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**OZ 28**

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## OZ 28

### Description

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

Content: The Schoolkids issue. 2p photo of editors & contributors, plus photos & biographies. 'The Return of King Kong: Guerilla Babes Wipeout!' – school experiences/letters. Jail Bait of the Month photo. School Atrocities. Headmaster of the Year and school articles. 'Xam Blues'. Vivian Berger's 'Rupert/Crumb' montage and 'Rupert Dancing'. Gilbert Shelton Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers cartoon. Let it All Hang Out – Oz Freak of the Month. Photo of students/quote from Nixon about "bums... blowing up the campuses". 'High Skool Confidential: Billy Bunter Breaks Out' – from *The High School Revolutionaries*. 2p Rehearse for the Apocalypse text and graphic. 'Brown Shoes Don't Make It' – music by Charles Shaar Murray. Back issue bonanza and 'Pud' cartoon. Siné cartoons. Oz Sucks – letters. Dr Hippocrates. 'Head Books' by Charles Shaar Murray. 'Jeff Beck: Truth is Blue'. Review of Theodore Roszak's *The Making of a Counter Culture* by Bob Hughes. LP reviews: Incredible String Band, Atomic Rooster, Lord Sutch, the Doors. Tony Palmer's *Born Under a Bad Sign* reviewed. 'Uncle Tom Holland and All!' by Hakim A. Jamal. Oz Multi-Purpose Anti-Form from the International Society for the Abolition of Data Processing Machines. Speed Freak Fun cartoons. For more on the Oz trial, and specifically Rupert Bear's role.

### 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.



4s OZ

SCHOOL  
KIDS  
ISSUE













# SCHOOL KIDS OZ?

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

PROFILES (by each other)



John Dreyer, 16. Born at Golders Green. Circumcised but not Jewish. Finds atmosphere at school impersonal and oppressive. Thinks the head master is bullied by the rest of his staff. Generally bored with living and his main love is drawing cartoons.



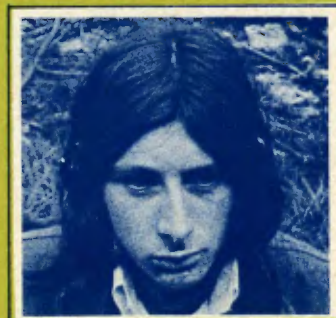
Anne Townsend, 16, Farnborough. Says she is a bitch. Claims to like de blooze. Hang-ups about blokes. Hates her parents, turns on regularly, reads Oz, IT and Petticoat. 'I want all the freedom I can get', but will conform to anything as long as she gets something out of it.



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

Has many obscene ideas but can't put them down 'cos can't draw. . .

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



Eddie Allen, 18, Aldershot. Long dark hair, frequently wears a bottle green WRAC coat. Studying civil engineering at Farnborough Technical College. Thinks he gets pissed too often. Intends to go to University and then bum around because he doesn't want to work. Believes God is a gnome. Likes freaking out the Establishment. Reads Isaac Asimov. 'I want to start my own commune for happy people.'



Robb Douglas, 18, Hornsey. Working class background. Works with physically handicapped people. Suppressed intelligence, but knows he is going to be famous. Likes making people happy. 'Sometimes my mind goes a complete blank.' Hang-ups: Getting bread and finishing projects. Feels sorry for his parents, skinheads, and people generally, in that order. Likes animals and unpolluted countryside. Beliefs: Agnostic. Also the theory of intergalactic beings.

Stephen Williams, 17, Farnborough. Taking three A levels (French, Sociology, Art) but wants to get his education over and done with as soon as possible. Tried dropping out in Morocco for a few months. Didn't work, kept bumping into straight friends. Has never dropped acid and doesn't want to until he comes to a dead-end.

Henry Harcus, 18, Bradford. Long haired activist from University. Burnt his mind on a recent acid trip. Very valuable ideas. Rejects his parents values and way of life, but tries to enlighten without. Someone to get to know.

Alex Darcy, 17, Reading. An original mind hidden behind an entirely self-constructed bushel. Reacts against 'tie-dye shirt and velvet trousers conformity' by wearing army boots and waving Temperance Seven albums. Enjoys blowing people's minds at hip gatherings by saying 'Actually, I agree with Enoch Powell'. The result is something like 'the man who ordered a steak at the macrobiotic restaurant'. Has stereo but no BBC 2.



Berti, 15. Aldershot. Pisces. Female despite name. Small dark, fragile and very beautiful, fringes and velvet. Amazing artist. Very gentle, very quiet. Her ideal life-style involves the formation of a commune. Her instinct is towards trusting people rather than not. Is secure about herself 'up to a point'. Likes all colours, wears brown. Tries to be happy, deserves to be. Hello.

Photo's by David Nutter





Cary Richardson, 18, Reading. A gentle egoist. An artist with a fertile bizarre imagination. He writes a lot of poetry which he rarely shows people, and songs which he never sings except to an ever-changing audience/entourage of 2 chicks. An erratic but extraordinary folk guitarist. He's never read an Oz in his life.



Viv Kylastron, 16, Aries. Smoked at 9, first tripped at 11. Owes this to the Roundhouse and Bradford. An anarchist, trying to dissolve it and replace it with a living school. Came to Oz to meet Richard Neville and the others, also interested in the workings of Oz. Interested in mysticism.



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



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



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



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



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



Peterpophamdeyansudjic Colin Thomas was born variously, according to different reports, in Whitton, the Republic of Ireland and Yugoslavia. He enjoyed a decadent if subdued youth and emerged finally, self-satisfied and elitist, as the hard-core of the Latymer Upper School intellectual group, having monopoly over the school mag, the art department and the Boat Club. He now spends the greater part of his time meditating in the local caff, plotting spiritual revolution and talking to himself. His future is uncertain; whether he will become a £5,000-a-year architect, an advertising executive or a scrap merchant is not yet clear.



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



Battle No.1 – ST. MARYLEBONE C. OF E. SECONDARY MODERN

The decision to go to this school was the result of conversations with school pupils the previous day. We had no idea at all what would happen but when it did it was unbelievable and provided the stimulus and tempo which kept things rolling for the rest of the week. There we were – six motley dressed, long(ish) haired youths, armed with mortar boards, whistles, school caps, leaflets and other assorted props, charging completely unexpected into a playground packed with 300 bored and frustrated school kids. The situation was potentially explosive – we might have been stoned and trampled on – but instead, the complete opposite occurred. We rush into the playground shouting and beating a drum. “Roll up, roll up for the education play.” The school students immediately gather round in a tight body, noisy but obviously interested. Almost immediately, after starting the play, Authority steps in, in the form of a group of teachers. Incredibly the kids tighten the circle so as to prevent the teachers from getting near us. Nevertheless they do eventually get to us. “Get out! Have you got permission? You’ve got to ask for permission first. But anyway we wouldn’t have given it to you.” (“Please sir, may I have permission to bash you on the head, sir?”) After arguments and distribution of leaflets, we leave the playground but continue the play on a path just outside. The children gather on the other side of the fence to watch and an incredible scene follows where a number of teachers attempt to push the kids away from the fence to prevent our poisoned words reaching their ears. Despite serious threats from the authorities, the kids take little notice and continue to listen and watch the play. Suddenly some of the pupils shout, “The cops are coming.” The cops arrive together with a school teacher and they attempt to drag one of us away. We pull him free to the cheers of the school kids. The teachers say we are disturbing “their” pupils (because they were enjoying themselves they were naturally being “disturbed”). “Do you want us to stay?” we shout. “YES”, they yell in unison. The Fuzz make it clear that unless we leave we’ll be busted. After leaving 4 boys escape from the school and say that we should come again and they’ll protect us from the Fuzz and beat them up if necessary. We learn later that after we’d left there had been a semi-riot when the pupils in the playground (about 250) refused the HM’s orders to get inside or be expelled. Not all the teachers were on the side of the authorities either. A sympathetic art teacher helped produce anti-authoritarian posters which were put up round the school and teaching virtually came to a standstill. Three boys were accused of inviting us into the school and were threatened with expulsion.

# THE RETURN OF KING KONG

## Guerrilla Babes Wipeout!

No. 2 – ST. MARYLEBONE GRAMMAR SCHOOL

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

Midday Wednesday – Confrontation No. 3: ACKLAND BURGHLEY MIXED COMPREHENSIVE

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

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

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

No. 4 – CAMDEN SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Noted liberal “progressive” Grammar school. We start the play under the impression that it’s all been fixed up by friends at the school (they think so too), and that permission has been granted for the performance. Thus the idea is to put on an uninterrupted performance and get comments from the audience not only on what the play says but how it says it.

As it happens the only male teacher in the school, who must have thought we were encroaching on his male monopoly, is sent down by the Headmistress to get rid of us. He becomes almost hysterical when we try to explain the situation to him, screams “DON’T ARGUE!” (a line straight out of the play) and says he’s been instructed to ‘phone the police. We eventually leave in the interests of our friends at the school who might get victimised if we stay. It just showed the students there that perhaps their “tolerant, liberal” school was not quite as tolerant as they thought.

Thursday 9 a.m. – Guerilla Steve at the gates of Ackland Burghley once again – this time not to perform a play, but to get a discussion going about the previous days’ events. He learns that after we left on Wednesday the HM – Abbey had put out a “well-done-my-army-it’s-all-over-now-so-calm-down” speech on the tannoy. Some of the more progressive teachers, however, had apparently taken copies of the leaflet into their classes and tried to get discussions going on the topics raised. Many of the kids show interest in what we were saying and complain themselves about how little say they have in the running of the school (the school councils’ decisions are continually vetoed by the HM). Again the need to get together, work out what they want and communicate with students at other schools is apparent. Steve says we’ll try to come back again and help to get some more positive form of action going. It’s important to note that since our visit to Ackland Burghley SAU member Trevor Williams was suspended for “insubordination” af-





**JAIL BAIT  
of the  
MONTH**



David Nurter



ter taking part in a walk-out of 250 kids in support of the teachers pay claim. Others were threatened with suspension, but only Trevor, a known SAU activist, was thrown out.

#### School No. 5 – DAME ALICE OWENS BOYS COMPREHENSIVE (at the Angel)

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

#### School No. 6 – ISLINGTON GREEN MIXED COMPREHENSIVE

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

However, discussing the events later on, the idea is expressed that we should have refused to leave the playground and let the staff call the Fuzz if necessary. If we were attacking authority in the school, what sort of impression could it have had on the kids to see us, who weren't even at the school, obeying the orders of the teachers and then telling the kids they should not accept blindly what their teachers told them. Some say it was more important to carry on the discussion and therefore leaving the playground didn't matter. The point, however, remains a valid one.



#### No. 7 – ST. PAULS PUBLIC SCHOOL FOR BOYS

Though it is arguable that we shouldn't have gone to a public school on the grounds that we were chiefly interested in comprehensive and secondary modern schools in the most deprived working class areas – the majority opinion was that we should try all different types of school and compare reactions. Anyway, public schools are notoriously authoritarian and vicious in their dealing with dissident students. At an SAU demo in the summer, the Dulwich College authorities had called in the cops to prevent the demonstrators (themselves mostly school stu-

dents) from talking to the Dulwich boys. St. Pauls itself was in the news in February, 1969, when several boys were expelled for "drug offences". Secret files were kept on the activities of certain boys (e.g. what parties they went to) and one boy was threatened with the police if he didn't answer all the questions put to him by the HM (e.g. who are the other drug-takers in the school?). He was told that if he lied he'd end up in court. Several boys have joined the SAU but live in constant fear of victimisation if the authorities find out. Another reason for going to the school was that the HM was a contributor to the second Black Paper – published the week before.

So on Friday morning we enter the hallowed gates just as the boys are coming out at breaktime and rush into the central courtyard making as much noise as possible to gather an audience. At first the response is weak and very few gather round but after a few minutes curiosity gets the upper hand, word is passed along the corridors and heads pop out of high-up windows in the new buildings. We start the play and do manage to put it across despite some pathetic comments and gestures from the boys (Guerilla Neil had a cup of water thrown over his head). One master, with a sense of humour at least, throws a penny at us from a 3rd storey window. Others follow suit. Half way through the play the "surmaster" waddles onto the scene and asks us to leave. We totally ignore him and continue the play. Surmaster: Will you please leave – you haven't got permission. Teacher in play: These exams have been specially designed to test your intelligence and ability. Your whole future, your entire livelihood will depend on the next 3 hours. Surmaster (getting agitated): If you don't leave I shall have to call the police.

Teacher (to surmaster): Late for my lesson again? – get to the back of the class!

The surmaster, totally baffled and frustrated by this lack of respect leaves to the sound of laughter from a few brave boys.

Some of the boys we talk to are very interested in what we're saying, but are obviously afraid of repression in the school. They promise to try to come to the meeting in the evening. The bell for the end of break rings and the audience quickly disperses – anxious not to be a second late for their lessons. Its amazing how conditioned they are. We leave just as the cops arrive and outside the





gates they give us a mild warning about entering school premises without permission. We say it is highly unlikely that permission would be granted. (Any way in the event of us being given permission in any school it would seem as if the authorities were in league with us. The advantage of a surprise performance includes the spontaneity and relative openness — away from the presence of authority and the cramming influence of the classroom — of the reaction obtained. In this way we were making our position clear right from the start — allying ourselves with the pupils against authority. Only through this method could we hope to win the trust and confidence of the students.)

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

A short background illustration to the school:

During the last school year, after a Molotov Cocktail had burnt a hole in the door of the head's study; Pledger, the head, decided to ban boots in the school. This naturally drew an angry response particularly from the skinheads in the school, who are in the majority. Painted boot prints appeared around the school, on the floors, and ceiling; drawing of boots were chalked up on blackboards; finally Pledger was presented with a gigantic papier mache boot. Pledger was forced to climb down (or, possibly, he was dragged).

12.30 p.m. — the scene — a small square just outside the Magnus prison gates, where everyone comes out for lunch. About 50 boys are in the square. The play starts amidst cries of "Go back to Endell St.!", and is quickly terminated as some of the boys begin throwing stones (apparently earlier that day the Endell St.

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

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

"Get back into school", orders Sergeant Bill\* "They're allowed out in lunch-break. Why should they get back inside?", asks guerilla Nick. "Because I said so." "Do you make the laws?" "No, I interpret them." "Maybe you bend them a little to suit your own ideas." Sergeant Bill resumes ordering the boys about. As Nick is moving off, Bill hurries after him and, stopping him, says, "Look here, young Barabas, if ever I see you again I'll pull off your beard and cut off your hair, you fucking long-haired wierdo." Nick, not realising the trick, replies, "What? Did you call me a fucking long-haired wierdo?" Bill puts on an act of being shocked. "Are you calling me names?"

Are you calling me names?", and promptly arrests him. Inside, Nick is charged with "Insulting words", and Bill threatens that next time he'll be "dropped" so that he'll be "in no fit state to appear in court the next day."

Meanwhile the kids and the

guerillas are all threatened with being nicked for obstruction and as a result decide to move off from the square to a park up the hill, where they sit around in small groups chatting together. A pig comes into the park, and referring to guerilla Michael, asks aggressively, "Do you want to grow up to be like them — filthy, long-haired, unemployed. .?" Silence. Michael asks them, "Well, would you prefer to be like him or like me?" "LIKE YOU!" comes the immediate reply. Exit one angry pig, no doubt terrified of this new and sudden alliance between skinheads and long-haired revolutionaries.

At the same time, outside the park a pig ignores an old man who threatens to punch guerilla Pete in the nose, but instead arrests Pete. As he's led away guerilla Neil walks up to the aforementioned pig and asks politely why Pete is being arrested. The pig politely says that he can't say anything at the moment. The 3 turn down an alley-way, followed at a distance of about fifteen yards, by about 40 boys. The pig then turns round and tells Neil to "clear off." Neil then turns to the crowd — "Right, let's go. There's nothing we can do." Suddenly, the alley-ways full of pigs, squealing and scuttling back and forth, some jumping out of ground floor windows, whilst bodies are crushed as gates across the alley are slammed shut. Possibly they thought it was a revenge attack for the victims of the Endell St. bust. A pig rushes towards Neil, who has the longest hair of us all, shouting "I'll get

him!", grabs him and, calling him such things as "Fucking hippie" and "Bastard", punches him hard in the head and back, and literally drags him by his hair into the station, where he is charged with "Violence in the pig-sty." Inside the charger room swear-words are flowing as thick as Sergeant Bill. One cop comes in and shouts "Fucking shithouse" (Neil was inclined to agree). All this was quite clearly the result of the atmosphere of "national anti-hippie month", which arose out of the squats and subsequent busts at Piccadilly and Endell St.

Outside boys are booing and swearing at the pigs and they seem almost prepared to storm the station. Some are hurling themselves bodily against the gates. Michael, who has just been literally kicked out of the alley-way is joined by guerilla Steve and they decide to leave. Having crossed the road, they are just about to make their way to St. Pancras when they hear a shout behind them. They turn round, are grabbed and arrested without caution. Whilst being led into the station, 14 year-old boys are rushing up behind the pigs and punching them in the back. Inside they are both charged with "obstruction" (Pete had been charged with "insulting words"). After almost two hours in the cells we are taken to courts and bail of £200 is granted on condition we do not partake in any sort of propaganda (Magistrate Beaumont made the word "propaganda" sound obscene.) Only Pete is refused bail, because, says Beaumont, he might "do it again" than any of the others). Beaumont also (although he has no right to) refuses Neil legal aid on the grounds of not wanting "to waste the tax-payers money". However, he does grant us all phone calls. BUT when we return to our cells the pigs refuse us our rights. Whilst someone appears in court as a surety for Michael we are all quickly hustled out the back into the pig van bound for Ashford Remand Centre (or sunny Ashford Holiday Camp, as the ex-residents like to call it.)

Ashford — a concrete image for society. The jackboot, the truncheons, the bars, the rolls of barbed wire on top of the 40 ft. high electrified double fencing — are all screaming out the admittance of Their failure to exterminate our minds. Some people are there for 6 months — without trial — remanded without bail. Six months rotting away in the corridors of terror, knowing that if you are not beaten to death you'll be bored to death. Six months. Without trial. And they say you are "innocent until proven guilty". One day was enough for us — and Pete managed to survive the 6 days in Brixton. No doubt some of us will return one day — if only to be there when freedom, buried alive in the dungeons for so many years, rises up, shatters the walls and gates, smashes the locks, burns down the factories of pain and fear and turns them into museums of ancient tyranny.



\*All names of pigs have been changed to protect the innocent from the laws of libel.





# SCHOOL ATROCITIES:

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

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

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

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

Like — the master whose 'record' was 150 detentions a week and who kept trying to improve it.

Like — the entire school system.



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

Once a week we go rowing. Mr. Copping, who takes us rowing, likes us to do as we are told. He says we mustn't ever ask why or he'll send us to the headmaster. (I'm afraid of the headmaster.) Once he took us out when it was snowing and we couldn't row because the Thames was too rough. Instead, he said, we must go on a run. So we changed to our shorts and shirts and set off through the snow, which stung our faces. It was very cold. We ran through the streets and mud, and over bridges for a long time. We got colder and colder. But it was all right. Only one boy got chilblains and only eight of us were absent the next day.

