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Strong Recm


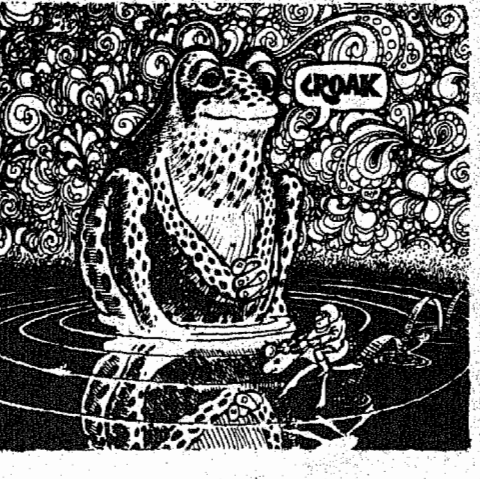
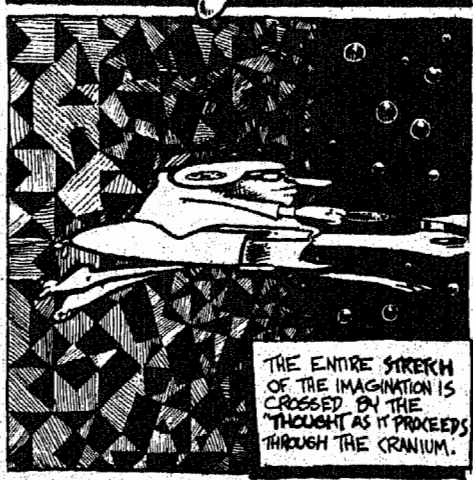
Volume 41 No. 5: the last Non-issue for first term.
Suitable for wrapping fish.
Registered as a periodical Category "B".





...A SHORT PEEK AT THE HUMAN THINKING PROCESS THAT MIGHT HELP EXPLAIN SOME OF THOSE.....
 FREUDIAN SLIPS.





LETTERS



Reviews

Dear Editor,
 Just who is this "Spam" guy and who does he think he is? His high and mighty review of Lumpy Gravy reeks of pretentiousness and elitism. Comments like "one in a thousand might like the album for its own sake" and "whether it is to your taste or not is completely irrelevant" show that the reviewer is on an incredible ego-trip. It is as if he thinks he is better than everyone else because he can (or thinks he can) get something out of an album, which to my ears at least, is complete and utter rubbish. Zappa has always been the biggest bullshit artist in the Rock world and this pretentious load of crap just drives the point home. Mr. Nick Lainas' comments about the editor of this paper — "You are shovelling your shit down our swollen gullets" could equally well apply to Mr. F. Zappa.

The whole tone of the review seems to be one of defensiveness and the main comparative points use somewhat obscure references to pad out a basic lack of substance. For example the reviewers reference to the album as a "Finnegans Wake of musical and recording techniques" conveys nothing to the average reader, and I ask this Spam fellow if he would like every person who reads his review to run off and plough through 628 pages of gibberish (collectively called Finnegans Wake) at a great cost to his sanity, just so they can understand his review. Does he think that much of himself, eh?

The crowning statement of "It is irrelevant to discuss Lumpy Gravy from the point of 'normal' music" really shows how superior and elitist the reviewer thinks he is. What precisely is the "normal" music he refers to? Classical? Blues? Rock? Jazz? or does he perhaps give Zappa a class all of his own — Zappamuzak. By refusing to discuss the album in conventional terms the reviewer just illustrates what should be obvious to every lover of music (be it Rock, Jazz, or Classical) that Zappa is an Abomination with no musical talent at all (he pinches all his music from Edgar Varese and the members of the Mothers) and an ego-tripper of a magnitude surpassed only by that of Spam.

Donald Robertson

Dear Editor,

I cannot help being amused by the seriousness with which readers like Ian Ross and Nick Lainas take your record review. Why try to further the unpleasant trend towards an "intellectual" attitude to music? Most people only want to know whether or not a record is worth buying. This sort of sick pretentiousness should not be encouraged.

This obscure attitude I find extremely evident in your review of Zappa's "Lumpy Gravy" by the apocryphal "Spam". I have never seen such a collection of verbose, pretentious, meandering and ineffectual crap in my life. Who ever heard of comparing a record to a blocked up sink? And surely there is no need to drop literary names like Nietzsche in a review of rock music.

I heard "Lumpy Gravy" when it was first released, and I can assure one and all that never has the phrase "no potential" been more applicable to a Zappa record (or many similar, for that matter). If Spam wishes to justify his guilt feelings at wasting money on it, that is his concern, but do not encourage others to do the same.

People like Spam and Lainas should be left alone to read the "Rolling Stone" reviews they try so hard (and in vain) to imitate. Let us ignore the pretentious groups and reviewers, and get back to rock, the only pure form of musical creativity.

Yours,
 F. Vincent.

Replies to this letter have been included in the reviews section.

Dear Steele

We of the Happy Birthday Party have been following avidly your political manoeuvres of the last few weeks. It would seem that our political future within the established two party of government in this state is both uncertain and in doubt. This letter should be interpreted in the light of these circumstances.

At a recent party meeting it was unanimously decided to approach you with the following proposal. As you no doubt know, the Happy Birthday Party in its first electoral manifestation received more support than the Australian Party and the D.L.P. combined. As the electors have accepted us as a vital and viable New Force on the political scene, it is from this position of obvious and overwhelming success that we hereby invite you and any supporters you may have to join the Happy Birthday Party. (SA).

We feel assured that your obvious deep and sympathetic appreciation of the numerous problems facing the Youth of Today in our complex industrial, urban and developing world would make you, a valuable member and we eagerly await your decision.

Proper Gender

The Editor, On Dit re "The ACTU and Israel"

Dear Sir,

For political and other propaganda to be effective, the information — misinformation? — it contains should not be quite so transparent as that in the article reprinted in On Dit, April 19: "The ACTU and Israel".

First, it is not true that the Histadrut, the "General Federation of Labour" does not admit Arab members. All Arab citizens of the State of Israel are eligible for membership, just as they are completely equal before the law in all other respects. There are some 70,000 Arab members of Histadrut. The Arab workers of the territories held by Israel since 1967 are not full members for the simple reason that, although the Israelis may provide employment until a political settlement is reached the population of the territories are not Israeli citizens and their economy has not been integrated with that of Israel proper.

If the last-mentioned workers were in fact full members of the Histadrut, the Palestine-Australian Solidarity Committee would no doubt seize on the fact as an example of "creeping Israeli absorption of the administered territories".

The Histadrut is in fact a comprehensive organ of collective worker control of the means of production. The ACTU ownership of Bourke's Stone in Melbourne, and its tentative expansion into insurance and travel are small-scale manifestations of the same sort of thing. The Histadrut is analogous to the worker federations of the Scandinavian states.

One would also think that granted the increasing unwillingness of the Right to kick the old communist can in Australia, a similar maturity may be exhibited by the left with respect to the old CIA bogey. It seems that there is a CIA agent behind everything that is vaguely incomprehensible to such groups as the Palestine-Australian Solidarity Committee. In this case, the Histadrut is implicated because of very vague and in fact altogether meaningless association.

The ACTU is probably aware that Solel Bonch, the Histadrut's construction company, has had extensive experience in high-density, low-cost workers housing. If one objects to a possible inflow of capital parallel to the inflow of expertise in this field, that's another matter altogether. However, let's not pretend that the quarter truths published about the Histadrut in the article in question are anywhere near the actual situation.

Yours sincerely,
 George Wilkenfeld

The article in question was supplied by the Worker-Student Alliance. The "we" refers to that organization. During the layout period the line acknowledging our "sources" was inadvertently left out.

Sub Scriber

Dear Sirs,

Subscription

I refer to your recent letter addressed to me concerning the question of continued receipt of your wonderful paper.

It is evident from the tenor of your letter that you are unaware of the reasons as to why I should be receiving the first issue of your chronicle and, indeed, why I should in fact continue to be graced with the receipt of your paper.

Suffice it to say, I am duly chastened by this approach, as it was always my understanding that my credentials would never be questioned on this point — thus the reason for this explanatory note. I do note that there is a tear off form included with your rather impersonal pro forma letter on which reasons may be stated as to why the complimentary subscription should be granted, but I feel, and I hope I will be forgiven for taking this stance, that my case is a somewhat unique one.

If I might be permitted to digress a little at this juncture: there will come the day in this "tear off", "rip-off" society when you will begin to appreciate what it means to be able to receive something for nothing, and undoubtedly this day will come when you have completed your onerous term as editors. In fact this brings me to my point: some five years ago I had bestowed on me, by the then duly elected S.R.C., the privilege and the honor of the co-editorship of "ON DIT". I was promised at that time, and I have held that promise dear to my heart, that I would receive a free, postage paid, copy of each edition of "ON DIT".

Since my under-graduate days I have always endeavoured to keep in touch with the University and its activities, because, as I grow older and sink further and further into professional life, it is of some comfort to me to know that people are still doing fun-things — and you young people certainly know how! Suffice it to say, your paper provides me with this vital link. I trust the information thus far has convinced you that I am deserving of the honour of receiving your exceptional paper. If you need further proof of my credentials and worthiness you are both cordially invited to my humble premises, any evening at your convenience, to peruse my hard-cover bound editions of the 1968 editions of "ON DIT" and we might, perhaps, discuss new and old times over tea and scones.

I remain your obedient devotee.

Arwed Turon



Those who helped ON DIT this issue included Ralph Frank, Andrew Stanley, Mary Venner, David Cottrell, Dave Freeman, Paul Foss, Tony Harrison, Rowan Hosking, Bill Schoubridge, Clare Witbey, Glenys, Stephanie Horr. Edited by Adrian Hann and Paul Paech.

On Dit is published for the Students Association of the University of Adelaide and printed by Smedley Press, Hastings St. Glenelg, who, despite rapid cultural changes and general acceptance by the public (including the Advertiser and Nation Review) still won't print fxxx for us. (It's not that we want to swear, or anything like that, but golly gosh gee-whiz, everyone just talks like that!)

The opinions expressed in this publication are not necessarily those of the students Association, nor those of the University as a whole — but then, I guess, nothing ever is.

Copy deadline for next issue, Thursday,



Remember — every day can be a Happy Birthday!

Yours,

Philly Creamcheese

P.S. Should you decide to accept our offer annual membership (\$2.00) should be enclosed with reply.

Dear Susie

Dear Mr. Creamcheese,

Thank you for your invitation to join your Happy Birthday Party. I must, however, decline because the Liberal Movement has now in its own right become a Party, free of allegiance to any other organisation.

Whilst I admire your ability to out-poll both the Australia Party and the D.L.P. I must tell you that the Liberal Movement hopes to out-poll you. Nevertheless, I commend your organisation for its truly independent spirit. I notice that you localise your Party by including S.A. in brackets after its name. May I suggest that there are quite a number of politicians interstate who seem to be in need of a Happy Birthday and you might fruitfully extend your operations in that direction.

I trust that you will not be too saddened by our inability to formally amalgamate, after all politics is only the name of the game. Sometimes I wonder whether yours is the game of the name.

Yours in preference,
Steele Hall, M.P.

C.E.C. doings

OH NO! WHAT NEXT!

Dear Sirs,

The Hann-Paech Comedy Team seem to have set a trend in make believe in this year's ON DIT.

Adrian Hann excelled himself with his report on the Student Association Central Executive Committee (C.E.C.) in the latest 'superfast' ON DIT. He takes up the cudgels on behalf of Lyndon Owen (Student Association President) alleging amongst other things that Lyndon is the victim of a conspiracy and that Bread and Circuses published confidential material, but by so doing demonstrates that he is rather out of touch with campus politics.

So let us set the record straight. It is not the first time that Lyndon's lack of attendance at C.E.C. meetings and lack of support for the other members of the C.E.C. has severely hampered the running of the Association. One previous time was in the 1971-72 Christmas vacation when the Vice President and Secretary were left to carry the Association in the face of disinterest on the part of the President, Treasurer and the Communications Officer. On that occasion the Treasurer and Communications Officer resigned but the President stayed on and even got elected for the second term.

In the 1972-1973 Christmas vacation the Secretary, Phil Broderick, was overseas. As the C.E.C. only consists of five persons and the quorum is three, this means that if the Communications Officer and the President were absent, which was more often than not, no business could be decided. The vacation is usually a time of preparation for the coming academic year but this year very little could be done.

Things came to a head when Phil Broderick came back from overseas. The C.E.C. passed a "No confidence" motion in the President which was reported in Bread and Circuses. Adrian Hann takes me to task for reporting the meeting, implying that I had no right to do so before the minutes are ratified at a subsequent meeting. In the first place, committee meetings of the Association are open which means that anyone (even ON DIT) can report what happens at those meetings. As soon as convenient, the draft minutes are usually duplicated and pinned on a notice board in the Students' Office for anyone to see. This takes place before they are subsequently ratified.

ON DIT seems to be advocating **secrecy in decision making** on the part of Association Committees, which is somewhat surprising for a campus newspaper.

Secondly, I did not quote from the minutes but reported the meeting as stated at the top of the report. A member of the C.E.C. saw the report before it went in Bread and Circuses and at that person's request I put the note on the bottom to the effect that the President wasn't present at that meeting.

Thirdly, the report was **accurate**. The C.E.C. did pass a vote of No Confidence in the President, whatever their intention. Later the President wanted all the records scrubbed but this wasn't agreed to by the rest of the C.E.C.

As a result of a letter written by Lyndon Owen, and Extraordinary Meeting of the C.E.C. was held at which the No Confidence motion was **changed** to a motion of Censure.

Some time after this meeting I met Lyndon coming out of the Students Office. He told me to publish a retraction of the previous report or else. This I refused to do, stating that I would publish a report of the Extraordinary Meeting but would not

retract something that was true. I subsequently printed a report of that meeting and apparently Lyndon complained to Adrian Hann who in the early hours of the morning concocted the ON DIT article. Much of what Hann wrote was bullshit.

It is of little difference whether a Motion of "No Confidence" or "Censure" is passed. All it means is that the C.E.C. is not happy with the President. There is no constitutional requirement for the person to miss three consecutive meetings without apology before a motion of No Confidence can be passed. And in any case ON DIT's contention that Lyndon Owen did not fulfil that requirement is open to dispute.

As the President is elected by the Association Members (i.e. the students) and as the Committees are only supposed to be working subject to the will of the members, a motion of No Confidence would only carry weight if it is passed by a General Student Meeting or Referendum.

A person on a committee could resign if he wished to in response to a No Confidence motion passed by that committee but he is not obliged to, though it it gets to that stage he probably would be wise to consider resigning.

Lyndon Owen's request that all Committees be asked to accept his resignation if the C.E.C. Why only the committees? Why not the rest of the Association? I doubt though that Lyndon Owen would want this.

ON DIT also drew attention to the fact that Tony Walker wasn't at any of the vacation meetings, yet was 'overlooked'. Tony Walker is Communications Officer and if the Constitution changes were ratified the position would have been eliminated. So censuring the Communications Officer would have been of little value, at that time. The position of Communications Officer is a hack position and there has not been one person who has been successful at the job, through no great fault of his own.

The ON DIT report represents a completely one-sided account of what happened and contrary to an undertaking of Adrian's in his election policy statements he did not try to get an answer for the same edition of ON DIT.

Peter Love:

The Editor(s),

It is a pity you didn't research your "Strange things Happening at the C.E.C." a little more fully before presenting your one-sided (Lyndon Owen's side) report of recent events.

The Central Executive Committee consists of five (5) members:

President — Lyndon Owen
Vice President — Rosemary Osman
Treasurer — Alex Graeme-Evans
Secretary — Phil Broderick
Communication Officer — Tony Walker.

It was agreed at a C.E.C. meeting (which Lyndon and Tony attended!!!) that the positions of Communications Officer should be abolished due to the 'impossibility' of the duties. Tony, pre-empting this decision, has not appeared at many meetings, and has not functioned as Communications Officer.

Phil, sponsored by the English Speaking Union, went to England for the long vacation. He appointed a 'proxy' before going — however the proxy was challenged and due to lack of precedence and no constitutional guidance, the challenge succeeded.

Simple subtraction, 5-2 leaves 3 members available to attend C.E.C. meetings in the vacation. (quorum equals 3)

Thus when Lyndon chose not to attend any meetings in the vacation (without if I may correct your facts sending apologies for 3 consecutive meetings), Alex and myself were left with the choice of either not holding any meetings i.e. the Students Association stop running, or continue although no quorum was present. We chose the latter — which Lyndon later attacked us for.

Thus I feel that we were justified in our 'no confidence' motion on the grounds of non-attendance which had severely hampered the running of the S.A.U.A.

(May I correct your facts again — there is no clause in the S.A.U.A. constitution which even mentions 'no confidence' motion let alone sets down conditions for its application.)

C.E.C. meetings are open, i.e. anyone can attend, see for themselves what goes on etc. and thus the report which appeared in 'Bread and Circuses' was not 'official minutes' but the person's impression of what went on — it was actually a factual report of the 'happening'.

It was only after Lyndon's letter offering his resignation that it became apparent that other members of the C.E.C. did not understand the implications of a 'no confidence' motion and wished to alter their motion to a 'censure' motion.

A few more facts.

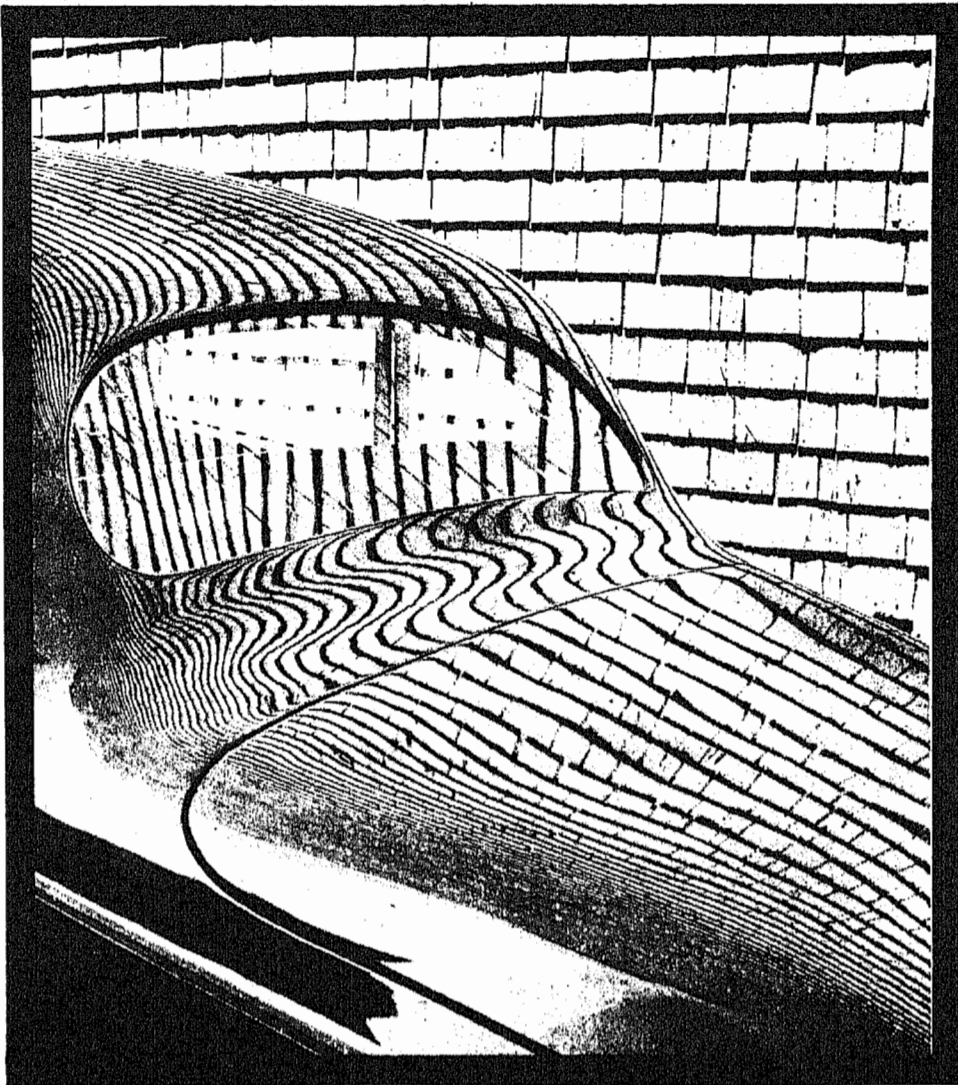
— our president, coincidence or not, has only attended meetings where paid positions for students have been discussed.

— do we want a paid President?

— do we want paid On DIT editors?

All these questions should be discussed in On DIT, lawn meetings etc. but the President, who is responsible for chairing lawn meetings, has not done so, even though the "paid positions" submission" is already on the agenda of the Union's Finance Committee.

