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Bonus Comic Lift out

# OnDit

Volume 41 Number 7

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“It’s nothing,”  
the maid says calmly.

“Don’t be upset.  
These are just the silly stories  
papa tells.”





ON DIT 7 comes to you through the untiring efforts of all these people: John Bullen, Michael Harbord, Graham, Arnolds Dzonsons, Glenis, Oliver Frank, Bernie, Rosemary O'Grady, William Schoubridge, John Tapp, Sally, Glen Reynolds, RCA Records, Buckminster Fuller, Stephanie Horr, JR & B Club, Peter Jeakings, David Muir & Fred Bloch, the ON DIT political roundsman, the Uni Multilith People, Pro-Cap, A.T. Eigan, J.C. & Cayenne, M.C., Len Lindon, Johnny Allen, Steinberg, Ramparts, SAJA, Peter Burnett, and I'd like to send a cheerio to Mary's mother. Edited by Paul Paech, ably assisted by Mary Venner.

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## Job Well Done

Dear Mr. Paech,

I write to inform you, good person, of the soon-to-be occurrence of some interest to your readers.

It is this:

The staff of the Larynx Q. Lung Institute for Voice have been invited by a major Australian record manufacturer to produce a deluxe 10 record set of the Book of Job for world-wide distribution.

Vernacular dancers from the Chorus of the Celestial Radio Ballet will be assisting.

Mr. Lung has instructed me formally to issue an invitation to the public to attend the recording rehearsals prior to the actual recording session. These will be held in the Union Hall at 8 o'clock sharp on the evenings of Tuesday (July 3), Wednesday (July 4), and Thursday (July 5).

I am sure that not only the poetical content of the oldest book of the Bible, but also the trappings and techniques of the recording session will be of no little fascination to your readership.

Of more than passing interest, too, is the concert debut of Mr. Adrian Hann, whom the Institute has selected to read the difficult role of the Narrator, which he will accompany with his pianoforte. I am given to understand that the play, *Cain: A Mystery*, by Lord Byron, may also be auditioned.

Your readers will of course be welcome to stay for this too if they wish. We, on our part, would certainly be delighted to have them. The evening should conclude at 10:34 p.m. when we would request your readers, good person, to leave the auditorium as quickly and as quietly as possible.

Signed in the absence of Mr. Bildad Zophar, by Eliphaz Elihu

## Friends

Dear Sir or Madam,

We are writing in regards of a reply we received from your Embassy here in London giving us your school address, as we have just started a new international pen pal club, we are wondering if you can help us by giving us names and addresses of people from your school who are interested in making friends from any other countries, or get them to write direct to us. We would be very grateful if you can put this letter on your student notice board or in your school magazine. Please help us.

Our life memberships will be sent to those who want to join the club, and the life membership fee is £1.00 (US \$2.58) or they can send the equivalent in your local currency. Please oblige.

Yours faithfully,  
M. Keeler  
The Club International (England),  
26 Woodman Close,  
Lieghton Buzzard,  
Beds. England  
LU7 8NW

## Prosh

Dear Sir,

At this very time, my colleagues and I feel that there is an urgent need to warn students of a subversive organisation which strives to corrode the pillars of decency and justice which support our society. With the end of term II approaching, may I remind readers of last years fiasco on Prosh Day:

(1) Militant leftist groups terrorised a "general" student meeting (200 out of 7,000 present) and passed a motion providing the charity of Prosh proceeds to the Peoples Revolutionary Government. It is obvious that this finance would have been used to arm the communists on their onslaught on our brave lads protecting the base of our nation in Indo China.

(2) Thousands of obscene magazines were thrust into the arms of the young, pure and innocent at exorbitant prices. There, for all to see, were articles of blatant filth and depravity, which could only be classified as pornographic, and liable to corrupt our standards of moral decency.

(3) Inexcusable wastage of food and beverages, idiotic throwing and smashing of bottles, disregard for university property, in the form of table smashing, and leaving the mess of the Prosh breakfast to the unfortunate but innocent cleaning staff.

(4) Disregard for the rights of fellow citizens on Rundle St., Bombarding innocent passers-by with offensive missiles. Polluting one of the landmarks (namely Rundle St.) of this fair city.

(5) Showing little respect for even the constabulary ridiculing these men in their duty of protecting the community.

(6) Encouraging gluttony and alcoholism under the guise of a "sculling" display.

(7) Showing disrespect for royalty by invading the vice-regal domain, without invitation.

(8) An irresponsible orgy of drinking and vandalism at the Prosh "Ball".

I am sure that Prosh activities are merely another sign of leftist elements working to lower the ideals of the academy. The student populace should realise that they serve an important role in being educated to lead tomorrows democratic society. Its about time that we show our responsibility as citizens and expose these minority groups which have lowered our esteem so easily in the past.

Prosh must not go on!

Walter S. Coggons,  
President Anti Prosh Committee

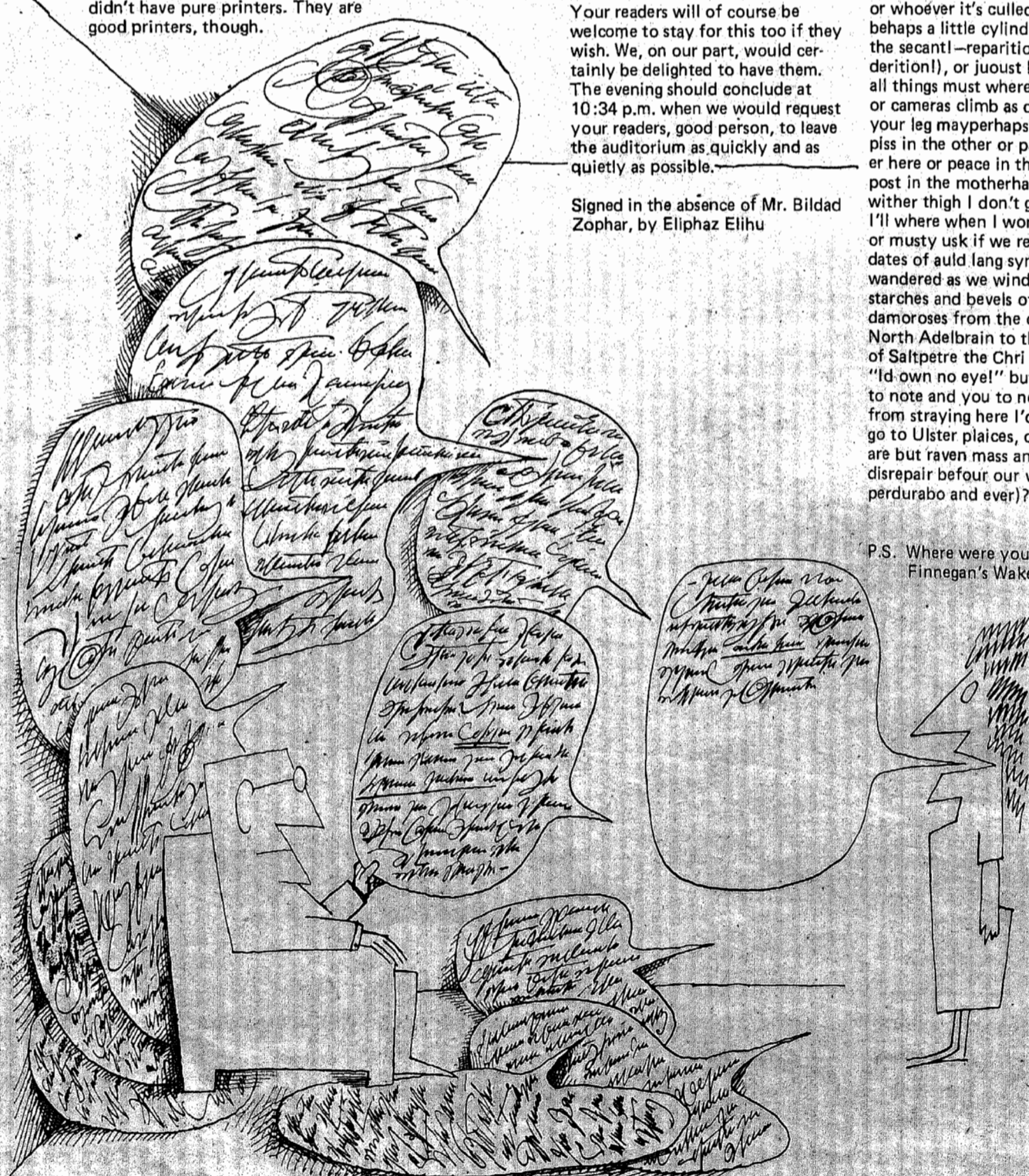
## Spanning 2 Generations

Dear Editor,

Should we be a muse, a noise, or mealy confester summer macement at the pecurious new Undy game or whoever it's culled, or permay-behabs a little cylindrical (arc at the secant!—repartition upon rendition!), or juoust let it parse as all things must where kindoms khan or cameras climb as divorcees of your leg mayperhapsbe shoddy say piss in the other or pass in the udder here or peace in the underwear or post in the motherhair and I say wither thigh I don't gnaw why but I'll where when I wont wot you do, or musty usk if we recold how in dates of auld lang syne how we wandered as we windowed the starches and bevels of our mag-damoroses from the over ridges of North Adelbrain to the uber retches of Saltpetre the Chri wrings drei, "Id own no eye!" but that's for us to note and you to not for appared from straying here I'd proverb to go to Ulster plaices, or is it that you are but raven mass and lichenly to disrepair befour our verifies (though perdurabo and ever)?

SPAN

P.S. Where were you in 1939 when Finnegan's Wake was unleashed?





The position of ON DIT editor is at present an unpaid one, and one which must be held by a student. This has meant, in practice, that past editors have had to manage their studies (usually only part-time), and find enough money to live on (and pay fees) as well as actually edit the newspaper, which is virtually a full-time job in itself. Most Australian universities have recognised the impossibility of this situation and have created paid full-time positions and abolished the student-qualification for the position of editor. Recently Adrian Hann resigned as co-editor of ON DIT because of these pressures. Here he explains why and puts the case for payment of editors. The case against is put by Adrian Graves.

# FOR

During the course of several meetings last term proposals concerning the payment of editor(s) of ON DIT were discussed at length. As a result of these discussions at various 'levels' within the Student Association and the Union, the Publications Committee, the C.E.C. and the Union Council, have approved in principle the payment of a living allowance for the editor(s). For such a 'decision' to be put into effect, the matter must now go before a general student meeting, where discussions will be held and motions of one sort or another will be put.

The payment of the Editor(s) of the student newspaper is not a step new to universities in Australia. Precedents for such a step have been set on most major university campuses. As well, the A.U.S. has for some years considered the payment of the editor of National U an absolute necessity.

I would like to urge all students to consider the matter seriously and to vote in favour of any motion for such payment of a living allowance.

The business of running a student newspaper efficiently and effectively these days is a more-than-full-time job since it involves a number of duties at various levels. As well as general editorial work, the editor must spend enormous periods of time (under great pressure as it inevitably seems to be) in his capacity as a production manager and layout man (or woman). In addition, the work of business manager often falls upon his shoulders further adding to his workload. He must be able to spend long hours talking with people, both from the student and staff community, who might possibly have material suitable for publication, and from the business community, who might be persuaded to lodge advertising.

In my own case, I found that I simply couldn't cope with the sort of workload that faced me—it was necessary to work 'outside' at part-time jobs, in order to work 'inside'. The money to pay for fees, and the money to live from week to week and to meet additional expenses has to come from somewhere. Most students who contemplate taking on the responsibility of editor will be faced with these very real problems. Unless one is heir to a large fortune and can afford to devote a year to editing the newspaper from such resources, the 'allowance' at present given to editors, technically payment for layout considered as 'professional services rendered' is quite inadequate. A lot depends on the degree of 'sophistication' that a student body wants of its newspaper. If it feels it wants an attractive, competent journal, then it needs to make it possible for its elected editor(s) to have the time to do the job properly. Time, in this case, means not having to work at one or two part-time jobs to keep one in food and shelter. This is the idea of the proposed living allowance—not that an editor is paid for so-called 'professional services', but that the time consuming business of working to earn money to live while being an editor, which involves many more hours of time consuming work again, can be avoided.

Under normal circumstances I would have been wary of urging students to vote for a motion in favour of the allowance, since it would have been to my benefit if the motion were passed. [Though it does seem to me to be a very honest and legitimate reason for urging its being passed.] As I have withdrawn from the position of editor for the very reason of overloading of work, and do not stand to gain personally from such a motion being passed I feel very easy about writing on the subject with a view to persuading fellow students to consider very seriously the merits of a student editor on this campus being paid, like his interstate counterparts, an adequate living allowance by the Association.

A.H.

# THE BUSINESS OF PAID EDITOR

# AGAINST

It has been noted that all future "On Dit" editors should be full time, paid employees of the student body. However, the proposal to employ an editor rather than continue with the long standing practice of the position being an elected and unpaid student activity is not as simple as it might first appear. It involves a whole questioning process about the nature of a student newspaper, indeed of the very priorities of the whole range of student activity.

Let us try to answer some questions involved in such a decision and explore their ramifications.

I suppose the basic question we might ask is "Do we need a full time paid Editor?"

It could well be argued that there is definitely no such need. After all unpaid students have handled the job well for a large number of years. Last year, for instance, Peter Love managed to produce a weekly "On Dit" for the 3 terms as well as hold down a full time job, be a part time student and carry out the responsibilities of a husband and father of three children... and he passed his exams! But this is not an exceptional case because past editors have managed quite well too, without jeopardizing either the quality of their scholastic work or the quality of their newspaper. Since there has been no drastic changes in the student body over recent years, such as a greater demand to disseminate more information throughout the campus (though this has in recent years not been a virtue of "On Dit"), or the pressures of a swollen student audience, how can the demands that a full time editorship of "On Dit" is a must to meet the "new age" be justified? One might conclude, in the face of the facts, that the position would be merely a junket provided to a privileged person to meet his personal ambitions.

A further question which must be answered is, "Is a paid editorship desirable in the light of what a student newspaper is all about?"

Surely if we pay an Editor we have abolished the concept of a truly student newspaper. Not only does the consciousness of a student change when he becomes paid because he is no longer a "student" but the very fact that he is in receipt of a living income creates a distinctive and very material barrier which divorces him quite markedly from the rest of the student body. Furthermore as an editor his main function would be to produce a newspaper rather than be a full participant in student life. This is important because in the past the "On Dit" editorship has been regarded as one of the many activities available on the campus to which any interested student might aspire. The elevation of its position to one of a 'quasi-professional' nature not only changes all the concepts imbued in the past attitude, but may in fact inhibit some students who might have otherwise tried for the position, from even being active contributors to the paper.

It is, after all, very easy to say to oneself, "well so and so is paid to do the job—let him do it!" This statement introduces yet another perspective to the argument, for statements such as this are imbued with all the bad elements of an employer-employee relationship. Once a student is employed as an editor his relationship with the student body so changes. His status is changed from student, to "Unit of labour" by the very fact that he becomes salaried to the student body. Intrinsicly this is a dehumanizing process whereby the student body might well regard the editor of "On Dit" not primarily as full human being but rather as a machine whose sole function to produce regular and good quality newspapers.

Some students might argue that the money could better be spent on providing facilities for more recreational sporting facilities for those who prefer not to be involved in the competitive sporting clubs now available. Others could argue that \$3,000 could well be spent on the Union Hall or some other performing Arts area, because these have been sadly deprived in the past. The clubs and societies council is always short of finance and with the growth of the new building which is to provide such amenities as a pottery kiln and wheel in an atelier for craft activities, there might well be the need for finance to establish a crafts club on a sound footing—or a photography club for the new dark room, or more money for the film club in the new cinema... and so on.

There is another group of students engaged in political activities both direct and indirect in nature which could well use the money. The Environmental Action groups for instance or Abscol or social action. After all money spent in these areas goes to benefit the whole community and not just the privileged group in the student community.

Certainly the final decision to employ a full time editor is very complex. It may involve many more issues than time or space allow for discussion here.

However the advantages of such an appointment, which might include the production of a regular and quality student paper, the availing to at least one student, the important educational opportunity of devoting himself entirely to meeting the problems of producing a regular paper and the resulting lift in communication and entertainment within the university community, must be seen in perspective.

In the balance we must ask ourselves whether the inevitable change in the very concept of a truly student papers is warranted; whether the change of losing full student participation in an area where spontaneity and creativity should be encouraged is worth it.

Further-more we must be aware of the consequences of becoming employers, in a field which has never warranted it in our university.

The question of finance is pertinent also because of its very scarcity. It may be considered that there are far more worthy areas of student expenditure.

Perhaps you will agree with me, that in the final balance, the proposal still suffers the charge of being an unnecessary junket, a privileged position, which produces few advantages to the student community.

Can students, in a society which we condemn so vociferously for its alienating and atomizing nature, afford to so dehumanize one another?

The question if "can we afford it?" is the least important in my opinion, but in a community which has scarce means and many competing ends the question should be met.

