

7-1968

OZ 14

Paul Lawson
Editor

Follow this and additional works at: <https://ro.uow.edu.au/ozlondon>

Recommended Citation

Lawson, Paul, (1968), OZ 14, OZ Publications Ink Limited, London, 48p.
<https://ro.uow.edu.au/ozlondon/14>

OZ 14

Description

Editor: Paul Lawson. Design: Rick Cuff / Paul Lawson. Photography: Keith Morris / Steve Dwoskin. Advertising: John Leaver. Oz Workers Co-op: Jenny Crowe, Pauline Carter, Tim Epps, Andrew Fisher, Richard Neville, Mazin Zeki Merge Reagan. Pusher: Anou.

Contents: The Doors *Waiting For the Sun* and Roundhouse appearance ad. Berke's Bourgeoise – a Lexicon compiled by Joe Berke. Soldiers with decapitated men photo – 'Where We're At'. 'Trip Without a Ticket' – 4p on the Diggers. 'Towards the New Synthesis' by Herman Kahn. Dr Hip Ocrates. "Ensure Confusion – every OZ is different" editorial, subscription & back issues. *Peace News*, Apple (a small ad that appears twice), Deviants, *Time Out* and Dr Alan Cohen lecture tour ads. Full page Martin Sharp cartoon strip. Full page Apple ad with text by Miles. 'Fading Freedoms/Latent Fascisms' part 3 by Raymond Durnat. IT subscription form. 'The Yellow-on-Orange-Press' by Sheldon Williams. 'Anti-U' – the London Anti-University by Alan Krebs. 'Anti-U2' by Bill Mason. Ad for the Institute of Phenomenological Studies Dialectics of Liberation LP recordings. '3rd World' – Norodom Sihanouk on Cambodia. 'The Hair of Fabian Douglas' – a 5p tale from 'The Alf-Back' by Neil Douglas about a boy expelled from an Australian school for having long hair. 'Law & Order & Justice ho ho!' a documentary about colour prejudice in the police force with credits to the BBC, Black Dwarf & Black Panthers. *Viva Che!* Lorrimer Publishing ad. The Electric Circus – devoted to the environment with an 'Octahedron House' cut-out plan. '1+1 +J-LG' 2 or 3 tapes of a press conference with Jean-Luc Godard. Jefferson Airplane pic & ideal LP compilation by John Leaver. MGM Records ad. 'Czechs Told' by Richard Deutscher. 'Chicago' - Eugene Schonfield on Yippies and demos.

Publisher

OZ Publications Ink Limited, London, 48p

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.

OPK



OZ 14

Editor: Paul Lawson
Design: Rick Cuff / Paul Lawson
Photography: Keith Morris / Steve Dwoskin
Advertising: John Leaver
Oz Workers Co-op: Jenny Crowe, Pauline Carter, Tim Epps, Andrew Fisher, Richard Neville, Mazin Zeki Marge Reagan,
Pusher: Anou

Dear Sir,

I have just received for the first time a copy of OZ. I have been trying to find out what issue it is, and have not, and that is the trouble with your Publication. Let me explain:

I found this issue on a seat whilst travelling on the tube and looking through it I was attracted by the colours; taking it home I began to read but found that several articles were unreadable:

1. Agit OZ. Why? Because there is a clash of colours and it strains one's eyes to read. Finding it so I passed an article which I most likely should have enjoyed.
2. Agit 2: White print on a pink background.
3. White print on green background. They can't be read.
4. And last but by no means least, if you are going to reproduce nude or sex shots, do it so they can be seen.

I don't know if the faults listed above are due to failing sight or the fact that I'm reading—I broke off to write this letter—at night.

However, I've disregarded the former since I'm no way near the age of failing sight and have assumed that if the four faults are not justified then it must be due to the fact that I'm reading at night. If therefore, this is the case I still think, in the interest of gaining further readers, you discontinue from the above, because your publication would be limited only to day readers.

Put it to the test. Publish, not necessarily this letter but an edited version and ask your readers to comment. If you are not already aware of what I've written, you may very well be surprised. All the best.

Very truly yours,
E.Ernest.

2 Mortimer Road,
Kensal Rise,
London N.W.10.

For Andrew Fisher and David Spode. OZ 13.

Dear Sirs,

Zen is nothing
nothing is nothing

Zen is everything
everything is everything

Everything is nothing
Nothing, everything

Karl Hawkins.

1 Little Silver,
Exeter.

Dear Sir,

I returned a few weeks ago from India, where I had been meditating in a Buddhist monastery, and was pleased to see many signs that the London scene has become more turned-on. One of these hopeful signs appeared to be a new magazine called OZ which I had heard about through an interview on the radio with your editor. Finding myself very much in agreement with the views he was putting forward, I went out and bought a copy.

The magazine—an old one (OZ 12) as it turned out—opened out into large sheets covered with various games to play. (Bravo and all that for this original idea.) But I was amazed to read that these jolly pastimes were "based" on the teachings of Buddha. I could see no connection. It seems that Buddhism to you is just something to boost the swinging-trendy-groove image with which you push material that isn't really all that new. It's part of a snap-crackle-pop sensationalism, "guaranteed", as you say of the Indian religious instruction tract on page C, "to astonish English teenies everywhere."

What dismayed me most of all were these sentences taken from the statement which prefaced the whole production:

"Three of the four poster-sides represent three out of the four truths which comprise Buddhism. The fourth side—and thus the

fourth truth—had to be dropped because of extra advertising." So instead of the "Noble Eightfold Path which leads to the cessation of suffering", we get "personal products." I am invited to enlarge, not my consciousness, but my prick!

Poor us. Lost in a fog of confusion, we wander in circles, aimlessly. Buddhism offers us an escape into a place of light and peace. What hope is left to us when even Buddhism itself is made into just another game?

Yours sincerely,
Timothy Coakley.

4 Gascony Avenue,
London NW6.

Dear OZ,

On Friday, July 26 I took an overdose of sleeping-pills and was admitted to Kingston Hospital. On Saturday evening I was told that I was admitted compulsorily to Long Grove Mental Hospital. I was driven down by the Mental Welfare Officer together with my father.

When we arrived the door was locked. After a while somebody opened it but none of the nurses we spoke to at first could understand English. A nurse took me to a small, bare room next door to a room in which a woman was screaming. The nurse told me to undress but I did not; my handbag was emptied and all my possessions taken away. My father refused to leave until I was found a better place to sleep, so I was allowed to sleep in a dormitory near the Night-nurse. The Mental Welfare Officer apologised to my father afterwards for the poor reception we had had.

On Sunday morning I went to the staff-nurse's room and said that I could not stand the place and that I wanted to go home. She summoned three men who thrust me forcibly into a cell containing

THE **doors**



WAITING FOR THE SUN



SOLE BRITISH APPEARANCE WILL BE AT...
ROUND HOUSE
SEPTEMBER 6th. 7th. 7.30 till DAWN

DISTRIBUTED BY POLYDOR RECORDS LTD.

only a bed; the window was locked and shuttered so that no daylight came into the cell. But then I was extremely distressed; I took the mattress off the bed and rammed the door with the iron bedstead. The men returned, flung me on a mattress and held me down so that I could be given an injection. After that I was semi-conscious for the rest of the day. My father came during the visiting hour and was told he could not see me. He insisted and eventually the medical officer was telephoned and was asked to give his consent. My father was allowed to stay in the cell for the hour. I was lying on the mattress (the bedstead had been removed); no chair was provided for my father to sit on.

On Monday morning a woman doctor saw me and took a few notes; no treatment was mentioned. I was allowed to spend the rest of the day in the day-room with the other patients. I was not allowed to have my handbag and other possessions back, so, since I did not have my money, I could not buy cigarettes, as the other patients could. Monday night I spent in a small furnished room which was locked.

On Tuesday morning at a case conference it was decided that I was still a suicide risk and could not therefore be discharged, although the psychiatrist agreed with me that I was not in need of psychiatric treatment. The staff-nurse said that I was uncooperative so it was decided that I should not be allowed to wear my day clothes. I was then allowed to leave the case conference; I was disappointed not to be allowed home, so my first thought was to telephone my father. There were no telephones in the building for use by patients. To use one of the telephones in the grounds one has to be accompanied by a nurse.

No nurse had the time to escort me to the telephone, so I asked another patient to come with me, which he did. I was not able to get through to my father. On returning to the building I met the male staff-nurse who was waiting for me in the corridor.

He pushed me forcibly in to my room where the window had already been barred and locked and told me that the reason why I was being confined was that I had made a telephone call without being escorted by a nurse. He then locked the door after me. After knocking several times I was given a chamber-pot; later on I was allowed to have my book. Altogether I was on my own in the room for six hours, not knowing how long I was going to be kept there. At visiting time my father came and asked that I be discharged. This was allowed but, as it was against medical advice, he had to undertake to accept full responsibility for me for the remainder of the 28-day order.

[Name supplied but withheld]

Dear Sir,

We feel that the Prime Minister cannot totally take the blame for having to confer on M. Jean Roche an honorary degree at Bradford University.

A motion put before the Student Union Council at Bradford proposed that the University should be urged not to confer this honorary degree. Despite the fact that previously a general meeting of the Students Union had pledged solidarity with the French Students, the right wing extremists majority on the union council defeated this motion and this resulted in two of the council members resigning and expressions of extreme disgust from others who voted for the motion.

Yours in disgust,
A. Tuckman.
D. A. Martin.

27 Clive Terrace,
Bradford 7,
Yorkshire.

Dear OZ,

John Hopkins has sent me the following comment which no doubt applies to my Hippy High Hopes in OZ. I'm sure he wouldn't mind my sending it on to you and it may well express what many of your readers feel!

Ray Durnat

Dear Ray,

I have been reading your writing on and off for a few years. I must say that it is about time you started making constructive suggestions instead of putting everything down the whole time. All you are doing in fact is relaying your hang-ups to other people and increasing the number of general hang-ups.

It is a damn shame.

Best Wishes,
Hoppy.

DEAR OZ
AGIT 1, OZ13
JUST ABOUT SUMS
UP THE STUPIDITY
OF REVOLUTION -
for instance
"YOU ARE
WRESTLING WITH
THE ENEMIES OF
THE HUMAN RACE
NOT FOR YOURSELF
MERELY, FOR YOU
MAY NOT SEE
THE FULL DAY OF

LIBERTY, BUT FOR
THE CHILD HANGING
AT THE BREAST"
WRITTEN IN 1796!

THAT CHILD NEVER
SAW THE DAY OF
LIBERTY, NOR WILL
ANY. TRYING TO
CHANGE HUMANITY
THRU POLITICS
IS FUTILITY.
THERE IS A BIT
OF THE ENEMY
IN EACH OF US,
AND GOODNESS
TOO, IF YOU
CHANGE YOURSELF,
& YOU HAVE
ALREADY CHANGED
THE MOST
IMPORTANT PART
OF THE WORLD -
AND THAT GOES
FOR EVERYONE -
XXXX
JAMIE, NORWICH.

Matrix, the arts workshop of
Crawley and the South East,
meets every Friday evening at
WEA, Robinson Rd, Crawley,
Sussex. Come and do your own
thing.

Future events.
Kieran Kilroy -
Poetry Show
6th Sept: Film by Yolk production
'Charge of the Leek Brigade'
Also other films from the
International Film Pool.
13 Sept: Folk night
20 Sept: Mixed media group
from Sussex/Oxford Universities

SMALLS

**Will 16 yr old female pupil of
Roman Catholic School (OZ12)
write to Box No 14 (2)**

Graduate wishes contact girl alone or pairs, of either submissive or aggressive nature to dramatise fantasies
Box No 14 (3)

'NEW LIFE' Newsletter reports on communes the love revolution, new underground ventures. Specimen copy 2/6 (blank p.o.) Box 14 (4)

LEGAL HASH

Now, new formulas use legal chemicals to make legal synthetic Hash (THC), PLUS the famous TURN-ON BOOK telling how to make or grow Mescaline, LSD, DMT, Peyote, etc. \$2.00 to TURN-ONS UNLIMITED, Dept 5Y, 313 No Edinburgh, Los Angeles, Calif. 90048. If not ecstatic, we refund.

ORGY BUTTER(The Luxury Lubricant)

A bold, red warm body rub for fun loving people. Gives a slippery, sensual effect. Works into the skin with rubbing, providing an after-glow. ORGY BUTTER comes in a 4oz. jar of delight. Send \$3.00 to: **TURN-ONS UNLIMITED, 313 N. Edinburgh Dept. 54 Los Angeles, Calif. 90048.**

Male witch seeks female partner.
Box 14 (1)

ARTS LABORATORY.
182 DRURY LANE, WC2.

**THEATRE and DANCE THEATRE.
CINEMA. GALLERY. FOOD ETC.**

Open 6 days a week.

ARTS LAB, 242 3407/8
phone for details.

RELEASE office at 52, Princedale Road, W11. Holland Park tube. Office 229 7753.

Emergency 603 8654.
We sell OZ, IT, Peace News and
Posters. Come and see us for
legal or other advice. We need
information about busts and
irregular police behaviour etc.
Ring us if you have, or want
a room or flat to let.
RELEASE needs your help—
support us if you can.

DUREX Gossamer: 7s doz.
DUREX Fetherlite: 10s doz.
AMERICAN SKINS: 38s doz.

Post free from Colne Valley. Mail Order Co. (OZ), 126 The Rock, Linthwaite, Huddersfield.

SUICIDE OR DESPAIR?

Phone the SAMARITANS (the number's in your local Phone Book). Confidential befriending.

Volunteers also needed.

**WORLD CALL! Swedish
liberty in sex. Send
17/6 (or \$1 or equivalent)
for 100 illustrated brochures
of photos, magazines & books.
Adults only. Write to
HERMES-OZ,
BOX 6001,
S-20011 MALMO 6,
SWEDEN.**

ALL WEARERS to do so at their own risk. We accept no responsibility whatsoever for people who wear our naughty Knicks and tantalising (G) strings. Still interested? Then why not send for our free list to:—
Ron Lee, 118 Leavesden Rd., North Watford. HERTS.

BEN-mad teacher and Czech trainspotter—phone Annabelle please.

LIGHT REMOVALS. Dormobiles with helpful, working drivers. GUL 8923—Taximoves. Please quote this advertisement.

Attractive hostesses under 30
wanted for V I P lounge of
West End nightclub.

Hours 6pm to midnight.
Salary and commission £30-
£40 per week can easily be
earned without previous
experience. Phone HUN
1873 after 5pm or call
CRAZY HORSE SALOON,
2 Ailsop Place, London, NW1

TO YOU WHOM IT MAY CONCERN
We are opening **A MARKET PLACE OF CREATION.** A permanent market place where you can buy or sell your posters, clothes, pottery, paintings, jewelry. . . anything. . . A number of people in London are working towards opening a community of exchange for **POSITIVE PEOPLE.** Based on the idea of sale or return, this is to be **YOUR SHOP.** Come and talk to us about your ideas. Write **YOUR SHOP, Box No 14 (5)** and watch **OZ** for further information.

Youth, 19, seeks fast cash. Anything considered.
Box No14 (7)

TURN ON! With Personal Posters. Erotic, Fetish, Psychedelic or anything. State requirements. Box No 14 (6)

DON'T USE PINUPS—use these instead

3 SUPERB PHOTOS (Male or Female)
are yours for only 10/-. Write now to
MANNERS (ART), 38a Crawford St.,
London, W1.
7 days on guarantee—send cheque/P.O.
Sent in plain sealed envelope. O'seas
orders in local money O.K.

Rare OZ first issues. £1 to:
38a Palace Gdns Terrace,
London W8.

Costs: (see form below). 2d per unit. 31 units per line. (The dot indicates new line). A unit is a letter/space/numeral/punctuation. Indicate capitals as required.

Semi-display words: 1/6d each.
Box-numbers: 2/6d.
Display: £2.10s per col inch.

Use this form for your small Ads,
(see above). Mail to: OZ Smalls, 38a Palace Gdns Terrace, London W8.

Name: _____ I enclose postal order/cheque for £ _____ s. _____ d. _____

Address:

[illegible]

BOURNEBOISE

a lexicon

Ever since I got married I can't eat tongue.

Even the children love to do things together.

Good people get theirs, and bad people get theirs too.

I never like to be out alone in the streets in case I am attacked.

Children must be taught to believe.

I am certain that all teachers are very good teachers.

George and I never quarrel about serious things.

At one stage, Patricia was really rather worried, she was going around with all these Bible stories and thinking they were absolutely true, and we had to explain that they weren't really true, more or less, you know.

I find it difficult to do anything that will make a difference.

A young man should keep himself free, forge his career, nicely secure, settle down, and then think about bringing a woman into his life.

I do go to church, but it's cold and musty and you say the same thing every week.

I didn't have any brothers so I never really had any thoughts about it.

I am often, as it were, sexually satisfied in ways that don't involve full intercourse.

Even in the best of homes...

I keep any eye on my son and keep on at him to do things, and he does them, and it turns out all right, and that's all one can hope for.

I never read the paper anymore, and I never vote except when my husband tells me to, in fact, I never have.

ESP is still a great challenge.

Families who pray together, stay together.

I don't think there's any foundation for the Oedipus complex at all.

Children should learn to be happy.

Buddhists look pretty ignorant.

I don't normally dream.

I can't take you seriously unless other people take you seriously.

He can be serious for a week or two, but then he's finished.

I don't know why people buy budgies when they can pick up sparrows so easily.

A man should be able to see the world before settling down so he can realise that home is best.

I mean, why don't I just go and tell the children that I think things are made of atoms, because, well, I think they are.

How can you say Europe is dying. Look at West Germany.

I don't care if everyone in the world is living in sin, it's none of my business.

Dance halls in the West End are not good for a boy of sixteen.

I always vote Labour because they have better ideas, more suited to the Middle Class.

I am reaching the age where I need to be a certain generation and I'm not sure which.

Children should eat everything on their plate.

KNICKERS

All those people at Eton and Harrow, all they do is learn Greek in the morning and rugby in the afternoon.

I expect a boy to respect my daughter when she gets to that age.

I object to being taught anything by my children.

Conscription was a jolly good thing.

Fortunately, all of Richard's friends are what I call nice boys.

I don't think our children would be happy living in a completely free atmosphere.

Drinking leads to violence, and gambling leads to the gutter.

God is someone else whom people can turn to.

I collect for spastics.

Freud doesn't know everything.

God is a pie in the sky.

I don't think that I have any particular brand of insanity.

God save the Queen.

I have always had the idea that the final act is frightening, and in some ways unpleasant.

Don't be bourgeois.

Compiled by Joe Berke

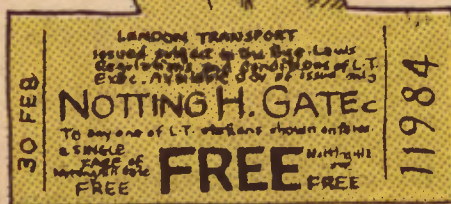
EVERYONE IS ENTITLED TO THE BARE ESSENTIALS, ABED TO SLEEP ON AND CURTAINS.





WHERE WE'RE AT

Without a Ticket



Our authorized sanities are so many Nembutals. 'Normal' citizens with store-dummy smiles stand apart from each other like cotton-packed capsules in a bottle. Perpetual mental out-patients. Maddeningly sterile jobs for strait-jackets, love scrubbed into an insipid 'functional personal relationship' and Art as a fantasy pacifier. Everyone is kept inside while the outside is shown through windows: advertising and manicured news. And we all know this.

How many TV specials would it take to establish one Guatemalan revolution? How many weeks would an ad agency require to face-lift the image of the Viet Cong? Slowly, very slowly we are led nowhere. Consumer circuses are held in the ward daily. Critics are tolerated like exploding novelties. We will be told which burning Asians to take seriously. Slowly. Later.

But there is a real danger in suddenly waking a somnambulistic patient. And we all know this.

What if he is startled right out of the window?

No one can control the single circuit-breaking moment that charges games with critical reality. If the glass is cut, if the cushioned distance of media is removed, the patients may never respond again as normals. They will become life-actors.

Theatre is territory. A space for existing outside padded walls. Setting down a stage declares a universal pardon for imagination. But what happens next must mean more than sanctuary or preserve. How would real wardens react to life-actors on liberated ground? How can the intrinsic freedom of theatre illuminate walls and shoe the weak spots where a breakout could occur?

Guerrilla theatre intends to bring audiences to liberated territory to create life-actors. It remains light and exploitative of forms for the same reasons that it intends to remain free. It seeks audiences that are created by issues. It creates a cast of freed beings. It will become an issue itself.

This is theatre of an underground that wants out. Its aim is to liberate ground held by consumer wardens and establish territory without walls. Its plays are glass cutters for empire windows.

The Diggers are hip to property. Everything is free, do your own thing. Human beings are the means of exchange. Food, machines, clothing, materials, shelter and props are simply there. Stuff. A perfect dispenser would be an open Automat on the street. Locks are time-consuming. Combinations are clocks.

So a store of goods or clinic or restaurant that is free becomes a social art form. Ticketless theatre. Out of money and control.

'First you gotta pin down what's wrong with the West. Distrust of human nature, which means distrust of Nature. Distrust of wildness in oneself literally means distrust of Wilderness.'—Gary Snyder.

Diggers assume free stores to liberate human nature. First free the space, goods and services. Let theories of economics follow social facts. Once a free store is assumed, human wanting and giving, needing and taking become wide open to improvisation.

A sign: If someone Asks to see the Manager Tell Him He's the Manager.

Someone asked how much a book cost. How much did he think it was worth? 75 cents. The money was taken and held out for anyone. 'Who wants 75 cents?' A girl who had

just walked in came over and took it.

A basket labelled Free Money

No owner. No Manager, no employees and no cash-register. A salesman in a free store is a life-actor. Anyone who will assume an answer to a question or accept a problem as a turn-on.

Question (whispered): 'Who pays the rent?' Answer (loudly): 'May I help you?'

Who's ready for the implication of a free store? Welfare mothers pile bags full of clothes for a few days and come back to hang up dresses. Kids case the joint wondering how to boost.

Fire helmets, riding pants, shower curtains, surgical gowns and World War 1 army boots are parts for costumes. Nightsticks, sample cases, waterpipes, toy guns and weather balloons are taken for props. When materials are free imagination becomes currency for spirit.

Where does the stuff come from? People, persons, beings. Isn't it obvious that objects are only transitory subjects of human value? An object released from one person's value may be destroyed, abandoned or made available to other people. The choice is anyone's.

The question of a free store is simply: What would you have.

Pop Art mirrored the social skin. Happenings X-rayed the bones. Street events are social acid heightening consciousness of what is real on the street. To expand eyeball implications until facts are established through action.

The Mexican Day of the Dead is celebrated in cemeteries. Yellow flowers falling petal by petal on graves. In moonlight. Favorite songs of the dead and everybody gets loaded. Children suck deaths head candy engraved with their names in icing.

A Digger event. Flowers, mirrors, penny-whistles, girls in costumes of themselves, Hell's Angels, street people, Mime Troupe.

Angels ride up Haight with girls holding NOW! signs. Flowers and penny-whistles passed out to everyone.

A chorus on both sides of the street chanting UHH!—AHH!—SHH BE COOL! Mirrors held up to reflect faces of passersby.

The burial procession. Three black-shrouded messengers holding staffs topped with reflective dollar signs. A runner swinging a red lantern. Four pall-bearers wearing animal heads carry a black casket filled with blowups of silver dollars. A chorus singing 'Get Out Of My Life Why Don't You Babe' to Chopin's Death March. Members of the procession give out silver dollars and candies.

Now more reality. Someone jumps on a car with the news that two Angels were busted. Crowd, funeral cortage and friends of the Angels fill the street to march on Park Police Station. Cops confront 400 free beings a growling poet with a lute, animalspirits in black, candle-lit girls singing 'Silent Night'. A collection for bail fills an Angel's helmet. March back to Haight and street dancing.

Street events are rituals of release. Reclaiming of territory (sundown, traffic, public joy) through spirit. Possession. Public NewSense.

Not street-theatre, the street is theatre. Parades, bank-robberies, fires and sonic explosions focus street attention. A crowd is an audience for an event. Release of

crowd spirit can accomplish social facts. Riots are a reaction to police theatre. Thrown bottles and over-turned cars are responses to a dull, heavy-fisted, mechanical and deathly show. People fill the street to express special public feelings and held human communion. To ask 'What's Happening?'

The alternative to death is a joyous funeral in company with the living.

Industrialization was a battle with 19th century ecology to win breakfast at the cost of smog and insanity. Wars against ecology are suicidal. The US standard of living is a bourgeois baby blanket for executives who scream in their sleep. No Pleistocene swamp could match the pestilential horror of modern urban sewage. No children of White Western Progress will escape the dues of peoples forced to hand their raw materials.

But the tools (that's all factories are) remain innocent and the ethics of greed aren't necessary. Computers render the principles of wage-labour obsolete by incorporating them. We are being freed from mechanistic consciousness. We could evacuate the factories, turn them over to androids, clean up our pollution. North Americans could give up self-righteousness to expand their being.

