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**OZ 27**

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## OZ 27

### Description

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

Content - Acid Oz - Sex Fair Special, Bob Crumb cover. LSD – 'The Acid Facts' text and graphic. 'The Chemical Revolution: To Trip is Human, To Revolt Divine!'. 2p+ Thead cartoon. 'Not So Instant Karma' by Jim Anderson. 'Zabriskie Petit-Point'. '14 Ways of Looking at Charles Manson... and one way of talking to him'. 2p Martin Sharp 'Acid is Good For You' graphic. 'Dope Hope' by Steve Morris. The Wooton Report on LSD and Amphetamine by Steve Abrams. 'Women on the Moon' – Michelene Wandor's reply to Greer. Tony Bell cartoon. 'Candy Darling finds Love at Last' - interview with Arthur Lee/Love by Jim Anderson. Centrespread 'I Was a Teenage Bopper' photo by Thomas Weir. Extracts from Robert Finnis' History of Teen Idols and Teenybop. 'Satans Slaves Read Books' – review by Jim Anderson. 'Crazy Otto Sheds His Guilt' - Albie Thoms on Otto Muehl. LP reviews: *Live/Dead*, GTOs, Mick Farren, Jefferson Airplane, Steve Miller, Rod Stewart. 4p+ CBS Records ad. 'Playpower in Pornoland' by Richard Neville. *Playpower* ad. 2p photomontage by Jo Garcia. Back cover - Oz back-issues and subscription with David Nutter 'castration' photomontage.

Pages 24-5 have not been included in the digitised copy.

### Publisher

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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.



ACID OZ

3s6d

SEX FAIR SPECIAL

27



APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
AUTHORITY

COVER BOY CRUMS



# STIMULANT

LYSERGIC ACID DIE THY LAM IDE (LSD25)

**WHY IS IT CALLED LSD? WHY NOT LAD?**  
 LSD WAS SYNTHESIZED IN 1938 AT SANDOZ LABS, SWITZERLAND, BY STOLL & HOFFMAN. ITS EFFECTS WEREN'T DISCOVERED TILL 1943.

WHEN HOFFMAN DIDN'T WASH HIS HANDS BEFORE LUNCH, THEY NAMED IT "LYSERGE SAURE, DETHYLAVID" - (GUILT DESTROYER OF OUR NATION'S YOUTH)

**IN WHAT PHARMACOLOGICAL CATEGORY IS LSD?**

IT'S CALLED PSYCHOTROPIC, PSYCHOTOMIMETIC, HALLUCINOGENIC OR PSYCEDELIC, DEPENDING ON THE ATTITUDE OF THE WRITER.

**TO WHAT OTHER DRUGS IS LSD RELATED?**  
 LSD IS AN INDOLENYLAMINE, LIKE DMT, PSYLOCIN AND LBOGAMINE. THESE ALL HAVE CHEMICAL STRUCTURES BUILT AROUND SEROTONIN, A SUBSTANCE ALWAYS FOUND PRESENT IN THE HUMAN BRAIN...

**WHAT IS LSD'S PHYSICAL FORM?**

LSD IS A CRYSTALLINE, WHITE POWDER, FREELY SOLUBLE IN CHLOROFORM AND LESS SO IN WATER. IT CAN BE PACKAGED IN ANYTHING - SUGAR CUBE, CAPSULE, FINGERNAIL DIRT.

**HOW IS IT ADMINISTERED?**  
 USUALLY ORALLY, IT CAN BE INJECTED BUT THE EFFECT'S THE SAME. AND ORALLY IS MUCH CLEANER.

**WHAT IS THE USUAL DOSAGE?**

ACCORDING TO FOLKLORE, 120 TO 250 MICROGRAMS - LESS THAN A SPECK OF DUST BUT NO ONE REALLY KNOWS. ACID IS ONE OF THE MOST DOSE INDEPENDANT DRUGS KNOWN.

YOU CAN'T ALWAYS VARY EFFECTS BY VARYING DOSES - 2.5 MILES MIGHT HIT YOU LIKE 1000. NO ONES EVER DIED OF AN OVERDOSE. MOST STREET ACID CONTAINS ONLY A FRACTION OF THE AMOUNT OF THE REAL THING.

**WHY ARE THE DOSE RULES DIFFERENT FOR LSD?**

FOR A BIG HEADACHE YOU TAKE TWO ASPIRIN, FOR A LITTLE HEADACHE YOU TAKE ONE ASPIRIN, BECAUSE IT ACTS DIRECTLY ON YOUR BODY WHILE IT'S INSIDE YOU. BUT LSD IS A "CATALYST" ACTING INDIRECTLY TO TRIGGER A CHEMICAL REACTION THAT DOESN'T INCLUDE THE ACID ITSELF. ALL THE STUFF IS IN YOU ALREADY - THE LSD GIVES IT JUST A PUSH AND IT IS OUT OF YOUR BODY BEFORE YOU START TRIPPING. IT'S ONLY ONE OF SEVERAL TRIGGERS. YOU CAN DO IT WITH FASTING AND PRAYING, WITH STROBES, WITH A GOOD ORGASM.

NOTE: YOU CANNOT TURN ON LSD BY DOPING THE WATER SUPPLY. LSD BREAKS DOWN IN A FEW HOURS IN WATER - FASTER IN CHLORINATED WATER. IT'S OK IN PUNCH THOUGH.

**WHAT ARE THE GOOD SIDE EFFECTS?**

WON

**HOW DOES LSD ACHIEVE ITS EFFECTS?**

THERE ARE MANY THEORIES, MOST AGREEING THAT IT'S A CATALYST BUT NO ONE REALLY KNOWS. THIS IS ANOTHER REASON DOCTORS DON'T WANT YOU TAKING IT. DOUBLETHINK! WE THINK DON'T KNOW HOW ASPIRIN WORKS, THO IT CAUSES NAUSEA AND DEATH NO ONE THOUGH HAS ADVOCATED IMPRISONMENT FOR POSSESSION.

AN INFLUENCE OF SEROTONIN - SUCH AS IS FOUND IN THE BRAIN OF SCHIZOPHRENICS - CAN YOU CAN EVEN TURN ON FEELING SHOOTING UP BLOOD FROM A SCHIZO. CARE THINGS BEGINNING WITH "W" SOME PSYCHOLOGISTS CALL ACID HEADS PSYCHOTIC. WHAT IF THEY'RE RIGHT? IS A PSYCHOTIC SOMEONE WHO'S BAD INWARDLY OR IS IT A MENTAL ILLNESS? AND THE PSYCHOTIC KID WITH THE MESSY UP PANTS AND HIS PAPA'S PANTS.

LSD AIRLINES









# The chemical revolution. To trip is human, to revolt divine!

What follows is part of a lecture given at the *Psychedelic Convention* which met in November of 1968 by Dr. Victor Jasha who heads the Sociology Department at Adelphi University in New York. It is a good analysis of what drugs are in terms of sociology; the Dr. hypothesizes that psychedelics are primitive, psychochemical machines by which a new generation seeks to master a new range of societal forces.

## I. HISTORY AS INQUIRY

A few years ago heroin was a medication of choice to which many adolescents looked for an anaesthetic revelation of their desires, as William James called it. We hypothesized that these young people sought from heroin a temporary relief from the falterings of an imperfect civilization which inflicted upon them the impossible task of seeking a forbidden deliverance from their lower class plight. The situation was relatively uncomplicated. One drug, one class, even one principle ethnicity. Making it possible to generalize from the particular turmoil of those adolescents to others in similar plights.

Quickly, thereafter, a much younger population, no higher in class but quite different in ethnicity, seized on the inhalation of glue fumes and similar substances for the relief of their special turmoil forcing a modification of prior hypotheses, not ethnicity, but also with regard to the range and scope of the substances chosen. One could still adhere, however, to the view that drug misuse was the predilection of a relatively small number of 'deviants' in our society without risking professional scorn, although it was becoming increasingly clear that the problem was becoming serious.

Then as everyone knows, LSD use spread among middleclass youth of the nation as fire to a field of hay. Spreading with an array of substances, marijuana, mescaline, peyote, psilocybin, and DMT, etc., across ages, classes, ethnicities, cities, and subcultures.

The situation became more and more to resemble the well stocked bar of the average American home. Such that, specific drugs for specific experiences at specific times and places became the rule rather than the exception.

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

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

## WHY DO IT NOW?

The question arose: — Why are so many young people now using so many drugs? Parallels drawn to the use of alcohol, sleeping pills, stimulants, tranquilizers, cigarettes, aspirin, and a veritable horde of socially sanctioned analgesics/were deemed not to the point. This was said to be different. It was not difficult to assemble data from magazines and newspaper accounts supporting the view that a stratification of drug tastes is in evidence. That lower class youths preferred body drugs, heroin, morphine, (speed); upper-lower youths were beginning to favor speed, meth, amphetamine and other stimulants. That the initial samples of LSD users seemed to be drop-outs from a middle-class style of life. That their parents were astonished to find that they, the young, were not enjoying to the hilt, and were, in fact, specifically critical, as we've heard, of this alleged crass materialism, that is to say, its spiritual vacuum.

The out of hand rejection of affluence was especially shocking to those to whom and by whom this affluence was newly won. It asks the nouveau bourgeois, It asks us. As some noted, this, the problem, was also international like the jet set chronicled in the mass media, youth in many world cities were equally conversant, though differentially supplied, with a whole panicle of drugs that so concerned their elders.

To make matters worse, it emerged that the therapy industry, to which parents had been accustomed to turn for relief of their offspring's

scientific method one had to abandon hypotheses that one held dear, restricted as to age, drug, or locale, for now the 'problem' was manifestly societal in incidence if not yet demonstrably in prevalence. And, if not yet demonstrably in origin. We set ourselves therefore, the task of examining those societal prophecies which might help us to answer the query now heard in virtually all quarters. Why indeed are so many young people using so many drugs in so many ways?

## II. SOCIOGENESIS

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

Although the young avoided both with nimble and embarrassing alacrity, they were made aware, and made no secret among themselves, however, that living in poverty (voluntary), using drugs whose street calibrated dosages bore little, if any relationship to actual content, sometimes created psychological, sociological and medical problems which might benefit from the ministrations of psychotherapists, physicians and other community craftsmen, if only a 'hip' variety of these could be found.

A number of helping institutions soon decided that, ideological differences notwithstanding, there were more young people with more unmet needs than history had witnessed in a long time, such that, their ameliorative intervention could no longer be deliberated.

Mountains of bureaucracy shuttered and hippie projects were founded, the most famous being Dr. Smith's clinic in Haight-Ashbury. A less famous semi-counterpart, called the Village

know how, acid is a pleasant, but powerful, 'toy.'

## CYBERNATION

The second trend: Cybernation. Contemporary society has the power to communicate vast amounts of information almost instantly, just as the first generation of mass media, which is prints or film, fostered mass consumption through mass advertising at the behest of mass production. So now the second generation of media, the electronics (audio and video tape, computerized pattern recognition, etc.), have created an era of almost total communication, where nothing is foreign, nothing remote. In McLuhan's terms, the content of the electric media is the former mechanical media; just as the content of the trip is yesterday's psychology. Once a psychoanalytic foray was bedrock — now, all such forays become the ingredient of the emergent psychic forms called 'trips.' It will be perceived that electricity is common to both the societal trends, that the Villagers put forward as explanation of the roots of psychedelia, which supports the view that if Hoffman hadn't invented acid, it would have been necessary to do so since acid renders the organism capable of enjoying the information overloads which have become characteristic of an electrified society. In the wake of such massive societal forces, it follows that new social forms must emerge to handle, as a trip handles for the individual, the information impact on social organization. Hence, the retribalization process, which McLuhan has described, is said to be the accommodation that youth culture has made to its new electric environment. The commune, be it urban or rural, which is an insignificant distinction in an era of total communication, is a natural social response to the age of electric sociogenesis, (so they say, the rap session people). The convergence then, of automation and cybernation, is offered by East Villagers as the explanation for the existence of the roots of the psychedelic drug subculture. These drugs, they say, are simply the electric society in which automated energy is cybernetically processed. Just as there are said to be two fundamental societal processes at the root of the psychedelic culture,

young people, is single handedly responsible for the birth pangs of a whole new civilization, ought not be drawn. For every sane 'head' that we have confronted, there are two lost, and two mad ones. And yet the point lies deeper. For if, as it seems, there is a new culture aborning, then for many, the birth process is extremely painful, if not injurious, but not, and I emphasize, for all. Once this is understood, one also understands why the young will gladly ignore a serious upper respiratory infection (gained from a shared pipe, perhaps), or a piece of glass in a bare foot (gathered on a stroll together), they are felt as red badges of courageous solidarity incurred in a collective struggle, in a revolution, as they say, with nothing less than the 'culture' itself as the enemy.

## III. UNDERSTANDING UNDERSTANDING MEDIA

The audience will recall that we have set ourselves the task of understanding why the psychedelic culture understands itself the way it does, and that our inquiry regards the electric metaphor, that they use as the manifest content which requires explanation.

Lying to my discipline, stated explanations are called ideologies, themselves requiring explanation. Sociologists refer to this specialty as a 'sociology of knowledge.' A field heavily indebted to giants such as Marx, Monheim, and Marcuse for their elaboration of the view that men's situations determine their thoughts far more than their thoughts determine their situations. Thus armed, we turn our attention to the social process which has elevated the electric metaphor into the status of a believed mythology.

It was Marx correcting Hegel who first revealed what is now regarded as a commonplace, although at first it seemed esoteric and arcane. In the dialectical view, when men reflect on their situation, they diagnose the injustices of their situation and then seek to change it. They attempt to change the world as they find it, into the world that they would like it to be, by their work. When, by their work, they do transform that situation and then, again, reflect on it, they, like God and Genesis, see the world they have made is good or at least more just than it was. This

I'VE NEVER  
REGRETTED  
SAYING  
YES TO  
TIM...



**DAVE SHERIDAN'S**

, all other symptoms was increased.

Partly because parents assumed that

THE PEOPLE

Into this breach, bravely rode the ill

Settling into Haight-Ashbury in

In July of '67. Dialectics of Liber-

Religion consisted of an amalgam of

## Drugs and sexual rituals serving as

Language was reinvented, as was

Extensive media coverage of these

Direct statements to care for some of

### Rap session participants at the

## AUTOMATION

## Dropping out of alienated societal

**Uptight people are to be avoided**

**Uptight people are to be avoided**

of an incredibly high level of

Since supermarkets, restaurants, and

so there are said to be two sick

## WAB

War, it is said, is fought for the pre-

## EDUCATION

**Schools which claim to teach the**

## HEADRAP

## As we've heard, every culture selects

process of work changing reflection

## MOBILITY AND MASS MARKET

## Mobility supplanted class struggle as

FOUR TIMES IN A DECADE

Marx envisioned a process that took a

Continued on Page 8



WEEWW! WATTA DAY!  
THE MAN IS NOT AN MY  
ASS IS KILLIN ME!



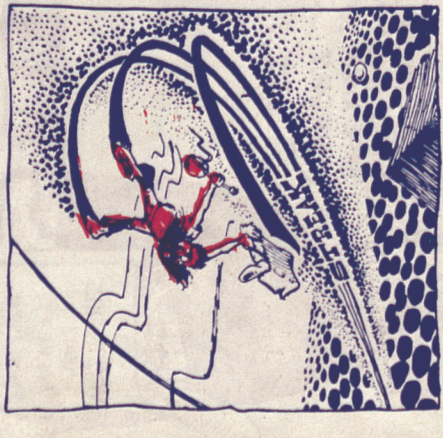
HEY...FA-FA-A-R FUCKIN' OUT!



MA!  
SURE! WHY NOT!



Click



EEK!



THE KING WILL WANT TO  
MEET YOU, FOR SURE. HE  
LIVES IN THE CITY OF LONG  
TOE STONE, A PLACE OF  
MUCH WONDER BEYOND THE  
WOODS OF BAD NEWS...IM,  
SIR...DO YOU THINK YOU  
CAN MAKE IT?



VERY INTERESTING  
INDEED! AND YOU SAY  
THESE THINGS, THESE FINE  
"CONSCIOUSNESS EXPANDING"  
ITEMS WERE DECLARED  
ILLEGAL?!

AND THAT'S WHERE  
I CAME FROM AND  
HOW I GOT HERE!



FAR OUT!  
REMINDS ME OF  
OZ, SAN FRANCISCO,  
AND MAYBE MIAMI!

THAT BIG DOME  
IS A CHARGE  
POTENTIAL!

LOVE THE  
MUSIC!



RUSTLE  
RUSTLE  
CRUNCH  
RUSTLE!

ERAB

MAH

COOH!

EWOMP



NICE OF YOU TO DROP IN SIR, ARE  
YOU HURT? ALLOW ME TO INTRO-  
DUCE MYSELF I AM PETIPOO,  
KEEPER OF THE TAL KING  
MUSHROOMS...

NERBLE...



ROUND



SOUVENIR OF  
1ST ANNUAL  
ACID TIT



WHAT THE FUCK IS?

WHY  
THERE'S A FUCKIN'  
HOLE IN MY REALITY!

WOW!









silicone chips), and the fourth generation, which you haven't heard too much about, is Bioelectrics, living batteries. If we regard computers in general, in that decade, as the new technological means of production and information configuration, as the new ideological products of that process, we may calculate that societies now change ten times faster than their original depictions by Marx.

If we count each generation of computers separately, we confront a society which can change the structural basis of its ideology, four times within a decade. If ideologies are formed by reflection on the world we make by our labours, it follows that we are living in an era of such rapid change that those accustomed to it will regard even a five-year-old ideology as hopelessly irrelevant since it no longer describes the contemporary world. The extremity of this situation may be observed in what sociologists sometimes call the 'generation gap.' I prefer to call it intergenerational stratification (that's the academic thing again, sorry). In a society which changes so rapidly the very process of socialization in which parents attempt to acculturate their infants is doomed since the contents of that socialization will be obsolescent even before the process is over.

When the world changes four times in a decade, it had better invent a way of comprehending itself that changes as fast as experience does, and that, I argue, is exactly what psychedelics are. A psychochemical technology which no longer bothers with the simple enumeration of the content of processes but focuses the inner eye on the exponents of those processes. That, I submit, is the inner meaning of the term 'tripping' which is: focusing on the rates of change (as they are called, going through changes), of a changing experience and not simply on what is changing by itself.



**CONFLICTS**

Bitter conflicts are thus generated between those who do not know what tripping is. Who hurl the epithet of hedonism as if that finally were that. Other epithets are employed ranging all the way from 'subversion' to 'seduction'. Sub-cultural confrontations no less acrimonious than race riots have not been rare, and little documentation is needed to remind us but for one rare summer of flower power, relations between the police and the psychedelic community have been slightly less than cordial. The point of course is this: Tripping erects new forms of consciousness, giving rise to behaviours which uninitiates must regard as strange and unfamiliar, it not as weird, sick and demented. The public media revealed that this new sort of consciousness is exactly the issue. Is it sick? (We are asked, as professionals) Can it possibly be healthy? The science media, plus the mass media, are uniformly in agreement, and we have heard something about that already — the psychedelics alter the time-sense of experience.