Rosemary Osman,
Vice President S.A.U.A.
(whatever that's worth)



Here's a very short explanation of the notorious 'Names' Issue, since many of our friends (not to mention our enemies) have made enquiries. The issue was supposed to work on a number of 'levels':

- 1) That we recognised the potential antagonism from both the student body at large and the [politically aware] lefties who would accuse us of the predictable [edition] [egotism] etc. — so we said 'O.K. — well put everyone in' a) lots of people will see the joke etc. 2) The idea in itself was appealing to us because it was the sort of ludicrous thing you talk about doing but don't 3) Read Jacobs' letter 4) We are obviously keen to get reaction — and this is one way at least 5) It was graduation week, and we thought it might be a [good] thing to remind our readers — radical as well as conservative — that most students are here at University, not for the pursuit of knowledge, wisdom, understanding, and so on, but for that little ticket to economic security. Hence our busticket loomed gloriously behind the names, since it is that busticket that is the reason for most students being at Adelaide Uni. Okay?

ON DIT PHOTOGRAPHY

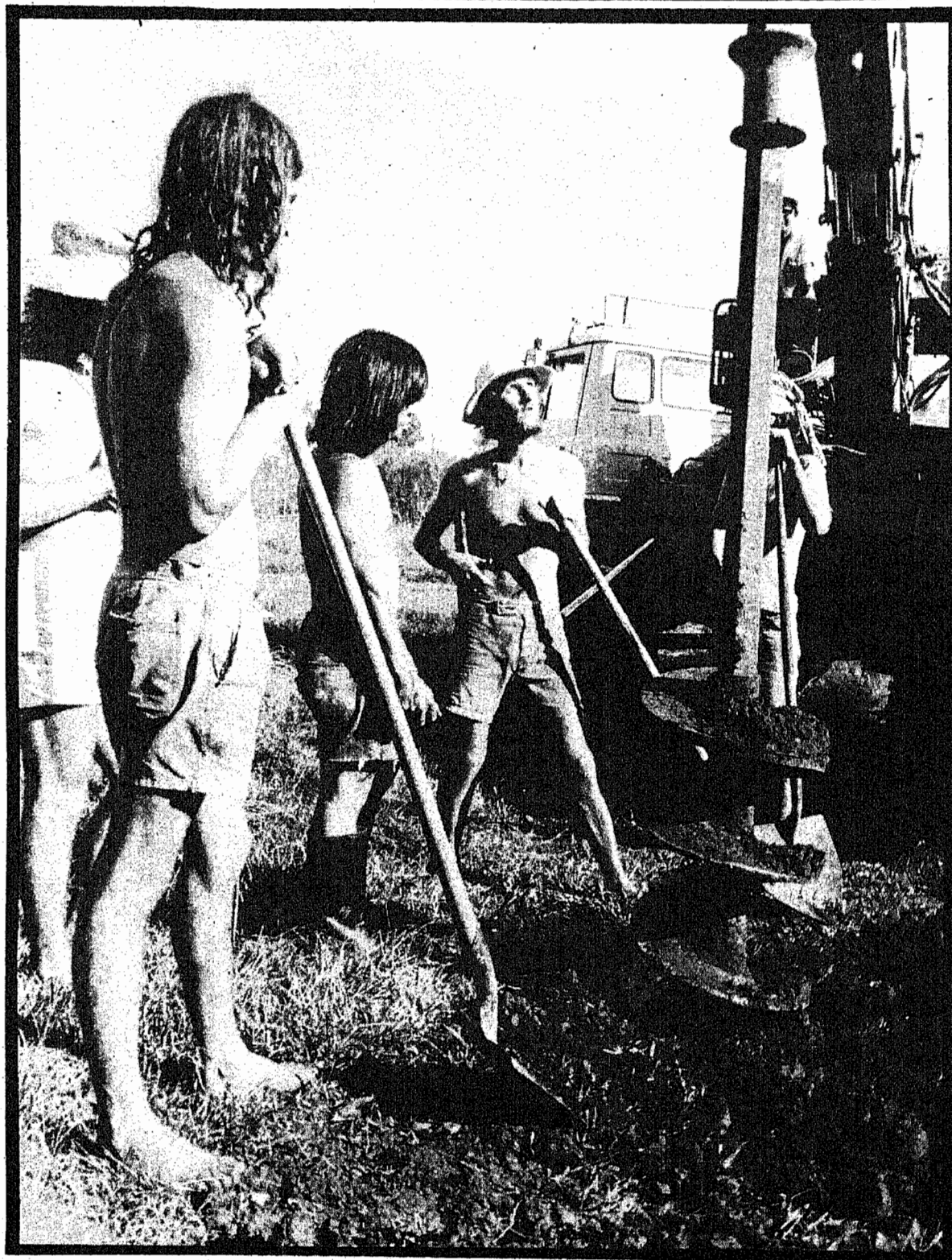
On DIT has a pretty good darkroom which is just getting organised. If you're at all interested in or want to know about taking photographs, printing, enlarging, developing films (etc.) contact Oliver Ralph Frank or Bernie thru On DIT office. We need a team of lots of people who can take photos of events and people on and off campus.

JOURNALISM SCHOOL

SORRY ABOUT THE LACK OF MEETING! ITS DEFINITELY ON FOR SECOND TERM — WE'LL SEND OUT A LETTER TO YOU GIVING YOU ALL THE INFORMATION — SOON!
IF YOU HAVEN'T CONTACTED US, DO SO NOW !!!

ON DIT MEETING

FOR ALL WHO ARE INTERESTED
THURSDAY 31 MAY 1~10
ON DIT OFFICES WESTERN CLOISTERS

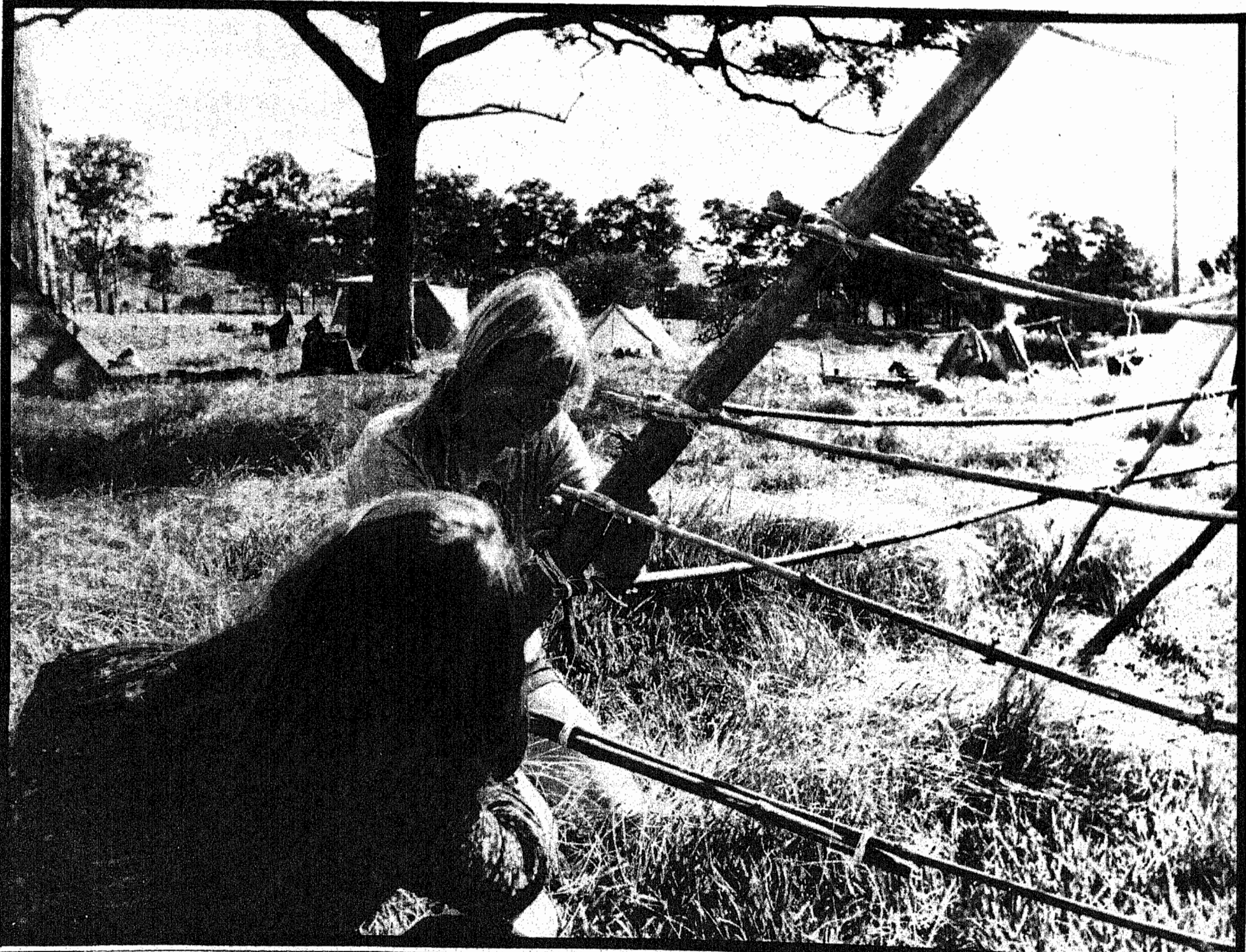


NIMBIN

Things are buzzing at Nimbin now. Officially, of course, the Aquarius Sofflick Festival starts on Saturday May 12th, but people have been in Nimbin for weeks preparing things and generally having a festival themselves. Something the same has been happening all over Australia: groups have been formed to get their communal living at Nimbin organized before they actually leave home and something of the creature/survival spirit has grown through these groups.

Last minute reports from Nimbin are that resources for building simple living/sleeping structures are very short. So you must bring something yourself: and it better be something **WARM & WATERPROOF**: Nimbin has been rather damp and the nights are quite cold. Rope, paste and plastic paint (for waterproofing), stanley knives, tools, hessian bags, nails, canvas, plastic sheeting or something.

Also, what I think is a nice idea is for lots of people to fill up cardboard cartons with amazing stimulating creative things (like coloured paper, love, rain, plastic strips, drums, elephants, toys, sunshine, paint and brushes, seeds, dope, glitter etc.) and put it on the train and send it to Anyone, Aquarius Festival wither in Nimbin or at the Lismore Railway Station.



On May 10, 1972, Dr. George Duncan, a law lecturer at this University, was drowned in the River Torrens, near a well-known homosexual beat. For the first time Adelaide and Australia became aware of not only homosexual oppression, but also that there were in fact people, and respectable people at that, who went to bed with members of their own sex. The subsequent debacle of investigations and inquests which ended with a secret report from Scotland Yard detectives brought the whole issue of Homosexuality to the public attention in a way that tackled many of the basic sexual/social assumptions of the society. Coinciding with the rise of Gay Lib and the Campaign Against Moral Persecution, it was Dr. Duncan's death more than any other single factor which united homosexuals in realizing the extent and strength of homosexual oppression and sexual repression.

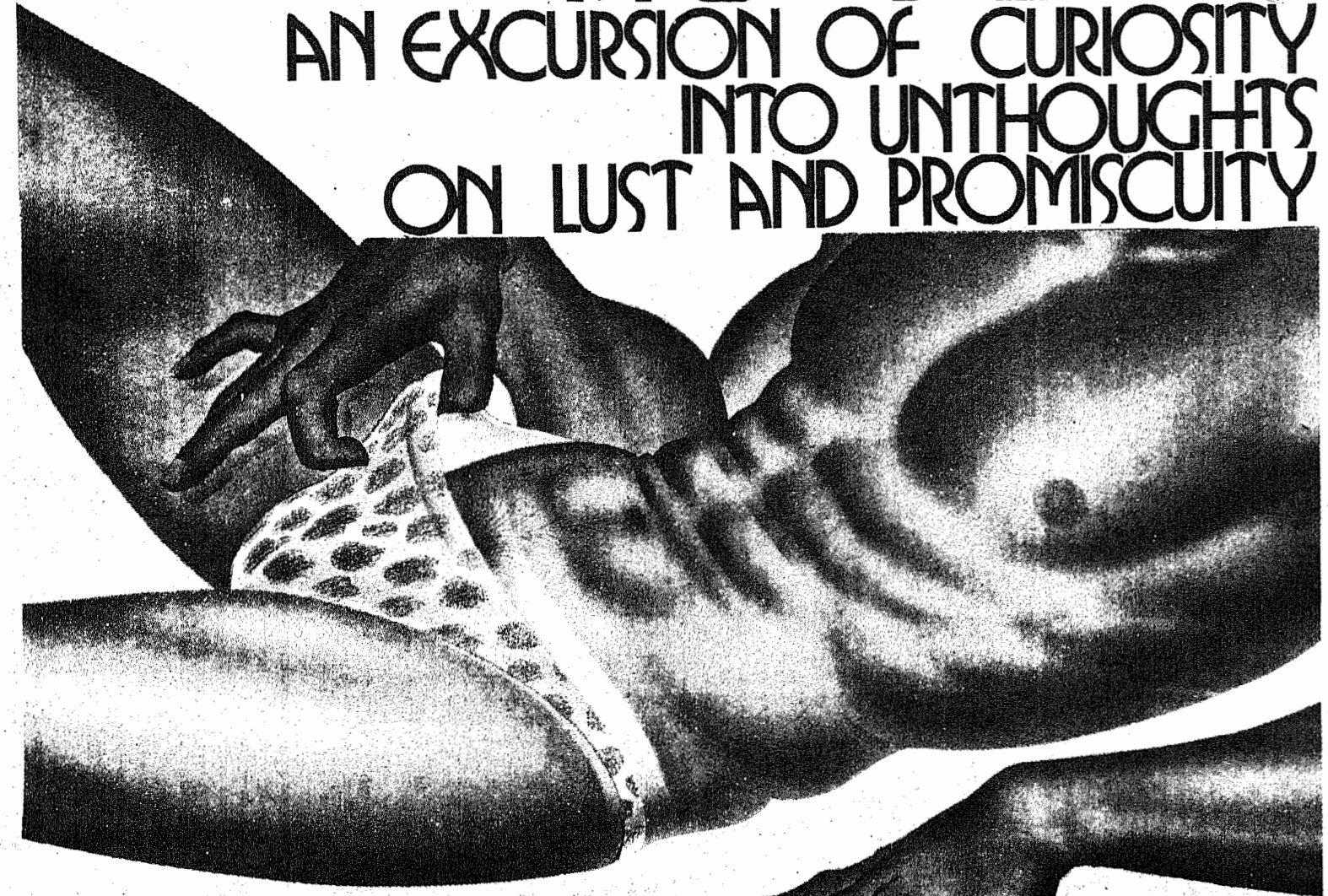
It has been widely reported and is generally known that the report from the two Scotland Yard Detectives recommended that prosecution be launched against persons allegedly involved in the death, but the Dunstan Labor Government has chosen to ignore the report and suppress the findings. Opposition Leader Eastick's offer to 'consider releasing the report' if he won the recent elections was merely a token gesture which, however, reflects that the issue is far from forgotten in South Australia. A token gesture, too, was the pathetic attempt at reforming laws which make homosexual behaviour a criminal offence; it remains such in South Australia, despite a pretence from politicians to be 'concerned' about homosexuals.

Physical death is not the only threat homosexuals have to face. Newspapers can still report claims by doctors that they have discovered 'cures' for homosexuals without realising that there is no disease to cure, unless it be the disease caused by a repressive sublimating sex-role society which afflicts *everyone* in that society.

The question, 'HOW MANY MORE DUNCANS?' still remains unanswered. Even now homosexuals have much of their experience of life 'killed' through social censure and fear that others will discover that they experience love toward a member of their own sex. This Thursday spare a thought for the dead and dying homosexuals you think you don't know. Especially dead Dr. Duncan.

WHAT IF THERE WERE NO BEATS?

AN EXCURSION OF CURIOSITY INTO UNTHOUGHTS ON LUST AND PROMISCUITY



disciplines, viz. psychiatry and the legal and religious machine, to smother in retribution what would otherwise be an unending spiral, an aggressive and experiential journey into sexuality. And not into f—ing/orgasm alone. These, again I assert, are diving boards into the deep waters of our own identity. In the words of Laing, sexual attributions, i.e. the way and the place in which we feel "sexual", find themselves under a constant onslaught of injunctions of a great variety. All sexual behavior involves a process of self-checks that are determined mainly by the position or "place" one envisages for oneself. The injunctions of self hardly keep pace with the cultural ideas of morality and seemliness; they lie in the morass of thwarted interpersonal experience that has either confirmed or damned the identity of the person involved.



The Judge in Genet's "The Balcony" begs of The Thief the following question. "Look, I beseech you. Don't leave me in this position, waiting to be a judge. If there were no judge, what would become of us, but what if there were no thieves?" If the Judge fears what would become of society if it lost the power to uphold and deliver justice, this would be a small fear indeed compared to the horror of the disappearance of wrong. Not only did it make him superfluous but it made morals and goodness superfluous also. The Devil is a necessary component of God; without each other, each is meaningless and that destroys the whole Aristotelian ethic! If the Nicomachean ideal of reconciling contradictory virtues without falling prey to opposite vices is the logical quality of consistency, then consistency may have little to do with the disharmony of experience (see Kolakowsky's "In Praise of Inconsistency"). A similar question may well be asked of homosexuals . . . but what if there were no beats?

A slight diversion. The beat is usually taken to designate a public place where male homosexuals go to find sex, i.e. toilets, parks, beaches etc. Yet clearly the mere factor of the public availability of sex (outside of prostitution, both heterosexual and homosexual) can apply to both queer and straight alike. The only exclusion here seems to apply to women who for whatever reason (which most likely has to do with their oppression as women) rarely, if at all, take the opportunity (please note the distinction between the actual existence of feelings and the exploitation of those feelings, i.e. a lesbian may like to get off with another woman in a public toilet but doesn't feel that that is what women would usually do in those circumstances) to get off in public. It is an interesting and salient point that promiscuity is a male invention; whatever a woman does is either frigidity in one extreme (now called 'penis aversion') or nymphomania in the other. A neat and clear application of deviancy/'bad' behavior/'sick' behavior labels to behavior that threatens the primacy of (in this case) male needs. It should be obvious how this also works against homosexuals, kangaroo f—ers, malingerers or those who refuse to hold down a job or fit in with the scheme of society's things, those who choose to look at themselves in the mirror all day, the old and the young, etc. ad nauseam etc.

The only difference to my mind between "G.P. Beat" where two guys meet and go to somebody's flat to whank each other off and The Newcastle pub where a Germaine Greer might pick up a spunky Surfie to whizz back to Paddo and screw his nuts off, is the element of oppression. That is, Germaine doesn't have to worry about secrecy or whether the Surfie with the big schlong will punch her in the c— or not. (On second thought, perhaps a Germaine Greer might have to worry about these things. The usual example would be a man picking a woman up at The Newcastle and the above conditions would then hold.) The poor poofter does have to worry about these sorts of things; as well as the nastier aspects of the Law, poofter bashers, blackmail and fear of recognition.

It might be argued that this is an important difference. Of course, that is true. However I would maintain that what worries homosexuals most about the beat is whether this sort of activity fits in with their perception of their sexual needs. (This self discourse does not necessarily have to take place on an intellectual level; one can 'feel' that things are not right.) And this applies to heterosexuals as well. The questions fall rapidly to mind. 'Do I enjoy doing the beat? Is the sex obtained there satisfactory? What makes me go to the beat if I don't really enjoy it? Do I actually like the people I am f—ing with? Do I want love and a relationship? Do I want uncomplicated sex or do I want love? Am I avoiding the issue by seeking depersonalised sex? Am I only able to get my rocks off on the beat? Etc. Thus the issue of oppression pales before the vast terra incognita of promiscuity. . . . but what if there were no beats? That is impossible! Beats are just part of the wider phenomenon of promiscuity. Its indiscriminate nature is a blindfold in a game of sexual pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey. We are fishing around for a target that we do not see and can only grope towards.



"Lust exhibits all the attributes of junk. It dominates the mind and other habits, it appropriates loyalties, generalises character, leeches character out, rides on the fuel of almost any emotional gas — whether hatred, affection, curiosity, even the pressure of boredom — yet it is never defusable because it can alter to love or be as suddenly sealed from love, indeed the more intense lust becomes, the more it is indefinable, the line of the ridge between lust and love is where the light is first luminous, then blinding, and the ground remains unknown." (Norman Mailer "The Prisoner of Sex", Sphere Books, 1972, p.10.)

Nothing frightens us more than unsolicited volition. The exercise of will over action has the double purpose of rationalising that action and secondly of extending our dominance over the environment. It is in the area of sex that that struggle for power and dominance is most clearly seen. It is useful to remind ourselves that the struggle for sexual freedom, at least in the lives of individual persons, requires considerable stepping over the bodies of others and that it is not only in political revolutions that crimes are committed in the name of liberty. Mailer shows time and time again the crime that passion inflicts on the ravaged soul of the alienating participant. If love and

lust are two sides of the same coin, what exactly is the material of that coin?