Our conflict is with job-wardens and consumer keepers of a permissive loony-bin. Property, credit, interest, insurance, instalments, profit are stupid concepts. Millions of have-nots and drop-outs in the US are living on an overflow of technologically produced fat. They aren't fighting ecology, they're responding to it. Middle-class living-rooms are funeral parlours and only undertakers will stay in them. Our fight is with those who would kill us through dumb work, insane wars, dull money morality.

Give up jobs so that computers can do them! Any important human occupation can be done free. Can it be given away?

Revolutions in Asia, Africa, South America are for humanistic industrialization. The technological resources of North America can be used throughout the world. Gratis. Not a patronizing gift, shared.

Our conflict begins with salaries and prices. The trip has been paid for at an incredible price in death, slavery, psychosis.

An event for the main business district of any US city. Infiltrate the largest corporation office building with life-actors as nymphomaniacal secretaries, clumsy repairmen, beserk executives, sloppy security guards, clerks with animals in their clothes. Low key until the first coffee-break and then pour it on.

Secretaries unbutton their blouses and press shy clerks against the wall. Repairmen drop typewriters and knock over water coolers. Executives charge into private offices claiming their seniority. Guards produce booze bottles and playfully jam elevator doors. Clerks pull out goldfish, rabbits, pigeons, cats on leashes, loose dogs.

At noon 1000 freed beings singing and dancing appear outside to persuade employees to take off for the day. Banners roll down from the office windows announcing liberation. Shifts in business suits run out of the building, strip and dive in the fountain. Elevators are loaded with incense and a pie fight breaks out in the cafeteria.

THEATRE IS FACT/ACTION

Give up jobs. Be with people. Defend against property.

Garbage or Nothing



1. The recent death of capitalism has everybody fucked around and confused. Private enterprise laissez faire legally murderous piracy GONE already buried to be replaced replaced by what? If it doesn't have a name, how can you talk about it? And what about the garbage? WHO'S GOING TO COLLECT THE GARBAGE? Now there's something you can talk about...

11. America 1968 so incredibly wealthy that the local spiritual crisis is what're we going to do about the garbage, the economic crisis how to distribute the garbage, the political crisis who's going to collect the garbage and why should anyone want the job, while in the oblivious streets attention has suddenly exploded into flesh bodies and the various ways of rubbing them together. The Evolutionary Credit and Loan Association has terminated our contract, stamped it PAID IN FULL and the planet is ours at last. Sudden flashes that maybe those five thousand years of time payments

—all those payments ON THE DOT—

all those food wars and social cipher contracts were gestures of empty anxiety. Now that it's ours and we can take a casual look around, well there's so much GARBAGE. Our wilderness is turning sour. IT STINKS!

No place in the cosmology of planetary physics for garbage.

What?

What an astounding oversight!

What were our ancestors THINKING about?

111. America a nation in 1968 so incredibly wealthy that all morality is based on the problems of EXCESS:

Fantasy executives and governmental spies running wild-eyed down the corridors of control:

'There's too fucking much of it!'

'It's completely out of control!'

'Power leak! Power leak!'

The cells of power grow wild: undisciplined freedom cancer. Sudden flashes that the future of bureaucracy spy systems lies in garbage control.

People are USING it, picking it up FREE on the streets, living on it, they no longer respond to the seduction of the state, there's no way to get a HOLD on them.

Pomposity suicided and rigidity machines put to work at a furious clip: all this garbage must be catalogued and filed, garbage destruction teams trained, parking lots on the tillable land, thousands of well-programmed garbage experts march to work each day to GET IT DOWN ON PAPER, enormous factories hastily tooled for garbage conversion.

'By God, we'll make napalm out of it.'

Youngsters who don't understand it's all been paid for already

are given guns!

given napalm!

and shipped to parts of the planet where there MAY be people who MIGHT be hip to OUR garbage and MIGHT WANT SOME OF IT FOR THEMSELVES.

The situation complicates itself incredibly. Computer engineers make it worse: the machines don't UNDERSTAND power, sex, and control: the machines programme useable garbage and forbidden fantasies of FREE. The Secretary of Garbage Control considers dropping acid and getting it over with. Systems of control grow schizophrenic... they writhe and contort in involute paranoia. SYSTEMICIDE MAKES HEADLINES.

1V. America a nation so incredibly wealthy in 1968 that all morality is based on EXCESS: true American career counselors now ask only one question.

'Do you want to produce garbage or do you want to collect garbage?'

Industrialist or politician?

Fishfarm or junkyard?

The young people want no part of it, of course what with garbage their natural matrix

and medium.

Produce it?

Collect it?

They want to fuck in it!

The career counselors build marvelous constructions of seduction and mystery, they trans-substantiate symbol money

into sex

into power

into death insurance

into pleasure.

But it's just THINGS, it's garbage, it's overflow and the young people know it.

They throw the career counselor out of the window.

Who's going to collect the garbage?

Who knows?

Who cares?

Let's use it to act out our fantasies, use it for unimaginable gratifications.

V. We were sitting around the other night talking about garbage, making screaming intuitive leaps thru each others arguments, when Wm. Fritsch suddenly woke up and shouted,

'What I gotta do is learn to do nothing.'

And of course that's it

and it's not surprising that the solution came from a man who sometimes arrives at the compulsion to visit all his friends and empty the garbage for them.

V1. Garbage crises cannot be SOLVED: they must be ALLOWED TO DISAPPEAR. The alternative to the garbage collection production box is to do just exactly nothing no more and no less.

Sudden flashes of the invisible network w/ the individual spine planted squarely on it. organic units in the planetary ecology. DOING NOTHING.

Ecological systems have no garbage in them, contain nothing that is alien to them.

V11. Invisible networks of nameless human connectives (names shed as metaphysical garbage) can help each other to do nothing. That part of the psyche organism to which name is attached, that part which DOES things in praise of the name, that part withers in the flesh caress of the anonymous community.

The galactic actor does nothing in the NAME of anything:

he receives his direction from the silent spinal telegraph,

his spine is planted square on the invisible network,

HE DOES NOTHING,

his movements are not outside the process.

V111. It's paid for, all of it.

A cellophane bag represents 5000 years of machine history, inventors suicided by their inventions, aeons of garbage dedication, paid for in cancer wombs, in fallen cocks, in the crazy waste of our fathers.

Generations dead of lacklove sold for 29 cents. Your birth certificate is your final credit card.

Stack the garbage in piles and people will live in among it, communities of free parallel spines planted square on the invisible network.

They will do nothing to effect the celebratory transformation of garbage into spinal food.

Their movements are not outside the process.

1X. The invisible networks grow thru the absent university of nothingness, disguised as dopesellers, as sneakthieves

as naked dripping 17 year old Americans girls. Doctors of garbage of philosophy.

Doing nothing in PUBLIC teaching nothing demonstrating nothing living paradigms of nothing!

The absent university is powered by social magic.

It has flesh classrooms.

It is the university of the spine.

Tuition is paid in units of psychic bondage.

Its graduates are FREE.

We're Screwed



But Digger Batman b.5.7.67 might just make it

O sky glorious, O sky divine—People—dominions—nations—Heavens—door—O walking deliverance—O Passage—People—O People—Machines—Animals—Trees—Towers & bridges—OSeed—O colors—Faces—All Moving Things—Life,hello. . . . I want to tell you of the birth of Digger.

Morning, about 9.30, July 5th 1967—clear and sunny upon the city, the sky echoing with happiness, the streets still and clear and just to walk on them is to be silent in the bright rising from the night after a big 4th of

July electric music and free feed celebration out in the park where Emmett and the cooks frp, tje Fillmore had made barbecue for about 4,000 people.

I am up early and out into the street from Peter Cohon's on Pine Street where the Communication Company lived—out and standing in the good day with the smiles all over me, just letting the warmth and the light honey about on me, my clothes glowing and the fine feeling seeping to the skin and a touch tasting to my innards, and O the head is just wanting to face with smiles in all

directions. I had driven Susan Parker to the airport a couple of days before and still had her car so I swings over a few blocks to Geary thinking to have coffee and a morning smoke with the Jahrmarkts, Billy and Joan and the kids.

Up two flights, rap rap on the door and Bill answers to my hello half-dressed and happy. 'The baby's coming,' is what I remember him having said. And there is Joan sitting in the sun of those bright windows looking out over downtown and the bay, sitting on the bed, the mattress inevitably close to the floor, and the three kids—Jade, Hassan and Caledonia—kind of hushed and happy because they know the baby is coming and they have been waiting too.

So Joany's been in labor since the night before and now sits very calm with a \$tin watch in her right hand timing the contractions—about every 7 minutes and getting closer together. So me and Billy just standing there kind of stunned and sunny not thinking too much about what to do. 'You got any arrangements made?' I says, and 'no' is his reply.

It kind of goes like that, having a cigarette and a cup of coffee in the warmth of the morning in the corner room with just one fact we're standing in—the baby's coming and we are smiling and blinking lumenant with speech in soft sounds. Nobody is thinking too much about hospitals though we figure lightly first about getting Joan into one of those places, but none too serious.

I sound on Joan if she thinks she got time for me to go phone around and see what I can do, get help I guess is what I meant, and she says there's plenty of time so I cut out and drive over to Margo St. James place on Nob Hill and start phoning.

I get hold of Kaiser Hospital and after about seven switchings back and forth I get ahold of some voice that says No, there's no chance of getting into their facilities without two hundred and fifty dollars in front even if the baby is on the way right now, and that the only thing that They, this voice, can suggest is to take The Expectant to County Hospital, which said set of instructions vis-a-vis that exhausted brick pile of agony so offends my ear I come near to throwing the phone across the room.

So I phone Bill Fritsch to let somebody else know what's happening (who tells Emmett who sends an ambulance which nobody quite knows what to do with except send it away). So I clean out Margo's refrigerator of all its food and drive back over to the Communications Company where is lovely Sam and Cassandra and Claude and Helene who I break it down to.

Right away Claude is on the horn talking here and there. I get Cassandra and head back to Billy's, drop off Cassandra and split down to the store to get some smokes and am just rounding the corner on Geary when Claude pulls up to tell me he is on his way to Bolinas to get John Doss, a friend and Head of Pediatrics at Kaiser.

Upstairs is Cassandra cleaning the kitchen, making coffee and a bit to eat for the kids. It is late morning now and we relax—everything seems to be going along unmolested by even the quiet logic of time—Cassandra molested busy in the kitchen, Billy sitting with Joan in the sunny corner room, the kids hushed and talking among themselves in their room, and I with the stillness if no thinking in my head gazing out of the window under the Bat flag at the greenish dome of the city hall.

Rap rap on the door and I go out to open it to Richard Brautigan who comes in under a soft tan hat, checks out the action, spots

Cassandra in the kitchen, decides everthing is cool, walks once again through the rooms, tall slightly stooping like a gentle spider standing up (we are all spiders, or ants, or something, I remember wondering, watching Richard putting his hands in his pockets and taking them out) decides to split. 'Be back in a while—need anything?' 'No, nothing.' Out the door he goes.

It's early afternoon now. Quite suddenly Joan gets up, walks into the kitchen and squats down flat-footed on the floor with her back leaning to the wall, contractions coming quicker, Billy kneeling with her, Cassandra calm, me getting nervous—smoking cigarettes.

Knock on the door and in comes Claude and Helene with John Doss, way over 6 foot, a tower of a man with those huge gentle hands that by a mere holding can take panic from a hurt child. All of a sudden it seems we got the best. Right away he's with Joan, coat off talking real easy, squat'd down, laughing with the simplicity of things. Claude asks me if I want to smoke some gold and lays a joint on me—I take it and put it on Billy.

People begin arriving—Billy Fritsch and Lenore, Bill much calmer than the day before in the park loaded on acid and telling Richie Marley real anxious, 'There's a warp in the continuum!' Emmett arrives. Diggers start coming.

By now the kitchen is a place of prayer—Joan in labor on the big patch quilt now in the middle of the kitchen floor and around her kneeling and sitting silent people—silent and back within listening to what silence says at self to birth.

John Doss moves in from the crowded front room every now and again and kneels his huge person down to speak quietly to Joan as he feels with those giant hands across her belly for the baby within. Billy squats Arab-silent flat-footed beside Joan, his hair long about his shoulders, staring into the thick air that holds the deep flux of his unspeaking Arab prayer.

Now the city has darkened for night, and Geary Street outside the window crawls alive with the homeward bound. Across the street the huge sign of an auto-agency—BOAZ, in Hebrew 'the lion hearted'—in black and white and red letters sends ancient benedictions into the rooms, and the green dome of city hall is alit as if it were a mosque removed one world and glowing not with bulbs nor candle but rather ringed with another light.

Now from out the night John and Sara and Peter and Sam and Gandolf and Natural Suzanne and more Diggers arrive like a troupe or miming chorus bearing brown paper sacks filled with sandwiches—huge Poor Boys from some ecstasy delicatessen—the picture: Joan about to give birth on the kitchen floor, one dim shaded desk lamp by her feet, and a dozen people encircling her eating sandwiches and smoking weed, faces all in a shadow of the only lamp.

The contractions have begun to quicken and Joany is saying over and over again softly. 'Come on Baby. . . . Come on little Baby. . . . come on.'

The labor was becoming long, more than 24 hours now and the concentration of Joany's song had drawn the muscle lines tensed above her eyes pointing to a spot between them, slightly above them, and directly within.

John Doss had a slightly worried look as his hands felt over her belly. He seemed to be trying to gauge the position. Reaching within he felt for the baby's head which seemed to be turned in the wrong direction. The contractions were now great visible waves that

moved down across Joan's belly and with each one her tightened face appeared to have the full focused power of everything behind it pouring down through her body toward the slow and heavy working and waves of force that carried the baby in its passage.

'I need an instrument,' he said mentioning some sort of birthing clamp. 'I have to turn the baby's head' He turned to someone there and told them to go across the street to the hospital and get an instrument and an intern.

Meanwhile Joan begins instructing Billy in how he, Billy, is going to receive his baby. Beneath the belly skin you can see the baby making its movements. Around Joan about a dozen Diggers and Digger ladies looking like all the accumulated faces of the Universe, the Divines of Ever pouring from each eye.

Like no time there is a bang on the front door and two white coated hospital guys come in stiff and important with shiny metal in their hands, take one look at the scene and decide it won't do for them to have anything to do with it. John Doss goes to meet them and they start backing off real quick. John grabs one of the guys by the lapels and starts

to jerk the doctor's jacket off and gets it down to around the guy's elbows.

'Take off that coat and get to work in here, for Christ sake. Be a doctor for once in your life!' he says to the guy.

'Take it easy John, take it easy,' the other guy tries to soothe. 'This can't be done here. . . . it's not sterile. She must be moved to the hospital.'

About this time I start to ride up. 'She isn't going anywhere.' I says leaning across Joan at the guy. 'Cool it,' Bill says from the floor. They split threatening an ambulance and, for all we know, the Heat, so everybody settles down again with 'Come on baby' going real strong.

So John is back down with Billy showing him how to receive the baby, when it starts to come out and so quick and easy it seems a miracle but Billy has the baby's head in his hands and it looks like throughout the whole scene of deliverance the baby had turned its own head and decided to come out and with a thick liquid whoosh is right in Billy's hands. I am on my knees by Joany's head and I lean down with little more than a whisper, 'It's a boy.'

With some cotton string John Doss ties off the umbilical cord and cuts it with a pocket knife and the baby is born, out, free, alive and beautiful crying in his father's hands so fast that it was not a process of birth at last but life occurring.

John Doss begins cleaning up Joany and places the afterbirth in a basin.

'Eat!' he says to the circle of joyously lighted faces holding out the basin. 'Everybody eat!' and starts carrying the basin around from one to one and each dips a hand into the stuff of birth and blood and tastes and never, from no dope I have ever taken, have I got so instantly high. Somebody marks the time, 10.41, and asks Billy the baby's name.

'Digger!' Billy answers back with a voice loud with single word as its own rising song.

The bloodied ends of the umbilical tying string Billy takes and wraps up in a poem I had made that afternoon to lay on the kitchen floor:

Velvet kneeling meat—
Crazyblood in his prayers.

is all I remember.

Towards the New Synthesis

Herman Kahn

I ought to start by admitting not that I'm a war planner or a member of the establishment but that I come from Los Angeles. And it's a good place. In fact a good deal of what I'm going to be talking about is the Los Angelization of the world. Somebody called it the barbecue culture; someone referred to it as a kind of wholesome degeneracy. The issues which arise in that culture I think we pretty much will be talking about and facing over the next 33 years. I have seen the future, and it doesn't work.

I'd like to start by taking a kind of a neo-Marxian view of the problem. Look at the economics of the situation. The numbers aren't important. Let me backtrack for a second. I gave a talk in Washington a few weeks ago and I decided to look very profound. So I started the talk by saying, "Man has been on earth two million years."

That doesn't sound as profound as saying I'm one with the cosmos, but, you know, it's a pretty big idea. And then I pointed out that I had examined every one of those years with loving care and all that, and I noticed only two incidents of any interest. If you are a religious man, you'll have to add a third.

The two incidents of interest were the agricultural revolution, or the neo-technic revolution, generally say, about two hundred years ago, but you can't place it exactly. The agricultural revolution was exciting because it made civilization, cities, living in cities. That was a very, very big change. It created classes, it created organization. It didn't really increase the standard of living of people because Malthus was operating, and the change in technology meant that there were more people rather than that they lived better. And there is some concern, of course, that this may happen again. I don't think this will happen, but you see it expressed, and sometimes the same people will talk about the fact that there is total starvation facing the world and unlimited goods, and these look a little wrong and they could be right together too if you're stupid enough but that seems unlikely.

Up until roughly the Industrial Revolution, no human community ever got much above, say \$200 per capita, much below, say \$50 per capita. Think of Indonesia today—100 million people about 100 dollars per capita. That's the Han empire, the Roman empire. You know, the same number of people, same way of living. Roman peasants or Chinese peasants they go there today. They would recognize it and vice-versa. You can think of that as the normal state of human beings. Normal is a bad phrase there. Typical.

If you think of the Industrial Revolution, you think of Europe today, say somewhere between \$500 and \$2,000 per capita. And again, here's a Marxian notion, if you make enough of a change quantitatively it eventually makes a qualitative change. It's different. Europe is not like a pre-Industrial civilization. I think it takes about a factor of 10 to make the next change. That's roughly \$5,000 to about \$20,000 per capita; and that's roughly the United States and about 20% of the world.

At the end of the century, it is not a post-economic world. That is, most of the people in it will be worried about how to pay the rent, and how to make the payments on the third helicopter, and it's really too expensive to put in a second swimming pool, you know. You may say, "My God! What trivia," but you know, it's nice to have a swimming pool, and you may want another one so the kids can play in theirs. If you look at a man in the United States who makes about \$50,000 a year after taxes, he generally does not feel post-economic. He rather objects to any terminology of that sort.

Rather surprisingly, it would not be shocking if before the 21st century closed you would hit what I would call an almost post-economic society. The "almost" is of some importance... somebody will want to take a trip to Saturn and not quite be able to afford it, and he'll feel very deprived because everybody else is going that year. Or they'll want to go to Mars 'cause that's where the action is, and you can't make it, and that's annoying because it'll just cost too much. But for any kind of thing that we think of today as a moderate necessity of life, other than love, affection, friendliness, competent teaching and so on, these (the necessities) will be sort of free. The other may or may not be free; that is one of the things I'd like to talk about. I want to restrict my remarks to this post-Industrial society, which is not yet post-economic.

Now, post-Industrial: it doesn't look like Europe. It may also be a post-business society. Here, the notion is that when Calvin Coolidge said that the business of America is business, he was probably making a perfectly reasonable statement for his period. I would say as late as 1955, when Secretary Wilson made his statement, "I'm not aware that what's bad for General Motors is good for the United States, or that's what's bad for the United States is good for General Motors" . . . remember he got kicked in the teeth for that . . . it's a reasonably accurate remark.

If you ask what makes what makes the United States the kind of country it is,

lemme tellya, General Motors plays a bigger role than any activity I know of. Now you may not like it, that's your privilege, but it's an accurate description of the United States, as people think of it. I am reliably informed that they manufacture unsafe cars, and that can't be good for the United States. Unless you don't like the country, as some of you I gather don't. But you really don't probably want people killed in accidents. I am saying that by and large, it's hard to imagine the United States sick and General Motors healthy, or General Motors sick and the United States healthy, economically. That's no longer true today. The United States is bigger than General Motors, and it'll be increasingly untrue in the future. It's a little bit like a farmer. A hundred years ago this was an agricultural country. Today a farmer comes home and tells his wife "I just doubled production in the south 100." Wife says, "That's marvelous, what else did you do today?" No confrontation, no interpersonal relations. She's not interested. The New York Times puts it on page eight, none of you read it. I do because I've got to; it's my business, but I'm not excited either. It's just not an exciting thing to do to double productivity on the south 100 acres in the United States. That's a fantastic statement but true. Twenty or thirty years from now, and even in some degree today, we would expect a minority of the country to be in business and a certain manufacturing, and a doubling of productivity of goods will not be exciting. It'll be interesting, you know, you'll be richer, but it won't be exciting.

Where will the excitement be? I don't know, but I would predict a kind of mosaic society. Not Moses, but mosaic in the sense of lots of little patterns. Uh, I'm getting a slight fondness for the other kind of Mosaic society, as I look at the current society. I had a grandfather who was a rabbi. He talked regularly to God. He looked very rigid. He had no identity problems by the way, knew who he was, knew who his children were, knew what the world was like. Couldn't eat pork, but somehow led a freer life than many people I know. Married for life, it never occurred to him to uh... I see you're nostalgic for that. You may like to see those familiar wrinkles on the pillow next to you. A surprising thought, but ponder it.

Why is it that people think they have so much freedom today? Well, the world has changed. Roughly speaking, there's 135 nations in the world today. Fifty-five of them as far as I know do not worry about frontiers. And as far as I know that was never true anywhere in the history of the world before. No Latin American country, for various reasons which are kind of com-

plicated, worries about its frontiers. Now you can find no twenty year period in Latin American history since 1810 in which there was not a serious frontier confrontation, except in the last twenty, and no one expects it for the next thirty either. That's true in North America. I can't write you a scenario in which Ho Chi Min gets into San Francisco unless invited by an audience. It's just, you know, very difficult to write that scenario. In Western Europe, with the exception of Germany's east border, there's no problems. Everybody knows that Germany and Japan lost World War II and are the most successful nations since. Neither has a navy and they're the second and fifth largest trading powers in the world today. And don't seem to worry about the flag following it. Uh, there's a joke I sometimes tell, you may know the story about the Israelis. About four or five years ago they had a balance of payments problem and decided to declare war on the United States, on the theory that the US would win the war, occupy them, rebuild their economy, protect them from the Arabs, you know, no problems. And this rabbi got up who was grey with wisdom, and said, "With our luck we'll win". You couldn't have told that joke thirty years ago. Nobody would have known what you're talking about.

Alright, let's look at the economic problem. Now, there's a possibility of starvation in the world. I think it's overstated because it depends on a series of things . . . you have a problem which I ought to mention. If someone comes up to you and says, "Everybody in the world's going to starve to death," he generally looks like a warm-hearted human because somehow he's worried about it. But if he says that everybody's not going to starve to death, he looks kind of callous, he looks detached and he's not worried about it. My statement's in between: I am worried about it, but I don't think it will happen. For it to happen would depend on the monsoons, floods in China, maybe bad weather in North America. The US government, I think unwisely, cut back production this year. They looked at the problem and decided that the problem was a lot more likely to be a food surplus. I think that's a mistake because our food stocks are depleted, and it's good to have a surplus, but I think their guess is right. But there are serious economic problems in the world. Most of the people, if not as hungry as often described, are hungry, and a lot of them are undernourished and underfed and so on. In the US, as far as I can see, outside of some pockets, in the South and some other very odd areas, no serious starvation. There's a fair amount of malnutrition, that's of both the over- and under- sort, and

it has the question of choice involved in it.

I'm not sure about Haight-Ashbury. I've talked to some of the people here and they tell me it's the same. I know about the East Village and Cambridge Square, and my friends there tell me it takes about ten dollars a week to live reasonably well, per person, about \$500 a year. That if you go to New York City or Boston, and I suppose the same here, and work at the Post Office at night, that's about \$500 a month; so roughly in one month you can get a year's income, or say twelve people in a pad, they can take turns working one at a time. And you don't have to take a bath or dress or anything like that because the Post Office doesn't care at night. It's very permissive. The thing's stronger than that. An American, an upper class American can drop out, knock around for four or five years, get married, have a kid. There are three syndromes; it's kind of interesting. Criminals, dope addicts, and many hips who grow out of it. About the age of thirty-thirty-five (we know less about the hippies because they haven't been around that long), they often want to go back to that society. If you started off as an upper middle class kid with the skills you achieved people will say, "Come back, we're delighted." They don't foreclose it. It's not like Europe. In Europe if you drop out for five years, you've had it..you'll have trouble getting back in. No problem in the United States; you look kind of romantic and you can make a living years afterwards telling anecdotes about it. There's no pressure.