**WHO'S AHEAD**

It lies in the very nature of generalization that once it is made it clarifies the particulars it has assumed. That's the way the mind works. We are all familiar with the experience of uncertainty, when perceiving a vaguely familiar object at a great distance, as we draw nearer and nearer its outlines become sharper and we exclaim 'ah yes! It's one of those', as we just saw in the case before us, with a slight variation. For acid, I believe, is only the first of many engines soon to be constructed which engenders the ability to generalize and classify, not objects, but times, thus the ability to dwell on rates of change brings with it the ability to more exquisitely dwell on instants of change. You see where the argument leads. Just as the automated, or second industrial revolution, generalized the first, by dealing with the informational ex-

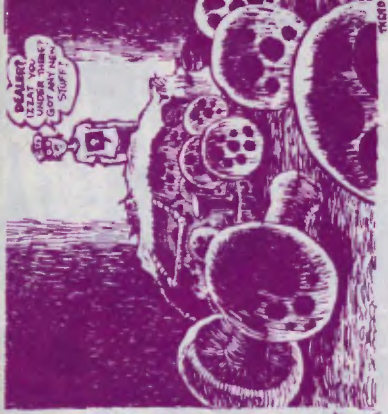


ponents of energy processing rather than simply with the energy constellations called 'objects', one at a time, so the psychedelic, or the second, chemical revolution, generalized the first, which was the anesthetic one, by dealing with the temporal exponents of getting high rather than simply with getting stoned or drunk time after time after time after time. That is why the process of generalization which we poor mortals attribute to the power of our intelligences is a far more naturalistic process than we care to see. Generalization, it begins to emerge, is the natural process whereby instances transcend their classes of events just as galaxies generate stars which expand the limits of the galaxies, as men make worlds which outmould their world views, so now we are witnessing, in my view, one of the most far reaching revolutions ever to come from human effort. That is to say, we are beginning to pass beyond the era of human history, which, impelled by a scarcity of objects clung to the dream that the production of many objects would set us free. Now that the young can directly experience a world in which cybernetic automation makes scarcity an obsolete concept in some societies, they begin to inhabit another whole realm, the dimension of time, which Einstein brought to earth after his 'trip.' If we seem wholly (here's the cop-out), if we seem wholly supportive of the values of the young psychedelicist, let us not be misunderstood. Our task is to analyze the sociological currents on which psychedelia floats and not to examine in detail the pathologies of its incumbents. It is one thing to examine the social forces which drive a movement, it is another to focus on the plights of others who are so driven. Entirely another matter is the question of action 'What shall we do?' to treat others damaged by the misuse of psychedelic substances. There are tasks for another writing.



**THE CHEMICAL REVOLUTION**

Just as computers can process billions of bits of information per second, so, when 'high', can one seem to experience hours and even years in a few minutes. That is the meaning of the word 'high'. Which describes in spatial terms an experience in which one seems to be able to scan vast horizons from above, encompassing thousands of bits of experience just as astronauts take in thousands of miles at a glance. But do not be misled by the spatial metaphor, nor by the electric one. For a more important property of the expanded time phenomenon experience, in the trip, is the following. When you expand time, you give yourself the ability to pay full emotional attention to events, which, were you simply in clock time (which is hurried and rushed) would have sped by too rapidly for you to feel fully. This accounts for the observation frequently made, how do you know who's a 'head?': give him something that he's never seen before — to play with it, see, while somebody who doesn't know what it is 'can't be bothered, I'm in a hurry.' This property of the psychedelic experience also helps us to account for the alleged aphrodisiacal properties of LSD and related substances, since when it is not hurried, when one can give ones full emotional appreciation to each career, sexual enjoyment, or any enjoyment for that matter, is materially enhanced. I have alluded to but two of the time changing properties of the trip. The ability to appreciate changes in rates of change and the ability to dwell on an instant. If they seem contradictory, perhaps a bit of clarification is in order for we have not yet touched bottom.



**CONCLUSION**

In conclusion, I hold, then, the view that our culture has so accelerated the pace of societal change that the simple serial encountering of one experience after another, in less time than you have to experience it, has become obsolete, for its young who dwell exponentially, that is to say, generalize, on what we elders only manage seriotim, that is to say, arithmetically. They are not only as comfortable in the realm of time as we are in the realm of space, but they have a sense of adventure and discovery about time, which many of us have about space. We build rockets to take us to the stars and they, it seems to me, are building a culture which will take them into temporal regions of mind which, with strictly special morals, we will fail to comprehend. In my view, this adventure, and its corollary misadventures, is absolutely central to what we are about as a species. (A human task, a task for history). The young seek nothing less than the next step in the evolution of human consciousness. The transcendence of spatial, linear, one dimensional consciousness. It is clear that this is no small undertaking. That the risks are terrible, that the likelihood of tragic mistakes is high, that there will be fatalities, that the number of casualties will be large. I fervently wish that they were unnecessary and I aim my work to prevent, as many of these as possible, and to assist in the healing of those whom we fail to prevent from injury, for it is true that most of those embarked on this adventure are as blind to its dangers as they are unaware of them and so they are often foolish, and often injured and yet there are some who know, who hear the music of the spheres, who accept the deeper challenge to carry history forward. These will be found on close examination, when they have removed some of the outmoded ideological baggage that we force them to carry, to be engaged in founding a new form of temporal consciousness which I call Groovin' on Time.



# NOT SO INSTANT KARMA...

Greg Cox left his home in Tasmania several months ago with no particular intention in mind. On Australia's north-west coast he worked on a bauxite development project and was later given a job as a clerk. He made friends with a black man and was amazed to find him the "same as me". Drifting north to Indonesia he began keeping a diary, started smoking a little dope. In Singapore he had a revelation. While eating in a restaurant, he dropped on the table a spoonful of rice. After hurriedly covering it up with his hand, he realised that it made not the smallest difference whether he covered it up or not. The rice was **there!** "My mind was blown." One thing led to another—he became convinced that he and John Lennon were twin parts of the same being and they had only to meet for cosmic forces to be released. These forces would instantaneously create peace throughout the world. Certain that there was no difference between really wanting something to happen and the actual happening, he came to London to meet John Lennon. At the Apple offices he received his first set-back. Unable to see Lennon he staged a sit-in and was eventually removed by a policeman who told him to write a letter instead. He rang John Lennon's secretary from a call box, pretending to be Horace Saltzburg, a rich American with 4 million dollars to give away, all to Apple. He was told to put it in writing. He did, but confessed in the letter his true identity and purpose.

"John Lennon knows, and I know that the only choice is permanent peace or total destruction. John is doing all he can make other people see this, but he doesn't **really** believe that what he is doing is possible. I can give him the answer, and the answer is **faith**." Since his ejection from Apple, Greg has wandered all over London, following signposts, obeying road directions—if they read "No right turn" for example, he continues straight ahead. Coming to the intersection where New Bond Street becomes Old, he became certain that this was where he would run into Lennon—instead, he found an open manhole cover. Inside he noticed a large black box. He tried unsuccessfully to

draw the attention of passers by to the fact that the box was far too large to have passed through the manhole. He ran and got an idling policeman, who agreed with him and said, "Yes, much too large" and walked away. Finally a young couple paid attention to him. The girl replaced the manhole cover and said, "There, the box has gone", and they took him to lunch.

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

He went to the offices of the Guardian in Fleet Street and offered to write an editorial for the paper, based upon his quest. He was told to go away and write it, but he stayed

Flew to London  
On the way to meet  
John Lennon would be there  
I would be blind  
And the whole world would see.  
Will I have to miss  
You when you're gone?  
Before I meet the man  
I came to see?  
Yet all of them believe  
Then turn away relieved  
Scared of death  
Could be blamed off the earth  
The moment when we meet

Could squeal my head  
When a body red but  
Could fall through the Fire Escape  
Above my room  
Could be stabbed in the back  
Or shot in the eye  
Like JFK  
Don't give a damn  
So long as it happens after  
London's so bloody busy  
No time to stop a war  
Or a new born baby from being  
Maimed in India  
Or another kid in Indonesia  
From seeing their damn old father sign  
in this 2nd year

Christ when the time does come  
And I do meet Lennon  
To the only one who'll know  
Every second of our lives  
Will have to be geared  
To making this thing happen  
There won't be time  
Even to indulge in that  
Ecstasy of the moment  
When we will be the first  
To win the human race.  
extract from Greg Cox's diary



*Sincerely yours Greg Cox*

insisting that what he had to say could be said in one word. For example, to the question, answered at some length in a recent Guardian, "What gain does China get out of arresting innocent British subjects?" Greg wrote down a single word, **NOTHING**, and informed the editor that the answers to all problems were as blatantly obvious as that. "He was stunned, and asked me to leave. I never felt happier."

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

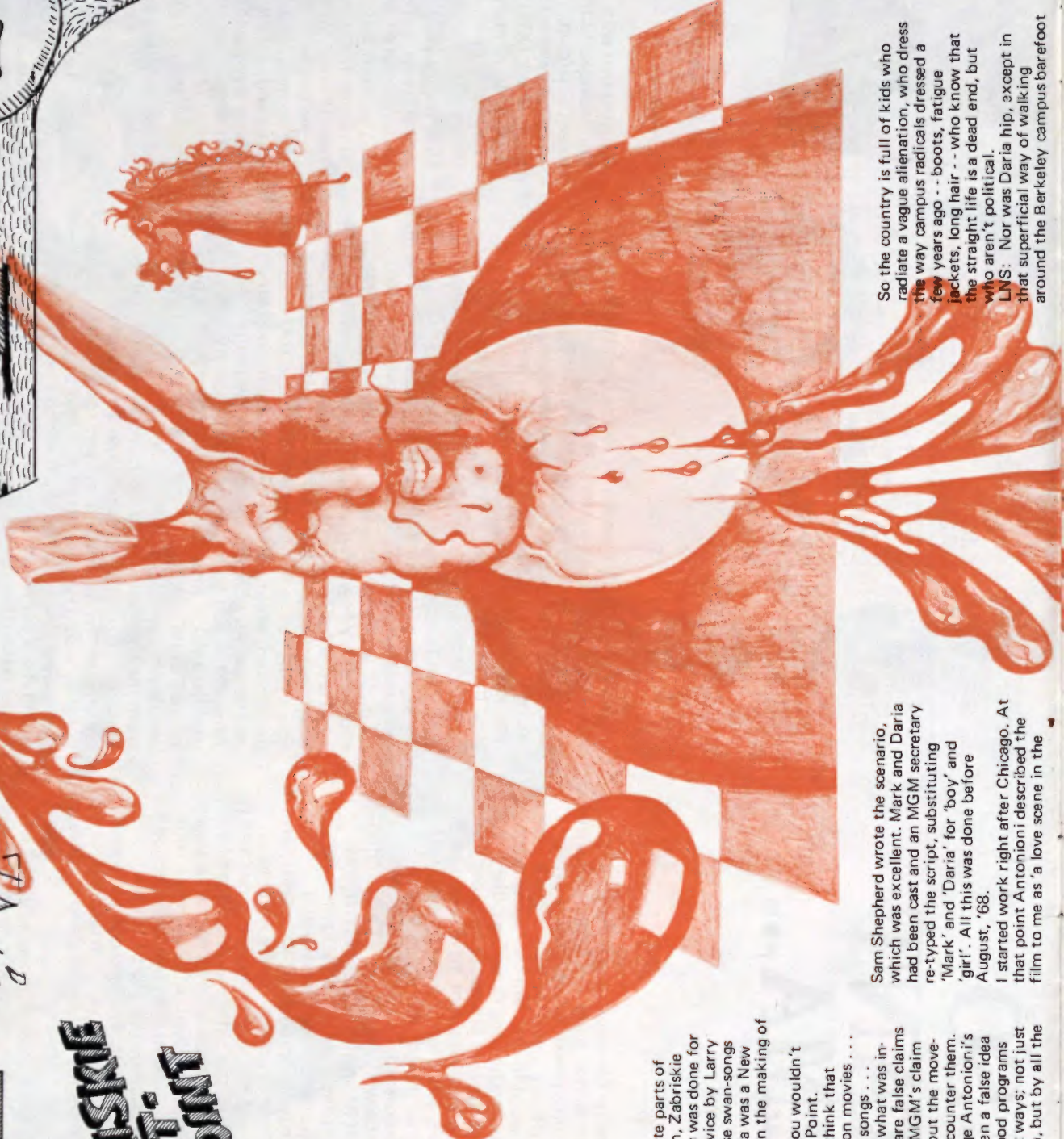
At the moment, he is close to despair. He considers standing all day outside Apple so that he can just catch John Lennon's eye. He knows that is all that is necessary for Lennon to instantly recognise him. "Lennon is not eccentric. He is centric, that is, closer to me and to the truth than anybody else."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

**Jim Anderson**





# ZABRISKIE PETIT- POINT



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

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

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

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

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

LNS: When the political meeting scene was being shot in Berkeley a lot of people sensed Mark's hostility and felt angry at him in return. Kathleen Cleaver put him down.

FG: That scene shed a lot of light on Antonioni's technique. According to the script, Mark was a confused college student who went to this meeting chaired by Kathleen. He was to have followed the conversation closely and then, finally, to have left because he couldn't relate to ideological talk. But when Antonioni saw the rushes after the first days shooting, Mark's face reflected nothing but hatred and contempt; not one iota of interest, let alone sympathy. So he decided to let Mark leave in exactly the spirit that the real Mark wanted to leave. And instead of following him out the door, Antonioni kept his camera





longstanding conventions. The hero is heroic, and so on.

LNS: What about the hero in *Zabiskie Point*?

FG: He sure isn't.

LNS: But it didn't start out that way, did it? A year ago Antonioni told a reporter, 'The movement is what interests me most in America; it's the most important, the most alive and vital thing happening here today.'

FG: He also said in that interview, 'Zabiskie Point is not about the movement.' And it isn't. In fact it's about a kid who can't stand the movement.

LNS: That's the real-life Mark Frechette (who plays the male lead). When I met him he seemed more interested in Michelangelo's astrological charts than in his instructions. But weren't you hired to write a movement background for him?

FG: Well, Mark was hired to play Mark, and that's what he did. The way things worked out, I wrote some lines to emphasize that he wasn't of the movement, that he was a loner, that he had no politics, really... Antonioni had written the story with Clare Peplow and Tonino Guerra around a real anecdote about a kid who stole a private plane. Then

desert, with a prelude and a statement at the end.' He wanted the prelude to be timely -- that was my job -- and the film to be timeless. At one point we considered a reference to Nixon's daughter and he smiled and said, 'But Nixon won't be around very long, will he?'

LNS: So there were four writers on the film, plus Antonioni...

FG: Plus Sally Kempton wrote a few lines. Plus a real estate man. And of course Mark and Daria had leeway to improvise and a *de facto* veto right over lines they didn't want to say.

LNS: Why? Does Antonioni always give actors that leeway?

FG: I don't know. It's an old problem: a tight script eliminates spontaneity.

LNS: On the other hand, improvisation undermines the plot...

FG: Yup.

LNS: ...and make casting terribly important.

FG: Yes, it does. In this case the executive producer and an assistant went east to look for a male lead. I don't know if that was for publicity purposes or not. Anyway, they found Mark Frechette in Boston and sent back a screen test and Antonioni found all the qualities he was looking for: impulsive, tough, photogenic...

LNS: Everything except a movement background.

FG: Somebody gave him a Resistance button to wear when he got to LA. And of course Mark had exactly the right manner for the part. The problem is, we've won this big cultural victory that implies no corresponding political victory at all.

and wearing skirts up to her lowest public hair. She had no background on the street... Didn't that become apparent after a while?

FG: Yes. And when it did, Antonioni did a very impressive thing. He let the movie be about Mark and Daria, even though they weren't the kids he had bargained for. It was as if he said, 'Well I hoped these young Americans were going to be radical and serious and articulate and warm; but now that they turn out to be apolitical and self-centred, I might as well go ahead and show them as such.'

Maybe there's a parable in that.

inside, and some lines were improvised to tell us that Mark was not a member of the group, that he had come to the meeting on someone's casual invitation, that he's a loner. Then Frank Bardacke and Landon Williams put in that you can't be a radical if you can't work with other people.

LNS: How about Kathleen's lines. Were they scripted?

FG: No. There had been lines for her and everyone else. The first two or three times he shot the scene according to the script. Then he said, 'Now you've got the situation. Run the meeting in your own terms.' Maybe two or three lines survived.

LNS: Is it better than the original version?

FG: That's not for me to say. It's certainly more spontaneous. Yes, I think it's better.

LNS: How do you feel now about having taken the job? There were a lot of people who thought you shouldn't have.

FG: Yes, some people thought that. But not everyone said it, and not everyone had cogent reasons. Norman Fruchter (of Newsreel) did. But by the time we talked I had more or less done the work and was feeling defensive... One of the things people said was that you couldn't expect to sneak a good message across in a Hollywood film. I never expected to or tried to. What I wanted was the bread and the experience of watching Antonioni work. The bread was put to good use, as you know. And it was an enormous privilege to look at America -- hell, to look at a room or a face -- through Antonioni's eye. It really is the eye of a Breughel. I think the film catches some of this country's excrescences as well as some of the beauty.





# 14 ways of looking at Charles Manson...

## Liberation News Service

I. Up-tight straight Los Angeles is freaking out over the case of Charlie Manson. All those people who shrink in disgust from long-hairs and live their fantasy/fear to the hilt: inside every long-hair lurks a murderer. Some hip people like it when the straights get up-tight and hassled. So Manson becomes a sort of folk hero.

II. The hippie feelings are intensified as the media and the straight press get together to project the full image of Manson — disgusting, Demonic, evil incarnate.

III. Weatherman made it official. They made a new revolutionary hero, 'Mansonpower.' The Year of the Fork (in reference to a report that a fork was found in one victim's stomach). The police reported that Manson ordered his victims killed 'to punish them for their affluent life style'. So Weatherman concludes that Manson, having offered some 'rich, honky pigs', was an appropriate hero for revolutionaries.

## DISGUSTING

IV. Even the political angle was not aw. It was merely a revised statment of an old idea: whatever is disgusting and revolting to the average man in the decaying American society, whatever is evil in the eyes of Richard Nixon and Pat Nixon, that's what we dig, that's what we are.

Rape? Heroin addiction? The basic impulse is healthy — we are breaking out of the moulds built by plastic America. But the point is to help others gain similar freedom, fight for freedom, not to project ourselves as a superior gang of free people.

## V. An old idea even for our movement. The New York Times reports that 'crazies' interrupt Nixon's inaugural. A group forms calling itself 'The Crazies'. The Motherfuckers name themselves for the nastiest work in the Anglo Saxon lexicon, look mean, wear black, call themselves dirty and filthy and ugly — with revolutionary, insurrectionary pride and honor.

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

## SCORECARD

- VII. A factual interlude. Members of the Manson commune are charged with three sets of murders:
- a) Five people at Sharon Tate's house, Aug. 9.
  - b) Gary Hinman in Topanga Canyon, July.
  - c) Grocery executive Leo La Bianca and his wife, Rosemary, Aug. 10.

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

One motive for the interview: money. Susan and her lawyer got lots of it — tens of thousands of dollars. She may never come through with them.

## also have been trying to save her life by claiming to be under Manson's 'hypnotic' control. There is no particular reason that Susan had to be telling the truth in the interview.

VIII. But since it's the media image that people are relating to, let's take a look at it. It incorporates some of the worst aberrations of the society we're trying to overthrow: there are the male chauvinist fantasies of total 'hypnotic' power over a harem of women.

## SUPERCODCK

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

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

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

## DILLINGER

X. From a friend in California: Making a hero is reminiscent of some people's brief — or not so brief — romance with John Dillinger and Bonnie & Clyde. A left which reduces itself to violence for violence's sake is more acted upon than acting — emerges as a parody of America.