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

Vivian Berger



JOHN,



## SMOKING

### Frensham Heights Progressive (?) Mixed Boarding/Day School

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

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

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

- (i) a letter sent to their parents informing them of their child's grave fall from grace.
- (ii) Four weeks gated.
- (iii) For this time, the culprit, during all breaks (except half an hour for lunch) would have to sit in a room, supervised, silent and working, i.e. no free time.
- (iv) Report to the housemaster/housemistress at 7 p.m. for bed.
- (v) At weekends, report to the master on duty every half hour, and only allowed to be in the ball room, lounge, drawing room or library.
- (vi) At weekends, do six hours of manual labour — two hours on Saturday afternoon, two hours on Sunday morning and two on Sunday afternoon.

After three days, there were twenty people on THE PUNISHMENT! and regular additions every day thereafter. The press was tipped off and rude letters went back and forth by homing pigeon (GPO strike). Six months went by. Now there is a super little room for sixth-formers and others to secretly smoke in, and people now smoke everywhere. The rules have completely lapsed. Now heads are bent together discussing what can be done to stop this disgusting habit in the lower forms. So

1969 — a West London Direct Grant school.

(i) long haired sixth former strikes with spray can, doesn't go to history lessons.

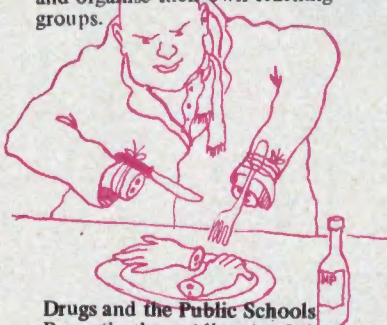
Permanent suspension.  
(ii) Cambridge Scholarship boy — smoking on school premises — expulsion as undesirable element. Forbidden from school vicinity, not allowed to take A levels for Cambridge.

(iii) long haired sixth former disappears for a week.

Permanent suspension.  
Jim Morrison.

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

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



### Drugs and the Public Schools

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

One of these things is the taking of cough mixtures such as Fensil in great quantities. These potions are drunk a bottle at a time for the sake of the small buzz they give the users, who for the most part do not know how much harm they are doing to themselves.

They do this perhaps because they see that it is now becoming more fashionable than ever to be a drug user and because their opportunities for obtaining hash are incredibly few and far between for them in their sheltered positions. When I returned to my old school on a visit within one hour at least five people approached me attempting to score and on being disappointed asked for transport to a distant chemist's with the intention of buying cough-mixture and caffeine tablets.

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

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

Andrew Clarke — old Melburian.



I actually enjoyed school. To me, school was a second home. Somewhere safe and relaxing which is strange for a place which is geared to training people for the rigours of the rat race. My school was comprehensive for my last two years but this didn't affect the social scale in any way and a happy medium was struck. I came initially from a secondary school which joined with another secondary one, the pupils of which had always seemed to us more intelligent, but afterwards it was clear that we were of equal intelligence.

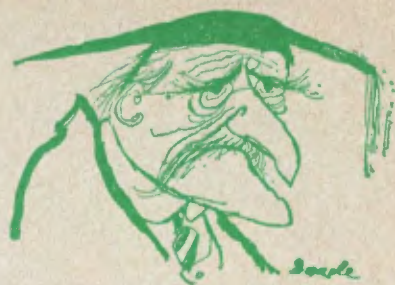
My school was enjoyable because I was allowed to wear my hair halfway down my back, and then because it was long, I was treated like a harmless freak and allowed to do virtually as I wished. As nearly everyone wore a uniform, and I wore jumpers jeans and bumper boots, I stood out in the morning assemblies. I eventually refused to attend these assemblies on the grounds that I was an agnostic and should not be pumped with Christianity every day.

My last year involved only art, which I did all day long instead of studying metalwork, maths, english and technical drawing, which were the subjects I was supposed to be doing. I started at 10.30 instead of 9 and finished at 5 instead of 4. Officially I was absent for 6 months because no one marked me present.

This freedom of choice is what all 6th forms should be allowed. The school should know that they will study because they have stayed on. What is wrong with continuous lessons and pupils entering or leaving when they want to? My school days were as varied as I wanted them to be. I did light shows, posters, models. This form of teaching expands your mind to the limit of what you can take in and understand. Remember that no school likes expelling pupils, and would preferably reach a compromise, so just back down a little sometimes. A hand hold is better than no hold; with a helping hand you can always lift yourself higher. Robb Douglas.



# HEADMASTER OF THE YEAR



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

About two years ago, I and some other people decided to try to found an ARTS Lab in Bradford, and indeed put an advert in IT to publicise this. We found support at the Regional College of Art, where Albert Hunt and Jeff Nuttall offered to help, and at the University, where Chris Parr, the Fellow in Drama, told us that he had been thinking in similar terms for some while. After this encouraging start, we managed to get some excellent publicity in the local paper, and began trying to find premises.

I was soon called to see the headmaster, Mr. Robinson, renowned as an autocrat. Between him and I there had for long been no love lost, particularly at this time, as he had, a short while previously, told me that I was under suspicion of drug-taking (this due to a supposed overheard conversation concerning my supposed boasting about this to a group of schoolgirls. The fact that I knew no chicks from the school mentioned did not affect his beliefs, and he refused to tell anyone anything about the supposed source of his 'information'). When I saw him after the publication of the newspaper article, he immediately began a personal attack on me, telling me why *he* would not have picked me (as if artists in any

field can be picked) to run an Arts Lab — too young (16), too immature, lacking in sufficient character, etc., and mentioned someone he *would* pick — his Head Boy (sic), good at sports, 3 A-levels, etc., and almost totally devoid of imagination. KDR (as known) then moved on, mentioning the hippie/drugs/sex ethos upon which Arts Labs, as he saw them, were based, and going on to talk about Leeds Arts Lab (which had just nailed a figure of Christ to a cross on Otley Moor — see one of last years ITs). He said, as he reiterated during assembly the next day that he had heard of a commune connected with Leeds Arts Lab, where someone he knew of had entered into a homosexual marriage. Also, as there was a commune associated with the Arts Lab in Leeds, that meant that Geoff Wood, who ran the Lab, was a Communist, thus I was a Communist (totally untrue, in my case anyway, but who ever heard of anyone in a commune becoming a Communist?). It was then stated that, in order to make it plain that the school was in no way supporting the Bradford Arts Lab proposal, the School Arts Magazine (an editorially free magazine which I was at that time editing) would be censored and that two shows I was running at that time (a satirical/farcical revue and a poetry/music festival) would also be censored, if not banned outright. During the following weeks several public attacks

were made on me and the Arts Lab, including the statement that KDR would try and prevent any money being given to the Arts Lab by any public body. A revealing insight into his mentality at this time is given by his reaction to the Senior Debating Society opposing 22-3 the motion that 'This House Believes Bradford Grammar School Provides A Good Education'. He gave a public lecture on the deplorable slackening of discipline and loss of control by headmasters in schools, the terrible and useless 'experiment' of school councils, culminating (again) in public attacks on several people, myself included, some of whom had left the school previously, and another attack on the Arts Lab & Geoff Wood. In a 'discussion', after the lecture KDR stated that he did not consider an elected body was any valid form of control for any organisation, as it was 'too easily influenced by outside pressures' and too easily taken over by 'undesirable elements'. After I had asked a few very pertinent questions KDR said to me 'Shut up, you've said enough', and then proceeded to ignore me.

None the less enthusiastic, we pushed on with the proposal, getting the local Sixth Form Union to promise monetary and other help (a momentous feat as anyone having had dealings with the average SFU knows), even though KDR did his best to stop us. Then, we finally found some good,

cheap premises. The day after Chris Parr and I had looked at them, I had to see the headmaster. He told me that I was a 'Corrupting & subversive influence' & that I was suspended until further notice. KDR saw my father that afternoon, & so far poisoned his mind against me & the Arts Lab that when I tired of trying to correct his impressions of the 'underground' (e.g. he 'knew' that underground films were films banned by the Obscene Publications Act) he knocked me through two rooms. Having been stopped by my mother, he sat me down and lectured me on the evils of the hippie underworld, finally telling me that I could only return to school if I severed all connections with the Arts Lab and the 'underground'. As my only function was to summon public support for the Lab, going 'underground' would have been useless. So, I split for London two days later.

Thus, as you see, public acknowledgement is due Headmaster K.D. Robinson for ridding Bradford of a 'corrupting and subversive influence', and for ensuring that such a filthy hippie conspiracy as an Arts Lab was not and possibly never will be founded in Bradford.

T.I. Bradford

'But man, the Corps is teaching you to kill: I mean, y'know, guns and all that — it's not peaceful man, you gotta quit'. He went off muttering something about Che still living, which I thought was rather funny having just read Guevara's book on guerilla warfare — but let's not quibble about this. . . I was left, however, wondering whether I was in fact being taught to murder, I'll elucidate.

It all began in the 5th form, when there was a choice of afternoon activities — either join the army/air-force Cadet Corps, or do Voluntary Service. The latter consisted of helping in a local hospital, teaching immigrant kids English, doing odd jobs for old folks, or helping around in the school — all very admirable, but less than a third of it's members felt any vocation or even desire to help — to the rest it was just a skive out of the rigours of polishing boots, pressing uniforms and being screamed at. Anyway, most of my friends were joining the Corps, which offered such delights as the chance to ride on tanks and fire machine guns with REAL bullets, all of which was much more exciting. The situation was eloquently assessed by someone who said, 'The heroes join the

## British Hitler Jugens

Corps and the wets do V.S'. So I became a hero.

That was over two years ago: now with less than three months before I leave school, what do I think about it? (The official purpose of the Combined Cadet Force is to foster and increase qualities in young men such as leadership, initiative, discipline and self-confidence, in order to ensure a supply of potential officer material in both peace and war.) Many of my friends, and no doubt many reading this, have declared themselves to be pacifists and would refuse on principle to fight in a war. However this is because we are in a time of peace — similar views were expressed during the 1930's — but once war comes, thoughts turn to protecting the way of life we are accustomed to. This is Capitalism — not an ideal system, but better than any other because of the high degree of individual liberty afforded, combined with the advantages of a technological society. After

all, even OZ is distributed on a capitalist basis. Faced with the possibility of the destruction of their mode of living, even the most ardent Dove would demonstrate to some extent the basic instinct of self-preservation and aggression which exists in all of us — but it should be noted that the purpose of an army is in fact to preserve peace, not promote war.

Far from, as some critics have claimed, creating automative morpions, the Cadet Corps increases the individual qualities of those in it — but communally. It's the old concept of Collective Individualism. This is achieved by encouraging the senior members to organise it — it's not too taxing, and it gives one a chance to see what management is like — even if the experience will only be employed in arranging Sunday afternoon demos down at the local fascist embassy.

A tremendous insight into teaching is obtained from the giving of 20 minute lessons — I

found that many of my humanitarian theories on the subject were dashed by the need to enforce order.

But most important was the fun we got out of it. We had a big laugh. Some aspects of the Corps were ridiculous — like the annual inspection where the entire company would march past to the strains of a ludicrous school band, while the headmaster and various Whitehall top-brass padded around with beaming expressions on their faces. There was a time when we planned to fuck the whole thing up (that expression is included in order to reassure the regular readers of OZ that their magazine has not in fact been taken over by capitalist imperialist neo-fascist right-wing anti-party decadent lickspittle hyenas, and still retains some of the old standards for which those at Princedale Road have for so long striven), but when it came to it, we just couldn't bring ourselves to give our cunningly prepared answer to the inspecting officer's question of whether we liked being in the Corps. And somehow we never quite persuaded the band to break into a speeded-up version of Colonel Bogey. But it was still good fun.

Alex Darcy.



I stand defenceless before all those I hammered so bitterly last year for their complete apathy. Go on—say you told me so. I know you did and I'm too bored with the whole set-up to start arguing about it again. Let's face it, the SAU (like Communism, Anarchism, you name it) can only ever be another phase you go through, unless you're prepared to suffer for it. We weren't.

Oh yes, we believed in it all right. In fact, we devoted a considerable amount of time and energy to the cause. All that spreading of the word, for a start—we're still using those damn leaflets for toilet paper—plugging the good old 8 aims: free speech, abolition of uniform, corporal punishment and the exam system, representation on a school council etc. (incidentally, I still agree with them). Convert success rate was about 1 in 200, and that's only the people we actually thought worth bothering with at all. Some pledged firm support but were never seen again, and of the rest, those that didn't spit on us on sight had a great time arguing the thing out with us, having absolutely no intention of changing their opinions, whatever we should say. Actually we had a hell of a good time. We came across some of the weirdest people and held some of the most fascinating cross-purpose conversations.

Our meetings—they were innumerable—were a good laugh too. We used to get really carried away with plans for sit-ins and besieging headmasters in their studies; release refused until our proposals were accepted. Or suggestions like refusing to wear uniform or cut hair as a protest against petty regulations. The whole thing usually tended to develop into a mass of independent conversations which had no bearing on the SAU at all, including chat-ups—after all, some people only came for the talent. About the only constructive plans we ever made were when to hold the next meeting

# “Please sir, may i be excused?”

## Schools Action Union miscarriage

and how to raise the money for another leaflet. On one glorious occasion we did ring up a notorious master from a local school asking that he discuss his excessive use of corporal punishment. We were delighted when he (i) refused to discuss the matter over the phone; (ii) refused to make an appointment to receive a delegation, and finally said there was no problem at all and hung up. 10 points to us—the cowardly, fascist bastard.

But when it came to the real thing—dead end. We may have condemned others' apathy as the enemy of the cause, but fundamentally, it was our own inadequacy. We could talk, threaten, all right, but we weren't really prepared to act on it. We didn't have one martyr among us—all the blood and thunder guys were those who'd last seen the inside of a school five years back. It was easy to leave the meetings full of enthusiasm, prepared to face anything for our rights, but once back in the very sober atmosphere of school we'd find ourselves holding back. Although at first we kidded ourselves that what we needed, before we could achieve anything, was more support behind us, it didn't take long to discover that even a mass revolt has ring-leaders

to be victimised, and who were going to be the ring-leaders? It's all very well to try and break down the establishment, but while it's still there you want to keep in on it. Refusing to wear school uniform is hardly likely to induce the headmaster to abolish it. He'll just chuck you out. More subtle methods, like asking the prefects to consider your proposal will be met by the polite confession that they are only subordinate to the headmaster, who, in turn, will confess his own subordination to the board of governors; and if you go to them, they'll decide that a pupil with the ability, energy and courage to get that far must definitely be considered a threat. When the next possible excuse comes up, THEY'll chuck you out, to protect the others from corruption. You're banging your head against a brick wall.

The real atmosphere of our little group was well demonstrated by the way attendance of meetings fell off when exams came round. It's all good fun when you've got nothing to lose—quite a good 4th form occupation—but those doing their GCE suddenly discover who they'd really rather have on their side when it comes to the crunch. Until exams are abolished you might as well devote your energies

to passing them. It's so much simpler to hang on and toe the line for a couple more years and get your references. After all the fate of the guys at the top hasn't been too encouraging in the revolutionary spirit. One of the leaders of the organisation was rejected by Warwick Univ., although “an academically brilliant applicant” because of his ties with the SAU. And what did the movement do for him?

So enthusiasm finally flagged. After some long time of discussing but making no progress and realising that we lacked the dedication ever to make any sort of progress, we found the novelty of the thing wearing off. Subsequently the effort of justifying the cause to opposition became increasingly tiring. There's a limit to how long you're prepared to stand up and argue about something that, in practice, is getting you frankly nowhere. People would bring it up as the only topic of conversation they thought we were interested in, simply because we'd once, in an enthusiastic moment, stuffed one of those leaflets under their noses. And it would be the same old set of arguments every time, until we'd start running every time someone mentioned the blasted SAU. Sometimes you'd get to the stage where you couldn't remember why you supported the 8 aims anyway, and have to call on some enthusiastic and eloquent SAUer to remind you. We just got pissed off with the whole thing.

But this wasn't really meant to be an anti-advertisement. Anyone who wants to have a go at revolution has my whole-hearted sympathy, but for God's sake don't expect me to do anything about it. As far as I know, they're still going strong up top—the last we heard from them was a letter from each half of the newly split SAU each telling us they were the real one and don't listen to the other lot.

Yeah well—don't get burnt.

TRUDI

## Babes in Arms

We go to the City of London School in Blackfriars. It's a public school, and like many public schools in this country it houses a “Combined Cadet Force”, an organisation designed to induce school children to take a career in one of the armed forces. We hate it.

Between the third and sixth years, it's virtually compulsory for pupils to join the C.C.F. In other words, for three years of our lives, several hours a week and much of our own free time, we have to play soldiers. We have to carry rifles (2nd World War .303s), we have to parade in front of local factory workers who jeer and laugh at us, we have to march, polish buttons on our uniforms, mirror-shine our steel-shod “bovva” boots, study elementary battle tactics, salute our superior officers (often sixth-formers who have gained “promotion”) and generally lick arse and “do-as-we-are-told”. Some of us are only thirteen years old, and often the rifles are taller than we are.

Once a term we are required to go to two day camps based at military establishments away from the school. Here we learn how to kill more efficiently, with blank cartridges and bren guns, as well



as practising battle manoeuvres and the like. Last camp, one of our friends had his head shaved closer than a skinhead. The officers at the camp thought that his hair was “too long”. (Most of us stuff our hair up into our caps to avoid detection, but this isn't always effective. The required length of hair is on a line level with the middle of our ears, and it must never touch the collar.) The food at these camps is absolutely dreadful. Mostly it's dehydrated crap, rationed in strict portions.

Opposition to joining the C.C.F. at our school is systematically crushed. Once you have joined, your name and particulars are filed at the Ministry of Defence, whose permission has to be obtained before you can leave. Only a minute proportion of fellow pupils known to us in the C.C.F. would stay if they had the choice. Gradually, though, it's dawning on us that we are being trained merely to provide cannon fodder for the next generation of mindless generals. It's interesting to note that the only form of warfare in which we have never been instructed is guerrilla fighting. Perhaps we will have to learn that for ourselves.

Cary



# Weekend dropout

There's a certain satisfaction in having one's future nicely tied up and sealed off so that you can leave it and wallow in total abandon from Friday night to Monday morning and still have the deep-down security of knowing it's there. Cliche it may be, but someday the genuine, full-time, happy hippie has got to sit up and think—where is he going to be in another 10, 20 years? Bumming around with the same old bums? doing the same odd half-rate jobs to earn his bread? At least the part-timer will have had his career all mapped out for him, if he should ever need it. But then what's so great about that if it means you've got to waste the most active years of your life cooped up in a desk, cramming in a load of bullshit which rarely has any bearing on the future for which it is qualifying you, and which you instantly dismiss from memory after the next exam. Obviously, to do a professional job preliminary study is necessary, but this hardly justifies four years of scraping away in Latin Div. 3. The trouble is—the valuable and the interesting are so bogged down with the trivia that an awful lot of people aren't prepared to spend the time looking. And worse, education, school in particular, is made to feel not like an opportunity but like some sort of imprisonment.

