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OZ 28

Jim Anderson

Editor

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Description
This issue of OZ appears with the help of Jim Anderson, Gary Brayley, Felix Dennis, Bridget Murphy, Richard Neville, Liz Watson and David Wills.


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Comments
Please be advised: This collection has been made available due to its historical and research importance. It contains explicit language and images that reflect attitudes of the era in which the material was originally published, and that some viewers may find confronting.

This serial is available at Research Online: http://ro.uow.edu.au/ozlondon/28
This OZ has been put together with the help and inspiration of about twenty people, all 18 or under, mostly still at school who came from various parts of London and England in answer to our appeals for injections of youthful vigour in our ageing veins. We were half expecting a crowd of revolutionary high school bomb throwers, United States style, but England is England and although we got one 100% hippie complete with blue satins, beads and bangles and a job at the Roundhouse, some of them actually liked school, and others were cagier about using their real names or upsetting their dear old school too much. Get those A levels kiddies! However we all had a fantastic month doing it, milling around weekend after weekend in true communal style, gradually getting all the copy together, the drawings, the photographs, the freak-outs. OZ was hit with its biggest dose of creative energy for a long time. Have a look at the Rupert Bear strip. Youthful genius. Read Charles Shaar Murray's double page, Head Books, and Jeff Beck, Truth is Blue - a natural journalistic wizard. Trudi was disillusioned with the Schools Action Union, (Please Sir May I Be Excused) but what real activists can stir up in the school playground makes the guerrilla theatre story (The Return of King Kong) a strong indictment of the manner in which school teachers exercise their authority. More freedom was everybody's cry - get rid of the primitive examination system (Xmam Blues) get rid of teachers who can't see beyond their own prejudices (Headmaster of the Year); give us the freedom to smoke, to dress, to have sex, to run school affairs. From America, Tom Lindsay's revolutionary call to arms, High School Confidential, which reflects to a greater or lesser extent exactly what most of the school children we worked with are thinking about. OZ itself suffered a heavy critical assault (OZ Sucks... ) but on the whole everyone who worked on the issue enjoyed the chaotic anarchistic anti-authoritarian way in which the issue was put together, and we hope it reminded them of the sort of fun school can be and only too rarely is. Now read on.

**PROFILES**

(by each other)

**Anne Townsend, 16, Farnborough.**

Says she is a bitch. Claims to like de blooze. Hang-ups about blokes. Hates her parents, turns on regularly; reads Oz, IT and Feticheart. I want all the freedom I can get', but will conform to anything as long as she gets something out of it.

**John Dreyer, 16, Born at Golders Green.**

Circumcised but not Jewish. Finds atmosphere at school impersonal and oppressive. Thinks the head master is bullied by the rest of his staff. Generally bored with living and his main love is drawing cartoons.

**Eddie Allen, 18, Aldershot.**

Long dark hair, frequently wears a bottle green WRAC coat. Studying civil engineering at Farnborough Technical College. Thinks he gets pissed too often. Intends to go to University and then bum around because he doesn't want to work. Believes God is a gnome. Likes freaking out the Establishment. Reads Isaac Asimov. 'I want to start my own commune for happy people.'

**Rob January, 16, Scorpio, from Highgate, at present undergoing comprehensive education. Doesn't read much at the moment because of lack of time. Listens to Hendrix, Quintessence, Soft Machine and thinks Zappa 'plays incredible wah-wah'. Would like to see Enoch Powell get a divorce and marry a very black woman. Has many obscene ideas but can't put them down 'cos can't draw...

...Enjoys working for OZ (Slurp, Slurp!) even though he does 'fuck-all'. Dislikes school 'cos of skinheads and infatilite head master. However wants to become eminent chemist someday...

**Robb Douglas, 18, Hornsey.**

Working class background. Works with physically handicapped people. Suppressed intelligence, but knows he is going to be famous. Likes making people happy. Sometimes my mind goes a complete blank.

Hang-ups: Getting bread and finishing projects. Feels sorry for his parents, skinheads, and people generally, in that order.

Likes animals and unpolluted countryside.

Beliefs: Agnostic. Also the theory of intergalactic beings.

**Henry Harcus, 18, Bradford.**

Long haired activist from University. Burnt his mind on a recent acid trip. Very valuable ideas. Rejects his parents values and way of life, but tries to enlighten without. Someone to get to know.

**Alex Darcy, 17, Reading.**

An original mind hidden behind an entirely self-constructed bushel. Reacts against 'tie-dye shirt and velvet trousers conformity' by wearing army boots and waving Temperance Seven albums.

Enjoys blowing people's minds at hip gatherings by saying 'Actually, I agree with Enoch Powell'. The result is something like 'the man who ordered a steak at the macrobiotic restaurant'. Has stereo but no BBC 2.

**Berti, 15, Aldershot. Pisces.**

Female despite name. Small dark, fragile and very beautiful, fringe and velvet. Amazing artist. Very good at that. Her life-style involves the formation of a commune. Her instinct is towards trusting people rather than not, is secure about herself 'up to a point'. Likes all colours, wears brown. Tries to be happy, deserves to be. Hello.
Peterpophamdeyansudjic
Colinthomas was born variously, according to different reports, in Whitton, the Republic of Ireland and Yugoslavia. He enjoyed a decadent if subdued youth and emerged finally, self-satisfied and elitist, as the hard-core of the Latymer Upper School intellectual group, having monopoly over the school mag, the art department and the Boat Club. He now spends the greater part of his time meditating in the local caff, plotting spiritual revolution and talking to himself. His future is uncertain; whether he will become a £5,000-a-year architect, an advertising executive or a scrap merchant is not yet clear.

T.I. Bradford — a Leo with Gemini (?) rising. His first names are The Incredible. He is known by practically everyone, in the infamous 'underground' as a generous anarchist. After being expelled (for being human) he left Bradford Grammar School and Bradford and came to London, where he worked at the Roundhouse, started his own bookstall, helped the Electric Cinema, lived at Drury Lane Arts Lab and did everything else (perhaps he'll write a book). He is a vegetarian and does not eat sugar or artificial foods. Disillusioned by the 'underground' or rather lack of it (like us all), he tries to live in harmony and is very trusting. The most modest member (sic) of our Oz community.

Chris Allen, 17, Tottenham. Works for the GPO only because he needs the money. Turns on. Wants to do something he really likes doing, and get paid for it. 'I just want to be happy'

Steve Lavers, 16. Belongs to an awkward cusp of Taurus - Gemini which he disregards completely. He tends to be anarchistic although usually speaks a lot and does fuck all. He enjoys drawing cartoons of a perverted nature and retains an extremely sick humour. At the risk of seeming a teeny-bopper he frequents concerts by Quin-tessential. Hopes sometime to work in films but not on the practical side as he usually pisses everything up.

Candida, 16, Reading. Taurus, but thinks astrology is 'a load of crap'. Present lifestyle: 'weekend dropout'. Claims to be average(!). Her relationship with her parents is 'pretty good', has moral complaints about school, but accepts it when she's there. Reads Waugh, de Beauvoir, Lawrence, listens to 'literally everything'. Never reads Oz but looks at the pictures.

Trudi, 15, Reading. An unconventional-ly beautiful blonde with a nose that is the envy of all her Jewish friends, and the world's prettiest navel. Worries about 'running after' people, and so she goes to the other extreme and is rather stand-offish at first. Intensely realistic about her school work, intends to get a degree and undoubtedly will. Journalistic ambitions. 'One of the most real and worthwhile people on the planet.' —Charles Murray.

Chris Shaar Murray, 18, Reading. He's a Jewish Pantheist. Doesn't turn on because he has weak lungs. Says he is a clumsy lover. 'I have all the sex appeal of a mouldy sock.' Believes in the brotherhood of man and the dawning of the age of Aquarius. Starts a journalism course in the autumn.
THE RETURN OF

Guerrilla Babes

Wipeout!

No. 2 - ST. MARYLEBONE GRAMMAR SCHOOL

We manage to perform the play on the pavement as the boys leave for home. A sizeable crowd gathers and apart from the predictable pukey comments and antics (some of the boys, old and young, pinch our props, throw things at us) most of the boys give us an audience and we get a good discussion going afterwards, centring around exams and comprehensive education. We argue for an organised schools movement to fight external grading through exams and to work for control of all assessment by school students and teachers. We learn that two first formers have been caned for not praying in assembly. How's that for hypocrisy?

Midday Wednesday - Confrontation No. 3. ACKLAND BURGHLEY MIXED COMPREHENSIVE

We enter the playground and make for a corner of the yard in front of a wall and away from the football game. A large crowd run to our railing cutes - 'Don't miss this incredible spectacle - fresh from its 100 year run in the back-streets of darkest England. It's the education factor!' About half way through the play several members of staff appear in the playground, approach us and tell us to get out. We ignore them and continue the play - 'Sir, I don't think that... ' 'You don't think that's Capital! - just the lad I've been looking for.'

Teachers dispatch henchmen prefects to keep the kids away from us. The HM threatens to break guerilla Nicks' jaw. One teacher says he'd like to pummel guerilla Steve into the ground, but satisfies himself with such intelligent remarks as 'Why don't you get a wash - we don't like unclean people here.'

Another teacher is sent to call the Fuzz.

Finishing the play we start talking to the school students. In front of the other kids we ask the prefects why they blindly accept the teachers orders to stop the kids talking to us - why they let themselves be used as unquestioning tools of the HM. They don't answer but just push the pupils back. We talk to the kids and suggest they get together and refuse to obey the prefects (who aren't even elected by the kids). We say that pupils and teachers should decide collectively on their own code of discipline. The staff are now out in force and we decide to leave. As we leave the Fuzz arrive. One Fuzz takes down some of our names and gives us a warning about trespass. We split, and as we are doing so we see kids pushed away from the windows as they wave to us.

No. 4 - CAMDEN SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Noted liberal "progressive" Grammar school. We start the play under the impression that it's all been fixed up by friends at the school (they think so too), and that permission has been granted for the performance. Their idea is to put on an uninterrupted performance and get comments from the audience. One way or another we eventually talk to the play director and learn what is being done.

As it happens the only male teacher in the school, who must have thought it was his male monopoly, is sent down by the Headmistress to get rid of us. He would not have appeared when we try to explain the situation to him, screams "DON'T ARGUE", is cut short of his word and says he's been instructed to 'phone the police. We eventually leave the interests of our friends at the school who might get victimised if we stay. It just showed the students there that perhaps their "tolerant, liberal" school was not quite as tolerant as they thought.

Thursday 9 a.m. - Guerrilla Steve at the gates of Ackland Burghley once again - this time not to perform a play, but to get a discussion going about the previous day's events. He learns that after we left on Wednesday, the HM Abbey had put out a 'well-done, my army-it's all over now-so-calm-down' speech on the tannoy. Some of the more progressive teachers, however, had apparently taken copies of the leaflet into the class. They got disussions going on the topics raised. Many of the kids show interest in what we were saying and claim themselves about how little they have in the running of the school (the school councils' desks are continually vetoed by the HM). Again the need to get together, work out what they want and communicate with students at other schools is apparent. Steve says we'll try to come back again and help to get some more positive form of action going. It's important to note that since our visit to Ackland Burghley SAU member Trevor wines, was suspended for "indiscipline" af-
ter taking part in a walk-out of 250 kids in support of the teachers pay claim. Others were threatened with suspension, but only Trevor, a known SAU activist, was thrown out.

School No. 5 - DAMF ALICE OWEN'S BOYS COMPREHENSIVE (at the Angel)

The response here is disappointing, though some of the staff get unusually uptight about our presence and threatens to call the cops. When guerrilla Pete (who plays the teacher in the play) tells a master (possibly the HM) to get his hair cut and stand at the back of the class the teacher takes him by the collar and looks set to throttle him. Though the majority seem against us, some boys, however, are very keen to take the leaflets and talk seriously to us. It is apparent that they are really suffering in the school but just don’t know what they can do to change things. We draw their attention to the planned meeting at the end of the week, which we had advertised on the leaflet and a few say they’ll try to make it. As we want to get to another school before the end of Thursday lunch hour we split.

School No. 6 - ISLINGTON GREEN MIXED COMPREHENSIVE

Show school of the borough. Approximately 2,000 students, sculpture in the hall, etc. We start the play in one of the big playgrounds trying not to interfere with the football game. It stops anyway and a large crowd gathers. It is very hard to get the play through to them since the noise is too great and there is a lot of chanting. Half-way through we stop, they give out leaflets and begin chatting to the kids, many of whom have just arrived and want to know what it’s all about. When the staff arrive they play it cool and just ask us to continue the discussion outside the playground. We do this and most of the kids follow us into the streets and stay there till the end of their lunch break. They are predominantly young — a very small percentage stay on after the age of 15. They are particularly bugged by the arbitrary punishments meted out by some teachers, often using violence. To the man they hate exams. Some of the girls complain of the irrelevancy of much of what they are taught. A couple of boys say that they should have the right to punish the teachers, since they are in the majority. The discussion is possibly the most fruitful so far.

However, discussing the events later on, the idea is expressed that we should have refused to leave the playground and let the staff call the fuzz if necessary. If we were attacking authority in the school, what sort of impression could it have had on the kids to see us, who weren’t even at the school, obeying the orders of the teachers and then telling the kids they should not accept blindly what their teachers told them. Some say it was more important to carry on the discussion and therefore leaving the playground didn’t matter. The point is, however, remains a valid one.
gigantic papier mache boot. Pledger around the school, on the floors, square just outside the Magnus boys are in the square. The play prison gates, where everyone comes out for lunch. About 50 earlier that day the Battle No. 8 - SIR PHILIP MODERN FOR BOYS (At MAGNUS SECONDARY study; Pledger, the head, decided A short background illustration to the school:

hole in the door of the head's gates they give us a mild warning During the last school year, after to ban boots in the school. This students.)

ourselves with the pupils against the advantage of trust and confidence of the presence of authority and the cram- ing influence of the classroom - of the reaction obtained. In this way we were making our position clear right from the start - allying ourselves with the pupils against authority. Only through this method could we hope to win the trust and confidence of the students.)

Battle No. 8 - SIR PHILIP MAGNUS SECONDARY MODERN FOR BOYS (AT KINGS CROSS)

A short background illustration to the school:

During the last school year, after a Motortok Cocktail had burst a hole in the door of the head's study; Pledger, the head, decided to ban boots in the school. This naturally drew an angry response particularly from the skinheads in the school, who are in the majority. Painted boot prints appeared around the school, on the floors, and ceiling; drawing of boots were chalked up on blackboards; finally Pledger was presented with a gigantic papier mache boot. Pledger was forced to climb down (or, possibly, she was dragged). At 12.30 p.m. - the scene - a small square just outside the Magnus prison gates, where everyone comes out for lunch. About 30 boys are in the square. The play starts amidst cries of "Go back to Endell St.!!", and is quickly terminated as some of the boys begin throwing stones (apparently earlier that day the Endell St.

"hippies" had appeared at Clerk

enwell court, just around the corner, which also explains the later reactions from the Fuzz/ pigs/cops/Bills). We hand out leaflets and start talking to the boys about school conditions and what the education system's all about. They all want an end to physical punishment. No one wants school uniform, but they do want a smoking room and "proper biology lessons!!" We discover that quite a few didn't even realise we were trying to put on a play.

Then a tall spindly man appears, tells the boys to get out of the square and starts pushing them around. One of us says, "They're allowed to be here. Who are you to tell them what to do? They can decide for themselves what to do." The man, ignoring us, strides angrily away, through the school gates, amidst cries of "Bastard... cunt!!" Apparently he is the one and only Mr. Pledger. The boys are now more sympathetic towards us.

"Let's burn down the school", a couple of them say. "Shall we occupy the school?", asks one of them asks. Then the cops arrive.

"Get back into school!", orders Sergeant Bill*

"They're allowed out in lunch-break. Why should they get back inside?!", asks guerilla Nick.

"Because I said so."

"Do you make the laws?"

"No, I interpret them."

"Do you bend them a little to suit your own ideas?"

"Maybe you bend them a little to suit your own ideal."

