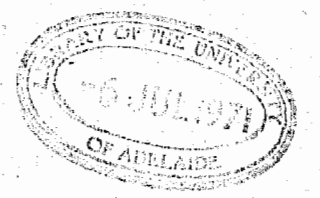
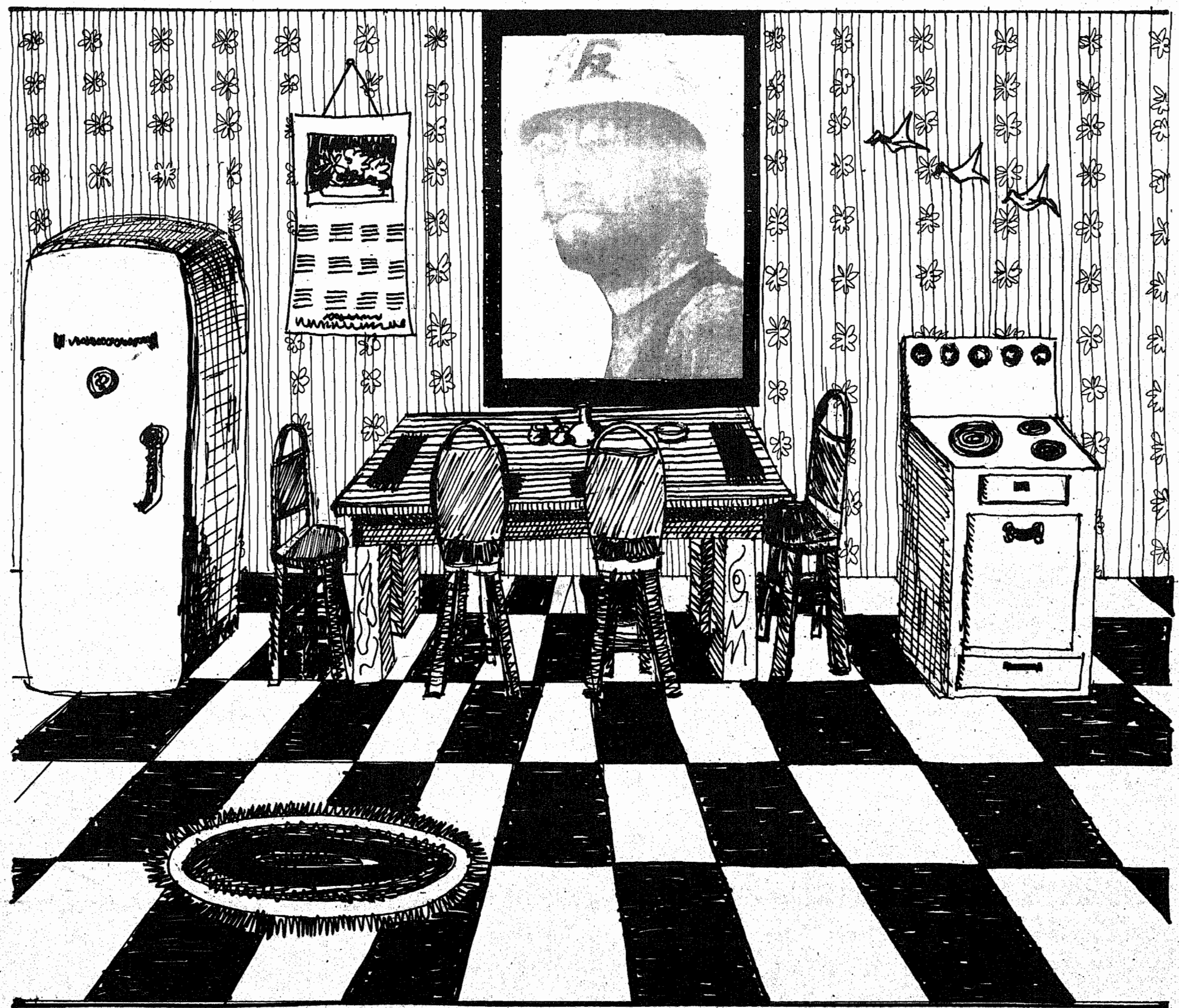


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ON DIT 10



"A WORKING CLASS HERO IS SOMETHING TO BE" - LENNON

NOTES

CUSTOMS BUG PHONES

Canberra (ans) - Customs men have defied state legislation in Victoria which prohibits the use of listening devices without special permission.

Don Chipp, customs minister, admitted on the ABC's Four Corners, that "some time ago" the devices had been used in investigations concerning drug abuse.

On the same program, Federal Attorney-General, Bowen, said that although he considered telephone tapping in a free society repugnant, ASIO was allowed to do it "relatively infrequently" in the "narrow area" of espionage, sabotage and subversion. He refused to discuss details.

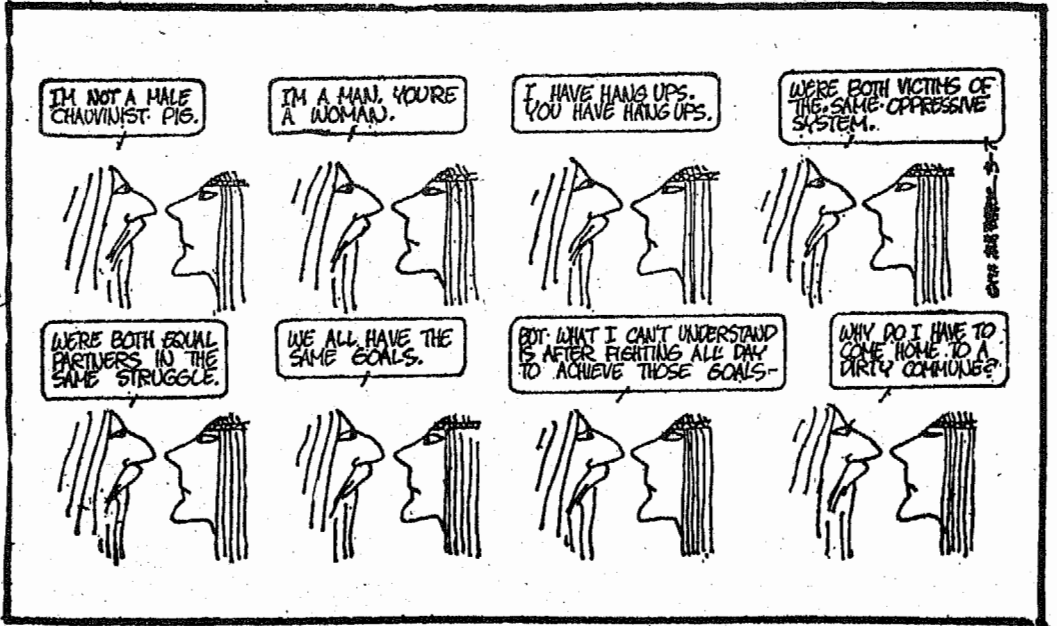
Labor MHR Jim Cairns, said ASIO could not function extensively in a society without it becoming unfree and undemocratic.

People interested in forming a co-operative nursery please contact Ally Fricker C/- On Dit office. We have kids from 9 months to 3 years old.

SICK OF BEING BUSTED BY TELL-TALE ILLEGAL SMELLS?
TRY PATCHOULI OIL...

MINNEAPOLIS - Minn (LNS) - Commenting on the defeat of the U.S. backed invasion of Laos at a Convention of Minnesota Republicans, California's right-wing Governor Ronald Reagan explained that the massive retaliation by Laotians and North Vietnamese means that "the enemy has shown that he is not going to sit down and let us withdraw."

Link Up - a Melbourne based community filling station - would like names of crash pads in Adelaide to help interstate visitors/new arrivals etc. Write Link Up 17 Drummond St Carlton



LOOK OUT WHITEY!
BLACK MAN'S GONNA GETCHA!

SOUTH AFRICAN RUGBY TEAM TO USE OUR GROUNDS?
EXTRACTS FROM MINUTES OF THE GROUNDS AND FINANCE COMMITTEE MEETING HELD ON 9/6/71:

The Rugby Association of South Australia had asked whether it would be possible for them to use our ground for training purposes for the visiting South African Rugby team members on the mornings of 28th, 29th and 30th June.

The Curator drew attention to the condition of the ground at present. He felt it would be detrimental to extend the use of the ground if the present wet weather conditions prevailed.

The Chairman felt this Grounds Committee should confine its discussion to the suitability of the ground; the question of Apartheid was a matter for the General Committee to consider. Our normal policy in dealing with requests for the use of our grounds is based on what effect such extra use will have on the turf.

The Curator stated that it is very seldom that the ground is not being used by our Clubs.

The Deputy President stated that in this matter we should be advised by our Curator and if, when the time comes, the ground is in a good condition we recommend to the General Committee that the S.A. Rugby Association's request be considered.

It was noted that the Sports Association had last year expressed the following:-

"... the general consensus of opinion here in Adelaide is to deplore the use of apartheid and, until the South African Government changes its policy, feels no sporting fixture should be held between Australian and South African universities. Of the 34 clubs amalgamated with the Sport's Association here, 13 were against any form of sport being played between South Australia and South Africa, 15 expressed no opinion at all and 6 were of the opinion that politics should play no part in amateur sport and that their willingness to see such games organised between the two countries should in no way be construed as an approval of South Africa's apartheid policy."

NEWS SERVICE ESTABLISHED

A university news service was established at the arts festival and it has now produced its first issue.

The service, containing both local and international news and graphics, will be produced weekly during term.

International news is supplied from Liberation News Service, New York; Dispatch News Service, Washington; the Underground Press Syndicate and the Cosmic Circuit.

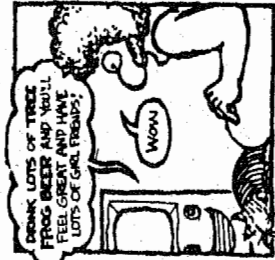
Liberation is an underground press agency, and Dispatch was the first service to carry news of the My Lai massacre to 36 U.S. papers.

U.P.S. and the Cosmic Circuit are magazine interchange co-operatives of under and over ground publications.

Domestic news will be co-ordinated between universities and provide an alternative sources for interstate news biased by the mass media.

The service will provide material for uni. mags to fill the place of the conspicuously absent free press in Australia.

OM MANI PADME HUM



Back on the road again this term a weekly newssheet/ S.R.C - Union - A.U.S. campus issues / a forthrightly magazine / rock - drugs - films - women - books - news / This issue with love from Smedley Press Glenelg to S.R.C. University of Adelaide

Don't take aspirins or cod- eins for a headache; take super calcium tablets. Take two or three with a glass of milk. They will rid you of heart pain - without causing bloating of the stomach wall like aspirins do; and your body welcomes calcium (unless you suffer from arthritis).

During the 1970's the earth will be devastated in battles between rival schools of Utopian landscape gardeners.

JOHN MICHELL
(author of Flying Saucer Vision & View Over Atlantis).



NEVER EAT THE NUTS SOLD AT CINEMAS OR THEATRES' THEY ARE USUALLY RANCID NEVER EAT SALTED AND ROASTED NUTS. AS THE ROASTED PROCESS REMOVES ALL PROTEINS AND ALL THAT REMAINS IS FAT AND GREASE' USUALLY SUCH NUTS ARE ALSO RANCID' UNROASTED NUTS KEEP INDEFINITELY IF THEY ARE KEPT DRY. ROASTED NUTS CAN VERY SOON GO BAD. AND ARE USUALLY BAD BY THE TIME YOU BUY THEM'

Colonel Sanders-Kentucky Fried's response to the situation in Indo-China state-side was to buy billboards all over Los Angeles County depicting a gargantuan bucket of chicken and the legend, "VISIT THIGHLAND"

BAIL

A. Bail is a guarantee or bond to ensure the appearance of an accused person in Court on an appointed day. If a person is 'granted bail' it means that he is RELEASED and not held in custody during the period preceding trial. The granting of bail, however, may be subject to certain conditions.

Q. Upon what conditions is bail usually granted?

A. This is left entirely to the discretion of the person granting bail, usually a Magistrate. He may:

1. Require the prisoner to enter a recognizance for £x.
2. Require the prisoner to surrender his passport to the police.
3. Require the prisoner to find a surety or sureties to guarantee bail by entering into bond(s) for £x.

Q. Is there a limit to the security or the conditions that may be imposed?

A. No. But it is illegal to require excessive bail. The amount of bail demanded must, therefore, be reasonable in all the circumstances. The mere fact that it is

beyond the means of the prisoner or his sureties does not, however, necessarily make it unreasonable.

Q. Who can act as a surety? ^{or court official}

A. Anyone whom the police consider suitable. Generally householders are acceptable. The surety must declare that he has sufficient funds to cover the sum required after all his own debts are paid.

Q. Does the accused or the sureties, actually have to pay any money?

A. No. At least not at the time bail is granted. They merely sign a form guaranteeing to pay so much if the accused fails to show up in Court on the appointed day. If he fails to appear in Court on that day, the sums guaranteed by the accused and the sureties MAY BE FORFEITED. There is no appeal against forfeiture.

Q. What happens if someone 'jumps' bail?

A. A warrant is issued for his arrest. Technically he is in the custody of his sureties and they may, in order to prevent forfeiture of their recognizance, seize the accused and bring him to Court. The recognizances may, of course, be forfeited.



BUG WARFARE

Commonwealth Narcotics agents are now using devices containing a microphone and transmitter but only as large as a button.

The transmitters have a range of 300 yards, far enough to be heard from a car around the corner from your house.

It is believed the devices are planted after an unsuccessful raid, and the agents sit close by and wait for the victims to say something like: "Freak, man, lucky you had your grass in the water closet".

They then pay a second visit, which, is usually more effective than the first. (afp)



CHURCH MISSIONARIES
ROB ABORIGINALS

N orthern Territory church missionar-ies are giving pittances to Aborigines for paintings worth up to \$50 in other parts of Australia.

The charges, in particular against the Roman Catholic church missions, have been made by researchers working with the Aborigines in Arnhem Land. But they have asked that their names be kept secret for threat of legal action by local art dealers.

The native paintings and artifacts are sold in southern cities for at least ten times the amount paid to the artists, while many are exported overseas and sold at even higher prices.

One informant said the Aborigines are paid about four dollars for each painting, while the Catholic mission mark up is considerably more than that.

The markup is increased by their exclusive bargaining with a dealer from each state, guaranteeing a monopoly business in Aboriginal arts and artifacts.

The paintings are sold to dealers on winter trips to the Territory, or to Americans working on the Gove development which has already meant the destruction of Aboriginal tribal land.

The most recent allegations were made with the visit of Aboriginal artist, Yirrawala who exhibited his paintings in university galleries in Adelaide, Melbourne and Sydney.

The painter was very critical of the mission marketing paintings and said: "Aboriginal—him should have his own shop—his painting are not for sale..."

One of the features of the Yirrawala exhibitions was that the art was not for sale, but was shown purely to show the culture of the natives.

Admission to Aboriginal reserves in the Northern Territory is restricted to persons approved by the Commonwealth government, and through this the robbery has remained closely secretive.

But many Aborigines now want to leave the missions and there is a continual slow trickle from the reserves.

informants

Australia's new media news service requires informants - writers, commentators, artists, cartoonists - for a local service to university and radical publications.

Our international sources include Dispatch News Service, Washington, Liberation News Service, New York and the underground press.