What degree of choice do we have in our actions? A Basic tenet of human needs is to experience. This is essential to most of my arguments and diametrically opposed to the ontogenetic theories of Freud, who assumes the primacy of compulsion in behavior. For example, he states that a typical compulsion is "a compulsion restoring an earlier state of things which the living entity has been obliged to abandon under the pressure of external disturbing forces." This idea is in direct opposition to an existential vision. 'Reality' can never only be associated with the tangible. When contrasted with external and bodily realities, the phantasy, like other neutral bodies, is a figment since it cannot be touched or handled or seen; yet it is real in the experience of the person. It is only in the context of a cultural superstructure that we wish to say in retrospect (or in intellectual foresight) that some things were/are tangible or not. This is important if one is going to deal with Freud's world of structural comprehension levels, viz. id, ego and superego. If unconscious events can occur without our perception of them occurring, then we have a 'non-experiential' system. I would refute that.

Each person is exposed to a complex array of decisions to which he will respond in an idiosyncratic way. That is, no one person will experience a set of events in the same way as another. Therefore person A may not know what made person B behave in the way he did. Laing talks about 'internal' and 'external' experience to distinguish between different modes of experience. "When employed in this way, concepts like conversion, projection or introjection, do not describe what is actually going on in anyone's experience. As 'mechanisms' intended as 'explanations' of experience, it is impossible to tell what experiences they are intended to 'explain'. As mechanisms to provide a shuttle service between inner and outer realities, they ply between the disjunctions . . . of psychical and physical, inner and outer, mind and body. Used in this way, they describe nothing, explain nothing and are themselves inexplicable." (R. D. Laing "Self and Others", Pelican, 1971, p.26.) That is, I might call what B experiences as unreal or a figment of his imagination without detracting in any way at all from the legitimacy of what B is experiencing.

As we wiff through the attributions of experience, we make choices according to the dictates of the needs of our personality. But we usually opt for bivalent choices, i.e. those which provide as many alternatives as possible. We can never trust the values of this world or those of others, just as we don't rely on our own intuition. The only possible route — and the one I would maintain that we follow — is to plow right into significant events leaving as much room for escape as possible. One irreducible factor I will allow is that in our quest for significance, we tend to lock horns with as many opponents as possible. Seen in this way, 'choice' must likely have a different meaning to its usual implication. It is multi-modular. Here is where the relevance of Freud's pansexuality and 'pleasure principle' applies. The primacy of individuals is always greater than the primacy of civilisation. Fear of revolt among the oppressed then becomes a motive for strict regulations. This is not to say that a system for individual regulations is needed (always lurking behind the learned heritage of Marcuse and N. O. Brown). In the existential scheme of things, violence become superfluous.

What does lust signify? Union with others? One of the principal components in male sexuality has been interpreted as the desire for power, the desire to dominate. The quixotic element of lust that so easily rationalises any exigency of its presence is what Mailer is concerned with. After all, it is exactly the same emotion that drives the homosexual to the beat or into the arms of the most cherished of lovers. Not content being alone with the knowledge of 'significance' or of essential and positive power, he needs to be reassured that his control over events still remains and will always remain.

I said earlier that Altman suspected that the beat didn't function purely for sexual gratification alone but for the need to be involved in an identity threatening situation. This seems to me to be the clue to lust. Lust can easily be seen as a dominating process. On the beat a homosexual is seeking to fulfill or act out certain fantasies; and the success of such a project depends of the degree to which he can dominate or control his sexual partners, the degree to which he can turn them into objects. In masturbation and the fantasies which accompany it, such total domination is assured. For a man who needs a more "realistic" form of sexual drama, the passive co-operation of women or men who have chosen to regard their bodies, and persons, as objects to be manipulated is and always has been an adequate substitute. Mailer crushes his females in a sexual vice that repudiates itself by a mystical "awe", the worship of the womb; an elusive quality that he, in his overwhelming desire to be man-woman, can never achieve or comprehend. "Heterosexual sex with contraception is become by this logic a form of sexual currency closer to the homosexual than the heterosexual, a clearing house for power, a market for psychic power in which the stronger will use the weaker, the female in the act, whether possessed of a vagina or phallus, will look to ingest or steal the masculine qualities of the dominator." (Mailer, *ibid.*, p.173.)

Homosexuals often feel 'at the mercy' of a great and unquenchable libido and indeed this seen by those who study us as a symptom of our pathological condition. Yet how different is this to that felt by heterosexuals? I think that it should be emphasised that oppression has in many ways freed homosexuals from all the brouhaha of permissiveness. That is not to say that we are any freer in sexuality. We are exposed to a greater variety of emotional needs and complexities that far from liberating us from the cultural cabal, has enmeshed us in a net of self-doubt and depression. If Marcuse's ideas about homosexuality have no substance in fact, what has happened to the 'revolutionary' insight. I suspect that the homosexual has a more intense personality crisis problem which is not related to the sexuality per se but rather due to a more liberated consciousness. However most of us struggle with a paranoia that prevents any pertinent resolution. The homosexual is forced by his behavior to go further into what constitutes the stuff of sexual needs, a revelation of a deeper and more complex structure.

If we believe the idea that all people suffer from a gender crisis, then some of Mailer's ideas make sense. If male equals dominator and female equals conquered then it makes sense that a male feels more of a male (and one earns much kudos in being male) when the sexual act occurs. It becomes a form of currency that sets up an economic dynamic. Promiscuity could be seen as just this form of currency. And this explains why homosexuality exists under conditions where the normal currency has been devalued. "It is the middle class which looks upon homosexuality as perversion; the upper classes have kept it as a game reserve, and the working classes, to the degree they live in ghettos and are not part of the middle class, take on homosexuality as a species of poor man's cupulation."

(Mailer, *ibid.*, p.164). Altman would want to say that what is occurring is a form of sublimation; the "polymorphous perverse" animal must win out in some way. Yet this doesn't explain all of what is clearly observable. Buggery is as fundamental to prison and other institutions (public schools, hospitals, the family) as money is to social life. The pecking order of power ends up with the queer and the female at the bottom. Institutions restrict the freedom of men who in constraint, exercise the prerogatives of the sexual currency. They are not homosexual so much as debased males and artificial queers.

That this process can occur, albeit in an artificial way, in smaller institutions, is sufficiently convincing to make one think that it operates in a similar way in the larger institution; civilisation. All of us are involved in the dynamics of the power struggle and exercise a choice by what means it manifests itself. I am not convinced that the gender crisis elicits homosexual behavior (i.e. "causes" it); if I did I wouldn't be saying anything different to Freud. It rather becomes a symbolic process over which we do have some measure of control. What we seek is not "maleness" per se, but what it represents; power. The welling up of lust carries us forth on a search for new regions of conquest. The doubts of job, intelligence and significance of identity are blinded in Mailer's "luminous light". For some moments we are not ourselves but wider super-beings more like God, conquistadors in the New world.



Promiscuity is easily confused with lust. It describes the process whereby we seek sexual satisfaction indiscriminately rather than exhibiting satisfaction with one partner. It is often said that homosexuals are more promiscuous than heterosexuals. It is suspicious that it should be so vehemently supported by camp people themselves. Whatever the sexual orientation, it would tend to appear that it had qualities that may just be associated with sexuality itself. If male homosexuals are indeed more promiscuous, it would be due to the fact that in heterosexual sex a woman is involved rather than to the respective inclinations of homosexuals vs. heterosexuals. At this stage in our culture, women have a reduced libido that is due to oppression, sexism and a biological factor; namely, that women can have babies. This introduces an irreducible modality to heterosexual sex. Lesbians themselves may be breaking through these barriers but overall, they are less inclined to go out and look for sex.

It is an achievement to realise one is not necessarily who others take one to be. The established lover begins to feel and think too much like oneself to be successfully beloved when he/she pledges great affection or whatever. The process of seeking validation through new eyes or new bodies becomes part of the general search for significance. Love or sex can fail if self-attributions are disjunctive with attributions made about self by another, i.e. when what we feel oneself to be is denied by the interrogation of another. That homosexuality is particularly vulnerable to disjunctions due to the high degree of uncertainty of the general validity of such sexual behavior, would create a relationship crisis.

It seems to be a universal human desire to wish to occupy a place in the world of at least one other person. But if that person happens to be homosexual, one may be less certain that the attributions of that person can invalidate the doubts of self. Here I think that self-oppression can be a significant factor. How often do homosexuals utter the cry 'Oh, she's just a min!' or 'What a queen!' We do tend to believe the disjunctions of the cultural cabal; that we have an arrested development of some kind. In this way homosexuality can easily be seen by psychiatry as having all the undesirable self-destructive aspects of paranoia and schizoid alienation. Yet these are not symptoms (or causative) of a deviant sexuality; they are symptoms of a general problem that some homosexuals may suffer to a more intense degree.

The lawlessness of social deviance may not represent an end in itself (as Altman implied previously). Through deliberate choice, a person rushes fully into situations where he/she is exposed to maximal validation. This would explain why some men like doing the beat and why others feel at the mercy of an ultimately alienating or self-destroying process. If the primacy of self-attributions achieve regular validation, i.e. if on the beat one's success is taken to mean that one is desirable and that that is a significant need in this particular case, then the person feels that he is at a more stable equilibrium. Validation for the heterosexual may always (given the present setup) come mainly from unsexual situations e.g. job, marriage. For the homosexual most worldly attributes are easily threatened and tend to be more unstable. It is ultimately in sex that he finds himself facing his personality needs. Thus it is not surprising, given the low credence that homosexuality has, that Laing's "untenable position" can readily apply. The double bind of not believing ourselves nor the injunctions of others, can produce a system redolent of "madness".

All peoples play collusive games with each other. Love and a relationship is the most sophisticated game that we can enter into. As long as we choose to be convinced that a compliment is required to sustain collusive identity, then we look for the sign-posts of complimentary validation in others. This can often be seen as fantasy. Many times it seems that the fantasies themselves drive or motivate us. But the fantasy ultimately fails even with full gratification because we believe that it is just that; a fantasy. The beat is often fantasy fulfilling and this fantasy often excludes any real acknowledgement of homosexuality. If the beat captures this variety of self-denial, it perpetuates an incredibly oppressive atmosphere that moves people away from sexual creativity. Beats are usually fun; they can be dreadful! I doubt that a more 'liberal' sexual climate would result in their disappearance. It would require an incredibly different concept of sexual congress, e.g. f—ing during afternoon tea (a variety of Reuban's gastropornography?), to move away from sexual channelling.



The search for the elusive 'answer' disturbs the solitude of experience. Fantasy alone does not generate desire; that already exists. Sometimes the fantasy does not collude with what a person considers to be his 'being'. Every person desires his own being and since in action the being of the doer is somehow intensified, the full passion and delight of feeling 'alive' or whatever follows. Thus nothing acts unless by acting it makes patent its latent self' (Dante). The existentialist or Zen Master would point out as Laing says that 'suffering is not due to not getting 'the answer', but is the very state of desire that assumes the existence of that kind of answer, and the frustration of never getting it.' It is not the fantasy that is wrong; illusionism and disillusionment may equally be based on the same fantasy. There does not exist that mode of experience that does not include games and therefore suspicion, doubt and fear of change. We attribute motives, agency, intention and experience to one another all the time. The investigation of who attributes what to whom, when, why and how is our total preoccupation. Yet we want the games to end. We seek sociological, political and psychological resolutions in our weak banter. We cannot believe that we ultimately know to be the condition of 'being'; there is 'an answer' somewhere or there is 'no answer' anywhere. The same issue exists either way for we will never rest words or theories. Truth will never lift its veil of secrecy or inconsistency.

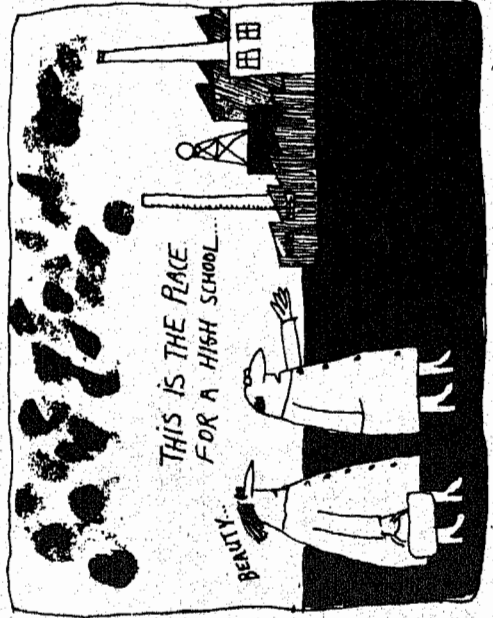
Paul Foss.



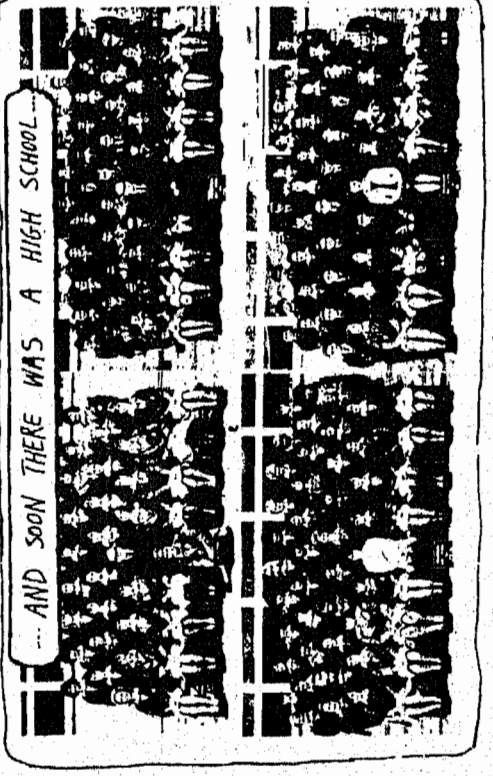
Education

Aims of Australian Education

The aim of education is to help the child to progress towards the full attainment of his potentialities as an individual and a member of society.



THIS IS THE PLACE FOR A HIGH SCHOOL



AND SOON THERE WAS A HIGH SCHOOL

AND THE SCHOOL BOUGHT ITS MOST IMPORTANT PIECE OF EQUIPMENT..... A SPEAKER SYSTEM!

EXCUSE ME...
ER... TESTING...
ONE TWO THREE...
TESTING... EXCUSE ME
TEACHERS... ER... AN
IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT...
THE SPEAKER SYSTEM IS
NOW IN OPERATION.....

IT ADOPTED A UNIFORM, A BADGE A SCHOOL SONG AND THE MOTTO... "HIGHER, ONWARDS WORK, TRUTH, VIRTUE AND COLD SHOWERS"

I WAS INSPIRED

AND FROM THE STUDENT BODY THE HEADMASTER CHOSE TWELVE OF THE NASTIEST OPPORTUNISTS AND 'YES-MEN' AND CALLED THEM PREFECTS... HE INTRODUCED THEM TO THE SCHOOL AS HAVING 'LEADERSHIP QUALITIES'.....

AND THESE, YOUR ELECTED REPRESENTATIVES, SHALL SERVE AS A LESSON IN WORKING DEMOCRACY.....

Sensation

SO THEY APPOINTED A HEADMASTER WHO WAS ALSO A MAGICIAN.....

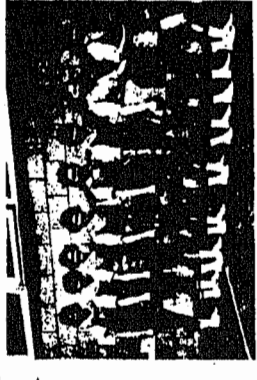
... AND A DEDICATED STAFF OF SPINSTERS AND UNIVERSITY DROPPITS.....

WHAT HAVE I DONE TO BE SENT TO A HOLE LIKE THIS?

HEH!

I THINK I'D RATHER BE A WIFE AGAIN

THEY ESTIMATED HOW MUCH IT WOULD COST TO EQUIP THE SCHOOL AND GAVE THEM ONE FIFTH OF THAT AMOUNT

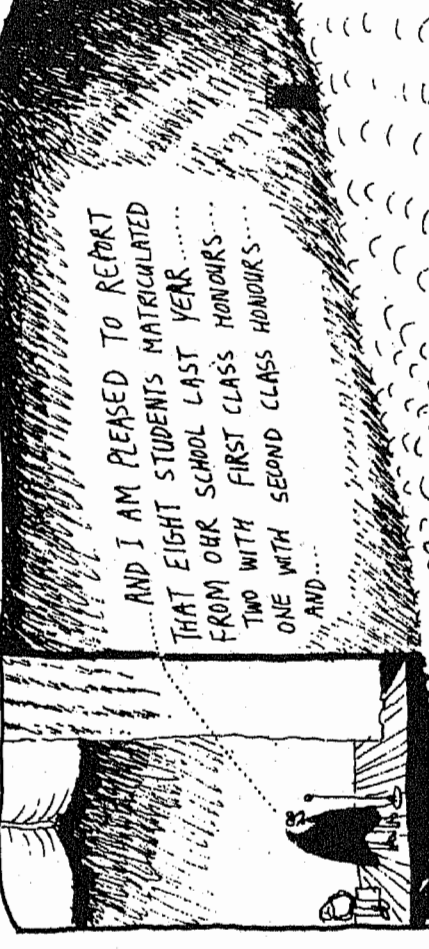


LOTS + LOTS OF THEM.....
TRAINING...
LEAPING...
STOMPING...
SWEATING...
SPORTS TEAMS



TO KEEP THE STUDENTS OCCUPIED AND ALSO TO GIVE THE APPEARANCE THAT EVERY THING WAS ORGANISED AND UNDER CONTROL THE SCHOOL CREATED.....

SPORTS TEAMS...



AND I AM PLEASED TO REPORT THAT EIGHT STUDENTS MATRICULATED FROM OUR SCHOOL LAST YEAR... TWO WITH FIRST CLASS HONOURS... ONE WITH SECOND CLASS HONOURS... AND...

...THE YEARS ROLLED BY, AND FINALLY THE SCHOOL HELD ITS FIRST SPEECH NIGHT.....

A MASSIVE SHOW OF STRENGTH... AN ASSURANCE THAT ALL WAS GOING WELL.....

AN UNDIGNIFIED DIGNITARY WAS INVITED TO SPEAK, BUT HE FELL ASLEEP ON STAGE WHILE THE HEADMASTER WAS DELIVERING HIS SPEECH.....

PARENTS RECEIVED INFORMATIVE REPORTS ON THE PROGRESS OF THEIR CHILDREN... HOWEVER, 95% OF THESE REPORTS LOOKED EXACTLY LIKE THIS.....

THIRD TERM *Lionel lacks self-discipline. His attitude to his work has improved but he is capable of much better work.*

Conduct: *Fair*

T.J. O'BRIEN Form Teacher J.V. EVANS Head of School

Signature of Parent or Guardian X

Next Term begins... when this book should be returned to the School duty signed by Parent or Guardian

AND OF COURSE THERE WAS THE WORK... PROVOCATIVE... STIMULATING...

(c) The Imperative of Reflexive Verbs
Consider these examples:
Regardez-les. No les regardez pas.
Those examples illustrate the rule that the Object pronoun follows the Imperative, but precedes the Imperative Negative. The Reflexive pronoun ("himself", "oneselves", etc.) is an Object pronoun and obeys this rule.
Examples:
2ND P. sing. cache-toi ne te cache pas
2ND P. plur. cachez-vous ne vous cachez pas
1ST P. plur. cacheons-nous ne nous cacheons pas
(Notice that after the verb we use toi instead of te, just as we use nous instead of me.)

SCHOOL: THE GREAT



work such as taking names at the school gate, policing uniforms etc. Normally, the SRC is reliant on the assent of a despotic headmaster to do almost anything. They are therefore usually diverted into harmless trivia and are impotent to make or implement any meaningful decisions. In fact, a number of SRC constitutions actually limit the topics to be discussed, and where this is not the case, the SRC is discouraged from raising certain issues. If they are raised, they are ignored. If the SRC rejects either of these roles, it fails, and this has happened in a number of cases.

Schools often exert untenable pressures on students. Schools create an environment of feverish competition between students in an effort to improve performance i.e. increase consumption of facts for re-gurgitation at the end of the year. For working class children this presents a special dilemma. Working class communities tend to be more egalitarian than middle or upper class ones and an atmosphere of co-operation becomes apparent in such communities. When a child of a working class environment is placed in such a highly competitive environment which promotes self-interest, severe dis-orientation may result.

The process of schooling has suffered the absurd severance of its activities from community life, from the world of real living people. So complete has this severance been that schools have been called 'conservative islands in a progressive society'. This lack of community is the result of an over-specialisation that prevents people from utilising their potentialities by living with and learning from each other.

Schools are weighted; they act in a way that perpetuates certain attitudes and values. They ensure that children 'grow up straight'; they act in a way designed to excessively limit alternatives. Given that schools are an important factor in the moulding of every person's character, discussion, and even more so, application, of alternative life-styles and outlooks, remains taboo. The only effective way that we can counter this 'weighted' aspect of schools is to actively encourage political and social discussion and activities within them.