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

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

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

## BLUECOLLAR

XII. Some people in the hip community — and even more so, some liberal writers in the straight press — have attempted to distinguish Manson from the typical hippie. Manson, they point out, has a working-class background, a past of

petty crime. He isn't the typical middle-class drop-out hippie. This is snobbery. Is Manson to be comfortably dismissed by us for his working class past, made into a 'them', not 'us'. Are fucked-up hippies from the suburbs 'better' than fucked-up hippies from poor neighborhoods?

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

## FUCKED UP

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

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

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



# ...and one way of talking to him.

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

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

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

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

Manson smiled his rather wry smile and began to talk.

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

I observed that for a person without legal training to defend himself was rather like getting into the ring with Joe Lewis. 'Worse,' Manson replied and started to tell me why he

doesn't trust lawyers.

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

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

'Let me tell you about the music.' Manson suddenly seemed to grow more intense. 'The people involved with the music are all trying to keep it from coming out. They are afraid of it, because it tells the truth.'

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

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

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

Ever since a week after the Tate murders, they have been

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

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

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

'You want to know about my philosophy? You want to know where my philosophy comes from. I'll tell you. I'm not from your society. I have spent most of my life in a world of bars and solitary confinement. My philosophy comes from underneath the boots and sticks and clubs they beat people with who come from the wrong side of the tracks. People like me are society's scapegoats. They keep getting away with it

because no one will say anything.

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

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

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

I drove home thinking about two things.

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

No court has yet found this man guilty of the crime with which he is charged, so the only constitutionally permissible reason for keeping him in jail at

this time at all is to insure his presence at trial. Thus bail is not too unreasonably denied on the theory that, guilty or innocent, a man facing so drastic a penalty might run away.

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

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

These are only a few of the problems raised by the Charles Manson case. When we were talking about the difficulties of a propria persona defense, Manson finally observed, 'You know they can't do anything to me.'

'They can kill you, that's what they are trying to do,' 'They can't kill me,' he replied. 'They can destroy my body, but they can't kill me.' 'What can you say to a man who believes in God?'





ooooo

acid  
is good  
for you!







# DOPE HOPE

Offences against the existing Dangerous Drugs Act are uniformly subject to a maximum term of ten years' imprisonment. On summary conviction (before a Magistrate's Court) the maximum term is one year. The law does not distinguish between the dangers of different drugs, such as cannabis and heroin. Nor does the law make any distinction between supplying drugs and using them.

In January 1969 the Home Office published a comprehensive Report on Cannabis — the so-called 'Wootton Report' — by the Advisory Committee on Drug Dependence. This Report reached an unambiguous conclusion: 'Having reviewed all the material available to us we find ourselves in agreement with the conclusion reached by the Indian Hemp Drugs Commission appointed by the Government of India (1893-4) and the New York Mayor's Committee on Marihuana (1944) that the long-term consumption of cannabis in moderate doses has no harmful effects'.

The Advisory Committee made a number of recommendations for law reform. 'To remove for practical purposes the prospect of imprisonment for possession of a small amount and to demonstrate that taking the drug in moderation is a relatively minor offence', the Committee proposed that the maximum sentence on summary conviction for possession, sale or supply be four months. Charges brought on indictment, with leave from the Director of Public Prosecutions, were to be subject to a maximum sentence of two years. However, one of the members of the Committee, Assistant Commissioner Brodie of Scotland Yard, argued in a reservation that the maximum on indictment should be reduced by just

months and two years under the new law. The Home Office's response was to publish a new Bill in July 24th 1967 under the heading 'The law against cannabis is immoral in principle and unworkable in practice' and signed by 65 persons, including the Beatles, Graham Greene, Francis Crick, medical experts, two labour MPs and one member of the Advisory Committee. Callaghan called on the House to recognize the existence of the 'pro-pot lobby' and to 'be ready to combat (it) as I am'. Mr. Patrick McNair Wilson, given his head, said that he thought any reduction in penalties would be a second Munich. Mr. T. L. Fremonger seemed to prefer a second Belsen. He actually said that he could not 'understand how a Committee of such responsible people should have seen any merit in wishing to lower the maximum statutory penalties for offences in respect of cannabis even if they thought that cannabis was harmless'.

On March 11th of this year Mr. Callaghan published his new Misuse of Drugs Bill which consolidates the control of so-called 'narcotics', i.e. opiates, cocaine and cannabis, which are subject to international control, and the stimulants and major hallucinogens, presently controlled under the Drugs (Prevention of Misuse) Act. The new bill cuts the maximum penalties for possession of cannabis by half, from ten years to five and from 1 year to six months.

Curiously the maximum for opiates, including heroin and cocaine is reduced from ten years to 7, but there is no reduction at all for casual users and addicts, the maximum on summary conviction remaining one year. LSD and other hallucinogens, previously subject to maxima of six months and two years under the

Advisory Committee 'to take one drug, look at it in isolation from the whole complex and background and bring forth recommendations in the way it did'. His annoyance is known to have stemmed particularly from the second paragraph of the Report which states that it was The Times advertisement which led the Subcommittee to restrict their enquiry to cannabis and to emphasize the legal aspects. The question arises, of course, as to why Callaghan allowed the publication of the 'Wootton Report' since he disagreed so strongly with its content. He did, in fact, delay and attempt to suppress publication. The Report is dated 1968. The decision to permit the publication of the Report was made after members of the Committee made it known that they would offer their resignations and after arrangements had been made for a pirated edition if required.

Mr. Callaghan did not offer any apology to Lady Wootton, and though severely criticised by her in the correspondence columns of The Times and in the Lords, he did not ask for resignations and did not receive any. Eventually he stated that he would be consulting the Advisory Committee in framing new legislation. As support for cannabis law reform continued to grow Callaghan was put in an awkward position. It was apparent that members of the Advisory Committee had the support of their professional colleagues, and that their views did represent the consensus of informed opinion. The 'Wootton Report' had had an international impact, and other countries were changing their policies on cannabis. In America the Marihuana Tax Act was declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court, and after an abortive

beginning of 1967 for a three year term by the former Home Secretary Roy Jenkins. All of the members, including the social psychologist Michael Schofield, who signed the Times advertisement, have been asked to stay on in the new Committee. The sanctions in the new Bill are thus in disrepute already because the views of the Advisory Council are certainly at variance with the limited concessions that Callaghan proposes to make. It would therefore seem probable that after the passage of the Bill the Advisory Council will press for further liberalization. The bill has provisions that would allow the Home Secretary to reduce the maximum term of imprisonment for possession from five years to two years, the limit suggested in the Wootton Report, and to reduce the maximum for dealing cannabis from 14 years to 5 years, the figure proposed by Brodie. The legislation proposes that these penalties be presently applied to some mild stimulants and appetite suppressants.

The Misuse of Drugs Bill is heavily camouflaged to save face for the Government of a delicate issue in an election year. The sadistic increase in maximum penalties for dealing parallels Nixon's increased penalties, including a maximum of life imprisonment without parole. Dealers will face some increase in penalties, but the police will probably find it more difficult to make dealing charges stick. A better clue to Government policy is the imposition of larger fines for all categories of offences, including unlimited fines on indictment. The best that we can hope for is that the Government will treat dealing as an economic activity, like the distribution of untaxed alcohol. If you hustle some

years. The five year penalty is an illusory threat for all except one category of offenders, those self-important would be martyrs who insist on the waste of public time and money involved in a jury trial, who often defend their own cases in a belligerent way, and who sometimes find themselves imprisoned for impertinence. I believe that people should be protected from themselves at least to the extent of not being given options of this kind. If the Government want to insist on a meaningful distinction between dealers and users they would be better advised to make possession a misdemeanor than to raise the maximum penalty for dealing to fourteen years. A further advantage of making possession a misdemeanor would be a very considerable saving to the legal aid system.

It must be stressed that the penalties mentioned are maxima. The proportion of offenders actually imprisoned has been consistently declining at least since 1964, when more than half of those convicted went to jail. By 1967 a quarter of all offenders were imprisoned. The following year the Criminal Justice Act came into effect requiring the automatic suspension of sentences for offenders sentenced to six months or less. The median sentence for cannabis has been three to six months. At present the great majority of offenders are given small fines. From 1964 to 1967, the period for which figures are available, the median fine was in the range £10 to £25. There seems to be an increasing tendency in some of the better informed Magistrate's Courts to grant conditional discharges. The existing sanctions against pot are not nearly as strong as they are popularly sup-



<p>half, from ten years to five. The Committee also suggested that examination should be made of the practicality of distinguishing between possession intended for personal use and possession with intent to supply.</p> <p>When the 'Wootton Report' was debated in the House of Commons, on January 27th last year, it had already been publicly rejected by the Home Secretary, James Callaghan. Opening the 'debate' the shadow Home Secretary Quintin Hogg told the House that cannabis 'has been the subject of a considerable propaganda campaign' and said that he shared the view of the Home Secretary 'that had he gone on to accept the proposals in the Report to reduce the maximum penalties available for breaches of the law in this field, the conclusion drawn by the public, by traffickers in the drug and by potential victims of it would be that the Government were on their way to legalising its use.'</p> <p>Mr. Callaghan who was also a former paid lobbyist for the Police Federation, said that the Committee were 'overinfluenced' by the 'lobby in favour of legalising cannabis' who had been responsible for publishing 'that notorious advertisement in The</p>	<p>Drugs (Prevention of Misuse) Act are now to be given the same penalties as heroin. Amphetamine and ritalin, previously controlled together with hallucinogens, are controlled with cannabis in the new act, except that injectable preparations of amphetamine are controlled with opiates and hallucinogens. The new law, in other words, equates cannabis and stimulant tablets and distinguishes them from opiates, including heroin, hallucinogens, including LSD, cocaine and injectable amphetamines (e.g., methedrine).</p> <p>The Misuse of Drugs Bill also distinguishes sharply between use and supply. Large scale dealers may be tried on indictment on charges of supply, importation, cultivation or a new offence of possession with intent to supply. The maximum penalty is savage, an increase from ten years to fourteen, the longest statutory term of imprisonment in British justice (Blake was given three consecutive fourteen year sentences). The maximum penalty on summary conviction for dealing is one year.</p> <p>In the debate on the 'Wootton Report' Mr. Callaghan said that he thought it had been wrong of the</p>	<p>attempt to stop the influx of pot from Mexico (Operation Intercept) the Nixon administration introduced more liberal legislation with sharply reduced penalties for possession, allowing the Courts discretion to grant absolute discharges where appropriate in the place of long mandatory prison sentences. In Holland and the law was barely being enforced and the Government was supporting two youth clubs where cannabis could be openly purchased. From Canada came the news that a Government commission on cannabis was taking very liberal views and that their Report in April, 1971 might well recommend legalization.</p> <p>Callaghan capitulated. He agreed that the new legislation should provide for the appointment of an Advisory Council on the Misuse of Drugs with statutory powers to keep the drugs situation under review, to initiate proposals for variations in controls, to advise the Home Secretary in the exercise of his powers to make regulations or orders, and to consider communications from the United Nations. The membership of this Advisory Council is of some significance. The existing Advisory Committee was appointed at the</p>	<p>thing and don't pay tax on it, the Government believe they are entitled to fine you heavily. Dealers are the soldiers of the revolution. They take the risks with very little financial incentive. Only public recognition of these facts, which Soma has stressed since its testimony to the Wootton Sub-Committee, can help to alleviate the plight of the dealer. Unfortunately, by the time the Government are ready to let up on dealers legalization will be imminent. So that's the alternative to scoring a bike.</p> <p>A further example of camouflage in the new Bill is the distinction between possession and possession with intent to supply. At present persons found in possession of very large quantities of cannabis may be tried for possession but sentenced for dealing. The new law establishes a separate offence of possession with intent to supply. Given the existence of this offence, it is hard to see why the Director of Public Prosecutions should allow any cases of possession for personal use to be heard on indictment. In this case the maximum sentence for possession under the new Bill is really six months rather than five</p>	<p>valuable than the first. The survey of amphetamine is more important than the survey of LSD, which includes little new material. I am afraid that the Wootton Sub-Committee got a bit out of their depth on acid. The forthcoming survey of clinical use by Nicholas Maleson is likely to be more significant.</p> <p>The Amphetamines and Lysergic Acid Diethylamide (LSD) Report by the Advisory Committee on Drug Dependence Home Office, HMSO, pp. 51, 6/-.</p> <p>The Soma Research Association Ltd. has been forced to disband its campaign for cannabis law reform and has indefinitely suspended its research programme. The decision was taken because of police blackmail and lack of funds.</p> <p>There is a possibility that Soma's cannabis research programme may be resurrected at some later date. If anyone wants to help Soma to clear off its debts they are welcome to send a contribution payable to Soma Research Assn. at 4, Camden High Street, N.W.1. The members of Soma's Council are Steve Abrams, Dr. David Cooper, Dr. Francis Crick, Francis Huxley, Dr. Ronnie Laing, The Revd. Kenneth Leech, Dr. Anthony Storr, and Professor Norman Zinberg.</p> <p>Steve Abrams</p>
<p>Drugs (Prevention of Misuse) Act are now to be given the same penalties as heroin. Amphetamine and ritalin, previously controlled together with hallucinogens, are controlled with cannabis in the new act, except that injectable preparations of amphetamine are controlled with opiates and hallucinogens. The new law, in other words, equates cannabis and stimulant tablets and distinguishes them from opiates, including heroin, hallucinogens, including LSD, cocaine and injectable amphetamines (e.g., methedrine).</p> <p>The Misuse of Drugs Bill also distinguishes sharply between use and supply. Large scale dealers may be tried on indictment on charges of supply, importation, cultivation or a new offence of possession with intent to supply. The maximum penalty is savage, an increase from ten years to fourteen, the longest statutory term of imprisonment in British justice (Blake was given three consecutive fourteen year sentences). The maximum penalty on summary conviction for dealing is one year.</p> <p>In the debate on the 'Wootton Report' Mr. Callaghan said that he thought it had been wrong of the</p>	<p>ports became very rare, and recently articles have suggested abandoning the notion of a transient cannabis psychosis altogether. A bad trip on acid is constituted of paranoia, neurotic suffering and role playing. The difficulty in judging the dangers of acid arise partly from the fact that acid does not have intrinsic effects. At the same time extravagant placebo responses are not unknown. I know of a published case of a hysterical paralysis lasting several months produced in this way. I should also point out that a bad trip may be due to bad acid, and it may also be due to the extreme difficulty of estimating the dose with the blackmarket product.</p> <p>It is very misleading to suggest that LSD is a cause of violence. The evidence points in the opposite direction. There may however, be circumstances leading to violence under LSD. I would like to have comparative statistics for violence and self destruction on LSD and alcohol. The fact that you are not so high when you get knocked down by a car on booze does not make you any the less dead.</p> <p>To the best of my knowledge there has only been one case of a murder in this country in which LSD was implicated, but evidence was presented in Court that the accused was drunk and that whilst his mind was confused by drink he took ten</p>	<p>trips of STP as well as some acid. If you were to murder your mother in law, your best strategy would be to drop a trip, ask for a urine test and say you did it on acid, pleading diminished responsibility. There was a case of this kind in New York. The most publicised case has been the Tate murders in California, which has not yet come for trial. If the accused had anything to do with the crime, and if they did it on drugs, I would still suppose them to be speed freaks. Sensational publicity which merely frightens people into bad trips serves no useful purpose.</p> <p>LSD is not a mere euphoriant or source of pretty pictures. Bob Dylan was right in saying that it is medicine, but it is also a sacramental substance similar to the Soma (probably the amanita muscaria mushroom) used by the Indians, the Greeks and perhaps even Jesus, if John Allegro is to be believed. These substances should be used in a ritual context for definite purposes. <i>The Teachings of Don Juan</i> gives some hint as to how this can be done, and the argument is to be developed further by Francis Huxley in an article to appear in <i>Man, Myth &amp; Magic</i> which suggests, for example, that psychoanalysis was the ritual that Freud developed to master cocaine during his ten years' habitation, the period of Freud's self analysis.</p> <p>The Second Wootton Report is less</p>	<p>used to be. The effect of the new bill must be a substantially further reduction in the penalties imposed by the Courts. Because of the Criminal Justice Act first offenders charged with possession of pot will not be subject to imprisonment at all. As Callaghan's friends said last year, when it all sinks in it will no longer seem worth while for the police to harrass casual users.</p> <p>The Bill has several other provisions. Research into cannabis smoking, previously subject to an absolute prohibition, is to be permitted for the first time, and there is a specific provision for excluding the application of any part of the act which would make a licensed research project illegal. The Bill abolishes absolute offences, it retains the premises offence, against the advice of the Wootton Report, and it offers some arresting new defences.</p> <p>In theory the law allows everything to be prescribed. In accordance with regulations to be promulgated prescription of pot and hash will not be permitted, but extract and tincture will continue to be available under strict control. The position with respect to THC is uncertain.</p>	<p>valuable than the first. The survey of amphetamine is more important than the survey of LSD, which includes little new material. I am afraid that the Wootton Sub-Committee got a bit out of their depth on acid. The forthcoming survey of clinical use by Nicholas Maleson is likely to be more significant.</p> <p>The Amphetamines and Lysergic Acid Diethylamide (LSD) Report by the Advisory Committee on Drug Dependence Home Office, HMSO, pp. 51, 6/-.</p> <p>The Soma Research Association Ltd. has been forced to disband its campaign for cannabis law reform and has indefinitely suspended its research programme. The decision was taken because of police blackmail and lack of funds.</p> <p>There is a possibility that Soma's cannabis research programme may be resurrected at some later date. If anyone wants to help Soma to clear off its debts they are welcome to send a contribution payable to Soma Research Assn. at 4, Camden High Street, N.W.1. The members of Soma's Council are Steve Abrams, Dr. David Cooper, Dr. Francis Crick, Francis Huxley, Dr. Ronnie Laing, The Revd. Kenneth Leech, Dr. Anthony Storr, and Professor Norman Zinberg.</p> <p>Steve Abrams</p>





Or the end of Servile Penitence, a reply to the Slag Heap Erupts and particularly Germaine (Cunt Power) Greer.

A long time ago, in the years BL (Before Liberation), lived a girl-child called Wendy. She was born to a man and a woman, her parents, and they lived in a big box and were called a working-class family unit. Dad was a dustman and Mum was a part-time char. When she came home from charring for other people for money, she did her housework, for no money.

There are 8 million 'women workers' in this country. Paid? Don't the millions of housewives 'work'? An American survey recently estimated that housewives worked an average of 99.6 hours per week.

In the evening Mum read Woman and Woman's Own, all about hard-working Mums who made cakes and curtains and looked immaculate over a hot stove. Wendy wore pretty pink clothes and was screamed at if she came home from school dirty. She also read Woman and Woman's Own, all about secretaries who married their bosses and all about how to please your man, to get your man, to please your man and look immaculate over a hot man.