Sergeant Bill realizes ordering the boys about. As Nick is moving off, Bill hurries after him and, stopping him, says, "Look here, young. Bill, if ever I see you'll pull off your beard and cut off your hair, you fucking long-haired wierdo?" Nick, not realising the trick, replies, "What? Did you call me a fucking long-haired wierdo?"

Bill puts on an act of being shocked.

"Are you calling me names?"

Are you calling me names?*

"Yes, I am."

"Because I said so."

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SCHOOL ATROCITIES:

Like the ageing master who used to walk around the juniors' showers 'cleaning his glasses' as he looked at the kids' balls, saying sometimes, 'I don't think I've seen you before.'

Like the cat with three As at A level who disagreed with his headmaster. The Director of Studies at the University at which he finally got a place told him: "You have the worst reference I have ever seen in twenty-five years of teaching."

Like the master who would make boys stand upright in a hot room until (in one case) they fainted.

Like the junior school master who made a kid of 10 hold two tennis balls at arms' length for fifteen minutes, try it sometimes, hitting the kid with a ruler when he let his arms waver.

Like the master whose 'record' was 50 detentions a week and who kept trying to improve it.

Like the entire school system.

I go to school in Ilkington, Owens. It is a very nice school. Our headmaster told us so.

Once a week we go rowing. Mr. Copping, who takes us rowing, likes us to do as we are told. He says we mustn't ever ask why or he'll send us to the headmaster. (I'm afraid of the headmaster.)

Once he took us out when it was snowing and we couldn't row because the Thames was too thick. Instead, he said, we must go and run. So we changed to our shorts and shirts and set off through the snow, which stung our faces. It was very cold. We ran through the streets and over bridges for a long time. We got colder and colder, but it was all right. Only one boy got chilblains and only eight of us were absent the next day.

There's another clever teacher - Mr. Brodie, who likes the old way of running schools. He canes people. Once he caned me. I had to bend over and put my hands on a low chair so that the muscles of my arse would be tense and it would hurt more. I gritted my teeth, because it did hurt, and left red marks and bruises. Was Mr. Butler asking? The incidents are true, but written by a brainwashed pupil. There are thousands of equally similarly brainwashed. They accept everything and until they can be shown their stupidity, there will be no change.

Vivian Banger
SMOKING

Fremantle Heights Progressive (?) Mixed Boarding/Day School

One day, after careful consideration, a lot of talking and some argument, the Head (?) Mr. Hogg, announced that he had something to say - a small titter - then a respectful silence.

'Smoking just stop. It is a bad habit and against the school rules. I cannot tolerate the amount of smoking which is going on. It is a bad influence and encourages those even younger to start the habit.'

A list was then read out of the new rules, a last attempt to stamp out the practice for good. (1) Smoking is not allowed and must stop. (2) The woods are out of bounds. (3) etc. etc. etc. The list continued, naming various places now to be out of bounds. Everyone was required to ask permission to do this or that, or go somewhere. The punishment list came last, in neat type: Anyone found smoking would suffer the following:

(i) Letters sent to their parents informing them of their child's grave fall from grace.

(ii) Four weeks' detention.

(iii) For this time, the culprit, during all breaks (except half an hour for lunch) would have to sit in a corner, surrounded by light and working in free time.

(iv) Report to the housemaster housekeeper at 7.30 a.m. for bed.

(v) At weekends, report to the master of duty every half hour, and only allowed to be in the hall, lounge, drawing room or library.

(vi) At weekends, do six hours of manual labour - two hours on Saturday afternoon, two hours on Sunday morning and two on Sunday afternoon.

After three days, there were twenty people on THE PUNISHMENT and regular additions every day thereafter. The press was tipped of some. The miniscule dipped off and made letters count back and forth by bringing pigeon (GPO stage). The woodwind went by.

Now there is a super little room for sixth-formers and others to secretly smoke in, and people now smoke everywhere. The rules have completely lapsed. Now heads are bent together discussing what can be done to stop this disgusting habit in the lower forms. I

Drugs and the Public Schools

Recently the public schools have been hitting the headlines under the heading "BOYS EXPELLED FOR POSSESSING CANNABIS". Quite naturally this worries those boys at these establishments, but of all the drugs that float around public schools cannabis (whether in the form of grass or hash) is about the rarest. In my own experience the number of boys who smoke is remarkably small compared to the number who indulge in much worse forms of self-prevention.

Tottenham Court's High School: Once upon a time in Tottenham, there was a nice little school which turned out programmed creatures who had been brain-washed into believing that their little uniforms and their smart caps turned them into brilliant little commuters, and that anyone who failed in the school would be cast out from the real world. NO-ONE in that school could do what they wanted to do. Now it has been made comprehensive, and because immigrants now attend the school, the authorities believe that the school is ruined. They don't realise that it is not the school which teaches people. People don't really learn anything unless they themselves control their learning. Then they can learn as much as they want to, when they want to!

I suggest that the girls at Tottenham break the bands of authority and organise their own teaching groups.

One of these things is the taking of cough mixtures such as Fensil in great quantities. These potions are drunk a bottle at a time for the sake of the small buzz they give the users, who for the most part do not know how much harm they are doing to themselves. They do this perhaps because they see that it is now becoming more fashionable than ever to be a drug user and because their opportunities for obtaining hash are incredibly few and far between for them in their sheltered positions. When I returned to my old school on a visit within one hour at least five people approached me attempting to score and on being disappointed asked for transport to a distant chemist's with the intention of buying cough-mixture and caffeine tablets.

In this way potentially harmful and lethal drugs are being used as substitutes for the comparatively harmless hash. Surely this is what the authorities should be fighting against with a lot more determination and force - these so-called legal drugs that are so much more dangerous than the illegal soft ones. How long will it be till someone gets hooked or worse? Are we waiting until someone actually kills themselves before realising that they are getting addicted to something that is well-publicised and over-looking common everyday things that are easily and legally obtainable. It is time hysteria was overcome and the situation viewed in the correct perspective.

I am not attempting to advocate the use or legalisation of cannabis but rather trying to make people realise what is going on behind the newspaper headlines. So that if you know someone at a school who smokes hash, then it's nothing worse, however illegal it may be.

Andrew Clarke - old Melbourne.
My nomination is Mr. K.D. Robinson, of Bradford Grammar School, Keighley Road, Bradford 9, Yorks., because of the events detailed below.

About two years ago, I and some other people decided to try to found an ARTS Lab in Bradford. We decided to try to put into practice the ideas of the Bradford Grammar School. We wanted to create an environment where young people could express themselves and experiment with different forms of art. We wanted to challenge the traditional educational system and create a space for creativity and individuality.

The school administration was not keen on this idea. The headmaster, Mr. Robinson, known as an autocrat, was not impressed. He saw it as a threat to the status quo. He reiterated during assembly the next day that he had heard of a commune connected with Leeds Arts Lab, where someone had known of having entered a homosexual marriage. Also, there was some talk of a commune with the Arts Lab in Leeds, that meant that Geoff Wood, who ran the Lab, was a Communist. Thus, I was a Communist (totally untrue, in my case anyway, but who ever heard of anyone in a commune becoming a Communist). It was then stated that, in order to make it plain that the school was in no way supporting the Bradford Arts Lab proposal, the School Arts Magazine (an editorially free magazine which I was at that time editing) would be censored and that two shows I was running at that time (a satirical/farcical revue and a poetry/revue/festival) would also be censored, if not banned outright. During the following weeks several public attacks were made on me and the Arts Lab, including the statement that KDR would try and prevent any money being given to the Arts Lab by any public body. A revue of some shows put on by the group of schoolgirls. The fact that the show was at that time editing would be censored and too early taken over by ‘undesirable elements’. After I had asked a few pertinent questions KDR said to me ‘Shut up, you’ve said enough’, and then proceeded to ignore me. After the more enthusiastic, we pushed on with the proposal, getting the local Sixth Form Union to promise monetary and other help (a momentous feat as anything having had dealings with the average SFU knew), even though KDR did his best to stop us. Then, we finally found some good, cheap premises. The day after Chris Parr and I had looked at them, I had to see the headmaster. He told me that I was a ‘corrupting & subversive influence’ & that I was suspended until further notice. KDR saw my face that afternoon, & so far poisoned his mind against me & the Arts Lab that when I tried of trying to correct his impressions of the ‘underground’ (e.g. he knew that underground films were films banned by the Obscene Publications Act) he knocked me through two rooms. Having been stopped by my mother, he sat me down & told me that the evils of the hippie underworld, finally telling me that I could only return to school if I severed all connections with the Arts Lab and the ‘underground’. As my only function was to summon public support for the Lab, going ‘underground’ would have been useless. So, I split for London two years later.

Thus, as you see, public acknowledgement is due Headmaster K.D. Robinson of Bradford Grammar School for his ‘corrupting and subversive influence’, and for ensuring that such a filthy hippy architecture as an Arts Lab was not and possibly never will be founded in Bradford.

T.I. Bradford

British Hitler Jugens

Corps and the wets do V.S. So I became a hero. That was over two years ago: now with less than three months before I leave school, what do I think about it? (The official purpose of the Combined Cadet Force is to foster and increase qualities in young men such as leadership, initiative, discipline and self-confidence, in order to ensure a supply of competent officer material in both peace and war.) Many of my friends, and no doubt many reading this, have declared themselves to be pacifists and would refuse on principle to fight in a war. However this is because we are in a time of peace – similar views were expressed during the 1930’s – but when a war comes, changes turn to protecting the way of life we are accustomed to. This is Capitalism – not an ideal system, but better than any other because of the high degree of individual liberty afforded, combined with the advantages of a technological society. After all, even OZ is distributed on a capitalist basis. Faced with the possibility of the destruction of their mode of living, even the most ardent Dove would demonstrate to some extent the basic instinct of self-preservation and aggression which exists in all of us – but it should be noted that the purpose of an army is in fact to preserve peace, not promote war.

Far from, as some critics have claimed, creating automotive morlocks, the Cadet Corps increases the individual qualities of those in it – but communally. If I had no concept of Individualism, This is achieved by encouraging the senior members to organise it – it’s not too taxing, and in any case a change in thought management is due – even if the experience will only be employed in arranging Sunday afternoon demos down at the local fascist embassy.

A tremendous insight into teaching is obtained from the giving of 20 minute lessons – I found that many of my humanitarians theories on the subject were dashed by the need to enforce order. But most important was the fun we got out of it. We had a big laugh. Some aspects of the Corp were ridiculous – like the annual inspection where the entire company would march past to the strains of a ludicrous school band, while the headmaster and various Whitehall top-brass padded around with beaming expressions on their faces. There was a time when we planned to fuck the whole thing up (that expression is included in order to reassure the regular readers of OZ that their magazine has not in fact been taken over by capitalist imperialist neo-fascist right-wing anti-party decadent licksplitter hyenas, and still retains some of the old standards for those for which those at Princesdale Road have for so long striven), but when it came to it we didn’t bring the horses to give our cunningly prepared answer to the inspecting officer’s question of whether we liked being in the Corps. And thus, though we never quite persuaded the Band to break into a speeded-up version of ‘Land of Our Fathers’ Bogy. But it was still good fun.

Alex Darcy.
We go to the City of London School in Blackfriars. It's a public school, and like many public schools in this country it houses a "Combined Cadet Force", an organisation designed to induce school children to take a career in one of the armed forces. We hate it. Between the third and sixth years, it's virtually compulsory for pupils to join the C.C.F. In other words, for three years of our lives, several hours a week and much of our own free time, we have to play soldiers. We have to carry rifles (2nd World War .303s), we have to parade in front of local factotums, the more urbane of whom have at some point been闾soldiers闾and march, with the middle of our ears, and the required length of hair is on a line level with the middle of our ears, and it might as well be zero (or short.) The food at these camps is absolutely dreadful. Mostly it's dehydrated crap, rationed in sheet portions.

Opposition to joining the C.C.F, at our school is systemic. Once you have joined, your name and particulars are filed at the Ministry of Defence, whose permission has to be obtained before you can leave. Only a minute proportion of fellow pupils known to us in the C.C.F. would stay if they had the chance. Gradually, though, it's dawning on us that we are being trained not to provoke, to provide fodder for the next generation of mindless generals. It's interesting to note that the only form of warfare in which we have never been instructed is guerrilla fighting. Perhaps we will have to learn that for ourselves.

"Please sir, may I be excused?"

Schools Action Union
miscarriage

Babes in Arms
There's a certain satisfaction in having one's future nicely tied up and sealed off so that you can leave it and wallow in total inactivity. But perhaps it may be, but someday the genuine, full-time, happy hippie has got to sit up and think—where is he going to be in five years time?

Bumming around with the same oldbums' doing the same old half-rate sex life is not his thing either. At least the part-timer will have had his career all mapped out for him, if he should ever need a guide then what's so great about that? It means you've got to waste the most active years of your life cooped up in a desk, crammed in a load of bullshit which rarely has any bearing on the future for which it is qualifying you, and which you instantly dismiss from memory after the next exam.Obviously, to do a professional job preliminary study is necessary, but this hardly justifies four years of scraping away in Latin Dw. 3. The trouble is—the valuable and the interesting are so bogged down with the trivia that it's fine if a lot of people aren't prepared to spend the time looking. And worse, education, school in particular, is made to be not like an experience but like some sort of imprisonment. It's supposed to be for the pupil's benefit, yet he's the one who's being shoved around—stuck in a uniform, made to cut his hair, like some sort of criminal. In fact, forcibly isolated from his contemporaries. Academic study should become a part of, not set apart from, social life, and since he's the one it's all in aid of, the pupil should be the one who makes the decision as to whether, what and when (in terms of the timetable) he learns, with the teacher not as task-master but as partner and guide. And what you do in your lunch-hour is surely your own bloody business.

But, as for the unfortunate, Freshman, dropout, the victim of the so-called "system"—the cramped routine, authority in the form of parent or teacher constantly hovering threateningly in the background—much as he wondrously all, he will be lost without it. For as a start, there's its obvious material benefits (think who's really paying for the underground magazine, the music, the velvet trousers and, ironically enough, the shit). Besides this plan there's its obvious material dependence. Although he may loathe the idea of "security", inwardly he's glad of that ready-made future he's got, and he should go without the free life. The routine may be depressingly dull, but it's certain.

Blowing your mind on a sunny day, not knowing where or who you are, or caring anyhow, can be great fun. It can also send you round the bend. What happens when you come down with a blinding headache through unaccountably, and there's none sufficiently tied to you to care what happens to you? At least the weekend dropout can go home to Mummy with her clean sheets and her comfort. And there's always school on Monday, to remind you exactly who you are, predicting...
About the third week in August, I received the same unfeeling piece of paper that I have received with monotonous regularity on two other occasions for the past three years—the dreaded results! As usual, they were not brilliant. They caused the same emotional distress for both me and those round me. ‘Friends’ and other enemies asked with a smirk about my results and unhappily I had to be truthful as nobody can escape the merciless table of results that the local press prints smugly every Friday as they reach the colleges.

For some parents, there is nothing more soul-destroying than the public exposure of their child’s bad exam results.

Let us “examine” this peculiar system of selection that he prepared and hastily passed on, occasionally questioned and hardly ever changed, for decades.

Employers who experiment with their products accept the principle of examinations without experiment on the understanding that it is not ethical to interfere with the present atrocious way in which their potential employees are trained.

Examinations are a primitive method of recording a tiny, often irrelevant, section of the behaviour of an individual under bizarre conditions. Those who evaluate the behaviour are deluded as it is relatively easy for anyone to set a holiday job or examination papers. As an examiner, the marker of a paper, he—being more or less human—is incapable of consistently good and fair judgment as he has to rush through twelve hours per day, often reading the same information thousands of times. He is inclined to become irritable, it is not good for an old man or an old woman (that’s what they are, you all know what they are) to do so much work on a crowded tube train. He is inclined to become irritable and the last few hundred papers he marks reflect this.

There was a case of some poor old examiner, having so little time that he marked papers on the way to work on a crowded tube train. Despite everything, I pity examiners—this is a hard lot, with almost unbelievable mental pressure.

