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[Review] Hippie Hippie Shake by Richard Neville

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Abstract

The 60s, we are constantly told, were a time of rebellion, a time of change, a time of hope, or just a self-indulgent game of the "me" generation, depending on point of view. The 60s are currently decried by a younger generation, jealous of the alleged freedoms and actions of the baby boomers who have supposedly left them nothing to inherit but the wind. Revisionist writers go to extraordinary lengths to debunk the mythology of the 60s, but in essence they mainly rail against the late 60s early 70s. In their attacks on the baby boomers they conveniently forget that the oldest of this demographic grouping was only 14 in 1960, and the vast majority of them were not even teenagers!

Keywords

hippies, counterculture, OZ

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Richard Neville, *Hippie Hippie Shake: The Dreams, The Trips, The Trials, The Screw Ups, The Love Ins, The Sixties*, Heinemann, London, 1995, 384p.

Review by Pete Steedman.

The 60s, we are constantly told, were a time of rebellion, a time of change, a time of hope, or just a self-indulgent game of the "me" generation, depending on point of view. The 60s are currently decried by a younger generation, jealous of the alleged freedoms and actions of the baby boomers who have supposedly left them nothing to inherit but the wind. Revisionist writers go to extraordinary lengths to debunk the mythology of the 60s, but in essence they mainly rail against the late 60s early 70s. In their attacks on the baby boomers they conveniently forget that the oldest of

this demographic grouping was only 14 in 1960, and the vast majority of them were not even teenagers!

The early 60s were like the 50s. There was an incredible conservatism in Australia. Censorship of world-acclaimed literature and art was rife, there was only one university per state (except in New South Wales), the pill was in its research stages, Australia had yet to send "observers" to Vietnam, let alone troops, and Barossa Pearl was Australia's favourite wine. To a growing number of young people, the climate was stifling and in need of a shake-up. Many had spent their early years being brought up by mothers, grandmothers, aunts, while the men were away at the war. For those whose fathers came home, there was the unfamiliarity, the readjustment period, the mood swings, the households run like a barracks, the problems with re-establishing relationships. Rock and roll hit for these pre-war and war babies just as they were into their teens. It activated a mood of rebellion, gave words to a feeling of anger and alienation, created an alternative lifestyle, and most of all, it was hated by their parents. *Rebel Without a Cause* and *The Wild One* were documentaries of angry and confused youth attempting to find their place in the brave new world. James Dean and Marlon Brando became role models, as did the young Elvis Presley.

Into this atmosphere in an Australia dressed in Stamina suits, made from Crusader cloth, came Richard Neville, a middle class boy from Mosman, and his fellow bourgeois revolutionaries later to be tagged by the media as "The Wizards of OZ". While they were not unique in their attitudes and protest, and would later find that they were part of a world-wide movement. The repercussions from their actions galvanised Australia's literati and would lead years later to the longest running obscenity trial in Britain. The colonies would bite back. Richard Neville has chronicled his path from immaturity and a desire to be noticed, to his near martyrdom as a defender of youth rights in the face of a hostile

establishment. His latest book *Hippie Hippie9 Shake* follows his life from boarding school, university, Australian OZ and the subsequent trials, the overland Asian experience, to infamy and fortune in London at a time of political and social turmoil. This book is about the 60s and covers the period from the beginning of the decade to 1972.

Neville's book, although self-indulgent in many ways (and it is hard not to be if you are the central character), captures and transports you back to a simpler time. You follow the narrator as he climbs the ladder, experiments with new concepts, feelings and drugs, and name drops his way through the "beautiful people" in the London of the late 60s. Perhaps this is not the case for some, but as one who was there and was an active participant, it brought back many memories of old friends and events, and it transported me briefly back to a time when we were young, clever, rebellious and genuinely believed we could change the future direction of this planet. For those who weren't there it could be a disturbing book in some ways especially for those who desire to project the current conservative need for political correctness into the past to condemn the attitudes and actions of a generation who thought they were expanding the parameters.