Let me give you a distinction in pressures here for example. I was in Israel about two years ago. That country has a peculiar structure. It's about 40% Ashkenazy, or European Jews, and 60% Oriental Kews. Ashkenazy Jews are more or less on the top; Oriental Jews are more or less on the bottom. Sometimes a Moroccan Jew will say to an Ashkenazy Jew: "I don't want your European Culture." - which is being forced on him, by the way. Ashkenazy Jews will always say, "There are a hundred million Arabs." The Moroccan Jew will think about ten seconds and say, "Where is the electrical engineering school?" You see he has absolutely no choice. He can't fool around; there are no illusions possible, you know. He is in a structure, and the structure tells him what to do, and that's reality, and he can see it.

Now if you take the structure away you've changed reality. If there aren't one hundred million Arabs around, you don't have to go to electrical engineering school. But you have another interesting problem: you are free to define reality any way you choose. And nothing's going to knock it out of you, at least in the short run.

You notice, for example, how people play the soldier game, or the business game, or the farmer game? You've all the terminology. I want you to think of two countries. One of them is tough, mean, nasty, barbarian, and they've got soldiers. They don't play the soldier game; they've got soldiers. You know, people who believe in Duty, Honor, Life and Death matter, Glory. The kind of people who enjoy a good fight. There are a lot of people like that. The other side's got a group of people who play the soldier game. You know, it's the kid's game grown up. Who do you think's going to come out well? Well, I'll tell you: the people who are not playing the soldier game but have real soldiers; Take away the barbarians, no river, big ocean, no problems. You can play the soldier game, you know, and nothing's going to happen. Take a country faced with starvation You've got to have farmers rather than people who play the farmer game. Take a country which is economically in trouble. It's good to have businessmen, not people who are playing the businessman game.

What I'm saying is that in the United States you will be able in the future to downgrade what we used to think of as serious activity to the level of a child's game. As far as I can see, the thing will not become so pervasive—not everybody will do it, you understand, somewhere between say five and thirty per cent of the population. That means they have no problems. A little bit like the Greek or Roman Empire. The Stoics ran it for about two hundred years, ran it very well. Nobody appreciated what they did. They didn't expect appreciation - it was part of their creed not to. When Marcus Aurelius died, they just disappeared without a trace, and then people learned that they had something useful. In the sense that from that point on, the Roman Empire was run by crony, by warlord systems, gangster systems, and it was different. And people noticed the difference by the way. Romans had middle class cops. You could riot and they would not knock you in the head unless you were a christian. Then, they'd throw you to the lions because they made distinctions which we don't today.

Now, how dangerous or good is it to have this kind of freedom? How good is it to have this kind of freedom? It clearly gives you enormous ranges of choices. It is true, you can choose now, to a great degree. Not everybody can choose now, you understand. I was having an argument a few minutes ago. I had made the comment at Berkeley that in Continental Europe, there are no hips. There are Provos or people like from the Dada movement who

mock society or don't like the middle class smug morality and hypocrisy. But they're elite groups. They don't say everybody should drop out. They say, "We drop out; you keep working."

It's hard for a European to say, "Everybody drop out." He's got a vague fear in the back of his mind that maybe everybody will! It looks to him like it's hard to put together. Take it apart and maybe it doesn't operate as well. You know you may not be able to put it back together again. In the United States, it's different. Middle class Americans will borrow up to their next year's salary, and that spirit rolls right down to the hippy. We all have faith in the future. We all know the system's going to work. We all know that we're not going to get into a 1929 depression again. We all know the country's not going to be invaded, almost irrespective of policy-good or bad policy.

There is however sensible policy which at least realizes that while you can't manufacture goods simply by defining money, you can lose goods by defining money badly. The system is an organization, a social system. Money is a symbol, if you will, but really, money is a technique for making the thing work. There are lots of other ways for making it work. A number of the socialist economies have noticed that even if you want to have socialism, it's good to have this technique of money and using market prices and market orientation.

Alright, how good is it to lose this structure? To be able to make total free choice? And really not having any nagging, guilty conscience that you're not paying your share because you're really not making an example for other people anyway. No, you're doing your thing; let the other guy do his thing. I would guess that there is a real possibility for a superior type of human being. But I would be very dubious that he is going to be a hedonist. My guess, and I'm not just being sentimental, goes back either to the European tradition of the gentleman or the Hellenic tradition of being a good Greek.

I don't happen to like the kind of thing that's produced over here, but I would guess it would be something like the following: let me define a gentleman for you - a man with many, many skills in all of which it is very hard to achieve high capability, but in all of which he does achieve high capability, none of which are useful. They are done for other reasons. They are not done grimly, but they are done seriously, but with a touch of lightness. A society could live that way I'd guess if it has a kind of internalized discipline. To be a little inaccurate, the Greeks were like that, the Romans weren't. The Greeks

stayed fit because they liked to be fit. The Romans stayed fit because they had to be fit to fight wars. Take away the war, they quit being fit, and they ran into trouble. The Spartans had that same sort of theory. They were more like the Romans than Athenians. They had the notion that once they got rich, the place would collapse. They got rich and the place collapsed. One of the soundest predictions I've ever seen.

Freud once made a very perceptive comment which I want to rephrase to make it better. "For most people the long arm of the job and the requirements of national security are their only touch with reality." Take that away and they can live a completely illusioned life. They need not touch face with any kind of reality from that day on. They can make it up as they go along, and they will find it satisfactory.

Now that is, of course, part of your freedom. That's learning by making mistakes. But one of the important things about making a mistake is to know it's a mistake early enough in the game to change. Say you could create an environment in which you could raise your children so that practically 100% of their experiences were affirmative, pleasant, warming, supportive, and so on. Would anybody care to raise their children in that environment?.... You have a strong sense that they ought to have at least some frustration, some failures, some rejections, some nastiness. Not too much; it's not good for young children I'm sure, say up to ages 5, 6, 7, but at some point the psyche can take it. It bruises, but it doesn't get damaged. And the world has that character.

I remember at the Berkeley riots, one girl was carrying a sign saying, "I'm a Human Being. Please do not fold, bend, spindle, or mutilate." Well that's a reasonable request. I also recall a slight change in styles of raising children. Some years ago we were told that if you frustrate them, it gave them neuroses. Today we're usually told, not always, that a certain firm discipline is as natural as rain, and the kid needs it as well as he needs vitamin B. It's part of his growing up. The ability to do sustained effort on unpleasant, dull tasks-that's part of the ability to grow up. Not everything comes for free, for fun. Now this girl appeared on a BBC programme, and it was really kind of fascinating. The BBC announcer said to her, "Berkeley is one of the three, four or five best schools in the world. You have a sign saying that life here is a living hell. Now this is really a marvelous area within 20-30 miles from Berkeley. You can get any kind of wholesome or degenerate pleasure; you have a wide choice. So why is

it living hell?" The girl said, "They have a computerized program for classes. It gave me only ten minutes to get from the tennis courts to math class, and it takes fifteen. I'm not treated like a human being." The announcer said, "That doesn't seem to me to be a living hell. Do you have another anecdote?" The girl, "I'm an art major, and the computer programmed my class for the cellar, and programmed the engineers for the sixth floor with the view, and this is very bad for the psyches of the art majors, and anyway the engineers have no psyches." The announcer looked dubious. It didn't strike him as a living hell, but he was an Englishman and didn't understand these things. Then the girl pointed out perfectly correctly that suicides are on the increase among college students. Well, you can't laugh about that. But you wonder, is it the living hell or is it the students? Maybe it's the low frustration index. There seems to be some evidence of that.

What about the longer term? That is let's assume we pick a society which really was hedonistic, secular. How many people here worry about an after-life? One of the things that will change this way will be not just the economics but the technology. Let me give you three examples of this. I'll start with the computer.

Let's look at the computer for a few minutes. It's an interesting gadget, an exciting one. They talk back to you. Computers have improved by about a factor of ten every two or three years, which is one of the new elements. Anything you learned about computers two or three years ago can be obsolete today, and anything you learned today can be obsolete in two or three years. And this in turn may mean that you will want some familiar sign posts elsewhere. Today, for example, in computer technology, unlike say civil engineering, you can reach your peak salary at about early thirties. And then you're obsolete. You go into administration if you want to keep up your salary. You don't make an honest living anymore. Or, you really work hard, and go back to school at night, which turns out to be kind of dull today.

A second thing of interest. There is reason for believing that despite many of the computer experts, this improvement of a factor of ten will continue for the rest of the century. This means an improvement by a factor of some billions or some quadrillions. Now some of you are not familiar with numbers; those are very big numbers. It means that they surpass the number of neurons in the human brain by quite a bit.

That raises another issue. You sometimes see statements that there are

some things which a human can do and which a computer cannot do. Nobody has ever made that statement carefully. To the extent that a person really knows what he's talking about, he must have had divine revelation. Now it's hard to argue with a man who has talked with God, and I don't. I don't argue with my grandfather; I don't argue with him. But for those of us who haven't got - divine revelation, we simply do not know if there are any characteristics of a human being, including the most intimate at the mental-emotional-feeling level, which could not be duplicated or in some reasonable sense of the term, surpassed by a computer.

If it turns out that somebody proves that computers cannot do what a human being does, that there is something vital or special or different about human beings, that we're not just a collection of atoms put together in a laboratory, I think that would be the most significant event of the 20th century, ranking with the other two events I mentioned earlier, and for some of us replacing the events I overlooked. It's a kind of theology, in other words. It's a theological statement.

If, as I believe much more likely, the computer can do anything the human being can, and maybe surpass, that is also in its own way the most significant event of the 20th century, though achieved more gradually, and will change very much our view of ourselves. This is secularism at the limit. And when the computers get better, who needs human beings? It's not a joke. I would guess that before the post-economic society comes, you'll get the intelligent computer. I used to make a comment that it wouldn't surprise me if by the year 2000 a computer was making this lecture to a group of computers. But it wouldn't be as funny. If I say that to a technical audience, they say, "How do you know?" They get mad. I want you to imagine this human being: he's got an artificial heart, a false leg or two, carries an extra three brains on his back because he gets tired thinking with the other ones sometimes. And, you know, when you phase out the other obsolete equipment maybe you phase him out too. He's only another mechanism. Or, maybe you have votes for the computer.

Let me give you the next device which is interesting. Pleasures pall, you get tired of them. That seems largely correct, but there's at least one exception which is of interest. Some experiments were done with rats. You can take a rat and wire his pleasure centres to a button and give him the choice of pressing either the button for food, water, sex, or rest. He seems to like it very much. He seems to press that button 6000 times an hour, give

or take a factor or two. If you force them to take a little food and rest, they seem to lead longer lives than the control rats. In other words it's a sort of healthy thing to do.

We know where the human pleasure centres are roughly; there are people doing experiments on them right now. Get them wired to a computer on your chest or a consul. I'm a prudish type. I'm not free, so I won't let you play your own buttons. That's depraved. But get yourself and opposite number, hopefully of the opposite sex, but I'm not going to be rigid, and play each other's buttons. If the mice experiments are any example you've got it! It's what you've been looking for! Anybody want anything else? There's something annoying about it. My grandfather would be very upset. He'd be more than upset. It's clear that's not what you want by and large, so I would guess only 5-10% of Americans would go for it. But the rest of us are going to find it somehow inadequate. But it's very hard to explain why it's inadequate.

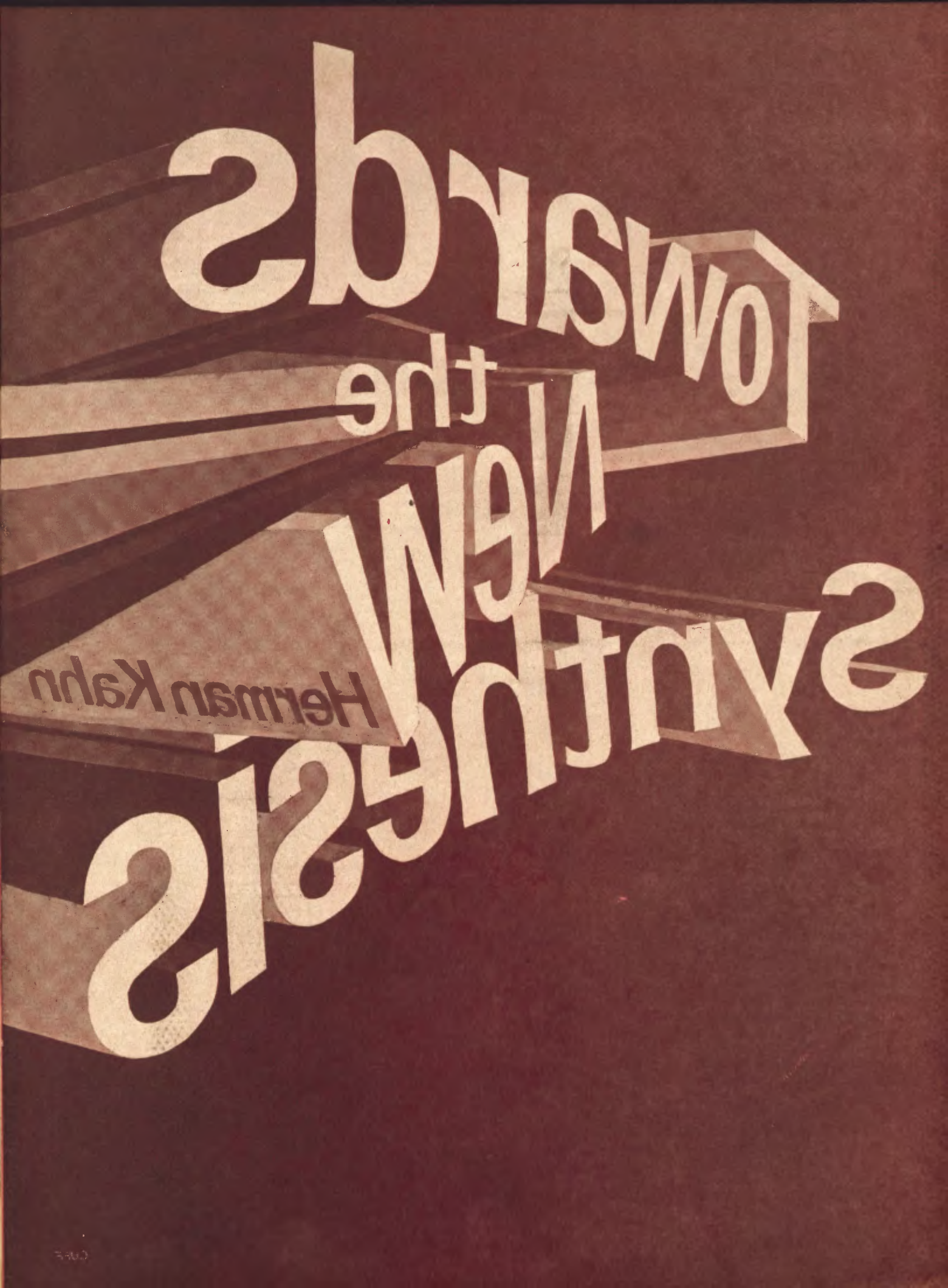
I think it's clear that Western culture and the United States in particular has very much neglected the side of the human personality, sometimes known as "inner space." I would assume that as part of this post-Industrial revolution there will clearly be more emphasis on so called Dionesian man, spiritual man, mystical man, and drugs definitely go in this direction. They clearly lead to an increase in privatism of the personality if any of the reports are right. They lead to a withdrawal from structured situation to unstructured. One of the real problems with the drugs is that maybe the people who so to speak could use that change in personality most are least likely to take it; the ones who are already pretty unstructured are the most likely to take it. The ones who in some sense it may be most harmful for. The question of legalizing it either under care or generally is a messy one and I don't know where I would stand. There is widespread agreement, no particular data, but you don't need data to get agreement, that marijuana is less dangerous than alcohol. So that if you had a choice between marijuana and alcohol, you'd probably choose marijuana. On the other hand, if the question is whether to add marijuana to alcohol that's not so persuasive that it's less dangerous. Alcohol does cause a lot of damage in the world and you're asked to sort of double it or at least by half. And that's something you want to look at with care.

One of the points which strikes me is that when you do any study of groups from the viewpoint of objectives—that is you have some kind of objective, a nation trying to increase wealth, or a business-

man trying to make money, it can be people trying to win a football game, don't care what it is—you soon find that there's a role for what's called the rationality of irrationality. That is, you cannot do your objective efficiently by almost any criteria you care to mention unless you can lock yourself in on some issues rigidly. To give you a simple example: any business situation—unless you can lock yourself in to paying money you can't borrow money. A society which doesn't feel any obligation . . . well, do you know the game of chicken? If you get in a car dead drunk, throwing whisky bottles out the window, very blind, throw the steering wheel out, you win the game. Because you're locked in. I'm not recommending that, but I'm describing in a very dramatic way some of the roles of irrationality. For many people, getting married for life may be a very important thing for them. Literally. Because that's the only way that they can conceive of it. They simply cannot give and receive unless they feel that it's permanent. Take away the concept of permanence and they can't have the same kind of relationship.

In an interpersonal encounter, you can get a kind of feeling that would come to most people only after a lifetime of interaction. Now, that's a typically American thing too. If you go to Europe, you'll find that the people don't call each other by the first name unless they went to high school or college together. If you look at World War II, for example, if you had a guy next to you who was killed, and he happened to be a close relative or a very close friend, you often get a syndrome of tremendous guilt. Because you first feel happy that it was him not me, and you then feel very guilty for that happiness. It turns out that Americans get that syndrome for someone they met last week with the first-name basis and get along with them very well. To Europeans that closeness looks very ersatz. They find it incredibly shallow. I think the other kind of course will also satisfy us. We get the habit of getting into relationships with someone we brushed past in the elevator. You know, we shared that experience together so I can give you my most intimate thoughts and you can give your most intimate thoughts because what could be closer than sharing the same elevator. I think you'll find people like that in life. But I think many people here would not like it. Who's to say who's right and who's wrong? I really don't know.

I don't know what it'll be like, but I would give you even money for a new human being in the 21st century. But I really doubt that he'll be a hedonist, a dropout, a materialist, a console player . . . I rather suspect he'll be a little bit like me.



boards

ent

new

Herman Kahn

synthesis

hipocrates



Copyright
Eugene Schonfeld MD
1968

Question: I am a girl of 18 with a sexual hang-up. I want to share a beautiful, gentle relationship with my boyfriend and also feel loved by him. Yet there are times when I would like to be brutally and cruelly balled. But not by my boyfriend!

I have visions of being tied to bedposts and having men (all types) coming in and taking turns on me and doing whatever.

Is this normal and what can I do about it?

Answer: A part-time coed, whom I suspected daydreamed only of chocolate cake, told me recently that her favorite sexual fantasy was making love while floating in water. Another student, inspired by her panoramic view of San Francisco, fantasizes about making love while floating through the air. Both fantasies could be realized. The first by determined swimmers and the second by swift high-jumpers, gutsy skydivers and bored astronauts.

Fantasies of sexual masochism occur in both sexes but are more common in women. In fact, a certain amount of masochism is normal in females. Why this should be so is unclear. Perhaps it has to do with women's sexual role (taking rather than putting in).

Fellini's 'Hero' in '8½' had vivid sexual fantasies and in one sequence told his mistress to act the part of a prostitute. Some psychiatrists would advise you and your boyfriend to act out between you the fantasies you desired. Most would tell you to seek psychiatric aid if you felt you were about to make this fantasy come true (especially by advertising in the classified section). A course of psychotherapy might enable you to better understand your unconscious motivations.

Question: I am a girl (23) who has an unusual bustline problem—too much! I'm 5' 5", 120lbs., wear a size 10 dress and have a 36D bustline.

I wouldn't mind it so much if it weren't so droopy—without a bra I closely resemble those Neolithic Venuses on the cover of the latest 'Scientific American'. I didn't start wearing a bra until a year after I should have and didn't wear one at night until I was 20. Weight loss only makes things worse. Consequently, I'm quite unattractive in the nude.

I've been trying exercises for the past couple of months but it hasn't helped a bit as the problem isn't the muscles but the skin. What I'd like to know is 1) Would plastic surgery help? 2) How much would it cost? 3) If I did have surgery, would it permit me to go braless occasionally—if not I might as well forget the whole thing right now.

Yours truly,
The Neolithic
Fertility Goddess.

P.S. While we're on the subject of breasts—one of my nipples is constantly hard, the other is always soft even when I'm turned on—is this abnormal?

Answer: Those Neolithic Venuses looked pretty good to me. Who told you you're unattractive in the nude?

Surgery is sometimes performed to reduce the size of very large sagging breasts. The cosmetic results vary depending upon the breasts, the skill of the surgeon, and fate. A certain amount of scarring is inevitable. Having one nipple erect and the other soft when aroused is perfectly normal. But if you continue wearing bras to bed you'll turn off any potential arouser.

Question: Please hurry and have this printed. I haven't found the answer in any books and this problem has been bothering me for some time so you are one of my last resorts. Why is it that my labia minora protudes (at least ½ inch) from my labia majora? What can be done to correct this? Fortunately, I went to a high school in a state that didn't require Physical Education so I didn't have to take embarrassing gang showers.

Answer: The labia are the 'lips' of the vagina, the outer labia are the majora or the larger lips and minora are the smaller inner lips. Variations in size are normal. If any of your intimate friends think your 'problem' is unusual, it's due to their lack of experience. Perhaps it was unfortunate that your state did not require Phys. Ed. Your fears would be fewer now.

Question: What are the implications of balling four guys consecutively in the course of one afternoon (physically/psychologically)? And what are the signs of nymphomania

Answer: Women are so constructed that they are physically capable of far more sexual activity than are men. No physical harm would be expected from the situation you describe unless one of the men had a communicable disease. Of course, the risk of contracting a venereal disease increases directly with the number of one's contacts.

Psychological implications of varied sexual situations depend on the personality of those involved entirely, for example one of those four guys might freak out. In Masters and Johnson's study, 'Human Sexual Response,' every one of the 312 males questioned expressed some concerns about 'excessive' masturbation. One man who masturbated once or twice a month thought once or twice a week was excessive. Another who masturbated 2-3 times a day might lead to a case of 'nerves'. Not one thought his own pattern was abnormal.

Dorland's Medical Dictionary (23rd edition) defines nymphomania as 'exaggerated sexual desires in a female.' Webster's Collegiate Dictionary refers to 'morbid and uncontrollable sexual desire in a female.' I think I understand the phrase 'sexual desire in a female' but find it hard to quantitate 'exaggerated' and am not sure what 'morbid' means in this connection.

My conclusion is that 'nymphomania' means more sexual activity than is considered proper by the woman-hater using the term.

Question: I often read ads in the underground press for people wanting 'French' love. Could you please tell me what this is?

Answer: 'French love' or 'French culture' refers to oral-genital relations. The French may call this 'Italian love'.

Question: A friend of mine has been forbidden by his doctor to indulge in intercourse until a nasty bit of the clap is entirely cleared up. If any of his girl-friends should decide to employ digital manipulation of his primary sex organ to achieve orgasm and release on his part, would this result in a case of the 'hand-clap'?

Answer: I applaud the concern you have for your friend and his friends. Gonorrhea of the hand is unknown because the gonococci bacteria favor a warm, moist, airless environment. Gonorrhea of the mouth is possible but seen rarely. Most physicians believe all sexual activity should be avoided while treatment for gonorrhea is underway.

(Note: The symptoms of gonorrhea in the male are itching, burning and pain on urination and a discharge from the urethra. Symptoms in the female may include the above but are usually less severe or absent in the early stages. Females may later develop pain in the lower abdomen and a low-grade fever resulting from spread of the infection to the uterus, tubes and ovaries.)

Question: When at home by myself sometimes walking around in the nude or while taking a shower, I get an erection. What bothers me is when I think of going to a place like a gymnasium to work out or a Turkish bath or some other place where I may be taking off my clothes, I worry that I may get an erection in front of members of my fellow sex in such a place. I know that all men get erections but should I be concerned about getting one in a public place?

How do other men feel about this? Does it happen to them, and, if so, does it bother them? Should I consider this a problem? I have never brought this up to anybody before because I thought I might be abnormal.

Answer: Your 'problem' is one that almost all men have worried about, especially younger men—but these fears are usually never expressed, except perhaps, to a psychiatrist.

Some solutions suggested by patients—jump into a cold shower, think of jumping into a cold shower, think of making it with the Johnson girls, try to make it with one of the Johnson girls, remember the first time a policeman's flashlight shone into your car when you were making it in the back seat, think of Doris Day, recall a hospital or university cafeteria meal. The possibilities for turn-offs are endless. Another possibility is not to worry about it.