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

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

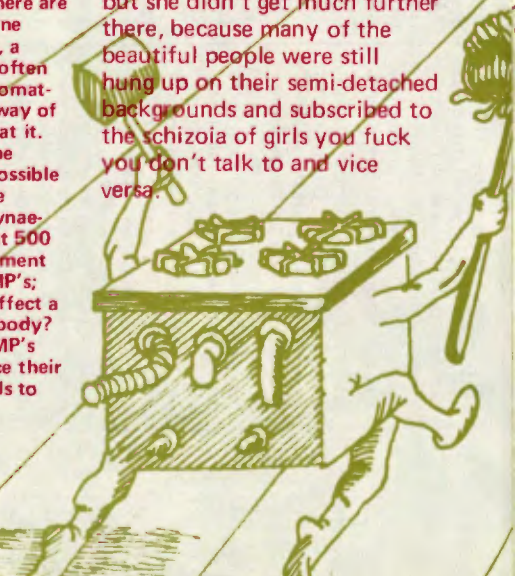
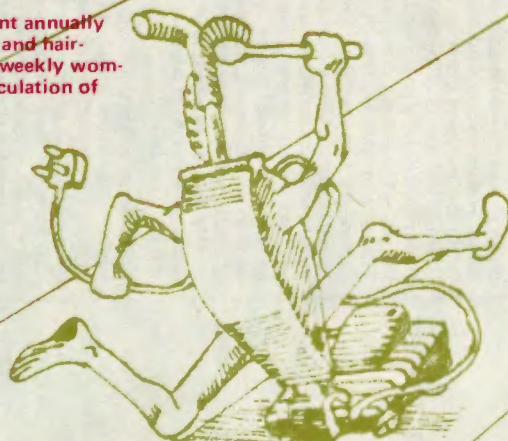
In universities the ratio of girls to boys is 1 to 4. Only 10% of medical school places are occupied by women. Far fewer girls than boys take GCE in Maths Physics and Chemistry. After school three times as many boys as girls are allowed off on day-release courses. Inadequate nursery school facilities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

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

Contraception is considered a social rather than a medical matter and is thus not available under the National Health, except under 'exceptional' circumstances. Abortion is in theory legally available, but there are not enough clinics and everyone needs the consent of a doctor, a consultant gynaecologist and often a psychiatrist. Women are automatically 'offered' the free give-away of a hysterectomy while they're at it. St John Stevas, defender of the faith, is trying to make it impossible to get an abortion without the consent of TWO consultant gynaecologists. There are only about 500 of these in the country. Parliament has 603 male and 27 female MP's; who is voting on laws which affect a woman's rights over her own body? More women would become MP's if they did not have to sacrifice their children and lives as individuals to do so.

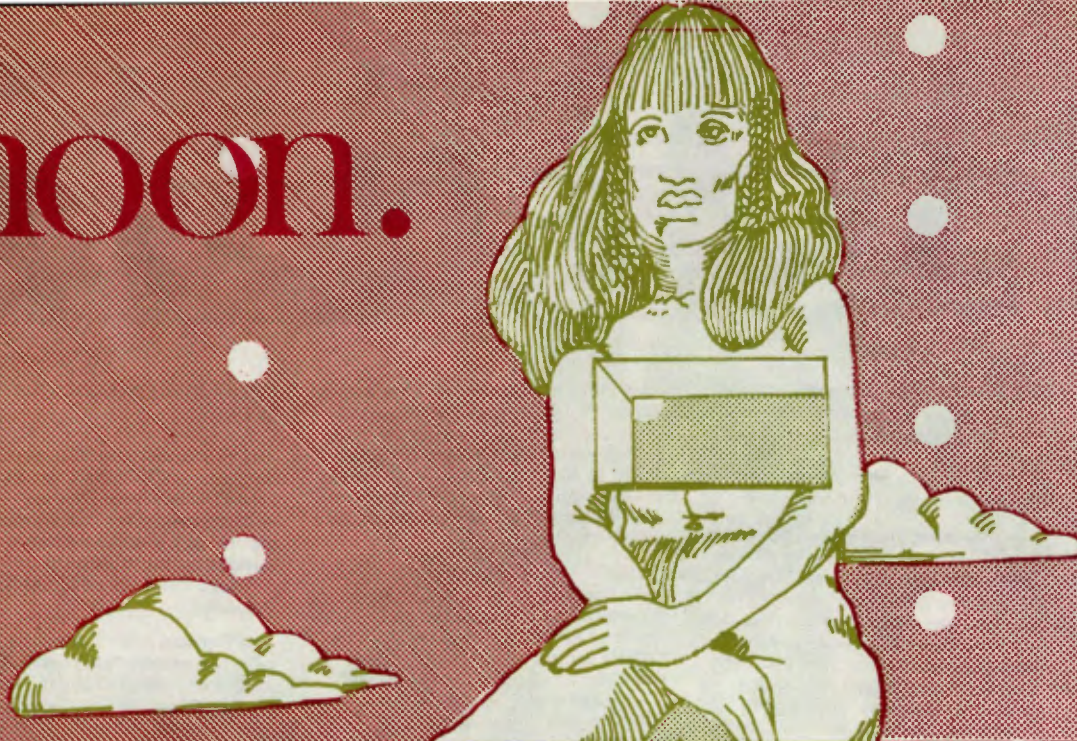
Wendy graduated neatly and came to the metropolis. Clutching a degree proudly in her hand didn't stop employers mentally stripping her and then refusing to employ her because all women leave to have babies. Wendy decided that the system was for shit and became a revolutionary groupie. She ran around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

Mothers, au pairs or nannies look after babies. Nursery schools are run by women. Three-quarters of primary school teachers are women. There are still a large number of single sex schools. Should children be prepared for adult life in a mixed society, exclusively by women? Wendy went underground next, but she didn't get much further there, because many of the beautiful people were still hung up on their semi-detached backgrounds and subscribed to the schizoid of girls you fuck you don't talk to and vice versa.





# moon.



There are 1½ times as many women as men in mental homes. Unmarried mothers are refused Social Security if they are known to have a relationship with a man. April Ashley was told by a male judge that although she felt like a woman and behaved in all ways like a woman, she was technically a man because she wasn't equipped with the holy ovaries.

Wendy finally flipped. She woke up one morning believing she was a chameleon, a woman chameleon, her identity existing totally in the eye of the beholder. Life for a woman was a series of rapid colour changes in order to fit in with other people's conception of her role. The abolition of capitalism seemed no guarantee that woman would be seen as a human being, only theoretically different from man in that she produced the child for which they were both responsible. Wendy couldn't make the individual liberation scene, so she went to

Ruskin College Oxford, to the Women's Weekend Feb 28-March 1, 1970, where there were 559 other women sick of being chameleons doing the dance of the ovaries. The conference was a vital and energetic start, a Movement towards the Liberation of women and finally the liberation of the whole of society from the roles and strictures which bind it. If militancy is a determination to act out convictions then the conference was full of militant women prepared to act on their lives and society where existing political and social organisations had failed.

Where was Germaine?

There were some twenty groups represented, and a large number of individuals, of different backgrounds, ranging from groups of working-class women who had first gossiped about babies and then went to other issues, through women from Trades Unions to women's groups from existing left-wing parties. Papers and discussions questioned the inevitability of the mother-child bond, the structure of the family, women in industry, and the implications of the recent Bill passed for equal pay by 1975, women's contribution to the economy and political movements in the 19th century, with a continuous emphasis on the value of the individual experience, on women breaking their silence to discuss their common problems and consider action. There was consequently little agreement with the Socialist women who slung round all the usual diversionary fargon about the women question being only another aspect of the class question. This doesn't lead to any new political theory which must grow out of experience and experiment, as well as existing theories. Thus all methods are valid which will make women aware that they can have the choice, and have the right to the choice of how they live, of what they do with their bodies and minds; the National Joint Action Committee for the Campaign for Women's Equal Rights is self-evident in its demands. Socialist Women organises itself around issues of equal pay and industrial strike action, the Birmingham Claimants Union, originally for women on social security, aims for fuller control over the Welfare system, the Gingerbread group — women bringing up children single-handed — was formed to discuss common problems and act as a group. The Women's Liberation Workshop in London is growing very fast, not because they are middle-class preaching Liberation to the working masses (why belong to a movement for Liberation if you're already liberated?) but because they aim, through discussion and action to be able to redefine their own identity. No theory can evolve without some measure of spiritual liberation of its creators. To be able to ask questions, to prod at the status quo,

is to begin to find the answers.

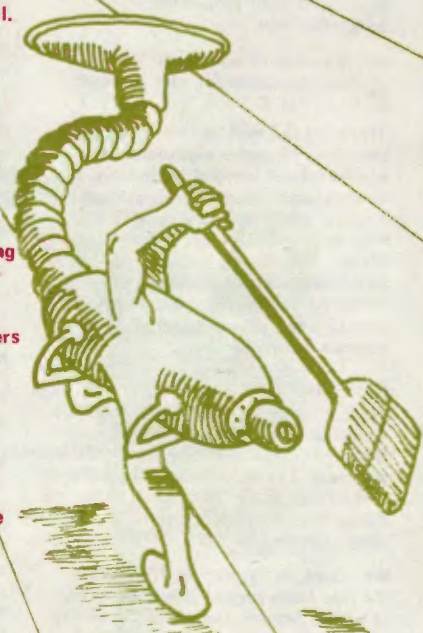
Workshops on history, the family, sexuality, communes and Marxism, were set up at the conference. Each woman is involved the whole time in questioning herself, her context, her relationships with men and women, her sexuality. Learning about herself, about other women, about the experience of women.

A note finally, about the 'common assumptions', the 'social myths' about women as reflected in the language. Women are 'assumed' to be hysterical. Hysteria is anti-social, it is chaos taking over from order. The word 'hysteria' comes from the Greek meaning 'womb'. Why should having a womb make a woman anti-social? Judging from the existing structure of the nuclear family, that is exactly what she is economically and emotionally. The word 'history', phonetically splittable into 'his story', comes from the Greek meaning 'wise man'. Biologists speak unthinkingly of mother and daughter cells; why not parent and child cells? It takes two to make a child. Newspapers are always pointing out the oddities of women's participation, even in death: 'Seven died in the crash, three of them women.'

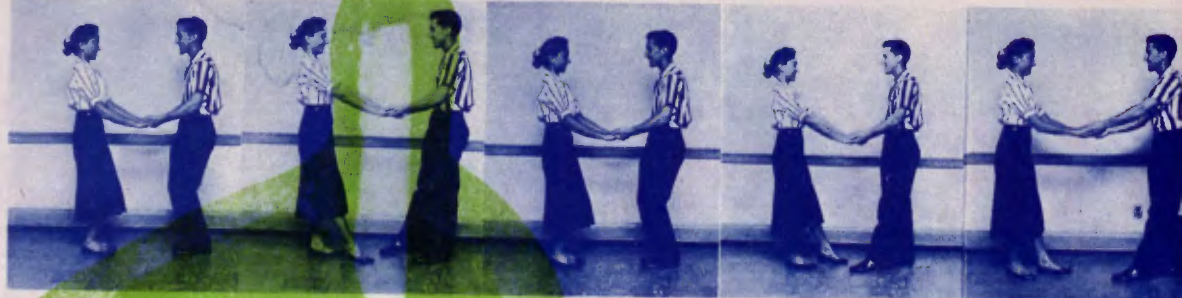
The Movement, as I see it, doesn't seek the replacement of penis-power by Cunt-power, or any generalised power. It seeks in its initial stages the involvement of all women, cutting across the class structure. When this happens maybe we can get somewhere, and have a constructive revolution, not one which needs Press censorship or Red Guards to keep dogma in its kennel. Even the defensive hostility which the Movement provokes is an index of its centrality and vitality. It is happening.

There is to be another conference in six months. Will Germaine come? Wendy will be there.

Micheline.







Rolling Stone's recent full page advertisement in The Times comparing their own characteristically thorough coverage of the Chicago Conspiracy trial with Fleet Street's patchy summaries, sent a shudder of envy through this office. On several occasions The Times has refused to accept small advertisements from OZ. In each case the decision was reached after they had requested sample copies. Two months ago we booked modest space in The Guardian. 'The magazine that nobody dares to print - will you?' ran the headline, followed by studiously uncontroversial copy inviting printers to submit quotations. They even got as far as sending back proofs. One day before publication The Guardian's advertising manager intervened and forced cancellation of the advertisement. The reason for the rejection was apparently connected with 'responsibility towards our readers'. Rolling Stone's success perhaps demonstrates that the bigger the advertisement, the smaller the 'responsibility'. Stop Press: we have just been informed that both the Guardian and the Observer have contacted Rolling Stone begging to be honoured with their next advertisement.

*OZ is proud to announce that it is still not available for sale through W.H. Smith & Sons.*

The next OZ will be produced by a selection of under eighteens who answered our general invitation. Any teenybopper readers who missed the historic meeting and would like to help create OZ please telephone our office. The shared ambition of those schoolboys who turned up was to 'clean up OZ', with the exception of one 12 year old who planned to include 'more gay news'.

If, like Bob and Bing, you're Moroccan bound, write to Head News, 10 Rue Abdellah Ben Yessin, Essaouira, Morocco, for travel tips, accommodation advice and cookie prices. If you have something to say to English speaking heads, you can advertise for 8s. per single col inch or 5d a word.

Way back in Sydney in 1963 when OZ had been turned down by every available printer, we visited - almost as a joke - the proprietor of The Anglican newspaper. This was Francis James, who, to our astonishment, readily accepted the job. Francis never expressed regret at this decision even though this highly active churchman landed in the dock with the rest of us for 'publishing an obscene magazine'. Extremely unpopular in local establishment circles for his irreverence towards Church and Government, Francis was recently in London and while returning home via Hong Kong disappeared. 'Lost somewhere in China' according to a Times dispatch. Because of the Australian Government's extraordinary sensitivity to criticism, especially from nationals abroad, we don't imagine any serious effort is being made to trace this unique, cynical, compassionate, real life

Christian. This paragraph is by way of recording our appreciation of Francis James, an all to rare Australian, and a plea to any of our Chinese readers who should meet him, to return him safely home.

Another Australian whom the Government would not be sorry to see disappear in China is Wilfred Burchett, veteran journalist and author, who has for years had his passport summarily withheld because of his dissenting opinions. Burchett recently returned home to visit his ageing parents, armed only with a birth certificate, and now seems likely to be trapped there until a communist revolution. Meanwhile the raids against left wing bookshops and goings of Anti Vietnam demonstrators continues. A last ditch national moratorium has been organised for May 9-10 to fight for withdrawal of Australian and all foreign troops from Vietnam. Anyone wishing to participate in the moratorium outside Australia House, contact OZ for details.

#### INSTANT PLUGS:

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

Since the media mined 144 Piccadilly and Endell St to death, no-one thinks about squatters much anymore - except people who walk the streets every night and families who have to live 8 to tiny room. After three months operations, Lewisham Family Squatting Assn has housed 22 families, including seven kids who were about to be taken from their mother by the courts. They still have another dozen families whose need for rehousing is urgent. LFSA take over demolition-scheduled houses from the local council, makes them habitable, and lets them to members for £2 (min) to £4 (max) rents, which are ploughed back into more developments. But finance and labour required mean many suitable houses have to be turned down for lack of resources. If you live in the area, or think you can help change living standards as bad as anything Orwell saw in the 'thirties, go to LFSA meetings Tuesdays at the Albany, Creek Road, Deptford. (Chairman - David Adshead).

Various groups distribute underground and independent films - London Film-Makers Co-Op, Angry Arts Society etc - but they are lax about catalogues, information and promotion. 'Independent Cinema' is an information center/magazine/distribution outlet which attempts to remedy this.

Aimed at informing film clubs, Universities, and individuals about films available, being made or just

mooted, Independent Cinema will run 6000, 24-page copies financed by advertising, and charges on information pages. Rates on application to Nigel Algar/David Speechley 9 Newburgh St W1V 1LH. Rates are negotiable and six of the information pages are free.

South Sea Bubble takes place a week after the Brighton Arts Festival, which is possibly the most sterile and elitist event of its sort in the country. The Bubble should provide an exciting and valid alternative. It will fill the town and involve its community. It will be based in the centre of Brighton around the West Pier and the Brighton Combination. There will be events in the streets and on the beach. It should be the best sort of demonstration of the power and potential of the living arts and of the current movement in new activities.

The Bubble is only a beginning.

But it should be a good one.

See you in Brighton May 22-25

US is a new magazine appearing in the West Country concerned with pollution, food, music, pottery, drama and industry. Enquiries to Rod Emery, 3 Abbey Street, Bath, Somerset.

3/6 to Roger Falcon, 22 Pembroke Square, London, W.8. will ensure a copy of Concept, yet another magazine of 'good contemporary poetry'. 'A book of happy sexual poems' is how Norman Isles describes The Green Man, his little red book available from him at 381 Marine Road, Morecambe, Lancs. The Observer refused a paid advertisement for it, so it might be worth the 10/-.

Any artist can show their work at the New Arts Lab, 1 Robert Street, N.W.1. at the Open Access Show. Obtain entry forms first and see J.G. Ballard's current sculpture of Crashed Cars.

Every Wednesday at The Crypt, 242 Lancaster Road, W.11 is experimental poetry, jazz, rock, films and inflatable ladies all for a ludicrous 2/6.

If you're lonely and lost in Blackpool visit the Head Shop at 4 Springfield Road or dance every Friday at the Pleasurebeach Casino...

KWOD is being launched to 'bridge the gap between BEANO and Black Dwarf' and promises no four letter words. Anyone interested in this remarkable publishing phenomenon write to KWOD 53 Blacksmiths Way, Hartwell, Northampton.



#### FROM JOHN WILCOCK'S OTHER SCENES:

The first underground paper to be indicted by a FEDERAL grand jury is New Orleans's Nola Express - charged with obscenity for reproducing a picture of a guy masturbating, surrounded by nude pictures and the caption: What Sort of Man Reads Playboy?

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

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

'Weatherman is not an accident. Weatherman is a logical consequence of intellectual flabbiness and dishonesty on the Left as a whole. . . Movement people who ought to know better have indulged in verbal overkill to the point where language the basic tool for organizing reality into something that can be understood and acted upon is no longer descriptive. Terms like fascism, racism, genocide, police state and oppression have been stripped of meaning. (When and if real fascism comes to this country it seems we will have no words left to describe it)'.

Hendrik Hertzberg in WIN

Earth People's Park may or may not be a good idea there's been quite a bit of dispute about its potential but hopefully its sponsors are keeping an account of what happens to the dollars people are donating by mail. We never did find out what happened to the \$400,000 that the Monterey Pop promoters promised to spread among the hip community.

John Sinclair wrote to Rolling Stone from jail alleging that the once-revolutionary group MC5 which he originally organized, produced and managed had now copped out and wanted to be big pop stars. Not only that, said Sinclair, but MC5 had screwed him out of his management share now that he was in prison and in no position to collect it.

A free sample of vaginal foam is available by sending a postcard request to the Emko company, 7912 Manchester Ave., St. Louis, Mo. 63143.

Hitchhiking anywhere on the face of the earth is an attractive proposition to some people, intimidating to others. So John Rudolf (Box 203, University Station, Syracuse, NY 13210) is compiling a Survival Manual for the Roads of Earth which will collate all the information that might be helpful. Send him some.



# The Question



Dear Dr. Hip Pocrates,

In a recent column you answered a question about scalp hair. I am more interested in pubic hair.

My boyfriend likes thick pubic hair and keeps asking me to shave mine so it will grow back thicker. He says women who have had babies (i.e. had the pubic hair shaved) have much thicker and more hair than before the experience.

**Answer:** You may bristle at this, but to the best of knowledge hair will not grow back more thickly when cut or shaved. Hair is dead matter except for the "root" beneath the skin.

Besides, think of the five o'clock shadow...

Dear Dr. Hip Pocrates,

Whenever I displease my husband, he gives me an enema of hot soapy water to "discipline" me! Since this didn't happen too often, I suffered with it—however, he has been giving them to me more often (about once every 4-5-6 weeks) and I've been wondering if it can cause me any harm. He used to use a pint of water, but now he uses more. (He says about a pint and a half). Also, he agrees to abide by your decision says if it's harmful to me, he will stop and go back to using the hairbrush.

