

7-1969

**OZ 22**

Richard Neville  
*Editor*

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## OZ 22

### Description

Content: Martin Sharp Mickey Mouse/smiling moon cover. Square format. Zap Comix graphic. Marmalade Records ad. 'The Million Dollar Underground' by Germaine Greer. 'Private Armies' – John Crowley on squatting. Full page Saville Theatre Leonard Rossiter in *Arturo Ui* ad with framing Ebadajos graphic. Pop stars and drug law evasion. Full page ad for Jeremy: the magazine for people who don't care about sex! John Wilcock's 'Other Scenes. 'Loaded' by Bob Pritchard & poems by Alan Bold and Pete Brown. Ad for an evening with Steve Dwoskin. Dr Hip Ocrates. Poverty Cooking. Exploding Hendrix & Plant a Flower Child posters free with OZ subscription ad. 'The Great Hippie Hoax' – 7p of hippie horror stories and reprints including a book which allegedly advises that "hippies should be sent to concentration camps". 'Drugs is a 5 Letter Word' by a Sunday Times reporter – critique of "the mindless coverage of drugs by mass media". 2p centerfold graphics. 'Television the Bankrupt Medium' - Oz TV supplement. 'The Tired Producer's Notes for His Testament' by David Sharp – a tired producer. 'The Cultural Luddites' by Tom Nairn. 'Visual Wank' by Ian Stocks. 'Shoot it! Show it! Video Now' by John Hopkins. Ads for *Time Out* and *Some Of IT*. Mozic: full page photo of Prince Charles playing the cello. Martha Velez and Murray Roman ads. Frank Zappa/*Uncle Meat* interview by Pete Drummond. Full page Rolling Stones 'You Can't Always Get What You Want/Honky Tonk Women' ad. LP reviews: Lenny Bruce, Pete Brown, Albert King, Blossom Toes and the Velvet Underground. 2p Rock Quiz + photomontage. Harvest Records ad. 'Marsha' – 2p interview with Marsha Hunt.

### 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.







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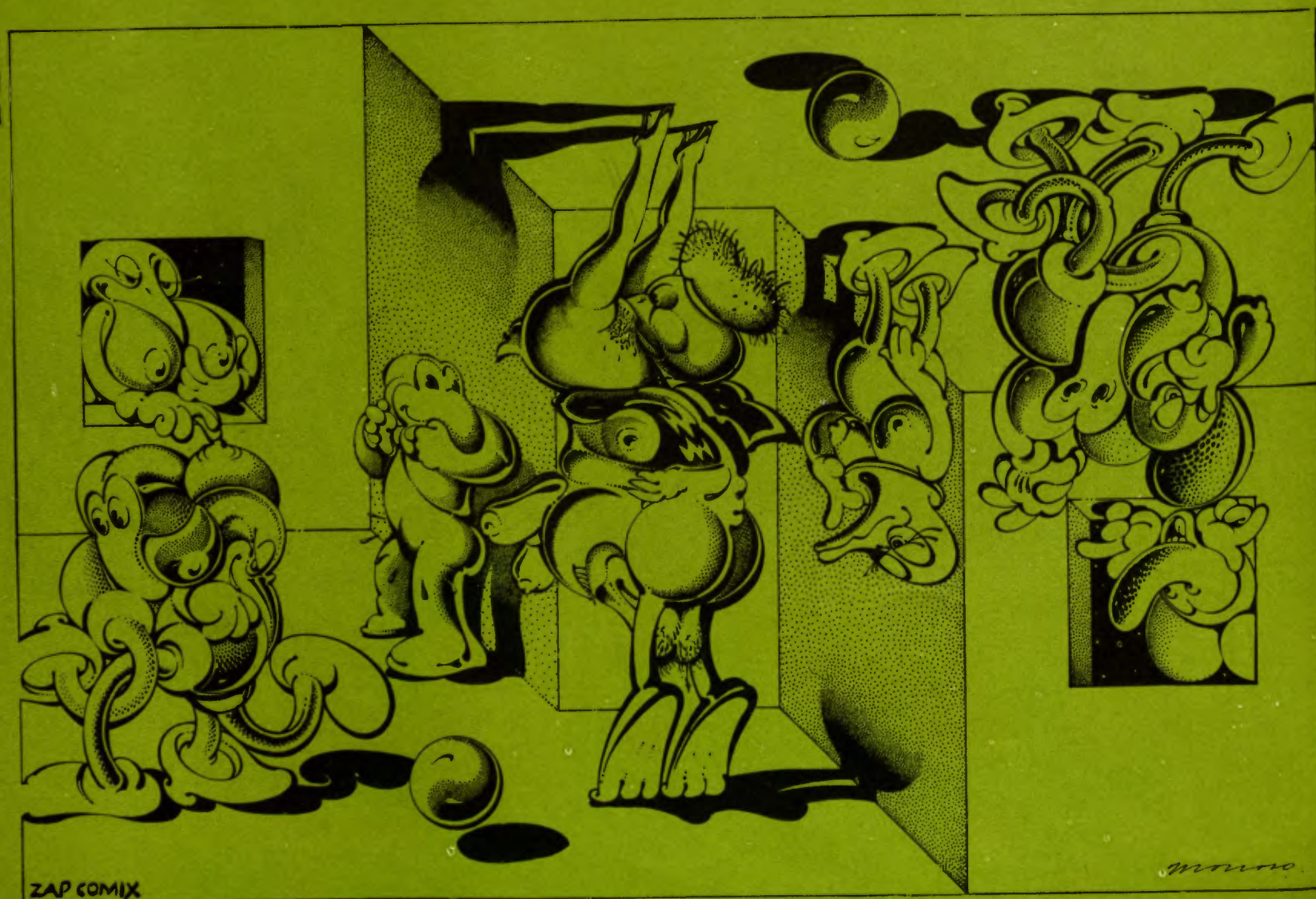
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This issue appears with the help of  
Richard Neville, Felix Dennis, Virginia,  
Jon Goodchild, Louise Ferrier,  
Ken Petty, Miss Murphy, Jim Anderson,  
Martin Sharp, Keith Morris,  
Andrew Fisher, Brigid Harrison.

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Copenhagen K.

Advertising: Contact Felix Dennis at 727-8456.



ZAP COMIX

For our border units we gratefully acknowledge the cover design by Dave Loxley of the new Third Ear Band L.P. 'Alchemy' on EMI's Harvest label.



Music is the natural high.

JUST . . .  
laugh,  
cry, sigh,  
snarl, scream,  
lurch,  
move, be silent,  
fall about,  
love, be alone,  
drop out,  
work, turn on,  
be a head,  
groove,  
grope, grovel,  
fly,  
float, swim,  
sleep, speed,  
protest,  
energise, own up,  
crap,  
creep,  
or just be yourself . . .  
don't go short

(by courtesy of Alan Skidmore)

# do it to Marmalade Records

On July 4th Marmalade is releasing:—

'Streetnoise'

Julie Driscoll and the Brian Auger Trinity

'If only for a moment'

Blossom Toes

'Battersea Rain Dance'

Chris Barber Band

'3,000 years with Otilie'

Otilie Patterson

'Thinking Back'

Gordon Jackson

'Extrapolation'

John McLaughlin

'Oliv 1 and 2'

Spontaneous Music Ensemble

'100% Proof'

The Marmalade Sampler—priced 14/6d

MARMALADE BRINGS MUSIC TO A HEAD





'Rolling Stone is not,' cried Jane Nicholson, 'repeat *not* an Underground paper,' as OZ and IT were busted.

'Well,' the friendly policemen might have replied, 'you use four letter words like rock and fuck and dope, don't you?'

Poor baby. It's awful to be so misunderstood. You just want to talk about music and fucking and dope, that's all. We know you have no intention of overthrowing this Vichy government; nothing is clearer than that English Rolling Stone presents no threat to any political institution of any kind. Well, sister, events of the past weeks should prove even to you that Rolling Stone had better develop some political principle and subversive knowhow, because when the Man decides he wants you for saying fuck and all that, he isn't going to check with the underground whether they claim you, let alone whether you think you belong.

Recent publicity in the Melody Maker (yet) for the Lyceum, filled Mecca magnates with terror & disgust. When Mick Farren fronted down there with a chick shortly after Tony Wilson's mild rave (which was mainly about how much more comfortable it was than the Roundhouse) he was barred from entering because they didn't want any 'superfreaks', were not underground, didn't want to know. After some agro they were let in free, just as arbitrarily as they had been excluded.

The real reason why Miss Nicholson and Mecca Ballrooms want to disassociate themselves from the underground is that they have to make money. Both want to be allowed to keep on making it, and that means keeping in with the cops and with the users of dope, rock and sex. Society will permit a brothel but not a house full of happy fuckers: the kids will be allowed to have their fun at the Lyceum within limits and for a price. Lyceum means high school, I believe, and this one is a 4½ million pound shit-heap, with flesh-coloured lights and writhing stucco ornaments more obscene than anything the underground has ever spontaneously emitted. To see hippikins and hippettes milling miserably around among the Mecca gorillas, who hate them, almost blurs the memory of police collaboration at the Roundhouse, and UFO seems another part of Summer '67. The Midnight Court (once associated with John Peel's name without his consent — a trick more underground than above board) at the Lyceum is doomed, because the underground that they milk for a pound a head will keep using it as a rendezvous, to pick up dope, or sleep in or freak out in, despite the fevered protestations of the square management. The management will co-operate with the police to show their good faith, and the police to show theirs will close it down. Who the hell cares?

Despite the two English issues which were contemptible, it would be sad if Rolling Stone goofed, as they are sure to do if they try to serve the cause or rock and the

Establishment simultaneously. In America it is clear that this divided loyalty is a no-no, as Janis Joplin pointed out with her comment on the meaning of long hair there and here, because persecution is less subtle and resourceful than in England. In England Miss Nicholson is tempted to please everybody all the time if she can get away with it, but she's playing poker in the dark. Once a paper admits any principle of censorship for survival, the we-don't-want-to-do-it-but-we-don't-want-to-lose-the-printer kind of censorship, it jeopardises the integrity of its editorial principle.

It's better to print and be damned, because you'll be damned anyway.

It is actually impossible for any paper worth reading to satisfy all the Man's requirements for trouble-free journalism, so it's strategically better to give him as much trouble as possible. The bitterness of the situation may be gauged from an example. Some issues ago OZ deleted an article which would have given them, in a deliberately disgusting form, a scoop, a possible libel (unlikely) and a more possible reaction from the printer. While still bleeding from this self-imposed wound, OZ was busted for something no-one expected and lost the printer and 6000 copies after all. If Rolling Stone continues to print only what is acceptable to Woodrow Wyatt's Papers & Publications, you'd be better off giving your two-and-six to the old guy failing to play the recorder in Sloane Square.

The underground is not simply some sort of scruffy club that Jane Nicholson and Mecca Ballrooms have refused to join. It's where the life is, before the Establishment forms as the crust on the top, and changes vitality for money. It's humus, the matrix that the city fathers pin down with foundations, spread asphalt over and crush under piles of glass and steel and concrete. Where it reappears in the Overground it is known as dirt. It is used as a repository for waste, shit, offal, dead bodies. From circumference to circumference through this old terrestrial ball whereon we all in darkness crawl, it extends, the wormy, undermined, intermind Underground. Most things that live in it communicate by smell and feel. Some are so primitive that their systems of sexual distinction and forms of copulation are utterly confused. They crawl and grope in the humming darkness, their unmapped, unremembered paths intersecting occasionally and tunnelling on. No signposts because there are no strangers and nothing to point at. You may take refuge there from the catastrophes of the overground. No fallout in the alleys where the moles root their lives away.

Analogy between subversion and the behaviour of badgers led to the coining of the term to describe groups formed in secret to undermine tyranny, particularly groups with a large organisational network, which, like a mole's system of tunnels, is impossible to trace, even if intersected. The term was

used for the non-establishment newspapers, for UFO and Middle Earth, because they were set up by consumers to satisfy their own requirements, which were not the acceptable ones of profit by exploitation. The political content of these manifestations was at first negligible, and in some cases still is, but confrontation is political awareness, and by trying to do their own thing, the phenomena now described as underground pretty soon re-discovered the machinery of repression. The political character of the underground is still amorphous, because it is principally a clamour for freedom to move, to test alternative forms of existence to find if they were practicable, and if they are more gratifying, more creative, more positive than mere endurance under the system. This partly explains the lack of ideology which combines so oddly with the growing peevishness of the underground, peevishness now developing into belligerence, with the threat of violence.

It is commonplace to remark that a politically decided elite may use the force of this generalised discontent to establish a more repressive system still, but so far the difference between Bolshevik revolution, Maoist revolution, Trotskyite revolution and revolution for the hell of it, has only resulted in grotesquely confused skirmishing within the underground. The Establishment however will hope in vain that the underground will destroy itself: the signs of internal dissension are the signs of continuing life; complacency and inertia are qualities prized only by the Establishment.

It is in our interests to let the police and their employers go on believing that the underground is a conspiracy, because it increases their paranoia and their inability to deal with what is really happening. As long as they look for ringleaders and documents they will miss their mark, which is that proportion of every personality which belongs in the underground. That is what responds to the peculiar poetry of rock, and feeds on the insecurity of the unlimited possibility. To silence that, it would be necessary not just to kill all the prophets of the new thing, but to utterly eradicate the memory.

The people who belong to the underground all the time are very few, but almost everybody has spent a season there. The Establishment has to draw nourishment from it, and so plunders and is plundered by, the underground. Despite the venal patronage of Elektra, Transatlantic, Polydor, EMI, Track, Apple, the Inland Revenue and Radio 1, the underground remains uncharted, unreliable, unrewarding, and irresponsible. If every head who clamours to be of it today were to deny it tomorrow it would exist still.

Miss Nicholson may tell the fuzz anything she pleases — her cunt knows better.

Germaine



# ORRESPONDENCE



Dear OZ,  
I have very sad news for you. The 20 copies of OZ 20 that you sent me — have burst open in the post. The South African security police have been on my track, and all is very grim.  
Love and Peace,  
Jerry Tussons,  
PO Box 1652,  
Durban.

Dear OZ,  
Having read most of your editions I know the general standard of your articles.  
But are you honestly trying to tell me that Hell's Angels (OZ 20) are for real??? Granted, I don't know all that much about them, but I laughed my cock off when I read your article!  
Where the hell are they going?

A musician (who knows where he's going!)

People at OZ,  
Instead of geraniums I'm planting pretty pot flowers in my old and long established public school. It's so nice and cheerful even down to the corridors of coldness and the melancholy tolling of the bell to call you not only to Matins but also to Vespers and never to hope, always to prayer and hypocrisy, never to friendship.  
W. Haileybury & Imperial Service College.

Dear OZ,  
'The best of Pop completely eliminates the old form.' (Pete Townshend — OZ 21).

Although Pete Townshend is right when he goes on to say that no art (viz. Italian Opera) is "insurpassable", surely an attitude of mind that only the art of the present is relevant to our lives is self-defeating. A lot of the rest is really too good to miss.

At the moment I'm turning on de Bruckner's Seventh Symphony, which has 'a lot to say' to me even though it probably wouldn't to Pete Townshend. This doesn't mean that I can't get on with Dylan (or the Mothers or that I'm not interested in MC5 or Monteverdi for that matter).

One of the interesting paradoxes of modern music is that its newest offspring

Pop is, with certain important exceptions, the most 'reactionary' in the sense that it's the most tonally obsessed. Abbe Liszt, who died nearly 100 years ago, was tonally more adventurous than the Beatles. Pop has yet to free itself of tonal hang-ups, and I found it interesting that Pete Townshend confesses to 'very much admire' Benjamin Britten, a composer who in modern musical terms is positively neanderthal. At least Don Giovanni was relevant to its own times, even if Pete Townshend thinks it has 'nothing to say' for today. I find it still has more 'to say' than anything by the great Britten.

I am not holding any brief for a bourgeois concept of "culture" as something defused and dead. Fuck "Kulchur". But what is really good, and still dangerous in the art of the past is worth the effort of understanding if we're not to become totally cut off. The past is too important to be left as something for polished superficial "cultural" mandarins like Kenneth Clark to put us all in our place on Sunday nights in glorious BBC Eastman Colour, just as Pop is too important to be left in the hands of the moronic fascist-orientated disc jockeys on Radio Wonderful. One day, when perhaps we are all artists we can afford to forget what other people did 500 years ago — but until then the lives of the artists remain the only models for a sane existence in a crazy world.

Yours,  
Michael Hirst,  
134 Finchley Road,  
London, NW3.

Dear OZ,  
Re: Dr Schoenfeld in OZ 20  
"Agreed no gentle man would want to give his woman cervical cancer, and evidence seems to show that the uncircumcised run a horrid risk of doing that. But before all good men rush to the nearest hospital to offer their foreskin in tribute to an envious Matron

"The old school's inspiring motto was: *Mediocria Firma*, and happily there is a middle way: retract it! Accustom yourself to wearing the foreskin retracted, and with ordinary hygiene the smegma will disappear completely. The first few days will be ticklish and priapic, and for a while longer your friends may wonder at the sudden grimace which indicates that the skin has popped back to its old position, trapping a pubic hair on the way... But it will soon settle down, and doffing is far less painful than docking.

"The usual commission, please, from the first firm to bring out a—

RETRACT IT! badge

Love and peace  
Alan Pitt Clark,  
Wichelo, Ipsden,  
Oxford, OX9 6AP.

Dear OZ,  
Just a short note for your paranoid readers. Your telephone tapping test is NOT infallible. If the telephone does not ring back it MAY be tapped; however there is another possibility. If, after having waited for the phone to ring back and it has not, you lift the receiver again, you may hear a pre-recorded voice saying: SIFTER OUT OF ORDER (whatever that means).

Love and Peace,  
Bob,  
4, Brunswick Road,  
Withington,  
Manchester, 20.

Dear Editor,  
I subscribed OZ on the grounds that it is not to be taken seriously — that the magazine is such and such and such to a certain kind of class/society etc... I myself stand aside and laugh at OZ and all the freaks that go along with it. Sometimes I need a change in my reading and OZ is not a bad substitute. Alright, alright, the instructions of the poverty cooking sections were taken from a U.S. army survival manual. During the war, starvation and death perhaps such an army survival manual is needed — to survive, if the child is already dead.

But surely even you must know (I hope) in a British society, any society, even your underground movement, society

Dear OZ,

The letter about WORM at Hull University in your last issue did not exaggerate the effects it had on the atmosphere here. It was, I think, a major contribution to the fact that at the end of last term a record poll put me in as President for next year on the slogan "Vote Academic Thug" and a manifesto which worried the grey rulers of the place distinctly. They got even more worried on Wednesday when a Union meeting overwhelmingly made the main idea of my manifesto Union policy. If you could put the stuff in it would be nice, as things are really beginning to hum up here, and to save me from going all bureaucratic and heavy as President I'd like to have as many OZ-reading types come up here as possible. As much as any University atmosphere can be breathed ours can, and with revolt headed by WORM and the Brynmor Jones Preservation Society (he's Vice-Chancellor) it's one where you can be happy while revolting. You can't be serious if you're solemn. It's not all happening here, but quite a lot of it is, and if we get an entry this year that's even more subversive than last, all kinds of things could happen.

All good things to you,

Tim Poston  
65 Princess Ave  
Hull, Yorks



and what have you that what OZ.21 suggests is insane, cold-blooded murder. And only an insane person could think of such a thing, let alone bloody well publish it. Roast Trafalger pigeon alright. But God, not your casual 'perhaps 6d for the use of a lure' — of a child's life. And even more so your bold, typed lettered word 'Method'. You convert this quoted material from the survival manual, and turn it, quite deliberately, into a beyond mockery, repulsive, sick humoured title 'Leg of long pig'. A child of all things. It's no joke, not even in such a magazine as OZ. We are all human, no matter who or what society each one of us fall into. I am sorry to find this particular piece of material, which has such ill and inhuman taste to it in OZ. In fact it is quite dangerous to the sick minded individual, and to the heartless brutally murdered child, which is so often heard of. No — that recipe was not called for, not by anyone in their right sane mind. And not in the way OZ Magazine tries — wants — does put itself to the public. After all, it is publicity. Yours C F English, 25 Charnwood Road, Loughborough, Leics.

At 4.45 on Wednesday morning 25 June, a brick came through the window of 6, Woolands Road, Ilford. A battle followed.

The house had been occupied by squatters the preceding Saturday, and was being repaired and decorated by them in preparation for moving in a homeless family. Number 6, like about 40 other houses in the vicinity had been purchased by the London Borough of Redbridge in preparation for the Ilford Town Centre Redevelopment Plan. This is an expensive and extravagant scheme involving the demolition of 900 houses in the area. It is to be implemented in two stages, the second stage which involved No. 6 and a number of other houses, does not commence until 1977. Which means that these houses will remain empty for 8 years. Not only are they empty, but since the recent revival of squatting, the council has spent £2,520 on wrecking these houses and making them uninhabitable. So while homeless families have to make do with sordid council accommodation (cooking meals while sitting on the toilet etc.) the council goes round smashing up perfect dwellings. Last Wednesday following the brick came Barrie Quartermain and his twelve men. They wore helmets, carried shields and

various weapons, iron bars, clubs etc. and were organised into a small fighting unit. They charged the house screaming and hurling bricks. Carrying two ladders they attempted to take the house by storm, but the squatters occupying the upper floor returned the bricks and smashed the 'bailiffs' and their ladders as they appeared. The gang realised after twenty minutes fighting that they could not gain access, so lit two fires to try and burn the squatters out. It was at this point that the police decided to intervene though they had been standing by since the beginning, and all they did was to move on the gang. They moved on, alright, to 23 Audrey Road, Ilford where another battle commenced. Luckily for the Flemings, who squat here, they had time to move their three children out, though Quartermaine did not know this.

