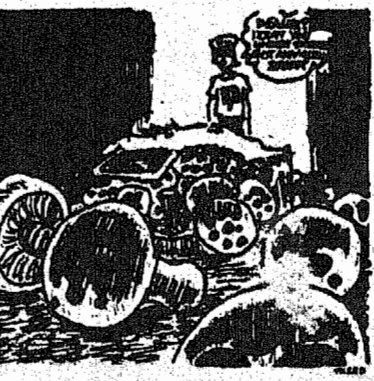
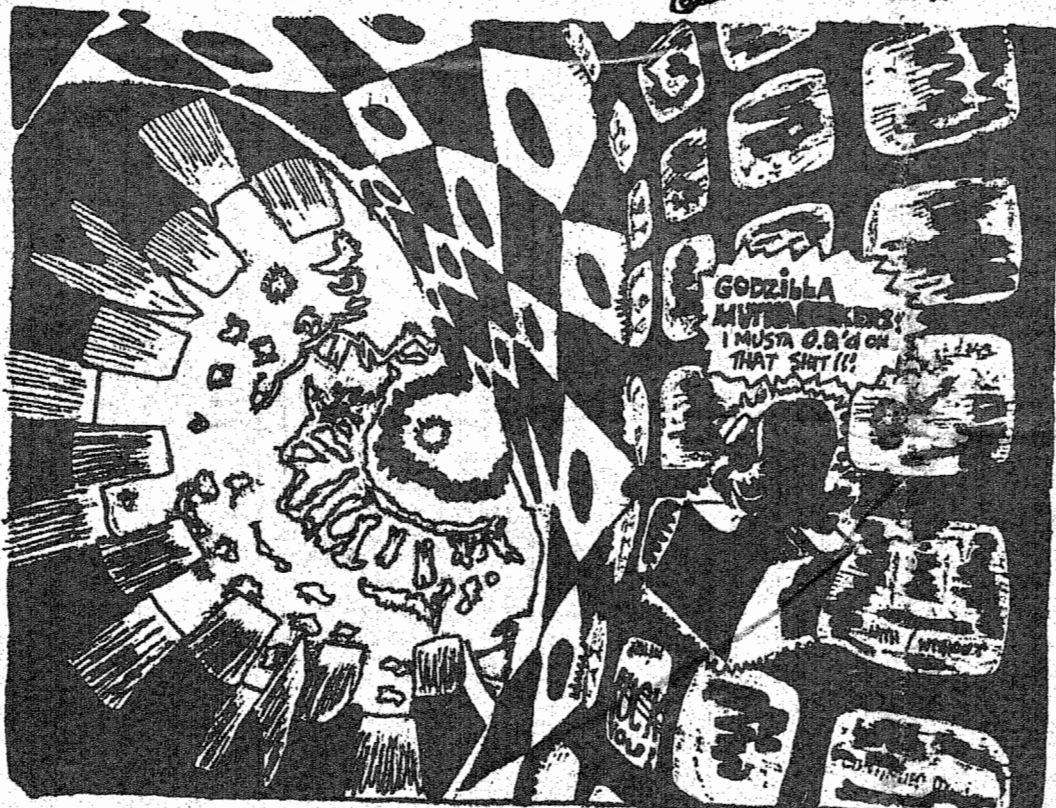
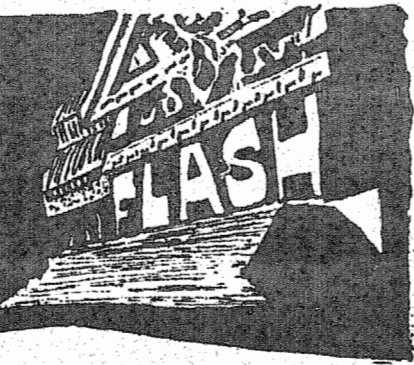
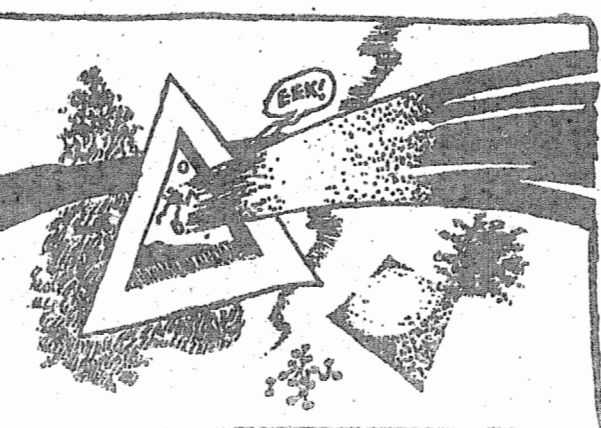
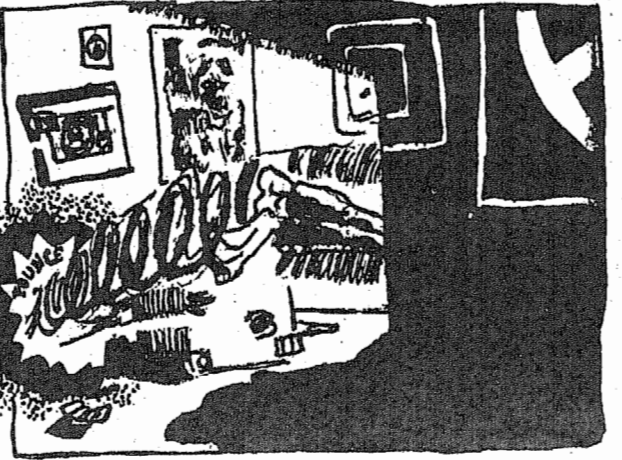
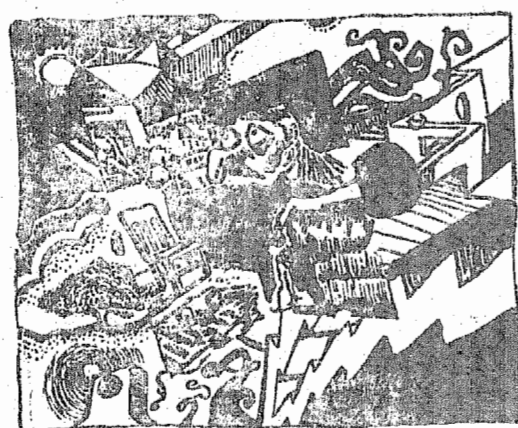
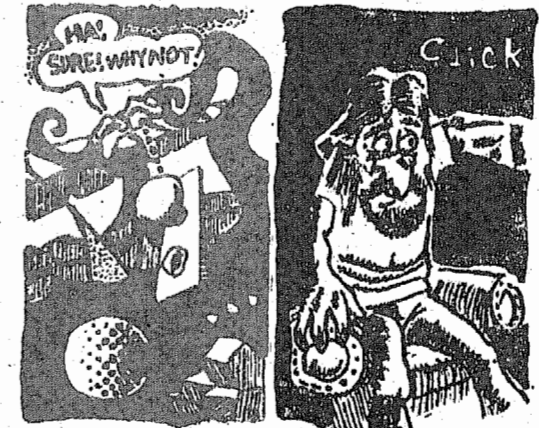
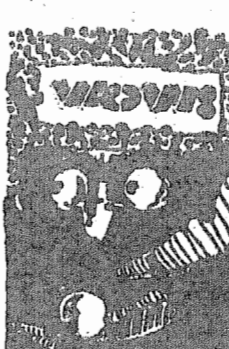


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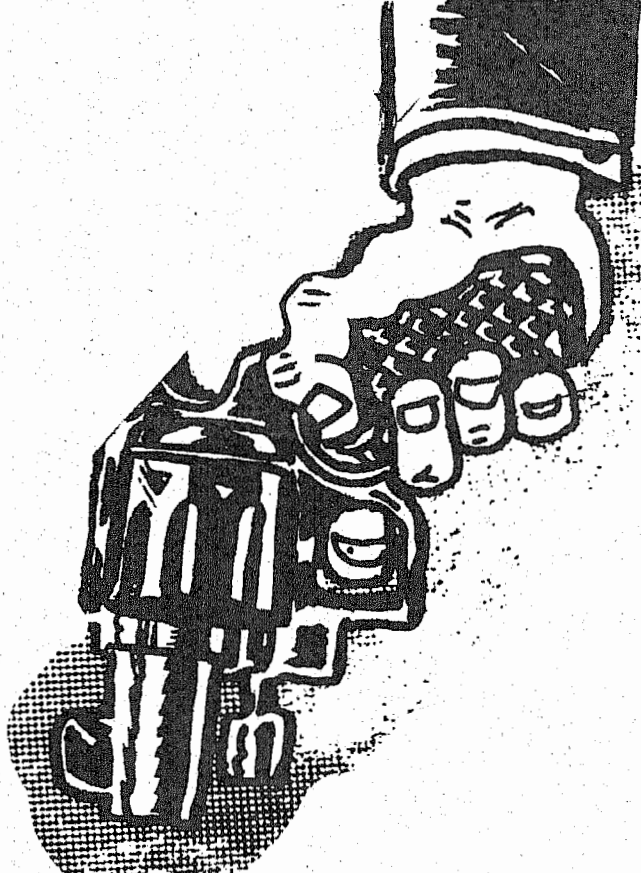
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# ON DIT 11: HOMOSEXUALITY - HEROIN - DR. SPOCK - C.I.A. - GODARD - FAMILIES - WOMEN - NEWS.



DAVE SHERIDAN'S  
The Doings of Dealer  
McDope





# A MAN CALLED BILL

Turn on, tune in and drop out. When Leary said this it was already happening. Twelve and thirteen year old kids dropping acid, living together from Los Angeles to Washington. Their unconscious tactic was cultural terrorism, slowly eroding American culture continuing from the beats etc. of the fifties. At the same time America was consciously following a policy of open terrorism all over the world, but mainly concentrated in Vietnam. From 1964 to 1967 things went mainly well for U.S. imperialism, but something happened. The Cong fought back. They started to win. Something was also happening back home. From Marxists to the "New York Times" attack after attack was heaped on the administration. America's "democratic" face revealed itself to everyone even to those who still refused to believe the lies and deceit. It grew like wildfire amongst the youth, and culminated in the Washington demonstrations. Over 13,000 people were arrested some 4 times over the 4 days.

The administration countered the defeat in many ways. In Vietnam they rained death on the country with napalm, bombs, and every means of destruction they could lay their hands on - but it didn't work - the Cong fought back harder. At home the authorities said they didn't agree with Ronald Raygun ("Campus militants are part and parcel of the revolution... If it takes a blood bath let's get it over with. No more appeasement!") but carried it out. Students, hippies, yuppies and blacks were bashed and shot. People thrown in jail on the most trumped up charges e.g. John Sinclair, leader of the white Panthers and the MC5 was given 10 years jail for passing on 2 joints to FBI agents - but it didn't work - everyone fought back because it was a way of life they were fighting for.

Bill started smoking dope when he was 13 and dropping acid when he was 13 simply because as he put it: "because America was boring, dig it." He joined a commune in Los Angeles when he was 16 and started Law School but soon dropped out to study his favorite pastime - music. He road managed Steppenwolf when he was 17 and went around America with them but soon trouble struck Bill. He was busted for heroin and when sentenced was given the choice of jail or the army - a new method of dealing with the unrest at home. He chose the army because "I value freedom more than anything else even music, and the army is better than jail."

He had his half back length hair cut, and his pacifist orientated mind was slowly changed by army discipline until in January 1970 he was shipped off to Vietnam. With about half the men he shared the same opinion of war. He didn't want to go, he didn't want to fight, not because he was a commie (which he wasn't then) but simply because the Cong weren't his enemy. Within two weeks he was back on drugs. Heroin, morphine, opium, cocaine, marijuana, L.S.D. Contrary to "Vanguard", mouthpieces of the Maoist morons, which said that the U.S. aggressor troops were taking drugs because of the

defeat they were suffering, Bill took them because he didn't want to fight. "It's not my fight, I'm here to stay out of jail, I don't want to die." He smoked dope every day, shot heroin when he could and soon became addicted - strung out on junk. At eighteen years of age he was a heroin addict and a sergeant in command of 180 men, won "a number of medals and crap" and to the outside world appeared like a brave young American boy defending freedom wherever it was necessary. Not so. In battle where he could, he would hide behind a rock, stick his gun over the top and fire anywhere till his ammo ran out. He took L.S.D. when on guard duty, "Man, the scene in the valley below with the color of the bombs exploding was really insane."

He was soon befriended by the negroes in the army who kept strictly to themselves. Having fought with the Black Panthers he understood it when the black soldier said "You go in the front line whitey, we're staying alive to fight in the streets back home." Since he was usually doped to the eyeballs it was easy for him to get into fights with tension ridden soldiers but he was always protected by his black brothers. The blacks and the whites never mixed, they never talked together, only fought together when they had to. The officers hardly mixed with the men at all probably due to the fact that any officer who displeased the men too much was usually shot in battle and not by the Cong.

Drugs were readily available at ridiculous prices sometimes as low as 10 cents an ounce for marijuana or nothing if you had leave in Thailand and could find it anywhere yourself. Soon Bill spent some time in hospital completely strung out on heroin. It was in hospital that he contemplated either suicide or desertion as a means of escaping from a war he didn't want to fight. In December he went on R and R in Sydney and deserted. He was fired from the few jobs he got because he fainted due to hepatitis which he also picked up in Vietnam. His one desire was to get back to the States where he wanted to get a discharge on the grounds that they put him in the army when he was a drug addict. When he finally reached Adelaide in June he was near desperation point. If he was caught he was up for 20 years jail for desertion or being shipped back to Saigon where said he would have killed himself rather than go through the drugs and killing again. He told us he lost about 40 friends killed next to him in battle, he had 88 confirmed dead and long to my "credit" was addicted to heroin and losing his health to hepatitis and that was enough. "All I want is to go home and get a discharge."

Bill felt great shame at what he had done in Vietnam but as he said "It's no good moralising and saying I shouldn't have fought if I was pacifist. You can't put yourself in my place." He's going to get them back for what they did to him though. He said with open honesty, "I'm not afraid to die back home in the streets if I'm fighting for what I believe in, dig it."

Bill is now somewhere on the way back to the States and his freedom. At 19 years of age he's seen enough killing and hardship. We hope he can soon have a rest.

## CONVERSATION WITH A CIA AGENT

His real name is not Jim, and he works as an agent for the CIA. We met him on a beach "somewhere in the Western Mediterranean" where he sat at a table next to ours in a beachfront cafe. He turned out to be a professional agent, a full-blooded, one hundred per cent administration man. It doesn't really matter who runs the administration, Jim worked for the CIA under Johnson, and now under Nixon. He says things are tighter, harder and more intense since Nixon has been in office, especially since much of his activity has to do with keeping track of American heads abroad, drug movements at foreign borders, searching for American dissenters, and listening in on youthful Americans' conversations wherever possible.

Jim was drinking rum and coke, and while he did not appear intoxicated, the rum might have had a part in our extraordinary conversation. Or perhaps it was the midday sun. He said that he was on holiday, but conceded that no agent is ever really off duty when it comes to observing the scene wherever he is at any time. We talked about everything, and it was all I could do to keep from ripping a notebook out of my beach basket. I told him I was on holiday myself, down for two weeks from a London advertising agency for some fun and sun. We began by discussing the British election, which we were already talking about at my table in terms of a crushing defeat for the forces of sanity, and went from that to American politics. It was not until after this that he told us the truth about himself, and we spent the balance of the afternoon, between swims, and part of the evening amazed by what we heard from this man, whose training he was violating with every word he spoke. It might have been the rum or the sun. Or he might have been operating under orders to find his way to OZ and tell us the things he did - or at least some of the things about which he spoke. Obviously, he went overboard in divulging information.