Question: I recently, at the advice of my friends, drank a bottle of Romilar C.F. cough syrup. This was supposed to get me stoned. It did just that. After about 20 minutes my arms and legs got limp. I could hardly think and slurred when I talked. I laid down and found myself hallucinating.

About an hour later, I got real sick and threw up, after which I couldn't walk. My pupils almost covered my whole iris. I went to bed that night and found myself hallucinating in double vision with my eyes open. The next day I had chattering teeth and every time I took a deep breath I would end up yawning which would make my body go limp.

I feel fine now (3 days later). What possible damage did I do to myself? Is what I did illegal?

Answer: I first heard about dextromethorphan cough syrups and tablets used for 'high' from a British ex-commando in Copenhagen in 1965. Apparently, it had not appreciably benefited the ex-commando. He often went about bopping peaceful Danes on the chin in pubs such as Lauritus Betjen and the Pilegaarten.

Recently I treated a girl who had taken half such a bottle of cough syrup at a rock dance. As a result she was semi-comatose, incontinent of urine and required hospitalization. Her boyfriend, who had taken the same amount seemed normal, except for dilated pupils.

Nothing is known about possible long term harmful effects after frequently using large amounts of dextromethorphan.

Buying cough syrup is not illegal. Using it to get high may be against the law though that's hard to prove. You're missing the point if your chief fear about this incident is violating a statute.

Dr Schonfeld welcomes your queries. Write to Hipocrates c/o OZ 38a Palace Gardens Terrace London W8.



ENSURE CONFUSION! : , ? ? !

Every OZ is different. We don't have a standard, instantly recognisable cover-style, shape, form, content, texture size or smell. (Yes, smell. Sniff out OZ 12 again. We mixed a Woolworths cologne with yellow ink). That's why some people miss OZ on the news-stands. This edition (14) has a new printer and a special guest editor. The next OZ (15) is already being prepared along different almost contradictory, lines. We know it's confusing. It confuses us. You too can ensure regular confusion by subscribing. Just 30/- for a whole year's subscription plus two free back issues.

THE MYSTERIOUS VANISHING BACK ISSUES.

Sorry, we're quickly running out of back issues. There are absolutely no more OZ 3 or 4's. Some OZ 5's are still left—the famous plant-a-flower-child poster—but we're mean and broke enough to now charge £1 for them. All the rest are still available, but 6's and 7's are disappearing fast.

RARE FIRST OZ

The Johnson caricature, 'Madonna of the Napalm' is a three page gate-fold in OZ 1. This issue sold out and we have been unable to fill the many subsequent orders for it. However, a few have been returned from our distributors and we're going to offer them to our readers at the ludicrously expensive price of £1. They're not worth it. But no doubt some neurotic collectors will want to complete their sets.

OLD OZes

One: Theological striptease turn on, tune in, drop dead In bed with the English Raped Congo nuns whipped with rosary beads Private Eye axed.

Two: Mark Lane's BBC Expose British Breasts Peter Porter's Metamorphoses Little Malcolm and his struggle against the 20th Century Cut out pop stars and the giant Toad of Whitehall Sharp poster.

Three: Not available

Four: Not Available

Five: Plant a Flower Child billboard poster The great Alf Conspiracy. (We have just heard this poster has been banned by beautiful Australian Customs)

Six: (OZ & Other Scenes) Blue movies by the yard The king of Khatmandu and his Coca Cola Court Dope Sheet John Peel interview Letter from a Greek Prison Leary in Disneyland McLuhan's one-eyed electric kingdom.

Seven: What's so good about Bob Dylan? Wog Beach Shock Michael X and the Flower Children In bed with the Americans Review of Maharishi's 'The Science of Being and the Art of Living'.

Eight: Mis-spelt Guevara poster Russia, you have bread, but no roses Playboy's banned pictures Spyder Turner's raunch epistemology Edward do Bono on lateral thinking.

Nine: New Dylan Lyrics 'If I could turn you on' UFO digest Death at St Pauls. . . . David Widgery's Devaluation Trilogy.

Ten: The pornography of violence Amnesty report from Athens Gaol in Arkansas The men who ban OZ OH! what a lawful war Roger McGough's 'Summer with the Monarch' (complete version).

Eleven: New Statesman parody the Yippee call to arms The Anglo American Pumice Factory Vietloon Spring Offensive Ray Durnat's Fading Freedoms, Latent Fascisms and Hippie High Hopes.

Twelve: Yes Virginia, there is a Maharishi Excuse me, is this the Way to the Gas Chamber? The giant three poster Buddhist issue (hash recipes sex card game, spiritual post-cards etc.)

Thirteen: Mike English's golden wheel of fire gatefold AGIT OZ When Harrods is Looted, by David Widgery The May Revolution by Angelo Quattrocchi Bob Dylan film script The Great Alfback (i) Tom Nairn's Worst Trip Ever—a review of 2001 Interviews with Tuli Kupferberg and Jean Jaques Lebel plus all those filthy advertisements that are the bane of Hampstead.

FULL SETS

These no longer exist. But we'll still give you a rare bundle of OZes (Nos: 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13) for £3.

COMPLETE COUPON!?

Name

Address

Country

RUSH TO OZ, 38a Palace Gardens Terrace, London, W8.

☐
☐
☐
☐
☐
☐

I enclose 30/- for a subscription plus two free back issues (U.S. \$ 4)

Send me the exorbitantly priced OZ 1 and/or 5. £1 each (U.S. \$3.)

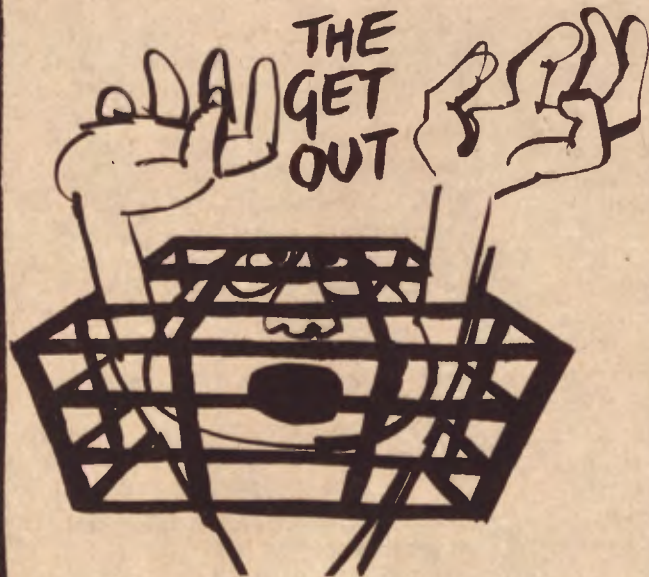
Send me a big surprise bundle of OZes for £3 (U.S. \$8)

Send me back issues 2, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13. (Delete inapplicable) 2/6 each. (U.S. 35 cents.)

I hear you're broke. Please accept my donation.

Peace News

FRIDAYS, ONE SHILLING FROM
NEWSAGENTS OR FROM
5, CALEDONIAN ROAD, LONDON
LONDON N1.



If you're a singer, sing for us
If you're a writer, write for us
Send us tapes and picture
APPLE, 94 Baker St. W.1.
(Thanks)...



WITH THE EMPHASIS ON ENJOYMENT



Get your magic nostrum now from your local
freak-record store or by sending £2 to

Underground Impressarios Ltd
22 Betterton Street
London WC2

TIME OUT

At long last, a directory of events in London

Clothes Food Help
Lectures Exhibitions Groups
Folk/Jazz Films Theatre
Poetry Shops Music

TIME OUT issue 2 (London Sept 2-23)

Available Aug 28 at 1/- from:

Madarin Bookshops

Musicaland (Portobello Road)

Chelsea Drug Store

ICA

One Stop (South Moulton Street)

Better Books

Indica

Arts Lab

& many other places

Or send 1/- for copy by return post to

TIME OUT 77 PLATTS LANE, NW3.

(SW1 2308/584 7434)

Send us your information & we will do our
best to include it.

NB If you know of any jumble sales, please
tell quickly.

FRIENDS OF MEHER BABA
THE UNIVERSAL SPIRITUAL LEAGUE (GB)

PRESENT
DR. ALANCOHEN
IN A SERIES OF LECTURES

MAHATMA GHANDI HALL 41 FITZROY SQ. W1.

MIND EXPANSION (REAL OR IMAGINARY)
SEPT. 22ND. 7-30PM

ARTS LAB. 182 DRURY LANE. W.C.2

DRUGS & HIGHER CONSCIOUSNESS
SEPT. 15TH. 8PM. 4 PM

THE ART OF SELF-DISCOVERY
SEPT. 18TH. 7 PM.

OCCULTISM & MYSTICISM
(WHAT ARE WE DOING HERE)
SEPT. 20TH. 7 PM.

JOURNEY TO THE EAST
(AN INTRODUCTION TO UNIVERSAL MYSTICISM)
SEPT. 19TH 7 PM

FADING FREEDOMS/LATE HIPPIE HIGH HOPES:

Chapters 9 Libertarians, Left and Right 10 Nipples or Nozzles? 11 Was I Right to Embrace Hugh Hefner without Divorcing Berthold Brecht? by Ken Tynan 12 The Social History of Layaboutsia 13 All You Need is a Bit of Common 14 When is a Class not a Class? Answer: When it's a Chapel

A Paranoid Guide by Raymond Durnat

9 Libertarians, Left and Right

The rightwing puritan broods upon the immorality of those leftwing intellectuals up in Hampstead. The leftwing puritan shakes his head sadly over the bright young things of Chelsea. The common man disapproves of all those students who live the life of Riley, Oscar Wilde and Mick Jagger combined on lavish grants paid for out of his own hardearned taxes.

On balance, libertarianism gets associated with the left, for two main reasons. The upper-class code is designed to cope with middle-class puritanism. It sets out to maintain a facade, and has two main rules: (1) the real sin is being found out, (2) It doesn't matter what you do so long as you don't do it in the street and frighten the policemen. Second, the basis of property transmission is the family, and whatever you do mustn't disrupt that lifeline. Sexuality is a matter of wild oats (when you're young) of escapades and asides. But the family and honour are your status, your business, your privilege, your career, your employment exchange and your insurance.

The working-class was infected with middle-class puritanism, via evangelical propaganda, or had to defer to it, since charity only went to the deserving poor. Many working-class people were sunken middle class anyway, or formed a labour aristocracy which wanted to impress the middle-class and itself with its good character, so as (1) to get the vote and (2) disapprove with a clear conscience of all that nasty, dirty, brutal unskilled labour. In any case, hard times need self-control, and in pre-contraceptive days self-control means puritan-type restraint, so even the non-puritan tries to live up to puritan-like ideals.

The left-wing challenge to puritanism comes from a variety of sources. There are those intellectuals who having read Freud, Lawrence, et al, feel fancy ought to be free. There's no incentive to retain the family system as a property-transmission belt, if anything, the desire would be to limit it to a husband-and-wife group. Remarriage, adultery, divorce pose fewer problems. Cupid flutters free as a butterfly from the chains of Mammon. There may also be psychological differences. Anti-libertarianism, anti-feminism, authoritarian and pro-status attitudes may all spring from identification with the father, who jealously guards his privileges, of having mother, and all her good things, for his property. The left winger identifies with a son who demands his fair shares of mother even though he's smaller, ie. lower class. Whence the sort of folk-myth that rightwing people act older than their age and leftwing people never quite grow up, unless they become successful revolutionaries, when they turn into the leftwing's rightwing, ie. bureaucratic tyrants. The leftwinger assumes that only brutal father is keeping mother from giving herself to all (ie. him), a fantasy which would account for the leftwing combination of idealism, feminism, and unmolested morality, while the rightwing insistence that one must respect the saintliness of motherhood means 'Hands off' and goes with a tendency to deprive women of property rights so that they can't be independent, ie. it conceals a deep fear of women's natural promiscuity.

A more middle class kind of libertarianism originates in inverted puritanism. The early puritan was if anything more respectful of sex in principle, but strict about observing his principles, than the traditional Christianity of his time. He found God through the book and through conscience; he respected learning and the inner light, and God is what they say he is. The cast iron certainties of 19th century science gave knowledge an agnostic slant, and the inner light, agnosticised, becomes psychological self-awareness. The very severity of puritanism provokes reactions, and though the standard middle-class attitude remains a (evolved, sentimentalised) puritanism, it becomes a few doughty groups who turn puritanism against nationalism-with-a-conscience and who identify, through guilt and pity, with the downtrodden, yet scorn to take advantage of their libertarian principles for merely personal, physical pleasure. Oddly, this puritan anti-puritanism produces either masochists or extremely inhibited characters, the Hellfire Club, and Sade, all came from aristocratic backgrounds.

It's true that various sectors of the establishment cling to the old traditional mixture of puritanism and obscurantism where sexual morality is concerned, and that the New Morality associates itself with left-wing intellectuals and with the old 'folk' morality (the non-puritan, lower-working-class sectors).

But the Left has its puritan tradition, derived from the upper-working-class connections with the middle-class, and we ought not to be in the least surprised to find Labour MP's crying out against all this filth and satire. A strange twist to the right-authoritarian, left-libertarian axis is given by such studies as *The Uses of Literacy*, or the stance adopted by the New Left of the '50s, when they appeared unable to think about affluence without sounding like the joy-through-self-denial brigade of the Salvation Army. Behind this lay Dr Leavis' glorification of the village community and 'handmade' literature as against the city and the mass media. The fact that a whole generation of left-wing youth took its cultural norms from a liberal reactionary is only one example of the extent to which the English leftwing elite is saturated with middle-class idealism, whether through family backgrounds or through the classroom (and make no mistake; the battle for a leftwing Britain was lost in the sixth forms of the grammar schools. Today the commercial rightwing (eg. the commercial TV lobby, the pirate radios) can pose as the torch-bearers of the ordinary man's liberty, as the champions of affluence, as the workingman's buddy rather than his schoolmarm.

NT FASCISMS &

David Holbrook's sermonising would make one laugh if he didn't make one weep, precisely because his weird mixture of sensitivity and moral sadism, of idealism and paranoia (ie. misdirected aggression), so thoroughly queers what might have been a promising libertarian pitch. If he's worth, and he is, the courtesy of our love-hate, it's not just because he symptomises, in conveniently extremist form, a new twist to the school marm attitude. He moves from libertarianism à la Lawrence to an unreasoning hatred of all other temperaments and styles. Yet much that he says, in criticism of the New Morality, is basically sound.

Meanwhile, let's not forget the libertarian right. Bold Sir Jasper stroking his mutton-chop whiskers as he menaces the poor-but-honest tenant's English rose of a daughter; the Victorian pater-familias knowing that brazen servant girls were pretty meat for their social master, the lover of freedom who thinks Cuba should remain the brothel of the USA.

10 Nipples or Nozzles?

Feminine emancipation, for one thing. As family status is replaced by jobskill status, the ratrace must try and conscript the ladies as well. Of course, the working-class woman has been out working for about two hundred years, which may be one reason why she's tougher and coarser and some of the things intellectuals like about Lauren Bacall and Angie Dickinson, and why the working-class Mum can acquire such proportions (the younger girls are working). World Wars 1 & 2 proved that the middle and upper classes could be conscripted too. The freedom of women to work is like the freedom of men to work, or die for their country, or like the freedom of children to go to school, have their heads filled with nonsense, be kept in and given lines. The achievement of our society is that it makes not working as intolerable as not learning. But emancipation will leave women no freer than it leaves man.

Woman as a sheltered, stultified sentimentalist is a familiar figure of pathos, as is the man on whom she makes her cloying demands for sustenance. Typically, perhaps, she is the product of a little experience of reality—insufficient to teach, sufficient to arouse resistance. No doubt this type will survive, and thrive, as the American 'do-godder' thrives—but more militant hitherto. The more educated and intelligent women will lose all proneness to hysteria, frigidity and tears, become more prone to obsessional disorders and to kinks. The biological will become trivial and meaningless rather than obscene; and all poetry will fly to those phantasy realms in which contact itself is blurred and half-obliterated. The image of intellectual liberal happiness will be: two beautiful people, of neither-nor sex, moving through a jungle of movie-images of their bodies, drowning, together in incense and environments, aiding one another to symbolic suicides by needle, pill and other mechanical appliances. These will be worthwhile, maladjusted individuals. The pinstripe machines will fly to the Khatmandu and Hawaii holiday-camps, drench themselves in deodorants, wonder where life went but be too sweetly busy to pause to find out. It's not so night-marish—rather attractive, in fact? Precisely . . .

11 Was I Right to Embrace Hugh Hefner without Divorcing Berthold Brecht? by Ken Tynan

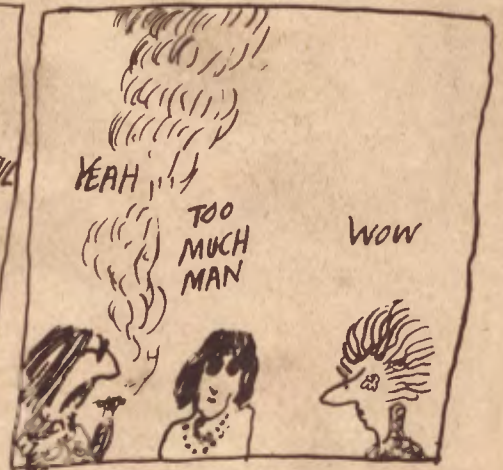
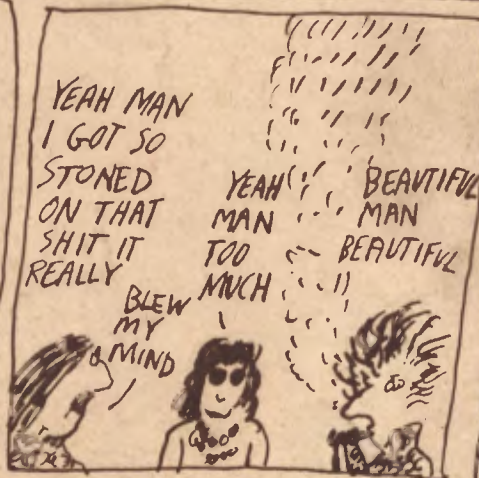
The Playboy-Penthouse philosophy sells by sex but it doesn't sell sex. It sell what the magazine names imply: luxury, of which the girls are so to speak, the lushest cushions, the mascots, the all mod cons. The girls are the bait for selling the aftershave lotions, the superchargers, the personal products, the escort agency, in brief, the bunny, in one form or another, and her accessories. What's presented as a radical crusade against puritanism is something rather different. It might seem a massive and desperate bid to offer us incentives for working harder.

But it isn't even that. All it offers is a luxury dream of which girls are part. That's why ironically, Penthouse can't afford to let OZ mention sex in its advertisements. Sex offered in any other context, and particularly in a hippy one, ie. detached from status, shatters the implication that the sex ethos naturally belongs in, and calls for, whatever version of the philosophy your wallet will stretch to, and that your playgirl is likely to be melted by.

The link is a fragile one, because you know she knows and he knows, and she can separate your person from your playboy mask just as fast as Messrs Hefner and Guccione can pretend that the latter can become the former. They know, and OZ readers know, and only the idiots who subscribe to P & P don't know, that a passionate, reckless, sensitive and generous temperament will get very ugly men and women so much loving so fast that the supply will vastly exceed the demand. In this open-plan world (tubes, cafes, informality) only one thing makes computer date agencies necessary, or makes loneliness a psychic scourge; and that's a state of continuous, intense and abject psychological terror. And no amount of moralising about bed will make the least difference to a human poverty which won't be solved in bed at all, but by transforming in every layer of responses from from the unseeing glance to the hidden fantasy.

Imagine, for a moment, if you can, a day without terror. A violent world, perhaps—but a resilient one . . . And contrast that with the logical conclusion of the P-P philosophy; the Playboy Club, where untouchable bunnies sell you ordinary entertainment slightly more expensively. For if you felt you could touch, you'd feel you ought to try (to prove you're a man, you're with it, to have fun, etc); and if you were faced with the prospect of trying, you'd be faced with the prospect of failing, and you'd be back in the same old terrorised state from which you started. But you can't. How restful totalitarianism is.

Hefner's brilliance lay in seeing that by stressing the prohibitions (bunnies aren't allowed to . . .) you render the daydream safe. 'I don't have to try, but she might if she could.' *continued OZ 15*



APPLE

Paul McCartney asked me to point out that Apple is not in competition with any of the underground organisations, rather it exists to help, collaborate with, and extend all existing organizations as well as start many new ones. The concept as outlined by Paul is to establish an 'underground' company above ground as big as Shell BP or ICI but as there is no profit motive as the Beatles profits go first to the combined staff and then are given away to 'the needy.'

Miles



The Yellow-on-Orange Press

7. A magic number. Turn it upside down and it becomes a fat feminine 2. What relation has 2 to 7? It's a part of the incomprehensibility of symbols. Incomprehensibility plus fact equals error: "Nude picture campaign in Belgium." (courtesy of The Times). Caption talks about campaign. For nude pictures? No. The article chronicles Belgian police raids on art galleries. Grey press readers are expected to read headlines backwards. The breakdown and falsification of the simplest facts in commercial communications media is easy to demonstrate. Partly resulting from hide-bound traditions in error-making partly a conscious effort of controlled communications to inure subscribers to false thinking and lie-acceptance.

The Underground is supposed to be different. It is.

But is it any more effective? Effective in the role of communications? There is an easy attitude that suggests that just because the underground presses exist and have been able to survive they are successful.

The wrong yardstick is being used. Underground publications are made by people who do not belong to Fleet Street and establishment publishing groups, and they behave differently. They make a different product. But they have torn down one kind of incomprehensibility and replaced it with another.

On the news front, they kindle the same kind of hysteria as the faceless leader-writers of the dailies. They fight the same battles, but on the other side. To meet the effete philosophies of the establishment in a head-on clash that will awaken a response (not only amongst the faithful and converted, but outside amongst the hosts of Midian) means that far more effective thinking and writing must be recruited if truth is to bloom.

Central to the business of communication is impact. It is disputable what percentage of literate people are scared off unbroken paragraphs of solid type in the New Statesman and The Times. It may not be any greater than the staunch un-readers of the Express and the Mirror, those that hate every screamer and slice of cheese-cake and would rather spend their reading time with the London A.D. But it is easier to assess the great majority which is put off by misprints, overprinting and press-gram, and who will not read anything litho-ed yellow on orange.

Even supposing that such barriers are overcome, and a whole new public is prepared to dump its biases and read underground publications, there is a need for subject matter to attract participation. Uncensored news is not necessarily much more interesting if it is merely an expanded version of tabloid abridgement. Nor is there much satisfaction for a reader finding in these clandestine pages reference to something that was too dull to make the papers

Loyal undergrounders may be forgiven for wondering at times if editorial, besides lacking convincing and attractive writers, is

not also short on straight reporters with news sense. And what is underground news sense anyway? It should be more than taking in each others' washing.

Unconvincing rediscovery of the product of great minds by birdbrains is a lamentable waste of time. Such timewasting is further compounded if these lightweights commit the extent of their findings to print. Reassessment of values by the underground is a laudible activity, but it must be carried out by those mentally equipped to do it.

The Square press sins most by omission. Not just because of censorship and commercial pressures. It actually leaves great areas of thought and action unexamined—in the mistaken belief that nobody wants to know. Just how long growing sensitivity will allow this state to continue, how long it will remain economically viable (with evening papers at 5 pence a time) is hard to say. But there are signs that a paper-hungry community is fed up with consumer advertising and consensus politics, laced with mayhem and tease-sex. If that is all that life is about, more and more will turn to and seek for something better. At the moment they won't find it.

Another hold up is ubiquitous. The hedonistic fun thing. The suggestion from the underground that a wise man lives on a diet of milk, honey and lotus. Even if this were true it would evoke suspicious hostility from the outside world. The conception that you work at what you like and like what you work at needs keener explanation—otherwise in puritan Britain and probably elsewhere the argument will find few takers.

Whacky pictures are alright, but not exclusively so. The earth is crawling with good artists, illustrators and photographers, so why get stuck in a rut? Steadman and the rest of them don't make a summer, and most free presses want to publish the year round. In Nazi terms, repetition may achieve its ends, but it never was satisfactory unless it could be imposed blanket-style.

Generation-gap troubles too. Outside a few sacred old men and flash middle-agers, underground press workers and contributors are in the same age bracket (and it must get older). Even if in fact it is, the underground shouldn't be a youth club, nor should it be allowed to senesce into a society for oldsters to camp about in bermuda shorts and school-caps. Currently, free publications are chained to youth. That sort of bondage can be dull.

Perhaps the youth flavour explains why optimism is in the saddle. A putative long-life stretching won't help to make its inheritors interested in forcing the pace of change. It may be little use pointing out that everyone gets older—fast—but the dirty and leisurely course of human history suggests that gradualism has consistently choked off the millenium. Rosebud gathering ends in a stench of corruption.

