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Richard Neville
Editor

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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.
The chemical revolution. To trip the human from old divine!

I. HISTORY AS INQUIRY

A few years ago heroin was a medication of choice to which many adolescents looked for an anesthetic revelation of their desires, as William James called it. We hypothesized that those adolescents with heroin a temporary relief from the falterings of an imperfect civilization which inflicted upon them the interminable ordeal of forbidden deliverance from their lower class plight. The situation was rapidly complicated. Cocaine, one class, one even one principle, ethnicity. Making it possible to generalize that the moral thepam of those adolescents to others in similar plights.

Quickly, however, a much younger population, no higher in class quite different in ethnicity, seized on the inhalation of glue fumes and similar substances for the relief of their special torment forcing a modification of prior hypotheses, not ethnicity, but also with regard to the number and type of the substances used. One could still adhere, however, to the view that drug misuse will continue to increase, though the number of 'deviants' in our society without responsible professional seizure, though the increasing especially clear that the problem was becoming serious.

When everyone knows, LSD use spread among middle-class youth of the nation. The fire to a field of hay. Spreading with an array of substances, marijuana, mescaline, peyote, delirium tremens, aggresses, classes, ethnicities, and subcultures.

The situation became more and more tene. The fire was well beyond of the average American home. Such that, specific drugs for specific experiences at specific times and places was the rule rather than the exception.

The drug scene, like that of its parents, produced connoisseurs conversant with a variety of drugs which included derivatives under chosen circumstances with degrees of social appropriateness shaded as finely as gradations as the Japanese bought.

The 'problem' it was agreed, had reached epidemiological proportions. It was only occasionally noted en passant that the new drugs had been available and in use by a small number members of cognoscenti for 20 years (Hoffman invented it). Bucky Fulby was in acid in '46 - dig that, Amazing) and that some had been in use for literally thousands of years.

II. SOCIOGENESIS

B.F. Skinner could not have devised a more negative stimulus for young people in the East Village who regularly use hallucinogenic drugs than the word Buelve (laughter). A hospital on the fringe of the community which they regard somewhat less positively as a medieval dungeon replete with chambers of torture. The establishment it is seen to represent itself hoist by its own petard when its propaganda convinced an already irate citizenry that LSD users and faced subcultural into psychotic monsters, dangerous criminals, irresistible rapists, hallucinogenic thieves, etc. Since the public turned right around and demanded, for its safety, that these same either be incarcerated or therapeutized and preferably both.

Although the young avoided both with nimble and embarracing alacrity, they were not entire, nor bored. If any relationship to actual content, sometimes created a feeling of, sociological and medical, it was not a relationship from the administrations of psychotherapists, physicians and other controllers. The control of psychiatrists, a 'big' might be found among them.

A number of helping institutions soon decided that, ideological differences notwithstanding, there were more ways to solve this matter than history had witnessed a long time, such that, their ameliorative intentions could no longer be debated.

Mountains of quackery and hallucinogens are sold. The drug therapy industry, which some parents and others have acquiesced to turn for relief of their offspring's scientific method one had to abandon hypotheses that one held dear, restricted as to age, drug or locale. For now the 'problem' was manifestly societal in incidence if not demonstrably in prevalence. And, if not delictually in origin. We set ourselves therefore, the task of examining those societal prophecies, which we cannot help but query, now heard in virtually all quarters. Why indeed are so many otherwise normal people using so many drugs in so many ways?

III. UNDERSTANDING UNDERSTANDING MEDIA

The audience we recall that we have set the task of understanding the culture in terms of the questions the culture itself does. Why do we do what? And that our inquiry regards the essence of that which they use, as the manifest content which requires explanation. Lying to my discipline, stated explanations are called ideologies, their function is to understand the world, to understand itself the way it does, and thereby are either regarded to have the role of knowledge, to have the role of knowledge, to have the role of knowledge.

Sociologists refer to this specialty as 'a sociology of knowledge.' A field heavily indebted to dialects such as Marx, Monheim, and Marcuse for their elaboration of the view that men's situations determines their thoughts more than their thoughts determine their situations. Thus armed, the turn of the sociologist's attention to the social problems which has elevated the social metaphor into the status of a sacred mythology.

It was Marx correcting Hegel who first revealed what is now regarded as a commonplace, although at first it seemed esoteric and arcane. In the dialectic, the individual is not determined by the concrete historical situation in which he or she finds himself, but takes on the role of determining the world. In the dialectic, the individual is not determined by the concrete historical situation in which he or she finds himself, but rather, he or she is the one who creates the world. And the world is not an entity that exists independently of the individuals who populate it, but is a product of those individuals' actions and ideas. The dialectical method, therefore, provides a powerful tool for understanding the relationships between individuals and the world around them.
'alleged' symptoms, was increasingly regarded with suspicion, distrust, and not uncommonly with outright disdain by young drug users. partly because parents, assumed that drug use was a pathological concern, endemic of emotional disorder and partly because legislatures decreed that drug use was illegal and criminalized. in short, the young were told that a major norm of their subculture was either sick or wrong, although no one could dispute the right to a subculture, of course, without deprecating his right to have his own. intellectuals merely opened the door and youth grewled "hypocrisy."

the people

into this breech, bravely rode the ill-starred hippies (audience laughter) whose philosophy was abhorred by the very media which elevated and subsequently expropriated their esthetics.

settling into haight-ashbury in california and the east village in new york, the hippies pronounced, as the spangler beats before them, the imminent demise of western civilization, unlike the beats, however, the hippies are about systematically replacing those institutions of the straight society which they charged had brutalized them from the joys of their own lives.

in july of 67, dialectics of liberation conference convened in london by r.d. laing, alain ginsberg described the new generation, which has been variously called "hippies", "flower children", "love generation", the "new generation", and subsequently the "free men", as having a whole set of subcultural institutions of their own. the social workers, they were the provos, the policemen, the police, hell's angels and other bikers.

religion consisted of an amalgam of tibetan, east asian, hindu, and astrological speculation. all facing in a deliberately mystical direction.

drugs and sexual rituals serving as sacraments. for charismatic leaders there were larry, keith watts, and a whole bunch of others.

language was reinvented, as was music, philosophy, art, morality, justice, and beauty. the rest of the greek transcendentials, each received a psychodelic rebirth and transformation.

extensive media coverage of these events turned most americans, whether they liked it or not, into observers of the psychodelic scene, in varying amounts and forms, and to participate observation. if one wished to observe some aspiration of project, attempts to care for some of the psycho-social ailments of the local residents, in the east village.

rap session participants in the village project are uniformly agreed that 'dope', which is a hip word for the whole panicle of drugs, is not causal, that is to say, it is a necessity but not a sufficient explanation of the hip style. that 'getting high', 'getting stoned', 'tripping', be it lsd, stp, mescaline, etc., and all desired combination is like opening a door, to other voices in other rooms, after all you've opened the door, it is up to you to keep walking and actually do the trip, during which, if you up to you, it will meet all manner of new, thrilling experiences, which are very much your own solutions to your very individual plight.

automaton

dropping out of alienated societal roles is said to be a psychological violence, genuine tripping, since the 'ego trips' of which society is said majority to consist, become visible as cul-de-sacs and blind alleys to which a return is unthinkable. a new freedom, the right to destroy oneself, has clearly been articulated in every possible way. but the only way to escape these roles is by starting a process of good trips. these good trips are said to be due to a fear of 'letting go' or to contaminated drugs but not simply to drugs themselves.

upright people are to be avoided during trips since their fears and their violence are said to be as contaminating as they are dangerous. it is claimed, by rap session participants that two convergent trends in society have developed, each a product of the kind of alienation to which the added encirclement of tripping is secondary. these trends are: 1. automation the attainment of an incredibly high level of affluence and abundance in post-industrial society; and 2. the survival of the psychedelic-industrial revolution.

since supermarkets, restaurants, and other food merchants have become more than necessary, simply asking for the remainder provides enough to live on. this makes it possible for a failure to continue to engage in self-exploration, also via tripping, sexual variety, residential mobility, etc. parents, coverts and covertly send checks, they can now easily afford to send now that juvenile left home are not rare. in short, it is said that until now that automation has replaced work, play assumes its rightfully central role and if you so there are said to be two sick institutions which protagonists of the psychodelic experience pronounce as particularly in need of replacement.

war

war, it is said, is fought for preservation of the territorial integrity which has long remained matters of planetary communication, by people who have not yet learned that all violence is self-destructive exactly to the extent to which it is efficient. wars which force the young to fight for the very values of the old which the young have rejected, are thus said to be morally unjust in that they force pacifists in aggression and simultaneously pit young brothers in an emergent planetary culture against each other. hence the young reject what they regard as a forced choice between suicide and fratricide. besides, they add, the trip experience is as delicate and as fragile as it is lovely, to which every time more or less abundant is abhorrent and disgusting, not to mention physical brutality. it is said, that trips teach the futility of violence, all violence, were included.

education

skeptics who claim to teach the heritages of their societies are rejected less vehemently and exactly for this reason. the young who proclaim the appropriateness of their electric sensibilities argue that a school system which attempts to foster a fraternity of values is engaged in a process of mechanical propaganda no less insidious than any other form of enslavement. it is said, that schools, and especially, multivisuals, are information factories, imprinting young people into readiness for alienated roles in the military-industrial complex, from whom the young are already in full flight. some even argue that universities are worse than battlefields since they are the training grounds for them without acknowledging that that is their basic nature. universities are thus said not to be hypocritical to irrelevance to the electric age.

headrap

as we've heard, every culture selects from the range of human potentials and moods the organisms that are its raw material. every culture, by its agreement that some values and behaviours are central, defines other values and other behaviours as peripheral, less central, or deviant. this is no less true of the subcultural participants in the village project. so, that in what follows, the inference that each and every one of these marvelous processes of change reflecting leading to further work is described as the dialectical relationship between subculture (substructure), if you will, and its ideological superstructure. that the industrial revolution, itself a new mode of changing the world, transformed the first generation of computers which have all come about within a decade. just to clarify, the generation of computers, the first generation of computers was made of vacuum tubes, the second generation was made of transistors, the third generation was made of integrated, printed circuits.
CONFlicts

Bitter conflicts are thus generated between those who can afford to pay for one at a time, the psychologists; and the second, the chemical revolution, generalized the first, which was the neural interaction. By breaking down the temporal exponents of getting high rather than simply with getting stoned or getting high after a period of time after time after time. That is why the process of generalization which we poor mortals attribute to the power of our reason is far more naturalistic process than we care to see. Generalization begins to emerge, and the natural process whereby instances transcend their classes of events just as galaxies generate stars which expand the limits of the galaxies, as men make worlds which outgrow their world views, so now we are witnessing, in my view, one of the most far reaching revolutions ever to come from human effort. That is to say, we are beginning to pass beyond the era of human history, which, impelled by a scarcity of objects clung to the dream that the product of that already known would set us free. Now that the young can directly experience a world where the chemist's task is to control the dream, we find that our concept makes obscure that obsolete concept in some societies, they begin to get into detail with the chemist's task, as it is not that, when one has chemical power, does not give one full emotional appreciation to each caress, sexual enjoyment, or any enjoyment for that matter, it is materially enhanced. I have been told to but two of the time changing properties of the trip. The ability to appreciate changes in rates of change and the ability to dwell on an instant, if they seem contradictory, perhaps a bit of clarification is in order for we have not yet touched bottom.