The above points are only outward symptoms or expressions of a deeper oppression, an oppression which has its origins in the basic structure of our society. The main function of the Union therefore, must be to create a consciousness of that oppression, starting at a fairly superficial level. The task of the Union is to take the sort of consciousness which is aware only of the fact that it is being 'squashed' by the system, and to elevate that consciousness to a more politically aware level; it is a start at creating such a consciousness.

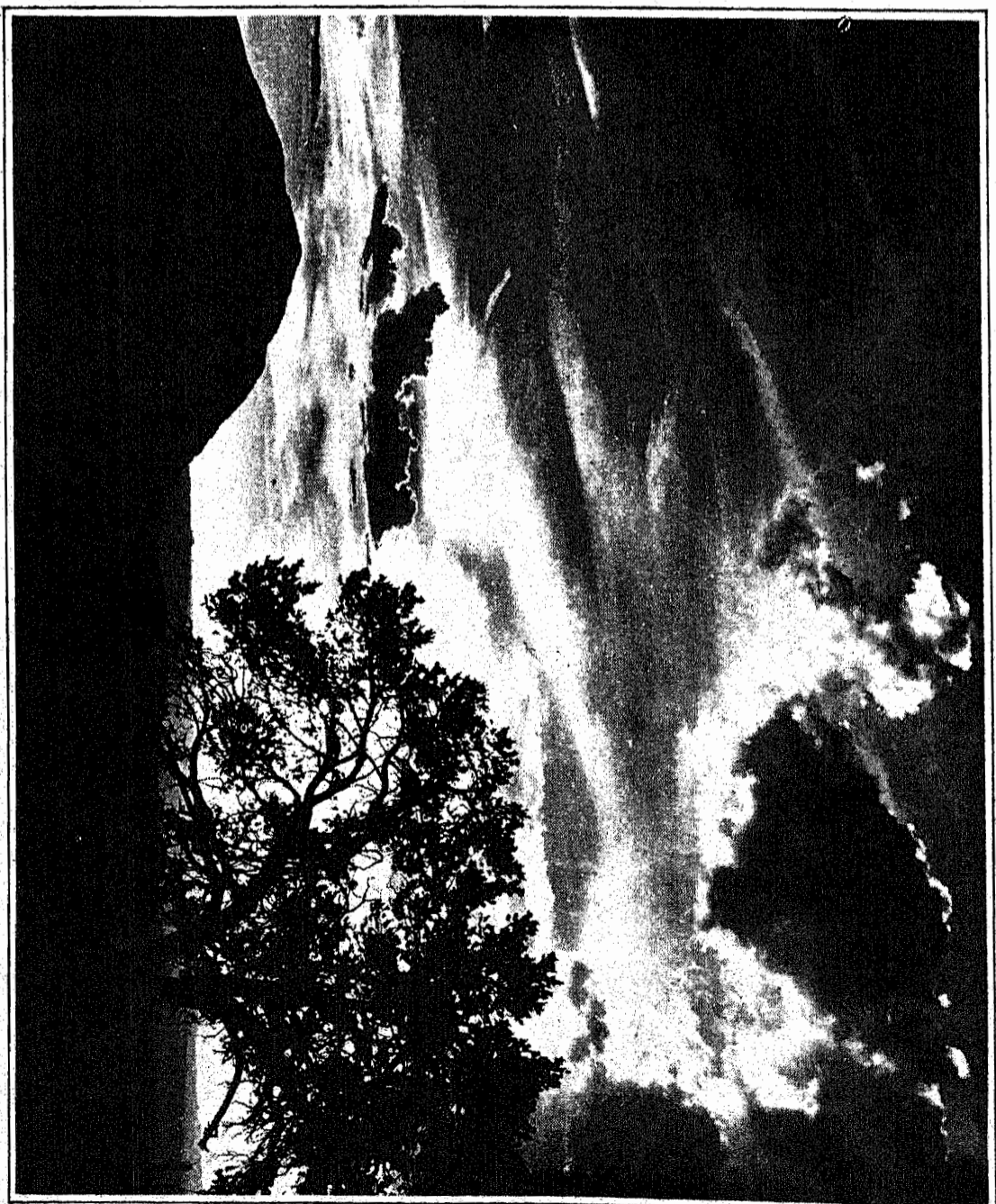
Lance Worrall
(Maccaration Student,
Glengowrie High School)

a need for something along the lines of what we propose. Ideally, the Centre should be in a central (city) location with easy access for students, close to public transport. Preferably, there should be several rooms, to enable different activities to take place at the same time. The Union would like to see the Centre

open on a full time basis, so there would always be someone there to talk to, help, advise or inform anyone who dropped in. Possibly a bookshop selling mainly educational books could be run, any profits going to help pay the rent, or someone could, live there, if it were suitable, live there. The idea of the Centre is a

flexible one, and basically it can be anything you want it to. But it will be WHAT YOU WANT TO MAKE IT. To make it work, we need people. What happens to the Centre, to the schools, to education, it all depends on you. Specifically on the Centre, we will need people to help find the money and to man it. We need to find

fairly cheap, centrally located premises with a tolerant landlord. Obviously, we need financial assistance. The ways in which you can help are many and varied. If you would like to help in any way, please come to USS General Meeting advertised on the broadsheet or contact us at our address which is on the back page. L.



As I lay on my blanket I thought about my school days and all that I had learned. I could talk like a gentleman, read, write, and cipher. I could name all the States of the Union with their capitals, repeat the names of all the books in the Bible, quote a hundred verses of Scripture, sing more than two dozens of Christian hymns and patriotic songs, debate, shout football yells, swing my partners in a square dance, bake bread, sew well enough to make a pair of trousers, and tell dirty Dutchman stories by the hour. It was important that I had learned how to get along with white men and earn money by helping them. But my death experience had taught me that I had a Hopi Spirit Guide whom I must follow if I wished to live. I wanted to become a real Hopi again, to sing the good old Kachina songs, and to feel free to make love without fear of sin or rawhide.

—Sun Chief, Autobiography of a Hopi Indian

School to the average student is something to be endured, rather than enjoyed. The meaning of school is simple: to fail is to have failed in repressing boredom; to pass is to have successfully repressed boredom. The student knows things are wrong: he cannot wear the clothes he wants to wear and often he cannot have his hair long, but he is unable to relate these to a greater repression. He does not understand that the type of institution that imposes these petty restrictions on him will be repressive in more important forms of self expression. Thus, the concept that hair, etc. is trivial, is quite wrong. Students have an incomplete understanding of the nature of the education system.

The key to a true understanding of compulsory education, or as Paul Goodman has called it, 'compulsory mis-education', comes in two words: vested interest. It is no secret that in every society, be it capitalist or communist, there are elites. Education always serves the interest of this elite. The only difference between them is that some elites are more egalitarian—some act in the interests of the people, while others (like our own) act with the consent of the people, but not in their best interests. Thus, in our political-social-economic system, the mis-education system has a dual purpose: to perpetuate this elite (i.e. the technocrats) and to create a population of unthinking, passive consumers.

Therefore there are some with a vested interest in education. This extends itself into (1) what is taught (2) how it is taught; what Ivan Illich calls the 'hidden curriculum'. In the first sense, we are socialised into the following behaviour patterns and beliefs—sexism, racism, nationalism, imperialism (for those who do not know what is best for themselves, e.g. India under Britain, the present conflicts in S.E. Asia etc.) In the second sense, we are taught our opinions are worthless; we are streamed to separate the gold from the silver, from the bronze, from the tin, from the pig iron; we are taught blind acceptance of authority; we are alienated from teachers (every teacher must play an authoritarian role); and most of all, we are socialised into passive existence of the existing social order.

That most students appear to be passive and unthinking is completely understandable as no other modes of behaviour are acceptable in the classroom situation, as any deviation puts a spanner in the well oiled works of the education machine.

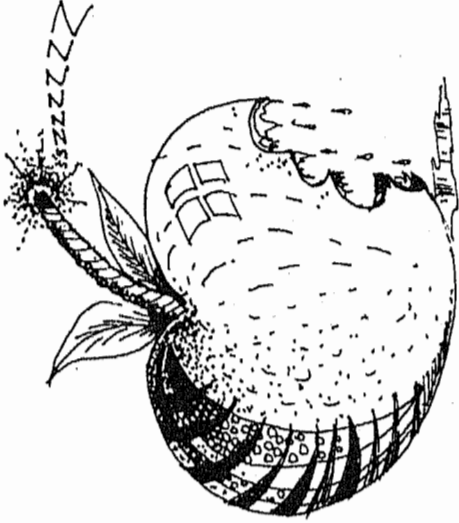
As Jules Henry says, 'If all through school the young were provoked to question the Ten Commandments, the sanctity revealed religion, the foundations of patriotism, the profit motive, the two party system, monogamy, the laws of incest and so on, we would have more creativity than we could handle.'

Schools are authoritarian in that they give almost total power to one individual, the headmaster. Consistent with this authoritarianism is the fact that students have been granted no basic legal rights. A proposal providing for suspension without stated reason for any student over 15 years of age has been passed by the Headmaster's and the S.A. Institute of Teachers and is now waiting parliamentary approval to become law. Needless to say, few students know of this bill or its implications for any political action in schools.

The question of the role of the student has yet to be examined. The concentration of power in the hands of one individual effectively prevents the possibility of collective, democratic decision making. Until a few years ago, the demand from student radicals was for Student Representative Councils. However, lately, students have begun to recognize the true nature of SRCs. Basically, rather than being a recognition of the need for student participation in school government, they are a facade of democracy to silence student dissent. A few students with nominal power are co-opted to give the illusion of participation by the student population. There are very few schools that treat their SRCs seriously.

Student officials are often used as henchmen by the Headmaster, by getting them to do the dirty

BRAIN ROBBERY



I want to talk about us and the school kids we are training or teaching. I want to suggest that until those kids get to run their own schools on an equal footing with teachers, our role as teachers is inevitably a repressive one.

I taught at a high school. I went with some hopes that at least I could do better than most of the pigs or fools that I had to face when I was at school. That hardly meant I went filled with idealism and grand plans for one-man reform.

But the situation I found myself in was vicious and depressing and that school isn't unique—it's fairly typical. It's become evident to me from talking to many other teachers, and from my own looking around, that the education system all our schools operate on is brutal and destructive. Brutal not only because of the physical beatings students often receive from teachers, but also because of the mental floggings they're subjected to every day, every lesson, by teachers wielding immense power: tests, marks, sarcasm, snotty superiority, and frequently a hatred of kids.

The teachers position in the classroom is without reservation a boss-position. It is also a position of fear: fear that you will be beaten by your students in the classroom power game; fear that your authority image cannot be sustained; fear that you will not meet the requirements of headmaster or inspectors, and so be reprimanded or booted out. You are, in the old cliché, caught between hell and high water. In these conditions of course, pigs become more and more piggy, ordinary reasonable people become grossly unreasonable and more or less neurotic, and others just crack up. All become twisted one way or another. That's horrible enough. What makes it worse is that they are responding this way not to the process of educating kids, but to the process of exercising power against them. A teacher's success, in the system's terms, is measured primarily by his ability to keep students submissive. 'Control' we are told, is the essential prerequisite of education. But in this context, 'control' equals slavery; and you can't educate slaves. You can only train them, condition them, man-

them is equally repugnant. At the same time, to deny your authority role in the classroom, and to urge the kids to 'think for themselves' or plan their own courses, is usually to expose yourself to jeering disbelief and being swamped. Because the kids, like the teachers, know they are playing a power game. They've been conditioned like hell since kindergarten to submit to any order, to believe anything they are told is true.

They all accept that they can't win the power game, but they'll do their best to break a teacher here, a teacher there, even if it's just to relieve the incredible boredom. And when you get out front and say 'I don't want to be your boss, I just wanna be your friend', the kids quite reasonably disbelieve you, or think it's a helluva joke, and trample shit out of you.

There's no satisfactory middle way, either, like being a good teacher by the system's standards and also a good radical. We can't do anything constructive with a foot in each camp.

So we throw in our lot with the kids right from the start. That means several things. Firstly, we work right now for student power in our own 'school'—the Teachers College. Secondly, when 'out teaching' (now, and when we are 'fully fledged'), we refuse to enter classrooms at all: i.e. we boycott the system, refusing to adopt any power role against kids, refusing to reinforce the command-and-obey conditioning process. Collectively pursued, this policy of ours would create a huge problem for the administration and (in time) for the State and big business as well. Thirdly, we use all methods at our disposal to call upon the kids to go on strike, demonstrate, harass and generally exert their massive combined strength to achieve student power in their schools. Anything we do short of this is useless compromise. There is no changing the system through the system. We must break it, by fighting with all we've got.

Our situation in the classroom will be an impossible one if we want to 'work within the system' and also want to dismantle that system radically. To 'control' the kids is already to participate in the obedience-conditioning we've branded as a major evil. To stuff into them the useless and irrelevant garbage we're told to stuff into

more quickly, at week ends, follow-up political and economic set-up. No one but an idiot or a blackguard would claim that education should consist in training kids to obey arbitrary authority. No one but an idiot or a blackguard would suggest that learning must be a coerced activity. (It's an old point, but a sound one, that kids learn a hell of a lot more, and that

ing their own interests, than they do during the week working under orders at school.) Is not education fundamentally concerned with a growth towards self-determination? Towards refusing to act save on the basis of reasons one can see for oneself to be good reasons? Towards eliminating one's need for direction from others?

At their roots our schools are antagonistic to education. The values they impart to kids, and the methods of indoctrination they employ to impart them, are destructive and often brutal. Where, then, do we as potential teachers, fit into this picture?

We have two clear alternatives. Either we comply with the present arrangements, becoming good servants of politicians and big-businessmen, and help perpetuate an enslaving process. Or we take the side of the kids, and work for student power in the schools. I urge the latter course of action. But we can't satisfy both the demands of that course of action, and the demands of the present education administrators, for they are utterly opposed.

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THE CENTRE

wished. In this way, they could get away from the structured rigidity of the school and would be able to create their own educational experience.

Another use for the Centre would be as a community information source—where to contact other groups, what's on and where it's at. In this way, many students in the schools would hear more of what is happening and the 'separateness' of each individual school would be somewhat broken down.

As well as providing meeting rooms for secondary student groups, it is hoped that typewriters and duplicators will be available for student use at the Centre. Students who had some action going in their school would be helped with pamphlets, contacting press, etc. The Centre would serve as an organising point for action within the schools.

A social aim of the Centre would be to provide a drop-in place for people where they can get together with other people outside of the very exclusive age and interest groups which tend to develop in schools. This would further help to break down the Matrix to First year gap, which serves to maintain the authoritarian structure of many schools.

The proposed functions of the Centre overlap to some extent those of other organisations already in existence e.g. Learning Exchange, Environmental Information Centre, but we feel that due to the size and nature of the education system and its wide effect on people, that there is

ity. Students who have successfully made some minor changes within their schools can let others know how they did it. In this way, we may be able to help bring about at first small, and later, larger, changes within the education system.

The Centre could also serve to keep the Union in contact with a large number of secondary students and their ideas on what it should be doing. The Centre could be a meeting place between tertiary and secondary students so that by talking and working together they might dispel some of the irrational prejudices between the university and the school, which are much the same as Matriculation students traditionally despising 1st year students. The Centre should not be restricted to any one sector of the community, but should be open to all, bearing in mind that it has specific aims for secondary students.

The Centre could also be used as a place for alternative learning. Many students find the school situation repressive. In school they are forced to sit back and take a passive role, accepting the information that is ladled out to them by someone who takes the role of a force feeder. Not only is the student repressed by this role, but also those who wish to share their knowledge with others in a nonstructured, creative two-way relationship could do so. People with a common interest could get together and form a learning group, using the centre as a meeting place for discussions, lectures or whatever they

These students found their schools free to a large degree from the petty restrictions and oppression in most schools and felt that their school environment was more stimulating than that in the 'ordinary' schools they had previously attended. Gerry Tickell, the Co-ordinator of Swinburne C.S. spoke on how such a school functions, providing valuable information for those with a view towards establishing a Community School here.

In 1973, the Union would like to continue with its program of attempting to raise general secondary student consciousness and transform some of the ideas expressed by those at the Workout and Conference into a practical and concrete form, so that a lasting effect can be felt, instead of the two days of a conference or the one day of a workout. After much discussion it was decided that USS should attempt to establish a 'drop-in' type meeting centre which would exist on a permanent basis and at which all those interested in progressive alternative educational change can come together.

One of the main aims of the Centre would be to further communication between secondary schools. Many students have common grievances about hair and uniform etc., and by getting together they can discuss ways of solving these problems and possibly examine the relationships between this blatant repression and other more subtle forms of repression which prepare them for their places in modern technological society.

HQ FOR USS

In 1972, the Union for Secondary Students (USS) organised the April 7th Education Workout, where people from many schools, both students and teachers, came together to air their grievances about education, to discuss the faults in the present schooling system and to determine what they would like made. Unfortunately many students played a completely passive role in the proceedings; a role they are taught in school. In the class room situation a student has to sit still, be quiet, and absorb all information that is supplied unquestioningly. As a result the student is more often bored by, rather than stimulated by, school. At the workout, students discussed this boredom, and the more blatant forms of petty repression which they are subjected to, such as uniform and hair regulations.

Later in the year there was a Secondary Education Conference, at which these and other ideas were investigated more fully. From the ideas discussed a general attitude and policy of change towards the present 'education' system was formulated. Students from Swinburne Community School and Brown's Well Area School attended the conference and discussed the alternatives that their schools offered.

Name: Phone:

Address:

School: Age: Year:

Date: Signature:

Full Membership (\$1)

Associate Membership (\$2)

I wish to receive:

U.S.S. Mailing List (30c to non-members)

I wish to join U.S.S. for 1973-4

Full Membership (\$1)

Associate Membership (\$2)

I wish to receive:

U.S.S. Mailing List (30c to non-members)

You can't get me
I'm part of the union

This year the Union for Secondary Students (of which you may have been a member), has several projects relating to education in mind. First and foremost is the "Drop-In Centre", but as well as this there are other things which the Union feels should be done.

The Union would like to see a committee of secondary students, and other interested people, set up to investigate the validity of the P.E.B. examinations and the possibilities and desirabilities of replacing all, or part of, the Matriculation and Leaving Examinations with continuous assessments. Once the committee has completed its investigations and reached some conclusions, these conclusions, and the resulting recommendations, will be submitted to the P.E.B.

Another project is to establish a community school similar to those in existence, and at the moment, people are examining the possibilities of starting such a school either within the Education Department, or failing that, independently run.

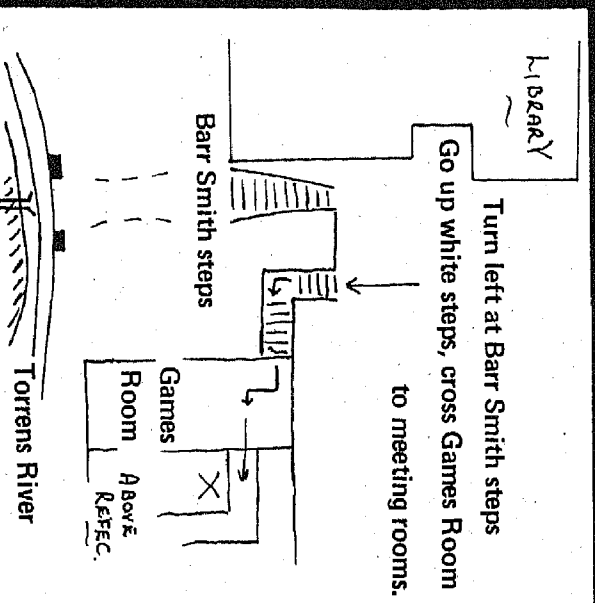
A matter which concerns all secondary students is money and the Union would like to procure for all its members a comprehensive list of concessions. At the moment there is a limited list available to all union members but this is hoped to be extended soon.

The Union also wishes to bring out Ikon, as a supplement to ON DT, on a regular basis. Through Ikon it will provide a means of communication between students at different schools, and serve as a link between Tertiary and Secondary students.

However the Union has one basic need - more people interested enough and willing to help implement these plans. To make our ideas effective we need the participation of as many students as possible. If you are at all interested, would like to help with any of the plans, or with Ikon, or would like to join U.S.S. write to
U.S.S. Co-Students Association Office, Adelaide University,
North Ter., Adelaide 5001.

or ring the Students Assoc. Office, 23 2412, and leave a message for the president and we will contact you.
We particularly need people who have two or three years of secondary school remaining because many of the active people in U.S.S. at the moment will not be returning to school next year. Therefore, to ensure continuity of the activities that we wish to start, such as the Drop-In Centre, it is vital that new people who wish to do something join.

For secondary students interested in joining their Union the annual subscription for membership is \$1.00.
All non-students can take out Associate Membership, which has an annual subscription of \$2.00. S.R.C.'s and student councils can affiliate with the Union for an annual fee of \$2.00. If you wish to join the Union for Secondary Students step out the membership form and



8-IKON Friday, 4th May, 1973

send it, with the fee, to U.S.S. at the address above.
If you would like to be on our mailing list send 30 cents for one year to the same address. All financial Union members are automatically on the list. Any S.R.C. wishing to affiliate with the Union should write, enclosing the fee to the above address.