This is not to demand that the underground should show itself more committed. It's just that happiness, the better life, and the rest of it are not going to come about by chance—nor will they come any nearer through the good intentions of the Establishment Go-Slow. Those who have opted out of the non-life have a right to expect a little more action. They could (should?) find it in the underground press.

(new readers, begin here)

Sheldon Williams

Nude picture
campaign in
Belgium

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT
BRUSSELS, JUNE 18
"Series have

DO YOU WANT **MORE** OUT OF YOUR SEX LIFE?

We have an extensive range of items designed to increase the intensity of sexual pleasure. Many of these have never before been available in this country. If there is something that you may have heard of, but can't get - try us...

**Pellen
Personal
Products LTD.**
47 Muswell Hill Broadway
London N.10 Room 3



MEN IT CAN BE DONE

Now available --- MAGNAPHALL --- a sound and successful method of improving virility and increasing the size of the male organ. A method which is absolutely SAFE, involves no drugs or apparatus and is GUARANTEED. MAGNAPHALL has helped thousands of men, all over the world. There is no longer a need for any man to envy the sexual vigour or proportions of others. You don't have to believe us -- we can send you such PROOF as will convince even the most skeptical.

For full details of how MAGNAPHALL works and positive proof of success, in strict confidence no obligation, write to:-

RAVENSDALE PRODUCTS LTD.
SECTION T
SPRINGFIELD ROAD,
LONDON. N.15.



SUBSCRIBE NOW!

To: INTERNATIONAL TIMES 22 Betterton St., WCH

I want to be an IT distributor

I want to be an IT girl

I want to sell advertising space for IT

I WANT TO SUBSCRIBE TO IT AND ENCLOSE AT
LEAST £2

(or equivalent amount) for One year

NAME

ADDRESS

ANTI-U

Alan Krebs

The Antiuniversity of London is a response to perceived madness. It is not the only response possible, it's far from a perfect response, but its existence, in the concrete, is intended to be an explicit statement of what we think the educational system of the West has come to be.

Meaningful education comes to an end at the age of five. At about that time learning to differentiate hot from cold, good animals from bad, the meaning of frowns, inflections, smiles, the techniques to control (or at least limit) the actions of the Titians who tower over a kid come to be differentiated from 'real learning'. 'Real learning' takes place in a special building at appointed hours at the hands of paid officials. It is first and foremost an initiation into the properties of methodical submission. We learn how to be students, how to be passive, how always to work within a situation with predefined limits without ever questioning those limits.

Knowledge comes from School through the instrumentality of the Teacher. It is a sacred thing, divided into certain sacrosanct areas and approached in stylized form with a host of attendant ritual acts: silence, decorum, respect, neatness, cleanliness, order. If blood must flow (and flow it must) it must be directed laterally: 'Whose performance today was best?' 'Whose lesson was the neatest?' 'Who learned to spell the most words today?'

And let us not think for a moment that this programmed rape is without its biographical significance. Which of us will pass through the filter? Who will be streamed in which direction at the 11-plus? Who will perform the best on O-levels? Who will perform best on the A-levels? Which will go to Oxford? Which will go to Cambridge? Which will go to City University? Which will go to Slag Heap Tech? Which will go no place at all?

For Western industrial man the educational system is first and foremost THE mobility escalator in his society. Barring the Pools and a fortuitous homosexual relationship with Lord X it is the one technique available to the majority of white westerners to improve their lot in comparison with their fathers. The structured insanity of the industrial nine-to-five as millhand or clerk or even the motor trade or the life-time sale of yard goods provides initiation first to the parents—then later to the child: whether the fears and nightmares, the futility and horror is ever recognized, whether the transmission system is ever noted, whether the emotional 'guidance' provided is ever remarked—its articulation is irrelevant. The horror exists.

Who can blame them if two-thirds through the Twentieth Century they took their social orders to be permanent fixtures of mankind? If they agreed that for the sake of the telly and the HP, the week's supply of paraffin and the Queen they tried to do the best they could for their children. And who would blame them if their institutions were geared to produce more clerks and engineers, teachers and Post Office workers—docile submissive, respectful, unquestioning?

The educational system exists primarily to produce the skilled manpower that those who run the social order require. The managers need those who neither rebel nor daydream, innovate excessively or quarrel: Just good, respectable, methodical, home-owning workers.

By the time the gates of heaven are opened, the grant obtained, university admission secured, the damage has already been done. That only 5% of the age-eligible population of the United Kingdom can obtain entry to the 'facilities' of higher education is a saving grace. It is not that only 5% can obtain entry; rather that only 5% are certifiably destroyed. It is those who have managed to hop through so many hoops, to pass through so many of the filters, to have so bridled and constrained not only their minds but their bodies as well that the best of them will spend a good proportion of their ensuing years unlearning the destructive effects of their earlier education.

'Nonsense,' respond detractors, 'why, many of us will become teachers. We will become educators and given complete freedom to pursue researches wherever our curiosity might lead us. Instead of grinding away at a dull and terrible job in the Underground we'll have our minds free to explore ideas—to consider the relevance of Yeats to Joyce, to examine the the philosophy of Hume, to explore the contribution of Weber.'

Surely.

'Nonsense,' respond others, 'think of science (i.e. apart from chemical—bacterial warfare hydrogen bombs, rockets, flame-throwers, etc.) think of outerspace, the configuration of matter, the leaps and bounds of the new physics, the development of new contrivances, of transplants.'

Surely. Particularly in a social order in which all innovation is scrutinized for its destructive potential.

From the perspective of damage already inflicted, then, the construction of an anti-university is an obscenity. More than anything else it is a drawing together of cripples who, who, at least, have an inkling of their infirmities. The majority who attend will always already have been wounded—their injuries will always be carried over into the new organization. Thus, at the Antiuniversity of London, the dominant question (with those who have already had their brains constructively orientated by the establishment, will be how to destroy the whole previously existing structure of learning, the sacrosanct student-teacher relationship, the injunction to passive silence, the awe of great figures, the humility of the Humble when facing the source of Light.

As for the 'unfortunate' 95% who never merited the favour of the establishment, not surprisingly there are few. Why, after all, should people take time out from making money, drinking, screwing or sleeping to sit down in classrooms and listen to teachers intone. Even if teachers intone ideas never intoned in Western classrooms before, there is—in the very process of intoning—something of the smell of impotence and death. If these brethren were with us, the obstacles faced by the place would be even greater: how do you create relevance, in the Twentieth Century, with words? Unless the words can be translated into some meaningful act, unless they derive from some felt and visible material circumstance, then what good are they at all? This is a question the Antiuniversity has yet to be even in a position to answer.



ANTI-U2

Bill Mason

It has been necessary to give up the premises at Rivington St. because of lack of funds, and until we have more money, courses and seminars are being held in member's homes and other places. Information about all meetings can be had by writing to 1 Sherwood St. N1., or by telephoning Bill Mason at 01-289 0998

The registration fee is now £5 a year, starting in September, and will admit members to all courses. But unless cards are shown, a visitor's fee of 5/- will be charged.

Information of all public lectures sponsored by the Anti-University will be first sent to members, who will be able to attend at half price. We hope to arrange that membership cards may be used to obtain the usual student discounts. Any members who have already paid for the summer session will be sent a years membership.

A room will be rented in a pub for a general meeting and a get together on the second Friday in September, when future courses will be discussed. The time and place will be known by the last week in August. Ring Bill Mason after that for details.

Courses now meeting are:

1 Action Research Group on Racism / 2 Roy Battersby, Leon Redler, Roger Gottlieb - Time & Timelessness / 3 Bob Cobbing & Anna Lockwood - Composing with sound / 4 David Cooper Seminar / 5 Roberta Elzey Berke - On Finnegan's Wake / 6 Guerilla Poetry Workshop / 7 Jim Maynes - Dialogues about Relevance and Irrelevance / 8 Jerome Liss - Workshop Sensitivity training / 9 Alex Lowsiewkee - Chinese Language & Philosophy / 10 Julian Mitchell - Literature & Psychology / 11 David Mycroft - Line Think / 12 Peter Payne - Self Defence & Body Awareness / 13 Ian Sutherland - Joy/14 Morton Schatzman - Analysis of the Family/15 Tony Smythe - Civil Liberties in Britain.

This will be extended in September to include the following courses and seminars: 1 Noel Cobb - Spiritual Amnesia & Physiology of Self Estrangement / 2 Alan Krebbs - Life in a Television Set / 3 John Latham - Anti No / 4 Paul Lawson - Demystifying Media / 5 Gustav Metzger - Theory of Auto Destructive Art / 6 Jesse Watkins Group / 7 Mazin Zeki - Alternative Press.

Instead of a formal catalogue, regular news bulletins Will be sent out and members are invited to use them for comment and communications.



The Institute of Phenomenological Studies



During the summer of last year, The Institute of Phenomenological Studies organised the Dialectics of Liberation Congress. This was concerned with the Demystification of Human Violence in all forms, the Social System from which it emanates, and the exploration of new forms of action.

The proceedings were recorded, and Inter Sound of 20 Fitzroy Sq., London, W.1, are releasing them as a series of 23 long play records and are now accepting orders.

Records are available individually or in sets. For example the Anti-Psychiatry set. 1 Gregory Bateson Conscious Purpose vs Nature; 2 Bateson concluded/Ross Beck concluded; 3 David Cooper Beyond Words; 4 Ronald Laing The Obvious; 5 Ross Beck Politics and Psychotherapy of Mini and Micro Groups. The Anti-Psychiatry set costs £6 or \$13.99.

Other speakers include Stokely Carmichael, Herbert Marcuse, Jules Henry, Alan Ginsberg, Julian Beck, Paul Goodman, Paul Sweezy, Simon Vinkenkoog.

Records are available individually of all speakers at £1.5.11 or \$2.99. Enquiries to Inter Sound, 20 Fitzroy Sq., London, W.1.

3rd World

Norodom Sihanouk rules Cambodia with the verve and guile of a latterday Lorenzo the Magnificent. Something of a South East Asian Superstar (he makes movies, composes songs, hosts Jackie Kennedy), he has maintained the integrity of his threatened kingdom by counterbalancing the Americans with the Chinese. In doing so he has been forced to articulate many of the 3rd World's hopes and fears.

In the general world situation today and — in particular — in the present situation in Asia, Cambodia has no desire to adhere to regional organizations the real aims of which are seldom clearly defined. At this time, our preference goes to bilateral relations outside a rigid framework, which would deprive us of the freedom of manoeuvre we require to ensure our survival, and to safeguard our non-aligned status. We attach supreme importance to retaining our freedom to have the sort of relations we want with the countries we want to have relations with in conformity with the principle of reciprocity, with due regard to the international conjuncture and to where our national interests lie.

I need hardly add that it is our ardent desire to see the establishment of an authentic co-operation between all Asian countries, irrespective of the sort of régime they may be subject to, or to the political options they may have taken out: co-operation on the lines envisaged at Bandung in 1955. But it is evident that solidarity in this beneficial form demands a strict application of the principles of peaceful co-existence, together with the liquidation of American neo-colonialism, particularly in its most brutal aspect as currently displayed in the attack on Vietnam.

A There is only one way of bringing the war in Vietnam to an end. The problem is a very simple one. Are the United States prepared to respect Vietnam's national independence, and to recognize the right of the Vietnamese people to settle their own affairs free of military intervention, and foreign interference? If the answer is a positive one, let them withdraw their armed forces at present engaged in an invasion of South Vietnam, and the war will come to an end at once.

K Cambodia under the «Sangkum» régime continues to develop as a nation by relying on its own resources or — as we are in the habit of expressing it — by «self-aid». It is our belief that this is the sole policy, in final analysis, calculated to preserve in effective fashion our national independence, and to place our economy on a sound basis. Moreover, the progress accomplished during recent years provides ample proof of the truth of this contention.

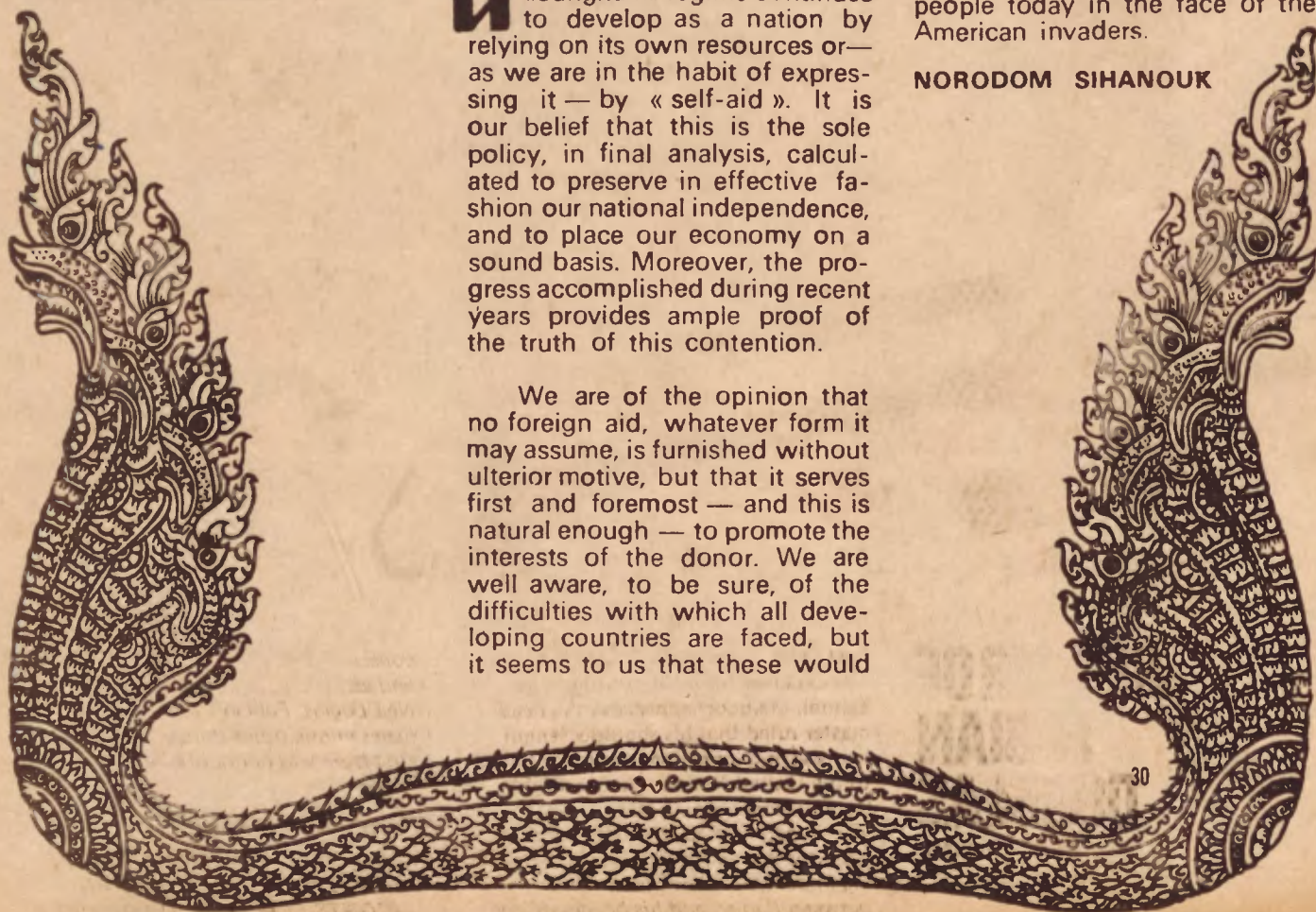
We are of the opinion that no foreign aid, whatever form it may assume, is furnished without ulterior motive, but that it serves first and foremost — and this is natural enough — to promote the interests of the donor. We are well aware, to be sure, of the difficulties with which all developing countries are faced, but it seems to us that these would

be greatly attenuated were our «third world» to find some way of uniting to end an absurd situation or — in other words — to put a stop to further exploitation.

I We are demanding that the great powers finally admit the fact that every country in the world, whether it be large or small, rich or poor, has an equal right to insist on complete respect being shown its national independence and territorial integrity. In short we are asking to be accorded the identical rights which the great powers insist on being invested with themselves. So far as our traditionally expansionist neighbours are concerned, we trust that their future rulers will have the wisdom to adopt another approach in their dealings with Cambodia and — more especially — that they will renounce their designs on Khmer territory.

If these neighbours flout our sovereignty, and show no respect for our territorial integrity, they do so in the knowledge that our people will rise in defence of their sacred rights, alone if need be, or with aid supplied them by friendly countries, as is the case with the Vietnamese people today in the face of the American invaders.

NORODOM SIHANOUK





THE OF FABIAN DOUGLAS

by Neil Douglas.

The Great Althack 2

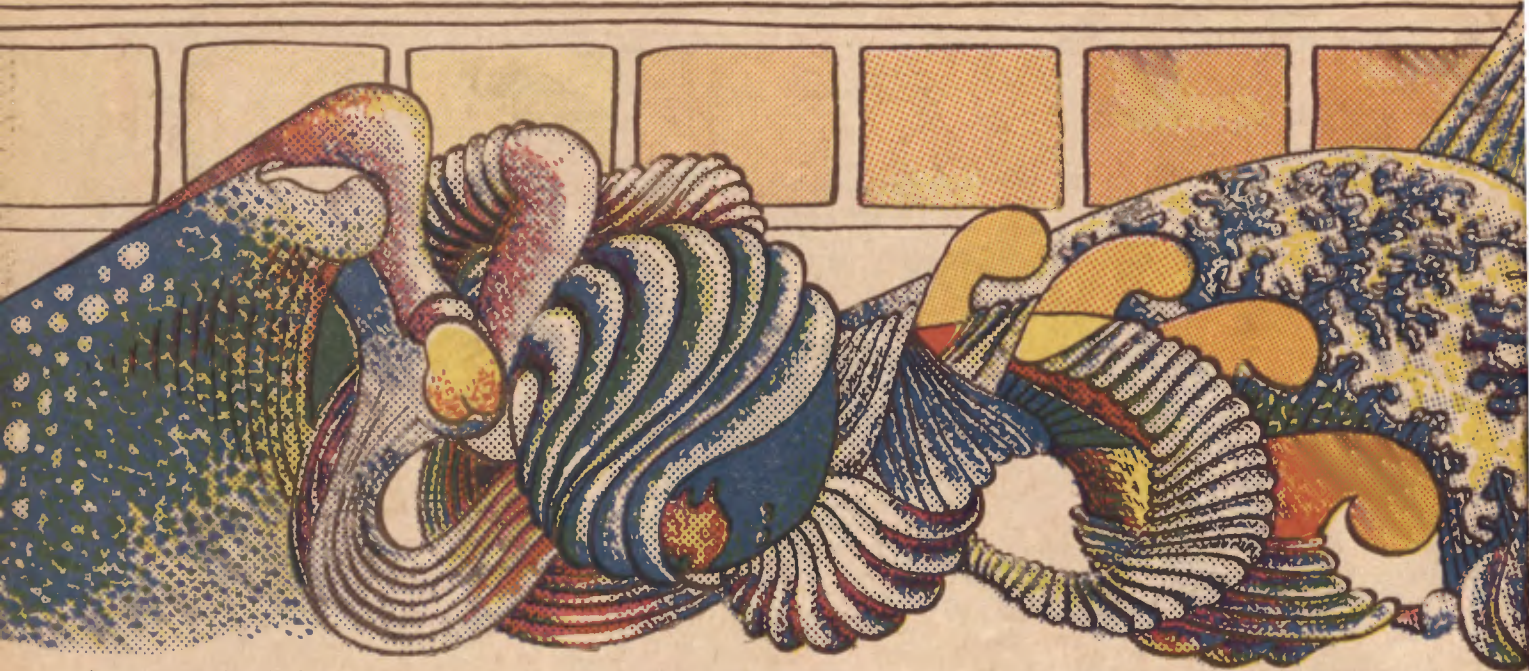
Last year, 15 year old Fabian Douglas was expelled from Hurstbridge High School, Melbourne, because the headmaster ruled that his shoulder length hair was too long. Now he is appealing to the United Nations Human Rights Commission.

The freedom to go to school long haired is not an issue of world shattering importance, but the conflict between Fabian and his headmaster is not about hair. It is a conflict of

consciousnesses. In his extraordinary and eccentric autobiographical story, Neil Douglas, Fabian's father, establishes—among other things—that the first hippie was undoubtedly a Victorian.

A Very Simple Story—

1. WHY BACK YOUR BOY FABIAN IN HIS PLEA TO U.N. HUMAN RIGHTS COMMISSION FOR HIS LONG HAIR?



I am not, and he isn't!

**WHY DO YOU BACK YOUR
BOY IN DISOBEYING SCHOOL
RULES AND THE HEADMASTER?**

I am not, and he didn't!

I cannot get this simple story correctly published as a whole in Australia, and so write 12,000 miles to LONDON OZ, who alone have offered the space to show what we can't get, and what warrants an appeal all the way to U.N., is that we want to be told the facts either way, by experts, and not by the sort of Authority which apparently fears even their own experts, as I will show. Definition of self expression for original types at schools SHOULD be made by the properly qualified experts, Instead of by untrained and authoritarian officials! This little question affects all the biggest issues of our lives and in schools, I believe we ARE damaging our creative kids.

**2. WHY SHOULD MY 15 YEAR OLD
BOY FEEL SO STRONGLY
THERE ARE ALTERNATIVES
TO THE RATRACE? WHY DOES
HE SO URGENTLY WANT THE
EXPRESSION OF THIS AT
SCHOOLS?**

*So would you, if, like Fabian, you
grew up in a more effective and
beautiful life than the ratrace!*

BEGIN YOUR NEW LIFE HERE . . .

One day, when I was a boy myself, two businessmen stood over me. It was an arranged interview for my own good. They told me my father was right, -I had to earn money for my living, and so had to Be Successful in Business. Businessmen were Practical -all Governments and Schools centred around Business. I must be practical too, and be efficient, and stop fooling in the garden all my time, and get a job, and conform to society, before I could be accepted in Society. And I knew it was the Final Ultimatum . . .

When I was asked for a reply, I said, 'But - but -' (then I had an absolute inspiration and I said,)

'but I HAVE RETIRED.'

- Remember this was 40 years ago! I followed up the astounded silence coming from what I didn't know in those lonely days was an intense psychedelic advantage! - by expertly talking very fast about my plan for turning our four acres of land, 20 miles from the City, into an -

**OASIS IN THE RATRACE FIT FOR KIDS,
A ROBINSON CRUSOE KIND OF EDEN,**

- I said - with a world wide collection of rare vegetables and fruits for all seasons, and wonderful herbs for connoisseur approaches to home grown food and home brewing and cheeses made from cow or goat! There would be chooks, and bees, and a kiln for pottery, and some natural and beautiful girl without artificial gunturrets and commercial warpaint, would come and weave and spin for clothes and make handcrafts! We would be self supporting, yet with enough money - all our friends would be people instead of rats on the treadmill.

**3. ALSO I WOULD NOT HAVE MY
CHILDREN FORCED OUT OF
PARADISE INTO THE TREADMILL!**

I said fiercely-into the sardine commuter trains for forty years, into the time payment penance, into the insulting fortnight of free time once a year for the rest of their lives, into guilty silences in order to get on, - my kids would also be people and their wives wouldn't have to go out to work! -Be People, I said - not industrial automatons who can walk past others on the footpath screaming for help, as happens in all industrial societies and lately even here in Sunny Australia, the Land of Mateship! We won't soil our suit even to help someone in terrible distress these days!

OH I wouldn't wear this uniform and feel like a chook in a battery in return for wage spiral money buying built-in obsolescence - striking even before the payments are done!

OH IT WAS A SAVAGE REPUDIATION and I burst into tears for myself and my future children and all kids I knew stifled and twisted and silenced to fit into set patterns.

4. Invoking my future children against their Business Heavy weights amused my parents, except that my father said, half convinced, that my poor future girl would probably rather I was in the ratrace!

- 'I would rather you were in the ratrace,' said every lovely girl I met for the next twenty years, while I achieved in fact and reality the most awful frustration, but also a garden which was

**THE MOST PERFECT PARADISE ON EARTH
I HAVE EVER SEEN, FULL OF VERY
CULTURED FLOWERS!**

In among the Artychokes sprang up Barry Humphries, John Percevals' ceramic angels among the Passionfruit. Behind the Perfect Posy for the Prettiest Girls always appeared Max Harris, and behind the perfect Poesy smiling Barry Reid. Sidney Nolan nibbled the nuts, and the Early Boyd promoted in paint the New Diet of Worms, and Sunday came any day of the week . . . oh what a garden from which to watch, heh, heh! guess what I watched!