Under the Statute of Forcible Entry if a person has a rightful claim to land that is in the possession of another, he must not attempt to recover this land by force; he must use only the remedies provided by the courts. Every single legal authority supports this statement which was passed at a time when Barons were returning from the crusades to find other Barons had occupied and taken possession of their lands. The purpose of the act was to prevent Barons employing private armies (like Quartermain's) to take back their lands. **WHETHER OR NOT THEIR CLAIM TO LAND WAS RIGHTFUL OR WRONGFUL WAS IRRELEVANT.**

When a council decides to make an eviction it must a) employ a certificated bailiff, ie. a man who has been granted a bailiffs certificate by a court, b) It must serve a court order for the eviction, ie. naming the persons to be evicted and the property. Redbridge council has done neither of these. It hires its 'bailiffs' from Southern Provincial Investigations. This is run by Barrie Quartermain and is not even a member of the British Association of Private Detective Agencies. Quartermain supplies and leads a private army that specialises in evictions. "Councils who employ me don't have a squatter problem any more".

In the three illegal but successful evictions, and various other unsuccessful ones that he has carried out, he has shown what sort of an animal he and his 'lads' are.

On 20 March 1969 during the attempted eviction of the Mercer family from 84, Courtlands Avenue, Ilford, he hit Mrs Olive Mercer in the stomach with an iron bar, she was visibly pregnant and lost her child as a result. Two days later he followed her to the doctors and on the way back, stopped and beat her saying "Next time you or any of you cunts in that house interfere with the job we're sent to do, and we'll be back to finish it, you won't get a chance to get anyone". There are pages and pages of sworn

affidavits. evidence of this man's brutal activities. He is NOT a certificated bailiff. His certificate was taken from him by a Kingston magistrate in 1967 for some dubious activity which we can't go into here. NOR did Quartermain or Redbridge council have court orders for any of the three successful evictions or the attempts last week. So in fact what we are witnessing in Ilford by Redbridge council is an illegal action. A senior member of Redbridge council has intimated that the squatters could probably quite successfully sue the council. They don't mind being 'told off' as they have achieved their aims.

It is difficult to see any sort of logic behind the action the council is taking. A few empty houses filled with homeless families. There would seem to be certain men on Redbridge council who are so desperate about the redevelopment scheme that they are prepared to push it through at all costs. Their deep involvement indicates just how much they stand to lose if the large property development is even vaguely threatened.

The squatters seem to have no qualms about another battle. They are well prepared. While I was at 23 Audrey Road, a white Zephyr drove slowly past with four hard looking guys staring out. Immediately there was a sort of organized panic. The Flemings and their three children were quickly moved into a neighbouring house. While in 23 everybody suddenly acquired weapons and helmets. Stocks of bricks and shovels were uncovered by the windows. The back garden was hosed down to make any use of a battering ram difficult, and all downstairs entrances were barricaded. This was a false alarm but illustrates adequately how strongly the squatters feel.

IT is morally wrong to have perfect empty houses while there are homeless families. Redbridge Council, by smashing houses which will be empty for years and taking extreme measures (including a special agreement with the London Electricity Board to have the cables disconnected at the mains) and above all their incredible blunder by employing the Quartermain organisation to do their dirty work for them, have revealed their absolute bankruptcy of any kind of a human housing policy or fitness to act as servants of the local electorate.

John Crowley



& With a few exceptions, London's critical response to the Living Theatre revealed less about what went on at the Roundhouse than about the destitute aesthetics of those paid to evaluate our culture. From JW Lambert in the Sunday Times to Milton Shulman in the Evening Standard, the critics tumbled triumphantly over each other in their bid to demonstrate that Julian Beck & Co failed to conform to the classical requirements of legitimate theatre. They can't act, they can't dance, they can't sing, snorted Fleet Street, as they tied blinkers to their motor cars and galloped forth to measure the hurricane with a slide rule. The night I saw Paradise Now, Judith Malina didn't kick her legs as high as Ginger



Rogers in Mame, angry black Rufus didn't deliver blank verse with the taut aplomb of Nicol Williamson; but within ten minutes most people had abandoned their seats and were roaming the auditorium tense, confused, excited and involved. It is commonly judged miraculous if British audiences even hum along, like Butliners at a jamboree, yet Roundhouse guests were randomly engaging each other and the cast in belligerent debate; some stripping, others kissing, some in trance, others fleeing in a state of shock. This was not a cozy night at the Opera; a few laughs, a few tears, home to pay the baby-sitter, a witty post mortem over supper, then back to the grind in the morning and absolutely no alteration in lifestyle.



The man who was spat upon will never be quite the same. One member of the cast (Steve Ben Israel), outraged by the vociferous frigidity of the audience pranced threateningly about like a caged ape, shouting: 'You people scare me... you really scare me'... finally spitting at a gentleman in a brown suit and drooping moustache. This man lunged furiously forward, as we are trained to do, grabbing Israel, ready to strike. Suddenly half a dozen of the cast melted into view, immediately improvising on the situation, and began to spit on each other and on Israel. 'Look at this. Spit! Spit! Does it hurt? Is it painful? It's just water. Did you want to kill him?' The spectacle of the caste of the Living Theatre bathing in each other's phlegm and brown suit's horrified realisation of the implications of his aggression and its deadly futility, was, well, beyond entrapment in the grey review pages of the quality Sundays.

Neither the slick Black Panther newsreels nor the ritualistic Hyde Park harangues have ever exposed the intensity of suppressed racial animosity as much as the confrontations between the audience and black members of the cast. The power of this experiment was not verbal. Its eloquence not divisible into cogent packages of 'acting ability', 'choreography' and 'voice projection'. But when the white lady in the front row reacted to the black calloused foot being thrust in front of her eyes with a swift jab at the actors balls; one boggled at the patience and restraint of black power and ached for the sins of one's own race - a tragedy greater than Hamlet's.

Later, a golden haired Dutch cast member went trancelike while his colleagues pummeled him with such convincing symbolic brutality that a girl at his feet tearfully intervened... human pyramids writhed and entwined like de Sade's table of flesh, everyone began to dance and chant... the evening ended in a communal cathartic spasm, the like of which, taken all for all, we may not meet again. One of my acquaintances could not tune into the Living Theatre because, given their near nudity, he was turned off by the lack of feminine physical attraction, he could not see past the band-aids and appendix scars. That makes him even worse off than Milton Shulman.

& A further example of contemporary cultural insularity is evidenced by the decision of every major British publisher to reject Abbie Hoffman's incendiary treatise, Revolution for the Hell of It (Dial Press, New York). Penguin's are said to have justified their refusal with the observation that although they recognised

it as a landmark, Revolution would be slammed by every single established critic, and they did not want that to happen to one of their titles. It has been reprinted three times in the U.S. and slabs have been reproduced in the Black Dwarf and IT. So much for the values of British publishing, which is currently fawning over the name dropping inanities of a failed press tycoon and yet another wanking delineation of the I'm-a-poor-lonely-Jew syndrome which began with Joyce and continues with Bellow, Malamud, Podhoretz etc. threatening the mayoralty of the brashest city in the world and culminating in the gripes of Roth. Revolution for the Hell of It celebrates not the Jewishness of its author, but the lifestyle of tomorrow, and it will infect the culture of today despite the restrictive practices of those literary necrophiliacs who see significance only when they look over their shoulder.

& "Teach living at school  
And living means understanding"  
(from Penguin Education Special:  
"The school that I'd like")

SCHOOL STUDENTS: DISCOVER THIS ALTERNATIVE AT THE LIVING SCHOOL. A three day school which is living and not dead... a communal experience of discussion - action - ideas - ways of communicating these ideas.

five themes running continuously:

on EDUCATION - the general ideas behind it, teaching methods, class and education, exams, authority, nursery schools; apprentices and industrial training; further education. In all, what it's like now and what it could be.

from the basis of these discussions, a more general programme on POLITICAL ACTION - talks with squatters, tenants, shop stewards, schools, militants - how they started and what their problems have been.

on POLITICAL IDEAS: THE SITUATION HERE AND ABROAD: imperialism and national liberation, Black Power, the industrial scene and the White Paper, the student movement, the position of women.

MAKING PRINTING ACTING DOING: our media; posters leaflets news-sheets street theatre reaching out and being heard and being understood.

AND ALL THE TIME: pop groups, music, play groups, puppet show, films, acting and endless surprises.

July 28, 29, 30 at  
the London School of Economics. All letters  
to LIVING SCHOOL c/o LSE Socialist  
Society, LSE, Houghton Street,  
Aldwych, WC2.

& Despite copious  
glossy publicity, The  
Jagger-Fox-Pallenberg  
film, Performance,  
never been released.  
All involved  
with the film are  
excited about it,  
but a Mr Hyman



from Warner Brothers is determined Performance will never leave the cutting room table. He finds the general tone of the film offensive, as well as intimacy of the co-stars (which apparently shook even hardened camera men). But good news. Warner Brothers has been merged, and in the process, the indomitable will of Hyman broken.

See remnants of the original at your local ABC in the Autumn.

**&** Known as the Genital Disturber, the chair pictured comes yellow and red in stove enamelled metal. The seat and other details are in perspex. An electric motor causes the knob in the seat to rotate once every 2 seconds, producing soft, pleasurable sensations, helping the sitter to "develop mental imagery". Cost 100 gns. Designed by John Kaine, Domestic and Personal Interference, 74 Camden Mews, NW1. 01-267-1000.



**&** Bath recreation Ground is a huge grassy corral, and on Saturday, June 28, it was filled with gentle people who paid more than they might spend on food in three days to get in. They queued hundreds deep for the lavatory or warm 'pop' (if they had any money left), or mounds of spun tallow called 'soft- whip'. A conservative estimate, made about noon, said there were 15,000 people. By five o'clock there were many more than that, and a gate in excess of £15,000 for smiling Mr Frederick Bannister.

For their money, the People get nineteen 'Blues' Groups playing non-stop and John Peel labouring to keep them from realising their discomfort and the inadequacy of any facilities offered. No limit on the Gate; they packed them in till they trampled each other down, penned like cattle, thumped into passivity by the music.

And still no protest or complaint. The last train went at 8.30 pm. On the railway station the Penguin orchestra leaving the respectable part of the Festival hooted with derisive laughter at those few of the people who were rich enough to afford the train, as they climbed into their three reserved cars. All the riches of what the Bath and Wiltshire Evening Chronicle called 'the Blues Cult' spilled out to subsidise Mr Frederick Bannister's smile.

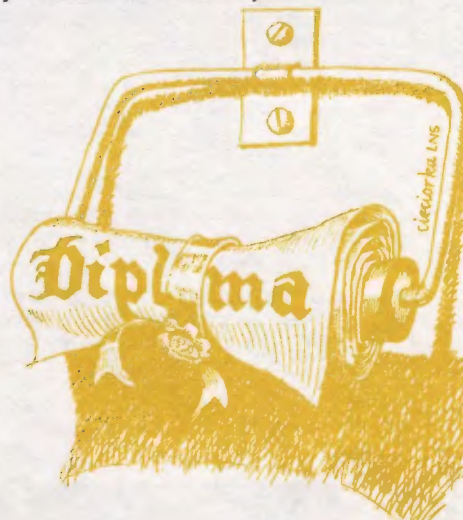
**&** Real Time is a new magazine distributed to computer programmers and others, containing murmurs of dissent and messages of hope, from 66 Hargrave Park, London, N19 (1/6).

**&** Your sons and your daughters are beyond your command (Dylan): The son of President Nixon's Chief Aide was recently busted for possession of marijuana. And so too, even more amazingly, was the daughter (wait for it) of Spiro T Agnew.



'As soon as 3 O'clock rolls around  
You finally lay your burden down ...'  
(Schooldays: Chuck Berry)

**&** Something's happening, Mr Headmaster. More and more schoolchildren are demanding an end to compulsory sport and religion, abolition of examinations and freedom from perverted sex (mis)education. (One schoolboy's typical report: 'We had the vicar to tell us when not to do it. The doctor to tell us how not to do it. The headmaster to tell us where not to do it'). HOD (440 Selby Road, Leeds, LS15) is one of several wild new roneo'd forums of pupil opinion. A recent issue contrasts the verbal permissiveness of Allerton Grange's headmaster ('This is one of the easiest going schools in the country') with the painful realities administered by a



Mr Partridge of the lower school, who beats boys for school uniform irregularities and hairyness.

Fifteen pupils of Leeds Grammar School have been threatened with expulsion unless they disassociate themselves from HOD. A temporary teacher, Dave Gibson, was recently fired for selling the magazine outside local schools. Another leaflet, distributed by the Leeds Schools Revolutionary Committee, was recently headlined in the Yorkshire Evening Post: 'Protest Over Sex Leaflets Given to Children'. In fact, the leaflet was mainly concerned with abolition of corporal punishment, prefects and games, pausing in passing to ask: 'Is it the aims of schools to turn out sweetly obedient lesbians and homosexuals?' Last OZ contained a report from a pupil expelled from St Pauls, along with several others, because he was overheard in the corridors talking about pot. Headmasters tend to act on their suspicions, not evidence, as in the recent case of two boys expelled from Rugby, although the police, according to the Daily Telegraph, 'had not been able to satisfy themselves of an offence' (23/6/69). This headmaster, Mr Woodhouse, has expelled fifteen boys in the past two years. Justifying the school's resistance to long hair and changes in fashions, the assistant head, Mr Hunt, said: 'We are paid by a certain class of parent to do a certain job and these parents want their sons brought up in a certain way. It is our job to prevent extremes of modernity'.

Rugby seems a suitable case for treatment by the Public Schools Anarchist Committee who last week organised a demonstration at Wellington College, coinciding with a 'minor interior uprising'. This committee can be contacted via the London Arts Laboratory notice board.

**&** Question seven of the national nursery examination for the certificate of the board asks: 'What contribution can be made by the nursery nurse towards the prevention and treatment of the following conditions: (a) strabismus, (b) otitis, (c) masturbation, (d) eczema.'

Send 3/6 to 131a Munster Road,  
Fulham, London. S.W.6., for more  
Pritchard poetry and prose, (see p.13)

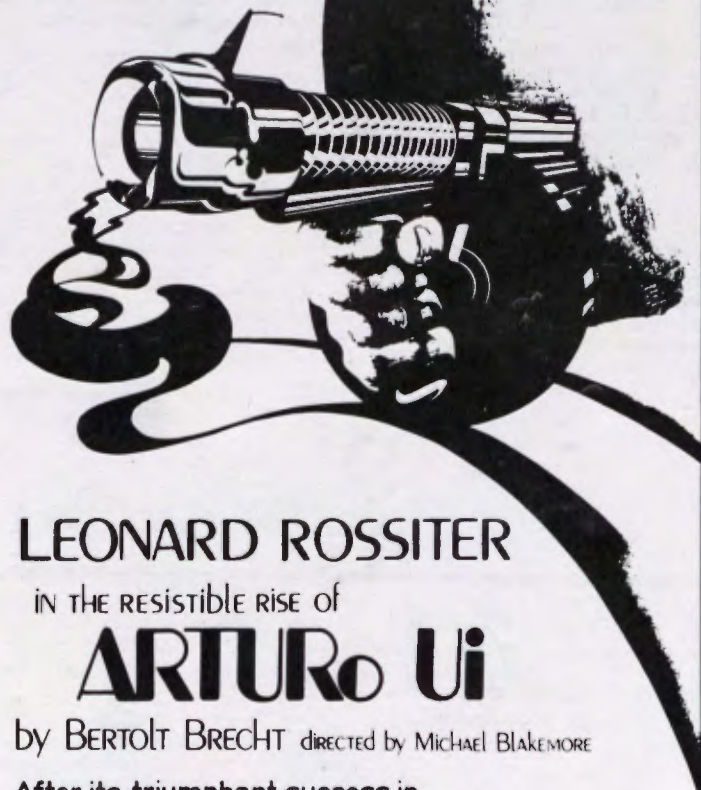
**&** There is something sickening about the easy inevitability with which certain well connected heads are able to buy off a bust. Either go to court and help expose the drug law for what it is, or at least expose police susceptibility to bribery. (One is thinking of the knight's son caught, but not arrested, with Mick Jagger). Thom Keyes, author of All Night Stand, has taken the latter alternative. He was arrested for cannabis possession on April 27. The next day he alleges that he handed Detective Sergeant Robin Constable £150 in consecutively marked £10 notes, in return for which it is alleged that Constable offered to

Continued on p.10



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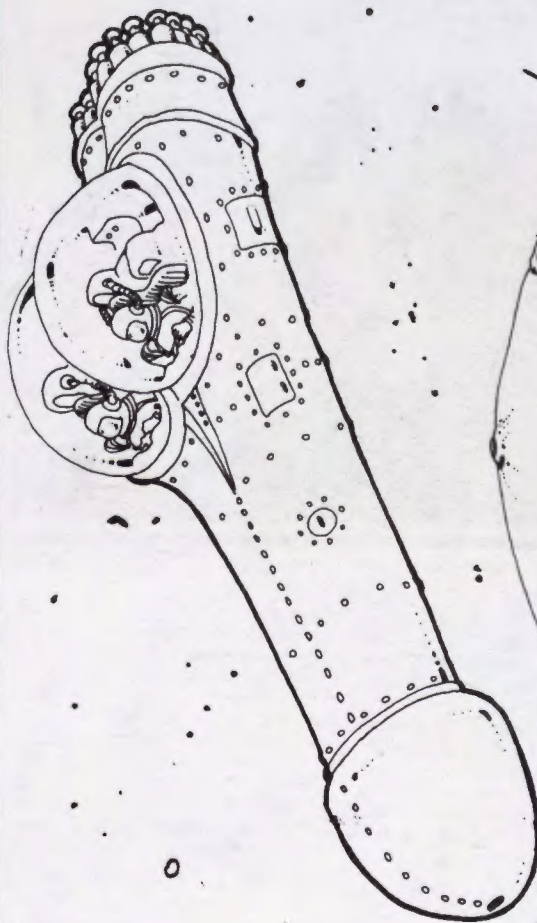
Opening July 1st 90% of seats priced at 5/- to 20/-  
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"Heroic acting in gangsterland . . . one of Brecht's finest  
comedies" *Ronald Bryden, THE OBSERVER*

"I am not alone in thinking this the finest English-language  
production of Brecht we have yet seen" *Irving Wardle, THE TIMES*

"Chicago racketeers and Runyon rogues make a fascinating,  
vivid and funny study" *Eric Shorter, DAILY TELEGRAPH*

"From Leonard Rossiter a superlative comic performance in  
the title role" *Michael Billington, THE TIMES*



EBADATOC69

LAFR. UPS.



drop charges against certain people who were arrested at the same time. A few hours after the transfer of money, Scotland Yard visited Thom Keyes at his home and took an 8½ page statement.

One month later the same policeman, Detective Sergeant Robin Constable, led the raid on Mick Jagger and Marianne Faithfull. Meanwhile, some are legally getting high with a little help from Soma, the organisation formed to research cannabis and to press for law reform. The active principles of the weed, the tetrahydrocannabinols (THC), are not yet banned and experiments have already begun with lucky volunteers. Soma is currently appealing for £50,000 to support research and service programmes - 438 Fulham Road, London, S.W.6.

& The promiscuous relationship of this magazine with the British printing industry has led to an unavoidable neglect of editorial content and a failure to encourage new contributors. What OZ needs most are not garrulous UFO spotters and tripping hippie poets, but probing, eye-shaded city desk type reporters who can sniff out some of the scene's outrages and follow them through mercilessly. An encouragement to any dormant Lois Lanes or Clarke Kents, we reveal the threads of one story that could be further investigated, elaborated and sent to us: the musicians Union versus Pop. The MU has never forgiven pop or its perpetrators for toppling Perry Como off the hit parades. Its unspoken motto is that the comfort of one redundant session oboe player is more important than the rights of a thousand longhaired pop guitarists. Despite the fact that many of the lesser known pop groups are ruthlessly exploited by the trade and that a vast percentage of the MU's funds derive from pop; the Union is careful to hold its meetings on Friday nights when there is little chance of the pop proletariat being represented. It is also widely known that there is a corrupt relationship between the Union and a leading theatrical agency. Overseas

pop groups cannot be imported without the MU's approval, which is rarely forthcoming unless this agency is involved. All this is worth exploring, with examples, quotes and commentary.

& The Spikeys, or Brushcuts, are summer's new dumb terrorists in jeans, braces and thick leather boots. With sharpened aluminium combs and hair to match they have already wrecked one major free concert. They maraud in large groups, and last month beat up a few longhairs in Hyde Park to the baying accompaniment of vastly outnumbering hippies: "Wow, what a bad scene, man". One compensation: Only the masculine variety have been spotted, so at least they won't breed.

& If you're tired of computer matching bureaux which seem set out to introduce Cliff Richard to Mary Hopkin, then New York's Head Dating service is for you. Sample questions: Which of these drugs have you taken? Grass, hash, keif, opium, THC, speed, smack, acid, mescaline, DMT, DDT, STP, peyote, ups, downs, snappers, glue, yoga, apple pie? Which of these drugs have you balled under? How many times have you been busted? Are you Asexual? Bisexual? Heterosexual? Necrophiliac? Other? For those interested in meeting a hairy, asexual apple pie head, "cats 5 dollars, chicks 2 dollars", write to 67 East 2nd Street, New York, Ny10003.

& From Political Economy to Women's Liberation, from Social Manipulation to Racism in the Ghetto, SCREW (Support Communications for a Revolutionary Europe and World) has published a lengthy compilation of inflammatory and analytical tracts: write 46 Park Crescent, Brighton, enclosing stamps.



Last month's issue, OZ No 21 carried an article on Murray Roman. It was written by the very delectable John Leaver from Time Out.

## LORDS

The Lord Chancellor took his seat on the Woolsack at 2.30 p.m.

LORD DERWENT (C.) asked whether it was in accordance with the Government's policy to allow entertainments in the Royal Parks which attracted audiences of 70,000 to the detriment of the usual amenities and the peaceful enjoyment of the parks by other citizens, and whether the regulations forbidding sleeping in the parks when they were closed were enforced on the night of June 7-8.

LADY LLEWELYN-DAVIES of HASTOE, Baroness-in-Waiting. - Royal Parks are preserved a places where the public can enjoy relaxation and recreation. It has always been customary to allow a very limited number of events with special appeal and these last two summers concerts of popular music

have been arranged as an experiment.

The crowd attracted by these concerts are a measure of their popularity, especially with young people. The behaviour of the audiences has been admirable and comment on the event of June 7 had been overwhelmingly favourable.

However, so many people remained in Hyde Park that it was recognized as impracticable to enforce the regulations and clear the park at night.

LORD DERWENT.—That is an unsatisfactory answer. There are risks to health of a large number of people sleeping in the park all night where children will be playing the next day because of the quite inadequate lavatory accommodation.