The overt sexuality, sexual exploitation and perceived permissiveness can be abhorrent to those who were not part of it or who cannot put it into its proper cultural, social and historic significance. Then again some people just don't like "that sort of thing" anyway. Neville's child-like innocence in many situations and his self-deprecating attitude when confronted by people like artist Martin Sharp as to his actual role - "your tastes are philistine - you never see what's happening until it's in the colour supplements" - give the book its humanity. Richard Neville is searching for his place in the spotlight but is not exactly sure where it is or at the end of the day what he has achieved. He has had more than his 15 minutes of fame, and now in his 50s, living with a young family in the Blue Mountains,

needs to consolidate his place, wherever that may be, in the history of the 60s and the cultural development of Australia.

Neville begins his Odyssey as the "class clown" at a "privileged" boarding school that he found difficult to relate to. He is pictured in the book in 1959 "poised to hit the floor on Bandstand", the long running music program, stating that to dance on Bandstand "filled a desperate need of mine to be noticed". Many critics of Neville would believe that that statement is the beginning and end of his commitment. But even if it were true, the next decade and a half of his life should prove there are easier ways to be noticed. Neville, like many of us, flourished at university. Suddenly the restrictions of school, home, a structured job no longer existed. Whatever you were there was a place for you, and if you wanted change, you were in an environment where you could experiment with relative safety. He becomes the editor of *Tharunka*, the student newspaper of the newly developing University for New South Wales. As with Monash (opened 1961) and Melbourne, there was a feeling of superiority from the established universities, in this case Sydney, towards their embryonic rivals, and this led to a need for the new kids on the block to prove themselves. A generation of student editors was developing who were to change the face of student journalism and take on the values and shibboleths of a complacent society. With the advent of the offset printing process, it also enabled flexibility in layout and design that could never be achieved with hot metal. These editors included Neville, Richard Walsh, Richard Carleton, Phillip Frazer and myself, and our influences changed the direction of student papers in the other states. Editors conferences enabled us to spread the seeds of revolution, co-ordinate political strategies and get into some heavy drinking.

On 1 April 1963 Neville, together with Walsh and Sydney Tech arts student Martin Sharp, launched OZ on the unsuspecting Australian public. It was to be a magazine to kick the pretentiousness out of

Australian attitudes, to ridicule the hypocrisy of our society and present a new direction. It was a grubby little undergraduate scream at a society we wanted to notice us. And they did. The editors were charged with obscenity, mainly because of articles on abortion and chastity belts, far too risqué for the early 60s Australia. The subsequent search for sympathetic printers, the second obscenity bust for issue 6, Sharp's trial for another of his satirical cartoons in *Tharunka*, the jail sentences, the successful appeal and the growing stature of OZ have all been well documented in the Australian media. As the Melbourne connection, I did a brisk trade co-ordinating a group of sellers at the universities, knowing that the retailers would not stock the magazine and always mindful of the over-zealous Victorian Vice Squad led by Sergeant Mick Miller.

I had met Richard through a mutual friend soon after the first issue of OZ was published. In 1963 it was like a breath of fresh air to a young would-be rebel who wanted to confront the society with its contradictions and hypocrisy. So started a lifelong association, but one that has always had its tensions. The Melbourne street fighting political persona didn't go down at times with the Sydney artistic licence, sexual freedom direction that OZ and its editors took. I wanted to crush the system, Richard wanted to bend it and play with it. I wanted a society of equal opportunity, he wanted desperately to have a sexual revolution, with himself as its major beneficiary. Leather jackets and boots met duffle coats and "brothel creepers". A trip to Sydney could mean being rejected from the Neville Mosman home as a "bodgie", or a room out the back of the Sharp mansion, shared with the Great Dane.