THE CHEMICAL REVOLUTION

Just as computers can process billions of pieces of information per second, so when 'high', can one seem to experience hours and years in a few minutes. That is the meaning of the word 'high'. Which describes in spacial terms an experience in which one seems to be able to scan vast horizons from above, encompassing thousands of bits of experience just as astronauts take in thousands of miles at a glance. But do not be misled by the spacial metaphor, nor by the electric one. For a more important property of the expanded time phenomenon experienced, in the trip, is the following: When you expand time, you give yourself the ability to pay full emotional attention to events, which were you simply in clock time which is too many and rushed would have sped by too rapidly for you to feel fully. This accounts for the observation that 'drugs are always more than just how do you know who's a 'head' or a 'nast', give him something that he's never seen before - to prevent me from becoming at all by those who don't know what it is can't be bothered, I'm in a hurry. This property of the psychodelic experience, such as the chemists try to account for the alleged aphrodisiacal properties of LSD and related substances, since it is not that, when one acts, are not given full emotional appreciation to each caress, in a fashion, nor does it reward for that matter, it is materially enhanced. I have used to but to two of the time changing properties of the trip. The ability to appreciate changes in rates of change and the ability to dwell on an instant. If they seem contradictory, perhaps a bit of clarification is in order for we have not yet touched bottom.
Greg Cox left his home in Tasmania several months ago with no particular intention in mind. On Australia's north-west coast he worked on a bauxite development project and was later given a job as a clerk. He made friends with a black man and was amazed to find him the "same as me." Drifting north to Indonesia he began keeping a diary, started smoking a little dope. In Singapore he had a revelation. While eating in a restaurant, he dropped on the table a spoonful of rice. After hurriedly covering it up with his hand, he realised that it made not the slightest difference whether he covered it up or not. The rice was there! "My mind was blown." One thing led to another — he became convinced that he and John Lennon were twin parts of the same being and they had only to meet for cosmic forces to be released. These forces would instantaneously create peace throughout the world. Certain that there was no difference between really wanting something to happen and the actual happening, he came to London to meet John Lennon. At the Apple offices he received his first set-back. Unable to see Lennon he staged a sit-in and was eventually removed by a policeman who told him to write a letter instead. He rang John Lennon's secretary from a call box, pretending to be Horace Saltzburg, a rich American with 4 million dollars to give away, all to Apple. He was told to put it in writing. He did, but confessed in the letter his true identity and purpose.

"John Lennon knows, and I know that the only choice is permanent peace or total destruction. John is doing all he can make other people see this, but he doesn't really believe that what he is doing is possible. I can give him the answer, and the answer is faith." Since his ejection from Apple, Greg has wandered all over London, following signposts, obeying road directions — if they read "No right turn" for example he continues straight ahead. Coming to the intersection where New Bond Street becomes Old, he became certain that this was where he would run into Lennon — instead, he found an open manhole cover. Inside he noticed a large black box. He tried unsuccessfully to draw the attention of passers-by by to the fact that the box was far too large to have passed through the manhole. He ran and got an idioc policeman who agreed with him and said, "Yes, much too large," and walked away. Finally a young couple paid attention to him. The girl replaced the manhole cover and, said, "There, the box has gone", and they took him to lunch.

In the YMCA he leant the key on the outside of his door so that John Lennon could enter if he wished. In the morning the key was gone, and in the evening, he was informed that more money was required before he could return to his room. "I wandered about the building looking for my room and my key. I was sure John Lennon had it because I had left it for him. I smashed a window and found an emergency exit sign, but they got my suitcase and told me to get out. I went to the police station and told them I had lost a room. I told the man on duty about Bond Street too, and he was very helpful and directed me to the Salvation Army. They had no room there, but took my suitcase and gave me a ticket for a bus to a Ministry of Welfare place where I could stay for nothing. It was full of funny old people who were all guilty about having no work. I told them they did not have to work and the Welfare Officer told me to go. All I said to him was "tremendous". I returned to the Salvation Army and asked for a room, but they would not give it to me. I told them I had to have a room because it was all I had, and I would die. Four hours later, they gave me the address of a mental hospital where the guy who had taken my suitcase was staying. I went to a police station and reported my case stolen. The police came to the Salvation Army and it was found in a back room with everything in it except a pair of white trousers and my camera. The police said I had got the suitcase back and as far as they were concerned that was the end of the matter. One day I will have to go out to that mental hospital to see that guy."

He went to the offices of the editors in Fleet Street and offered to write an editorial for the paper, based upon his quest. He was told to go away and write it, but he stayed insisting that what he had to say could be said in one word. For example, to the question, answered at some length in a recent Guardian, "What gain does China get out of arresting innocent British subjects?" Greg wrote down a single word, NOTHING, and informed the editor that the answers to all problems were as blatantly obvious as that. "He was stunned, and asked me to leave. I never felt happier."

Greg is very young, slim and straight looking. One of his first actions on arriving in London was to have a haircut. He requested a barber to give him "his very best haircut" and emerged half an hour later totally shorn, with the trimmest short back and sides seen in England for many a year. His next visit was to a menswear store. "I have £30. Fit me out with the best clothes you have." He emerged half an hour later in a yachting jacket, a pair of pleated pants and sensible shoes, having been assured that not only was he wearing "the best" but that the shop was in fact the best shop in London. Upon reflection, he didn't like the clothes at all, and soon discarded them for something still normal, but bought at Tack Six in the Kings Road.

At the moment, he is close to despair. He considers standing all day outside Apple so that he can just catch John Lennon's eye. He knows that is all that is necessary for Lennon to instantly recognise him. "Lennon is not eccentric. He is centric, that is, closer to me and to the truth than anybody else." Greg wonders whether it is worthwhile travelling to Tittenhurst Park to see Lennon in his rural glory. He has very little money left, but refuses to return home until his mission is fulfilled. Greg insists that he is a happy man. London has not disillusioned him, everything to him is still "tremendous". Satori in Singapore taught him one thing—from complete honesty to oneself, everything else follows. Belief in oneself and faith in others can move more than mountains—it can bring about world peace, if that's what's wanted. It can even bring about a meeting with John Lennon.

Jim Anderson
Fred Gardner re-wrote parts of Antonioni's new film, Zabriskie Point. This interview was done for Liberation News Service by Larry Bensky, one of whose swan-songs for the straight media was a New York Times article on the making of Zabriskie Point.

LNS: A while ago you wouldn't talk about Zabriskie Point.

FG: Sometimes I think that people who worked on movies... or plays or novels or songs... shouldn't talk about what was intended. But if there are false claims being made, such as MGM's claim that this is a film about the movement, you've got to counter them. How can people judge Antonioni's success if they're given a false idea of his aims? Hollywood programs people to react in set ways: not just by the publicity men, but by all the...

Sam Shepard wrote the scenario, which was excellent. Mark and Daria had been cast and an MGM secretary re-typed the script, substituting 'Mark' and 'Daria' for 'boy' and 'girl'. All this was done before August, '68.

I started work right after Chicago. At that point Antonioni described the film to me as 'a love scene in the...

So the country is full of kids who radiate a vague alienation, who dress the way campus radicals dressed a few years ago - - boots, fatigue jackets, long hair - - who know that the straight life is a dead end, but who aren't political.

LNS: Nor was Daria hip, except in that superficial way of walking around the Berkeley campus barefoot...
longstanding conventions. The hero is heroic, and so on.
LNS: What about the hero in Zabriskie Point?
FG: He sure isn't.
LNS: But it didn't start out that way, did it? A year ago Antonioni told a reporter, 'The movement is what interests me most in America: it's the most important, the most alive and vital thing happening here today.'
FG: He also said in that interview, 'Zabriskie Point is not about the movement.' And it isn't. In fact it's about a kid who can't stand the movement.
LNS: That's the real-life Mark Frechette (who plays the male lead). When I met him he seemed more interested in Michelangelo's astrological charts than in his instructions. But weren't you hired to write a movement background for him?
FG: Well, Mark was hired to play Mark, and that's what he did. The way things worked out, I wrote some lines to emphasize that he wasn't of the movement, that he was a loner, that he had no politics, really. ... Antonioni had written the story with Clare Peplow and Tonino Guerra around a real anecdote about a kid who stole a private plane. Then
desert, with a prelude and a statement at the end. He wanted the prelude to be timely - that was my job - and the film to be timeless. At one point we considered a reference to Nixon's daughter and he smiled and said, 'But Nixon won't be around very long, will he?'
LNS: So there were four writers on the film, plus Antonioni ...
FG: Plus Sally Kempton wrote a few lines. Plus a real estate man. And of course Mark and Daria had leeway to improvise and a de facto veto right over lines they didn't want to say.
LNS: Why? Does Antonioni always give actors that leeway?
FG: I don't know. It's an old problem: a tight script eliminates spontaneity.
LNS: On the other hand, improvisation undermines the plot.
FG: Yes, it does. In this case the executive producer and an assistant went east to look for a male lead. I don't know if that was for publicity purposes or not. Anyway, they found Mark Frechette in Boston and sent back a screen test and Antonioni found all the qualities he was looking for: impulsive, touch, photogenic ...
LNS: Everything except a movement background.
FG: Somebody gave him a Resistance button to wear when he got to LA. And of course Mark had exactly the right manner for the part. The problem is, we've won this big cultural victory that implies a corresponding political victory at all.
inside, and some lines were improvised to tell us that Mark was not a member of the group, that he had come to the meeting on someone's casual invitation, that he's a loner. Then Frank Barbeck and Landon Williams put in that you can't be a radical if you can't work with other people.
LNS: How about Kathleen's lines. Were they scripted?
FG: No, there had been lines for her and everyone else. The first two or three times he shot the scene according to the script. Then he said, 'Now you've got the situation; run the meeting in your own terms.' Maybe two or three lines survived.
LNS: Is it better than the original version?
FG: That's not for me to say. It's certainly more spontaneous. Yes, I think it's better.
LNS: How do you feel now about having taken the job? There were a lot of people who thought you shouldn't have.
FG: Yes, some people thought that. But not everyone said it, and not everyone had cogent reasons. Norman Fruchter (of Newreel) did. But by the time we talked I had more or less done the work and was feeling defensive. ... One of the things people said was that you couldn't expect to sneak a good message across in a Hollywood film. I never expected to try to do that. What I wanted was the breadth and the experience of watching Antonioni work. The bread was put to good use, as you know. And it was an enormous privilege to look at America -- hell, to look at a room or a face -- through Antonioni's eyes. It really is the eye of a Breughel. I think the film catches some of this country's excessiveness as well as some of the beauty.
14 ways of looking at Charles Manson...

Liberation News Service

I. Up-tight straight Los Angeles is breaking out over the case of Charles Manson. All those who slide in with the latest from long '60s tales and like their fantasy/turn to the left. Indeed everyone has their take on Manson. Mothers start tearing themselves for the assent the word in the Angel Siren's song, look just like a black, selfless themselves and fairly ugly -- with revolutionary implications in their hands.

II. A question to the Weathermen, the Crazies, the uglies: What if Manson is innocent? Why such faith in the pigs and the pigs to believe it all, to start a myth? More important, why so willing to adopt as your hero this creature defined not by your movement, or any people's movement, but by the cops, by the Los Angeles sensationalist journalists?

SCORECARD

VII. A factual interlude. Members of the Manson commune are charged with three sets of murders:

a) Five people at Sharon Tate's house, Aug. 8.

b) Gary Hinman in Topanga Canyon, July 9.

c) Grocery executive Leo La Bianca and his wife, Rosemary, Aug. 10.

Susan Atkins, one of the four who allegedly participated in these murders, has provided the only detailed account of what happened. The interview was conducted under highly suspicious circumstances, with the collaboration of defense counsel and an assistant district attorney.

One motive for the interview: money. Susan and her lawyer got lots of it -- tens of thousands of dollars. She may also have been trying to save her life by claiming to be under Manson's hypnotic control. There is no particular reason that Susan talked at all without very strong pressure.

