

ON THE EDGE

Broadcast 13 February 1963

Singers	Musicians	Named Speakers (of 50+)
Ewan MacColl	Alf Edwards conc+oc+trom	Dot Dobbie
Peggy Seeger	Peggy Seeger guit+banjo+mand+ah	Constance Beaby
Louis Killen	Alfie Kahn clar+picc+harm+flute	John Gavin
Gordon McCulloch	Bryan Daly guit+elec-guit	John Pardoe
Lorna Campbell	Jim Bray dbass	Anne Nielsen
Ray Fisher	Colin Ross north-pipes+fid	Ann Tanner
	Tony Martin bongos	Mai Alman
	Ronnie Hughes trum	

Text

1

Daddy daddy daddy daddy goodbye.

I've always kept a diary, a little book which I buy every year. And I was looking through it the other day and I noticed - on one of the pages I'd written, 'I hate Daddy'.

**Please Miss,
Please Sir,
Please Miss,
Please Sir
Goodbye.**

I left school and all of a sudden freedom. I needn't wear that horrible uniform, I needn't wait for a bell to go into assembly every morning.

**Goodbye dolly goodbye plastic guns tin soldiers farewell.
Goodbye old man old lady tata.
Goodbye round-toed shoes and Father Christmas, goodbye.**

I'm alone and I'm growing away from people and losing contact and this is the loneliness that you feel inside yourself.

It's all new and like an adventure which you've got to face, and, well it could be a nice adventure. You never sort of know how it's going to be I mean like when you go somewhere strange or turn a corner that you don't know what's on the other side. It could be something really beautiful or it could be a cliff edge.

Goodbye goodbye.

(Sobbing)

2

A tale of the children of a troubled world.
The tale of a search and the long journey,
Leaving the safe and guarded fortress,
The searchers walk in the trackless places.
From the world behind the wall
Out from the shelter of green oases,
Each one comes and walks alone
High on the stony ridges, stumbling across the broken ground,
Searching for peaks of fabled mountains.

I'm nineteen years old
I'm fifteen
Sixteen
Fifteen
Sixteen
Seventeen
I'm just coming up for eighteen years.

Always seem to be searching for something. Sometimes you think you find it or part of it and then you lose it again.

I'm nineteen, nineteen and a half
Seventeen near enough
I'm nearly twenty now
To live, to go anywhere and live - wherever it is, especially in deserts and places like this
Sixteen
Fourteen
Nearly fifteen
I'm seventeen you see. I mean, I'm only young.

When you're our age, leastways I feel that there must be something, in life, you know, something to be had, and my problem is that I can't see it and I don't know what I'm searching for, but I feel that there must be something there.

Nearly eighteen
Nineteen
I'm twenty

But now as I'm getting older, and you begin to think for yourself, and this is where it comes very difficult for you because you begin to get your own thoughts and that's when you wonder whether you're just using your parents' thoughts while you should be using your own, what you feel yourself.

I'm seventeen
Fifteen
Eighteen
Nineteen.
When people talk about young people, that's me, you know, they're addressing me, and they're talking about me.

I'm seventeen you see. I mean, I'm only young.
To me, I feel important, but to the world? No, I mean, to me and my surroundings, I'm
the most important thing.
I've got to understand.
I can't stand routine at any time.
I want to break away.

There's a world in front of you. You've only got a certain space to go. I go to me factory
and come back. That's supposed to be my bit of seeing the world. The whole world in
front of you. The whole world to see and things that haven't been discovered.

**All the years I've waited for this day,
All the time I've been preparing.
Now I'm on me way.**

I just want to go.

**There's a world outside just for the taking,
A life is there just for the making.
Time that I was going on my way.**

I always feel that anything can happen at any time. I'm going to wake up one morning and
there'll be something in the post or I'm going to meet somebody and something will
happen to me.

**Goodbye old world, I'm leaving you behind.
There's a brand new universe right there for me to find...**

You can't put it to words.

**A place where no one else has been,
A place that no one else has seen -
It's time that I was going on my way.**

To me there's far too much to do and to see, too many people to meet and too many
places to go.

The years between say ten and twenty one, that's when you have a little bit of
enjoyment... you're free, no things to hold you down. You're supposed to be able to enjoy
yourself. That's the age.