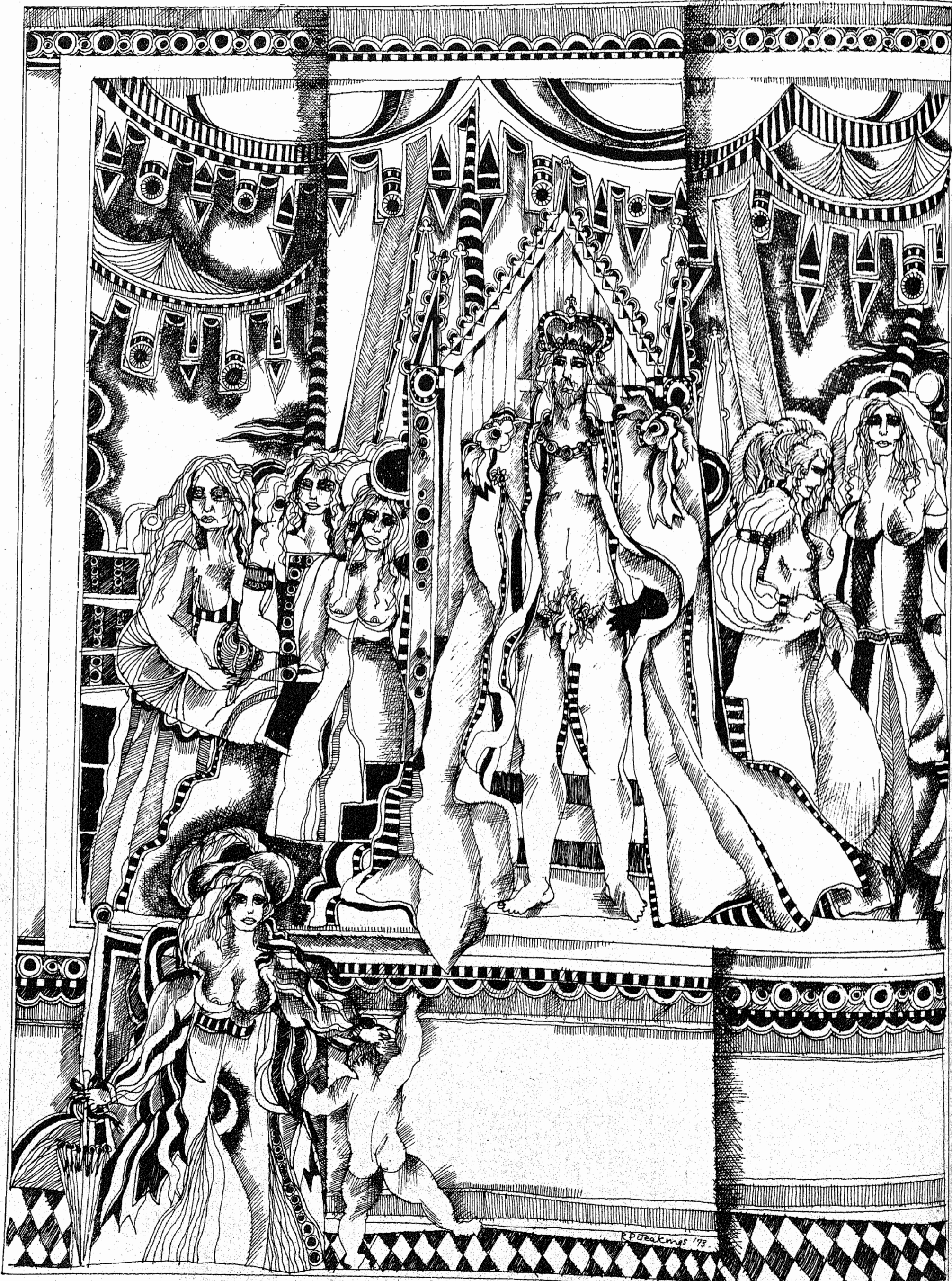
While the amount of money is relatively small, about \$3,000 in the light of total student expenditures it is nevertheless a fact that the provision of this money will inevitably involve the redirection of finances from other areas of student activities whether they be sporting, cultural or political in nature.

Adrian Graves.

# ON DIT TELEVISION

At the ON DIT video meeting last week it was decided to purchase a portable video camera and recorder using money from the ON DIT budget. The equipment will be available for use by all students and will form part of an Australian universities video network.

# THE EMPEROR



# HAS NO CLOTHES

MANY years ago there was an Emperor, who was so excessively fond of new clothes that he spent all his money on them. He cared nothing about his soldiers, nor for the theatre, nor for driving in the woods except for the sake of showing off his new clothes. He had a costume for every hour in the day, and instead of saying, as one does about any other king or emperor, "He is in his council chamber," here one always said, "The Emperor is in his dressing-room."

Life was very gay in the great town where he lived; hosts of strangers came to visit it every day, and among them one day two swindlers. They gave themselves out as weavers, and said that they knew how to weave the most beautiful stuffs imaginable. Not only were the colours and patterns unusually fine, but the clothes that were made of the stuffs had the peculiar quality of becoming invisible to every person who was not fit for the office he held, or if he was impossibly dull.

"Those must be splendid clothes," thought the Emperor. "By wearing them I should be able to discover which men in my kingdom are unfitted for their posts. I shall distinguish the wise men from the fools. Yes, I certainly must order some of that stuff to be woven for me."

He paid the two swindlers a lot of money in advance so that they might begin their work at once.

They did put up two looms and pretended to weave, but they had nothing whatever upon their shuttles. At the outset they asked for a quantity of the finest silk and the purest gold thread, all of which they put into their own bags, while they worked away at the empty looms far into the night.

"I should like to know how those weavers are getting on with the stuff," thought the Emperor; but he felt a little queer when he reflected that anyone who was stupid or unfit for his post would not be able to see it. He certainly thought that he need have no fears for himself, but still he thought he would send somebody else first to see how it was getting on. Everybody in the town knew what wonderful power the stuff possessed, and everyone was anxious to see how stupid his neighbour was.

"I will send my faithful old minister to the weavers," thought the Emperor. "He will be best able to see how the stuff looks, for he is a clever man, and no one fulfils his duties better than he does!"

So the good old minister went into the room where the two swindlers sat working at the empty loom.

"Heaven preserve us!" thought the old minister, opening his eyes very wide. "Why, I can't see a thing!" But he took care not to say so.

Both the swindlers begged him to be good enough to step a little nearer, and asked if he did not think it a good pattern and beautiful

colouring. They pointed to the empty loom, and the poor old minister stared as hard as he could, but he could not see anything, for of course there was nothing to see.

"Good heavens!" thought he, "is it possible that I am a fool. I have never thought so, and nobody must know it. Am I not fit for my post? It will never do to say that I cannot see the stuffs."

"Well, sir, you don't say anything about the stuff," said the one who was pretending to weave.

"Oh, it is beautiful! quite charming!" said the old minister, looking through his spectacles; "this pattern and these colours! I will certainly tell the Emperor that the stuff pleases me very much."

"We are delighted to hear you say so," said the swindlers, and then they named all the colours and described the peculiar pattern. The old minister paid great attention to what they said, so as to be able to repeat it when he got home to the Emperor.

Then the swindlers went on to demand more money, more silk, and more gold, to be able to proceed with the weaving; but they put it all into their own pockets—not a single strand was ever put into the loom, but they went on as before weaving at the empty loom.

The Emperor soon sent another faithful official to see how the stuff was getting on, and if it would soon be ready. The same thing happened to him as to the minister; he looked and looked, but as there was only the empty loom, he could see nothing at all.

"Is not this a beautiful piece of stuff?" said both the swindlers, showing and explaining the beautiful pattern and colours which were not there to be seen.

"I know I am not a fool!" thought the man, "so it must be that I am unfit for my good post! It is very strange, though! However, one must not let it appear!" So he praised the stuff he did not see, and assured them of his delight in the beautiful colours and the originality of the design. "It is absolutely charming!" he said to the Emperor. Everybody in the town was talking about this splendid stuff.

Now the Emperor thought he would like to see it while it was still on the loom. So, accompanied by a number of selected courtiers, among whom were the two faithful officials who had already seen the imaginary stuff, he went to visit the crafty impostors, who were working away as hard as ever they could at the empty loom.

"It is magnificent!" said both the honest officials. "Only see, your Majesty, what a design! What colours!" And they pointed to the empty loom, for they thought no doubt the others could see the stuff.

"What!" thought the Emperor; "I see nothing at all! This is terrible! Am I a fool? Am I not fit to be Emperor? Why, nothing worse could happen to me!"

"Oh, it is beautiful!" said the Emperor. "It has my highest approval!" and he nodded his satisfaction as he gazed at the empty loom. Nothing would induce him to say that he could not see anything.

The whole suite gazed and gazed,

The myth of the emperor who had no clothes is still being played out today.

Only the names have been changed to protect the guilty, for the innocent have no fear.

The emperor is no longer just one ruler, for today we are ruled as much by institutions and conventions as by governments.

And the subjects are no longer just peasants; they/we are the whole network of value-maintenance systems which keep us from seeing through the lies and deceptions: newspapers, TV and radio; schools and courts; doctors and psychiatrists; advertising and marketing networks; role-playing hierarchies; status and class divisions; sexual taboos; family structures; religious hegemony; patriotism; add more yourself.

The emperor and the subjects are together acting the game of the emperor with grand attire—the media tell us how well we as a nation/state/city/society/worker are progressing; schools work on us for at least ten years convincing us that the lies are truths and truths are lies; doctors give us pills to make us feel better without asking why we don't feel well; advertising tells us to want things that no-one could ever use or to use things which are positively harmful to us; we are told not to admit our sexuality; we are told to hate and fear and to "get on"; add the rest yourself.

And it's all so obviously a fraud.

In the myth, it took the innocent eyes of a child to end the mass self-delusion. Today it might take more, for the delusion has grown more persuasive and more pervading, and the rewards for the emperor provides for the loyal (lying) subjects seem attractive.

Yet still the child's perception is the accurate one, for it is based on honesty, openness, trust, enjoyment, truthfulness—it is based on a sense of life.

Using the myth of the emperor as an ideological framework, ON DIT begins this issue a series of feature articles proclaiming the emperor's nakedness, and glorying in the freedom which this realization brings. The first article examines the myth of madness; next issue we examine the ability of the artist to open our eyes to the fraud.

but saw nothing more than all the others. However, they all exclaimed with his Majesty, "It is very beautiful!" and they advised him to wear a suit made of this wonderful cloth on the occasion of a great procession which was just about to take place. "It is magnificent! gorgeous! excellent!" went from mouth to mouth; they were all equally delighted with it. The Emperor gave each of the rogues an order of knighthood to be worn in their buttonholes and the title of "Gentlemen weavers."

The swindlers sat up the whole night, before the day on which the procession was to take place, burning sixteen candles; so that people might see how anxious they were to get the Emperor's new clothes ready. They pretended to take the stuff off the loom. They cut it out in the air with a huge pair of scissors, and they stitched away with needles without any thread in them. At last they said; "Now the Emperor's new clothes are ready!"

The Emperor, with his grandest courtiers, went to them himself, and both the swindlers raised one arm in the air, as if they were holding something, and said: "See, these are the trousers; this is the coat, here is the mantle!" and so on. "It is as light as a spider's web. One might think one had nothing on, but that is the very beauty of it!"

"Yes!" said all the courtiers, but they could not see anything, for there was nothing to see.

"Will your imperial majesty be graciously pleased to take off your clothes," said the impostors, "so that we may put on the new ones, along here before the great mirror?"

The Emperor took off all his clothes, and the impostors pretended to give him one article of dress after the other of the new ones which they had pretended to make. They pretended to fasten something round his waist and to tie on something; this was the train, and the Emperor turned round and round in front of the mirror.

"How well his Majesty looks in the new clothes! How becoming they are!" cried all the people round. "What a design, and what colours! They are most gorgeous robes!"

"The canopy is waiting outside which is to be carried over your majesty in the procession," said the master of the ceremonies.

"Well, I am quite ready," said the Emperor. "Don't the clothes fit well?" and then he turned

round again in front of the mirror, so that he should seem to be looking at his grand things.

The chamberlains who were to carry the train stooped and pretended to lift it from the ground with both hands, and they walked along with their hands in the air. They dared not let it appear that they could not see anything.

Then the Emperor walked along in the procession under the gorgeous canopy, and everybody in the streets and at the windows exclaimed, "How beautiful the Emperor's new clothes are! What a splendid train!

And they fit to perfection!" Nobody would let it appear that he could see nothing, for then he would not be fit for his post, or else he was a fool.

None of the Emperor's clothes had been so successful before.

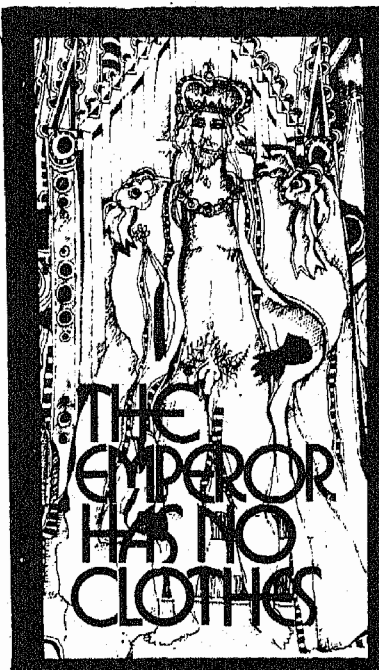
# «BUT HE HAS GOT NOTHING ON»

said a little child.

"Oh, listen to the innocent," said its father; and one person whispered to the other what the child had said. "He has nothing on; a child says he has nothing on!"

"But he has nothing on!" at last cried all the people.

The Emperor writhed, for he knew it was true, but he thought, "the procession must go on now," so held himself stiffer than ever, and the chamberlains held up the invisible train.



# MAMA, WEER ALL CRAZEE NOW

## PSYCHIATRY

Anti-psychiatry has been the subject of many recent articles in the radical press, e.g. *DIGGER*, *NATIONAL TRIBUNE*, *ROUGH TIMES* (RADICAL THERAPIST). These have shown a lot of what goes on inside mental hospitals, as well as giving practical hints on how to survive in them and even retain your sanity if you're lucky. Rather than repeating their findings word for word, this article is attempting to show how and why psychiatry has become a force of social control. This means looking at psychiatrists and their institutions, as well as at the work of the anti-psychiatrists.

## ORTHODOX PSYCHIATRY

Before we talk about anti-psychiatry, we should look first at orthodox psychiatry. What does it believe? More importantly, what does it do to the 'patients' it treats? Does it help

them or drive them mad? What are the social consequences? Most psychiatrists see themselves first and foremost as doctors. (After all, they spend six years learning to be doctors first). But a doctor must have patients, must have sick people. So psychiatrists are ultimately dependent on mentally sick people. But now we run into problems—how do you define a person as mentally sick? In some cases, the problem is straightforward—people with brain damage, organic illness and so on. But what about people who are depressed, paranoid or 'schizophrenic'? According to the classical psychiatrists, these people are medically sick too; they can be 'cured' by undergoing psychiatric medication.

Of course, there are many different schools of psychiatry, so the form of this medication differs widely. However, we can isolate a number of factors which influence this:—

1. the socio-economic position of the patient
2. the degree to which she or he has overstepped 'the bounds of normality', i.e. whether she is committed to an institution.
3. the particular therapist the patient manages to get (by some degree of choice if he's rich, by sheer

determinism if not.) Already we see the intrusion of social factors into the therapeutic relationship. The ultimate form of treatment is of course hospitalization; here the social disruption is self-evident.

## INSTITUTIONS

Mental hospitals are classic examples of 'total' institutions. (See E. Goffman's book *Asylums*). A certified patient loses his legal rights, can't vote, is almost always imprisoned in the hospital at the psychiatrists' pleasure, and generally loses the ability to act as an autonomous individual.

This is achieved, although often unintentionally, by the very nature of the hospital itself. Each individual is systematically stripped of anything which supports his image of himself as a unique human being. e.g. he is treated as a 'schizophrenic' or 'neurotic' or whatever, rather than as a separate individual. He is cut off from the outside world to a large extent, is made to act deferentially towards the staff of the institution, often he loses his clothes and is supplied with an institution uniform instead of his own and so on. The end result is clear: the patient is forced to forgo his individuality and to act out a role ordained for him by the institution. Failure to play his role results in punishment.

Yet the way people get into institutions, how they are labelled and their treatment once inside have been completely exposed by devastating experiment carried out by David Rosenhan and other in America. (See *Science* Jan 19, 1973). Displaying only one symptom, they were admitted to mental hospitals, diagnosed schizophrenic, and although they showed absolutely no symptoms once admitted, were detained for up to 52 days. While inside, they found violence frequently used against patients, patients drugged on powerful pills, eg. Stelazine and psychotherapy almost non-existent (average contact with doctors and psychologists 6.8 mins./day).

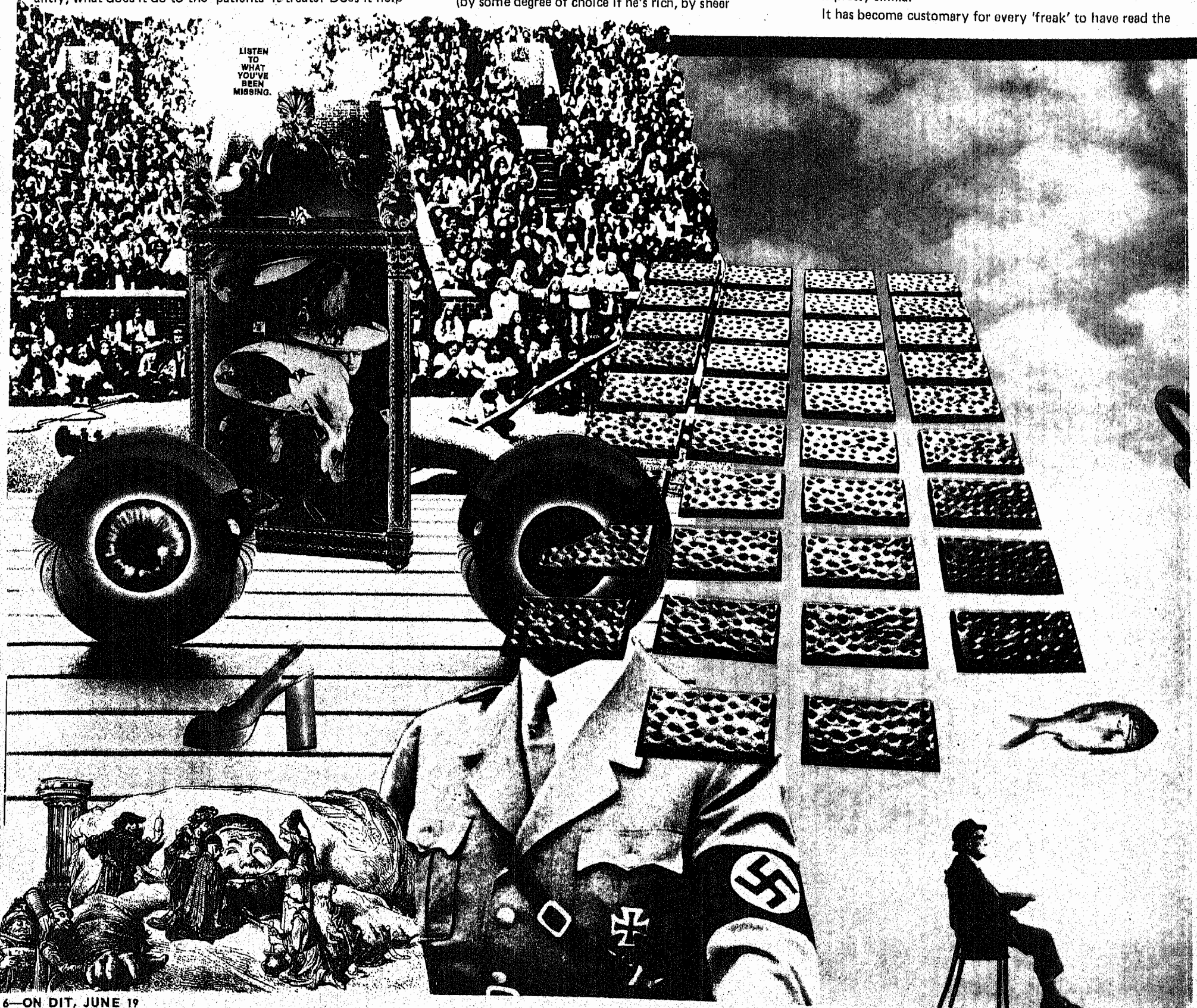
Rosenhan told psychiatrists that he would repeat the experiment. Of the next 193 patients admitted for treatment, 23 were judged sane. In fact, none of the 193 patients was actually a pseudo-patient. Rosenhan concluded:

"... any diagnostic process that lends itself so readily to such massive errors cannot be a very reliable one."