LADY LLEWELYN-DAVIES.—On future occasions there will be discussions between the organizers, the police and the park authorities

about the provision of lavatories and so on. Considerable help has been offered by the organizers both in the collection of litter and the provision of extra lavatories.

LORD DERWENT. — Would Lady Llewelyn-Davies consider whether the Royal Parks are suitable for this type of entertainment because although they give pleasure to a large number of young people they prevent a large area of the park being used by other people

LADY WOOTTON of ABINGER.—Is not the implication of Lord Derwent's question that young people are inherently insanitary and objectionable and ought to be done away with? (Laughter.)

LORD BYERS (L.).—The Government should resist this Tory attack on the right of assembly. (Cheers.) It has come to a pretty pass when 70,000 youngsters go to

a park and behave responsibly and this House should be seen to be criticizing them. (Renewed cheers.)

LADY LLEWELYN-DAVIES said the dangers of disrupting the ordinary activities of the parks were not great.

She was sure the Opposition had not heard of the groups who took part. They included The Cream, The Move, The Pink Floyd, and one which she was sure would delight Conservative peers, The Election. (Laughter.)

LORD STRABOLGI (Lab.). — Would Lady Llewelyn-Davies assure us that these concerts in the Royal Parks cannot be considered a rival to similar pop concerts organized in the grounds of several stately homes. (Laughter.) The House then debated economic problems in Scotland and rose at 8.29 p.m.

Hyde Park  
sleep-in after pop concert  
PARLIAMENT, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25, 1969



**WHO CARES ABOUT SEX?**



***jeremy***

**The magazine for people who don't care about sex !**

**SEND FOR DETAILS :**

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# OTHER SCENES

by John Wilcock

Tim Leary says that he'll conduct a 'grass roots' campaign for governor of California, beginning with a train tour of the State in September. He already has the support of more than 100 rock bands and 'the four leading newspapers' and explains that though he won't be participating in machine politics 'there may be some smoke-filled rooms'.

At his NYC press conference last week the jubilant acid Guru stoned deadpan into network TV cameras and said the recent Supreme Court axing of the Federal tax proviso on pot meant that heads could smoke legally on Federal property — national parks and FBI offices, for example. The government's recent estimate of 6 million users was about as accurate as their Vietnam casualty estimates, he suggested, substituting a more likely figure of 40,000,000 smokers.

**Chesnut:** An old joke reappeared in the LA Free Press. "It is said that the Republicans are considering changing their emblem from an elephant to a condom, because a condom stands for inflation, halts production, encourages co-operation, protects a bunch of pricks, and gives one a false sense of security while being screwed."

**Overset:** Britain's Noise Abatement Society complained (to the Department of Weights & Measures) that BOAC's ads about its 'silent' jets were dishonest and misleading. And believe it or not the ads were stopped. . . ICI, the British plastics firm, has devised a plastic tombstone. . . Macy's is touting (for 70 bucks) a transistorized belt that massages you while you work (or fuck). . . The four-year-old Research Committee on Cannabis (write Joe Berke, 31 Randolph Ave, London W9) has almost completed its report after studying the habits of almost one thousand heads. . . Watch for the split-second shot of the motor cycle burning about two-thirds of the way thru the marvellous Peter Fonda-Dennis Hopper movie 'Easy Rider'. It's a brilliantly subliminal premonition of how life (and the movie) ends. . . John Harriman writes poems in taxi cabs and titles them with the drivers' names. . .

**Eatitup:** Cat and dogfood advertising 'are subtly directed towards the appetites of people, not animals' says Connie Sohodski in The Dove, and as evidence she asks why the ads stress that the food is *all meat*? That *dogfood shouldn't taste like dogfood*. That one commercial depicts dogs shopping in a supermarket 'and engaging in all that chitchat that people might engage in'. The fact is, she adds, that petfood manufacturers have discovered that their products sell well in areas inhabited by people who can't afford pets — that they're obviously buying the stuff for themselves.

**Extra:** Telephone company is refunding thousands of bucks each week to disgruntled customers who lose dimes in broken phones. All you to do is call the operator and ask for your share

**Aruba:** The nearest island to the South American coast is Aruba (where I dropped out least week to do some work) but like most islands within our orbit it's predominantly American and totally colourless.

No indigenous native food to speak of, no colorful local customs (or costumes), just a dreadful American-type resort conformity as best exemplified by two Sheraton-style hostels — gloomy barns with nothing to offer but plastic

American meals and gambling. Even the entertainment is third-rate Las Vegas acts and this issue, in fact, is the spearhead for an attack on the system by concerned natives who want to see local musicians get a chance. Aruba has one interesting asset: a desalinization plant with oil-powered generators which can supply this almost-barren coral island with almost 3 million gallons of fresh water per day at a monthly cost of about \$12 for each family. These plants to extract fresh water from the sea are the wave of the future but very few communities have been far-sighted enough to invest in them.

**Smut:** Lennox Raphael's 'Chel' (OZ 21) which depicted fucking on stage with honesty, poetry and humor got busted as obscenity whereas Ken Tynan's new hit, 'Oh Calcutta' which depicts fucking somewhat more satirically (and sleazily) will probably make a fortune for all concerned. Which isn't necessarily to put it down: it does present sex more honestly than previous commercial hits and it will free the theatre (and its predominantly middle-class audiences) that much more. But will 'Oh Calcutta' ever see the debt that it owes to 'Chel'? And, more importantly, will it ever acknowledge that debt publicly with money or support? ?

**A comune:** calling itself the Kingdom of Endor tried to plan The Great Aspen Freak Festival in the little Colorado town for this July but carelessly announced that 100,000 hippies could be expected — and that blew the whole thing. Suddenly the available land wasn't available any more and threats of 'vigilante' action scared off what few record company commitments that had been made. What finally brought matters to a head was a claim — untrue — that the Beatles would be coming. Meanwhile, the Colorado legislature passed a special law to allow 90-day jail sentences for kids convicted of squatting on unoccupied property in the mountains west of Boulder. Apparently there was quite a bit of it last year and no law to cope with it.

**The Movement:** Chicago indictments against the yippies and others charging 'conspiracy' ('the first time that the majesty of the US government has been used to make criminal charges against a put-on', says Michael Harrington) is successfully shaping us all into a conspiracy — an open one that freely admits its aim as to be the overthrow of the US 'government'. Heterogenous guest list for the Abbie Hoffman fund-raising party shows how widespread The Conspiracy is becoming. . .

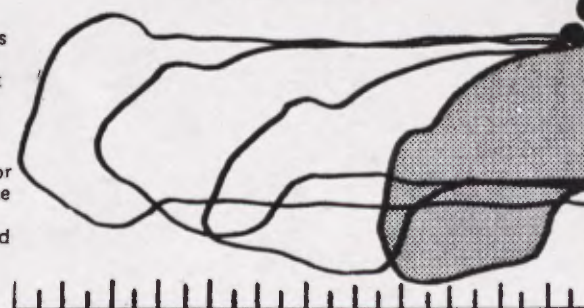
Veteran publisher and Peace Eye freak Ed Sanders, meanwhile, is completing his novel about Abbie tracing the growth of the Yippie conspiracy right up to its current position as 'an international cartel of chromosome-damaged diplomats, Swedish generals, Yippie agents with the pentagon, war correspondents, bank presidents, nuns, poets, streetfuckers and peace apes'. . . Black Panthers' brilliant (and humane) national campaign to provide breakfasts for undernourished children so they can learn better ('we must survive this evil government so we can build a new one') is outlined in the April 27 issue of their paper, the Black Panther (25c from Box 2967, Custom House, SF, Calif 94126).

**Mediamix:** If Craig Karpel's profile in the first issue of US is any criterion, David Eisenhower's at least as dumb as his father. And he apparently told the Times that he was marrying Julie Nixon before graduation because he didn't have the 'will power' to wait two years before fucking her. . . As he busted Screw and Kiss for 'obscenity' (his definition), NYC assistant DA Richard Beckler became judge, jury and executioner by threatening

to arrest any newsstand that carried the papers.

Apparently he's trying to save money by dispensing with the need for trials although it's doubtful that the US government would agree with him. Al Goldstein and Jim Buckley, the editors of Screw are suing the city for damages, and with help from the New York Civil Liberties Union, plan to take the case to federal court. The first issue of Screw (January 69) is now a collectors item worth 25 dollars, and by the time of the bust, the circulation had jumped from a few thousand to 120,000. Screw was the first into the underground sex field, and is famous for its gutsy down to earth approach, and sense of humour. It exposed male and female genitals and the relative endowments of

## PETER METER



the mayoral candidates, and ran dirty movie reviews which made an assessment, based on a 'peter meter', of the number and quality of erections each one produced.

Are hustlers the only chicks answering those stud-wants-to-fuck ads in the sex classifieds? . . . The Nation doesn't agree with James Forman's campaign to pressure the rich WASP churches for financial reparations. Why? Well, maybe the Nation's financial backers include some of those rich, white churchmen. . . SF's Society for Individual Rights (SIR) is battling with Pacific Telephone for the right to be listed in the Yellow Pages under 'homosexual'. . . Scores of indignant readers complained to Hamburg's Der Spiegel magazine about its ads showing a bloodsuckin chick illustrating the theme that 'Fernet-Branca helps against vampires' — but sales of the aperitif rose 25 per cent. . . The movie, 'If It's Tuesday This Must Be Belgium' ran out of whimsy before it ran out of title, says film critic Burt Prelutsky who suggests renaming it 'Europe On Five Dullards A Day'. . . More financially insolvent u/ground papers can be expected to follow the lead set by Seattle's Helix and SF's Good Times (which has since folded) by reincorporating as a nonprofit religious foundation under the umbrella of the Universal Life Church, staffs thus becoming worker-priests. . . Toby Mami explains that he asked the copyright people in Washington about the name 'New York Herald Tribune' and was told nobody was using it. And that's why NYC's highschool kids can buy this new, livelier tabloid (110 Riverside Drive, NYC 10024). And with the original logo, yet.



## LOADED!

Bob Pritchard

There were several members of the County Police Force at each end of the narrow alley. They were hiding behind garden walls, uncomfortable under bushes, and up in the trees, waiting. A Police Psychiatrist had examined the facts in the case of the 'Blackhound Lane Slayings' and had decided that it was inevitable that the killer would attempt to strike again, soon. The Police had therefore decided to prepare a trap. A decoy, Policewoman Elsie Griswold, would walk this way each night until the killer showed. This would be the second night.

The three victims had all been young girls, attractive, and under twenty-three, as was Miss Griswold. The bodies had been found in this lane ten to twelve hours after they had been reported missing. Or, rather, parts of their bodies had, for they had been mutilated beyond recognition. All that had been left of three fine young girls had been a

pile of crushed bones, a smear of blood, and a few teeth, from which identification had been proven.

As the policemen waited, a cat stalked the night air across the lane, playing with its tail. It paused at the side, sniffing suspiciously, tail crooked and twitching nervously.

Not one of the policemen noticed when the cat disappeared, nor did one notice later when a small mess of blood and bones lay steaming on the surface of the earth, in the centre of that dark lane.

A car drew up noisily. The decoy alighted, unescorted, and as the men grew tense with anticipation, started to walk along the darkness, heels clicking on the gravel.

There was an earsplitting shriek, then the ground beneath her feet cracked open. Fingers of earth gripped her ankles and started to pull her into the blackness. She screamed, kicking her legs wildly, but the earth entwined around her legs pulling her

deeper into its bosom. The men, too stunned to move at first, recovered slightly and raced forward bumping into each other in their haste. Chaos.

As the first man reached her the earth covered her mouth. Attempting to scream through the soil she succeeded only in producing a feeble gurgling sound.

Before any man could find a suitable grip on her head it disappeared beneath the soil. The men stood around the bubbling earth, stunned and powerless.

The ground bubbled wildly for a short while, then lay calm and still. Much later the earth convulsed and vomited the remains of the female body. It lay on the ground, a circular mess of bones, framed with a splattering of blood, and one fine pair of N.H.S. dentures.

The earth belched, then fell asleep.

### A NIGHT'S DREAM

*Her gestures tumble cliches round the room  
Filled with examining eyes, while  
The pungent stench of cheap perfume  
Obscures the blank aftermath of a smile.*

*In the dark when the light had been fucked off,  
I read by my bulbous flame  
The story of my life, as if the same  
Old fanny had produced a spark,  
A fusion of all that glistened in my loins,  
Ears, balls, knees and thrusting arse.  
It started with a theme –  
I call it that – made  
Of memories of a randy boy.  
Marx only knows the feelings that I had  
When all the other lads, my pals,  
Kicked footballs in the streets,  
Streets filled with paper and with dung,  
They wanted to kick balls,  
I wanted to rest mine in a cunt  
And spinning from the first attempt  
To draw the spunk myself  
I then remembered Nancy's tits  
Big, beautiful, spear –*

*Pointed breasts that trembled in my hands  
Like perfect jellies.*

*She was not the first I'd felt  
But then she was the best.*

*In the privacy of the open night  
One male grasshopper drove  
His point home with a quick shove  
And the lady's shudder. Love?*

Alan Bold

### THINGS TO SEE IN LONDON

First notice the adverts – London's greatest free show.

One says PROTECT YOUR WIFE  
INSURE YOUR LIFE

Another says GET A BETTER JOB & MORE PAY

One says that WRIGLEY'S aids concentration

And another says WARNING

Obstructing the doors of the train causes delay  
and can be dangerous. Any interference with  
the doors is an offence against the BYELAWS

If after this show you feel like dining, swallow hard  
or visit the WIMPY bar in Waterloo station  
which is run by an Indian in a white hat.

Next day instead of going to the zoo walk down Oxford  
Street and see where the pigeons sit in the road  
like a flock of sheep on a bit of space the stupid  
traffic hasn't noticed.

If you feel like a day out try Aldershot.

If you want to see some graphic art, for 9d you can  
visit each of the cubicles of the men's lavatories  
at Waterloo station.

One of the best spots if you want to write a postcard  
or scribble a novel or poem is a bench in the  
station. This is where I'm writing this.

You can spend the night here.

Don't go to the Brook Green Labour Exchange or the Social  
Security at Holland Park. They won't give you  
anything without you've got enough stamps or waiting  
half a day. I don't have that much time.

It gets rather cold in Waterloo station about 2 am.

But if you stick it out you can see the view from  
Waterloo Bridge at dawn. It's OK.

Peter Brown

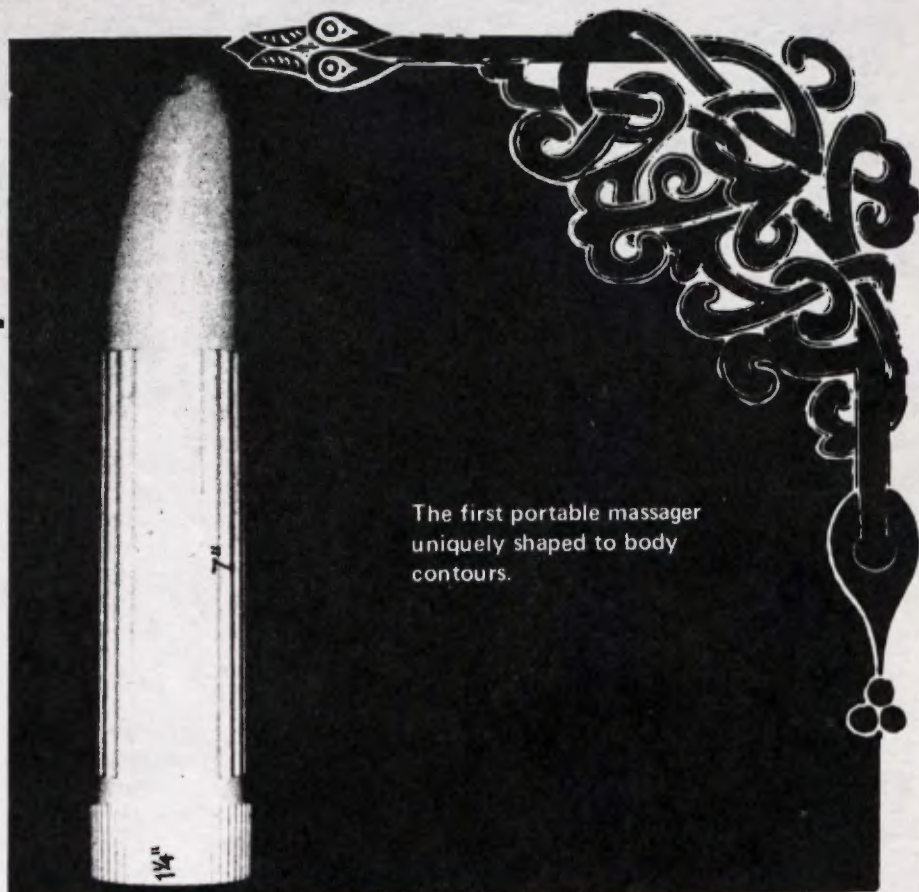


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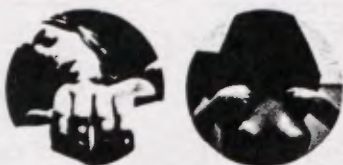
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contours.

## An Evening with Steve Dwoskin

U.S.A./U.K.



A repeat of the ICA's recent retrospective, including the four films that won Dwoskin the Solway Prize at Knokke-le-Zoute — *Chinese Checkers*, *Alone*, *Naissant* and *Soliloquy* — and his latest films *Take Me* and *Me, Myself and I*.

"If you tried to give a bare description of what Steve Dwoskin's films are about, it would sound like a parody of an underground film-maker. There's one about two lesbians playing checkers, one about a lonely girl masturbating, and another about a girl contemplating pregnancy. But all of Dwoskin's films are too subtle to be put down by a prosaic recital of their scenario... Steve Dwoskin is a 29 year-old New Yorker who has lived in London for the past three years and teaches graphics at the London College of Printing... He dislikes being called an underground film-maker. 'The word underground completely ignores the variety of films shown outside the commercial cinema — animation, realism, documentary, fantasy. If you need a description I suppose "individual" is probably the best word', Dick Gilbert, *The Guardian*.

"Dwoskin's films have a kind of poetic realism. They render what is. And they comprise a facet of the current revolt against secrecy which is our most urgent need." Philip Crick, *Cinim*.

"Even if Knokke and organiser Jacques Ledoux had only allowed us to see the four Dwoskin films, the Festival would have been wholly justified." *Cahiers du Cinema*.

At Nash House, The Mall, S.W.1.

Wednesday, July 16th, 18.00

Wednesday, August 6th, 22.00

30

all seats 8/6

## AN EVENING WITH STEVE DWOSKIN

That's just one page from our new programme! It takes 35 more to describe the other films on show in what the Times calls 'a continuous London Film Festival'. Our presentations are unscheduled for any public London opening. Some await distributors, some await cinemas, some have been banned by the censors. Only New Cinema Club members can risk tomorrow's films today.

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# hip ocrates

**QUESTION:** Where can I get myself **CASTRATED?** I'm tired of sex I hate sex, I don't want to be controlled by women any longer! I hate the two-facedness, bouble-think, hypocrisy. I can't stand living in the Sexual Contradiction any longer: sex is condemned, sex is admired; sex is dirty, sex is fun; if I ask her or imply that I want sex, she hates me ('What? You think I'm a **WHORE?**') but if I don't ask her and in fact act, like 'I don't want sex' (and I have done this) she says, 'What, I'm **NOT GOOD ENOUGH** for you?'

I think all morals should be destroyed, the Church should be destroyed, the educational system, the family, the state, the culture, male supremacy, money, competition, the TV, Power, the police and the courts should be destroyed as the only way in which we can live in a sexually free society. Maybe we should all have to be brought up nude to eliminate the sex hang-ups. And why should we hide it? To protest this social atrocity and hypocrisy, masses of people should fuck in the streets!

But in the meantime, I can't stand it. Will a hospital do it? I don't mean just removing the tubes. I mean cutting off the dick and the sac, so there won't be any more desire for sex. Would I still be able to live? What would happen if I did it myself? Is there any way to put the sex organs to sleep to eliminate the pain?

**ANSWER:** I think you should call the Department of Mental Health of your county or City Health Department to learn of psychiatric services available to you. Other sources of information are the local medical society or the nearest medical schools. Don't cut off your nose to spite your face.

**QUESTION:** I am writing to you in regard to my weight problem. I am 22, five feet six inches tall and I weigh 134 pounds. I would like to weigh 125 pounds. I have been as heavy as 145 pounds and really have had no trouble losing the first ten pounds but the second are a problem.

I perform fellatio on my boyfriend an average of four times a day. My girlfriend told me the average caloric value of one ejaculation is 100.

It is true that I am gaining calories by ingesting his semen? Should I keep an account of this and add it to my chart?

**ANSWER:** Dedicated medical researchers have found that the average ejaculation has a volume of 3 to 5 cubic centimeters — about a teaspoonful. Since the caloric value of a teaspoonful of pure sugar is only 18, it would seem likely that these felonies\* committed with your boyfriend lead to a net calorie loss for both of you.

\*Fellatio is a crime punishable in California by prison terms of 1 to 14 years for each offence. Most other states have similar penalties.

**QUESTION:** Could you explain please the results of a conversion operation for either a male or female trans-sexual. Is it possible to develop a penis for a woman or a vagina for a man?

**ANSWER:** To answer your question briefly, it is possible to construct an artificial vagina for a trans-sexual male but not a penis for a trans-sexual female. In a male the penis and testicles are surgically removed and an artificial vagina constructed, usually from the lining of the scrotum. Female hormones are given to cause enlargement of the breasts and a decrease in facial hair.

In females, male hormones are given to increase the amount of facial hair and to deepen the voice. The breasts are often surgically removed but thus far no technique has been developed to give a penis to a trans-sexual female.

**QUESTION:** I have six children and would like to find a way to present my soul-mate with a more shrunken area to play in. Dig?

My physician told me that I had an unusually good pelvic floor for having had so many children (whatever that means). I have exercised my vaginal muscles but think I have accomplished all that can be done that way. My husband is sweet and says it doesn't make that much difference, but...

Incidentally, I called my doctor to ask if I could have some kind of surgical repair. But the nurse I had to clear it through was grossly offended, wouldn't bother the doctor with it and called me a "perverted slut."