We are the new free press - the reporters for the alternative media - and we need contributors to extend our service.

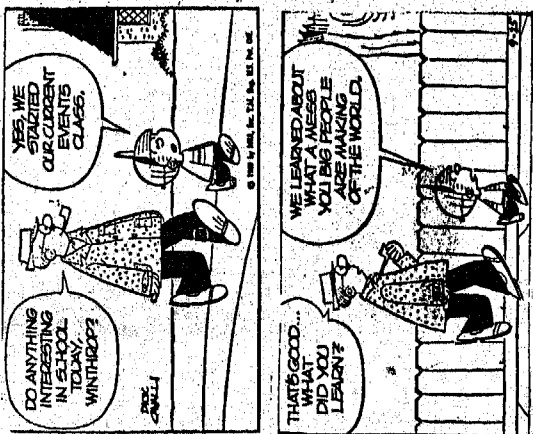
Private subscriptions will be available at a reasonable rate - a free copy will be sent on request.

australian free press
548 drummond st carlton 3054
03-347-4659

Mistress Mary, quite contrary, How does your garden grow?

* HATE *
* HAVE *
* LIVE *
* LOVE *

* POLLUTED MOTHER GOOSE! *



Another dietary additive that is good on salads, in soups, in cereals, in puddings, is linusit, which is a speciallycultivated linseed food. Be certain to have millet about. Both whole and in flakes. It can be used like any grain. It is good in cereals (the flake form) or in soups (the whole form).

NO MORE PIGS!

'PIG' has been added to the list of such three-letter words as SEX, BVD and GOD which are banned from California license plates. HOG is permitted.

GRASS ARSE

Exchange between police officer giving evidence of a drug charge and a magistrate:

SM: Have you the piece of cannabis found on the defendant?
P: Yes your honour!
SM: Has an analyst verified that it is in fact cannabis?
P: We haven't been able to get an analyst's opinion yet.
SM: How then do you know that it was cannabis?
P: On smelling the substance I decided it was cannabis.
SM: Well I think I am as good a judge as any as to whether it is in fact cannabis, let me have a look at it.
[Judge then proceeds to sniff substance suspiciously and finally licks the offending article just to make sure.]
SM: Very well, I am satisfied that it is in fact cannabis. Whereabouts did you find the cannabis?
P: Up the defendant's rectum, your honour.

HEADS BEWARE!

EMERGENCY

STATEMENT MANDRAX!

Mandrax is a sleeping pill, and it can be very dangerous when not used in accordance with a doctor's instructions.

The main dangers of Mandrax are:

(1) It is easy to take an overdose, and when taken it can be difficult to diagnose and will be particularly difficult to correct. Overdose causes both stupor and convulsions due respectively to the methaqualone and antihistamine contained in it. A Mandrax overdose can kill.

There is a danger of automatism, in which a user, without being fully aware of the fact, may take

several further doses of the drug with resultant Mandrax poisoning.

(2) A Mandrax dose that would by itself only be enough to produce sleep may, when taken in conjunction with alcohol, result in prolonged coma or even severe respiratory depression.

(3) Mandrax is unpredictable. In some circumstances it may cause unconsciousness without warning. The effect of this could be tragic if a user were to collapse in the street, a crowd, the bath, or in other similar circumstances.

A collapse would in any case normally put the person who has to deal with it to inconvenience and trouble and perhaps distress.

After taking Mandrax a user will feel dizzy and be noticeably clumsy, and thus may require continual help from others to keep him awake and functioning.

Mandrax is now the third most common cause of admission to the Poisoning Treatment Centre at the Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh.

Addiction has been known to occur.

There are a number of white pills very similar to Mandrax. Some of them are particularly dangerous.

SNEDDEN FOR PRIME MINISTER?

Sydney (afp) - Federal treasurer Billie Snedden, described by ACTU president Bob Hawke as an "intellectual cripple", is being backed by a Sydney group for Prime Minister.

"Businessmen for Democratic Government", led by small Sydney businessman Patrick Sayers, wants to remove Billy McMahon from the Prime Ministership.

Two years ago, there was similar publicity for the same group, led by the same man, to oust Gorton from the position and replace him with anyone of a number of others.

Sayers was reported in daily newspapers as saying the group was receiving "substantial support" from business people and others in Sydney and interstate.

He said \$20,000 had been lodged in a bank deposit to finance the campaign and an organising secretary was required at a salary of \$15,000 for a 12-month period.

A newspaper advertisement had been printed, calling on all branch secretaries of the Liberal Party to "consider Snedden for Prime Minister".

Snedden had disowned the campaign, while Sayers, managing director of Sayers, has denied that the Labor Party was backing the campaign.

But the group is believed to have connections with Gordon Barton's Australia Party.

YELLOW MAGAZINE

Applications are being called for the position of Editor for "Yellow Magazine." "Yellow Magazine" is a magazine of the arts in universities, which is published between three and five times annually. The magazine is designed to provide a news and reviews coverage of activities in the arts in universities, and feature articles encompassing a broad area of the arts. Applicants should submit a statement of policy and experience to The Director, Aquarius Foundation, 344 Victoria Street, North Melbourne. Applications close Tuesday, 29th June.

WHAT GOES UP .. MUST??

TABLE OF PERSONS, OBJECTS, ETC. WHICH HAVE NOT FALLEN BACK TO EARTH, WITH EXPLANATIONS (So-called astronauts, cosmonauts excepted)

NAME	DATE	EXPLANATION
ELIJAH	uncertain	Fiery Chariot
EAGLE	1619 BC	(see explanation for Sir Roxley Norward-Beveridge below)
CHRIST	CA 33AD	Own Power
MARY NUMEROUS	uncertain	Drawn up by some power
NUMEROUS HYDROGEN MOLECULES AND OTHER PARTICLES		Attain escape velocity at top of atmosphere
FLYING STONE	1591AD	Developed by alchemist Carolus minus, it apparently possessed antigravity powers.
QSPREN	1206AD	(see below)
SIR ROXLEY NORWARD-BEVERIDGE	1873AD	(This Australian balloon enthusiast met the same fate as the two birds above. A very large, very fast moving meteorite, too large to burn up in the atmosphere, too fast to be captured by earth's gravity) clipped him off into space.

Jack be nimble,
Jack, be quick;
Jack, jump over
The big ol' slick

Queries on veg planting - write to Department of Agriculture (Hog)

END OF DIALOGUE

(PHELA-NDABA) APARTHEID IN SOUTH AFRICA 1970.

THIS FILM HAS BEEN SHOWN BY THE B.B.C AND C.B.C. BUT THE A.B.C. WON'T TOUCH IT. It was made by five black Africans who risked imprisonment to do so - it was smuggled out of Sth. Africa.

HOW CAN YOU LET THEM TAKE YOUR BRAIN TO THE CLEANERS WHEN YOU KNOW YOU SHOULD BE WASHING IT YOURSELF



IF YOU TAKE DIET PILLS AND PEP PILLS NOW, NEXT YEAR YOU COULD LOOK LIKE THIS!

The Story Of Speed

Speed! Pep pills. Diet pills. Physicians and pharmacologists know them as amphetamine—any of the many derivatives of the basic amphetamine structure. Call it amphetamine sulphate or methamphetamine hydrochloride. Benzedrine, dexedrine, desoxyn and methedrine are merely brand names.

Amphetamine was first discovered in 1887. However, it was forty-five years later before extensive therapeutic use was made of the wonder drug. 1932 saw the first benzedrine inhaler dispensed as the first decongestant nasal medicine. As the press has done just recently, at that time it seized on the “dangerous drug” for sensationalist news stories and increased circulation. Consequently, a smear was placed on the drug and some of its therapeutic value was not utilized.

On January 1, 1939, the government restricted the use of amphetamine to those who could pay a doctor and get a prescription for it. (Use of marijuana was halted with the same law.) When World War II came along the government suspended its restrictions and dispensed seventy-five million doses of amphetamine to its soldiers. Great Britain, Germany and Japan were just as free with the speed given to their men in uniform.

Amphetamine has a great many therapeutic uses and ranks only behind sulfa and the antibiotics as a wonder drug. Its primary use is as a dieting aid. Speed does not cause a weight loss in itself, as through an increase in metabolism. Rather, it causes a loss of appetite which makes dieting easier. In one group

There was virtually no amphetamine addiction in the United States, and few people took seriously the reports of this addiction which were coming out of Japan. After the war Japan had released millions of doses of speed to the market. That speed had been made up for soldiers, but after the war teenagers cornered the market Japan was the first nation to have a major amphetamine problem.

In the United States there was less of a supply of stimulants for teenagers. Up until 1960, legally or illegally, amphetamine was taken in the form of pills—pep pills or diet pills. Then in 1960 and 1961 doctors began prescribing amphetamine to heroin addicts to help them kick their narcotic habit. To make the dosage enough to placate an addict's drug need, doctors prescribed the amphetamine to be administered with a hypodermic needle. The side effects of intravenous amphetamine use were assumed to be little more harmful than from oral use. When heroin was used to cure morphine addiction a century ago, the addicts simply traded one addiction for another, and the same occurred with amphetamine—when used intravenously instead of orally, its use produced reactions akin to addiction.

Nevertheless, amphetamine addicts may be preferable to heroin addicts. Unfortunately, the speed epidemic had just begun. A few indiscriminate (the AMA says unethical) physicians began prescribing intravenous amphetamine to people who had not been drug addicts. The courts soon jailed the speed-dispensing doctors, but the word was out about the fabulous speed rushes and runs.

The black market soon discovered that individuals posing as pharmacological researchers could score vast quantities of crystalline methamphetamine (called meth or crystal) from chemical wholesalers. After this source was cut off, amateur scientists began brewing the new junk.

By 1967 there were some 4,000 people regularly shooting speed in San Francisco alone. Of the new admissions to the California Rehabilitation Center, one in twenty was a speed freak.

Since the “objective, scientific” report of the “experts” carries more weight than the experiences of ordinary people, I'm telling you what the medical studies show about speed freaks.

Researchers found that people who shoot up speed began by taking it orally. Whereas a person with a prescription for amphetamine may take ten to thirty mg. per day, the thrill seeker gets up to 150-250 mg. per day. The increased dosage is necessary because tolerance for the drug builds up, so that more must be taken for the same effect than the smaller dose used before the body was used to the drug. Oral consumption has a safety valve, though, for after the five or six hour high the individual may become depressed. This may encourage the user to take more speed to put off the come-down, but this move just assures that the depressing come-down will hit harder when it finally arrives.

When someone begins shooting speed there is usually a period of experimentation. After this, those who shoot up follow a pattern in their drug use. The user takes injections at two hour intervals for three to six sleepless days. In rare instances one of those runs could last twelve days. After a run, the user becomes so exhausted, disorganized, tense, and paranoid that he “falls out” into an unwakable 12-18 hour sleep. Some semi-comatose states may even last four to five days. When he awakes, the individual is famished. After all this, the hard core speed freak is ready for another run.

The effects are physically devastating. The individual may lose twenty to thirty pounds on a run. While up, he has no desire to eat. Experienced users often force themselves to eat, or at least take vitamins and liquids, since eating is unpleasant. The person doing speed is also subject to abscesses, nonhealing ulcers, brittle fingernails, and tooth grinding or chattering. For some reason the run does not produce the depression which comes with oral use of amphetamine. It does, however, produce a lethargy which may last a few weeks if not offset by another run. Physicians are coming to the opinion that intravenous use of speed produces brain damage—tough, since glue, alcohol, and maybe even acid do, too.

When someone shoots speed, he gets a “flash” or “rush”. It is a sudden, overwhelming pleasurable sensation described as “an orgasm all over your body.” The flash is repeated, with diminishing intensity, after each fix in a run.

Sex can be prolonged into an hours-long paradise. There is also euphoria, an intense fascination with everything about the individual, even his own paranoia. As a run continues, the user becomes more and more paranoid. Cars become police squad cars watching him; shadows become police agents after him; his best friends become informers.

The paranoid fantasies relate directly to the use of speed. Though meth heads are aware that speed causes paranoid fantasies, during a run they are increasingly unable to accept their paranoia as unreal. When the tenseness and paranoia become too great the user falls out. Severe tremors plus muscle and joint pain become another sign to terminate the run.

The long-time speed user has to take a lot of speed to get off good. In some cases, people shoot over a gram at a time. They inject some 15 thousand milligrams of speed into their bodies each day. Occasionally, people overdose. They get severe chest pains which are followed by one or two hours of unconsciousness. Convulsions and death from overdosing are rare. Yet, life expectancy is not good. In the Haight, people began rating the life expectancy of speed freaks in terms of months. The slogan “Speed kills” is not a joke.

Though amphetamine used to be considered a nonaddictive drug, intravenous use is now falling into the modified category of addiction. Speed does not exhibit the classical symptoms of the painful withdrawal. However, the sleep after a run resembles an abstinence syndrome. There are good indications that during this sleep, physiological and biochemical adaptations are taking place as the body's response to the withdrawal of the drug. This is similar to the body's reaction in opiate and barbiturate withdrawal. Furthermore, the lethargy and hunger after crashing seem to involve more serious metabolic problems than the need for sleep and food.

The experienced speed user cannot, in the first few minutes, tell the difference between a speed and a cocaine rush, though the effects of cocaine are dissipated much faster. Speed also proved to be similar to heroin in terms of the return rate of “addicts”, if indeed we can call them that. Similar to both heroin and cocaine, addiction to speed may be less harmful since it is more easily manufactured and produces a less urgent need. With less of a supply problem, speed freaks are less likely than opiate users to commit crimes against property to finance their habit. On the other hand, meth heads seem much more prone to crimes of violence than are narcotic addicts. In the Haight, over-run by speed freaks, heads have apprehension about walking the streets alone at night. Speed freaks have made quite a reputation for themselves, even among their own people.

KEN KESEY

—acid and the system

The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test is an account of Ken Kesey's search for a socially and individually liberating life-style. The mixed-media total involvement acid happening was the spontaneous extension of the view that reality is the sum total of all possibilities, not merely the restricting bourgeois norm of the majority.

It was Kesey's desire to “transcend the bullshit” of the straight middle-class way of life. Hence the Merry Pranksters, intrepid travellers on a voyage of discovery, bound like Hesse for the East “upon a trip and a state of consciousness that was ‘crazy’ by ordinary standards.”

The trans-American expedition on the Day-Glo bus named Furthur closely coincides with Hermann Hesse's “Journey to the East.” The Pranksters' happiness also “arose from the freedom to experience everything imaginable simultaneously, to exchange outward and inward easily, to move Time and Space about like scenes in a theatre.”

The intention was to reverse the trend in what is fast becoming the brain's main function — that of a “reducing valve” (Huxley). In ordinary perception, the senses send an overwhelming flood of information to the brain, which filters this down to a trickle it can manage for the purpose of survival in a highly competitive world. Man has become so rational, so utilitarian, that the trickle becomes most pale and thin. It is efficient for mere survival, but it screens out the most wondrous part of man's potential experience without his even knowing it. We're shut off from our own world, by ‘normal’ training and conditioning during childhood and throughout our lives.

Surpassing the scope of words, the Pranksters and Kesey at times attained intersubjectivity, communication on the level of One Mind — the ‘Unspoken Thing.’ They lived at La Honda in a place known as the Nest, where their lives transcended all the usual straight games of status, sex and money. Everything was totally out front in the Nest — no secrets, no guilt, no jealousies, no putting down anyone for anything.