We learned some things we already knew. The Nixon government are dedicated to the task of wiping out cannabis at its source - the thousands of acres where it grows in the Mediterranean and throughout the rest of the world. American technology has developed and manufactured small aircraft equipped with sensitive instruments which can "sniff out" pot patches from an altitude of two or three thousand feet. These aircraft are capable of defoliating grass on detection. They have already been used in Mexico, and will be used in other parts of the world soon, if they are not already being deployed as you read this. Similar machines are being installed at international ports in America to detect luggage stashes at customs controls. The cost of producing equipment such as this is a good index to how seriously the government take their assignments.

At present, the CIA have stepped up their activity between Gibraltar and Istanbul, working with local law enforcement agencies, and have recently sent more agents into the Kabul area. They are determined to put an end to centuries of pot smoking in the middle east, if only to keep the plant from being cultivated for American markets.

We asked Jim if CIA agents smoke grass amongst themselves, the way we know many big town cops do. He admitted the best dope in the world is available in CIA offices, and said he tried pot himself a few times, had found it pleasant, but had decided not to continue smoking it. We probed the CIA position on the fact that an extremely high percentage of American military men are stoned out most of the time. (The American Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean comprise the largest group of consumers in the area). Jim said they were aware of this, and kept tabs on key users, but diverted most of their attention to civilian users, and more importantly, dealers.

- Some quick facts:
- \* CIA affiliates have been known to smuggle large quantities of hash into the States, where it is unloaded on the black market. This defeats their own job objectives, but provides a little extra bread for themselves.
- \* The CIA make few direct arrests, operating instead through local police forces in a delicate relationship in which the cops take the blame for the busts.
- \* The CIA intercept or initiate occasional shipments of hash and grass and add datura derivatives before letting it find its way to smokers' pipes. Datura, also known as devil's weed or Jimson weed, gets you high and makes you sick.

\* CIA agents are most often disguised as American tourists in Bermuda shorts, businessmen, journalists, consular deputies and as fathers searching for runaway hippie children. They also pose as dealers, and do actually deal to trace shipping routes, and to identify wholesalers. They rarely pose effectively as hippies.

We asked Jim about some of the rumours we have heard about the CIA. We know Americans who have had their mail censored in foreign countries. Is this a case of local postal authorities working with the CIA to obtain information? He gave no specific reply, but led us to believe such was the case. He admitted the CIA have a stable of informers, one of whom is reputed to be British poet, Robert Graves, who lives in a small village in tourist-rich Majorca. This was neither affirmed or denied.

Why the sudden increase in CIA surveillance and enforcement on the head scene? Confidentially, because the radical left in America use pot extensively, and regular use of pot tends to reorient youth and drive them toward the left.

How many CIA agents are operating in the Mediterranean? As is the case with many operatives who are foreign nationals, foreign police on the CIA payroll, and fully accredited Agency employees, over a thousand.

Near the end of the day, we hitched a ride into town in Jim's car, a standard Hertz rental saloon. We still were not sure of him, or we might have lighted a joint and passed it to him. He could have driven straight to the police if he felt like it. We made plans at his suggestion, to meet for dinner. He dropped us at our hotel, and went on to his own, a Hilton imitation.

The first part of dinner was spent discussing general topics, such as local food, prices, and other tourist chatter. Then we got back into the subject of the CIA. We had finished the first bottle of wine, and had had cocktails in the bar before being seated. Jim obviously enjoyed his subject, and spoke as though he was enjoying a rare opportunity, to talk about it as well. Did you know, for example, that when an American agent on secret goes to an unspecified government office and identifies himself with a code, telling the clerk how much money he needs. No explanation necessary, and agents on duty might not carry identification cards for obvious reasons. The money is put on the counter. Anyone for twenty thousand dollars, tax free?

There have been no known (or admitted) defections of CIA men to the dropout community, probably because their selection and training are so rigid. There are heads in the Agency, but obviously not the same percentage to be found in the Sixth Fleet or among Vietnam ground forces. (Pop folklore has it on strong authority that John Kennedy smoked grass in the White House, and he did not hang around jazz clubs to score).

After the second bottle of wine we got somewhere. We were reminded of Brendan Behan's play THE HOSTAGE, in which the secret policeman says, "I am a secret that if the head community knew how tight things are right now, it might make his job easier. (Right. Everyman's Dream). Justification at that level did not cover the fact that throughout the world, making his job more difficult than in the Johnson days. He blames hippies, student radicals, black militants, and Communists, in that order. He also feels the avant garde. But now get this: He also feels that all the current commotion about pot smoking and smuggling is secondary to the real aims of his government. Pot in itself is not injurious or harmful in any way, Jim admitted. And he admitted the government admit this to themselves. Then what is all the trouble about? It makes great press, when read by the Great Silent Majority, especially when so little is being done about Vietnam or poverty.

From London OZ

# The continuing story of the use of heroin by American GIs in Vietnam..... By Peter Hamilton OZ (DNSA)

American foreign aid is directly contributing to the harvest of opium and the production and supply of heroin to South Vietnam, and American troops.

Observers of the U.S. forces agree that heroin abuse has reached epidemic proportions with the appearance of the 94 to 97 per cent pure "Number Four White" brand of heroin, or "scag" as it is called in the Services.

However, these observers have offered little analysis on the origins of this highly addictive product. In March this year, a study group from the Senate Armed Services Committee disposed of the question by blaming the "reds." The super-heroin, they said in a blast which was echoed in the Melbourne Herald's of the world, was another devious oriental trick to undermine the spirit of the American fighting man.

But the committee failed to investigate the development of the Laotian opiate industry from poppy to palm through the stages of cultivation, collection, refinement and distribution.

The opium poppy is grown in the mountains stretching from the Vietnamese borders with Laos and Cambodia through to Burma mainly by members of the semi-nomadic Meo, Yao and Shan hill tribes.

The bulk of the heroin in Vietnam comes from Laos where the annual harvest of crude poppy resin is estimated at over 170 tons. This level fluctuates according to the amount of bombing in the productive areas, but its value to producers is always in excess of US\$2 million.

It has provided the single cash crop for a people destitute after three years of saturation bombing, and a source of enrichment for the few Laotians in middleman positions.

The crude resin is collected from the tribespeople by units from the American supplied and financed Royal Lao Army (FAR). The collection is supervised by the higher officers of the FAR, whose Chief of Staff, General Ouane Ratikouane, is the biggest dealer in the Far East. He is one of the wealthiest figures in a government known as "the bottomless pocket of Asia" after twenty years of massive misappropriation of American civilian and military aid funds.

The general and his officers and dealers have been riding a boom with the skyrocketing demand for their product by American GIs. They supervise refineries in Vientiane and other Laotian towns where the purity of the heroin is optimised to reduce volume, and the pure heroin product is smuggled into Vietnam through three main channels.

Laos officers parachute much of the crop into the Pleiku province of South Vietnam where it is collected by Vietnamese army (ARVN) officers and injected into the Nam distribution system.

A second route is by private or official luggage carried by Lao and Vietnamese officials, and even Americans, who buy heroin on the open market in Vientiane where there are no legal restrictions on the drug.

Thirdly, the ethnic Chinese of Indochina, whose hatred of Americans knows no bounds after decades of U.S. interference in Chinese affairs, culminating in the destruction of the Cholon Chinese quarter of Saigon during the 1968 Tet offensive, operate on efficient smuggling and distribution system linking up all the producing areas and refineries with the markets of the region.

The lowest level of operators, the pushers, are recruited from the thousands of dispossessed street urchins living in the cities and base areas of Vietnam. For these boys, heroin offers both a source of income and a means of taking revenge on the hated GIs.



The American Army could have cleaned up the source of the opiates which are debilitating her troops but only by cleaning up the corrupt governments which she is pledged to defend as part of the "democratic alternative" in Asia. And, ironically, the only forces pledged to bringing social justice to the hill tribe peoples and to ending the opium trade are the insurgent governments which are America's present enemies.

There is a certain black irony in the notion that the officials of the Royal Lao Government have been totally dependent on American firepower and finance for their survival, yet they have used that assistance to inflict upon their providers "the greatest tragedy of the Indo-China war."

Why is there a heroin epidemic now, this year?

In explanation, a few generalisations can be made about the Indo-China heroin dealer; he is a totally unscrupulous businessman; he is now fabulously rich and his wealth is skyrocketing; he is riding the crest of a boom which has probably taken him by surprise and now he is determined to make the boom last as long as possible. He hates Europeans in general; and Americans in particular.

There is currently an over-supply of heroin due to the March-May poppy harvest in Laos - a bumper crop by all accounts. If he is later short supplied, the dealer will have made arrangements with the Thai officers and Burmese dealers (the remnants of General Lee's Kuomintang Chinese army) to keep supplies available.

The dealer is marketing a dream product which enslaves its consumers. Thus, technically, the market should expand like loaves and fishes until the bulk of American troops are withdrawn next year. Thus he is determined to make the most of the present Vietnam market.

He is ambitious and wants to expand his operation overseas, primarily the lucrative domestic US market.

The US market is presently confined to supplies by the Turkey/ Marseilles/East Coast Mafia axis and the Mexican suppliers on the West coast. But the Laotian operator has a better quality product (96% purity versus 6%) so he wants as many Americans as possible dependent on his "scag" in "Nam so their demand returns home. He is now arranging smuggling channels with corrupt US services personnel and out of work war-profiteers.

The dealer, and all the operators in the heroin industry down to the smallest street urchin are united in their hatred of the European. They have found a chink in the Westerner's armour and this chink gives them a path to prosperity and offers catharsis for all the indignities heaped on them during the Colonial and Indo China war periods. The dealer will use all his growing financial acumen to exploit this weakness to the full.

Also in Newsweek lays the blame for the growing demand for opiates on the boredom of American soldiers in Vietnam. He writes: "Of the more than 260,000 American troops in Vietnam, only about one fifth are combat troops, and their crucial mission is to avoid combat. What most of the 200,000 non-combatant troops is doing is virtually nothing, other than going mad with boredom."

Boredom and frustration have been the soldiers lot in all twentieth century wars, but traditionally in Western armies, this has been overcome by occasional booze-ups or distracted by pin-ups and poker games. If the troubled soldier cracked up, he was declared a "shell-shock" victim and removed from his mates.

Even the combat troops in Vietnam have suffered from periods of enforced inactivity - long patrols, lasting for months between action, in which soldiers wait for the enemy to strike in the attack of his choice.

The GI heroin user has seen the collapse of morale and purpose in the American services. He is left with none of the platitudes that have justified the soldier's burden in the past. No national cause, no international crusade, he isn't even keeping the enemy from his doorstep. He is left only with a frightening lack of meaning in his occupation. His spirit has died with the soul of the American Army. And since his family and peers at home do not share his disillusion with American values he cannot even look forward to his return home.

In short, the Vietnam draftee is suffering from two fold alienation. He is alienated from his present work situation - the Army - and also from American society at large. He is offered no means of self-expression, for instance, the violent or counter-cultural politicisation that could offer relief at home. And the Army keeps him in this cocoon, isolated from the positive directions of the new culture.

Without escape, drugs appear to provide a way. Grass serves the purpose temporarily, but it intensifies his depression. The search for experimentation might lead him to snort Number Four once or twice, and his direction is fixed.

Consider the case history of this honorably discharged "grunt" I met in Bangkok last year:

"I had nothing in there, man, nothing. But all the time I was looking for a peaceful way. I wanted to love. I was digging Gibson, and I hated killing. It got so that I couldn't go out on missions without getting stoned, and after the action I was getting so low that I felt I had a wedge being driven into my skull. I decided to take scag, just to stop going crazy, and then face up to withdrawal later. I'm not giving you any shit; I really made that conscious decision. And now... well, it's got me."

In the last analysis, the story of men being trained to kill, being emotionally unable to kill, and then slowly killing themselves to escape their burden of guilt, is the ultimate tragedy of Vietnam.



LOOK THAT FELT GOOD!

# THE BOLTING HORSE



# WHY GAY LIBERATION?

Gay, Gay, Gay — is there another way? I think not. And who does really care for alternatives? Certainly not the "gay folk who dwell down by the river-side" and whom society rejects, pressurises and victimises because camps scandalize those holy values of marital bliss, family planning, suburbia and home mortgages (which is bad for capitalist business).

After all, who does really want forty years with the same broad at 8% interest rate with assorted brats thrown in? A damned millstone around the neck of any individual. What of the rewards? For the individual a denial of the very notion of one's self with complete self destruction. Society of course will reward you for your soul sacrifice, bestowing upon you its victims, that marvey thing called respectability, "O spotless reputation", and security. Certainly security, if you can't afford respectability, because squares cannot afford not to be eternally secure in job and home. But a type of respectability is available to all if only through the dreariness and normality of it all and this is where the majority of squares end up being patronisingly referred to as "The Salt of The Earth" — pure crap.

Gay power can be seen as a solution to social problems such as over population and standards of living. Consider the value of homosexuality to India or South American countries. Myra Breckinridge elaborates superbly on this aspect of homosexuality in her story by Core Vidal, which is surely destined to become a sacred script in the annals of Camp mythology.

In our own society gay people continue playing the role of the unmentionable, only barely tolerated, if not seen or heard. A minority group, confused and fragmented but surely a powerful front if ever united because it draws people from all levels of society. But one aspect in particular of camps is that rarely do they seek to aggressively assert themselves. Society tends to judge homosexuals solely upon the lunatic fringe that dwell in the park-ways and bog-ways or who feature themselves in D.J. windows or men's-wear departments. This is unfortunate such judgements are typical of a majority that is essentially afraid, envious and insecure. It is so easy to take the grotesque and exaggerated as standards to ease conscience and to reassure themselves in their smug security.

But just as homosexuals are never safe in our present society from the sadistic, perverted proings of police, blackmail and public exposure, so heterosexuals should realize that they in their turn will inevitably suffer. Homosexuals know the full impact of humiliation and degradation of being relegated second class citizens and first class fools but as our on-coming pop culture generation moves rapidly towards a sensual society that readily embraces all aspects of campery, how will the heterosexual face the eventual loss of his very identity. In its turn, camp life embraces readily every new comer so eventually the cry "Man Triumphant" can be safely echoed as an alternative cause to the aggressive, narrow limitations of heterosexuality.

Megs.



## HOMOSEXUALITY

Camp, faggot, poofta, fairy, sissy, cream-puff, pansy, queen, dyke (or bull dyke), saphic sister and lesbian, are all current terms of derision used to describe the same ANIMAL... the dreaded HOMO-SEXUAL (join in the fun... test your initiative by adding to the list).

Why are HOMO-SEXUALS so disliked?

Could it possibly be because they as a group question, and thus challenge, the rigid role-playing inherent in the HETERO-SEXUAL establishment? What do HOMO-SEXUALS do?

Nothing that any imaginative HETERO-SEXUAL doesn't. Passionate love play by both TYPES consists practically entirely of all those nasty, bestial, unnatural acts that are proscribed by both the law and 'social pressure'.

HETERO-SEXUALS ought to remember that they too are proscribed by law not to commit the very acts that earn HOMO-SEXUALS fines or worse(?) gaol sentences. What is so CRIMINAL about the mutual pleasure derived from the conventional 69 position and its HOMO-SEXUAL equivalent... rose-leaving? Reasonable people shouldn't concern themselves about such trivia. They ought, instead, to honestly be concerned with major issues that threaten our very existence... war, pollution, inadequate education, inefficient government. They are responsible for that, not for what people do in bed.