**Mean to live my life before I die,
Mean to ask a million questions,
Know the reason why.**

I want to find out about... things.

**Don't leave a single taste untasted,
Don't let a single hour be wasted,
Time that I was going on my way.**

Stood on the edge and watched the dance too long.
Get in the ring and swing your partner
While you're young and strong.

Get the beat, get the urge to dance

Your life's your own, only you can live it,
Move to the beat, man, now get with it -
Time that I was going on my way.

Getting away from ... And getting something out of life.
Something definite, something you can rely on, something to be there always.
Pointless.
I'm just drifting.
Life's got no meaning, really.
Continual A-Z.

Just seem to drift on and on and on.
Sometimes... I could scream/making/time goes so slowly/life/ wanting something to
happen/give you/waiting for things.
Like when you go somewhere strange or turn a corner.

There's always this thing again, you know, why? Why be different? I mean, everybody
else is quite happy to be as they are. Why do you want to be anything more than you
are?

I mean, you gotta be yourself.
You know I'm nobody.
I'm just drifting... waiting for things.
I've got to... vibrate, you know.
I think being in this country at the present time... is a, just a huge adventure.
Waiting for things.
Life itself to me is just a huge adventure.
Waiting,
Waiting,
Waiting.

We're searching for something but we've got no idea what it is, something unusual, not,
not routine, something that's out of this world, something that's unique, something that
no-one else has done, something that sets you different from everyone else, cos
teenagers, teenagers, you're sort of classed with millions of other teenagers. You read
about teenagers, you can't get a paper, pick up a paper without seeing Teenagers,
Teenagers, and to think that you're one of them. You're just the same. You want to be
someone entirely different, someone unique. This is what you're searching for, that
thing that's unique.

3

What is it like, the world outside,
World beyond the wall?

Does it compare with all the tales they tell?
What is real and what are dreams
In that world where nothing is what it seems?
Who can advise me?

How can I use the lessons learned
There outside the wall?
Can I walk through fire and not be burned
On the way?
How can I make that world my own
And fight the fear when I'm alone?
Who will instruct me?

You the two who gave me breath,
You who fashioned me,
You who clothed me with your flesh and bone,
You who fed and sheltered me -
Open the door and set me free.
Now you can help me.

I want to break away. When you're born your mother thinks, oh he's going to be a great lad - you're cast, you're moulded the way, that's the way you're to be and if you break away you're regarded as strange... as if I was a beatnik or summat like that.
You shouldn't go out with boys, you're too young.

You're not going. I am going. You're not. I am going.

He's not old enough. Don't do this. Where've you been? What've you been doing? Who were you with?

They think you're born to die. You know, you just eat, sleep, drink and die and that's it.
That is their happy life.

The tale of the children of the troubled world.
The tale of the search and the long journey.
Each one awaits the word of comfort,
The simple gesture of recognition
From those who once made the same journey

4

I find it very difficult to talk to my parents.

I have no trouble with my dad cos he's on nights - he's been on nights for six years.

Course... Respect my parents... but I don't think they realise I'm growing up at all.

I never discuss anything at home... parents are too busy watching the television.

My dad sits there and I don't talk to him because we only row.

There's me father, he's working hisself to death, just for me.

I sit there all night long with nobody to talk to, this is the honest truth and, you know, I've got nothing 'cept me mates. It's probably my fault as well, not just them, it's the way things are.

And when I start discussing this with my parents she just gets all hurt and won't discuss it with you at all. She says: 'I don't know what to make of you', you know.

Do you ever think that there's such a thing as sort of a family life? I honestly don't. I don't know, you get this jazz about the mother and the father and it's out of Enid Blyton, innit?

5

**Where is the child who would climb on my knee,
Weaving her dreams with my own?
Who is this woman who faces me now,
Hostile, remote, alone?**

Just, just happens, no point in blaming anybody.

**Where is the one who was patient and kind,
Sharing my dreams and my play?
Who is this stranger that faces me now?
Why does he turn away?**

I think if they tried to understand my point of view I'd try to tell them, that I've got to go through this. It's no good believing one thing all your life, I think you've got to believe in different things, to eventually reach something you're going to understand and... trust in.