There was none of the imposed formalism of Timothy Leary's Millwood — “the Crypt Trip”. Kesey was totally committed to the immediate direct experience — a rejection of the bourgeois conception of security. The Pranksters weren't after security of another kind, but mastered the ability to tolerate insecurity without panic and undue fear.

Randle McMurphy, hero of “One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest” (Kesey's first novel) is the personification of the man with this ability. He fakes insanity to escape a term of a prison farm to enter what he thinks will be the soft life of a state mental hospital. However, when he comes on the ward, he encounters the same repressive structure — “The whole system if they set out to invent the perfect Anti-Cure for what ailed the men on this ward,” they couldn't have done it better. Keep them cowed and docile. Play on the weaknesses that drove them nuts in the first place. Stupify the bastards with tranquilisers and if they still get out of line, haul them up to the “shock shop” and punish them.”

The tyrant in charge of the place, Big Nurse, agent of the Combine, hates him for weakening Control, and the System and eventually finishes McMurphy by having him lobotomised. But this inspires Chief Broom, a schizoid Indian patient who rises up, breaks out and “goes sane by running like hell for open country.”

“One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest” was written while Kesey was working at Menlo Park Psychiatric Hospital and outlines the pattern of Control exercised by the Combine i.e. the System. This pattern is in evidence wherever societies based on power and money exist. Intellectual uniformity is increasingly necessary as the contradictions and failures of society becomes more and more apparent. The Combine cannot tolerate any deviations from its own level of ‘normality’, and will not hesitate to imprison or kill to maintain Control.

Kesey's message is essentially that one should liberate oneself following whatever path one chooses — necessarily resisting all attempts at imposed conformity by the Combine, in all its different guises.

Black Paul



A CHASTE MAID IN CHEAPSIDE

Thomas Middleton had a hand in about forty dramatic works between 1600 and 1627, when he died at the age of forty-seven, and “A Chaste Maid in Cheapside” is his greatest comedy. Written about the same time as Shakespeare's “A Winter's Tale” and “The Tempest”, it is very different from these, for it is set not in some romantic fairland but in the realistic London of its day. It is a fast moving, funny play and at the same time makes a serious comment on the greed and lust of London citizens. Middleton had a way with words, and there are many double meanings in the play — one of the main characters is Mr. Allwit, for instance, whose name is a pun on “wit”, that is, a willing cuckold.

“A Chaste Maid in Cheapside” was given its first modern professional performance in 1966 at the Royal Court Theatre in London. The forthcoming production at the Sheridan Theatre is the first in Australia, and it is

being presented in an eighteenth century setting, for the comedy and its message apply to any period, including our own.

The large cast includes Valerie Mildred, Douglas Dolphim, Julie Wright, David Harris, Roger Marshman, Peta Gurr, Gregory Diprose, Paul Rubens and Wayne Anthony. An elegant setting has been designed by Liz Williams, and stage management is in the experienced hands of Mick Mykyta. The play is directed by Alan Brissenden, who has edited the play for the New Mermaid series of dramatists, and whose last production was Shakespeare's “Richard II” for the Adelaide University Theatre Guild.

“A Chaste Maid in Cheapside” opens at the Sheridan Theatre on Thursday 17 June and will play on 18, 19, 20, 24, 25, 26 and 27 June, and 1, 2, 3, July. Student concession on production of Union card.

LITTLE PINK HEART-SHAPED SLEEPING PILLS!

Looks just like a 6-1/2 size pill. Glue them to some body when it's getting to have an EYE-OPENING!

COS..... 27 mg.

LITTLE BOOK OF UNSOLVABLE PUZZLES FOR SPEED FREAKS

Watch the other guys work. PWA. Price \$1.95.

OH MAMA CAN THIS REALLY BE THE MEANS

Library Note : Page 6



I GOT A TICKET
TO RIDE!

EVERYBODY MUST
GET STONED!

GIMME SHELTER!

WRAP THE
FESTIVAL UP
SPORT!

OH YOU GOTTA 'GIMME
A HEAD..!

It was a drag hitching over to Canberra. Thirty hours of freezing wind and rain and over-heated uncomfortable truck cabins; greasy exorbitantly priced hamburgers at odd hours in petrol station cafes. I would say I arrived in Canberra with a jaundiced eye.

Midnight. The sight of striped tents on the showground and the hassle of showing tickets to be allowed in. And the showers hadn't been assembled yet. The first frost in Canberra. 28°. Army blankets \$1 to hire and \$5 deposit. Lilos at \$2. I got a groundsheet for 20c and stumbled to a tent. Where's the heating, it's freezing in here! Apparently the organisers had forgotten to get Fire Department approval before they publicised it.

The toilets — mens and womens — black plastic toilet seats on galvanised iron drums. Wonder what they'll be like in a few day's time? Fancy having the job of emptying them out! White lines drawn down each tent and a little man telling me not to put my sleeping bag over the line because if I do I'm violating Fire Department regulations. Piss off man, just want to go to sleep, I don't want to argue about rules. Sleeping bag over the white line.

The next morning a bus to the Uni. having discovered that muesli was 25c a bowl at the showground — have to make my own. The ANU Union has upped the normal prices to cover additional staff and fixture costs. But look at the shit food! Pies, pasties, hamburgers, chiko rolls, soup, sandwiches, chicken (40c) or a 75c meal in the Edgell tent. Aren't Edgell's involved in Vietnam? A huge queue for tickets — you have to wait for hours to book tickets two days in advance. This whole thing is so organised!

So the Festival didn't really stand that much of a chance. Most people were irritated by physical conditions that often were not solely the fault of the organisers. Inadequate shower and food facilities militated against goodwill. However the over-organisation of the Festival was unnecessary. Too many times one had to show tickets and queue for long periods.

In this sort of situation a confrontation between the organisers and students was inevitable, even over questions of survival. The daily newspaper came out strong in favour of people boycotting the Edgell tent and starting a co-operative food store. The tent was, in fact, the biggest single mistake the heavies made. Apart from the incredible naïvete of inviting Edgell's to cater (sole suppliers of frozen veges to the Australian army), the 75c meals — far beyond the means of most students — were lousy. An exclusive contract to cater. No thought of asking Alice's Restaurant from Sydney (caterers for the Ourlmbah Pop Festival) to supply a cheap alternative vegetarian alternative. No thought that students, if provided with cooking facilities, might be able to fend for themselves. In fact, this is just what did happen. A collection was taken and bulk fruit, vegetables, meat and bread bought. A Catholic sister from one of the Residential Colleges donated cooking utensils. People paid how much they could afford for the food they took. The Edgell tent closed down and Aquarius lost heavily — how much can be offset by bulk sale of frozen food already purchased is still in question.

The tents were vacated in favour of the Union and later in the week the ANU saw fit to keep Bruce Hall open for cold ex-tenters. Cleaning of the Union proceeded with the help of the students.

The ticket situation was changed — you now went early to the venue and queued there — this, although not a perfect arrangement, at least meant you only had to queue once.

So, survival. And Greg Macauley was forced to admit at a general student meeting, that students had changed in two years. Meaning his perception hadn't.

And yet attitudes to food were not the only things that had changed. The concept of art that the Festival was based on is the same as that the Adelaide Festival of Arts is based on. That is, you've got the artists, up there, who perform because they possess superior talent, and then you've got the audience, the peasants, as Ian Channell so aptly named them. The function of the audience is to soak up, sponge-like, all that is given to them and to criticise the performance within its structural limits. The audience at an Arts festival is supposed to wander, bug-eyed from venue to venue getting all of the culture available in one large dose.

Now Johnny, here's your sugar coated cultural pill for the year. Open wide and swallow. See, didn't hurt a bit. But lots of students didn't groove on clapping a blank screen at the end of a film or going to a formal seminar on the sociological impact of the influence of drugs on music.

Why not turn on and listen to the music? Why not show films, Godard-style, on walls of buildings? Who needs a stage for street theatre? The free food store WAS a street theatre. Those who had been tripping all night came together round a big fire in the early morning perhaps to ward off the speed jitters, more likely because their common experiences made them a community to start with. The most important thing was to meet other students, and although comfortable places to sit down were rare, everybody managed. Guys got impromptu groups together, banging on rubbish bin lids to accompany harps and guitars. The promised supplies of paint for murals didn't materialise, but someone liberated some and murals began appearing. And it is precisely this — the state where everyone is some type of artist who has experiences and ideas to share, that the Festival did not cater for. Because it didn't, the actual process of avoiding functions and making a different environment became more important to those involved.

Perhaps the most obvious clash between the two cultures was the Bar scene versus the Rock Tent. Juice heads and heads just don't mix. The scene in the bar was reminiscent of a wild west movie — beer on the floor, beer in the piano, aggressive uptight people downing their coldies as quickly as they could. The other scene is much calmer. How much damage can a group of kids in a circle do? And as John Pinder from the T.F. Much Circus said so often — "Acid is cool; roaches are organic, but man get those bottles out of the tent!"

And so it seems that Aquarius, the cultural pill dispensers for A.U.S., just doesn't understand what's happening. It's too tied down in its bureaucratic rhetoric and its involvement in the Money scene. It appears to have lost money on every tour so far — and the little universities haven't seen these despite policy to the contrary. Julie Felix was schmaltz.

I can hardly wait for the Aquarius-sponsored tour of the Young Americans! Diddled by every smart promoter in the business. Frigged up the Ginsberg tour (Ferlinghettes' coming to the Adelaide Festival of Arts).

Turned down a blues package tour. Instead we get Daddy Cool and Spectrum AGAIN at up-town prices — even the Jazz Club can get them cheaper than Aquarius?

What happened to Aquarius-sponsored films? I've seen BEGINNINGS, but how about the rest.

And if it is a student organisation why can't there be ready, reliable access to files?

And why did Jim Spigelman say at the Arts Festival that Ginsberg couldn't come if they didn't recoup losses? — even THE TRUTH knows the tours' off!

No-one wants Aquarius to fold. However, there are several questions which must be answered: — Where has all the money gone? Why hassle over \$25 in Ginsberg's contract because that reeks of money-grubbing? Why isn't Aquarius an independent booking agency which will sell groups to interstate functions in each capital city instead of vice-versa? Why cater only for students? — art should not be the property of an educated elite. Why not ask around, literally, to find out what students really want? If Aquarius and A.U.S. are going to be a viable organisation it MUST respond to student needs and MUST be prepared to accommodate concepts which are not those of middle class fur clad theatregoers on a once a month outing.

But perhaps I have come on too strong about the good things about the so-called student sub-culture. In lots of ways they are a mirror image of the bourgeoisie.

Pig-hating — yet a cop resigned in Canberra because he was not allowed to have an opinion.

Aggressive — witness the heckling aimed at Ian Channell "Frigg off Wizard". Better to ignore him, he thrives on publicity.

Polluters — the organisers had to pay people to pick up rubbish despite the large number of rubbish bins around.

Unsympathetic to people with other needs — maoists tried to block off all the roads in Canberra despite overwhelming local support for the anti-apartheid movement.

And too often radicalism can be an ego-trip — communication is the most human thing we can indulge in and you've got to like people before you can start. And you can't like it if you're all hung-up, tense and aggressive. A little bit of Ginsberg's peace and love trip would do wonders for the counter-culture in Australia.

The most encouraging thing is that people are talking about having their own festival, without AUS next year. It's easier when you've got something to kick against but to go it alone, is far more difficult. And it might be in Adelaide.

Pat Lewicki.

I will never cease to be amazed by the unpredictability of Pop. which, I guess, is what it's about anyway.

Last Friday the Kinks gave a concert at the Apollo Stadium. The organisers were expecting a fairly small audience; the Kinks have never really been thought about in Australia. They're just a rather ordinary, unintelligent and fairly unprogressive mod rock group. They had a couple of good rock hits when Beatles and England were starting to move, and recently they've had a couple of competent singles (Lola and Apeman), but that's about it. Really, most people think they're pretty ordinary.

Then the concert. It was a sellout! And no-one was more surprised than 5KA, who finally decided that it couldn't have been the Kinks that sold, but Spectrum and (especially) Daddy Cool, both of whom just happened to be in town for the University Aquarius Campus Circuit. But the money was there and the tickets were gone; sold out days before the show, beating even the Deep Purple/Free show.

The concert started a bit slow. Spectrum had to fight to get anywhere, because people were still streaming into the barn half an hour after things started and because the house lights were still on. They did well, but no-one noticed, at least till near the end.

Daddy Cool, were, of course, superb, though the people seemed not to know quite what they were about. No-one tried to dance (even if they had the fascist security guards would have killed 'em), and they just didn't know what to say to "Daddy who"? Still, everyone loved it. Ross Wilson and Eagle Rock especially.

Finally the Kinks.

On record, the Kinks come over very well indeed. They're one of the very few groups from the early English rock boom still around in much the same shape; only recently they've added a fifth bloke, John Gosling on keyboards. Most other groups of the same vintage have either split completely or have formed and re-formed so often that the only thing still left is the name. The Kinks have held together. They've been able to do this because they've developed their own distinctive sound and style. They've got intricate harmonies that weave in and out, always with a high bit over the top; heavy base lines that can carry melodies; boogie piano as never before; strange little syncopations and peculiar word/music rhythms. But above all, it has been Ray Davies who has been the force behind the Kinks and who is responsible for their incredibly fine sound and style. He has written, arranged and produced most of the group's material, and most of it has been very good indeed. Davies' writing talents enables him to turn out songs which rank with the best; Dylan, Donovan, Bee Gees, John Sebastian, Beatles.



lust for the girl next door, "dying to get at 'er." Similarly, the sing-along chorus:

And he's oh so good
And he's oh so fine
And he's oh so healthy
In his body and his mind.

Davies knew of the desires and inconsistencies of the "respectable" businessman's life, and was one of the first pop writers to deal with it.

Just as John Sebastian and the Lovin' Spoonful are very American, so Ray Davies and the Kinks are very English. (Someone even said that one of the reasons for the success of the concert was the large number of English migrants in SA...) Davies deals with the dreams and hopes and fears of the lower classes in England, and of the changing class relations in the society. "Deadend Street" expresses the developing disillusionment with the rewards which the modern industrial state provides for those who decide to play the game. The eternal aimless and empty contest comes through well in these lines:

What are we living for
2-roomed apartment on the second floor
No money's coming in
The rent collector's knocking
No chance to emigrate
Deadend street, deadend street,
People are living in deadend street,
Head to their feet
Deadend street

The deadend street becomes much more than the aim of their lives; it becomes the very lives, the very people (head to their feet).

There's a strangely similar feeling in Davies' (and rock's) masterpiece, "Sunny Afternoon", but here he is dealing with the aristocracy, the upper class, the old boys. That hazy non-involved, non-concerned non-awareness, that eternal confidence and detachment which are the hallmarks of the old boy are all part of the song. (Mind-blowing piano work too!)

The taxman's taken all my dough
And left me in my stately home
Lazing on a sunny afternoon
And I can't sail my yacht
He's taken everything I've got
And all I've got's this sunny afternoon.