In 1966 Neville and Sharp hit the hippy trail to London. Sharp, with his gentle tendencies, his artistic talents, and his inherited wealth, was a natural hippy. He could afford to be. He could float, comprehend, and participate in a way Neville never could. Richard needed to participate, but there

is always the foot in the other camp, the observer, the voyeur, the chronicler. He is unable to commit wholly to anything, his mind is too active, his attention span too short. The overland trip is basically uneventful and while Neville hungers for more knowledge of the exotic cultures he is passing through, Sharp wants the space he can relate to - swinging London. The arrival in London, the setting up of London OZ, the reuniting with his girlfriend Louise [Ferrier] from Australia, the relationships with Felix Dennis and Jim Anderson, his co-editors, and his changing relationship with Sharp, sets Neville on a path and perhaps a roller coaster he can barely control that leads Dennis, Anderson and himself to the dock of the Old Bailey.

A re-occurring theme in his book is his relationships with girlfriend Louise Ferrier and Martin Sharp. Both are strong and somewhat isolationist characters. They don't need the constant attention that Neville does to spark, and their insights and sardonic asides, faithfully reported, are usually aimed at Richard and are very caustic. It is as though they are there to balance him, to bring him down to earth, to nurture him but not indulge him. Sharp with the biting one liner "there are more things in heaven and earth Richard, than dreamt of in your philosophy", and Ferrier, the observer, extremely economic with words, an emotional backstop who continually confronts his immaturity. Another re-occurring and idiosyncratic character is Germaine Greer who has yet to publish *The Female Eunich* and is herself pushing the boundaries of sexual experiences in a way Neville could only dream of. Her representation as she weaves in and out of the story will not endear Neville to her fans who know her only through her writings, but to my recollection they are all true and reflect the changes and directions Germaine has made, and can make in her lifestyle without the need to maintain a consistent philosophy. She too is a seeker of something.

There is at this time in London an "alternative elite", and Neville proudly joins them. The parties, the meetings, the bed swapping and sexual obsessions, the celebrity status. We mix with the Lennons and Jagers, the alternative papers, International Times, Friends, the political fringe's Mick Farren and the White Panthers, Marxist writer David Widgery, Michael X, Caroline Coon from the drug help unit Release, the sexual liberationists or pornographers depending on your taste, Al Goldstein of Screw and Jim Haynes of Suck magazines. The celebrity status puts pressure on personal relationships and Neville is trying to write a book for publisher Ed Victor, another who is to play a larger role in his life. The advent of the pill, the "swinging" scene and the appearance of recreational "drugs" contributes to the out of control sexual experimentation that is to give the 60s its name. Germaine wants to run a column in Suck listing the sexual preferences and diseases of the rich and famous.

Meanwhile back in the real world, the trial of the Chicago 7 is happening in the United States. Bobby Seale of the Black Panthers is bound and gagged in a US courtroom and the establishment brutally overreacts to the provocative excesses of its youth. In Australia the anti-war movement is gaining strength and the government is threatening to jail anyone contributing to the North Vietnamese Red Cross for humanitarian aid. The police charge protesters with horses and batons and I offer to use my student newspaper office at Melbourne University to raise funds for the Red Cross. Some people want me shot. The Australian campuses are full of ASIO agents or paid informers who are often agent provocateurs. It is an interesting footnote to examine those who were so anxious to shut me up, or jail me, and their subsequent identification years later as being on the ASIO payroll.