VIII. But since it's the media image that people are relating to, let's take a look at it. It incorporates the notion that the Mansonlite are trying to overthrow: there are the male chauvinist Pigs, the woman a power over a harm of women.

Supercop ('Manson developed a prodigious reputation as a lover. The women around the place were always his property.' Paul Watkins, a former member of the commune, told the press. You were always welcome to share them, said Brooks, Pasko, another former member, but then you became his property too.)

Then there is the grotesque racism of writing 'pig' in the victims' blood, in order, according to Susan Atkins, to throw suspicion on black people. After the La Biancas murder, she explains, they left one of the victims' wallets in the women's restroom of a gas station, hoping that a black woman would find it and pick it up and use the credit cards, which would direct the police back to her. She/He/They/Them/His/Her

Conspire, too, the murder of the violence. The five people who died in Sharon Tate's home died, not because their death served some revolutionary purpose, but because they happened to be living in the house that once belonged to someone who, according to Susan Atkins, had given Charlie his word on a few things (ordering contracts) and never came through with them.

Dillingner

X. From a friend in California: Making a hero is reminiscent of some people's take of -- or not so brief -- some people's take of John Dillinger and Bonnie & Clyde. A left which reduces itself to violence for its own sake is more suited and that action -- anarchism -- leads to Europe and America.

XI. On one level, of course, we should see Manson, and all people defined by his society as 'criminals', as a brother. Whatever crimes he may have committed, we should recognize that people are driven to commit crimes in this society because of need or greed, frustration or competition -- the inequalities and fucked-up values of capitalism. The piggery in this case cooperate with the media to fuck Manson over.

While the authorities usually gleefully apply their sheets to long-hairs, Manson remains with his shoulder-length locks. Instead of giving him prison garb, the cops let Manson wear his own bell-bottoms and fringed leather shirt.

The pigs present him to the press for photographs surprisingly often. Thus, the police and the media team up to present straight America with their image of a 'typical hippie', fantasy sex life, heavily involved with drugs, a depraved killer underneath.

Bluecollar

XII. Some people in the hip community -- and even more so, some liberal writers in the straight press -- have attempted to distinguish Manson from the typical hippie. Manson, they point out, has a working-class background, a past of petty crime. He isn't the typical middle-class drop-out hippie. This is necessary, is Manson to be comfortably dismissed by us for his image? For his image is a threat to them, not us. Are fucked-up people from the suburbs, better off fighting, hip guns from poor blue collar neighborhoods?

XIII. Che, Huey, Ho, Mao -- they've all talked about the fact that you don't do revolutionary violence because you dig it, you don't do it to build your own ego-trip. Being violent alone, being anti-social alone, doesn't make you a revolutionary. Revolutionaries serve the people; sometimes this means killing the hated enemies of the people. They are trying to build a new world while bringing down the old. Revolutionary violence comes from the needs of the people for a better life, against those forces that oppress them -- because those forces won't give up without a fight.

Fucked Up

XIV. So Manson is no revolutionary; he's just fucked up. Let's face it -- some people get into the hip scene, the commune scene, because they've fucked up. Not every long-hair is a brother; lots of assistant district attorneys smokes a pot.

Most important, young women with teased hair and make-up, guys with duck-tails and crew cuts who work at shifty jobs are our brothers and sisters.

And when we get together, it won't be because we think sticking forks in people's stomachs is groovy, but because we feel a common need for a common goal -- to fight to bring down an old world and build a new one.
...and one way of talking to him.

Getting in to see Charles Manson is a little less difficult than getting in to see the Pope but not much.

I was put through a cautionary instruction. I was not to touch him, shake hands or give him anything to look at without first showing it to the deputy. They told me that although attorneys could usually give prisoners up to one dollar for necessary money, no such was to be given to Manson.

After these preliminaries, I was let into the attorney-interview room where I saw for the first time a rather slim man with shoulder length hair standing against the back wall. After all of the newspaper photographs I have seen of a glowing wild-eyed scowler, I didn't even recognize this man at first.

The eyes, then and throughout the interview, had a gentle cast, even when he became quite emphatic as he did later on. His facial expressions varied from a kind of set attitude of resigned endurance to a very pleasant and gentle smile. I keep coming back to that word 'gentle' because it is the major impression the man left on me.

Manson smiled his rather wry smile and began to talk.

I want to retain my own voice. That is why I am defending myself. The stories that have been appearing in the newspapers are a lot of bunk. They keep quoting me as saying things I never said.

I observed that for a person without legal training to defend himself was rather like getting into the ring with Joe Louis. 'Worse,' Manson replied and started to tell me who he doesn't trust lawyers.

'You wouldn't believe the things that go down behind this case,' Manson said. 'The first lawyer who came in here offered me $130,000.00 to write my story. We talked a little and he went away and wrote a story where he put all kinds of words in my mouth I never said.

'What about the music?' I asked him. 'Isn't there music coming out of that? I thought there was some kind of Sammy Glick character putting out an album.'

Manson smiled that wry smile at me again and said, 'The attorneys. Too. Most of the attorneys just want the publicity of the trial. They don't care about the man at all. If there was some kind of writ that could get me out of here tomorrow, they wouldn't bring it, because they all want to go through the whole trial and wring every last drop of publicity out of the whole thing.

Then we talked for a while about the advisability of my quoting him directly about the case and the danger through my paraphrasing and the District Attorney's reliance his words might get twisted out of context and so misinterpreted, be used against him.

Because of that problem, I have omitted details that I believe might relate to his defense.

Ever since a week after the Tate murders, they have been desperately looking for someone to pin it on. Two hundred deputies and three helicopters descended on the ranch where we were staying in Malibu and arrested us. Two uniformed deputy sheriffs, one six-three and the other about six-six, worked me over in the chest breaking three ribs. If they would let an independent civilian doctor look at me they could tell by the condition of my ribs that is true. They kept me three days and released me. They reassured me again the next day and again released me after three days. That time I decided to go to the mountains and get away from the harassment.

(At this point it is interesting to remember that former Deputy Sheriff Preston Gillory was hounded off the Sheriff's Department because of his refusal to keep silent about the events of that raid on the Manson family at Malibu by deputies from the substation. Gillory worked at Malibu just before his termination.)

'I decided to go to the mountains to talk to God, to apologize for nineteen hundred years of this mess. That's when they got me and brought me here.'

You want to know about my philosophy? You want to know where my philosophy comes from. I'll tell you. I'm not from your society. I have spent most of my life in a world of bars and solitary confinement. My philosophy comes from underneath the boots and sticks and clubs they beat people who come from the wrong side of the tracks. People like me are society's scavengers. They keep setting away with it because no one will say anything.

'I have been in jail twenty two years,' Manson continued. 'My body has been locked up but my mind is free. When I get outside on the street, I see all kinds of people whose bodies are free, but their minds are all locked up.

During this speech, Manson seemed to grow more intense again, and I could see how an unfriendly cameraman could catch him at an angle where his features might have that wild cast they get in the newspaper photos. Face to face, however, they never lost the almost pleading look of someone strain to be understood, to communec the feelings inside of him.

About then we were interrupted by the sheriff's deputy, who was carrying information about my background. I felt like telling him to get it out of the LAPD's political dossier but didn't. I must have answered him a little testily because Manson said, 'I don't hate them. I really don't. I pity them. I really don't hate anybody.'

I drove home thinking about two things. First, I thought about what a mockery the so-called 'protection of innocence' really is. Here is a man on trial for his life, and they are holding him in jail without bail and making all kinds of roles and restrictions that interfere with his access to people and materials that could possibly help in his defense.

No court has yet found this man guilty of the crime with which he is charged, so the only constitutionally permissible reason for keeping him in jail at this time at all is to serve his punishment. Thus bail is not too unreasonably denied on the theory that, guilty or innocent, a man facing such drastic a penalty might run away.

But by what right do they do more than merely keep him available for trial? By what twofold conception of justice do they arrogate to themselves the right to place restrictions on the number and kind of visitors he can see or the number of telephone calls he can make or whether he can receive a lawbook to help the preparation of his defense?

Secondly, I mused over the unfairness of the court system that makes a man choose between either representing himself entirely alone, pitting his inexperience against trained trial lawyers from the District Attorney's office, or placing himself entirely in the hands of an attorney, a man whom he does not and cannot entirely know, and thereafter remain silent, deprived of the right to speak or act on his own behalf and forced to allow his life to hang entirely on the thread of another man's skill and good faith.

These are only a few of the problems raised by the Charles Manson case. When we were talking about the difficulties of a propna persona defense, Manson finally observed. 'You know they can't do anything to me. They can't kill me, that's what they're trying to do. They can't kill me, they realize. They can destroy my body, but they can't kill me.'

What can you say to a man who believes in God?
Acid is good for you!
Offences against the existing Dangerous Drugs Act are uniformly subject to a maximum term of ten years' imprisonment. On summary conviction before a magistrate, the maximum term is one year. The law does not distinguish between the dangers of different drugs, such as cannabis and heroin. Nor does the law make any distinction between supply and possession of drugs and using them.

In January 1959, the Home Office published a comprehensive Report on Narcotics - the so-called 'Wood Report' - by the Advisory Committee on Drug Dependence. This Report reached an unambiguous conclusion: having reviewed all the material available to us, we find ourselves in agreement with the conclusion reached by the Indian Hemp Drugs Commission appointed by the Government of India (1934) and the New York Mayor's Committee on Marihuana (1945) that the use of cannabis in moderate doses has no harmful effects.

The Advisory Committee made a number of recommendations for law reform. To remove for practical purposes the heavy penalty for possession of a small amount and to demonstrate that taking the drug is a 'moral' rather than a criminal act, they recommended a change in the law. The Committee proposed that the maximum sentence on summary conviction for possession should be reduced to six months. Long-term imprisonment for dealing in cannabis was considered unnecessary.

On March 11th of this year, Mr. Callaghan published the second issue of the Drug Law Review. This second issue deals with the question of drug-dealing. It is based on the evidence submitted by the Committee. The drug dealers are in a regularized market. The maximum sentence on summary conviction for dealing is reduced to six months. The dealer or supplier of cannabis should be subject to a maximum sentence of two years.

In summary, the government's report on dealing in cannabis is based on the evidence submitted by the Committee. The maximum sentence on summary conviction for dealing is reduced to six months. The dealer or supplier of cannabis should be subject to a maximum sentence of two years. Curiously, the maximum for opium and opium products, including heroin, cocaine, and amphetamines is reduced from ten years to five years. There is no reduction at all for the use of cannabis and other hallucinogens.

The Advisory Committee, in its 1973 report, recommended the introduction of a drug tax to fund rehabilitation and research into the effects of drugs. This recommendation was implemented in 1974, with the introduction of the Drug Tax Act. The Act imposed a tax on the production, manufacture, and importation of certain drugs, including cannabis. The tax was intended to fund their eradication and treatment of drug addiction, as well as to investigate the effects of their use.

The times, the climate, and the climate of opinion have changed. The government's report on dealing in cannabis is based on the evidence submitted by the Committee. The maximum sentence on summary conviction for dealing is reduced to six months. The dealer or supplier of cannabis should be subject to a maximum sentence of two years.
The Wooton Report on LSD and Amphetamine.

The second Wooton Report comes down strongly on both acid and speed, and its recommendations have led to the proposed penalties proposed in the Misuse of Drugs Bill. The report has already provided fuel for the sentencing crisis (e.g., The Times) with statements such as this:

"During the first few hours after taking the drug there may be violent behaviour or a threat to strike or a paranoid patient may attack others or he may hurt himself. Some users attempt to escape the hallucinations, or they because they have apparently developed a lasting of self-harm.