What do HOMO-SEXUALS do? Commit buggery. That's what causes the big misunderstanding. That's what causes the rabid hostility of the oh-so vulnerable HETERO-SEXUAL. Not only do we commit buggery but we enjoy doing so. That's probably the biggest sin of all.

JUST WHAT DO YOU THINK CONSTITUTES A HOMO-SEXUAL?

An excessively feminine man? Somebody who frequents public lavatories? A mummy's boy? In virtually every generalization you would be wrong 9 times out of 10. To persist in playing the game 'spot the HOMO-SEXUAL' you cause the sexual type-casting of our society to continue making caricatures of both the uncertain HETERO-SEXUAL and the practising HOMO-SEXUAL who both deny the very existence of their other (SEXUAL) selves.

Yes. He usually has to be very discrete about his 'condition'. Quite often this degree of discretion leads the average HOMO-SEXUAL into a double-life routine. His very occupation, even his family's affection, is threatened by possible disclosure of his HOMO-SEXUALITY. He becomes conditioned to accept the second-rate relationship as inevitable. IF HE IS LUCKY, most HOMO-SEXUAL sex doesn't get the chance to develop beyond the pick-up, one night stand down at the local bog, or GHQ. I wonder why? Could it be because of the need for secrecy? After all, it is difficult to keep a relationship going when one can't even take the guy home to meet the folks, can't even walk down the street holding hands, or, if the occasion arises, a farewell or arrival, hug and kiss him in a public place.

The HOMO-SEXUAL is PERSECUTED(?)

Yes. How did you learn that 'gays' existed? Was it through a much publicised court case? Did it involve one of those nasty 'animals' a child molester? Or was it by hearing one of those dreary POOFTA jokes? I bet it wasn't by being exposed to 'gay love', it wasn't by seeing others in mutual happiness, it was by taking notice of the exception, generally the top of the ice-berg, the noteworthy, sordid incident.

DESIRABLE (HOMO-)SEXUAL LAW REFORM?

All HOMO-SEXUAL law reforms, to date, have included the 'protection' of the young, and, the victimization of the practising HOMO-SEXUAL in any one of the military services. (Wasn't it Sir Winston Churchill who had something to say on that score about the Royal Navy?)

The law also 'protects' the young HETERO-SEXUAL.

But in both cases, considering the traumatic nature of any subsequent legal procedure, is this 'protection' warranted? Except, perhaps, when unmistakable violence, or blackmail, is involved, can one really believe a court capable of understanding, and judging, a relationship of an intimate nature. The reputation of the divorce courts would suggest not. To legislate that at some magic age one reaches sexual responsibility is unrealistic. It is only necessary in our sex obsessed society which wants its virgins and f\*\*\*s them too.

Why can't the individual be able to develop the UNIQUE balance that constitutes the personality, at an individual pace? The child involved in any violent or criminal incident, detected by the law, being subject to examination and treatment by qualified 'unjudging' psychiatrists etc. rather than overworked judges that lack the correct training.

### WHO MAKES HOMO-SEXUALS HOMO-SEXUAL?

A dominant mother? Could be... but it is as likely that a retreating father is to blame. Really? No, not really. That is probably only a new variant, a new excuse to add to the list, and just as useless. Why need excuses? Who needs excuses. YOU DO. You, the mass of incomplete people who deny their HOMO-SEXUAL half. YOU would deny yourself an occasional hedonistic plunge, or, if YOU didn't, would make excuses... oh did I? (fault memory?) I couldn't have, must've been drunk. Yes, that's it, I was drunk (always a good excuse). That one's prejudices excludes certain sexual activity isn't really important but it is very important that those same prejudices don't exclude possible 'love' relationships which might otherwise offer an alternative to the apparent boredom of suburban marriage and the resultant carnage in the divorce courts.

The HOMO-SEXUAL is PERSECUTED(?)

The HOMO-SEXUAL is in a similar position to the NEGRO 10 years ago, both being afraid to assert themselves in a hostile, oppressive situation.

There is no reason for the NEGRO to proclaim that BLACK IS BEAUTIFUL, except that he has been told repeatedly that it is ugly... inferior. Similarly, there is no reason for the HOMO-SEXUAL to proclaim that GAY IS THE ONLY WAY, except that he (or she) has been told that it is sordid... dirty.

To rely on one's skin color, or sex-life, as a criteria of worth is patently absurd. The HOMO-SEXUAL is different in one way from the NEGRO, you can't always spot him a mile off. He may even be your son, brother or husband, she may even be your daughter, sister or wife. Think about it. Because of your ignorance, prejudices etc. you may be emotionally crippling somebody that you regard with affection.

The HOMO-SEXUAL is PERSECUTED(?)

Yes. He usually has to be very discrete about his 'condition'. Quite often this degree of discretion leads the average HOMO-SEXUAL into a double-life routine. His very occupation, even his family's affection, is threatened by possible disclosure of his HOMO-SEXUALITY. He becomes conditioned to accept the second-rate relationship as inevitable. IF HE IS LUCKY, most HOMO-SEXUAL sex doesn't get the chance to develop beyond the pick-up, one night stand down at the local bog, or GHQ. I wonder why? Could it be because of the need for secrecy? After all, it is difficult to keep a relationship going when one can't even take the guy home to meet the folks, can't even walk down the street holding hands, or, if the occasion arises, a farewell or arrival, hug and kiss him in a public place.

The HOMO-SEXUAL is PERSECUTED(?)

Yes. How did you learn that 'gays' existed? Was it through a much publicised court case? Did it involve one of those nasty 'animals' a child molester? Or was it by hearing one of those dreary POOFTA jokes? I bet it wasn't by being exposed to 'gay love', it wasn't by seeing others in mutual happiness, it was by taking notice of the exception, generally the top of the ice-berg, the noteworthy, sordid incident.

DESIRABLE (HOMO-)SEXUAL LAW REFORM?

All HOMO-SEXUAL law reforms, to date, have included the 'protection' of the young, and, the victimization of the practising HOMO-SEXUAL in any one of the military services. (Wasn't it Sir Winston Churchill who had something to say on that score about the Royal Navy?)

The law also 'protects' the young HETERO-SEXUAL.

But in both cases, considering the traumatic nature of any subsequent legal procedure, is this 'protection' warranted? Except, perhaps, when unmistakable violence, or blackmail, is involved, can one really believe a court capable of understanding, and judging, a relationship of an intimate nature. The reputation of the divorce courts would suggest not. To legislate that at some magic age one reaches sexual responsibility is unrealistic. It is only necessary in our sex obsessed society which wants its virgins and f\*\*\*s them too.

Why can't the individual be able to develop the UNIQUE balance that constitutes the personality, at an individual pace? The child involved in any violent or criminal incident, detected by the law, being subject to examination and treatment by qualified 'unjudging' psychiatrists etc. rather than overworked judges that lack the correct training.

As for those HOMO-SEXUALS who have the misfortune of being in the armed services, it is difficult to believe them a worse security risk than fellow members who aren't 'gay' bachelors. Remove the illegality of their behavior that is the basic reason for their vulnerability regarding blackmail and security, and you remove the security risk.

Better blatant or latent, or would that embarrass all you radical HETERO-SEXUALS? The HOMO-SEXUAL is ideal material for radicalization.

HOMO-SEXUALITY comes naturally as does one's skin color and gender. An individual does not choose to be HOMO-SEXUAL, he merely learns to face reality, and to come to terms with that facet of his personality. Simply by being HOMO-SEXUAL, by being ourselves, we are oppressed and perverted into accepting a most incomplete life-style. If enough of us reach that awareness then we will be in an ideal situation to change the public 'hypocrisy', as we represent every segment of society.

HOMO-SEXUALS have great influence and presence in the arts, the theatre, advertising, fashions and hairdressing, education, and some of us are even rumored to have attained positions of political power, especially within the British Commonwealth. Why then hasn't our overwhelming presence changed public attitudes? Is it because successful and powerful HOMO-SEXUALS are selfish enough not to be bothered about their less fortunate fellows? Is it because the public only see what they want to?

It is so easy to overlook the HOMO-SEXUALITY of the successful ballet dancer or artist, after all they do amuse, and they have been known to win knight-hoods.

So how about it fellow HOMO-SEXUALS, let's get off our boxes and act. NOW.

It's all very well to have yearly drag-balls, and the queen's birthday picnic, but what is really needed is a club or headquarters where we can all meet and do something to educate the public that we too are human. We could show them that we give to charities, that we have political opinions, that we have buying power, that we set fashion trends, etc. Perhaps we could even print our own newspaper? Articles, stories, drawings, and poems, reflecting our ideals, and showing that much that has been in our favor has been withheld for that very reason.

Should it really perturb the radical HETERO-SEXUAL to see a contingent of HOMO-SEXUALS AGAINST THE WAR in the next moratorium? Maybe we will all be fortunate enough to see just such an act prove the extent of our commitment to others.

— bill boy (make peace now)  
POWER TO ALL THE PEOPLE.  
books to read: 1 in 20 by brian magee. (penguin).  
the other face of love by raymond de becker (sphere).  
both are available in paper-back.

Women are struggling to liberate their minds from sick sexual roles. It is clear that the suffering, supposedly self-abasing black is not someone with a personal neurosis, but society's victim; and someone who has been forced to learn certain techniques for survival. Few people understand that the same is true of the self-abnegating passive housewife. Fewer still understand this truth about the homosexual.

These techniques of survival help us meet certain needs, at the price of others.

For women, as for other groups, there are several American norms. All of them have their rewards, and their penalties. The nice girl next door, virginal until her marriage — the Miss America type — is rewarded with community respect and respectability. She loses her individuality and her freedom, to become a toothpaste smile and a chastity belt. The career woman gains independence and a large margin of freedom — if she is willing to work twice as hard as a man for less pay, and if she can cope with emotional strains similar to those that beset the black intellectual surrounded by white colleagues. The starlet, call girl, or bunny, whose source of income is directly related to her image as a sex object, gains some financial independence and freedom from housework. She doesn't have to work as hard as the career woman, but she pays through psychological degradation as a sex object, and through the insecurity of knowing that her career, based on youthful good looks, is short-lived.

The Lesbian, through her ability to obtain love and sexual satisfaction from other women, is freed of dependence on men for love, sex, and money. She does not have to do menial chores for them (at least at home), nor cater to their egos, nor submit to hasty and inept sexual encounters. She is freed from fear of unwanted pregnancy and the pains of childbirth, and from the drudgery of child raising.

On the other hand, she pays three penalties. The rewards of child raising are denied her. This is a great loss for some women, but not for others. Few women abandon their children, as compared with the multitudes of men who abandon both wives and children. One suspects that it might not be much fun for the average person, and so the men leave it to the women.

The Lesbian still must compete with men in the job market, facing the same job and salary discrimination as her straight sister.

Finally, she faces the most severe contempt and ridicule that society can heap on a woman.

When members of the Women's Liberation Movement picketed the 1968 Miss America pageant, the most terrible epithet heaped on our straight sisters was "Lesbian." The sisters faced hostile audiences who called them "commies," and "tramps," but some of them broke into tears when they were called Lesbians. When a woman showed up at a feminist meeting and announced that she was a Lesbian, many women avoided her.



Lesbians, because they are not afraid of being abandoned by men, are less reluctant to express hostility toward the male class — the oppressors of women. Hostility toward your oppressor is healthy, but the guardians of modern morality, the psychiatrists, have interpreted this hostility as an illness, and they say this illness causes and is Lesbianism.

If hostility to men causes Lesbianism, then it seems to me that in a male-dominated society, Lesbianism is a sign of mental health.

The psychiatrists have also forgotten that Lesbianism involves love between women. Isn't love between equals healthier than sucking up to an oppressor? And when they claim we aren't capable of loving men, even if we want to — I would ask a straight man, in turn: are you capable of loving another man so deeply that you aren't afraid of his body or afraid to put your body in his hands? Are you really capable of loving women, or is your sexuality just another expression of your hostility? Is it an act of love or an act of conquest?

I do not mean to condemn all males. I have found some beautiful, loving men among the revolutionaries, among the hippies, and the male homosexuals. But the average man, including the average student male radical, wants a passive sex-object cum domestic cum baby nurse to clean up after him while he does all the fun things and bosses her around — while he plays either biggest executive or Che Guevara — and he is my oppressor and my enemy.

Society has taught most Lesbians to believe they are sick, and has taught most straight women to despise and fear the Lesbian as a perverted, diseased creature. It has fostered the myth that Lesbians are ugly and turn to each other because they can't get that prize, that prince, a male! In this age of the new "sexual revolution," another myth has been fostered: the beautiful Lesbians who play games with each other on the screen for the titillation of heterosexual males. They are not seen as serious people in love, but as performers in the "let's try a new perversion" game.

Freud founded the myth of penis envy, and men have asked me "But what can two women do together?" As though a penis were the *sine qua non* of sexual pleasure! Man, we can do without it, and keep it going longer, too!

Women are afraid to be without a man's protection — because other men will assault them on the streets. And this is no accident, no aberration performed by a few lunatics. Assaults on women are no more an accident than are lynchings of blacks in Mississippi. Men have oppressed us, and like most oppressors, they hate the oppressed and fear their wrath. Watch a white man walking in Harlem and you will see what I mean. Look at the face of a man who has accidentally wandered into a Lesbian bar.

Men fear Lesbians because they are less dependent, and because their hostility is less controlled.

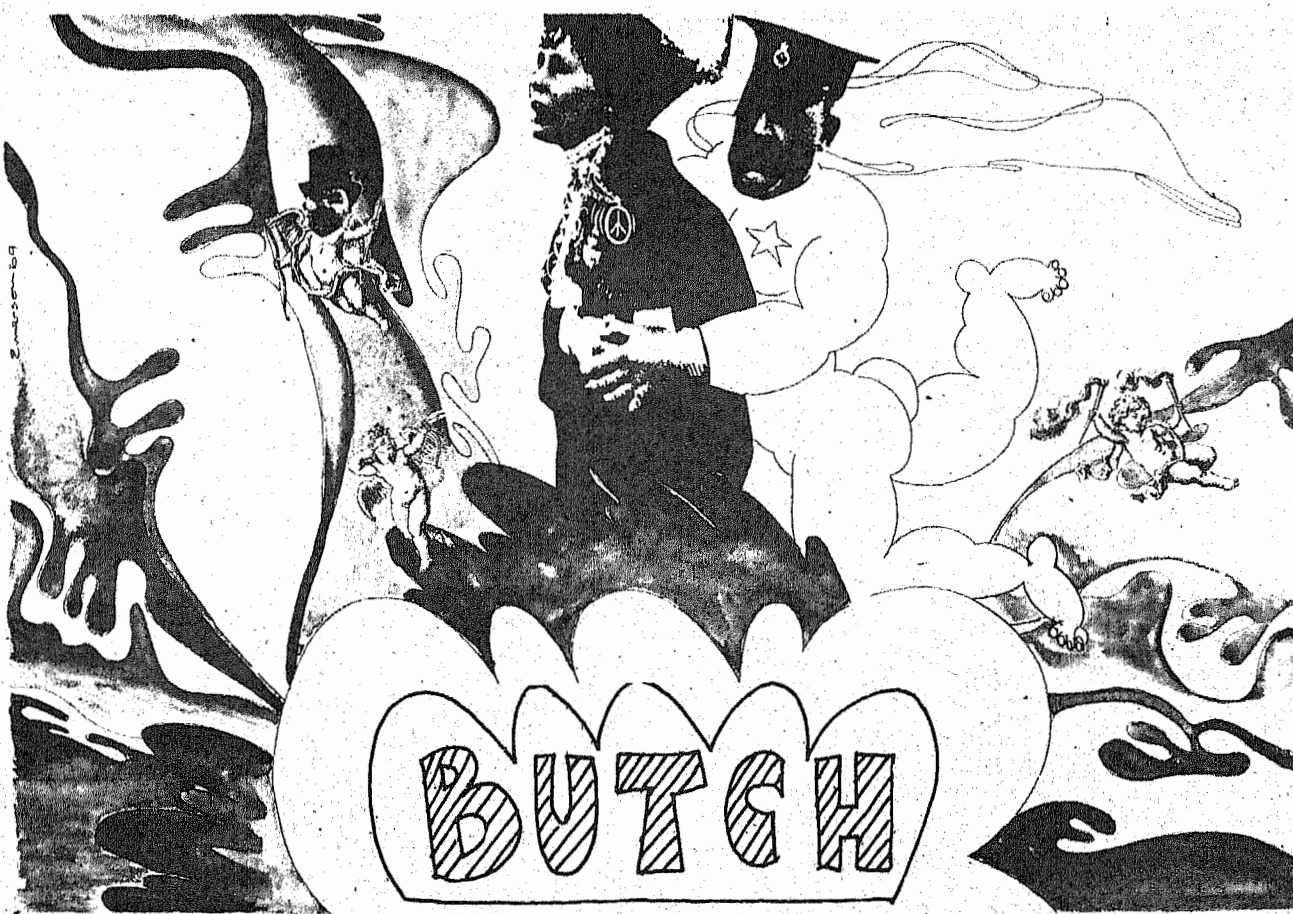
Straight women fear Lesbians because of the Lesbian inside them, because we represent an alternative. They fear us for the same reason that uptight middle-class people fear hip people. They are angry at us because we have a way out that they are afraid to take.