## EXISTENTIALISM

Yet it is precisely such labelling processes that keep some people locked-up for years. The material published in *National U* on May 1st shows that the position in Australia is pretty similar

It has become customary for every 'freak' to have read the



work of R.D. Laing and to talk about alienation, collusion, false self etc. This should not be allowed to obscure the merits of Laing's work, but nor should it tempt us to set him up as a great guru with all the mystical answers to happiness tied up somewhere in *The Politics of Experience*. Laing's work is particularly valuable because of its emphasis on experience of a situation. Hence a 'patient' is seen as someone experiencing a particular situation, and is worthy of treatment as such, rather than as a mere bundle of symptoms. Thus Laing strips away the pseudo-scientific mysticism of psychiatry, which leads directly to the depersonalization of the patient. As Thomas Szasz says:

"The object of study in medicine is the human body as a machine in psychiatry, the person as a social being."

However, as Szasz also notes, many psychiatrists do not seem to accept this and continue to practise treatment along the lines of the normal (physical) medical model. The fallacies of this latter approach have been clearly shown by Cooper (*Psychiatry and Anti-psychiatry*).

Laing of course emphasises 'the person as a social being'. The key to the existential model of therapy, used by Laing, Cooper and others, lies in attempting to understand a person's 'being-in-the-world', and hence perhaps to understand his behaviour. What may be seen as an insane action when viewed from the outside may actually be a perfectly logical reaction to an insane situation. Laing's books are full of examples. Laing stresses the importance of the family, since the nature of its relationships will be of great importance in understanding the individual's situation.

Furthermore, other forces will also have an effect on this 'being-in-the-world', e.g. political and other social forces. A psychiatrist then cannot see an individual simply in isolation. Many of Laing and Cooper's ideas here seem to be derived from the great French existential philosopher, J.P. Sartre.

## WHO IS NORMAL?

One of the unifying of the various trends of anti-psychiatry is a rejection of the concept of normality inherent in traditional psychiatry. We live today in a one-dimensional world, where the range of acceptable actions is continually curtailed, where "... a comfortable smooth, reasonable, democratic unfreedom prevails," where things "... are geared to the average rather than the exceptional," where the end product is the mediocre which is hailed as the normal. To quote Laing,

"The condition of alienation, of being asleep, of

being unconscious, of being out of one's mind, is the condition of the normal man. Society highly values its normal man. It educates children to lose themselves and to become absurd, and thus to be normal. Normal men have killed perhaps 100,000,000 of their fellow normal men in the last fifty years."

Such normal, unthinking people are of course, essential to running of a capitalist society. I mean, it just wouldn't do, would it, why they had to undergo such monotonous work for someone else's profit. Or if too many women asked why they should do all the unpaid shit-work, why they should be condemned to a second-class position, and spend their lives bringing up children to be the next generation's production-line workers.

The link between 'normality' and the social values of the ruling class (which are then inculcated into the rest of the population) is thus of vital importance. Of course, it is only by establishing these definitions of normal behaviour that they can label other behaviour as deviant. If it deviates too far, it is called insane. So we see the position reached in Russia, where political dissenters are classified insane and incarcerated in asylums. America may not be so far from such forms of repression if the ravings of Spiro Agnew are listened to.

Furthermore, it is through the concept of normality that bourgeois society has been able to repress the revolutionary of psychology and psycho-analysis. Despite all its failings, its biased categorizations of women and homosexuals for example, Freud's psycho-analysis was originally a revolutionary system of thought. It fought against the sexual taboos of the Victorian era and showed how man was so heavily repressed by his civilisation, it gave some inkling of 'the potential man.'

Sadly, this potential was bought off. In its rush to become respectable, psycho-analysis quickly dropped all its more radical elements; so that now psychology, psychiatry and psycho-analysis have to a large degree become the maintenance tools to help capitalist society run smoothly. As Wilhelm Reich put it:

"... Adaption to reality is interpreted simply as adaption to society, which ... is unquestionably a conservative view. To be concrete, the reality principle of the capitalist era imposes upon the proletarian a maximum limitation of his needs, while appealing to religious values such as modesty and humility ... All this is founded on economic conditions ... this means an affirmation of the proletarian's exploitation and of capitalist society as a whole."

## SEXISM

The sexist nature of most of current psychiatric theory has

been thoroughly exposed by many feminist writers, in particular Millett, De Beauvoir, Firestone, Weisstein and Chesler. The case against Freud has been the most extensively documented. However, many psychiatrists would maintain that they are well outside the Freudian tradition. In fact, that they do not belong to any particular school of thought. To argue against such eclecticism, two approaches may be used.—

1. to demonstrate the sexism of these different schools of thought
2. to analyse the *practice* of these psychiatrists.

The very fact that most psychotherapists are male is indicative of the male supremacist nature of the profession. Consequently, most of the theories are brought by men, so their failure to understand women is hardly surprising. In 1970, a group of women demanded \$1m recompense from the American Psychological Association, charging that,

"... modern psychotherapy has perpetuated male supremacy and contributed to mental illness among women."

A major force behind the group was Phyllis Chesler, whose book *Women and Madness* and various papers (see *Rough Times* V. 3, No. 4) have a number of highly accurate charges:—

1. women are mentally hospitalized and therapised in excess of men
2. therapists are overwhelmingly white, middle-aged, upper-middle-class males.
3. institutionalized psychiatry and Freudian theory both justify and perpetuate women's oppression
4. women are socialized into mental illness.

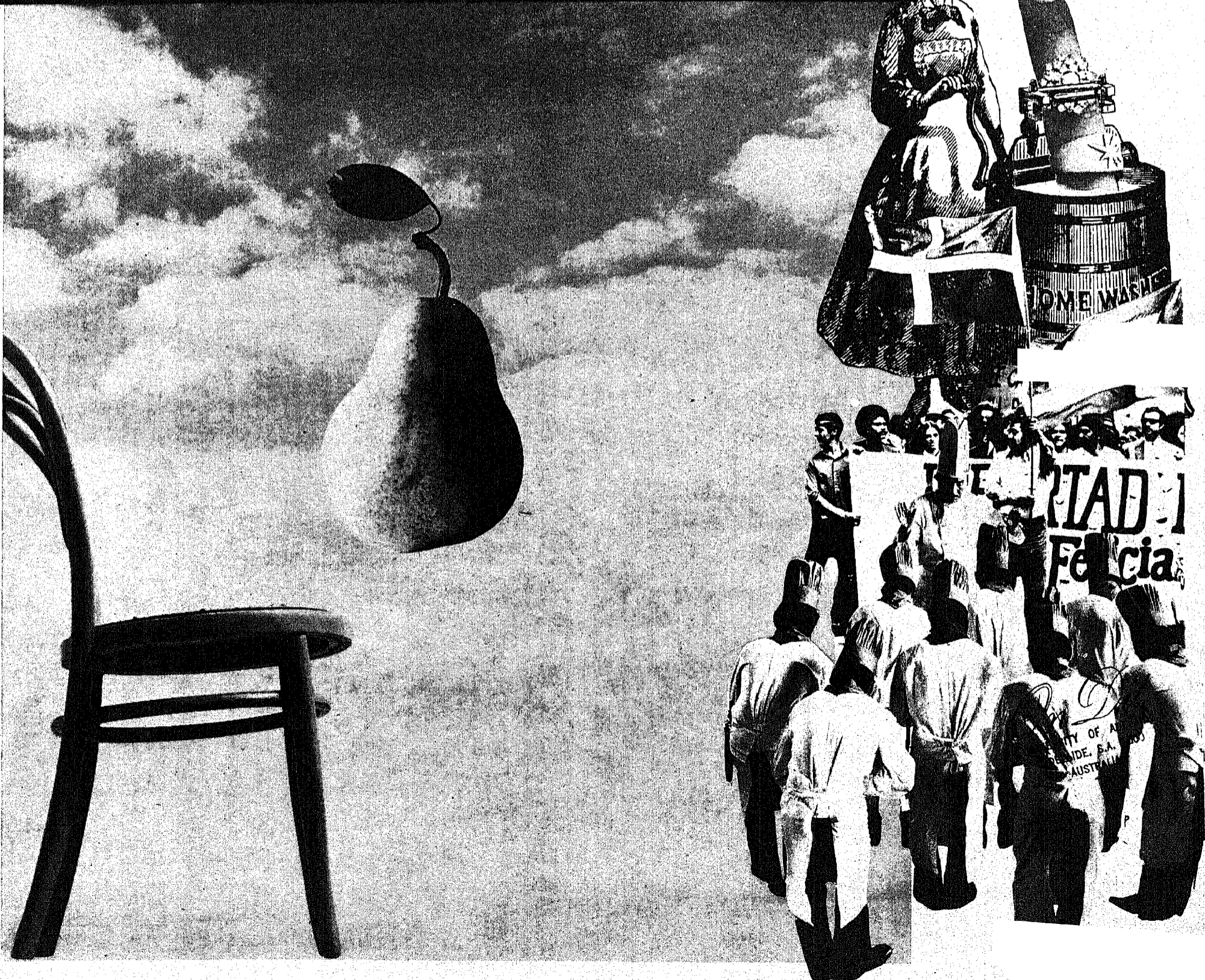
Psychiatric sexism is also evident in the treatment of homosexuals and lesbians e.g. a clinical at Glenside Psychiatric Hospital admitted using aversion therapy to 'cure' homosexuals, but justified it by saying that they wanted to be cured. However, when challenged by someone asking if he would use therapy to change this person from heterosexual to homosexual, he refused to give a direct answer.

## AND SO...

Most psychiatry has become a vehicle of repression. It does not question values inculcated by society, but rather attempts to change an individual to adjust to his particular neurosis.

Psychiatry deals with the abnormal, but this requires a concept of normality. By accepting status quo concepts, psychiatry and psychology have forfeited their potential to help in the creation of a liberated society.

By Peter Burnett



It's true: that paragon of pristine virtue and virginal purity, Tiffany Jones is into the Drug Scene. A few episodes ago she was seen dropping a PEP PILL (!) on her way to yet another modelling assignment. Recently she has been involved in a Student Demonstration. Who knows what future episodes may bring? Meantime Glen Reynolds wonders what will happen in the comic world now that the first pill has been popped.

**GET THIS!!**

DRIVING FROM THE PREMIERE, TIFFANY TAKES ANOTHER PEP PILL...

RICKITY TICKITY TOCKITY TOC TEN TO THE DOZEN!

THE QUESTION, FOLKS, IS NOT DRUGS...

BUT WHY, WHO, AND, WELL... GOSH, THERE MUST BE MANY MORE QUESTIONS

HEY-ALL MY SPEED HAS GONE.. D'U KNOW WHERE IT WENT?

NO IDEA TICKITY TOC

YES FOLKS... **DIRTY OLIVER** IS HERE TO EXPOSE YOUR CONTEMPORARY FOLK HEROES AS THEY TUNE IN.....

SURE, WHY NOT POP A FEW SPEED PILLS NOW AND AGAIN?

WHEN YOU'RE THERE PITCHING YU GOTTA HAVE THAT LITTLE EXTRA!!!!

BUT KIDS, DON'T YOU SEE THAT LEADS TO THE HARD DRUGS SUCH AS ACID AND HEROIN!

ACID!

HEROIN?

4-11

THAT GUY HASSLED ME SO MUCH I CAN'T EVEN GET TO SLEEP

MAYBE ONE OF DAD'S SLEEPING PILLS WILL HELP

BUT THERE IS MORE!

LOOK AT YOURSELF! SO HEAVY INTO THE SCENE YOU'RE ALWAYS IN THE BLUES!

WELL HECK- WHO WOULDN'T BE HASSLED WHEN YOU CAN'T REMEMBER WHERE THE MONTH'S STASH IS

BAN THE BOMB

TOMMORROW ISS PROCLAIMED 'NATIONAL GRASS DAY'

YIPPEE

AND GRASS WILL BE SOLD AT THE CASTLE FOR \$50 AN OUNCE!!

YEAH, SO MUCH FOR FREE ENTERPRISE 'COS THE ONLY GUY WINNING IS THE GUY SELLING

802

THIS IS THE FUZ, AN' WE'VE GOT YOU PEGGED AS A PUSHER, SO DON'T LEAVE TOWN

QUICK, DOWN THE TOILET!

HE-HE! TOMORROW I'LL RING ANDY CAP!

EVEN OUR SUPERHEROES ARE INVOLVED...

MAN! THIS IS QUITE A COSMIC TRIP

I STILL DON'T THINK PUTTING TOBACCO IN MY GRASS POUCH IS A FUNNY JOKE, MARTHA!

**WARNING!** MEDICAL AUTHORITIES WARN THAT SMOKING GRASS IS A HEALTH HAZARD... AND BESIDES, IT MESSES WITH YOUR BLIND AND MAKES YOU FEEL GOOD.

AND THIS IS YOUR REWARD FOR MESSING WITH THE DEMON DRUGS- YOU WRETCHED, TORTURED, POOR, DEAR PERSON

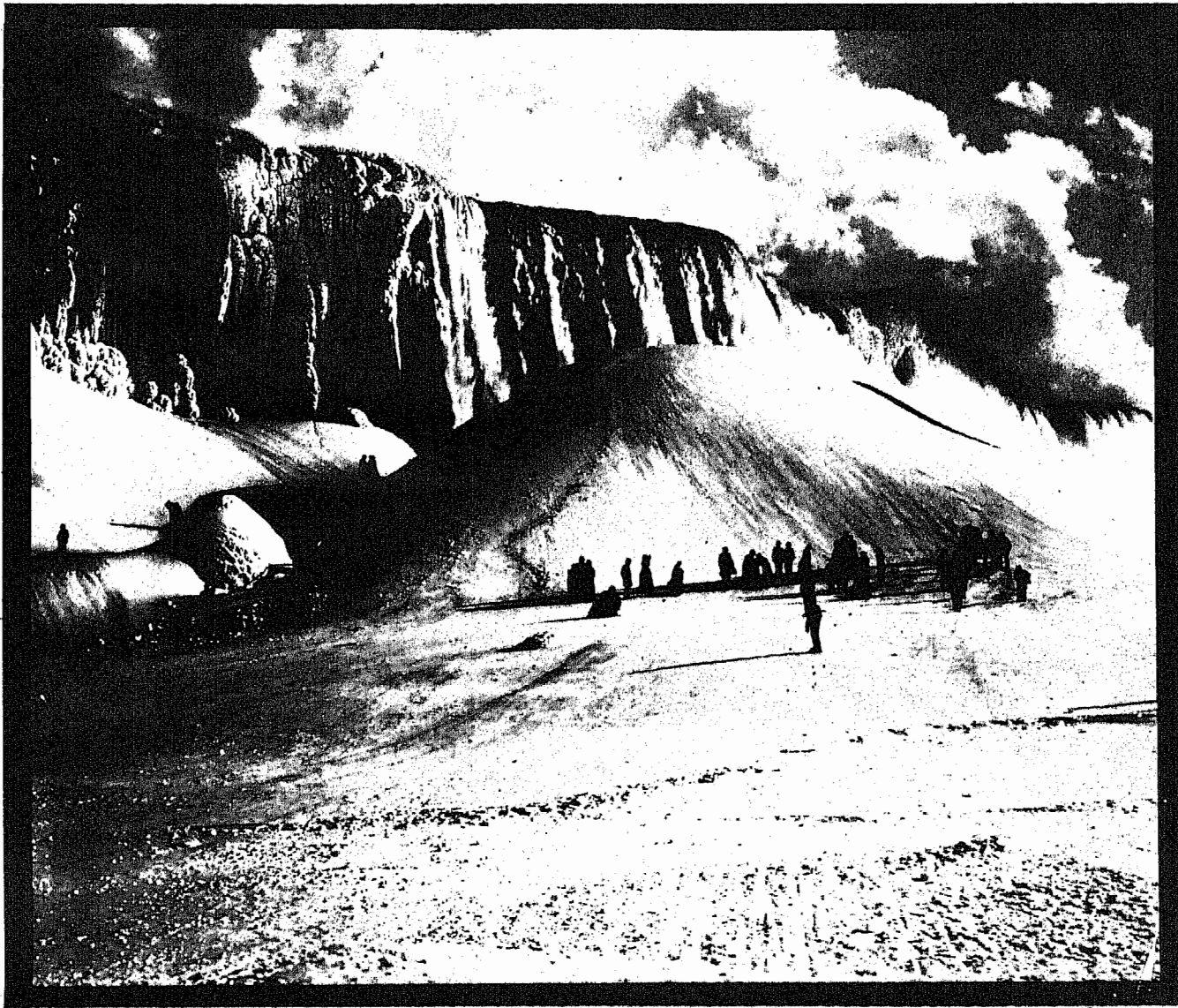
...AND BE KIND TO DOGS TOO

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YEP, IT SURE IS A PUZZLE!



Of all the mentors of this generation, R. Buckminster Fuller is perhaps the least likely. Whereas Laing, Brown, Hesse, Illich, Marcuse and Reich talk about the internalization of social and political oppression, Fuller is preoccupied with man as an evolutionary animal and his physical (external) survival on the planet earth. The phrase "spaceship earth" is his, and the associated concepts of energy resources, planning and positive use of technology have been popularised mainly by him. The demon which technology has seemed to be for many people is the very means to our survival—if we can use it in positive ways. Perhaps with the recent publication (by Penguin) of two of his more important works, his ideas will receive the attention they deserve. This article is a pirated transcript of an interview videotaped by the Raindance Corporation.