Almost all of Ray Davies' songs are sad. Davies himself has said: "I believe in innocence. I also believe in the badness of the world. It's a very sad thing to believe in... I'm not innocent, but I can look at something and cry because I like it so much. You must know evil and yet see the beautiful too." Because all of his songs are personal, they are generally sad songs. Davies' awareness and his idealism clash; it's the old story of what could be and what is. When he sings "Let's all drink to the death of a clown", we know he's the clown; when he labels the Kinks the Village Green Preservation Society, we know he's trying to find peace in the beautiful things of a past

Sebastian's "Money", ending "I only hope that I'll survive".

Side 2 extends this: "A long way from home" ("I hope you find what you are looking for with your car and hand-made overcoats but your wealth will never make you stronger 'cos you're still a long way from home"); "Apeman" (a plea for a human world which recognises the rights of people over machines; of quiet over noise, of sunlight over smoke, generally of life over death); "Powerman" ("He's got my money and he's got my rights but I've got my girl and I'm alright... it's the same old story it's the same old game/powerman, powerman driving me insane"); "Rats" ("once he was



THE KINKS

society, in Donald Duck, Vaudeville, draught beer, little shops, china cups, virginity, tudor houses, antique tables, billiards, "preserving the old ways from being abused, protecting the new ways for me and for you"; and when he sings of young and innocent days, it's clear that he deeply longs to be young and innocent again ("when we were young and the world was free/(taking) pictures of things as they used to be/don't show me no more please"). Davies has a dream/vision of what could and should be (or of what once really was); a childhood faith, innocence, hope, love. And he also feels the gulf between where he stands now and that visionary atlantis. Unlike many of his friends, he has realised that the dream isn't fulfilled in a two-roomed apartment or a lavatory in the back-yard, in owning a family car or "a hat like Princess Marina's" (to wear to all the fancy affairs she can't afford to go to anyway!), in becoming the head of the school or the captain of the team, in skyscrapers and office blocks or a Labor government. When he sings "I get no kicks walkin' down Saville Row/Now Labor's in I've not no place to go", it's not just the "End of a Season", or of a term-of-office, it's the end of one human being, one human society, perhaps one civilisation.

Their latest album, "Kinks Part 1, Lola versus Powerman and the Moneygoround" is probably the most hopeful and their best. The album begins with Davies as "The Contender":

Hush little mammy don't you cry
I've got to see what it's like on the world outside
Got to get out of this life somehow
Got to be free got to be free now
I don't want to be like a fascist dictator
A saint or a sinner, I want to be a winner

Davies just wants to make it, and at the end of the album there is some hope:

Hush little baby don't you cry
Soon the sun is going to shine
We're going to be free like the birds and the bees
Running wild in the big country

Side 1 of the album is a put-down rejection of what exists in his world; it focuses mainly on the mercenary/capitalist/money/profit/greed attitude of the English pop world. There's "Denmark Street" (where a publisher says: "I hate your music and your hair is too long but I'll sign you up because I'd hate to be wrong"); "Get back in line" (the "union man's got such a hold over me/ he's the man who decides if I live or I die if I starve or I eat"); "Top of the Pops" ("and you know what that means; now you can make some real money"); and "Moneygoround" (which is much like

warm and he was kind/now all he has is a pin-stripe mind").

Yet despite all this, Davies can end with hope. In the very recognition of the depth of society's corruption and of culture's anti-man bias (read Jules Henry's "Culture Against Man" in BSL), there are very strong and positive steps towards the realisation that alternatives exist where man can become more loving and kind, more living and more peaceful. Davies doesn't know how to get this world (does anyone?) but he does know that traditional power won't do it; it's much bigger than that.

I don't know how but I'm gonna try
I've just got to be free
Got to be free to do what I want
Walk if I want and talk if I want
Got to be free to say what I want
Make what I want and play what I want

Ray Davies, then, comes across on record as a bloody good pop composer; he's probably pop's most aware social observer; one of pop's most sensitive commentators on man's situation. Kinks are a very good group.

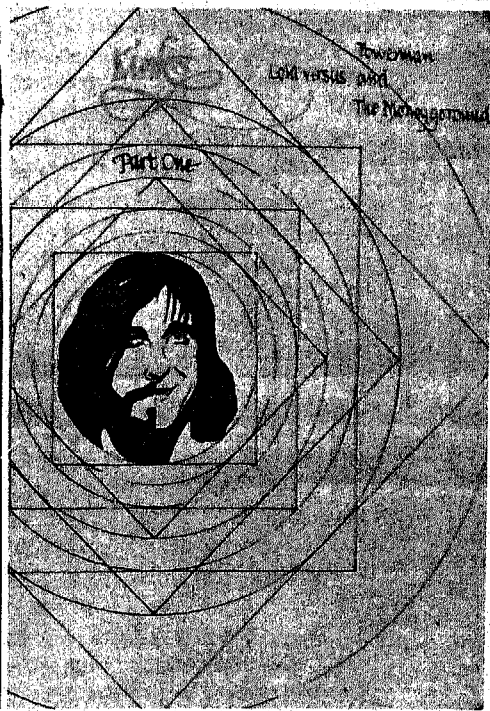
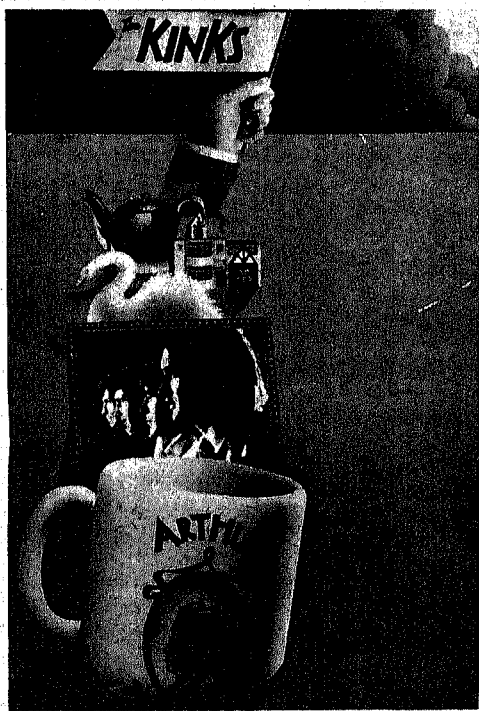
Knowing this, the Kinks' performance at Apollo was a disappointment. They managed to convey little of the imagination and sensitivity which their songs contain, and came out with a very dated stage presentation. They were, of course, hampered by Adelaide's typically alf-ish audience (cries of "Lola" and "You really got me") and by a very inadequate sound system (and this after we'd heard the incredibly powerful wall-of-sound on their "Live at Kelvin Hall" LP). It was a sad compromise on the part of the group, but a compromise which the very fact of touring and pop concerts itself demands (perhaps).

(Anyhow, 5KA should be very happy about the show, and one can only hope that future concerts (Bee Gees, Everley Brothers) are similarly well attended.)

BEST KINKS ALBUMS:

Kinks Part 1 Lola versus Powerman & the Money-go-round (their latest)
Arthur or The Decline & Fall of the British Empire (brilliant album; one of the best concept LPs around; written for a TV show that didn't get done.)
The Village Green Preservation Society (cheap)
Something Else (cheap)
And there's an Anthology of Recorded Events: Volume 1 due out very soon, too — a two-record set (\$7.95).

Paul Paech



But even while the Beatles were smartening up Chuck Berry/Lieber-Stoller songs, Kinks were doing Davies' own "You really got me," "All Day and All of the Night," and "Till the End of the Day", songs which spelt out the sexuality of rock much more explicitly than "Wanna Hold Your Hand" Beatles, and which even now are bloody good rock songs; solid and very gutsy.

Davies wasn't content with the eternal-joys-&-mess-ups-of-young-love-sex themes, and soon he moved to an area of pop which other groups discovered only years after—social criticism. He has the happy knack of conveying the ironies and contradictions of a social situation in a few images and phrases. Who but Davies, for instance, would dare to rhyme the "Well respected man's" day at the regatta, with his

(Then into a boogie-blues, a fun, put-on, non-blues blues:)

Save me, save me, save me from this squeeze
I got a big fat mamma tryin' to break me
And I love to live so pleasantly
Live this life of luxury
Lazing on this sunny afternoon
My girlfriend's run off with my car
And gone back to her ma and pa
Telling tales of drunkenness and cruelty

Like "David Watts" (where Davies' wishing he could be like the school captain — very upper-class confident—becomes a cry "I wish I could be"), "Sunny Afternoon" conveys the class psychology of English society devastatingly accurately. The song is in the "Daydream", "Groovin'", "California Dreaming" style; very warm, very relaxed and easy, and very beautiful. Yet it is also somehow sad.



Power to the People!

JOHN LENNON & YOKO ONO

talk to ROBIN BLACKBURN & TARIQ ALI



T.A. Your latest record and your recent public statements, especially the interviews in *Rolling Stone* magazine, suggest that your views are becoming increasingly radical and political. When did this start to happen?

J.L. I've always been politically-minded, you know, and against the status quo. It's pretty basic when you're brought up, like I was, to hate and fear the police as a natural enemy and to despise the army as something that takes everybody away and leaves them dead somewhere. I mean, it's just a basic working class thing, though it begins to wear off when you get older, get a family and get swallowed up in the system. In my case I've never not been political, though religion tended to overshadow it in my acid days; that would be around '65 or '66. And that religion was directly the result of all that superstar shit—religion was an outlet for my repression. I thought, "Well, there's something else to life, isn't there? This isn't it, surely?" But I was always political in a way, you know. In the two books I wrote, even though they were written in a sort of Joycean gobbledegook, there's many knocks at religion and there is a play about a worker and a capitalist. I've been satirising the system since my childhood. I used to write magazines in school and hand them around. I was very conscious of class, they would say with a chip on my shoulder, because I knew what happened to me and I knew about the class repression coming down on us—it was a ~~fact~~ fact but in the hurricane Beatle world it got left out—I got farther away from reality for a time.

T.A. When did you start breaking out of the role imposed on you as a Beatle?

J.L. Even during the Beatle heyday I tried to go against it, so did George. We went to America a few times and Epstein always tried to waffle on at us about saying nothing about Vietnam. So there came a time when George and I said "Listen, when they ask next time, we're going to say we don't like that war and we think they should get right out." That's what we did. At that time this was a pretty radical thing to do, especially for the "Fab Four". It was the first opportunity I personally took to wave the flag a bit. But you've got to remember that I'd always felt repressed. We were all so pressurised that there was hardly any chance of expressing ourselves, especially working at that rate, touring continually and always kept in a cocoon of myths and dreams. It's pretty hard when you are

Caesar and everyone is saying how wonderful you are and they are giving you all the goodies and the girls, it's pretty hard to break out of that, to say "Well, I don't want to be king, I want to be real." So in it's way the second political thing I did was to say "The Beatles are bigger than Jesus." That really broke the scene, I nearly got shot in America for that. It was a big trauma for all the kids that were following us. Up to then there was this unspoken policy of not answering delicate questions, though I always read the papers, you know, the political bits. The continual awareness of what was going on made me feel ashamed I wasn't saying anything. I burst out because I could no longer play that game any more, it was just too much for me. Of course, going to America increased the build up on me, especially as the war was going on there. In a way we'd turned out to be a Trojan Horse. The Fab Four moved right to the top and then sang about drugs and sex and then I got into more and more heavy stuff and that's when they started dropping us.

R.B. Wasn't there a double charge to what you were doing right from the beginning?

Yoko You were always very direct . . .

J.L. Yes, well, the first thing we did was to proclaim our Liverpoolness to the world, and say "It's all right to come from Liverpool and talk like this". Before, anybody from Liverpool who made it, like Ted Ray, Tommy Handley, Arthur Askey, had to lose their accent to get on the BBC. They were only comedians but that's what came out of Liverpool before us. We refused to play that game. After the Beatles

came on the scene everyone started putting on a Liverpudlian accent.

T.A. In a way you were even thinking about politics when you seemed to be knocking revolution?

J.L. Ah, sure, Revolution. There were two versions of that song but the underground left only picked up on the one that said "count me out". The original version which ends up the LP said "count me in" too; I put in both because I wasn't sure. There was a third version that was just abstract, musique concrete, kind of loops and that, people screaming. I thought I was painting in sound a picture of revolution—but I made a mistake, you know. The mistake was that it was anti-revolution. On the version released as a single I said "when you talk about destruction you can count me out". I didn't want to get killed. I didn't really know that much about the Maoists, but I just knew that they seemed to be so few and yet they painted themselves green and stood in front of the police waiting to get picked off. I just thought it was unsubtle, you know. I thought the original Communist revolutionaries coordinated themselves a bit better and didn't go around shouting about it. That was how I felt—I was really asking a question. As someone from the working class I was always interested in Russia and China and everything that related to the working class, even though I was playing the capitalist game. At one time I was so much involved in the religious bullshit that I used to go around calling myself a Christian Communist, but as Janov says, religion is legalised madness. It was therapy that stripped away all that and made me feel my own pain.

Well, his thing is to feel the pain that's accumulated inside you ever since your childhood. I had to do it to really kill off all the religious myths. In the therapy you really feel every painful moment of your life—it's excruciating, you are forced to realise that your pain, the kind that makes you wake up afraid with your heart pounding, is really yours and not the result of somebody up in the sky. It's the result of your parents and your environment. As I realised this it all started to fall into place. This therapy forced me to have done with all the Godshit. All of us growing up have come to terms with too much pain. Although we repress it, it's still there. The worst pain is that of not being wanted, of realising your parents do not need you in the way you need them. When I was a child I experienced moments of not wanting to see the ugliness, not wanting to see not being wanted. This lack of love went into my eyes and into my mind. Janov doesn't just talk to you about this but makes you feel it—once you've allowed yourself to feel again, you do most of the work yourself. When you wake up and your heart is going like clappers or your back feels strained, or you develop some other hang-up, you should let your mind go to the pain and the pain itself will regurgitate the memory which originally caused you to suppress it in your body. In this way the pain goes to the right channel instead of being repressed again, as it is if you take a pill or a bath, saying "well, I'll get over it". Most people channel their pain into God or masturbation or some dream of making it. The therapy is like a very slow acid trip which happens naturally in your body. It is hard to talk about, you know, because you feel "I am pain" and it sounds sort of arbitrary, but pain to me now has a different meaning because of having physically felt all these extraordinary repressions. It was like taking gloves off, and feeling your own skin for the first time. It's a bit of a drag to say so, but I don't think you can understand this unless you've gone through it—though I try to put some of it over on the album. But for me at any rate it was all part of dissolving the Godtrip or father-figure trip. Facing up to reality instead of always looking for some kind of heaven.

R.B. Do you see the family in general as the source of these repressions?

J.L. Mine is an extreme case you know. My father and mother split and I never saw my

father until I was twenty, nor did I see much more of my mother. But Yoko had her parents there and it was the same . . .

Yoko Perhaps one feels more pain when parents are there. It's like when you're hungry, you know it's worse to get a symbol of a cheeseburger than no cheeseburger at all. It doesn't do you any good, you know. I often wish my mother had died so that at least I could get some people's sympathy. But there she was, a perfectly beautiful mother.

J.L. And Yoko's family were middle-class Japanese but it's all the same repression. Though I think middle-class people have the biggest trauma if they have nice image parents, all smiling and dolled up. They are the ones who have the biggest struggle to say, "Goodbye mummy, Goodbye daddy".