And what happens to the Lesbian under all this pressure? Many of my sisters, confused by the barrage of anti-gay propaganda, have spent years begging to be allowed to live. They have come begging because they believed they were psychic cripples, and that other people were healthy and had the moral right to judge them. Many have lived in silence, burying themselves in their careers, like name-changing Jews or blacks who passed for white. Many have retreated into an apolitical domesticity, concerning themselves only with the attempt to maintain a love relationship in a society which attempts to destroy love and replace it with consumer goods, and which attempts to completely destroy any form of love outside the monogamous marriage.

Because *Lesbian* has become such a vile epithet, we have been afraid to fight openly. We can lose our jobs; we have fewer civil rights than any other minority group. Because we have few family ties and no children, for the most part, we have been active in many cases, but always in secret, because our name contaminates any cause that we work for.

To the radical Lesbian, I say that we can no longer afford to fight for everyone else's cause while ignoring our own. Ours is a life-style born out of a sick society; so is everyone else's. Our kind of love is as valid as anyone else's. The revolution must be fought for us, too, not only for blacks, Indians, welfare mothers, grape pickers, SDS people, Puerto Ricans, or mine workers. We must have a revolution for *human rights*. If we are in a bag, it's as good as anyone else's rights.

Maybe after the revolution, people will be able to love each other regardless of skin color, ethnic origin, occupation, or type of genitals. But if that's going to happen, it will only happen because we make it happen — starting right now.



## NOTES OF A RADICAL LESBIAN.

Martha Shelly

Lesbianism is one road to freedom — freedom from oppression by men.

To see Lesbianism in this context — as a mode of living neither better nor worse than others, as one which offers its own opportunities — one must abandon the notion that deviance from the norm arises from personal illnesses.

It is generally accepted that America is a "sick society." There is an inevitable corollary to this statement, which has not been generally accepted: that people within our society are all crippled by virtue of being forced to conform to certain norms. (Those who conform most easily can be seen as either the most healthy, because adaptable, or most sick, because least spirited.) Black people are struggling to free themselves, not only from white oppression, but from the roles of self-contempt that they have been forced to play.

Others told her to keep her mouth shut, for fear that she would endanger the cause. They felt that men could be persuaded to accept some measure of equality for women — as long as these women would parade their devotion to heterosexuality and motherhood.

A woman who is totally independent of men — who obtains love, sex, and self-esteem from other women — is a terrible threat to male supremacy. She doesn't need them, and therefore they have less power over her.

I have met many, many feminists who were not Lesbians — but I have never met a Lesbian who was not a feminist. "Straight" women by the millions have been sold the belief that they must subordinate themselves to men, accept less pay for equal work, and do all the shitwork around the house. I have met straight women who would die to preserve their chains. I have never met

Your mother should know





The international star of this month's Moratorium is Doctor Benjamin Spock, author of best-selling baby-care books, now full-time anti-war campaigner.

Below we print an edited transcription of his Press Conference on Monday morning with a crowd of Melbourne's student journalists. Questions came from all over: none are attributed, and some have been left out altogether. However, the answers are all Dr. Spock's.

Q. Dr. Spock, could you tell me what your view is of the war, in relation to your view of American society?

A. Well, I'm afraid this war is an expression of at least one side of American society. I, like others, have had my eyes opened by it... I tended to think of my government and my country generally as relatively benign and interested in the welfare of people. But I think the war is really only one manifestation of American imperialism and this makes the job of enlisting against American foreign policy seem endless because it's taken us 6 years so far, working against the war to try to stop it, and it's obviously going to go on for another year and a half unless the American people arise to oppose it much more vigorously than they are now. And then after that to turn American foreign policy in an anti-imperialist direction seems to me to be a much less dramatic job, and one that's going to take ten times as long. I don't think more than 2 or 3% of the American people have the slightest idea that we're the most successfully imperial power that's ever existed. People just naturally prefer to believe that their government's policies are noble. Just like children prefer to believe that their parents are noble. It seems to me at least it's going to involve the building of a strong political movement to the left of the Democratic Party.

Would you say that the majority of Americans would support withdrawal, and would this majority be of a voting age?

Yes, recent public opinion polls showed that 73% of the American people are now definitely in favour of total withdrawal by the end of 1971. This is an extraordinary achievement, mainly on the part of the Vietnamese people who prefer to die to the last man rather than give in, but I think some of the credit is due to the American peace movement. When you think that back in '65 when the escalation began, I don't believe more than 20% of the American people were opposed to the war.

The U.S. Congress is more timid than the people. Their Democratic caucus in the House and in the Senate a couple of months ago finally got up their courage to discuss proposals for total withdrawal by early 1973, and they haven't really taken any sharp, vigorous step that goes beyond this.

And the President is way behind the Congress. He still imagines that he's going to turn out a hero somehow by both winding down the war and ending up with the U.S. still controlling South Vietnam. I think that he himself of course has always seen himself as a glorious fighter against Communism psychologically I think this is the main reason why he can't let the realistic side of himself recognise that this is absolutely hopeless. And I'm sure he gets lots of urgings from at least some elements in the Pentagon and from Kissinger who is principally one of these people (they come out of the universities) who are constantly thinking in terms of power, like the Rostows. Kissinger is obviously the same type. I think that he'd get some support and encouragement to go on with the belief that somehow we can turn it into a glorious success.

You were taken in by L.B.J. during his election campaign. Would you be willing to undertake support for another candidate for a Presidential election?

I'd be a little more sceptical this time. I'm not totally ashamed of having campaigned for Lyndon Johnson because I think the only possible way that the human race can exist is by having trust to a degree. And no matter how many times your trust is betrayed, it seems to me if you're unwilling to have any trust at all, you might as well commit suicide or at least withdraw to an uninhabited island where you can control things totally for yourself. I'm certainly not going to support any Democrat and I didn't in 1975 (sic) either and I didn't in 1968, because it seemed to me clear that the Democratic Party could never be an anti-imperialist party.

The Democratic Party is supported by industry, just the way the Republican Party is and the only thing is that it's supported more strongly than the Republican Party. That is, industry has more confidence in the consistent sympathy of the Republican Party. Right now the Democratic Party is up for sale. It ended the 1970 campaign something like \$8 million in debt and those debts have got to be paid before they start campaigning in 1972 and who can pay it except companies like Gulf Oil. After a while they'll come up with enough money, so how could it possibly become anti-imperialist?

It's going to take years and years beyond the end of the war in Vietnam before we can get a safe and humane foreign policy. After we get the war in Vietnam over that's only the first step because I've come to realise that we're going to get re-involved in more Vietnams in Latin America most likely, unless and until the U.S. has an anti-imperialist policy.

Do you think it's just a matter of the government adopting an anti-imperialist policy? It seems to me that it has to go a lot further than that.

Right, it has to be a socialist internal policy as well as anti-imperialist foreign policy.

This would mean the changeover of the entire economic policy, wouldn't it?

Right. It seems to me it was industrial imperialism, political imperialism and military imperialism that got us involved in South East Asia, and it had nothing to do with promises to stand up for any particular group of people or leaders. Eisenhower said in 1953 when he was explaining to a National annual meeting of the Governors of the then 48 states why the U.S. was paying 80% of the bills of the French while the French were trying to beat the Vietnamese into submission, "it's not so much that we love the French," he said, "it's because of all that tin and tungsten and other valuable materials in that part of the world."

Eisenhower was a very ingenious person in that he gave us that quote and he gave us the other one which was so valuable to the peace movement: "If we had allowed the election to be held that had been promised to the Vietnamese people by 1956 and which we had promised not to interfere with, they would have voted 80% for Ho Chi Minh," and he felt that this was a justification since obviously we couldn't get the country under any other way, we had to steal it. Anyway, it's good enough that we didn't have to prove those two things.

I think that on a military level there were voices in the Pentagon, just as soon as the Chinese Revolution occurred, saying our next enemy is obviously China. I don't claim to be a military expert, but I think that when the military decide that's going to be your next enemy then you have to have a big base just as close to them as possible. It seemed to me you don't have to distinguish between industrial imperialism and political imperialism and military imperialism.

They all fit together very nicely inside the U.S. which needs a strong bastion in South East Asia. That's why we installed our first puppet, and that puppet was somebody who was living at that time in the U.S. Diem was in the U.S. when John Foster Dulles heard about him through John Kennedy's father, Joe Kennedy, that great imperialist, and Cardinal Spellman, those were the two people who recommended Diem to John Foster Dulles, our Secretary of State at the time. They realised "this was a good man" so we transported him and set him up as our puppet in '54.

In Australia the establishment press has over recent months turned to trying to create a sense of disillusionment amongst young people, and people striving against what they consider the essentially imperialist nature of society. In an issue of Time or Life the heading was "Student Dissent is Dead" or something. How extensive is this attempt at a creation of disillusionment amongst the Left in America?

We've been reproached in this way ever since 1965 when the more militant dissent against the escalation of war began. After every demonstration two weeks later the press was saying to spokesmen of the peace movement, "Well, I see you've lost all your steam." Obviously we've never found a way of maintaining militancy. We'd have to work week after week.

There's bound to be ups and downs and we've had people all along, even within the peace movement, who've said that there's no point having another demonstration because we've tried that and it would be an anti-climax. But the fact is that every year there have been demonstrations and they've been bigger than ever and I think most people have felt that this one on April 24th was the largest ever. So I think that pool poisoning has been going on for a long while and I don't think it really has discouraged people and I think that the per cent is greater than ever and I'm sure that among young people the percentage is higher than this 73%.

On the other hand, I have to say the only discouraging thing to me is that a majority of young people who've become dissenters against the war have gone through a period of activism and then move on to inactivism. That was brought out quite clearly but not scientifically by the New York Times who telephoned to student leaders just a few days before the April 24th demonstration to ask "Have you organised busloads of students to go to the April 24th?" What they found was again and again that at those universities that had previously sent a large number of busloads or universities that had had very active confrontations of one kind or another they were relatively uninterested when busloads were not being organised. But when they called the student leaders at colleges that had been much less politically sophisticated and had not had confrontations of any kind these were the universities and the colleges that were sending the busloads.

This talking about the fact that there's lots of evidence that after a period of activism of various groups of students then they get discouraged, this is very alarming to me. My whole life I've gone on the assumption that if something has to be done, something has to be done and until we can think of a more

effective way of doing it you do damn well have to keep going the other things.

Perhaps this was just because they spoke to so-called student leaders? The students that the press always pick on and build up as the student leader, where in fact fairly often they either aren't student leaders at all, or if they are they're the sort of people who come in for a while then go away again.

Well, I have no other evidence. There was a girl named Julie, she lived across the street from us in New York City. She was a student at Cornell and was a great activist and took off this last academic year, to work politically. Last Fall she was working in the Senatorial campaign. Goodall, the anti-war senator from New York State was defeated last November and she said, speaking for herself and her own experience that a great majority of the Cornell students that she'd known that had been very active at one stage or another, an overwhelming majority of them had moved on out of activism into a discouraged state or at least a state of "there's nothing to be done now" in other words we'll have to wait for the revolution or wait for whatever.

Jerry Rubin, for instance is quite an active dissident against most of the American policies and in particular Vietnam and is a leader of a group of people called the Crazies who among other things disrobe in public as part of their protest. Do you see that any form of protest is a valid form of protest, or do you draw boundaries and stop at certain points?

Well, I draw boundaries for myself and I try to do it on a realistic basis and another one that I would throw in there is violence. It seems to me, at least at the present historical moment, in the U.S. that violence helps the side against which the violence is used. This is how the opposition to the war, especially among the young people, has been recruited is as a result of the violence of the government in trying to repress dissent. And I think of such things as the march on the Pentagon in October 1967 where it was the brutal attacks of the U.S. Marshals on the demonstrators. I mean, they were just sitting on the grass singing freedom songs. That radicalised hundreds of thousands of young people in



the majority of their parents, and from the school's authorities. Instead of being intimidated, they held a school assembly and voted at the assembly 85% to have a Moratorium observance.



The men of old times liked to write about Nature.

Rivers. Mountains. Mists. Snow. Flowers. Moon. Wind.

We must arm the poetry of our days with steel.

And our poets must learn to fight battles.

Prison Poem.

# Dr Spock, what do you think of the war?

To what extent is the anti-war movement in the States now seeing the war in terms of being caused by the society that exists in America, and to what extent are they directing their efforts...?

I spend all my time when I'm not on vacation speaking at the universities. I get a vague impression as I make different points in an hour's talk and then another hour's questions and answers, how much of the audience is responsive, and when I say the war in Vietnam is only one manifestation of the U.S. imperialism, I would say that at a university audience, maybe one fifth of them clap at that point. But speaking to a liberal middle-aged audience you get much less than a fifth of the audience to respond at that point. In other words, it's only the more radical students, or the more politically sophisticated students, who recognise there is such a thing as American imperialism.

Certainly the fear of communism is a major disease, a major political disease in the U.S. and it's been raging, it's developed fever heat for ever since the Russian Revolution. And I think one of the few hopeful signs on the horizon is that young people in general, people who are 25 let's say, don't believe that the Communists are involved in a deliberate, unified, world-wide campaign to enslave the capitalistic world. And this is one of the great contributions that they have made. And I went through the Joe McCarthy period which was really terrifying if you were politically left of centre to see how few defences there were against this kind of reaction. I was still scared of being identified as a Communist or a Communist supporter until relatively recent years and it was the young people who said quite sincerely "who's afraid of Communists, the Communist Party in the U.S. is a stodgy old party." This was emancipating for me and it's like that story of the Emperor's New Clothes. The young people said "but he has no clothes on" and older liberals and radicals for the first time dared to say it. "Why, that's true, he has no clothes on."

Oh, I think we owe a lot to the young people in the U.S. but that's one of the more specific things that they did. They happened to grow up post-McCarthy and they'd never been intimidated by the right.