**Answer:** Infrequent enemas, as you describe them, are not medically harmful unless the water really is "hot."

Many people receive erotic stimulation through enemas and I wonder if this is really a punishment for you.

But then it's your bag.

Dear Dr. Hip Pocrates,

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

Dear Dr. Hip Pocrates,

I seldom read your column, it usually *actually* makes me sick to my stomach to know there are sick vulgar, uncivilised people.

Today my husband showed me your column about the man who liked to wake up his wife by making love to her in the morning. He's an early-riser and I'm not (he relaxes in the evenings while I take care of dinner, children, and chores). He remarked that he might try that sometime. I told him and I'll tell you, if he ever does, in that manner, I'll probably kill him and blame you for contributing to the cause.

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

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

Let's hope computers help out in this respect.

Sincerely,

Tony Bell THE END





## CANDY DARLING FLOVE

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

'Hey you got so many pretty things on, man' said George, touching a necklace, 'Arthur, look at the things this cat has on'. Fringed pants, leather bracelets, a ring or two, I suddenly felt like an over-dressed weekend Jonathan King hippie, and almost crudely destroyed the good vibrations building up on the large double bed by asking a question:

*'A friend of mine said he wasn't impressed by your stage performance at the Speakeasy. How well do you think you perform generally on the stage?'*

'I don't know man. I do my best every time I go on. The Speakeasy was great. I had a good time. The crowd seemed enthusiastic, and definitely behind me. They were just waiting to see where my whole trip was at and after they saw, I just never gave them a chance to get on the case. I just kept the ball rolling until I could get out of there.'

*'Do you try to create a sexual image on stage the way Jagger does?'*

'I have my hands full just remembering my songs. I just try to get my point across. I'm not into creating any sex image. I just do my trip. I can't look at me and say what I am. You have to do that. I don't see any sex trip happening with Jagger. I just see him enjoying doing his thing.'

*'It's a little more than that. He openly enjoys projecting sexuality.'*

'Maybe that's his thing. Just because it's his thing, that doesn't necessarily mean it has to be my thing. It might be part of my trip, but it's not my whole trip.'

*'Whether consciously or not, Love's image, and particularly yours, has ever since you've been around, been a very sensual one.' (If you looked and sounded like Arthur Lee it would be very difficult for it not to be).*

'Well, that's great. Nothing wrong with a little sex.'

*'But are you conscious of this?'*

'Well yes, but I don't think about it too much. I don't push it. I just do my thing. If sex comes out of doing my thing, then that's what you get.'

*'So you agree with me?'*

'Yeah, why not.'

*'Are you into politics at all?'*

'Not at all.' Arthur laughed. He laughs a lot. 'Is anybody?'

*'Well, Jefferson Airplane are on a heavy political trip at the moment.'*

'Yeah. They don't see life like I do. Maybe they need it man. Maybe

they need to learn something. I'm not like that at all. I mean, it's like uh- I'm in it whether I wanna be or not. It comes out in my songs when I talk about all sorts of different things. There's no point in talking about politics.'

*'But your life style is a political thing in itself.'*

'My lifestyle is that background that I was conditioned - (yawn) - I am the result of that background. Make no mistake about that.'

*'Would you say you are living the revolution?'*

'I am what? My birth was a revolution.'

*'Do you know what I'm trying to say?'*

'No. I wish you'd get to the point.'

'I think his songs are political,' put in George. The other members of the group had already disappeared into another room to sleep.

*'The way of life reflected in your songs is totally opposed to the way of life that someone like President Nixon would recommend for a red-blooded, healthy American under twenty five.'*

'I'm a red beans and rice man, but I'm not totally opposed to anything. To be totally opposed to something wouldn't be living, it would be negative. Just moving backwards. That's not life, man. For every bad, there's got to be some good. Even if Nixon's an asshole, there's got to be a good part of his asshole. So if people, man vote somebody in - or if they have

a power system if they put somebody in a so called power position (laughter) and employ those games with people's lives, all those trips, and people want to support this system, well, you know, that's their trip man. (laughter) I just happen to live in a house in that system, but I ain't going to be putting up no Volunteers signs on my album cover. I don't dig it. I can see the whole thing changing towards the way that I would want my life to be lived on this planet but my way is no opinion in itself, like this interview, or what you're gonna write down. My way is not the way; it is part of the way. Just by accident we happen to be on the same trip - we're all *freaking out!* (laughter) Someone must have a pretty strong rap going or something, because like ah, because everything is starting to like freak out around all those stereotype creeps and man, they're getting nervous. So somebody's got to either start cracking down or opening up. And I would hope that they would open up. Because opening up is the key to life. Keep an open mind man and you can't go too wrong. If you are aware of your environment, man that's an important trip.'

*If being aware of your environment is an important thing, and there are so many things about your environment which are fucked up, then apart from living the way you do, which is an important statement in itself, you don't do anything - you don't preach. . .'*

'No man'

*'... or belong to any revolutionary or political organisation.'*

'Oh no man. No. Oh no.'

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

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

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

'I don't like what's going down, if



that's what you mean. I'm not exactly tickled pink by the governments running the world. I don't like the war in Vietnam. I'm positively against the war. But I don't have to think about those political trips.'

*'How do you get along with the rest of the group?'*

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

*'How about George here?'*

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

*'You're not egotistical?'*

'Oh no man.'

*'Why not, everybody else is.'*

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

*'You are the sole surviving member of the original Love, so obviously it was around you that everything revolved.'*

'No.'

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

'Right' (from George)

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

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

'I dig what you're saying.'

*'Like with the Byrds there is McGuinn.'*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

'My hangups?'

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

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

(laughter)

*'Is there any truth in that at all?'*

'Well, if you want to believe it. To call me the asshole that caused the group to break up is just a falsehood. It's just not true. Everybody con-

tributed in equal share to the breaking up of the group. That's for sure. I don't have any guilt trips about that trip. It's like a romance man, with a chick. It's good as long as it is and when it's over, it's over but you gotta go into it not looking for the ending, but constantly aware that nothing lasts forever. It wasn't ever a bad scene. It went down. It was a good thing for me, because it was refreshing for me to work with other cats. I don't look upon it as a bad trip.'

*'So the whole thing could happen again?'*

'Oh, possibly. Yeah sure, but it doesn't worry me simply because of the fact that I can't work without grooving with the people I work with. I don't look upon musicians as chunks of my body so that if I can't have these people I can't function I look upon musicians as arrangements — each musician varies his own arrangements inside his body and when he plays his axe, his arrangement or interpretation of whatever music has been given to him at that time, is the sort of trip I will have to evolve my trip around as far as thinking about writing songs goes. I have to think of such and such, that he is a quarter, half beat drummer — but I can take my songs to someone else who plays triplets — another trip, and I'll get a different feeling from that guy — can you understand what I'm saying — so arrangements come and go man. They come and go. But the thing I've learned about the whole trip is that it's better to be with a good arrangement than with a bad arrangement.'

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

'That's true, but what I mean is... oh where was I?' The pipe goes round yet again.

*'So you don't treat the rest of your group like a bunch of shit?'*

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

*'Sounds perfectly logical.'*

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

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

'No.'

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

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

'Yeah maybe. Everybody's Love and

I just want to put Love in the minds of the good people on this planet. It's nice when you're on a bumner to see a sign that says Love, touches your heart... it's a good trip to flash on home. I try to make my trip as homey or as earthy as I can. Like, even though I write sarcastically or whatever about my environment, I'd like to think of my material as reminding you when you listen to it, of the trip you're going through, or the hardships you're facing, that I faced, and of the way it ends or the way I say it ends. I should like to think that it would be a good trip for the person's mind. I like to give them that homely feeling. You got to get your shoes straight at home before you can play on the streets. A lot of people read trips that happen in the street and they haven't got their shit straight at home. Man, it's easy to put somebody down.'

*'That old story about your road manager...'*

'You tell me what happened.'

*'Well, I heard that the whole group was on smack.'*

'Oh no, not the whole group. Not me man.'

*'Some of the others were?'*

'Well, you know, that's far out man. I don't know which ones were, which ones weren't. I don't have time to get into other peoples' personal lives (said with great cynicism) Make no mistake about that...'

*'But the road manager...'*

'He OD'd. Or maybe he had a heart attack man. (laughter) It was purely accidental. Happens everyday man.'

*'Not your fault?'*

'No, he did it to himself. Doing his own trip. It's good to do your own trip.'

*'There's no other trip to do. But did you expect it?'*

'Oh no. A shock. A mindblower.' At this point, Danny Kresky Love's manager came in, looking worried: 'How come when people do interviews, they are always concerned with peoples' drug habits? Someone wrote an article in Zig Zag that was a lot of shit. Really bullshit. I'm just about to sue those people for what they wrote.'

*'There isn't much need to get upset by talk about drugs — which you take and which you don't.'*

'I don't think so either,' said Arthur. 'Yeah, but they were talking about heroin. We don't want police watching us walking in and out all day long.'

*'Why do I so often get your songs mixed up with other peoples' songs?'*

'Because everything I hear, I hear. What goes in gotta come out. Some trip like that. So all the things that I hear influence me in my writing in my whole trip.'

*'Do you copy songs?'*

'Copy songs from other people?'

'Yes.'

'Oh no. I get feelings from other people. The melodies inspire me to do specific things their way, you know... But that's my trip. I like to do all kinds of music instead of just one kind of music.'

*'Most musicians are influenced by other peoples' music, but translate it in such a way that it becomes almost totally different, usually because they are very self conscious about being unoriginal.'*

'I'm not on that trip. I know I am everybody else.'

*'So it doesn't surprise you that other people find you derivative.'*

'I appreciate all the other people and their... (laughter) ... I want my songs to sound like other peoples'. That's my trip. I'm glad that I'm able to do that, you know, it's like an echo, coming back. In a different way, but I say the same thing.'

*'The songs certainly sound much the same sometimes.'*

'Well, that's a compliment. Because that to me means that I'm not just on one trip. I mean, I don't just sing de blues. I like to mix 'em up. Lots of different things.'

*'Do you like living in communal situations?'*

'The group are around all the time but I have my own private trip within the group. I don't live with any people. Like my house has an extra house on it that my drummer rents but other than that I have my privacy. My business and private life are not one and the same thing.'

*'On a tour like this they must become more fused though?'*

'Yeah. (laughter) Manchester. Completely the opposite of my normal trip.'

*'And it gets you uptight sometimes?'*

'I'm ready to tear these sheets up right now,' slow smile.

*'Do you often lose your temper?'*

'Everyone loses their temper.'

*'No they don't.'*

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

Arthur Lee was practically asleep. George had disappeared. 'We've covered a lot of ground, man,' Arthur said as I prepared to leave. A beautiful flaxen haired girl wandered in silently and sat on the bed. What with her eyes and Arthur's golden brown skin... California, sunshine, acid, flowers, love, hate and death. I shook hands twice and said several stoned farewells. Aimability and good vibes to the end. The West Coast is something else. A few more years, and they really will be like children from another planet. Jim Anderson.





**Extracts from Robert Finnis' History of Teen Idols and Teenybop — the American pre-Beatle era.**

'Teenbop' is a name that has been given recently to a category of music which is sung by artists who rely solely or to a greater extent on an aura or image, usually sexual, deliberately cultivated and to the detriment of the true medium of their profession. As for teenyboppers, it's difficult to classify them. There are thousands of mature housewives who show all the hallmarks of the true teenybopper — although they might not pin fan pics up on the wall they do buy the records — but speaking generally, the true teenybopper is a 11–14 year old pubescent schoolgirl, (or schoolboy) probably middle class, probably English or American, who loves to have her sentiments and feelings manufactured for her. At first glance, Elvis Presley could be called the originator of 'teenybop', but underneath all the make-up and flashy clothes, he was a snarling, earthy southern kid, still attached musically to his ethnic background. His records were not subservient to his image. With all the early rock stars (Jerry Lee, Carl Perkins, Gene Vincent, Chuck Berry etc) their music and their shows were their image. Under the diamond rings and Cadillacs they were rough and raw. They couldn't always smile or pose properly for their photos, weren't too good looking and parents loathed them. They weren't the kind they'd like their daughter to marry.

On November 4th 1957 however, with the initial rock fervour dying down, and a steady crop of ballads calypsos and a few pre-Haley throwbacks turning up as well as the hard rock, TIME magazine reported: '... is the golden glottis gurgling to a stop? Is there a quiver to those rosebud lips a beginning of wilt to those poodle-wool sideburns?

For two years, lovers of peace, quiet and a less epileptic kind of minstrelsy have waited for Elvis Presley and the adenoidal art form rock n' roll to fade. But knowledgeable disc-jockeys and trade bulletins offer such purists little hope. In spite of previously noted tremors, last week rock 'n roll looked as solid as Gibraltar, and Elvis — with a new stomp and holler hit, Jailhouse Rock' (RCA Victor) — was perched right on top.

The trend that TIME noted (somewhat belatedly) ushered in the golden age of teenybop, and the classic rock and rollers went into a temporary eclipse.

The first true teenybop artist was Tommy Sands (b. 1937), not counting two movie stars who happened to have hits, Tab Hunter and Sal Mineo or Pat Boone who was in an uptight class of his own. Sands, of whom we never heard much of over here, was a kid who had been brought up in Shreveport, Louisiana, though born in Chicago. He had been exposed to hillbilly sounds on the radio and learned the guitar. Later he found himself doing second rate T.V. and radio shows and touring on Colonel Tom Parker's (pre-Elvis days) road shows across the cow country. Parker encouraged Sands.

By late 1956, Sands hadn't got anywhere. His voice wasn't suited to rock 'n roll, being throaty, lush and not gutsy enough. But he had clean boyish good looks and when a T.V. company wanted Presley to play himself in a show called 'The Teenage Idol', Parker said Presley was too busy, but that he could recommend an unknown, Tommy Sands.

Soon after Sands was flown in by the show's producers who were pleased and signed him. After the show, Sands began to play the title role in real life. Offers bombarded him after the appearance and 'Teenage Crush', one of two songs from the show, a breathy ballad with a beat that relates in sobbing tones something about young love misunderstood, burst into the U.S. charts on the 'Capitol' label in February, 1957 — pretty early.

Over the years, up to '60, Sands had many discs released, sometimes backed by guitars and drums and others with orchestras. A few were hits like 'Goin' steady' (1957) and 'Sing Boy Sing' (1958) but he never made it really big for some reason, though he did graduate into movies with one or two good roles. 'Capitol' were possibly to blame, as they were not too adept at handling teen artists, or perhaps he was just too early for his scene. At any rate Sands was the very first of the 'clean' teen singers — the ones parents would like their daughters to marry.

Next came Ricky Nelson, born 1940, with a silver spoon in his mouth by virtue of his showbiz parentage. At 11 he made his first screen appearance and from his early teens he appeared in a nationally syndicated, typically American, light comedy programme, 'The Ozzie & Harriet Show'. Ozzie and Harriet being his folks. Ricky's elder brother, Dave, also featured and soon Ricky's face was well known in America. When rock 'n roll came in Rick's parents signed him to Norman Granz's normally jazz-inclined 'Verve' label. The first single was a cover of a Fats Domino hit 'I'm Walkin' backed by 'A Teenager's Romance', both recorded on the soundstage of the 'Ozzie & Harriet' show. The record, with the aid of a little exposure like an 18 million audience, took off and entered the U.S. charts at No. 18 in mid May, 1957, reaching No. 2. That record was to be an antecedent for similar hits over the next 5 or 6 years, Nelson at one stage being second only to Presley in American teen idolization.

He wasn't a 'natural born' singer but he did learn quickly as he went along until, by 1960, he was a capable teen-crooner with a distinct warm, nasal tone, even if he did somewhat lack authority, which he has somehow never managed to capture, especially on up-tempo numbers.

By late 1957, the U.S. charts were being slowly infiltrated by other 'clean' performers like Paul Anka ('Diana') and Jimmie Rogers ('Honeycomb') and the Everly Brothers, who although watered-down country at this stage, went on to cultivate a massive teenybop following right through till 1962.

Short and stocky, Anka was considered almost a prodigy in 1957, when at 16 he hit with the massive, matriarchal self-penned 'Diana'. He was always popular and starting so young had a very good run of hits, many self-written, through the years including 'I Love You Baby' (1957) 'I'm Just a Lonely Boy' (1959) 'You Are My Destiny' (1958) 'Puppy Love' (1960). Around 1962, Anka opted out, successfully, into an adult almost middle aged entertainment world.

December, 1957 saw the emergence of the first teenybop group, Danny & the Juniors. More important still was the fact that they came from Philadelphia, which in a year was to become the centre of pop and monopolise the teen-scene for a while, to the detriment and eventual fate of the truly talented hard rock 'n' roller, replacing the latter's music with sickly sweet sentiments and carefully contrived images fathered by Payola.

'At the Hop' was a world hit by early 1958 and Danny & the Juniors became the first in a long line of one-hit wonders, with no stage act to back themselves up with. They followed up with 'Rock and Roll is Here to Stay', reached No. 19 in America and faded, although they made a comeback in 1961 with a hit, 'Twistin' U.S.A.', with a different line-up.

The group were all urban youths, mostly of Italian origin who'd never been exposed to musical influence bonafide, but just grew up on the block and suddenly fancied themselves, so they practised their harmonies on a self-penned song, 'Do The Bop', and took it to a local vocal tutor and arranger, Artie Singer. Singer altered the lyrics, cutting himself in and fixed up an economical recording session.

'At The Hop' had just string bass, drums and piano underneath a blanket of vocals and moves along rapidly. Leased to A.B.C.-Paramount Records, the record broke nationally and the kids made a lot of money in a short time. At the time there were several Danny & the Juniors going around to cash in on the hit. The groups' name lives on as a meter for derisive scorn of the crass-commercial dawn of the teenybop era which they heralded.

A similarly styled group was The 'Royal Teens' who hit with their shattering teenage idiot chant 'Short Shorts' in February, 1958 — the first ever bubblegum hit in rock, as opposed to straight teenybop sentiments. There is no vocal lead on the record but it begins with a wolf-whistle and what sounds like the teenagers on the local street corner, chanting through echo, 'Who Likes Short Shorts?' (the girls) answered by the guys 'We Like Short Shorts' and apart from a bit on sax and some handclaps that's about it. Recorded in New Jersey and leased, once again, to A.B.C.-Paramount, 'Shorts' sold a million. Just who the 'Teens' were is a mystery, but they say Al Kooper and Bob Gandio, who co-wrote it, were definitely there. Gandio later became famous as one of the 4 Seasons and as a writer/producer.



Tommy Sands



Bobby Rydell



PAUL ANKA



RICK NELSON



JIMMY CLANTON



FRANKIE AVALON



DION



FABIAN



BOBBY VEE



Another early teen hit in 1957 America, which really belonged to 1959, was an attempt to emulate the Everly Brothers by two New York college kids under the pseudonyms 'Tom and Jerry' on the 'Big' label. The disc, 'Hey, Schoolgirl', was written and sung by the then teen-aged Simon and Garfunkel.

'Hey Schoolgirl', in the second ro-ho-ho(w)' They cut some other sides but were unable to follow it up successfully. Later Simon pursued a career as rock singer Jerry Landis.