While the barricades are up all over Europe, life in London still seems sweet. Richard and Louise participate in a sex film, they plan with Robert Hughes (later to be Art Editor of *Time* magazine) to fly a plane load of "freaks" back to Australia to show us all how much out of touch we are, the ultimate

patronising of the country of their birth. And they plan to allow a group of school kids to edit an issue of OZ. I arrive in London in early 1970 carrying a bit of baggage. My magazine "Broadside" has been pulped again by David Syme and Co, allegedly because of an anti-war cartoon, but rumour had it that it was because it was the one Syme publication that supported Labor in the 1969 election. When I closed it down in disgust Graham Perkin offers me a job with Alan Barnes in the Canberra gallery. At this stage I am also playing a minor role in the inquiry that leads to the jailing of several police involved in the abortion rackets and life is becoming a little dangerous. Add to that the costs awarded against me as co-respondent in a divorce case and a situation was created where a few years out of the country seemed reasonable. Arriving in London after some time in Asia I found the local expatriate scene in turmoil. Germaine is finishing off the final draft of *The Female Eunuch*, Bob Hughes is soon to be offered the *Time* job and I am there as his mansion flat is trashed by some very well-known Australian celebrities. They ripped out the water heater, tiles, brass fittings, the lot. They also wondered why it was hard for Australians to get accommodation in London. Harold Wilson went down to Ted Heath. The Labour voters had not bothered to turn out thinking victory was inevitable.

Neville's book *Playpower* is finally released to mixed reviews. David Widgery writes in OZ that "Neville's view of the sexual transaction is not so much advanced as insulting and it is all the more sad, he doesn't even notice it". Put on the "celebrity circuit" to promote the book he is increasingly marginalised by the "hipper" of the underground newspaper heavies as pre-occupied with self and image rather than fulfilling a role as an apparatchik of the revolution. At a fashionable gathering of the art elite, playwright Jane Arden sneeringly asks "Do you always carry OZ around on a flagpole to let people know who you are?" Richard is in need of a boost to his stocks as a legitimate player in the "alternative scene" and he will soon get it courtesy of the British legal system. He is negotiating with his publisher Ed Victor to raise funds for a weekly political tabloid. He returns briefly to Australia and

finds his parent's house a "dusty museum, frozen in its 50s decors, silent and stale". Well it wasn't swinging London. His reflections on everyday life in Australia expose his elite lifestyle in London, where people could still starve on the streets and life out of the glitterati could be nasty and brutish. The average Australian was ten times better off than the average Brit, but Richard never saw the average Brits.

Figure 1 Martin Sharp's dustjacket for Richard Neville's Playpower: Exploring the Counterculture, London, 1970.

With the OZ trial pending we decide to go to the Isle of Wight to see what turns out to be Jimi Hendrix's last experience. We establish a four times a day newspaper in a tent and have Jamaican food expertly cooked by Michael X's bodyguard. Politics was taking over as the order of the day. Those on the outside of the fenced concert wound up by some French anarchists, crashed the

perimeter, but were pushed back by the "oppressed masses" who reckoned if they'd paid, so should everybody. The "anti-capitalist" dream seems to be fading. The last hiccup of the American counter culture was making its way through Europe, and Wavy Gravy and the fabled Hog Farm, a travelling clownish commune provided us with a diversion. It was a real flower power scene as they established themselves in rural England.

On October 1 Richard Neville, Felix Dennis and Jim Anderson were arraigned at the Marylebone Magistrates Court on charges of obscenity and corrupting minors. Martin Sharp smells the rot setting in. Kings Road is turning into Carnaby Street; his dreams are elsewhere. He returns to Australia. As the legal system grinds on yet another "event" comes onto the alternative calendar in the form of the Wet Dream Film Festival organised by SUCK magazine in Amsterdam. It is difficult to review this section of Neville's book as it is likely to be the most controversial purely because of the sexual nature of the event and the sexual extravagance of many of the participants. Suffice to say a winning film highlighted a woman who "masturbates her horse, fucks her dog, and performs fellatio on the corkscrew penis of her pet pig"! Judge Germaine Greer said of another winner that it was "the only film which could have liberated me to drink the sperm of every man and sip the juices of every woman in the room". Germaine is also an on stage participant. A most disturbing sideshow of this festival is a performance by German "artist" Otto Muehl that involved a group of menstruating women and geese. I do not like the ambience, and as the performance unfolds feel that something has to be done or said. Who will challenge this obscenity? The tension builds and suddenly English Playwright Heathcote Williams rushes the stage, grabs the geese, and runs. Otto goes mad and shits on the stage. Australian filmmaker Abbie Thoms hails Otto as a 'great artist'. I see him as a Nazi with a direct line to Auschwitz. Williams comments "Otto Muehl kills geese and pigs and shoves their innards up women's cunts because he can't afford the fare to My Lai". This festival may be about liberty to some,