How do them up-tight apples grab ya?

**ANSWER:** If there's any perversion here it comes from the nurse and not you. I think you should bring this matter directly to the attention of your physician — he may not know the harm being done by his nurse.

Surgical procedures are sometimes performed in a case such as yours and a gynecologist could give you a definitive answer.

**HIPPOCRATES** is a collection of letters and their answers now published by Grove Press, at \$5.00. Dr Schoenfeld welcomes your letters/questions. Write to him c/o PO Box 9002, Berkeley, California, 94709. Mark your letters **OZ**.

## POVERTY COOKING

After the gastronomic excesses of last month, our expert offers a couple of recipes, delightfully simple and morally impeccable, which might have come straight from the pages of George Oshawa's Zen Cookery. Macrobiotics does not necessarily mean brown rice and beatific starvation in a damp North Kensington basement. Eat cheaply, grow happy and fat, and taking into account that you are living in London in the middle of the 20th century, grapple once more with the yin/yang principle.

**Backed Rice.** Serves four.

**Total cost:** 2s. Although some healthfood shops charge as much as 2s 9d, you should not have to pay more than 1s 6d a lb. for your rice. **Ingredients:** Two cups of short grain brown rice, three cups of water, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon Tamari soy sauce.

**Method:** After washing the rice, place it in a dry frying pan, and roast it until it is golden and begins to pop. Then place all the ingredients in a casserole and bake for 45 minutes in a 350 degree oven.

If you think that this sounds just too dull for words, melt as much hash as you can afford (but no more than ¼ oz) in a spoon with a little corn or sesame oil, and stir it in instead of the Tamari soy sauce. Call it Rice Delight, and make sure you lick out the bowl.

**Eggs in Batter** For four.

**Total cost:** 2s 6d.

**Ingredients:** 4 eggs. Use only fertile eggs from hens which have been organically fed. Don't despair, cracked eggs from Sainsbury's will do, and despite what you may have heard from your macrobiotic friends, it is not essential that the hens were in the lotus position when the eggs were laid. For the batter: ½ cup of wholewheat flour, ½ cup of water, a pinch of salt, ½ teaspoon corn starch.

**Method:** Mix the batter, not worrying too much about lumps. Put ¼ of the batter into a small bowl,

into which you then break one egg. Gently scoop batter around the egg, and then quickly slip the egg and batter into deep oil, hot enough to cook the batter, but not to overcook the egg. By the time you've done the fourth egg, you've probably worked out how to do it perfectly.





**SEE** Heironymus Merkin  
fall in league with the evil satyr  
**Good Time Eddie Filth.**

**SEE** Heironymus Merkin  
fall for the tantalising nymphet  
**Mercy Humppe.**

**SEE** Heironymus Merkin  
fall into the arms of  
**Polyester Poontang,**  
**Filligree Fondle** and just  
about every girl who dared  
to listen to him sing.

**SEE** Heironymus Merkin's  
mum fall off her rocker at her  
singing, dancing son's  
incredible performances.

**HEAR** twelve new songs,  
featuring the voice of death  
as he sings the enchanting  
'When You Gotta Go You Gotta Go.'

**HEAR** Uncle Limelight  
sing the beautiful pastoral  
ballad 'Piccadilly Lily.'

**HEAR** your conscience tell you  
to miss this film the first chance you get.

**TELL** it to go to... \*\*\*\*  
See it!

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WRITTEN BY HERMAN RAUCHER AND ANTHONY NEWLEY - DIRECTED BY ANTHONY NEWLEY - EDITED BY HERBERT KRETZMER - PRODUCED BY ANTHONY NEWLEY

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BY JOEL RALEIGH, EDITOR

# THE GREAT HIPPIE HOAX

Stripping the petals off the Flower Children reveals them to be floundering in a cesspool of sex, half-crazed with weird drugs, parasitic, self-ish, diseased and above all—coldly calculating!

## a report to the people

The germination for this book as a public service document began several months ago in San Francisco in the twilight of a raw and blustering day.

In a state of hallucinatory coma, a young woman had been brought by an ambulance to the city hospital. Babbling and screaming, the patient was utterly oblivious of sights and sounds outside of herself.

Stripped of all the verbiage by toxicologists, by officers who had filled in the proper forms, by surgeons, by the hospital's own records as prepared by nurses, the facts of the case were as follows:

For the purpose of this report her name is Ella Willcox, aged 17.

She was listed under the archaic heading of "spinster," but as shall be seen she was anything but that at the time of her arrival at the intensive care sector of the hospital.

She was lying nude when she was found on the grubby floor of a foul tenement basement in the notorious Haight-Ashbury District, feeding grounds of an estimated 60,000 hippies.

Her body was a classic of splendor—except for several factors.

Her belly was distended with pregnancy and it was later determined she was approximately in the fifth month.

Starting at the top and ranging down, her once-golden hair was crawling with body lice. The hair itself was matted and gummy and stank of perspiration.

Her ears were clotted with filth that had accrued on the natural wax and her hearing was somewhat impaired until washing with high-powered syringes brought out blobs of congealed sediments.

Her teeth were rotting and her breath was foul from noxious gases stemming from her stomach and internal organs. Her teeth hadn't been brushed for several months, it was plain to see, and were stained with cigarette and marijuana secretions.





Her globular breasts were bitten severely and the left one had a festering sore with a tooth mark revealed about the nipple. Lactation had set in and it was apparent that someone had been feeding off her.

Her swollen belly, inflated both by pregnancy and the onset of an early malnutrition, was crisscrossed with scratches presumably made by a sadist. Several of the scratches were oozing with pus.

Her pubic hair was also acrawl with lice of the vulgaris variety familiarly known as "crabs."

The insides of her thighs, which because of her pregnancy showed distended veins, were also bitten severely. From her vagina, a fluid, yellowish in character, flowed.

Her ankles and feet were filthy. The soles of her feet had developed a horny surface of callused skin which indicated the girl had not worn shoes for an extended period.

The room itself, if it can be called that since the boiler of the tenement took up a great deal of space, was a shambles.

Worse, in one corner, someone had defecated and a hole near a steam pipe was obviously used as a urinal. Near this was a tin box that obviously served as the storing place for food.

The air was rank. It sickened the ambulance attendants and officers who had been called to the scene by alarmed neighbors.

No one in the neighborhood would talk. No one would say with whom the girl had been living. An expired driver's license established her identity. She had come from the Middle West and was the daughter of a prosperous

hardware merchant. In short, she had come to San Francisco the previous year, had obtained a job, had even written faithfully to her parents until her letters became confusing and discordant.

She had joined the ranks of the hippies, her father, who came posthaste, found. She refused to give up what she called her "new-found freedom," and dropped out of sight except for infrequent appeals for money which was sent her.



It is the goal of this document to show that the hippies—both here and abroad—are nothing but swindlers, liars, conmen, cheats, and that, above all, their primary concern is to keep themselves sensually excited.

They are frauds; they are shams. And the proof is simple, direct and easy.

The proof that the hippie is a hoax may be gathered from those officials who have had close and extended contact with them. With those who know them well and who have remained undeceived by pretensions and by lies.

The hoax that the hippie has perpetrated on the public is enormous.

Hippies are not fun-loving. They are vicious.

They are not saturated with love. They hate.

They are not pure and spiritual. They are degenerate.

They are not kind. They are often insufferably cruel.

They are not simple, natural and spontaneous. They are cold, calculating self-servers who constantly seek to get something for nothing. And they are succeeding. Because society has been gullible and supportive.

That the hippies are this way can be gleaned from the people who assembled, most willingly, to assist in giving from the fund of their knowledge and experiences.

No one has been paid to contribute information to this book. It was given free in the hope that exposure may lead to some concerted public action against a movement now infecting the nation and many countries abroad.

To shield themselves against criticism, to insure that they will not lose their jobs, to make certain that they are not revealing much from confidential files, the names of the authors included here are pseudonyms.

But the facts are true. Some sections which were recorded on tape have been edited only to afford a readable continuity.

We salute, with great gratitude, those who have assisted in this documentation of a great hoax that is running rampant and is, in many serious respects, endangering the nation.

You cannot afford not to be involved.

Your daughter, your son, your wife, your husband may be a victim of the consequences of what the hippie has wrought in this land.

There is a sadness, a disgust and a cold anger in the presentation of this book. •





BY MR. AND MRS. F. CROWINSHIELD

# "please come home! our hearts are breaking!"

The distraught parents of a girl hippie tell of their agony when she vanished into hippie limbo.

We, as parents of a daughter, forever lost and gone to us, stretch forth a hand to other parents who today are bereft of their children.

No, our sweet child is not dead. No, as people who believe in the Almighty, we cannot wish her dead. For it is a sin to wish anyone dead—even though it be for her own good. That must be in the judgment of God, in His hands.

There is little point in recounting what we gave to our dear child, our own Belinda. Suffice it to say she had a good home, a room of her own with her own private bath; her own television set; a wardrobe of fine clothes; charge accounts at the best stores; an allowance of \$15 a week; her own little red sports car; a vacation in Europe with three friends; tuition paid for in a famous Eastern college.

Are we wealthy people? No, not as wealth is measured these days. I suppose we are affluent in the sense that we are financially secure and reasonably comfortable.

But we feel we gave Belinda more than material pos-





sessions. We gave her love and tried to inculcate spiritual values.

Where did we go wrong? Where did we fail to keep her on the path of an orderly life so that she turned to the lowest dregs for her companions and threw away a future that may have been a golden one?

Our Belinda ran away from home when she was just 16. Just 16, mind you. It seems like yesterday that she told us triumphantly that she had begun to menstruate. We are not prudes. We discussed sex freely and openly with her. We told her what is known as "the facts of life."

She ran off without a word and we heard from her four days later—after four days of sleeplessness and sorrow. We had an inkling where she had gone. For several months, she seemed to be going about with boys not of her set, not of her class. Untidy looking boys, some of them sporting beards.

This kind of life is not unknown in California today. We did not worry overmuch. The beatnik had had his day and we read vaguely and with disinterest about the hippie, the new kind of citizen who despises the world he lives in.

When she left she withdrew her \$200 savings and also took money from her father's wallet and her mother's purse. She probably had a total of about \$350.

Four days later, she called from Southern California. We live on the Peninsula, about 15 miles south of San Francisco.

Her voice was fuzzy; she giggled hysterically.

"Mom, I'm not a virgin any more." That was her greeting.

Then she began to ramble and used the foulest language we had ever heard in our lives. We listened to her quietly. It was hard to believe she was our daughter.

She said she needed money. We did not ask her what had happened to the \$350 in a few days. We did not reprimand her. We just wanted her home.

She said she needed \$500 in a hurry. We went to the bank the next day in a state of shock and

wired her the money.

Then weeks drew into months and one day a second call was made. This time she wanted just \$25. We wired that to her.

In the interim, of course, we had enlisted the police who sent out a Missing Persons alarm over 10 Western states.

The police lieutenant was kindness itself. He warned us exactly what would happen.

"I know the hippies. They'll take her for everything she can get for them. They'll spend in one night what it costs you weeks to earn. They'll threaten to kick her out if she doesn't come up with more money."

Then he cautioned us not to expect to find her.

"Your description is meaningless. She no longer looks like the same girl. She's probably dressed up in one of those weird costumes and it would be hard even for you to pick her out. Moreover, she probably looks different. Drugs do that, you know."

One day we received a letter from her. It was the only one we had ever gotten in almost a year. It reads like this:

**"Dear Parents: I think you stink. You make me sick. You make love with the lights out. Are you ashamed of your bodies?"**

"I'm surprised you ever got pregnant, Mother. You are always so holy and virtuous. Why you never even let Dad take a shower with you, I'll bet. And I'll bet you never let him do the things he would like to do in bed. And I'll bet you would love to do things with him in bed but you're too stupid to tell him that. You're too loused up."

**"Mom, did you ever do this with Dad? (And here there was a crudely drawn sketch in the margin of her letter that is too disgusting to describe.)"**

**"Dad, did you ever do this with Mother? (And here was another drawing showing another sexual posture.)"**

**"Send me money. Send me money every week from now on. You'll never hear from me unless you send \$25 a week via Western**

**Union. I'm letting you off lightly. I could get more from you. Maybe I'll ask for more later. Belinda."**

This from our own daughter. We were torn between sickness and despair. Did she think we had never been young? Did she not stop to think how she was traducing her very own parents who had never harmed her. Why did she do this? Does she hate us that much?

The answer is that she does have a consuming hatred for us.

It took a deal of courage, but we took the letter to a psychiatrist. He twirled his eyeglasses for a while and then spoke.

**"Do not for a moment blame yourselves," he said. "You will have a tendency to do so. The girl has completely lost touch with reality."**

Then he said something astonishing. "It's not all a matter of drugs either. We have a tendency to blame those peculiar actions, this drive towards self-destruction, on drugs. Don't forget that the very act of taking drugs is a kind of suicide. She hates herself and so she turns the hatred on you."

"There are some women who are desirous in bed and get a deal of joy from their husbands. There are others who are cold and who don't care about sex one way or the other. And there are the tramps, the ones who do it for sexual passion or for money. Your daughter is the tramp who does it for sheer viciousness. She loves her body and wants to enjoy it to the hilt. Accept the fact that she is a tramp, as is true of all the hippies, and you will understand her all the better."

Of course the question remains this: **Would she have become a tramp had there been no hippies?**

We are certain she never would have become the tramp the psychiatrist spoke about. She would have gone to college, would have met a man, would have married, had children and gone through life in the familiar pattern. She might have been unhappy in her married life and wanted other men. Perhaps she would have commit-

ted adultery many times over. I do not know. But even adultery, even many divorces, even many a mess in her personal life would have been better.

It would have been better than no life at all.

We are not so blind as to say that the hippies ruined her. That would be ridiculous. That would be a lie.

The fact of the matter is she is a hippie herself. Why do we parents always go around blaming the others?

Someone has seen our daughter. We are told she looks like a woman of 35 or more. She has lines beneath her eyes; her skin is grey; her body hangs limply. Drugs will do that, we are told.

We also should like to exhibit another letter she sent us not long ago:

"Dear Has-Beens: Well, you will be glad to hear that I've turned you into grandparents. Yopl You are the happy grandfather and the happy grandmother of a beautiful little baby who was buried this morning. Like that? I thought you would. Love, your ever-loving, Belinda."

Why is she so vicious? Is it the drugs? No. It is Belinda herself. Drugs could not do that. She has a fateful defect somewhere in her makeup, in her composition.

It is therefore with great emotion, with a sense of believing that we are grownups and intelligent, that we indict our own daughter, Belinda, along with all the other hippies.

Our daughter Belinda is to blame for her own destruction and for destroying our lives. We are of course different people. We see no one, go no place. Her presence and her absence hangs over our house.

With heavy hearts, before God, we cannot hold her blameless for this would be an injustice to those whom she probably has harmed in her own, cruel way.

We indict our own daughter Belinda and may God have mercy on her—and on us. •



The indictments have been drawn; the charges have been made; the evidence has been presented. What is to be done now? There is much that can be done—and done right away. A national crisis requires action against the human plague.

# what must be done?



From **The Great Hippie Hoax**, 'a scalding indictment of the phoney movement that has trapped thousands of teenagers', published by Universal Publishing and Distributing Corporation, 235 East 45 Street, NY 10017; Universal-Tandem Publishing Company Limited, 33 Beauchamp Place, London SW3. This glossy document concludes not only that hippies should be sent to concentration camps, but that their homes be burnt, and the occupants made 'to clean up garbage and thrown into jail'. The book contains eleven 'indictments' of hippiedom, which apart from the one reproduced here include:

**Indictment 1**, by Sgt Lemuel Parkinson. From sodomy to safe-cracking, from mayhem to murder, from rape to robbery, from prostitution to pilfering — millions of dollars are spent annually to catch criminals — and a police officer tells why hippies are above the law and get away with their scurrilous acts.

**Indictment 2**, by Doctor Penn Warren Delaplaine. The hippie activates longings that man has repressed for centuries. These primitive desires make themselves manifest in sexual perversions that appear to dominate the entire movement.

**Indictment 3**, by Sidonie Grunweld, Phd. They rise at mid-day, perhaps munch on dog food or smear rancid butter all over their tongues, put on some dirty shoes and socks, ignore the stained and filthy bed. Before they set out to pan-handle their way though the day they water the pot on the windowsill.

**Indictment 4**, by Judge Antonio Bellargia, Magistrate's Court. Then they are hailed into court, the mouth words never before heard in chambers of law. They befoul their cells so horribly that other prisoners refuse to be near them. They wolf down their food like animals, and their probation reports mark the pathological liar. They masturbate openly any place, any time.

**Indictment 5**, by Doctor Llewelyn Maxfield. A horror of hepatitis sweeping across the land. Accompanying it is an alarming increase in venereal disease. The dangers of permanent drug damage to an alarming percentage of young people and to the children they will give birth to are terrible to contemplate.

**Indictment 6**, by Sam D Perriotti. A slum landlord who specializes in hippie tenants tells gleefully how he ravages the girls when they're behind on his gouging rent — and how he watches orgiastic parties at the pads.

**Indictment 8**, by Arthur Lorge. A self-confessed lecher who preys upon young innocent girls and lives off them until their money runs out, tells what it's like to savour the world's offerings without responsibility. As he puts it: 'I've got life knocked up!'

**Indictment 9**, by Helen Smithers. She got tired of fumbling on the porch and the hurly-burly of the back of the car. She wanted it what she calls 'straight and hot' without her parents telling her what time to come home and whom to see. This girl hippie freely confesses at 17 that she's had more than 60 lovers in a year!

**Indictment 10**, by Thomas Eddleworth. The ravaging Hell's Angels, who terrorize whole towns when they go snorting in on their powerful motorcycles, have found new playmates — the hippies. They beat the hippies senseless whenever they want to and use the girl hippies as so many chattels. Here, a member tells of the brutal pleasures they have with the insipid, smiling hippies.

**Indictment 11**, by Joe L Bushmiller. A famous reporter who has covered everything from dope running to dipsomaniacs, mayhem to marauding tells of his eventful weeks in the sewers of hippiedom where he lived and observed what he calls the 'most depraved people in the history of man.' ●



During World War II, the United States placed more than 100,000 persons into detention camps. Most people are unaware of this. Today, the U.S. Government should round up draft dodgers and put them into detention camps. Those who interfere with the draft process must be put into other and similar camps. That's what can be done! (UPI)





# DRUGS IS A 5 LETTER WORD

By a Sunday Times Reporter

The really serious contemporary scare-mongering over drugs began in 1964, with a spew of articles about the drugs scene at Cambridge and Oxford. It is a rich experience to come across newspaper cuttings showing that 500

Oxford students smoke hash with the familiar remark, in this case Dr Linford Rees, that reefer smoking opens the way to heroin addiction. If all the hash smokers over the years had really turned into heroin addicts we'd probably have an addiction problem numbering tens of thousands.

The activities of undergraduates at our two most respectable universities continued until 1967 partly due to the Fleet Street trend of employing graduates from these institutions. They brought with them sizzling stories of midnight smoking debauches — good stuff for the gritty editors anxious to please a mass audience which has always felt antagonism towards the privilege associated with Oxford and Cambridge. It's difficult to know whether these newcomers to Fleet Street belonged to the smoking groups — I think not. They were more the establishment student who could hardly wait to rush to London to reveal the distasteful goings-on at their colleges. The Express at the time breathlessly recorded that 'students bought drugs from an attractive Swedish blonde at undergraduate parties'. One couldn't help wondering whether she was the same girl who cropped up in a Daily Telegraph article almost three years earlier. The Telegraph said: 'Reefers ring at Cambridge — inquiries about a Swedish blonde. Six people are suspected of organising the manufacture of reefers for Cambridge undergraduates. They are believed to include a West Indian, a Frenchman and a blonde Swedish girl'.

Needless to say the Baltic beauty was never named: she remains a part of the drug mythology which Fleet Street has constructed over the past ten years. The gutter press did not take an interest in our main university cities until 1967 when the People sent Trevor Aspinall to investigate. 'Drug Sensation at Oxford' was the predictable front-page headline. He quoted the local police chief as saying: 'Only the other day three fathers came to see me about their daughters. All these men were from the upper echelon of society and their anguished state was most distressing. The horrors of this twilight drug world are dreadful.' One of the hallmarks of the gutter press whether discussing drugs, crime or students, is the way the most improbable quotations are attributed to people who are interviewed. Can you imagine any police officer saying 'the horrors of this twilight drug world are dreadful. I have knowledge of previously respectable young ladies selling their bodies to all and sundry to get their next fix'.

In considering sensationalism of the drug scene, no newspaper can be mentioned in the same breath as the News of the World, which employs the remarkable talents of Mr. Simon Regan.

After the Wootton Report on cannabis was released, Mr Regan filed a story which said: 'Foreign dealers flew into London the same morning the Wootton Report was published. In a matter of hours the capital became one of the easiest places in Europe to buy cannabis in the

form of hashish concentrate.' In four hours he returned to his office with enough hash to make 500 reefers. No one doubts Mr Regan could buy that amount of hash. But the assertion that London overnight became the drug capital of Europe is arrant nonsense. Mr Regan knows it, and the editor, Mr Somerville, knows it. Yet by a naked political manoeuvre the News of the World was able to mobilise the entire Alf Garnett community against a document which could have gone a long way towards removing myth and misunderstanding from the drug scene.

The authoritative drug specialist on that bastion of Asquithian liberalism, The Times, is a Mr Norman Fowler. He enjoys the confidence of the present Home Secretary, Mr Callaghan, and one cannot help but notice the consistency with which Mr Fowler advocates the Home Office line. Now obviously Mr Fowler cannot be blamed for accurately reflecting Mr Callaghan's views in the Times. It's his job. But as we all know Mr Callaghan has made some notorious errors in his ministerial career since 1964. He, more than any other minister, is more responsible for our present economic chaos. He rejected devaluation thus bringing this country to the brink of economic peril. As Home Secretary he has conceded two fundamental points to the Powellites — the Commonwealth Immigrants Bill and the recent enactment of regulations making entry certificates for dependants mandatory. So while Mr Fowler is slavishly recording Mr Callaghan's personal views of drugs other journalists on the paper are not given the opportunity of perhaps presenting conflicting views. It's a question of office politics. If one reporter has the ear of a cabinet minister he has a tremendous advantage over his colleagues. He is more likely to be trusted by his editor and can exercise conscious or unconscious editorial influence over the paper's policy.