U.S.S

-L

For South Australian high school students 1970 was an important year in the struggle to democratize the schools. Firstly Mr. E. W. Jones, Director-General of Education released his "Freedom and Authority Memorandum". Hailed as the best thing to happen in education since teachers, it granted almost complete autonomy to the headmaster to run his school the way he wanted. No attempt was made toward ensuring that the "great leap toward democracy would be democratic enough to give increased freedom for students and staff."

Secondly, the first students organisation representing a radical outlook was formed, despite many ups and downs the Union for secondary students was going to be vital in the struggle against the authorities mentality responsible for the "Freedom and Authority Memorandum", over the next two years.

The Union is a grass roots organisations which operates on a broad base and incorporates a wide range of political view points, this enables communication by varying ideas between students of different schools and contributes to the organization of action.

At the moment most students have grievances about hair uniforms etc. The Union hopes to relax these more blatant and superficial forms of repression to the wearer and more subtle forms that occur at all schools. The constitution states one of the aims as "to raise" student consciousness.

U.S.S. also hopes 1) to act as a means of communication for secondary students - this is the reason for publishing Ikon.

2) to promote student participation in the making of decisions in individual schools and in the formation of educational policies for all schools - to do this we need the co-operation of as many S.R.C.'s as possible.

3) to expose and publicize inequalities which exist in educational opportunities for secondary students.

4) to initiate action on issues pertaining to secondary students by acting as a pressure group through any means available.

5) to give support to students in cases where it believes the action taken against a student to be arbitrary or discriminatory.

and the Union 6) believes that it is a necessary part of education for students to be able to freely discuss and express their views on political issues.

7) aims to provide social functions for its members in an effort to improve communication between them, to promote membership and to provide good entertainment as deeply as possible.

UNION FOR SECONDARY STUDENTS MEETING

THIS FRIDAY

AND EVERY FRIDAY

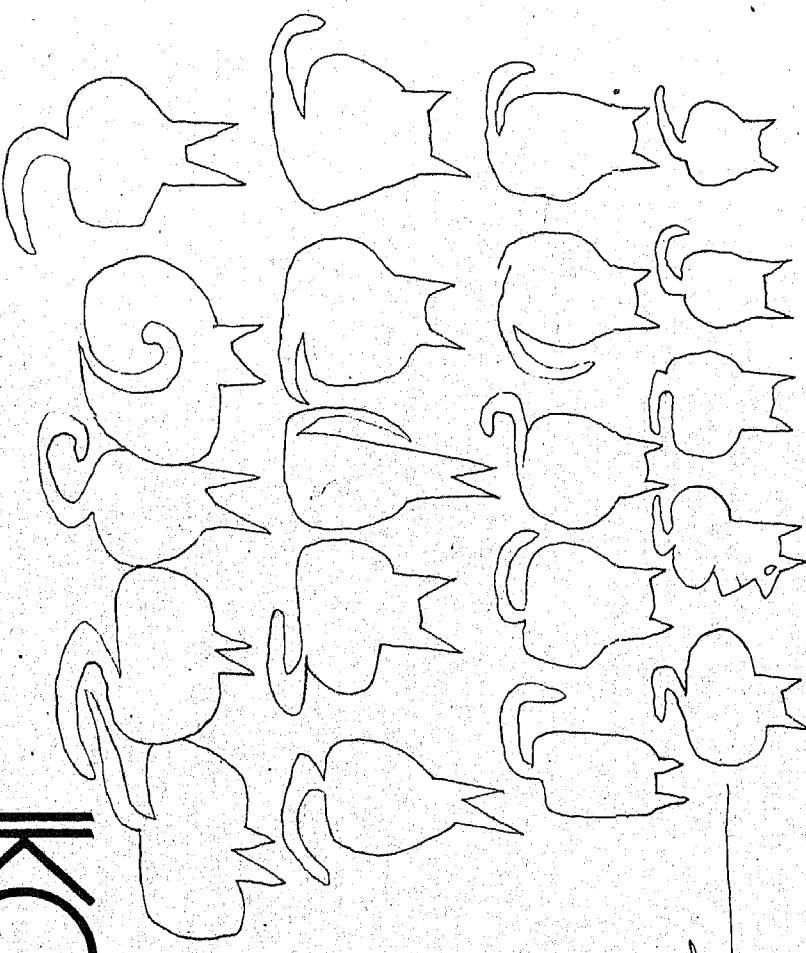
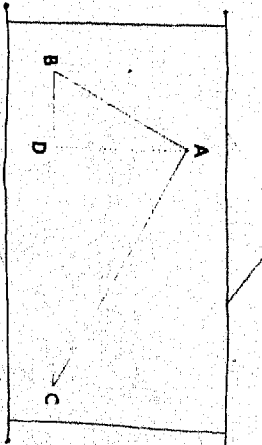
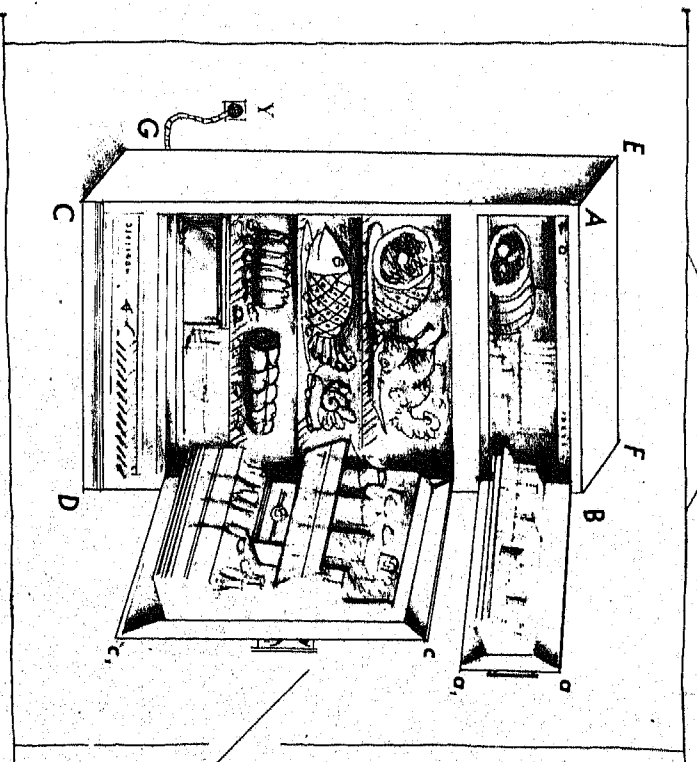
4.30 p.m. Meeting Room 1 Adelaide University

General Meeting

Friday 1st June

To discuss:

- Drop-In centre
 - Changes to constitution
 - Student concessions
 - Submission to P.E.B.
 - Election of Executive Officer
- ALL WELCOME



IKON 5

IKON produced with help of heather, leslie, andrew, lance, paul and adrian. Much thanks to the MIT for not looking at the Bus Pass.

WOMEN IN EDUCATION: WHAT INVISIBILITY MEANS



better. The only female in Andy Pandy is Looby Loo, who hides from the other characters as she performs here perpetual task of cleaning their house.

HIGH SCHOOL

When Debbie talked about the girls she had known at high school we thought of ourselves at that age, our friends and our children. The link between the image of the female sex presented to primary school girls and the negative self-images of girls at high school became clear. In their essays, their fictitious life stories they either predicted typically 'feminine' jobs (hairdresser or secretary) followed by marriage, or described exciting careers and world travels but ended with 'and then I came home and got married'. One girl said, 'I hope my wedding day will be something wonderful to remember in the long days ahead'.

The statistics of female dropouts became for us real people, fighting against parents wishes, society pressures and discriminatory grading and career counselling.

THE differential treatment of the sexes at all levels of education exists solely for the purpose of training children in their sex roles to prepare them for their 'place in the world'. For boys this place is in the workforce, 9-5, supporting a family. For a woman it is in the home as a mother. It means in fact that children are denied the opportunity to freely choose their futures.

CULTURAL IMPERIALISM

Education as indoctrination can be clearly seen in migrants of all ages and are, for many, an introduction to the Australian way of life. All the stories deal with middle class people and situations (accountants and doctors) and every object has a price on it. Dishonesty, meanness and competition are accepted behavior. It is the value of money and material possessions which are really being taught.

Most of the stories are 'humorous' which means that the central character is one of the female stereotypes — the dumb girlfriend, the nagging wife, the gossip, the catty neighbour. Men are always sensible, long suffering father figures and if they're not handsome they're rich.

None of the material in any school text books could be said to truly reflect reality. It merely reflects the middle class ideal of the happy family climbing up the social scale. Working class reality is ignored as well as the possibility of any alternative way of life.

Contrary to popular opinion children do receive sex education in primary school. But it is a negative education that denies them information when they most want it, and introduces guilt, ridicule and secrecy. Later sex education is only slightly better. It may, in part, undo the damage already done but still emphasises the heterosexual genital sex aspect, with heavy doses of moralising. Children are more aware of their own sexuality than is realised. It is a myth that sexuality begins at puberty.

There is no reason why teachers should need special qualifications to handle this subject, nor should parents have anymore control than they do over any aspect of education. Of course

For many of us the conference was a nostalgic experience — not the good old school days type of nostalgia but memories of crabby teachers, segregated playgrounds, canings, Happy Venture Readers and yellow honor cards. The displays of text books, uniforms and school photo's brought all those long suppressed memories rushing back.

Sexism (a parallel to racism) is everywhere. It is so common it has become invisible and goes largely unnoticed and unquestioned. The conference was the first time sexism in education had been studied in any depth. We interpreted education in its fullest sense, meaning not only schools but television, comics, library books, universities, career counselling, and migrant education. We talked about state schools, private schools and catholic schools, music, history, art and social studies.

INFANT AND PRIMARY SCHOOLS

It was impossible to study sex discrimination in schools without becoming aware of the divisive nature of all school education. Every form of division man can organisationally and socially devise is instituted in the education system. Children are divided on the basis of race, age, exams passed, language, religion, income and sex.

The history of discrimination on the basis of sex is short. At first girls weren't educated at all, then when they were needed for jobs such as nursing, typing and the production line they were given as much education as was necessary for these jobs. This idea lingers on in phrases like 'Girls don't need to learn that . . .' — meaning: science, maths, physics, chemistry, metal work, woodwork, engineering, medicine, oceanography and how to get the class milk crate.

In primary schools students are segregated for the first time, and this sets up artificial barriers between the sexes. They come to regard each other as members of two completely different and incompatible species rather than just kids. There is, for instance, the confusion of a child finding segregated toilets for the first time. Play equipment, games, craft lessons and sickrooms are all segregated in most schools as well as the activities within the classroom.

Children are presented with clearly defined stereotypes of their appropriate sexrole behavior.

Boys have a woodbox — girls have a Wendy Corner.

Boys move furniture and do the school gardening while girls do the staff dishes.

Male teachers lead the military style assemblies and administer corporal punishment to boys — girls are rarely punished and it is accepted that male teachers must administer discipline on behalf of female teachers.

Good manners are emphasised to the point of absurdity — boys must stand and wait for girls to leave the classroom first. Boys are rough and girls are weak.

All these things link together to establish in the minds of children the social hierarchy of —

Teachers above students
Older above Younger
Male above Female
Brutality above Weakness

THE SOURCES OF KNOWLEDGE

If primary readers and social studies books reflect society accurately then it seems that males outnumber females by about 10 to 1. Almost all stories have male hero's, if girls are present they are secondary, and all adult women are mothers wearing aprons. It is always the adult male who brings home the surprises and comes to the rescue.

Apart from the sexist bias of text books they also promote exclusively middle class, nuclear family, status quo ideologies. Denise Bradley's survey of children's picture books gave statistical substance to these general impressions. The ratio of male occupations to female occupations is 5:1 and of male characters to female characters was 3:1. Females were often shown doing helpful chores like cleaning but males were more often shown exhibiting 'creative helpfulness' and showing emotions like concern.

Comics and other reading material for children follow the same trend but more blatantly. Most childrens shows on commercial television are very sexist but the 'educational' programs are not much

there should be community involvement in education so that parents will help design all courses.

HISTORY AS PEOPLE OR POWER

The reasons for the absence of women from history books are that history, as it is taught in schools merely recounts the lives of powerful people and their transactions of power; wars, alliances, explorations. Women, confined to the domestic scene, rarely appear in these stories, along with the majority of the people, the workers, the soldiers, the craftsmen. Their world is sometimes used as background material but the really important things in their lives are rarely considered important in the classroom. (What effect did the L.M.-L.C.L. split have on your life? It will probably be a key event in the history of S.A. '73.)

A change in the concept of history will help children to see the importance of their own lives in society by relating with people in other ages who influenced or were influenced by world events.

RADICAL THEORIES OF EDUCATION

A section of the conference was given over to discussing the work of educational theorists such as Holt and Illich. Although it was accepted that the ideas of these writers were valuable they were criticised for completely ignoring the position of women in the present education system, and the social implications of school education.

Schools produce failures — failures by the standards set by the schools. Their purpose is to produce the numbers of factory workers, clerks and professionals required by society. They also produce the large numbers of women who maintain and service the workers, train their replacements (children) and generally do the unseen shit work which keeps the wheels of industry turning. Without them 'free' enterprise would collapse.

Someone must pay for the 'free'. Sexism is more than the old-fashioned misguided attempts by traditional educators to produce well-balanced citizens. Our entire consumer society depends for its existence on the subjection of women and discriminatory education is one of the ways to keep them down.

EDUCATION POLITICS

The possibilities of changing the system through present organisations is slight. Most school boards and parents associations are run by men who seem to regard their positions on the executive as the first step into political power. It looks good on a how to vote card. They are not concerned with education or the kids — only with organisation status and possessions. ('Our schools got audio visual aids!') Of course the real work of these organisations is done by the women — raising money and providing supper.

The conference found — as others have found — that everything mundane, pedestrian, plain, safe, unimaginative, soulless and ugly is glorified in the Australian education system. All opportunities for imagination and experimentation are neglected.

For instance — think of a kite. Think about how marvellous it would be to be a kite. Then read the infant school book 'The Kite Family' and learn that even a female kite must iron, sweep and cook.

Education is repressive to everyone, but even more so to girls who are shown only negative or dreary images of themselves, their sex and their 'role in life'.

The elimination of sexism and 'radical' education are not two separate things. Although many improvements can be made in the present school structure without changing its basic form a really free education will not be possible until we have a free society.

The last discussion of the conference dealt with the future possibilities —

—the re-organization of local government and education to make both the concern of the community rather than a bureaucracy.

—alternatives to families; women and children, men and children, group marriage, homosexual families. The abolition of the family cannot be legislated but will happen when there are real alternatives.

—economic and social independence for children is necessary if children are to choose the course of their own lives.

—to correct the bias in many subjects courses in Women's Studies should be available at all levels and in all subjects.

—the abolition or reform of the school will not be enough to eliminate sexism from education or society. Schools do not create the values of society they merely maintain and reinforce them. It is necessary not only to de-school but also to 'de-family' as it is in the family that most sex role conditioning occurs.

Mary Venner

UN CLASSI FADS

COLONEL KRUN'S CUT—PRICE CINEMA: at last someone in Adelaide is organising cheap good films in a flexible framework. For only \$1 monthly membership you can get to two night's screenings, at least 4 films in all. There are only 200 memberships available, so order now from Col. Krun, 120 Cross Road, Highgate, 5063; if you want more information, send them a stamped self-addressed envelope asking for their brochure. They've got a month of Rene Clair, early films from Bertolucci, Bergman, Rossellini, Bresson, a month of Eisenstein and lots more. Most screenings are at State Admin Centre, Victoria Sq., on Tuesday nights. It's a sort of alternate National Film Theatre, I guess. ON DIT RECOMMENDATION.

We need a student who has plenty of ideas about Open University—Adult Education plans, and who would like to be on a Uni Committee which is discussing these things.

If interested please leave your name and phone number at the Student Activities Office c/- Education & Welfare Committee.

JAZZ, ROCK & BLUES CLUB

JAM SESSION: May 4th 1 p.m.—2 p.m.

Free to everyone—bring whatever you can play.

To be followed by a FREE McKenzie Theory concert (organised by Funki—Mittee) "Mother Earth" were booked to appear but will not arrive in Adelaide until May 11th)

JAZZ CONCERT May 6th 8 p.m.

Featuring

- Ted Nettelbeck and First Light
- Ian Brown Quintet
- Brian Moore
- Stereophonics ("The big band with the now sound")

Only \$1 admission (Members 80 cents)

Bar opens 7.30 in Union Cellar

L—O—S—T

A cream wallet with orange strip on it. Los on Tuesday 1.5.73. Contains money, student card and other membership cards. Please ring 42 1382 before 5.30 on weekdays.

CANNON CAMERA (Canonet—QL19) FOR SALE

Contact IRVING — Tel: 42 3402

Record Review Broadsheets — to be produced fortnightly during term—available in On Dit newstands.

REMINDER — Sweat Shirts in all sizes and colours available at Students office for May vacation.

VERGO ENTERTAINMENT AGENCY for all band requirements — 302 North Tce., Adelaide 23 2755

— jug, jazz, rock, hard rock, commercial and heavy, creative bands — also solo artists.

Pat Nicholas has replaced Ralph Bleechmore as Local A.U.S. Travel Officer. He will be in Students Office on Fridays between 1 and 2 p.m.

GAY ~ CAMP

For those of you who don't know what that is, you're not supposed to. For those who do, that's cool.

Gay-Camp is a meeting, a coming together of Gays from all over Australia, it is to take place in May in Adelaide, Hey Man! that's HERE & NOW.

Invitations were sent only to those people around Adelaide who are recognised by the Gay Lib, or Camping people; and to the institutions of other capitals which bear the same or similar names. The forum of the camp is a series of papers, seminars, and discussions, plus a fair amount of time for informal discussion and play etc. However this seems to me to be orientated purely towards a discussion on how to rid oneself of one set of sex roles and achieve another, albeit opposite. I hope not because to liberate oneself it is essential to liberate ones fellow, whether it be male liberation (Women's Lib) or Straight Liberation, without this one doesn't achieve anything.

Maybe the organisers feel that they, the Gays, need to find themselves before they achieve a state of active liberating, both of themselves and those of the Straight world. Maybe they are afraid that by inviting well-meaning, straights, they are inviting Paternalism and therefore perpetuation of their oppressed state. Maybe they felt that the camp would be too liable to disruption if straights of the wrong kind were invited. Maybe they felt that they have lived in the straight world so long, they know how straight feel, and their attitudes. Be that as it may the organisers want a purely Gay Camp with no straights.

Some of the ideas as to why the organisers decided to restrict the camp have a certain validity, the first one for instance has a great deal, as does the last, but it seems to me that the result will be merely an absorption of ideas and dogma on the part of those who attend with very little active discussion or light thrown upon the matter in hand,

Liberating of the group of people, who call themselves Gay. They live in the straight world and must come out to face it. Yes, you must find yourself; yes you do know our attitudes, but you have to find a way to change the whole of the social system and all the people in it, if you want to free yourself.

Of course it could be that the organisers just can't cope with any more people, that there are a large number of people invited who have accepted, and there ain't no room for no more. (HEAVY) In which case the whole article was a waste of time and I'm trying to teach my GRANDMA to suck EGGS (Eggs?) Anyway the idea of a conference of this kind where ideas are presented and discussed, should occur more often, not just for gays but for straights, and not just on sex, and sex roles etc. but on life, happiness etc.

HAVE FUN & GOOD LUCK FROM THE CAMP.

Today (Friday May 4th) from 4.30 p.m. to 9.45 p.m. there's a public seminar being held in Napier Lecture Theatre 3 (ground floor) ON NUCLEAR TESTING — A THREAT TO PEOPLE?

Would anyone knowing the whereabouts of a missing TEDDYBEAR answering to the name of ENGLEBERT (last seen one month ago on B.S. lawns) please contact Steve, C/- ON DIT office.

FENCING CLUB

From Friday 18th May to Monday 21st (straight after exams), Annual Fencing Camps at Parnangor, O'Sullivan's Beach.

For those interested, we'll be leaving from in front of University Gym on Friday 18th at 7 p.m. Anyone interested in coming for an introduction to fencing or having a fun time is very welcome. For further information please ring Kathy Toth at 31—5604.

NEW OPERA First bonus special offer season runs May 2, 3, 4, 5 (8.15 p.m.) in Union Hall. It's a double bill of Dido & Aeneas and Angelique which should be O.K. It's all in english and costs students \$1 (normal price \$3). Also **BONUS offer**—every ticket comes with a free admission voucher which will admit you to a special **SNEAK PREVIEW** of a New Opera performance in the new Festival Theatre before the plebs get in.

VIRGO, 5'11", 165lbs, white American male, average clean-cut looking, presently incarcerated short while yet desires correspondence from women 18 to 7 who are uninhibited, marriage-minded, warm, considerate and beautiful in mind. Send photos and letters to — ED FALLS, PM. 33592, Atlanta, Georgia, 30315, U.S.A.