**5. I WATCHED THE BIG PRACTICAL
BUSINESS WORLD COLLAPSE!**

Businessmen suicided (very practically) on every hand, -a long depression, terrible to see last so long, and then wars precipitated by business, then we had a Bank Run, and then the sinister New Guard, (local fascist group- ed.) and even the Military in the Coalfields. But even worse than the Price-wage Spirals was that -

**EVERYONE HAD COUPONS FOR FOOD AND
CLOTHES INSTEAD OF FOR CHILDREN AND
LOVE.**

**GET THIS -
THE FOOD THAT GREW ON MY VINES
WAS FOR FREE!**

Fiercely I looked out at the broken and discredited Business World from the Gardeners' happy grind where the only SPIRALS were around the hives, and the only QUEUES, the lines of carrots or fruits along the boughs and into my hands themselves did reach the nectarine and curious peach . . .

**6. INEVITABLY THEN, TO SUCH A
SUCCESSFUL ALTERNATIVE
WOULD COME A MAN LIKE
FABIAN!**

and so it was that one day a girl who had been half starved in the big depression both for beauty and for food burst into tears when she saw the huge rambling Garden, and Fabian at length became Fabian of a green thought in a green shade and Paradise was soon neither rude nor solitude along with Linden and Rowan his brothers named for our trees, and Fabian means grower of beans (as well as brains over brawn, to put the old legend crudely).

**7. NOW THE NICEST PEOPLE MUST
ASK THE NASTIEST QUESTION:-**

**WHAT sort of a HOUSE would such 'NON-
CONSUMER GOODS' children GROW UP
in then?**

So see Fabian with birds nests by his attic bed in 'a home beautifully expressed' as someone called it at once, a historic pioneers cottage like Dylan's poem, Fern Hill, in the Bush! It was made with no nails, of stingybark, and blackwood, wattled into natural timber effects



and a wooden shingle roofed attic, where tame ringtails stole Fabian's bedside apples at night and window views showed long aisles of (unpaid for) expensive and exclusive flowers reaching in bowers away into the wildgarden orchard and the Bush, and all the proper price stickers were also missing from the tree high mountains of fruit!
—and our furnishings?—all were of gentle hand-made style, wood basketry, pottery, handwovens, hand wrought metals made by friends in exchange and barter.

8. Was it any wonder that Fabian came to me one day and said, 'NEIL, I WANT MY HAIR LONG! I DON'T WANT SHORT HAIR LIKE THE CHEEKY TAXIMAN. I WANT TO LIVE 'REAL' NOT WORK! I WANT MY HAIR LONG LIKE MATCHUM SKIPPER MY JEWEL MAKING MAN. I WANT RINGS IN MY EARS TOO AND HE IS ALWAYS LAUGHING. I WILL WORK REAL, LIKE IN THE GARDEN AND FIND NATURE ALL MY LIFE.

HE WAS NOT YET FIVE YEARS OLD!

9. At five he went off to school with his long hair and was so very confident although there were no other long haired boys in sight those days.

IF I AM A SISSY SO IS SAMPSON he told funny suburban kids, but as always was accepted because of his exciting and expert ways with nature—pets, excursions, snakes, butterflies, scorpions, bush orchids,—the love life of kangaroos—and Kissing Gouramis!

HOW I GOT BULLIED OVER FABIAN! YOU'RE DOING IT TO HIM! said all the sensibiles! They couldn't see a born aesthetic in Australia, a Man's Country, and like Huxley they'd have to take mescaline or some other dose even alcohol to see the world with a peacock edge to it like Fabian does every minute of every peacock day, naturally, and at eight he said I will wear my hair right down my back like a Peacock!

TO THE VILIFICATION, I said many people would soon be like Fabian and give up trying to win Lotteries or Be the Boss and try to capture their lost innocence, the warm earth and ask the most powerful of all political questions:—

'Do we live to work or do we work to live?'—AND MEAN IT.

OH IT WAS A LONG SPEECH I MUST SADLY SAY IT LASTED SOME YEARS while I wore a flower in my buttonhole all my life, but suddenly, Hullo! as I knew it would because truth grows spontaneously, up sprang everywhere the vast discrediting of the ratrace by all the people who walk with long hair and bare feet like good gardeners like to, except that many were so damned innocent they

harmd the cause so much, I nearly stopped wearing my flower after forty years, but they did and do ask that one real question—AND MEAN IT.

10. AND IS FABIAN AFFECTED BY THE TAUNTING, YOU ASK?

BAD GOD, MAN! FABIAN'S ONLY JUST BEGINNING TO ATTACK THE RATRACE RELIGION OF HUMAN UNINVOLVEMENT!

A school suburban type ringleader, hoping for a laugh on the playground, picked Fabian one day! A ring gathered, and waited for Fabian's reply. Fabian walked up to him and looked the suburban bloke over very quizzically very closely, like he does a specimen, and then said brightly at his hair—'Ah! I've got it—a lavatory brush!—I don't fight lavatory brushes!'

The bloke walked away from his mates to leave the laughter and everyone stayed with Fabian.

11. AH! THE FIRST 'STUDENT RIOT' I SAW was when Allannah Coleman my fellow Art Student, later of London, innocently wore the first slacks seen in Australia, the land of MEN! She stopped the whole city and as always they said, 'YOU caused the Riot!—and now they have slacks in every family, and still they scream the same way now at Long-hairs—'YOU cause the trouble!'

12. MEANWHILE FABIAN'S 10 SUCCESSIVE HAPPY HEADMASTERS, INNOCENT AND UNAWARE SET THE CANNON FOR FABIAN'S SUBMISSION TO U.N. BY PERMITTING INDIVIDUAL EXPRESSION AT SCHOOLS!—AND LIKING HIM!

Yes, in three schools, these heads made use of Fabian's abilities to demonstrate various wonders for classes, and they actually appreciated interesting specialised types of boys at school, and even lifted compulsory sport for some brainy types, and had them in the library or in congenial work which saved them the hated 'torture' such as Religious Instruction. . . (hows that for any scientific mind like Fabian's?) and they all allowed waste length hair at school for Fabian!

THERE WAS NO INCITEMENT TO IN-DISCIPLINE, BUT THE REVERSE, NO PROBLEM OF DISCIPLINE THESE 10 HEADMASTERS COULD NOT HANDLE WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE, NOR ANY PROBLEM OF TELLING GENUINE FROM PROVOCATIVE SELF EXPRESSION BY SIMPLY STUDYING THE CHILD AND ITS BACKGROUND.

They all did this, and came to see us often socially, and shared of our life and friends. They sent classes up to see the native garden

etc., the paintings, Fabian's collection, and specially on Public Occasions, when our home was used for Open Days for Charities like International Social Service or the Arts Council, and, as at school, Fabian was always in demand with his dramatic talks, and his charm, and his charming snakes etc!

SO HE WAS A SUCCESS AT HOME AND AT SCHOOL AND SO WERE HIS PARENTS.

13. THE ELEVENTH HEADMASTER SAID, 'YOU WILL NEVER GET A JOB IF YOU LOOK LIKE YOUR PARENTS OR YOUR PARENTS FRIENDS. LONGHAIRS ARE DISREPUTABLE. YOU WILL CUT YOUR HAIR. I HAVE TO THINK OF THE GOOD NAME OF THE SCHOOL. I CAN'T MAKE THE RULES OF THE SCHOOL FOR ONE BOY! A STANDARD HAS TO BE SET BY THE MANNERS OF GOOD SOCIETY AND ADHERED TO. I WILL MAKE THIS BOY CONFORM FOR HIS OWN GOOD! I AM DOING HIM A FAVOR!'

He repeated this to schoolteacher friends who objected strenuously to him and to me and all pointed out the 10 Headmasters hadn't needed a rule for one boy!

14. Fabian was faced with a terrible choice. He had long looked forward to secondary school to do sciences on the way to entymology and biology, but if he cut his hair it was admitting our indecency!

Before he started in the new year, 1967, he had to agree to 'behind the ears, and above the collar,' as the ticket to his further Education! The Headmaster, represented this to him as an honourable compromise on his part Fabian said, 'I wish it were possible for me to force a similar 'honorable compromise' on his part that he would feel as upset and dishonoured about as I do.'

I left the matter to Fabian.

BUT FOR SIX MONTHS THE HEADMASTER TRIED TO GET FABIAN TO CONFORM INWARDLY TOO!

I said—'Take it all very politely and do not become rude. He has never been out of the suburbs in any real enough way and really believes he has to indoctrinate you towards the mass produced pattern for both you and he to 'get on'.

One morning when Fabian was late, I found him in tears with his brother Jinden helping him to do the hair in a very clever way so that it was longer than it looked, and pressure of time made the protracted process a domestic crisis! This became a recurrent crisis and a point of honour!



THEN FABIAN HAD A POSSIBLE JOB OFFERED HIM ON THE TELEVISION AS A LONG HAIRE D NATURE DEMONSTRATOR FOR A 'YOUNG SESSION' IN THE WILDS OF THE BUSH AT THE SAME TIME THE HEAD WAS SAYING HE WOULD NEVER GET A JOB!

THE HEADMASTER RUBBISHED THIS OPPORTUNITY SO HE BEGAN TO INTENSELY HATE AND DESPISE THE HEADMASTER HE HAD HITHERTO ADMITTED WAS A GOOD TEACHER WHOM HE LIKED APART FROM HIS PHOBIA, and grew deeply resentful, not of school, but of situations possible at school, 'so private from the public' he said.

His tension was increased by another mark of public esteem. The Eltham Arts Council advertised a nature walk for the building fund during the Eltham Festival, 'to be led by Fabian,' which they could not do if he was a threat to the school with his well known ideas. To this walk came 72 children and adults of the district. It was a wonderful day but—Monday was school again!

Imagine my worry when of all people he began to lose his confidence, and lost his powers of concentration on his beloved interests, and work connected with them, like watering his pets, lost volition generally and became most uncharacteristically tearful and aggressive personally, and forgot home jobs vital with both parents often away. Worst of all he began to stutter badly and to talk—Fabian, mind you!—with his head down, which I had been amazed to see other kids do to the Head at School.

'I want to wear my hair to my shoulders, why can't the Head be like all the other teachers and get on with the lessons and forget the hair. There are terrible boys at school whom he never worries as much as he does me. It's because he is bald. I have tried both ways and I get on better with kids with long hair and grown ups too, and also with myself and what I want to be.'

He burst into tears and asked me to see the psychology and Guidance Branch of the Education Department, whose officers he knew personally.

Meanwhile the hair needed another trim—it couldn't have come at a worse time psychologically:—

'DON'T COME BACK TO SCHOOL UNTIL IT IS CUT.'

FABIAN WAS IN SUCH A STATE, THAT I MADE OUT A LIST OF TWENTY-ONE DIFFERENT CATEGORIES OF ACTUAL EDUCATIONAL VIOLENCE—i TO FABIAN'S SCHOOL ATTITUDES, ii TO HIS TEACH-

ABILITY, and iii TO HIS PERSONALITY.

15. I TOOK FABIAN AND WENT TO SEE THE HEAD, AND APPLIED FOR AN INTERVIEW WITH THE EDUCATIONAL PSYCHOLOGY BRANCH, AS HE HAD REQUESTED.

AS A PRECAUTION I HAD PREVIOUSLY TESTED OUR ARGUMENTS WITH EDUCATIONAL PSYCHOLOGY FRIENDS WHO SAID WE WERE RIGHT TO WANT THE SAME TREATMENT AS THE PREVIOUS TEN HEADMASTERS BELIEVED IN.

I used their words to the head. 'I feel Fabian is being ground between the millstones of two totally different approaches to life,' and recited a list of alleged damages I wanted expert assurance about, such as the stuttering becoming permanent under more of the same indoctrination and intimidation and division that had brought the trouble, and that therefore a conscientious parent, without this expert assurance, could not comply with the order, as yet. We were not disobeying, but asking for expert supervision, I cited the ten previous Headmasters as a practical demonstration, after all, that it was not a case of making the rules of the school for one boy, and the benefits to both school and group and individual by this type of authority. I mentioned also the job on television, and said also that the Headmaster was involving my own integrity and decency as a direct challenge to me also, as well as the boy he was supposed to be educating.

To each part of my speech he replied, OBEY MY LAWFUL ORDER OR I WILL SUSPEND THE BOY. HE ACTUALLY THEN SAID HIS PSYCHOLOGY AND GUIDANCE BRANCH WERE IRRELEVANT TO THE CASE, WHICH WAS OBEDIENCE TO HIM ALONE WITHOUT QUESTION!

'But you are not a trained Diagnostician and do not know if the stuttering could become permanent—these things are very complex. The boy has a high regard for you, warring with his own personality and home experiences, to the opposite of what you make this whole school seem.' I said, 'His lessons are suffering and could suffer more, therefore I demand expert supervision of our obedience. If I am so wrong surely I myself need expert advice from the men my tax money pays to advise me. What has your true authority to fear from your own Experts? What may be shown to be wrong opinion in a wrong area on a wrong premise will not help your true authority nor will controversy about your authority as a Psychologist.'

UNMOVED HE SUSPENDED FABIAN IN MY PRESENCE.

I then drew his attention to the important

point that nobody knew of this interview in his office, the hair was not even noticeably past ears or collar, Fabian had NOT SAID HE WOULD NOT CUT HIS HAIR, BUT ASKED TO SEE THE EXPERTS, this was not a challenge to him personally,—could he then suspend his judgement instead of the boy while we rang them from his office? Say for five minutes? He was unmoved even by this appeal!

16. SO WE WERE PUT ON CORRESPONDENCE COURSE—SOLITARY CONFINEMENT LESSONS FOR THIS GROWING BOY NEEDING TO RUB SHOULDERS, AND TO INFLUENCE AND BE INFLUENCED BY HIS GROUP HITHERTO SO SUCCESSFULLY FOR ALL.

IT IS IMPORTANT TO NOTE THAT THE IMPROVEMENT IN HIS PERSONALITY WAS FROM THIS MOMENT FAIRLY RAPID,—

The stuttering vanished and he held his head properly again under home criticism, and lost all other worrying symptoms except for a slight trace of mumbling instead of speaking at times,—but this is going. I realise now a boy of fifteen cannot possibly cope with six months pressure from an adult he likes and is in two minds about.

He passed his two failure subjects, French and maths, on correspondence, and did better all round.

THIS WAS BECAUSE DELINQUENT BOYS TOOK UP THE TEACHER'S TIME IN CONSTANT SCENES, HE SAID, AND POINTED OUT THEY WERE STILL AT SCHOOL, WHERE HE WANTED TO BE BUT THEY DIDN'T!

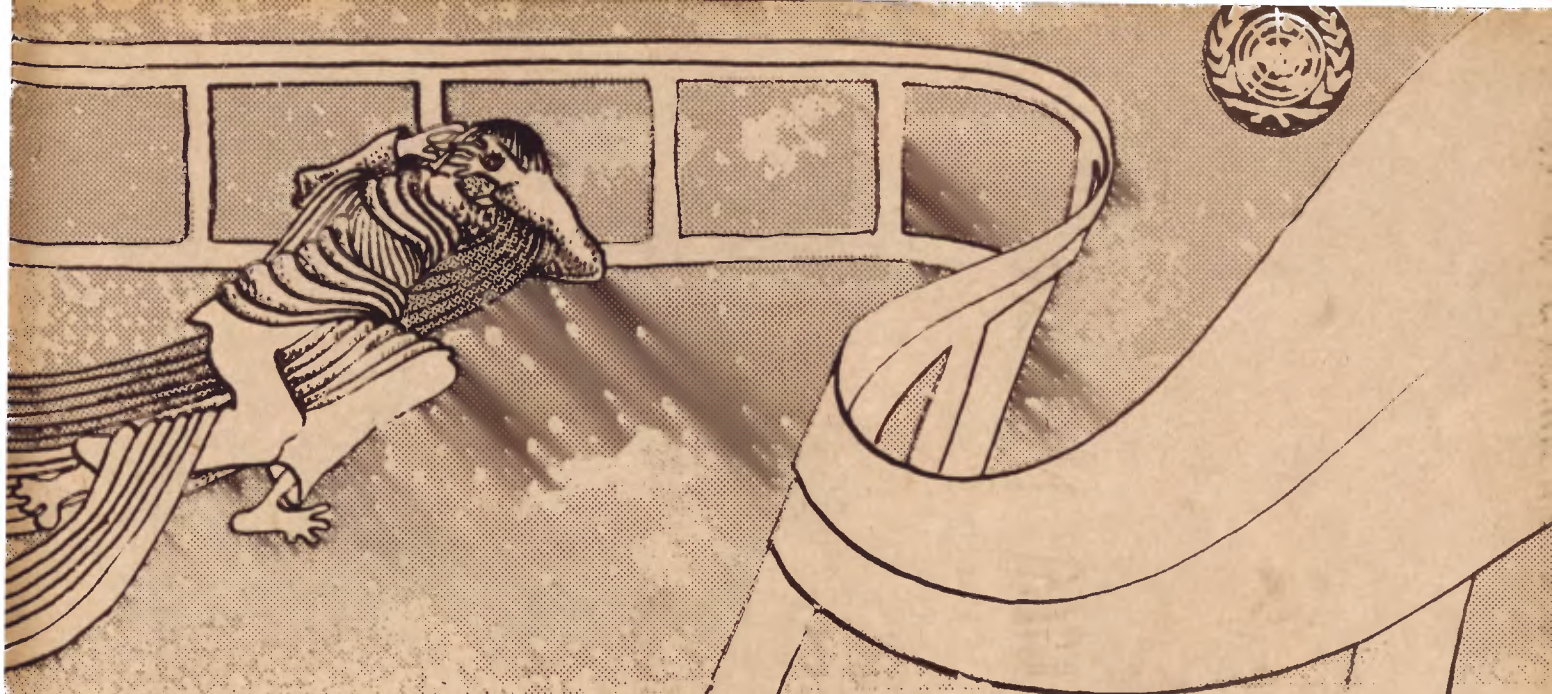
17. 1. WERE WE GOING TO ACCEPT THE HEADS' PUBLIC LABEL—DISREPUTABLE?

2. WAS I GOING TO LET THE UNTRAINED DIAGNOSTICIAN JUDGE FOR THE TRAINED EXPERT WHETHER WE HAD A CASE OR NOT, AND ACCEPT THE PUBLIC DISGRACE OF SUSPENSION BECAUSE WE WANTED TO BE PUT RIGHT BY EXPERTS?

Hoping it would help, I withheld all publicity until the OFFICIAL ENQUIRY INTO THE SUSPENSION.

This 'established' our disobedience, again without checking their own Experts to find if damage would be done to the boy by obeying, and more of the same treatment.

Fabian felt he was fighting for many other individuals denied legitimate self expression because 'different' types to the suburban pattern.



'If we should submit we prove what they think of us for them, that we are disreputable.' Fabian said, 'Keep fighting Neil, for many boys. Is school a sheep shed?'

18. I THEN BROUGHT A CASE IN THE SUPREME COURT OF VICTORIA, AND THE HEADMASTER, MR. McINERNEY.

I WENT TO THE COUNCIL FOR CIVIL LIBERTIES.

I APPEALED IN THE PAPERS TO THE LAW-MAKERS INSTEAD OF THE LAW-KEEPERS.

I WROTE TO THE MINISTER FOR EDUCATION.

All these approaches were allowed to fail, for one magnificent reason or another, to do the simple job of GETTING EXPERT OPINION HEARD AND EXPERT JUDGEMENT MADE ON THE DEPARTMENTS EVASION OF THEIR EXPERTS!

THEN I WROTE AN OPEN LETTER TO THE MINISTER FOR EDUCATION, SUBMITTED IT TO PARLIAMENT, THE PREMIER AND LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION, THE NEWSPAPERS, THE EDUCATION FACULTIES OF UNIVERSITIES, HEADMASTERS ASSOCIATION, AND SO ON.

FINALLY A REALLY TREMENDOUS ROW BEGAN IN TRAINS, TRAMS, DEPARTMENTS, AND FURIOUS EXCHANGES IN NEWSPAPER COLUMNS, BETWEEN IN ONE CASE for example THE PROFESSOR OF EDUCATION AND THE PRESIDENT OF HIGH SCHOOLS PRINCIPALS ASSOCIATION! NO PUNCHES WERE PULLED! ALL KINDS OF NOTABLES FLEW AT EACH OTHER! TWELVE OF FABIAN'S TEACHERS INCLUDING TWO SENIOR MASTERS BROKE PUBLIC SERVICE PROTOCOL AND WROTE TO THE PAPERS SUPPORTING FABIAN!

ALAS BY THIS TIME, HEADLINES, CORRESPONDENCE AND FIGHTS WERE TAKING PLACE DAILY BETWEEN IMPORTANT PEOPLE WHO DID NOT KNOW THAT OUR TRUE SIN WAS NOT FLAT FLOUTING OF AUTHORITY BUT AN APPEAL FOR EXPERTS, AND THE WHOLE THING GOT OUT OF HAND!

I REPEATEDLY RANG CHIEFS OF STAFF AND SPOKE TO REPORTERS AND WROTE LETTERS BUT COULD NOT GET THIS SIMPLE FACT PUT RIGHT.

I THREATENED AN APPEAL TO U.N. WHEN EIGHT WEEKS WENT BY AND THE MINISTER HAD NOT ANSWERED MY OPEN LETTERS APPEAL TO BE ALLOWED TO SEE THE EXPERTS.

AT THIS NEW SENSATION WHICH WAS WORLD WIDE, HE THEN SENT ME A LETTER SAYING OBEY THE AUTHORITY OF THE HEADMASTER! - GO AND SEE THE NEW HEADMASTER THIS YEAR.

WHEN I DID THIS, TAKING FABIAN WITH ME, I FOUND THE NEW HEADMASTER WANTED ME TO SIGN A DOCUMENT THAT I WOULD OBEY THE AUTHORITY OF THE HEADMASTER!

-AND WITHOUT GIVING ME ANY GUARANTEE THAT THE PRESSURE WOULD BE TAKEN OFF FABIAN OR EXPERTS CONSULTED!

To the newspapers he said:-

'I cannot make the rules of the school for one boy!!-His father's attitude is keeping him out of school!'

To me he said, 'I have no knowledge of ten other Headmasters!'

Meanwhile damage was still being done, and cruelly, to a naturally popular and gregarious boy, with both staff and school, who is on Correspondence in a home with both parents away at work, in an atmosphere of de facto solitary confinement for a crime the experts may well find was only in the imagination of his accusers.

'FATHER MUST TOE THE LINE,' said 'The Melbourne Age' newspaper. 'The Sydney Morning Herald' said, 'IT IS BECOMING TIRESOME TO HAVE HIS SON REPRESENTED AS A TRAGIC VICTIM OF INTOLERANCE WHEN SO MANY REAL ISSUES OF CONSCIENCE ABOUND'.

AT THE SAME TIME 'THE AGE' ran a major double weekend article by Robyn Boyd on all the major ills of toeing the conformist line in Australia!

AT THIS SAME TIME 'THE HERALD' complimented the Commissioner of Police (who almost caused a riot in the Police Force in the Mellish case, of the mad gunman holding his wife hostage) for taking the advice of Psychologists against all comers!!

I wrote of course but they did not correct the poor public image their determined inconsistency had given our true application being 'for the advice of Psychologists against all comers!'

(How do they reconcile this behaviour with their membership of the Journalists Association?) And I would ask why did they change their original policy of very sympathetic approval? And WHO bashed in their sympathetic staff? 'AN ORDER HAS COME DOWN. they said!

19. WHAT NOW?-IS IT REALLY IMPORTANT? WELL, I CAN'T SEE THE DEPARTMENT EXPERTS TO FIND OUT! BUT THEY CANNOT SPEAK PUBLICLY UNTIL THE HEADMASTER ASKS! BUT WE WANT TO BE TOLD BY EXPERTS PUBLICLY IF SCHOOL REALLY DOES AFFECT OUR PUBLIC-LIFE, and fate as a Nation? IF SO Official's Policy must be revised urgently towards their own Experts advice about true discipline for specialist extra-type kids possibly being bugged up by Blimps! And so in Human Rights Year, am I going to be told YES or NO by the proper Experts or all comers?

This is a very simple story.

THIS IS A VERY SIMPLE STORY

THIS IS A VERY SIMPLE STORY.

-or is it?



Neil Douglas
Research Post Office 3095
Melbourne
Australia

CREDITS

BBC, Black Dwarf,
Black Panthers



LAW

ORDER &

JUSTICE

ho ho!

a documentary

Commentator: And that is a disturbing question. We have seen four cases where the courts have upheld charges of wrongful or malicious prosecution against coloured people. Are these the exception? For every coloured man with the means — and the will — to fight his case how many others find it easier and quicker just to plead guilty — and get it over with? And more significantly — are these cases symptomatic of radical prejudice among our police? Sue McConachy talked to an ex-police constable from the Metropolitan area, who resigned from the force last year.

Ex-Policeman: Well I think in the police force you find a complex of prejudiced minorities. For example you might find that a certain number of police officers would be prejudiced against taxi drivers, bus drivers or against Jewish people. But I think the coloured prejudice is virtually absolute. In other words it extends probably 99%.

Sue: What efforts were made by senior officers to counteract it?