In July, 1956, a D.J. Dick Clark had taken over the compere spot in a local Philadelphia Show 'Bandstand' blessed with a simple format — 150 kids stomping a studio to the hit sounds of the day, with an in-person guest most days. It was Philadelphia's highest rated daytime television show. After convincing the A.B.C.-T.V. authorities to screen it nationally he could do no wrong and on a hot and humid afternoon on August 5th, 1957, A.B.C. put 'Bandstand' on its national television network as 'American Band-Stand'.

In the 3 years that followed Clark (b. 1929) had some sort of effect — direct or indirect — on the career of almost every popular singer except Presley who from his regnal heights could ignore everybody. By exploiting artists on his daily 90 minute 'American Bandstand' and also on his own 'Dick Clark Show' (every Saturday) Clark single-handedly established stars and records and was responsible for the Philadelphia Crap Sound' of Frankie Avalon, Fabian, to a certain extent Bobby Rydell and others like Connie Francis (from New Jersey) all of whom he over-exposed to American teenybopperdom.

By late '58 he was the most influential D.J. in the country and developed a subsidiary network of business interests and sidelines. 'Dick wouldn't think of standing in the way of a young singer trying to plug his latest record', someone wrote, while Dick explained 'New discs fit in nicely with our format'.

Let us look closer at other pieces of the integral jigsaw of the Philadelphia phenomenon. There was a small record label called Chancellor run by a former government clerk, Bob Marcucci, and an arranger/musician, Peter De Angelis. They founded their label in the mid 50's and had their first hit in 1957, 'More than just friends' by Jodi Sands. Their first big star became Frankie Avalon, born Francis Thomas Avalone in 1940. He was a child prodigy on T.V. playing, of all things, the trumpet, while also attending school and bookings. However, as he grew out of his cute 'kiddy' looks things got quiet. He gigged where he could, now in his mid teens and in 1957 joined a local outfit 'Rocco and his Saints' as lead singer and trumpeter. This proved lucrative and he even got a friend of his, Bobby Ridarelli (later to become Bobby Rydell), a job on drums. Marcucci and De Angelis on a local talent binge discovered Frankie singing with Rocco and his Saints. Musically orientated, good looking, well behaved, he would be a clean cut legitimate performer.

After two flops, (backed by Rocco and Co.), his third disc 'De De Dinah', backed by the Pete De Angelis orchestra and chorus, made the U.S. charts in early '58, with a lot of plugging from the convenient 'American Bandstand'.

Earlier in '57 he had appeared in a movie 'Jamboree' about the disc business, singing his second disc (one of the flops, 'Teacher's Pet'). The movie was fascinating because it featured some of the best of the older pioneering school — Carl Perkins, Jerry Lee Lewis, Fats Domino, Buddy Knox, even Count Basie and his orchestra and Slim Whitman, while also exposing the then unknown stars Connie Francis and Avalon to be from a completely different city environment. It was the urbans against the ethnics.

Avalon went on to have some massive U.S. hits, backed by middle-aged session orchestras. After 1960 they stopped coming but he still remained immensely popular becoming a personality cult thing; movies, teen spreads etc. This lasted till about 1962 when he had a belated U.S. hit, his chart swansong 'Don't let me stand in your way'.

After establishing Avalon, Marcucci and De Angelis needed some security for their label which hinged on the tonsils of one personality who could fall from the popularity of fickle audiences any time.

They found the insurance in a 15 year old (again) local kid, Fabian Forte (b. 1943).

'I was certain that 'Fabe' was it and that it was going to happen. But if it hadn't I simply would have looked for someone else and built him.' He manufactured Fabian and merchandised him. He told 'Fabe' what to say and when to say it, what to do and when to do it, when to appear and when to disappear. Fabian holds the record for the biggest con in the business. He was 'discovered' lounging outside his home one evening. Marcucci, impressed by his looks, the beefy-sweet type, popular in 1959 suggested he cut a record for 'Chancellor'. Even Fabian was dubious: 'Hey mom', he is supposed to have said, 'that crazy man wants me to sing'. He couldn't sing and he knew it.

But with the aura Marcucci envisaged, Fabian could stutter his name off-key and it would be accepted as 'Entertainment', because he would be accepted as a person.

After listening to hundreds of records, and singing lessons, he cut his first single which did nothing.

Then Marcucci took Fabian on some of the already well-established Frankie Avalon's personal appearances to get the 'feel' of the audience he would soon be adored by. He could see the girls in the front row plead with Frankie to touch them, he could catch the outwardly disdainful boys in the crowd sneak out to damage Frankies' car because he was 'stealing their girls'.

Then came 'Lilly Lou', his second disc — nothing.

Marcucci repackaged his commodity and when his third record 'I'm a man' came out it took off with plugging on 'American Bandstand' and an article in the popular 'Motion Picture' by a female journalist who'd been impressed by Fabe. 'I blew a fuse over Fabian' proclaimed the leader. Actually, the woman who died in 1960 from an incurable disease, joined Chancellor records as promotion director.

Other hits followed in 1959, 'Tiger' and 'Turn me loose', his records sold fairly well, his popularity sustained by a run of teen movies, until 1960 when the big promotion and the big hits ground to a well deserved stop. Today he is married and nothing, but does emerge in occasional 'B' movies and has recently been trying to change his name back to its full Fabian Forte.

In all fairness 'Fabe' did learn as he went along. Embarrassingly weak off-key vocals on disc, and amateurish awkwardness onscreen, improved slightly but his talent lay in giving the impression that he had 'something' where in fact he had very little.

Then there was Bobby Rydell who in 1960-61 achieved almost a Presley type following. Rydell was talented in a sterile way, like Frankie Avalon. He was born on April 26th, 1942, Adrio Ridarelli in the same South Philadelphia environment which spawned Frankie Avalon, Joey Bishop, Mario Lanza and Jimmy Darren. It was a clean, poor area in which Jews, Italians and Negroes intermingled in a raucous, dilapidated jigsaw puzzle of identical row houses, narrow streets and slight strips of sunshine. All the parents wanted their kids to lift themselves out of that environment and 'show' neighbours. It's a fact that all South Philadelphia kids could, at the time, lay valid claim to 'knowing' Frankie or Fabe.

Ridarelli took an interest in the drums at a very early age then appeared locally and on Philadelphia T.V. where he would sing and imitate big showbiz names. This lasted till he was ten and never got him anywhere, but like Avalon this precocity was a taste of things to come. The next four years were barren, until Ridarelli joined a local rock'n'roll band 'Rocco and his Saints', on drums. One day on a gig in Atlantic City, New Jersey the group was an alternate band with 'The Applejacks', whose bass player, an older fellow named Frankie Day was impressed by the vitality of Rocco's drummer, young Bobby. The customary visits to Ridarelli's dubious parents were made and then Day was allowed to become Bobby's manager.

Three discs later still no luck. For a year Rydell and Frankie Day had undergone a gruelling grind in the latter's old car, making the rounds of D.J.'s between Massachusetts and Virginia to promote the records, sleeping in the car, washing up at the Y.M.C.A. and eating frankfurters at roadside stands. Pretty soon Day was in debt. After Rydell's third disc, a ballad, had looked promising but flopped, his fourth 'Cameo' disc 'Kissin' Time' finally took off with lotsa plugging locally and on 'American Bandstand'. Many other hits followed in 1960: 'Wild One', 'Ding-a-ling' c/w 'Swingin' School' 'Itty Bitty Girl' and his massive remake of 'Volare' in which adults took an interest.

What became of Rydell, a purely American attraction, isn't known, but he lasted until 1963 when he appeared in the film version of the musical 'Bye Bye Byrdie', then the groups sealed his demise. Other hits include 'Cherie', 'Goodtime Baby', 'I Got Bonnie' in 1961, 'The Fish', 'The Cha Cha Cha' in 1962 and 'Forget Him' and 'Wildwood Days' in '63.

The fact remains that Rydell, Avalon and Fabian were the pioneers in the 'Good looks — talent optional' stakes which took over the rock scene in 1959, and was, in turn, to lead into the inter-regnal void of the early '60's. The years 1959-1963 were the worst in rock/pop's history, with '63 being an all-time low. That was the year which, apart from Spector's Wagnerian productions, America had nothing to offer and instead, England, long the underdog, began to introduce sensational changes in the rock field.

Dion, a dark scowling guy who looked like a black pencil on stage, in his dark Italian suits, was born in the Bronx. He had showbiz parents and was introduced into that environment, with appearances on T.V. etc. He cut his first record around 1956-1957 for an obscure 'Mohawk' label. Then in 1957 he formed a group, along with three neighbourhood pals of the '50's practising harmonies on-street-corner type and that year they signed with 'Laurie' records of New York as Dion & the Belmonts, derived from Belmont Avenue in the Bronx, where they all lived. Their second disc 'I wonder why', a sort of embryonic 'Four Seasons/Beachboys' sound, took off becoming a U.S. smash. Several more very dated corny hits followed — 'No One Knows' ('58), 'Where or When' (1960) and the favourite Pomus/Shuman ditty of 1959 'Teenager in Love' — 'Each time we have a quarrel, it almost breaks my heart, 'Cos I am so afraid that we must be apart, Each night I ask the stars up above — Why must I be a Teenager In Love?'

In spite of his early career it must be said — a few have noticed — that Dion

was head and shoulders above the rest and one of the all-time greats of pop. He was truly the first pop artist to go, for use of a better word, 'progressive'. He was also a talented writer, arranger and producer.

FRANKIE  
AVALON



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When he inevitably split from the Belmonts who had a few small hits then floundered, he emerged in the early '60's as one of the biggest solo names in the teen stakes. Even at this stage he was different. Whereas all the others favoured big orchestras and girly choruses, Dion was the purveyor of 'funky teenybop' employing smaller, tighter groups on such hits for 'Laurie' as 'Runaround Sue' (1961), 'The Wanderer' (1961), 'Lovers Who Wander' (1962) and 'Sandy' (1962). His vocals were fabulous. He had a moaning, elastic voice, very slightly nasal, with a distinct phrasing, stretching syllables and words all over the place till he landed on the right note and it sounded good because he was a true musician.

In 1963 after six years on 'Laurie', he joined C.B.S. at that time still a very straight company; Robert Goulet, Andy Williams, Steve Lawrence, Tony Bennett were its big stars. He continued his run of hits with a series of fabulous productions, still employing that tight funky 'teenybop' back up but adding subtleties to the sound, as on his self written and produced 'Donna the Prima Donna' (1963). Suddenly he began updating R & B standards like 'Drip Drop' (a 1958 Drifters hit), 'Ruby Baby' and making hits of them, all the time growing earthier on record. He also changed his name to its full Dion Di Mucci, although he reverts to the former without warning. On flip sides, unnoticed, he would just feature himself on guitar, vocal and harmonies (or similar acoustic back-ups) singing more philosophical songs. Thus we have 'The Road I'm On (Gloria)' on the flip of 'Hootchie Koochie' (1964) and 'No One's Waiting for Me' the 'B' of 'Ruby Baby' (1963). For 1963 and an artist of his popularity this was amazing, and these 'personal statements' were the first signs of the real Dion showing through. Nobody but the folkies were allowed to do that.

at least capable of smashing the chart, he has recently joined 'Warners/Reprise' and ranks as one of the leaders in the singer, or rather interpreter/composer bag. Perhaps it might be indicative of something to some people that Dion was the only pop star, apart from Dylan, on the collage cover of the 'Sergeant Pepper' album.

Jimmy Clanton, on the other hand, was born in the south (rare for teen idols) in Baton Rouge, Louisiana in 1940. He had an early hit in summer '68, 'Just a Dream', which sold a million. Clanton had gone to a famous New Orleans Studio owned by engineer Cosimo Matassa, to cut a disc with his group of teen friends, 'The Rockets'. He cut one side then wrote 'Just a Dream' as a 'B', on the spot. Matassa took it to the local 'Ace' label, basically an R & B company, who put it out. Clanton became 'Ace's' biggest artist over the next few years, having several big hits up to 1962. They include 'Go Johnny Go' (from the movie, 1959), 'Ship on a Stormy Sea' (1959), 'Darkest Street in Town' (1962) and 'Venus in Blue Jeans' (1962) and all pretty crappy.

Bobby Vee, a big teenybop name both in the States and England began his career as a Buddy Holly imitator; nasal voice, strong accent. At 17 he had an American hit on 'Liberty', 'Devil or Angel', and the million-seller 'Rubber Ball' (1960) assured that he would be around awhile. Vee (nee Velline) got his break when, in February '59, the plane crash which killed Buddy Holly, Valens and Big Bopper, left a sold-out programme empty in Moor Head, Minnesota. The promoters issued a call for local talent and Bobby Vee and his friends who lived in nearby Fargo, N.Dakota stepped in as 'The Shadows', dressed in identical sweaters. They went down well and Bobby was signed as a solo, after Liberty heard some demos he'd cut with the group, who became his

emergence of 'Liberty' from a small L.A. label to one of the majors today.

He began in the record business at 15, doing promotion for a company in Dallas, Texas. At 17 he became a D.J. in Lubbock. At 19, he joined Liberty as a producer and beginning with 'Dreamin' by Johnny Burnette he notched up hit after hit by developing a consistent production technique involving a very small rhythm section and a large pizzicato string section with the occasional use of shrill, girly choruses.

Between '60-'62 Garrett used that sound to establish and sustain the careers of Bobby Vee (his biggest success) the re-formed Crickets, Buddy Knox, Timi Yuvo and several others. There was no move-

ment in the string section; everybody did the same thing. The strings were used mainly for fills or as a mass lead on instrumental breaks. One can imagine all those middle-aged sessionmen sitting in an L.A. studio, elbows flashing frantically on such hits as 'You're Sixteen', 'Rubber Ball' etc. I mean you had to be fast -- strings were used like guitars -- Garrett never employed lead guitar breaks on a sound which perhaps represents the pre-Beatle void best of all.

Burnette, killed in '64, was actually one of the original country-rockers, recording as early as May 1956 for 'Coral'. Born in Memphis in 1934 (when he joined Liberty it was boosted to 1938) he got his first guitar at 5 and all through school was just 'a-pickin' and grinnin'". He roughed it up in his teens; light-weight boxer, deckhand on Mississippi riverboat barges and truck driver for the same Memphis company Presley worked for. In 1956 he formed a group with his brother on bass and a friend on lead

16', 'Little Boy Sad'. By the end of '62 his popularity had waned. The success he had found was far removed from his early frantic self. Burnette was the only survivor from the 'old days' and the 'country boy' school, to infiltrate the teen idol clique. However he did look older, more thickset, and his voice wasn't boyish like the others, but strong and booming and even on one of his hits 'Little Boy Sad' the country influence is strong, so he was never totally accepted as a person by the young fans.

1959-'60 also brought the payola scandal and hearings which scared the shit out of every D.J. and ruined many, including the man who pioneered true rock'n'roll to the masses, Alan Freed.

*First, Lynn and Johnny pause on the plaza near the park to feed the pigeons. Then...*

Dick Clark was strongly accused and someone coined a term which caught on quickly -- 'Clarkola'. It was established that Clark 'was the single most influential person in the popular music industry', and that he was earning more than the president of America. He was involved in a profitable kickback arrangement from his shows, various advertising promotions and vast profiteering. For instance a \$53,733 investment of his had returned him almost \$600,000 within three years. Prospective witnesses were 'reluctant to talk for fear of reprisals in the form of being denied future opportunity of having their records aired or talents displayed on his programmes.'

Many others were accused of receiving payment direct or indirect, in return for services rendered. Up to now they'd had an easy time. It was one of the most pampered trades in the U.S.

For example, in May 1959 2,500 D.J.'s attended a D.J. and Radio Programming Convention at Miami Beach.

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

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

In 1964 he went too far updating 'Hootchie Koochie Man' and 'Johnny B. Goode'. The later single in a sort of mild acoustic country style, brushes and all, backed with a tremendous version of 'Chicago Blues'. From then on Dion went from the 'Top to obscurity', but he was doing what he wanted, a fatal thing in those days.

Dion made a huge comeback with a No. 2 record in 1968, 'Abraham, Martin & John', on his old 'Laurie' label, a re-union which was to be short-lived. The album which followed was literally an emotional masterpiece simply called 'Dion' and is available on London-American. About that time in America only C.B.S. also released an album of some of their old '63-'66 cuts, many unissued, and they stood the test of time incredibly well. Dion is the only teen idol who has progressed -- and I really mean it literally. He has never looked back and since he voluntarily relinquished his stardom, as documented, he went through that period where he was not accepted, but after 'Abraham, Martin & John' which showed that he was

road band. The pianist for a while was Bobby Zimmerman, till Vee sacked him with the words (as the story goes) 'I don't know if you'll make it on your own son, but not with my band.'

By 1964, Vee suffered a slump due to the arrival of the U.K. sound (he even cut an album that year, 'Sings the English Sound'), but emerged rather like Cliff Richard who survives any trend and unnoticed notched up other U.S. hits like 'Look At Me Girl' (1967) and 'Come Back When You Grow Up' (1968). Today he's still on the same label and retains with a bit of effort a boyish quality. The persistent rumour that it is he who sings the never ending Buddy Holly releases from the archives is probably unfounded. Vee's success was due as much as anything to a brilliant producer called Tommy 'Snuff' Garrett. Garrett (the same man who is behind those awful perennial '50 Guitars of Tommy Garrett' albums) must rank as one of the most commercially successful producers and is largely responsible for the

guitar, and, as 'The Johnny Burnette Trio', tried for fame. Sam Phillips of 'Sun' turned them down. 'Your singer acts and looks too much like Elvis' he confided. They headed for New York in a 1940 Ford jalopy, where they secured ordinary jobs while auditioning for talent scouts, etc. They made slow progress, appearing on T.V. ('Steve Allen Show') and in a rock movie, 'Rock, Rock, Rock'. They also cut some fantastically wild, classic sides for 'Coral', New York, like 'The Train kept a Rollin'', 'Honey Hush' (both mid '56) yet somehow, possibly because Burnette was superficially like Presley, he never made it 'big' at that stage.

In 1958, along with brother Dorsey Burnette, he headed for L.A. where they met Ricky Nelson and wrote many songs for him, 'It's Late', 'Just a Little Too Much' and many album tracks. This proving encouraging and lucrative and Burnette, in 1959, got out of his dormant Coral contract and joined Liberty on the West Coast, where he was now based. After three unsuccessful issues he cut 'Dreamin' backed by those pizzicato violins, which sold a million in 1960, and other big hits followed, 'You're

Everything was laid on by about fifty record companies; Hotel suites, women and booze from novel dispensers and everywhere a D.J. went from back slap to back slap, he was told by company executives 'Without you we're dead boy'. It was a paradise for the D.J.'s and a vicious circle for the companies.

In 1959 an R.C.A. man estimated that his firm spent up to \$300,000 a year on various methods of forming friendships with D.J.'s. When a 19 year old Neil Sedaka released 'The Diary' (the first of his many pure teen hits) R.C.A. spent \$50,000 on the 'full treatment' and 4 weeks later the D.J.'s pushed the disc into the top ten.

Clark was really up against it, but his poised defense to the committee and the unwavering loyalty of his fans reinforced his strength during this period. Although Clark came near to being replaced on 'Bandstand' by A.B.C., his popularity cancelled the decision. Clean-cut Dick continued to be spectacularly active in show business, though his hey-day was over.



An interesting phenomenon was Ral Donner who caused a controversy for a little while by apeing Presley so incredibly well, that thousands believed it was in fact him under a pseudonym. He lasted about nine months with two 'biggies' (Why don't they use words like that!) the first a direct cover of a popular Elvis L.P. track 'Girl of My Best Friend', followed by 'You Don't Know What You've Got' (both 1961). Even the most prolific Presley fans were fooled. Ral Donner is cool.