But LSD can be dangerous. The report states that "On some occasions the possibility of genetic damage from LSD has not been substantiated, and this evidence is inadequate to refute the possibility that LSD has been substantiated, as has been suggested by the mass media." The report suggests that whilst LSD has not been properly discussed in the field of psychiatry, there is reason to prohibit its use in therapy and research on this matter. The report also recommends a number of recommendations for public education from any doctor, who can establish a claim to its legitimate use.

The report does not make specific recommendations for penalties, but suggests that the "grave risk attach to the unauthorised use of LSD place it high on the scale of harmfulness. The recommendation on amphetamine calls for the distinction between the harmfulness of the hallucinogen and the hallucinogen itself."

The report also calls for the prohibition of LSD and speed, and for the prohibition of other hallucinogens, such as mescaline and psilocybin. The report also recommends a number of recommendations for the control of the use of LSD and speed, and for the control of the use of the other hallucinogens. The report also recommends a number of recommendations for the control of the use of LSD and speed, and for the control of the use of the other hallucinogens.
A long time ago, in the years BL (Before Liberation), lived a girl-child called Wendy. She was born to a man and a woman, her parents, and they lived in a big box and were called a working-class family unit. Dad was a dustman and Mum was a part-time char. When she came home from charring for other people for money, she did her housework. For the money.

Or the end of Servile Penitude, no one would have guessed that housewives worked an average of 99.6 hours per week. In the evening Mum read Woman and Woman's Own, all about nursery schools in the area revolutionaries threw her out for being reformist.

Mum embroidered on Wendy's pillow: 'Masturbation makes you blind', so Wendy sublimated by studying and won a scholarship to a posh girls' public school. Here she learned flower arrangement and read in Vogue about Bobo and Fifi on the Riviera, having champagne and caviare, and looking immaculate over a hot servant. Wendy reckoned immaculate took 25.3 hours per day. Virginity was a drag. When she finally got rid of it she found there was no difference between the begging Fauntleroys and the council estate lads. When she said no they called her a prude and when she said yes they called her a slut. All her married friends wanted to marry E type boys and lie under the hairdresser all day and all her council mates were married and looking faddish and in the effort to shine their floors, children and faces to look like the tele ads. Then Wendy went to University and tried for a First in Social Literology. In the University papers she read about how to chat up the intellectual boys, look immaculate over a hot thesis and cut the cackle in bed.

In universities the ratio of girls to boys is 1 to 4. Only 10% of medical school places are occupied by women. Far fewer girls than boys take GCSE in Maths Physics and Chemistry. After school three times as many boys as girls are allowed on day-release courses. Inadequate nursery school facilities and the lack of play centres during school holidays curtail women's ability to work. Consequently the number of women trained in most fields - except those professions which are least paid because they employ more women than men: social work, nursing, secretarial work.

When our Wendy got pregnant by mistake her boyfriend went over off her. So did her doctor. She couldn't tell Mum and Dad for fear of the neighbourhood, so she asked a trendy friendly who led her up a back street. There can be no tale more gutting than a knitting needle and Wendy returned after a mercifully quick peep round death's door.

Contraception is considered a social rather than a medical matter and is thus not available under the National Health, except under 'exceptional' circumstances. Abortion is in theory legally available, but there are not enough clinics and everyone needs the consent of a doctor, a consultant gynaecologist and often a psychiatrist. Women are automatically 'offered' the free give-away of the morning after pill while they're at it. St John Stevas, defender of the faith, is trying to make it impossible to get an abortion without the consent of two consultant gynaecologists. There are only about 300 of these in the country. Parliament had 603 male and 27 female MPs who is voting on laws which affect a woman's rights over her own body? More women would consequently do if they did not have to sacrifice their children and lives as individuals to do so.

32 million pounds is spent annually by women on cosmetics and hair-dressing. The four main weekly women's magazines have a circulation of over 8 million.

Wendy graduated neatly and came to the metropolis. Clutching a degree proudly in her hand didn't stop employers mentally stripping her and then refusing to employ her because all women leave to have babies. Wendy decided that the system was for shit and became a revolutionary groupie. She ran around with all the initials under the sun: IS, S, L, L, IMG, CP, XYZ and got so hooked on the holy grail of revolution that she had a baby. But in between feeding the baby she was still typing revolutionary slogans and looking guerilla stew while the guys discussed strategy. When she tried to campaign for more nursery schools in the area the revolutionaries threw her out for being reformist.

Mothers, aunts or nannies look after babies. Nursery schools are run by women. Three-quarters of primary school teachers are women. There are still a large number of single sex schools. Should children be prepared for adult life in a mixed society, exclusively by women? Wendy went underground next, but she didn't get much further there, because many of the beautiful people were still hunking up on their semi-detached backgrounds and subscribed to the chit-chat of girls you fuck you don't talk to and vice versa.
There are 1½ times as many women as men in mental homes. Unmarried mothers are refused Social Security. If they are known to have a relationship with a man, April Ashley was told by a welfare worker that although she felt like a woman and behaved in all ways like a woman, she was technically a man because she wasn't equipped with the holy ovaries.

Wendy finally flipped. She woke up one morning believing she was a chameleon, a woman chameleon, her identity existing totally in the eye of the beholder. Life for a woman was a series of rapid social changes in order to fit in with other people existing outside of her role. The whole fact that a woman seemed to get away with it, would be seen as a human being, only theoretically different from men, that she produced the child for which they were both responsible. Wendy couldn't make the individual liberation scene, so she went to Ruskin College Oxford, to the Women's Weekend Feb 28–March 1, 1970, where there were 559 other women sick of being chameleons doing the dance of the ovaries. The conference was a vital and energetic start, a movement towards the liberation of women and finally the liberation of the whole of society from the roles and structures which bind it. If militancy is a determination to act out convictions then the conference was full of militant women prepared to act on their lives and society where existing political and social organisations had failed.

Where was Germaine?

There were some twenty groups represented, and a large number of individuals, of different backgrounds, ranging from groups of working class women who had first discovered about babies and then went to other classes through to the Gingerbread Women's Action Committee for the Liberation of Women's把自己 has failed. The moves towards the Liberation of Women, where there were 559 other women sick of being chameleons doing the dance of the ovaries. The conference was a vital and energetic start, a movement towards the liberation of women and finally the liberation of the whole of society from the roles and structures which bind it. If militancy is a determination to act out convictions then the conference was full of militant women prepared to act on their lives and society where existing political and social organisations had failed.

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Where was Germaine?
Rolling Stone's recent full page advertisement for The Times iearing their own characteristically thorough coverage of the Chicago Conspiracy trial with Fleet Street's patchy summaries, sent a shudder of envy through this office. On several occasions The Times has refused to accept small contributions of 4/- for "lost somewhere in China" was recently in London and while Church and Government, Francis was just not available for sale through the advertisement. The reason for the rejection was apparently connected with "responsibility towards our readers". Rolling Stone's success perhaps demonstrates that at the bigger the advertisement, the smaller the "responsibility". Stone and his brothers have just been informed that both the Guardian and the Observer have contacted Rolling Stone begging to be honoured with their next advertisement.

OZ is proud to announce that it is still not available for sale through W.H. Smith & Sons.
The next issue will be produced by a selection of undergrounds who answered our general invitation. Any teenybopper readers who missed the historic call for help to create OZ please telephone our office. The shared ambition of those who answer this call is to clean up OZ, with the exception of one 12 year old who planned to include "more gay sex".

If, like Bob and Bing, you're Moroccan bound, write to Head News, 10 Rue Abdellah, 10000, Casablanca, Morocco, for travel tips, accommodation advice and cookie prices. If you have something to say to English speaking heads, you can advertise for it, for say one col inch or 5d a word.

Way back in Sydney in 1963 when OZ had been turned down by every available printer, we visited - almost as a joke - the proprietor of The Guardian. The magazine that nobody dares to print - will you? ran the headline, followed by ludicrously uncontroversial copy inviting printers to submit quotations. They even got as far as booking the headline, ready accepted a patch of the advertisement. The reason for the rejection was apparently connected with "responsibility towards our readers". Rolling Stone's success perhaps demonstrates that at the bigger the advertisement, the smaller the "responsibility". Stone and his brothers have just been informed that both the Guardian and the Observer have contacted Rolling Stone begging to be honoured with their next advertisement.

"...so it might be worth the 10/-.

John Sinclair wrote to Rolling Stone from jail alleging that the once-revolutionary group MC5 which he managed had now copped out and refused to participate in the moratorium organised by the anti Vietnam demonstrator. The raids on the offices of anti Vietnam demonstrator's news'n'adventure news' (his address: 87-70 173rd St., NYC 11432).

One of the conditions that Salvador Dalí imposed for doing his first advertising job (for Perrin Water) was that 1,000 bottles of the product were delivered to his home in Spain. Dalí's now working on a television commercial for a French chocolate company.

Weatherman is not an accident. Weathervane is a logical consequence of the assault on American freedom and con- esty on the Left as a whole... Movement people who ought to know better have indulged in verbal overkill to the point where language has become an obsolescent medium. Terms like fascist, racist, genocide, police state and oppression have been stripped of meaning. This is not an accident. This is the attack on American freedom.

The Marijuana Exposition Caravan - two rock groups, a film show, speakers and a library tour 15 US cities from now to July - campaigning for legalisation of the pot. The 12,000 mile trip to 'Right - A Wrong' run through Florida, Louisiana, Georgia, New York, across to Seattle and back to Washington D.C. where a (hopefully) macabre event will be presented to Government officials prepared to show their faces.

Since the media mined 144 Piccadilly about squatters much more - except people who walk the streets every night and families who have to live with the squatters' months operations. Lewisham Family Squatting Asen has housed 27 families. Including seven kids. They were to be taken from their mother by the courts. They still have another dozen families whose need for rehousing is urgent. LFSA take over demolition-scheduled houses from the local council, makes them habitable, and lets them for members £2 (min) to £4 (max) rents, which are ploughed back into more squaddings. But financing and labour required means many suitable houses have to be turned down for lack of resources. If you live in the area, or think you can help change living standards as bad as anything Orwell saw in the thirties, go to LFSA meetings at 137 Albany, Creek Road, Deptford. (Chairman - David Adshoe).

Various groups distribute underground and independent films - London Film-Makers Co-Op, Angry Arts Festival etc. - but the worst thing is that catalogues, information and promotion. "Independent Cinema" is an information centre/catalogue/distribution outlet which attempts to remedy this.

...aimed at informing film clubs, universities, and individuals about films available, being made or just

FROM JOHN WILLCOCK'S OTHER SCENES:

The first underground paper to be in- dued them. E.L. Doctorow's novel is New Orlean's Nola Express - charged with obscenity for reproducing a picture of a guy masturbating, sur- ticularly "nudity". We also had the caption: What Sort of Man Reads Playboy?

The German author Joachim Joesten, who has written books about LBQ, JF, Lee Harvey Oswald, Caesar, De Gaulle and Onassis now publishes a fortnightly newsletter, Truth Letter, dedicated solely to "infor- mation news' (his address: 87-70 173rd St., NYC 11432).

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'Weatherman is not an accident. Weatherman is a logical consequence of the assault on American freedom and con- esty on the Left as a whole... Movement people who ought to know better have indulged in verbal overkill to the point where language has become an obsolescent medium. Terms like fascist, racist, genocide, police state and oppression have been stripped of meaning. This is not an accident. This is the attack on American freedom.'
Dear Dr. Hip Pocrates,

In a recent column you answered a question about scalp hair. I am more interested in pubic hair. My boyfriend likes thick pubic hair and keeps asking me to shave mine so it will grow back thicker. He says women who have had babies (i.e. had the pubic hair shaved) have much thicker and more hair than before the experience.

Answer: You may brittle at this, but to the best of knowledge hair will not grow back more thickly when cut or shaved. Hair is dead matter except for the root beneath the skin. Besides, think of the five o’clock shadow.