**Where is the trust, the respect that is owed?
What of the plans and the schemes?**

**The dream it was fine -
It was yours, though, not mine.
Now let me find my own dreams.**

They don't seem to realise what we want out of life is not what they think we should have. It's what we want. And you don't seem to be able to get to pass that over to the adult world, in any form, you know.

The things that they want to do are entirely different to the things that I want to do. They're in a rut, aren't they? I mean, I want to do different things.

My mum keeps saying, Why can't you be like Hilda? She's steady - she got married and now she's got a baby. And because I'm not married yet and I'm not going steady with

anybody, she thinks I'm being different, you know, this is all she can say all the time.
'Why do you have to be different?'

I suppose it's understandable you know, she don't know how to treat me really, she don't know what to do, because it's never really happened with her before.

She seems to take... that she's done the right thing in life and I'm NOT doing the right thing and that I'm just being stupid, you know, just living there, big dreamer, all the time

My mum/my father/my mum keeps/there's me father, he's/my father/me father
really/I think my old feller/ this old man/my old fella/my dad/my mum/ my mum and
dad/me and my mum and me and my dad used to/my mum/my mum and dad/my mum/my
mum and dad/my mum and dad/my mum and dad...(echo).

6

Yes sir, no sir, goodbye three bags full sir, goodbye.

Because the mummies and daddies of the day is advertising. They're really telling you what to do although you don't really know it. I mean, you walk down the road, I guarantee you don't get ten yards without there's something advertised. And they're really little mummies and daddies like that film, 1984, Big Brother, they tell you what to do. It's the way it's put over, craftily. Sex is brought into it, you see a girl: buy these nylons, you see her showing half her leg, or you see: smoke this pipe, you see a big handsome bloke with like big muscles, you see, psychological.

(sobbing)

7

What have got to worry about? Nothing, have you? You've only got to worry about your work and that's not much worry in that, you do it right... you've nothing to worry about.

Big deal.

Yeah.

You're either with it or you're not with it.

Whoever whatever wherever you are,

Be with it.

See that you live it up, always be with it.

Dig it, dad,

Be with it, lad.

Live it, dad,

Be with it, lad. Be with it.

Don't be a nit,

Don't be a creep.

Don't be a dozie.

Don't be a nana.

Don't be an old red-nosie.
Don't be a square.
Always be where the kicks are,
Show the baskets you don't care.

You think, well, let's do summat different.

It's the way the papers say you should rebel... you'll get in the papers and like that if you're out late at night.

That's right, I read in the paper this morning.

This is the younger generation... here they are look at them... aren't they funny...the way they grow... three years...

The world is there, go in and crack it,
Put on your short Italian jacket.
 You're screaming.
Polish up your chisel-toes until they're gleaming.
 Be with it.
Let your hair grow long, don't be a square,
It's only squares who wear short hair.
You cut it off,
The kids will scoff and call you Creepy.

We got a mate, Wizz... isn't we... and you've got great long hair.
In't he lovely?
It was just like Buffalo Bill.

 Be with it, be modern, be smart, be right,
And always wear your trousers tight,
The bottom's fourteen inches,
And if it pinches in the crotch
Then never mind,
 That isn't much to pay for being with it.

I wouldn't wear a jacket, double breasted, dirty great big long one like my dad wears?
Why? Because all my mates don't.

 If you're looking for the smartest, then you'll pick us,
 When we're wearing modern suits and winklepickers
 You can spot us, we'll be standing out a mile,
 We're the girls who always wear the latest style.

A modern definitely is smart.

From the start to the end, we know every fashion trend,
 We're with it.
We know everything about what is in and what is out,
 We're with it.

Because some bloke in Paris who's running around in a dirty great big Rolls or Mercedes, say, 'I think next week we'll have them up an extra inch'. You see, you haven't got any option. Why do you have them up an extra inch? Because everybody else has got them up an extra inch, that's why.

We're off for a dance at the old Locarno
All dolled up like Brigitte Bardot.

Dead sultry, but smart
As the tart in a foreign picture.

X FILM... sex film,
Dead hot, dead frank, dead daring.
Who do you think you're staring at, you clot?
Showed the lot all she'd got.
Oh you've got a one-track mind.
Flash it!
Belt up.
Twist and turn, turn and twist.
Go away, you'll never be missed.
Twist and turn, turn and twist,
Seventeen and never been kissed.
Who's talking?