Another guy who began by song-writing and demo recording for others was Gene Pitney who began in the business in 1959, by recording for the 'Blaze' label as 'Billy Brown'. In 1960 he wrote Ricky Nelson's goldie 'Hello Mary Lou' and 'Today's

*They take a long, long walk around the lake — stopping occasionally to day-dream together.*

Teardrops' for Roy Orbison. Then he wrote, produced and sang all seven multi-tracked voices on his hit 'Love My Life Away' that same year on 'Musicor' with whom he has stayed ever since. After his initial English hit, '24 Hours to Tulsa', in 1963, Pitney became a fixation with English schoolgirls, in the middle-to-late '60's, until his marriage which seems to have dampened his popularity. Prior to this he was a solely U.S. idol with American hits like 'Every Breath I Take' (1961), 'Man Who Shot Liberty Valance' (1962) and 'Mecca' (1963), and his hairstyle was the greasy, slicked back style, which he dropped in '63 for his familiar Italian style crop.

Young girls in England were fond of Pitney's slick, drama-packed stage act, which consisted of a transfixed facial expression, full of concentration, as he belted out powerful ballads in the soaring monotone, and his English hits include 'I'm Gonna Be Strong', 'Princess in Rags' and 'Backstage'.

Another favourite in the pre-Beatles '60-'62 era, was Brian Hyland, a small teenager (b. 1943) living in New York. At school, aged 12, he formed a group, the Delphis, for local appearances. If you saw him in the street you wouldn't have taken any notice of him, something which

*The sun begins to set and it's time to go home. But, Lynn and Johnny find a moment to sit alone together beneath a friendly tree. Here, they whisper their secret thoughts to each other — and Lynn feels a tear in her eye, for soon she must wake up and her beautiful dream will be over. Over, that is, until tomorrow night.*

applied to many of the teen idols. They were ordinary city kids, a few with latent talent, but all with shrewd entrepreneurs. Yet Hyland became a star through his second record on the 'Leader' label (a subsidiary of 'Kapp' to which he was switched). This was a song which at the time, 1960, would have given any singer a hit, 'Tsy Witsy Teeny Weeny Yellow Polka Dot Bikini'. Monumentally unbearable to many, it became vocal record of the year. Dave Kapp who produced it had begged its writers to let the unknown Hyland have it, rather than a name artist. Hyland failed to follow it up on subsequent 'Kapp' releases (his follow up, almost identical, was

called 'Lopsided, overloaded and it wiggled when we rode it').

However, when he joined A.B.C. — Paramount in 1961 he was given a series of songs to record which gave him a hat-trick of hits between '61 — '62 — 'Ginny Come Lately', 'Sealed With A Kiss' and 'Warm Over Kisses'. As with most of the others, he hit the skids when the Beatles established themselves in America in '64, but did pop up occasionally like in 1966 when he had a hit with 'The Joker Went Wild'. He is still recording regularly.

Teenybopper songs of this period were all personal comic book tragedies, each one an expose of some local 'bad-girl' or conversely 'girl-stealer', or innocent appraisals of the opposite sex. The titles are

*Soon it's snack-time, and Lynn finds herself spellbound as Johnny tells her of his hopes and dreams.*

illustrative: Runaround Sue, Jimmy's Girl, Hats Off To Larry, Venus In Blue Jeans, Hello Mary Lou, I Saw Linda Yesterday, Cathy's Clown, Take Good Care Of My Baby.

There were the time-honoured 'sick' songs, once a perennial non-event in pop, inevitably topping the US charts and causing false concern. Such songs as Endless Sleep (1958) TeenAngel (1960) and the classic Tell Laura I Love Her (1961) contain strong melodies which made them more credible and dramatic. TeenAngel is about a couple who scramble from their car after it has stalled at an open level crossing. The chick, unfortunately for her, goes back to get her class pin (symbol of teenage love) and gets bopped by the oncoming train thus becoming the first teenangel, to whom her boyfriend laments in the song. These songs are (or were) essentially an American teen pre-occupation, the last big hit in this style which I can recall being Frank J. Wilson and the Cavaliers' 'Last Kiss' which sold a million in the States on the Josie label, (1964) which told the story of another hideous crash and another dying chick.

The essential difference between the new wave of teen idols and their predecessors, the wild men of rock and roll, was that the former had no stage act to speak of, and relied on hit records so that you were literally only as good as your last record. It was a desperate scramble.

But you couldn't blame them — they were just ordinary teenagers pushed from a semi-pro situation straight into the full limelight. When sharing the bills with some of the rockers on whose ground they'd begun to infringe, teen idols such as Jimmy Clanton and Fabian were usually eclipsed by the on-stage dynamics of Jerry Lee Lewis or even unknown but professional rockers.

As they came into their own, however, hackneyed presentation was accepted and indeed their gentle finger-snapping with one hand while holding the mike with the other was all that was expected. The groups like the 'Crests' ('16 Candles' etc.) & Dion & Belmonts would have corny routines, the harmonists crowding round one mike on a stand while the lead would be the mobile asset.

Bobby Rydell was dynamic in a brassy night clubby way. Very few used guitars on stage but those that did, like the Everly Brothers and Del Shannon, gave a far more concentrated, genuine performance than the contrived acts of the others.

You just had to look sweet and honest, there was no need for sub-

stars but also T.V./movie stars, although the former were predominant. Features like so and so answers 40 intimate questions, or so and so's personal scrap-book 'Why I need someone to love me' by Paul Anka, and so on.

There was also a photo page for newcomers on record (it's interesting to see who made it and who didn't) and a double page pin-up spread in the middle. Funny how they used to pose in those days. Most portraits were deliberately blurred (probably to conceal poxy complexions!), faces were shined up with make-up cream and the lopsided grin/snarl originated by Elvis 4 or 5 years earlier in the rock era and popularised by Ricky Nelson, was favoured.

There was even a section for 'The Bandstand Regulars' a cliquey group of teenagers, mostly couples, who appeared on Dick Clark's 'Bandstand' dancing and talking, etc. They were all local and mostly of Italian extraction and the rule was that on your 16th birthday you had to opt out and be replaced by a younger newcomer.

*They take a slow walk up the hill, and Johnny explains the technicalities of football to Lynn. Then ...*

stance — and this also applied to the albums of the day. That is to say there were no good albums, just a hit and fillers run off within two sessions. Occasionally you'd get a reasonable album, within the idiom, but chances are that it would contain previous singles compounded.

Book covers in pop are not a recent innovation: Presley introduced them

*... It's time for a fast ride on the hobby-horses — and Johnny holds Lynn to keep her from falling off.*

on his 'Golden Records' album in 1958, and they became fairly regular around 1960, amongst the bigger teen names, with full page pin-ups on each outer cover, carefully posed, blurred and retouched so that by the time you bought the final jacket you may as well have had an oil painting of the artist to gaze at as you listened to your 'instant obsolescence'. R.C.A. 'Teenscene' record player (complete with built-in tone control!) I recall a U.S. issued only L.P. by Jimmy Clanton called 'Jimmy Happy, Jimmy Blue', with a happy-faced Clanton on the front cover and a sad pose on the back and lots of pictures in between. The record played correspondingly. Also the book covers on Bobby Rydell's 'Greatest Hits' albums (Vol. 1 & 2) had removable pre-cut colour pics so that you could take them out leaving a cardboard skeleton of a cover riddled with square gaps — I guess you were supposed to dispose of it like a cornflake packet after you'd cut out the competition form. Every major artist had a presentation book cover album issued, usually at the height of his teen idol stage.

The top teen magazine through the years from its conception in 1959, when such a market began, was '16'. Its editor was a girl, Gloria Winters, who was totally dedicated to supplying the needs of the teens in print. Well set out, with good photographs and varied features it sold very well and provides an excellent who's who in the Teenybop world through the years. It didn't always concentrate on young record

The age of innocence is gone. Children mature earlier, bubblegum bursts. Love and sex are expressed and represented more than ever on record, but you can't fool anybody — it's easy to tell the honest sentiments from the manufactured, whereas before it was impossible. And while the '70's bring a whole lot of

ex-teen idols disclaiming their past, the breed will always exist, more a minority than in the past, as an outlet for escapism, or for those whose mental faculty, through being too young, does not permit them to appreciate the new higher levels of pop which began with the Beatles and has continued into the '70's.

Yet it's a pity that innocence is gone, for perhaps neurosis is taking its place. I saw a 1961 Cliff Richard movie 'The Young Ones' a few weeks ago and somehow it seemed like 'Alice in Wonderland'.

Anyone interested in further extracts or more details of Teenybopper and Bubblegum music write to Robert Finnis c/o OZ.



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# Satan's slaves read books

Jim Anderson.



Warm weather arrives and with it an unprecedented flock of books to read. Where are we supposed to read them? Sitting in the sun in Hyde Park or tripping out on mescaline in the country? I suppose publishers make some distinction between what they release in the autumn (tending to be heavier, more polemical, suitable for ploughing through in armchairs before a fire) and what they release in the spring, but the distinction is hardly apparent. The twelve new paperbacks put out by *Paladin* with titles from *The Politics of Ecstasy* to *Russia in Revolution* are clearly aimed to appeal to the Underground and its camp followers, or at least to such of them as can still read. I don't see Lee Heiter, for example, getting too much out of Leslie A. Feidler's *Love and Death in the American Novel* (15/-), the basic theme of which is that American literature is incapable of dealing with adult sexuality and is pathologically obsessed with death. If you can get into it, however, you will find the book morbidly fascinating, and will get bitter pleasure from such illustrative extracts as this one, from a novel by Paul Bowles:

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

As well he might. It was almost a relief to turn to Robert Taber's *The War of the Flea* (7/-) which is a study of guerrilla warfare in both theory and practice—how to fuck-up the system from Cyprus to Cuba. "The guerrilla fighter fights the war of the flea, and his military enemy suffers the dog's disadvantages: too much to defend, too small, ubiquitous, and agile an enemy to come to grips with." It's a good book. Taber was the first journalist to conduct a TV interview with Castro, in the Sierra Maestra, and when the book was published in 1965, the entire first edition was bought up by the US Army. The Viet Cong must use an even better book, or maybe it's just that they don't read at all. Bernard Heuvelmans' *On the Track of Unknown Animals* is all about Abominable Snowmen, Tasmanian Tigers, New Zealand moas, Australian bunyips, giant anacondas, Arctic mammoths, the red-haired pygmies of the jungles of West Africa...the book is fascinating and fantastic (in the literal sense) and after you've read it, visit the zoo and look at the aardvarks, which are just like the monsters that terrify the shit out of you in your worst nightmares. Huizinga's *Homo Ludens* (12/-) is

not as frothy a read as Richard Neville's *Play Power*, but it has never been available here in paperback before and it is the classic study of culture as play and of man's instinct for play (now being developed to an outrageous extent by drop-outs from San Francisco to Goa). Huizinga notes that "modern warfare has...lost all contact with play...genuine play...ought to see civilisation returning to the great archaic forms of recreation where ritual style and dignity were in perfect unison."

The other *Paladin* book which I liked was Jeff Nuttall's *Bomb Culture*, which as Nuttall himself says "is primarily for squares" who no doubt appreciate remarks such as "the decline of the anti-bomb movement in 1962 left us stranded in the

seemingly unconcerned about the obvious fact that somewhere along the line the man who makes electronic equipment is the same as the man who grows marihuana.

"(3) The culture was drowned in political violence. The Yippies, militant hippies who fought the battles of Chicago and People's Park, Berkley, were led by men like Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman, whose way of thinking was still very largely cultural, a natural development of a Haight-Ashbury thinking. Following the Chicago fiasco, however, a branch of the SDS (Students for a Democratic Society) broke away, proclaimed themselves allies of the Viet Cong and declared war formally on the United States. The Weathermen, spurred on by Mark Rudd who

abstraction and children would rather embrace the Mafia than their own parents. How far is it possible to castrate the bulls of war with their own horns without, oneself, becoming addicted to blood, is the ultimate problem a successful Underground will have to face."

To me that sounds like the same old alcoholic pessimism.

*Paladin's* twelve new titles have been issued under the belief that there is an expanding market for this sort of book among young people. They did their market research and they are probably right and tens of thousands of copies will be sold. The fact that there are companies like *Paladin* to disseminate vast quantities of words to vast quantities of people, enables companies at the other end of the scale, like Cape Goliard, to justify their rather precious existence. Cape Goliard puts out about fifteen titles a year, mostly of poetry from the poetic avant-garde, prints about three thousand of each, sells them at a very reasonable price, considering the beauty and individuality of the book in each particular case, and manages to keep its head above water financially by the sale of signed editions to collectors, who are prepared to pay a lot for those famous signatures. They mostly concentrate on authors who have established a reputation for sound political sense as well as poetic brilliance. People like Michael McClure, Antonio Cisneros, Pablo Neruda, Charles Olson, Adrian Mitchell and Allen Ginsberg. Their edition of Ginsberg's *Wales: A Visitation* has the most beautiful Japanese end papers, from which the curled dark brown wood fibres can be picked with your fingernail. In May, Cape Goliard are putting out William Burroughs' film script *The Last Words of Dutch Schultz*, which will cost 16/-, only a shilling more than *Paladin's Pursuit of the Millennium* by Norman Cohn; a cheapness made possible by the fact that the company is run from a converted stable (office, recreation work/play upstairs, printing press downstairs) at Swiss Cottage, by two long-haired guys whose motive is not so much profit as preservation of works which they regard as valuable. I'm all for ephemerality myself, but I suppose there is room in art for a sense of history, a refined taste, and Art with a capital A. Cape Goliard has a nice medieval flavour about it, and what they are doing could well be emulated by the hippie communes scattered about affluent western society, who should be able to come to terms with mechanisation enough to get along with a printing press.

Leonard Cohen's *Beautiful Losers* (paperback) is available at last in England. I haven't had time to read it, but Clem Weight who has, found it "rich, sexy, and satisfyingly light-hearted", with lots of mind-blowing erotic episodes. It's loosely written, introspective, very Canadian, and worth buying.



unbearable." The most interesting thing about *Bomb Culture* is the way it illustrates the vast difference between those who were doing their thing before the psychedelic revolt and those whom it caught at the right moment. I wonder if Jeff still drinks as much as he used to. In a 1970 postscript he says

"(1) Underground art, wed as it was in the Arts Lab movement to social and psychological preoccupations, finally drowned in those preoccupations. At the Drury Lane Arts Lab it became difficult to stage events because to many people the theatre was a bedroom and the performers were interlopers. The perpetual recording of pot-smoking and copulation on videotape did little to fill the creative void that was left. Without art the movement died.

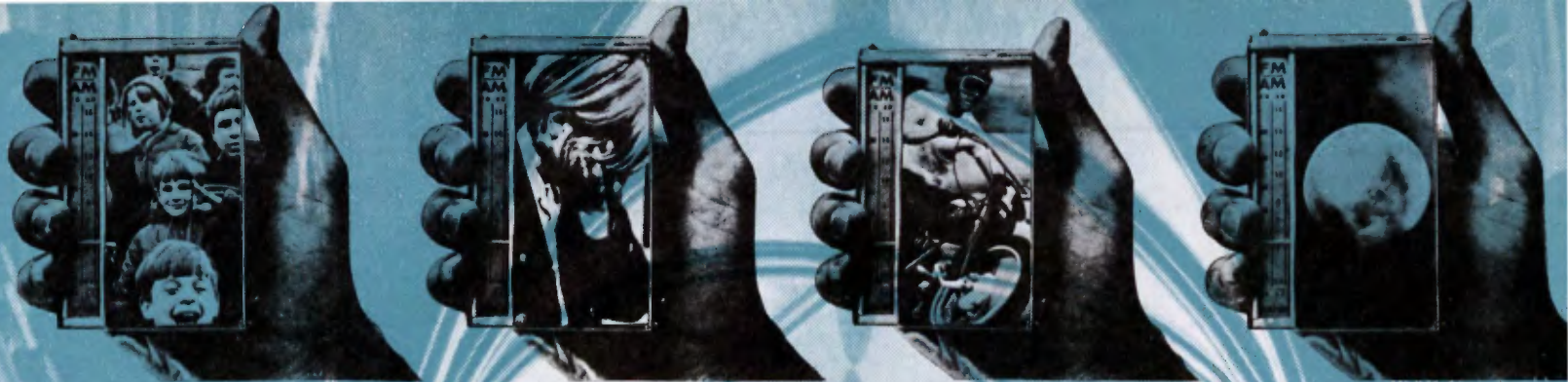
"(2) The culture was drowned in a massive commercialisation subtly different from the one which it escaped in the early Sixties. Colossal pop festivals at the Isle of Wight and Woodstock, and the Rolling Stones concert at which four died and four were born, were remarkable for showing that young people had dropped out of one economic power structure into another that was, if anything, more vicious and stultifying. They lay in their thousands, unbelievably docile, whilst the loudspeakers and the cannabis exercised a control more complete than that of any police force,

was prominent in the Columbia University uprising, but without official leaders or ranks apart from the division into local "chapters" in the manner of Hell's Angels, have wreaked a measure of violence in Clevedon, Detroit, Chicago and New York which the world dare not accurately report... Slogans like: "Get rid of the slime. Grab the time. Power to the people"; like: "Bring the war back home"; like "Off the pig" meaning "Kill coppers" declare a profound hatred for straight society that is perhaps most pointedly expressed in the applause for Sharon Tate's supposed murderer Charles Manson, not only from those cheering teenagers who line the road as for royalty whenever Manson is moved from jail to jail, but also by a women's subsection of the Weathermen, one of whom said "Think of the beauty of those people eating a meal alongside those stuck pigs."

"The common factor between the Weathermen, the skinheads and Manson's murderous coven (Manson was consciously militant enough to prepare combat vehicles for the Panthers armoured with prepared animal skins) is a compulsive violence which will quickly spend itself unless a culture of violence is kept alive to feed it. Otherwise it becomes the dim reflection of horror in a world where horror is unrelieved.

"For the Western world is so disgraced in the eyes of its children that morality has become a laughable





# Crazy Otto sheds his guilt



When London bobbies nabbed Warhol's *Flesh* at the Open Space, the double standard sham of British film censorship was exposed without being resolved. Since Britain has no constitution guaranteeing freedom of expression, as in the United States, a Supreme Court decision (such as will probably eventuate from the nabbing of Warhol's *Fuck* (*Blue Movie*) by New York cops) will not define cinema's freedom, and London will lag far behind Copenhagen as a centre for free expression.

The screening of Andrew Noren's *Kodak Ghost Poems* late one night in the same month as *Flesh* was busted as part of a New American Cinema program at the NFT points up the double standard: for *Kodak Ghost Poems* contains scenes of sexual explicitness much more offensive to police standards than Joe D'Allasandro's hard on in *Flesh*. Noren's self-revealing camera records close-up views of his wife's cunt, his prick as she blow-jobs him, and their interlocked genitals in a back-bending fuck. This film is not offered as part of the official touring program of the New York Museum of Modern Art, currently playing in European cities, but there is no reason for Moma's Larry Kardish to fear in Germany, for film-makers of the European underground regularly screen films of much heavier content without fear of prosecution: Germany seems likely to soon follow Denmark's example and abolish the pornography clause from its legal code.

The strongest films of the German underground are of happenings by Vienna artist Otto Muehl, forced by Austrian repression to perform his actions in Germany, where the outraged bourgeoisie find police unwilling to back their puritan cause. Films of actions of Muehl are records for posterity, weapons in sexual liberation able to be shown in places Otto can't perform. They function like the American Marxist *Newsreels*, as propaganda capable of infiltrating wide areas of consciousness.