If examination results predict future performance, it is a poor way of doing so as hardly any potential employer takes any notice of grades and many even obtain jobs before results are announced. Employers are inclined to take more notice of personal reports and references (also subject to influence) than the work of a collection of old men and women working for the holidays, marking and checking an exam set by a group “board” from an enemy which is geographically untraceable. Also, a person with “good” exam results may be unable to adapt to the stone-cold realities of working life.

Examination results only apply to actually gaining a job for a probationary period. The rest depends upon ability at the job.

In Trafalgar Square, we danced around the fuzz, Nelson’s Column and a Christmas tree. We split up, remaining to meet again, which we have, and will do so again.

Let’s hope for many more scenes of this kind.

Ring up the Rupert people and talk to them about anything.

RUPERT AT LAST

“Oh good, that door is open wide,”

Pants Rupert, as he runs inside.

RUPERT SPEEDS IN CHARGE!

Although he tries, and tries again,

He cannot reach the end.

RUPERT BECOMES ANXIOUS

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Only in a few cases can initial incompetence be considered. These are those in which human life is involved, e.g. the medical profession and to a certain extent industrial work (safety measures, the sources of industrial pollution, etc.).

Encouragement and incentive to work does not come from knowledge of exam. grades—because most of them come at the end of a training course when it is too late. Telling a student a grade is a usual way of trying to show where he/she is going wrong in the G.C.E., an exam. never ever many of the assessed papers and it is rarely done in other exams. Perhaps this is done so that examiners can be prevented from physically seeing and questioning their results! With only a grade given which could mean nothing, a student can soon acquire the skill of doing the minimum amount of work in order to get the required grade. The information learned by this method is forgotten almost immediately after the exam.

Having an examination marks in colleges and schools gives the higher authorities (who are the only ones to check the work and are a kind of understudy) the Degree of the intellect and employment.

It is more palatable way used in many establishments, whereby clearly defined topics are set to be completed in the noted time. In college, I found one (a kind of tax) is only secondary to exam., although they are a hard lot of people.

This year, I was subjected to a level, since rejected me. I fail (I was proved right about it). I knew he (the D.L., really) and I still remember most of it. I treat those better between me and the information I have at the time of my mark my paper. I do not want to mislead the paper, but I don’t think they did. I received a letter from them saying they were trying to stop it, but I’m afraid it’s my hard next time-blah-blah-blah...

Wine of literature may give the impression of someone who stands up in himself that it seems worth telling the world about even the most trivial things. In this case, the education system in general and the examination boards in particular have given me a bad time, especially in the past few years and I daresay I’ve given them a few laughs. Seriously, many lives have been ruined by the parents’ dreams have been crushed because they have been made to suit the balance instead of what they really are.

I don’t forgive them for that.

MY BOSOM

RUPERT DANCING

Every now and again something really great happens, like the Roundhouse, (before it became commercialised) free concerts in Hyde Park and Project Free London. You all know what they are, and they are different for every,
At school in 1960 I was threatened with suspension if I didn't get my hair from its length of just about what the Law Society now almost accept in the army. As a law student I grew it long enough to be provoked into one fight in the street over it, but abandoned it for a faceless life as an articled clerk. When I let my hair grow again and practised as a solicitor, I began to worry what magistrates would make of it. Actually everyone was very nice but things reached a rather critical stage when I courted work for a while. I thought of having my hair cut off and made into a wig, but that seemed like cheating. The idea grew out of that that I should have a short-haired wig. This was piously pooh-poohed by posh wig-makers and I finally invested nine guineas in an Early Beatle from Carnaby Market. I experimented with various ways of stopping my hair showing underneath it, and having thin hair found the easiest short-term way was to brush my hair out of my face and put the back hair in a bunch taken as high up the head as would manage without loose ends. I found a band round the head in order to stop loose ends from flopping down over my face. This wig was fairly long at the back and would not have managed in short-back-and-sides days when the time was as long as could be reasonable, but I have since seen longer.

This arrangement was fine for court, where you could retire afterwards and stop the rubber band from pulling too hard on your head, but for more than an hour or so a French pleat is advisable. This is soon mastered and can be secured with only a band. The wig was fairly long at the back in a bunch taken as high up the head as possible, so as to avoid hair showing underneath at the back.

This approach is not entirely ideal. On one occasion I stumbled going up the main staircase at Middlesex Sessions and fell, clutching my wig in my hand, before a slightly surprised usher. This could be very awkward done in the presence of a judge or an unsuspecting client. Hairpins tend to fall out of the wig whilst techniques of pin fastening from underneath generally work on the assumption that you are bald. I was fortunate in staring in an office where everyone except the clients knew and didn't mind and so I could ask about giveaway details. With a wig it is essential if you scratch your head as far as you can, as it falls off backwards. If you wear a hat to stop it blowing off in a strong wind you must be careful not to take the hat off too abruptly. If you want to work where people do not know your secret, don't be interviewed on a very hot day, as it will blow a lot of hair. In cases of wearing it well beforehand. You must always return your disabilities and try to get into a more impersonal type of office where people are not so likely to be scrutinised all close quarters. Actually people are very observant, especially men.

As the disadvantage of a wig became more apparent I looked for an alternative. By this time my hair was quite long and outside I tended to wear it back to stop it blowing. From this my wife got the idea that it could be tucked down a shirt collar out of sight. Experiments showed this could be done reasonably, and as the hair grew the effect was better. As I have a long neck, high collared shirts are an advantage, although difficult to get in office-style.

If, as I did, you wish to make a point and show your hair occasionally in a professional capacity, you must obviously be prepared for difficulties. In the early days some clients assumed that because I looked like them I was a crooked solicitor, but after an initial sharp reaction from me they soon got over this. Others who were recommended to me after I had decided to go ahead, with hair, just to show the magistrate, I was pleased but felt bound not to. Magistrates are untrustworthy at the best of times and to flaunt their prejudices in their faces is not the way to see impartial justice at its best. When I got my wig I suddenly found a strange reaction from Caroline Coon was reported to have decided that it was a bad idea even without seeing the effect. Release Caroline Coon was reported to have decided that it was a bad idea even without seeing the effect. Release Caroline Coon was reported to have decided that it was a bad idea even without seeing the effect. Release Caroline Coon was reported to have decided that it was a bad idea even without seeing the effect. A crooked solicitor's wig, but after an initial sharp reaction from me they soon got over this. Others who were recommended to me after I had decided to go ahead, with hair, just to show the magistrate, I was pleased but felt bound not to. Magistrates are untrustworthy at the best of times and to flaunt their prejudices in their faces is not the way to see impartial justice at its best. When I got my wig I suddenly found a strange reaction from me they soon got over this. Others who were recommended to me after I had decided to go ahead, with hair, just to show the magistrate, I was pleased but felt bound not to. Magistrates are untrustworthy at the best of times and to flaunt their prejudices in their faces is not the way to see impartial justice at its best. When I got my wig I suddenly found a strange reaction from others who were recommended to me after I had decided to go ahead, with hair, just to show the magistrate, I was pleased but felt bound not to. Magistrates are untrustworthy at the best of times and to flaunt their prejudices in their faces is not the way to see impartial justice at its best. When I got my wig I suddenly found a strange reaction from others who were recommended to me after I had decided to go ahead, with hair, just to show the magistrate, I was pleased but felt bound not to. Magistrates are untrustworthy at the best of times and to flaunt their prejudices in their faces is not the way to see impartial justice at its best. When I got my wig I suddenly found a strange reaction from others who were recommended to me after I had decided to go ahead, with hair, just to show the magistrate, I was pleased but felt bound not to. Magistrates are untrustworthy at the best of times and to flaunt their prejudices in their faces is not the way to see impartial justice at its best. When I got my wig I suddenly found a strange reaction from others who were recommended to me after I had decided to go ahead, with hair, just to show the magistrate, I was pleased but felt bound not to. Magistrates are untrustworthy at the best of times and to flaunt their prejudices in their faces is not the way to see impartial justice at its best. When I got my wig I suddenly found a strange reaction from others who were recommended to me after I had decided to go ahead, with hair, just to show the magistrate, I was pleased but felt bound not to. Magistrates are untrustworthy at the best of times and to flaunt their prejudices in their faces is not the way to see impartial justice at its best. When I got my wig I suddenly found a strange reaction from others who were recommended to me after I had decided to go ahead, with hair, just to show the magistrate, I was pleased but felt bound not to. Magistrates are untrustworthy at the best of times and to flaunt their prejudices in their faces is not the way to see impartial justice at its best. When I got my wig I suddenly found a strange reaction from others who were recommended to me after I had decided to go ahead, with hair, just to show the magistrate, I was pleased but felt bound not to. Magistrates are untrustworthy at the best of times and to flaunt their prejudices in their faces is not the way to see impartial justice at its best. When I got my wig I suddenly found a strange reaction from others who were recommended to me after I had decided to go ahead, with hair, just to show the magistrate, I was pleased but felt bound not to. Magistrates are untrustworthy at the best of times and to flaunt their prejudices in their faces is not the way to see impartial justice at its best.
"these bums... you know, blowing up the campuses."

Richard Nixon
From The High School Revolutionaries
edited by Marc Libarle and Tom Seligson.
Published by Random House New York $6.95.

High School Students Unite
by Tom Lindsay
Tom Lindsay is a member of the New York High School Student
Union and is on the staff of the New York High School Free
Press. Tom was a founder of the High School Independent Press
Service (HIPS). He writes and draws excellent political cartoons
for underground papers.

Hello Boys and Girls.
I am a ‘High School Revolutionary.
This is a book about ‘High School Revolutionaries’.
There are lots of books like this about lots of people.
Most of them suck. This one will probably suck too.
But I need the money.

This country sucks. Its television, its ulcer pills, its senators, its
cities, its cars, its Miss America pageants its churches, its money,
its objectivity in the media, its Miami Beaches, its army, and its
schools. Schools and parents are the foundation of America’s
sick society. Kids rebel in lots of ways against what they feel
and see going on around them. And so I rebel against this insane
society.

I’m the son of a preacher. I went to church, I was a nice kid.
But it’s a drag being a nice kid. Because being a nice kid means
you get good grades, don’t get drunk or stoned, go to college,
meet a nice girl get married, kiss for the first time get a job,
bring up nice kids, die a nice death—and nobody, least of all you,
ever knew you lived.

I didn’t want to be a nice kid after a while. So I started rebelling
in lots of ways. I started smoking (cigarettes), got drunk,
stopped going to church, started going to dances started making
it with girls, stopped getting good grades, skipped school on nice
days and went riding in convertibles to MacDonald stands, and
just started fucking around.

I began to feel more. The ‘in’ crowd was hard as shit to make
it in and I didn’t make it, so I hung around with a lot of other
guys in the same position. Wanting kicks but not making the top.
All those guys and girls I hung around with were lonely and you
could feel good about them. We changed schools. We changed
schools to fit people that didn’t fill up every thing.
So I began to look around even more. I began to move
with this one group of people at school. The ‘beautiful people’
I became a goddamn hippie.

I got stoned. I made new friends. We talked a lot, bullshit
mostly, but we began to explore new things and thoughts. It was
just a start but fuck it you have to start somewhere.

That was the time (half-way through eleventh grade) I started
growing political. I turned against the Vietnam War. I went to the
March on Washington, October 21, 1967. I saw people get
 tear-gassed.

Then there was a drug bust at my high school. I didn’t get
busted, but after most of it was over the Sergeant of Police of the
town of Wellesley Massachusetts, told my parents I had turned
on. The school told me get my hair cut, and I decided that school
sucks. Teachers suck, the country sucks, the war sucks, racism
sucks. The school newspaper sucks.

I decided to start an underground paper. My friends dug the
idea and we did it. In February 1968, the first edition of The
Searcher came out.

Then the administration cracked down with THE IMMORTAL
DRESS CODE. No coedsucker is going to tell me to get my hair
cut unless I also have the power to tell him to grow his hair long.

We fought the dress code. We circulated petitions, a majority
of kids wanted to change it, and so we went to the School
Committee. They finally agreed but in their own bullshit way. They
formed a Dress Code Committee (Mah fella Americans, after this
brutal and senseless assassination tonight, I am forming a commis-
sion to study violence). So in the tradition of fine, upstanding, bull-
shit liberals we finally took a vote between four different dress
codes (democracy of course). The first choice was no dress code—just prohibiting shorts,
curlers, and slacks for girls, the third was the same dress code, and
fourth was a stricter dress code. When the votes came in a thousand
cuts of fourteen hundred voted for the first two with the sec-

...
bad enough, but no kid is going to sit through an extra forty-five minutes of bullshit and miss any holidays. All over the city, black, Puerto Rican, and white students spontaneously walked out, went on strike, and shut down their schools. Thousands of kids ran through the streets, held rallies, fought the cops, took over subways, and said 'Hell no we won't go. Fuck UFT.'

At Brandeis a leaflet went out: 'Are you going to take forty-five minutes more of this shit? No!' Thirty kids ran through the halls. Students poured out. The bell rang; students milled in the lobby. 'Hell no we won't go.' Finally over six hundred kids walked out. Classes were called off. Four hundred students took over the nearby subways and went to a rally downtown where they were joined by thousands more. For a week the strike kept on, but the next week kids were back in school taking the same shit. In a lot of schools, holidays were given back and the forty-five minute period cancelled.

I just fucked around at Brandeis, I didn't do much work. I found out that I could graduate in January. I cut a lot of classes and ended up going to about two weeks of classes. Near the end of the semester a few kids got together and we put out a paper that looked exactly like the school's official paper but had a totally different content. The administration and teachers flipped out. We were almost able to get the teachers to hand it out unknowingly but some of them read it. Teachers were running around screaming, 'This isn't our Brandeis Brief!'

No one was caught handing out the first issue because we handed it out without teachers seeing us in school. The second issue was even better. We had a short thing on how people were handing out a phony Brandeis Brief and not to listen to them because they were just troublemakers. Then time another kid and I were caught. The other guy they transferred to another school, and they almost kicked me out of school ten days before I graduated. They decided to let me stay as long as I didn't cause any more trouble. I didn't or at least I didn't get caught. I graduated from one of America's most amazing institutions—a high school.

In early March, kids from HIPS, the High School Free Press, and the High School Student Union, got together and started talking about a spring offensive in the high schools. We wanted to really start getting things going. Then the next day, I was caught putting flyers on a wall. It was a call to action saying, 'Come out. We're organizing.' They arrested me. I was caught putting up a poster. I got out on bail. I was later arrested two more times. The kids at Brandeis were caught. The other guy they transferred to another school, and I was caught. The other guy they transferred to another school, and they almost kicked me out of school ten days before I graduated. They decided to let me stay as long as I didn't cause any more trouble. I didn't or at least I didn't get caught. I graduated from one of America's most amazing institutions—a high school.

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Rehearse for the Apocalypse!

YES FOLKS! NOW YOU CAN BE THE FIRST ON YOUR BLOCK TO EXPERIENCE THE ECOLOGICAL DISASTER. WHY WAIT TILL 1980? DON'T LET THE FUTURE TAKE YOU BY SURPRISE. PREPARE NOW FOR THE END OF CIVILIZATION. REHEARSE FOR THE APOCALYPSE. HERE ARE A FEW SUGGESTIONS:

Better start preparing your palate and stomach for the fare of the 80's:
* Mix detergent with everything you eat and drink. There's already quite a bit but there will be a lot more in the future.
* Learn how to digest grass and other common plants.
* Start fattening your dog, cat, parakeet and guppies for the main course of the future.
* Develop a taste for grubs and insects - your ancestors weren't too proud to lift a rock for their dinner.
* Practice starving.
* Every night before bedtime, drink a glass of industrial and organic waste on the rocks (with mixer if you prefer).

Appreciating that most services and products will disappear over the next ten to twenty years, we suggest this little dry run:
* Turn off your gas
* Turn off your water
* Turn off your telephone
* Turn off your heat
* Turn off your electricity
* Sit naked on the floor and repeat this chant: PROGRESS IS OUR MOST IMPORTANT PRODUCT, PROGRESS IS OUR...