Beat,

Keep jiving.

Beat,

Got the message in my feet.

Beat beat.

Who's crooning? Who's swooning?

Beat, beat, beat, beat, beat beat... *(continues behind the next section...)*.

Simple, that's the main thing, simplest kind of music.

You can tap your feet

And grab a bird,

Get the beat,

Get with it.

So I was walking up Tottenham Court Road and there was a pile-driver working there and I stopped and listened/ regular/ monotonous/**beat**/bedong/**beat**/bedong/the beat/bedong/**beat/beat**

It's fascinating cos of the sheer monotony and the deadness - it's a spellbinding effect.

Walking up Tottenham Court Road.

It just

The pile-driver working.

Oh, I really liked listening to that.

(Beat, beat beat fades out.)

Your feet are tapping and then your hands start. Just makes you look around, look for a bird.

And the important thing is that your mind is very nearly at rest.

Only people with baggy pants and girls who wear really long skirts, no make-up and, beatniks, only do they listen to the kind of music? Just like cos we don't understand it me and... we're never really given the opportunity to understand it. It's just sort of...

It just builds up inside of you... burst out.

Beat beat
Snap your fingers, shuffle your feet and
Beat beat
Hard and crazy, cool and lazy
Beat beat
Lamp the chick Mick quick nick in an grab her
You can ave er, she's a squealer.
Big dealer
Beat beat beat
Dig the bird with the bristol cities.
Smashing
Come on let's rock and give this beat a bashing
Be alive
Be the froth on the cappuccino
Twist and jive, be keen O
Check the square over there with the long drape on, what a thing to wear,
Creep.

Creeps, you know, nanas, dozies.

Nit!
Needle him a bit.
Twist. Twist.
Up with the fists,
Let's rumble.

Like some of these people, you know,
Not with it.
I'm not saying
You
Canna be funny
Proving you're not scared of being hurt
Just walk down the street and
Fight others
You're not one of the crowd if you don't
Scared of going into a fight
There's nothing like that in Eccles. You can't go out on a Saturday night in Eccles
without seeing a fight now.
See,
Get them annoyed
That's it

Get 'em
It's the thing to do
Somebody shouting
I read in the paper this morning that there was a rumble
Then the boys grabbed us...
You know and that way it caused a fight cos
The papers place us out of all proportion, every time
Mind you, you like a good scrap now and again
A lot of youngsters who read the papers, get the idea that it's the thing to do, to go
down to the dance hall and have a rumble.
They started kicking me, they got me down on the ground, and a boy hit me across the
chest with a brick
Usually about three or four fights a night, round there. More, sometimes. I've seen
about six in one night ...in same dance hall
I think, all teddy boys think about is having a big bundle with...
Just can't see it... like doing a ton on a motorbike... that's not showing you're a man - it's
just showing off.

8

**I've got me tight black jeans got me black leather jacket
Got a big new bike and it cost a packet
On the never never.**

**I've got me helmet on, half covers me face
Look like a feller from outer space
I've cracked it,
Dead clever.**

It's a type of uniform leather jacket and a pair of jeans and it's to make you look apart
from the other people, different from an ordinary person who's wearing a suit, you know,
squares.

Faster faster than a car, more noisy than an electric guitar.

Two wheels, four wheels, squares drive cars...

**Dead dashing, it's smashing
It's speed that you need if you canna be with it
Give it the gun there, all you can give it**

Anything for kicks

**Hold tight
We're flying
Hold tight
Hold your breath
Hold tight
We're belting,
Hold tight**

Move over death,
Hold tight
We're moving,
 Hold tight
We're proving that
We're alive, if we survive, we can say that
 We're with it
 Chick screaming,
 Hair streaming
 Behind
Past the pylons,
Flash of nylons,
Flash of thighs
 Speeding,
Here's the lot now,
All we've got now,
 Tearing by
Now we're roaring,
Now we're soaring like a rocket in the sky
Now we can say
 We've done it
 Beat beat beat beat beat beat beat beat beat beat beat beat beat
 beat beat beat beat beat beat beat beat

The tale of the children of a troubled world
A tale of the search and the long journey
In the world outside the wall,
There where the landscape has no feature
Each one walks afraid, alone
Here in the sunless valleys,
Shambling across the barren plains.
Seeking the source of fabled oceans.