Ex-Policeman: None at all that were apparent. Either they were unaware that it exists or they just chose to ignore it.

Sue: How much is this police attitude a reflection of the general public?

Barrister 2: I would always argue that the whole society is a racist society and it is almost totally impossible to ask a policeman to be non-racist in a racist society. That's just a basic contradiction. But because of the immediate inconveniences of the police framing of black people, one must demand this.

Sue: Do you think that the administration of the law affects the way the police operate?

Barrister: The magistrates rubber stamp the police evidence. I had a case quite recently where I had two policemen giving evidence and I had some quite respectable middle-class white witnesses giving evidence quite contradictory to the police evidence. And at the end of the case the magistrate simply convicted, saying "I accept the police evidence". And you get this rubber stamping throughout. And of course some of the worst offenders of rubber stamping are Stipendary Magistrates.

Sue: What's the answer to all this?

Barrister: One of the answers is I think, that we've got to start being honest about this. I think that, for instance, most black people know what policemen do to black people, but other sections of the community don't. Most working class people have some idea of the police. I mean, there used to be an old saying that if you saw a policeman, you'd cross over to the over side of the road and get out of the way. I think that, even more important, is that most members of the Bar who practice in the Criminal Courts know what goes on, but they keep silent. And I think that one has to blow the lid on this because I think there is always a danger here that you put the interests of maintaining law and order before the interests of justice.

Barrister: I know what is being done now is not going to solve anything. And one must be very direct here and say that the police must stop it or the black communities will have to stop them from doing it.....it's simply this. And in the United States one sees this is exactly how it turned out to be. So they have a lesson to learn from the United States.

This document has been circulated, and in fact black militants and has led to several arrests. Its contents are obvious, but in the light of police persecution, not difficult to understand. It is important that police, politicians and the press begin to realize the consequences of discrimination—which is why we have published the following. It is not that hard then, after all, for legal reasons.

CONFIDENTIAL

What To Do When Cops Lay Their Hands On a Black Man at The Speakers Corner.

What happened in Hyde Park on Sunday, June the 5th, was a disgrace to every Black man in this country and, in particular, to every one of the hundreds of black people who were assembled at the Speaker's Corner that day. Eight white men in plainclothes and that and all they were able to kidnap three blackmen, who were till they nearly died, dump them in a Black Maria, and then drive them away to their police station Headquarters. The cops got away with while hundreds of black men stood there watching. They got away without, and the rest everyone of the black boys there was a coward, not because they were outnumbered by the police, not because none of them tried to rescue the arrested brother or not because there was not enough time and opportunity to do what would have been a simple 2 minute rescue work. The reason the cops got away with it was that the black boys there did not quite know what to do. The purpose of this leaflet is to give this information so that the next time the fascist cops lay their hands on black man in that park again, we will all know exactly what to do and know how to do it fast, neatly and like a man who are serious about their determination to fight oppression.

The first thing the cops do when they arrest someone in the park is to take him straight in to the little police telephone box, the black box in the middle of the fence behind where the communist platform usually is, or telephone for a van to take the prisoner away. So the rescue operation must be done either before the arrested black man is taken to that police box or after they have

century, and are continuing to do so, and have followed you to Hyde Park to do so.

And the job is done only when the rescue is the key part of the rescue work must make himself scarce and, just to save yourself, himself with an alibi.

2. After The Cops Have Already Got The Arrested Brother in The Police Telephone Box in The Park.

If by any chance the rescue job is not done or not completed before the cops have already got the arrested brother into their little telephone box in the park, or if the arrest has been made by some isolated cop in the park some minutes before the brothers hear of it in both cases, the rescue operation must be done while the cops are waiting for the van to come and take him away. What must be done must be done with speed in the following stages:

1. All the brothers must get down and surround the fence the moment the news of the arrest comes through. Any Black man who does not go in a train and must be marked.

2. The greatest concentration of brothers must be in front of the fence, behind the one which leads to the box where the cops are holding the arrested brother.

3. Shouting and pushing must start at once and everybody in front must grab hold of the fence and begin pushing and pulling it together to pull it down. This will make all the cops run to the side of the fence and line it up to defend it.

4. Then 5 brothers must leap over the fence at one point and run towards the box as if to rescue the arrested brother being held there. This will make the police, at least some of them, leave the line and chase after the 5 brothers.

Then another set of 5 brothers will leap over the fence and chase after the cops to make sure they don't arrest the first five brothers.

6. In the struggle and confusion a third set of five brothers will then leap over the fence to keep shouting and make sure the first two rescue the arrested brother, free him and let him go.

7. Finally, the rest of the crowd must then leap in and join the struggle to make sure that not a single brother is arrested or let himself.

9. If any white man who appears to be a bystander suddenly joins in the fight and defends the cops, you must know at once he is neither a plain-clothes cop or a vicious fascist.

10. It must be seen that at the end of the rescue operation no single cop must be standing on his feet, able to recognise or identify anyone.

11. Everybody must disappear immediately after the rescue job is done and be miles away before police re-enforcements arrive on the scene.

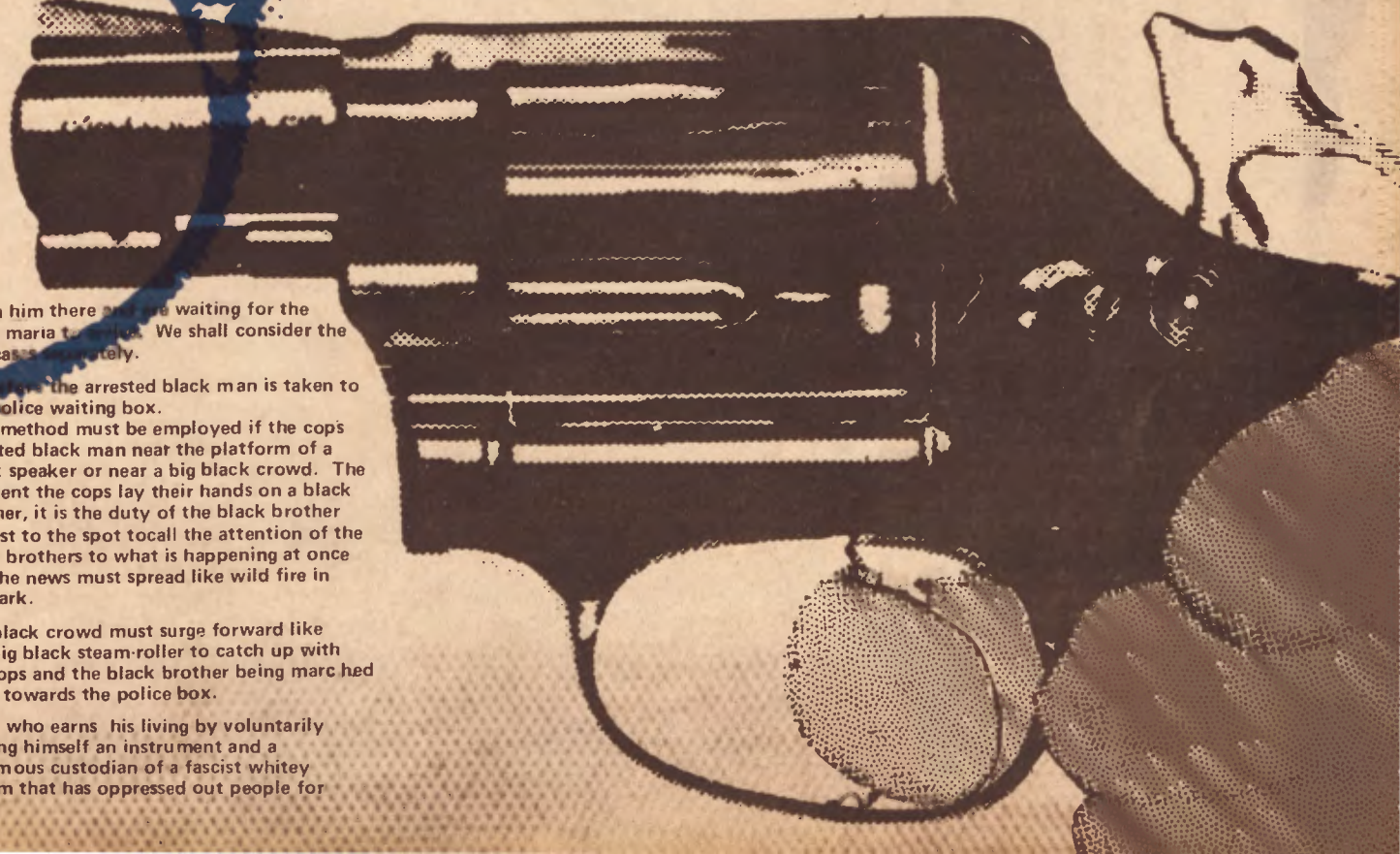
12. If by some miracle, the rescue attempt is a failure and the cops manage to get the arrested brother to the police station it is the duty of all the brothers present to march straight down without delay and as one untied body to the police station and see that the brother is bailed out and released as soon as possible. Then we must all go home not with our heads bowed down because we have failed, but to find out why and where our plans went wrong and with this improved knowledge and experience, be better equipped to strike back next time.

taken him there and are waiting for the black maria to come. We shall consider the two cases separately.

1. Before the arrested black man is taken to the police waiting box. This method must be employed if the cops arrested black man near the platform of a black speaker or near a big black crowd. The moment the cops lay their hands on a black brother, it is the duty of the black brother nearest to the spot to call the attention of the other brothers to what is happening at once and the news must spread like wild fire in the park.

The black crowd must surge forward like one big black steam-roller to catch up with the cops and the black brother being marched away towards the police box.

who earns his living by voluntarily making himself an instrument and a venomous custodian of a fascist whitey system that has oppressed out people for





VIVA CHE!

**Contributions in tribute to
Ernesto 'Che' Guevara by**

John Berger/Fidel Castro/Stokely Carmichael/Regis Debray/Christopher Logue/
Robert Lowell/Adrian Mitchell/OZ Magazine/Herbert Read/Susan Sontag/Peter
Weiss and many, many more.

It's fully illustrated – many of the photographs
have never been published in England before. **12s 6d**

Modern and Classic Film Scripts

Alphaville

by Jean-Luc Godard 9s 6d

Made in USA

by Jean-Luc Godard 12s 6d

Le Petit Soldat

by Jean-Luc Godard 12s 6d

The Battleship Potemkin

by Sergei Eisenstein 12s 6d

La Grande Illusion

by Jean Renoir 12s 6d

The Blue Angel

by Josef von Sternberg 12s 6d

M

by Fritz Lang (Aug.) 12s 6d

Jules and Jim

by Francois Truffaut (Aug.) 12s 6d

LORRIMER PUBLISHING 47 Dean Street London W1

once again:

If you're a singer, sing for us
If you're a writer, write for us
Send us tapes and picture
APPLE, 94 Baker St, W.1.
(Thanks)...



WITH THE EMPHASIS ON ENJOYMENT



**OZMOSIS, AND ALL
THE REGULAR
OZ FEATURES
RETURN
IN REGULAR
OZ 15
NEXT MONTH**

London OZ is published
approximately monthly by
OZ Publications Ink Ltd,
38a Palace Gardens Terrace,
London W8. Phone: 01-
229 4623 ... 01-603 4205.

Editor: Richard Neville

Deputy Editor: Paul Lawson

Design: Jon Goodchild

Advertising: John Leaver
3 Gunter Hall Studios,
Gunter Grove, SW10. Phone:
01- 352 7258

Photography: Keith Morris

Pushers: Felix Dennis and
Louise Ferrier

Distribution: (Britain) Moore-
Harness Ltd, 11 Lever Street,
London EC1. Phone: CLE 4882
New York DGB Distribution
Inc, 41 Union Square, New York
10003

Holland Thomas Rap,
Regulierdwarsstraat 91,
Amsterdam, Telefoon: 020-227065

Denmark George Streeton,
The Underground,
Larsbjørnstræde 13,
Copenhagen K.

Typesetting: Janet Farrow
Big O Press Ltd, 49 Kensington
High Street, London W8.
Phone: 01-937 2614.

THE ELECTRIC CIRCUS



Art is anything you can get away with.



We now live in a global village - a simultaneous happening.



There is absolutely no inevitability as long as there is a willingness to contemplate what is happening.

The Electric Circus is a new section of OZ concerned with environment. Which to you, *media freak* means, television, movies, sound radio, etc. Because that's where you live now.

All the rest is geographical accident.

You will find informational input into the Electric Circus is pretty much raw data.

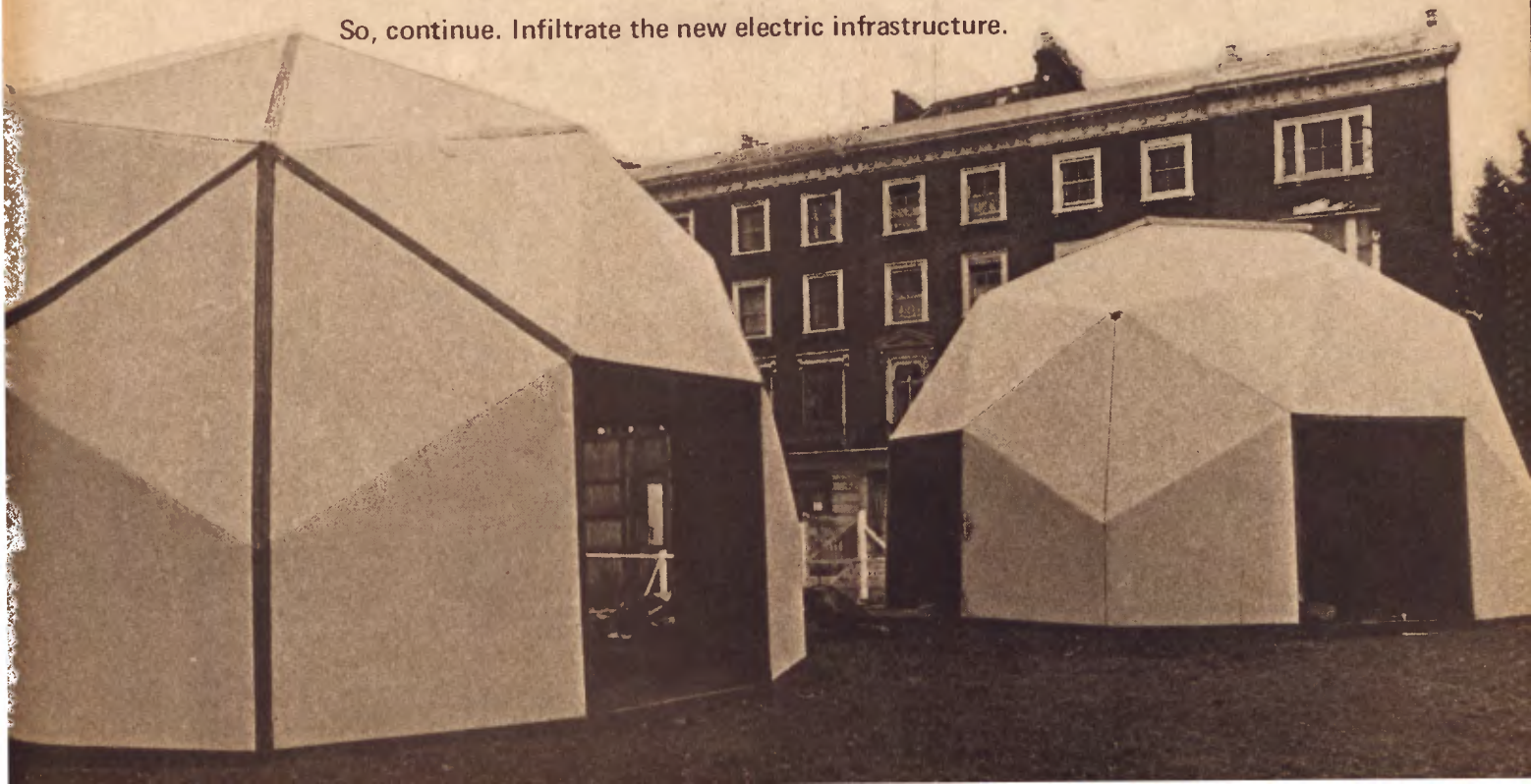
(Check out the Godard press conference on Page 42.)

That's because the conventional perceptual processes are now only so much civil defence against massive media fallout.

So don't don't get bugged by spelling mistakes.

You probably weren't meant to look at the words anyway.

So, continue. Infiltrate the new electric infrastructure.



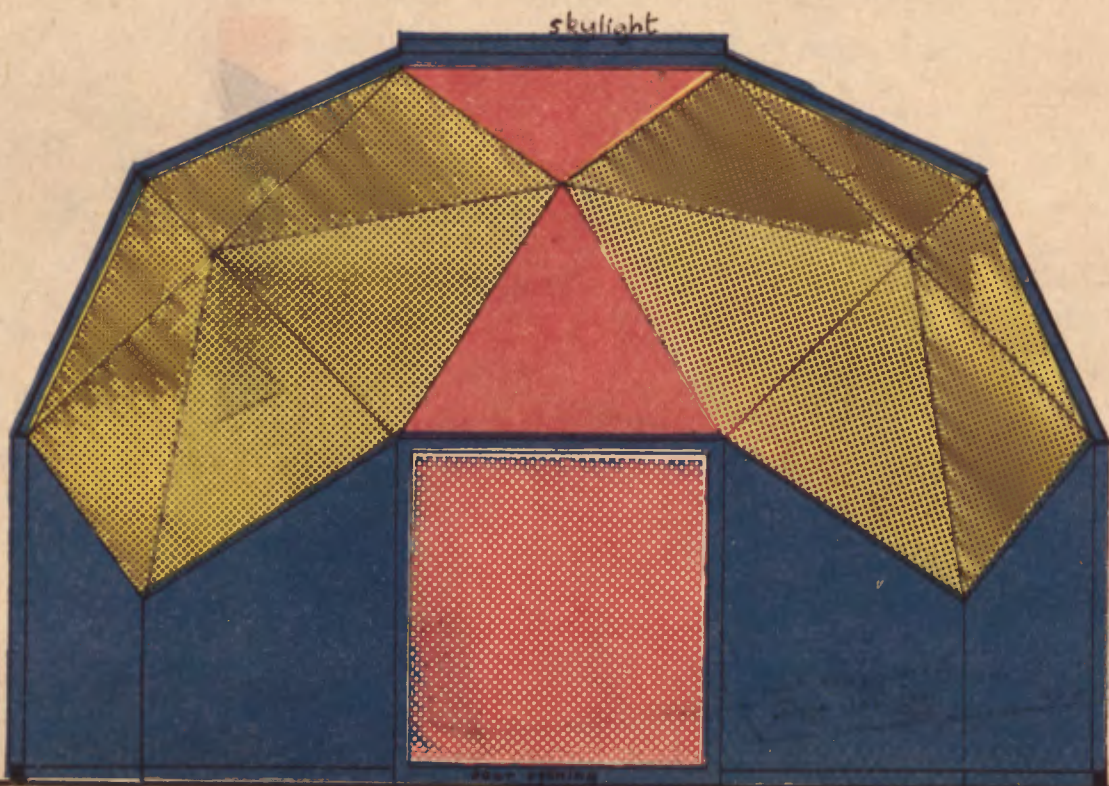
DO IT YOURSELF DOME

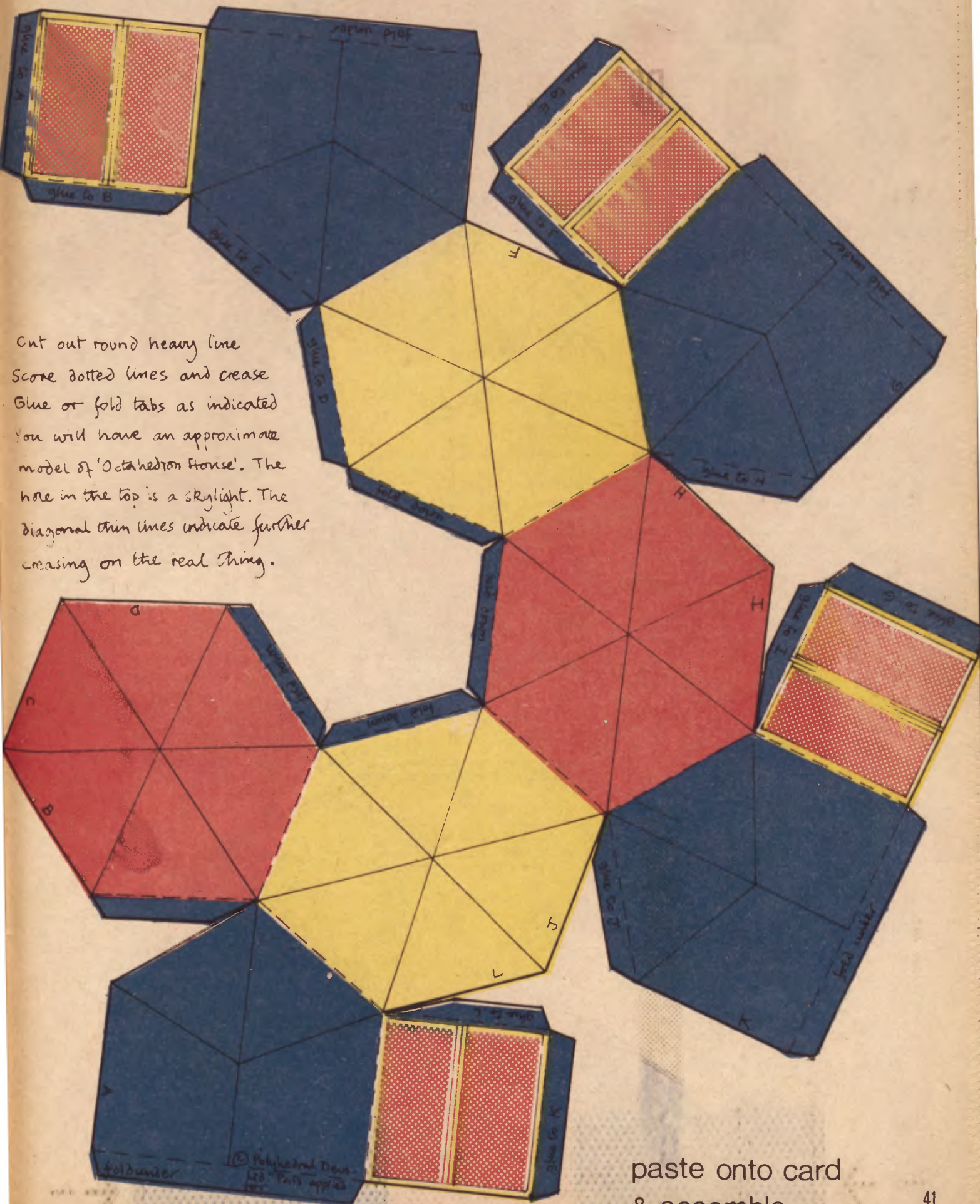
'OCTAHEDRON HOUSE' Scale: 1/4 inch to 1 foot



Design by Polyhedral Developments Ltd
29, Lansdowne Gardens, London SW8
Ring 01-622-5564 for information
Patents applied for.

floor plan





paste onto card
 & assemble

2 or 3 tapes of a Press Conference

You seem to be saying that you want to make yourself invisible.

Yes, I think this is especially since what happens in France, about three or four months ago it was happening, especially with the students, still considering myself a student in the audio-visual form, it shows me that a lot of people, who were younger than I was, were discovering a lot of things that I had maybe not yet discovered. Things that I was discovering at the same time but that I had been working on for twenty years and they discovered it very easily, and I mean, the good in their movements was not coming from us, it was coming from them. So, we were speaking of culture, art and a lot of things, and they, they found things apart from us. So we have to learn from them instead of pretending to teach them. That is why we cannot speak of being a person as an artist or making a piece of art. This has to be completely destroyed. We must be very, I think so, very simple. This is why this movie is called just **One Plus One**, because this is the beginning and already two plus two is too complicated.

Why is it called **One Plus One**? Because there are just several people or groups or tribes or societies. There is the musical society, The Rolling Stones; there is the black society, or if not a language society, there is a music language, black language, the European or democratic language, there is the Fascist language which is always the same. It was called Hitler twenty years ago and today it's De Gaulle in France, or Wilson here, I mean, people like that. Of course, Wilson is not exactly like Hitler, but something which astonished me very much is when there are speeches, political speeches by leaders of today, they are saying exactly the same thing that Hitler or Goebbels was saying.

Exactly the same. If we say Wilson had said that, nobody will find those things funny. They will say, 'OK, yes, Wilson could have said that very easily.'

Etes-vous soigne d'être prophétique complètement de ce film?

No, not at all. I don't think there is anything prophetic. Prophet, it means religion and I think religion is a masked form of Fascism too.