T.A. What relation to your music has all this got?

J.L. Art is only a way of expressing pain. I mean the reason Yoko does such far out stuff is that it's a far out kind of pain she went through.

R.B. A lot of Beatle songs used to be about childhood . . .

J.L. Yeah, that would mostly be me . . .

R.B. Though they were very good there was always a missing element . . .

J.L. That would be reality, that would be the missing element. Because I was never really wanted. The only reason I am a star is because of my repression. Nothing else would have driven me through all that if I was "normal" . . . Yoko . . . and happy . . .

J.L. The only reason I went for that goal is that I wanted to say: "Now, mummy-daddy, will you love me?"

T.A. But then you had success beyond most people's wildest dreams . . .

J.L. Oh, Jesus Christ, it was a complete oppression. I mean we had to go through humiliation upon humiliation with the middle classes and showbiz and Lord Mayors and all that. They were so condescending and stupid. Everybody trying to use us. It was a special humiliation for me because I could never keep my mouth shut and I'd always have to be drunk or pill to counteract this pressure. It was really hell . . .

Yoko It was depriving him of any real experience, you know . . .

J.L. It was very miserable. I mean apart from the first flush of making it—the thrill of the first number one record, the first trip to America. At first we had some sort of objective like being as big as Elvis—moving forward was the great thing, but actually attaining it was the big let-down. I found I was having continually to please the sort of people I'd always hated when I was a child. This began to bring me back to reality; I began to realise that we are all oppressed which is why I would like to do something about it, though I'm not sure where my place is.

R.B. Well, in any case, politics and culture are linked, aren't they? I mean, workers are repressed by culture not guns at the moment . . .

J.L. . . . they're doped . . .

R.B. And the culture that's doping them is one the artist can make or break . . .

J.L. That's what I'm trying to do on my albums and in these interviews. What I'm trying to do is to influence all the people I can influence. All those who are still under the dream and just put a big question mark in their mind. The acid dream is over, that is what I'm trying to tell them.

R.B. Even in the past, you know, people would use Beatle songs and give them new words. Yellow Submarine for instance had a number of versions. One that strikers used to sing began "We all live on bread and margarine", at LSE we had a version that began "We all live in a Red LSE".

J.L. I like that. And I enjoyed it when football crowds in the early days would sing All

OPEN YOUR BOX

- Open your box
- Open your box
- Open your windows
- Open your closets
- Open your bottles
- Open your skirts
- Open your files
- Come on come on / open your pants
- Open your ears
- Open your eyes
- Open your nose
- Open your mouth
- Open your cold feet
- Open your thighs
- Come on come on John open your legs
- Open your doors
- Open your schools
- Open your prisons
- Open your factories
- Open your parliaments
- Open your cities
- Come on come on lets open the world

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together now—that was another one. I was also pleased when the movement in America took up Give peace a chance because I had written it with that in mind really. I hoped that instead of singing We Shall Overcome from 1800 or something, they would have something contemporary. I felt an obligation even then to write a song that people would sing in the pub or on a demonstration. That is why I would like to compose songs for the revolution now . . .

R.B. We only have a few revolutionary songs and they were composed in the nineteenth century. Do you find anything in our musical traditions which could be used for revolutionary songs?

J.L. When I started, Rock and Roll itself was the basic revolution to people of my age and situation. We needed something loud and clear to break through all the unfeeling and repression that had been coming down on us kids. We were a bit conscious to begin with of being imitation Americans. But we delved into the music and found that it was half white Country-and-Western and half black rhythm and blues. Most of the songs came from Europe and Africa and now they were coming back to us. Many of Dylan's best songs came from Scotland, Ireland or England. It was a sort of cultural exchange. Though I must say the more interesting songs to me were the black ones because they were more simple. They sort of said shake your arse, or your prick, which was an innovation really. And then there were the field songs mainly expressing the pain they were in. They couldn't express themselves intellectually so they had to say in a very few words what was happening to them. And then there was the City blues and a lot of that was about sex and fighting. A lot of this was self-expression but only in the last few years have they expressed themselves completely with Black Power, like Edwin Starr making War records. Before that many black singers were still labouring under that problem of God, it was often "God will save us". But right through the blacks were singing directly and immediately about their pain and also about sex, which is why I like it.

R.B. You say Country and Western music derived from European folk songs. Aren't these folk songs sometimes pretty dreadful stuff, all about losing and being defeated . . . ?

J.L. As kids we were all opposed to folk songs because they were so middle-class. It was all college students with big scarfs and a pint of beer in their hands singing folk songs in what we call la-di-da voices—"I worked in a mine in New-cast-le" and all that shit. There were very few real folk singers you know, though I liked Dominic Behan a bit and there was some good stuff to be heard in Liverpool. Just occasionally you hear very old records on the radio or TV of real workers in Ireland or somewhere singing these songs and the power of them is fantastic. But mostly folk music is people with fruity voices trying to keep alive something old and dead. It's all a bit boring like ballet, a minority thing kept going by a minority group. Today's folk song is Rock and Roll. Although it happened to emanate from America, that's not really important in the end because we wrote our own music and that changed everything.

R.B. Your album, Yoko, seems to fuse avant garde modern music with Rock. I'd like to put an idea to you I got from listening to it. You integrate everyday sounds, like that of a train, into a musical pattern. This seems to demand an aesthetic measure of everyday life, to insist that art should not be imprisoned in the museums and galleries, doesn't it?

Yoko Exactly, I want to incite people to loosen their oppression by giving them something to work with, to build on. They shouldn't be frightened of creating themselves—that's why I make things very open, with things for people to do, like in my book (*Grapefruit*). Because basically there are two types of people in the world: people who are confident because they know they have the ability to create, and then people who have been demoralised, who have no confidence in themselves because they have been told they have no creative ability, but must just take orders. The Establishment likes people who take no responsibility and cannot respect themselves.

J.L. It seems that all revolutions end up with a personality cult—even the Chinese seem to need a father-figure. I expect this happens in Cuba too with Che and Fidel . . . In Western-style Communism we would have to create an almost imaginary workers' image of themselves as the father-figure.

R.B. That's a pretty cool idea—the Working Class becomes its own Hero. As long as it was not a new comforting illusion, as long as there was a real workers' power. If a capitalist or bureaucrat is running your life then you need to compensate with illusions . . .

Yoko The people have got to trust in themselves.

R.B. Now you're trying to swim against the stream of bourgeois society, which is much more difficult . . .

J.L. Yes, they own all the newspapers and they control all distribution and promotion. When we came along there was only Decca, Phillips and EMI who could really produce a record for you. You had to go through the whole bureaucracy to get into the recording studio. You were in such a humble position, you didn't have more than twelve hours to make a whole album, which is what we did in the early days. Even now it's the same, if you're an unknown artist you're lucky to get an hour in a studio—it's a hierarchy and if you don't have hits, you don't get recorded again. And they control distribution. We tried to change that with Apple but in the end we were defeated. They still control everything. EMI killed our album *Two Virgins* because they didn't like it. With the last record they've censored the words of the songs printed on the record sleeve. ~~It's~~ ridiculous and hypocritical—they have to let me sing it but they don't dare let you read it. Insanity.

R.B. Though you reach fewer people now, perhaps the effect can be more concentrated.

J.L. Yes, I think that could be true. To begin with, working class people reacted against our openness about sex. They are frightened of nudity, they're repressed in that way as well as others. Perhaps they thought "Paul is a good lad, he doesn't make trouble". Also when Yoko and I got married, we got terrible racist letters—you know, mainly that she would slit my throat. Those mainly came from Army people living in Aldershot. Officers. Now workers are more friendly to us, so perhaps it's changing. It seems to me that the students are now half-awake enough to try and wake up their brother workers. If you don't pass on your own awareness then it closes down again. That is why the basic need is for the students to get in with the workers and convince them that they are not talking gobbledegook. And of course it's difficult to know what the workers are really thinking because the capitalist press always only quotes mouthpieces like Vic Feather anyway. So the only thing is to talk to them directly, especially the young workers. We've got to start with them because they know they're up against it. That's why I talk about school on the album; I'd like to incite people to break the framework, to be disobedient in school, to stick their tongues out, to keep insulting authority.

Yoko We are very lucky really, because we can create our own reality, John and me, but we know the important thing is to communicate with other people.

J.L. The more reality we face, the more we realise that unreality is the main programme of the day. The more real we become, the more abuse we take, so it does radicalise us in a way, like being put in a corner. But it would be better if there were more of us.

Yoko We mustn't be traditional in the way we communicate with people—especially with the Establishment. We should surprise people by saying new things in an entirely new way. Communication of that sort can have a fantastic power so long as you don't do only what they expect you to do.

R.B. Communication is vital for building a movement, but in the end it's powerless unless you also develop popular force.

Yoko I get very sad when I think about Vietnam where there seems to be no choice but violence. This violence goes on for centuries perpetuating itself. In the present age when communication is so rapid, we should create a different tradition, traditions are created everyday. Five years now is like a hundred years before. We are living in a society that has no history. There's no precedent for this kind of society so we can break the old patterns.

Yoko But violence isn't just a conceptual thing, you know. I saw a programme about this kid who had come back from Vietnam—he'd lost his body from the waist down. He was just a lump of meat, and he said, "Well, I guess it was a good experience."

J.L. He didn't want to face the truth, he didn't want to think it had all been a waste . . .

Yoko But think of the violence, it could happen to your kids . . .

Yoko But in a way the new music showed things could be transformed by new channels of communication.

J.L. Yes, but as I said, nothing really changed. **Yoko** Well, something changed and it was for the better. All I'm saying is that perhaps we can make a revolution without violence.

J.L. But you can't take power without a struggle . . .

J.L. Because when it comes to the nitty gritty they won't let the people have any power, they'll give all the rights to perform and to dance for them, but no real power . . .

Yoko The thing is, even after the revolution if people don't have any trust in themselves, they'll get new problems.

J.L. After the revolution you have the problem of keeping things going, of sorting out all the different views: It's quite natural that revolutionaries should have different solutions, that they should split into different groups and then reform, that's the dialectic, isn't it—but at the same time they need to be united against the enemy, to solidify a new order. I don't know what the answer is; obviously Mao is aware of this problem and keeps the ball moving.

J.L. I think it wouldn't take much to get the youth here really going. You'd have to give them free rein to attack the local councils or to destroy the school authorities, like the students who break up the repression in the universities. It's already happening, though people have got to get together more. And the women are very important too, we can't have a revolution that doesn't involve and liberate women. It's so subtle the way you're taught male superiority. It took me quite a long time to realise that my maleness was cutting off certain areas for Yoko. She's a red hot liberationist and was quick to show me where I was going wrong, even though it seemed to me that I was just acting naturally. That's why I'm always interested to know how people who claim to be radical treat women.

R.B. There's always been at least as much male chauvinism on the left as anywhere else—though the rise of women's liberation is helping to sort that out . . .

J.L. It's ridiculous. How can you talk about power to the people unless you realise the people is both sexes.

Yoko You can't love someone unless you are in an equal position with them. A lot of women have to cling to men out of fear or insecurity, and that's not love—basically that's why women hate men . . .

J.L. . . . and vice versa . . .

Yoko So if you have a slave around the house, how can you expect to make a revolution outside it? The problem for women is that if we try to be free, then we naturally become lonely because so many women are willing to become slaves, and men usually prefer that. So you always have to take the chance "Am I going to lose my man?" It's very sad.

J.L. Of course Yoko was well into liberation before I met her. She'd had to fight her way through a man's world—the art world is completely dominated by men—so she was full of revolutionary zeal when we met. There was never any question about it: we had to have a fifty-fifty relationship or there was no relationship, I was quick to learn. She did an article about women in *Nowa* more than two years back in which she said, "Woman is the nigger of the world"

Yoko Let's face it Beatles was twentieth century folksong in the framework of capitalism, they couldn't do anything different if they wanted to communicate within that framework

R.B. I was working in Cuba when *Sergeant Pepper* was released and that's when they first started playing rock music on the radio.

J.L. Well I hope they see that Rock and Roll is not the same as Coca Cola. As we get beyond the dream this should be easier, that's why I'm putting out more heavy statements now and trying to shake off the teeny-bopper image. I want to get through to the right people, and I want to make what I have to say very simple and direct.

R.B. Your latest album sounds very simple to begin with, but the lyrics, tempo and melody build up into a complexity one only gradually becomes aware of. Like the track "Mummie's Dead" echoes the nursery song "Three Blind Mice" and it's about a child-hood trauma.

J.L. The tune does, it was that sort of feeling, almost like a Haiku poem. I just recently got into Haiku in Japan and I just think it's fantastic. Obviously, when you get rid of a whole section of illusion in your mind you're left with great precision. Yoko was showing me some of these Haiku in the original. The difference between them and Longfellow is immense. Instead of a long flowery poem the Haiku would say "Yellow flower in white bowl on wooden table" which gives you the whole picture, really.

THE POLITICS OF HOUSEWORK

by Pat Mainardi.



Though women do not complain of the power of husbands, each complains of her own husband, or of the husbands of her friends. It is the same in all other cases of servitude; at least in the commencement of the emancipatory movement. The serfs did not at first complain of the power of their lords, but only of their tyranny.

—John Stuart Mill

On the Subjugation of Women

Liberated women -- very different from Women's Liberation! The first signals all kinds of goodies, to warm the hearts (not to mention other parts) of the most radical men. The other signals -- *housework*. The first brings sex without marriage; sex before marriage, cozy house-keeping arrangements ('You see, I'm living with this chick') and the self-content of knowing that you're not the kind of man who wants a doormat instead of a woman. That will come later.

On the other hand is Women's Liberation -- and housework. What? You say this is all trivial? Wonderful! That's what I thought. It seems perfectly reasonable. We both had careers, both had to work a couple days a week to earn enough to live on, so why shouldn't we share the housework? So I suggested it to my mate and he agreed -- most men are too hip to turn you down flat. You're right, he said, it's only fair.

Then an interesting thing happened. I can only explain it by stating that we women have been brainwashed more than even we can imagine. Probably too many years of seeing media-women coming over their shiny waxed floors or breaking down over their dirty shirt collars. Men have no such conditioning. They recognize the essential fact of housework right from the very beginning. Which is that it stinks.

Here's my list of dirty chores: buying groceries, carting them home and putting them away; cooking meals and washing dishes and pots; doing the laundry; digging out the place when things get out of control; washing floors. The list could go on but the sheer necessities are bad enough. All of us have to do these jobs, or get someone else to do them for us. The longer my husband contemplated these chores, the more repulsed he became, and so proceeded the change from the normally sweet considerate Dr. Jekyll into the crafty Mr. Hyde who would stop at nothing to avoid the horrors of -- housework. As he felt himself backed into a corner laden with dirty dishes, brooms and reeking garbage, his front teeth grew longer and pointier, his fingernails jagged and his eyes grew wild. Housework trivial? Not on your life! Just try to share the burden.

So ensued a dialogue that's been going on for several years. Here are some of the high points:

'I don't mind sharing the housework, but I don't do it very well. We should each do the things we're best at.'

Meaning: Unfortunately I'm not good at things like washing dishes or cooking. What I do best is a little light carpentry, changing light bulbs, moving furniture. (How often do you move furniture?)