9

I suddenly thought loneliness... the complete and utter futility.

The world that I knew it has vanished and gone
Leaving this forest of stone,
And the faces are strange and altered, everything is changed
Here where I walk alone.

Empty and barren
Feels like people don't care
Waiting to meet people that, that want me
An excessive shyness to people I didn't know
Everyone can notice you... as though you want to hide is how you feel, as though the floor
could swallow you up

You feel in your mind doors shut in your face. You're not really wanted, you just sit on the edge all the time, but nobody really wants you to come in and sit round the fire in the middle

If you're lonely and you won't tell no-one what you really want

I felt neither a child nor a woman nor anything

People think you got a disease and unwanted

I was beginning to develop and I felt so completely unattractive, you know

Loneliness, loneliness is a awful thing

I don't know why ...it should feel lonely

Waiting to meet people that that... want me.

10

I've had thoughts, about wanting to sleep with girls and that.

Suddenly I mean walking along the street and you see a very beautiful woman or girl, you can suddenly imagine things.

Dreams

Everything's perfect in a dream

I have a dream now

One of these sleeping daydreams

Daydreams

You dream in bed

Just dream of

Just seem to lay awake at night

This dream, my dream, my dream, my dream

It was usually some big handsome man, you know, sweeping you off your feet, crushing you with his strong arms.

I was never very good with girls, you know, and in me dreams I was always like the dashing figure, you know, taking all the girls out and

He's tall and dead sultry looking

Got the most beautiful eyes you've ever seen, hazel and green and

We would be together, we wouldn't quarrel at all, everything would always be all right.

He was always dynamic, and always definite and dominant.

I have this dream of finding a man that I respect and, and like and he likes me and somehow or other we always get to the top of a mountain and then just quite naturally we lie down and make love and, and that's it.

And you just start, walking along together, talking, down a country lane, over fields... and the sun, dead gorgeous, by a stream, no-one about for miles and miles, like in *Glossop*? And just walking on... and on... never ending.

They'll not come true. For instance one dream that I have is winning the pools, well I don't fill the pools in!

A superman, you know. I had a motorbike you could ride in the sky, you know, anywhere, at any speed, you know and I could shoot up to a flying saucer and be away to another planet if I felt like it.

There was just this one boy, he's got a very weak heart, and I save him you see, and it's absolutely wild, it's a triple blood transfusion, he's got a rare blood group, you see and I've got the same rare blood group.

I'm walking down the street and I stop to cross over the road, I go over a zebra crossing and a car draws up quickly. There's a young, very handsome man in the car and he really is a film director.

He's got to have the blood immediately and the transfusion takes place in the main hall of the men's union at Glasgow University, which has got this great big long table with the Speaker's Mace at the end of it.

And he says, 'would you like to make a picture for us? It's about a young girl.
And I say, But I'm not beautiful. And he says we're not looking for anybody beautiful, we're looking for somebody with a face like you.

And they say - Can you manage it? Can you give any more blood?
Steely blue eyes and he's slim and he's sunburnt.

And they say - How many pints have I given? Two?
And he wants me to play the part.

I said - How many more does he need to be really safe? One more'll do . Do you think you can make it? I'll do it.

And this ends up with me falling in love with him and he falls in love with me and he says: 'I'm glad that you're so slim' and I didn't think of myself as slim, I always thought of myself as skinny.

And I end up, you know, having given so much of my precious life blood that I am now fighting for my life.

And it goes on and in the end we marry and we settle down and live happily ever after.

Your mind's sort of like a, like a screen, like a picture house, imagining it all, only more vivid and colourful, fantastic.

And you're not really so lonely then.

11

**Why should you be lonely
When your company I am craving?
Come back in a year or two
When you have started shaving.**

I know a dive where we can jive
And do a spot of raving.
No more waiting, hesitating,
Time that we were going

Oh oh oh oh we're young
But we're a -growing....

Oh dear, I'll hae tae get a lad
For love has made me frantic.
Make up your mind before you drive me
Daft with all your antics.

Oh I can hardly get my breath
I'm feeling that romantic -
No more waiting, hesitating,
Time that we were going.
Oh oh oh oh we're young
But we're a-growing.