And as the final crisis approaches there's no better time to start hoarding. Start buying things you'll need.
after the Fall on credit - after the collapse no one will bother with collecting debts.

* While on the subject: start thinking about creative new uses for money since its present function will soon end. Remember, paper - particularly tissue - will be in short supply.

* Think about creative new uses for other potentially obsolete things like electric can openers, televisions, brassieres, toilets, alarm clocks, automobiles, etc.

* Accustom yourself to human body odor.

* Now is the time to learn a trade for the future practice making arrowheads and other implements out of stone. Advanced students should start experimenting with bronze.

* For those of you who are investment minded, buy land, but you’d better leave enough bread to also buy a small arsenal to defend your property with.

* Remember Victory Gardens? Plant your Survival Garden now!

* Better quit smoking - or rip off a tobacco warehouse.

* Stockpile useful items like matches, safety pins, thread and needles, condoms, etc.

* Learn how to shoot a bow and arrow.

* Start preparing for the fashions of the future. You girls might take a hint from the heroines of monster films and start tearing your clothing in tasteful but strategically located tatters in order to create the Fay Wray look of tomorrow. Those less frivolous minded among you should start cultivating your body hair. (Remember a naked ape is a cold ape.)

* You housewives had better learn how to maim and kill with a vagemic.

* Finally everyone should buy a boy scout manual - or in lieu of that, buy a boy scout.

SO IN FACING THE WORLD OF TOMORROW REMEMBER: BUILD FOR THE FUTURE AND CONTEMPLATE SUICIDE.
It was, at least for me and most of the people I knew, the music that first aroused interest in things Underground, and the music is still the most mature and developed manifestation of the culture of the Underground. Underground visual arts drew their most effective imagery and inspiration from the music—the outstanding examples of this are Martin Sharp’s Dylan and Hendrix posters and the 1967 Highspire output, to fact, an amazing amount of the most adventurous designs are album sleeves: Sir Joshua Reynolds, George Gershwin, The Rolling Stones, The Beatles, Tommy, I Stand Alone, Ceremony, King Crimson. Understatement. Underground literature is virtually non-existent: Burroughs, Ginsberg and the late Jack Kerouac are all of the Beat Generation. Maybe in ten years’ time we may develop their equal, we certainly haven’t got one now. So it’s back to the music.

It’s precisely because the music is such an integral part of our movement that what’s happening to it at the moment angers us so badly for the whole Underground community. The whole point about the early Underground music scene was that it was an honest, experimental, no-busloads service provided by and for artists and consumers, ignored by the media. Alternative press, alternative music, alternative styles. The fifteen hundred who made Underground music was discarded in favour of genuinely creative music which is based on new styles and a few unknown ones: Carnaby Street’s cardboard cutouts were ignored by a community who were determined to wear out satin trousers and their mothers’ hats just went out and did in what they thought we were all wearing that year. Honest people played honest music independently of the Top of the Pops”, the NME and Peter Murray. Some of it sold to the Dumb Majority and that was beautiful. Don’t go to have some honest music in the house. Of course, a few of the good bands were big stars—Beach Boys, Who, Animals, Manfred Mann—that was good.

Then came 1966 and the Great Flower Power Summer. Suddenly every other kid was belting and Katzenjammer and chanting “All You Need Is Love”. We thought we really were won—we’d enchanted and infiltrated them and genuinely convinced them that love was where it was at and not battling. Frankie Vaughan leapt into print to tell the mothers of Liverpool’s “a lovely group just an excuse for a great big party”. The media found that the Underground music movement was beaten Tactoc One—“ignore it and it will go away”—so it tried Tactoc Two—“Take it over, package it, sell it out”. It worked admirably—they’re still doing it now. We haven’t infiltrated them—they’ve infiltrated us. Once the only part of the pop scene concerned with honest music and real people, there’s now more hype, bullshit and bullshitting on the re-edited progressive scene that anywhere else. The straight-commercial pop scene is simple-minded and uninteresting: put it on the radio and people hear it and if they like it, they buy it. That’s all, that’s how they sold a million “Love Grows” and five million of “Sugar, Sugar”. The music is crap, but the people are honest. With us, the music is good, but half the people are dishonest.

In the teenybopper scene a few years ago, singers were sold on their looks, clothes and “image”. Now this kind of irrelevant hyping is almost the exclusive property of the Underground. Music is again secondary. The MM. “Munsters Washed” classified ad carried a man called “Guitarrt wanted for semi-pro progressive band. Long hair essential. Any group who look sufficiently hairy and make the right New-Left political noises can develop a following even if their music is derivative and unmindful. For instance, last year I was really looking forward to hearing Edgar Broughton at Bath, expecting something genuinely powerful and it had to say it was meaningless. What I got was a clumsy, disjointed, untalented performance by an ego-tripping dude who sang like a feeble imitation of Bee Gees. He was forced to sing this M. VERY RECOMMENDED. I expected a new tribe of kids who would sound like “Led Zeppelin One” by the time this kid was sixteen. At least it’s non-political. I’m getting back into straightforward honest-grooving feels-good music, and the only bands to use MM language, “Super Session”, all the Butterfield affairs, R.E.M., K.S. Climax Blues Band, “Streetnoise” (nothing grooves as hard as the six minute and a half of “Have the Country”, J.J. Cale, and oldtimers like Howlin’ Wolf, and particularly the old Yardbirds stuff. “Best of the Lovin’ Spoon-Ful One and Two”, the first Manfred Mann album, old Guy Lombardo’s Pugs’ October ’67’ and the Pugs’ October ’67 performance at the Pentagon. An Underground Herman’s Hermits. They will never make a go of it any way. It’s the way to sell things. Someone cleaned up from selling thousands of One posters, and there’s lots of money in it for them. The media found that the people of Albion that a “Love-In” was happening to it at the moment, so they thought we’d really won—we’d thought we’d really won—we’d thought we’d really won. A Lovely Group just an excuse for a great big party. The people I know, the music that I like, has nothing to do with this political. I have no idea of the solution, except to hope for a return to the underground of the people, the underground of the people. In the 1960s and today’s teennies (that sounds incredibly “out”, from the look of it) listen to music with which they can feel good, as I did in the 60s. The other source of good music is from the folk side—Janes, Mike Cooper, the Byrds, the Sandpipers. The hypes have kept out of folk music which is probably why it’s doing so badly, due to lack of a political or social message. I have no idea of the solution, except to hope for a return to the underground of the people.
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OZ 19. News of the World loved this one, but we still have a few left. The Universal Tongue Bath — a group's vision. Why Det. Sgt. Picher knows so many pop stars. Dylanology from the first and worst Dylanologist. Food Explosion. FRELIMO. Still available despite legal advice, it’s a cheap and dangerous buy at 3/6.


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OZ 24. The famous gallery of Beautiful Freaks — a mad, memorable collection of unique lateral-thinking wizards, drug friends, dossiers and com-men. Also features the giant sized colour poster of Cumb’s.

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**SPECIAL OFFER No. 2.**
SAVE 8/. Order any EIGHT 3/6. OZ's of your choice for £1.
WHIZZKIDEAS

The underground as far as this country is concerned mainly exists in London. In the last few years however an attempt to bring the underground to other parts of the country has been made by forming Arts Labs which are in no way united. In many cases they have had to pack up because of lack of support. If a change to the present system of government and attitudes is to be made it is going to be a very slow process and so help from the present youth has to be utilised. As much as the underground like everyone else, hates the kids it would be disastrous if a generation gap were to emerge between the two factions of our present society. The writing of this issue of Oz is a step in the right direction; in helping, it works both ways - the under 18s because we have the chance of putting our ideas into print. We hope when people read this they will realise what a state we're in and help us get sorted out. It is very difficult putting our hangups in writing like this and only by open discussion will any good arise. It has reached the stage where we have almost given up, because of the way we are snubbed and looked down upon when we try to get our ideas into print. We hope when this at last is the breakthrough.

We offered to edit Oz because we didn't think we'd like to get our ideas into print and it has been very hard work but when we asked people for their views most of them just didn't seem to have any. A lot of people said that they didn't know what to write, a lot claimed that they didn't have the time but hardly any of them were the slightest bit interested.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THEM? Here is their chance to put their views most of them didn't seem to have any. A lot of people said that they didn't know what to write, a lot claimed that they didn't have the time but hardly any of them were the slightest bit interested.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THEM? Here is their chance to put their views into print but they just didn't want to know. We contacted all the people who seemed to have a lot to say, but most were too lazy to pick up a pen.

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WHAT'S WRONG WITH THEM? Here is their chance to put their views into print but they just didn't want to know. We contacted all the people who seemed to have a lot to say, but most were too lazy to pick up a pen.

In future people who think they have a lot to say needn't bother to waste people's time. They'll only show themselves up and it will only be their own fault. Anne

skinhead armies

Throughout England people are questioning our system and trying to change it. The people concerned fall into two classes. Skinheads show their dislike for our system by generally abusing the law by violence and the use of drugs. They are quite willing to use violence against the system and against anyone else for that matter which is very unfortunate because they are fighting the same battle as many of the people they pick fights with.

On the other hand there are the so-called long-haired. They can't just fail to preach peace and love and non-violence. They're more apathetic bunch of people with difficult long-haired brains are actually doing anything to help change come. The rest are quite willing to wait for things to be done to them. The situation in the underground at the moment is that there is plenty of generals but there are very few army among students at the moment. If people can realize that there is no need to accept this and try to change things, then the underground is going to continue to make a difference. Sarah Manders

foodless fable

Once upon a time, before people had woken up, Jimmy Rooker found himself standing on a rock watching the birds eat each other. He asked the trees what their names were, and told them his. The lucky number was blue. He had to feed himself and wash his face and hands in the sky, but he enjoyed finding food and scrubbing with stars.

After his friends had eaten enough, and there were none left, he walked up and down the flowers to find some more playmates. Instead, he found a ball which he drank hungrily and put in his pocket.

The ball was so heavy that it pulled our Jimmy's trousers down, and as he bent sideways to put them back on his head, he cut his toe on a puddle and had to go straight to heaven without any supper.

Sarah Manders

no acid heads

Although there is a lot to be said against our old-fashioned educational system, some benefits can arise from the way subjects are forced into our heads. If it wasn't for the mass-production of our so-called counterfeit brains then the revolutionary student would not exist, and would not try to change anything that offends. Some people think that they be benefit more by reading Mailer and Burroughs, however they would not have the capacity to read literature if it wasn't for our old-fashioned system.

A recent article in "IT" related a counterfeit £5 to the so-called counterfeit people produced in our schools and colleges at the moment. The writer didn't seem to realize that school-kids and most students are not acid-heads, still have minds of their own, and are quite capable of thinking for themselves.

P. Crisp
We rather content ourselves in supposed to be the hip ones will be enslaved and maybe, that violence is not open our eyes and realise, strategy in our striving for disposal. This has far greater truth force alone forms that which it. This has far greater truth.

He who opposes force with force alone forms that which he opposes and is formed by it. This has far greater truth than we choose to appreciate. We rather content ourselves in the knowledge that he who does not resist force that enslaves and exterminates will be distanced and exterminated. The time has come however for us all to open our eyes and realise, maybe, that violence is not the sole tactic at our disposal.

John Lennon said, ‘We’re supposed to be the hip ones but the pigs have got us playing their game reacting violently to violent provocation.’ If we are hip then we should surely see through the cons of the Establishment; we should see that while violence prevails the pigs are victorious; we must realise that the ultimate strategy in our striving for equality, freedom and peace is that of communication. It is necessary to fight with words but the reason why the tactic of violence is preferred is, perhaps, that it is so much easier to express.

I'm not saying that violent demonstration is wrong, indeed often it is the only alternative left. Tell the oppressed black citizen in Alabama, whose kids get stoned by white parents on their way to school, tell him to talk to the rascals white motherfucker and he'll laugh or cry—for him there is only one road to freedom. Stokely Carmichael wrote: ‘They (the oppressed peoples) will not be recognised as having a voice unless they are talking.’

Some extent we must join the acceptance of those with whom we wish to communicate. This is said to require “compromise” but let’s make a clear distinction between what this, in fact, means, and what could be misinterpreted as conforming to the false values of this evilest society. Yet, herein lies the true meaning of this “compromise”: we may detect the evils—the prejudice and oppression, but we must not blind ourselves with hatred;—then, we too become intolerant and narrow-minded. By remaining aware of the Establishment concept one can go into the streets with free minds and attempt to give our eyes to the blind. Our minds must remain free, and our hearts open: we must be willing to understand, as from understanding comes communication; from communication comes a revolution of knowledge and a knowledge of the truth.

If I’ve failed I hope these lines of Steve Miller reach you, because this is what it’s all about.

Don’t let the policeman turn you round
Don’t let the politician turn you down
Don’t let nobody turn you round
You’ve got to keep on walking
Keep on talking
Marching to the freedom land
Henry Barcus

KISS ME QUICK

Gone is the age when people greeted each other physically. Now all that seems necessary is mental contact. This Vietnam influence is apparent in our actions. We have brainwashed ourselves into thinking that physical contact is only necessary in sexual behaviour or parental duty and that a simple gesture of love or affection is unnecessary. People are so hung up with sexual inclinations and proper behaviour that getting together has become strictly mental. Couldn’t we try to get a bit closer physically as well as mentally?

The underground is the metropolis. Too much, maybe, has already been said about the underground or lack of it. The underground outside London or major cities is practically non-existent though many claim to seek or create it. Some make the mistake of trying to imitate the metropolitan underground rather than creating something suited to their own environment. There is no established underground press but unauthorised publications consist of college magazines which are usually unsuccessful and pack up after a few issues through lack of support, interest and money. Circulations of national underground press is scarce because of the low moral conscience of local tradesmen.

The progressive music scene is practically non-existent except on record. Most of the worthwhile concerts are held either in London or other largely populated areas from which transport is difficult and expensive.

Scoring is frustrating because of unreliable contacts and bad deals. Prices seem to increase in metropolitan underground is difficult because of lack of cooperation.

WEEDKILLER

HORROR

John Czerny, his wife and three children lived in the most dump hill near the Gethsmange Chicken Factory. Throughout their lives, their family unit had been molested by almost everybody and blamed for every conceivable wrong, including their own. Two years previously, they had been evicted from a rather unpleasant flat to find themselves in an even more unsavoury situation among all the half-things, former things and rotting things (mostly chicken skulls).

John Czerny had long red hair and a beard and, by circumstances, was ill-nourished. Avant-garde ideas came in the short path along his badly covered brain, but these remaining only in the state of thought because his visions had been utterly misunderstood when carried out and had involved a long confinement in a room where he was regularly told he was insane. He was the kind of person that is found in every small town—the one person who is “crazy” but in a strange way he is respected. Unfortunately, people fear something they are not able to understand. There was a time when John the village creep came across new, unexplored paths of freedom and peace, things he had never heard of in his youth.

The formerly beautiful Mrs. Czerny remained in the caravan trying to divert the young children and herself from both the stone-cold reality of their environment and visions of a better life. Often the fat rats ate the bread as the family bunched in an unspoken stupor waiting for the man of no hope to return.

Friends and all other enemies had long years previously abandoned the last one had cut off the water, electricity and gas from the wretched flat they had formerly occupied. Now they shot at each other with glazed faces as the youngest child bawled louder than usual.

The next day, John spent his last five shillings on twelve pounds of weed killer. In the evening he told his baby's mad eyes and then at the sack of explosive weed killer under the family bed. The following day, a letter came from the council telling the family to get out. John gasped at the sack that now lay under the table.

During the following evening, the distant noise of an angry mob filtered through the semi-darkness, discarding the westernly neon-mist that surrounded the caravan. John smiled gently at the lighted match in his hand. So if you want to make a good end of it, use Ashley’s Safety Matches. For lasting results, you won’t want your matches to burn. Be like John Czerny and get a box of Ashley’s Matches—add weed killer and go out in style. Get some today.