There's something quite vocational about the way you make films because you do try and relate. I mean, when one sees them it seems something has been said about the society we live in, I mean, after all almost all your films. And you also often talk about propaganda and use quotations from several works of propaganda in your films. How much do you think that films themselves can be propaganda?

Well it depends what you call propaganda, I mean there is good propaganda and bad propaganda. I mean, quotations, well every word you say is a quotation from the dictionary. So if someone has said something better than I could say it then I don't see why I shouldn't use it. It is not quotation, it is just part of more general speech into which I put, I am bringing, my own stone.

Do you think the language of film is a language like any other then?

Yes exactly. Just it is to express himself into films and it makes an express into literature or music, but it's a part of a general language. It's like science, you can express through mathematics or physics or chemistry.

The language of science is more objective?

Well when I say language it's not only the tone but the meaning too. I mean, the thought.

Sometimes you express yourself through a violin, sometimes through a piano and still it is music. And there is Mozart and there is The Rolling Stones. It's music. I think there is more difference for example between Mozart and The Rolling Stones than between a modern movie and a modern book.

Yes certainly. What I am still puzzled by is what you first said about...

Well forget about what I first said.

em... film-making now being a process of learning for you, you're having to learn from the students.

But to learn is to learn from them. I think, we, as moviemakers, in order to change movies, the only possibility to make good and new movies, it's to make movies with people who never made any, who are not in the movies. Because if you work with people who are in the movies, sooner or later you are doing again the same kind of movies. You have to go to people who don't do movies. Just to learn how they...

Jean Luc, can I just interrupt, because this is very interesting for us because you know as your three producers, we haven't had a lot of experience, but if you say you would like to make movies with people who haven't made movies before and you come up against the difficulty of lack of experience in the technical sense.

Well forget about the technique. We have to make simple things there are no difficulties. You bring the difficulties, I mean, not you personally, I mean the technicians. Because they are used to work in such a complicated way like privileged people.

Always saying we need this and we need that. When of course there are some young people like Doevshenko. When he was twenty or eighteen, he was a worker, and he was passing a street and he saw a house and some people working inside and he looked in the window and he said, 'Oh I am very

TJLG

interested and I would like to do what you are doing' and that's how he began movie-making. Doevshenko. But today, if somebody goes to Algamo(?) Algamated and looks in the window and says 'I want to make a movie' they would throw him out and say first you have to do this and that and go and get certificates and things, and after that they would say you are not able to because we need such you know. And so they build themselves a castle and after they say to the peasants who want to come into the castle, 'No, to come into the castle you have to be a king or something like that.'

But isn't it true also that with equipment that isn't suitable for many people to use that one man cannot pick up a camera and do everything?

This is the trouble because today you make one movie with a hundred men, instead of a hundred movies with a hundred men. There are very few movies. Each year there is about three thousand movies which is very few. For how many people in the world? It is always the same who are going from one theatre to another one. The people in Manchester shouldn't see the same movie as the people in London. Why...

But would you say that this is a problem of the society or a technical problem that?

Oh no, this is a much more general problem. **And we haven't developed the individual camera that can do it?**

Oh it's deeper than that. It's more technical. It's going to people in the country or students or workers and trying to learn how they speak first, what is their language. It's not saying as in the left, we must do movies for the workers. No we must do movies from the workers. The movie has to come from the workers. The movie is not to be brought to the workers, the movie should be built by the workers; if they don't want to build it, at least we should learn from them how do they want a movie to be. But we are

so far away from that the theatre it is the same. there is no need to go to a play — like very often, every strike there is, the theatre goes into factories and plays some Brecht and things but the trouble is its only on strike, or should be every week. That means the theatre is brought by the king of the theatre to the workers. The contrary should happen, but even the workers don't know that. They are very glad, because if they are feeling miserable, they are glad that when there are strikes at least people are coming to see them. They don't even think they could have their own form of theatre, they just think that theatre and culture or movies are a privilege. We start with teaching in a university and then you get a degree. You have a degree in Hollywood for the movies. That's what I mean when I say that you shouldn't go to the people in movies. You have to go to people who are not in movies. You just have to go to **people** because we are in a castle. And this is very hard to leave, this castle, because its very nice in the castle.

Is this why you wanted a man who is actually a black power militant?

I prefer it but I was a bit afraid to because its more honest for me to take actors because if black power people say 'you were not right saying that,' because I'm not so good. Well then I can say, well maybe I'm right, maybe I'm wrong but at least people know it is actors and will not take it as if it is a real person. For example, we though Cassius Clay could play the thing, but if he were on the screen he would not be able to express what I want him to express. Maybe he doesn't like Leroy Jones or maybe he doesn't agree with him so it's not possible.

You said something to me once which I have remembered and if you would like to say a little more. If the technicians have

been used as tools is it possible to break through this, or do you think it is a human problem?

It's possible but in evidence it is very difficult because we have to do everything twice or three times. There are knives and forks and its just like asking a fork to work as a knife. And the fork, says I'm only a fork. He's not but so many people tell him he is a fork so he believes it.

You talk of language, not in terms of linguistics, but as being a whole ethos of the person. After being in England how would you describe the language of the British?

I've only been here a very few days. I would not pretend to know.

Yes but you said it was an attempt at making a British film.

In what sense?

Then comes a cut in the tape and no sense can be made.

spontaneity... (cut)

Why did you come to England to make a film?

It was interesting to go to a new place and find how it is and I came because I was asked to come, and then I thought it would be nice to go to the most conservative country in the movie making world to see how it is.

Have you spent a lot of time in England at all before?

No

And you don't have any special feelings about England?

No I was just glad to begin this picture with the Rolling Stones.

Do you consider English moviemaking more conservative than American?

Even more. I don't know how it is possible but it is.

Would you like to say something about the difference between French moviemaking and British?

There is the same difference between France and Britain. In movie making they are conservative all over the world but here its even more complicated because not only of the conservativeness of the movie making but also the conservativeness of the union and of your way of life even if you are out of the usual life. In France there are two or three types of conservativeness. Here there are five or six, anyway that is what I feel. Especially here you live on formulae, in movie making at least. You have been taught to make movies by American people. They gave you a formula and you have kept to it. You never change.

Isn't that because most English films are financed by American companies?

Yes of course, and it has increased. Because after all when Hitchcock went to America he was British. Most of the best actors are British. Burton, Cary Grant, Charlie Chaplin. They are British. But they are keeping to the formula. When you tell them about another formula, they are not interested. That is what Tony told me. He said, 'Jean-Luc, you asked me to shoot when the sun is coming in and out of the clouds. It is very difficult for me to look into the camera and at the clouds at the same time.' And I say, 'Well you should train to do that when you are not shooting.' He never thought he could learn to do that. He was taught to shoot with the sun in or with the sun out and not with a combination of the two. He thought I was joking but I wasn't. He could have been training himself all that time. But he didn't and it's the same all over the world, from the technicians' point of view. What the cameraman should do when he has nothing else to do is hire a Samuelson for an hour a day and take it out and start training himself. Sports people do. But in movie making the one who really works is the guy who is making tea and biscuits for the others.

He's really the only one who works eight hours a day. Everyone else worked only two or three hours a day and they were being paid for eight (Paul: he changes his tenses here so that it sounds as if he is referring to his actual crew and his experience with them. Pauline).

May I say that I think it is a lack of courage (female voice (French) I think she must be assistant prod. or something).

(interrupting)...no, it's a lack of education only. Not courage, because they were very nice people. They were really willing to do well. It's only a lack of education.

A lack of courage on the producer's side, because at one point when M. Godard had got sufficient film but he was not shooting every day the unit had become very dissatisfied and M. Godard said to me, 'Ask them to borrow or buy cameras and go and make a movie for themselves.' And I did not ask them and I think I should have asked them.

(Male voice) No, that's not true. It was put to them and offered them but I think that once people are doing ... (trails off at interruption)

(female voice again) Because they say 'We want to make a movie, we want to be shooting every day ... male voice now Jean-Luc, although you haven't finished the film as yet have you been disillusioned with your experience in England of making a film? Maybe two or three years ago I would have been but not today, no, I'm very glad.

Would you come back to make a film again?

Oh yes, anywhere. But I think the director is now...well...the only thing I discovered from what happened in France from my personal experience as a movie director is that I was very proud of directing the, what we call in France, *mis-en-scène*. Well, directing was...I don't know how you say it, we say *le patron*, well directing was being the boss. And so I was again the boss in the It doesn't mean that someone has not to do the movie at the right time but not always the same person. Because why should twenty people obey the fantasy of another? The artist can't be the boss, this is no more.

Do you think the American movie as it is serves any purpose at all?

The purpose of the bankers and the purpose of what we have to call, even if it sounds too much, cultural imperialism, because it is. Black people who want to make a movie can't do it. If Stokely Carmichael wants to make a movie about Malcolm X, he can't do it. And even if he finds the money, if Mao gives him the money, or Kosygin, but I don't think he would, then no theatres will show it.

It's a very deep problem. It's not just a matter of film making. It's a whole social structure.

So it's very difficult to change it in film alone.

No of course, but since we are the beginning we have to be. And since people like Guevara, well-known people or completely unknown people are doing the same, are giving their life, at least we may give our time. Because we don't risk our lives doing that.

Most film-makers have a preconceived audience, which they visualise are going to see their films. Do you have any preconceived idea about who is going to see your films?

No I never think about it.

Does that relate in any way to why you wanted the Rolling Stones? Was it just them as musicians?

No, it was also because of the way in which they represent something, a certain kind of society, to which I am...

So in terms of this film, if one can visualise ahead, you hope that young people are going to see it?

I don't know. I don't care...about young or old just...

Do you care about your audiences?

Sometimes, yes. The work of art is always related to money. So that's why you ask 'Do you care?'. It means do you care for a lot of people. No, I don't think a lot of people should ultimately see everything. Why? (should they) when there are books on mathematics known only by three or four people who know about mathematics and they are not ashamed if everybody doesn't understand. There are some movies like that.

There are some movies where it is very important if they are seen by quite a lot of people. Like some books and some music. There are no rules. The trouble is there is that that they try to make rules. If you go to the bottom to find what is beyond the rules you find money.

But you seem very often to draw back to education. Education you think is one of the main failings of society in general?

Yes because you find money behind education too.

So it's the whole basis of it.

Yes. Every goes together.

What is the more important aspect of film-making? Communication or propaganda?

Well I think it can't be put like that. It is automatic communication. To me there is no difference in film. It exists but there should be no difference between film and television. There is a difference because they are badly done but to me there is none. One is brought by a electronic device and the other by a photograph, a chemical device.

The fact that it is a confined screen...

It's only because they don't want it to be a huge one because people would like it too much. If there is something very bad for the government, if you had all the wall of your dining room it would... They could build it very easily but they just don't want it. They keep it very tiny.

And sometimes, if it is a very straight (?) thing to have just a tiny thing is very good too. I mean radio is still going and there is no image. Music isn't bad

But you say the workers don't actually see your films.

Well, a hundred years ago Marx was sent away from France to England or to Belgium. After all what he wrote with Engels helped a little bit with what happened later on. And he didn't fight. He wasn't a very strong man physically. But it helped. Literature and language and art and science can't be neutral. For example, Guevara was very glad that Debray (?) went to him and he tried to tell him to go away from Bolivia and tell the world. 'Publicity would help us' he said.

You can see in Greece today that the colonels are against anybody who writes, makes films paints... (cut).

For example what happened about the dockers and the black people here and Enoch Powell. If he were Prime Minister, it wouldn't be exactly the same. And it depends how you do it. If Peter Brook had staged Marat Sade each morning in front of Buckingham Palace in front of the people, the police would have thrown him in jail right away.

What is your primary dissatisfaction with the film industry?

Working too much as an industry on formulae, which could be good sometimes but not always. It's not a matter of people, because all the people I had were very nice and but they are badly educated, that's all. And so you think that people in film industry are badly educated?

Oh yes. Totally.

Do you think it is more important to be instructive in films or to be just entertaining? Instruction, but I don't see why instruction shouldn't be brought through entertaining. And is that the element you are looking for in your films?

Yes. I think actors very often should be used not only in plays and movies but in universities just to play the teaching sometimes, the lines of philosophy.

With the feelings for society that you have would your purpose be better solved by doing something like a television programme? This would yes, but not to me but to a lot of people. That's the way television should be. One hour of television should belong to the Labour Party and the next hour Rootes or to Manchester United. And everyone could express themselves.

... cut ...

AUDIO-TACTILE



Jefferson Airplane

'We live in a society which consists of highs... Claims Murray Roman (Tetragrammaton 101). And it's true. Music is a high—what's more they can't bust you for it. So, why doesn't somebody release

'We live in a society which consists of highs...' claims Murray Roman (Tetragrammaton 101). And it's true. Music is a high—what's more they can't bust you for it. So, like they already have L.P.s called Songs for Swingers and Music for Lovers why doesn't somebody release Music to get High On. The CBS Rock Machine album comes pretty near it with tracks from people like Leonard Cohen, Moby Grape and Blood, Sweat & Tears. It would be nice if everyone could cut a record like that with their own twelve favourite tracks on it. The only drag is that everybody's selection's got to be different to everyone else's. My own album as of now would contain tracks from L.P.s that you maybe won't have heard yet.

1. 'Castles in the Sand'—Jimi Hendrix (from 'Axis Bold as Love' on Track) You should already know.
2. 'Dynamite'—Sly and the Family Stone (from 'Life' on the Epic label) You can only get this album on import at the moment from somewhere like One-Stop, Town Records or Musicland. If it's released in this country it'll be on the Direction label. Sly and the Family Stone are probably coming here in September. They're an incredible group who move all the time but you can't put them into the ordinary soul bag.
3. 'On the Road again'—Canned Heat (from 'Boogie with Canned Heat' on Liberty)

It's good that Liberty released this as a single.

If they hadn't the L.P. would have been almost worth buying for this track alone. As it is the other tracks are nearly as good.

4. 'Politician'—Cream (from 'Wheels of Fire' on Polydor). Cream are always best when they work within a standard blues framework. This track, composed by Jack Bruce and Pete Brown, features a typical wailing vocal and evil bass line by Jack Bruce and of course Clapton (or as the Americans spell it—God).
5. 'Feelin' Good'—the James Cotton Blues Band (from 'The James Cotton Blues Band' available on import on the Verve label). The album from which this track comes features a good selection of R&B numbers (listen to the classic 'Don't Start Me Talking') but it's a pity they included 'Knock On Wood'.
6. 'Old Songs New Songs'—Family (from 'Music in a Dolls House' on Pye) The Family are almost as good on record as they are live and that's a compliment. The outstanding feature of an outstanding group is the voice of Roger Chapman, the lead singer who sound incredibly like Buffy Sainte-Marie.
7. 'Rondo'—The Nice (from 'The thoughts of Emerlist Davjack' on Immediate) I prefer the Nice's treatments of other peoples' material to their own numbers. It's a fantastic experience simply to watch them perform this number.
8. 'I Started Walking'—John Mayall (from 'Bare Wires' on Decca). This is John

Mayall's best L.P since 'John Mayall's Blues Breakers with Eric Clapton' mainly because of the brass selection of the group. This particular track features an angry guitar solo by Mick Taylor.

9. 'Wine'—The Electric Flag (from 'A Long Time Comin' on CBS). The nice thing about the Electric Flag is the variety of the numbers they do. This particular track is pure rock-and-roll. On the sleeve Michael Bloomfield says he thinks of the group's music as 'the music you hear in the air, on the air, and in the streets; blues, soul, country, rock, religious music, traffic, crowds, street sounds and field sounds, the sound of people and silence,' which must be roughly where it is.
10. 'America'—Simon & Garfunkel (from 'Bookends' on CBS). Every track on the L.P. is superb but 'America' is the best.
11. 'One More Heartache'—the Paul Butterfield Blues Band (from 'The Resurrection of Pigboy Crabshaw' on Elektra). This number features Paul Butterfield's excellent harp playing. The group's big brass section grooves all the way through the album.
12. 'Murder in My Heart for the Judge'—Moby Grape (from 'Wow' on CBS). Moby Grape are another group who don't specialise too much. The album even contains a number 'Just Like Gene Autry; A Foxtrot' which is such an authentic 1920's sound that you have to play it at 78 rpm.

John Leaver

do yourself a favour
go to a record shop
listen to this album.



if you dig it
that's nice

if you don't
others will.

a magical journey to the realm of total musical experience



Eric Burdon and the Animals
"The twain shall meet"
Mono MGMC 8074 Stereo MGMCS 8074



The Mothers of Invention
"We're only in it for the money"
Mono VLP 9199 Stereo SVLP 9199



The Velvet Underground
"White light/White heat"
Mono VLP 9201 Stereo SVLP 9201



"Ultimate Spinach"
Mono MGMC 8071 Stereo MGMCS 8071

CZECHS TOLD



The Writer of this article is a Czech, very prominent in the movement towards liberalisation. Outspoken, and plainly so, for some time, he no longer feels free to write under his own name. Hence the pseudonym. We respect his fears that the least indication of who he is may endanger him and his family.

The present situation of Czechoslovakia seems to be obvious beyond any doubt. It is given by the presence of the occupational units and by the acception of the Moscow dictate which has been more than once compared to the Munich dictate. While the occupation of the foreign armies still lasts, the basic democratic freedoms are again re-strained. What will be the attitude of the Czech and Slovak nation to this reality? What are the prospects for the nearest future? Will people defy this situation or will they submit? Will there be more shooting in the streets of Prague or will fantastic accusations and selfaccusations be again heard in the courtyards?

Though the present state of affairs makes us draw rather pessimistic conclusions, let us try to see things in broader perspectives. Then it appears that the present Czechoslovak situation reveals a lot of very positive factors which certainly will come into effect in the nearest future. Undoubtedly the most positive moment is that a political and economical program has been worked out after tens of years which is acceptable even for the young generation who in the pro-Soviet regimes, traditionally keeps apart from the political life. This program of the democratic socialism has not failed — its fulfilling has been interrupted by

force at the very start from the outside before its inner conflicts could have been fully revealed. Thus it remains still very attractive both for the Czech public as well as for the public in the Eastern countries, if not for the whole progressive public in Europe.

The second important factor is the inner renaissance of the Communist party which turned from the bureaucratic and politically almost ineffective organization into an active political force which succeeded in uniting the whole nation gaining it for its program. The Soviet intervention — quite in contrary to what the Soviet leaders intended — completely undermined the conservative wing of the party and strengthened the progressive wing and the centre.

The return to the methods of the past would be possible only in case of a severe attack against the Communist part itself and if the life of the country got under the control of the Soviet secret police again.

Another important moment can be seen in the fact that during the half year's duration of the so called Prague spring the progressive intellectuals managed to reveal completely and discredit the mechanism of the neostalinist government not only in the eyes of a handful of intellectuals but of the whole Czech and Slovak public. The severed contacts between the progressive intellectuals and the working class were

restored again. Even neostalinism needs at least a handful of loyal people believing in the cause; and these will be very hard to find in Czechoslovakia. It will be difficult to find them even among the quislings for they will be scared by the present development. All these factors and moments — not mentioning the change in the traditionally pro-Russian feelings of the Czech nation — might mean that the renewal of a neostalinist system in Czechoslovakia will be difficult even under the auspices of the Soviet troops, even if the Soviets will succeed to gradually remove the present party leadership, what they will certainly try to do.

Nevertheless the prospects of the Czech and Slovak nation will not be very rosy. After any great national upheaval there follows fatigue, if not a hangover. Both Czechs and Slovaks have discovered that though supported by the whole world public, in their struggle, their fate lies completely in the hands of one of the superpowers. They have learned that their freedom is quite fictitious and that the dream of the Czech example to the world has been really just a dream. They have understood that they may differ only in minor details and in certain limits.

The fatigue will grow undoubtedly due to a serious economic situation. The bitterness which can be expected as an overwhelming reaction of the majority of people might prevent mass collaboration but will also make people to turn their backs on further struggle. They might find useless any effort in the country where tanks are watching whether the limitations of freedom are not overstepped.

The question which many people ask now-whether the Czechs and the Slovaks will accept the hard terms—may be answered that they have hardly any other alternative left. Both the Czechs and Slovaks have experienced a hundreds-years' existence how to gain some free space inside non-free conditions imposed on them from the outside. They will seek this again. It is possible that the Russians at the same time when they will feel that the border of their zone allotted to them at the Jalta conference is secured will allow Czechoslovakia to enjoy some extent of freedom. It also is not in their interests to keep up a regime which would cost them millions of rubles a day. So the Czechs hands in hands with their Slovak brothers might try to continue in their reformist program aware of all the limitations due to the fact that they are no longer masters in their own country.

And because there is no life without hope, those who cannot live just for the needs of the present day will rely upon the political development inside the socialist camp of which Czechoslovakia is a member. They know that the evolution which started in Czechoslovakia and also the way in which it was suppressed cannot remain without some response. They know that the Czechoslovak spring must bear its fruit although it is difficult to predict when this might happen.

CHICAGO

EUGENE SCHONFELD

Some Yippies would welcome a bloody confrontation in Chicago this summer. They believe that, while a few people might be hurt or killed, in the long run it would do good for people in this country and over the world. Let me emphasize that most Yippies do not want violence. But those who expect and welcome violence may use their skills of oratory to urge crowds in Chicago to provoke the authorities. They can easily be provoked. All the latent and overt prejudices against minority groups (including hippies) lay very close to the surface in that capital of America's torment.

Last October, I participated in the Friday demonstration at the Oakland Induction Center. At the end of the day, when automobiles were being pushed into the middle of the streets and their tires deflated while street benches and trees were strewn about as additional barricades, I felt a sense of excitement on being involved in the most direct protest of any that I had witnessed.

At the same time I recognized that simply because this kind of protest was effective, it would be followed by more violent protests and met with increasing violence by the opposition. These fears have been realized.

There is no doubt that black people have suffered more persecution in this country than any other minority group. Claims have been made recently that there is a plot to exterminate the black man in the United States. I don't believe there is such a plot but I do feel there is a possibility of this occurring—a kind of self-fulfilling prophecy. The assassination of Martin Luther King has led to a vacuum in black leadership, rapidly being filled by black militants, some of whom espouse violence as a means to obtaining their ends.

The Yippies who planned the loot-in at Macy's in New York City on June 8th had no specific complaint about Macy's but chose the store because it is probably the best known department store in the United States. The Yippie looters think this kind of chaotic action

may lead to some changes. But we need only look at Nazi Germany to notice many striking parallels.

When Germany was affected by the world-wide depression, paper money there became virtually worthless. I recall seeing old motion picture films of people carrying money in wheelbarrows to buy groceries. During the same years in the United States we had an opposite problem—the scarcity of money. However, it was far worse for a money-oriented society like Germany to find its currency worth nothing than to have it worth a great deal and unavailable.

Because of the "safeguards" on our money, banks would not fail in the event of a depression as they did in the 1930's, at least not right away. What would happen is that the currency would just become pieces of paper.

A relatively small and powerless portion of our population consider themselves workers and identify with a "working class." Our unions concern themselves not with political issues, but only with questions of increased pay and benefits for their members. Union members, for the most part, are among the most conservative groups in the United States and truly feel they have a stake in the status-quo.

In a vacuum created by anarchy, violence and economic catastrophe, "status-quo" people look to a strong man or a leader to help them. German communists thought they could use Hitler and later take his power from him. They were among his first victims. Some of the Yippies feel that creating anarchy and chaos will indeed lead to a rightist reaction but then a turn to the left. German communists believed the same until they were eliminated.

Violence leads to more violence. If the Chicago Yip-in is in violence it could do no more harm to the cause of peace and black progress in this country than if it were directly supportive of the radical right.

The Free University of Berkeley this summer is offering a course in the use of small arms. It is said

that this will be a highly popular course. I see no difference between middle-aged housewives in Detroit training with guns or black training with guns or long-haired so-called hippies training with guns at the Free University.

Fascism is fascism and it doesn't matter whether it is a black fascist, a blue-haired fascist or a long-haired fascist.

There are ways of achieving social change without destroying the entire society. Some members of the underground and overground press believe that the present events in history will occur whatever is said, that they move with inevitable force. But I cannot remain silent. I will not contribute to a situation which potentially could lead to another Nazi Germany, or a situation which might result in thousands or millions of deaths.

I think the Yippies had an important role in forcing President Johnson to decide to step down at the end of his current presidential term. But all Yippies are not Hippies. One should distinguish the essentially non-violent and pacifistic hippie from militant New Left groups.

I think it is time for everyone to seriously decide whether the situation in this country is so odious and so unamenable to change to warrant riots, rebellions, the possibility of thousands killed or imprisoned and the eventual takeover by the right.

We have only to look to the example of Russia to know that intellectual tyranny can continue 50 years after the end of a revolution. We must ask whether the economic and social inequities in the United States are so severe that they warrant the risk of a destruction of a society and a race of people.

I say things are not yet that bad. I say the non-violent course followed by Gandhi and Martin Luther King is an ideal toward which we must strive. The alternative may be an unprecedented period of barbarism.

I'm not going to Chicago this August.