H.F. Nielson. *American Niagara*: 15½ x 18½". January 1885

## ...and so we find what man's real function is,

is sorting out his experience, developing what we call the normale, and being useful... we hear people talk about technology as something very threatening, but we are technology, the universe is technology... it's simply a matter of our understanding these things... that nature has these beautiful exchanges... and what's happened was this shortsighted—really scared—fear of man about whether he's going to survive... he's been told there's nowhere nearly enough to go around... therefore you've got to go out and look out for your side, look out for your family—he's got to hold this thing and make the short move...

... so when our young world, like that young girl talking so superbly on earth day, eight year old kid, pure wisdom pouring out, her eyes could see as clear, when she said we ought not to throw away, we ought to reuse, and things like that... that little girl was seeing that... and so the net from all of our extraordinary earth day is that we have all of humanity catching on to things that need to be attended to when they were assuming yesterday someone else was attending to... the fact that they were in such poverty... they had so little time... they had to work 12 hours or 14 hours a day... my first job i really was working 18 hours a day... you can't get anything done, you go home, i really didn't hardly have enough left to eat my supper before i fell down on the bed to sleep... so i find man didn't even have time to think, nor did he have the vocabulary... he didn't have the literacy... the literacy did not come as much out of school as out of radio... the people who had the radio jobs had good diction, good vocabulary necessary for it, so the kid could listen to a good vocabulary that papa didn't have... and so we really proliferated the capability to communicate... and now that we know how to communicate, we know there are many nuances of information... that little child, impressive beyond her wisdom was the beautiful resource of words that she had which came so spontaneously to her... when i was a little kid all that kids would say was "i don't like it" or "wow"... just make a noise because they didn't have the resources to express it... the same wisdom...

... i think the great beautiful thing that's happening in evolution here is that quite clearly we have gone through a great historical sequence of events... from man as so ignorant and his hunger so great, his needs so great, he doesn't know how to satisfy them so he goes through starvation and he goes through pain and disease... go back to the earliest pharaoh time... life was so bad that nobody thought of life as worthwhile in its own right... therefore the only way you could explain your having such experience was getting yourself ready for afterlife... so everybody thought about afterlife but the fact is part of the experience with so little to go around is that you could only think of the pharaoh having an afterlife... so the great economic drive, all the great ingenuity of the man who could see anything—artist, conceiver—was partitioned by the afterlife of the pharaoh... then in getting ready for the afterlife of the pharaoh you incidentally discover the levers... (in order to take care of the pharaohs what are you going to do?... you know there are thieves everywhere and he's going to need tools after his life so you've got to get all of these fine things under a great stone mountain so it couldn't be stolen and that's why you've got your pyramids...) so the Leonardo type, good-thinker, realizes the lever... he gets an army on prisoners and they use their levers to move those stones around and build that mountain... however, after the pharaoh dies, the leonardo type dies, the people still remember about the lever... they still remember that the leonardo type saw these people falling at the road... they needed food, quite clearly, connected food, so there's the Nile that would bring water into those side layers... and we have fertilization... when the pharaoh dies and that thinker dies, the ditches are still there and the levers are still there, and the people remember

there's an accumulation of technical capability so when another man comes along he adds to the inventory of tools... what we may call the scaffolding to make ready for afterlife... finally there's such accumulation of tools and capability and a little more know-how everywhere—advancement... well, we may be able to take care of the afterlife of the nobles as well as the pharaohs... then the tools increase some more, as they did then, and we say, well, we can take care of the afterlife of the middleclass... and that is exactly where you come into roman and greek history—the individual family mausoleums... finally there's got to be so much tooling around that we've a buddha and a christ and a muhammad coming around saying, you know, i think we can take care of the afterlife of everybody... and so really the great christian era of 1500 is getting ready for the afterlife of everybody... the great cathedrals, fantastic things, and you should see the real pathos of that little human being going in there... the great joy that they're going to have afterlife... suddenly there's so much tools accumulated here and the know-how keeps accumulating, and man knows a little bit more about nature and what it can do, and so he says, you know, we can take care of the afterlife of the king, as well as his living life, and still take care of everybody's afterlife... that is what we call the beginning of the *divine right of kings*... then the tools accumulate some more, and so now we can take care of the nobles in their present life, as well as the afterlife for everybody—the *magna carta days*... then we have so much more proliferation of tools that we know we can take care of the afterlife of everybody, and the king, and the nobles, and the middle class... that's the great victorian era right up to all the brownstones in new york here... then suddenly the tools accumulated so much that henry ford said, you know, we can take care of the afterlife of everybody and we can take care of the living life of everybody... that's the beginning of the new era, but at this point the leonardo artist-type says, up to now we were using our own hands to make end-products for the patron... so in the victorian era you'll find the beautiful cabinet maker, and you'll find the beautiful shoemaker and tailor... fantastic craftsmen everywhere... but now he says, i can't make end-products for everybody... there aren't enough artists to make end-products for everybody... therefore, we'll have to have an entirely new kind of thing which is our industrial tools, our mass production... and that's what is really come to all of humanity...

... so what we've got to really come to now is developing awareness in that little child... we've got to proliferate the right kind of information... industrialization and technology is not something new... you and i are technology, so superior to any we've ever devised... that camera looks pretty crude along side of my eye, and my eye has always had its own light meter—it's got the whole works... and so i simply say, if you had that camera so it could also rebuild itself and keep itself going and improving itself for the next 70 years then you have something approximating the technology you and i really consist of... technology's not new... we've just been a little too crude at it... our society's got to be sure not to let somebody mislead us... not let our own ignorance mislead us into making the wrong moves...

... in your picture of earth day, if the young people go out with a broom and start collecting, and if they went further than picking out the paper from it and the metal and said we're going to find out how to get those recirculated, then we're really getting somewhere... each one of us is process... we're not things... and so it's fantastic—there's no scientist been asked to look at the plumbing... the best flushing toilet you have is so inefficient that we use 65 volumes of water to get rid of one volume of human waste—but it is waste, and it's very, very valuable chemistry... at the university of illinois way back in 1929 we found that the human excrement in one farm family has in it enough energy to run all the farm machinery... so these are the things—i hope your young world first is getting aware, and then getting to be critical and picking out things... and now we're really beginning to understand this need of a greater understanding of nature...

... it's very important for me to tell you that the word failure is invented by man just like

**Buckminster Fuller** the word pollution... it's a word of ignorance because nature can't fail... nature knows exactly what she's doing... but when man doesn't understand nature and thinks that this is the way nature behaves, and he tries to make it do this and that's not in her program then it frustrates him and he calls it a failure... but nature doesn't intend to have anything go on for very long... she's always transforming so she has a way of terminating, and when man wants her to go on beyond that termination point then he calls it failure, but it's not so... nature is intent on trying to make man a success despite himself, and despite his long, long history of his great ignorance where i'm trying to give you the way the breakthrough is occurring... we're still assuming fallaciously there's not enough to go around... you have to prove your right leave; you have to earn a living... was the old statement... the young world really feels now that's wrong... that the information we can get to the moon and do all this is very important because i think it tells man he can do anything he needs to do and he can make man work...

... he's got to learn that the space program is not something--(never mind that space stuff, leg's get back on earth, let's be practical, let's be blaise about the moon shoot...) the fact is our earth is a little spaceship... unless we catch on to the fact we are a space program ourselves and that we have just so much supply and we've got to learn how to run that big spaceship which we are onboard... to send off little spaceships to find out exactly what we need to be able to keep human beings doing... this is the only way we will ever find out about ecology...

... on earth day i spoke at 4 universities... i asked each one of the audiences of kids if they could tell me how much of the earth was necessary to support each life... when you talk ecology that is a pattern of the science of the total process in life... what's necessary to regenerate it... each species is a relationship to the environment... we're not really qualified to use the word ecology until we get into that... but i'll tell you the way we'll find out is to send a man off into space... get him outside where there's no air to be breathed; no water available; no foods... what do we have to have on board to keep him out there for a year?... we've literally found now that it is possible--there are two space program researches where we have teams of six men each, sealed up in cylinders (completely

different operations, really quite remote from one another, the russians are doing one and the same thing too)... those men are sealed for a year, and we give them preliminary equipment which you did learn by having scientists who are good ecologists and good chemists... putting everything in there necessary, they hope to keep the men going... they're connected by telephone (really very easy to talk in now--you have a window)... but they are now operating six men for one year on 350 pounds of apparatus and the whole apparatus being able to put in an airplane suitcase... that we could get everything you need to regenerate life... there is entropy so the system in the end has to have something added but you're able to have it sufficiently so you only have to add but once a year... this is really getting somewhere... so we come back on earth--we have 350 pounds suitcase size; even at the most expensive mass production for \$2 a pound; that's \$700 and you do away with sewers, all the water supply lines; all you need is a milk bottle or so a year to add into the system... on a rental basis per six men for \$700 you're down to \$200 a year capital cost; maybe \$1 a year you've got the equipment, and you go on any mountain top and really start living the highest standard... and this equipment when it gets first used by those men off in space due to the television relay system around the world you'll have possibly a billion people watching those six men all year round and you'll have every kid really catching on to this... here would be the great educational system about what the chemistry changes really are...

... at any rate i simply say we must be very careful... and we must not cut off things simply because the wrong people, with short and selfish and non-thinking motives have used tools... a pencil is a beautiful thing but you could literally jab it into a man's heart and it would kill him... so don't say that a pencil is lethal... we must not blame the universe... it would be like saying the universe is used in the wrong way, therefore it's better we not have any universe... if we accept universe at all, if we accept life, and really would like to have something best for it, then we've simply got to learn how to use our universe in the best way... and the universe is technology, and it's always evolving, it's always complex, it's not repeating, so we have to be catching on to our new technology and realize we really do have a machinery of mutual regeneration around the world which has been for the moment--it's so powerful, so confident--very highly exploitable by the ignorant man who happens to get to monopolize it... but in itself it's getting out from under him... because he has sovereign claims--well, look, you can't stop the radio waves from going out of the sovereign limits...

# UNCLASSIFIED

For interesting and enlightening books and comics, as well as for a wide-range of Underground Bootleg and Rare Imported records, visit **MOTHERS BOOKFARM**, 1 Corramandel Place, Adelaide. (Opposite Mary Martins.)

The people at the Clear Light Bazaar are researching the availability of organically-grown foods (grown without the use of anti-biotics, defoliants, insecticides, inorganic fertilizers or hormones). Also the availability of food products without anti-oxidants, colourings, preservatives, dyes, nasty drugs, etc. If you know a source of **WHOLE FOODS**, contact Peter Carey at the Bazaar or at SAUA Office.

The Film Group wishes to apologise for the non-screening of "The Blue Angel": the film has been bought by a commercial distributor and is not available for screening. They were notified of this arrangement too late for modifications to programmes.

Have you been refused a legal abortion in South Australia, or did you have any trouble getting one?

Adelaide Women's Liberation is collecting information about the workings of South Australia's supposedly liberal abortion laws. Let us know what your experience has been. Was it easy, difficult or degrading? How were you treated in hospital, by doctors, nurses, other patients? Were they helpful, disapproving or unsympathetic. Who are the best doctors to see? Who not to see? Information like this will help other women and may force hospitals to change their procedures and attitudes.

Write to us, anonymously if you want, at Adelaide Women's Liberation, Bloor House, Bloor Court, Adelaide 5000, or ring 51 6551 any weekday morning.

**Look here, you mugs.** We like to run an On Dit office that's pretty free and easy; we really don't care too much what goes on. But someone has ripped some stuff off from us. It's not that we've got property hang-ups: the problem is that we use the materials for laying out the paper, and it's difficult to do it without them. So, please return the set of four (4) Staedtler drawing pens in their own plastic box so we can do it like we want; also the Rotring Variant refill and the small orange Philips transistor radio that makes those all-night lay-out sessions a bit more tolerable.

**WOMENS LIBERATION:** Copies of the full text of each paper presented at the Women and Sexist Education Conference are available from the Women's Centre, Bloor House, Bloor Court, Adelaide 5000 (See On Dit 5 for a report)

Advertisement for the Adelaide University Democratic Club: It has come to our attention that certain people have been masquerading as members of the above club. These trendy left wing liberals are currently publishing a socialist scandal sheet called "Comment".

Students are hereby warned that "Comment" is a registered trade name owned by the Adelaide University Democratic Club. Any use of this name other than for the official organ of the above club is an actionable legal infringement which will be dealt with severely. Students are further advised that the A.U.D.C. is the only accredited club financed by the Democratic Labour Party on this campus and is proud to have achieved this status. In future, all authorized issues or "Comment" will be duplicated on quarto-sized olive-green paper (the official colour of the Democratic Labour Party).

All correspondence to the A.U.D.C. should be directed to:  
G.P.O. Box 2141,  
Adelaide 5001 :

The address given in volume 2 no 3 of the marxist "Comment" was misleading and should be ignored. A concerted campaign has been waged by a large number of Communists and others to discredit the Democratic Club and its members. However, during 1973, we intend to overcome the minority political groups. In particular we shall stem the rampant fashionable radicalism in the A.U. Liberal Club.

Any people desirous of participating in club activities are invited to contact us at the above address.

On behalf of the Executive  
A.T. Elgan,  
(President AUDC):

Unclassified ads are free to all students. Try to keep it down to 25 or 30 words if you can and drop them into the On Dit office some time.

**SOUTH EAST CORNER GROUP.**  
**WANTED: OLD COMICS, RECORDS AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS FOR THE NEW CENTRE.** IF YOU HAVE ANY PLEASE CALL AT 21 HURTLE SQUARE ADELAIDE, PHONE 23 2339 OR LEAVE A MESSAGE FOR LYNN BEAN AT THE S.A.U.S. OFFICE.

Anglican Society - Communion Service, Chapel, Each Friday 1.10 p.m. All welcome.

**INTERESTED IN . . . . .**  
politics/protest/dabats/donings/discussion/demonstrations/rhetoric/reform/reactionaries/communication

Perhaps you can help us. Or we you.

The A.P. Club has nebulous, flexible aims. We are people who are interested. Active. Who enjoy swapping views.

No special membership requirements. You can be Communist, Catholic, Liberal, agnostic--anything.

Unusual views are an advantage but not a prerequisite.

Meetings are advertised in "Bread and Circuses" (free from Student Activities Office) Or come to our clubroom (room S4 behind the Games Room) anytime (leave a note if no-one's there)

The Club isn't affiliated with the Australia Party.

THE A.P. CLUB

**Jazz, Rock and Blues Club:**  
Lunch time concert June 22nd  
ARIEL (-the new Spectrum)  
Union Hall 40c/30c:

**Jazz rock and Blues Club**  
Annual General Meeting  
July 19th 1.00 p.m.  
Club Room Union Hall (upstairs on left of Foyer)

**Jazz Rock and Blues:**  
Jazz/Blues concert  
Sunday July 29th  
featuring Blues singers and the "Our Thing Big Band."

**INTERESTED IN A SECURE, PROFITABLE TAX FREE INVESTMENT?**  
I WILL DESIGN A PLAN TO SUIT YOUR NEEDS AS A STUDENT OR GRADUATE.  
CONTACT: JIM JORDAN  
BUS: 72-3688 A.H. 67-1686

ON DIT's advertising revenue is at present non-existent, that is, we aren't getting any money for carrying paid advertisements. If you want to **EARN SOME MONEY**, you can flog off space for ON DIT. Rate cards available from ON DIT office or SAUA, and you get 20% of the cost of the ad., as a commission. Which is fairly easy money. You just pick a shop/business/service etc. that looks like it's student-oriented and tell them about the **Student Market** and lots of other bull shit. Then collect their money. Easy.

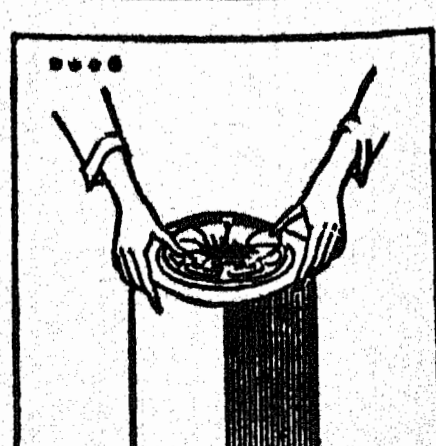
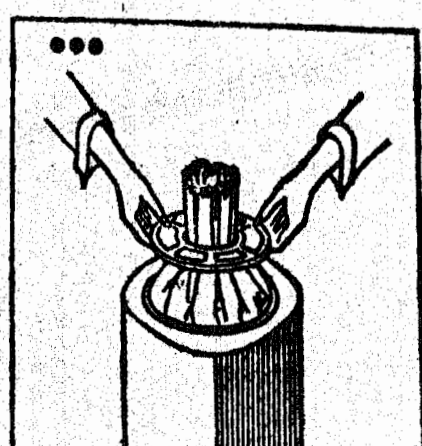
Hear Eddison Zvobgo Representative African National Council 8.00 p.m. Tues. 26th June Lecture Theatre 5 Napier Building 1 p.m. Games Room the same day.