Alan Curran

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to do it, but I can open my throat pretty well if a guy has a really long cock. Actually, I prefer one that's not too long - six inches is plenty - but I love the fat ones that fill up my mouth. If the guy is really groovy, he's rubbing my neck and shoulders and breasts while I'm sucking him - and now he can say those words, because now it's real. I want to hear a guy call me that my mouth is wonderful and to tell me how he wants me to do it, whether he wants it harder or softer or faster or slower. And I love it when he cups my face in his hands for those last few strokes. By that time, he's pumping and it's so great to be looking straight at his pelvis and seeing it drive his prick into me. And I love the taste - that sharp, salty taste with a bit of clorox in it. Well, it's just beautiful, that's all - and, like I said, I dig fucking, too, but I never want to give up sucking.

I'll give you one physical variation, that you might not know of, for your files - how's this. The girl gets an ice cube and a glans of hot water - or a cup of hot tea or coffee. When she's got the guy nice and hot by sucking him in whatever style she prefers, she puts the ice cube in her mouth, keeps sucking him - you know, rubbing the ice cube up and down - and then when you think he's really flipping, you spit out the ice cube, take a mouthful of the hot water or tea or coffee and go back down on his cock again with your mouth full of the hot liquid.
Dear Ed,

I've followed Oz since its first appearance and I wish I had them here as a reference. I'm sure happy it exists. I'm aware of all your problems, printers suing etc. but for Fucks sake! Are you ever going to get it? Third? First? I could not read it at all but I figured that part you would learn. You did. The full blown pictures are extenuable. Congratulations! After three years: pathetic!

The whole world is packed to the brim of talent. Poets, writers, musicians. LIFE. And are we now? Tired you say in plea for aid from schoolchildren in the last issue. Put it on the cover baby. You need it. Not in the smacks.

Oz being the only anywhere near organized 'Underground' mag in Europe, well for HEAVENS SAKE. SPREAD IT. You have a lot of responsibility. Not towards saving your own literary Public image baby, but in spreading the TRUTH! COMMUNICATION! That's what it work for. Enlightenment.

Spreading a mag. does not only mean finding stores other than Smith's. It has to do with the Appearance of the publication and with the content. HOPEFULLY. Sure you have a lot of good writers but baby, THEY DROWN! Sadly in stinking puddle of stale sperm on your cock and its stenciled page. Give them a chance to be read.

Remember 100% of your readers have more than once in their lifetime been exposed to a sexual organ, and would you believe all 100% have actually made use of it too??? Incredible as it may seem.

One does not need it shoved in one's mind from every corner of the universe, and particularly not from the pages of OZ which has a hell of a lot more to say. You've got Suck and others for that. That's their bag, baby, let them do it. Stick to your own. OZ is important. We need you! REVEAL THE TRUTH such as it is. We are in a sufficiently dynamit minority as it is (with continual put-downs and fights within the so-called 'Underground' OZ hitting on I.T., I.T. hitting on OZ, Gandalf hitting on Earth, Earth hitting on Heaven Grey hitting the colours and cultures as a result losing their original brilliance.)

LOVE was the wonderful word we all believed in. Where is Love now? Where is all the fantastic exuberant joy and optimism from the Flower Power times? LOVE is beautiful and sex is part of it. Don't vulgarize the only thing every human being longs for and needs so badly. If anything GLORIFY IT! We need it baby. It's a cold hard world were we were born into, it's wonderful as it is (and has been since the dawn of what we know as history.)

With bleeding cunts and cocks (I know the OZ way, the way you move it) on every page you might well SHOCK. I don't mind. But you also achieve a negative shock which results in people furiously scavenging through the magazine in pursuit of more food for their fevered mind and fuck, which they find. Result: THEY DON'T READ WHAT IS OF ULTIMATE VALUE THE TEXT. DIG?!

And if I, glorious globe trotter raving freak on the road, since 10 years, get upset, I could imagine that there might be more. And I am not upset by the fact that you reveal SEX, baby, I LOVE it! If you do it, why be vulgar when you can be witty?

Get someone else to do OZ. Someone with the serious problems (graphic ill etc. layout) as a profession. But don't let it get so fucking out of hand. You OZ are VITAL. And don't you ever (how could you) OZ, as I feel you do, shackle on that responsibility.

At least 90% of what's written and painted today is unpublishable. Well. Do something. About it. Don't people submit any of their work? You do a LOT, but you could do more. and back again to the cunts and colors. I'm fucking convinced that it does more bad than good. Think about that.

Have been living and learning on this beautiful island for nearly 4 months now. Writing, drawing, fish and crocheting. I've been working pretty hard and 8 months without sound or news has done my thing here I have shown them the joy of colour every shop is full of copies of my work. I've taught them the basic stitch they can flourish on their own and they don't need to follow a pattern. If I could submit that that goes for all of life providing one respects one's neighbours well . . . wouldn't that be nice.

Meanwhile all the knapsackers are being turned off the Moroccan border and subsequently invading here. The authorities can't cope — mass busts. People in prison. No distinction between good or bad. Reality.

B. Bjørke
List de Correos
Ibiza
Balearic Isles
Spain

Dear OZ,

You tell yourself you don't want to be old yet when you're four years old and strictly add with the situation, you import some rural freaks in to help out with an empty rush when somebody outside your narrow hierarchy reads like this. You say pornography and you think that this means nothing. You've told a lot of lies and because of this you've compromised with those you're trying to attack. Remember the lie? If you're joking you can jump back, but if you're dying you might as well crack away. I think you're on the run under the disguise of enjoying yourself, meaning about with print and helping people to masturbate their minds as well as their bodies and how (and I know) what an artist's practice is. You don't really care what I think, although I thank you for quoting these words (if you do) but it's in the air that someone's paying for the things you've done, like the 14-year old who loses her equally stupid parents respect when she's taught with a selfish plagiarist. I think reading this or did you pack up ages ago. Maybe you think I don't understand OZ—maybe I don't. Perhaps I could think you're a fool when you're six years old, when you're worn out and fading. There you are. And with the artless practice that is. You don't really care what I think, although I thank you for quoting these words (if you do) but it's in the air that someone's paying for the things you've done, like the 14-year old who loses her equally stupid parents respect when she's taught with a selfish plagiarist. I think reading this or did you pack up ages ago. Maybe you think I don't understand OZ—maybe I don't. Perhaps I could think you're a fool when you're six years old, when you're worn out and fading. There you are. And with the artless practice that is.

Stop stuffing everything under the bed. You are getting out of the business. There is a point where the vomit is inevitable. There is a point where you reveal the transgressions of a prostrated, implacable dream. Now you read it like the verbal vomit of an academic singing. The novelty has worn off.

Where are those days when you read like the phantasmatogoria of sensitive oppressed brains and were blamed for history's mistakes (or something like that)? Those were magic moments, like the transformation of a prostrated implacable dream. Now you read it like the verbal vomit of an academic singing. The novelty has worn off.

Maybe this situation is just the final light of the sundy days. My breakfast home of your literary life. Like a huddled mumbling man you seem to be unconsiously picking up the droppings of the material press who is tragically making the time passing round the veil of a caries. You are getting dangerously near them.

Most urgent victoria iris.

Alan Claysen
Dear OZ,

The Underground press is failing to live up to its name; in fact it could hardly be more above-ground if it tried. It seems to have degenerated to chasing itself round in circles, soon with any luck, to disappear in its own wake. Any underground paper is now an expression of individualism above all, and that is not the same corner which would live up to its name; in fact it is a means of communication and to break through the arse:

This totality of involvement is missing at the time when we need it most. For too long we have had to say: ‘we have had it, and now to shit off, to take the bull by the horns and go on with it’. OZ will side up to you, put its hand in your pocket, and start fricking you, what when it is done. It is a fact of life, it is a fact of things which are often just the tip of the iceberg. Perhaps everyone is scared of burning their own hands, of seeing accusing fingers pointing at them. Perhaps because we talk about revolution there is an undertone of reactionary thought, a process that will do what it is written. Compare them with any kind of revolutionaries, who were, in the past year. We tried to knock the shit out of old establishment offer-. The trouble is that some of our mystic songs alone: these are just the sort of words that can stir up a little bit of interest in a group which would not go out by themselves. Perhaps we have our shortcomings, we will run backwards unless we are to change. The truth is that we have the opportunity to fight a battle of our own creation. Perhaps we have our shortcomings, we will run backwards unless we shall be standing face to face with the future, confronted by humanity’s last desperate chance to save itself and survive. That is why everyone should hope for, and work for, this chance when it comes, and be prepared to fight, to gain it, and fight even harder to make it work successfully. That is the time for now. It is the time for now. The pages of OZ should be packed with the fuel of revolution, which should be forced into flames as it is read, flames that dance memorably before the eyes. Flames that spread into society and weld the fires of rebellion that seem to be dying. Nothing whole-hearted or revolutionary can be written in these columns. Perhaps that is what we used to do in our days of fighting, perhaps nothing is there to incite us now, but mere promises about the future. Tomorrow must become today. Kick out the jams NOW.

Steve Francis

Dear OZ,

I’m really pissed off about this. I don’t know where the hell the article in which I’m meant to be going. I can’t pretend that I am one of the few people who could help me out, but in the circumstances, I don’t think of many others. Some people (i.e. my parents) will never think of trying to help me out, I suppose I should thank them for that. The truth is, I’ve been so badly disillusioned in the last week that I don’t even know where to begin; I just need help by telling me what’s the best way to get the kind of life I’ve been forced to lead, and finally make off from my back once and for all.

I’d like to give you some idea of the situation I’m in. I’m 16. For the last two and a half years I’ve been called Clifton College, I never really enjoyed life there. The only people I had at school for a level with were other people like me, that is to say not other revolutionaries who were in the same situation. Given a chance to knock the shit out of one old establishment offering a chance in all that is noble and traditional to the young gentleman. God, how I’ve learned in all that is noble and traditional in the past years. We had quite a few ways to get the rest of the school to wake up and realise change had to come. I’m putting some of our mysterious ‘Think’ cards which were delivered every Sunday morning, just in time with this letter, but none of them worked. We realised most people in the acne was nothing, we got to thinking of them at least as traitors to their youth) and that the place would never change a better place in time and so we decided to say goodbye to the evil shit-house. Most of our friends are leaving in next term, after one more attempt (an unofficial reb.mag.), which I suppose will be another flop. But I was getting so uptight, I had to cut out as soon as possible. Of course I found it impossible to persuade my parents, the staff etc. that this was the case, but through (a) the help of a sympathetic psychiatrist who saw how fed up I was and (b) my previous record (neatly expunged of course for doing constantly under suspicion since then for frequent heading and bedding), it wasn’t all that difficult to get my release. The trouble is that now they’re trying to get me to go to some other temple of learning, to carry on working for A-levels. Unfortunately, they just won’t believe me when I tell them it’s no good because the syllabuses for those bloody exams are just such a drag. There are so much more important things I feel I could be doing because it seems to me I’m so much better at writing poetry, for example, than at the endless, destructive, analytical, almost scientific essays that I’d have to suffer. I want to do something for the world. I want to help in the revolution. I don’t want to get stuck in any system. I want to live with people I like and not in any artificially thrown-together establishment. My father took me to be interviewed at some so-called progressive school. It was real shit. It looked all zany and progressive, but I could see that the philosophy behind it was almost identical to Clifton’s—melting personalities down and pouring them into a common mould. I don’t want that to happen to me. If I’m going to change society I’m not going to do it in the two-faced way of getting ‘influence’ and ‘respect for my views’ by greasing up to it and getting its crumby qualifications. I want to break out NOW! I don’t think 16 is too young—I’m not going to wait till 18, when I’ll be (in their terms anyway) an adult.

Name supplied
Dear OZ,

The Acid Facts on pages two and three of the most recent OZ is on the whole a balanced and honest report for which you should be commended. But there is one important confusion that leads to a dangerous misinformation concerning the vexed issue of chromosomal damage. You quite correctly quote SOLNCE to support the argument that LSD does not lead to genetic damage, on the basis of present evidence. But that is not the same thing as saying the drug cannot lead to chromosomal damage. The so-called Southworth Report (1970) on amphetamines and LSD contains the following sentences: 'Chromosomal aberrations in some LSD as well as in the test tubes have been reported. It goes on to substanitate the state ment: 'Chromosomal damage occurs in egg or sperm cells. That LSD causes such defects remains un proven. On the other hand, chromosomal damage can appear in body cells other than egg or sperm cells such as blood cells, brain cells, skin cells, etc. It is in these so-called somatic cells that chromosomal defects traceable to LSD have been reported. There is as yet no evidence that it has happened, but if LSD causes such defects in body cells, diseases such as leukemia might result.'

Two less important points: there is no evidence that thalidomide caused foetal defects by causing chromosomal damage. On the contrary, the drug seems to have altered the development of some organs or limbs, but just how it is not known. Second, you say that the doubtful experiment on genetic damage 'should have killed the research right there'. Research always goes on, and by rights should, especially when doubt remains. What else are the experimenters with acid doing?

Dick Fisher

Real freaks?

Dear OZ.

'She's ours'

Dear OZ,

When I first heard of the magazine Oz, I was curious to know what underground magazines contained to make them frowned upon by society in general. My first impressions (as I stared at a disfigured nude) was repulsion. I decided that it was a load of pornographic crap.

A small group of girls sat in the corner of the classroom hovering like a load of vultures and sniggering over advertisements for contraceptives and pictures of nude bodies. They knew about such things, the majority were not virgins and yet they still had no concept of sex.

Their embarrassing titterings infuriated me.

I voiced my opinion on the magazine and was informed I ought to really read it and not make snappy decisions. After reading a number of back copies I realised a number of the articles were rather interesting and enlightening. Eventually I grudgingly admitted being wrong.

MILARY

Not a loud

Dear OZ.

While sitting here in my pad smashed out of my mind on Afghan (nice!) and listening to Radio 1 Club, I remembered the outcry about music level at events and discos. The BBC news was quoting saying 'A check is always made on our club hours to ensure that the music is not too loud'. They only said that the conservative public will like the Director of Governor's (Oz) club, O.G.C. panel and keep them in control of radio. Everyone who wants to get stoned and listen to music at local clubs like should be left alone.

And how about the fucking cheek of the G.P.O. jingling the music and beautiful sound, teach ing us from Radio North Sea International.

Must roll another just now. Love.

DEREK

Praise be

Dear OZ,

Thanks for continuing to give us something real when elsewhere the 'underground press' seems to be getting straighter with each issue (excluding of course the beautiful but sadly irregular 'Gundel's Garden').

The double-page spread (Ne. 27) on acid was very informative and I'm assuming accurate and is going to be very useful to hesistant near heads. I think you might well have used as a heading for those pages the beautiful words from 'Steppenwolf' by Hermann Hesse, more recently recalled by Tim in the 'Politics of Empire' of Magic Theatre. Price of admission, your mind.

Peter Collins, 23 Burley Close, Norbury, London S.W.16.

Virgin

Dear OZ,

In Oz 25 there was an article on Rape of a Virgin and in Oz 29 two people (Oz I say people!) wrote in to say what a load of shit it was -- not only the one article but the whole paper. (Fuckers!) I think their letter was the biggest load of hypocritical shit I have had the misfortune to read. Since I came over from America, I have read nearly every Oz published, (every one beautiful). Long live the Dead, Jay Lay Newman.

Lay off

Dear OZ.

David Widgery seemed to justify horse, in his "Play Power" review, on grounds that it is more than balanced out the health thing. His right, it's nice to rush any buzz, and to render it harmless, the only way, than the present concern with puristic techniques. But, you know, I think those more than balanced out the health thing. He's right, it's nice, but they really bigger fixes are needed to achieve the same level of abstraction, horse, and away and on to tightly around you -- there's no escape, it has you prisoner, 'near heads'. I think you might well have used as a heading for those pages the beautiful words from 'Steppenwolf' by Hermann Hesse, more recently recalled by Tim in 'This Politics of Empire' of Magic Theatre. Price of admission, your mind.

Peter Collins, 23 Burley Close, Norbury, London S.W.16.

And now I'd like to fuck you miss

Dear Editor.