Dear Dr. Hip Pocrates,

Whenever I displease my husband, he gives me an enema of hot soapy water to discipline me! Since this didn’t happen too often, I suffered with it; however, he has been giving them to me more often (about once every 4-6 weeks) and I’ve been wondering if it can cause me any harm. He used to use a pint of water, but now he uses more. (He says about a quart and a half.) Also, he agrees to abide by your action if it’s harmful to me, he will stop and go back to using the hairbrush.

Answer: Infrequent enemas, as you describe them, are not medically harmful unless the water really is “hot.” Many people receive erotic stimulation through enemas and I wonder if this is really a punishment for you. But then it’s your bag.

Dear Dr. Hip Pocrates,

I am surprised that medical research can’t surmise the reason for a lower left testicle. When we were first married my husband explained it to me. One hangs lower so that in love you have to squeeze your legs together they don’t crush each other. As for lefties reproducing, I guess all those symmetrical fellows crossed their legs and crushed themselves out of having any progeny.

Dear Dr. Hip Pocrates,

I seldom read your column; it usually actually makes me sick to my stomach to know there are sick un-Christian people. Today my husband showed me your column about the man who liked to wake up his wife by making love to her in the morning. He’s an early riser and I’m not. (He relaxes in the evenings while I take care of dinner, children, and chores.) He remarked that he might try that sometime. I told him and I’ll tell you, if he ever does, in that manner, I’ll probably kill him and blame him for contributing to the cause.

People live happily enough until they read all these perverted sex things and get ideas, or think they are missing something! It’s turning the world into a cesspool—it’ll end up like the Roman Empire—decadence.

Why don’t you try and make things better instead of worse—a better world, instead of an animal jungle? I also wish your laboratory assistant and her kind would make with their own kind. That might help a lot.

Let’s hope computers help out in this respect.

Sincerely,

[Signature]
While they were in London, LOVE stayed in a large, ultra-modern apartment high above Queen Street, near Victoria Station. Transient, over heated and full of beds. Used to the luxurious private life of the wealthy Beatniks, they, certainly Arthur Lee, were totally bored by the hard facts of touring and the exigencies of life in London. All that money could buy had been lavished upon them, and this is what they wound up with. 'We don't have anything to do, man,' said George, the drummer. We just sit around and get smashed. It's a relief when someone comes around to talk to. We've got nothing else to do. They all looked half awake, particularly Arthur, who has heavy lidded, bedroom eyes and the lazy graceful movements of a contented Siamese cat.

'Hey you got so many pretty things on, man,' said George, touching a necklace, 'Arthur; look at the cat has on.' 'Hey you got so many pretty pants, leather bracelets, a ring or whatever.' 'Do you think you perform generally on the stage? ' 'But your life style is a political trip at the moment.' 'I am not totally opposed to the way life recommended for a red revolution?' 'I don't like what's going down, if you look and sounded like Arthur Lee it your trip happening with Jaggers just be part of my trip, but it's not my whole trip. Whether consciously or not, Love's image and particularly yours, has ever since you've been around, been a very sensual one. '(If you looked at him, he was Arthur Lee.)' 'Well, that's great. Nothing wrong with a little sex.' 'Well yes, but I don't think about it too much. I don't push it. I just do my trip. If sex comes out of doing my thing, then that's what you get.' 'So you agree with me?' 'Yeah, why not.' 'Are you into politics at all?' 'Not at all,' Arthur laughed. He laughed a lot. 'Is anybody?' 'Jefferson Airplane are on a heavy political trip at the moment.' 'Yeah, they don't see life like we do. Maybe they need it. Maybe they need to learn something. I'm not like that at all, I mean, it's like well, it's whether I wanna be or not. It comes out in my songs when I talk about all sorts of different things. There's no point in talking about politics.'

'But your life style is a political thing in itself.' 'My lifestyle is that background that I was conditioned — (yawn) — I am the result of that background. Make no mistake about that. Would you say you are living the revolution?' 'I am what? My birth was a revolution.' 'Do you know what I'm trying to say?' 'No, I wish you'd get to the point.' 'I think his songs are political,' put in George. The other members of the group had already disappeared into another room to sleep. 'The way of life reflected in your songs is totally opposed to the way of life that someone like President Nixon would recommend for a red political organisation.'

'I'm a red beans and rice man, but I'm not totally opposed to anything. To be totally opposed to something wouldn't be living, it would be negative. Just moving backwards. That's not life, man. For every bad, there's got to be some good. Even if Nixon's an asshole, there's got to be a good part of his asshole. So if people, man vote somebody in — or if they have a power system if they put somebody in a so-called power position (laughter) and employ those games with people's lives, all those trips, and people want to support this system, well, you know, that's their trip man. (laughter) I just happen to live in a house in that system, but I ain't going to be putting up no Volunteers signs on my album cover. I don't dig it. I can see the whole thing changing towards the way that I would want my life to be lived on this planet but my way is no opinion in itself, like this interview, or what you're gonna write down. My way is not the way, it is part of the way. Just by accident we happen to be on the same trip — we're all freaking out! (laughter) Someone must have a pretty strong rap going or something, because like ah, because everything is starting to like freak out around all those stereotype creeps and man, they're getting nervous. So somebody's got to either start cracking down or opening up. And I would hope that they would open up. Because opening up is the key to life. Keep an open mind man and you can't go too wrong. If you are aware of your environment, man that's an important trip. If being aware of your environment is an important thing, and there are so many things about your environment which are fucked up, then apart from living the way you do, which is an important statement in itself, you don't do anything — you don't preach. . . .

'No man' . . . . or belong to any revolutionary or political organisation.'

'Oh no man. Oh no.'

'His songs are political,' George put in again.

'I just write. I just call 'em as I see 'em. Call 'em as I see 'em, man.'

'Arthur writes about life, man,' said George, 'and life's political.'

'I don't like what's going down, if
'How do you get along with the rest of the group?'

'I get along great with everybody in the group. Maybe that's what goes wrong. Maybe that'll lead to another break up.'

'How about George here?'

'Get along great with George. Arthur is the best,' said George. 'He's modest too, that's for sure.'

'You're not egotistical."

'Oh no man.'

'Why not, everybody else is.'

Arthur laughed. His laughter was gentle and lethargic as the rest of him. 'Oh yeah. Well, by saying No, I guess I am too.'

'You are the sole surviving member of the original Byrds, are you not?'

'All split? Was it just a natural drift around.'

'It wasn't McGuinn who was autocratic, you throw your weight revolved.'

'And we play something that was coming to a head.'

'It's just not true. Everybody concerned.

'Yeah. But if you left there wouldn't be any Love.'

'Right?' from George.

'Well, I can't really suppose, but it depends on what you thought Love was to begin with. If you want to make me Love, that's cool. But I never did. I was Love and I was a part of Love. There are a lot of groups with no sole survivors or what have you, Grass Roots, for example. That's not the same group at all.'

'But that's because there was no single personality which embodied the group. But with Love it's pretty obvious that there is you.'

'I dig what you're saying.'

'Like with the Byrds there is McGuinn.'

'Well, it wasn't McGuinn who was the Byrds to me at first. It was Gene Clark. But when I think of the Byrds I don't really think of either McGuinn or Clark; I think of all those people involved in that trip. Yeah. I think.'

'I think when people come to see Love, they come to see Arthur Lee,' said George. 'Because we haven't paid our dues yet. We're not known.'

'We got to get a lot of exposure paid our dues yet. We're not known.'

'We got to get a lot of exposure man,' said Arthur.

'Yeah, I mean, they come to see Arthur, and hear what he wrote. And we play his songs the way he wants them."

'Why is it that the original members all split? Was it just a natural drift apart?'

'It was just time. No big thing, just something that was coming to a head."

'Was it your fault, your hangups that caused the rift?'

'My hangups?"

'I mean, I've heard that you are autocratic, you throw your weight around.'

'That's the last thing I do. I don't even weigh that much. But I'll take the blame man, I ain't proud."

'Laughing.'

'Is there any truth in that at all?'

'Well, if you want to believe it. To call me the asshole that caused the group to break up is just a falsehood. It's just not true. Everybody concerned is tributed in equal share to the breaking up of the group. That's for sure. I don't have any guilt trips about that trip. It's like a romance novel, with a chick. It's good as long as it is alive. But once it's over, it's over, then but you gotta go into it not looking for the ending, but constantly aware that nothing lasts forever. I won't ever be able to go back to it. It was a good thing for me, because it was refreshing for me to work with other people don't look upon a bad trip.'

'So the whole thing could happen again?'

'Oh, possibly. Yeah sure, but it doesn't worry me simply because of the fact that I can't work going with the people I work with. I don't look upon musicians as chunks of my body so that if I can't have those people, I have to function I look upon musicians as arrangements — each musician varies his arrangements, he varies his arrangements and when he plays his axe, his arrangement or interpretation of what has been given to him at that time, is the sort of trip I will have to evolve my trip around as much as thinking about writing songs goes. I can make_Selection and such that he is a quarter, hell, a full band. But I can take my songs to someone else and make them into a single trip, and I get a different feeling from that song, can you understand what I'm saying? So arrangements come and go make it go. But the thing I've learned about the whole trip is that it's better to be free of arrangements than with a bad arrangement.'

'Following upon that you would say there could not be any good music coming out of a bad arrangement?'

'Yeah, that's true, but what I mean is... oh oh where was? The line goes round yet again.

'You don't treat the rest of your group like a bunch of shit!"

'Lies, all lies. I just took my stand as being leader, and if I don't, how could I be the leader of the group? I just made sure that I did my trip. If I was the rhythm guitar player I'd make sure I play rhythm guitar. You know, after living with someone for three years, you sort of take them for granted and not much study can be taken for granted, first group. That's why I broke it up. It was so loose, and failing apart for six months before we really broke up. Like when we first joined the band bit, we had a great group personality, everybody grooved together, but at the end of the third year, everybody was financially straight, drifted their own ways, and formed a new life. It just happened.

'Sounds perfectly logical.'

'Yeah, things don't last forever, and nobody is particularly to blame when it all ends.'

'Did you commandeer a room for yourself (for whatever reason) in your Manchester hotel and push everyone else into the only remaining room?'

'No.'

'There are always people who want to put the bad rap on someone — it's logical that that happens to me simply because I probably blow a lot of people's minds myself, so in return I get my mind blown with that sort of crap.'

'The fact that the group is called Love may be partly responsible for this.'

'Yeah maybe. Everybody's Love and I just want to put Love in the minds of people on the planet. It's nice, we're on a bunmer to see a sign that says Love, touches your heart... in a good trip with friends, I try to make my trip as homey or as earthy as I can. Like, even though I write sarcastic, or whatever and all sorts of music, I'd like to think of my material as reminding you when you listen to the trip you're going through, or the hardships you're facing, that I faced, and of the way it ends on the way I say it, I would like to think that it would be a good trip for the person's mind. I like to give them that honesty forever.'

'We got to get a lot of exposure paid our dues yet. We're not known. It's like an echo, coming back. In a different way, but I say the same thing.'

'The songs certainly sound much the same sometimes.'

'Yeah, that's a comment. Because that to me means that I'm not just on one trip. I mean, I don't just sing songs."

'Less of different things.'

'Do you like being in communal situations?'

'No group are around all the time but I have one house, yes to that. Inside the group, I don't live with any one else. My house has an extra house on it that my drummer rents but other than that I have my privacy. My business and private life are not one and the same thing.'

'On a tour like this they must become more communal.'

'Yeah. (laughing) Manchester.'

'Completely the opposite of my normal trip.'

'And it gets you uplifted sometimes?'