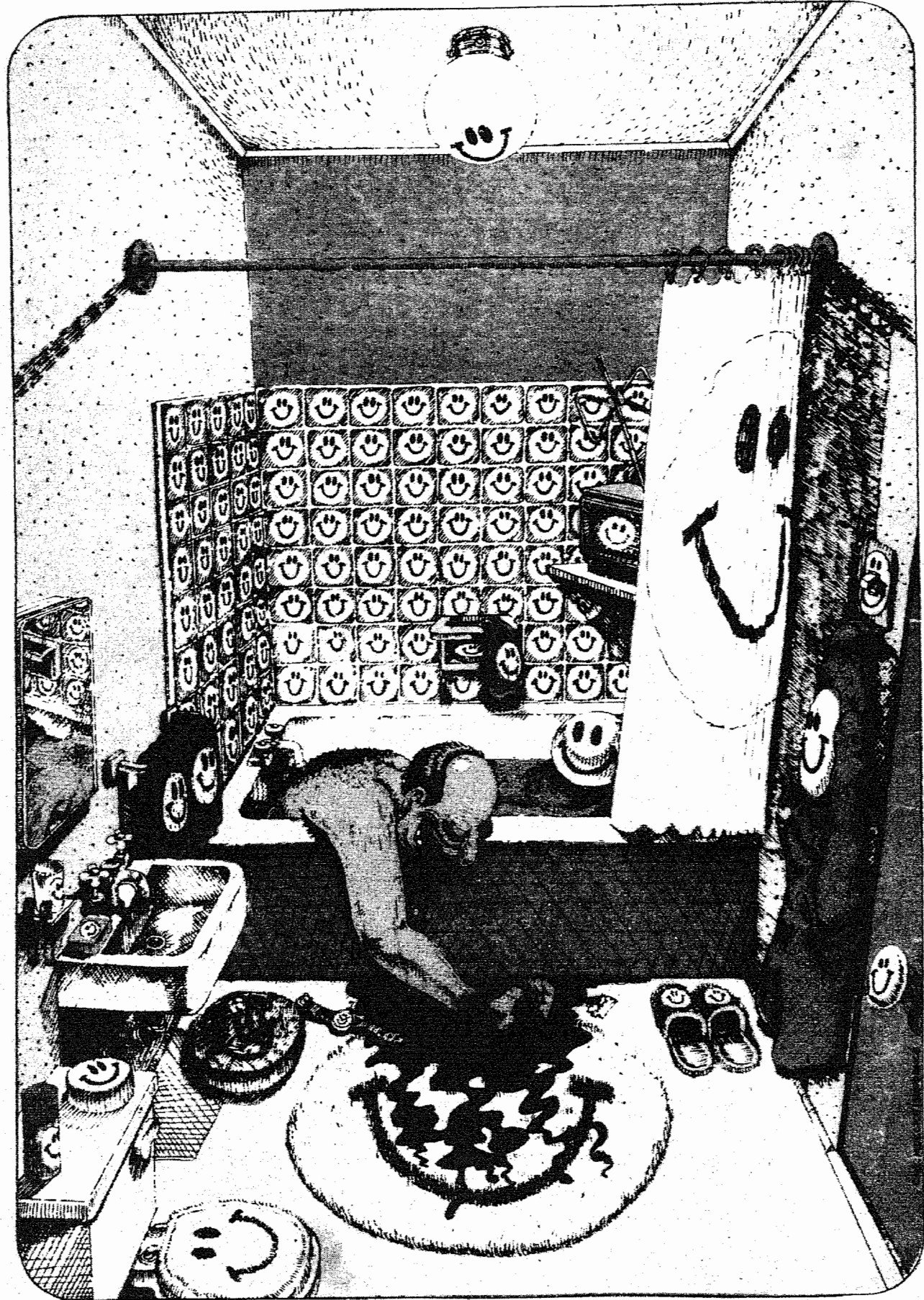
**A.U.S. TRAVEL**  
NEW PRICES!  
NEW PLACES!  
COME IN AND SEE US AT THE TRAVEL OFFICE AND FLOCK OFF LIKE THE BIRDS.

**WANTED TO BUY**  
Beehives and/or Bees contact D. Deans (P & I CHEM III) or 25 Norman St., Angle Park.

**RELIGIOUS AND HUNG-UP ABOUT BEING CAMP? LIKE TO SEE SOME CAMPS IN ACTION IN THE CHURCH?**  
JOIN OUR TASK FORCE FRIDAY FORT-NIGHTLY. AND COME OUT WORKING. MORE INFORMATION PHONE 712252.

**GURV PUJA SPIRITUAL FESTIVAL**  
July 13,14,15.  
Adelaide.  
(Divine Light Mission)  
Phone 231728





SUPPLEMENT TO UNIT 7, UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE. 24 PAGES!!

# KURDLE YOUR KARMA WITH... COZMIC COMICS

25c MORE OR LESS  
☆ SORRY KIDS - ADULTS ONLY ☆



IT'S...UH... UNCOOL TO VAMP ON DA ENERGY OF SWA PEOPLE MICK...UH... MEEP WHAT MEAN!!

Mr. Natural, disguised as a vacuum cleaner salesman, talks to the Housewives of America.

# The Time Machine

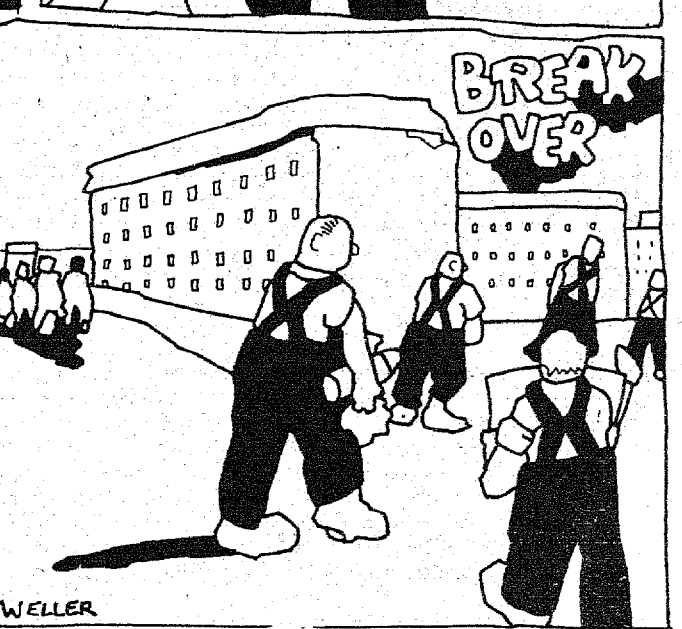
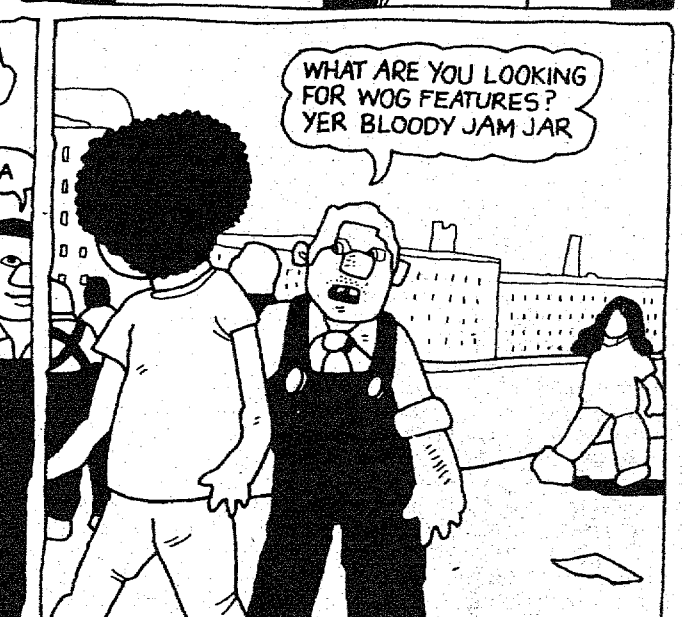
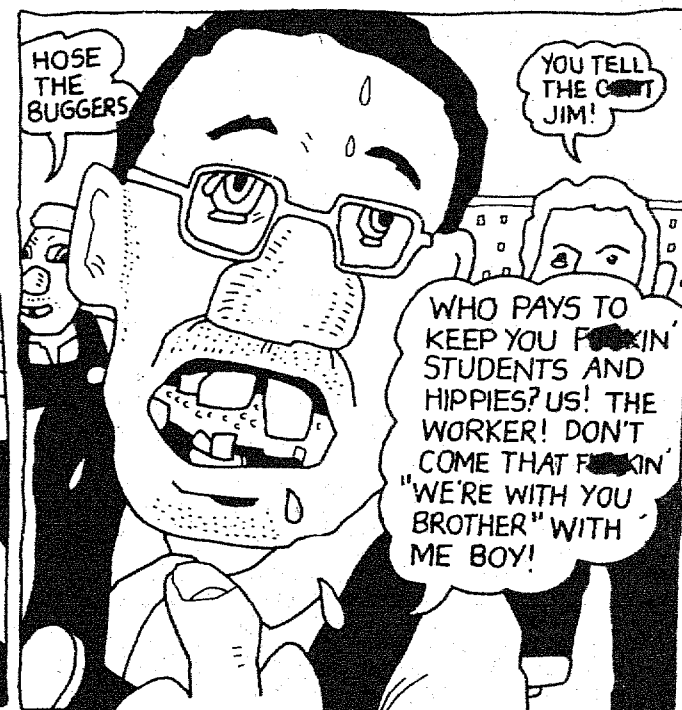
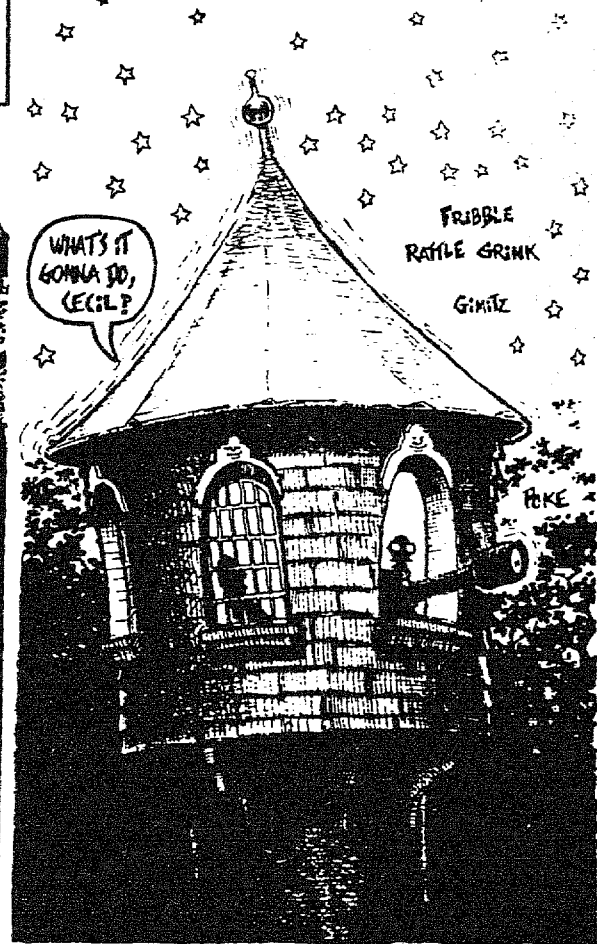
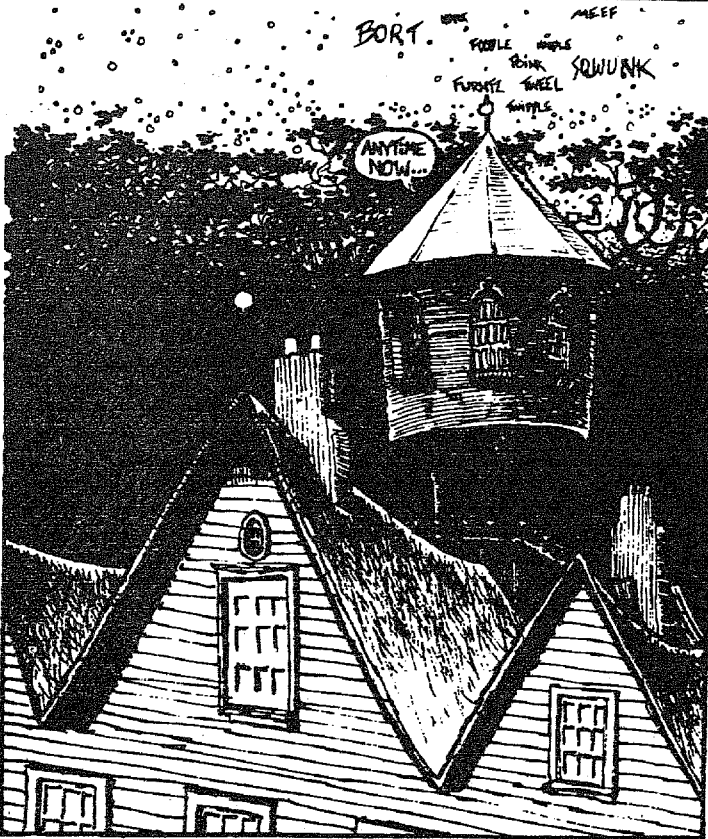
AN ADVENTURE BASED ON A SLIGHTLY MISUNDERSTOOD VERSION OF THE "NEW THEORY OF RELATIVITY."

THE INVENTION OF TIME IS IN VARIOUS CLASSES. SECONDS GO RUNNING IN GROUPS AS IT PASSES TO STUMBLING INTO ALL HOOLED IN PASSES, AND HOURS PROGRESSING ON FEET OF POLYESTERS. ...BUT CAUSE... AFTER FALLING ASLEEP IN THE HEAD BY A STREAM, HAS FINALLY AWAKE AN HOUR AS IN THE SKY, STURD UP IN AMAZEMENT ABOVE IN THE SKY, TO A PLAGING FRODE LIFE OF DAY NITE SLEEPING, THE GROUND WAS ONLY OF CREEPING WOOZY, FELT IT BELOW, ISLANDS OF EARTH WELLO, A SMALLS BRICE OF ROCKS, SHUFFLED BY IN FLOORS, THEIR FEET WITHOUT SACKS, IN SOME WOODS OLD BALS,

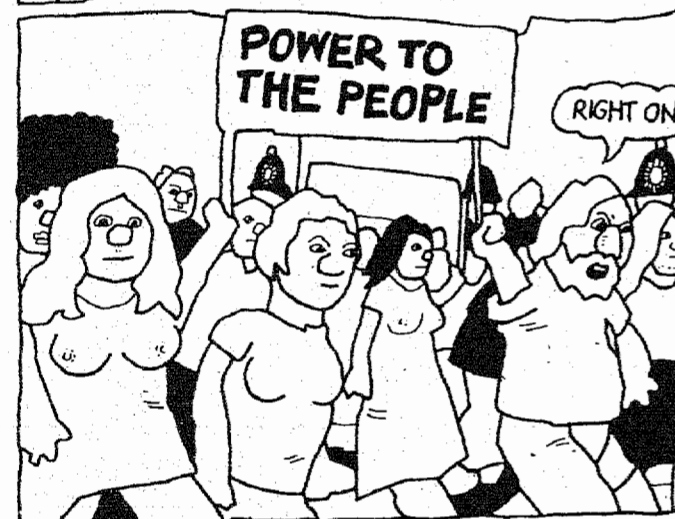
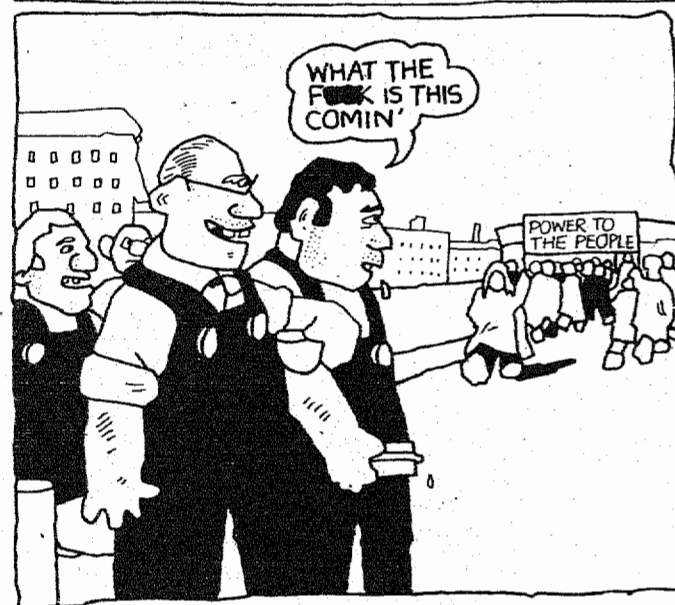
AND WATCHING IN WUNDER AS THINGS DID UNPLICE. FIRST AN APPLE, AN ORANGE, THEN A POME GRANATE, WITH A SQUACK THE PUMPKINS BLEW UP LIKE BALLOONS, TO DID TOMATOES, IN PEACHES IN BUNCHES OF PRUNES, IN A MOUND OF BELLY BANCE AND SENSUOUS BALLEET, THE PLANTS AND FLOWERS SLOWLY ACTED A PLAY, WITH FLOWERS THAT ARE ONLY ECTRIC, DA TREE, THEY HUNDED AND BUMPED IN MAN INDETERMINED MELEE, A RAINBOW BRUSH ATTRACTED A PAIR, AN TIPPOED AWAY FOR A NIGHT ON A DATE, WHILE THE REST OF THE FOREST WENT CLUTCHING AN WAPPING, SQUEEZING AN FEELING WITH ROOTS THAT WENT GRABBING,

AND RUBBING THE EYES THE SCENE WENT AWAY, THE GROUND CEASED TO GRUNT IN A CURIOUS WAY, SOMEWHERE SOME CONTRADICTION MUST HAVE SLIPPED IN TIME, LIKE THIS COUPLET SOMEWHAT SLIGHTLY OUT OF RHYME.

IN HIS ATTIC LABORATORY, CECIL QUILL IS ONCE AGAIN DEEPLY ABSORBED IN ANOTHER OF HIS ENDLESS SCHEMES TO CONQUER NATURE.



# THE FIRM





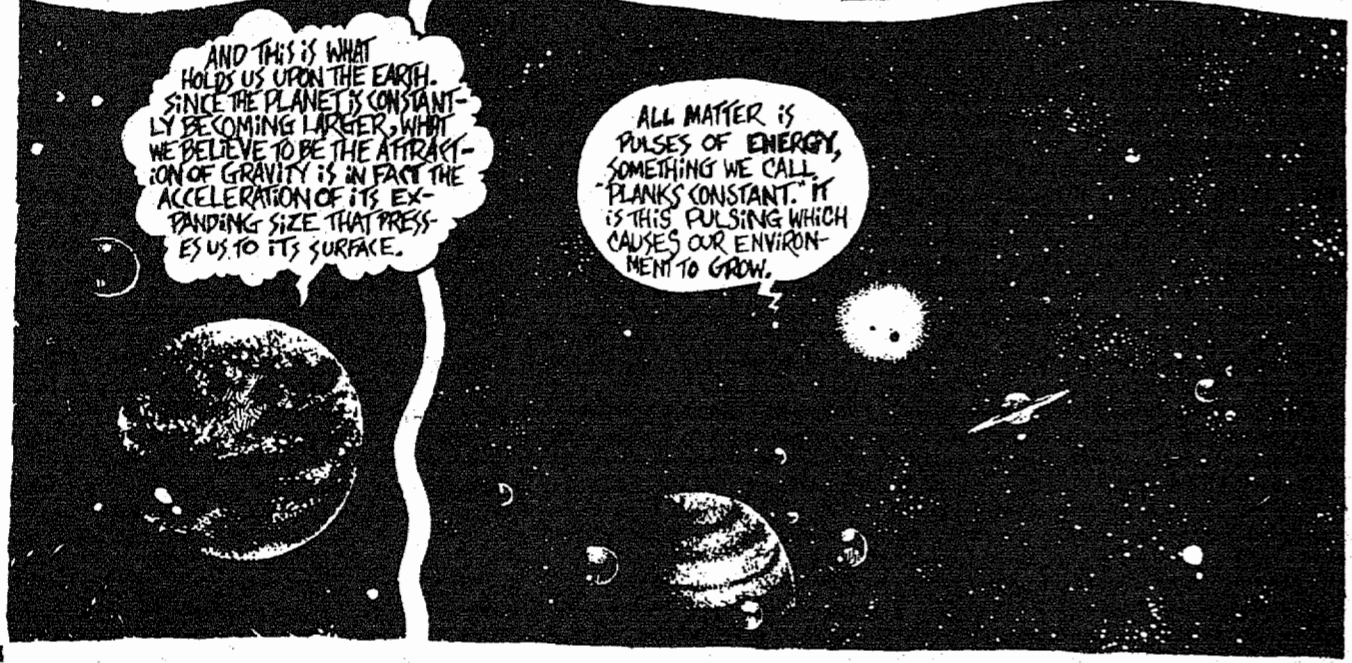
WHAT IS IT?