BREAD FOR POETRY: Your very own university is offering the princely sum of twenty dollars (\$20, count them) for the best poem or group of poems in English submitted in their annual **BUNDEY PRIZE** competition. Graduates and undergraduates of Adelaide Uni are eligible provided that they began studying here before May 31, 1973. Poems must be submitted to the Academic Registrar's office not later than 31 May, 1973.

CURRENT MARKET PRICES

ACID: Pink Tablets (light and pure) \$2.00
Clear Light (strong and clean) \$2.50 to \$3.00
GRASS: I haven't seen any for quantity for a fortnight, but you can score it you're lucky.
HASH: Still on the sceptical horizon

AUSTRALIAN FOLK—DANCING AND SINGING

SUNDAY, MAY 6th, 3—11 p.m.

ORGANIC TEA PROVIDED

MUSIC BY THE BOGADUCK BUSH BAND

Games Room, Union Building, Adelaide Uni.
80c — Children & Pensioners FREE

WINE TASTING

Roast pigs and B.B.Q. + cheese
+ wine — FREE

Date: Saturday, 5th May

Time: 4.30 p.m. — 12

Place: Hamilton's Ewell Vineyards, 165 Morphett Road, Warradale.

BAND for 5 hours

Admission — \$2.00 a head

DO YOU WANT TO MAKE MONEY?

ADELAIDE REPERTORY THEATRE

Membership Drive

Salesmen wanted on a good commission basis.

Enquiries Miss Veronica Kennedy,

C/- Arts Theatre, 53 Angas St., Adelaide.

A TRUE STORY OF A WASTED LIFE *as told to ON DIT* by Neville X Episode 2

My legs turned to water as the Refectory doors swung back and a roar of hot foul conversation socked my nostrils. It was like the top story of the tower of Babel, which is this tower we learned about in scripture.

Terry walked with easy confidence through the milling throng and I followed him, my eyes fixed to the floor, my heart frozen in panic. 'Turn back, turn back now!' I thought. I waited desperately to get back to the warm friendliness of the multiple copies, but I didn't have the guts to turn back and worse still I knew it.

Over in one corner at a table littered with unhealthy paper cups many of them easily recognizable as coke cups, lounged a sewer of students, the type my father told me he had read about in Readers Digest. One of them I think was a girl, shouted 'Over here Terry!' and I knew they were the kind of people Terry had got himself mixed up with.

'Hold on Brenda' Terry rejoined 'I'll just get a coke' and even as he announced the outset of my downfall he began to elbow his way through the milling morass of moronic students as they struggled in maggottlike mania for a place at the bar.

I stood back waiting, too shocked to move, until he returned carrying two gleaming dew coated bottles of that black poison lethal of the spirit.

Nonchalantly brushing an apple core from a chair Terry sat down with his friends.

Casually flicking the top from a bottle he beckoned me over and introduced me; I can only remember two of the names. One boy was called Maggott and another was called Screw although I think these are probably nicknames. I already knew one of the girls, her name was Kerlene, she was in one of my tutes but she had missed two in a row and I had a feeling that she would be in big trouble around Exam time. Everyone sat back quietly watching Terry finger the bottle, I could see from their eyes that this was not the first time they had seen it.

There seemed to be a fanatical rigidity in their eyeballs as their decayed minds fell into a trance, watching myriads of bubbles being created in the Black depths, rising and expanding and finally blowing themselves to pieces as the gas which was the essence of the bubbles being strove to free itself from the alien world of the liquid and become part of the greater universe that is the atmosphere I felt myself slipping into a trance and a surge of inner joy overcame me as each bubble burst its way to freedom. Screw, who I later learned had dropped out of Philosophy 1, muttered in the voice of a person who is frightened by the enforced realization of the ineptness of man against the eternal forces of the cosmos. 'You know man, this is the exact analogue of the creation and passing of the universe.'

'Bull twang!' I cried but they didn't hear me, they just kept on gazing into the coke. Finally Terry lifted the bottle about six inches above the table and held it so that the light of a distant fluoro turned to the colour of bad blood.

He suddenly quivered and pressed the bottle to his lips, throwing back his head and inverting the bottle in one movement. A light brown froth of bubbles boiled in the bottle and Terry's eyes rolled in their sockets, the whites bulging in ecstasy.

'Far out man' murmured Maggott, 'Outa sight' but Terry didn't hear, he was far away in the unreal world of the real thing. Kerlene snatched the bottle from his grasp and his mouth hung agape, the black fluid drained from his yellowing teeth bubbles fizzing in his cavities and discoloured saliva hung in stretches from his canine incisors.

As I watched in disgusted awe the bottle was being passed around each time the action was repeated but with uniquely weird effects in each case.

I knew it would soon be my turn, I felt sickened yet strangely attracted.

I knew this would be the most important decision of my life.

SOME STORIES, KIDS

OUR SOUR WALTZ

*Your books were in your desk
I guess some unfinished
chaos in your head
was dumped to nothing
by the great janitress
of destinies.*

It was like a slap in the face. Coming in from the dry cold of the street to the warm, moist, smoky heat of the theatre foyer took us a while to get used to. We stood in a corner, gasped for air and later peeled off our coats like disrobing prize fighters.

It was hard to move freely, there was a solid wall of murmuring, laughing staring, smoking people.

I didn't know anyone, I didn't see anyone that I knew she knew, but she at least waved to a lot of people.

I was more worried about getting a seat, the queue was enormous. I stood at the end and waited for a chance to sneak up further. She paraded around the foyer as if looking for the source of a nasty smell.

I just stood bored as hell in the queue, looking at her. Her outline wavered in the smoke haze, as if the celluloid image was caught in the machinery and was buckling under the heat. Her eyes were overdone so that she had the appearance of a hung-over toad.

The box office came closer, more people came in and stood where I had before. The haze got thicker, everybody was smoking furiously. She continued to parade about, a blank look on her face which changed to an odd grimace when she thought she knew someone, from this distance it could have been delight or repugnance, I couldn't tell.

She must have seen someone important because suddenly she swirled round and looked at me.

I never have seen a face change expressions so quickly as hers did then, they just slid over her face, from fright to amazement, to a sneer to a look of cunning viciousness, I knew immediately she was planning another scene and when she had a scene everybody was expected to look.

She hurried up to me when I received the tickets.

"Where are we sitting?"

"Three quarters back, where the hard seats start".

She shrugged, "Well, I don't think I'll be watching much of it".

"Why", I asked.

She rolled her eyes into a faraway look that showed her answer was symbolic.

"The old pictures have no meaning for me these days".

In the funny light of that foyer, she looked like a third rate print of Bette Davis.

She blew smoke into my face.

"Do you know who's here", she said.

"No".

She moved a little to let me see. It was him, still with that atrocious matted hair that she endlessly complained about, a little rainsoaked because he didn't have a coat.

He knew she was here because he raised his cigarette to me in greeting.

She was facing me.

"What's he doing", she asked, her eyes were veiled.

"Waving to me"? I said.

Pause.

"Now what"?

"He's coming over here".

Her eyes dilated, the edgy look increased.

He touched her arm and said hello.

She swung round. "I nearly didn't recognise you", she said sweetly. She swirled again, she seemed to be doing a lot of it that night.

"You look much older".

"It must be the smoke", he answered.

"And what are you doing these days".

"Living on my own".

"It's much nicer that way".

They stood there, sizing each other up. I lost interest and wandered over to the counter to get a box of chocolates or something although it was bad for my skin.

There was another crowd at the counter, heaving and pushing, there were a lot of people here, apparently the old pictures had some meaning for some people these days.

I looked back and studied the two of them. They were about three feet apart and people kept walking between them but they didn't seem to mind, they were totally taken up with what they were saying.

It was all quite pleasant, but I knew that any minute she might start her scene.

I was given the wrong sort of chocolates and squeezed out of my place before I could complain, so I went back to them, undoing the paper and throwing it on the Axminster.

It was only when I was in earshot that I realised that from the moment I had left them the conversation had taken a sharp turn. They had been continually insulting and hurting each other, in the nicest possible way of course.

This was the general run of the conversation.

"You lied to me left and right".

"I told you it wouldn't work but no, you wouldn't listen . . . and just remember, it was you ran after me, not me ran after you".

"You're an inadequate and insecure slob".

He snorted, "You a writer, you'll never be a writer's arsehole".

"That's beside the point, when are you going to give me my sheets and pillowcases back".

"That's not beside the point, that's the very point, that's the reason you'll never write, the reason you'll always have that dollar hunting; brick veneer, twin set and pearls mentality and why you'll always be a sink wiper and a chalk and talk merchant the rest of your life".

"It's better than being unemployed, and don't at me with that starving in a genius's garrett crap".

It was all quite mundane and stupid really, but they were quite caught up in it.

The bell was donging in the corner and people were sidling into the theatre, I fussed around in the chocolate box looking for a hard centre.

They drove scorching looks at each other and he walked off. She swirled round again, the smoke haze was beginning to clear with her help and in tones studied and clear said:

"You know I'm sleeping with Maria now don't you"?

"Damn" I said.

"Why"?

"Soft centre".

I had five more tries as we went in, she all the time telling me how it was a much more meaningful relationship, until in the end I gave up in exasperation.

"Here"? I said, flinging the box at her, "Have a chocolate before I make myself sick."

We sat down and the film began.

She was quite right, she gave scant notice to the film, but now and then she did stop swirling in her chair and craning her neck. It was a good old film, right from the golden age, we were bored by the dull bits and shocked to the core by the thrilling bits, it was all so gorgeously uncomplicated, a remnant of the silver screen age that giggled at Hitler over cocktails.

The lights went up at interval and immediately her head swirled round like a snails eyes, looking for where he was sitting.

She said she was going to the toilet, she was gone a long time, "another queue", I thought to myself.

She came back, hot flushed and looking like she's like to kill this entire crisp-eating crowd.

Evidently she'd been given a good dressing down in the foyer. She sat down in total silence, people came along the isle and darted looks at her, she had had her scene and people had noticed, but it hadn't done her any good.

He came down the isle and smiled at me again.

She watched him.

"He's twenty three, you wouldn't think it would you".

She failed to notice her own haggishness, that toady look.

He sat down, four rows ahead of us, the seats on either side of him were empty.

"He worries too much about his great novel", she went on sourly, the acid in her voice was fairly dripping over.

Yes, there had been an explosion and I had been lucky enough to miss it. A sign went on the screen as the lights went down.

PATRONS ARE REMINDED NOT TO SMOKE IN THE AUDITORIUM—THANK YOU.

The second film was completely boring, it slipped twice and people clapped and booed, a few walked out, mainly from down the front, and she kept wriggling in her seat till someone loudly told her to sit still, very still.

It was a poor ending and everybody left without much emotion. There was smoke again in the auditorium as we walked out, people stood about asking each other what they thought of it.

He was lounging by the box office which was shut up now.

There was a group of men in the corner. "They're camp", she said.

"How can you tell", I asked her.

"When you walk up to them they give you little intense stares and when you've gone past, you can feel these tiny sharp pains in your back".

She was saying this for something to say as we passed him, she poked her tongue out. "Can you feel a pain in your back", I asked her.

"Not really" she said. The pavement was bare; we walked away from the theatre the same way we had walked towards it, separate, without saying a thing, our hands in our pockets, to keep out the cold.

William Shoubridge



WOMAN ...IN YOUR ROUND OF GLORY

The golden coloured Credit Card lay on top of the fridge. Mrs. Samantha Grey. Suburban address. Sprawling signature and a photo.

1. The rings had increased in number and glamour, and she was expected to cover the finger up to the first joint day and night.

2. Otherwise known affectionately as Sammy, or plain Sam.

3. Needs no explanation as to genesis. There was no indication of her name or status in any other world than that of Credit Shopper. No freakish letters-after mattered when you applied for one.

4. The backwardness of rusticana, the paganism of urbanity, the crowded ugliness of towns, the anonymity-provincialite.

5. Hurried, obliquely slanted, still bearing traces of erudition in 'Samantha'. 'Grey' was a scribble. She might have been born with 'Samantha' written on her chest. 'Grey' was duly added at a later stage. Unnecessarily.

6. Listless. No life about the eyes. A doll's face. But passably pretty.

A micro-dossier in a world clinging to the death to names alone. It was glossy on the surface and reflected whole rooms as shiny,

golden, distorted. Today, though, the room looked circular; the wall was made of gold. At first perky Sammy seemed to be holding the wall, and peering down into the room; then it grew and grew and engulfed her. She was enclosed in the thick band, everything glistened and jangled and swam through her head. Orange sparkling Credit Cards hung from the ceiling. Babies were screaming here, there, somewhere. The wall began to revolve. The floor was soaking, clothes were soaking, isn't it time you switched to X? cut ironing in half and have more time to cook and scrub and give him something special tonight don't forget bargain Y save for your toaster, hold onto the wall then, get your washing brighter than whose when, don't forget to look ravishing when he comes in, don't, more, bigger, stop your children screaming and messing the place make him look at you like he used to budget houses projected on the ceiling and wall, no the wall's solid: we dropped you in as lightly as a feather; you couldn't climb the wall, we'd see you, mind the babies, the wall's beginning to swing again it's the way of all women flesh, you're aching? why don't you take a with your cup of tea? modern kettle that whistling shrills down the earholes stop the

baby a second then all off again as the wall, whizzes giddy in the head, the stomach, grab hold of the wall, too weak, stab, the stomach let go, and falling, falling over forwards into the middle of the room curling up like an embryo.

Recovery. Sam picked herself up off the kitchen floor. Hair was limp. Blouse had come out and undone. Socks trilled her ankles. Ring had settled between sink and stove, where it belonged. The present, Samantha, now. She dashed out, changed; tipped her make-up drawer out on the floor; trod on bottles and sticks. Euphoria poured into her . . . the housekeeping . . . no key . . . the car. Past the station, tickets anywhere, the galleries, restaurants, leisure; employment fulfilment bureau; meetings, talks, impulses, choices, orders. Freedom beyond the fainting fit; Samantha B.A., de-ringed, de-masked, delivered; journalist, freelance. Men eyed her by; a woman, a figure, a startle. Madams, and bowings, and upbrows, and hmings, and nudges, and handshakes, and good-words and flattery, and glad to oblige, it's a pleasure, most certainly, you're welcome, NO bother for PETE's wife . . . cut

Claire Withey

MEDIA-CRITS & PIECES



FILM

BOOKS

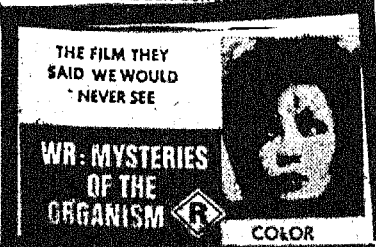
THEATRE

WR: MYSTERIES OF THE ORGANISM, Sturt Cinema, \$1 concession

I liked W.R.: MYSTERIES OF THE ORGANISM. It's a film that's exciting and stimulating in all ways. What makes it a welcome change is that the makers know what they're talking about; they're talking about Wilhelm Reich, who had the ideas in the first place. What Reich said (excuse everything that follows here) was that sex was an enjoyable activity and people like it and there should be more of it everywhere: in many forms, even masturbation. He was a strange refugee from Eastern Europe to USA who dared to make his own private experience public in a society which didn't do that. He was persecuted: his books were burnt in New York and he died in a US prison. And the film tells you the hard luck story with charming candour and ease; only hinting at the implications of these actions.

But it's not just a propaganda film... (or perhaps it is and I just agree with it, or it's a good propaganda film... or something.) It's a funny propaganda film; and it's erotic and intelligent and nice—to look at, and the people are interesting (except the Russian—people's—hero—ice—skater who doesn't screw and can't act—no wonder). There is one beautiful vignette, (which reminds me of the bar scene in Zabrieskie Point where the camera moves back through the window while the oil-timer drinks his beer): it involves the local shop-keepers and sheriff standing outside their shops talking about what the townsfolk thought of Reich.

This isn't the place for I don't feel like talking about his ideas in a critical intellectual way. The film doesn't do that either. Just go and see the film yourself. It's worth the buck concession.



AUSTRALIA IN THE SEVENTIES. A SURVEY BY THE FINANCIAL TIMES. Edited by Michael Southern. Penguin, 1972 \$1.60

This book is ideal for a quick overall idea and guide of Australia in its most important aspects. It gives a start to any further research as, written after the '72 elections, it is quite up to date. Under groupings like Background, Mining, Society, Rural Industries, Communications etc, are small summaries, from one to three pages, on politics, the arts, iron, Aborigines, cars, wine and brewing etc. (28 gallons of beer per head in Australia are consumed in "tiled and lavatorial" pubs, and 2 gallons per head of wine). The range covered is wide so each topic is necessarily sketchy in some areas and important issues can often only be mentioned. (But it is only a 'survey').

The book justly condemns much of the past and looks hopefully to Whitlam. It is good for dates and stats about all these things. There is sarcasm of the Government's past attitude to Aborigines, e.g. in N.T. in 1971 there were 296 deaths in every 1,000 born. The various authors are not afraid to attack where it is due; from 1960 to 1970 only 4 Aborigines graduated from Australian Universities, and these facts and others are rightly condemned.

The journalistic but firm style makes reading easy and interesting and very informative. The book's title should really be "Australia in the first 3 years of the 70's" because these are the only years dealt with; there are no real attempts at predictions of future states of affairs, only the hope that things will go better, but no real hypotheses. The book is more a summary of present situations in all these fields. There is no attempt to sum anything up or to reach any conclusions. The price of \$1.60 seems rather expensive for a book which would be comparatively simple to compile.

ICE Anna Kavan Picador 1972 \$1.40

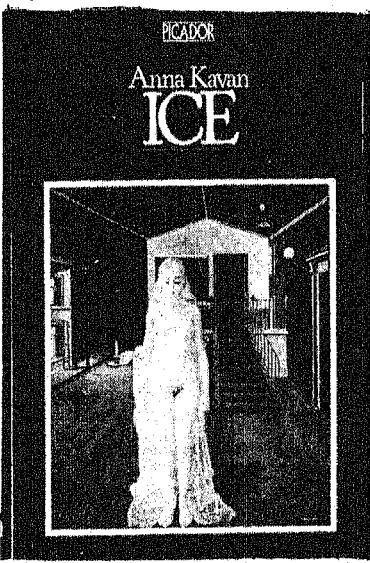
Reviewed by Alan Sandercock.

Some information on the author is supplied in a short biography and in an introduct-

tion by Brian Aldiss. Anna Kavan was a heroin addict. She dies in 1968. Her story ICE can be read as an extended metaphor to this drug addiction. However, it does not really amount to any important statement on drug abuse or addiction. It just stands as a fact of Kavan's life. The novel for me held very casual interest when taken simply as a straight adventure story (after reading around the dense prose) in which the slow death of a world, via a new ice age, is described. The writing is full of all types of winter images and manages to convey an ever increasing feeling of claustrophobia—also, no doubt, reference to Kavan's drug dependence.

Kavan, in her narrative, sketches the quest of a young man for his lost love across a bleak world of ice. There is a political background that seems to represent complete breakdown of our present society through nuclear war and repression. This aspect probably would have been more completely developed by a writer of straight science fiction. Here, it is simply used as a rather unsatisfactory symbol of oppression.

And so the novel is most notable (but not very satisfying) in its ability to evoke lonely and haunting scenes at the end of the world, through a succession of wordy images. As a warning, readers of straight adventure SF, or just plain hard core science fiction should steer clear of ICE. It should, however, appeal to fans of the so called "New Wave" SF, but only if they follow a New Wave characterized chiefly by elaborate language weaving. They will find no deep or profound characterisation here.



RED HOT RIDING HOOD Sheridan Theatre

I went along to the Sheridan last night attracted by the promise of Vera Lynn, Betty Grable, Rita Hayworth, Katherine Hepburn and Veronica Lake. And because I suspected the show would be a trifle burlesque. But let me confess that I also rather hoped for some polished packaged slick'n'sleazy ENTERTAINMENT.

Ah, well. By now we must all know just what a bitch life is. This show could have been a delightful drag over all the royal favourites in the silver-screen-queen-scene. Dreary perfectionist that I am, I found it a real drudge. WHY? Don White, Ron Gericko, Robert Beare, Prudence Firmann, Megan Colliar, and Jim Gill. THATS WHY! At least the Madame Narrator (Trevor Sharrard) and the Grannie (Christopher Harris) are still hopeful even tho disappointingly inconsistent.

Director Graham Purcell must bear the responsibility for the uneven amateurish production; nothing but admiration tho for choreographer Yvonne Howell. Her routines are little gems with all the tricks and flare of the musical film. Footlites ought to snap her up. If they don't, the Law Revue certainly will. And remember, you heard it first from me.

Betto Davis (as told to Ruby Keeler)

ALL OF US OR NONE. S.A.T.C. Revue, Arts Theatre

BERTOLD IT LIKE IT WAS!

This is a new and completely different kind of dramatic criticism. Because, let's face it, crits are really pretty useless and not many people read them anyway, but they are fun to do. So this is just me talking about a show I liked, O.K.? I stand naked before the theatrical Nick Lainuses of this world. The show, by the way, was

ALL OF US OR NONE

— a revue derived from the works of Bertold Brecht.
— by the S.A.T.C. at the Arts Theatre.