California Free Speech Movement. That was one of the first radical moves and they looked up at least a dozen of the leaders and they found none of them had turned conservative. But I think they also show how activism, militancy gets blunted.

Some of them, were scattered, they were in other universities, none of them had a job in industry, very few if any of them were active, probably because there was nothing to be active in where they happened to find themselves. I think that this is one of the weaknesses since we don't have a popular radical party. When a person gets out of the university, it doesn't matter how active he's been there, there's no avenue for his militancy after he gets out. It shouldn't be this way, there should be a good radical party.

Some people have linked up dissent against the war with dissent with the things around them in their own situation. Do you know of any examples of different sections in the society doing this?

Well, I would love to be able to rattle off twelve examples and I don't think that I'm aware of any. My general statement would be that among workers, particularly, you've relatively little political awareness and very little radicalisation. As you know the labour movement in general has not only been not opposed to the war in Vietnam, but it has been a strong supporter, at least the leadership of organised labour in U.S. This job is still to be done. This process of moving to the left is still occurring. From my experience I would say two years ago when I spoke to the two year Community College in a working class district, there would be hissing and booing audible while I was speaking and there would be a deluge of hostile questions like "How do you justify being a traitor to your country?" The same thing would be true of a Catholic college. Two years later there is no hissing and booing and it's perfectly clear that a majority of the audience is on my side. A handful of students in Torrington High School - and Torrington is a milltown, it's not a suburban area - a dozen students there thought it would be good to have a Moratorium observance and they ran into immediate opposition from

On Wednesday June 30 Dr. Spock will speak at a teach-in at the Adelaide University. This will commence at 10 a.m. and Dr. Spock will speak at approximately 11 a.m.

## MORATORIUM JUNE 30

10 am teach-in  
march to Victoria  
Square march  
through city.



# BARBAROUS RITUALS

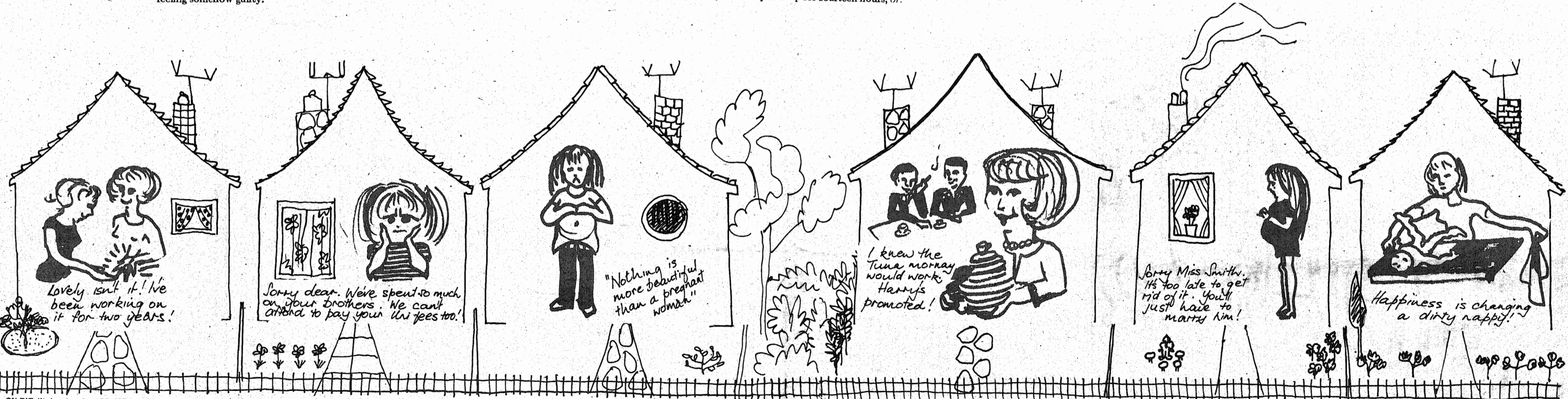
— the lifetime of a woman

Woman is :

- kicking strongly in your mother's womb, upon which she is told, "It must be a boy, if it's so active!"
- being tagged with a pink beaded bracelet thirty seconds after you are born, and wrapped in pink blankets five minutes thereafter.
- being confined to the Doll Corner in nursery school when you are really fascinated by Tinker Toys.
- wanting to wear overalls instead of "frocks".
- learning to detest the words "dainty" and "cute".
- being labeled a tomboy when all you wanted to do was climb that tree to look out and see a distance.
- learning to sit with your legs crossed, even when your feet can't touch the floor yet.
- hating boys — because they're allowed to do things you want to do but are forbidden to — and being told hating boys is a phase.
- learning that something you do is "naughty", but when your brother does the same thing, it's "spunky".
- wondering why your father gets mad now and then, but your mother mostly sighs a lot.
- seeing grownups chuckle when you say you want to be an engineer or doctor when you grow up — and learning to say you want to be a mommy or a nurse, instead.
- wanting to shave your legs at twelve and being agonized because your mother won't let you.
- being agonized at fourteen because you finally have shaved your legs, and your flesh is on fire.
- being told nothing whatsoever about menstruation, so that you think you are bleeding to death with your first period, or:
- being told all about it in advance by kids at school who titter and make it clear the whole thing is dirty, or:
- being prepared for it by your mother, who carefully reiterates that it isn't dirty, all the while talking just above a whisper, and referring to it as "the curse", "being sick", or "henry".
- feeling proud of and disgusted by your own body, for the first, but not last, time.
- dying of shame because your mother makes you wear a "training bra" but there's nothing to train, or:
- dying of shame because your mother won't let you wear a bra and your breasts are bigger than other girls' your age and they flop when you run and you sit all the time with your arms folded over your chest.
- feeling basically comfortable in your own body, but gradually learning to hate it because you are: too short or tall, too fat or thin, thick-thighed or big-wristed, large-eared or stringy-haired, short-necked or long-armed, bowlegged, knock-kneed, or pigeon-toed — something that might make boys not like you.
- wanting to kill yourself because of pimples, dandruff, or a natural tendency to sweat — and discovering that commercials about miracle products just lie.
- dreading summertime because more of your body with its imperfections will be seen — and judged.
- tweezing your eyebrows/bleaching your hair/scraping your armpits/dieting/investigating vaginal sprays/biting your nails and hating that and filing what's left of them but hitting the quick instead.
- liking maths or history a lot and getting hints that boys are turned off by smart girls.
- getting hints that other girls are turned off by smart girls.
- finally getting turned off by smart girls, unconsciously dropping back, lousing up your marks, and being liked by the other kids at last.
- having an intense crush on another girl or on a woman teacher and learning that that's unspeakable.
- going to your first dance and dreaming about it beforehand, and hating it, just hating it afterwards: you didn't dance right, you spilled the punch, you were a wallflower in anguish (or: you were popular but in anguish because your best friend was a wallflower); you said all the wrong things.
- being absolutely convinced that you are a wombat, a cloud, a goon, a dog, a schlep, a flop, and an utter klutz.
- discovering that what seems like everything worthwhile doing in life "isn't feminine", and learning to just delight in being feminine and "nice" — and feeling somehow guilty.

- masturbating like crazy and being terrified that you'll go insane, be sterile, turn into a whore, or destroy your own virginity.
- getting more information any way you can, and then being worried because you've been masturbating clitorally, and that isn't even the "right way".
- swinging down the street feeling good and smiling at people and being hassled like a piece of meat in return.
- having your first real human talk with your mother and being told about all her old hopes and lost ambitions, and how you can't fight it, and that's just the way it is: life, sex, men, the works — and loving her and hating her for having been so beaten down.
- having your first real human talk with your father and being told about all his old hopes and lost ambitions, and how women really have it easier, and "what a man really wants in a woman", — and loving him and hating him for having been beaten down — and for beating down your mother in turn.
- brooding about "how far" you should go with the guy you really like. Will he no longer respect you? Will you get — oh God — a "reputation"? Or, if not, are you a square? Being pissed off because you can't just do what you feel like doing.
- being secretly afraid that you'll lose your virginity to a tampon, but being too ashamed to ask anyone about it.
- lying awake wondering if a girl really can get pregnant by the sperm swimming through her panties.
- having a horrible fight with your boyfriend who keeps shouting how he's frustrated by not "doing it" — it never occurring to him that you might be climbing walls, too, which you maybe don't even dare to admit.
- finally screwing and your groin and buttocks and thighs ache like hell and you're all wet and maybe bloody and it wasn't like a Hollywood movie at all but Jesus at least you're not a virgin any more but is this what it's all about? — and meanwhile he's asking, "Did you come?"
- discovering you need an abortion, and really learning for the first time what your man, your parents, and your society think of you. Frequently paying for that knowledge with your death.
- finding that the career you've chosen exacts more than just study or hard work — an emotional price of being made to feel "less a woman".
- finding that almost all jobs open to you pay less for harder work than to men.
- being bugged by men in the office who assume that you're a virginal prude if you don't flirt, and that you're an easy mark if you are halfway relaxed and pleasant.
- learning to be very tactful if you have men working "under you". More likely, learning to always be working under men.
- becoming a woman executive, for God's sake, and then being asked to order the delicatessen food for an office party.
- finding out how difficult it is to get hold of "easily accessible" birth-control information.
- chasing the slippery diaphragm around the bathroom as if in a game of frisbee the first time you try to insert it yourself, or:
- gaining weight, or hemorrhaging, or feeling generally miserable with the Pill, or just freaking out at the scare stories about it, or:
- going on a cross-country car trip in a Volkswagen, during which the Loop or the Coil becomes dislodged and begins to tear at your flesh.
- wondering why we can have live color telecasts of the moon's surface, but still no truly simple, humane, safe method of birth control.
- going the round of showers, shopping, money worries, invitation lists, licenses — when all you really wanted to do was live with the guy.
- quarreling with your fiance over whether "and obey" should be in the marriage ceremony.
- secretly being bitched because the ceremony says "man and wife" — not "husband and wife" or "man and woman". Resenting having to change your (actually, your father's) name.
- having been up since 6.00 a.m. on your wedding day seeing family and friends you really don't even like and being exhausted from standing just so and not creating your gown and from the ceremony and reception and traveling and now being alone with this strange man who wants to "make love" when you don't know that you even like him and even if you did you desperately want to just sleep for fourteen hours, or:

- not getting married, just living together in "free love", and finding out it's just the same as marriage anyway, and you're the one who pays for the "free".
- playing the role to the hilt, cooking special dishes, cleaning, etc. — and knowing you'll never make it as *Good Housekeeping's* "ideal", or:
- "dropping out" together to a "hip, groovy" commune — and cooking brown rice instead of Betty Crocker.
- having menstrual cramps each month quite normally, cramps and/or headaches and/or nausea that would put a "normal" man out of commission for two weeks — and going on with your job or chores, etc., so no one will be inconvenienced.
- finding out that you're bored by your husband in bed.
- faking an orgasm for the first time; disgust, frustration — and relief (because he never even knew the difference).
- feeling guilty for not having an orgasm: what is wrong with you?
- finding out that you bore your husband in bed. Getting desperate — where have you failed?
- wanting desperately to know what special things he wants you to do to him in bed — and being afraid to tell him what you'd want him to do; or telling him hints that he promptly forgets for ever after.
- wanting to be the power behind the throne and finding out either that he's not a great man after all, or that he doesn't need your support.
- being jealous and hating yourself for showing it.
- hating certain books that you might have loved — all because he read them first and told you all about them. Feeling robbed. This goes for movies, too.
- wanting to go back to school, to read, to join something, do something. Why isn't home enough for you? What's wrong with you?
- coming home from work — and starting in to work: unpack the groceries, fix supper, wash up the dishes, rinse out some laundry, etc., etc.
- feeling a need to say "thank you" when your guy actually fixes himself a meal now that you're dying with the flu.
- getting pregnant, hearing all the earth-mother shit from everyone, going around with a fixed smile on your terrified face.
- having men on the street, in cabs and busses, no longer (at least) regard you as an ogre-object; now they regard you as Carrier Of The Species.
- knowing there must be some deep-down way to enjoy this that maybe women in some "primitive" tribe feel, but being elephantine, achy, nauseated — and *kneched* at having to be cheerful.
- wanting your husband with you, or wanting natural childbirth, and either he won't, or the doctor or hospital won't — and you're on your own, or:
- maybe you're lucky and he's not afraid or disgusted and the doctor approves and you go through it together and it's even beautiful — and you hear another woman screaming in solitary labor next door.
- feeling responsible for more lives — your kids' as well as your man's — but never, never your own life.
- learning to hate other women who are: younger, freer, unmarried, without children, in jobs, in school, in careers — whatever. Hating yourself for hating them.
- trying desperately not to repeat the pattern, and catching yourself telling your daughter one day that she "isn't acting like a lady", or warning your son "not to be a sissy".
- knowing that your husband is "playing around" and wanting to care, but not even being able to.
- being widowed, or divorced, and trying to get a "good" job — at your age.
- claiming not to understand the "revolt" of your kids, but understanding it in your gut and not being able to help being bitter because you think it's too late for you.
- still wanting to have sex but feeling faintly ridiculous before your husband, let alone other men.
- being patronized and smirked over by your own children during the agonizing ritual of widowhood dating.
- getting older, getting lonelier, getting ready to die — and knowing it wouldn't have had to be this way, after all.







Dear Editor...

- What has the Dean got to do with a Rock Club? One gentleman coughs his way to the stage.
- The position, gentlemen, to the best of my knowledge is as follows. The Dean has had a request to get moving.
- Who requested this?
- The students.
- Who?
- If they want to move, why not?
- If the Dean wants to move, why not?
- Shall we let them move?
- They're only young once.