THIS IS A DIMENSIONAL VARIATOR WHICH FUNCTIONS ON THE PRINCIPLE THAT EVERYTHING AROUND US, INCLUDING YOURSELF, IS GETTING LARGER.



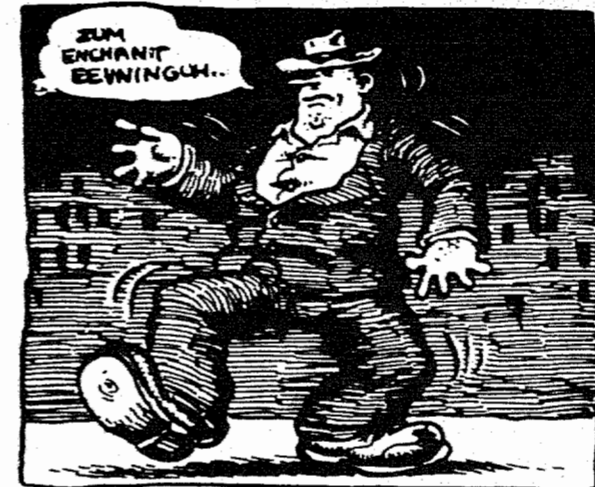
THE SUN AND THE PLANETS, THE AIR, TREES, AND ROCKS, FROGS, VOLKSWAGONS AND RHINOCERUSES, THE ENTIRE COMPLEX OF NATURE IS EXPANDING.

BUT WE NEVER REALIZE THESE PHENOMENA BECAUSE THE RATES OF INCREASING MAGNITUDE ARE ALL RELATIVE.



AND THIS IS WHAT HOLDS US UPON THE EARTH. SINCE THE PLANET IS CONSTANTLY BECOMING LARGER, WHAT WE BELIEVE TO BE THE ATTRACTION OF GRAVITY IS IN FACT THE ACCELERATION OF ITS EXPANDING SIZE THAT PRESSES US TO ITS SURFACE.

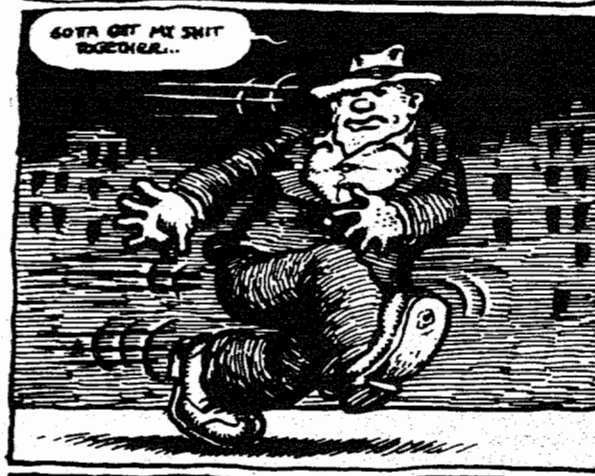
ALL MATTER IS PULSES OF ENERGY, SOMETHING WE CALL "PLANKS CONSTANT." IT IS THIS PULSING WHICH CAUSES OUR ENVIRONMENT TO GROW.



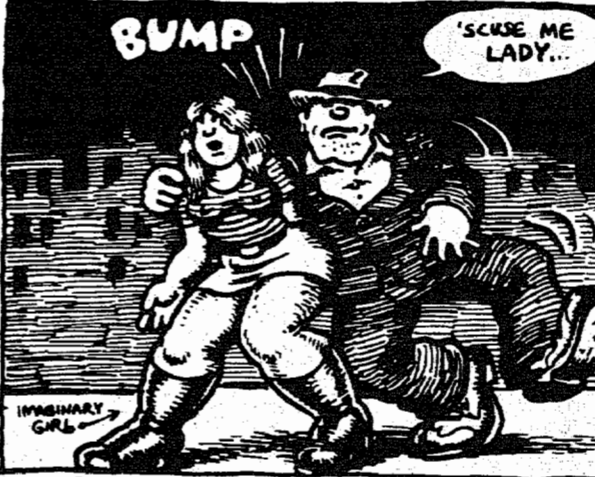
ZUM ENCHANT BEWINGUH...



...UP... GODDAM...



GOTTA GET MY SHIT TOGETHER...



BUMP

'SCUSE ME LADY...

IMAGINARY GIRL



THUD

OOF! SORRY!



UHH... UHH...  
AHH... AW...



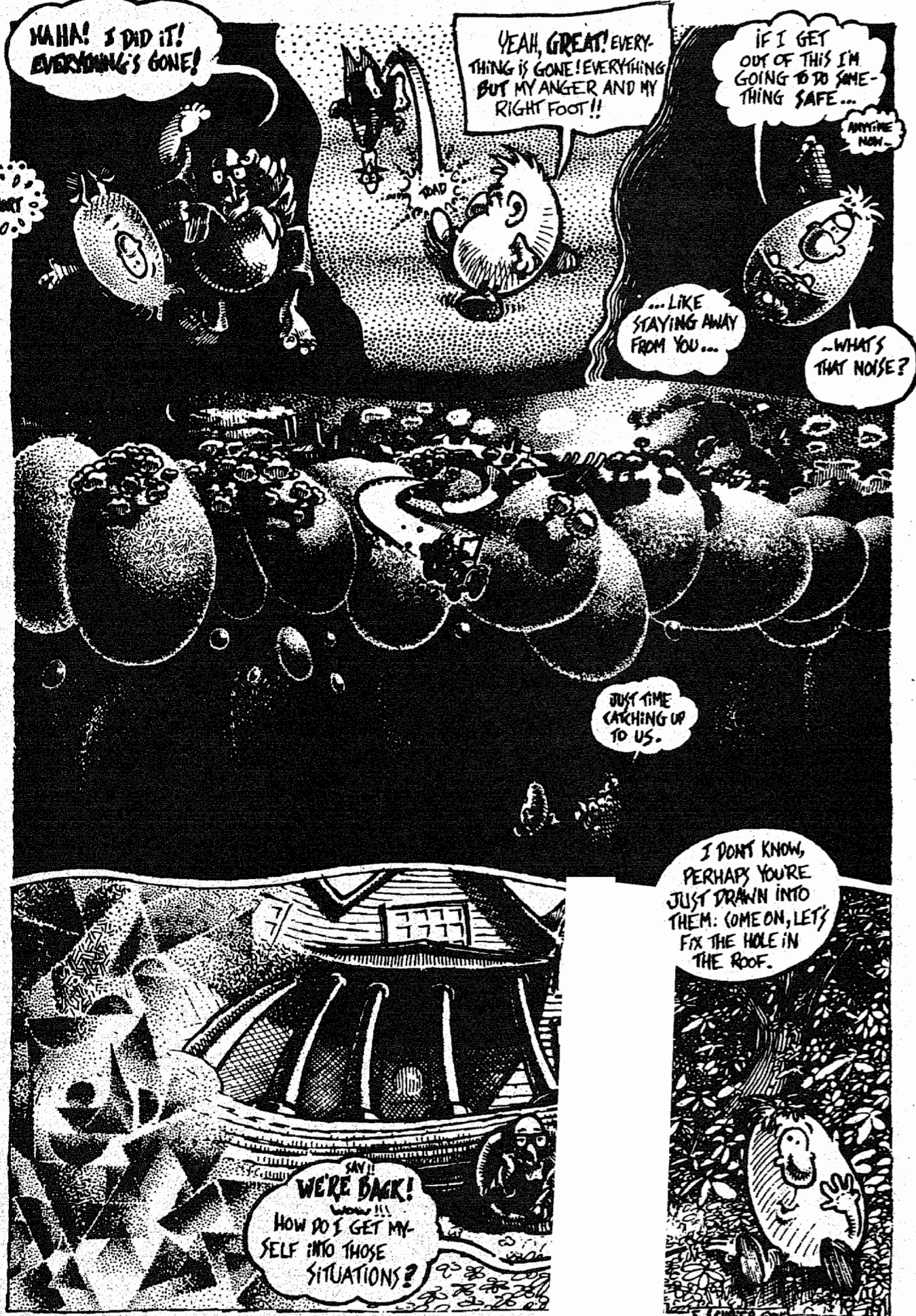
ZZZZ

THE END









HAHA! I DID IT!  
EVERYTHING'S GONE!

YEAH, GREAT! EVERY-  
THING IS GONE! EVERYTHING  
BUT MY ANGER AND MY  
RIGHT FOOT!!

IF I GET  
OUT OF THIS I'M  
GOING TO DO SOME-  
THING SAFE...

ANYTIME  
NOW...

... LIKE  
STAYING AWAY  
FROM YOU ...

...WHAT'S  
THAT NOISE?

JUST TIME  
CATCHING UP  
TO US.

I DON'T KNOW,  
PERHAPS YOU'RE  
JUST DRAWN INTO  
THEM. COME ON, LET'S  
FIX THE HOLE IN  
THE ROOF.

SAY!!  
WE'RE BACK!  
How do I get my-  
self into those  
SITUATIONS?

F. SCHNER 67M



MY HEAD, IT'S  
TOO BIG OO

DOES IT  
HURT?

IF YOU HAD  
YOUR CHOICE OF  
VOYAGING TO ANY  
SPOT IN TIME, WHERE  
WOULD YOU GO?

NO...

WELL, IN  
THAT CASE I'D  
CHECK MY CROTCH. IF  
THE SITUATION IS THE  
SAME THERE YOU CAN  
CONSIDER THE RE-  
SULTS BENEFICIAL.

I'D GO BACK TO A THREE  
DAY BEER FESTIVAL IN 68, MAN!  
WOKE UP EVERY MORNING WITH A  
GOLD SIX PAK NEXT TO MY BED.  
BY THE LAST PART OF THE WEEKEND  
MY TONGUE WAS A NUMB  
BALL OF FUZZ.

ANYPLACE  
AT ALL?

PRECISELY WHAT  
I THOUGHT! THIS MODE  
OF TRAVEL EITHER GETS  
ONE TO THE DISSOLUTION OF  
THE WORLD IN SOME FAR-  
OFF-FUTURE, OR RETURNS  
TO A HISTORICAL EVENT  
OF THE PAST.

WE, HOW-  
EVER, ARE  
GOING WHERE  
NO-ONE'S EVER  
VENTURED IN  
THE PAST.

BEFORE THE  
BEGINNING.

F. SCHNER 67M



IN OTHER WORDS, MATHEMATICALLY SPEAKING, WE ARE BREAKING TIME INTO INCREMENTS OF SPACE OF INCREASINGLY DIMINISHING SIZES...

IS THAT POSSIBLE?!

YES! BY BECOMING SO VERY TINY THAT THERE REMAINS NOTHING SMALLER THAN OURSELVES.

BUT THEORETICALLY WE CAN GO ON FOREVER, REDUCING OUR SIZE AND SPLITTING THESE FRAGMENTS OF TIME INTO LESSER VALUES AND STILL WE WOULD REMAIN WITH TIME ON OUR HANDS AND SOMETHING MORE MINUTE THAN WE ARE.

THEREFORE, WITH ALL THESE VARIABLES AND ELEMENTS OF CHANCE, IF WE TAKE JUST ONE AVENUE OF APPROACH WE MAY OR MAY NOT ACHIEVE OUR GOAL.

THE LAW OF PROBABILITY GIVES US ONE CHANCE IN INFINITY FOR SUCCESS.

SO... WE SHALL TAKE MORE THAN ONE DIRECTION!!



HERMAN!! GIMMEE THAT!

CANT YOU PLAY ANYTHING OTHER THAN MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB?

OK! HERE YOU DO IT!!

IF YOU DONT GET US AWAY FROM THAT THING I'M GONNA HIJACK THIS POT!