It's supposed to be for the pupil's benefit, yet he's the one who's being shoved around—stuck in a uniform, made to cut his hair, like some sort of criminal. In fact, forcibly alienated from his contemporaries. Academic study should become a part of, not set apart from, social life, and since he's the one it's all in aid of, the pupil should be the one who makes the decision as to whether, what and when (in terms of the timetable) he learns, with the teacher not as task-master but as source of advice. And what you do in your lunch-hour is surely your own bloody business.

But, as for the unfortunate, fresh-faced, cropped-headed victim of the so-called "system"—the cramping routine, authority in the form of parent or teacher constantly hovering threateningly in the background—much as he condemns it all, he would be lost without it. For a start, there are its obvious material benefits (think who's really paying for the underground magazines, the music, the velvet trousers and, ironically enough, the shit). Besides this, there is the emotional dependence. Although he may loathe the idea of "security", inwardly he's glad of that ready-made future in case anything should go wrong with the free life. The routine may be depressingly dull, but it can't let you down. Blowing your mind on a sunny day, not knowing where or who you are, or caring anyhow, can be great fun. It can also send you round the bend. What happens when you come down with a blinding headache, throwing-up uncontrollably, and there's no one sufficiently tied to you to care what happens to you? At least the weekend drop-out can go home to Mummy with her clean sheets and her comfort. And there's always school on Monday to remind you exactly who you are, preventing

you from digging in too deep to get out.

But then, it's easy enough to get the worst, not the best, of both worlds. After all, when Mummy finds out why you're spewing she'll switch off the loving-kindness. And like with any other sort of double life, with either side you have to play down the element of the other in you, or face possible rejection by both. The problems are infinite when they start to clash. Like when the school starts keeping tabs on you and finds your friends got busted last week. Or someone's just handing round the joint and your parents come home early. And there's the other way round, when you have to avoid meeting people who just assumed you were five years older and a bum, when you're wearing your school blazer. OK, so you should let people know initially just where you stand and let them accept you for what you are. Unfortunately a hell of a lot of people aren't prepared to accept you for what you are. One half would probably disinherit you and the other half walk over you. And anyhow does that "what you really are" really shed any more light on what you really are than what you would have appeared anyhow? You are only what they think you are. **G B**

## I Wanna be free

**One Side of Freedom**  
This society, although labelled permissive (by society itself) is not free enough to permit man to revert to his natural instincts in public. This ruling does not extend as far as animals.

Freedom of sexual expression in public has many tight restrictions. One may kiss in certain places but only fuck in a few places at certain times. Surely this idea is as pretentious and puritanical as the old forms of censorship. Its purpose is to prevent corruption and protect the individual from disturbing or immoral sights. This is ironical in itself and only made to satisfy the so-called moral conscience of society. Everyone knows what



copulation is. Animals perform the act everyday in public, so why not let humans have the same freedom if they wish it. Surely we should have the right to make the choice. If the act disturbs some, they do not have to watch and if they want to why not?

The act of making love is beautiful and natural and should be admired.

The Danish Sex Fair was the first step on the way to sexual freedom although some saw this as just an excuse for open pornography. If pornography is limited to sexual behaviour, then I think there should be no censorship of it at all. Why so many restrictions on natural behaviour? Were you born to be free?

Free from the system, free from tradition. If you were you are one of the minority and you are bloody lucky but the rest of you, what about you? This society is closing in on you and taking you over. It is a safe bet that you obey someone who is your equal but holds a higher position than you. Why not start a freedom campaign in your area now and just do as you wish whenever you feel like pissing in the street then do it: if you feel like dancing at a funeral, then go ahead and do it. Live for the moment and not the future. Be free and tread on anyone who stands in your way. Your true identity is sure to come to the surface. Don't become Mr. and Mrs. Average. Live a little before it's too late. **Anne**

Although we are living in a so-called permissive society, there are many things natural to human instinct that are prohibited in public. Signs in many places proclaim "PETTING PROHIBITED", byelaws to parks and woodlands say that people caught fucking will be prosecuted. University and college authorities rule that you cannot visit the opposite sex after ten-thirty p.m. in the belief that thus fucking cannot happen between the magical hours of ten-thirty and eight o'clock and that nobody fucks at any other time. People may not even piss in any place vaguely public without fear of being arrested for exposing themselves and being labelled as sex-fiends.

Sun-bathing naked on your own property is prohibited, as this so-called immoral sight may blow a few minds. Those that do are criticised and rejected by narrow-minded inhibited sods as being perverted.

The annoying thing about this is that this ruling does not extend to domestic animals, who may fuck when and where they want to without anyone saying fuckall. Dogs pissing on lamp-posts is becoming an increasingly common sight. People in fact seem to enjoy sitting in the park letting their animals do as they please. Animals have large amounts of offspring but do not have to worry about them being branded as bastards. Animals it seems have got a good thing going; they are protected and left to do what they want. Why can't this sexual freedom be extended to us, after all we're only animals!

**Roger Vartoukian**

## RUPERT FINDS GIPSY GRANNY



1 "It looks just like a ball to me,"  
"Open it and see."

## RUPERT'S WAY BARRED



2 Then Rupert starts to push and peep,  
But finds the hole is much too deep.

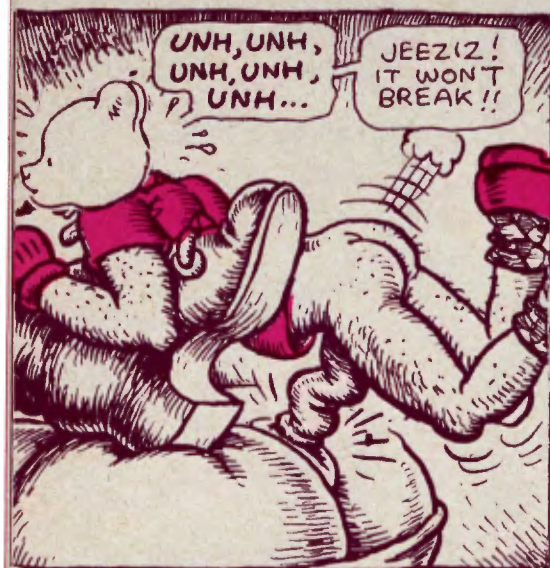
## RUPERT IS EAGER TO PLAY



3 "Oh my, it felt as light as fluff!  
It's full of magic, sure enough!"

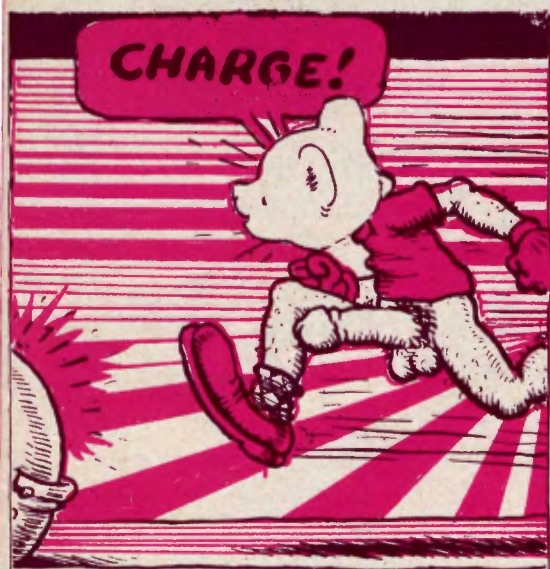


## RUPERT BECOMES ANXIOUS



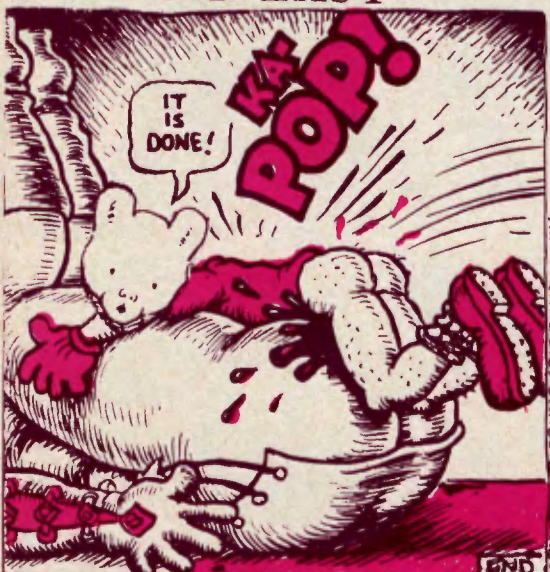
4 Although he tries, and tries again,  
He cannot reach the end.

## RUPERT SPEEDS IN



5 "Oh good, that door is open wide,"  
Pants Rupert, as he runs inside.

## RUPERT SUCCEEDS AT LAST



6 Just then he slips, and down he slides,  
To where dark water glints and glides.

# Xam blues

About the third week in August, I received the same unfeeling piece of paper that I have received with monotonous regularity on two other occasions for the past three years—the dreaded results! As usual, they were not brilliant. They caused the same emotional distress for both me and those round me. "Friends" and other enemies asked with a smirk about my results and unhappily I had to be truthful as nobody can escape the merciless table of results that the local press prints smugly every Friday as they reach the colleges. For some parents, there is nothing more soul-destroying than the public exposure of their child's bad exam. results.

Let us "examine" this peculiar system of selection that has prevailed and blindly passed on, occasionally questioned and hardly ever changed, for decades. Employers who experiment with their products accept the principle of examinations without experiment on the understanding that it is not ethical to interfere with the present atrocious way in which their potential employees are trained.

Examinations are a primitive method of recording a tiny, often irrelevant, section of the behaviour of an individual under bizarre conditions. Those who evaluate the behaviour are retained as it is relatively easy for anyone to get a holiday job checking examination papers. As for the actual examiner, the marker of the paper, he—being more or less human—is incapable of consistently good and fair judgement as he has to rush through twelve hours per day, often reading the same information thousands of times. He is inclined to become irritable; it is not good for an old man or old woman (that's what they are, usually) to do so much concentrated work for such a long period. The work becomes tedious and the last few hundred papers he marks reflect this. There was a case of some poor old examiner, having so little time that he marked papers on the way to work on a crowded tube train. Despite everything, I pity examiners—their s is a hard lot, with almost unbelievable mental pressure.

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

Examination results only apply to actually gaining a job for a probationary period. The rest depends upon ability at the job. Only in a few cases can initial incompetence be considered. These are those in which human life is involved, e.g. the medical

profession and to a certain extent industrial work (safety measures, the nine types of industrial pollution, etc.)

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

Having an examination system in colleges and schools gives the HIGHER AUTHORITIES (whoever they may be) a false air of respectability. However, exams, taken at their basic level stink of the Institution and are a kind of unconscious synthetic Third Degree of the intellect and emotion.

There is a more palatable way used in many establishments, whereby clearly defined topics are set to be completed in the not too-distant future. Unfortunately these are only secondary to exams, although they are a far better usage of a person's ability.

This year, I was subjected to "A" level, and it rejected me. I feel no conscience about it. I knew the stuff (I did, really!) and I still remember most of it. I treat it as a battle between me and the examiner's state of mind at the time he marked my paper. I questioned one result by letter to the Board asking them to check the paper, but I don't think they did. I received a letter from them saying they were sorry and all that, but I'll have to try harder next time blah blah blah... This piece of literature may give the impression of someone so bound up in himself that it seems worth telling the world about even the most trivial things. Maybe it is, but the education system in general and the examination boards in particular have given me a bad time, especially these past few years and I daresay I've given them a few laughs. Seriously, many lives have been ruined and many parents' dreams have been crushed because they have been made to suit the balance instead of what they really want to do.

I don't forgive them for that.  
Alan Clayton

## Rupert dancing

Every now and again something really great happens, like the Roundhouse, (before it became commercialised) free concerts in Hyde Park and Project Free London. You all know what they are, and they are different for every-

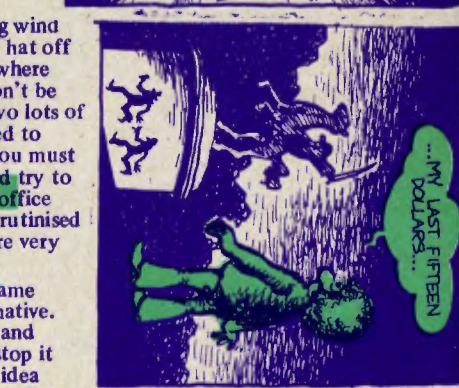
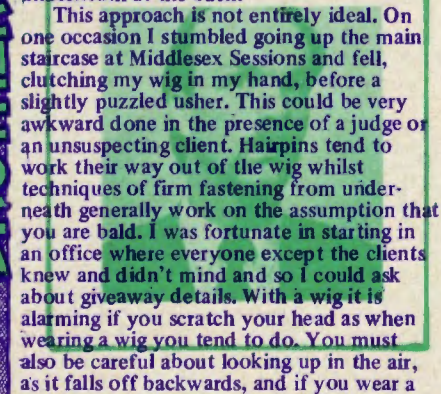
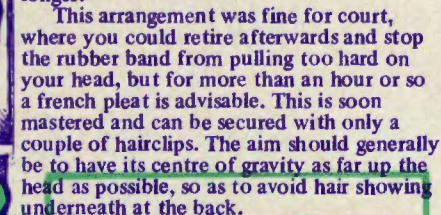
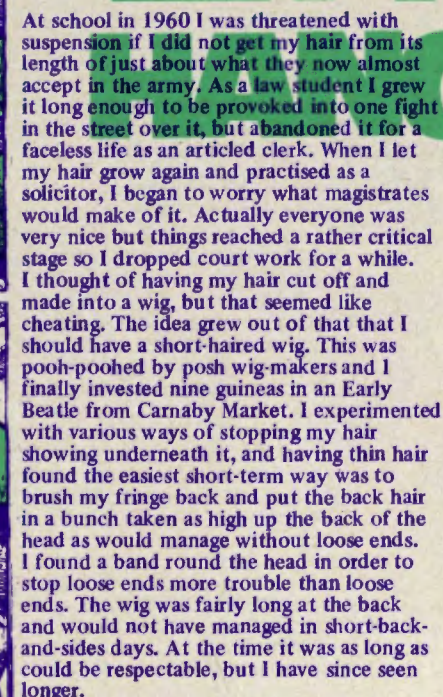
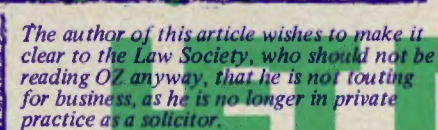
one. Rupert Dancing is another daisy in the fields of the Underground. It started at Implosion, when people just linked arms and flew around the Roundhouse in multi-coloured ribbons. Everyone thought it was such a groove that a Rupert Dancing (as Jeff Dexter called it) meeting was danced in Hyde Park. All the Rupert people tripped gaily down to the cockpit one blank, grey afternoon. When about 40 people had arrived, the dancing began and we danced in and out of the Serpentine, around trees and people. The numbers grew and about seventy people Rupert danced their way towards Marble Arch, where we decided with all our happiness and love that we'd levitate the Arch. So we sat down with guitars and so on, and played, sang and danced (to the amazement of the tourists) and managed to push Marble Arch forward five inches. We then danced down Oxford Street and through both floors of a clothing shop which still shines from the experience. Having danced our way to Piccadilly, we all washed in the fountain and baptised the Rupert Bear spirit. In Trafalgar Square, we danced around the fuzzi, Nelson's Column and a Christmas tree. We split up, promising to meet again, which we have, and will do so again.

Let's hope for many more scenes like this.  
Ring up the Rupert people and talk to them—about anything.

Viv Seeger







hat to stop it blowing off in a strong wind you must be careful not to take the hat off too abruptly. If you want to work where people do not know your secret, don't be interviewed on a very hot day, as two lots of hair create a lot of heat, and get used to wearing the wig well beforehand. You must always remember your disability and try to get into a more impersonal type of office where you are not so likely to be scrutinised at close quarters. Actually people are very unobservant, especially men.

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

If, as I did, you wish to make a point and show your hair occasionally in a professional capacity, you must obviously be prepared for difficulties. In the early days some clients assumed that because I looked like them I was a crooked solicitor, but after an initial sharp reaction from me they soon got over this. Others who were recommended to me after I had decided to give up for the time being, even asked me to go ahead, with hair, just to show the magistrate. I was pleased but felt bound not to. Magistrates are untrustworthy at the best of times and to flaunt their prejudices in their faces is not the way to see impartial justice at its best. When I got my wig I suddenly found a strange reaction from Release. Caroline Coon was reported to have decided that it was a bad idea even without seeing the effect. Release cases unaccountably went to solicitors other than the one I was working for. One thing however has impressed me, and that is that the majority of people, if you hold an intelligent conversation with them, accept you long-haired. The trouble is getting them to stay around that long.

Apart from getting a job, it relieves paranoia to walk around occasionally without old men complaining that they fought for you in a war against dictatorship, and here you ungratefully are not doing what they are trying to dictate. After a while, however, you begin to feel very schizophrenic, and it does not make for an easy life generally. As long as you know you will not be fully accepted by society as you really are you cannot get sucked into the system. You live something like a double agent, and this produces an unavoidable strain, but as with a spy the good you can do is potentially greater than a whole army attacking from the outside. *David R. Pedley*





"these bums...

you know,

blowing

up

the

campuses."

Richard Nixon



# HIGH SKOOL CONFIDENTIAL

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

## High School Students Unite

by Tom Lindsay

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

Hello Boys and Girls.

I am a 'High School Revolutionary'.

This is a book about 'High School Revolutionaries'.

There are lots of books like this about lots of people.

Most of them stink.

This one will probably stink too.

But I need the money.

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

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

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

I began to feel more. The 'in' crowd was hard as shit to make it in and I didn't make it, so I hung around with a lot of other guys in the same position. Wanting kicks but not making the top. All those guys and girls I hung around with were lonely and you could feel it. We were cool but somehow that didn't fill up everything. So I began to look around even more. I began to move with this one group of people at school. The 'beautiful people'. I became a goddam hippie.

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

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

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

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

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

We fought the dress code. We circulated petitions, a majority of kids wanted to change it, and so we went to the School Committee. They finally agreed but in their own bullshit way. They formed a Dress Code Committee (Mah fella Americans, after this brutal and senseless assassination tonight, I am forming a commission to study violence). So in the tradition of fine, upstanding, bullshit liberals we finally took a vote between four different dress codes (democracy of course). The first choice was no dress code, the second was almost no dress code—just prohibiting shorts,

curlers, and slacks for girls, the third was the same dress code, and fourth was a stricter dress code. When the votes came in a thousand kids out of fourteen hundred voted for the first two with the second getting the most of all. Eight people voted for a strict dress code. We had won. It was a good feeling. We had beaten the administration.