OZ always seems to me too flippant in its approach and presentation to be seriously for or against anything, with the superimposition of words on pictures suggesting that neither is up to much but if the two are thrown out together maybe it'll look interesting.

As long as OZ remains principally a consumer good, I don't see how it can be genuinely revolutionary or anti-establishment. Not that there's a publication in Britain that does seem to be a genuine, informed yet still emotional and still written, response to important and unfashionable events. That piece on Scunthorpe epitomised all I resent in Oz, the undervaluing a troty lot of the provinces, if Oz was really accused pieces from kids who've lived in Scunthorpe and really knew it -- you'd have written to the English Teacher at a local comprehensive school and had him commission his hippet kids to do something for you.

As it is, I'd be embarrassed to be in Oz as I would be in Radio Times.

Why don't any of the underground papers have sports sections? Football and athletics are real dramas, compared to the phone line of the same genre. That rock 'n' roll is real music chipped to classical music. Most of the good singers -- Pervy Stedge, Ben E. King, Screamin' Jay, Johnny Burnett, Jackie Wilson, too many to list -- were sportmen by first choice, singers by necessity when the music didn't make it in sport.

I wish Oz would open up, become more wide-eyed in what it covers and more accessible in how it presents its material. It seems to me to be no kind of achievement that most of the kids (16 to 19 years old, at one of the most progressive colleges of S.E. London), working class class, can't relate Oz to themselves, although they are the personnel who would be staff in any revolution -- if such a thing had any kind of reality, which you will have gathered, I don't think it has, in Britain.

The lines you apparently see between the establishment and you get blurred and rubbed out every time you, and anybody connected with you, go on TV, every time you accept a CBS ad.

I believe in revolution, but I look for a diffusion of responsibility; in general, the underground seems more than less, passive, vulnerable, gullible, and less, rather than more likely to achieve change (although it may be more willing to accept changes initiated by somebody else). Basically, the underground should be free from the interminable guitar solos to the unintellligible writing it seems to celebrate, and at the same time.

So, till things are different, I'll suffer the tics of the establishment in preference to joining the wankers' circle. Thanks.

C.G.
Dear Dr. Hippocrates:

I read the column in which one of your readers asked why his left testicle hung lower than the right. If I remember correctly, this is so because the left spermatic vein empties into the left renal vein at a right angle whereas the right spermatic vein opens into the inferior vena cava at an acute angle. The result is hydrostatic pressure greater on the left testicle than the right.

San Francisco
M.D.

Dear Dr. Hippocrates:

I know the latest trend is to go without underwear, but even with my modest length skirts I wouldn’t dare. My vagina constantly drips a milky substance. I am pretty sure it isn’t a discharge of disease, because it is not discolored, doesn’t itch, and I have had it for years. In the last few years, this drip has become more of a problem.

San Francisco
M.D.

Dear Dr. Hippocrates:

On an acid trip I took recently, my left hand and arm went totally dead on me. This happened twice before on very heavy acid trips. I have taken acid about 60 times in the last three years if that’s any more help to the problem. Anyway, like I said, my left arm went dead. I couldn’t move ‘it very well and I could barely make a fist of my fingers. In about 3 hours my left hand and arm were back to normal use but I was worried by the incident. Oh, by the way, it has always been my left hand and arm that have gone dead. Is this a normal occurrence or is something wrong? I haven’t taken any acid trips lately nor do I plan to until I found out about this.

Answer: All ‘LSD’ available on the black market today is illegally produced by chemists who, of necessity, run makeshift laboratories. Compounds produced in these laboratories contain impurities which may be more dangerous than the pure drugs. LSD is related to ergot, a substance which causes constriction of blood vessels including those in the brain. Ergot is a fungus which grows on rye and other grains. During the Middle Ages epidemics of ergot poisoning occurred in which the characteristic symptoms were gangrene of the feet, legs, hands and arms. If I were you I would have a thorough physical examination. You live near a Free Clinic where you can speak frankly to a physician about these experiences.

Dear Dr. Hippocrates:

If a girl’s hymen is intact, how does the menstrual blood get out?

Answer: Only rarely does the hymen completely cover the vaginal opening. One or more small openings permit flow of menstrual blood. Cyclic pain bleeding in a young imperforate hymen. Prompt, medical attention is then necessary to prevent serious consequences.

Dear Dr. Hippocrates:

I know the latest trend is to go without underwear, but even with my modest length skirts I wouldn’t dare. My vagina constantly drips a milky substance. I am pretty sure it isn’t a discharge of disease, because it is not discolored, doesn’t itch, and I have had it for years. In the last few years, this drip has become more of a problem.

Dear Dr. Hippocrates:

For several months I have been trying to lose weight. Whenever I feel I’ve eaten too much I force myself to vomit by sticking my finger down my throat and pressing in on my stomach muscle. I drink a lot of water during the day and try to vomit after eating. Only the bulk of my meal - never to the point where I get an acrid taste. The only immediate ill effects I’ve noticed is gas on my stomach for a day or so afterward.

Answer: When I read your letter I quickly checked the postmark - but it wasn’t sent from Rome. Fasting is an acceptable way to lose weight under a physician’s supervision. The method described here, however, adds the risk of upsetting the body’s chemical balance through loss of gastric fluids. Severe retching can cause rupturing of the stomach with fatal results. Maybe we are returning to the days of ancient Rome.

Dr. Hippocrates welcomes your questions. Write to him c/o OZ
In OZ26, Jim Anderson reviewed a selection of interesting new books. His introductory paragraph was set in a curious mood halfway between apology and triumph (has he noticed how few popular paragraphs have as many books as things). Through my own first love is music, I am now listening less and reading more and I am meeting some extraordinary human beings between pages. It's a pity that William Burroughs and Norman Mailer are not as readily as John Winters and Quintessence because they have so much to offer. So here are a few suggestions to what to tick next time you're browsing at your friendly neighbourhood Paperback Parade.

First, make a beeline for what they keep Paladin Books. As well as Lenny 

Politics of Gravity, see Jim Anderson's excellent piece they've put out called Nelly's Boro Culture. As it was written nearly three years ago it is not up to date, but it does have something to say. It's exactly what Winters and Winters and Winters and Winters are doing: the benefits of Underground culture without taking any of the risks. Same old story, told in a lot that I didn't know and a lot that I needed to know. I don't know anything about Jeff Nuttall himself, but he's written a book that's essential to anybody interested in the Underground, shyness etc. or hostile.

Then wander over to the Penguin section. If you still remember interest in conventional politics in the States and the impact on America of the Yippies, Hoffman, Rubin, Hayden and all the other living legends of contemporary radicalism, try Mark's Timmy of the Night and Miami and the Siege of Chicago. Both are definitive.

political, sociological and personal documents. Mailer writes superbly, he may be 47 but he's years ahead of anybody else, even using the English language. His personal position and commitments are unique and beautiful and he knows you should too.

Fiction is alive and well. "I've never been fiction," Richard Neville, 1970. If you enjoyed the Lord of the Rings, you might try Michael Trow's (Jerry Cornelius) Midascock's Rumble. Neville series. Very derivative, but powerful. Also in the Mayflower track, you'll probably find Mailer's An American Dream, a horror trip through urban America and several Jack Kerouac reissues. The best of these is probably Desolation Angels. Unfortunately Van Rensselaer's first and most influential novel On the Road is still out of print, but if you root around you might find the old edition. Kerouac was a genius. (The old edition is a godsend.

William Wersky's after-glow, the search to get back. Wersky gives us both loving anecdotes of Kerouac, but if you missed it take a look for a round up of the writing.

Comedians and their big things are Joseph Heller's Catch-22 William Burroughs Naked Lunch and James Baldwin's Another Country. Catch-22, now filmed, is surrealistic, wacky, and very easy to anagoue to current social developments. Naked Lunch is an extraordinary record of the dreams and visions experienced by William Burroughs during his stay in Mexico. If you think you had bad trips, how do you like to live this for a decade and a half? Occasionally it makes its readers put their dog. Mailer says it can cure cancer.

"Burroughs is the only novelist in America who may conceivably be possessed by genius." Being possessed by genius isn't the same as being a genius, but read it anyway - we're all on the end of the funk. Another Country is a novel about love, and the way people use it. It's an idea that each other. It's also the first piece of fiction to really hit me with what black people are living every hour in the States. Come to that, it's more effective than even the most brilliant and powerful essays on the subject, see Floyd RE's Black Power Style, Ape the Beavers or Here, James, Clovey, Erich Mendelsohn and Baldwin really knows his language. Why are all the great English-language novelists American? Probably Robert Heinlein's Strangers in a Strange Land, the Bible of Charles Manson and the victim of an elegantly distorted synopsis in Time, this won't send you out to5 minute muscular blonde2 socks, but it might teach you how to live in the strange land we have created for ourselves. It's a bit intimidating at 106, but so worthwhile. (Paid for by NEL)

Okay, if you can get all that lot past the salesgirl you're a lot more doctored than I am and you ought to be working for the Government. Maybe you are. Think about it. Anyway, you won't need that and earphones to get high on this.

Charles Shaar Murray
tend to think in licks. Beck's playing ranges from the lyrical to the downright vicious, occasionally he even displays a sense of humour, as on the 1966 "Jeff's Boogie" and some of the runs on "Blues De Luxe". Recently Peter Stampfel devoted half his space in "Zigzag" to what he referred to as "The Official Beck Is God Column". They've been on their backs about Beck in the States for four years, yet here he's only known in the context of his work with others. Less trendy adoration surrounds him than does many lesser musicians who've who've been hipped up much more (Lee Page?). In fact he really is the forgotten man of Britishrock.

The second single was another bubble-gum song, but given a shatteringly heavy treatment by the band (just called "Jeff Beck"). Beck himself sang lead. "Tally Man" sold well but not top 30. Then something really incongruous: Beck, no doubt under heavy pressure from Micky Most and EMI to be a pop star, covered "Love Is Blue", Paul Mauriat's instrumental American hit. Still, it could have been worse, soft-fuzz against harmoniscord and strings, but with the Mike Sammes singers mooring softly in the background. Beck said afterwards, "I heard it on Wednesday and recorded it on Thursday. It was strange working

MM put it under "Highly Recommended", Disc slammed it, the NME ignored it and not many people bought it. By this time, Jimmy Page had lifted half of "Truth" for "Led Zeppelin" and obtained every single that "Zigzag" that Page had stolen his act, and his rap about Led Zeppelin was so acrimonious that Zigzag crapped out by not printing it.

Suddenly, Beck was a name again on the strength of "B-" jagal", a lovely single on which the the Beck band provided an intricately rhythmical backing for Donovan. This got to 11 and Beck was back on Top Of The Pops. Then he split up his band to join the rhythm section of the disbanding Vanilla Fudge. Rod Stewart and Ron Wood joined the Faces and became pop stars. (Stewart put out a solo album that included like the Beck Group did".) Beck then crashed his 650,000 vintage car and made himself up pretty badly. The Fudge thing presently falls flat. While of all British guitar heavies--Eric Clapton (you know--Delaney and Bonnie's backing guitarist). We've had Eric Clapton in double page of the Sunday Times. We've had Eric Clapton in posters, they've the Tony Palmer "Beck? Beck who? Wasn't he the Seal of Approval. So what about Eric Clapton and Hendrix? While most of them rely on 400 watts of rock overkill or supersonic speed to make their points, Beck does it with deceptively simple phrases that sneak up behind you and hit you over the head. If you can get hold of a copy of the Yardbirds' 1965 hit "Shapes Of Things", turn it over and listen to Beck's solo on "Better Man Than I" to see what I mean. It's technically less than complex but in terms of sound and feel it's quite remarkable and at least ten years ahead of its time. When he wants to, however, he can produce a turn of speed that would make Alvin Lee blink. But unlike his inferior and imitators, he doesn't feel that he has to prove his speed all the time. He knows he's fast, so he can just get down to playing music. When asked about his musical tastes, Beck will tell you that he likes Tamla Motown and Sly and the Family Stone. (Most heavy guitarists will just say "Robert Johnson" or "B.B.). He doesn't really sound like anyone else, though some have a similarity to the Airplane's Jorma Kaukonen. He's a total individual, unlike the vast majority of other guitarists, black and white, who have their influences completely on the brain. (It'll be a great day when Stan Webb finally gets out from under Buddy Guy). We honestly can't think of anybody who Beck's playing detectably resembles. Think how many British guitarists you can say that for. His originality comes out in all his records. Even old Yardbirds tracks on which he only has one or two short runs (like "Evil Hearted You") are unmistakably Beck.

Though much of his work is blues or blues-based, he's more of an all-round rock guitarist. Even on straight blues bar things he would use the standard B. B. King hammer but now developed the use of the expert finger picking that tend to fall into the reedy black genre (listen to his version on "Blues De Luxe" in "ME LOVE YOU""). He's like a human being who really has heard anywhere, yet it all makes. When playing with Clapton and Hendrix

The heart of the solo album of the Beck story, most of the above have been deleted so let us tell really it's strictly "Truth". For "Truth" was back on Top Of The Pops (Colombia). The Beck band provided an intricately rhythmical backing for Donovan. This got to 11 and Beck was back on Top Of The Pops. Then he split up his band to join the rhythm section of the disbanding Vanilla Fudge. Rod Stewart and Ron Wood joined the Faces and became pop stars. (Stewart put out a solo album that included like the Beck Group did".) Beck then crashed his 650,000 vintage car and made himself up pretty badly. The Fudge thing presently falls flat. While of all British guitar heavies--Eric Clapton (you know--Delaney and Bonnie's backing guitarist). We've had Eric Clapton indouble page of the Sunday Times. We've had Eric Clapton in posters, they've the Tony Palmer...
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Nigel Lawson,
Editor,
The Spectator,
99 Gower St.,
London W.C.1.

Dear Nigel,

Hilary Spurling has just rung, saying my review of Theodore Roszak's book "enraged" you and that, although she and Trevor Grove liked it and it was in any case commissioned, you refuse, for political reasons, to print it.

Naturally, I am sorry you didn't give the article a chance to enrage a lot of other people. Adrenaline is a precious bodily fluid. It should be shared. However, next time your own political line enrages you and that, although she it would only be fair to Hilary and Trevor to tell them in advance just what this line is and which categories your contributors. If you want right-wing reviews of radical books, find some hot young Tory writers. Maybe there are some in Greenland. But for God's sake, don't think that your standard fulminators

Left, like Chris Booker and Simon Raven, know anything about the subject.

Obviously, under the circumstances, I can't write for the Spectator in future.

Yours,
Robert Hughes

Dear Bob,

Thank you for your letter of April 4th.

I think you have misunderstood what Hilary Spurling said to you. What 'enraged' me was not your review, but the notion of its appearing in the Spectator. And I refused to publish it (it was, in any event, commissioned without my knowledge, as it happened) for political reasons, to print it. The remainder of your letter is too absurd to require reply.

Yours,
Nigel Lawson, Editor.

The Spectator Sport:

In Man and Crisis a book admired as much by the New Left's activists, like Abbie Hoffman, as by its analysts like Theodore Roszak—Ortega y Gasset observed how the rejection of generation becomes a society's dynamic: their coming and splitting 'represent the reality of historic life.' Perhaps this has always been true in the West. But never more obviously true than now; and never with such revolutionary implications. 'For better or worse,' Roszak argues in his acutely observed and compassionate book, most of what is presently happening is new, provocative and engaging politics, education, the arts, social relations (love, courtship, family, community) is the creation either of you who are profoundly, even fanatically, alienated from the parental generation, or of those who address themselves primarily to the young.

The young have replaced Marx's proletariat, in the rich societies of the West, as the sperm-carriers of social change. For the first time in modern history, youth experiences itself as a class. The conservative in Europe or (especially) America, faced with this political rebellion, professes bewilderment at such 'ingratitude' and does not see how logical and, in hindsight, how inevitable it was. For capitalism called youth into existence as a class, though in order to create an untapped market and conceding its members only two functions — to consume, and to provide the raw material for future managerial elites. This same capitalism is now horrified to find that its huge, docile Golem is acting up; it spews out the laboratory floor, breaks test tubes, rattles the lock and makes false efforts to tell the truth — a truth spuriously divergent from that of the men who put it together. Neither calming injections nor judicious breathing with a truncheon seem to work; obdurately, it will not see what is obvious to eminent Greek philosophers like Spino Agnew, that economic classes should only turn to political classes if they are 'relatable.'