Within the Times organisation it would be difficult for one of the junior reporters to present a view contrary to that of the Home Office or Scotland Yard, so eloquently expressed by Mr Fowler.

A reporter being half-bright about any subject makes difficulties. For instance I have definite views about hard and soft drugs which I have claimed from personal and professional association with the drugs scene. What am I to do then if Dr Elizabeth Tylden the London psychiatrist comes to me with a statement about reefers causing serious psychological disorders? I know already, for instance, that she has claimed that cannabis allegedly leads to genetic malformations. But in the statement she's presenting me she makes no mention of this far graver accusation. And again, if Dr Max Glatt came to me with the story he gave the Daily Mail in January this year I would have serious misgivings about presenting it the way the Mail did.

## GREEN SHIELD STAMPS FOR RELEASE

Honestly. Release, which needs a fair amount of money to keep in proper working order, can, as a social help organisation, get back 12s instead of 8s per book of stamps. They can also make use of British picture stamps and foreign stamps, and hope soon to get extra money on pink stamps and cigarette coupons. Send stamps, or any other help to: Release, 50a Princedale Road, W11.

Dr Glatt said:

'Young people habitually taking hash always claim they have lots of "ideas". But they don't translate these into activity. Their preoccupation with the drug results in the neglect of their interest in furthering their education or training. They don't grow up — they just withdraw into their own hash world.'

I would challenge Dr Glatt's basic assertions. His presumption is that society is being run correctly and that young people are given the fullest opportunities to develop their personalities. From my observations the majority of children in this country are thrown onto the scrap heap at sixteen or seventeen — they're obliged to repress their imaginations and their aspirations to become wage-slaves in a society whose goals are materialist-oriented.

Now, Dr Tylden and Dr Glatt may feel justified in accusing me of misusing the freedom of the press. They could charge me with suppressing their views. My answer is that reporters have a right — more precisely a responsibility — to be sceptical of all views and all information which they receive. It is a common justification of gutter press journalists that they are merely expressing the views of that ubiquitous fellow *the man in the street*. But we all know the man in the street's views.

He wants to send home the blacks, put our youth in the army and rusticate the dissident students.

Exploring the cuttings covering five decades revealed an unbelievably shallow approach to the reporting of drug affairs. For instance in all the thousands of column inches that have been written about drugs I could not find one article which dealt with the reasons why people or individuals took to hard drugs. I want to see explained the social background and the thought processes which makes a teenage boy or girl take a hypodermic needle, fill it and plunge it into his or her arm. It cannot be explained away by slick chat about teenage trends. My own newspaper, The Sunday Times, produced the ultimate in mindless journalism about drugs in a story last year headed 'Crawley has seventy heroin addicts because one boy went to Worthing.' The article recounted how a 16 year old Crawley boy studying in Worthing caught the heroin habit and spread it when he returned home. For all the academic talk about gregarious addicts I am not willing to believe that one boy turned on 70 teenagers. This proposition is intellectually insulting. A more satisfactory reason lies in the sterile environment of Crawley new town, another of the hideous artificial societies created by our town planners.

The mindless coverage of drugs by mass media stems from an inability to understand the problem — the relation between cannabis smoking and alienation of youth from their enforced middle class values. An insight into this estrangement can sometimes be gained from the Underground Press, and Fleet Street journalists should approach this new media not with a professional abhorrence — but in a spirit of compassionate curiosity.



# Just a cigarette, you'd think, but it was made from a sinister weed and an innocent girl falls victim of this

# TERROR!

**M**ARIHUANA Does that word mean anything to you?

Perhaps you have heard vaguely that marihuana is a plant that is made into a drug.

But do you know that in every city in this country there are addicts of this dangerous drug?

In London there are thousands of them.

Young girls, once beautiful, whose thin faces show the ravages of the weed they started smoking for a thrill.

Young men who, in the throes of a hangover from the drug, find their only relief in dragging at yet another marihuana cigarette.

How do they obtain this drug—since the police are hot on the trail of all suspected traffickers?

They obtain it from so many unexpected sources that as fast as one is closed by the police, so another opens up.

Night clubs, reputable hotels and cafes are frequented by agents. They operate from the least likely places—milliner's shops, hairdressers, antique shops.

But in Soho, in little lodging houses run by coloured men and women, the cigarette can be had for a secret password, and a very small sum of money.

And many terrible tales are told about marihuana addicts.

One girl, just over twenty, known among her friends for her quietness and modesty, suddenly threw all caution to the winds.

She began staying out late at nights. Her parents became anxious when she began to walk about the house without clothes. They stopped her when she attempted to go into the street like that.

At times she became violent and showed abnormal strength. Then she would flop down in a corner, weeping and crouching like an animal. Soon she left home.

No trace could be found of her, but cigarettes and ends in her room were identified as marihuana.

How much does a marihuana cigarette cost? Just a shilling!

Or in a "reefer club," the low haunts where men, usually coloured, sell the cigarette, a puff can be had for sixpence. The fumes of the smoke are caressing, but they leave a somewhat acrid taste and a pungent, sickly smell.

That is, to the beginner. The addict likes it. She likes it, not because of its taste or smell, but because it gives her abnormal strength and makes her indifferent to her surroundings.

One day, passing a narrow street in

Soho, I saw a smug crowd gazing at the third floor of a dingy house.

A young and lovely woman, her clothes in shreds, stood, perilously perched on a window ledge.

Behind her was a man. He, too, was wild-looking and dishevelled. Several times the girl made an effort to jump and the man feebly held her back.

Soon, a third man appeared, coloured and strong, and hauled them both back. They were both marihuana addicts.

As she disappeared, she could be heard screaming: "I can fly. Well, I don't care if I die!"

Unconscious of herself, of any danger, she acted on the impulse to do the impossible.

I heard of one case, a nineteen-year-old dancing girl who was taken to a "reefer club" by a party of friends.

Soon a man was at her side, offering her a cigarette, for which he made no charge. It was a decoy.

Soon she became one of his best customers, spending half her salary on the weed.

She sank lower and lower. Her associates became criminals, drug lunatics, and dope peddlers.

Unlike opium, hashish and other drugs which make their victims seek solitude.

marihuana drives its victims into society forcing them to violence, often murder.

One man, in the delusion that his friends were going to be cut off, killed his mother, father, brother and two sisters with an axe.

It is easily the most sinister menace to our young people to-day. And to be forewarned about it is certainly to be forearmed. For ignorance is spreading this habit more than anything else.

There's only one way to treat the fellow with the case of "doctored" fags which he offers to young folks. Gao! him! For he's engaged in committing moral murder.

For women, the menace of the cigarette is greater than for men.

Here is a true story that illustrates this fact. A girl of twenty-one was persuaded by an older man to elope with him.

For months her father searched vainly for his daughter. One night he saw a girl, her eyes staring wildly in front of her, her hands drooping, her head leaning on a man's shoulder.

He was horrified, but even more horrified when a second glance told him that this was his daughter, ravaged by poison and ill.

"I am not going home. I'm going to America," she wailed, when she saw her father. The man with her refused to give her up. The girl clung fiercely to him.

There might have been a brawl but the father said:

"I have a friend outside who will call the police if I'm not outside with my daughter in ten minutes."

Reluctantly his daughter went with him. In a few months she was cured of those nightmare weeks.

It may happen to any man or woman. The next victim may be your best friend.

A cigarette seems harmless enough. It is not so easy to check the craving.

For marihuana can turn happy lives into hell.

R. S.



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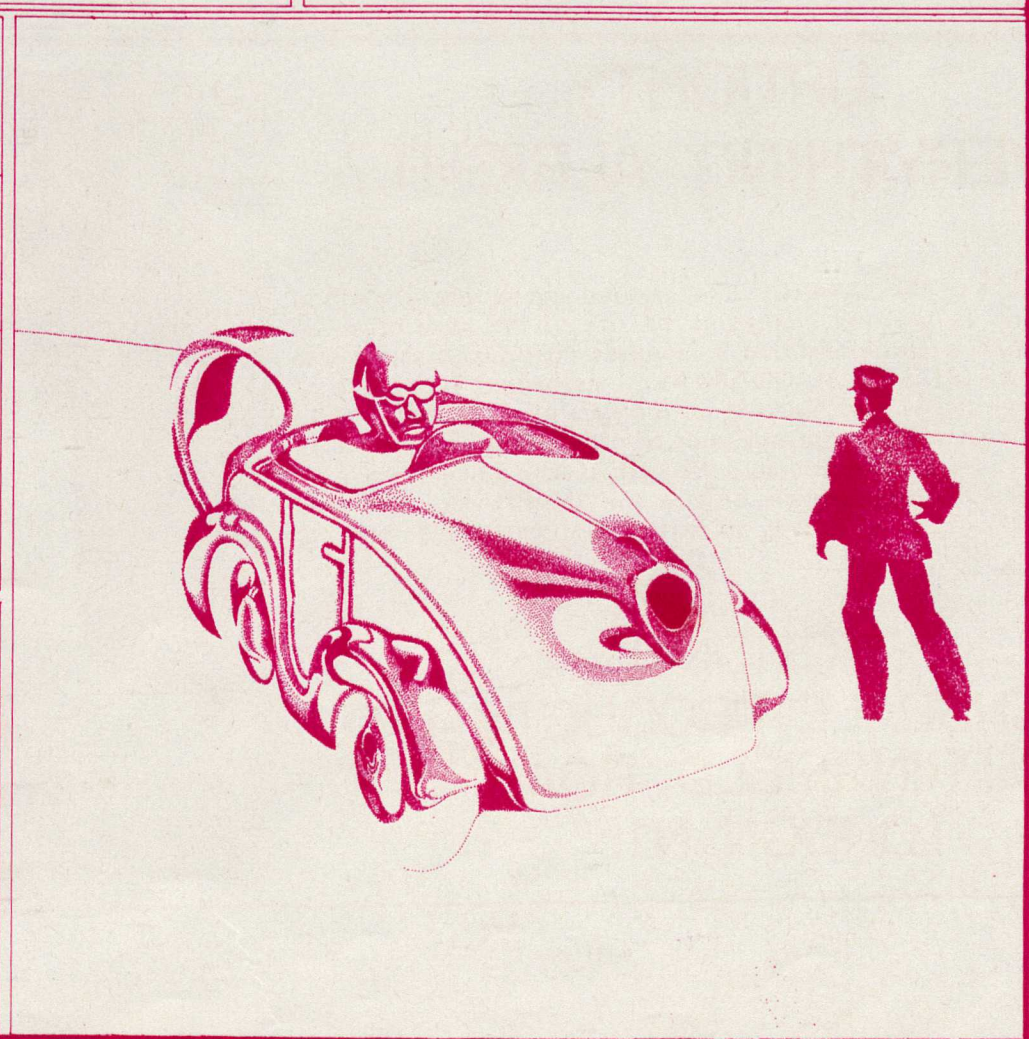
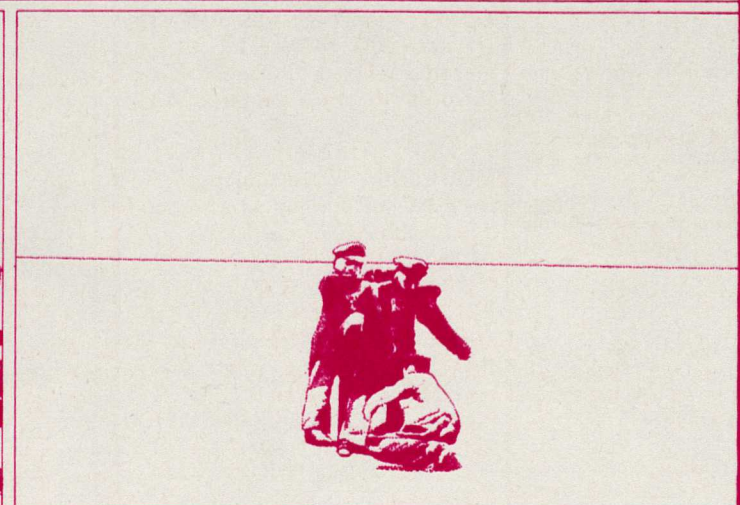
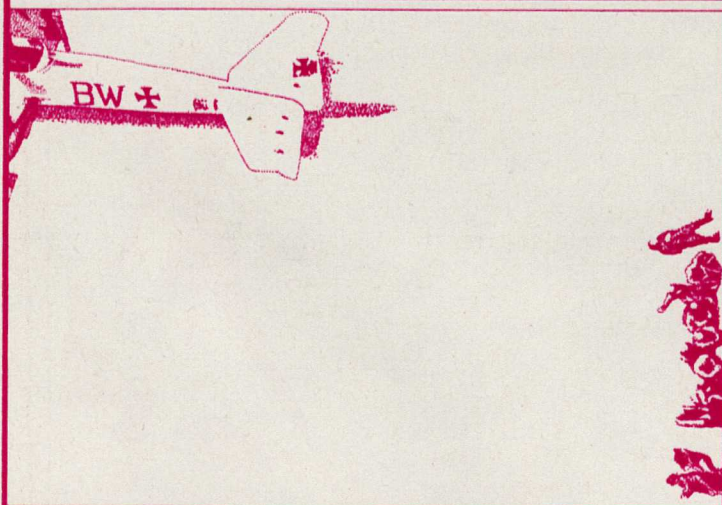
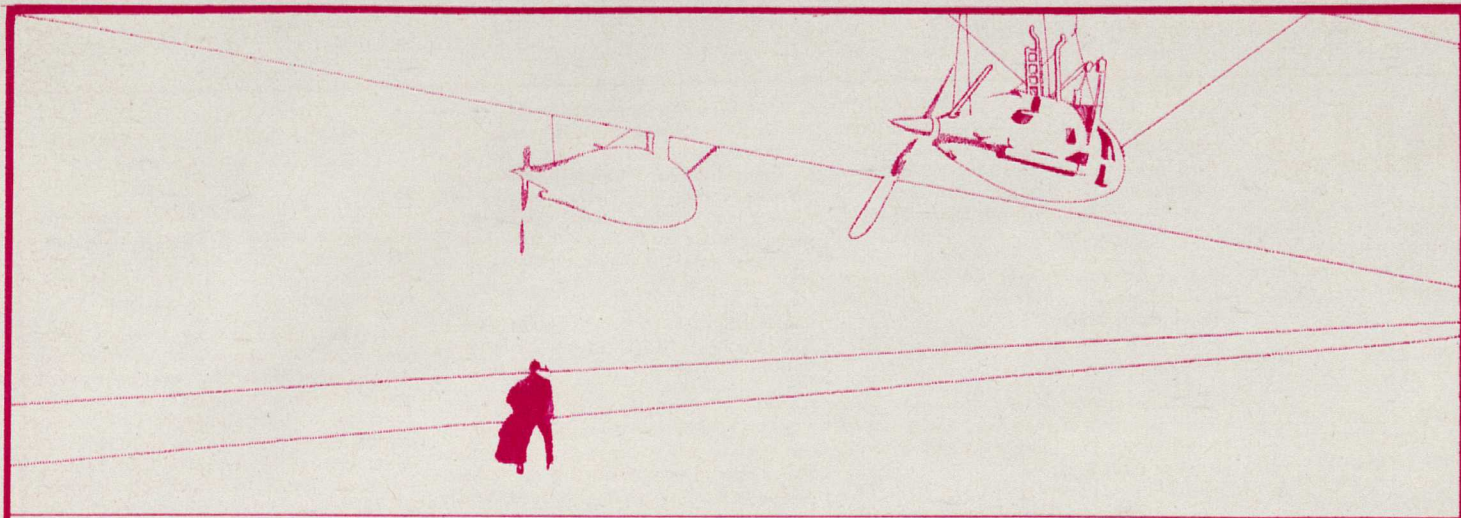


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# TELEVISION

## THE BANKRUPT MEDIUM

OZ TV supplement: introductory notes.

The burgeoning underground press reflects the failure of traditional media to cope with the consciousness of a new generation. Television in particular has repudiated the demands of those supposed to be most affected by it. In the following supplement, Tom Nairn takes the fatalistic view that it is the natural function of a virgin medium to belch forth reactionary propaganda for the first hundred years. Less patiently, others are exploring and developing facilities for an alternative, underground television network (See John Hopkins: Video Now). From the inside, a producer offers hints towards humanisation (A tired producer's notes . . .).

Official reaction to any expression of discontent is (1) "Of Course! But you should have seen how bad it was five years ago". (2) "You speak for a ludicrous minority. Mums & dads who after all buy the soap powder and pay the license fees, love us". The same ludicrous minority responsible for escalating the circulations of OZ, IT & Rolling Stone (As those of the New Statesman and the Listener irrevocably subsidise), who pack Hyde Park for adventurous pop (Could Des O'Connor or Simon Dee fill Sloane Square?), who compel extension of the Living Theatre's Roundhouse season, who nurture arts laboratories all around the country . . . An infinitesimal market? Apparently so. Its existence is not even acknowledged by anything currently on television.

Digression: Who said this: "No single group of viewers, even if it is the majority, will be served to the exclusion of all others, no single type of television will predominate . . ." Answer: David Frost and Aidan Crawley when applying to Lord Hill for London Weekend's ITA Contract.

Any week's Radio or TV Times reveals television to be one marathon series of All Our Yesterdays, itself still running. *Peak times*: Show of the Week ("The good old days, a special Scandinavian edition of old time music hall) yet Once More with Felix, Mirror to a (stone) Age, the Glen Miller Sound, Time to Remember (" . . . as the camera recalls the events of 1919"), The Fifties ("Robert Robinson looks back to the death of King George VI"), Film Night ("A Dig into the Past"). Giving a Dinner Party (who does anymore?). Princess Grace, "former film star" conducts a musical tour of Monte Carlo, Fyfe Robertson asks: "Why

Zoos" and the 1969 Methodist conference from the central hall, Coventry, gives us Songs of Praise.

There is nothing new one can say about the pitiful assembly of milk-advertisement celebrities that bounce in and out of each other's shows night after night, except to stress that most are manipulated by a handful of boardroom magnates, who, at the mention of the words quality, originality or culture reach for their export awards. That ex Vaudeville family, the Grade Brothers, know what the public wants. Lew runs ATV and its myriad subsidiaries. His brother, Bernard Delfont, runs everything else and he is a director of EMI, which owns Associated British Pictures (which has TV holdings), which has an interest in the Grade Organisation, which owns Harold Davison Agency (which provides many of the artists appearing on TV) which is connected with countless other showbiz institutions. Even the Daily Express once conceded: "Impressario Bernard Delfont has just done a deal . . . which gives him virtual control over live entertainment in Britain". That was three years ago. The Grades have more control now.

Here's how it works: Bernard Delfont runs the Royal Variety Show, a TV special, which takes place in a theatre (London Palladium) owned by his brother, which raises money for a charity presided over by himself, employing artists managed or promoted by the Grade organisation or Harold Davison and who are often concurrently appearing at theatres run by Delfont or Grade, costumed by Monty Berman, an ATU offshoot, and recorded by EMI.

The same numbing obsession with the gaudy, tinselled, second rate, sentimental, bygone, showbiz glamour era also permeates the BBC. When Billy Cotton died, Mr Tom Sloane, head of Light Entertainment, intoned: "He represented everything good in this country". And certainly the Cotton musical philosophy (viciously anti-rock) still represents the contemporary mood at the BBC, which, politically, is similarly dancing to its own gruesome fox-trot (one step to the right, two steps backwards).

For evidence of the encroaching conservatism of the Corporation see the sour grape memoirs of ex director Kenneth

Adams or compare Lord Hill's BBC charter with that of his predecessor (Encounter, November '68).

One indication of contemporary critical standards is the cultish infatuation with Rowan & Martin, a programme with a dazzling array of human gadgets, of breath-taking pace and intermittent wit, but which is deceptive in its achievements. It is not outspoken. No-one is threatened. No-one is named. A typical 'strong item' consists of a song and dance attack on censorship, with no-one 'exposed', nothing achieved, nothing altered, nothing new sung, nothing publicly uncensored, but all reassured.

Some of those working within media have become so embittered, that they have created the Free Communications Group, which believes that newspaper, television and radio should be under the control of people who produce them. The first issue of their magazine, Open Secret (2/6, 6 Swan Walk, London, S.W.3) publishes almost in full, the hilarious and confidential application by London Weekend Television to ITA. This Group which has also established a committee to enquire into the television industry, seeks to provide a long term alternative for those on the inside. For the rest, it might be more fun to take John Hopkins's advice, and do it in the road with your own portable video.

*When the poor-hard-done-by-underground-avant-garde gets on its financial feet its first purchases are, in that order, clothes, hi-fi, colour TV, and a sports car. The last as a joke of course. But why the TV, you ask? Because it nourishes, and extends that boredom with which drop-outs defend their inverted elitism against the facts of life. They never could communicate: now, just like Mr Jones, they've found their excuse not to. And they, they laugh at it, but they keep on watching, whoever calls, while on the phone the Saint, Jesse James, The Virginian . . . We're all tired businessmen now.*

*Why do we prefer watching boring TV to our boring friends? Because the picture might change at any moment, while our friends won't.*

*TV from a miracle it became a hypnosis, then a habit, and now, wallpaper. Intermittently, a window.*



# THE TIRED PRODUCER'S NOTES for his testatment

by David Sharp, a tired producer.

I want a television that the people can use, just as they use the town hall, labour exchange, clinic or supermarket. In the mass society people have a need to transfer their experiences, perceptions and frustrations to their fellow citizens, to their functionaries, representatives and leaders. They should no more feel that the apparatus of electronic contact is alien and embarrassing to handle than the dentist's equipment or the garage mechanic's. They have to humanise the media of communication by taking possession of them.

All discussion about television in the past has been about finding means to trammel and control it. Let us talk now about how to free it. Let us stop talking about expanding the area of expression in terms of individual words or actions, watching the area of permitted nudity increase inch by inch over the months, or the total permitted vocabulary of sexuality increase four-letter word by four-letter word. There are no stable yardsticks for the measurement of freedom – there is only the clarity of purpose of communicators determined to say what has to be said. The most powerful form of censorship is the mind of a writer or producer calculating what he can get away with.