For starters, I really enjoyed the show and so did the cast; I figure it was their chance to do a heavy sort of revue/poetic thing and they obviously dug doing it and it came across. Let's get the draggy bits over

with first, eh? Well, for those who KNOW about Brecht, he's got this thing called the Alienation Effect, you see, which means you gotta make it unrealistic so people remain detached and objective. Well the S.A.T.C. laid that on pretty thick and it wasn't really very good. And the group singing wasn't all that good—those high notes—ouch!

Now for the good bits. The theme was the rise of Nazism and the exploitation and oppression of little people. There's this actress, Daphne Grey, played the part of a bourgeois Jewish wife forced to leave her German intellectual husband, standing alone on stage, making one-sided phone calls and addressing a monologue to her absent husband. For about half an hour she held the audience's attention—little gestures, inflections, facial expression—GREAT! And does anybody remember Khalil Jureidini? He used to be a Footlights/A.U.D.S. man here at Uni some years back. He was the star of the show—did this bit about Arturo Ui, a gangster who's a clever parody on Hitler, and he did this funny walk and quoted Shakespeare in a gruff Chicago hood voice, which subtly slipped into a comic Hitlerian speech about protecting the little people. Funny and terrifying at the same time. Others to do well included the famous George Ogilvie, actually performing on stage, singing "Mack the Knife", with a sly drunken grin, and Les Dayman asking historical questions, like "Exactly WHO built Rome", and "Was the King of Spain the only person who wept when the Armada sank?" etc. You know the answers, baby!

By the way, Margret Roadknight was there, and this incredibly tall, beautiful and talented lady singer is really something else, although the songs didn't really give her a chance to exploit her full range. She seemed to be at half power—but that's enough!

Final number was a beautiful song—a revolutionary anthem, "All of us or None". And it was sad. Because they sang it well:

"Only slaves can free you.
Strike now, not tomorrow".

But as I sat there, watching those actors—from "Homicide", "No. 96", etc.—looking well-fed but emotional, singing those words, and watched the audience enjoying it—furs, some jewels, middle-class students and MY GOD! ME!!! I thought, well... why aren't the SLAVES singing the words? Anyway, it was a great evening's entertainment. No. That sounds nasty, doesn't it? Like I'm saying: "A nice bourgeois night out although people are starving and dying." Well, I didn't mean it that way. Forget the starving and dying people for a moment—it really was a terrific show.

Bart Bother.

MEDIA-CRITS & PIECES

CAPTAIN BEEFHEART & HIS MAGIC BAND



As concise a History as possible for an incredible thing.

Captain Beefheart, alias Don Van Uliet, likes Chinese food, but I don't suppose that would create much of a stir. He is firstly an avant garde American muso, who writes poetry to relieve his anxieties. His original concept in music was a unique blues or as Melody Maker put it, a "blues exotica" that is "truly surreal in its spellbinding fascination as looking at one of those vaguely sinister Dada objects." Perhaps Dadaistic is the word to describe his aural imagery. If you've heard his records you'll understand my difficulty.

O.K., so many idiots get this same type of build-up and people get hung on the most banal creative as "they don't know how to describe him", but for once, the talent equates the image. For a start, he has a 4 1/2 octave voice with excellent control, plays saxes, clarinets, blues harp and back to his vocals, they are weird. He is as good live as he is on record at projecting his genius and personality.

He first came onto the scene as a poet in the early 1950's and in the early sixties, he joined with a little known man by the name of Frank Zappa—hence the two great weirdly creative muzos come from the same pot. The line up contained many people still involved with both today; Jimmy Carl Black on drums, Roy Estrada on Bass, Elliot Ingber on guitars, (still appendage) Don Van Uliet on Blues Harp, sax, vocals extraordinaire and Uncle Frank Zappa on miscellaneous. The band split in late 1963 through a split in direction and personality clashes between Beefheart and Uncle Frank (as he is rarely affectionately called). Songs co-written by Beefheart and Zappa were taken wholly by the latter as originals (among these songs were Willy the Pimp and the Gumbo Variations).

Beefheart formed his own band which he called the Magic Band which suggests the happier attitude that Beefheart had to his music. Zappa formed the Mothers of Invention and went on to shock the world with gimmick after incredible gimmick. ("It is important to note that although Beefheart was not a guitarist, he taught his band every note of his music which has been called technically perfect by Melody Maker.) They produced their first album "Safe as Milk" in 1964, but it wasn't released until June 1968 (in Britain it was released under the name of "Dropout Boogie"). It was very bluesy and has been called by the Los Angeles Times as "One of the forgotten classics of Rock and Roll". It was also said to mark the era of American white blues. (At this time he had By Cooder, Zoot Horn Rollo, Rocketter Morton and Brumbo.) Ry Cooder got the job at 5 minutes notice.

His second album was "Mirror Man" which was recorded in 1965 but wasn't released in U.S.A. until December 1968. It was recorded live in a Parisian cafe and is marked because of its extreme track length for Beefheart of 9-13 minutes and also for its extreme homogeneity of sound (Ry Cooder had left to follow a solo career involving masses of session work on guitar with such "greats" as the Byrds, Neil Young, John Sebastian, Loving Spoonful, all of whom featured on his solo albums.)

Beefheart's third album was "Strictly Personal" which was recorded in late 1968 and was a continuation of the first album. There was a lull between his 2nd and 3rd albums in which he seems to have spent much time in his beloved living room making very few public appearances, and the same with the period between 3rd and 4th albums. He had a loyal band of fans mainly introduced to his music through Zappa who was more popular, and this lessening the amount of spot light that should have been shared more equally between the two (possibly why he names one of his albums "Spotlight Kid").

His next album almost made rock history, "Troutmaste Replica" was a double album recorded in January 1969 and was marked by a change in style that was now well rick-orientated. Unlike most Beefheart albums, it was released in Australia. It consisted of short, cluttered tracks showing many new concepts.

In April 1969, Beefheart recorded an album with Frank Zappa called "Hot Rats" when Beefheart received an undeserved last place in the listings, but he didn't complain. This was the first time they had played together for more than 7 years.

His Fifth album was "Lick My Daacles Off Baby" (1970) which was one of his worst albums and is not really worth discussing.

The "Spotlight Kid" (1971) made up for the last album, and showed a stronger tendency towards his blues roots. This album is highly recommended by the authors (For the first time Beefheart designed his own album covers).

At one stage there were three drummers in the Mothers of Invention (Frank Zappa's Band) one of whom was Arthur D. Tripp III alias Ed Marimba who played Timpani, congas, drums and assorted percussion (washboards, etc.) but left for a two year bit with the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra (1967-1969). (He rejoined Frank Zappa for one album called "King King" with the celebrated jazz violinist Joan-Lue Ponty.) He now is playing with Beefheart.

He left the Mothers at the same time as Orejon the bassist who on realist is Roy Estrada who is now playing with Captain Beefheart who says that "Roy Estrada is the greatest bassist in the world". He "left" Zappa after "Burnt Weenie Sandwich" which was released in the American Spring of '69.

At this time, with all the aliases, I frankly am unable to work out who is who, as according to Lillian Roxton, the band of 1969 consisted of Doug Moon, Gerald Hardley, John French (none of who I can find listed anywhere else) and the Captain. Many members of the Mothers were told to "get out" by Frank Zappa and joined with Big-Winged Beefheart.

Zoot Morn Rollo alias Alex St. Clair has been playing with Beefheart since "Mirror Man", as Beefheart spotted him in Paris after he had been gigging in various Jazz ensembles throughout France. He plays Glass Finger Guitar and Flute.

Another member was Antennae Jimmy Semmons who plays a steel appendage guitar and who left after "Troutmask Replica".

Rockette Morton switched from Bass to Rhythm guitar after "Troutmaste Replica" and did the narrations on "Hair Pie" of these previous mentioned albums. Elliot Ingber alias Winged Eel Fingering used the play guitar in the Zappa-Beefheart Band. Performed on the Mothers of Invention album "Freak Out" (August 1966) (for which album I am greatly indebted to the cover notes) but "left" the Mothers and wasn't heard of again till Beefheart took him in for the "Spotlight Kid". Frank Zappa said about this boy "He just came out of the army, lucky for the army". He was not a particularly good lead guitarist and was somewhat overshadowed by the genius of Zoot Mon Rollo. I think the army, in all kindness, must have had a crushing influence on him as he was an enlisted man for a number of years (the unaccounted for years, I think 1966-1970).

So perhaps this seemingly pointless list has straightened out the uninformed and I hope it does. Captain Beefheart, a homespun philisopher who has founded an ardent clique (you either like him or you don't) and has become somewhat of a legend, but not one better forgotten, because on two occasions, at the Royal Albert Hall in England and on coast to coast American T.V. he showed that the legend is deserved, and that the group

is a precise, extremely close playing band of individualistic freaks. It is interesting to note that when asked for more by the audience, he got out on stage and whistled a tune called "more". He furthermore did not disappoint his bookings and completed an American tour.

Beefheart also is an imposing figure, in a pinky orange suit and black and white cape (optional top hat) and with his incredible voice and wit, he holds everybody. He once said that "A psychiatrist is someone who wants to die, in your other life". And now with that piece of wit, for something more concrete, read the review of his latest album.

Michael Dutkiewicz and Mark Cornwall

CAPTAIN BEEFHEART AND THE MAGIC BAND



Clear Spot is Van Uliet's latest album and is well constructed musically, impressive in concepts, moody and entertaining. The album was released some time ago in America in a transparent plastic envelope with the info printed on a stiff sheet inside. On the flap of the album is the name "Clear Spot" in a milky blue.

The tracks are extremely short, perhaps too short, but not as short as the minute or so tracks on "Lick Your Daacles Off, Baby". Unlike the at times messy and orimproptuebits on Zappa's LP's Beefheart is always precise, concise and distinctive. There are many standard Beefheart concepts on the album plus a couple of new directions and so the album is a natural progression from "Troutmaste Replida".

It possesses some excellent examples of blues harp and vocal versatility (Beefhearts) from Arthur Brownish (or rather, Arthur Bran copied from the more experienced Beefheart) like vocals on "Golden Birdies" to the melodious harmonies of the "My Head is my own House Unless it Rains".

The best tracks, I think are: "Circumstances" which shows vocals and sensational rhythm on drums. There are jerky, precise, changes and an excellent part playing as small tracks. "Sun Zoon Spark" exhibits a tremendous earthy rhythm as does "Clear Spot", the title track. There are standard Beefheart tracks like "Crazy Little Thing" and the first track on the album that exhibits a melodic percussion that hooks on to your ears straight away. There is, however, an awkward regression at the beginning of the song that lasts for .5 of a second, and this is the only complaint I have with the musical quality of the album.

The album seems to be a revolt against the fade-out ending and it is a bit alarming and the actual quantity of songs on the album give it a "20 best hits" appearance and format. It is, however, one of his best and apparently his most commercial album. All the parts are excellent and there's a beautiful Rip-off like piece that pokes at the Tamla-Motown sound called "Too Much Time"; it even employs a group called "The Blackberries". Beefheart is a master of musical subtlety in rock, and with that note, hopefully of controversy, I leave you to listen and judge for yourself.

Michael Dutkiewicz

MOTORING

This is the most exhaustive road test ever carried out. In 1952 my grandfather bought a black FJ (alias: hundred years holden) and determined to find out if the modern automotive industry made cars like in the good ole days. 100,000 miles have passed and I have at last compiled our in-depth report.

The FJ will always be remembered as the first car to take the workers to their picnics, the last Australian car to have real leather seats; the first to have door to door carpeting and the last to have a 1/16" thick steel body. It was the ideal car to drive to Victor Harbour at a time when it was bloody stupid to drive to Melbourne.

Well, what's happened since those days when we could proudly say "HOLDEN" and nobody knew it meant "GMH". Those vital days when pollution was still young (and Menzies too), when the wars had all stopped and the FJ's all started.

Cheer up, you know what's changed... The roads. It doesn't matter if you drive a Rolls or a jalopy. You still feel a bump when you hit one. Now a bump's a bumps, a bump;— But — there are no more bumps. Why pay \$378.50 extra, just so that the few times you do hit a bump its not quite as bad. Well, the answer's obvious — a

Rolls Royce is endowed with a considerable amount of status BUT LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING — AN FJ'S GOT CLASS.

Here's my poem:

*I was driving along
in my Holden one day
when I hit up a joint
to see what's the point
the stuff was so strong...
that f.j. got gay...
I have learnt my lesson
& stored it away...
"don't point strong joints
at no gay f.j.*

Maybe you think I'm biased and too attached to the old Holden. Yet when you get out on the road in one you'll be amazed. A good way to find out is to drive one up a steep hill. As it approaches it will stutter and stammer, but never fear, they are just feeble excuses. As you steadfastly progress up the hill the engine will boil, run out of petrol, and the car will get a few flat tyres. However as you approach the crest these symptoms will quickly disappear and the car will look positively gleeful at the prospect of going down the other side. One of the few times the f.j. will be of any worry to you. This unique exchange of emotion

is what makes the f.j. so dear to me. (try some smallish hills first)

STATISTICS
Petrol Consumption

The petrol consumption can be very good, but the best related feature is the consumption gauge; if at any time you wish to find how its going just turn on the wind screen wipers; I have worked out a rough guide

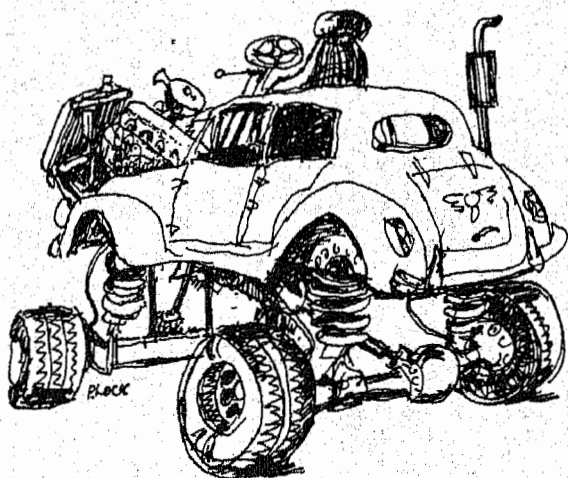
5 wipes/min. very good consumption
no wipes/min. good to bad
no windscreen wipers — (leaky petrol tank too)

Safety Features
Highest practical speed—35 mph

Performance
Just enough to accelerate in times of danger, yet not quite enough to be of any value.

Speed in gears; not recommended
Paintwork
Usually quite a bit is needed.

If you are at all interested in writing a review about anything which doesn't fit in to the normal review format of this paper, write it then give it to ME c/o On Dit Office.



MEDIA-CRITS & PIECES

RECORDS

THEY ONLY COME OUT AT NIGHT

Edgar Winter Epic

The 70's would seem to be the era of gimmicky for rock and roll. The last decades progression of counter culture bore fine fruit such as the upsurge of folk music, the "Merseybeat", the Stonos, a blues revival and Haight-Ashbury's "flower power" and resultant head music. But this has given way to plastic pop where effects and hype are more relevant criteria for record sales than musical value. On this basis it would be easy to can Edgar Winter.

For a start the cover photos depict him as a glittering (and isn't that flogging a dead horse?) albino. We all know that brother Johnny is the real thing but could Edgar be jumping on the pink eyed band wagon? All this would be OK if only the music had something to offer—but it's mostly pretty secondhand, i.e. Top 40 r+b with a ballad or two thrown in but there is "Rock 'n' roll boogie woogie blues" — a gutsy piece neatly described by its name.

There's even a reggae . . . But the last track Frankenstein is the face saver. E.W. double-tracks on ARP synthesiser and produces some horrifically weird sounds plus an amazing imitation of a Blackmore guitar solo. Put your headphones on for this one and see if it doesn't bend your head!

Apart from this act Winter is rarely sighted instrumentally, tho' he is credited with saxes, clarinet, piano and organ, timbals and marimba. It's Ronnie Montrose who comes on strong track after track with powerful but not too showy guitar work — he lifts many songs beyond mere mediocrity.

After his sax work with his brother it comes as a disappointing, very average set from Edgar and the boys in the band, proving perhaps that all that glitters is not gold.

Mike Leach

DER FLIEGENDER HOLLANDER, D.G.G.

From Bayreuth 1971, under the direction of Karl Bohm, comes a new treatment of Wagner's "THE FLYING DUTCHMAN". Its difficult to recall a more authentic or authoritative treatment than this. And if you've already got "The Ring", "Parsifal" and "Tristan and Isolde", then its certainly indispensable and should be acquired in preference to "Tannhauser" or "Lohengrin". If you aren't so far into Wagner, then let me suggest—

ONE, that you not bother with the Nineteenth century boyos at all but instead hit the latter half of the 20th C.

TWO, that if you must dabble in decadence then let it be French froth or Italian acrobatics, and leave the Teutons to wallow in the ridiculous selfimpotence of those twilight idylls.

THREE, that if you really insist (in the face of all canons of good taste) in confronting the Wagner revolution, then please look at the music and not the man.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN was Wagner's first success, in which he first used the theme of redemption through woman's love (which was to recur with absurd regularity in ALL his later works). As opera, tho', its undistinguished. Only the overture suggests his developing notions of the LIETMOTIV. I would salvage the opera by cutting all of the first act except the Dutchman's monolog. This would be given in front of the curtain, which would then rise for the rest of the drama.

Its ironic that the same man who wrote so much about "Opera and Drama" espousing a new form of music-drama should have become the epitome of the flaxen-haired, helmeted, breast-plated warrior-maiden, that Justin McDonnell claims is the very antithesis of music-drama! Perhaps its a question of heavy-handedness—Nietzsche despairingly withdrew his hope of salvation from Wagner's satin silk antisemitist fetishism and bestowed it on Bizet's Mediterraneanism for this very reason. But if you like Mahler, then you'll love anything by this poseur. And isn't that what the gramophone is partly about.

H. F. Chorley

EARTHBOUND

King Crimson Island

Having read Melody Maker descriptions of such phenomenal feats as mellotron duels between Fripp and Sinfield, the prospect of a live King Crimson album first struck me with some enthusiasm. This album, recorded at several American concerts, fails somewhat in satisfying this enthusiasm, however. It is like coming back to a bacchanalian party after everyone has gone home.

King Crimson's music is understandably difficult to perform live. One envisages a pocket orchestra; instead, we are confronted with Robert Fripp on guitar, Boz Burrell on bass and vocals, Mel Collins on saxes and mellotron, and Ian Wallace on drums. Scarcely even a skeletal representation of the King's august majesty. But they try. This wasted, fleshless corpse has the gall to try.

The inevitable "21st Century Schizoid Man" opens the album, a very savage version of it, with curious electronic vocals

from Boz. His only vocals, virtually. He does an inferior sort of scat singing on "Earthbound" and "Peoria", two vague, formless, meaningless and boring instrumentals which sound like a very tired Miles Davis. There is also a short, ineffectual version of "A Sailor's Tale", not quite as solid and wall-like as the one on "Islands". A pity; I would have thought it would make a good live track.

The saving track, however, is the final one, fifteen minute "Groom", which alert Crimson freaks will recognize as the nervous, leaping instrumental from "Cat Food". At first it may bore, but after several hearings it readily becomes the best of the five tracks, a berserk, feline beast bouncing insanely all over your room. There is only one thing missing from it, Keith Tippett's Amazing Electric Schizophrenic Piano. There even seem to be holes and gaps left discreetly here and there for Keith to fill. His inclusion would make "Groom" the masterpiece it nearly becomes.

"Earthbound" is not a step forward for King Crimson, but a stalling for time. If you want a true representative of the Crimson talent, listen to "Lizard" or "Islands". "Earthbound" will only satisfy you if you are in the mood for screaming, inhuman but uncomplicated power. It destroys very nicely.



PREVIN & PONCE, TWO CONCERTOS, John Williams and Andre Previn, C.B.S.

Previn's concerto, first performed in November, 1971, makes no claim to being anything but entertaining. It is wholly tonal and almost excessively lyrical. The satirical third movement includes interruptions by a combo of electric guitar, electric bass, and drums. Alongside the sound produced by Williams' guitar and the L.S.O., these tools-in-trade of rock expose their genre in all its utter rapidity. All quite funny, but I doubt whether the rock heavies would be amused.

Side two contains the Ponce concerto. The composer, his name notwithstanding, has never been well known. He wrote this work for Segovia, who gave its first performance in 1941. It is hard to imagine the master playing it any better than does Williams on this recording. It is very

much a showpiece for the instrument, amply displaying the wide range of sound of which it is capable. The music is immediately appealing in a folksy summer evening sort of way, and is in fact based to a large extent on Mexican folk melodies and harmonies, which exhibit, as far as they are evidenced in this work, a marked affinity with eastern european folk music.