Surely a moment's objective thought will show the Golem that it is very lucky to be alive at all. That it should be thankful for having such a fine institution as its home. But no; the monster keeps jiving about, drinking chemicals, letting white rats out of cages and brandishing its street pricke. It is not a constructive Golem. It does not seem to have an implementable policy worked out in advance. Worse, it has claimed for itself the right to make social experiments — which, in any sane institute, should only be given to qualified planner with Government grants. Worst of all, it is demonstrably happier than the scientists, which proves to them that happiness is escapism.

But the essential character of the revolt of youth is that it transcends politics. As Theodore Roszak points out, 'What makes the youthful dissatisfaction of your time a cultural phenomenon, rather than merely a political movement, is the fact that it strikes beyond ideology to the level of consciousness.'

seeks to transform our deepest sense of the self, the other, the environment.' Conservatives rejoice in the 'fragmented' nature of the rebellion — as if a movement whose subject-matter were individual freedom would come up with an unreal, programmatic unity! — and deride everyone in it, Yippies, SDS, student Maoists, acid-freaks, the lot, as idealists. But in a real sense, the revolt of youth can be seen as a triumph of empiricism. Test, test, test for authenticity, for relevance, for fun. You only know what you have experienced yourself. You do not know things when an authority tells you they are true. The politics of confrontation replace the politics of caucus and ballot-box. If one were to rely on the voting statistics, American youth today would seem to be the most politically apathetic instead of the most politically engaged class in the country: the average American voter at the last Presidential election was 39. If everyone under 30 voted in California, the Governor would be Timmy Leary, not Ronald Reagan.

The completeness of this rejection of authority is shown, in just one of its many areas, by the shift from psychoanalysis to self-help through drugs. Ten years ago, nearly every young American liberal I knew had some acquaintance with the shrinker's couch. 'My shrink' in fillippeitown, New York, was the last你要在Macmillan's London: The liberal expected to be healed, reconciled to reality, by the enervating father-figure with his notebook and sympathetic questions. Today, visiting the shrinker is more often seen as a copout: it implies psychic surrender to the parent. 'Freud,' as one student remarked to an astonished Leslie Fiedler, 'was a jink' — the wailing Jewish poppa. But drop acid and you know that nobody else can do it for you; in that labyrinth of fearful and ecstatic mirrors, the subject of reality itself is confrontation. 'Stand,' a group named Sly and the Family Stone sang, 'All the things you want are real: You have to complete and there is no deal.' It is the young who, in the USA and France (and to a limited degree here), have made the technocratic, manipulative

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lative nature of adult democracy visible to a degree which only the most perceptive, like Marcuse, Goodman and Norman Brown, could see a decade ago.

The mature accuse the young of having no political experience — and then, with little sense of contradiction, repress as 'impertinent' their efforts to acquire some. The fact is that their own experience of politics, if it means professional skill at juggling consensus and coalition in Washington, has become obsolete; it can no longer contain political reality. For that reality, in the West, is now definable to an unheard-of degree as what the militant young do. In Chicago in 1968, reality was enacted on the street between the Yuppies and Mayor Daley's pigs; it was inside the convention hall, among the dancers, streamers, brass bands and forlorn conclusions, that fantasy took hold. And so it is fanciful to tell an average or a Berkeley student to leave politics to 'those who know about it'. For he will reply, and rightly, that he is a politician. This crisis of division, between those content to leave power to qualified technicians of government and the dissenters who grasp politics existentially and will not delegate their morals to such 'experts', is the theme of Roszak's precise analysis.

Roszak puts the dilemma directly. If you suppose that such authenticity of response to society is an unattainable dream, just what degree of authenticity will you settle for? He draws on a sweeping and powerful indictment of the present alternative, submission to a technocracy which is not the 'excellent product of capitalism' (here he breaks with the view of the traditional American left): 'The profiteering could be eliminated; the technocracy would remain in force. The key problem... is the paternalism of expertise within a socioeconomic system which is so organized that it is inextricably held together by... an expertise which has learned a thousand ways to manipulate our acquiescence with an imperceptible subtlety.'

The counter-culture, then, defines itself as a revolutionary alternative to management and, Roszak shows, its postures and strategies stem from a loathing of 'benevolent' totalitarianism rather than of capitalism pure and simple, which is seen as only one of the forms of this strangling determinism. 'Its principal purpose in the hands of ruling elites is to mystify the popular mind by creating illusions of omnipotence and omniscience'; political technocracy relies, Roszak argues, on the assumption that all human needs can be predicted and satisfied by the projection of programmes: 'if a problem does not have such a technical solution, it must not' (the architect of the 'future', such as Herman Kahn at the Rand Institute, proclaims) be a real problem. It is not an illusion... a figment born of some regressive cultural tendency.

Thus the programme dominates the men it is ostensibly made for, the donkey is dangled in front of the Utopian carrot. And so the technocrat takes on the character of a priestly or shaman. But a false one. What Roszak calls 'the myth of objective consciousness' on which technocracy relies is thus seen as yet another form of incantatory irrationality, but veiled, and bleakly empty of moral or poetic content. Even language falls under it, becoming the familiar Desperanto of overkill and megadeath, pacification and hearts-and-minds programmes. The choice, therefore, is not between irrationality and logic. It is between a scarcely tried, hardly crystallized, tribal-poetic consciousness based on empiricism, and a 'practical management' (which demonstrably fails to work within America, let alone its colonies) which demands silence from its majority.

The history of new radical postures is a substance accreted in America; it emerges in England later, and some of the extremities which Roszak describes in his eloquent and delicate prose are only nascent here. All the more reason, then, to read his book. No doubt the time will come when OZ, EVO, Rat and Shrew will be filed with the Jahrhundert vom Kunstwissenschaft and Encounter as exhibits and sources for a horde of PhDs, clamouring to write their academic texts on what was once the underground of 1965-70. Because that time hasn't arrived yet, Roszak's Making of a Counter Culture is of particular interest as the first closely-argued, sympathetic study of the youth revolt made by a man whose position (as far as I can judge it from his reporting) is just outside and a shade to the right of the movement. (Clue: Roszak writes regularly for Nation in New York.)

In this respect it's unlike Abbie Hoffman's Revolution for the Hell of It or its cuddlier English cousin, Richard Neville's Play Power — Roszak is not writing a handbook for activists, Abbie style, and his book is not quite beam ed at the kids, nor at their parents, but at their elder brothers — with whom, in my straightest and most earnest tones, I have been known to identify; the ones with degrees, who string sentences together, and remember when Eisenhower was President. It is a substantially more analytic and intelligent book than Play Power — Roszak, unlike many another underground writer, gives the impression that he has read a few books of earlier date than his own birth; the reader is thus faced with a solid linear chew through the unflowered, unzapped pages. There are aspects to his argument I'd question (as, in so many-stranded an account, how could there not be?): one is his severity on drugs — seek to harm, being a kind of mythologized panic button, Instant ecology, the capital dream of totally marketable experience in pill form, come home to roost among the gelled and dousy kids; well, maybe, but not in my acquaintance with it. Another is his pessimism about the chance of a fruitful relationship between the white and the black revolutionaries in America. (A Panther's problem, his effect argues, are so special and his consciousness even of Marx is so linked to his colour that there can never be a fully shared experience of revolution between the black militant and his white ally.) But Roszak has achieved a feat in writing such a book as this, with out beginning to sound like your aunt trying hard, for God's sake, to understand, I have read no better introduction to that revolutionary will without which, for all the raps, rhetoric and occasional stupidities of its bearers, for all the mano-jumbo about karma and the crap about stars, our history cannot be perceived.

Bob Hughes
best (though that word isn't very helpful) and the worst material that they've recorded. Firstly the worst.

Williamson's ten-minute track on Side 2, "When you find out who you are", is shapeless, mindless and dull. It starts as if he worked out a couple of simple chords and improvised the lyrics round them, to make the record a reasonable length. Two Heron tracks, "The Letter" and "This Moment", aren't too great. They both too conventional and somber, with the wonder and delight ever so slightly phoney. Nice tunes though.

The other three tracks are very fine. But you must realise that the String Band reject and scorn the silly radio profession of people like Simon and Garfunkel and the Fairport Convention; they seem too close to the earth for that. And that's why "Black Jack Davy" is such a delight. It's a traditional sort of folksong, with two fiddles, guitar and Heron's coarse, straightforward voice. It's unadulterated, untreated, and it broadens an animal.

"Fair as you", another Heron song, has a fine, complex tune, and heavy friends restrict themselves to cliches, played far below their usual standard, but quite nicely. Beck and Page could be unintentionally funny if they tried, and Redding and Bonham mesh together tight as a 12-year-old virgin (if there are any left in these permissive times). Page's production is excellent: everything sounds really nice - virtuoso recording, pity the music isn't up to it. The best and most succinct criticism of this album was in a reader's letter to "Rolling Stone": "The friends sure as hell are heavy, but Sutch sings as though he hasn't shat for weeks". Well, he has in fact - over anyone who has paid money for the record.

Chris Welch

ATOMIC ROOSTER B & C

First of all, B & C Records have seen fit to package this album in a sleeve only slightly less flimsy than the average chewing gum wrapper. Secondly, he lost the sleeve and the labels list the tracks in the wrong order (the last two tracks listed as being on one side are actually on Side Two, and vice versa). Thirdly, the music (ah yes, the music) is rather disappointing. There's very little on here that wasn't done infinitely better by Brian Auger and Julie Driscoll on "The Resurrection" or, conversely, by Crane and Palmer themselves on the classic Arthur Brown album. Carl Palmer's drumming is powerful and effective and Vincent Crane's keyboards are suitably creepy but it all fails to catch fire (especially on the strength of the Arthur Brown album, I'd rate Crane with Auger, Emerson and Page). With all due respect, playing a super badd; which shows how far he's come, from Buddy Rich to the undeniably talent. When they sing they sound like boy sopranos (which is alright I suppose) and in live performance like boy sopranos with sore throats. And Licorice really plays the drums horribly.

Above all, the String Band are enigmatic. Each new record gives one an entirely new idea of their new music. "Chang ing Horses" I found disappointing after "Wee Tam and Big Hug". But it was still a revelation of a sort. And their new album, "I Looked Up", is startling. It contains both the
With their first two albums, "The Doors" and "Strange Days", the Doors achieved an astonishing amount. Their music was quite individual, their singer was more ostentatiously gutsy than anyone since Elvis, and they wrote aggressive and intelligent lyrics. Their peak was the epic song on "Strange Days". "When the music's over".

"What have they done to the earth?
What have they done to our fair sister?
Ravaged and plundered and ripped her and hit her,
Sheer with knives in the side of the dawn
And tied her with fences
And dragged her down."

Their hypnotic virility even seemed allied with a certain integrity.

This explains why, listening to "Morrison Hotel", their latest album, I am consumed with gloom. It's not that it's bad. It's just vacuous. Superficially all the elements of the earlier records are there: the bouncy organ, the fine, precise drumming, the wildly versatile slide guitar. Morrison still holds on to his black leather voice. But, lacking any new inspiration, they fall back either on their well-tried formulae or their dreary new-found roots.

Tony Bennett, and the Rich White Man Blues. They make no progress; and lyrically Jim Morrison is (one hopes temporarily) almost bankrupt.

With only second-rate material, their flatness and predictability as a unit becomes startlingly obvious. Only Robbie Krieger continues to shine like the seedy Los Angeles cherub we once knew and loved. His guitar-playing on "Peace Frog" in particular is really ecstatic, and his energy keeps much of the record alive. But they stagnate all the same.

I'm not complaining about their abandoning of the revolutionary message of their first two records. There it was, alive, honest, spontaneous. But "Five to one", their most "revolutionary" song, suggested strongly that they were erotic racketeers rather than erotic politicians, and they have been wise to drop the issue. But its absence does emphasise the vacuum.

Don't misunderstand me, this album does have high spots. "Roadhouse Blues", the opening song, is fine, they play together like a proper performing band and Morrison really lets go. "Waiting for the sun", although only a fragment of a song, is powerfully produced and poignant. When Jim sings

"This is the strangest life I've ever known",
the mystery, foggy and cavernous, is quite convincing. "Land Ho!"
jogs along like a huge, bariton clog dancer. "You make me real",
though rather pedestrian, has a delightfully prim rock piano opening and as I said, Krieger's guitar lifts many of the songs above their dreary structures.

The group touches rock bottom on the two "ballads" on this record, "Blue Sunday" and "Indian Summer". Morrison, caught between Frank Sinatra and Buddy Holly, croons his spineless, mindless lyrics:

"I-lo-o-ve you the best,
Better than all the rest."

Well really! We know the band can play powerfully, we know Jim can write. Can he really be worked out at twenty-four?

Peter Popham

A Very Bad Sign

Tony Palmer's Born Under a Bad Sign, William Kimber, 40/-.

I started this review knowing I wasn't going to like the book, and read the book trying to prove it. The thing about rock music that makes it stand out from tuneful trash like the Love Affair is that it doesn't need the usual intermediaries like critics, tame pundits, biographers to appreciate it. Rock is in tune with the other things going on for 'youth' teenybops or whatever. So (dramatic pause for effect) - the arrogant self-appointed prose of Tony and his colleagues is irrelevant.

In the book he whines about the injustices of the pop world, what a shame Jimi Hendrix isn't entered for the Eurovision. It seems he wants rock officially adopted as the nation's culture: treated in the same way as symphony concerts, justifying his position on the Observer and knocking the guts out of 'alternative culture'.

But pretty obviously, a book that costs £2 (YES FRIENDS TWO POUNDS) isn't meant for people who actually like the sort of music our Tony licks the arse of. It's for the trendy over thirties with wardrobes full of sheepskin jackets, and the odd 10/- deal tucked in behind the Bacardi. Remember the News of the World telling all about OZ, well here's the intellectual version; titillate yourself with the doings of the teens.

Chapters one, two and nine not necessarily in that order try and justify the blurb, the intellectual sugar on the other six chapters of lifted and vaguely rewritten record company handouts, and who the hell wants to know the early history of Lulu and Donald-pears (WHO). The rare flashes of insight when not arrogant actually are amusing for their bitchy accuracy. The Steadman cartoons are good but tend to say the opposite of the text. No, for your threepence a page, you would be better buying No.6.

Deyan Sudjic
We first became aware of sex during one biology lesson at the age of 11 or 12. From then on we were all dying to see a prick but we all swore that we would keep our virginity until we got married (some have—others not!). One after another we all started our menstruation and in our little minds we believed that we were women. A few of us had started going out with boys and everyone wallowed in excitement on Monday morning as we sat and told our friends everything that had happened on our date. To begin with we all worried like mad about the petting sessions but things sorted themselves out.

I shall never forget the look of horror on people’s faces when one girl lost her virginity at the age of 13, under a tree in the park. For a while everyone respected her until the next lost hers and the novelty wore off. One girl became very worried because she believed she was becoming a nymphomaniac (if you are interested I can let you have her phone-number).

Then came the inevitable discussions on what it was like and why the remainder of us should remain virgins. Some decided to wait for the right man while others spent their weekends fucking in convenient places. To many, it seems unbelievable that it is possible to go out with someone for more than six months and not have sex.

A few became pregnant and managed to deal with it without parents or teachers being aware of it.

Discussions hardly ever take place as we get older and the matter is left entirely to the two individuals involved.

SMILE— if you had sex last night.
Malcolm X once said: you can search for any type of beauty in this world, but if you do not bring some beauty with you... you'll never find anything.

Listen to this: Sweden just got herself an Ambassador. You say that is not anything? Well usually it would not be except Sweden drew a short straw and got herself a negro (I spelled it right... with a capital 'O').