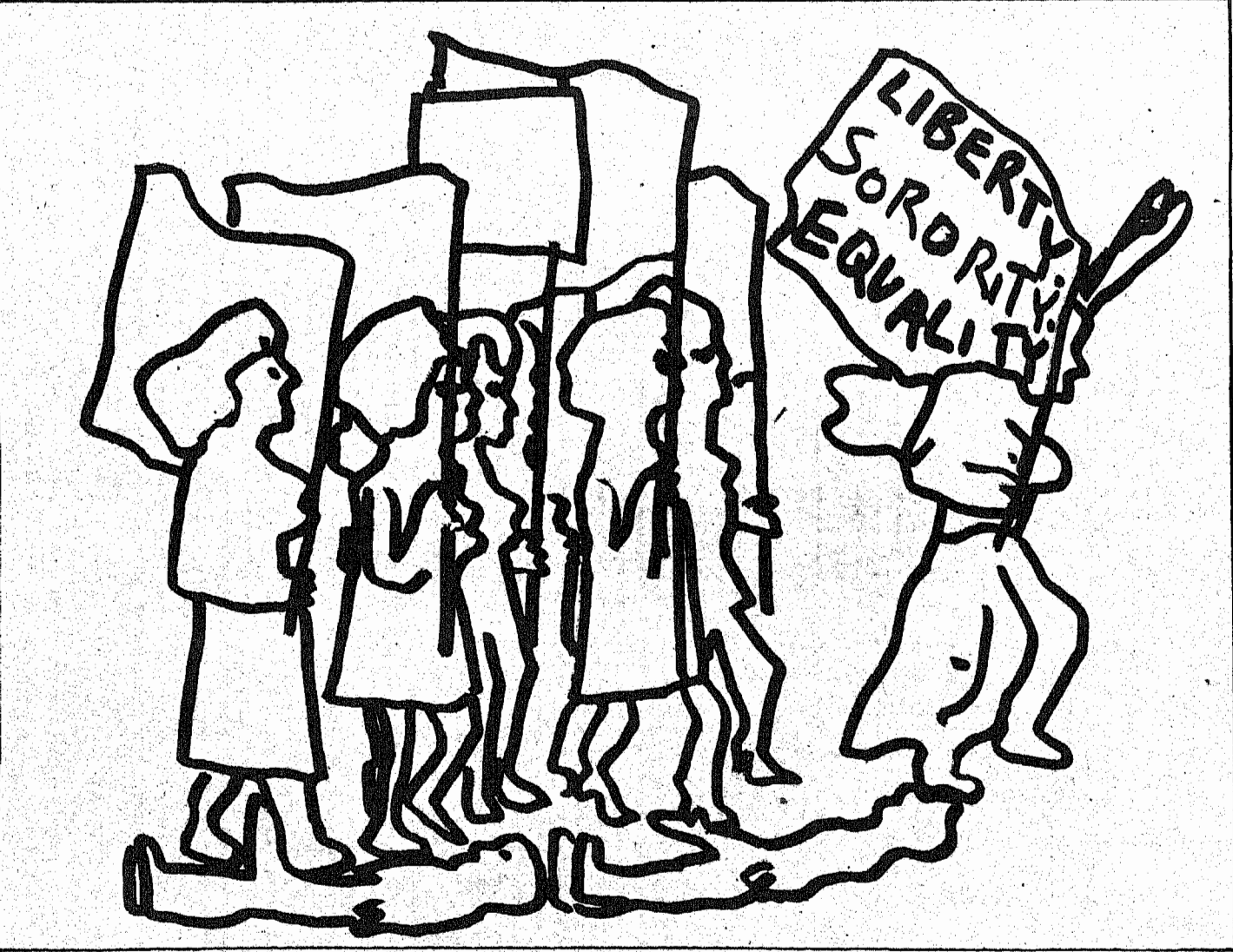
Another silence.  
 - Ahem. Leave to the Students' Rock Club to move? Carried?  
 'Aye' echoes round Bonython Hall like a bell. The aforementioned gentleman retires.  
 - It has reached my ears that some young people are discontent...  
 - Raise the library fines!  
 - In my student days...  
 - No-one is discontent in my department.  
 - No! Extend the borrowing period!  
 - It's all this new-fangled science.  
 - If only more students took Greek! There's real knowledge for you.  
 - They can't read a long German novel in two weeks.  
 - It is my sincere wish that all the students be happy here...  
 - Quite. So they keep them longer.  
 - I wish so too. Working and studying in the right atmosphere.  
 - My undergraduates.  
 - We worked in the right atmosphere.  
 - are all told how we give them a foundation.  
 - And now we look back and sigh:  
 - 'Those were the days' in unison.  
 - And I am proud of my having been a student. I am proud to write after my name...  
 - I wonder if our students will feel like that.  
 - Ph.D Wagga Wagga.  
 - We can only wait and hope.  
 - I must say though  
 - Nonsense. There should be more departments like mine.  
 - We do try though.  
 - The library is quite satisfactory, in my eyes.  
 - Yes sir, we are sincere.  
 - Full marks for our sincerity.  
 A further pause.  
 - Ahem, gentlemen! As a concluding remark I should like to wish that something of us, will make its mark on our present students. And may that something remain wherever the student may go.  
 A general 'Amen.'  
 - That is all on the agenda, gentlemen, let us retire.  
 They retire.  
 You scram.  
 The orange light stays.  
 At least you presume it does, for it is still burning at nine next morning in broad daylight you think how impressive the Hall looks. But, what a freak, you say, as you read the date. It could almost have been the old college chapel, n'est-ce pas?

Claire Withey, June, 1971. Arts 1st Year.

### Damned with faint.....

Dear Editors,  
 In the last issue of On Dit in first term, I thought I detected a slight rise in the standard of the articles and On Dit almost returned to its form of the past (whether that's good or bad I'll let the readers decide) and was a reasonably unbiased

Dear Editors,  
 I wrote this thing a short while ago, as a poke at some of the things a lot of people (including staff) disagree with about the University.  
 Have you ever walked past Bonython Hall late at night, and wondered what on earth they are doing inside? What is that dim orange light that is always burning? Is it perhaps to obscure their plots, to conceal their schemes? A thousand professors at a Board Meeting, and their thousand little plans? Will they ever see the light?  
 - Compulsory first year subjects in Arts.  
 - I put forward Philosophy.  
 - I say Mathematics  
 - Ve zay a language.  
 - Why a choice?  
 - I cannot say.  
 Chewing in the mist exam marks, tearing up paper, and pooling them. Then out of the mysterious depths a grade is plucked.  
 - How many students?  
 - Eight thousand and twenty one  
 - Fail four thousand. Look at all that dreary work!  
 - How many passes?  
 - Four thousand and twenty. Better give one a distinction.  
 - No, No, I insist! Look! Here is one bad point.  
 - How many passes?  
 - Four thousand and twenty one.  
 Sitting round a table, no turns at speaking. No-one likes to take the chair. After all, they all have chairs, and one chair is surely as good as another.  
 - I have a first year student.  
 - Why do we need four years for an Honors course?  
 - It was really quite a good idea.  
 - ... who doesn't like my system of examining.  
 - And for a female!  
 - Is there an alternative?  
 - Well, three.  
 - Philosophy IA.  
 - Of course she was right. We can't have continuous assessment with over four hundred.  
 - But how could you get four years work done in three?  
 - For those who don't intend taking further philosophy subjects.  
 - But I like to be fair.  
 - And with over 400.  
 - Not so many units. That's the answer!  
 - It would relieve the congestion.  
 - My department manages.  
 - It's a question of fairness.  
 A slight pause.  
 - Now that that is settled, gentlemen, what are we to do about the Students' Rock Club?  
 A hub of talking breaks out.  
 - The Dean has had a request.  
 - About the who?  
 - The Students' Rock Club.  
 - Request?  
 - The what?  
 - Students' Rock Club. Usually known by their initials.  
 - They want to get moving.  
 - Does the Dean want to get moving?



paper instead of the radical rubbish that had been getting previously. If you could obtain the services of a moderate to write more objective articles in order to give your publication a more even balance, people might even start believing a few of the things they read in On Dit.  
 I was so disgusted with previous issues of On Dit, that I threw them away, so now I haven't got a copy anymore, and can remember nothing in particular to criticise (fortunately or unfortunately as the case may be). However, I do remember that the articles were very radical, and very biased. There are many university students who curse the biased attitudes of the press, yet their own paper is not any different in its approach, only in its direction of approach. There are now too many people who don't even bother to pick up their FREE copy of On Dit because they already have a fair idea of what they are going to get. People get sick of hearing the same old catch phrases such as "capitalist imperialists" etc. again and again.  
 Before ending I must agree with Brian Kirke in his suggestion to use the words "Peace March" instead of Moratorium on June 30. The word Moratorium now has a stigma attached to it, due mostly to September 18, 1970. A peace march, sounding peaceful, might just enlist some more support, and after the last ineffective moratorium, support is desperately needed.  
 Yours etc.,  
 Peter Gies.

### Film Festival Flop.

Dear Editors,  
 It's all over now! Back to your tellies for another eleven and a half months! But don't despair; there'll be as much worth seeing on the idiot box in the next few months as there was at the last Adelaide Film Festival. Of course it won't be as Naive - you won't have a little gold card to remind you of your superiority to the common herd; and of course there won't be any of those Australian Premiers which do so improve the quality of a film. And you won't be able to read in the paper who else was watching with you last night.

The Film Festival provides a microcosm of the already micro-cosmic local intellectual scene. It suffers from provincialism, pretentiousness, and ignorance. Some wings:  
 Childish inter-colonial rivalry influences the choice of films and the awarding of prizes. Our Film Festival shies off films shown in Sydney or Melbourne; but then of course dahling all the best people Festival-hop from State to State anyway.  
 Prices are far too high for a festival; partly the result of the stupid practice of bringing a film into the country for between one and three showings only. The other consequences of this are of course that unless one chooses to queue up, or rush in early to Johnnies, it's "Sorry - all booked out" again and again, and of course no student concessions - who wants stew-dents there?

The Festival is spoiled (read: made "lahvelly" for some) by a spurious air of exclusivity. The showing of films, to which no censor could object, to members only - for example "A Nest of the Gentry". This practice is of course offset by the screening at the Festival of one or two films currently on commercial release - a very efficient and valuable service.

In fact the Festival becomes not only a showplace for good films which would not be seen on the commercial circuit, but for films which would be deservedly rubbish in any other context. Because it's the Film Festival audiences attend, and pretend to be stimulated by pretentious rubbish: "Je T'Aime, Je T'Aime", Resnais' piece of second-rate science-fiction and pseudo-psychology, which is at least a change from his melodramas of amnesia, is a case in point.

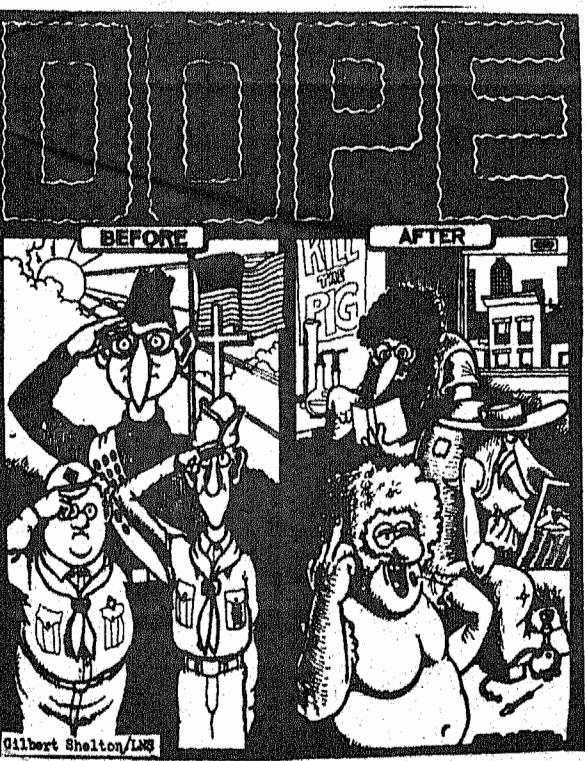
Strong criticism can also be made of the Festival Booklet, on which most people depend when choosing their programs. Its descriptions of films were in many cases quite misleading, and reflected the taste of the writer rather than a consensus of informed opinion. Notwithstanding the Festival Director's statement that no film had been out, several films were illustrated in the booklet by stills which did not fit into any scene in the film as shown.

The reasons for all this can be found in the attitudes of our pseudo-rich and nouveau-intellectual community. The Director of the Festival was interviewed on the radio, a few days after the opening night. The compere of the program asked him to tell the listeners something about the Festival - was he pleased with the opening, etc. etc? Oh yes, very pleased; he said. On the first night Sir Fred and Lady Bloggs were there, and Mr. and Mrs. Hypphen-Bonython, and Professor Nurk, and Dr. and Mrs. Joe Blow. What can we expect? Unlucky Thirteen.



Before you go back to your tellies, or rush off to your next interstate festival, I wish to announce the winner of the David Dolan Gold Plated Rhubarb Award, for the worst short film shown in Australia in the last ten years. Despite strong and inspired competition from the advertising agencies, the television studios, and Federal Government, this coveted award has been given to a film shown at this year's Adelaide Film Festival: "Paddle to the Sea" which included more cliches than one could expect in a three-hour debate between representatives of the S.D.S. and the D.L.P.  
 Yours etc.,  
 David S. Dolan.

well, that's our mail. And now for the fortnightly dose of news.....



Reported that a survey covering 73,000 prostitutes in Thailand shows that just over a quarter had VD at the time of the investigation. Most of their customers are American GIs on R&R of course.  
 Condoms emblazoned with Stars and Stripes have made an appearance in Saigon brothels. Made in Singapore, they are selling well as a "preventative", and, says one GI, "at least the flag protects us from something."

After running ads showing the peace symbol on its packs - the packs themselves have never been issued - Lucky Strike was quick to answer critics with the news that it was just "testing responses" and wasn't necessarily in favor of peace.

New York (Ins) - A survey of Indians on American state reservations has revealed that "15 per cent thought we should get out of Vietnam - while 85 per cent thought we should get out of the United States," says New York assemblyman, Joseph Rielly, chairman of the sub-committee on Indian Affairs.

THE END OF THE S.R.C.  
 On Wednesday, 23rd a General Student Meeting voted to abolish the S.R.C. and replace it with a body to be known as the Adelaide University Students Association. A move to suspend the operations of the S.R.C. for a year, to see if there was any need for a specifically undergraduate organisation, was defeated 37 votes to 30.  
 Some people expressed doubt whether a meeting of 70 or so students had the moral right to take such important moves, that will affect the thousands of students not at that meeting.

And God said, Let the Earth Bring Forth Grass... Genesis 1.11

Keep a clean nose, watch the plainclothes, you don't need a watherman to tell which way the wind blows... Dylan

### Rock singer arrested

NEW YORK, FRIDAY  
 Rock singer David Crosby was arrested at Newport Beach, California, yesterday on suspicion of possessing marijuana for sale after evidence surfaced beside his yacht.  
 R. D. Laing, The Bird of Paradise.

"If I could turn you on, if I could drive you out of your mind, if I could tell you I would let you know."

### BUSINESSMAN SUES McMAHON FOR \$100,000.

By Phil West  
 Pat Sayers, spokesman for the Sydney group, Businessmen for Democratic Government (BDG), is suing Prime Minister, Billie McMahon for \$100,000.  
 Sayers told me that he believed the Prime Minister should be as answerable to the law as any other citizen. Since the writ was issued, he has been reportedly threatened by a high member of the Liberal Party executive.

The cause of the action was not disclosed, but Sayers told me that it followed an article in the Sydney Morning Herald of May 28, which reported a statement by McMahon at a press conference the previous night in Canberra.  
 The article said that the Prime Minister had branded BDG as a "front for the Labor Party", and that the members were "probably left wing socialists". McMahon described an attack on him by the organisation as "pretty old hat stuff."

"He said the organisation spokesman, Mr. P. Sayers, had tried the same thing when he sought to run Sir Allen Fairhall against former Prime Minister, Mr. Gorton," the Herald reported.  
 The article also recalled an interview by the National Times with Sayers in which he revealed that his objective was to destroy the Liberal and Country Parties.