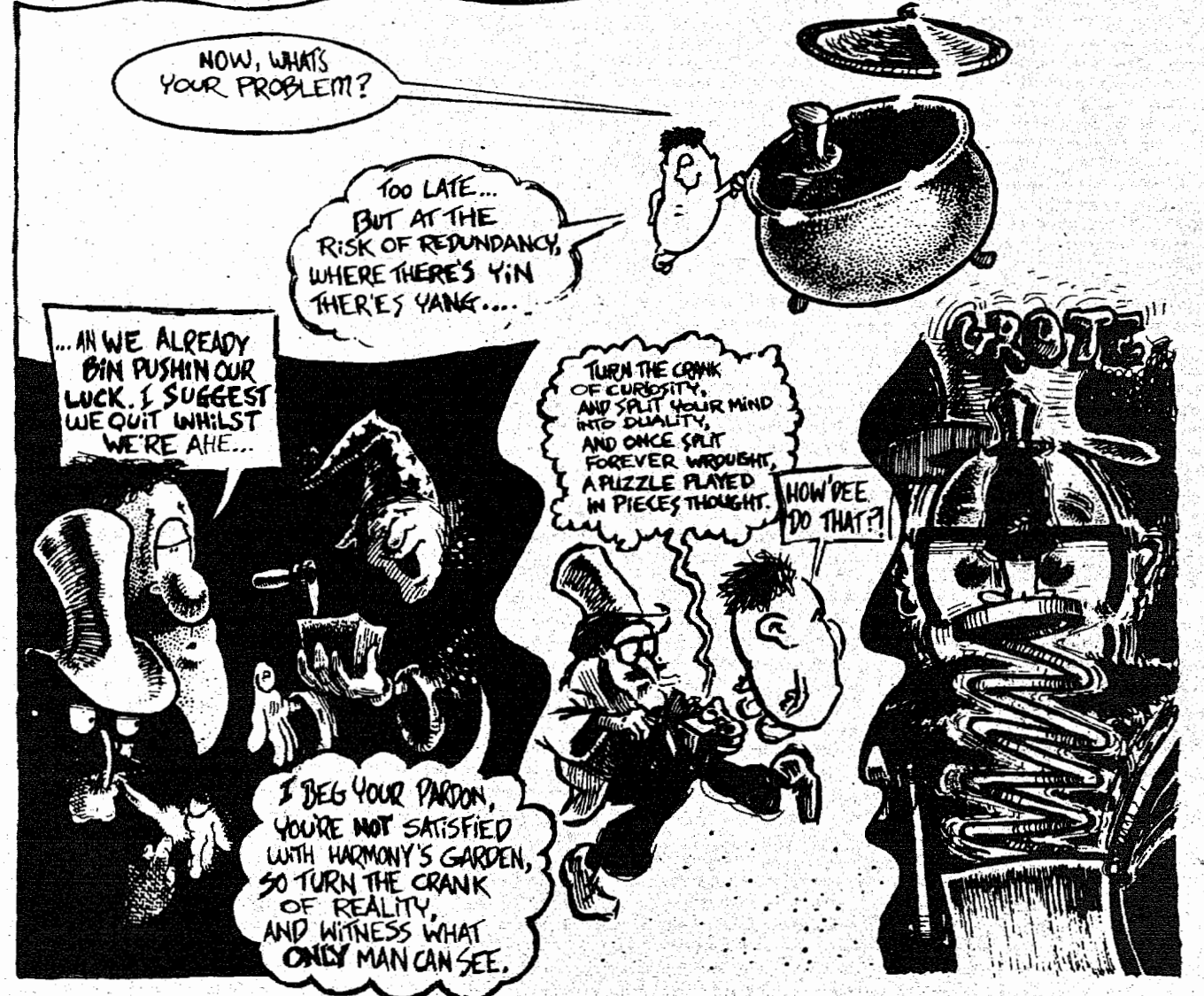
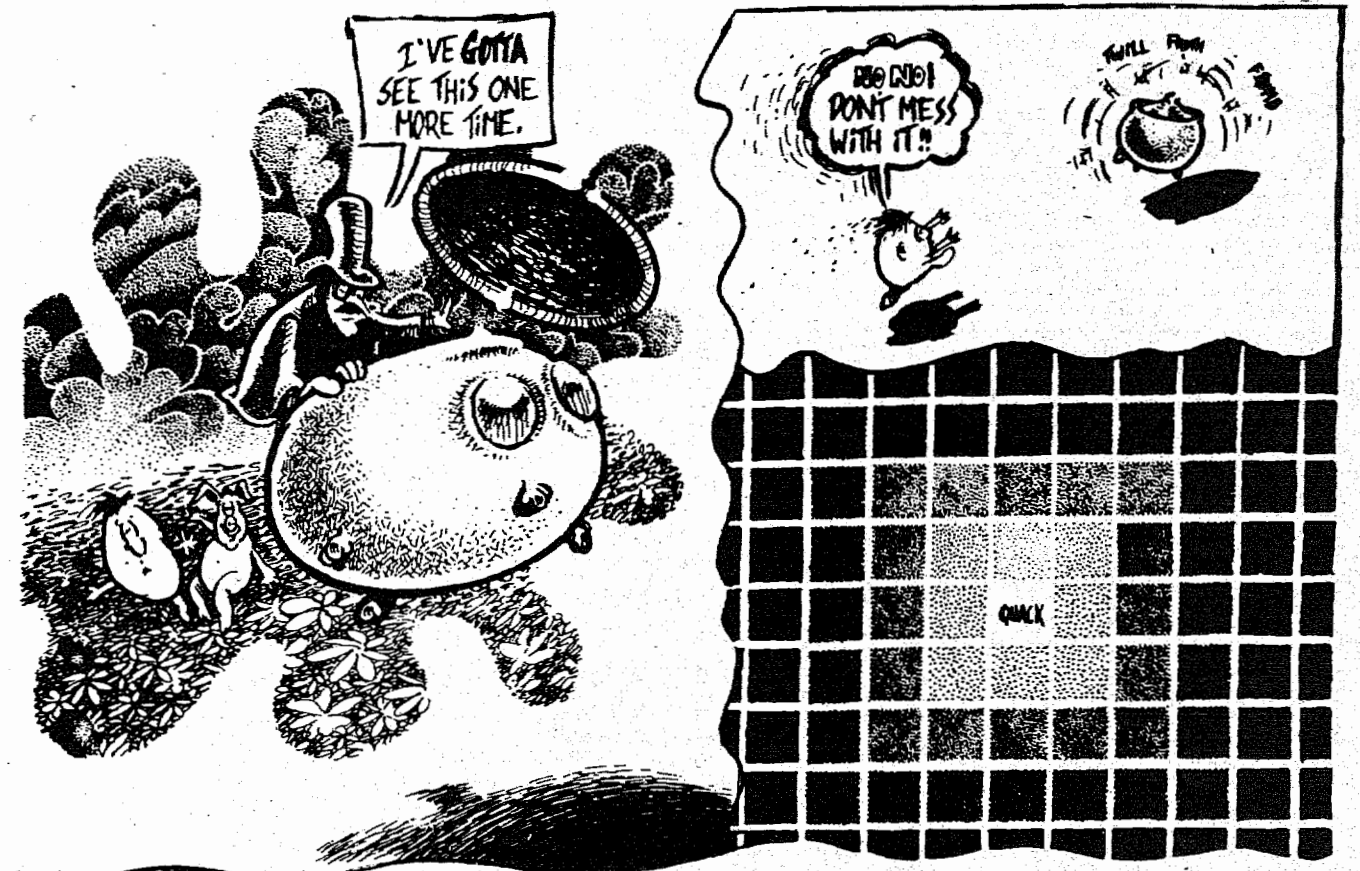
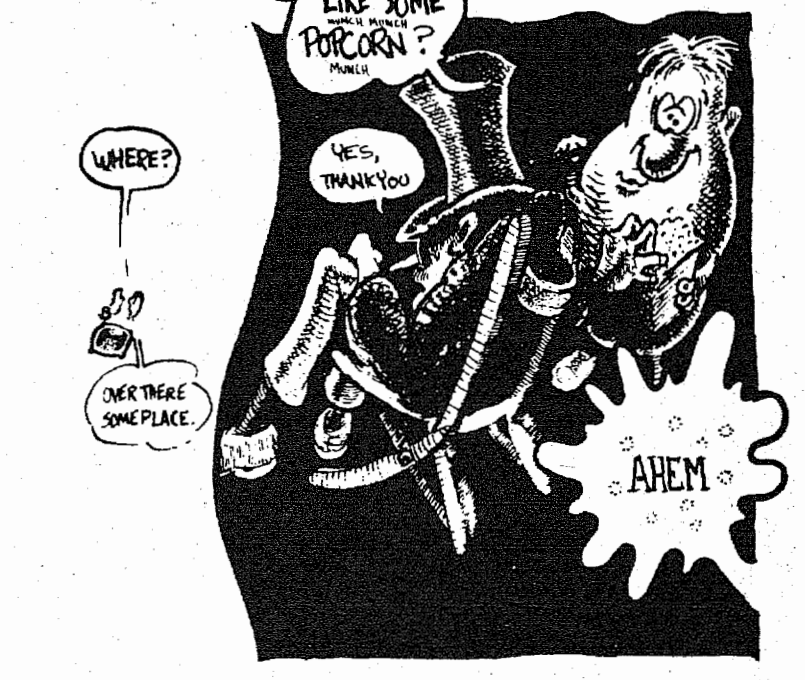
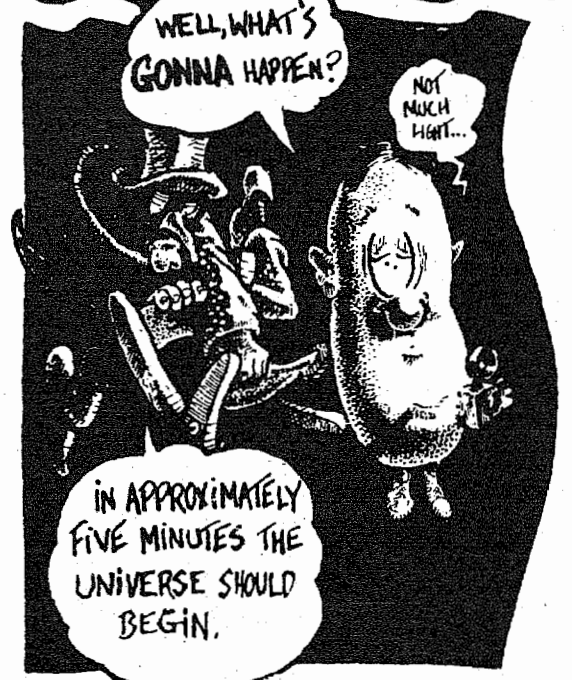
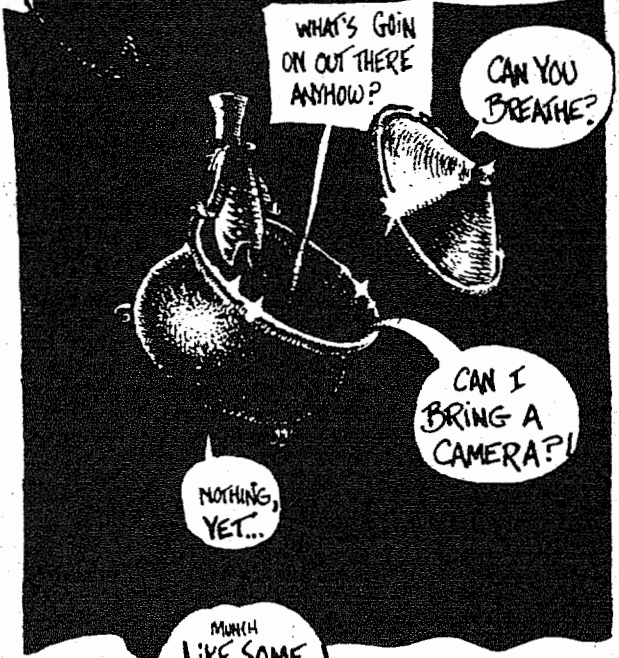
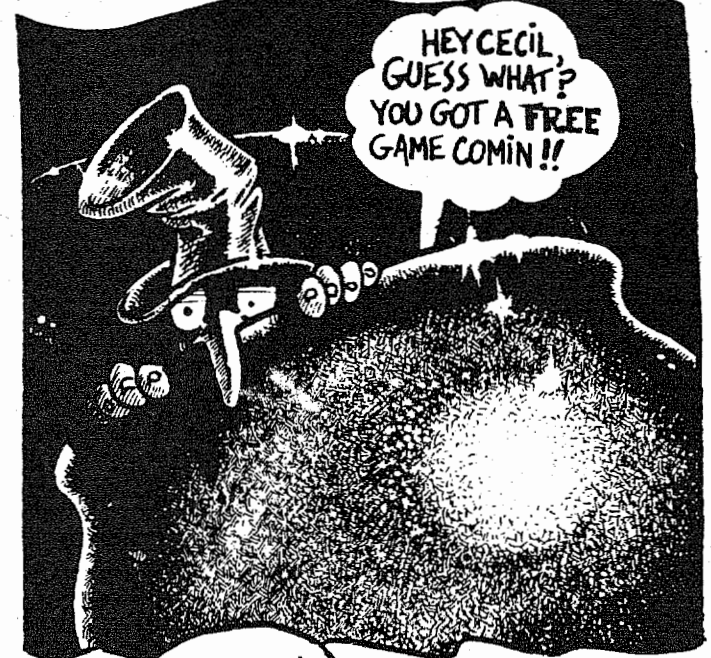
DONT WORRY.. I DIDNT BUILD THIS BUGGY OUTTA SPARE PARTS FROM THE BASEMENT...

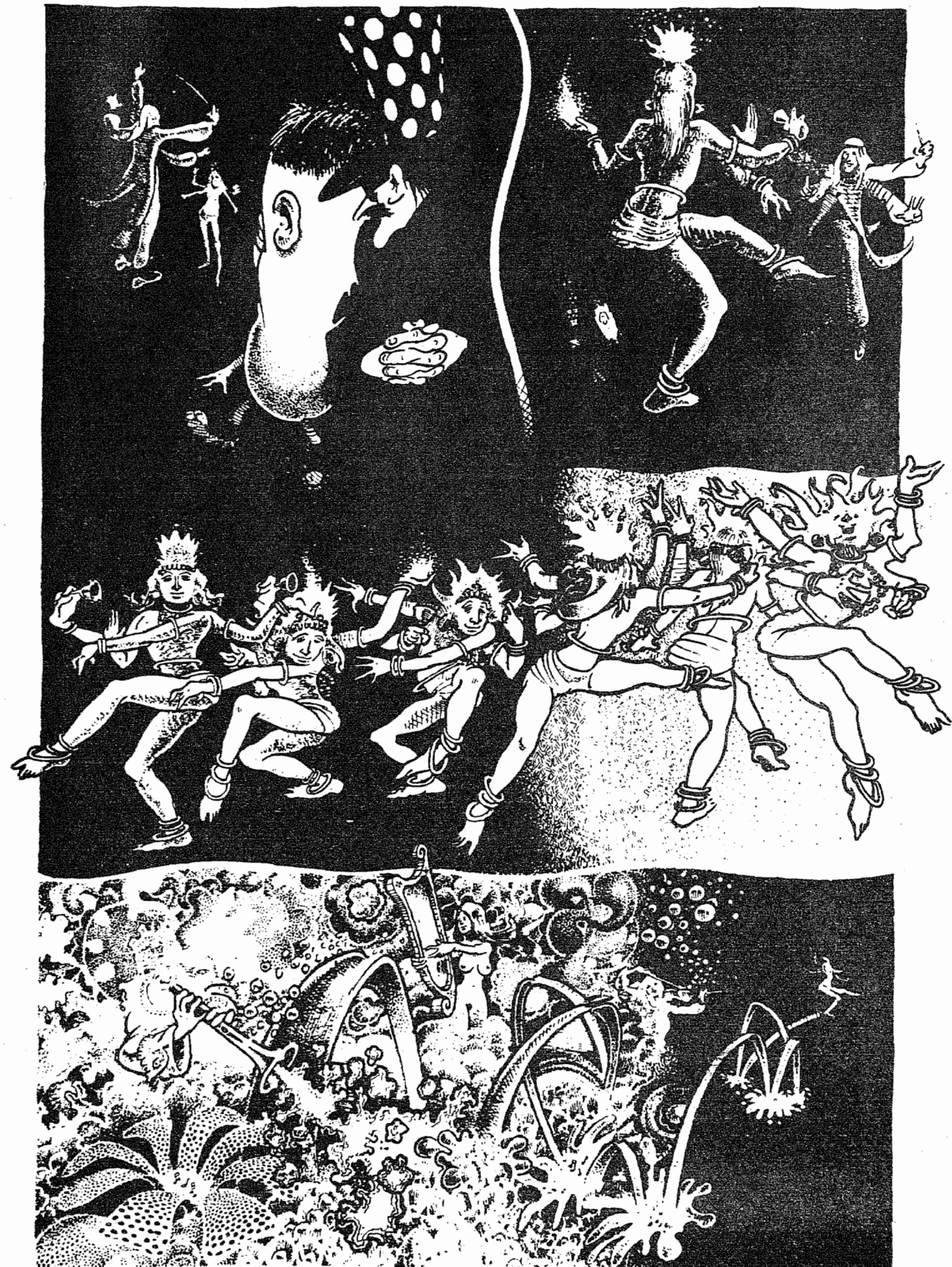
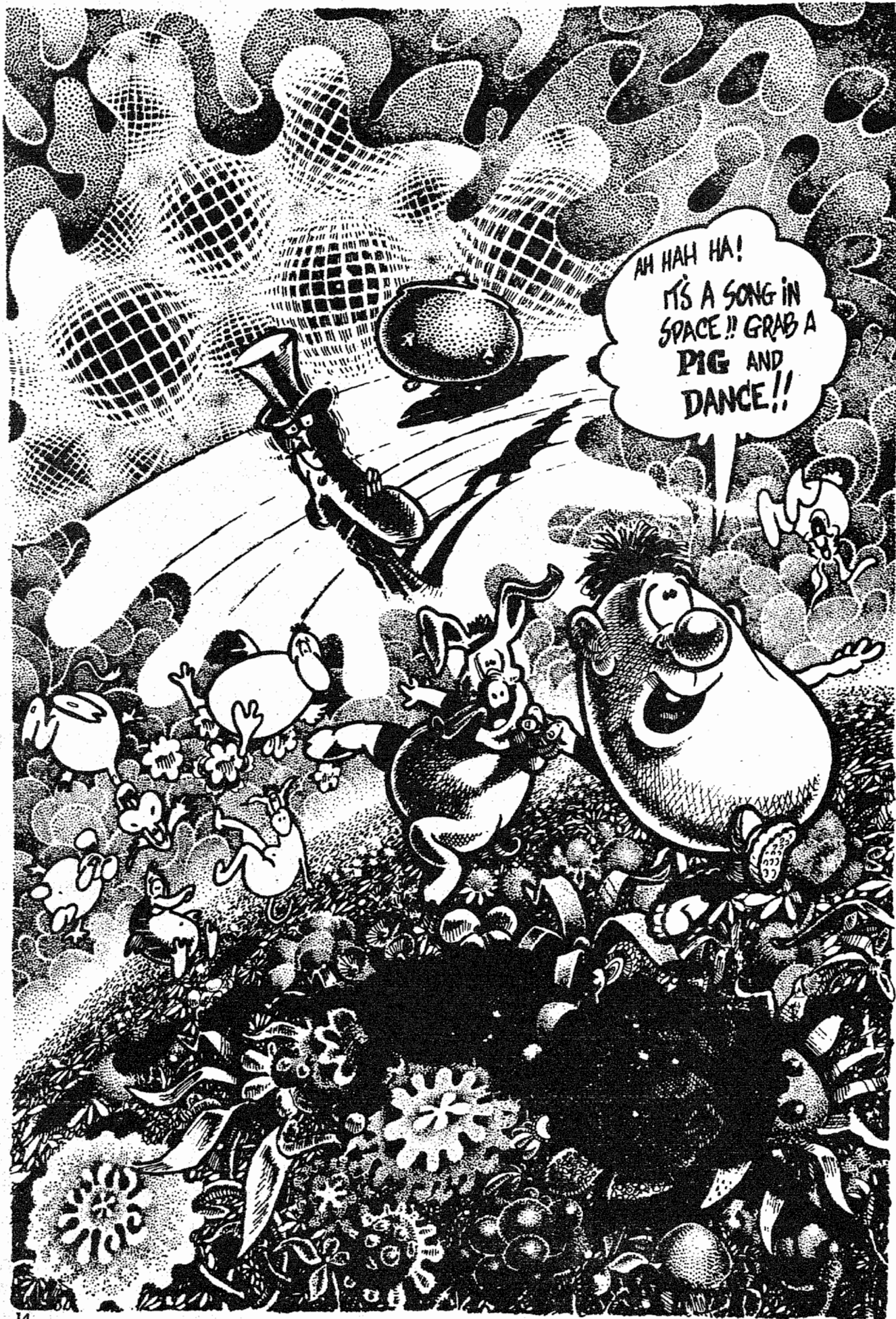
... AND IF MY CALCULATIONS ARE CORRECT, WE WILL BE ABLE TO SURPASS THE LIGHT BARRIER...