Also meaning: Historically the lower classes (Blacks and Women) have had hundreds of years doing menial jobs. It would be a waste of manpower to train someone else to do them now.

Also meaning: I don't like the dull stupid boring jobs, so you should do them.

'I don't mind sharing the work, but you'll have to show me how to do it.'

Meaning: I ask a lot of questions and you'll have to show me everything, every time I do it because I don't remember so good. Also, don't try to sit down and read while I'm doing my jobs because I'm going to annoy the hell out of you until it's easier to do them yourself.

'We used to be so happy!' (said whenever it was his turn to do something).

Meaning: I used to be so happy.

Meaning: Life without housework is bliss. No quarrel here. Perfect agreement.

'We have different standards, and why should I have to work to your standards. That's unfair.'

Meaning: If I begin to get bugged by the dirt and crap, I will say, 'This place sure is a sty' or 'How can anyone live like this?' and wait for your reaction. I know that all women have a sore called *guilt over a messy house* or housework is ultimately my responsibility. If I rub this sore long and hard enough it'll bleed and you'll do the work. I can outwait you.

Also meaning: I can provoke innumerable scenes over the housework issue. Eventually, doing all the housework yourself will be less painful to you than trying to get me to do half.

'I've got nothing against sharing the housework, but you can't make me do it on your schedule.'

Meaning: Passive resistance. I'll do it when I damn well please, if at all. If my job is doing dishes, it's easier to do them once a week. If taking out laundry, once a month. If washing the floors, once a year. If you don't like it, do it yourself oftener, and then I won't do it at all.

'I hate it more than you. You don't mind it so much.
Meaning: Housework is shitwork. It's the worst crap I've ever done. It's degrading and humiliating for someone of my intelligence to do it. But for someone of your intelligence . . .

'Housework is too trivial to even talk about.'

Meaning: It's even more trivial to do. Housework is beneath my status. My purpose in life is to deal with matters of significance. Yours is to deal with matters of insignificance. You should do the housework.

'In animal societies, wolves for example, the top animal is usually a male even where he is not chosen for brute strength but on the basis of cunning and intelligence. Isn't that interesting?'

Meaning: I have historical, psychological, anthropological and biological justification for keeping you down. How can you ask the top wolf to be equal?

'Women's Liberation isn't really a political movement.'

Meaning: The Revolution is coming too close to home.
Also meaning: I am only interested in how I am oppressed, not how I oppress others. Therefore the war, the draft and the university are political. Women's Liberation is not.

'Man's accomplishments have always depended on getting help from other people, mostly women. What great man would have accomplished what he did if he had to do his own housework?'

Meaning: Oppression is built into the system and I as the white American male receive the benefits of this system. I don't want to give them up.

POSTSCRIPT

Participatory democracy begins at home. If you are planning to implement your politics, there are certain things to remember.

1. He is feeling it more than you. He's losing some leisure and you're gaining it. The measure of your oppression is his resistance.
2. Most men are not accustomed to doing monotonous, repetitive work which never issues in any lasting, let alone important achievement. This is why they would rather repair a cabinet than wash dishes. If human endeavors are like a pyramid with man's highest achievements at the top, then keeping oneself alive is at the bottom. Men have always had servants (you) to take care of this bottom stratum of life while he has confined his efforts to the rarefied upper regions. It is thus ironic when they ask of women: 'Where are your great painters, statesmen, etc.' Mrs. Matisse ran a millinery shop so he could paint. Mrs. Martin Luther King kept his house and raised his babies.
3. It is a traumatizing experience for someone who has always thought of himself as being against any oppression or exploitation of one human being by another to realize that in his daily life he has been accepting and implementing (and benefiting from) this exploitation: that his rationalization is little different from that of the racist who says, 'Niggers don't feel pain' (women don't mind doing the shitwork), and that the oldest form of oppression in history has been the oppression of 50% of the population by the other 50%.

A REVIEW OF PI IN THE SKY — a children's opera —

Libretto: Peter Wesley-Smith; Music: Martin Wesley-Smith;
Producer: John Trinder; Musical Director: Elizabeth Silsbury;
Designer: Clare Robertson; Costume Designer: Doris Brokensha.
Chorus of children from Cabra and Loreto Convents, Taperoo
and Adelaide Boys' High Schools.
Orchestra from the Elder Conservatorium.
Conducted by the composer.
Union Hall, May 20 to 22, 1971.

4. Arm yourself with some knowledge of the psychology of oppressed peoples everywhere and a few facts about the animal kingdom. I admit playing top wolf or who runs the gorillas is silly but as a last resort men bring it up all the time. Talk about bees. If you feel really hostile, bring up the sex life of spiders. After sex, she bites off his head.

The psychology of oppressed peoples is not silly. Blacks, women, and immigrants have all employed the same psychological mechanisms to survive. Admiring the oppressor, glorifying the oppressor, wanting to be like the oppressor, wanting the oppressor to like them.

5. In a sense all men everywhere are slightly schizoid -- divorced from the reality of maintaining life. This makes it easier for them to play games with it. It is almost a cliché that women feel greater grief at sending a son off to war or losing him to that war because they bore him, suckled him, and raised him. The men who foment those wars did none of those things and have a more superficial estimate of the worth of human life. One hour a day is a low estimate of the amount of time one has to spend 'keeping' oneself. By foisting this off on others, man has seven hours a week -- one working day -- more to play with his mind and not his human needs. Over the course of generations it is easy to see whence evolved the horrifying abstractions of modern life.

6. With the death of each form of oppression, life changes and new forms evolve. English aristocrats at the turn of the century were horrified at the idea of enfranchising working men, were sure that it signalled the death of civilization and a return to barbarism. Some working men even fell for this line. Similarly with the minimum wage, abolition of slavery, and female suffrage. Life changes but it goes on -- don't fall for any crap about the death of everything if men take a turn at the dishes. They will imply that you are holding back the Revolution (their Revolution). But you are advancing it.

7. Keep checking up. Periodically consider who's actually doing the jobs. These things have a way of backsliding so that a year later once again the woman is doing everything. Use timesheets if necessary. Also bear in mind what the worst jobs are, namely the ones that have to be done every day or several times a day. Also the ones that are dirty -- it's more pleasant to pick up books, newspapers, etc., than to wash dishes. Alternate the bad jobs. It's the daily grind that gets you down. Also make sure that you don't have the responsibility for the housework with occasional help from him. 'I'll cook dinner for you tonight' implies that it's really your job and isn't he a nice guy to do some of it for you. 8. Most men had a bachelor life during which they did not starve or become encrusted with crud or buried under the litter. There is a taboo that says that women mustn't strain themselves in the presence of men -- we haul around fifty pounds of groceries if we have to, but aren't allowed to open a jar if there is someone around to do it for us. The reverse side of the coin is that men aren't supposed to be able to take care of themselves without a woman. Both are excuses for making women do the housework. 9. Beware of the double whammy. He won't do the little things he always did because you're now a 'Liberated Woman', right? Of course, he won't do anything else either. . . .

I was just finishing this when my husband came in and asked what I was doing. Writing a paper on housework. Housework? he said. *Housework?* Oh my god how trivial can you get. A paper on housework.

Rarely do we see many offerings of serious music theatre in Adelaide. A new work played here always attracts some degree of interest but the premiere of a full-scale production of a work by young South Australians should be a significant event in itself, and one that should expect to be reasonably well attended.

'PI IN THE SKY' is the work of the Wesley-Smith twins, Martin and Peter. It is not a masterpiece, nor can it claim to be. A first effort is usually an exploratory step; the second shows the experience of lessons learned from the first.

'PI' is long -- nearly seventy minutes. Its grinding theme of social inequity and frustrated revolution is hardly new; sociologically it is already dated. A single main criticism of the work should be raised here. If at times it seems to flit between the histrionics of Wagnerian super-drama and the lusty amateurism of school play night, it could be because its creators were never wholly and entirely sincere or flippant. Lines obviously inserted for fun or cleverness (a pretension that was overly apparent at times in both words and music) cast doubts on their sincerity of intent.

'PI' can not claim to shock, except perhaps in considering the role of its children-performers. But on the realization that they are the post-'"Lord of the Flies'" generation, this counts for little too. No one really cares much about immersing innocents in such unremitting gloom and nastiness. And surely the whole point of the Contemporary Scene. But, even so, one could be doubtful about its effectiveness as such a medium on considering its present cast. They showed little comprehension of anything beyond the most basic subject matter. Their main point of reference seemed to be the plot itself, and thus an intricate system of cerebral concepts was reduced to the level of the lyric fairy tale.

This impression was heightened by the production itself. Producer John Trinder must have sacrificed many adventurous moments for expediency for the end result, though manifestly secure enough, was one of dead-pan (even unenterprising)

non-reaction. The opening and closing scenes, inherently rich in ceremony, were as visually static as a Greek chorus in a staged cantata. The inner scenes provided some slight movement and relief but even this was largely negated by the fussy prettiness of the lighting (the quintessential Adolphe Appia) and the miscalculated irrelevance of the Shakespearean-style costumes.

Martin W-S's music is difficult to classify. If anything, its stylistic evasiveness could be the saving feature of the work, but it hardly leaves any clear impression of totality. It presents cast and orchestra with many technical difficulties (and the resourceful manner in which many of these were solved was a credit to the composer-conductor and his technical crew).

Nonetheless, though one can dispute the intellectual justification behind the present score, one is forced to admit that it has many attractive features (the more clever ones were lost to the performer and average listener). Generally the score has the same stylistic piece-meal quality as many by young composers who, though having an abundance of ideas, often seem to lack the technique and patience to develop them convincingly. But here the deft hand of the skilled professional was in evidence a pro. with a keen sense of the dramatic that did not seem to rise above the orchestra pit.

In the final analysis, the production of 'PI' did not overcome its main problem, created by the hurried maturity of its own generation: its teenage cast (some of whom even seemed aware of their roles as pawns in something quite beyond their reach), the youthful drive and idealism of its creators and the unadventurous quality of the production itself (on the surface, secure with the venerable experience of its elders).

It is a pity that Medior, which is primarily an enthusiastic and imaginative group of young people, did not look to its own generativity of stage this work which obviously demands an understanding of, if not sympathy for, its wide-reaching and social implications.

ADELAIDE HAPPENING...SATC

a letter to peter batey, artistic director, south australian theatre company.

dear mr. batey,
 I'm not quite sure why i keep coming to your production, they usually make me feel uncomfortable. i enjoy good theatre, but i never enjoy any of your production! i realise that you try your hardest to please a good section of the public, especially little old ladies and the nice respectable upper-class mums and dads. in fact your latest play will probably attract the adelaide tonight audiences. except of course for the opening night, where most people don't pay and the adelaide establishment has to be reassured that all is still complacent on the local adelaide theatre scene. and, of course i do realise that you have to pacify your board of management. after all you are spending public money. and your board does have those uninteresting businessmen and dull academics and they couldn't possibly hope to know anything about the theatre. after all they were rather nasty to john tasker when he was here and to les dayman when he was the artistic director. so i know you have to be careful.

but you see mr. batey i have a problem. i thought that you perhaps might have some dramatic imagination. the program does say that you have worked in the theatre for 20 years. now don't get me wrong. i wasn't expecting you to have any creative ideas. i wasn't looking for another king o'malley, or a pacific rape. no, social criticism isn't your line, as you point out in the introduction to "little murders" which introduced "qualities of strong social satire to our audiences" and which you wisely allowed roslin de winter to direct.

as i was saying i didn't really think that your very own specially written "happening" for adelaide would break new grounds in creating critical ideas of our society and thus of our history. i thought that perhaps with the introduction of a rock band on stage you were perhaps cashing in on the young 'committed' hair scene, which would of course still make money. and i thought as such it would perhaps be a harmless evening of irrelevant entertainment. perhaps even updating "the boors."

but mr. batey i was wrong. i didn't actually think theatre could ever be so bad, it recalled the worst moments of enduring that latest australian film effort called "demonstrator."

actually it was boring. dramatically, intellectually boring. it reminded me of the times i used to sleep during history lessons in grade three. nowadays i usually get more stimulating entertainment reading about our history on matchboxes. have you tried reading bus tickets? at least they are amusing and not nearly as boring. when i was in grade three history lesson, teacher used to try to get us to express ideas, but perhaps your generation didn't have such enlightened teachers. we also used to have exercises called creative expression... but no, perhaps, i expect too much.

i don't know very much about drama, mr. batey. but i did think that perhaps if you expressed something, let's say in a song then perhaps there was no need for a narrator to explain what was happening and then to spend the next ten minutes of dialogue and action movements saying the same thing. i mean it makes the actors feel uncomfortable, and the audience becomes restless. actually, when i wasn't sleeping i felt very restless. you see nearly all of your play was repetitive. it didn't have much to say, i know you probably didn't want to clutter it with any ideas, but what you said you kept on saying. and that wasn't very interesting but, as i have said (and it is beginning to influence me now) it was very boring. perhaps the most boring scene was when the actors, freshly arrived in south australia, sat on stage for ages reading letters to their families back home, or perhaps it was the trial scene of wakefield that eventually turned out to be pointless. or was it perhaps the scenes where the politicians and the founders of our great free colony were debating among themselves and making speeches?

i was going to say that their lyrics were particularly boring but on reconsidering i thought they were more embarrassing. especially to david king doing the music and to nostradamus. and the people who had to 'sing' the songs. much of it was almost an insult to one's sensibilities.

i actually liked a number of things. as they say i think out of every bad comes some good. there was the music. the lead singer in nostradamus was of course atrocious, but that could be overlooked: the costumes were stimulating and added the right muted color to the environment. almost to the point of masking out the individual characterisations. and the program was excellent.