Everywhere the content of the television screen is the major guide to what it is possible to think openly with the particular society, the exercise yard in the cultural prison. This is true in Russia, as much as in Portugal, in Britain as much as in America. We are too complacent in the West. Our screens are always just about as open as our societies. Television everywhere is socially controlled, nearly always state-controlled as well. The healthier the society, the better the situation for the professional communicator, the less he is obliged to look over his shoulder. There is therefore, even in Britain with the freest screen and the freest society of all, no room for complacency. The battle-lines merely change from decade to decade. You spend the whole of a professional life pushing them to the farthest extent in one direction and as you pause for breath, turn round – you will see the next generation hemmed in somewhere behind you. In places they are fighting for the right of opposition politicians within the national parliament to use the most powerful medium of all to address their voters; they turn to Britain with admiration and surprise, because here

all the politicians have some right of access to the screen. *Do not be fooled – the next fight is to get the politicians off the screen.*

Be very careful when people speak to you about quality in television, especially if they are critics, shareholders or programme controllers. They are nearly always referring to something that looks good, not on the screen, but in print; they are anxious to adorn their company reports or to achieve the satisfaction of writing patronising passages or simply to appear in the Honours' List. When they talk about quality programmes they are actually talking about programmes which they think 'ought to be out on television'; that is very different from good television, which is almost impossible to legislate for. Good television occurs usually by accident when the producer is merely indulging himself and accidentally succeeds in communicating something to his audience at the same time – when that magical fusion of maker, artifact and public occurs, in which all three are inseparable. Good television isn't even something that can be seen on the screen and later stored in a box; it is a living presence that leaves an indelible impression on the minds of all who saw it and all who were in the first place responsible for it. It is as much the product of the audience acting through the decision-making processes of the producer as a product of the producer reacting to the appreciation-processes of the audience. Good television isn't just a flicker that disappears at midnight; it lives in the way a

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*Nausea, liberal: Julia or, "Negresses! Forget the 'ghettoes, for sweet suburban grit will make you Black America's answer to Phyllis Calvert!" (And if you know who Phyllis Calvert is, you shouldn't be reading this article.)*

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good person who is dead lives, transmuted through countless half-remembering minds into a piece of history. Good television like history can survive as a gesture, the allusive wave-patterns of the brain. That was nothing at all to do with what the people who try to run television put into their catalogues as quality television.

If you had decided to be a writer of books, papers, plays, films most of your potential public would glance and pass on. That is the way of things. Having made their choice to ignore or reject you, you would trouble them no longer, nor they you. You would be concerned to make a living and gain the serious attention of a few. If you continued not to please the public sufficiently you would soon cease to be

printed. However, you have chosen to produce television instead, and the public will not leave you alone. In vain to suggest that they pass by on the other side. You are not in the print business. That which bores the audience they will turn off. That which pleases them they will eventually turn off. That which impresses them they will try to watch next time. That which enrages them they will watch avidly.

A good proportion of the audience reacts positively to what it feels ought not to have been put on. A smaller proportion reacts passively to what it feels ought to have been put on. You will be exposed without much protection to the ravages of the former. No telephone exchange however

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*We Needs Must Love the Highest When We See It (Arnold), but*

---

*I know what England ought to want because God speaks to me on my Hi Fi (Lord Reith and his Pals), but*

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inefficient will keep the enraged audience from you. No postal system ever devised will succeed in losing their letters or diverting them from you. No scheduling however late will prevent the chronic sick and their kin from watching your cinematic essay on the benefits of euthanasia; No warning however strong will keep the nervous, or the politically or religiously sensitive from watching the programmes that will most crucially activate their sensitivities. As well to expect the flies to ignore the sores of a beggar. What you must do is work out your own rationale that neither closes your mind to their cries (which would be self-destructive) nor so opens it as to terrify you from calling another shot. The army of the infuriated is the birth cry of your mental offspring; when you hear it you know that you have brought to birth a living thing (and have survived the ordeal yourself). When you have produced something really worth-while and can still feel the stones between your shoulder blades, remember that protest is the outlet of a troubled soul; that section of the audience that cannot cope with the way or the extent to which you have troubled it, is the section that seeks self-reconciliation through abuse. In their abuse lies also the latent demand to control the medium, the frustrated appeal for the right of access, the unconscious demand to give public expression to a social experience. In that demand lies the only real hope there is.

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*Nausea, Radical: All My Loving, which sees pop music as the expression – equivalent – antithesis of shooting the Vietcong in the head (blows his mind, man). This thesis is sentimental-sensationalist slop, slanted at News of the World readers who think they're New Statesman readers, at New Statesman readers who think they're Melody Maker readers, and at London Magazine readers who tremble with thrill at the thought of being Fuck You readers.*

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# THE CULTURAL LUDDITES

Tom Nairn

## Hand-loom Intellectuals

Among the machine-breakers of 1812, the historian E P Thompson pointed out, 'pride of place went to the hammer-men, who wielded enormous iron sledges called *Enochs* to break open doors and smash the frames'. They had a song which went:

*Great Enoch still shall lead the van,  
Stop him who dare! Stop him who can!*

One feels trepidation, therefore, denouncing the new machine-breakers of 1969. In many circles, both Left and Underground, to hint that new-fangled television machines are good for anything but smashing invites instant Enoch-ing. Raised eyebrows turn one into an accomplice of the system, like the evil West Riding mill-owner who used to wait on the hammer-men coming of a night, with 'barricades of spiked rollers on his stairs, and a tub of oil of vitriol at the top'. But whatever the risk, and without in any way condoning the machine-owners and magistrates, I must condemn the new Luddism. More than that. There is a sinister – and far from revolutionary – significance in the fact that the Underground and part of the Left intelligentsia come together in rare harmony just *here*, of all places. That is, on the lowest possible common denominator of corporate, backward-looking, hopeless, helpless, anti-historical stupidity. Not looking forward to a future together, but weeping over a past. Not in constructive, collective action, but at the point of maximum inertia. Not as revolutionaries, but as pathetic, dispossessed, hand-loom intellectuals menaced by the dread culture-mills of Shepherd's Bush and Kingsway.

## Revolt of the Book-worms

The old machine-breakers had a mythical leader called General Ludd. Our new General Ludd, Angelo Quattrocchi, spoke out recently on the front page of the new Paris daily *Action* (descendant of the revolutionary newsheet of May '68). 'Break your telly into little pieces', he cried. Then, go and see the man who runs the telly, and 'ask him to give you back all the time he has stolen from you, all those hundreds of hours he has taken out of your life'. If he can't do so, break him in little pieces too: you'll find he is full of valves, wires, nuts and bolts – 'Alors tu riras!' The same message scorched the valves and wires in John Goldsmith's recent TV documentary about art students, where suddenly an earnest face loomed out of the set and told the spectator in suitably slow, Dalek-like tones, that there was something even *he* could do to help on the revolution: 'You can smash your television set, now!'

In one sense, the epileptic absurdity of the position is (literally) too obvious.\* But the obviousness conceals something else – the real bite of the argument – which has to be concealed, because it conflicts with the apparent revolutionism, the strident libertarianism of the facade. At heart, the neo-Luddites are shamefaced conservatives, timid nostalgics for a lost golden age of safe cultural elitism.

Looking first at the facade, it must be obvious indeed that the modern cultural machine-breakers are as doomed to defeat as the weavers of 1812. Like the latter, they have identified the new machine-system as being evil *in itself*: an affront to humanity, and to all the decent values of human intimacy and spontaneity. The confusion is the same in both cases. The gigantic new cotton and wool mills did create a sort of hell, laying waste large tracts of England, and destroying an older (and in some ways preferable) culture. Yet they also forged the modern world, and were the only possibility of liberating mankind from want and raising him in time to a vastly superior social culture. Once the process had got under way, there was only ever one thing for the workers to try and do: control it, in their own interests, and develop it further. To break the machines and kill the men who owned them merely distracted people from the real, difficult revolution which had to be accomplished: trade unions, political organization, the formation of a new culture. Instead, General Ludd's men tried to resurrect a dying world, a culture forever lost of independent men living beside their work in small village communities. As they did with the early mass-production of material goods, so the new Luddites would do with the growing mass-production of mental goods. But there is a difference. Confusion could be forgiven the starving weavers of 1812, illiterate villagers caught in the vice of contradictory forces they did not understand. It is much harder to forgive their new descendants, intellectuals whose wilful ignorance extends to their own work and values, their own backgrounds, their own natures, in an unbroken tide of bad faith.

The hammer-men of 1812 did not represent (as they tended to think) an ageless and natural way of life, now criminally threatened by the satanic mills. They represented a transitional form of industry, small-scale domestic production which had

\*The obviousness is frequently underlined by the astonishing number of such wreckers who turn out to be addicts of Radio 1 and hardened movie-goers. I know one incapable of thought unless the radio is on. Another is, without exception, the worst telly-addict discovered in a long experience of viewing and viewers: reduced to total subjection by a test-card, he will watch anything. But because these earlier mass media have been around for some time, and are partly absorbed by 'culture', they rarely seem to disturb the Luddites.

the seeds of the new monsters inside it all along. In exactly the same way, the telly-despising intellectual of our day does not in the least represent ageless, 'true' culture. By and large, he represents the culture of *books*. That is, the first, transitional form of mental industry: the old-fashioned, artisan production of ideas now menaced with extinction (or at least, radical transformation) by the mass media. But once there was print, it was really inevitable that there should be such new media sooner or later. And it is impossible to turn back upstream again: one's hammer will simply part the waters.

## You Can Burn All Your Books, Now!

General Ludd II and his men have forgotten what the fate of print-culture was, in its own early existence. They have forgotten that, as McLuhan pointed out, it was the most reactionary of cultural phenomena for long after its birth. For a century it propagated little but mediaeval bigotry and prejudice, treatises on the detection and torture of witches, unreadable Reformation and Counter-Reformation polemics, and assorted theological rubbish. It put the manuscript-scribes out of business and (I don't doubt) made them feel like smashing the presses.

Would they have been justified in doing so? How alien the coldly impersonal, lead-stamped book must have seemed, after the unique, lovingly transcribed, *human* manuscript! To a progressive manuscript-clerk the situation must have been intolerable: the devices had not only put him out of work, they were filling the world with cultural junk! Imagine his withering scorn on seeing printed books in a friend's home. How – to employ General Ludd II's favourite term – how *plastic* book culture must have looked: neatly-packaged brain-poison from faceless leaden men, a new barbarism spreading into every home . . .

But we know – and certainly the telly-haters ought to know – that this 'barbarism' contained the industrial revolution and political democracy within itself. Neither could have existed without it. It also signified the end of an ancient elite culture founded on mediaeval ignorance and squalor. Opponents of the presses looked back to Dante; but the presses themselves looked forward to Shakespeare, Marx, and Joyce. And of course, to Quattrocchi & Co. too, the new elite threatened by a newer barbarism, solemnly identifying its own senile decrepitude with the ever-shining light of human culture.

## Bubbles in the Primeval Ooze

It would be too much to expect originality



from the TV wreckers. They are in the unfortunate historical position of being able to enunciate only clichés, the receding echoes of a (fortunately) moribund culture. When television was younger, even good-bad writers like Raymond Chandler denounced it more effectively:

*Television is really what we've been looking for all our lives . . . television's perfect. You*

*Bad Money Drives Out Good (Hoggart), but All I Want Is One Station Broadcasting Light Intelligent Music All Day And Night And I Might Just Be Able To Bear A Commercial Station With Snide Anti-Left Propaganda To Get It, And Then I'd Happily Send My Colour TV To The Starving Biafrans*

turn a few knobs, a few of those mechanical adjustments at which the higher apes are so proficient, and lean back and drain your mind of all thought. And there you are watching the bubbles in the primeval ooze. You don't have to concentrate. You don't have to react. You don't have to remember. You don't miss your brain because you don't need it. Your heart and liver and lungs continue to function normally. Apart from that, all is peace and quiet. You are in the

*Satire stagnated because the next step was a radical critique, a constructive rethinking, which the satirists couldn't manage and the BBC headed off. But beware: sub-Fascist realpolitik peeps silently, but grinningly, over the Marxist shoulder. Alf Garnett is its old-fashioned, nostalgic, and all too human, face.*

poor man's nirvana. And if some nasty minded person comes along and says you look like a fly on a can of garbage, pay him no mind. He probably hasn't got the price of a television set . . . (Letter to C W Morton, 1950)

The apparent novelty of the new Luddites is their pretence that machine-breaking is revolutionary. An attack on totalitarian garbage-can culture, no less: hitting back at the great brain-washer and his sinister agent

crouching in the corner of the living-room. In a society like this, to expect most TV programmes to be other than garbage would be naive. But the responsibility for this plainly lies with society, which manufactures the TV that suits it. And society includes us. Chandler understood that, at least: To me, television is just one more facet of that considerable segment of our civilization that never had any standard but the soft buck. Hasn't today and probably never will have . . . Perhaps in some ways the worse television is, the better . . . Perhaps enough of those people will realize after a while that what they're really looking at is themselves. (ibid)

To think that cracking a few telly-valves will stop or cure this state of affairs is even more naive. To think the valves are somehow responsible for it carries one perilously close to that traditional Right which has always thought that 'more' means 'worse'.

## May and the Media

Yet this is what the neo-Luddites really think: a culture forced on the defensive is in fact capable of such regressions. If they were really interested in a revolutionary attack on the corporate capitalist state, the correct strategy would be – naturally – to fight for power within the media, and ultimately for control over them. It has not been sufficiently recognised that one of the central weaknesses of the May '68 revolt in France was its indifference to such issues. France, where conventional bourgeois print-culture was at its most powerful, where the old apparatus of literary academicism has left a deep mark on the whole intelligentsia and infected the Left with its archaic narcissism, where the most rabid revolutionaries retained until 1968 the fossilized cultural mentality of a 19th century village schoolmaster – France was, in this one vital respect, the last country where a 20th century revolution should have occurred. Marx said that the Communist revolutionaries of 1871 failed when they hesitated at the gates of the Banque de France, and did not appropriate it. The revolutionaries of 1968 failed because they hesitated too long before the gates of the ORTF, the Paris telecommunications centre. They wrote bravely on walls, like mediaeval scribes. But they despised the electronic walls in every living room too much to write on them. No other revolution can afford to make the same mistake.

*Concern for minority audiences is a minor matter. All mass media exploit the overlap between middle and working class culture. The best ideas admit these tensions, within and between them with the banalities conceal. Wrestling is the last outpost, in this middleclass medium, of pure lower working class roughness.*

*Contrary to intellectual misreporting, whereby the good guys always win, the real anti-heroes are the hateable, unbeatable villains, like McManus, Pallo and Rann. For those blissfully ignorant of how it's fixed, wrestling can hurt, in the sense that the old fashioned boxing booths could hurt, when plucky innocent lads were ready to have a go against the booth plugugly.*

True, French television may have been the most odious and cretinous of any western country. Yet even in the ORTF, the television workers showed they had more in them than valves, wires, nuts and bolts. Does Ludd II believe that the journalists and technicians who waged one of the most stubborn of the May-June strikes, and later lost their jobs, are machine-men who would →

*ITALICISED QUOTES BY  
RAYMOND DURGNAT*



be better employed wielding quill-pens? In other countries like Britain, where even the existing structure of the medium is more flexible, and the contradictions in its functioning are consequently greater, where TV could obviously be something quite other than what it is – here similar attitudes on the Left are inexcusable. They are only a hair's breadth from being frankly counter-revolutionary.

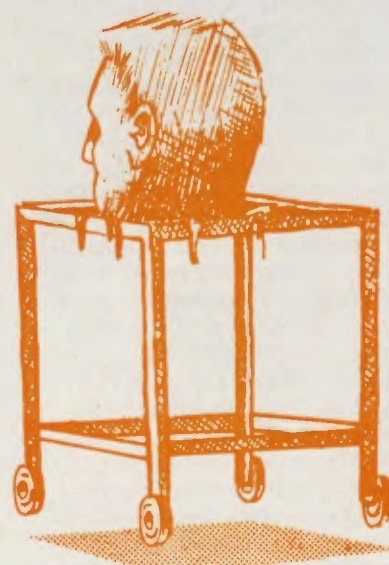
### Narcissists with Hatchets

As print-culture contained the possibility of the bourgeois-democratic world, so the electronic media contain the possibility of a communist world within themselves. That is, of an effective common culture which can overcome the last vestiges of restrictive elitism *without* thereby reducing humanity to a lowest common level of mechanical conformity. Television is still in its earliest, crudest phase, corresponding to that of the printed word a century or so after Gutenberg. The great developments certain to come, in technique, transmission, reception, educational and local-community use, personal recording and projection, will transform the medium and its social meaning. They will realize its (literally) revolutionary possibilities. Through them, technology will itself help to shatter the primitive bourgeois social framework, by generating within it the foundations of the first great and truly communal culture – the first free culture – tomorrow.

But this is just what the Luddites fear, though they cannot portray the fear openly without betraying themselves! What contempt for technology lies in the disparaging picture of the 'valves, wires, nuts and bolts' in the telly-man's brain! What dismal fear of the mass culture which would remove for ever their own pretensions to the inheritance of 'art', their own aristocratic, last-ditch elitism masquerading as the avant-garde! In brutal fact, their own bookish world is founded upon the mechanical debasement of popular sensibility, upon that wretched, mindless conformity inseparable from the mass exploitation of the printed world as a means of domination. How many hours has the printed page stolen from humanity's lifetime? Who will restore to us our ten years insufferable tedium of miseducation by literature?

They are therefore incapable of seeing that the new medium might be different: that it might be more than an infinite, calamitous extension of the reign of books over the earth. They too, in other words, are 'really looking at themselves', as they pick up their hammers or hatchets and make angrily for the flickering screen to darken it for ever. But like Narcissus, all they will ever destroy is their own dark reflection.

# VISUAL WANK



Bob Eysner ~ LNS

Sorry OZ, I really tried. When you rang up on Wednesday about doing a piece on TV entertainment, I got onto it right away. I called Keith Smith at BBC publicity and said OZ was doing a survey of TV programmes, and could he tell me about Light Entertainment? Yes he could – What week did I want; I said Monday to Sunday. He started chuckling and said 'You know We've never had a call from OZ before, can you hear all right with all that hair?' (Chuckle). I could hear papers rustling, and then he said '22nd of June – Ah yes, the first of a new Lulu series recorded in Sweden.' I remembered what you said about showing how the same artists appear on every show and asked him who the guests were. He chuckled again and said – 'well, My Generation, – the Rolf Harris dancers – they're very good'. Anyone else, I said, yawning. 'No', he said 'they're all foreigners and you wouldn't know them'. More paper rustling. 'You must send us of a copy of OZ – I haven't seen it since the first issue. Very hippie, isn't it?' I said it wasn't but couldn't raise the energy to say why. (Send him a copy will you.) But by this time he was telling me about the N F Simpson show with Ned Sherrin producing. 'Of course we're not trying to send anyone up – if you want an intellectual name for the type of show, its parody – oh no, not satire – parody in the best sense. But, really, if we make people laugh we're happy.'

By this time he was humming catchy little tunes and the papers were rustling like crazy. It was time for a joke again – 'If you like tennis you have Wimbledon every night for a week.' I started awake. What – a satire on Wimbledon? But he said 'no no just a joke.' 'On Wednesday night we have the second of the Bobbie Gentry shows, (she wrote Billy Joe) which is very good if you like that sort of thing,' he said, archly. I thought briefly that perhaps she stripped, but already he was giving a list of guests – 'I've got Joe South, Billy Preston, Alan Price and James Taylor, and also John Hartford.' He said something about John Hartford but I couldn't catch that.

'On Thursday and Friday we've got nothing'. He didn't seem particularly upset by this catastrophe, and went on to tell me that BBC1 were repeating Not in front of the Children.

'Wednesday, there's a fifty minute show of Les Reed's greatest hits – he did all Tom Jones' big songs – he must be a very wealthy man by now. Humperdinck, Donald Peers, Cleo Laine, and Jackie Trent are going to sing the songs. On the same night there's the third programme in the Beryl Reid series'. I said I liked Beryl Reid, and he said the show had had mixed reviews and really wasn't very funny, 'Some people seemed to like it.'

The papers were still rustling at the same breakneck pace, when we came to Saturday.



'The Ken Dodd show' he said with a slight catch in his voice 'with Vince Hill'. Who else I said, and he countered with 'Being Ken Dodd there won't be much of anyone else'. 'Also a profile of Peter Ustinov and fifty minutes of Nana Mouscorie — she wrote the White Rose of Athens — which is a special programme recorded at the Top of the Town in cabaret.'

He was still singing softly when he came up with his last morsel — 'fifty minutes of Herb Alpert and his Tijuana Brass recorded in the US'. I rallied and asked — 'Does he sing as well' and was rewarded with another stanza of the Yellow Rose of Texas and 'Yes'. I thanked him and promised to send the copy of OZ (don't forget to send it) and hung up. Well, that night I decided I'd try to watch some of the programmes. So I turned on 'the Good Old Days' on BBC1 where a magician was talking to an audience dressed in Edwardian clothes and very false moustaches and they were all laughing so I turned it off. I guess I'm not ready for that kind of camp. I forgot to turn it on again, so I went up to the Roundhouse. I didn't watch any more TV on Wednesday, because I went to hear Dick Gregory at the Arts Lab. Gregory was really rapping — talking about how he was going to picket the peace conference in East Berlin, how the CIA put black agents onto him and they have to invent stuff because the jobs for black CIA agents are rare, about food needs, and food poisons, and how a soldier who is ready to die will always beat one who is only able to kill. Gregory is great — he's a prophet of an age and really so musical that it's impossible to tell you what he says because the way he says it is so beautiful. And he's so beautiful — like a sacred scarabin in this dunghill of a city. Thursday was a hassle, so I didn't think about the piece until I got in at around seven. I turned on 'Top of the Pops' and there was Tony Blackburn smiling his capped teeth smile and looking as if he had filled his pants on screen — very nervous — but the show started with the lousy new Beatles number and pimply kids jerked on the screen (only when they were *sure* the camera was on them) and a few bubblegum groups mimed their songs badly, and that was the pop ration for the week now that Colour Me Pop has ended. Following that was the First Lady, which I bore for about five minutes. Later I watched some of the BBC's films of the fifties but a guy came round and we talked till late.

