace for a private meeting. After the meeting, the Queen and Prince Philip were back in their car, and they were driven to the airport.

At the airport, the Royal Family was greeted by the Australian Prime Minister and other top officials. The Queen and Prince Philip then boarded their plane, and they were off to their next destination.
THE WONDERFUL WIT
OF HRH PRINCE PHILIP

MY WIFE

DOESN'T GO TO THE LABAORY,
IT BLOODY WELL COMES TO HER!

BRISBANE

The Queen and Prince Philip in Brisbane.

BRISBANE

The Queen and Prince Philip in Brisbane.

SUNNY' SINS:
In the morning the Royal couple endured

SUNDAY SINS:
In the morning the Royal couple endured

HOSPITAL

The Queen and Prince Philip in hospital.

SUNNY' SINS:
In the morning the Royal couple endured

HOSPITAL

The Queen and Prince Philip in hospital.

SUNDAY SINS:
In the morning the Royal couple endured

HOSPITAL

The Queen and Prince Philip in hospital.

SUNNY' SINS:
In the morning the Royal couple endured

HOSPITAL

The Queen and Prince Philip in hospital.

SUNDAY SINS:
In the morning the Royal couple endured
2001 is a stunning experience. Its impact is so great that one’s critical faculties are left numb. And yet, to get at the real sense of the experience requires critical reflection — a great deal more reflection than the average ‘message’ film, in fact. Hidden in the blinding techniques and psychedelic dazzlement of 2001 there is a moral fable which betrays the apparent meaning of the film. Kubrick’s Odyssey through space and the future is also an obsessive voyage among his own ideas, ideas already familiar from Lolita and Dr. Strangelove. The trip to Jupiter is an effort to escape from the profound, pessimistic nihilism of these earlier works. And it is characteristic of Kubrick that escape is felt to be impossible. This dream of the redemption of humanity is in fact a nightmare, perhaps the most disturbing nightmare ever projected on the cinema screen. Beyond Jupiter and the infinite lies man’s destiny. This destiny is the contradiction of his existing nature, not its development. And yet the new universe beyond our dreams is even more frightening than the one we know.

2001 is essentially a fantasy-dia-
gram of human evolution. It is punctuated by three titles, printed on the screen like chapter-headings: The first is the Dawn of Man, the second — after the discovery of traces of intelligent life on the Moon — is Eighteen Months Later the Mission to Jupiter, and the third is Beyond Jupiter and the Infinite.

In the dawn of man, a species of primitive anthropoids clings to its marginal and precarious existence in a hostile nature. Then one morning a strange object is present when they awaken. It is a tall, black monolith quite devoid of markings. This tablet — whose shape is a formal key-note of the film — vaguely suggests the ‘Tablets of the Law’ to a culture whose subconscious is still Christian. The effect is reinforced by the loud choir of unearthly voices which explodes on to the soundtrack every time the Thing appears. However, its form and colour also suggest another familiar emblem of Christianity: the tombstone. The ape-men cluster curiously round this mystery, and touch it.

Somehow, the object’s influence leads them to see the possibility of tools, in their struggle for life. Next we see them using simple bone implements to hunt, and as weapons in their own wars. They have become meat eaters, killers as effective as the leopards they formerly feared. The leader of a band throws his bone-club victoriously into the air, and as it hurries through space, it is transposed into a satellite circling the Earth. Our victorious conquest of nature, culminating in space-flight, is merely a continuation of the same story. The tools have become more complex, and we have space-suits instead of anthropoid hair, but essentially nothing is changed. And nothing will change until another Tablet is discovered on the Moon.

It is important to observe that this picture of human evolution is itself an out-of-date one. Lewis
Mumford recently pointed out that the misleading notion that man is primarily a tool-making animal... will not be easy to displace. Like other plausible conceits, it evades rational criticism, especially since it flatters the vanity of modern Technological Man, that ghost clad in iron... (The Myth of the Machine)

It was a notion which suited the Industrial Revolution, the great burst of tool-invention that created our conditions of everyday living. But its limitations have become obvious in the age of computers and cybernetics which has followed. Here, a new vision of human pre-history has gathered force, where language is seen as the decisive transition from nature to culture and one of the oldest vestiges of language and ritual... of real novelty in the evolution of mankind. It does not tell us how far into the past these vestiges go, but it does indicate a possible continuity, this one states, in effect, that something more important than all the intervening human history must have occurred on the Moon, but we do not yet know what. However, we do have a firm picture of a hopeless, 'unchanging, backward-looking 'human nature', tied to animality and to social rituals which technological advance has rendered ridiculous.

Going towards Jupiter, the two representatives of this hopeless human nature, Bowman and Poole, are in a vast spacecraft which is also a computer. This mechanical intelligence ('HAL') controls every aspect of the craft. As it is programmed to respond to voice instructions, the astronauts can 'converse' with it. It can even take conversational initiatives, as it inquires how Bowman feels about the mission. It has motives — as we learn later, when it becomes clear that there was a hidden reason for the inquiry into the astronaut's state of mind. In the course of the same conversation, the computer suddenly reports a fault.

Repairing this fault entails going outside the craft in a one-man space machine. We learn that there is in fact no fault: it was a pretext for getting rid of the two humans (and the others hibernating on the voyage) because, as HAL puts it, 'I couldn't let you endanger this mission'. Bowman survives alone, but manages to get into HAL's brain and disable the machine.