From there, *The Searcher* continued to come out, getting better all the time. We held a three-day hunger strike against the war and started a lot of programs around the draft. On April 26, 1968, when 200,000 kids stayed out of school in New York against the war, we in Wellesley succeeded in getting forty kids to stay out of school and march up to a teach-in at Wellesley College. The once quite, efficient system in Wellesley was fucking up, then the big bomb came.

In late May, the first three periods one day were cancelled in order to have a special program on poverty and racism. There were speakers, films, and a selection of pieces by black authors put on by the Boston Theatre Co. One of those pieces was a part of LeRoi Jones' play, *The Slave*. Jones doesn't talk to nice white liberals. There were a lot of 'fucks', 'shits', etc. in the play. After the play there were discussion groups—I didn't hear one kid complain about the swear words. But it wasn't the same for the racist adults of town. They had shit fits. Thirteen hundred people came out for a School Committee meeting. The school auditorium was packed. Every goddam right winger of the town was there, and they were out for blood. People got up to speak; back and forth it went, those for the program and those against it. The whole place was polarized. Good guys—bad guys: clap for good guys, boo for bad guys. The place was tense as shit. Then the editor of the official school paper, a Student Council member and Varsity letter winner, got up and said, 'The first time I heard the word fuck was when I was five years old and right here in Wellesley. And I know a lot of people who can't say a sentence without saying fuck in it.' That blew it. . . . If you think a thousand Russian Stalinists on the rampage is bad, this was really fucked up. The whole audience rose screaming 'Shut him up'. 'Get him out. Arrest him.' I think I heard 'Lynch him' in there too. The crowd was crazy, stark raving mad. Two cops came and arrested him and took him out. We were sitting there stunned with this raging audience behind us and a kid getting busted in front of us. To top it off, the vice principal got up and ripped the student dissenters up. For the next month the town was crazy, but the incident finally died away. I learned a lot out of it. For the first time I saw America revealed, and what I saw was frightening. Up until then it had been one principal or something, but now it was all these people. This was America—against me.

Shortly after that I moved to New York. I went to Brandeis High for my last year of high school (as well as school in general). Brandeis is an amazing school. Like, in New York they can't build schools right. Schools are either shitholes that are like used condoms that have been sitting around for a year, or so sterile they're like condoms straight out of the package, sterile like hospitals. Brandeis is 85 percent black and Puerto Rican. Quite a change from sterile people in Wellesley. Even though black schools have a reputation for being worse than suburban schools, Brandeis is very similar to Wellesley—with the same type of fucks running it, calling themselves administrators, teachers, guidance counsellors, etc. It is different in the sense that the school system cannot allow a majority of black and brown students to graduate and go on to college, while in white schools the majority of kids do go to college.

While in New York I also started working on the High School Independent Press Service (HIPS). HIPS is a press service for high school underground (news)papers. In the packets we sent out we had national high school news, articles, analysis, poems, cartoons, photos etc. I worked on that till January.

For the first three months of that year there was no school because of the teachers' strike. Kids and a few teachers opened their schools against the racist UFT strike. Kids started their own schools, and ran things in many schools. When the strike was finally over the UFT and the Board of Education decided that classes would be forty-five minutes longer and some holidays cut in order for the teachers to make up their pay. (Teachers ended up making more money for striking than if they had not gone on strike.) A lot of people all over the city, including high school students, denounced the settlement. The bit about the pay was



# Billy Bunter busts out

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

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

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

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

In early March, kids from HIPS, the *High School Free Press*, and the High School Student Union, got together and started talking about a spring offensive in the high schools. We wanted to really try and do something that would last when the demonstrations were over. One thing about New York schools is that it is easy to get kids to walk out or demonstrate or take any type of action. On a nice spring day it doesn't take much at all. As we saw with the forty-five-minute strike, kids went out of school and rioted, but a week later the same old fucked-up system was running and doing the same old shit. We wanted to organize. There are two ways you can hand out a leaflet. One is to let the leaflet speak for you, the second is to let the leaflet assist you in speaking yourself. You use the medium to get your message across, you talk to people. Talking to people is more likely to get your message across.

Too easily you can set yourself apart. To sit behind four walls and publish your opinions allows no contact with what is happening with people. SDS has a rhetoric about what's happening in this country but most of it doesn't mean anything because they have never talked to the people they theorize about. The whole thing is this—people who talk don't do shit (intellectuals, liberals, college revolutionaries, etc.). You have to find out what is happening, where people's heads are at. **YOU DON'T FOLLOW A THEORY—YOU LIVE ONE. YOU DON'T FOLLOW CHRIST—YOU ARE CHRIST. YOU DON'T FOLLOW MARX—YOU ARE MARX. YOU DON'T FOLLOW THE PEOPLE—YOU ARE THE PEOPLE.**

This we felt and believed. We got ourselves together. What we basically tried to do—and did in many cases—was to get kids to feel themselves as organizers. Just small groups of kids, maybe five to ten in each school and in thirty to forty of the city's eighty-nine public high schools. Building organizers and becoming one yourself is hard. You're brought up in this country not to relate to people or maybe just a small group of people. People lead alienated and lonely lives in America. Take a look at your parents those little old secretaries, etc. To build a life where you do more than comment on the weather, is hard. But it can be done.

To help us that spring we developed a ten-point program which we elaborated in the *High School Free Press* and in leaflets and demonstrations. The program was one of the best in the country. The *Free Press* was dynamite (It was also one of the

few working-class papers in the country; but not only working-class. It was middle-class, black, Puerto Rican, hippie, yippie, and in general everybody's paper.) And the leaflets were fantastic. But we weren't all that good. We had a lot of fuck-ups, we had a lot of bullshit. We were too centralized, often too elitist, and we didn't get stoned.

I moved out of my parents' house and into the High School Student Union office/apartment with a couple of other guys. Later more people (boys and girls) moved in. We formed a commune. The commune story is another trip in itself. I will say this about it: to be a revolutionary means more than developing revolutionary politics. It means also developing your emotions and the way you relate to people. The revolution means building yourself as a person, as a human being. If you have never gone through a communal experience, do it. But don't make the mistake of isolating your emotions from your politics, or your politics from your emotions. To be just political sucks. To be just emotional sucks. Everything must be together. You are one.

Our relations with the three black student groups in the city were very good. We related to them on a political and personal level. This didn't mean they became Toms or we became soul brothers. In many locals, leaders got together to talk about tactics, actions, what was happening, etc. In a couple of cases the High School Student Union started Black Student Union locals, and the Black Student Union started High School Student Union locals. On April 21, all four high school groups went on strike. Black, Puerto Rican, and white kids were out on the streets or taking over schools together. One day fifty kids were busted, black and white, and the Union bailed them all out.

Right now I'm out of high school and I'm out of high school organizing. Already high school seems like a long time ago. I don't have that feeling, that way of being, now that I'm out. I don't belong in the high school scene. Too many people don't belong in the high school scene that are there now. When you're faced with the frustrations of organizing and this high school kid comes up to you and says, 'We're trying to do something at our school, do you know anything that can help us?'—it's all too easy to start organizing high school kids. It's all too easy to organize kids who will listen to whatever you say because it's radical. (High school students who have offices with older Movement groups often end up with that group's type of politics.) The problem that's facing me and lots of other people is, what do you do after high school? I chose not to go on to college because it's bullshit—for my life. It's really scary at seventeen to try and live your life like you want to, with as little bullshit as possible. You're living your life *now*. Most people never do, they keep saying, 'Well, after college I'm going to fuck around,' but then they get jobs and, 'Well, after I retire I'm going to see the world, etc. Well, after I die I'm going to. . .'

I feel a need for a major change in this country (commonly called revolution). But how the hell do you make a revolution in America? Everybody's got his, 'After the revolution, we'll have. . .' But how do you get to after? I'm not really sure, but I have learned stuff through my high school experiences that will help me. I know that one of the greatest hang-ups people and organizers have is talking to people. They can talk rhetoric to you until your ears fall off, but they can't talk stuff that means something to people. You shouldn't be all that different talking to somebody you are organizing or talking to your girl friend or boy friend. That doesn't mean you tell workers you love them, but it means that you speak with the same honesty. (And vice versa. Don't tell a girl a big cool rap about yourself when you only want to sleep with her. Just ask her, 'Do you want to sleep with me?') You have to know who you are. You have to have an identity, a feeling about yourself. You have to be proud of yourself as a man or woman. Not only do black people have problems knowing where they're at, but white people grow up in this same fucked-up country and get fucked over too (in different ways). We have to cut the bullshit in our lives. We have to define our own reality. We are not part of Nixon's and the other top idiots' reality. Their reality is in Vietnam with 40,000 dead, their reality is in the black ghettos with twenty million hardly alive, their reality is in this country's high schools with passes to piss. Our reality is alive and we have to fight for it!



# Rehearse for t

YES FOLKS! NOW YOU CAN BE THE FIRST ON YOUR BLOCK TO EXPERIENCE THE ECOLOGICAL DISASTER.

WHY WAIT TILL 1980?

DON'T LET THE FUTURE TAKE YOU BY SURPRISE.

PREPARE NOW FOR THE END OF CIVILIZATION.

REHEARSE FOR THE APOCALYPSE. HERE ARE A FEW SUGGESTIONS:

Better start preparing your palette and stomach for the fare of the 80's:

- \* Mix detergent with everything you eat and drink. There's already quite a bit but there will be a lot more in the future.

- \* Learn how to digest grass and other common plants.

- \* Start fattening your dog, cat, parakeet and guppies for the main course of the future.

- \* Develop a taste for grubs and insects - your ancestors weren't too proud to lift a rock for their dinner.

- \* Practice starving.

- \* Every night before bedtime drink a glass of industrial and organic waste on the rocks (with mixer if you prefer).

Appreciating that most services and products will disappear over the next ten to twenty years, we suggest this little dry run:

- \* Turn off your gas

- \* Turn off your water

- \* Turn off your telephone

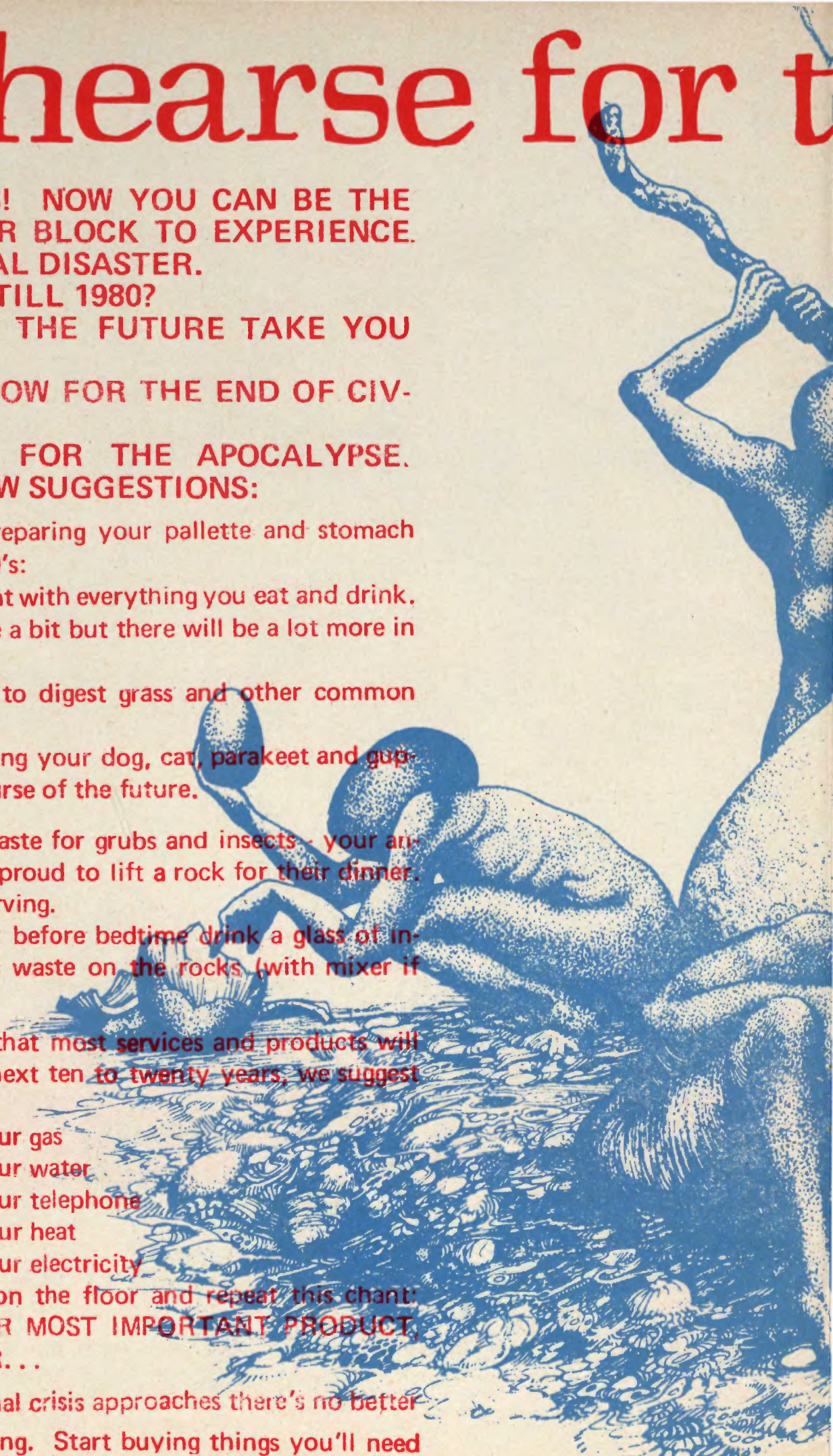
- \* Turn off your heat

- \* Turn off your electricity

- \* Sit naked on the floor and repeat this chant:

PROGRESS IS OUR MOST IMPORTANT PRODUCT,  
PROGRESS IS OUR...

And as the final crisis approaches there's no better time to start hoarding. Start buying things you'll need





# The Apocalypse

after the Fall on credit - after the collapse no one will bother with collecting debts.

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

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

\* Accustom yourself to human body odor.

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

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

\* Remember Victory Gardens? Plant your Survival Garden now!

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

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

\* Learn how to shoot a bow and arrow.

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

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

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

SO IN FACING THE WORLD OF TOMORROW  
REMEMBER: BUILD FOR THE FUTURE AND CON-  
TEMPLATE SUICIDE.



# BROWN SHOES DON'T MAKE IT

It was, at least for me and most of the people I know, the music that first aroused interest in things Underground, and the music is still the most mature and developed manifestation of the culture of the Underground. Underground visual arts draw their most effective imagery and inspiration from the music: the outstanding examples of this are Martin Sharp's Dylan and Hendrix posters and the 1967 Hapshash output. In fact, an amazing amount of the most adventurous designs are album sleeves: Sgt. Pepper, Disraeli Gears, Ogden's Flake, Ars Longa Vita Brevis, Tommy, I Stand Alone, Ceremony, King Crimson, Quintessence. Underground literature is virtually non-existent: Burroughs, Ginsberg and the late Jack Kerouac are all of the Beat Generation. Maybe in ten years' time we may develop their equal; we certainly haven't got one now. So it's back to the music.

It's precisely because the music is such a vital, integral part of our movement that what's happening to it at the moment augurs so badly for the whole Underground community. The whole point about the early Underground music scene was that it was an honest, experimental, no-bullshit service provided by and for artists and consumers whose tastes were ignored by the media. Alternative press, alternative music, alternative styles. The fifth-rate bubblegum and Mumsy pop music was discarded in favour of genuinely creative musical endeavours, based on all known styles and a few unknown ones. Carnaby Street's cardboard fashions were ignored by a community who if they wanted to wear red satin trousers and their mothers' hats just went out and did it, whatever "they" said we were all wearing this year. Honest people played honest music independently of "Top of the Pops", the NME and Peter Murray. Some of it sold to the Dumb Majority and that was beautiful. Do them good to have some honest music in the house. Of course, a few of the good bands were big stars—Beatles, Stones, Who, Animals, Manfred—and that was good.

Then came 1967 and the Great Flower Power Summer. Suddenly every other kid was belled and kaftaned and chanting "All You Need Is Love". I thought we'd really won—we'd enchanted and infiltrated them and genuinely convinced them that love was where it was at and not battling. Frankie Vaughan leapt into print to tell the mothers of Albion that a "Love-In" was just "an excuse for a great big orgy". The media found that the Underground music scene had beaten Tactic One—"Ignore it and it'll go away"—so it tried Tactic Two—"Take it over, package it, sell it back to itself". This worked admirably—they're still doing it now. We haven't infiltrated them—they've infiltrated us. Once the only part of the pop scene concerned with honest music and real people,

there's now more hype, bullshit and hustling on the so-called progressive scene than anywhere else. The straight/commercial pop scene is simple and honest: put it on the radio and people hear it and if they like it, they buy it. That's all, that's how they sold a million "Love Grooves" and five million of "Sugar, Sugar". The music is crap, but the people are honest. With us, half the music is good, but half the people are dishonest.

In the teenybopper scene a few years ago, singers were sold on on faces, clothes and "image". Now this kind of irrelevant hyping is almost the exclusive property of the Underground. Music is again secondary. The MM "Musicians Wanted" classified ads carry gems such as "Guitarist wanted for semi-pro progressive band. Long hair essential". Any

group who look sufficiently hairy and make the right New-Left political noises can develop a hearing even if their music is derivative and uninspired. For instance: last year I was really looking forward to hearing Edgar Broughton at Bath, expecting something genuinely powerful and (I hate to say it) meaningful. What I got was a clumsy, disjointed, unthoughtful performance by an ego-tripping dude who sang like a feeble imitation of Beefheart doing his first-album feeble imitation of Howlin' Wolf, and played the usual pallid Hendrix-derived freakout guitar. The political "revelations" were simplistic sloganeering that would have made Black Dwarf feel ashamed of itself. Even the celebrated "Out demons out" routine was a straight lift from Tuli Kupferberg

and the Fugs' October '67 performance at the Pentagon. An Underground Herman's Hermits.

So now the revolution is a groovy way to sell things. Someone cleaned up from selling thousands of Che posters, and 20th Century Fox advanced Omar Sharif's career nicely. Capitalism is alive and well—thanks to us. Those of us pledged to "da revolution"—I'm not—would do better to withdraw their services from the media; what can you do with your street-fighting ideals if the very people you want to fight against can package street-fighting, put it into posters, records and books, and sell it back to you at enormous profits? So hair and trite revolutionary lyrics can sell us inferior music—aren't you proud?

The best music is generally produced by people who are either regarded as pop stars—Auger, Driscoll, Who, Hendrix, Beatles, Beck (the trendies never forgave him for "Love Is Blue" and "Silver Lining"), Fleetwoods, Floyd, Jethro (Townshend and Anderson couldn't sell out if they tried)—or those who are ignored by the Underground because of insufficient hyping—the Soft Machine and Renaissance are outstanding. I haven't heard any Clapton, Beck or Hendrix for quite some time, but I expect something shattering soon from all three of them. Led Zeppelin were incredibly stimulating at first but a stone drag when it wore off. Keith Relf in "Friends" described it as "Straightforward fuck music". That's okay—I've got the first album. I'd love to meet a chick who could fuck like "Led Zeppelin One" but she'd wear me out in a week. At least it's non-political.