it may push back bourgeois hang ups about sex, but somewhere it has crossed over the line, and I can see no role for it in the revolution that needs to take place to create a more equitable society. We have been side-tracked down a squalid back alley and our credibility is at stake. But some don't see it like that. To them it has been "liberating". The cracks in the counter culture widen.

Back in London its business as usual. Neville is doing the liberal cocktail parties trying to raise funds for his political tabloid, now to be called *INK*. Andrew Fisher, an Australian lawyer becomes more involved. Discussions take place whether or not it's a good idea to merge *INK* with some of the existing alternative papers, *Time Out*, *International Times* or *Friendz*. Monies start coming in and planning begins on issue one. There is now the urgent need to put together the defence team for the ever looming trial. After a series of miss-starts, they finally begin to get a team together led by John Mortimer of *Rumpole* fame and a young Australian ex-student politician, Geoff Robertson, later to become famous for his Hypotheticals on television. The forces of the law are determined to harass anyone involved with OZ as much as they can and after opening his door one morning to the police waving an obscene publications warrant, Neville is busted after sniffer dogs find his stash. "These gentlemen are from the drugs squad; they just happen to be passing by " claims the officer in charge. It is interesting to note that at the time of the bust the head of the drugs squad was under investigation and soon after the squad was purged. The OZ office has also been trashed by the police. At the preliminary hearing for the drug bust, the arresting officer claims that his "guidance comes from God". Neville is refused bail and ends up in Brixton. It takes a couple of days to get him released and at the subsequent trial the matter is adjourned.

Jerry Rubin, the multi-purposed revolutionary arrives in London demanding meetings with the local forces of good and plans a media event to draw attention to himself. The plan is to take over the

David Frost program and spread the message of the dawn of the new era. I don't like Rubin and think he is full of shit. The rhetoric is over the top and there is no plan or strategy to achieve any change, just to thumb the nose at the authorities and get attention for his massive ego. Neville allows himself to be sucked in, unsure of how to get off the roller coaster. He is a bit overwhelmed by Rubin's group and their energy. The talk is all about revolution. Eldridge Cleaver and the Black Panthers are in Algeria with Timothy Leary, the Weathermen and the Red Brigade are planning some bombings, French students are uniting to attack government buildings. Across the world we are told, the forces of the future are about to roll the established order.

Neville is out of his depth but helps set up the "happening" for national television. When the event bursts on the screens of British TV, when Frost is humiliated and abused, Neville realises what he has done. "Louise and I shrank back to the wings, avoiding his (Frost's) eyes, both knowing how fairly he had treated me and my friends in the past". Neville has betrayed his class for the thrill of the revolution. Rubin was a liability we didn't need at that time considering the pending court action, and his rhetoric was designed to disgust and alienate not provoke thought or dialogue. Some of us had interests in the conflict in Northern Ireland and were attached for want of a better word to the Devlin camp. Bernadette was seen as a nationalist but with a broader socialist perspective on the need for a united Ireland. Rubin wanted to go to Ireland and asks Neville to assist. I argue about sending a jumped up little media creation into a real war zone where people could be killed because of his stupidity and ego. No-one likes my real politic. Rubin manages to get a flight and proclaims "I have come to Ireland to ferment a socialist revolution with my brothers and sisters". He is given short shrift. Our Irish comrades are outraged at his actions. Neville now starts to worry. How did it become so crazy? The Weathermen decide they are "brothers" with him, Tim Leary claims that "to kill a policeman is a sacred act", flower power has been corrupted, the boy from Mosman is out of his

depth and as a gesture declares the revolution dead. The next cover of OZ features a trio in revolutionary stance, guns and aggro, with the caption "He drives a Maserati, She's a professional model. The boy is the son of the art editor of *Time* magazine - Some Revolution"!