'I'm ready to hear these sheets up right now,' said George. 'Slow smile.'

'Do you often lose your temper?'

'Everyone loses their temper.'

'No they don't.'

'They don't.'

'Let me see — who were those three that did... Everything you open your mouth you've lost your temper. Cause you can't keep your mouth shut.'

'Arthur Lee was practically asleep.

'George had disappeared. 'We've covered a lot of ground, man,' Arthur said as I prepared to leave. A beautiful flaxen haired girl wandered in silently and sat on the bed. What with her eyes and Arthur's golden brown skin... California, sunshine, acid, flowers, love, hate, death.'

'I shook hands twice and said several stoned farewells. Aminability and their thoughts? The West Coast is something else. A few more years, and they really will be like children from another planet.

Jim Anderson.'
The first true teenybop artist was Tommy Sands (b. 1937), not copping any two movie stars who happened to have hit, The Hunter and Sal Mineo or Pat Boone who was in an upstart class of his own. Sands, of whom we never heard much of ever here, was a kid who had been brought up in Shreveport, Louisiana, though born in Orlando. He got his big break in 1956, when at 16 he hit with the "Teenage Crush," one of two songs he recorded on the Capitol label in February 1957. Sands had tried to get his voice suited to rock 'n' roll, being hoarse, raspy and not totally enough, but he had clean cut, good looks and when he told TV company wanted Presley to play himself in a show called "Teenage (Gig)," Parker said Presley was too busy, but that he could recommend an unknown, Tommy Sands. Soon after Sands was flown in by the show's producers who were pleased and signed him. After the show, Sands began to play the title role in real life. Offers bombarded him for his appearance and "Teenage Crush," one of two songs from the show, a breathy ballad with a beat that has been exposed to high-volume singing of young love misadventure, burst into the U.S. charts on the Capitol label in February 1957 — number one. Over the years, up to '60, Sands had many discs released, sometimes backed by guitars and drums and other songs with orchestras. A few were hits like "Goin' steady" in 1957 and "Sing Boy Sing" (1958) but he never made it really big for some reason, though he did graduate into movies with one or two good roles. "Capitol" were possibly blaming, as they were not too adept at handling teen artists, or perhaps he was just too early for his scene. He was very first of the "Poodles' teen singers — the ones parents would like their daughters to marry, Next came Ricky Nelson, born 1940, with a silver spoon in his mouth by rights of his showbiz parentage. At 11 he made his first screen appearance and from the early teens he appeared in a nationally syndicated, top-rated American, light comedy, television programs, "The Ozzie & Harriet Show," Ozzie and Harriet being his folks. Ricky's elder sister Jo. Davis also featured and soon Ricky's face was well known in America. When rock music made it in '56, Sands came in with a lad Domino hit "I'm Walking" backed by 'A Teenager's Romance,' both recorded on the soundtrack of the "Ozzie & Harriet" show. The record, with the aid of a little exposure like an 18 million audience, took off and entered the U.S. charts at No. 18 in mid May, 1957, reaching No. 2. That record was to be an antecedent for similar hits over the next 5 or 6 years. Nelson at one stage being second only to Presley in American teen idolization. He wasn't a 'natural born' singer but he did learn quickly as he went along until, by 1960, he was a capable teen crooner with a distinct warm, nasal tone, even if he did somewhat lack authority, which he has somehow never managed to capture, especially on up-tempo numbers.

By late 1957, the U.S. charts were not so rocky slowly infatuated by his "I'm a Lonely Boy" (1957) 'I Love You Baby' (1957) 'I'm Just a Lonely Boy' (1957), "I Love You Baby" (1957) 'I'm Just a Lonely Boy' (1957) 'You Are My Destiny' (1958) 'Puppy Love' (1960). Around 1962, Anka opted out, successfully, into an adult almost middle aged, entertainment world.

December, 1957 saw the emergence of the first teenybop group, Danny & the Juniors. Nothing important still was the fact that came from Philadelphia, when in a year later, they sound on a record and complicate the teen scene for a while, to the detriment and eventual fate of the truly talented hard rock 'n' roll, replacing the latter's music with sickly sweet teenybop sentiments and carefully contrived images fashioned after Payola. 'A Teenage Hop' was a world hit by early 1958 and Danny & the Juniors became the first in a long line of one-hit wonders, who no stage act to back themselves up with. They followed up with 'Rock and Roll is Here to Stay' reached No. 19 in America and faded, though they made a comeback in 1961 with a hit, 'Twistin' U.S.A.', with a different up-set. The group were all urban youths, mostly of Italian origin who'd never been exposed to musical influences before, but just grew up on the blues and suddenly fancied themselves, so they practised their harmonies on a self-penned song, 'Do The Bop,' and took a local vocal tutor and arranger, Artie Singer. Singer altered the lyrics, cutting himself in and fixed up an eccentric rock 'n' roll, being throaty, lush and with a new stomping and hollering style, which impressed Fats Domino, who had already had a hit, 'A Teenager's Romance,' and was going to cash in on the hit. The group's name lives on as a meter for offensive scorn of the class-commercial clowb of the teenybop era which they heralded. A similarly styled group was The Royal Teens who hit with their shattering teenage idol chant, 'Short Shorts' in February, 1958 — the first ever bubblegum hit in rock, as opposed to straight teenybop sentiments. There is no vocal lead on the record but it begins with a wolf whistle and what sounds like the teenagers on the local street corner, chanting through echo, 'Who Likes Short Shorts?' (the girls) answered by the guys 'We Like Short Shorts' and apart from a few bombs in sax and some bga in the handclaps, that's about it. Recorded in New Jersey and released, once again, to A.B.C.-Paramount, 'Shorts' sold a million, just who the 'Teens' were is a mystery, but they say Al Kooper and Bob Gaudio, who co-wrote it, were definitely there. Gaudio later became famous as one of the 4 Seasons and as a writer/producer.
After two films, backed by Rocco and Cio., his third disc "De De Dinah," backed by the Pasta Angeles orchestra and chorus, made the U.S. charts in early '55, with a lot of橙色是和固执的 American Bandstand. Earlier in '57 he had appeared in a movie "Jamboree" about the disc business. He was the Galop of one of the films, Teacher's Pet. The movie was fascinating because it featured some of the best of the early rockers and the younger generation. Carl Perkins. Jerry Lee Lewis, Fats Domino, Buddy Knox, even Count Basie and his band, performed in the film as well as also exposing the then unknown stars Connie Francis and Avalon to a completely different city environment and the urban attitude against the ethnics.

Avalon went on to have some massive U.S. hits, backed by mild stoned garage bands. After 1960 they stopped coming but he still remained immensely popular becoming a party cult figure, movie star, teen spreads etc. This lasted till about 1962 when he had a belated U.S. hit, his chart swanson's Don't let me starr with R&B.

After establishing Avalon, Marcucci and De Angeli needed some security for their label which hired on the tonality of one personality who could fall from the popularity of this kind any time.

They found the insurance in a 15 year old (again) local kid, Fabian Forte, i.e., Fabian. In "I was certain that 'Fabe" was it and the beginning going to happen. But if it hadn't I simply would have looked for someone else and built him.' He must have thought that the record failed. But Marcucci disagreed. He told Fabian 'what to say and when to say it, what to do and don't do it.'

For Fabian had the record for the biggest con in the business. He was 'discovered' lapping in a local or indirecely established stars and records. However, as he grew out of his cute 'kiddy' looks things got tough. Fabian, together with Marcucci, impressed by his looks, the latter's old car, making the rounds of his soprano fans. Marcucci, named Frankie Day was impressed with his good looks, and 'Chancellor'. Even Fabian was guessed with, simple format and direct or indirect influence of every singer.
When he inevitably split from the Belmonts who had a few small hits then floundered, he emerged in the early '60s as one of the biggest solo names in the teen stakes. Even at this stage he was different. Whereas all the other groups of the time, B-streets and gary choirs, Dion was the purveyor of 'funky teenybop' employing smaller, tighter acts performing in bars. He was one of the few who could sing his songs through, but his records fell flat. His first album, 'Where's the Money' (1964) was the only pop star, apart from Dylan, on the collage cover of 'The Beatles' and that was merely a honeymoon period. It is safe to say that Dion was the only pop star, apart from Dylan, on the collage cover of 'The Beatles', and that he was never totally accepted as a person by the young fans.

In 1963 after he graduated, he joined CBS and formed a very straight company, Robert Goulet, Andy Williams, Steve Lawrence, Tony Bennett was its big star. He managed to maneuver one of his hits with a series of fabulous productions, still employing that light funky 'teenybop' back up but adding subtleties to the sound, as on the self written and produced 'Donna the Prima Donna' (1963). Suddenly he had an early hit, 'I'm creepy', then he joined C.B.S. at that time still a rock and roll idol who has progressed — difficult to make in this way, but there was a new trend in those days.

Dion made a huge comeback with the 'Top to obscurity', but he continued his run of hits up to 1962. They include 'Go Johnny Go' (from the movie, 1959), 'Sail on a Stormy Sea' (1959), 'The Rockets'. He cut one side then the other. You had to be quick on the draw, to get a sound which perhaps represents the pre-Beatle sound best of all.

But the album which was a No. 1 record in 1968, 'Abraham, Lincoln', Tony Bennett were its big stars. He continued his run of hits up to 1962. They include 'Go Johnny Go' (from the movie, 1959), 'Sail on a Stormy Sea' (1959), 'The Rockets'. He cut one side then the other. You had to be quick on the draw, to get a sound which perhaps represents the pre-Beatle sound best of all.

Bobby Vee, a big teenybop name both in the States and England began his career as a Buddy Holly imitator; nasal voice, strong accent. At 17 he had an American hit on 'Liberty', 'Devil or Angel', and the million-seller, 'Rubber Ball' (1963) he said that he would be around awhile. Vee (nee Velline) got his break when, in 1960, while playing in a country club, killed Buddy Holly, Valens and Big Bopper, he sold a left-out programme empty in Moor Head, Minnesota. The programme was done by a local talent and Bobby Vee and his friends who lived in nearby Fargo, N.Dakota stepped in as 'The Shadows'. The programme sold in identical sweaters. They went down well and Bobby Vee was signed as a solo, after Liberty heard some demos he cut with the group, who became his backing band. The pianist for a while was Bobby Zimmerman, till Vee sacked him with the words (as the story goes) 'I don't think it'll make it on your own son, but not with my band.'

By 1964, Vee suffered a slump due to the loss of the label (he even cut an album that year, 'Sings the English Song'), but emerged stronger like Cliff Richard whom sure - Vee and Valens had added up other U.S. hits like 'Look Me Girl' (1967) and 'Come Back When You Grow Up' (1968) still on the same label and retains with a bit of effort a boyish quality. Vee's success was due as much as anything to a brilliant producer called Tommy 'Snuff' Garrett. Garrett (the same man who in behind those awful perennial '50's albums) is responsible for much of the most commercially successful producers and is largely responsible for the appearance in the string section: everybody did the same thing. The songs were used mainly for fillers or as a mass lead on instrumental breaks. One can imagine all those mid-aged session men sitting in an L.A. studio, elbows flashing frantically on each hit, 'Sixteen', 'Rubber Ball' etc. I mean you had to be fast — strings were used like guitar — Garrett never employed lead guitar breaks, not even on a sound which perhaps represents the pre-Beatle beat that best of all.