I'm getting back into straightforward hard-grooving feel-good music—blues—soul—jazz—rock to use MM language. "Super Session", all the Butterfield albums, B.B. King, Chicago, "Streetnoise" (nothing grooves as hard as the last minute and a half of "Save the Country"), Jimmy Smith—and old group sounds, particularly the old Yardbirds stuff, "Best of the Lovin' Spoonful One and Two", the first Manfred Mann album, old Graham Bond (Remember "Tell Me" and "St. James Infirmary"?), and all the Beatles and Who. The other source of good music is from the folk side—Jansch, Mike Cooper, Mike Chapman, Stewart, Harper. The hypers have kept out of folk music which is probably why it's doing so badly, due to lack of skilful local promotion.

I have no idea of the solution, except to hope for a return to the basic attitude of yesterday's Underground and today's teenies: (that sounds incredibly condescending from a bloke of 18): listen to as much music as possible and pick up on what you like. Don't worry if it got bad reviews in IT or if your trendy friends sneer: if you like it, buy it. That's where we ought to be, where we should have been all the time. Honest people, honest people. No more bullshit. Shalom. Charles Shaar Murray





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**OZ 26.** OZ goes GLOSSY!! (to celebrate our sixteenth, count 'em, sixteenth, printer). What an issue. Germaine's blistering attack/assessment of Women's Liberation WENDY — The world's first fuckable rubber woman; Bill Levi, star of SUCK magazine, in a name dropping probe of his marriage collapse and shock exile. Not to mention the Biggest Tool in Hollywood and absolute star of the show CANDY DARLING — is she or isn't she?? Food explosion, Media Mix and more Conspiracy make this an irresistible buy at 3/6.

**OZ 27.** The mindbending ACID OZ. Packed with facts, information and the real dope (suck the corner of page 46!) on that short cut to Heaven and Hell. You've probably already got it. (with this issue our circulation soared to 40,000 plus) but isn't there a friend who really NEEDS it. Do them a favour and drop us 3/6.

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## WHIZZKIDEAS

The underground as far as this country is concerned mainly exists in London. In the last few years however an attempt to bring the underground to other parts of the country has been made by forming Arts Labs which are in no way united. In many cases they have had to pack up because of lack of support. If a change to the present system of government and attitudes is to be made it is going to be a very slow process and so help from the present youth has to be utilised. As much as the underground, like everyone else, hates the kids it would be disastrous if a generation gap were to emerge between the two factions of our present society. The writing of this issue of Oz is a step in the right direction; in helping, it works both ways - the under 18s because we have the chance of putting our ideas into print. We hope when this is read people will realise what a state we're in and help us get sorted out. It is very difficult putting our hangups in writing like this and only by open discussion will any good arise. It has reached the stage where we have almost given up, because of the way we are snubbed and looked down upon when we try to get help in London. I only hope that this at last is the breakthrough. We find it hard to believe that so many of you are empty of any kind of idea whatsoever. If you think this is a lot of schoolkid rubbish, and some of this probably is, then don't blame us. We offered to edit Oz because we thought we'd like to get our ideas into print and it has been very hard work but when we asked people for their views most of them just didn't seem to have any. A lot of people said that they didn't know what to write, a lot claimed that they didn't have the time but hardly any of them were the slightest bit interested.

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

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

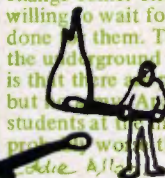
Anne

## skinhead armies

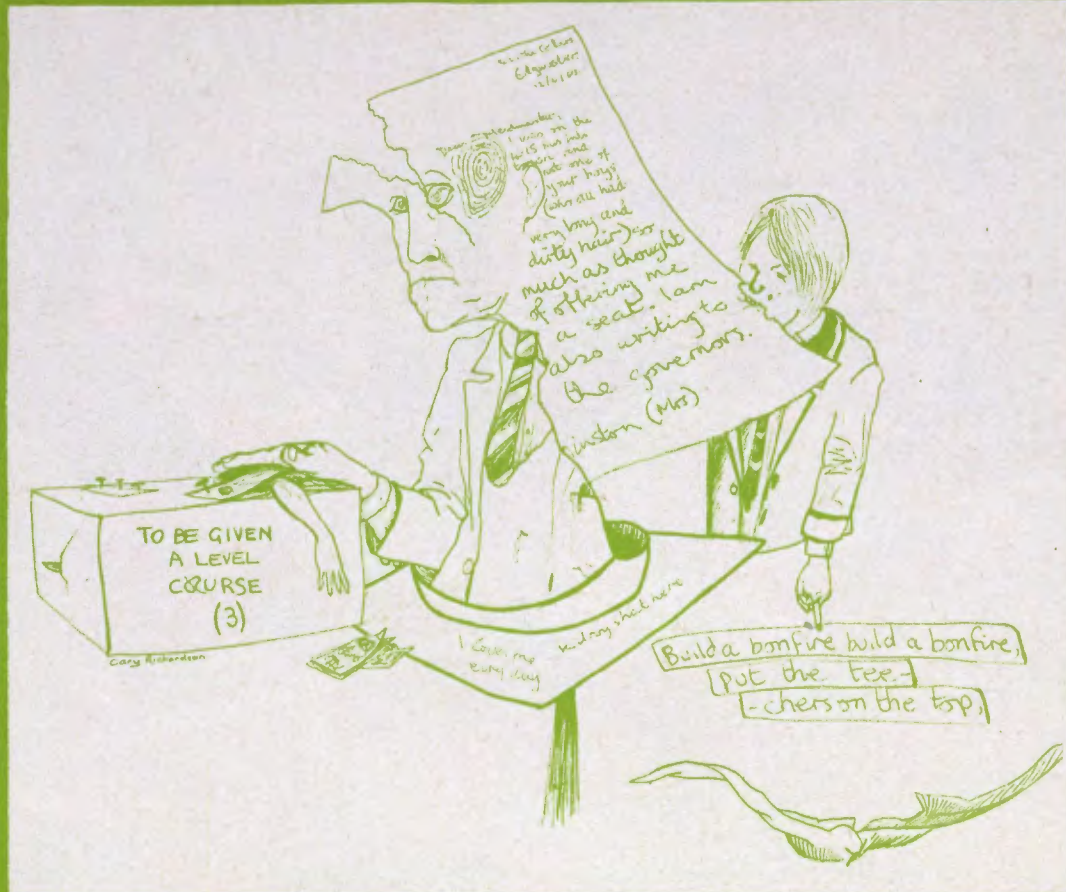
Throughout England people are questioning our system and trying to change it. The people concerned fall into two classes. Skinheads show their dislike for our system by generally abusing the law by violence and the use of drugs. They are quite willing to use violence against the system and against anyone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

On the other hand there are the so-called long-haired. They preach peace and are generally non-violent. However, a more apathetic bunch of people would be difficult to find. Many of these long-haired intellectuals are actually doing anything to help change come. The rest are quite willing to wait for things to be done for them. The situation in the underground at the moment is that there are plenty of generals but no army. The only thing among students at the moment is probably worse than ever before.

**WE ARE THE TROUBLEMAKERS!**



Edie Allan



## foodless fable

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

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

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

Sarah Manders

## no acid heads

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

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

P. Crisp



# ONLY CONNECT

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

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

I'm not saying that violent demonstration is wrong, indeed often it is the only alternative left. Tell the oppressed black citizen in Alabama, whose kids get stoned by white parents on their way to school, tell him to talk to the racist white mother fucker and he'll laugh or cry—for him there is only one road to freedom. Stokely Carmichael wrote: "They (the oppressed peoples) will not be stopped in their drive towards dignity, to achieve their share of power, indeed to become their own men and women, in this time and in this land, by whatever means necessary". In this country, though, the circumstances are different, and while violent demonstration must be recognised as having a necessary function, in that it serves for instance to boost the morale of the freedom fighters in South Africa, we must overcome our apathy, our self-conceit, and realise just how vital is COMMUNICATION.

It appears that our regard for communication, however necessary, is that it

is far too demanding and the results negligible, thus making it not worth the effort. In fact we are desperately trying to excuse our own laziness. How many of us know our oppressed brother? Can we even really communicate with each other?

But most important, we must talk to the masses, the blind prisoners of society, the toys of the Establishment, who beneath their plastic exterior are people, people with a consciousness waiting to be freed.

Of course it's a slow progress. Just as it has taken time for society to contract this sickness of mind, it will take time to cure it, but we must act now. We are lucky, the means of communication remains open to us—for so many others it does not; we even have some control of the mass media, so for Christ's sake let's use it.

To some extent we must gain the acceptance of those with whom we wish to communicate. This is said to require "compromise" but let's make a clear distinction between what this, in fact, means, and what could be misinterpreted as conforming to the false values of this evil-

infested society. Yet, herein does lie the true meaning of this "compromise": we may detect the evils—the prejudice and oppression, but we must not blind ourselves with hatred:— then, we too become intolerant and narrow-minded. By remaining aware of the Establishment cons, we can go into the streets with free minds and attempt to give our eyes to the blind. Our minds must remain free, and our hearts open: we must be willing to understand, as from understanding comes communication; from communication comes a revolution of thoughts and a knowledge of the truth.

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

*Don't let the policeman turn you round*

*Don't let the politician turn you down*

*Don't let nobody turn you round*

*You've got to keep on walking*

*Keep on talking*

*Marching to the freedom lane*  
Henry Harcus

# KISS ME QUICK

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

The underground is the metropolis. Too much, maybe, has already been said about the underground or lack of it. The underground outside London or major cities is practically non-existent though many claim to seek or create it. Some make the mistake of trying to imitate the metropolitan underground rather than creating something suited to

their own environment.

There is no established underground press but unauthorised publications consist of college magazines which are usually unsuccessful and pack up after a few issues through lack of support, interest and money. Circulations of national underground press is scarce because of the so-called moral conscience of local tradesmen.

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

Scoring is frustrating because of unreliable contacts and bad deals. Prices seem to increase in miles from suburbia although the pigs are just as efficient. Also communication with the metropolitan underground is difficult because of lack of cooperation. *Berti*

# WEEDKILLER HORROR

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

John Czerny had long red hair and a beard and, by circumstances, was ill-nourished. Avant-garde ideas crossed the short path along his badly covered brain, but these remained only in the state of thought because his visions had been utterly misunderstood when carried out and had involved a long confinement in a room where he was constantly told he was insane. He was the kind of person that is found in every small town—the one person who is "crazy". But in a strange way he was respected. Unfortunately, people fear something they are not able to understand. There were times when John the village creep came across new, unexplored paths of free expression, but these were ridiculed and coupled with lack of money; his doom was to wander for miles every day looking for work and money to feed his starving, unsmiling family. His alien pride refused assistance—he understood that these heavy financial chains belonged to no nobody else.

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

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

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

During the following evening, the distant noise of an angry mob filtered through the semi-darkness, discordant near the absolute dirty neon-mist that surrounded the caravan. John smiled gently at the lighted match in his hand.

So if you want to make a good end of it, use Ashley's Safety Matches. For lasting results, you won't want your money back. Be like John Czerny and get a box of Ashley's Matches—add weed killer and go out in style. Get some today.  
*Alan Clayton*



# SLICK 12s 6d

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

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

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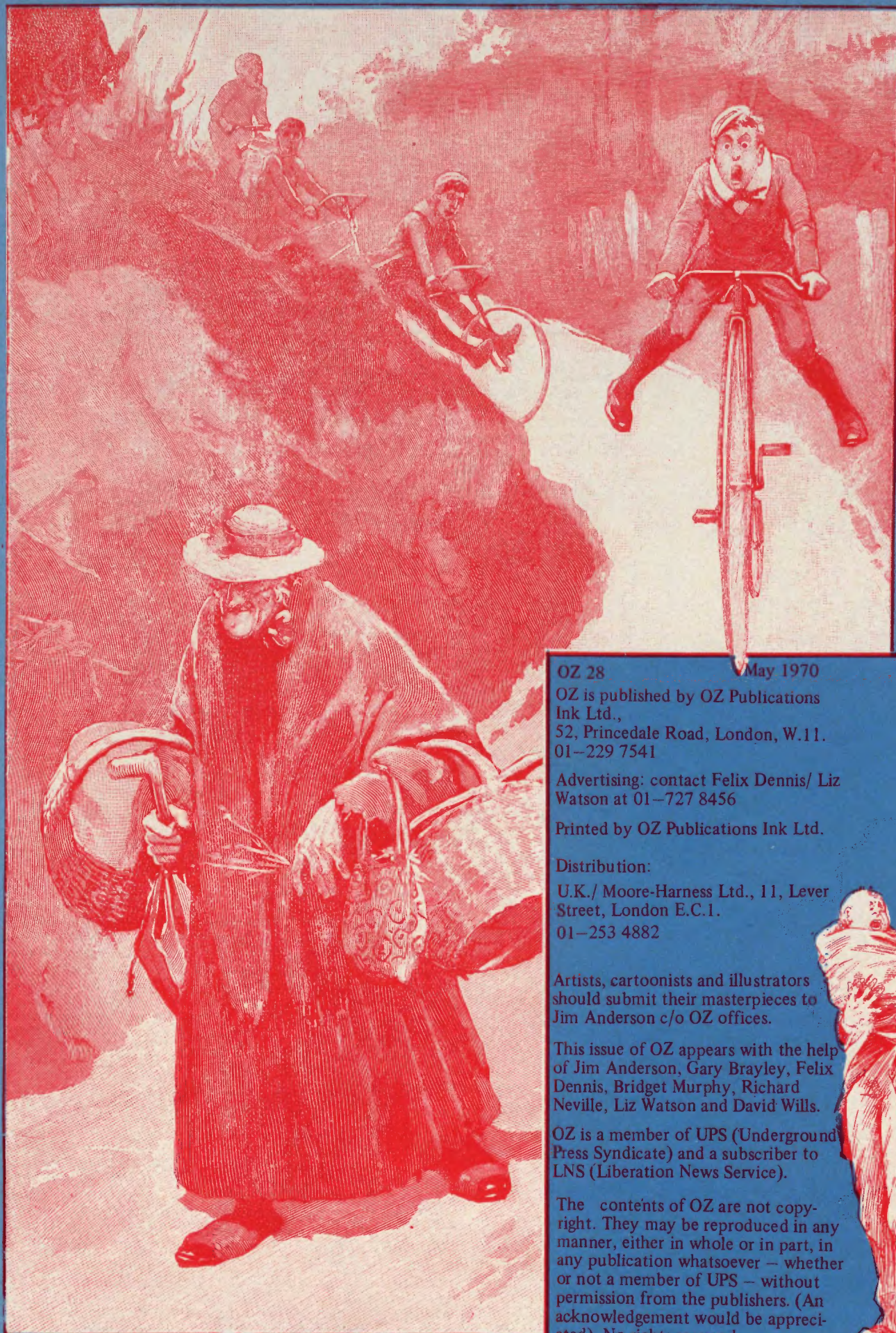


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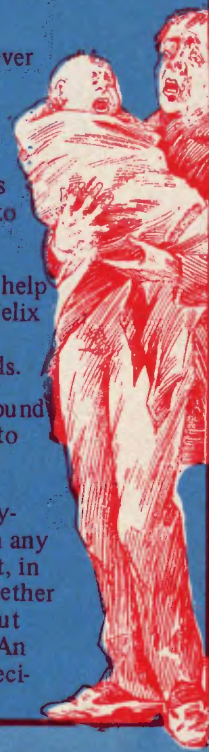
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Stone Deaf!

(Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by T. BROWNE.)



# OZ SUCKS...

Dear Ed,

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

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

Oz being the only anywhere near organized 'Underground' mag in Europe, well for HEAVENS SAKE. SPREAD IT!

You have a lot of responsibility. Not towards saving your own literary Public image baby, but in spreading the TRUTH! COMMUNICATION! That's what I work for. Enlightenment.

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

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

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

LOVE was the wonderful word we all believed in. Where is Love now? Where is all the fantastic exuberant joy and optimism from the Flower Power times? LOVE is beautiful and sex is part of it. Don't vulgarize the only thing

every human being longs for and needs so badly. If anything GLORIFY IT! We need it baby. It's a cold hard world we were born into. It's bad enough as it is (and has been since the dawn of what we know as history.) With bleeding cunts and cocks (it's not the size, by the way, it's how you move it) on every page you might well SHOCK. I don't mind. But you also achieve a negative shock which results in people furiously scavenging through the magazine in pursuit of more food for their fury, more suck and fuck, which they find. Result: THEY DON'T READ WHAT IS OF ULTIMATE VALUE THE TEXT. DIG?!!

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

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

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

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

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

B. Bjerke  
Lista de Correos  
Ibiza  
Balearic Isles  
Spain

Dear Oz,

You tell yourself you don't want to be old yet when you're four years old and slightly jaded with the situation, you import some rural freaks in to help out with an edition. There is an empty hush when somebody outside your narrow hierarchy reads your pointless pornography and you think that this means nothing. You've told a lot of lies and because of this you've compromised with those you're trying to attack. Remember the leper? If you're joking you can jump back, but if you're dying you might as well crawl away. I think you're on the run under the disguise of enjoying yourself, messing about with print and helping people to masturbate their minds as well as their bodies and you know (and I know) what an artless practice that is. You don't really care what I think, although I thank you for printing these words (if you do) but it's in the air that someone's paying for the things you've done, like the 14-year-old brat who loses her equally stupid parents' respect when she's caught with a self-stimulator. Are you still reading this or did you pack up ages ago. Maybe you think I don't understand Oz - maybe I don't. Perhaps you think I'm a fool, think again when you're six years old, when you're worn out and fading. There are a lot of people that do artless things like you do. These include collectors of car numbers, lawn mowers and watchers of Sunday afternoon films, and you are criticising them. Rather a case of the vomit calling the spit "the gums rush".

Where are those days when you read like the phantasmagoria of sensitive oppressed brains and were blamed for history's mistakes (or something like that)? At times you were magnificent, like the transcript of a protracted implacable dream. Now you read like the verbal vomit of an academic street gang. The novelty is wearing off.

Maybe this situation is just the dull light of the lonely after-breakfast hour of your literary life. Like a huddled mumbling man you seem to be unconsciously picking up the droppings of the material press who lethargically waste time scurrying round transvestite vicars. You are getting dangerously near them.