Figure 2 OZ magazine, London, November 1970. The cover features Pete Steedman holding a rifle, the young Dante Hughes, son of Australian writer and art critic Robert Hughes, and the Nigerian model and actress Minah Ogbenyealu Bird.

Everybody is wound about the upcoming trial. The British will not accept that the School kids issue is in fact the product of the minds of their children. It is the rebellious expression of their youth, mainly attacking identifiable authority figures such as teachers. The establishment will not accept this. They need older, foreign, child molesters to blame and they find plenty of evidence to support their case in the issues that OZ had put on the public agenda. While Neville and his co-accused are preparing

for the OZ trial, the counter culture in London begin to fall apart. The 60s are over. The drug referral agency Release has its offices destroyed by a group demanding "Give Release to the people". The revolutionaries ask why the Release leadership don't "bomb the police stations". It was that kind of atmosphere. Needless to say, after a day of rhetoric and destruction "the people" lose interest and never deliver or contribute to anything. The Angry Brigade have set off a couple of bombs in London, so the police are paranoid and every pseudo revolutionary is aggressively vocal. With the formal charging of the OZ editors with the "intention to corrupt and debauch", the circus begins.

The defence strategy is three fold. One, to win the case by proving the magazine not only is not obscene, but was in fact the outpourings of the consciousness of group of English schoolchildren, not some adult, Australian pornographers. Two, to publicise the event by making it into a civil liberties issue, and attempt to change the laws by legal precedent. And thirdly, in line with the OZ philosophy, and borrowing heavily from the media events organised by the Yippies led by Rubin and Abbie Hoffman, to create a daily circus outside the Old Bailey to ensure media coverage, especially television. The Friends of OZ, led by another young Australian from South Yarra guaranteed coverage by organising marches, protests, sit-ins and entertainment outside the court. People start drifting into London to be a part of the event. Didi Wardidi, a well-known groupie, arrives to sexually experiment with the editors and evaluate their performances for Suck magazine. Felix Dennis wins the prize. Abbie Hoffman is looking for some action and is promoting his latest work *Steal This Book*. I'm asked to do an English version but after reading it decline. To succeed in Hoffman's revolutionary America, you need a Ford Mustang to escape with your booty, and a deep freeze to store all the stolen food. In England they don't necessarily have running water, indoor toilets, fridges or any of the consumer goods so vital to the well-rounded American rebel.

Figure 3 Berkeley Barb, Berkeley, 19-25 February 1971.

INK is finally launched and does not deliver up to expectations. Firstly, the editors are not experienced with a weekly tabloid newspaper that has to compete on the newsstands. Secondly they have been

set up by a member of the Socialist Labour League (the Hyalites) with a dud front page expose. Thirdly, they have not decided on their market and while the stories are all over the place, the OZ style, use of colours and overlays further confuses potential buyers. Returning from Morocco I go over the books and find that over 60% of their original capital has already been committed. Taking over as Managing Editor and purging the "art director" and "consultants" as well as establishing a proper production team and schedule, I tell them I can stretch the life span of the paper out to 12 issues, but at the end of that, unless there is a dramatic change in policy, or an increase in ad revenue or circulation, the paper is dead. We need it as our vehicle and propaganda outlet during the trial.