Burnette, killed in '64, was actually one of the original country rockers, recording early as Marian 'Coral'. Born in Memphis in 1934 (when he joined Liberty it was boosted to 1938) he got his first guitar at 5 and all through school was just 'a-pickin' and grinnin". He roughed it up in his teens, height, weight boxer duck. He was the regional record's biggest artist over the years. Burnette, in '58, 'Just Dream', which sold a million. Clanton had gone to a family of musicians, the Clantons, who became the nucleus of the real Dion show. Suddenly he was Bobby Vee, a big teenybop name both in the States and England began his career as a Buddy Holly imitator; nasal voice, strong accent. At 17 he had an American hit on 'Liberty', 'Devil or Angel', and the million-seller, 'Rubber Ball' (1963) he said that he would be around awhile. Vee (nee Velline) got his break when, in 1960, while playing in a country club, killed Buddy Holly, Valens and Big Bopper, he sold a left-out programme empty in Moor Head, Minnesota. The programme was done by a local talent and Bobby Vee and his friends who lived in nearby Fargo, N.Dakota stepped in as 'The Shadows'. The programme sold in identical sweaters. They went down well and Bobby Vee was signed as a solo, after Liberty heard some demos he cut with the group, who became his backing band. The pianist for a while was Bobby Zimmerman, till Vee sacked him with the words (as the story goes) 'I don't think it'll make it on your own son, but not with my band.'

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...and there he is! Lynn's dream is coming true; she is about to spend a glorious day with Johnny Aladdin!

When Lynn closes her eyes all she sees is Johnny's face, smiling at her in her dreams. Suddenly, the door-bell rings, and as if by magic Lynn is standing there completely dressed. She opens the door.

In 1964 he went too far updating 'Hootchie Koochie Man' and 'Johnny B. Goode'. The latter single in a sort of jive style, the exchange of style, brushes and all, backed with a tremendous version of 'Chicago Blues'. From then on, Dinon went from 'Sophisticated Ladies' on his old 'Laurie' label, a reunion which was to be a short-lived. The album which followed, a virtual masterpiece simply called 'Dion' and is available on London-American. About that time in America only CBS released an album of their old '63-'65 cuts, many unsold, and they stood the test of time incredibly well. Dion is the only teen idol who has progressed — and really mean it literally. He has never looked back and since he voluntarily relinquished his Stardom, as documented, he went through that period where he was not accepted, but after 'From backslap to backslap' and 'Comes the Bride', and 'Johnny & John' which showed that he was road band. The pianist for a while was Bobby Zimmerman, till Vee sacked him with the words (as the story goes) 'I don't think it'll make it on your own son, but not with my band.'

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An interesting phenomenon was noticed among the teen idols. They all seemed to be doing very well, but at the same time, there was a certain amount of resentment towards each other. It was as if every new idol was seen as a threat to the others' success. However, when they met in A.B.C. Records in 1967, they hit it off and started a series of songs that were later recorded as 'TeenAngel'.

Another thing that was noticeable was the proliferation of comic stripcovers in pop. Book covers in pop were not a recent phenomenon, but they had become even more popular. An example of this was the cover of 'TeenAngel'. The cover was deliberately blurred and had a lopsided grin/make-up cream. The reasoning behind this was that it would attract attention and make the album more memorable. It was a form of marketing that was becoming increasingly popular.

The age of innocence is gone. Children matured earlier, bubblegum bursts, love and sex are expressed, and represented more than ever on record. But you couldn't blame them -- they were young and full of energy. The teen idol stage was a time of raw emotion, of pure expression, and it was a time that would always be remembered.

Finnis c/o OZ.
Communes, journal of the Commune Movement, issue no 31 out now—the main article is about kibbutzim in Japan, but at last things are beginning to happen in Britain too: new Communes, particularly urban ones, are emerging at the rate of about one a week. The Commune Movement has only got 150 members so far and needs your support: if you're not ready to start a Commune yet, you could contribute to the Federation Fund, which lends or gives money to Communes in temporary need; or you could join the Commune Movement, Box, Headcorn-on-Sea to contribute to the journal (18/- a year), or distribute "Communes" in your area (keeping 1/- a copy); at worst, write off to BIT Information Service, 141 Westbourne Park Road, London W.11 (01-229 8219) for a copy of the Journal (bi-monthly at 3/6 post incl.).

Arts Labs Newsletter, issue no 5 out now and if you ever get past the cunt on the cover, inside you'll find Dope from Tim Leary, Suck-noises from Jim Haynes, Video-probes by Hoppy, Living Theatre escapades etc etc. International breaking balanced by news and articles from our very own counter-culture, the 60 or so Arts Labs & related phenomena networking Great Britain. The newsletter loses at least £10 a time so it needs new takers at 2/- a month (post incl.) or £1 a year subscription from BIT Information Service, 141 Westbourne Park Road, London W.11 (01-229 8219).

Three Young men, one aged 23, two aged 27, with own cars, seek female company. Must be interested in motorcycle racing and sex. Write with photo to: Box No. 27 (3). Hetero Homo Bi Sexual. You state the qualities, we'll send names and address of genuine compatible friends. Ring 242 6459 or send £1. Parties International, 42 Theobalds Road, London W.C.1.

June Mayfield. How else can I tell you.... Write Box No. 5 (27).

Contraceptives by the manufacturers of Durex. 36 skins £1. 158 Ballards Lane, London N.3.

Fantastic New Offer! Introducing Kiki, the gorgeous female model in 10 uniquely daring positions designed to give full satisfaction: Send 20/- P.O. or Cheque. (Payable to: S.M.R. Brolly Only), Connoisseur Art Studies, 38 Crawford Street, W.1.

Cult of the Grove. Send 7/- to Cult Objects, 52 Princesdale Road, W.10 for insights into mysterious events affecting us all.


Rubber News Lives Again. Whip up enthusiasm. Send £1 now. Box No. 6 (27).

Concept poetry magazine. 3/- Roger Falcon, 22 Pembroke Square, W.8.

Find love and marriage through the Ace of Hearts Correspondence Club. S.A.E. for details from: J. Smith, P.O. Box, Heacham-n-Norfolk. Star Productions will film, photograph, or design, anything anywhere, anytime. Phone 603 8581.

The Liverpool Great Georges Project, c/o Huskison Street, Liverpool 8. Require people to help/work. Urgently.

Attractive broadminded young couple, early twenties, with daughter 5, would live to meet other couples to share summer holidays, also weekends. Box No. 4 (27).

The Hidden Path! Contact people, both sexes, in occult, witchcraft, initiation and similar, through our unique service. Gay contacts too! S.A.E. to Secretary, 101 Blantyre Road, Liverpool 15, Lancs.

Confidential Address—Letters held or forwarded, £1 per month—Secretarial Services, 42 Theobalds Road, London W.C.1. 242 6459.


The Big-Ear device enables anyone to hear through walls, across the street, anywhere. Easily made from readily available materials. Full illustrated instructions 10/-. See all with an easily made "See Through From Behind Mirror". Instructions 10/-. "The United Kingdom Homosexual Meeting Place Directory" is still 10/-. Mailix, 38 Crawford Street, London W.C.1.

Anyone can obtain employment on an Ocean Liner or Oil Rig. "The Maritime Employment Guide" 7/6 explains how. Seainformation, 12 Kinggate Road, London N.W.6.

FRIENDS GALORE! Meet them through Happiness, Britain's leading social-introduction magazine. Hundreds upon hundreds of personal adverts of all types, including twosomes, threesomes and foursomes. Sexual compatibility where required. Friends, holiday companions and marriage-partners, both sexes. Send 10/- for the current edition. Arcade Recording Circuit, Arcadian Gardens, Wood Green, London N.22.

Gym

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Warm weather arrives and with it an unprecedented flock of books to read. Where we were going to turn to read them? Sitting in the sun in Hyde Park or tripping out on mescaline in the country? For the publishers make some distinction between what they release in the autumn (tending to be heavier, more poetic, more suitable for prolonging the long winter nights before a fire) and what they release in the spring, but the distinction is hardly discernible. My best book papers put out by Paladin with titles from The Politics of Emacy to Russia in Revolution to The Politics of the Jungle are completely aimed to appeal to the Underground and its camp followers, or at least to such of them as can still read. I don't see Leon Uris in the Bantam lineup, but too much out of Leslie A. Felder's Love and Death in the American Novel (1963, $5.50) is that American literature is incapable of dealing with adult sexuality and is pathologically obsessed with death. If you can get into it, however, you will find the book morbidly fascinating, and will get little pleasure from such illusory extracts as this one, from a novel by Paul Bowles:

"The man moved and surveyed the young body lying on the stones. He ran his finger along the razor's blade; a pleasant excitement took possession of him. He stepped over, looked down and saw the spurt that sprouted from the base of the belly. Not entirely conscious of what he was doing, he took it in one hand and brought his other arm down with the motions of a man pulling a sickle. It was swiftly severed. A round dark hole was left, flush with the skin; he stared a moment blankly. Dripping was screaming.

As well as might. It was almost a relief to turn to Robert Taber's The War of the Fleas ($7.50) which is a study of guerrilla warfare in both theory and practice--how to fuck-up the system from Cyprus to Cuba. The guerrilla fighter fights the war the way a man and his military enemy suffers from the base of the belly. Not entirely conscious of what he was doing, he took it in one hand and brought his other arm down with the motions of a man pulling a sickle. It was swiftly severed. A round dark hole was left, flush with the skin; he stared a moment blankly. Dripping was screaming.

Wahlcong his Home Student (11/-) is not as frothy a read as Richard Neville's Play Power, but it has never been available here in paperback before and it is the classic study of culture as play and of man's instinct for play (now being displaced and to an outrageous extent by drop-outs from San Francisco to Goa). Huizinga notes that "modern warfare has...lost all content with play--as play...ought to see civilization returning to the great archaic terms of recreation where ritual style and dignity were in perfect union.

The other Paladin book which I liked was Jeff Nuttall's Bomb Culture, which as Nuttall himself says "is primarily for squares" who do not appreciate remarks such as "the decline of the anti-war movement in 1962 left us stranded in the seemingly unconcerned about the obvious fact that somewhere along the line the man who makes electronic equipment is the same as the man who grows marijuana.

(3) The culture was drowned in political violence. The Yippies, militant hippies who fought the battles of Chicago and People's Park, were led by men like Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman, whose way of thinking was very largely cultural, a natural development of the Ashby thinking. Following the Chicago fiasco, however, a branch of the SDS (Students for a Democratic Society) broke away, proclaimed themselves allies of the Viet Cong and declared war formally on the United States. The Weathermen, spun off by Mark Rudd who was prominent in the Columbia University uprising, however, with official leaders or tanks apart from the division into local "chapters" in the manner of Hell's Angels, have a profound hatred for straight society, expressed in the phrase for Sharon Tate's murdered character Charles Manson, not only from those who no doubt feared the road for royalty whenever Manson is moved from jail to jail, but also by a woman's subsection of the Weathermen, one of whom said "In the the brutality of those people eating a meal along those stuck pigs..."

It was a novel on the one hand and a story of guerrilla warfare in both theory and practice--the way to arrange the shows of people in the cafes of Amsterdam, but also by a woman's subsection of the Weathermen, one of whom said "In the the brutality of those people eating a meal along those stuck pigs..."

The common factor between the Weathermen, the Beatles and Manson's murderous cover (Manson was consciously militant enough to prepare concert vehicles for the hell's angels), association with an animal skins is a compulsive violence which will surely find itself kept alive in the political rage and is pathologically obsessed with death. If you can get into it, however, you will find the book morbidly fascinating, and will get little pleasure from such illusory extracts as this one, from a novel by Paul Bowles:

"The man moved and surveyed the young body lying on the stones. He ran his finger along the razor's blade; a pleasant excitement took possession of him. He stepped over, looked down and saw the spurt that sprouted from the base of the belly. Not entirely conscious of what he was doing, he took it in one hand and brought his other arm down with the motions of a man pulling a sickle. It was swiftly severed. A round dark hole was left, flush with the skin; he stared a moment blankly. Dripping was screaming.