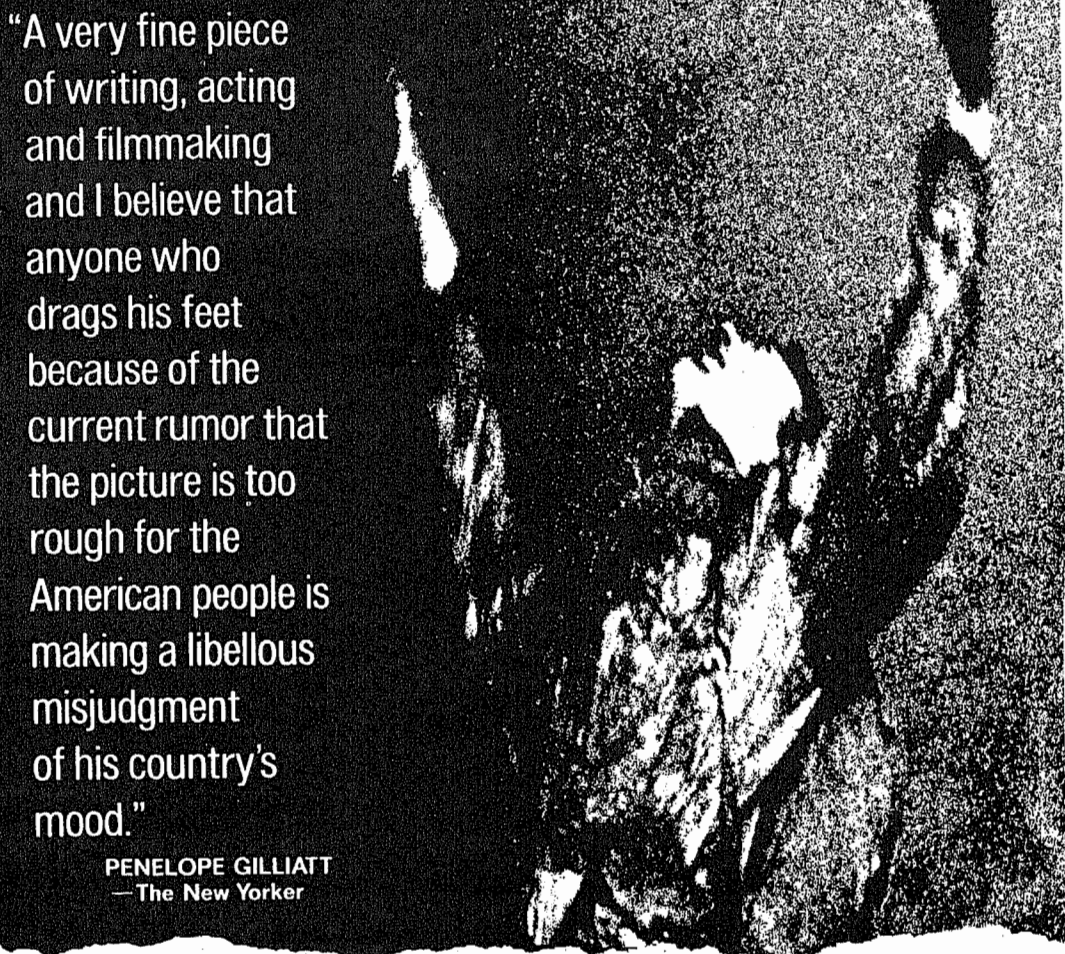
there were a number of funny parts in the play. i can only remember one at the moment. that was when one of the woman settlers called out to the men asking their names, and the reply of john thomas came back. lady jane sitting in front of me was particularly amused. (sorry!) oh, yes, i remember. there was also the part when one of the characters commented on the nice clean water in the torrens. that was the other funny part.

actually as i recall the performance there was one part i thought was excellent and deserving of the greatest encouragement. it was just after that part you put in to wake the audience up. you know the stobe lighting on those luminous things the cast was twirling. i'm glad it woke me up because i like the trend in theatre towards obscenity. something about shit floating around i think. it certainly made the people around me start thinking....

mr. batey, may i call you peter? i have just realised. how could i have been so wrong? it is suddenly all very clear. i do humbly apologise. it was a satire wasn't it? yes. how very clever. call a production "an adelaide happening" and then make it totally boring and uninteresting. what more could be said of our history here in adelaide? how brilliant to write it about adelaideans, for them and then present it dramatically in such a boring fashion!

i do look forward to your next play! why don't you write a satire on australian theatre?

yours in anticipation,
 chris white.



"A very fine piece of writing, acting and filmmaking and I believe that anyone who drags his feet because of the current rumor that the picture is too rough for the American people is making a libellous misjudgment of his country's mood."

PENELOPE GILLIATT
 - The New Yorker

THE LONG DAYS DYING

The action this film takes place over a day, during which three English and one German soldier die. The time and place are not specified.

John (David Hemmings) is a well trained commando, educated, and a pacifist. Tom (Tom Bell) is the fairly dull leader. Cliff (Tony Beckley) is young and unthinking - revelling in the adventure and enjoying the war.

These three English soldiers are on a reconnaissance mission somewhere between the German and English lines. Whilst attempting to get back to their own lines they capture a German soldier (Helmut) whom they decide to take with them. Helmut (Alan Dobie) is self-confident, proficient, his main concern being to exist as best he can.

The film shows us, through the use of bright technicolour and make-up that war is nasty. One is reminded of the lines: "Tell us a story". "It's pretty gory." "Then tell us more." There is lots of bloody, scarred flesh. Long, close-up deaths are abundant.

All this killing (over-killing in fact) and barbarity according to John, is the animal in man. As a pacifist he is faced with the paradox of reasonable rational human beings, killing and maiming. John enjoys killing, vomits afterwards and rationalises both.

For Helmut, war presents the problem of existence. He kills, lies and betrays, but stays alive longer than most. Just before he dies, he says to David that neither the English nor the Germans have won. Rather David and he have won, for they exist.

The film sees war as a philosophical contest between the unreasonable and the brute in man, and the reasonable and rational in man.

It condemns war because of its horror, but suggests, it is inevitable because of the innate violence in man. It reduces a world-wide conflict to a microcosm and proposes a philosophical paradox as an explanation of this conflict.

Thus it sees war as an outcome of individual aggression and analyses it in terms of "human nature." There is no suggestion that the rulers of Germany and England, as nations, as economic systems, may have reasons beyond the philosophical for warring against each other. There is no attempt to explain why the four characters joined the army and who or what they are fighting for.

"A long day's dying" is mediocre and boring. It horrifies for the duration of the film only. The story is about... four ordinary everyday men, three British and one German, who became caught up in the bloody, futile mess that is war." This is a misleading analysis of war. War is not futile. Wars are usually fought for economic reasons, not as an outlet for individual aggressions and frustrations.

Kim Dalton.

MEDIUM COOL

WINDSOR THEATRE

THE PLOT

In the beginning the Media, in the guise of short, dark and handsome Greek TV cameraman, John, films a car accident, drives away and then proceeds to call an ambulance, and thus establishes its Nastiness. John's fellow journalists have to regard the work they are in as "just a job" which prevents them becoming Involved. (Another MacLuhanism - "I'm just an extended tape recorder".)

John's girlfriend is a Beautiful Nurse - (nursing, of course, is one of those Humane Professions) - who tries unsuccessfully to get him to see his Social Responsibility. John discovers, after a talk with some of Eldridges' less convincing conferees - in fact the most plastic Black Panthers I've seen - that the Media is not only linked with the FBI but also is not Black.

A Black Human Interest Story that John is working on is rejected by his FBI-linked network in favour of more Murders, Car Accidents, Floods and Closed Schools.

John is rapidly becoming a Nice Guy. He meets a West Virginia school teacher, unused to city life, called Eileen. She has a cute appealing, fatherless boy called Harold. (Buddy, the father is a male chaurinist pig and is at present in Vietnam). John shows them Chicago - a discotheque, park, boxing gym. (We know John must be pretty good now because he does not seduce Eileen). As soon as she told him not to, Harold runs away, Eileen chases, gets caught in demonstrations, finds John who had been filming the Convention with a New Perspective of Humanity, they drive off. They have a Car Crash which is filmed by an unknown media-man to the sound of demonstrations chanting "The Whole World is Watching."

Well folks, we knew it was going to be one of those films made by an Up and Coming Young Director. After all he called his film 'Medium Cool' which is a pun for those people who have managed to struggle through the complexities of Chairman MacLuhan.

A FILM CALLED "HORSE" BECOMES AN INSTRUMENT OF WHITE PROPAGANDA IN THE MOST SUBTLE RITUAL EVER SEEN

RICHARD HARRIS as "A MAN CALLED HORSE"

Also Starring DAME JUDITH ANDERSON Co-Starring JEAN GASCON MANU TUPOU Introducing CORINNA TSOPEI
 Produced by SANDY HOWARD Screenplay by JACK DE WITTE Directed by ELLIOT SILVERSTEIN
 A SANDY HOWARD Production Music by LEONARD ROSENMAN TRANSMISION TECHNOLOGIZ
 A CINEMA CENTER FILMS PRESENTATION

"When the last Red Man shall have perished, and the memory of my tribe shall have become a myth among the white man, these shores will swarm with the invisible dead of my tribe, and when your children's children think themselves alone in the field, the store, the shop, upon the highway, or in the silence of the pathless woods, they will not be alone. The White Man will never be alone. Let him be just and deal kindly with my people, for the dead are not powerless."

Chief Seattle, 1855

In America today there are still cowboys and Indians; and the Indians are still getting the worst of it. A great many of the fullbloods remaining are shown to the American public, after payment of an entrance fee, that does not go to the Indians, in "cultural centres", (read ghettos). Within these centres the Indians have been cautioned not to speak English as they act out a day in the life of their tribe back many years before when they were free and before the white imperialists took their land.

White racists today are of course just as clever. They know that to complete the cultural genocide of the Indian Nation, myths about that Nation's past have to be created and propagated more effectively and to a larger audience. So the medium of the film is used. And here, for an entrance fee that does not go to the Indians but to the Sturt theatre, you can see fullblood Sioux, cautioned not to speak English, acting out the past lives of their forefathers. The film is "A Man Called Horse."

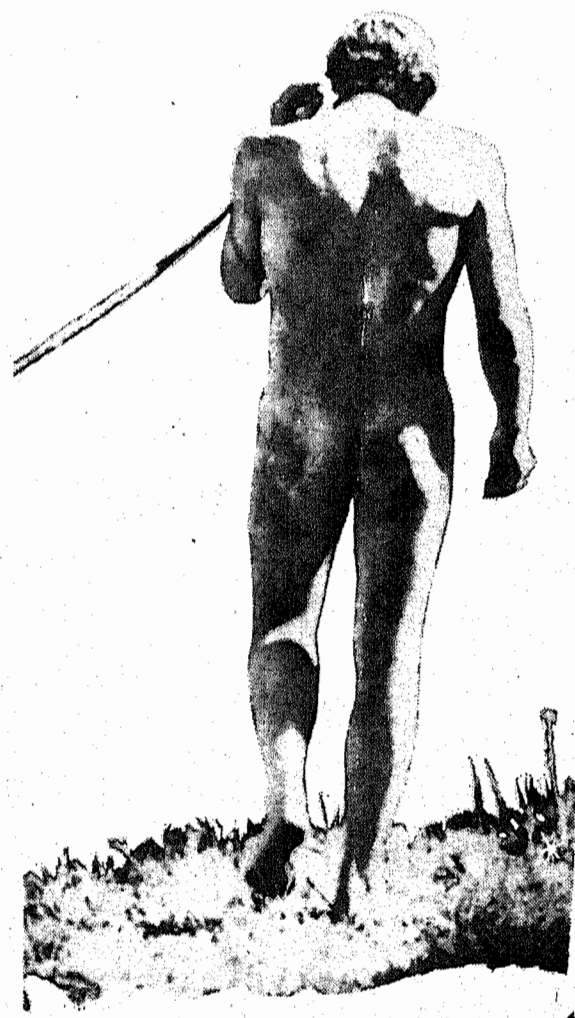
The most electrifying scenes of violence ever seen become an ever continuing ritual for the salvation of the white man's conscience. For the recreation of the myth of the white man's pioneering spirit in an hostile environment. For the ideological rationalisation of American racism. A racism symptomatic of a sick society. A society that needs to continually create a false consciousness, that needs to falsify history, that needs to veil its guilt and fear in producing "entertainment."

In this film our hero, Richard Harris, white, blue eyed, blond haired, (would you believe an English Lord?) can only be seen as a symbol of all White men - and as such embodying a perverse sense of values.

For centuries the white man has tortured, humiliated and massacred the Red Indian. Still today the process continues - cultural and physical violence, a denial of basic rights, exploitation. But this film inverts the reality and produces the rationalisation, the false consciousness.

Arthur Kopit's "Indians" (presented at the last Aquarius Canberra Festival) attempted in dramatic form to explore the working of this rationalisation. And most Westerns, although still propagating the myth of the romantic frontier legend, usually can't be seen as employing so blatantly the falsehoods. But this film is revealing in its symbolic inferences and in what it omits.

Needless to say, it was technically and visually impressive.



The film begins with our hero pleasantly shooting the American wildlife. It is sometime in the 1800s.

Note 1: He, an English Lord, shoots for pleasure and for profit. The local Sioux Indians have to shoot to fill their empty stomachs.

Enter the villains of the film. Unexplainably they attack and burn his camp, massacre his companions and capture him while he is washing naked in a nearby stream.

Note 2: Indians are violent, savage, murderers. There are the first scalping scenes, relieved only by the visual joke of showing one perplexed savage trying to scalp a bald man. These Indians also unexplainably don't scalp our hero, which would have been the logical step.

However, the film must continue. The message has not yet been made. Our hero, nude, pink and pure, begins the terrible humiliation of being ill-treated by the Indians. He is treated with contempt. He is forced to become a "horse." This amuses the Indians, and only one member of the audience.

Note 3: A technical point. At this stage, it seems that our hero is lacking in some vital organs, for in ten minutes of running around in the nude, "they" always manage to elude the camera (or maybe it was censored).

Our hero, as a "horse", is taken to the village and there further humiliated. Women and children ridicule him, he is thrown down to sit with the dogs, and is forced to become the servant of the old women of the tribe (cleverly disguised as Lady Macbeth, Dame Judith Anderson).

Note 4: It is quickly established that these Indians are savages for they don't speak English. There are only the mutterings of our upper-class English gentleman with which to identify. Consequently the actions and customs of the Indians are to be laughed at.

Extra Note: After a short time, our hero appears wearing tight fitting pants. This is probably because it was hard to film only his head and his back.

Soon our hero tries to escape. He is caught and further humiliated. He at this point screams loudly and desperately: "I'm a man! I'm not an animal. I'm a human being!"

Note 5: Most of the audience is weeping. One member is feeling sick.

Enter comic relief and Man Friday. Surprise, surprise when one strange Indian begins to converse in a distorted English. This ally for our hero helps him plan his escape to freedom.

Note 6: You couldn't really expect our hero to mutter to himself throughout the film, or learn the Indian language. And these savages don't know the meaning of the word freedom. I wait for the romantic angle to be introduced.

Our hero falls in love with the local Indian princess - need this be continued. The adventure quickens as our hero now assimilated fights off other dangerous Indian tribes, becomes a man by producing his first scalp and undergoes trials to prove his love and manhood.

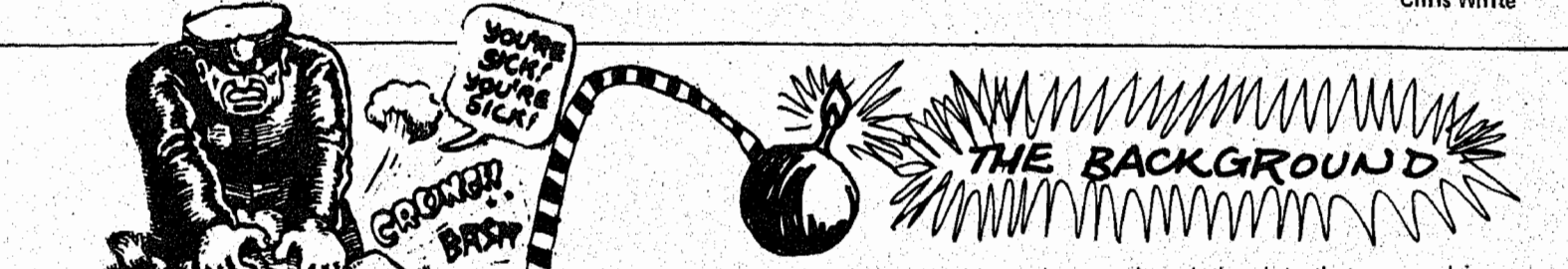
Our hero called "horse" then becomes an Indian warrior in the most electrifying ritual ever filmed; and eventually saves the whole tribe by being courageous in battle and ends by being their chief.