### SAIGON OPENS WAY FOR FOREIGN OIL EXPLORATION - By D. Gareth Porter

Saigon (DNSI) - The South Vietnamese government will begin accepting applications from foreign oil companies interested in its off-shore oil concessions "within a few days," the director of the government's petroleum board, Tran Van Khoi, said today.  
 This will be the first step in screening applicants who wish to participate in the bidding for oil concessions. The screening process will take "a few weeks at most," he said, after which the government would be ready to accept bids from companies who meet minimal qualifications of experience and financial backing.  
 The announcement begins the preliminaries to the bidding on the last area of the South China Sea not yet divided up among foreign oil companies. Thailand, Malaysia and Indonesia have already assigned their concessions.  
 American and Japanese companies are expected to compete strongly for the Vietnamese concessions.  
 Oil company representatives have already quietly moved into Saigon, but they have asked Vietnamese officials not to reveal their names or affiliations.  
 The "big five" U.S. oil companies, Standard of New Jersey (Esso), Standard of California, Gulf, Mobil and Texaco are interested in South Vietnamese concessions, according to the Asia Letter of April 20, 1971. Other companies reportedly interested include Conoco, Phillips and Union.  
 Technical experts believe there is probably geological continuity in the South China Sea from Vietnam to Indonesia. And they have begun to refer to the area as the "Saigon-Brunel Basin." Four oil stri es so far in the Indonesian concessions have resulted from exploration of sites off Java and Sumatra.  
 A Vietnamese oil specialist pointed out recently that Vietnamese oil concessions would have at least two distinct advantages over those in the Middle East. The oil would be lower in sulphur content making it more acceptable to pollution-conscious publics in the U.S. and Japan. And it would be closer to those two major oil markets.  
 Moreover, Vietnam's oil would be significantly closer to Japan than would Indonesian oil, and once the war ends, oil companies could look forward to a more stable atmosphere and a friendlier government than in the strife-ridden Middle East, he said.  
 The Japanese are known to be especially eager to have more oil concessions in South-East Asia, because at present they must import about 90 per cent of their oil needs from non-Japanese oil holdings. The Japanese government has already taken the initiative by forming an oil company which will seek a Vietnamese concession.  
 The screening process which precedes actual bidding will eliminate from the competition those oil companies who do not meet criteria of experience and financial backing. Companies who are interested in bidding will have to pay several hundred dollars and fill out a questionnaire. The screening as well as the bidding will be handled by Vietnam's National Petroleum Board.  
 A flurry of statements in February by anti-war groups and personalities linking U.S. presence in Indo-China with oil prospects there caused Vietnamese officials to downplay the subject of oil exploration here for about three months, but they have gotten no orders from President Thieu or Prime Minister Khiem to halt or slow down progress toward awarding the concessions.  
 G. Battersby.

DO OR DIE DESPERATION  
 The meeting decided to endorse the principles of the proposed Student Association. Final details of this will be debated at a General Student Meeting on Wednesday, June 30, after which the new Constitution, if accepted, goes to the Union Council for approval.  
 The new Constitution replaces the general all purpose representative council with a series of Committees dealing with specific areas of activity. People with interest in these areas will be elected from the student masses by the student masses to carry out their stated election policies for the following year.  
 The apparent lack of interest in student activities now makes it a matter of conjecture whether the new structure will flourish, but its structure is such that some parts of it will survive on minimal interest.  
 Copies of the new Constitution are available at the S.R.C. Office and there should be someone there to explain what it entails if you have any queries.

We must grow tough, but without ever losing our tenderness. Che. 1967

### "BIO-DEGRADABLE" DETERGENTS STILL CONTAIN PHOSPHATES

Melbourne (ans) - Lever & Kitchen Pty. Ltd., makers of detergents with such exotic names as Rinso, Drive and Action etc. have been making great noise lately about a change to bio-degradable ingredients for these products.  
 L & K announced that the company had made the switch in production from "hard" to "soft" detergents six months in advance of the time voluntarily agreed by major manufacturers.

Although it made no difference to the efficiency of the products, the company claimed it would simply put an end to detergent pollution of waterways.  
 Conversely, the company simply seemed to be trying to achieve a "whiter-than-white" image, for phosphates, considered by many environmentalists to be a major problem, are still contained in the detergents.  
 Phosphates build up in waterways and can upset their balance by stimulating growth of weed or algae.  
 Dr. Nancy Millis, reader in microbiology at Melbourne University, has called for manufacturers to announce the phosphate levels of their products. She said these varied, but tended to be quite high in detergents with enzyme additives.  
 In fact, a sure way to avoid pollution with washing is to purchase soap savers and use ordinary washing soap for clothes. Soap savers are left over from grandmother's time, thank ecology, and are wire containers cheaply priced.  
 On similar ground, a World Health Authority nutritionist has warned that modern canning and freezing processes destroy essential vitamin sources in food.  
 Professor Victor Herbert from Columbia University, U.S., told physicians that a diet reliant on canned or processed food would result in damage to blood and nerve tissues.  
 Canning of food destroyed 50 to 95 per cent of folic acid content - a source of vitamin B12 - and freezing destroyed 20 to 35 per cent of the vitamin source.  
 Professor Herbert described vitamin B12 as "the brains of the body factory" which directed the making of protein. Lack of this vitamin led to anaemia which demonstrated its presence through weakness, tiredness and melaise.

Woodstock director Mike Wadleigh said of Woodstock Nation recently: "The event only lasted three days. Let's be realistic: any goddamn brownie can get thru three days. I have no faith in the kids at Woodstock. They were mindless. It was a Nuremberg rally with music. They'll scream for Sly and they'll scream Zeig Heil."  
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I'm sure that there were a bunch of liberal lawyers telling the Jews on the way to Auschwitz that if they didn't make any fuss they'd be out in six months on good behaviour.  
Jimmy Breslin.

A statement from Tony Dalton, a draft resister now facing 2 years gaol.....

There are very few people in Australia today who believe we should still be fighting in Vietnam. People have witnessed over the years, even through our censored media, the horror of our war of aggression still being waged against the Vietnamese. This war like all other wars has created nothing other than a mutilated population and a devastated countryside. Regardless of all the evidence and the recently exposed lies upon which our entry into the war was made, the Australian government contrives with the U.S. to continue the occupation and exploitation of Vietnam.

Under any form of conscription the individual loses all right to question the actions or policies of his government. He must simply kill the "enemy" when directed. To co-operate with the system that attempts to force myself and others into being the absolute property of the government is something I must in all conscience resist.

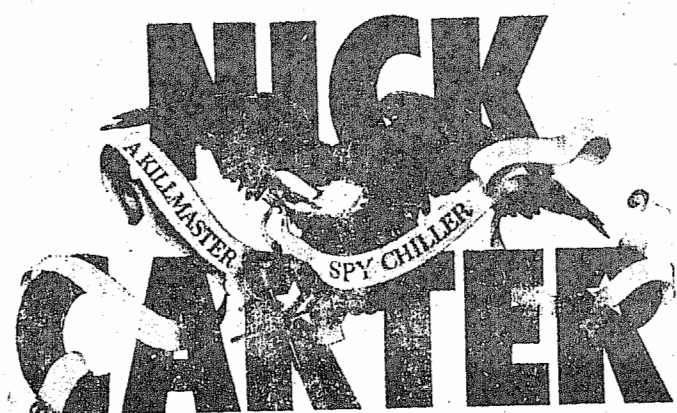
Over the past three years by the process of extended prosecution over 5 court cases, the government has attempted to wear out my continued resistance to the N.S. Act. Despite these attempts to weaken my resolution my intention to resist has been strengthened.

No longer am I prepared as I have done in the past to accept passively the penalties handed out so automatically by the government and its courts. They are as illegitimate as the N.S. Act itself.

Instead of a hearing in a magistrates court which is only a pretence of justice, I suggest that the case be adjourned until the June 30th Moratorium when I and other underground draft resisters will be present. An open court can then be held and the people assembled for this Moratorium can decide the verdict, guilty or not guilty.

See you on June 30th.

Tony Dalton.



OPERATION CHE GUEVARA

CHE LIVES AND DIES AGAIN FOR THE ESTABLISHMENT

"Nick Carter is a super-intelligence agent par excellence. He is close to super-human..." says the blurb on a new series of trashy paperbacks.

The books are dedicated to "The Men of the Secret Services of the United States of America", and the authors are so proud of their work that their names are not even mentioned.

Nick Carter is an agent for AXE (fictitious special espionage branch of the U.S. government), who, in the copy I borrowed titled "Operation Che Guevara" has reason to believe that the Cuban revolutionary is still alive.

Starting with an account of a raid on a hospital by "Red guerillas" - "The nurse had been raped, but she had evidently put up a strong resistance and her attacker - or attackers - had retaliated by slitting her throat. Another nurse, a nurse's aide actually, had gone mad and her family was praying she would never again regain her senses. Five, six men had raped her, and she was only 17 and had been a virgin."

The book continues: "Was this apostle of revolution and hate really laid to rest in the Bolivian hills or was it the truth that was buried there? ... Those who have studied the account of his death as given to the world know certain things. They know how slender the actual evidence was. They know there are always those willing to sell the truth for a price. Words can be bought (80 cents for this lot). Pictures can be altered. Cameras can lie. The unreal can be made to seem real and the real, unreal..."

"Those who have read the Diary of Che Guevara, prepared at the direct request of AXE (yes folks!), will... draw their own conclusions. Some will scoff and quickly dismiss my account as fiction. But others, who believe with Boileau that the truth can be improbable, will stop and think and wonder."

The book winds on at a slow pace, through at least four women, and Nick Carter eventually kills El Garfio - "The Hook" - or Che Geuvara re-incarnated with one hand.

The unnamed author ends: "Che Guevara lives on as a legend, romantic to some. I can tell you he was an unprincipled fanatic, a man obsessed with visions of grandeur... I say the world doesn't need fanatics and zealots wrapped up in their own ideas of glory..."

Earth certainly doesn't need this book. Others in the series include such masterpieces as A Bullet For Fidel, The Red Rebellion, Hanoi, Saigon, Red Guard and Assignment Israel. Splendid propaganda from the older imperialists, the British.

A real estate firm in Los Angeles place a full page ad showing an H-bomb explosion cloud with the headline "Even if they drop a bomb on it... you still own the home. And when the dust settles it'll probably go up in price."

Some people have complained to the ad agency that the ad was in bad taste but executive vice-president Ralph Richter says that the people who enjoy the ad are those who wave the flag and believe in their country. "Those who don't like it are the people who have hang-ups on Vietnam, etc.," he commented.

Corrie's Curry:

- 2 cloves garlic
- 1 lb onions
- 1 lb carrots
- 1/2 cabbage
- 3 lge capsicums
- 3 tblspns NAPRO malaysian curry powder
- chilli powder
- 1lb tomatoes
- 1 tin condensed tomato soup
- 8oz plain yoghurt

Cut up garlic and onions and fry slowly in vegetable oil. When brown add curry powder and a sprinkling of chilli powder. Chop up all other veges and add. Stir. Add enough water to just cover veges. Stir. Add tin of soup and yoghurt. Stir. Allow to come to boil and simmer slowly until veges are soft. Taste and add more curry powder and chilli. Serve with unpolished rice.

ON DIT: PAT/CHRIS/ANN/BILL/MEGS/ANDY/KEITH/ALY/JOHN/JIM/A.N.S./S.R.C/W.L.M/KHAIL/OZ/SISTERS ARE POWERFUL/POW. SMEDLEY PRESS FOR S.R.C. ADEL.

It is hard to grow up when existing things are treated as though they do not exist.

LIBERATED LEGAL AID FOR STUDENTS

The Law Students Legal Aid Group is running a consulting service for all students with legal problems and difficulties.

WHEN: FRIDAYS, 12.00 - 2.00.  
WHERE: MEETING ROOM 3, NEW UNION BUILDING.  
(Top Floor, just off Games Room)

FOR SALE:

SURFBOARD, W. Lynch, 7'6", ex. cond., \$45. Ph. 79-5050.

The Hackney Hotel

extend a warm invitation to all Uni. Students for the best Counter lunches and Beer in Adelaide.

MAUREN AND ROSS NENKE  
Mine Hosts

THE QUEEN'S HEAD HOTEL

KERMODE ST., NORTH ADELAIDE  
Issues an invitation to all students to enjoy the friendliest drinking atmosphere in Adelaide.  
COUNTER LUNCHES 12 - 2 p.m. DAILY  
COLLEEN AND JIMMY DEANE

SUBMISSIONS CALLED

The Arts Faculty has set up a "B.A. Subcommittee" to "formulate a statement of the aims and objectives of the B.A. degree and to further formulate guidelines as to the best means of achieving those aims." Submissions from staff and students are invited. Please send them to the "B.A. Subcommittee", C-The Arts Faculty, using the Uni's internal mail system. [Further information will appear in an article in the next ON DIT.]



DARRON

EXCLUSIVE SHOPPE  
FOR THE LATEST AND BEST  
IN GUYS' AND CHICKS' CLOTHING.  
128 RUNDLE ST. St.

Jean-Luc Godard:  
La Chinoise 1967  
Weekend 1958  
La Gai Savoir 1968  
A Movie Like The Others 1968  
See You At Mao 1969  
East Wind 1969  
Struggle in Italy 1969  
Till Victory 1970  
Vladimir & Rosa 1971  
18th Brumaire 1971

An artist exists. He must purify his condition. He must cut away his knowledge, he must cut away what of the past creeps into his being.  
- Jeff Nuttall

I was a bourgeois film-maker, and then a progressive film-maker, and then no longer a film-maker but a worker in the movies.  
- Godard

What we demand is the unity of politics and art, and unity of content and form, the unity of revolutionary political content and the highest possible perfection of artistic form.  
- Mao

Art is that area of working with matter that is not in the pay of the system.  
- Jeffery Shaw

Q: How do you now consider your older films, especially those like *La Chinoise* which are pointedly political?  
Godard: They are just Hollywood films because I was a bourgeois artist. They are my dead corpses.

The blackboard in the kitchen (with a box of colored chalks for whoever passes by) is the revolutionary alternative to all McLuhan's bourgeois transistors and cathode-ray tubes.  
- John Healey

Q: At what exact point in time did your break from bourgeois to revolutionary film-making occur?  
Godard: During the May-June events in France in 1968.

Film is a luxury at the moment because there are so many people who can't even...  
- Fernandez

The intellectuals often tend to be subjective and individualistic, impractical in their thinking and irresolute in action.  
- Mao

A revolutionary with no bombs on him is not a revolutionary.  
- La Chinoise

We must confront vague ideas with clear images.  
- La Chinoise

The notion of an author, of independent imagination, is just a fake. But this bourgeois idea has not yet been replaced.  
- Godard

The author has to work as the agent of the masses. He can lose himself in them only when they themselves become authors, the authors of history.  
- Hans Magnus Enzensberger

GODDARD

Ideally, a camera is a machine for making choices.  
- John Ciardi

There is no such thing as technique, only social use of technique.  
- Godard

The society you are going to build is already reflected in the nature of the struggle you are carrying on.  
- Che

Bourgeois film-makers say, finally, art is art, which means things are things, and they hope to stay the way they are. We are saying that art is revolutionary art, art is a sensation of movement, and movement doesn't exist with a Greek urn. Only specific movements can exist with specific situations.  
- Godard

An artist is only an artist if he accepts the full responsibility for what he has chosen to do, interpret the possible in terms of the distilled imagination. What is the discovery of possibility but the invention of ideas?  
- Jeff Nuttall

A movie is not reality, it is only a reflection. Bourgeois film-makers focus on the reflections of reality. We are concerned with the reality of that reflection.  
- Godard

A minority with the correct revolutionary line is no longer a minority.  
- La Chinoise

In a labyrinth, all conclusions are provisional.

Q: Is there a final step, a full-blown revolutionary film with no negative aspects?  
Godard: No. Only revolution again. People think we are aiming at a model, and this model you can print and then sell as a revolutionary model. That's shit!

Endings to be useful must be inconclusive.  
- Samuel Delany

The only problem is to try to make revolutionary fiction. To have made bourgeois fiction and then to go into revolutionary fiction means a long march through many dark countries.  
- Godard

One wonders if Theseus built the maze as he wandered through it.  
- Samuel Delany

Truffaut is making bourgeois garbage, and I am making revolutionary garbage.  
- Godard

Fear of handling shit is a luxury a sewer-man cannot necessarily afford.  
- Hans Magnus Enzensberger

The Imperialists are still alive.  
- La Chinoise

Edited by John Healey





THE FAMILY IS THE BACKBONE OF OUR NATION!

# SMASH THE NUCLEAR FAMILY!

"Womens Liberation, if it is to abolish the patriarchal family will abolish the necessary substructure of the authoritarian state."

Germaine Greer, "The Female Eunuch"  
The most radicals are keenly aware of the power structures which control their lives and spend considerable energy and imagination trying to change them. These same people very often fail to see the most basic power situation in our society, without which all others would collapse, and that is the power structure within the family. Revolutionary movements which are not totally committed to altering the ways in which our children are socialized are bound to fail.