As well as might. It was almost a relief to turn to Robert Taber's The War of the Fleas ($7.50) which is a study of guerrilla warfare in both theory and practice--how to fuck-up the system from Cyprus to Cuba. The guerrilla fighter fights the war the way a man and his military enemy suffers from the base of the belly. Not entirely conscious of what he was doing, he took it in one hand and brought his other arm down with the motions of a man pulling a sickle. It was swiftly severed. A round dark hole was left, flush with the skin; he stared a moment blankly. Dripping was screaming.

Wahlcong his Home Student (11/-) is not as frothy a read as Richard Neville's Play Power, but it has never been available here in paperback before and it is the classic study of culture as play and of man's instinct for play (now being displaced and to an outrageous extent by drop-outs from San Francisco to Goa). Huizinga notes that "modern warfare has...lost all content with play--as play...ought to see civilization returning to the great archaic terms of recreation where ritual style and dignity were in perfect union.

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Crazy Otto sheds his guilt

When London bobbies nabbed Warhol's Flesh at the Open Space, the double standard of British film censorship was again confirmed as the police turned a blind eye to a Supreme Court decision which would eventually lead to the banning of Wild Strawberries. The New York police will not define cinema's freedom, and London will lag far behind Copenhagen as a centre for free expression.

The screening of Andrew Noren's Kodak Ghost Poems late one night in the same month as Flesh was hosted as part of a New American Cinema program at the NET points up the double standard: for Kodak Ghost Poems contains scenes of sexual explicitness much more offensive to present-day audiences than the scenes in Wild Strawberries which in an audience of 250 people caused no reaction.

For Otto Muehl (and most Viennese film-makers) film is "Shift...a technical means of recording." Otto is impressed by "the magnetic attraction to kifos" that film has, and his feature Sedona (1970) is a collection of previous films, a forerunner of the Viennese anti-establishment works in an assault on audience sensibilities. Muehl is concerned to shock audiences aware of their own "conventionally perverted attitudes to make them aware of the stupidity of paying to see another man fuck, and insert the outside in instead of participating in the action themselves."

"I'm for lewdness, for the demystification of sexuality...I'm against the philistine porno-film, against pornography of the business man," says Muehl, and to prove it he makes films with his wife Inn as weapons in the fight for sexual liberation and the abandonment of Germany's pornographic laws.

The films of Otto Muehl are as much against the fashionable wife-swapper, as against the right puritan. If you enjoy swinging groups, go to Vienna to one of Crazy Otto's orgies. You will find your wife painted, sprayed, vomited on, and probably murdered. For Muehl sees this as much the right of artists as it already is for politicians and scientists. In Silent Night (fims: Peter Kockeneth, 1970) a Muehl Christmas action is storyboarded, showing the slaughter of a live pregnant white. Its hot blood splattered over Muehl's wife, and its entrails stuck in her cunt preparatory to Otto fucking her.

Such use of blood and carcasses against the work of another Viennese artist, Hermann Nitsche, whose Munich action of March 1970 has recently been filmed by Ed Sommer. Nitsche is regarded by Jonas Mekas as "the greatest living playwright" and his Orgy Mysteries Theatre is a cathartic ritualisation of man's sin and guilt, acting out man's bloodlust in hideous reminders of Vietnam and the Crucifixion. Nitsche lives in exile in Berlin, fearful of imprisonment in Vienna, as happened to Muehl and other artists of the Vienna Institute for Direct Art.

Ed Sommer, who filmed Nitsche's Munich action a few hours before police arrived to try and prevent it, makes films with his wife Inn as weapons in the fight for sexual liberation and the abandonment of Germany's pornographic laws. The Breed (1969) and Rhythm (1970) feature close-up shots of breasts and cunt's being bulked by female hands. Striptease and Emancipation (1969) shows a conventionally erotic striptease, while a voice reads Women's Liberation demands, attacking the way that such films invoke. The German Mother (1969) intertwines Danish pornographic photos with shots of a pregnant woman, a comment on the maternal enslavement of the traditional family concept.

In these German and Austrian underground films, sexuality is "not the state-preserving sacrament, but a more physical function." Like the films of the Vienna Expanded cinema group, and Scree in Cologne, they are anti-aesthetic, against concepts of beauty ("romantic") and against established concepts of film as art. They are being made at a time when Hollywood produced humiliating sexual fantasies, and the aesthetic spawn of Hollywood from New York to Europe produce exploitation films which in an honest system would be screened in pornatoriums rather than in the plastic palaces of commercial cinema.

The cause of these anti-artists is admirable, their fight courageous, but the destructive methods of their application are fearful. Revolutionaries who kill and destroy are worthwhile. Not surprisingly, these anti-artists are not turned on, and are all of the over-imaginative generation. They are acting out the guilt and bewilderment of their decaying society, clearing the way for younger artists to create new art for the new social consciousness.

Their films are valuable weapons in the revolution.

Albie Thoms
Permanent Damage

G.T.O.'s

I read Miles' review of this record in IT 74 three times, carefully, once I even read it using a dictionary and I read it a fourth time, but still all of it anyway. But then I ain't ever been to America, and this is an America record. Or rather an American record; you know, the AMERICA which equalls Capital A for Acid / versus Capital M for Mac/ out to Capital E exterminate / the fucking Capital Race... etc. But Miles is right when he says that it's difficult to take.

The problem here is one of digestion and constipation, i.e., what you can stomach and how long it takes to register what shit you're eating. Ice Cool Coke refreshes you best and brown rice is boring but sure as hell the Viet Con are winning that war.

Anything with Zappa's muscle power in evidence, (the small press) could produce this L.P., almost always turns out to be essential listening since - once over it is later - witness the cruel demise of the Mothers of Invention, America's most original rock band with whom you wipe their ass with Creedence Clearwater and leave the Zeppelin standing in the first dozen bars, entirely due to lack of support and money. (The Archies live, their Mother's dead; there's no business like the music business). But even bearing in mind that Frankie's efforts often require time to infiltrate, 'Permanent Damage' is still hard to take at least, too hard to take all at once.

Basically this record is twenty-nine minutes and twenty eight seconds of sound collage from five chicks who make up Girls Together Depragally, 'G.T.O.'s', that's Miss Pamela, Miss Sandra, Miss Cinderella, Miss Christine and lovely Missedly Miss Mercy. They sing whimsy, paranoid songs and rap, often self-consciously amongst themselves about AMERICA /high school/ball/ing/soft consumer environment/cars/ball/ing/TV/stuffed bras/ball/ing/pop stars and, you guessed it, pop stars balling. They're at their best, their funniest, though I guess this record isn't about being funny, on subjects close to their heart, i.e. adol/escence, adolescence and balling. The telephone conversation with the Plaster Casters of Chicago is in service of the music... but the music... well that's another trip altogether. If it's parody, it's stretching the bubblegum a little too tight for me, and if it's not, then what is. But Miles is right. It is essential listening since it is at least essential music. In the middle fifties our western culture underwent a change with the advent of rock-and-roll, the event that Eldridge Cleaver describes as 'a new awareness and enjoyment of the flash', a new appreciation of the possibilities of the body, the earth is essentially the product of this awareness, and it is this same awareness that has made it possible for production resist the conditioning that the music business). But even more, the music business) has become alarmed at this situation and it is their panic that becomes manifest in incidents like the Chicago and Berkeley riots and the enforcement of the narcotics law to the point of absurdity.

This is the basic story on the album, the use of Bo Diddley's 'Mona' treatments for 'Volunteers', Jefferson Airplane's, and a tribal manner, attempts to state the essential physical awareness. The rest of the material is a paranoid thing that has been forced upon us as a result of this awareness. Much of the material has been randomly recorded and by its juxtaposition with the rest of the track produces discords and often warring relationships in terms of sounds, Fears, however, is not a tidy, precise emotion; it is desperate, shifting and irregular.

There is little harmony in the life in the States and it is their panic that becomes manifest in incidents like the Chicago and Berkeley riots and the enforcement of the narcotics law to the point of absurdity.

Even 'Summertime Blues', which starts the second side, is a reiteration of the same paranoid state. In the Fifties it was not fear of arrest that was used in the main to force us to conform, we were younger then and it was parental pressure... 'You can't use the car to go riding next Sunday'... which sought to keep us in line.

The album ends with a restatement of the essential tribal rock version of 'Mona' with which it began, as the only hope within the current situation -- to cling to that essential physical togetherness and that though it we might survive.

Mick Farren.
Grateful Deadly Recordreviews

Live/Dead: The Grateful Dead

I can think of no other band with a more impressive mythology as that of the Dead, their name evokes a darkly humorous piece of nomenclature. The story behind the names - Owsley, Kesey, Leary, Tom Wolfe, Hell's Angels, is too hard to say whether this double is an attempt to be the last... for the last time. This is the myth. On the sleeve the stars of that film again vaporize into the skull and crossbones and a rearguard of Tim Davis and a couple of bongs, no paint, but arms faking up-in-the-air like a field of tulips, and yet the music’s impalpability and a beauty (of the unconscious and uncapitalized variety) that does not belong to anything at all, nor has the hard currency of Zappa and Beefheart. Love and other survivals of the times. Editing, though, it is difficult to put aside the feel of the past, especially when the Dead themselves done so well to recall it to, in a direction which is very close to their first L.P. and incidentally, reminiscent of Country Joe and the Fish.

The Dead have been developing along a line somewhat to the mainstream 'heaviness' of most rock. 'Anthem to the Sun' and 'Aoxomoxoa' explored that, and eight minutes of it becomes a streetful of people. There are a couple of scatalogical version of the soul number with heavy drums, lots of shoutings, recognizable as 'Turn on your Lovelight' is also a throwback to the mid-sixties, your lovelight. 'You fellers may have a better shot to the air than I have' is a line tangential to the mainstream often meretricious, inarticulate and boring. But this is the only self-indulgence, for this number, as he does throughout.

Your Saving Grace: Steve Miller Band

Where is the beautiful Steve Miller of yesteryear? Has the miracle, the surgery, yelled rhythms that lead to low from the Whirligig? Where is the 'Children Of The Future', the one line in 'Kool Kow Kow's'? Where are those wondrous Saturday afternoons in the old eras? The shuffling to the Everly Brothers Songs for the Amenists? Still there so shutup and pass the joint. Your Saving Grace, just advance on Brave New World, elegantly similar in style, but much stronger. Nicky Hopkins is contributing here more to the Miller sound, compared with the earlier songs. Steve Miller lives, Brave New World was a dead drop from Satellite, but Your Saving Grace is back with the class, with Nicky Hopkins. There's a whole line of Miller's on keyboards as well called Ben Sidran. It seems Keyboards were King.

Millert's four albums are remarkably similar in style considering the vast superficial changes that have been tossed around in music for the last twenty years. His change has been to move into simpler presentation. This is the reverse of the Beatles for instance, who have moved more into the complex. This is the reverse of the Beatles for instance, who has moved more into the complex. This is the reverse of the Beatles for instance, who's going to be doing it  the Beatles for instance, who has most of the
don't compromise, because the music doesn't.

flock
santana
spirit
pacific gas & electric
chicago
janis joplin
laura nyro
johnny winter
taj mahal

DYLAN
SIMON & GARFUNKEL
BYRDS
BLOOD SWEAT & TEARS
MIKE BLOOMFIELD
AL KOOPER

LEONARD COHEN
MOBY GRAPE
TIM HARDIN
SLY & THE FAMILY STONE
CHAMBERS BROTHERS
FILLMORE
Al Kooper: composes, arranges, performs, produces his own music and records. Alone on "You never know who your friends are". Together with Mike Bloomfield on "Super Session". Also on "Live Adventures of Mike Bloomfield and Al Kooper."

A group called Chicago.
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