Don't you hear this noisy racket?
That's me heart a -beating.
Get in lower gear, me dear,
Your engine's overheating.
Got to find out all about it
Now, for time is fleeting.

No more waiting, hesitating,
Time that we were going.
Oh oh oh oh we're young
But we're a-growing.

Used to think boys were just something you used to, to get in the pictures and to get
anywhere, free.

I met lots of girls, but I think I was always too scared of them, sexually to ever try
anything. I've always wanted to talk with them, more than anything else. I wanted to
explain myself, you know, I wanted to understand them.

He asked me to come for a walk so at first I says No, then he says, 'You're shy'. I says,
'I'm not shy,' I was dead scared and I thought, Oh.

12

It actually gives me a thrill, if on the tube, if a girl I like is close to me and her hand
happens to touch mine, that's the truth, it gives me a thrill, just something like that...
that thing in the throat, you know, tremendous excitement.

I knew it, it wouldn't last.

And blokes have followed me home, but... never given them a chance.

Walking down Regent Road, you know, sometimes, coming home, get the all-night bus,
about twelve o'clock.

Twelve o'clock.

Dark silent.

**Last bus gone,
Drinkers gone from
Pubs all closed and
Streets all empty
Streets all
Empty streets.**

It's not a busy place, but, there's fellers walking round, and trying to pick me up. I say,
No, thank you.

**Hear beat of shoes and feet on pavement, high-heeled statement of shoes on...
Slow down,
Wait till she comes abreast,
Touch, wait.
Catch up out late.
What shall I say, what shall I say?
Stay... stay.**

They start by asking you quite ridiculous questions, you know. Which way is it to
Manchester?

**Make her pass, see that she does not ...
Passing
The time of night.
Which way shall I,
Can I ask her?**

This fella he's walking away from Manchester. I says, That way, thinking, he might be
genuine, he might really want to know the way to Manchester, so I can't be abrupt.

**She speaks, answers,
Just suppose that she said I said she said I said she said I said she said**

I said, It's that way, he says, Oh is it? He says Have you been to the Ritz? I says No,
He says, Don't you like the Plaza? I says No.

**Easy,
Take it easy,
Someone walking up behind,
It's a copper,
No,
A bus conductor**

Walking fast,
Passed,
Last shift.
Think of something,
Wonder if she'll
Wonder if I
Would she if I made a pass
And chances passing.

He says where you going? I says Home, He says Are you on your own? I says, I won't be,
in a bit, when I get home

I wonder if she'd
Wonder what she'd say
I wonder if she'd
Would she?
What say
Stay
Stay

He's by then walking with me so I says, Where are you going? He says, Manchester.
This is the way, isn't it? I says, Oh are you? That's nice. Tara then. It's my street.

13

Frankly, the idea of intercourse and sex revolts me
There's nothing shameful.. about it. Why should there be?
I think sex is wonderful.
I know for a fact that I wouldn't ask me mother anything about sex
I asked her once and she said, Don't talk like that, she said, Sex is something sacred. I
sort of curled up
You'll learn about it later
Big deal
Just something that isn't mentioned
You'd wonder what it was like but you'd never really know

Well we had a little film... in school, which was blooming stupid, that started off: they
had a diagram of the Fallopian tube and the egg was released and there little waving
tentacles all around... That was the film they showed you. I mean they showed how if
the male sperm joined with the female egg then the baby was created. They didn't tell
how the male sperm got there. Nor did they tell you what happened after the baby was
created inside you. I mean you know they started kind of in the middle and they
finished before the end

A wee bit here
A wee bit there
And owk a fact we share,
And when we've learned the facts of life
It's then that we can pair.
But keep the auld folk ignorant,

Their feelings we maun spare.

I feel embarrassed cos I feel that she is embarrassed.

What is love? I just don't believe that it's this airy-fairy light romantic stuff that you read about.

And he suggests that we go for a walk and already I'm feeling excited.. in my heart almost, my stomach, if you like, is turning over at the thought of going for a walk with him. And we came to farm house and he took his plastic mac, which he had already hidden, from underneath a hedge and spread it on the ground and then I began to feel, I felt very excited, and he had his arm round me and fumbled around and it was quite enjoyable because it was new and it was exciting. It was something that hadn't happened to me before.