Then we learn the truth. The computer knew about the objectives of the mission all along, as it had been programmed with the information before leaving. The astronauts themselves did not — they were supposed to find out on arrival at Jupiter. HAL had therefore to inquire and find out what Bowman (the commander) knew, before deciding how to realize its design: to meet the source of the alien intelligence itself, without human interference. The Moon monolith had given off a radio beam pointing towards Jupiter, like an instruction. Thus, the perfect and infallible intelligence man has created wants to appropriate...
riate this cosmic intelligence to itself.

The point is emphasized by the formal properties of the scene inside the computer. The oblong red space in which Bowman swims weightlessly, as he struggles to disconnect the higher brain-functions, recalls the shape of the Tablet. Even more strikingly, so do the computer keys which spring out as he severs them. Hence, H A L is as near as humans can get to Intelligence — but even the machine is corrupted by the human touch. Egotism and aggressive possessiveness have been built into it unwittingly — so that, by themselves, men cannot escape from their own nature even here. They need help, or rather Help. Kubrick's equivalent of the US cavalry — is waiting at Jupiter.

It is worth at this point recalling Kubrick's history as a film-maker. His films are all histories of defeat, from KILLER'S KISS up to DR. STRANGELOVE. Even the glossy brochure given out with 2001 admits weakly that Kubrick tends to be somewhat pessimistic and sceptical by nature. He came to the conclusion that space exploration might be the only thing that the human race could learn to do which would keep it from blowing itself up.

2001 lies beyond the destruction of the world. Having dismissed the human species in STRANGELOVE, Kubrick has tried to imagine an alternative. As the brochure puts it: "Nearly the year, even since he finished making DR. STRANGELOVE, Stanley Kubrick has been fascinated by the theme of extraterrestrial life. This life is waiting for the sole remaining astronaut at Jupiter, so that terrestrial life may be redeemed. Another black monolith is circling the planet to conduct Bowman on a trip of exploration 'Beyond Jupiter and the Infinite'."

In other films, Kubrick offsets his cold pessimism with outrageous grotesqueries (like the scenes between Quilty and Humbert in LoliD that underlined the message in black-comic fashion). This element is missing from SPACE ODYSSEY — its place has been taken by the grandly experimental sequences of Bowman's voyage beyond time and space. The dazzling technical novelties are designed to convey the dissolution of all the normal barriers of the humanly-conceived universe: inner space and outer space, the seeing eye and the inorganic fuse together into one experience.

Finally, Bowman's trip ends in a bizarre room where time too has ceased to exist. Here, he sees himself age and die, in a few moments of our time, where the only action is, naturally, a meal (a kind of Last Supper), and the shattering of a glass. Then as he wastes away, the Tablet materializes again (more tombstone-like than ever) and death and life themselves are reconciled. He is reborn, and becomes the new life-form demanded by the logic of Kubrick's Weltanschauung: the cosmic answer to human depravity. He floats back to Earth, an ethereal foetus in a transparent ball, and turns to face the audience in the film's concluding image: "our future, or a reproach to what we are?"

Obviously, the interpretation of these last sequences is crucial for understanding the film. The critics were very nice about 2001, on the whole, though some were puzzled by the ending. Writing in New Society, Paul Mayersberg claims that Kubrick's previous view of man... as a self-destructive animal has been considerably modified in 2001. The latest film proposes the possibility of a new start for mankind in space... an optimistic, evolutionary view of man.

He attributes this softening of Kubrick's pessimism to the influence of co-writer Arthur C. Clarke. It is quite true that Space Odyssey is an attempt at transcending the gloomy vicious circle Kubrick previously moved in, and this might indeed be due to Clarke's participation. But it is no less important to observe that this attempt emerges as quite unconvincing, and both looks and feels all wrong.

The strange room fashioned by the cosmic Intelligence for Bowman is utterly chilling. Described as 'an elegant apartment' in the British Film Institute Bulletin's review, and taken by Mayersberg as representing humanity's past, its most evident characteristic is actually phoniness. It is in Mid-Western Louis Quinze, rendered even more eerie by the shadowless underfloor lighting. What happens is even more nightmarish. Bowman undergoes the universal horror of the body's ageing and decay in a lived-out dream-time of instants, from which he may not awake. Uncomprehending, he feels close on him the trap of time, tolerable to our reconditioned minds only because the young can now see the matts as old er. The position is like a guinea pig in some cruel laboratory experiment. Then, given rebirth by the faceless experimenter, his cold alter ego turns enigmatically once more in our three dimensions.

The Bulletin says that The film's major achievement is nothing less than to provide a new mythology for Space Age Man... But it would be more accurate to say that Kubrick has given us a new, uncomfortable twist to the oldest religious ideology of all: the idea that men were made by a super-being beyond our understanding called God. However, the old notion pictured this Being as nice, rather than simply intelligent.

Christianity: the hand of the redeeming God is disclosed in the last sequences, as cold as an empty ice-box. The texture of the closing images does not show a new Christ of kindness, but one of those chilling Super-brains which stalk the pages of conventional science-fiction. This is not a new start for man, but something else altogether — a being without animal qualities, but also without human ones. Naturally, the film defines the process in its result as insurmountable, unknown; but why must the unknown be nasty?

The Christians always said we shouldn't judge what appears nasty, as it may be for our own good in the long run, and we cannot fathom the ways of God. Fortunately, the ways of Kubrick are another matter. They appear to lead us towards a new world of experience, using the utmost in technique and free imagination; in fact, they lead us back into the heart of the oldest, stallest kind of despair with the human state. The message was always false. In this year of our Revolution, it is absurd, too.