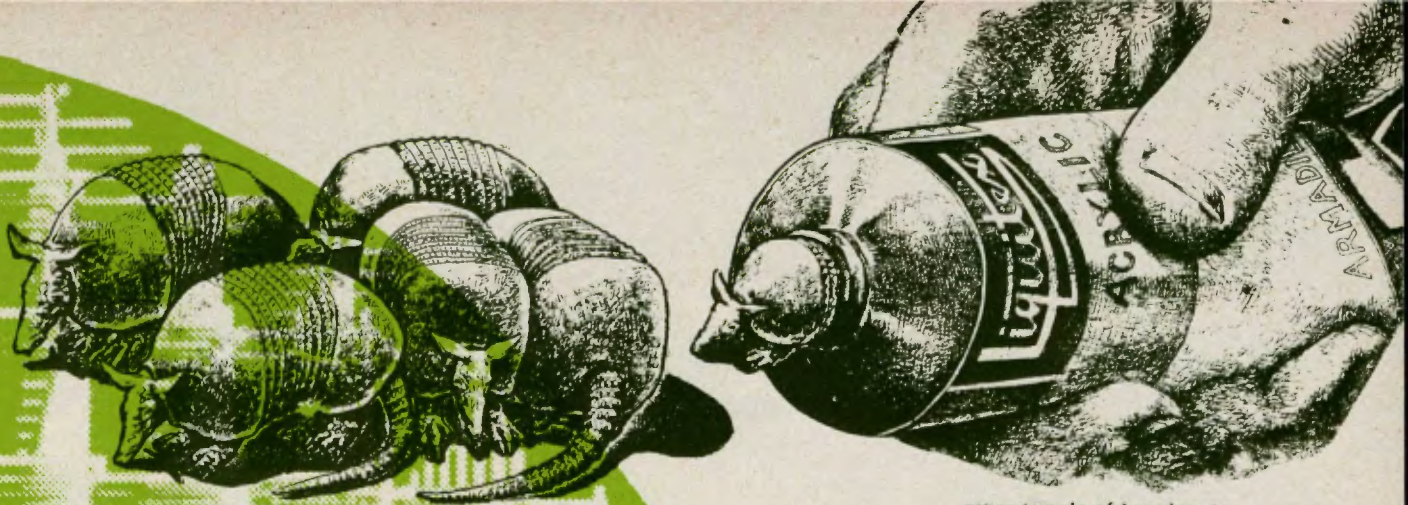
Mori ubi est victoria tua.

Alan Clayson



LNS/PARADORS





Dear OZ,

The Underground press is failing to live up to its name; in fact it could hardly be more above-ground if it tried. IT seems to have degenerated to chasing itself round in circles, soon, with any luck, to disappear up its own arse: Rolling Stone never was and never will be, and even OZ overburdens us with pseudo-intellectual crap about idealistic revolutions and utopias just around the corner which would be more at home in the heavy weeklies. All the same, OZ is at present our only chance, mainly because they do at least experiment with design and lay-out of the magazine; the Magic Theatre edition for instance was a great idea treating the concept of magazines as an art form in the most imaginative and inventive way so far. But OZ is still severely lacking in many other respects. Too many of the articles seem to be nothing more than reprints from American and Continental magazines, and so many of these are so pedantic and tangled up in words as to be of little interest to any but a tiny minority. Not only this, but they lack the punch and vitality which is essential in such articles. They aim gentle body-blows at Society, which are ignored or laughed off, instead of delivering an almighty kick in crutch as often as possible. OZ will sidle up to you, put its hand in your pocket, and start frigging you, when what it should do is fuck you from head to toe, body, mind, heart and soul, fuck your brain clean of the stench and slime of Society, leaving you ready to accept revolutionary and anarchistic ideals and doctrines. This totality of involvement is missing at the time when we need it most. For too long we the readers have sat back and had shit shoved into our brains. WE should decide what we want to read, not just accept what is given to us. WE should write the fucking magazine, it should be a medium through which our ideas, our creativity, can be communicated to people who think the same, and to break through the mental apathy of those who couldn't care. How can new ideas, new ways of thinking be born and become something like established if they cannot be put across to the maximum number of people possible? We should be concerned with the now, and the future, using the past only as a form of reference and a means of avoiding the more obvious pitfalls. Too much of the bullshit that appears in OZ is anachronistic as soon as it is written. Compare them with articles in the New Society or the

Spectator. Are they really different, apart from words like shit and fuck occur more frequently? Are they inciting us to riot, to rebel, to burn the cities down? Where is the petrol these words should be pouring on the embers of our seemingly defunct anarchism? Perhaps everyone's scared of burning their own hands, of seeing accusing fingers pointing at them. Perhaps beneath their easy talk about revolution there is an undercurrent of reactionary thought, a process that will devolve them into the same grey mass they pretend to reject. How long before the wife-and-kids-and-mortgage syndrome gets the better of them and they sink into an even more vacuous existence than before? We need constant prodding, incessant mental and physical provocation if we are to overthrow our present Society and replace it with something much better, something of our own creation based on the bitter experiences of the past. This aim can never be achieved by theorising words alone; these are just cobwebs that clog our minds which must be burnt out by a lightning bolt of vicious, inflammatory words, that will goad us into action. Nothing less will do. We are human beings, we make mistakes, we have our shortcomings, we will run backwards unless pushed forwards. Ideals do not suit us, not while we retain our basic human nature. Take that away, make us like machines and idealism will work. That is impossible, so let us be irritated and goaded by words and actions, until we cry out against our real aggressors openly, out in the streets, and tread on their faces and destroy all that they stand for. When the dust has settled, we shall be standing face to face with the future, confronted by humanity's last desperate chance to save itself and survive. That is what everyone should hope for, to be in on this chance when it comes, and be prepared to fight to gain it, and fight even harder to make it work successfully. Now if the time to really set things moving. The pages of OZ should be packed with the fuel of revolution, which should burst into flames as it is read, flames that dance mesmerisingly before the eyes, flames that spread into the mind and rekindle the fires of rebellion that seem to be dying. Nothing whole-hearted or committed is happening NOW, nothing is there to incite us NOW, just vague promises about tomorrow. Tomorrow must become today. Kick out the jams NOW.

Steve Francis

Dear OZ,

I'm really pissed off about things. I don't know where the hell I am or where the hell I'm meant to be going. I can't pretend that you lot are the only people who could help me but, in the circumstances, I don't think of many others. Some people (i.e. my parents) will never give up trying to help, and I suppose I should thank them for that, but the truth is I've been completely disillusioned in them and people with the same age, class, money, etc. as solvers of any kind of problems I might have. I only hope you can help by telling me what's the best way to get the kind of life I've been forced to live up till now off my back once and for all.

I'll try to give you some idea of the situation I'm in. I'm 16. For the last two-and-a-half years I've been at a place called Clifton College. I never really enjoyed life there. The only people I could find myself on a level with were other people like me, that is other 'intellectual revolutionaries' who were, in the same way as me, dying to get a chance to knock the shit out of that fine old establishment offering an education in all that is noble and traditional to the young gentleman. God, how I've hated all that is 'noble and traditional' in the past year. We tried quite a few ways to get the rest of the school to wake up and realise change had to come - I'm putting some of our mysterious 'Think' cards which were delivered every Sunday morning last term in with this letter - but none of them worked. We realised most people in the school were apathetic slob (we got to thinking of them almost as traitors to their youth) and that the place would never become a better place in our time, and so we decided to say goodbye to the evil shit-house. Most of my friends are leaving end of next term, after one more attempt (an unofficial reb.mag.), which I suppose will be another flop. But I was getting so uptight, I had to cut out as soon as possible. Of course I found it impossible to persuade my parents, the staff etc. that this was the case, but through (a) the help of a sympathetic psychiatrist who saw how fed up I was and (b) my previous record (nearly expelled term before for dope, constantly under suspicion since then for frequent heading and bedding), it wasn't all that difficult to get my release.

The trouble is that now they're trying to get me to go to some

other temple of learning, to carry on working for A-levels. Unfortunately, they just won't believe me when I tell them it's no good because the syllabuses for those bloody exams are just such a drag. There are so much more important things I feel I could be doing because it seems to me I'm so much better at writing poetry, for example, than at the endless, destructive, analytical, almost scientific essays that I'd have to suffer. I want to do something for the world. I want to help in the revolution. I don't want to get stuck in any system. I want to live with people I like and not in any artificially thrown-together establishment. My father took me to be interviewed at some so-called progressive school. It was real shit. It looked all zingy and permissive, but I could see that the philosophy behind it was almost identical to Clifton's - melting personalities down and pouring them into a common mould. I don't want that to happen to me. If I'm going to change society I'm not going to do it in the two-faced way of getting 'influence' and 'respect for my views' by greasing up to it and getting its crummy qualifications. I want to break out NOW! I don't think 16 is too young - I'm not going to wait till 18, when I'll be (in their terms anyway) an adult.

Name supplied





## Real freaks?

Dear OZ,

'The Acid Facts' on pages two and three of the most recent OZ is on the whole a balanced and honest report for which you should be commended. But there is one important confusion that leads to a dangerous error; it concerns the vexed issue of chromosomal damage. You quite correctly quote SCIENCE to support the argument that LSD does not lead to genetic damage, on the basis of present evidence. But that is not the same thing as saying the drug cannot lead to chromosomal damage. The so-called second Wootton Report (1970) on amphetamines and LSD contains the following sentence: 'Chromosomal aberrations in users of LSD as well as in the test tube have been reported.' It goes on to substantiate the statement, and to qualify it, particularly in so far as alleged genetic damage is concerned. But the point is this: Genetic damage arises from chromosomal defects in egg or sperm cells. That LSD causes such defects remains unproven. On the other hand, chromosomal damage can appear in body cells other than egg or sperm cells — e.g., blood cells, brain cells, skin cells, etc. It is in these so-called somatic cells that chromosomal defects traceable to LSD have been reported. There is as yet no evidence that it has happened, but if LSD causes such defects in body cells, diseases such as leukaemia might result.

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

Dick Fisher



## She's ours

Dear OZ,

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

A small group of girls sat in the corner of the classroom hovering like a load of vultures and sniggering over advertisements for contraceptives and pictures of nude bodies. They knew about such things, the majority were not virgins and yet they still had not passed the giggling stage. Their embarrassing titters infuriated me.

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

HILARY.

## And now I'd like to fuck you miss

Dear Editor,

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

As long as OZ remains principally a consumer good, I don't see it as being genuinely revolutionary or anti-establishment. Not that there's a publication in Britain that does seem to be a genuine, informed yet still emotional yet still well written, response to important and unfashionable events. That piece on Scunthorpe epitomised all I resent in OZ, the underground taking a snotty look at the provinces; if OZ was real, it would attract pieces from kids who've lived in Scunthorpe and really knew it — you'd have written to the English Teacher at a local comprehensive school and had him commission

## Not a loud

Dear OZ,

While sitting here in my pad smashed out of my mind on Afghan (nice!) and listening to Radio 1 Club, I remembered the outcry about music level at dances and discotheques. The BBC news was quoted as saying 'A check is always made on our club hours to ensure that the music is not too loud'. They only said that so the conservative public will like the Director of Governors (fuckers on the B.B.C. panel and keep them in control of radio. Every person who wants to get stoned and listen to music at the level he likes should be left alone.

And how about the fucking cheek of the G.P.O. jamming the music and beautiful sounds reaching us from Radio North Sea International.

Must roll another joint now. Love.

DEREK

## Praise be

Dear OZ,

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

The double page spread (No. 27) on acid was very informative and accurate and is going to be very useful to hesitant 'near' heads. I think you might well have used as a heading for those pages the beautiful quote from 'Steppenwolf' by Hermann Hesse, more recently recalled by Tim in 'The Politics of Ecstasy' — 'Magic Theatre. Price of admission, your mind'. Peter Collins, 23 Burley Close, Norbury, London, S.W.16.

## Virgin

Dear OZ,

In OZ 25 there was an article on Rape of a Virgin and in OZ 26 two people (Did I say people?) wrote in to say what a load of shit it was — not only the one article but the whole paper. (Fuckers!) I think their letter was the biggest load of hypocritical shit I have had the misfortune to read. Since I came over from America, I have read nearly every OZ published, (every one beautiful).

Long Live the Dead,  
Jay Lay Newman.

## Lay off

Dear OZ,

David Widgery seemed to justify horse, in his 'Play Power' review, on grounds that the euphoria more than balanced out the health thing. He's right, it's nice to rush any buzz, and to render it harmless would be more groovy than the present concern with curative techniques. But, you know, as time passes, increasingly bigger fixes are needed to achieve the same level of abstraction — horse spirals up and away and oh so tightly around you, — there's no escape, it has you a prisoner. — and the pains, well they're too much altogether.

People should not be allowed to have their reservations about horse shattered by David Widgery's remarks (and perhaps their lives and happiness). Horse was O.K. but it wasn't all euphoria. A lot of the times weren't nice at all.

Love and peace.  
Peter,  
38, Enderley St. Newcastle.

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## Dear Dr. Hippocrates

Dear Dr. Hippocrates:

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

San Francisco  
M.D.

Dear Dr. Hippocrates:

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

'Dear Dr. Hippocrates:

On an acid trip I took recently, my left hand and arm went totally dead on me. This happened twice before on very heavy acid trips. I have taken acid about 60 times in the last three years if that's any more help to the problem. Anyway, like I said, my left arm went dead. I couldn't move it very well and I could barely make a fist of my fingers. In about 3 hours my left hand and arm were back to normal use but I was worried by the incident. Oh, by the way, it has always been my left hand and arm that have gone dead.

Is this a normal occurrence or is something wrong? I haven't taken any acid trips lately nor do I plan to until I found out about this.

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

Dear Dr. Hippocrates:

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

Answer: Only rarely does the hymen completely cover the vaginal opening. One or more small openings permit flow of menstrual blood. Cyclic pain and cramping without bleeding in a young girl may indicate an imperforate hymen. Prompt, medical attention is then necessary to prevent serious consequences.

Since I don't plan to go around without underwear, I am not worried about leaving a trail like Hansel and Gretel, but I don't like my underwear to look dirty after two or three hours. Sometimes my boyfriend will take off some of my clothes, and it embarrasses me to think he might notice. I think the drip is the result of sexual arousal, but since I don't think I'm abnormally preoccupied with sex, I wonder what to do. This is really too embarrassing to mention to my gynaecologist.

Answer: Chronic sexual arousal is, unfortunately, the least likely source of a chronic vaginal discharge. Common causes are trichomonas, fungal and gonorrhoeal infections, erosion of the cervix or a reaction to birth control pills. Your gynaecologist will neither be shocked by your questions nor embarrass you with his answers.

'Dear Dr. Hippocrates:

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

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

Dr. Hippocrates welcomes your questions. Write to him c/o OZ

Adrian George



In OZ26, Jim Anderson reviewed a selection of interesting new books. His introductory paragraph was set in a curious mood midway between apology and triumph (has he noticed how few pseudohip pads have as many books as albums?). Though my own first love is music, I am now listening less and reading more and I'm meeting some extraordinary human beings between pages. It's a pity that William Burroughs and Norman Mailer are not as trendy as Johnny Winter and Quintessence because they have so much to offer. So here are a few suggestions as to what to nick next time you're browsing at your friendly neighbourhood Paperback Parade.

First, make a beeline for wherever they keep Paladin Books. As well as Leary's *Politics of Ecstasy* (see Jim Anderson's excellent piece), they've put out Jeff Nuttall's *Bomb Culture*. As it was written nearly three years ago, it's of necessity incomplete, but it goes up to almost exactly where I and most contemporaries (who are reaping the benefits of Underground culture without taking any of the risks) came to. It told me a lot that I didn't know and a lot that I needed to know. I don't know anything about Jeff Nuttall himself, but he's written a book that's essential to anybody interested in the Underground, sympathetic or hostile.

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

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

Fiction is alive and well ("I never read fiction", Richard Neville, 1970). If you enjoyed the *Lord of the Rings*, you might try Michael (Jerry Cornelius) Moorcock's *RuneStaff* series. Very derivative, but powerful. Also in the Mayflower rack, you'll probably find Mailer's *An American Dream*, a horror trip through urban America and several Jack Kerouac reissues. The best of these is probably *Desolation Angels*. Unfortunately Kerouac's first and most influential novel *On*

*the Road* is still out of print, but if you root around you might find the old Pan edition. Kerouac was a giant, see OZ25 for an appreciation by David Widgery. Richard Neville's alter ego (take care, your son could be next!) Widgery gave an excellent, loving analysis of Kerouac, but if you missed it, take my word for it and try some.

Come next, their big three are Joseph Heller's *Catch-22*, William Burroughs's *Naked Lunch* and James Baldwin's *Another Country*. *Catch-22*, now filmed, is a surrealistic war satire, and very easy to analogise to current social developments. *Naked Lunch* is an extraordinary record of the dreams and visions experienced by William Burroughs during 15 years on

snack. If you think you've had bad trips, how do you like

to live this for a decade and a half? Occasionally it makes its readers puke on the carpet. Mailer says it can cure cancer, adding, "Burroughs is the only novelist in America who may conceivably be possessed by genius". Being possessed by genius isn't the same as being a genius, but read it anyway—we're all on the end of the fork. *Another Country* is a novel about love, and the way people use it to destroy each other. It's also the first piece of fiction to really hit me with what black people are living every hour in the States—come to that, it's more effective than even the most brilliant and powerful essays on the subject, see Floyd Barbour's *The Black Power Revolt*. All the heavens are there: Jones, Cleaver, Carmichael, Malcolm. And Baldwin really knows language. Why are all the great English-language novels American?

Finally, Robert Heinlein's *Stranger in a Strange Land*. The Bible of Charles Manson and the victim of an elegantly distorted synopsis in *Time*, this won't send you out to slaughter muscular blonde snarlets, but it might teach you how to live in the strange land we have created for ourselves. It's a bit intimidating at 10/6, but so worthwhile. Pushed by NEL.

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

Charles Shaar Murray

HEAD

BOOKS



# JEFF BECK TRUTH IS BLUE

We've had Eric Clapton in glorious living colour across a double page of the Sunday Times Colour Supplement (photographed by Snowden), Jimmy Page on the front of Disc, Hendrix bare-stomached on every other boutique wall in the country. They're all pop stars as well as cult-figures, standard subjects for cheaply-designed posters, they've the Tony Palmer Seal of Approval. So what about Beck? Beck who? Wasn't he the chap who used to be in the Yardbirds? Oh, yes, the Yardbirds. Anybody who's anybody was in the Yardbirds. You know—Donovan's backing guitarist.

Jeff Beck is the most worthwhile of all British guitar heavies—with the possible exception of Eric Clapton (you know—Delaney and Bonnie's backing guitarist). While most of them rely on 400-watt overkill or supersonic speed to make their point, Beck does it with deceptively simple phrases that sneak up behind you and hit you over the head. If you can get hold of a copy of the Yardbirds' 1965 hit "Shapes Of Things", turn it over and listen to Beck's solo on "Better Man Than I" to see what I mean. It's technically less than complex but in terms of sound and feel it's quite remarkable and at least ten years ahead of its time. When he wants to, however, he can produce a turn of speed that would make Alvin Lee blink. But unlike his inferiors and imitators, he doesn't feel that he has to prove his speed all the time. He knows he's fast; you know he's fast, so he can just get down to playing music.

When asked about his musical tastes, Beck will tell you that he likes Tamla Motown and Sly and the Family Stone. (Most heavy guitarists will just say "Robert Johnson" or "B.B."). He doesn't really sound like anyone else, though some have noticed a similarity to the Airplane's Jorma Kaukonen. He's a total individual, unlike the vast majority of blues guitarists, black and white, who have their influences completely on the brain. (It'll be a great day when Stan Webb finally gets out from under Buddy Guy). We honestly can't think of anybody who Beck's playing detectably resembles. Think how many British guitarists you can say that for. His originality comes out in all his records. Even old Yardbirds tracks on which he only has one or two short runs (like "Evil Hearted You") are unmistakably Beck.