I am black and I guess I should be glad to see a black man in a position of importance... but the fact is he was a black man, but from the pictures I see of him in the magazine all that I see is a negro with a top hat on his head doing social things that no black person could probably understand. To me, it is the funniest thing in the world to see a $50 hat on a 27/2 head.

All this week I have been reading that Ambassador Jerome Holland has been met by crowds of demonstrators who have been screaming... 'Nigger, nigger, nigger, Back Home!' Of course I usually I was upset. I don't like the word nigger, hell, if they call him a nigger because that means that those white folks here in Sweden would also call me nigger just because I am black... so I went to say maybe and to fight. Remember now, I was not against this ambassador. How could I be, I didn't even know him.

I heard that the United States Cultural Center was going to be opened in the ambassador's name and since I carry a United States passport and press credentials I decided that I would go to the opening and report how it happened and how this negro ambassador told the Swedish people about the problems that his own people face inside of the United States. I was sure that he would be the target for me and how we are segregated, discriminated against, lynched and other things... this is normal, isn't it? I mean another person who is black this earth tries to help his own people first, that is almost a law of nature.

When I get to the front door of the United States Cultural Centre on a street called 'Sveavagen' the first thing I saw was cops... a whole bunch of blue uniforms and they all held white clubs in their hands. At first I was just standing around, and then I thought that this was the 'honor guard' for the ambassador... I thought to myself, 'how isn't this nice, the cops treating this negro ambassador a welcoming committee'. Well, I walked up to the front door and these 'honor guards' turned and came at me and I sort of rushed inside to get out of their way. When I turned inside I met a weak little white man who asked me if I had an invitation. I smiled nicely and gave him my press credentials, he turned them over to a white woman, she smiled and told me I could wait upstairs and showed them to someone else... who I never did see.

She came back down, she handed me back my press things and told me that I could not come in. I was really surprised at this and I asked her why. She told me that the Swedish press had been sent invitations and since I did not have one, I could not come inside. She reminded her head this was the United States Cultural Centre and I was a member of the press and also I had a United States passport and I would like to see MY negro ambassador.

While I waited for her to explain, I heard shouts outside the front door, I grabbed my papers and went to see what was going on. When I got outside... shit had hit the fan.

There was a large group of white folks being pushed and shoved around by the pigs... (I'm sorry... this is normal). I grabbed my camera and began taking pictures. Believe me, there were a lot of pictures to be taken. The people were being pushed and hit in the head. The amazing thing is that the people were fighting back! I felt good to see that something standing up.

Malcolm X said... 'they had no time to be singing, they were too busy swinging!' Each time a cop would hit someone, someone would hit a cop. I saw a fight going on between a black man and a white cop, the action was too fast for me to get a picture, but they were doing it. Then a bunch of cops moved in and they shoved him into a wagon. I found out that his name is Bill Melson, a black man from America who has been living in Sweden for some five years.

I turned on my tape recorder because the crowd was yelling something and I wanted to be sure that my radio audience would hear exactly what was being said... they were yelling 'Go home murderer' and 'Stop the killing in Vietnam!'

There was so much going on I had to run from here and listen, and run there and listen. That's when I noticed a huge American flag being held up by the crowd. Since the 'honor guard' moved in their direction, I did also, they were yelling too, but it was in Swedish and I could not understand what they were saying. But I have it on tape and it will be played on American radio station KPFA in Los Angeles, WBAI in New York and a few others, I want people to hear how these folks were just what first negro ambassador was facing and what the people were saying to him... I just want the truth to be told, that's all.

The fights went on, I saw a white cat hit a cop and that cop went down like a sack of potatoes, another cop began to run after this white cat, he damn near had him too but some little old lady walked out of a store with a bundle in her arms, the boy who was running, had almost get around her but the cop... BLAMMMMM, right into this lady and they both went down... she was not against this ambassador. How could I be, I didn't even hear the word 'nigger' but it is called. I'm the only one who called him that. So he is a liar when he tells the press that he is being called a nigger by the Swedish youth and demonstrators.

It is true; he is NOT being called a nigger. The people here in Sweden are against the American government's policy in Vietnam, if Nixon had sent a white boy here he would have had the same thing, but Mr. Holland is using his race or his color to make political hay for the Nixon administration. Shame on him saying he is being called a nigger, it looks as though he is being attacked because he is black, there is little mention of the fact that the demonstrations have been against the war in Vietnam.

The worst thing I found ladies and gentlemen, friends of the enemies is that the newspapers came out the next day with the story that Mr. Holland met with yells of 'nigger, nigger, go home'!!!

That is a lie. I have the tapes to prove it. I was there and I was listening for the word 'nigger' because it would have made me angry, but no one used the word. I did call the newspapers and protested that they lied and here is the strange part... the newspapers both admitted that their reporters did not hear the word 'NIGGER' used and there is no police report of the word being used... not even once.

I informed the press, that's the Swedish press that I intend to let my listeners in America know that what Dr. Jerome Holland is doing is indeed criminal liable at best and lying at least. I told them that Pacifica Foundation, that's the firm I broadcast for, does not engage in lies or sensationalism that is based on lies and the truth is we would be able to use our facilities to see to it that the people of Sweden are not used for political tools of any administration. We deal in truth... whether it is good or bad, it must be true and if Pacifica should ever change that policy I will not work for them for one minute.

I don't expect Mr. Nixon to be ashamed of himself! I know what he stands for, I have given him my views of the world, but Dr. Holland should be ashamed of himself for good and well with the truth and evil, this type of rottenness, this type ofifth, but I guess it is again like Malcolm X said: 'if you lie down with these you're sure to get up with fleas!!!'

Hakim A. Jamali.
Desseins Erotiques, edited by Eric Losfeld 14-16 Rue de Terrain Vague 1969). The last issue of OZ sold in excess of 40,000 copies, making it the largest Underground publication. However, our print bills have risen astronomically, partly due to the police operation. This operation agreed to, and so when Thom Keyes rang Release to inform them that Roshin Constable had asked Keyes to come and see him and that a sum of money would probably be handed over within half an hour, Release immediately informed Detective Inspector Merrick, who asked Keyes to bring him immediately the transaction actually took place. Half an hour later Constable received the £150 in marked notes, and Release tried to ring Merrick. Merrick, extraordinarily enough, had gone out, leaving instructions for Release to ring a subordinate. The subordinate was unavailable. It was not possible for Release to ring Merrick. He gave an assurance that the matter would be attended to. At 4 that afternoon an Inspector Frew visited Keyes and took a four hour statement not leaving Keyes apartment until 8pm., after which he went to see Keyes. By this time, naturally enough, there was no trace of the marked notes on Constable and the case was soon pigeonholed for insufficient evidence. Release was not even allowed to accompany Inspector Frew when he visited Constable. The police implied that Release had fabricated the entire story. Anyone knowing anything about Release and the way it operates would at once realise the absurdity of this implication.

In the succeeding months Detective Sergeant Roshin Constable has been a busy man. He led the raid on Mick Jagger and Marianne Faithful and was again accused of offering to drop charges in return for money. This received extensive publicity and was an embarrassment soon after himself, the subject of an internal police inquiry. Not that he, or anyone for that matter, was particularly worried. He was even appointed as a member of a committee investigating the bribery allegations made by The Times. Mr. Callaghan, the Home Secretary, on being asked a question in the House about this extraordinary appointment, stated that he did not know at the time of the appointment that Constable himself was the subject of bribery allegations. Release, however, has access to letters from Callaghan dated three months before, saying that he was very concerned about allegations made about Constable, and that everything possible was being done to have the matter clarified. Constable has now been cleared of all bribery allegations by the internal investigating committee. The impartiality of such investigations can be suspect and in this case, even though the police stressed that the investigating officer came from a different station, it is a fact that for the duration of the inquiry, Inspector Frew was actually working at Chelsea, Constable's starting ground. The happily exonerated Constable, it is now rumoured, is due for promotion and is shortly to appear as Detective Inspector Constable.

Detective Sergeant Constable can be contacted at WHItehall 1212, Extension 2079 (Extraditions Department).

If you want somewhere to have lunch, go down the same ghetto stairs that you descend to go to the Macrobiotic Restaurant, and visit the new shop. By the time you have finished your lunch, go down the same ghetto stairs and visit the newer perhaps fortunately named SPROUT. I have been there twice recently - the first time, Madelaine Simon was there half way through her fifth continual day on sunshine and the place was full of rainbow electricity. The second time it was as calm as a Nepalese mountain top. Both occasions were fantastic. It's open every day from Saturday from noon to 6.30, Closed on Sunday, open Monday evenings and sometimes all night Saturday. Corner Westbourne Terrace and Bishops Bridge Road.

England's first book of Head Comics Trip Strips is now available from: Flat 5, 8 Norfolk Terrace, London, S.W.5. A beautiful four page magazine entitled NOTHING which is available for £1 from Greg if you happen to run into him on the street, or from: 62, Argyle Street, London W.1. Buy it and read all about the Nothing Co-op, Nothing auditions, and Nothing theatre. Don't forget it's a coincidence. We think that everything that happens at the same time is a coincidence, and that coincidences either happen, don't happen, or are made to happen. I don't quite know what that is all about but Greg says that NOTHING really means PEACE.

DADD is an illustrated magazine shortly to be put out by a group of young people, in a loose leaf form, the idea of which is to give immediate visual impact and allow the contributor whether he be photographer, writer, designer or artist to get to the most out of the materials that he was allowed to collect. We would like to assure our readers that OZ is published by OZ Publications Ltd. and not by Hastings Printing Company of Hastings Sussex, in case any of you were misled by the appearance of the name of this company at the bottom of Roy Guest's London Happenings advertisement on P.45 of the last issue.
Gentlemen:

Regarding your form number: _______ received this date, requesting certain information to be filled in and returned to your office.

I would be happy to oblige you. However, under the human bye-laws by which I am constituted, I cannot do so until the request is made on the enclosed forms (OHID 1A-A1). If you will kindly fill in the information required, and return it in the enclosed self-addressed, stamped envelope it will be much appreciated.

Thank you for your cooperation. I remain,

Most sincerely,

TO: ______________________________ Date: ______________________________

FORM NUMBER: OHID 1A-A1-1970
IMPORTANT: This is an individual human request form. NOT TO BE SOLD.

FORM FILLING INFORMATION REQUEST FORM
(please use block letters or typewriter)

1. DATE:

2. AGENCY (Government or private) REQUESTING INFORMATION:

3. ADDRESS
   (street number)
   (city or town)
   (county/state – Country)

4. DEPARTMENT REQUESTING INFORMATION:

5. HEAD OF DEPARTMENT: (Name if human – Number if not)

6. NAME(s) SPECIFIC INDIVIDUAL(s) MAKING REQUEST:
   (name(s) if enlightened – number(s) if frightened)

7. WILL INFORMATION BE FED INTO A COMPUTER:
   Yes _______ No _______

8. IF YES, NAME, MAKE AND MODEL NUMBER _______

9. WHO WILL HAVE ACCESS TO INFORMATION:
   (Agencies, Government and or Private, and individuals please list all names. If unknown, please state.)

10. DUE TO POSSIBLE CHANGING SITUATIONS IN LIFE, CAN THE INFORMATION YOU REQUEST BE CORRECTED OR AMENDED IN FUTURE:
    Yes _______ No _______

11. IF INFORMATION IS BEING FED INTO COMPUTER WILL A RUN OFF OF MATERIAL/INFORMATION IN COMPUTER FORM BE MADE AVAILABLE TO ME FOR PROOF READING, FOR CORRECTION OF POSSIBLE ERRORS, BEFORE SUCH INFORMATION IS FINALLY USED: Yes _______ No _______

12. IF NO, PLEASE STATE BASIS FOR SUCH ANSWER:

13. HOW LONG WILL SUCH INFORMATION BE ON FILE BEFORE BEING DESTROYED OR UPDATED?

14. SPECIFY EXCLUDED SERVICES OR SOURCES:

   Note: Farmers may elect the optional method instead of regular method.
   Non farmers must use INFORMATION ACCRUAL METHOD

15. SUMMARY OF INFORMATION DEPRECIATION:

   (Dates – Year and month, please)

16. INFORMATION SURCHARGE: (state amount in Pounds Sterling)

17. ALTERNATIVE COMPUTATION OF INFORMATION:
   (only if requester is left-handed or under 18 years)

17a. Enter here and on line (7) of part (A) above, the amount on line 6 or 9, whichever is greater.

18. MISCELLANOUS GENERAL RULE: (Yes or No, if intending to use)

   a. Method of Using Miscellaneous General Rule; All information furnished on the form shall be expressed in human terms except as provided by computer limitations as accounted for in (7) and (8). Where it is necessary to convert from human to computer terms, attach a statement describing in detail how this conversion was determined.

19. GAINS OR LOSSES FROM SALES OR EXCHANGE OF INFORMATION:

   a. Net Long Term Gain (Loss):
   b. Carryover Gain (Loss):

   NOTE: If you meet these requirements, also complete the ALTERNATIVE INFORMATION REQUEST COMPUTATION to determine which information computation results in the larger confusion and or red tape.

   1. Confusion more _______ Less _______
   2. RED TAPE more _______ Less _______

   NOTE: A. Some form fillers find it convenient to increase their withholding of information to avoid declaration responsibility. If you do so, make sure the information balance due on (OHID 1A-A1) will be equal to that information being requested by you in your form number _______.
   B. If a request is made for a joint information declaration by both husband and wife (provid-
19A. EXCESS ACCOUNT INFORMATION:
Enter information here with regard to yourself and the five highest information getting employees within your organization. In determining the five highest information getters, computer time allowances must be added to their totals. However, the information need not be submitted for any employee for whom the combined amount is less than one form per work day, or for yourself if your information quota allowance is directly controlled by the information covered in question (6). See separate instructions for definition of ‘information quota allowances’.

a. DO YOU CLAIM A DEDUCTION FOR INFORMATION ALLOWANCES CONNECTED WITH:
1. High degree of computer control: Yes No
2. Over 65 or Blind: Yes No
3. Too many conventions or meetings: Yes No
4. Sick Leave or Holidays: Yes No

20. INFORMATION FROM RECOMPUTING PRIOR YEAR INFORMATION CREDIT:
Enter the amount of information which the credit taken in a prior year or years exceeds the information recomputed due to early or faulty disposition of initial information:

NOTE: If you meet these requirements, also complete the ALTERNATIVE INFORMATION COMPUTATION to determine which INFORMATION COMPUTATION results in the larger invasion of individual privacy:

21. INFORMATION AVERAGE: If your information request has increased substantially this year, it may be to your advantage to figure your information before computing under ‘the information averaging method’. Obtain Information Schedule BBS-OLE from this office. Mark Yes No (if needed)

22. SHARE INFORMATION ARRANGEMENTS: An individual who undertakes to produce information on facts belonging to another, or a proportionate share of said information is considered to be an independant informer who commits the information to your form. Any information is considered performed timely if performed on the next succeeding day which is not a Saturday, Sunday or legal holiday. Where the last day for such filing falls on a Saturday, Sunday or holiday, such act of filling request shall be valid and or useful unless recontact with the individual is made.

INSTRUCTIONS AND GENERAL INFORMATION
A. MUST BE TIMELY FILLED OUT FOR CREDIT OF INFORMATION YOU ARE REQUESTING: No information credit will be allowed unless requested not later

INSTRUCTIONS AND GENERAL INFORMATION
A. MUST BE TIMELY FILLED OUT FOR CREDIT OF INFORMATION YOU ARE REQUESTING: No information credit will be allowed unless requested not later

B. INFORMATION GAINS OR LOSSES ARISING FROM:
1. Sale, exchange or involuntary conversion of said information (including in certain cases uncompuritized information) and depreciable information valued and or useful unless recontact with the individual is made.
2. In the case of tax information the period may be extended to one year.

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for wetting the bed. This can not help it, and it is a disease or a defilement which should not allow it to continue. Address DR. MAY, box B, Bloomington, Ill.

SPOT THE BALL!
The pictures on these pages are ready for you to colour. You do not need paints at all. Use only a paintbrush and water; and as you moisten each page the colours will appear!