Final Note: Today the fullblood Sioux who appeared in the film remain humiliated and exploited. They are imprisoned in a social system that keeps them at the bottom of the ladder while it insists that they live there by their own choosing. In his own economically depressed area the Indian occupies the lowest position: there is little chance of work other than in "cultural centres"; if he emigrates to a large city he not only cuts himself off from the subtle life support system of his community, but also finds what urban employment is like from the vantage point of the ghetto; the Bureau of Indian Affairs remains insensitive to their needs and desires.

However, the dead are not powerless...
 Chris White

THE CIA COMMENT

Despite the facile scenario the critique of the media is quite sound - if a trifle unsubtle. The link between the "game" violence of the Roller Game and the partially uninvolved audience and the real violence of a riot shown by the media to a totally uninvolved audience is well established. (This distancing and dehumanising effect of the media was termed "a spectacle" by La Feuvre). The fact that the Media feeds on violence and is not interested in reasons or humanity is equally well thumped home. However, (at this point Left Wing Bias rears its ugly head) like MacLuhan - a bourgeois sociologist - Haskell Wexler fails to establish any other concrete link between the nature of society and the Media. The censorship imposed by the FBI seemed an isolated phenomenon. The function of the media in a capitalist society which survives by virtue of exploitation and dehumanisation, can be seen in two ways. The first sees the media as the tool of the ruling class as a cultural prop to the economic base. (Zabrickie Point took this view to an extent). The second sees a more complicated hegemonic structure in which both the economic rulers and the ruled are controlled by and do at the same time control, the media. This circuitous relationship enables the media to be progressive and reactionary, and critical accepting of the status quo and the nature of society, at the same time. However, it is a useful liberal film, for we still have far too many media-men who can see nothing wrong with a controlled media.



THE BACKGROUND

In the original plot Wexler could not have envisaged the riots that occurred in Chicago in '68, though he had shot footage of a practise run of the National Guard's Riot Squad with talcum powder for mace and water pistols for demonstrator's weapons. This provides vivid contrast to the real riots.

Contrary to police orders the film crew were able to shoot scenes of the pig brutality...

["Ya stinkin' Commie bastard" as one huge cop waded in]... and contrast it with the anachronistic hooah of the Mayor Daley supporters at the Convention.

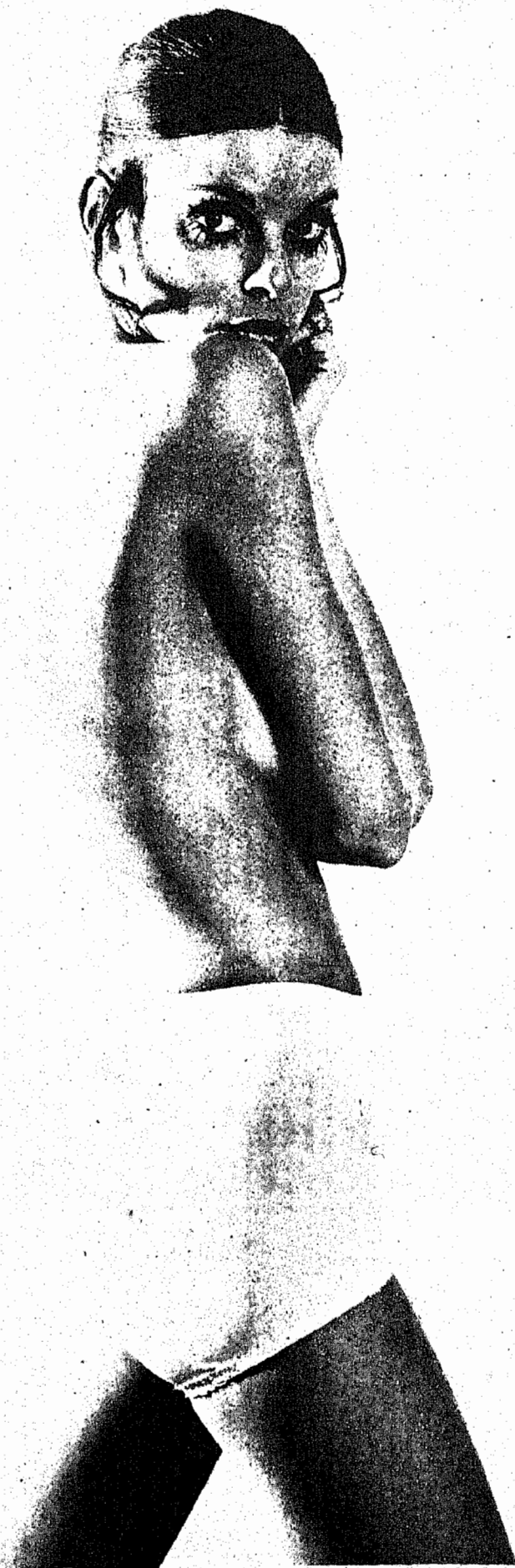
[I wouldn't have believed that so many of the Chicago cops were so fat and genuinely piggish-looking-]

Wexler himself was maced during the filming and some of the crew arrested. [I felt incredible rage at the way the pigs waded in with their batons. I wanted to roar with all the demonstrators when I heard "Up against the wall Mother fucker" -]

Wexler's anti-cop sentiments are emotionally, if not intellectually pleasing; this film would be interesting for a radical in desperate need of catharsis but is not really a film aimed at the movement. If it is, it's all hype. The days of Old Left pig-confrontation politics are at present being re-examined in light of new understanding of the way people are radicalised. As Julian Beck says - the term "pig" was a necessary stage for the movement to go through, but it's time we realised that cops are exploited, cops are people and maybe cops resent not being able to have an opinion "in the face of duty."

Pat Lewicki.





Sheeit! The Mafia that controls the shapes of our bodies no sooner persuaded some of us to rip off our tit-bags before it commanded us to put them right back on again. Now they are to be padded out, to fill in the season's newer, fuller silhouette. Mary Quant has stopped shaving her pubic hair in a heart shape and has designed a waist-clinching corselet to drive her old man's conjugal boredom away with instead. Breasts had barely begun to flower in all their variety and idiosyncrasy before they were clapped back into their strait-jackets, hoisted into the shape of the season and out of the shape of their own.

Why should the season's shape prevail over the thousands of human shapes that already exist? When we were all bouncing our tits big and small around the public streets, peeping our nipples at the world we knew the men from the boys at once because they could take it. Their eyes did not glue themselves to our fronts or swivel away guiltily, their hands did not fumble towards or pussy foot away. The puppy-noses of our-breasts rubbed against their arms in pride and security. The men dug the real thing and were happy to live without the fantasy. The boys clung to their fantasies of pneumatic boobs and kept their hearts fixed on the lonely security of masturbation.

The real tit is so much more interesting than the shape fashion decrees, that it's hard to believe that it is a rational motive which persuades us to march them in uniform A, B, C, D, 32, 34, 36, 38, half-cup, full-cup left right left right. The reality can be highly developed or exuberant, full, moderate,

BOUNCE TITTY BOUNCE!



small, slight or flat, en globe or globuliform, conical, en pomme or apple-shaped, piriform or pear-shaped, a tete de brioche, en galette, bowl-shaped, hemispherical, elongated, that's a game that you can continue for yourself. What is even more interesting is that the majority of breasts are asymmetrical; in about half the world's women, the left breast hangs slightly lower, or is slightly larger than the right, in about a quarter the right breasts are bigger....Absolute symmetry of size and angle is very rare. None of the world's brassieres exhibit such a phenomenon and most of the women who observed it in themselves thought that they were freaks — until we all took our tit-bags off. In fact, breasts are as individual as faces. Even if you allow no more than the anthropological sub-classes in my list, you can vary it by considering the consistency: firm, soft, flabby, springy, turgid, elastic, heavy, and then you can consider the multifarious forms of the aureole, and its colours from palest cream or rose to burnt umber and even black, sometimes serrated round the edges or pearly with the little beads called tuberculae, or crisped about with a little whorl of hairs. The bloom on the peak of your breast can be flat or cup-shaped, or hemispherical, or raised from your breast like a bottle gourd. The nipple is various too, in size, protuberance and even shape, being boss-shaped, low cylindrical, hemispherical, high cylindrical, conical, or even elongated and phalangeal. When you put all those possible permutations in all their combinations you can arrive at virtual infinity. To the variety of the mature breasts of childless women can be added all the stages of maturing and ageing, the permutations of birth and lactation and the day by day changes we observe by cold weather and hot, by the time of the month, by excitement and tranquillity. Our breasts are naturally expressive whether shy and muzzling or pert and peeping or brash and bouncy.

A brassiere is no more than a muzzle, a mask, binding joys and desires with wire and rubber and nylon and clips and cotton. So why will they have us wear it? Why do little girls setting off to boarding school have to pack four brassieres among the gymslips and plimsols?

The first reason is mere censorship. They just don't want people to know what breasts are saying. They can't get away with putting bags over our heads or veils over our faces any more, so they bag our tits instead. The Skoptsi used to cut their womens' breasts off altogether, but cultivated western society contents itself with a version of the Circassian leather girdle which bound a maiden's breasts so tightly that they did not even form until her bridegroom cut the laces with his dagger on her wedding night. A modern beau has more difficulty releasing his lady from the 'foundation which moulds the figure to smart slimmess' because she aims to put it back on with her clothes. For some reason only known to Mrs. Grundy, boob-haps do up at the back, although if there's any place where hook and eyes are uncomfortable it's on your backbone.

The commonest rational for wearing the titbag is the well-worn oldie — it's for our health. Men believe that if women's tits are not bound up, they will sag and sag and wither and maybe even drop off. Now it is not true of

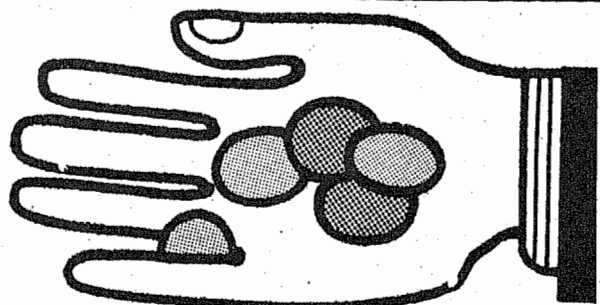
any other muscle in the body that it does its work best when the opportunity is taken away from it so why should it be true of the pectorals? In fact those parts of the body which are continually swathed and kept warm habitually waste, like the legs of men in long underpants. Breasts grow pulpier and more etiolated because they are bound. Where the reinforced band passes under them the skin becomes marked and roughened. If the shoulder-straps take any weight they score the flesh heavily. In fact most men think that tits sag because they have a highly artificial notion of where they should be, or where they once were. In many nations equally arbitrary ideas are enforced for an opposite aesthetic ideal, for tits are pinched to lengthen them, and bound across their upper edge with tough fibre strings so that they hang long and low. Other motives are more sadistic. Men cherish a notion that breasts are for their consumption so that love-making will bruise and despoil them. So they are to be packaged in tinsel and ribbons like Easter eggs for Daddy-Baby to unwrap and nibble them. They dig to see them straining against their binding, squeezed up and bulging provocatively. So much of the usual breast imagery is drawn from fruit, fruit which is easily bruised, goes pulpy and rotten and is fit only for pigs. Their imposition of a fantasy uniform over the multiform real is merely a rejection of flesh for something more like a lolly. When breasts become too obviously unlike their all-day sucker they frankly find revolting. For a long time popular pornography could not bear the nipple at all and even now there are more postcards for sale in Soho featuring underwear than there are featuring breasts as they are.

A Frenchman once lectured me severely upon going braless and praised *le femme bien tenue* and, given his prejudices, his arguments made a sort of hideous sense but that still does not explain why even in the short-lived season of the unbound breast most women still got into their tit-bags every day.

In fact most girls were afraid to let it all hang free. The fantasy of the high, hard, pointy possum had reigned for so long that they were scared to reveal how far they were from normality. Their breasts betrayed them. Whatever they were was not what the nudie mags showed, so it must have been wrong, too big, too small, not symmetrical, nipples too big, too dark, in the wrong place. The porno-chic girls who paraded the King's road were establishing a new kind of uniformity which could not even be simulated so they didn't even try.

But of glory glory to the ones who did....glory glory to the brown nipples of Joni Mitchell so vulnerable in her yellow dress, halleluia for Colette and her great globes, hurrah for Kathy and Jenny and Caroline and Louise and Danne and every other boob that leapt and bounded and jiggled in the feeble sun of this English summer....The unbound breast is reality against fantasy humanity against torys and fetishes, blood against iron, butter instead of guns, love over lechery. If you love yourself, use no hooks, no armatures, no bindings. Your paps are not too small, or too low, or too soft, or too droopy. They're you, and you are beautiful.

Germaine Greer



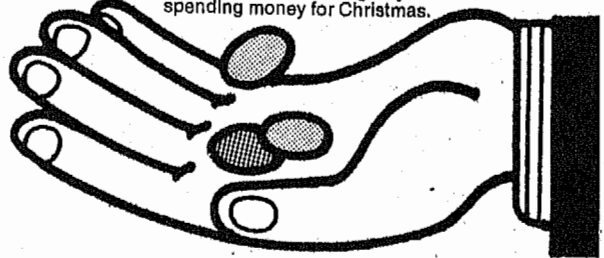
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Entries for the Rhodes Scholarship for 1972 will close on Wednesday, 1st September next, with the Honorary Secretary of the South Australian Rhodes Scholarship Selection Committee at the University of Adelaide.

The annual value of the Scholarship is about 1,500 pounds Sterling = (about \$A3,200). After certain payments by the Trust direct to the College by way of fees, a Scholar receives a personal allowance which has not yet (May, 1971) been determined precisely, but may be of the order of 90 pounds Sterling (= about \$A200) a month. No provision is made for fares between Adelaide and Oxford.

Applications forms are available now. Intending candidates should secure them from the Registrar's Secretary. They should also make an appointment to see the Honorary Secretary personally.

V. A. EDGELOE,
Honorary Secretary for S.A.

Hear DOUG WHITE IN ADELAIDE

Friday, 18th June: 1.00 p.m. Flinders University, North Lecture Theatre No. 1. The correct relationship between intellectuals and workers.

Saturday, 19th June: 2.00 p.m. Graham's Castle, Goolwa. The Cultural Revolution in Education.

Monday, 21st June: 1.00 p.m. Western Teachers College. Modernisation and Social Control in Education (with particular reference to the Karmel Report).

10 a.m. — North Lecture Theatre 1. Flinders Uni. (as above).

7.30 p.m. SAIT Building, Greenhill Road, Parkside. The Dangers of Professionalism.

DOUG WHITE

Is a lecturer in education at La Trobe University, he has been a teacher in Victoria and was a research officer with the Victorian Education Department.

He is a frequent contributor on a wide variety of topics in socialist and education journals. He is a member of the editorial board of Arena: he was a leader of the militants in the struggle to set up the V.S.T.U. and to confront the Bolte government's policies on education.

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TIME — 9.30 A.M.
MOVE OFF — 10.45 A.M.

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Company officers will be visiting the University of Adelaide, Flinders University, and the South Australian Institute of Technology on the 23rd, 24th, and 25th June.

For interviews and appointments: Contact Miles Kirby (Careers Officer, Adelaide), John Flynn (Careers Officer, SAIT), and Richard Dawson (Careers Officer, Flinders).