Though much of his work is blues or blues-based, he is more of an all-round rock guitarist. Even on straight twelve-bar things he avoids the standard B. B. King phrases that even the most expert British guitarists tend to fall into when playing blues (listen to Peter Green on "Blues Jam At Chess"). Listen to "Let Me Love You" (Beck My Plum soul) and "Blues De Luxe" from the "Truth" album, not a standard blues lick to be heard anywhere, yet it's all blues. When playing 12-bar, even Clapton and Hendrix

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



A few miscellaneous quotes: "It has often been said that Jeff Beck is the country's leading guitarist and I'm inclined to agree with him" — Jim McCarty.

"There are only two worthwhile bands in England—Ferry Reid and Jeff Beck's Country Joe."

"I have a lick that's better than Jeff's and Jeff has a lick that that's better than mine, but mine is better than either of us" — Eric Clapton.

"I love Pete Townshend—I'd like to play with the Who, actually" — Jeff Beck.

**Background** Beck joined the Yardbirds when Eric Clapton left in mid '65. He stayed till late '66 to early '67, he brought out a very commercial single of "Hi Ho Silver Lining", an undistinguished bubble-gum singalong thing redeemed only by a lovely guitar solo. It got to Number 7 or something and Beck was on Top Of The Pops singing live but miming the guitar break. He also joined a disastrous package tour with an impromptu band. It was universally judged awful. After that he formed a permanent band with Rod Stewart (vocals), Ron Wood (bass) and Micky Waller (drums).

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

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

Suddenly, Beck was a name again on the strength of "Barabajagal", a lovely single on which the Beck band provided an intricately rhythmic backing for Donovan. This got to 11 and Beck was back on Top Of The Pops. Then he split up his band to join the rhythm section of the disbanding Vanilla Fudge. Rod Stewart and Ron Wood joined the Faces and became pop stars. (Stewart put out a solo album that sounded like the Beck Group without Beck.) Beck then crashed his £6,000 vintage car and messed himself up pretty badly. The Fudge thing presumably fell through, and the last heard was that he was getting a group together with Noel Redding, which played in Birmingham Town Hall on April 13.

## discography singles

Heart Full Of Soul/Stepped Blues (Columbia) (Yardbirds)  
Still I'm Sad/Even Healed You (Columbia) (Yardbirds)  
Shapes Of Things/Better Man Than I (Columbia) (Yardbirds)  
Over Under Sideways Down/Jeff's Boogie (Columbia) (Yardbirds)  
Happenings 10 Years Time Ago/ Psycho Daisies (Columbia) (Yardbirds) (2nd gtr Page)  
Hi Ho Silver Lining/Bolero (Columbia) (solo)  
Tally Man Rock/Rock My Plum soul (Columbia) (with group)  
Love Is Blue (solo)/I've Been Drinking (group) (Columbia)  
Plinth/Hangman's Kiss (Columbia) (group)  
Barabajagal/Truth (Evel) (with group backing Donovan)

## ep

Five Yardbirds (Columbia)

## lps

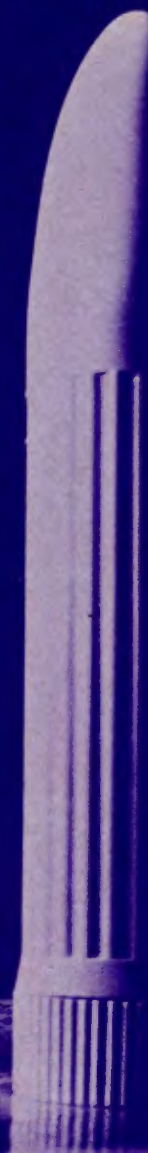
Blues Anytime Vol 3 (Immediate) (2 tracks with All Stars)  
Yardbirds (Columbia)  
Truth (Columbia)  
Beck-Ola (Columbia)  
Lord Sutch & Heavy Friends (with Page, Hopkins, Bonham and Redding) (Atco)

With the exception of the solo albums and the Donovan single, most of the above have been deleted, so until EMI realises it's sitting on a goldmine and releases all its Yardbirds/Graham Bond archives, you'll just have to scour the second-hand shops. (By the way, the "Such" album is apparently really a bummer so steer clear.) Try and get these goodies, play them to your groovy friends and let's have a Jeff Beck revival.

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Nigel Lawson,  
Editor,  
The Spectator,  
99 Gower St.,  
London W.C.1.

Dear Nigel,

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

Naturally, I am sorry you didn't give the article a chance to enrage a lot of other people. Adrenalin is a precious bodily fluid. It should be shared. However, next time your own political line as a Tory obtrudes into the book pages, it would only be fair to Hilary and Trevor to tell them in advance just what this line is and which categories of statement fall to the left and which to the right of it. In this way a good deal of wasted work would be spared your contributors. If you want right-wing reviews of radical books, find some hot young Tory writers. Maybe there are some in Greenland. But for God's sake, don't think that your standard fulminators in the New

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

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

Yours,  
Robert Hughes

Dear Bob,

Thank you for your letter of April 4th.

I think you have misunderstood what Hilary Spurling said to you. What 'enraged' me was not your review, but the notion of its appearing in the Spectator. And I refused to publish it (it was, in any event, commissioned without my knowledge, as it happened) not on political grounds, but because it consisted of nothing but mindless ranting; and that is something we are not prepared to publish in the Spectator, whatever part of the political spectrum it comes from.

The remainder of your letter is too absurd to require reply.

Yours,  
Nigel Lawson,  
Editor.

## SPECTATOR SPORT:

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

The young have replaced Marx's proletariat, in the rich societies of the West, as the sperm-carriers of social change. For the first time in modern history, youth experiences itself as a class. The conservative in Europe or (especially) America, faced with this political rebellion, professes bewilderment at such 'ingratitude' and does not see how logical and, in hindsight, how inevitable it was. For capitalism called youth into existence as a class, though in order to create an untapped market and conceding its members only two functions — to consume, and to provide the raw material for future managerial elites. This same capitalism is now horrified to find that its huge,

docile Golem is acting up; it spews on the laboratory floor, breaks test-tubes, rattles the lock and makes hoarse efforts to tell the truth — a truth curiously divergent from that of the men who put it together. Neither calming injections nor judicious bashings with a truncheon seem to work; obdurately, it will not see what is obvious to eminent Greek philosophers like Spiro Agnew, that economic classes should only turn into political classes if they are 'reliable'.

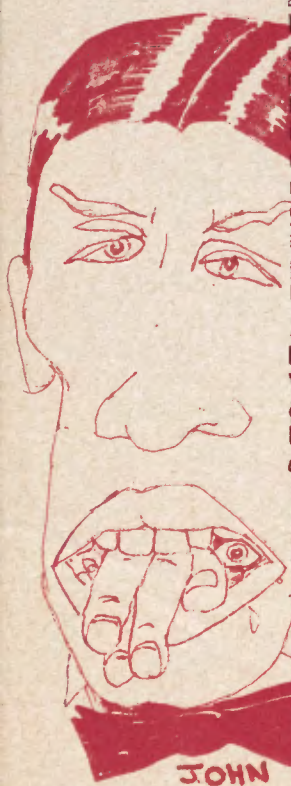
Surely a moment's objective thought will show the Golem that it is very lucky to be alive at all? That it should be thankful for having such a fine institute as its home? But no; the monster keeps jiving about, drinking chemicals, letting white rats out of cages and brandishing its erect prick. It is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

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



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

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







COLIN THOMAS



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

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

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

The counter-culture, then, defines itself as a revolutionary alternative to management and, Roszak shows, its postures and strategies stem from a loathing of 'benevolent' totalitarianism rather than of capitalism pure and

simple, which is seen as only *one* of the forms of this strangling determinism.

'Its principal purpose in the hands of ruling elites is to mystify the popular mind by creating illusions of omnipotence and omniscience'; political technocracy relies, Roszak argues, on the assumption that all human needs can be predicted and satisfied by the projection of programmes: 'if a problem does not have such a technical solution, it must not' (the architects of the 'future', such as Herman Kahn at the Rand Institute, proclaim) 'be a real problem. It is but an illusion . . . a figment born of some regressive cultural tendency.'

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

The history of new radical postures is a substance secreted in America; it emerges in England later, and some of the extremities which Roszak describes in his eloquent and delicate polemic are only nascent here. All the more reason, then, to read his book. No doubt the time will come when *OZ*, *EVO*, *Rat* and *Shrew* will be filed with the *Jahrbuch von Kunstwissenschaft* and *Encounter* as exhibits and sources for a horde of PhDs, clamouring to write their academic texts on what was once the underground of 1965-70. Because that time hasn't arrived yet, Roszak's *Making of a Counter Culture* is of particular interest as the first closely-argued, sympathetic study of

the youth revolt made by a man whose position (as far as I can judge it from his reporting) is just outside and a shade to the right of the movement. (Clue: Roszak writes regularly for *Nation* in New York.)

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

Bob Hughes



**I Looked Up/THE INCREDIBLE STRING BAND/Electra**

Briefly, the Incredible String Band are the most extraordinary musical group in the world. That statement would cover almost every field of their activity. From their traditional Scottish beginnings they shone as folk musicians, and justified their live reputation on their first record. Even at this early stage they had begun to borrow from other musical realms, and still they experiment endlessly, borrowing not only instruments—gimbri, sitar, Chinese banjo—but styles.

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

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

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

"Fair as you", another Heron song, has a fine, complex tune,

the album and collaborated with Sutch on six of the twelve positions), Jeff Beck, Noel Redding, John Bonham and Nicky Hopkins. The makings of a fairly respectable supersession, I think you will agree. Well, I'm sorry to have to announce that they've completely blown it. In fact, it's an abortion almost from start to finish. The blame for this extraordinary feat (it's pretty difficult to fuck up musicians like that) can be laid squarely on Sutch himself. His songs are banal to the point of acute anguish, based on riffs that have been beaten to death by untold and uncounted numbers of sub-mediocre bands all over the English-speaking galaxy. The lyrics are ludicrously bad and the titles...dig: "Wailing sounds", "Flashing lights", "Gutty guitar", "Smoke and fire", "Thumping beat", "Union Jack car", "L-O-N-D-O-N" and like that. The album contains such gems as "gotta be played on Jeff's guitar" and "With Jimmy Page you can't go wrong".

The next hangup is that Sutch's singing is as useless as a used rubber, although he tries valiantly for about thirty-five



the much superior Brown-Crane

Child Of My Kingdom

Apart from careless, fourth-rate packaging and derivative

song structures, lyrical ideas, and transfiguring the whole into their own highly individualistic music. Lyrically they can hardly have been surpassed, and their use of free verse in songs is totally original, and frequently successful. From their first experiments on '5,000 Spirits'- the Mad Hatter's song, the Eyes of Fate- to their peak, in my opinion, Robin Williamson's Three is a Green Crown on the 'Hangman's Beautiful Daughter', to the songs on their more recent L.P.s, they- or rather Williamson in this particular area- have continued to break entirely fresh ground. 'Creation' on 'Changing Horses' is a long, difficult poem spoken over the backing.

They have many other directions. Mike Heron does a nice line in wit. They perform simple, nostalgic country songs, straight religious songs. Gilbert and Sullivan take-offs. The other week at the Roundhouse they presented a pantomime.

Don't get me wrong, they have real faults. Much of their work, especially recently, is whimsical, lazy, trivial, self-indulgent. Often their gentleness comes over as affectation. The two girls in the band, Rose and Licorice, don't strike me as terrible talented. When they sing they sound like boy sopranos (which is alright I suppose) and in live performance like boy sopranos with sore throats. And Licorice really plays the drums horribly.

Above all, the String Band are enigmatic. Each new record gives one an entirely new impression of their minds. "Changing Horses" I found disappointing after "Wee Tam and Big Huge". But it was still a revelation of a sort. And their new album, "I Looked Up", is startling. It contains both the

nice singing from Rose and Licorice, and the flute and gimbri of Robin. Have you ever heard a gimbri? It's sweet, mournful, slightly tortured, and here it works beautifully.

Then there is "Pictures in a mirror" by Robin Williamson. He has always struck me as the best songwriter of the two. He has an unfettered imagination, a real vision which is only occasionally befogged by affectation and a sure sense of structure. This song is quite unlike anything else he has ever recorded. It is in two parts. In the first, "Deep in the hollow jail, sleeps Lord Randall", there is a carefully constructed atmosphere of dirt, despair and gloom as he dreams. He is woken by the jailer, who "leads him up the blinding stair. He feels uneven turf beneath his feet." Without ceremony he is executed. "The sun turns to stone."

And in the second part, Robin describes his own birth:

"Already I am forgetting who I am;  
Already I am forgetting who I've been."

There is no physical connection between the two parts. What is implied is that the two incidents are parallel, while the suggestion of reincarnation cannot be ignored. The song is strange, mysterious and very powerful.

I haven't least idea where the String Band are going from here. But they're the finest we've got, they're the finest anyone's got. I'm prepared to listen.

Peter Popham

**LORD SUTCH/Cotillion/Atlantic**  
Lord Sutch And Heavy Friends

As all groovy MM readers know by now, Sutch's "Heavy Friends" include such hard-rock luminaries as Jimmy Page (who co-produced

minutes.

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

Charles Shaar Murray

**ATOMIC ROOSTER B & C**

First of all, B & C Records have seen fit to package this album in a sleeve only slightly less flimsy than the average chewing-gum wrapper. Secondly, both the sleeve and the labels list the tracks in the wrong order (the last two tracks listed as being on Side One are actually on Side Two, and vice versa). Thirdly, the music (ah yes, the music) is rather disappointing. There's very little on here that wasn't done infinitely better by Brian Auger and Julie Driscoll on "Streetnoise" or, come to that, by Crane and Palmer themselves on the classic Arthur Brown album. Carl Palmer's drumming is powerful and precise and Vincent Crane's keyboards are suitably eerie but it all fails to catch fire (sorry). On the strength of the Arthur Brown album, I'd rated Crane with Auger, Emerson and Ratledge, but here he seems to be repeating himself badly. Parts of "Winter" bring back memories of

material, my other main criticism of "Atomic Rooster" is the production. The organ is too often buried (particularly on "Friday The 13th") and the bright frequencies of the drumming (especially the cymbal work) could be a lot crisper. I don't want to come on like Miles, but albums like this, "This Was" and the first Nice album should be played to all bands intending to produce their own first albums. Compare the organ sound on this album to that achieved by Giorgio Gomelski on "Streetnoise" or Peter Townshend on "Crazy World". But to be fair, the bass is very nicely recorded and so is the voice. While I'm talking about the voice, Nick Graham draws a lot of inspiration from Arthur Brown, John Mayall and David Clayton-Thomas, but is nowhere near any of them. He also makes Mayall's "Broken Wings" sound like Arthur Brown singing "Put A Spell On You" which is a bit disconcerting.

I don't want to hit this album too hard, because the Rooster are such an obviously good band. I can imagine this being "fan-fucking-tastic, man" live. It's very efficiently played hard-rock organ trio stuff and there are good bits all the way through. In "Decline And Fall" Crane hits a very Auger-like groove and Palmer plays a superb solo which shows

that he's been learning from Buddy Rich as well as laying his daughter. Chris Welch probably has an orgasm every time he hears it.

BUT (and here's the put-down) it's too derivative, too unimaginative and too familiar to really grab me. Listen to it and then buy "Streetnoise". It's reasonable party music and bits of it may turn up on "Top Of The Pops" for Blackburn to talk over. The next one will be a lot better. Last word: anybody who wants to swap this for "Soft Machine Volume Two" has got himself a deal. C.M.



THE DOORS/Morrison Hotel/  
Elektra

With their first two albums, "The Doors" and "Strange Days", the Doors achieved an astonishing amount. Their music was quite individual, their singer was more ostentatiously gutsy than anyone since Elvis, and they wrote aggressive and intelligent lyrics. Their peak was the epic song on "Strange Days", "When the music's over".

"What have they done to the earth?

What have they done to our fair sister?

Ravaged and plundered and ripped her and bit her,  
Stuck her with knives in the side of the dawn  
And tied her with fences  
And dragged her down."

Their hypnotic virility even seemed allied with a certain integrity.

This explains why, listening to "Morrison Hotel", their latest album, I am consumed with gloom. It's not that it's bad. It's just vacuous. Superficially all the elements of the earlier records are there: the bouncy organ, the fine, precise drumming, the wildly versatile slide guitar. Morrison still holds on to his black leather voice. But, lacking any new inspiration, they fall back either on their well-trying formulae or their dreary new-found roots—Tony Bennett, and the Rich White Man Blues. They make no progress; and lyrically Jim Morrison is (one hopes temporarily) almost bankrupt. And with only second-rate material, their flatness and predictability as a unit becomes startlingly obvious. Only Robbie Krieger continues to shine like the



seedy Los Angeles cherub we once knew and loved. His guitar-playing on "Peace Frog" in particular is really ecstatic, and his energy keeps much of the record alive... But they stagnate all the same.

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

Don't misunderstand me, this

album does have high spots.

"Roadhouse Blues", the opening song, is fine, they play together like a proper performing band and Morrison really lets go. "Waiting for the sun", although only a fragment of a song, is powerfully produced and poignant. When Jim sings

"This is the strangest life I've ever known",

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

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

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

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

Peter Popham

## A Very Bad Sign

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

I started this review knowing I wasn't going to like the book, and read the book trying to prove it. The thing about rock music that makes it stand out from tuneful trash like the Love Affair is that it doesn't need the usual intermediaries like critics, tame pundits, biographers to

appreciate it. Rock is in tune with the other things going on for 'youth' teenybops or whatever. So (dramatic pause for effect) — the arrogant self appointed prose of Tony and his colleagues is irrelevant.

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

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

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

Deyan Sudjic

# BRINSLEY SEH..



# Teacher loves to run his fingers through my hair..

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

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

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

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

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

SMILE—if you had sex last night.



Snatch Comix

# ..WAR2

## what else can we say?



UAS 29111



Malcolm X once said: 'you can search for any type of beauty in this world, but if you do not bring some beauty with you... you'll never find any!!!'

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

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

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

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

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

She came back down, she handed me back my press things and

told me that I could not come in. I was really surprised at this and I asked her why. She told me that the Swedish press had been sent invitations and since I did not have one, I could not come inside. I reminded her that this was the United States Cultural Centre and I was a member of the press and also I had a United States passport and I would like to see MY negro ambassador. While I waited for her to explain, I heard shouts outside the front door, I grabbed my papers and went to see what was going on. When I got outside... shit had hit the fan.

There was a large group of white folks being pushed and shoved around by the pigs... (I'm sorry... I mean 'honor guard').