"The family is already broken down; technology has outstripped conservatism. The only way the state-father can deal with its uncontrollable children is to bash and shoot them in the streets or send them to war, the ultimate chaos."

Germaine Greer, "The Female Eunuch"

Anyone who thinks, even if vaguely and at some time in the distant future, that she or he will get married and have a few children and that they will live alone together as a family unit, will be perpetuating this social mess we live in as surely as if they were the head of some gigantic corporation.

I believe that it is now women's greatest responsibility to get over this weird notion that because they are capable of procreating then it is their duty to do so. They must stop having children. There are simply too many people and it is just as important that the less densely populated areas stop contributing to this overwhelming disaster as the other areas. Human population cannot afford any further growth. "In an overpopulated world no country can have the right to indulge itself in a high growth rate. Since the human population of the world is a truly single interdependent community, such behavior by any country could reasonably be regarded as irresponsible and a threat to all the rest."

Anne and Paul Ehrlich, "Population, Resources and Environment."

Women who feel that only through having a child will they be fulfilled present the greatest danger. They are most likely to be, and deserve to be, resented by their children. If there is something lacking in a woman it cannot be overcome by having a child. She will most likely try and live through her children and suffocate them in the process.

"She who binds to herself a joy doth the winged life destroy."  
William Blake

To not have children should not mean that you do not have anything to do with them and cannot help in their care and upbringing. The biggest bug women should get over if we are going to break the present family cycle is that the natural mother and only she has the sole rights to love and care for her child. Women must become mothers to all children. Men must become fathers to all children.

It is probably the first few years of a child's life brought up in complete isolation except for the constant smothering of one female which lays the basis for so much insecurity and anti-social behavior (fear of the other people, jealousy of mother, desire to hurt others, boredom etc.). It leads to all sorts of problems both for mother and child. It ties the mother down to a tedious cycle of chores without the possibility of being able to do so much as go down the street without taking the child with her. It forces the mother to rely on material objects to amuse and distract the child, so much so that children quickly learn to have more regard for their toys than for other people. How can they learn to relate to other people when they have social contact with so few? No child is going to grow up without hangups about material objects when they are thrust upon her as a substitute for friends. Mother and child constantly alone together magnifies the problems out of all proportion. Even the youngest baby has the will to oppose insult and punishment, but not the means. Resentment grows very fast and probably in later years finds its release in aggression.

"MOTHER IS CRUEL TO ME BUT SHE IS ONLY BEING CRUEL TO BE KIND BECAUSE I THOUGHT SHE WAS CRUEL WHEN

SHE WAS CRUEL IN PUNISHING ME BECAUSE I WAS CRUEL TO HER TO THINK SHE WAS CRUEL TO ME

FOR PUNISHING ME FOR THINKING SHE WAS CRUEL FOR PUNISHING ME FOR THINKING . . . .

R. D. Laing "Knots"

In the typical claustrophobic situation which develops between mother and child the child is too much cared for by the one dominant figure and not enough cared for, by anyone else. The child may be bullied as often as cuddled and have her affairs pruned into more often than her initiative encouraged. "The intimacy between mother and child is not sustaining and healthy. The child learns to exploit her mothers' accessibility, badgering her with questions and demands which are of no real consequence to her, embarrassing her in public, blackmailing her into buying her sweets and carrying her."

Germaine Greer, "The Female Eunuch"

"ONCE UPON A TIME WHEN JACK WAS LITTLE HE WANTED TO BE WITH HIS MUMMY ALL THE TIME AND WAS FRIGHTENED SHE WOULD GO AWAY

LATER WHEN HE WAS A LITTLE BIGGER HE WANTED TO BE AWAY FROM HIS MUMMY AND WAS FRIGHTENED THAT SHE WANTED HIM TO BE WITH HER ALL THE TIME

WHEN HE GREW UP HE FELL IN LOVE WITH JILL AND HE WANTED TO BE WITH HER ALL THE TIME AND WAS FRIGHTENED SHE WOULD GO AWAY." ETC. ETC.

R. D. Laing "Knots"

Only through experimenting with alternative family groupings will we begin to see in what direction we must go.

It is not my intention in this article to suggest what experiments you should attempt, but to try and convince you of the urgency of finding alternative ways to the family pattern you were undoubtedly brought up in. Don't wait, as I'm afraid I did, until you find yourself isolated in a suburban home alone all day with yourself, your child and your neuroses.

Undoubtedly children growing up in large families usually have a much happier time than the single child. The mothers attention is less concentrated, work can be shared, games are more fun, and there is a greater sense of security. However, to indulge in a large family at this stage in human history is surely the most selfish of all ways to secure your child's happiness.

I would equally reject the notion of the extended or stem family (that is with 2 or 3 generations of the one family living together) as a reasonable alternative. I have on two occasions lived next door to large Italian families of this kind and while it is true that the children of such families are happier, less afraid of strangers and less irritable and grizzly, the present generational gap, insularity and immobility make it inconceivable.

Germaine Greer was so impressed with these large families in Southern Italy and Greece that if she has a child she would like it to be "adopted" by such a family. She would visit the child for short periods as often as possible and the child may or may not know she is its natural mother. While this may well solve her problems it is little use to anyone on a salary less than hers. It would add nothing to the possibilities of change in our own society and seems ironical in so far as the traditional role of woman is probably more entrenched in Southern Italy and Greece than anywhere else in the western world.

As for my own attempts I have shifted into a communal home where there are seven adults and two babies. The children share a room and all toys and what clothes they can. Our food is bought communally and meals eaten together whenever possible. Household chores are shared. We are trying to reach a balance of privacy and communal life. I am trying to encourage the attitude that we are all responsible for the babies and that it makes no difference who the natural parents are. It is only when a person accepts the responsibility for a child will the child be treated properly. To discriminate against a child because it is not your own is surely no different from discrimination on grounds of sex, color, race etc.

I have also joined a "co-operative nursery" group in which 6 parents (4 women and 2 men) look after each others children on one day a week. We have discussed basic ideas on punishment, property and diet, but otherwise try and remain as spontaneous and flexible as possible. We have seen our babies as young as 6 months really enjoy a day away from the one dominant person. We hope to extend the nursery so it can be held much more frequently.

Both these attempts are fraught with problems and it is too early to make any detailed descriptions or draw any conclusions. However, "the point of the communal family is to release the children from the disadvantages of being the extensions of their parents so that they belong primarily to themselves."

Germaine Greer, and I believe I am a little closer to this now than I was a few months ago.

Ally Fricker.

"When the ultimate basis of our world is in question we run to different holes in the ground, we scurry into roles, statuses, identities, interpersonal relations. We attempt to live in castles that can only be built in the air, because there is no firm ground in the social cosmos on which to build." R. D. Laing. The Politics of Experience.

Love Story, the latest million dollar Hollywood success, and, more important, its audiences, seem to epitomize the situation talked about by Laing. The film seemed at once very "unreal", and in another sense quite "real"; which is probably an ambiguous statement to make about a film. However, I will attempt to explain what I mean by it. It is real in the sense that most people see, or want to see relationships as being similar to the one in the film. That is, people romanticize, idealize love, and then actually live through this idealization.

Now I see this idealization as essentially being a false one, and, in this sense the film is "unreal". There is no attempt to explore the nature of love, necessary for which would be an understanding of the nature of society - also somewhat limited in this film. It is essential to recognize that 'love' is not the same through all ages and societies, but that it is to a certain extent determined by the particular society it exists in. The natures of the society we live in, and the status of women in it, makes it much more likely that love experiences will be destructive than successful.

## TRAGEDY

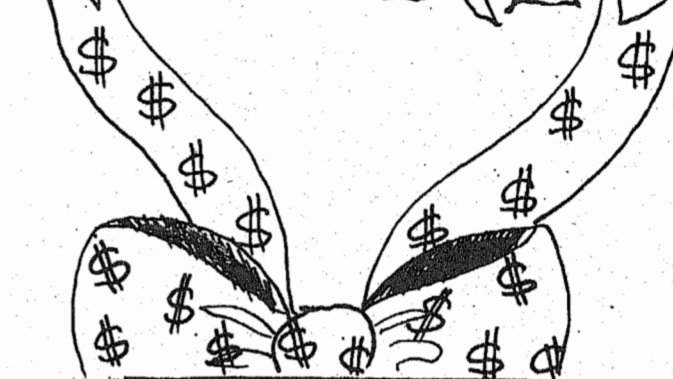
In Love Story however, the couple are portrayed as being each other's equals, (except, of course, in that he is a millionaire's son; she, from a lower middle class family), always happy, and "in love". The story follows a pattern familiar to us having been brought up in the romantic love tradition, their brief bliss ending in tragedy, as happens in most love stories. The tragic end, her death from an incurable disease in this case, is essential to such stories, for it shows how great their love really was, and, in fact, defines their love. So we don't see them having children, fighting, growing old... They are remembered as eternally young and "in love".

Love Story actually helps perpetuate and reinforce the ideology pervasive through all strata of society regarding the act of marriage. That is, the notion of romantic love, that emotional and sexual fulfillment and self-discovery will be attained through love and sexuality, the site of which is the nuclear family. It seems to me that such things are in fact not attained in the marriage-family institution. I will briefly suggest why I see it as being oppressive, and also why it is important to the existing social system.

## SOCIAL CONTROL

Institutionalization of relationships between people is in itself likely to be destructive. (For a more sophisticated treatment of the following see A. Yeatman Australian Left Review 28 and Berger and Kellner Diogenes 46.) This society requires such institutionalization because the marriage-family institution is one of the most important instruments of effective social control. Such control, not consciously planned or articulated, but internalized by individuals, is necessary in a social structure which serves the interests of a minority. That is, "in a top-down structure of power the 'masses' are organized, they are adapted to the social roles entailed by this structure." (A. Yeatman) So individuals are expected to achieve self-realization in the narrow, private sphere of the family, away from the main controls of society. "The narrow enclave of the nuclear family serves as a macroscopically innocuous 'play-area' in which the individual can safely exercise his world-building proclivities without upsetting any important social, economic, political apparatus." (Berger and Kellner) The marriage-family absorbs energy that might otherwise be expended dangerously.

# LOVE STORY



## DECEPTION

The potential of autonomous individuals for spontaneity is thus precluded by institutionalization, and the possibility of attaining a truly humanized sexuality made very unlikely in a society where the over-riding values are not 'human'. How can people really "love each other when competition and the necessity for 'efficient', 'rational' production gets top priority? What happens, is that people attempt this privately, that is, to find some meaning in their life in 'interpersonal relations', but fail for the reasons suggested above. - And the reason that people want to see Love Story is that it idealizes this situation. They are reassured that all is well, love really is like that, and their world is not falling apart. Human beings seem to have an unlimited capacity to deceive themselves, but it is probably understandable when it is about the nature of 'love', being the most valued thing in most lives. To have it questioned seems a terrible threat.

DEPENDENCE  
Mentioned above was the necessity to look at the power relations between men and women. (See Shulamith Firestone. Chapter on 'Love' in The Dialectic of Sex.) There is nothing inherently destructive in the process of love, it only becomes so in an unequal power context, as exists between men and women. Shulamith Firestone claims that love, which she sees as being "an enrichment of the self through the absorption of another being... and being psychically wide-open," demands a mutual exchange, vulnerability, if it is not to become distorted. As Simone de Beauvoir said "The word love has by no means the same sense for both sexes." Woman's whole energy has always been poured into love, while man has been the 'creator'. Her whole existence, and identity depend on love, on the man she loves. She is, in fact, defined through him. A woman cannot love herself unless a man finds her worthy of love - thus her clinging behaviour. Men, on the other hand, have difficulty in loving; more often they 'fall in love' momentarily with their own projected image. Falling in love can be seen as a "process of alteration of male vision - through idealization, mystification, glorification - that renders void the woman's class inferiority." (S. Firestone) A woman soon comes to realize that she has been elevated not in recognition of her real value but because "she matched his store-bought pedestal."

## PLAYING GAMES

The illusion of equality created by the idealization of women originated in the 12th, 13th centuries, in the courtly love tradition, and examples can be found in the literature of that period and throughout romantic, English literature (although, of course, literature does not exactly 'reflect' the society in which it was written). For example, Chaucer's great love story Troilus and Criseyde. Troilus's love is based on an illusion - that of Criseyde as being like a goddess, on a pedestal. He is not in love with her as a person, he hardly seems to know her as a real person. She is merely an object for his love; the process of his 'falling in love' being more important than the development of a relationship with her as an equal. The courtly and romantic versions of love are 'grants which the male concedes out of his powers'. Impossible virtues are attributed to women, and end up confining them in a narrow sphere of behaviour. Romantic love obscures the realities of female status.

Either men romanticize as I have just described, or they are interested in no more than a screw. But whichever it is, what they do not want is commitment. Men want to remain 'free', while women are set on forcing such a commitment by playing the necessary games. To men love means ownership, control, and jealousy, wives being merely possessions.

I want to suggest that 'the left', and all with radical pretensions go and see Love Story. To start with, it is fairly easy to apply an us/them dichotomy in relation to the film; that is cynicism is made easier because "they" are not like us". For example, he is a good, clean cut law student, sportsman, both are quite respectable, with absolutely no radical pretensions. But, was the love process that they went through so very different from the sort of experiences between local "radicals"? That is, is there a radical expression developing within private relationships or do they mirror those of our society?

Love Story merely perpetuates myths and deceptions rather than exploring the nature of love in any critical, significant way; nor of course, is there any projection, vision of alternatives, of the possibility of men and women to move towards 'humanized' sexual relations.

What is necessary is "the revolutionary reconstruction of society in a way that will allow love to function naturally (joyfully) as an exchange of emotional riches between equals, rather than in its present perversion: agent of destruction." (S. Firestone)

Ann Game

# S.A.T.C.

The South Australian Theatre Company will perform two one-act plays by the Polish satirist Slawomir Mrozek at the Games Room on Wednesday, July 7 and Wednesday, July 14, at 1 p.m.

This is part of an extensive lunchtime theatre program touring to all teachers' colleges and universities in the Adelaide area. Tickets are 40c.

OUT AT SEA is a Marxist comedy concerning a Fat, Medium and Thin Castaways on a raft "Out at Sea", who are also out of food. A campaign and general election ensues to decide who will have the honor of being eaten by the other two gentlemen. The governmental crisis is further complicated by the arrival of a Postman and then a Butler to the raft. As the votes are counted, the question remains as to whether the Fat, Medium, or Thin people in society are always the ones to be eaten. Mrozek takes a swipe at his own Polish government and every form of Western rule as well.

ENCHANTED NIGHT is a very funny look at the "identity crisis" of the intellectuals in Soviet-dominated countries. Two travelling salesmen are inexplicably visited by a voluptuous "Third Person" in their cheap hotel room. Are they dreaming? Is only one of them dreaming? If so, which one? Exactly who does have the "right to dream" in a double room.

Both plays are lifted from the very active and popular Cabaret-style Theatre of Poland. The style of production is as wired and free-wheeling as the stories indicate. This particular style of theatre is relatively new to Australia, and is directed by the S.A.T.C.'s artistic director Peter Batey and American director Charles Edelman, who first learned of Mrozek's work in California; where he enjoys considerable popularity at the University of California (Berkeley) and Stanford.

The company includes Leslie Dayman, Edwin Hodgeman, Roslyn DeWinter, Julie Hamilton, and Rona Coleman as "The Third Person," (if she decides she exists).

Bring your lunch along and see if you can keep it.