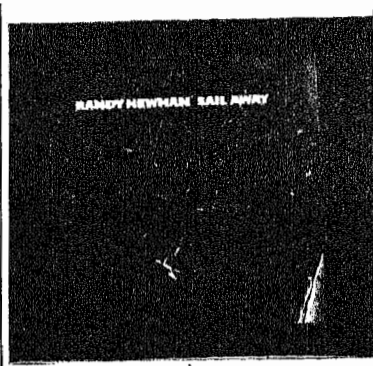
Record Reviews, wherein reviewers try to make their subjective evaluations of experience seem objective, just fooks things up. Look, we all know that what it boils down to is: do i like it or not? Having got that straight (and its not always black/white) you can give lots of reasons—u can rationalise it to such an extent that it seems objective and the PUBLIC (man!) pays attention to that crap and forms its musical tastes to connect with the best rationalised records. On the other side we got Nick L. trying to be subjective (and implying some kinda objective thing with that!) AW Fook that! I know they're trying, but nobody pays much attention to it, nobody wants to hear in words what records sound like; u want to hear the record! O.K.? So when a friend says he's heard a good record, u listen to him (or not) 'cos he's your friend and you know what he likes, u've experienced things with him, u've lived with him—O.K.? So i'll tell u what i like and then say a simple thing about *Long John Silver, Worst of* by Jefferson Airplane. If u see something u like that i like, then listen to the record; if u dont, then listen anyway. i like: colours, sunsets, dawns, moonlight, walking, green/orange/red, trees, kissing, fires, Ondit, Paul Paech, backs/arms/logs/pussies, Sandy, cold/hot days, riding motor bikes—its the wind, man!—smiling, yelling, talking, sleeping, Zappa, rain, *Eat a Peach*, Neil Young, Jethro Tull, John McLaughlin's guitar when it sounds like the sun (on *Dawn*), Deja Vu, Chain, *Stairway to Heaven*, Pink Floyd, Fleetwood Mac, (shit man . . .) The Beatles, Lying outside, dope/acid, playing games, not taking their things too seriously, doing what makes me & u feel good, moving . . . experience . . . (There's a lot more but . . .)

statement: *I really like Jefferson Airplane* (because they sound beautiful, Oh, those harmonies, that incredible guitar, lyrics, beat etc. etc.) Listen to it—and make up your own mind. The only thing i wanta do is make u awake.

SAIL AWAY

Randy Newman. Reprise

Randy Newman usually gets voted MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED NEXT YEAR UP AND COMING ROCK STAR and gets awards like MOST OUTSTANDING ROCK PERFORMER OF THE YEAR (any year) and MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED NEXT YEAR. The critics love Randy. Randy Newman gets his songs sung into hits by other artists. Nilsson did a



whole album of Randy's songs: NILSSON SINGS NEWMAN (unreleased here, of course). Other artists love Randy. YOU will love Randy, if you get to know him. This is Randy. Randy is proud to be American: Randy, as IMPORTER, explains to all the little wogs how proud they will be too — In America you'll get food to eat/Won't have to run through the jungle/And scuff up your feet/Y ou'll just sing about Jesus and drink wine all day/It's great to be an American.

Randy is a political scientist with a solution: Let's drop the BIG ONE NOW! But he wants to save Australia cos we got kangaroos and surfing too. And he also wants to build an all-American amusement park here. So that's his political science! Randy is Simon Smith and he takes his (amazing) dancing bear out for walks and is: Seen at the nicest places where well-fed faces all stop to stare/Making the grandest entrance is S.S. and his dancing bear.

Randy makes rivers burn. Have you ever watched a river BURN? You will in BURN ON: Burn on, big river/burn on. Randy thinks about God a lot. He knows that HE GIVES US ALL HIS LOVE/He's smiling down at us from up above and even knows how it is LONELY AT THE TOP. He laments: Oh, it's lonely at the top. Randy is a dirty, filthy blasphemer. Listen to Randy's dirty, filthy blasphemies in GOD'S SONG (it's really Randy's) And squeal and squirm in delight . OH, Randy! Randy comforts old men, in OLD MAN: Don't cry old man, don't cry/Everybody DIES.

Randy Newman sings with crab-apples in his cheeks (and writes, and plays) He'll put crab-apples in YOUR cheeks too if you let him. Randy is a concerned parent. He sends memos to his son, these kind: A quitter never wins/A winner never quits/When the going gets tough/The tough get going. That's called American character building. Randy is nostalgic, romantic, he reminisces. Let's sing a song of long ago/When things were green and movin' slow/And people'd stop to say hello/Or they'd say Hi to you. That's Dayton, Ohio on a lazy Sunday afternoon in 1903.

Randy is generous, considerate, thoughtful: Baby take off your coat . . . (real slow) Baby take off your shoes (here I'll take your shoes)/Baby take off your dress/Yes, Yes, Yes./YOU CAN LEAVE YOUR HAT ON. Ain't that a nice sentiment?

Randy has awful dreams: I saw a vampire/I saw a ghost/Everybody scared me but you scared me the most.

Randy Newman puts people on forgets to take them off. Do the same to Randy. He'll love you for it.

Randy Newman is an AMAZING HUMAN and amazing humans deserve to be STARS. So make Randy a BIG, BIG STAR. And then he won't be embarrassed with all those "Most promising . . ." awards any more. And you won't be either. And those crab-apples WILL be there.

Oh, . . . Randy plays piano . . . and sings . . . and writes . . . GOOD . . . REAL GOOD.

Nick

REVIEWS OF REVIEWERS' REVIEWS

In future ON DIT will forward such letters direct to the people concerned. We reckon it's getting a bit boring.

For a brief moment I find it difficult to take your letter seriously. Your comments about Nick, Iain and myself seem too pointed to be a mere dissatisfaction, and anyway, who really throws himself into record reviews body and soul? As an occasional reviewer, I am no more than a music freak putting several feelings together to let others know how I feel. My reasons for choosing Zappa's "Lumpy Gravy" were twofold. First, it is not available out here, and as far as I know was never released. Second, I like it and think other people should at least be made aware of it. Hence the review.

Why do you bitch so obviously about "intellectual" attitudes? It would appear you have a thing against examining anything on any plane other than the most superficial. I just happen to have a thing about analysis; no one else has to appreciate it. I didn't mention Nietzsche to show off; I merely remembered a past incident which was astoundingly applicable to the present one.

By the way, my name is SPAN, not Spam. I checked my copy of On Dit, and it's spelt correctly in there. You might show a little courtesy when you're abusing people. Smile as you slide the knife in, if you see what I mean.

My opinion is that your attitude to music (and probably any other forms of art/entertainment) is on a fairly low level and considerably physical. You have no time for "pretentiousness" or involved dissections of music, because you have never been deep enough into your own self-amusement to appreciate it, you have never been hit by a record so heavily that you want to tell others about it. Oh, of course, but you like rock, don't you? "The only pure form of music" That explains it. There's not much in straight rock to make you want to stand on a chair and scream. That would be embarrassing, wouldn't it?

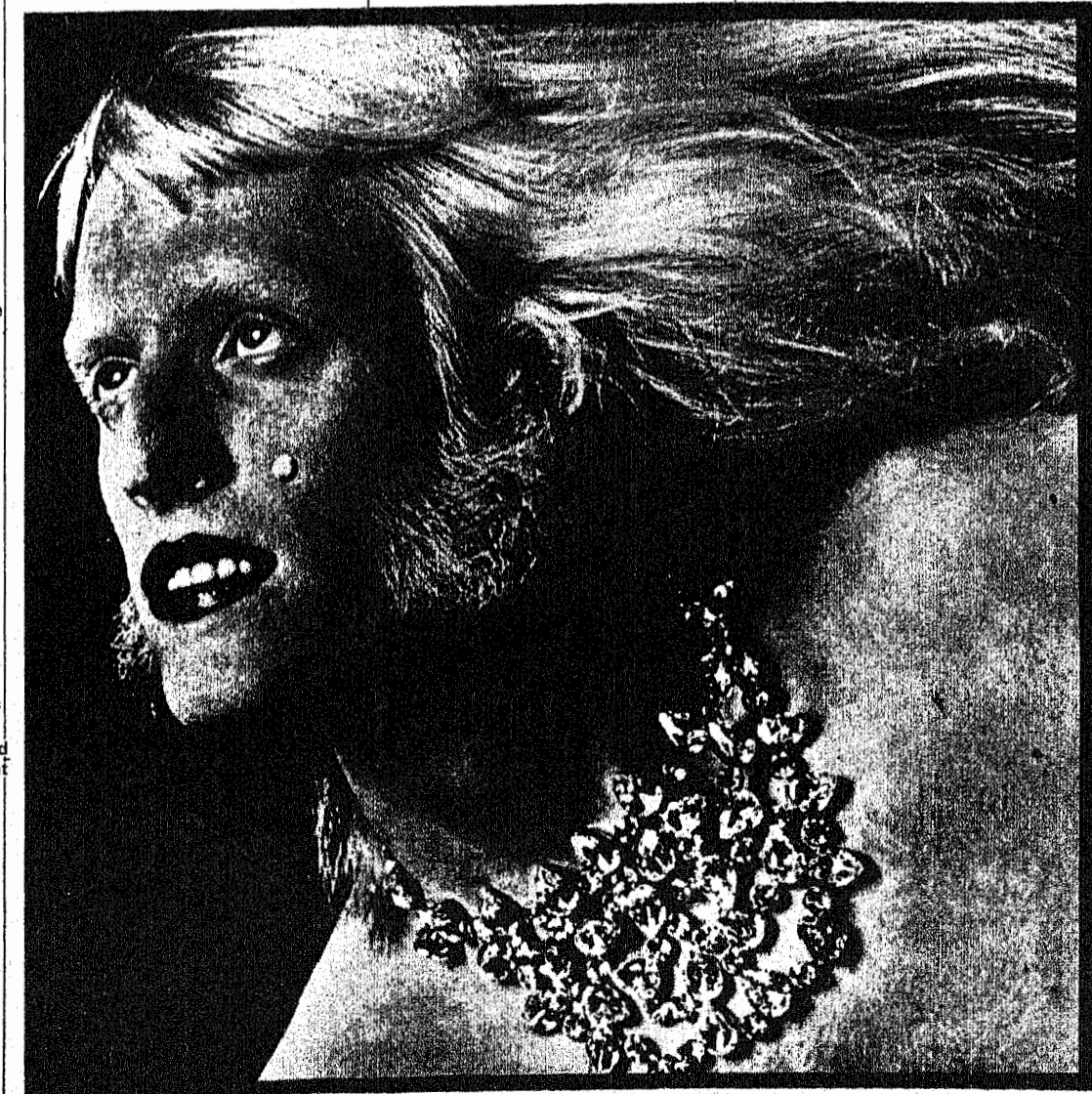
Oh well. When nobody's listening, you can play your Zeppelin, Purple and Sabbath albums until they drive you around the bend. Whatever turns you on, Francis. Span

Well Francis or Frank or Mr. Vincent or whoever thank you for your letter. I picked it up in the On Dit office. Time to write this. Not much to say except I'm keeping well away from any "intellectualism", sick pretentiousness, and humourless seriousness—I'm serious (really I am). A few points:

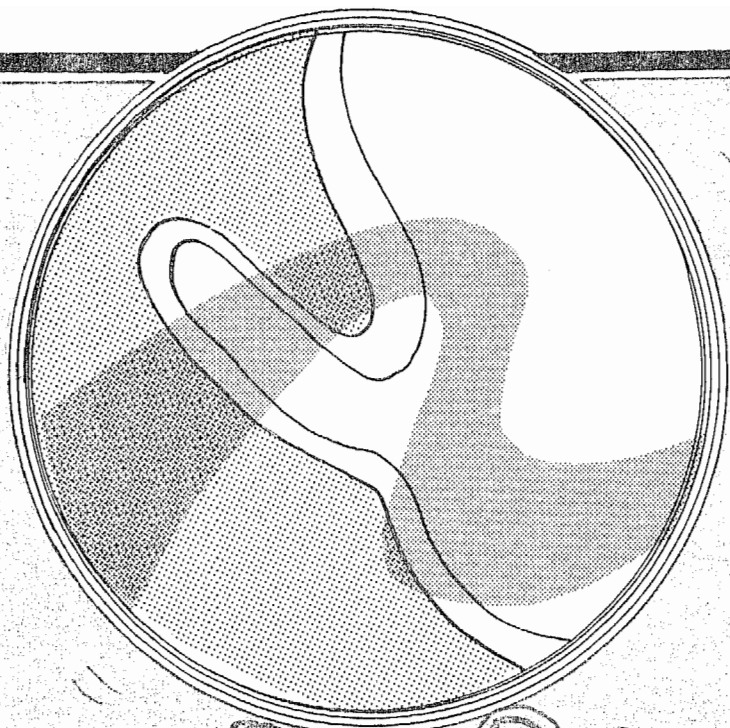
1. Unpleasant trends have a habit of being very unpleasant for those who consider them unpleasant.
2. It is obvious to me that YOU, at least you, one person, one, DID GET THE HUMOUR OF MY LAST LETTER (Thank you.) (You did get the humour of my last letter?)
3. I am serious about my music JUG JUG JUG JUG JUG. Are you? TWIT TWIT TWIT.
4. I am INTELLECTUALLY serious about my music. "Yeah man, cool, hey cat, this track's a groove . . . wow man . . . no shit . . ."
5. THE NEWS (today's news today/yesterday's records tomorrow) has GREAT record reviews, JUST GREAT. Give them a try.
6. It follows from the above five premises, logically, and conclusively, that I think you are a science student. Am I right? . . . Science Graduate? Ha—I thought so.

All I really want to say Francis is, thank you, I mean, well, thanks a lot for your CRIT . . . I have taken heed of your lead . . . I have already applied for the position of HEAD record reviewer of Rolling Stone. My advice to you Francis is get stoned (find someone and ask him what that means). I base that sound advice on the unlimited promise that last sentence of yours exhibits. It's a real gem, Frank, Mr. Vincent . . . the neat, precise, perfect way you sum everything up shows DEFINITE talent, a most RECEPTIVE mind. I'd love to get back to rock with you, Frank, rock as in "the only pure form of musical creativity," but I've got to roll elsewhere.

Keep COOL, calm, collected. Drink lots of orange juice with tons of sugar when your mouth gets dry . . . I hear on the orangevine that Bill Haley has a new LP out soon, called "Rock Around the Clock", 13th impression . . . ZAP, what a mother-fucking mindblower, Well, must walk the cat. LISTEN.



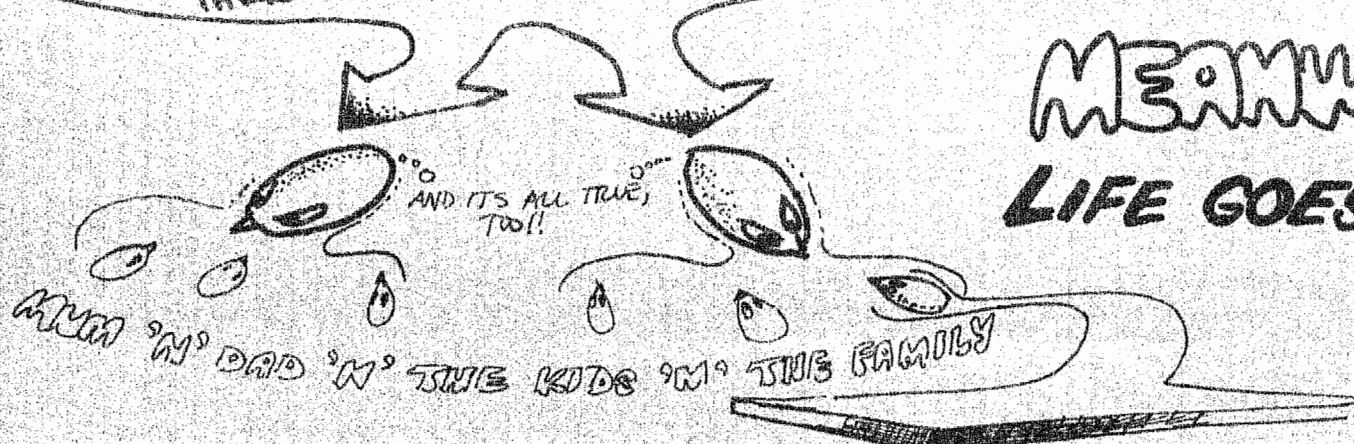
LIFE'S



A BALL!

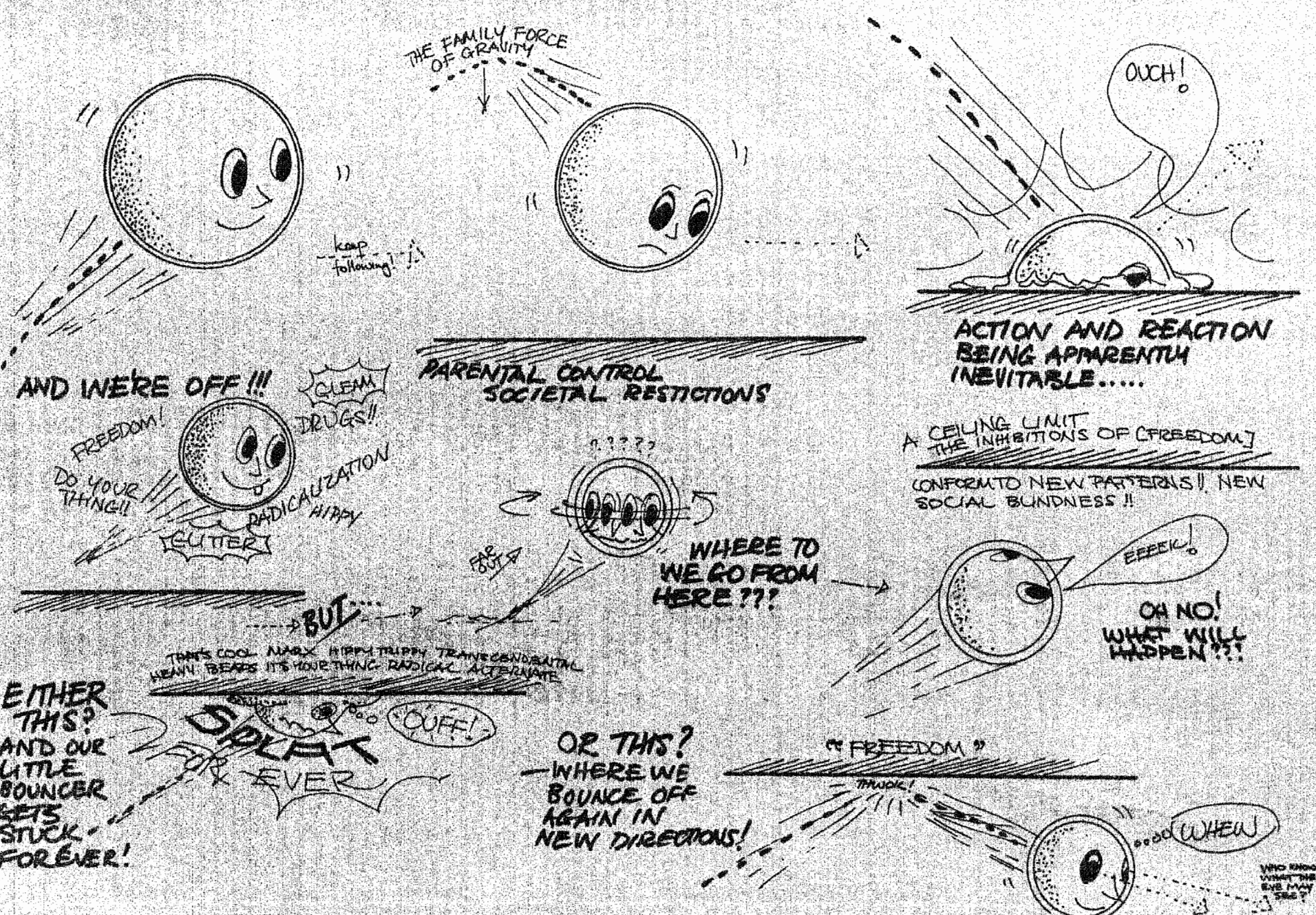
FOLLOW THE BOUNCING BALL!

STABILITY MONEY SECURITY HARDWORK FIGHT FREEDOM CHEERLEAD
PLASTIC MINIMASTER RADIO WIRELESS TELEVISION SHORT BACK AND SIDES
HOLDEN TRAMS FRANK SINATRA VENETIAN BUNDS LITTY KITCHEN WHIP
NAZIS ICE CREAM HOP HARRISMAN ALICE IN WONDERLAND ELECTRODUX
THERMOS CONCENTRATION CAMPS GOD CHURCH RICK



MEANWHILE,
LIFE GOES ON!!

AND ADOLESCENT CONSCIOUSNESS TAKES OVER!!



EITHER THIS?
AND OUR
LITTLE
BOUNCER
GETS
STUCK
FOREVER!

SPLAT
FOR EVER

OR THIS?
— WHERE WE
BOUNCE OFF
AGAIN IN
NEW DIRECTIONS!

WHO KNOWS
WHERE THE
EYE MAY
SEE?

"Geez, I dunno, doc. I woke up one morning and everything went blank."