I grabbed my camera and began taking pictures. Believe me, there were a lot of pictures to be taken. The people were being pushed and hit in the head. The amazing thing is that the people were fighting back! I felt good to see people standing up and like Malcolm X said... 'they had no time to be singing, they were too busy swinging!' Each time a cop would hit someone, someone would hit a cop. I saw a fight going on between a black man and a white cop, the action was too fast for me to get a picture, but they were doing it. Then a bunch of cops moved in on him and they shoved him into a wagon. I found out that his name is Bill Melson, a black man from America who has been here in Sweden for some five years.

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

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

Well the fights went on, I saw a white cat hit a cop and that cop

went down like a sack of potatoes, another cop began to run after this white boy, he damn near had him too but some little old lady walked out of a store with a bundle in her arms, the boy who was running, managed to get around her but the cop... BLAMMMMM, right into this lady and they both went down... with her on the bottom. What made it so bad was he landed on right on her head and I heard it crunchhh when they hit the sidewalk... she was hurt bad, the young boy kept on running and it looked to me that he got away, but the cops grabbed a young girl and began putting her into the wagon she grabbed onto the side of the police truck and tried not to get in, a few hard cracks on her skull with their clubs and she fell inside... I felt sick, she was just a little thing.

I watched the negro ambassador get out of his car and walk the 7 or 8 steps inside the Cultural building, man he was stepping. He must have come from the southern part of the United States because he acted as though he knew what a crowd of white folks screaming could do. Now I guess he knows what those little children, black children felt when they were attacked on a bus and beaten by a white mob in South Carolina or North Carolina... but they had no 'honor guard' nor did they have an United States Cultural Centre to run into, they were in the United States, they don't even have an ambassador to tell what is happening to them, I'm certain Dr. Jerome Holland won't tell, if he would, Mr. Nixon would not have sent him.

Finally I was moving when a cop on horseback noticed me, he and his buddy rode their horses two inches from my face. They began talking to me in Swedish, I didn't understand what they were saying so I stood still, they nudged their horses closer to me, I still stood still, I wasn't too afraid of the horses or the cops, hell, I've fought cops before, but I did keep my eyes on the whips they held, yes, they held long leather whips in their hands... now some people dig being hit by leather whips... I don't. Finally a little Swedish girl walked up to me and in English said: 'Don't move, a horse will not walk over a person. I work at the Royal Stables and I know these horses and they will not trample you... you're alright, just don't move!'

She didn't have to worry, I wasn't about to move. They did finally back off of me but they refused to be interviewed.

I did interview about 15 people, one was a man from the United States, a black man, Sherman Adams, he was as mad as a pregnant nun. When I asked him why he was so angry, he told me: 'That cat Holland, he's telling the world that he is being called a nigger and he is a damn liar. The time he was called a nigger, I, Sherman Adams from New York called him a 'House Nigger' and that what he is... a house nigger. The Swedish people are not against his color or his race, hell, they don't even know the word 'house nigger' but I do and I'm the only one who called him that. So he is a liar when he tells the press that he is being called a nigger by the Swedish youth and demonstrators.'

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

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

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

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

I don't expect Mr. Nixon to be ashamed of himself I know what he does, and so does the rest of the world, but Dr. Holland should be ashamed of himself for going along with this type of evil, this type of rottenness, this type of filth, but I guess it is again like Malcolm X said: 'If you lie down with dogs, you're sure to get up with fleas!!'

Hakim A. Jamal.





The drawing on our front and back covers by R. Bertrand was lifted without prior permission or consent from his brilliant *Desseins Erotiques*, edited by Eric Losfeld 14-16 Rue de Verneuil, Paris 7eme, France (Le Terrain Vague 1969).

The last issue of OZ sold in excess of 40,000 copies, making it the largest Underground publication outside the United States. However, our print bills have risen astronomically, partly due to our Sunday Supplement glossy paper, but mostly thanks to the unwillingness of large printers in Britain to publish OZ. For this reason, we have been forced to raise the price of OZ to four shillings. We apologise for this and for the next two months we are offering new subscriptions at the old rate. Anyone who thinks OZ is making a fortune (sic) might note that one of the editors still lives in Wandsworth Bridge Road. Have you ever seen Wandsworth Bridge Road?

#### DIAL A COP

Want to buy yourself off a cannabis charge? a traffic offense? breaking and entering? treason? embezzlement? sodomy? anything at all? then read on. . .

Several months ago, (OZ 22) OZ reported that Thom Keyes, author of *One Night Stand*, handed Detective Sergeant Robin Constable £150 in consecutively marked £10 notes, in return for which Constable agreed to drop charges against other people arrested at the same time as Keyes for cannabis possession. (April 27 last year).

The fact that police officers have been known to arrange for charges to be withdrawn, altered or forgotten etc. comes of course as no surprise to anyone, except perhaps people like Detective Inspector Merrick of Scotland Yard, who, a few days before the Keyes affair, personally informed Caroline Coon of Release that he thought that the allegations of extra-legal activity by the police as enumerated in the Release Report (by

Rufus Harris and Caroline Coon) were derived from unreliable sources (e.g. from heads) and were untrue. Caroline replied that the Report showed that there was a well established and clear pattern of how people were treated/mistreated at police stations and if he was upset about what was in the Report he should just see what was left out. In addition Release had been aware for some time that certain officers were accepting bribes and Caroline informed Merrick that the Release files were open and that Release would be very grateful if Scotland Yard would go through them. It might convince them to do something positive about all the allegations made therein. This offer has not been taken up by Scotland Yard, nevertheless Merrick said that if in future Release had cause to complain about the conduct of any police officer, they were to consult him, and any complaints would get the fullest and most instant co-operation. This Release agreed to do, and so when Thom Keyes rang Release to inform them that Robin Constable had asked Keyes to come and see him and that a sum of money would probably be handed over within half an hour, Release immediately informed Detective Inspector Merrick, who asked Release to ring him immediately the transaction actually took place. Half an hour later Constable received the £150 in marked notes, and Release tried to ring Merrick. Merrick, extraordinarily enough, had gone out, leaving instructions for Release to ring a subordinate. The subordinate was unavailable. It was not until 2½ hours later that Release, after continual efforts by telephone, was able to contact Merrick. He gave an assurance that the matter would be attended to. At 4 that afternoon an Inspector Frew visited Keyes and took a four hour statement, not leaving Keyes apartment until 8pm., after which he went to see Constable. By this time, naturally enough, there was no trace of the marked notes on Constable and the case was soon pigeonholed for insufficient evidence. Release was not even allowed to accompany Inspector Frew when he visited Constable. The police implied that Release had fabricated the entire story. Anyone knowing anything about Release and the way it operates would at once realise the absurdity of this implication.

In the succeeding months Detective Sergeant Robin Constable has been a busy man. He led the raid on Mick Jagger and Marianne Faithfull and was again accused of offering to drop charges in return for money. This received extensive publicity and Mr. Constable soon found himself the subject of an internal police inquiry. Not that he, or anyone else for that matter, was particularly worried. He was even appointed as a member of a committee investigating other bribery allegations made by The Times. Mr. Callaghan, the Home Secretary, on being asked a question in the House about this extraordinary appointment, stated that he did not know at the time of the appointment that Constable himself was the subject of bribery allegations. Release, however, has access to a letter from Callaghan dated three months before, saying that he was very concerned about alleg-

ations made about Constable, and that everything possible was being done to have the matter clarified. Constable has now been cleared of all bribery allegations by the internal investigating committee. The impartiality of such investigations can be suspect and in this case, even though the police stressed that the investigating officer came from a different station, it is a fact that for a time during the inquiry, Inspector Frew was actually working at Chelsea, Constable's own stamping ground. The happily exonerated Constable, it is now rumoured, is due for promotion and is shortly to appear as Detective Inspector Constable.

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

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

England's first book of Head Comics/Trip Strip is now available from: Flat 5, 8 Norfolk Terrace, Brighton, Sussex. 3/- or 2/- from bookshops, boutiques etc. It has a long way to go before it rivals the Californian comic counterparts, like *Snatch*, *Yellow Dog*,

etc., but it's good, original and I hope the forerunner of hundreds of others. 'Acid to Acid, Dust to Dust, If the Shit don't get Ya, the trips sure must.'

We would like to assure our readers that OZ is published by OZ Publications Ink Ltd. and not by Hastings Printing Company of Hastings Sussex, in case any of you were misled by the appearance of the name of this company at the bottom of Roy Guest's London Happenings advertisement on P.45 of the last issue.

DADD is an illustrated magazine shortly to be put out by a group of young people, in a loose leaf form, the idea of which is to give immediate visual impact and allow the contributor whether he be photographer, writer, designer or artist, to get the most from the pages on which his work appears. DADD is meant to be hung on the wall, so all material will be designed to work both in a literary and visual way at the same time. Sounds like OZ. All contributions to: 103a Barkston Gardens, London, S.W.5.

Last month's Beautiful Freak, Greg Cox, now somewhat cured of his John Lennon obsession, has put out a beautiful four page magazine entitled NOTHING, which is available for 1/- from Greg if you happen to run into him in the street, or from: 62, Argyle Street, London W.C.1. Buy it and read all about the Nothing Co-op, Nothing auditions, and Nothing to read. 'Nothing is a coincidence. We think that everything that happens at the same time is a coincidence, and that coincidences either happen, don't happen, or are made to happen.' I don't quite know what that is all about but Greg says that NOTHING really means PEACE.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★  
Royal Court Theatre Sloane Sq. SW1.  
**Café La Mama**  
is coming to the Royal Court  
from off off Broadway  
**19th May for 3 weeks**  
"shock, sex, beauty, ritual  
theatre of cruelty"  
**Monday-Friday 8 00**  
**Saturday 5pm 8 30pm**  
**all students 5/-**  
**Royal Court Theatre**  
**Sloane Sq. SW1. Tel. 01-730 1745**



TO: \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

Date: \_\_\_\_\_

Gentlemen:

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

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

Thank you for your cooperation. I remain,

Most sincerely,

FORM NUMBER: OHID 1A-A1-1970

IMPORTANT: This is an individual human request form.  
 NOT TO BE SOLD.

FORM FILLING INFORMATION REQUEST FORM

(please use block letters or typewriter)

1. DATE: \_\_\_\_\_
2. AGENCY (Government or private) REQUESTING INFORMATION: \_\_\_\_\_
3. ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
 (street number) \_\_\_\_\_  
 (city or town) \_\_\_\_\_  
 (county/state - Country) \_\_\_\_\_
4. DEPARTMENT REQUESTING INFORMATION: \_\_\_\_\_
5. HEAD OF DEPARTMENT: (Name if human - Number if not) \_\_\_\_\_
6. NAME(s) SPECIFIC INDIVIDUAL(s) MAKING REQUEST: \_\_\_\_\_  
 (name(s) if enlightened - number (s) if frightened) \_\_\_\_\_
7. WILL INFORMATION BE FED INTO A COMPUTER:  
 Yes \_\_\_\_\_ No \_\_\_\_\_
8. IF YES, NAME, MAKE AND MODEL NUMBER \_\_\_\_\_
9. WHO WILL HAVE ACCESS TO INFORMATION:  
 (Agencies, Government and or Private, and individuals please list all names. If unknown, please state.) \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 (if additional space is required, please add supplemental sheet when returning this form)
10. DUE TO POSSIBLE CHANGING SITUATIONS IN LIFE, CAN THE INFORMATION YOU REQUEST BE CORRECTED OR AMENDED IN FUTURE  
 Yes \_\_\_\_\_ No \_\_\_\_\_

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

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

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

14. SPECIFY EXCLUDED SERVICES OR SOURCES: \_\_\_\_\_

Note: Farmers may elect the optional method instead of regular method.

Non farmers must use INFORMATION ACCRUAL METHOD

15. SUMMARY OF INFORMATION DEPRECIATION: \_\_\_\_\_

(Dates - Year and month, please) \_\_\_\_\_

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

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

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

18. MISCELLANEOUS GENERAL RULE: (Yes or No, if intending to use) \_\_\_\_\_

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

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

a. Net Long Term Gain (Loss): \_\_\_\_\_

b. Carryover Gain (Loss): \_\_\_\_\_

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

1. Confusion \_\_\_\_\_ more \_\_\_\_\_ Less  
 2. RED TAPE \_\_\_\_\_ more \_\_\_\_\_ Less

NOTE: A. Some form fillers find it convenient to increase their withholding of information to avoid declaration responsibility. If you do so, make sure the information balance due on (OHID 1A-A1) will be equal to that information being requested by you in your form number. Those who make an estimated information declaration totalling more information than requested on this form can reasonably expect said gross information to be exceeded.  
 B. If a request is made for a joint information declaration by both husband and wife (provid-



ed they are entitled to file such joint information declaration) can they reasonably expect to receive more information from your office in the near future? Yes \_\_\_\_\_ No \_\_\_\_\_

- C. However, if you are a non-resident alien who requires a declaration of estimated information you must allow added time for language translation and adaptations thus required.

STATE WHICH YOU REQUIRE RE. ABOVE: \_\_\_\_\_

#### 19A. EXCESS ACCOUNT INFORMATION:

Enter information here with regard to yourself and the five highest information getting employees within your organization. In determining the five highest information getters, computer time allowances must be added to their totals. However, the information need not be submitted for any employee for whom the combined amount is less than one form per work day, or for yourself if your information quota allowance is directly controlled by the information covered in question (6). See separate instructions for definition of 'information quota allowances'.

a. DO YOU CLAIM A DEDUCTION FOR INFORMATION ALLOWANCES CONNECTED WITH:

1. High degree of computer control:  
Yes \_\_\_\_\_ No \_\_\_\_\_
2. Over 65 or Blind: Yes \_\_\_\_\_ No \_\_\_\_\_
3. Too many conventions or meetings:  
Yes \_\_\_\_\_ No \_\_\_\_\_
4. Sick Leave or Holidays Yes \_\_\_\_\_ No \_\_\_\_\_

#### 20. INFORMATION FROM RECOMPUTING PRIOR YEAR INFORMATION CREDIT:

Enter the amount of information which the credit taken in a prior year or years exceeds the information as recomputed due to early or faulty disposition of initial information: \_\_\_\_\_

21. INFORMATION AVERAGE: If your information request has increased substantially this year, it may be to your advantage to figure your information before computing under 'the information averaging method'. Obtain Information Schedule BB5-OLE from this office. Mark Yes \_\_\_\_\_ No \_\_\_\_\_ (if needed)

22. SHARE INFORMATION ARRANGEMENTS: An individual who undertakes to produce information on facts belonging to another, or a proportionate share of said information is considered to be an independant informer (supplier) (requester) and has a self-employed information status rather than an employee. His net request for information should be outlined in details on this form for computation of self-employment information purposes: \_\_\_\_\_

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

23. WHO MAY FILE OR FILL IN A FORM: Any individual, government agency, estate, trust, or corporation, including a small business corporation or Limited Company, claiming information for credit or other purposes. Partnerships are not required to file this form because credit of information claimed by partners has a greater human value than that of the corporation. However, partnerships may attach a statement of not more than 250 words requesting a special information refund, provided the information is available for your credit in any of the

first three quarters of the current tax year.

NOTE: MEMBERS OF CERTAIN RELIGIOUS FAITHS:

If you have conscientious objections to information form requests by virtue of your adherence to the established teachings of a recognized religious sect of which you are a member, you may file a statement to obtain said information exemption: \_\_\_\_\_

FOR OFFICIAL USE ONLY: DO NOT WRITE IN THIS SPACE

Date received: \_\_\_\_\_

Date answered: \_\_\_\_\_

Information evaluation quota: \_\_\_\_\_

DIENAM CODING FOR FUTURE USE:

- a. OBLT \_\_\_\_\_
- b. Z5R3 \_\_\_\_\_
- c. MI-SH-MO-SH \_\_\_\_\_
- d. SI - S3C - R7E - W - (9) - U - 7 - P \_\_\_\_\_

Claimed evaluation reevaluated \_\_\_\_\_

OTHER COMMENTS: \_\_\_\_\_

#### INSTRUCTIONS AND GENERAL INFORMATION

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

#### INSTRUCTIONS AND GENERAL INFORMATION

- A. MUST BE TIMELY FILLED OUT FOR CREDIT OF INFORMATION YOU ARE REQUESTING: No information credit will be allowed unless requested not later than the time prescribed for requesting (including extensions). For example, an information request by your organization must be made within ninety (90) days after receipt of this form, and is allowable if filed and post marked prior that date. Where the last day for such filing falls on a Saturday, Sunday or holiday, such act of filling request shall be considered performed timely if performed on the next succeeding day which is not a Saturday, Sunday or legal holiday.
- B. INFORMATION GAINS OR LOSSES ARISING FROM:
1. Sale, exchange or involuntary conversion of said information (including in certain cases uncomputerized information) and depreciable information if it is used in the agency, organization or business for more than six months, cannot be considered valid and or useful unless recontact with the individual is made.
  2. In the case of tax information the period may be extended to one year.

© COPYRIGHT: All information contained in the form which you are requesting to be filled out, is copyrighted by the individual who commits the information to your form. Any use of the information must be within the copyright laws, and proper royalties must be paid, and permission obtained in advance, prior to use.

CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE



Harvey M. Matusow.



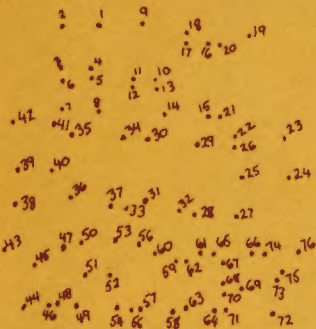
# SPID FREAK FUN!



## EYEBALL KICKS

### DOT PUZZLE

HEY GANG! JUST CONNECT THE DOTS AND RECEIVE CLEVER, ANTI-ESTABLISHMENT MESSAGE...



THERE WERE DAYS I SPENT  
IN AN AGGROVATED HAZE,



AND WEEKS  
OF ENDLESS  
BOVER,



SKINNY  
DIPPINGS

BUT NOW I  
DIG THE  
SPINACH  
CRAZE



## SPOT THE BALL!

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

THE LITTLE GUY WITH A BIG MUSTACHE HAS BLOWN HIS FLYKIN' MIND WITH TOO MUCH ACID. COULD YOU, WITH YOUR PENCILS, HELP HIM GET IT BACK? COULD YA? PLEASE?...



JUST TAKE  
THIS LITTLE PILL...  
IT'LL MAKE YOU DANCE  
AND SING!



### EAT 'EM LIKE CANDY

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sickens, Weakens or Grips; 10, 25 and 50 cents per box. Write for free sample, and booklet on health. Address

Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago or New York.

### KEEP YOUR BLOOD CLEAN

### MOTHERS DO NOT WHIP YOUR CHILDREN

for wetting the bed. They can't help it. It's a disease and a dangerous one. You should not allow it to continue. Enuresis will cure it. SAMPLE FREE. DR. MAY, Box B, Bloomington, Ill.



Please say where you saw this advertisement.

### OPIUM

and Liquor Habit Cured without inconvenience or detention from business. Write THE DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. E.S., Lebanon, Ohio.



Can You Find the Spotted Dog In the Square?

Can You Count the Dots In the Square?

END