Oh I don't know...sort of terrific things.. and sometimes I'm even walking, like down the Old Kent Road and you look and you see... Life.. and I just sort of think, Jesus this is great, you know, and everyone else is sort of running around like little rabbits, you know and they don't bother to look and, and see. They're all so busy getting married and having children - and they miss, they miss... Life.

14

Oh oh oh oh whack the fol a diggy O
I think we should be getting married
Think I'm just the lad for you.
Think again, I'm in no hurry
Think I'll wait a year or two.
Oh oh oh oh whack the fol a diggy O

Now's the time to have a wedding
Have some kids, say two or three.
Now's the time for me to scarper
While I've got me liberty.
Oh oh oh oh whack the fol a diggy O

I think marriage is a complete dead end

I think the most important thing in my life is to get married and have children

I don't like the idea of marriage and so forth. I think it's unnatural for a person to just live with one person all his life

I want to enjoy meself while I'm a teenager and get married after. You've got your worries then, aven't you?

In our ain wee single-end
Just think how happy we could be.
Washing -up and watching telly
No, my lad, that's no' for me.

Oh oh oh oh whack the fol a diggy O

Me fancy's on an Easter wedding
That's what I would really like.
I'd rather see you on the pillion
Of me brand-new motor-bike.

Oh oh oh oh whack the fol a diggy O

Most girls SHOULD get married and have a family
I'm hoping I'm going to find a nice young man.

I don't want to be tied to the kitchen sink.

I'd rather be a wife than somebody who worked in an office bashing at a typewriter all the time

Anything from sixteen to nineteen and all they talk about is My Pete, my Steve, my this, my that. They haven't got any other interest in life, and when they're married five years, what've they got? Got a couple of kids, an old man who wished to hell he'd never got married, but they've had their day, they walked down the aisle all in white and they looked lovely and they're paying for it the rest of their life. Let them get on with it.

Just makes me feel sick, that. You slog away, you leave school at say fifteen or so and then you slog away until you're twenty or so and you marry and then you've ad it then, literally ad it.

That's life. Life is having children of your own.

I believe in love, you know, sort of this mushy sentimental Hollywoodian type thing. All you have to do is, suddenly you might meet some bird and you might say, all right this is it, I feel getting married, all right, but at the present moment..

Oh oh oh oh whack the foll the diggy o

15

In a world like this, everything changes so rapidly, there's so many pressures brought to bear.

It depends on the individual person... I mean, if you love a bloke... well that's it.

Come live with me and be my love
And we will some new pleasures prove.
Be my mate, love, it'll be too late, love
If the armies begin to move.
Come walk with me,
Walk in the sun while the sun's still shining.
The sky above is cleared of the planes that could end our love
Put your hand in mine, love,
There won't be much time left for loving

If the storm comes and the strontium rains.

It makes you think though, today, what a mess the older people are making of the world. I mean they're having a good old bash at the world at the moment, dropping the bombs and such, aren't they?

They say we're the first generation that's grown up with the Bomb hanging over us, kind of thing.

I prefer not to let it worry me. I just go along in life as if it's not sort of happening cos I don't like hearing about it cos it worries me.

Some evenings... I mean I've got a pile of work to do and I don't feel like it but I know I've got to do it and I think but what the hell. I mean, I'm working, so that I can get to university in a year's time. But in, in the event of a nuclear war all this, it'll be, it'll be waste.

I believe that unless the position changes radically, for the better, that I've got about ten years to live. I would like that ten years to be as fruitful as possible in as many ways.

**Come walk with me where grass is growing
Lie with me beneath a tree
Time is all, love
The Bomb may fall, love
End of tree, love, and you and me.
Stand close, my love,
Close, let me put my arms around you
Now I can feel your heart beating close to mine
If they start it, love, we'll be parted, love,
We'll be ashes forever,
Till the end of time**

To me, I sort of see it in the sky, like a cover over the sky to me and it is just going to fall, any minute... any minute, you're just sort of dodging it all the time. But the Bomb, it's to think of it, it's just like Nothing. It's something useless.

Atom bombs, hydrogen bombs, megaton bombs - that's all they talk about.

But I mean, what can we do about it?