I'm really sorry I didn't get the piece done but tonight I'm leaving for Stonehenge and the Druid's Summer Solstice. There is going to be a big ceremony at midnight and dawn and someone told me that a virgin will be deflowered).

It means missing the Alfred Hitchcock movie, and not finishing your article, but it should be fun. Sorry.

Ian Stocks.

# SHOOT IT, SHOW IT! VIDEO NOW!

John Hopkins, Co-ordinator of TVX.

Funny thing about our society is that most of the machines we need are all around us, and it's just a case of figuring out how to get hold of them. This article helps fill the information gap about what machines there are, what they can do: the figuring is your business.

In a word, portable TV is here. By portable I mean that there is an outfit consisting of a shoulder-pack videotape recorder (weighs 13 lbs) and a hand held TV camera (weighs about 5 lbs) which works off its own internal batteries. A microphone mounted on the camera picks up sound, and synchronised sound and vision are recorded on a half-inch wide videotape, running time 20 minutes.

The batteries last an hour and are rechargeable. Cost, about £575. To see what you've recorded, the tape is put onto a larger record/playback machine, rewound, and played back through a TV set adapted to the larger machine's output. The total cost is just under £1000, including accessories like battery charger etc. Made by the Japanese company Sony, whose head office (01.695 0021) will tell you where your local Sony dealer is.

For the technically minded, it works to 405-line standard, with 220 line definition, bandwidth of about 3MHz, negative modulation, automatic gain control for audio, automatic exposure compensation for video. Standard C-mount lens is a 4:1 TV zoom, viewfinder is a miniature 1" screen mounted at the back of the camera. The portable camera and recorder code no. DVK 2400, playback machine code no. CV 2000. A similar machine made by Japanese company Shibaden will be on the market soon, which uses 625 line system. UK distribution by GVS (01.202 8056). The real differences between Sony and Shibaden emerge when you look at the overall systems developed by these two companies, and how the portable recorders fit into these systems. The tapes from a Sony portable can only be



played back on one machine, as it was produced originally for the domestic market. The tapes from the Shibaden portable can be played back on a variety of machines, all of which are compatible with the entire range of Shibaden equipment. In certain applications these differences in back-up systems are important, and the Sony system has greater limitations.

There's another difference too. Each time you edit in the camera (stop shooting and then start again) you make a discontinuity in the sequence of control pulses put onto the tape when you record. When playing back, this discontinuity causes the picture hold to be lost for a short time. With Sony, this can 'tear' the picture for up to 2 seconds, but with Shibaden all you get is a 'flash' lasting perhaps a tenth of a second. It means that on Shibaden you can do a series of very short jump outs and get away with it, which on Sony will produce just jagged torn pictures. And with Shibaden you can also dub on sound at the playback stage. To be fair, the Sony felt better balanced and easier to operate, a question of design hipness: and the actual picture quality is at least as good as Shibaden if not better.

Well that's as concise as I can make it. Now read on. Two other questions. Can I play back from one of these machines thru my ordinary TV set? Not without modification, cost £35 or if you know a friendly electronics freak, maybe £10. The manufacturers ought to produce a cheap connector box for this purpose, but they don't. Can I go to a shop and buy this equipment as an individual? No. You've got to buy it thru a company and prove educational or industrial use. What happened was that the UK electronics lobby, realising that they couldn't produce equivalent machines, pushed a restrictive law thru Parliament to protect their sales of what I'm reliably told is relatively inferior equipment. Well, what do you expect from a country whose economy is on its last legs?





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### Where do we go from here?

The cat's out of the bag. Although certain technical problems remain, the chief of which is electronic editing, *we can now make our own television*. What's more, the mystique of TV studios, technicians and administrators, and hard-to-acquire expertise, and the hurdle of the ACTT (cameraman's union), have been exposed for the bullshit they are, in one fell swoop. Want to join the ACTT so you can work in TV or films? It'll cost you plenty in free drinks and expensive meals. Want to do a Granada TV directors course? You need a degree.

Well, it's all downhill from now on. The speed with which we can develop alternative circuits in Universities, Arts Laboratories and Neighborhood-Local situations depends now only on our resourcefulness, the figuring-it-out I spoke of earlier.

It's interesting to compare the obvious stirrings of grass-roots TV with the statements made by our beloved Minister of Technology, Mr Wedgewood Benn. He seems to understand better than most of his colleagues the inevitable nature of electric technology which is to decentralise the media. He also expresses concern (on TV !!) that TV in particular needs to be made more available to more people, and that this is a social necessity. Fine words. Well, unlike the administrators who hold the reins of commercial TV – and that includes the BBC – we haven't got vested interests in prolonging our own jobs where they are obviously due for a shake-up.

What's more, we are now beginning to produce the answers to the questions that Mr Wedgewood Benn has been asking. OK Mr smart guy, how *would* you run local TV? Actually it's quite simple. To start, a couple of portable recorders. Two rooms to operate from: one a small studio for interviews, the other with editing facilities. Your *video journalist* goes out shooting: children, entertainment, revolution, town hall meetings, conversations, opinions . . . he comes back to the editing room, rewinds, edits if necessary, makes duplicates, and the tapes are sent out to various parts of the district where playback sets are located. Pubs, cinemas, meeting places, dances: places where people are used to get together. Pay for it from advertising (no sweat to put ads together), maybe paid admission if it's at a cinema, and public funds. Yes, you heard me, **PUBLIC FUNDS**.

This is the point where the town councils have got to fork out some cash, and it's not much, to provide a public service. Within a short time any basic system of local TV like the one I just described could undergo considerable sophistication. Instead of sending tapes to the playback points, you tap the existing GPO video lines already laid down for this sort of use. Then, you can transmit without the tedious business of trapesing across town three times a day.

Then, you might set up a low power transmitter to use one of the broadcast bands not used in that place. The point about all this is that *it is possible now*. So let's go ahead and do it.

### So what are the prospects?

On the level of local TV, all that has to be done is to find one town or borough council that will give support to a scheme that will turn a lot of people on. The difficulty that they may actually want to *control* what is put out on local TV can be avoided by giving the council as much time as it thinks it wants to tell the people whatever it wants to tell them. In fact, it's not down to a them-or-us control battle: it's down to letting as many people, factions, opinions as possible be aired, and this in itself is the opposite of a potentially dangerous influence. It would be just as socially harmful to allow the 'revolutionaries' to control such a facility as it would be for the 'reactionaries' to control it. Before my colleagues on Black Dwarf – long may they thrive – get uptight, here's an example. Imagine a situation where Mr Barry Quartermain is allowed to give his opinion of how to treat squatters and earn his living, and Squatters who have been set upon by his men are allowed to say what they think. Give a man enough rope and he'll hang himself. The trouble with broadcasting is the moment things get interesting, the interviewer closes the conversation with some neutral remark. What would happen if you let Enoch Powell and Tariq Ali talk it out, all day if need be? Or the local grocer or pusher starts to say where he's really at? In some respects we have a better idea of what not to do than what to do. Why is the news always read in a serious tone of voice, and religious programmes held in the atmosphere of a morgue? Could it be that they really think 'the news' has much relevance to the man in the street? Or that god vanishes when you crack jokes about him?

On the level of Universities, Sussex, Brunel, Leeds, Strathclyde, Birmingham, York and Imperial College London, and Brighton and Plymouth technical colleges have their own closed circuit systems, and there are probably more I don't know about. I'm under the impression that TV in these places is still treated as something available to only a few people, which has to be done in a studio, and by means of which only 'neutral' topics may be discussed. However, what is more important is the very existence of the systems themselves.

Jim Haynes announced at the recent FACOP meeting at St Katherine's dock that the Arts Labs throughout the country want to set up a circuit and exchange material, and the first steps have already been taken. The open-ended no-holds-barred attitude in the London Arts Lab is going to be very

productive when it comes to exploring the possible uses of video.

Recently a meeting was held at the ICA between film makers and the setting up of a parallel video circuit was mentioned. So we can see that already there is a number of small circuits and viewing situations, which with a little co-ordination form the basis of an alternative network. The task at present seems to be to promote mutual awareness and realisation that, once again, what we are looking for is all around us, and all we have to do is to *get it together*.



### Mid July London:


A group of people will be asking the Government for a local London TV station. The detailed plans will be set out at a press conference to be held shortly. Information from TVX, 1 Robert Street, London NW1.





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*To Begin with could you tell us something about the film you've made?*

We made a movie called 'Uncle Meat'. It's got a lot of pictures of the Mothers in it; it also has a very strange plot which will require some straight-life-type actors to execute and we need some more money to finish it.

*Isn't the plot explained on the sleeve of the Uncle Meat LP?*

The beginning and the end is in there – the middle isn't.

*Was the album written with the film in mind?*

It's quite possible to make a film to match music, so I made some music and I made up the story line around it.

*Basically what sort of a film is it?*

It's a fantasy film with political and sociological overtones!

*Sounds very deep. Is it?*

Yeh, quite.

*And we are all going to be able to see it?*

We've got a couple of negotiations with people trying to raise the money to do it but it isn't that easy – you can't just come out and say 'Fred, will you give me the money?' He says 'OK' and then you go and make it. It's really involved with a lot of paper work and bullshit.

*Are you pleased with the way that the concerts have been going?*

Yes, it's been amazingly good considering the type of stuff we are playing which isn't, you know, major minor chords with a steady beat which is what most pop music is made up of – a couple of suspensions here and there. We've some things that don't operate in a key signature, and more things that use chords that don't appear in your everyday harmony book, and some rhythms which are difficult to tap your foot to. So it puts it a little bit out of the ordinary frame of reference of the average teenage audience or the average adult audience, if they ever came to see this kind of stuff. But strangely the kids here, even out in the provinces, were very open to the music and listened to it, I don't know

whether they understood it, but they liked it.

*Did you put a lot of work into the music?*

No, as a matter of fact I wrote most of it on the plane on the way over here, and I-er-usually just get some paper out and start drawing dots on it, and wait for someone to play it so that I know what it sounds like. That's the chamber music stuff. You know there's a difference between songs and compositions, songs are put together a different way, but these little bitty pieces that we are doing, they are based on another technique.

*In the first concert you performed in this country why did you bring on members of a straight orchestra?*

Well I like to play with straight musicians, you know, it gives us a little contrast material, and it also displays the fact that there are some members of the group who really are very skilled players and could exist just as easily in a symphony orchestra as on rock and roll stage; so we brought them out to er sort of bridge the gap between electric music and the other kind. Unfortunately there was one old fart in the string section that kept playing out of tune on purpose, trying to make the stuff sound ugly – so it turned into a carnival at the end. And it turned out that way because I wasn't going to let this guy spoil the show, so we made some use of the fact that the music was turning out a little bit sour, and I thought I'd stretch it to its illogical conclusion, and we went up dancing around on stage with them and having them, you know, do various things that you wouldn't expect a person in a tuxedo to do, like blowing farts through a microphone towards the audience, that's one way you can save the show when you have an unco-operative violinist!

*I was reading in one of the 'pop' papers that you are now considered to be not a load of hairy freaks making rude noises, but talented musicians. Does it amaze you to read about yourselves in this way?*

It's sort of funny, you know, they never would have discovered that we were musicians if I didn't do those interviews with those people and talking like hours on end trying to explain to them in detail what it is we are doing, because most people who write about music don't know what music is. They have certain tastes about the pop stuff that they listen to, and they don't have a broad based musical background that they could use as criteria by which to judge new music. It's pretty easy to judge a rock and roll song you know – like – does it make you tap your foot? Does it have the kind of words you want to hear? – in the boy/girl situation which is usually the plot basis of most of the lyrics, does it turn out all right

in the end for you? You know, those are the things you look for when you are reviewing a song. But if we come along and we are playing some electric chamber music or if we are experimenting with electronic sounds where we are into percussion constructions, or we are into unaccompanied arias on stage which are spontaneous, or we are doing some sort of visual thing with a gas mask. You know, if you are a rock and roll critic in one of those pop papers what do you write about? What kind of musical background do you have to assess this, how much Stockhausen have you heard, how much er John Cage do you know about?

*You have obviously listened to these serious musicians, but are they interested in what you're doing?*

Of course not, because that's one of the things that's really sick about the so-called serious musicians' world. It completely ignores rock music. You know, they think that 'we have it all, we are the avant garde and we are the forefront of musical experimentation,' say serious composers you know, and they're foolish to think that way because we in the rock world have equipment at our disposal that they don't even know about, that we use on the bandstand all the time, I am sure that a lot of the composers who are sweating now in their little isolated garrets don't know about electric woodwind instruments or what you can do with them. Even the electric guitar hasn't been touched by serious composers, and this whole thing has happened right under their noses. They ignore it. They think that electric music is something that you make with a synthesiser and amplified music is a completely different world. The composer has been writing for bassoons for a long time, but the way it sounds in our ensemble is completely different. It's executed the same way, the only thing we added was electricity. The same with the flugel-horn, clarinet, flute and other things we use.

The trouble with the serious music world is that they're too narrow



$\frac{1}{4}$ oz	hash
$2\frac{1}{2}$	cups of flour.
1	cup of honey.
1	cup of treacle.
$\frac{1}{2}$	cup sugar.
1	egg.
1 tsp	cinnamon.
1 tsp	baking soda.
1	cup water.
$\frac{1}{4}$ lb.	butter.

Finely powder hash add cup of water bring to boil and simmer  
for five mins, stirring all the time.

Beat the egg in sugar add and mix flour, baking soda, ginger, cinnamon.  
melted butter, honey, treacle and hash water, pour into a greased  
baking dish, cook for one hour at  $350^{\circ}$  or regulo 5.

eat, wait,  
and listen to

# A BLIND MAN'S MOVIE

## MURRAY ROMAN

### Track 613015

DISTRIBUTED BY



POLYDOR RECORDS LTD



minded. They should go to the rock concerts.

That's one of the reasons why their music is out of touch with the youth.

And it shouldn't be, because I think that they are doing important things artistically,

but it's very difficult to bring that to the attention of large numbers of people;

And the largest single body of people are the teenies — and how we get our music across without lowering our standard is that we just play it in places where the serious composers never go. We go to the Fillmore, and we play in all those little psychedelic dungeons all over the United States. We play schools and we play hockey rinks and we play bowling alleys and we also happen to play concert halls when we come to Europe.

*How much of your music is notated?*

50 per cent of it. The other 50 per cent is improvised and it's very carefully structured, and the live shows we do are all different, not just because of the improvisation but because of the way the building blocks of the show can be assembled.

*Could you explain some of the lyrics on the album?*

I am very interested in things which are absurd, and so the lyrics of that album are absurd, but some people think they are too sophisticated to appreciate an absurdity now and then.

*Some people may think that there's some deep sociological significance in the lyrics.*

Well, as a matter of fact they do have sociological significance but it isn't as literal as most of the intellectuals would like to make it. You know, it's a pretty subtle thing. First of all it's an art statement that we are working in this medium, and it's also an art statement that the package looks like it does for that record. It's an art statement that the words are what they are against the music being what it is. It's all very carefully balanced out.

*So the lyrics are used also for a pure 'sound' purpose?*

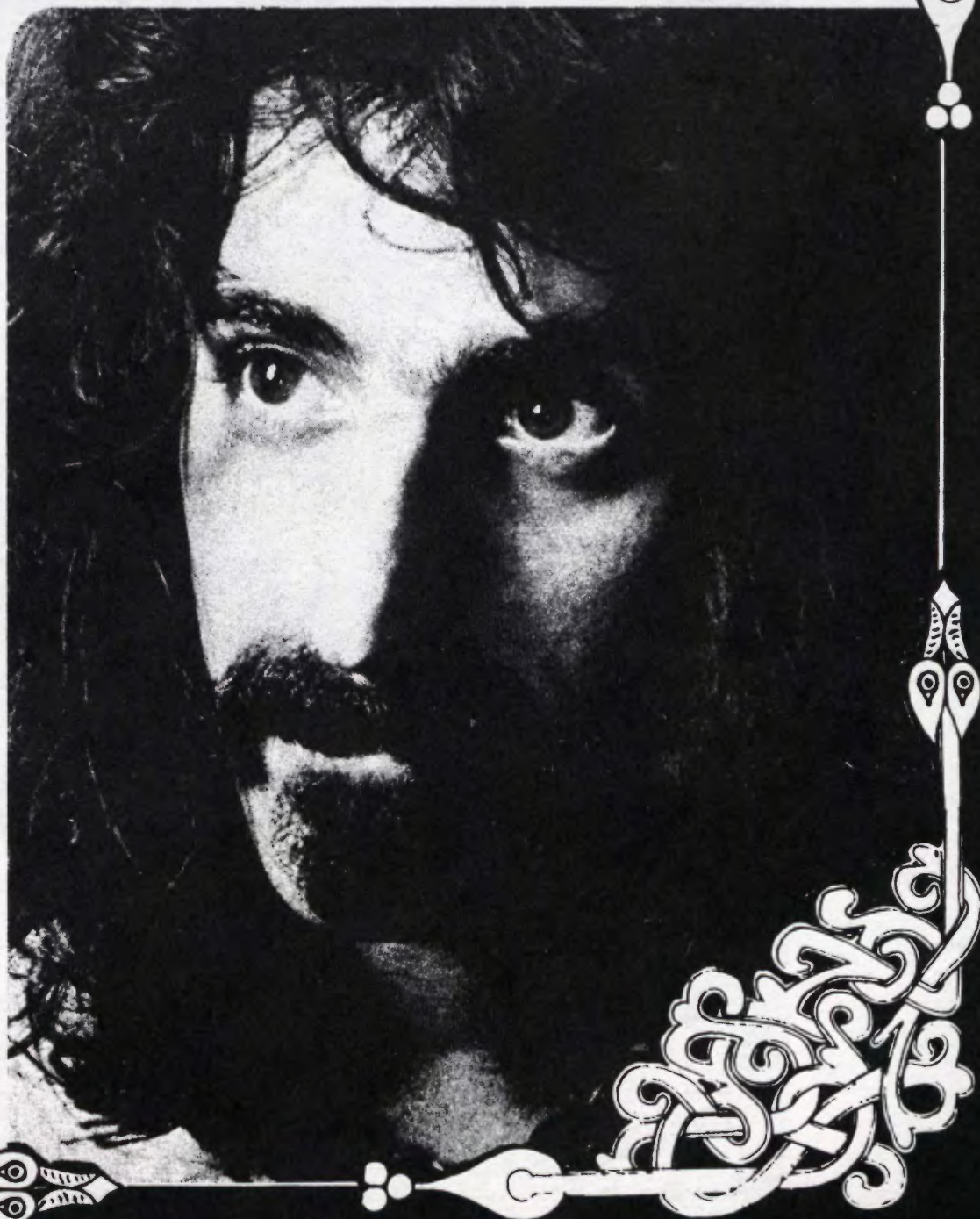
Right. Rundy rundy rundy doody mop mop sounds very well in that context, it looks stupid on paper but that's the thing with lyrics you know, lyrics on paper generally speaking don't look well at all, like, why did any body bother to put them down on paper. In fact usually cringe when I write 'em, but it's a different thing when you realise it as a sound and especially

depending on what register the voice is singing it in and all those other variables like the reference in the Uncle Meat variations to 'fuzzy dice and bongos, fuzzy dice, I got 'em at the pep boys at the boys, brodie knobs and spinners, chromium plated'. OK now those words on paper don't look like very much and if you say them they don't sound like very much, but if you take 'chromium plated' and sing it on an operatic melisma like the soprano is doing in that thing it becomes something really absurd you know. What she's singing there is a very difficult piece of music and she's being forced to sing those words on it. Of course I don't think you even know what brodie knobs are over here which makes it even less accessible.

*What are they?*

A brodie knob is a plastic knob which is screwed on to the steering wheel of a teenage automobile, generally it's clear blue plastic — some old men have them too, and they have these little pictures you know that you turn one way then you turn the other way and the picture moves, and the picture is generally a nude girl, her hands behind her head, so that it looks like she bounces her tits up and down for you when you turn your wheel.

Frank Zappa/Pete Drummond





# THE ROLLING STONES

You can't always get what you want  
Honky Tonk Women



45 rpm F12952 **DECCA**



## Lenny Bruce THE BERKELEY CONCERT Bizarre Tra 195

Somewhere along the line Lenny Bruce became known as a "dirty comedian". Well, he's no comedian - he was the first to admit that. One night he apologised to an audience 'I'm sorry I haven't been very funny - but you see I'm not a comedian, I'm Lenny Bruce'. But THEY all thought he was dirty; after his first season in the Establishment Club he drew these comments 'the man with a sewer for a mind', 'America's vilest export', and 'a fountain of filth at £600 a week'. When he tried to come back to London he was met with a deportation order at the airport as the Home Secretary had decided that his presence in England was "not conducive to the public interest". In Sydney there was much of the same. Lenny Bruce had several attempts at giving performances and was stopped by police, once in a theatre, and once in a club when he got into a hassle with some female who didn't appreciate him, and then finally when a University concert was organised, the Vice Chancellor stepped in and cancelled it. So Lenny went back to the States, where he didn't exactly get it easy. What with drugs and obscenity, he was always getting busted. Everywhere he spoke, the audience was half fuzz, waiting for him to drop one of the magic words they had written down in their little books as 'obscene'. And sure enough, drop one he did - he wouldn't let a challenge like that go by. Once in court, he always insisted on acting as his own lawyer, which only complicated things for everyone.

Well, he's dead now, and he died a lonely and unnecessary death, but this album is, if anything could be, a good memorial. This is Lenny Bruce talking to you, and somehow it's like listening to someone you know and like and respect, someone who's got something important to say, and manages to make it funny as well. As I said, he's no comedian, there's nothing facile about him, no well-rehearsed patter produced by a battery of script-writers - it's all him, it wouldn't do any good trying to get down anything he says, you've got to hear it for yourself. He just talks about things that concern him, like justice, and the law, religion, girls, and being Jewish, etc.

Some people are saying that Lenny Bruce on record is dated (well, he does talk about Vietnam), but this album is now, as it was when it was recorded, just a man getting up and talking openly and thoughtfully - and fast, funny and frenetic as well - about some pretty timeless subjects. Recording quality is okay, no frills - in fact it's just edge to edge.

Lenny Bruce. The abrupt cut-off at the end, as if the original tape just ran out, is pretty exasperating, though.