For Otto Muehl (and most Viennese film-makers) film is "Shift...a technical means of recording". Otto is unimpressed by "the magnetic attraction to idiots" that film has, and his feature *Sodoma* (1970) is a collection of previous films, anthologising his most scandalous works in an assault on audience sensibilities. Muehl is concerned to make scandals, to make audiences aware of their own "conventionally perverted attitudes, to make them aware of the stupidity of paying to see another man fuck, and hovering on the outside instead of participating in the action themselves.

"I'm for lewdness, for the demythologisation of sexuality... I'm against the philistine porno-film, against pornography of the businessman," says Muehl, and to prove it he fucks, shits, pisses, and masturbates on stage in orgies faithfully recorded by Kurt Kren, Ernst Schmidt, Hans Scheufl and other film-making compatriots. In *Sodoma* one can see Otto pissing on a girl, being shat on by another, having shit rubbed in his face, fucking a woman covered in blood, vegetables and garbage, filling cunts with eggs, sausages, metal rods, and (predictably) pricks. In this film is also an action by exiled Viennese artist Gunter Brus, where he gains "satisfaction" shifting from a surreal wheeled contraption. Dr. Peter Gorsen, a German authority on erotic art, appears in another action in drag, masturbating as his wife shits in Otto's face before blowing him.

The films of Otto Muehl are as much against the fashionable wife-swapper, as against the rigid puritan. If you enjoy swinging group-sex, go to Vienna to one of Crazy Otto's orgies. You will find your wife painted, sprayed, vomited on, and probably murdered, for Muehl sees this as much the right of artists as it already is for politicians and scientists. In *Silent Night* (Hans Peter Kockenrath 1970) a Muehl Christmas action is recorded, showing the slaughter of a live pig on stage, its hot blood

splattered over Muehl's wife, and its entrails stuck in her cunt preparatory to Otto fucking her.

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

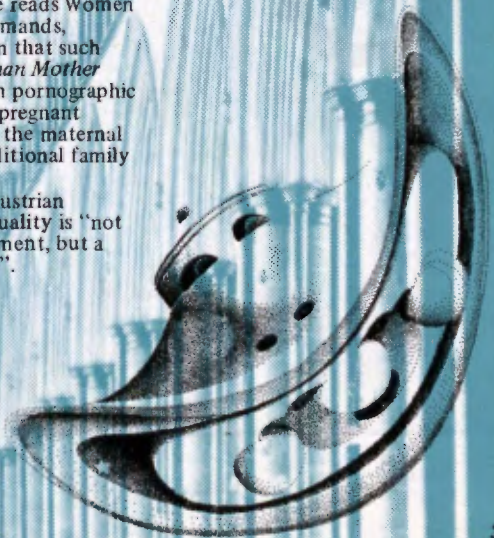
Ed Sommer, who filmed Nitsche's Munich action a few hours before police arrived to try and prevent it, makes films with his wife firm as weapons in the fight for sexual liberation and the abandonment of Germany's pornographic laws. *The Breast* (1969) and *Rhythmus* (1970) feature close-up shots of breasts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

In these German and Austrian underground films, sexuality is "not a state-preserving sacrament, but a mere physical function". Like the films of the Viennese *Expanded Cinema* group, and *Screen* in Cologne, they are anti-aesthetic,

against concepts of beauty ("romantic") and against established concepts of film as art. They are being made at a time when Hollywood produced titillating sexual fetish fantasies, and the aesthetic spawn of Hollywood from New York to Europe produce sexploitation flicks which in an honest system would be screened in masturbatoriums rather than in the plastic palaces of commercial cinema.

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

Albie Thoms





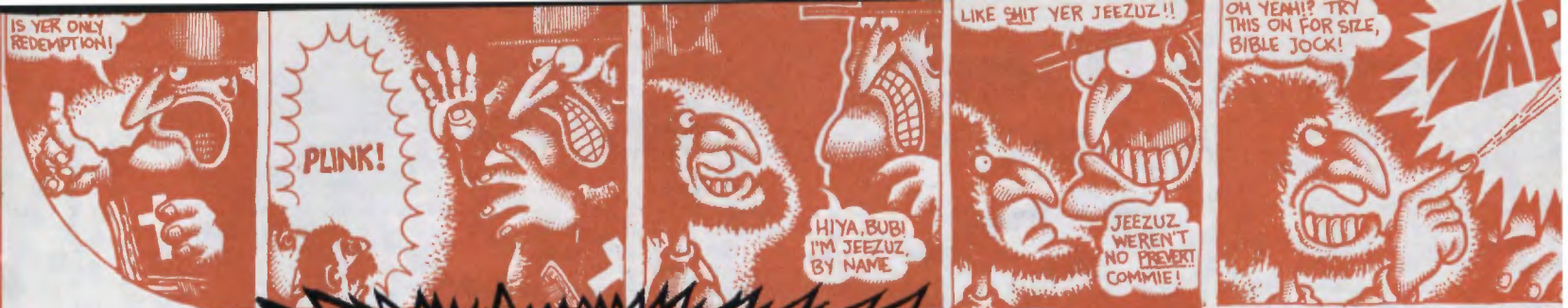
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## GUERRILLA BOP

### Record Reviews

#### Permanent Damage G.T.O.'S

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

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

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

Basically this record is twenty-nine minutes and twenty eight seconds of sound collage from five chicks who make up Girls Together Outrageously, (G.T.O.'s), that's Miss Pamela, Miss Sandra, Miss Cinderella, Miss Christine and lawdy miss clawdy Miss Mercy. They sing whimsy, paranoid songs and rap, often self-consciously, amongst themselves about AMERICA / high school/balling/bobby sox/balling/soft consumer environment/cars/balling/T.V./stuffed bras/balling/pop stars and, you guessed it, pop stars balling. They're at their best, their funniest, (though I guess this record isn't about being funny), on subjects close to their heart, i.e. adolescence, adolescents and balling. The telephone conversation with the Plaster Casters of Chicago is a joy but the music. . . ? . . well that's another trip altogether. If it's parody, it's stretching the bubblegum a little too tight for me, and if it's not, then what in Christ Jesus is Zappa playing about with? (O.K., don't answer that, I know. . . our heads.)

But no body knows what is happening in America, least of all on an island 4000 miles away, separated both in terms of distance, and more important, by a lying, corrupt media, printing only the news they feel is

'fit to print'. How many times have we watched a live-relay satellite transmission of a ghetto riot, of armoured cars rumbling through the streets of Berkeley, or the Weathermen and State Troopers dancing their fearful, deadly pas de deux. Funny how we only get to see moon capsules and Royal visits isn't it? But just occasionally we're given a fleeting glimpse of near-naked reality in the U.S., and as often as not it's through American music, or their tough, professional underground press. That's what this record is all about, and that's why, although I don't like to admit it, this record leaves me scared shitless.

Felix Dennis.

#### Volunteers Jefferson Airplane

In the States they so nearly have a revolution. Everything there is so wired up it's ready to blow. The Jefferson Airplane is a body of people who have always been very involved in the American front, and now, for those of us who might still doubt it, they have finally declared themselves Volunteers.

The album starts with their thumbs up/thumbs down song of the revolution, 'We Can Be Together'. ('up against the wall motherfucker — tear down the wall...'). They use their unique Airplane harmonies and straining guitar/piano, the sound that brought together the West Coast. This song holds so much energy — Nicky Hopkins hammering, Jorma like an immense electric crow and Grace and Marty Balin shouting and stomping, ending with that ultimate question posed on 'Baxters', 'Won't You Try?'

From then on the album assumes that you have already tried. It takes you through the Airplane at their best and most thoughtful, with some fellow conspirators, (like Garcia, Crosby, Hopkins and Stills), and finally leaves you, in the last song, Volunteers, with a direction — 'come on now, we're marching to the sea, got a revolution, got to revolution.

'Volunteers' is a very complete trip — the lyrics harness the spirit of our revolution and merge perfectly with some powerful and ego-free instrumentation and production. This is to a great extent due to Grace Slick's ability to use her voice as an instrument, and on 'Volunteers' she leaves behind even the best of 'Baxters' or 'Crown of Creation' — listen to 'Hey Frederick'.

The marvellous thing about people like the Airplane or the Dead is their commitment, which is the source of most of their power — and this is where it's at with many of the best American groups; whereas in England we have half of the Beatles retiring into photogenic middle-age or the Stones caught in the dazzle of swinging London. In

'Volunteers', the wired-up, freaky power cannot fail to hit you, (just listen to it anywhere near some acid), and will ultimately force you into commitment. Feed and water your flag.

Paul Bandey.

#### Mona Mick Farren

When Felix asked me to do this piece I was somewhat apprehensive, since it is totally impossible to view one's own work objectively. All I can really do is attempt to explain my motives for producing the album and leave it to the listener to assess whether or not it succeeds in its purpose.

In the middle fifties our western culture underwent a change with the advent of rock-and-roll, the event that Eldridge Cleaver describes as 'a new awareness and enjoyment of the flesh, a new appreciation of the possibilities of the body. . .'. The underground is essentially the product of this awareness, and it is this same awareness that has made this generation resist the conditioning that seeks to turn it into a docile, unthinking labour force. Our administrators have become alarmed at this situation and it is their panic that becomes manifest in incidents like the Chicago and Berkeley riots and the enforcement of the narcotics law to the point of absurdity.

This is the basic story on the album, the use of Bo Diddley's 'Mona' treated in a primitive, almost tribal manner, attempts to state the essential physical awareness. The rest of the material illustrates the paranoia that has been forced upon us as a result of this awareness. Much of the material has been randomly recorded and by its juxtaposition with the rest of the track produces discords and often warring relationships in terms of sounds. Fear, however, is not a tidy, precise emotion; it is desperate, shifting and irregular. There is little harmony in the life in which the threat of the MAN coming to take you away is ever present.

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

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

Mick Farren.



SONUVABITCH! AFTER ALL THESE YEARS I FINALLY COME BACK AND LOOK WHAT HAPPENS!



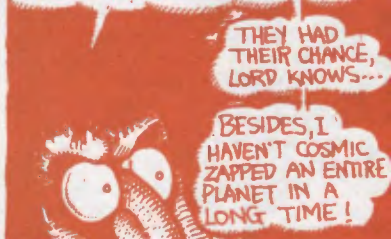
WHAT A DRAG! AFTER 2,000 YEARS COPS ARE STILL BEATING PEOPLE IN THE STREETS...



...AND PEOPLE ARE STILL GOING TO WAR IN THE NAME OF MY INTERGALACTIC FATHER!...



I TOLD THOSE STUPID MORTALS I'D KICK THEIR ASSES IF I CAUGHT THEM DOING THAT STUFF AGAIN!



WOW! I BET MY OLD MAN'S GONNA BE PISSED AT WHAT I DID...

HE'S GETTING TOO CONSERVATIVE IN HIS OLD AGE ANYWAY...

...IT'S GETTING SO YOU CAN'T TRUST ANYONE OVER 30 BILLION ANY-MORE!





# Grateful Deadly

## Record reviews

### Live/Dead The Grateful Dead

I can think of no extant rock band with as impressive a mythology as that of the Dead; their name evokes a darkly glamorous collection of names — Owsley, Kesey, Leary, Tom Wolfe, Hell's Angels. It is hard to say whether this double is an attempt to be the iconoclast or the celebration of this myth. On the sleeve the stars of that flag (again) vaporize into the skull and crossbones and a regal ghost rises from a coffin that might just as well have 1967 written on it; open the sleeve and there are all the people really out there in the street — no bells, no paint, but arms and fingers up in the air like a field of stubble. And yet the music has an intelligence and a beauty (of the unselfconscious and uncivilized variety) that does not belong to that era at all, nor does it have the aggressiveness that now has currency with Zappa, Beefheart, Love and other survivors of the times. Listening to it, though, it is difficult to put aside the feel of the past, especially when the Dead themselves slip back so easily into it, as on 'Death don't have no mercy' which is very close to their first L.P. (and incidentally, reminiscent of Country Joe and the Fish).

The Dead have been developing along a line tangential to the mainstream 'heaviness' of most rock. 'Anthem to the Sun' and 'Aoxomoxoa' explored and *used* rather than made, music, and it was good, generally, although it was often meretricious, inarticulate and uninteresting. Some of this remains too; 'Feedback' is basically exactly that, and eight minutes of it becomes boring. But this is the only self-indulgent thing on the double, and I find it surprising, really. But it *is* live, and there are people listening and yelling, and you have to play human music to a streetful of people.

Contrary to recent reports, there are only 2 tracks on this album. The first one lasts three sides, and by the end of it the band is rather tired. The first side is called 'Dark Star' and is very good indeed; in fact, it sets a standard that the rest of the album doesn't accomplish. Garcia dominates this number, as he does throughout. He plays beautifully, lyrically, and with what can only be described as taste. 'Dark Star' is really a very long (23 minutes) guitar solo, punctuated twice — almost gratuitously — by a couple of lines of vocal and backed by equally improvised percussion. It ends as arbitrarily as it begins, and Garcia hardly changes pace or volume all the way through, yet I have seldom heard so satisfactory a piece of music. It establishes an almost coincidental but obviously very familiar relationship between the musicians, and it is exactly this relationship that makes the record so good.

'Star' becomes 'Saint Stephen' and 'The Eleven' on side two and fades into a mock rumba, which, when you turn the record over, becomes recognizable as 'Turn on your love-light', a long, rambling semi-scatological version of the soul number with heavy drums, lots of shouting, wind-up bass lines, talking to the audience, the whole bit. It is the climax to the L.P. and it almost falls flat on its face. There are a couple of near-disasters from the rhythm section (not easily mistaken for clever stuff) and Garcia's address to the crowd.

'You fellers may have a little trouble... Wake up in the mornin' have no-one by your side... but that's your fault, ain't none o' mine... unless I stole her... But you better take your hands out of your pockets... Yeah, I said you better take your hands out of your pockets...'

One is tempted to remark that an audience that plays trouser billiards is likely to go to see a winking band. But somehow or other it survives. It's not particularly well played and it's pretty self-conscious, but it's done with such drive, such enjoyment and joy that it makes it, and it makes you uncritical. I suppose that 'Turn on your love-light' is also a throwback to their first L.P., 'Morning Dew' and 'Good Morning Little Schoolgirl' and stuff like that, and the predominance it's given here makes me suspect that it's really where the Dead are at.



which is a bit surprising. Side Four has the beautiful 'Death don't have no mercy'. So here you have the three faces of the Grateful Dead: the Beautiful Acid band, the Electronic Buzz band, and the In The Streets And Rocking band. It's a record to buy for the same reasons as you buy all the Beatles' albums, or go to see the latest Antonioni film — not for a cosmic emotional experience, or a divine aesthetic experience or to bolster a dream of joyous proletarian fornication blocking the streets of Weybridge but just to know where the really important bands are standing, on the corners of which roads.

Mal Peet

### Your Saving Grace Steve Miller Band

Where is the beautiful Steve Miller of yesteryear, those rippling melodies, the surging, spliced rhythms that used to flow from the Wharfedales? Where are the Living in the U.S.A.'s, the Children Of The Future's, even the Kow-Kow's? Where are those wonderful Saturday afternoons in the old Biba's shuffling to the everpopular Songs for our Ancestors? Still there, so shut up and pass the joint.

Your Saving Grace is a big advance on Brave New World, deceptively simpler in style, but much stronger. Nicky Hopkins is contributing even more to the Miller sound. His compatibility with Miller grows and grows. Brave New World was a sharp drop from Sailor, but Your Saving Grace is back with the class, with Nicky's help. There's an old mate of Miller's on keyboards as well, called Ben Sidran. It seems keyboards are King.

Miller's four albums are remarkably similar in style considering the vast superficial changes that have been tossed around in music in the last two years. His change has been to move into simpler presentation. This is the reverse of the Beatles for instance, where they connected the pieces, he's separated them; no more of the

forewarning of a change of gear, which used to be one of the Miller hallmarks. No more of between-track titivation, just straight Steve. This also means whatever you've got — it's all showing. And Miller's faults become blatant; the occasional oversweet melody or voice, the obvious borrowing of a rhythm. But the snatch of melody in the middle of 'Baby's House' is as good as anything on side two of Abbey Road, and the rearguard of Tim Davis and Lonnie Turner on drums and bass is incomparable.

How is it possible for Decca to discover 14 new groups in the last two months with enough quality to be put on 14 L.P.'s? Why are new American L.P.'s being released much more quickly here? Because there's so much garbage around, businessmen have got to flood the market to get a return, or when the quality is poor, increase the quantity, so people won't lose interest.

Reenter Miller. Whilst all about him are falling to the arrows of soft schmaltz and ratty reincarnation of the fifties, he is holding the fort for the future. See tracks 1 and 4 both sides.

T.R. Zelinka

### AN OLD RAINCOAT WON'T EVER LET YOU DOWN — ROD STEWART

Rod Stewart, an old faithful from Wardour Street Blue Bomber days, thin faced, tight lipped with neat, backcombed hair, reminiscent of pill king Townshend before Peter became a 'composer' and forgot he was just a rock and roll star. Rod, 'The Mod', working out on stage with the roaring Steam Packet. Auger abusing his Hammond, Miss Driscoll dreaming thighs and splintering tambourines and head and shoulders above the rest, big daddy Baldry. (Long John you sell out cocksucker — Cyril Davis is turning in his grave), belting out them Hoochie Coochie Mojo Workin' Boss Man Blues. Remember British R & B?

A mod singing the blues! Full of surprises is Rod. Joining Jeff Beck for

instance, though certainly it produced a combination, which musically speaking justified Stewart's uneasy personal relations with Beck. (Recently Rod commented to a Rolling Stone reporter, '... I never once looked him in the eyes offstage. ...') And now, stepping into Stevie Marriot's shoes, though nobody could doubt his ability to fill them. On paper it might look crazy but a surprising number of people, myself included, had a lot of respect for that raw, Small Faces touch; and Rod could put them through so many changes. Then this 'Raincoat' album, recorded just prior to his final States tour with Beck. What can you say about an L.P. that comes straight out of the blue and leaves you scratching your head wondering why he never did it before.

Repeat the title and you get to know what this record's all about. Five of the compositions are by Rod himself and not a bummer amongst them — any one would make a respectable single. A shattering arrangement of Mike D'Abo's best song to date, 'Handbags and Gladrags', (with D'Abo sitting in on piano), a gutsy, earthy production of 'Man Of Constant Sorrow'; 'Street Fighting Man' with the lyrics audible at long last, and as an amazing last track, the kitchen sink tear jerker by Ewan McColl, 'Dirty Old Town'. Somehow you can tell Stewart's in love with that song; to sing it like he does he must have wanted to record it badly, for years. All backed superbly. Martin Pugh and Martin Quittenton on guitars, Ian MacLagen on piano and organ and Ron Wood and Michael Waller blowing together on bass and drums like they'd been members of the same band for years. This record has hardly left my turntable since it arrived. Its' unique in its unconscious merging of so many forms of music, traditional folk, (Rod's first roots and love), sung in that harsh, gritty blues voice and supported on yer actual, world renowned, hard driving English electric rock, at its head widening best. Life's full of surprises.

Felix Dennis.

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**Al Kooper:** composes, arranges, performs, produces his own music and records. Alone on "You never know who your friends are". Together with Mike Bloomfield on "Super Session". Also on "Live Adventures of Mike Bloomfield and Al Kooper."

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