Just let things go as it is... I mean I couldn't care less who's exploding what bomb and that sort of thing, you know... just couldn't care less.

Older people are always crowing because young people, oh they don't care about anything, but when you show that you do care about something, then they're not interested. You're, you're a load of silly nits we don't want to hear about it you're just being silly, you don't know what you're talking about. And even if you can put forward an absolutely terrific case for nuclear disarmament, they don't want to know about it. Because you're a young person, you don't know.

This thing is abhorrent to me. It doesn't make logical sense, it doesn't make moral sense, it doesn't make human sense.

I just take life as it comes. I don't bother about whether a bomb's going to go off or not, I mean I'm happy, I've got no worries.

You've got to know why you want to live and so forth if you're going to have a good life. If you don't, there's not much purpose in life and there's no point in doing anything, really.

Frightened, frightened of what's above you really, what's ahead of you.

16

**The tale of the children of the troubled world
The tale of the search and the long journey.**

Loneliness

**Scorning the beaten track they wander,
Bearing the weight of unanswered questions.**

I want, I want to see life as it actually is, no' just covered with sugar

Must they always walk alone, must they live always in Death's shadow?

I'm scared

**Is there one who will relieve them of the burden of the search?
Some all-wise and all-powerful god? Some spirit divine?**

I don't really believe in God.

God is just something I've been taught about in school.

I feel that religion's got a main part in your life.

I prefer to believe in meself, now - in people round me.

I see human beings as so insignificant that they can't assimilate everything that they - human beings and nature's created and there's this this continuous finding out, rejecting, accepting for a while and then at the end a total life, perhaps. Religion seems to answer this, but it's too simple.

You begin to say to yourself, Have I been right, believing these things? Is it right or is it wrong? It's quite frightening.

I would say my views are Christian.

I think Christianity is the perfect life, you know.

I read the Bible and I say, This is so difficult to believe that I can't believe it, but wouldn't it be good?

I think I believe in angels more than I could ever believe in a God, because angels seem to me more like heaven, you know, little children that die become angels and cherubs and things and they float around and it's all very nice but... I could never get quite used to the idea there's somebody that had been there from the very beginning, just sitting waiting for everybody else to arrive.

I don't believe that I need a God I don't think I need to build up some image of a completely imaginary thing because I'm afraid of standing on my own two feet. I think that Man is basically capable of representing all the things that we regard as being good without having to think of something being better than we are.

I like the idea of somebody being specifically interested in me, you know, a God that you could talk to and tell things to. This was, this was good, someone to listen to you talking about yourself all the time.

It's what you do yourself, you know, what you make of yourself. I mean this world is a hard world, but the people in it are warm, they are human.

When you're a teenager, you've got to sort of think things for yourself.

Slowly you feel responsible for your actions, you feel the power you have in society, you feel you're a person and you want to do your best in society and become a proper person in society and not just on the fringes.

I lost that feeling of, of just being pushed around and now I feel that I've taken possession of myself. I suddenly realised as well, that I can't change myself, just by myself. I've got to vibrate, I've got to radiate what I know and tell it to all the people round me.

17

Life has got everything to offer - it's just there for the getting, it's theirs, just for the getting.

Here where we walk we plant our flag and claim our world.

Here in our fathers' barren ground.

And here we'll clear the earth and plant tomorrow's harvest.

Yes!

Walking down a street and it's a gorgeous night and people, people sat at the doorstep, you know, and the women gossiping. I know it's not a beautiful sight but it seems like home, you know.

We come out, and we been freezing and frightened the night before and we came out and the sun was shining and it's just this forest.

Oh

And I sat in the carriage and I looked at everybody in it and it's like in a dream, you know, I see everything they were doing.

The people stood on the doorsteps on the hot summer night, drinking the beer what they'd just got from the corner - it seemed that nice.

And there was this stream and we just sort of sat down and went to sleep.

I sat there immobile, you know, like.. all these people one by one took over me. They were coming for me like a séance and I was seeing these people as they lit up and it went on..

It was fantastic. It was like listening to life, you know

Life is the thing that matters.

Just the beauty of life itself. It's theirs, just for the getting. And to think that we're part of it. Glad that I'm alive and can do these things, meet people and be friends with everyone. Just to be alive.

**The tale of the children of the troubled world
The end of the tale and the long journey.**