Neville is distraught - it is all getting too much. The pressure on him is incredible. The strategy meetings for the forthcoming trial are also becoming heated. Geoff Robertson clashes with the "theatre" people who want to embarrass and overthrow the system. "These guys could be sent away for ten years" he yells at them. "Yeah, then they can organise the jails" comes the game reply. We also want to keep Jim Anderson out of the limelight. If it is discovered he is a homosexual, things could even get worse, if that is possible. We don't need to open a homophobic can of worms. Andrew Fisher and I take over the OZ company to keep it solvent and the assets out of the hands of the police. Andrew becomes Managing Director; I get another Managing Editor title to go with my INK role. The aim of the police is to totally destroy OZ by seizing stock, threatening printers, prosecuting the distributors and harassing retailers. Andrew and I will be busy defending the company from these assaults.

The trial stays on the front pages of the English media for weeks. It polarises London. It is about an establishment unable to comprehend what is happening to its youth, the country, morals, ethics - they all get a run. It is clash of cultures and a clash of generations. The venom from the Bench is

unbelievable and eventually self-defeating. Neville, defending himself to allow the scope to put up a political defence does an excellent job. Streams of witnesses come to his defence, explaining the literary merits, the satire, the confrontationist style of youth, the healthy rebellious outlet, the meanings behind some of the art. The liberal establishment has been forced, many unwillingly, to defend this attack on artistic freedom. The editors and witnesses clash with the judge. Comedian Marty Feldman has a stand up argument with the judge and the pundits are all pessimistic about the outcome. The editors are finally convicted of publishing an obscene magazine but not guilty on the major charge of corrupting public morals. They are sent to Wandsworth prison to await sentencing, and are unceremoniously shorn of their long locks. This becomes an issue in itself and since sentence has not even been passed, is seen as heavy handed with the aim to humiliate. Judge Argyle, a thoroughly nasty piece of work, sentences Neville to 15 months, Anderson to 12 and Dennis to 9 because he is younger "and very much less intelligent". Felix Dennis these days is worth over \$400 million and is the 56th richest man in England.

There is an uproar inside and outside the court. Effigies are burnt. Motions are tabled in the House of Commons; liberal London is horrified. Bernard Levin, no supporter of OZ, rails in *The Times* that it is a national disgrace. Finally, their lawyers get them out on bail awaiting appeal. Judge Argyle gets police protection from the threats from OZ supporters. Later the wife of the Clerk of Courts is charged by the police for making false reports and sending threatening letters to herself. This of course is not reported in the same sensational terms as the threats were. At the subsequent appeal Chief Justice Lord Widgery considered there had been a "serious and substantial misdirection of the jury" by Argyle and the convictions are quashed.

Figure 4 INK magazine, London, 2 August 1971. Cover: Ralph Steadman.

The aftermath of the trial is anticlimactic. Everybody wants to disappear and revitalise. OZ is handed over to some "guest" editors. INK has been kept going and has attracted a growing audience, but

my predictions as to cash flow are proving entirely accurate. Neville ponders on his relationship with Louise and his failure to develop it, in fact probably for the first time he becomes introspective. He notes "in three more weeks I would be celebrating my 30th birthday; the end of my youth. Maybe it was time to settle down!!"

Richard Neville will, I fear, suffer from the reviews of this book. It will be seen by some as a self-indulgent romp, his actions and attitudes will be analysed, his immaturity and self-promotion will be derided. But why? Is he anymore indulgent than Graham Richardson or Peter Walsh, each recalling their times in the political limelight by the actions played out around them and their central role in the theme. Is his Odyssey any less real than Bob Hawke's? Considering the impact that the OZ trials had in both Australia and England who has contributed more to our national persona and the crafting of a cultural identity, Richard Neville or Alan Jones and John Laws? Neville's peccadillos should not be laid on his shoulders to negate his role in the counter culture of the 60s. He never claimed to be Atlas. This is a good, light, humorous read if you are into the excesses of the 60s, and should be used as a guide for the time traveller. It was not meant to be either Homer or the Bible. Or perhaps the answer is, you had to be there.