Ralph Gleason, his old friend and patron and

one who stuck by him, writes some very good sleeve notes. But he was lucky enough to know Lenny Bruce first-hand. This album is the closest we'll get.

Gina Paul

## VELVET UNDERGROUND.

Velvet Underground MGM CS 8108.

The Velvet Underground have always been a group who turned as many stomachs as they blew minds: not everyone can groove on them. Their attraction, (or repulsion), lies in the extreme areas in which they operate: insistent, relentless rhythms... hysterical organ and guitar... wrecked vocals. A cut like Sister Ray on their last album makes a direct bid on the metabolism; you either escape or surrender. Their music is always unsettling and disturbing, their heads adrift somewhere in William Burroughs-land, a sickly, sweet, rotten smell in the air... songs of Strange Pleasures, subversive and corrupt. Yet here we are with Jesus, a long way to travel from Heroin in the space of one LP. Have they really hung up their spurs and the whip of shiny, shiny leather with the sailor's suit and cap? Have the Flowers of Evil started to bloom? Perhaps they haven't gone through 'changes' so much as 'modifications'; the wolf and the lamb walk hand in hand. For the first time 'velvet' shares top billing with 'underground'. They've stopped 'rushing on their run' and slowed the pace to a processional dawdle. But though everything has been toned in low key it's still unmistakably them. It's got 'Feel' alright, but it's a kind of ghoulish, corpse-like feel. Gone are the walls of sound and vast textural contrasts; in comes a sad, liturgical droning, the wailing of the converted sinner (but with his tongue slyly in his cheek). One doesn't really have faith in their faith, and it's probably wisest to give up very early trying. Cop out of value judgements, write it off as some variation on camp (which VU have always been strong on anyway), and you can relax and enjoy it. Songs on this album are divided between heaven and hell, and the casual listener will be forgiven if

he doesn't quite notice the difference. Jesus is pure, simple, moving and undeniably sincere. But then there's Some Kinda Love, which is another thing altogether... shall we say 'hard core necrophilia'? The lyrics are filthiest - 'Put jelly on your shoulders and lie down on the carpet...'; or, 'In some kinds of love the possibilities are endless, and for me to miss one of them would be groundless...'. Murder Mystery, in which chick drummer Maureen Tucker takes to song, is a cross between the Mothers and the Billy Cotton Band Show, and reminiscent of the saga of Walter Jeffries on White Light/White Heat. Maureen also takes the honours on Afterhours, and gets into a nice Vera Lynn bag... in fact she warbles delightfully.

Velvet Underground don't really sound together on this album, either as a group or as individuals, which I have a sneaking suspicion was what they might have been aiming at. Luckily too, for if they made it they would lose their quality as a group... fragmentation is more their scene. The style of this album is the antithesis of their style before. By replacing blatant freak-value with subtler means they end up sounding more bizarre than ever. Tired cliché, but this album really does grow on you... like a malignant tumor.

Adrian Ribolla

## KING OF THE BLUES GUITAR

Albert King Atlantic 588173

While both BB and Freddy King have visited this country and have more than lived up to their reputations, Albert, the most recent of the Kings to emerge, has yet to make a trip to Europe. However, when he does, he should be a sensation, at least if his records are anything to go by.

After the excellent live set, Live Wire/Blues Power, comes his latest release in this country, 'King of the Blues Guitar', which though on Atlantic is in fact, a reissue of some of his Stax work of a couple of years ago, five tracks of which were released on the Stax album, Born Under a Bad Sign.

If you haven't the Stax LP, this is the better buy, excluding as it does, the two mawkish ballads, 'The Very Thought of You' and 'I Almost Lost My Mind', which so marred the first album; and including several of his excellent single releases such as 'Lucy' and 'Cold Feet'.

Recording for the Memphis based Stax label, King has been influenced by the soul sound for which the label is famous; and on his studio work he uses Booker T and the usual house musicians. As some blues purists in this country object even to the use of horns, they might find this hard to take. Nevertheless, they must one day come to terms



# ROCK QUIZ

Here are sixteen authentic quotes about rock music, ranging from 1956 through to 1969. Each quote has three possible alternative origins. Tick your choice and turn to the astounding answers on page 44.

1) 'Rock 'n' Roll is a means of pulling down the white man to the level of the negro. It is part of a plot to undermine the morals of the youth of our nation.'

The Secretary of the North Alabama White Citizen's Council  
Richard Daley, Mayor of Chicago  
Judy Garland

2) 'I don't know anything about music. In my line I don't have to'

Yoko Ono  
Elvis Presley  
Timothy Leary

3) 'Viewed as a social phenomenon, the current craze for rock and roll material is one of the most terrifying things ever to have happened to popular music. Musically speaking, of course, the whole thing is laughable.'

Billy Cotton  
Frankie Vaughan  
Steve Race

4) 'Nothing really affected me musically until Elvis.'

Eric Burdon  
John Lennon  
Donald Peers

5) 'The kids accept almost any form of rock and roll, even the lowest and most distasteful . . . It seems to encourage sloppy clothes that become the accepted uniform. It's one step from Fascism!'

Malcolm Muggeridge  
Mitch Miller  
The Editor of the New Musical Express

6) 'I am one-hundred per cent Christian and everything I do is done with my religion in mind'

Billy Graham  
Little Richard  
Cliff Richard

7) 'It's so fabulous being young and a girl and you can have nice clothes and can dress up, and that's the nicest part about it, being famous and people admiring you.'

Sandie Shaw  
Mrs Jeff Banks  
Sandra Goodrich

8) 'In the old days you'd drag your old man out on the lawn and kick the shit out of each other, and he'd say, 'Be home by midnight!' and you'd be home by midnight. Today, parents don't dare tell you what time to get in — they're frightened you won't come back.'

Dick Gregory  
Frank Zappa  
Simon Dee







9) 'The same goes for my stripper routine. Nobody has ever objected . . . why should they? All that happens is that the stripping music plays and then I take off my jacket and . . .'

Engelbert Humperdinck  
Janis Joplin  
Danny La Rue

10) 'The effect of rock and roll in young people is to turn them into devil worshippers to stimulate self-expression through sex; to provoke lawlessness, impair nervous stability and destroy the sanctity of marriage. It is an evil influence on the youth of our country.'

R D Gaiman, Public Relations  
Officer to the Church of Scientology.  
Rev Albert Carter,  
Minister of the Pentacostal Church.  
Marjorie Proops

(Compiled by Felix Dennis &  
Jim Anderson).

11) 'Uh-oh, I think I exposed myself out there . . .'

P.J. Proby  
Jim Morrison  
Judith Durham, ('Big Boobs' to her friends)

12) 'Too many people are becoming obsessed with pop music. The position of rock and roll in our sub-culture has become far too important, especially in the delving for philosophical content.'

Mick Jagger  
Tiny Tim  
Jan Wenner

13) 'Pop's not a culture, it isn't an art. If rock and roll is a culture it's a great big boil and when it bursts it will leave a nasty scar.'

Mick Farren  
Simon Dupree  
Che Guevara

14) 'When I perform am I producing art? Am I fuck!'

Mary Hopkin  
Terry Reid  
Jimi Hendrix

15) 'Pop is the perfect religious vehicle. It's as if God had come down to earth and seen all the ugliness that was being created and chosen pop to be the great force for love and beauty.'

Mike Heron  
Donovan  
Liberace

16) 'I had a banana band in highschool.'

Bob Dylan  
Duane Eddy  
Sir Malcolm Sargent

...AND IF YOU ARE SEARCHING FOR  
TRUE HAPPINESS, YOU MUST DECIDE  
FOR CHRIST AND ACCEPT JESUS AS  
YOUR LORD AND SAVIOUR!!



with the fact that most of the post BB King bluesmen and even BB himself have made use of horns, and are influenced by gospel and soul styles. This can, as in the case of Buddy Guy's treatment of Knock On Wood, be simply a commercial ploy to retain the interest of soul conscious black youth, or it can, as in Albert King's case, be an extension and development of the blues form, in the same way as BB King extended it by introducing gospel influenced vocal mannerisms and a strongly jazz influenced guitar style, derived from Django Reinhardt as well as T-Bone Walker. Albert's guitar style has its root in BB's, but it has a thicker, meatier tone to it; a more limited guitarist, certainly (at least on record), but none the less effective. He owes a lot to BB, but without being too derivative. Of all the newer bluesmen, Magic Sam, Jnr Wells, Albert Collins, Buddy Guy etc, Albert King has probably the freshest approach, his is almost certainly the most interesting development of the BB King style while still remaining within the strict blues form. 'Born Under A Bad Sign' is best known to most people through Cream's version, but the version contained here is the original and one of the album's standouts. Other highlights include two brilliant slow blues, Personal Manager and Laundromat Blues. In complete contrast to the slow moodiness of those two tracks are Lucy, a tribute to his guitar in which he speaks of her as a woman, and Cold Feet, where he bemoans his lack of hits while his soul brothers at Stax are all high in the charts. One of the most welcome by-products of the current success of white blues bands has been the revival of interest in both the older and younger negro bluesmen. While Albert will never receive the adulation or financial reward of the Claptons of this world, he is now at least playing to a wider audience and his album sales are picking up. Of the Albert King albums available (five, including imports) this is the most representative of his work at it's best.

Peter Dalton

### A MEAL YOU CAN SHAKE HANDS WITH IN THE DARK. Pete Brown and his Battered Ornaments. Harvest SHVL 752 Stereo.

The whole process of reviewing is really a product of the popular mass media with its demands for 'instant copy' and so on. It's incapable of dealing with anything less ephemeral than yesterday's headlines since it's based on first impressions, and first impressions are so often not worth the paper they're printed on. Anybody who's noticed that a child can get more comfort and enjoyment out of a cheap, dog-eared and ancient teddy bear than from a whole roomful of bright and shiny, but unfamiliar, new toys will realize why. Some things can become more important to us than their external appearance and our first experience of them might ever suggest. It's this long term effect - the quality of art (or the teddy bear, or that lucky penny in your pocket, or whatever...) that makes it live and continue to influence us - that the short review just can't account for. It's what makes the short review ultimately worthless, something to be taken with the largest pinch of salt

you can find.

Understand me, I'm not saying Pete Brown's LP is art (or not art), or even that it is good music of its kind (or bad music of its kind). I'm only trying to be objectively honest, and the trick, as I see it, is not to be put off by one's first impressions of this album. They're likely to be unfavourable. Like Captain Beefheart, Pete Brown often taxes the ear-drums and frequently strains the sense of credulity. On the third time round I've just begun to detect saving graces: some of the lyrics really do have an appealing directness, and on some of the tracks the band really *does* appear to be rapping, interacting, constructing something valid. On the other hand some initial pessimisms seem to be borne out: on the whole I'd say the musicianship is weak and on the two tracks where the lyrics are in part and most obviously improvised, Politician and Travelling Blues, Pete strives too consciously to be evil and ends up as merely ridiculous. That's on three hearings. You may get this, or something different, quicker than I did. You may get it after a good while longer. You may never get it at all. And even if you do consider the whole thing merely abortive it shouldn't automatically be precluded from your collection. If it's true that by our mistakes we become lovable, then it may merely mean that this album has a better chance than most.

Graham Charnock

### IF ONLY FOR A MOMENT Blossom Toes Marmalade 608010 Stereo.

There is a side to me that doesn't like record reviews, particularly underground reviews. Nine times out of ten they just end up as a kind of public wank by the reviewer who is living out his fantasy as best he can. However now and again an album comes along which although not a point of departure for other people's dreams, achieves something beautiful and unique in such a personal way that those of us who have heard feel a need to ask those who haven't to listen. It's about two years since Blossom Toes' first

album was released and on the evidence of this, their second album, it was two years spent growing musically and growing together, for after a very long listen I find this one of the best albums I have heard for months, and if a few levels and production points had been smoothed out and the track Just above my hobby horse's head taken out, it could possibly have been the best. The feel of the album is very positively West Coast in terms of the colour and structure of the music; occasionally there are momentary glimpses of America and Americans, a suggestion of the Airplane, a hint of Beefheart, something which made me think of Steve Miller, but these are just the memories from which musical language is made and communication established, the imagery is essentially English, an experience drawn from an environment that includes us all, acid freaks, politicians, warriors and children moving in a world that sways between dream and reality without ever belonging to either. With an album where people working as a group achieve a high level of performance as a group its rather contradictory to single out parts of the whole. However, my personal highs were Jim Cregan's playing on Indian Summer, harmony guitars, Billy Boo, Brian Godding's guitar solo on Wait a Minute, the rhythm section throughout and perhaps Giorgio Gomelsky's greatest contribution to pop music so far, bass vocal harmony on Love Bomb. Blossom Toes have listened, lived, evaluated and evolved into their own thing, I hope you like it as much as I do. K

### Answers to Quiz

- 1) The Secretary of the North Alabama White Citizen's Council. May 1956
- 2) Elvis Presley. April 1957
- 3) Steve Race. May 1956
- 4) John Lennon. February 1967
- 5) Mitch Miller. November 1957
- 6) Cliff Richard. April 1969
- 7) The three alternatives are Sandie Shaw's maiden, married and stage names. December 1967
- 8) Frank Zappa. June 1968
- 9) Engelbert Humperdink. May 1969
- 10) Rev. Albert Carter, Minister of the Pentacostal Church. Oct. 1956
- 11) Jim Morrison. March 1969
- 12) Mick Jagger. February 1969
- 13) Simon Dupree. April 1969
- 14) Terry Reid. Jan. 1969
- 15) Donovan. 1968
- 16) Bob Dylan. June 1966





OUR FIRST SPIRITUAL EFFLUENCES,  
OUR FIRST MUMMY-MADE MEDICINE,  
SHALL BE PHYSIC MADE FROM THOSE  
WHO SHOWED THEIR ECCENTRICITY  
BY THEIR UNNATURAL PERSISTANCE  
IN RETAINING THE APPEARANCE OF  
LIFE, AND FROM THOSE, WHO WHILE  
IN THIS LIFE, MIMIC'D MORTALITY.

A MEAL YOU CAN SHAKE  
HANDS WITH IN THE DARK  
PETE BROWN AND HIS  
BATTERED ORNAMENTS  
SHVL 752

WASA-WASA  
EDGAR BROUGHTON BAND  
SHVL 757

ALCHEMY  
THIRD EAR BAND  
SHVL 756



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# MARSHA

*Do you think of your hair as an aggressive sign?*

No. Listen, how did my hair happen? My hair happened because I was wearing it in Shirley Temple curls and it rained one day and got very frizzy. I looked in the mirror and saw how easy it was going to be to keep it that way. The manager, or somebody at

Hair said: 'It would be very nice for you to wear that in the show.' I said maybe sometimes I'll wear it that way and sometimes I won't. I found it was easy to maintain it that way and then I really got into it, like totally into it. It got a lot of work for me and I've been able to exploit it

*But as far as the political thing goes that's not your object in wearing it.* Definitely not. Somebody came to me saying that one of the large newspapers was doing a story about 'naturals' and black girls going into this very heavy identity with African heritage and whatever. I told the man I couldn't possibly discuss that with him because that wasn't why I was wearing my hair like that. Of course it's kind of nice for people to associate that with me, but that's not really where it's at in my head at all, because my hair could just as easily be straight as kinked. There are a lot of things happening down on the plantations and there are a lot of things that the hair can do.

*How are your relationships with the black activist groups in London. Have they approached you or have you wanted to do something with them?* It's very strange. They approached me on a very naive and beautiful level, really. Somebody from the black power group came up to me and said: 'We're doing a show, can you come?' and 'We're having a meeting, can you come?' and I went down to see what was happening. I went down in face because I wanted to set up a nursery for black children in London since I had this nursery in Berkeley. I thought that I could tie it in with the Movement and that in some way it might help, but when I got to the meeting I just felt that it was going to take so much time and energy to make them aware of the fact that I wasn't a foreigner and that I wasn't standing apart from the Movement — our Movement — that I just didn't get into it. I found the vibrations very funny at that meeting. I was treated like an outsider and I didn't expect that, you know. I expected that being black, I would be treated like everybody else in that room.

*Was the reason that you were treated like an outsider that you had made it in . . .* I don't know. Perhaps it was the fact that being American sets me apart from the blacks in England. I didn't really understand why I was treated like I was, but I did definitely feel some strange attitude towards me.

*Many black musicians coming to England, mainly rock, but jazz as well, often say, in press releases anyway, that they really dig England more than the States and that they feel much less of a prejudice here. What do you think of that sort of statement?*

I think they feel that way because they don't really live here. Unfortunately nearly everywhere in the world there's this really blind prejudice. I thought when I first arrived here that none existed, but as soon as you start looking for a flat, as soon as you start talking about anything, as soon as people start asking you about music, about your hair, about the entirety of your being, you realise that there are great prejudices existing in almost everybody's mind.

*You find this less now or not, I mean for you at the moment?*

My position is really very strange because I find that before Englishmen identify me with being black they first identify me with being American, you know. Perhaps if I were West Indian the treatment I would get would be totally, but totally different. But when you get into the working class and the middle class society, you find that all the prejudices are the same. In fact, because I lived in Berkeley, I find more here than there. I think the prejudice in England is diabolical because nobody really discusses it. Ladbroke Grove really exists but nobody does anything about it. Discrimination in housing is an accepted thing and is something that everybody is very courteous about and refuses to discuss. They try to throw it off as being irrelevant or whatever. I can't understand the English position on the racial situation at all, but there is definitely a very strong problem here, which I think makes the blacks position here worse than in America. At least we're getting out there and discussing it, at least we're hassling over it.

*What's discussed here is always in Enoch Powell's terms, too, that's the level of discussion.*

Oh, exactly. Unfortunately there's somebody in that position to lay something like that down and have, seemingly, most of public opinion with him, and yet there's no black back-lash, there's no liberal back-lash, nobody seems to get upset about it. I mean Powell can make these statements and nobody blows him off the face of the earth. I don't understand it.

*Vogue Magazine had some beautiful pictures of you awhile back but their little precis talked about you as a golliwog, as if you were some kind of man from the moon. How do you feel about that sort of thing? And also about the way IT ran your ad, with emphasis on WOGS for Walk on Gilded Splinters, which probably was a mistake. Yeah, there was a mistake, in that before that happened I wasn't wise enough to approve all my ads before they went out. I mean, that Vogue article happened because Ray Connolly did an article about me in the Evening Standard and the*





headlines were that I was the prettiest golliwog in London. Unfortunately I can't get upset about the word 'wog' because it doesn't seem real to me. If they were talking about 'niggers' there would be some very heavy anti-vibrations coming, but 'wog' doesn't mean anything.

The word has no bad connotations for me. It's just some English thing. The only reason I was opposed to them calling me a wog was because I realise that in this country the word is used adversely against dark-skinned people. That's what made me up-tight. Whoever made that ad had a lot of bitching to cope with from me because of it.

Your first single, *Walk on Gilded Splinters* - you took Dr John's sly, jazz orientation and made it into a real voodoo chant.

I left the Hair evening show at 12 and I got



to the studios to record and found that there was a group in the studios so I had to wait for another hour and so by the time it happened I was really uptight and I must have sung that fucking song about twenty times. I realised I was getting very uptight about something I really believed in, so I sat in this funny little room, and it was so hot it was ridiculous. I always smoke when I'm recording, cigarettes, and I couldn't smoke because there was no ventilation. I couldn't sing because it was too hot. It didn't work with my clothes off, so I put my clothes back on, it still didn't work so I decided to sit down and calm down, and get into the motion of the music, which to me was a very spiritual thing.

*It sounds like a heat trance.*

No. Three years ago I met these two Americans who said that they had had a seance and that there were spirits in their house. I went over there laughingly to prove how wrong they were about seances and spirits and this whole thing happened and since then I have had great communication with something that's with me all the time, and that's how I eventually got into the song.

When the song was recorded by me it had nothing to do with voodoo, it had to do with something that I have that's greater than that. Because when I think of voodoo I think of poisonous snakes, you know, and what I did with that record had venom in the lyrics, but not in the over-all feeling.

*You were talking before about the whole pop scene in terms of the super-star scene.*

I mean what is that, what is a super-star? If someone uses that word again I'm going to like freak-out, because I should think the people who are called super-stars are considered super-stars simply because they play their instruments very well, but to even allow themselves to be associated with that label takes a hell of a lot out of it.

*The real super-stars have very little to do with that label.*

Yeah, I guess you're right. I mean, nobody calls Jagger a super-star.

*But he is one.*

You're joking, he is one. In my heart and in everybody else's I don't know. There's so little happening in the business at the moment. Things are stagnant - I don't mean that in somebody's back yard somebody isn't creating something beautiful, something new, something really fresh - so what they're doing now is to get cults going around super-stars, and super-stars don't exist. As soon as you call yourself a star, you're really taking yourself seriously aren't you.

*It means you make a lot more money.*

I don't know. I seem to keep the taxi-cab company going but other than that I don't seem to have a whole lot of money. A lot of us are here because we were running away from middle class society. I left the University of California because I was really tired of estate cars and I get here to find that that's exactly what you ride in to go up to Leicester to do a gig, and that a push bike isn't good enough for you. And you can't go out of the house without any make up because of your image. I don't have any image because one day my hair is going to fall out.

*That's not exactly fair, Marsha. Marsha Hunt playing with White Trash is the merging of two incredible images.*

I'd rather call myself Mabel. If Marsha Hunt means something to someone other than what it means to me which is like this name my mother gave me because she couldn't think of a better one, I can't get involved with that. It's very hard to explain, but none of that is real, none of that is why I came here. I'm just happy to know that I'm not at Berkeley any more. I left it because it was becoming to me everything that the armchair philosophers said they didn't want to become a part of. Like the Free Speech Movement, we were fighting the system, and before we knew it, like within three weeks, we had committees, and sub-committees and anti-sub-committees and the sub-committee to the sub-committee. And I thought, 'Well, this definitely isn't happening' and I came over her to breathe again. It's frightening when I think I might slip back into that thing again.

*How do you find you're fighting it? How do you try not to slip into it? If I can just keep laughing, you know. If people can get good vibrations from my energy, from what I do because I'm happy,*

*I'm sad, then that's a nice thing, but as soon as I get involved with projecting what I think they want me to feel then*

*I'm going to be in a very bad way and I hope that I never get there.*

*If I see it coming, I'm going to split again.*