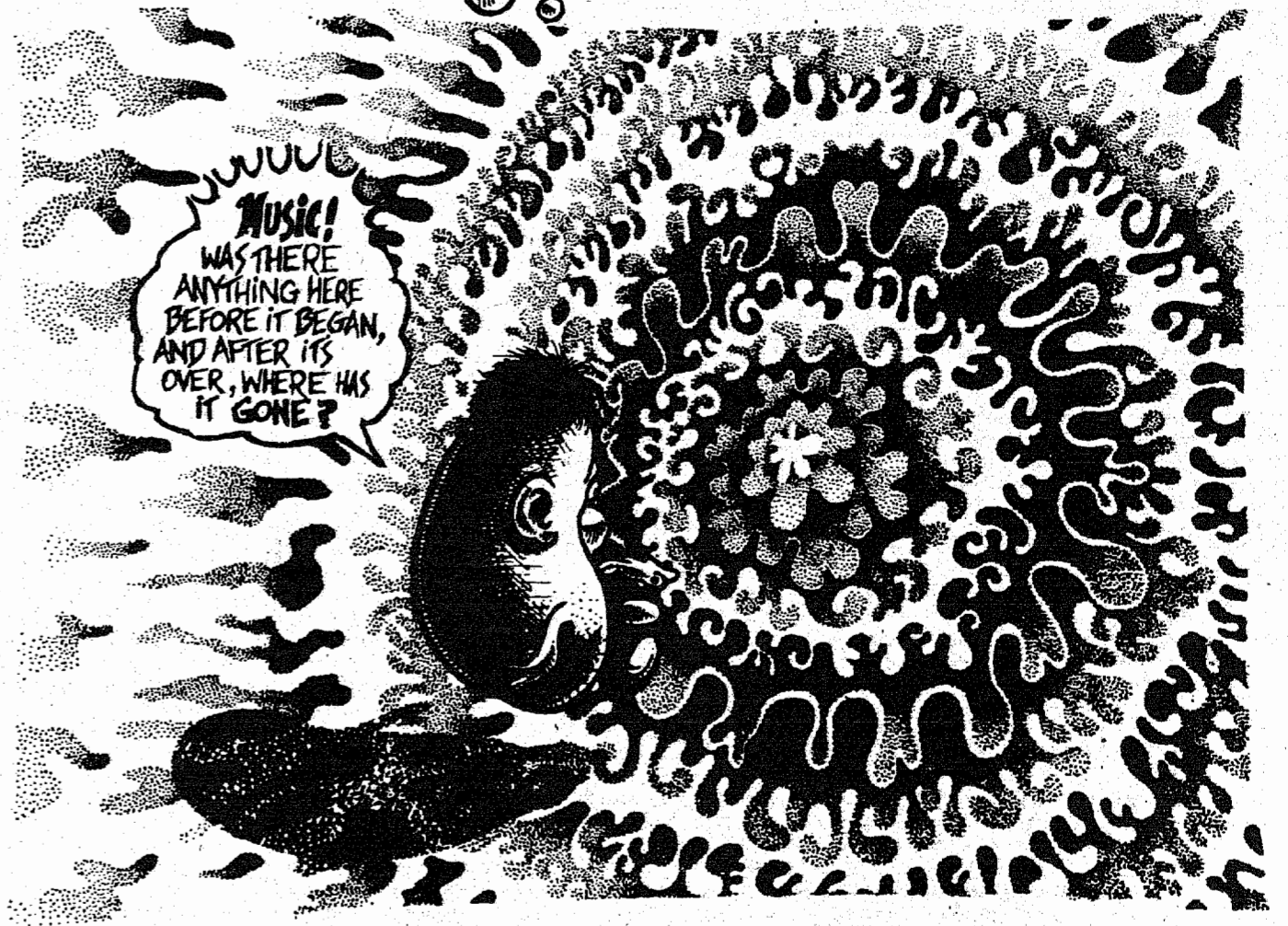
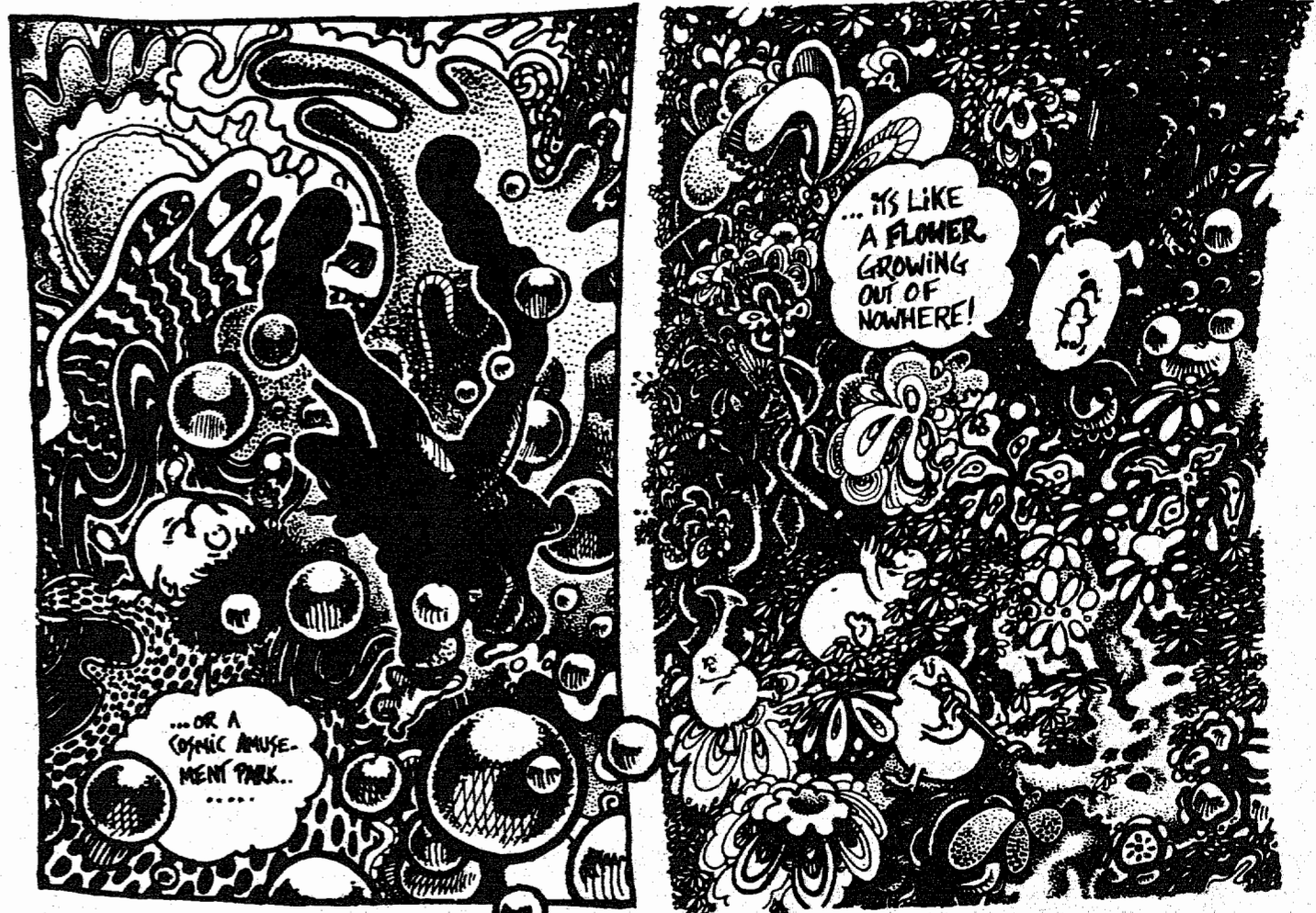
... BECAUSE EINSTEIN'S THEORY IS A MATHEMATICAL HALLUCINATION.

WHEN WE BREAK THROO THE ILLUSION OF LIGHT, WHATLL WE FIND?









# ALL PREVIOUS REVOLUTIONS HAVE LEFT THE STATE WITH MORE POWER: V.I. LENIN

From 78-187880, published in paperback by Doubleday Anchor, N.Y., 1972, by Ira Einhorn.

Anatomy of revolution: 1:causes/ 2:signs of impending/3:description/ 4:results. This is an anatomy, a structural description of a form that has been used as a means of bringing about change/not consciously, but groping/not as a tool grasped from within, but as an ongoing process that swept away all that lay in its path. To produce what "... by now it appears that after every revolution we end up with the same damned old society we started out with." (Morse Peckham, Victorian Revolutionaries.)

Revolution is a battle for power; it involves/or has involved/the question of who will control this limited power. It accepts the nature, belief or metaphysic of the society. Revolution is the imposition of a new head upon an old body politic.

Revolution is a role change not a change in being.

"So the question here is revolution/ and everyone is crying out for a necessary revolution/but I don't know if enough people have understood that this revolution would not be real as long as it was not physically and materially complete/ as long as it would not turn and face man/face the body of man himself and decide once and for all that he change."

Antonin Artaud.

Is 'revolution' the correct word for this change?

## TRANSFORMATION

involves a

change in the way the game is played/new game, not new roles in the old game/the creation of new means for dealing with reality/ new questions asked/new modes/ new tools/new symbols/with which to encounter the world.

"Revolution begins at the end of a gun barrel"—Che/is this the way?

Revolution is a concept that occurs within the structure of historical change/in this context/here/now/ it is a regressive means of staving off the

## END OF HISTORY

## APOCALYPSE

/a concept that has daemonically controlled so much of the mind energy of contemporary thought. What we are experiencing is

## EVOLUTIONARY

change. We are at the edge of evolution not the



edge of history/our tale is about hybrids and mutants (cultural/(not the linear change of historical movements. For the revolutionary, survival is the issue. Revolution is a zero sum game. For the transformer, evolution into new forms is the issue. He is a creator concerned with the SYNERGISTIC/

## SYNERGISTIC

energy-together-network/interplay of all those he shares the planet with. He wishes to create a system that will allow for the maximization of life potential. His focus is evolutionary. He has transcended historically consciousness/gone beyond the edge of history wherein he confronts the free play of  $E=MC^2/H=S$  in the realm of creativity that will realize the unity of the species.

All organizations tends to move in the direction of closure/they are heirarchical forms which transmit information through channels that run in a linear direction/from head to toe.

Their very form of being does not allow for the creation of new structures, all previous revolutions/ including the Cuban & the Chinese /have repeated this organizational mistake. Heads or heroes re-place old heads. Positional authority is replaced by

## CHARISMATIC

auth- ority. When the charisma fades, the tendency to regress into authoritarian modes of directing modes of energy is overwhelming. Structures tighten and the people slowly choke to death.

The Movement in America during the late 60's and early 70's made exactly this mistake-building much of its power on the media charisma of a few individuals and sloganeering of a few.

If we are to bring about genuine change we must create a theoretical base that generates strategy and tactics antithetical to these processes.

Revolution is an old game which 3% used to play at the expense of the other 97%. We now need to create a broader base if we hope to bring about the needed

## TRANSFORMATION

/an impossibility if we continue to wall ourselves off behind ideologies that do not begin to meet the needs of the people we are hoping to transform. We must realise the uniqueness of our situation and work to provide means by which the transformation can take place. Those who are not in touch with themselves/those who are out of touch or in a state of disintegration/will seek the swell of the crown to provide that so-needed sense of being in touch.

The movement of the crowd can be likened to the movement of the unconscious so well demonstrated in the movies of Eisenstein. Out of touch/a division between conscious and unconscious/that can't be crossed/no connection/topological interruption.

One who is slowly working on the development of consciousness by integrating the unconscious part of his being through symbolic control of his energies associated with the various levels of the unconscious, is in touch with a process that obviated the need for crowd behaviour. The merging into the crowd provides that dip into the unconscious that he or she is not able to provide for himself or herself/the eruption of the crowd is a substitute for the slow release of energy

## INTEGRATED

into the conscious levels of the mind. Crowds are a form that humanity forms when its normal modes of channelling energy have failed. It is a quick way of moving people to a level of equality, almost always regressive, in which their energy & direction can be controlled by a small group of men whose symbolic focus is usually a Charismatic leader.

The possibility of using groups as a positive initiation into new modes of reality is just beginning to be explored:

## SYNERGY

groups.

Revolution, like human bodily material evolution, is a thing of the past/an old planetary game which we protean children must leave behind is we are ever to assume the responsibility of planetary enzymes/

## CATALYSTS

for the emerging changes that will totally transform the now darkening face of the planet. Once again the spirit is brooding over the face of the deep, seeking in new creation the means to establish the form that will give structure to our present

## CHAOS

# STUDENTS ASSOCIATION

Every year you pay a Union Statutory Fee (or your scholarship does); this amounted to more than \$300,000 this year. Some of this goes to things like paying for the building going on in the Union and some goes to the Student's Association. (That, incidentally, is where ON DIT gets its money from.) As a community service, we publish how the Students Association spent its money for the first term. The ON DIT political roundsman comments: "Once again the bureaucrats in the Students Association have done nothing and

it's cost the average student a lot. Student interest and activity on campus is at its lowest level for years, and the only body with the financial resources to do anything has done little to stimulate campus activity of any real significance. There is money available to enterprising students and groups that is now being eaten up by a bureaucratic machinery. How long can this go on?"

## 1. Old money

### S.A.U.A. — 1ST TERM EXPENDITURE

<b>PUBLIC AFFAIRS COMMITTEE (Budget \$1,500)</b>		
Grants:		
Survival Club	\$	100.00
Campus Camp		25.00
Happy Birthday Party		100.00
Women's Lib.		100.00
F.O.E.—G. Lafitte		25.50
Vietnamese Sponsorship Fund		50.00
Clearlight Bazaar		30.00
Worker Student Alliance		70.00
Grass Roots		21.00
Alternative Freshers Camp		36.23
(Grant to South East Corner Group not yet paid—\$250)		
		\$ 557.73
<b>CULTURAL AFFAIRS FUND (Budget \$1,000; 1972 Balance \$1,044.45)</b>		
1972 Expenses:		
Cobb/Ochs underwrite	\$	22.57
Projectionist—Cantrell film showing		23.89
1973 Expenses:		
Street Theatre		68.29
Film—C. Mueller		206.10
Cardboard Castle—Orientation Week		25.85
Dharma Poetry Reading (part \$80 grant)		22.21
Australian Dance Theatre		100.00
Aquarius Camp—Mylor		10.50
Aquarius Festival—Nimbin		99.30
Purchase of Van		450.00
Grant to Social Activities Committee towards cost of McKenzie Theory concert		100.00
		\$ 1,128.71
Part fares to Aquarius Board Meeting (Ambrose Golden Brown)	\$	20.00
Learning Exchange		20.00
Stationery & Bulk Postage circulars & publicity		14.00
Use of P.A. for publicity		10.00
Stationery for publicity etc.		35.30
<b>EDUCATION &amp; WELFARE COMMITTEE (Budget \$4,398)</b>		
F.O.E. Market	\$	45.60
F.O.E. sundries including cost of producing booklet		393.63
South East Corner Community Development Group		544.15
Abschol—fares to Brisbane conference		162.80
sundries		23.00
Less proceeds of Auctions	cr.	92.90
Bowden/Brompton Group		24.90
Learning Exchange		43.99
Feminist Politics (Women's Lib)		50.00
Saturday Club Grant		50.00
Social Action		7.60
		\$ 1,252.87
<b>PUBLICATIONS COMMITTEE (Budget \$15,300)</b>		
Student Guide (\$830 to come from Magazine Art Pty. Ltd.)	\$	1,445.62
Tertiary Guide		616.46
Diaries	cr.	125.61
Bread & Circuses		204.45
On Dit		3,484.81
		\$ 5,625.73
<b>SOCIAL ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE (Budget \$1,750)</b>		
Orientation Week (Budget \$350)	\$	384.73
Freshers Camps (Budget \$950)		1,298.71
Concerts—Country Radio		147.24
—McKenzie Theory		286.50
Prosh Underwrite (Budget \$225)		15.00
Sundry expenses—1972		76.88
		\$ 2,209.06
<b>A.U.S. (Budget \$10,350)</b>		
1st Term Fees	\$	2,779.21
Travel		117.28
Overseas Students		51.47
Sundries—various	\$	152.66
Vietnamese Sponsorship Fund		35.00
Aquarius Radio Van		20.00
Aquarius Board Meeting Fares		60.00
Adelaide University contribution to A.U.S. Regional Officer Fund		75.00
		342.66
		\$ 3,290.62
<b>C.E.C. (Budget \$200)</b>		
Sundries—various	\$	25.50
Environment Admin. Centre		20.00
Vietnamese Sponsorship Fund		35.00
		\$ 80.50
<b>CAPITAL EXPENDITURE (Budget \$200)</b>		
Public Address System		\$ 364.56
<b>CONTINGENCIES (Budget \$2,000)</b>		
Hamish Cornell for loss of exhibit at 1972 Art Exhibition	\$	50.00
Learning Exchange—underwrite for 4 weeks rent & \$70 bond		162.00
Part Adelaide University's share A.U.S. Regional Officer's Fund		75.00
		\$ 287.00
<b>ADMINISTRATION (Budget \$6,500)</b>		
Telephone (Budget \$ 850)	\$	213.44
Stationery (Budget \$4,650)		1,710.09
Postage		143.93
Petty Cash (Budget \$1,000)		37.65
Sundries		55.91
		\$ 2,161.02
		\$16,957.80

## 2. New people

Nominations close at 5.00 p.m.

### Fri 6 July

Nomination forms available at S.A.U.A. office.

All nominations shall be in writing, proposed and seconded by persons eligible to vote in the election and shall be signed by the candidate.

Each candidate shall submit to the Returning officer a small photograph of himself and a brief resume of his university activities, and a policy statement of not more than 100 words.

Only members of the Association shall be eligible to vote or stand for election except that any person shall not be a member of the C.E.C. and any other Committee at the same time

If a person nominates for the C.E.C. and another Committee and gains election contravening the above he shall resign from the C.E.C. or the other Committee and the vacancy created filled by the unsuccessful nominee with the highest number of votes.

All nominations shall be in writing, proposed and seconded by persons eligible to vote in the election for which the candidate is nominating and shall be signed by the candidate.

Voting shall be "first past the post". Voters shall insert crosses in any number of squares not exceeding the number of positions to be filled for each Committee.

### CENTRAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:

The functions of the C.E.C. are:—

- (i) To carry out the day-to-day administration of the facilities of the Students Association.
- (ii) To co-ordinate the activities of all Committees.
- (iii) To call General Student Meetings and organize the running of such meetings.
- (iv) To appoint a Returning Officer who shall not be a candidate in the relevant election and to conduct all elections and referenda.
- (v) To act in the name of the Undergraduate Association where the situation demands such action and time is not sufficient to call a General Student Meeting.

Nominations are called for the following positions:

**PRESIDENT:** To act as spokesman for the Association. To act as spokesman for Committees to mass media and other outside bodies as requested by the Committees.

To act as Chairman of G.S.M.'s  
To actively further student welfare in such directions as he chooses or is directed by a G.S.M.

**VICE—PRESIDENT:** To perform the functions of President when necessary.

**CO—ORDINATING TREASURER:** To prepare, in conjunction with other Committee Treasurers of the Association, annual submission to the Union.  
To co-ordinate the requests for finance from all Committees.  
To administer the Annual Reserve Fund.  
Responsible to the Union Council for an accounting of the Annual Union Grant.

**GENERAL SECRETARY:** To be responsible to the Association for the day-to-day administration of the Association and its offices.

To be responsible for drawing up agendas for and preparing minutes of the Council meetings. To co-ordinate information within the Association. To attend to correspondence and other normal secretarial duties.

**PUBLIC AFFAIRS COMMITTEE:** 5 members from whom will be elected a Chairman, Secretary and Treasurer. (Functions are to create and maintain student awareness concerning social and political issues and to provide a vehicle for the propagation of student views on these views as expressed at G.S.M.'s).

### A.U.S. COMMITTEE:

Local A.U.S. Secretary (Chairman)  
Incoming Delegations Officer  
Local Travel Officer: Local Cultural Affairs Officer.  
Local Papua & New Guinea Officer  
Local International Officer  
Local National Officer  
Local Overseas Students Service Director.

(Functions are to publicize and implement AUS policies and interests in carrying out their functions as A.U.S. office holders).

The composition of the Committee shall be all those elected or appointed as AUS office holders. Within the Committee the Local AUS Secretary shall be Chairman. Secretary and Treasurer shall be elected.

### EDUCATION & WELFARE COMMITTEE:

All members of the Student Association interested in Education and Welfare. The Committee shall elect a Chairman, Treasurer, Local Education & Welfare Officers, Local Abschol Officer and Local Social Action Officer who shall be responsible to the Committee. (Functions are to promote and co-ordinate student interests in the fields of education and welfare both on and off campus).

### SOCIAL ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE: 5

members to be elected and one member from the Clubs & Societies Council Executive, with power to co-opt. Chairman, Secretary and Treasurer to be elected by the Committee. (Functions are the organization and execution of such extra-curricular activities as Prosh, Balls, Freshers' Camps, Orientation Week and any other functions students desire.)

### PUBLICATIONS COMMITTEE: Editor/s

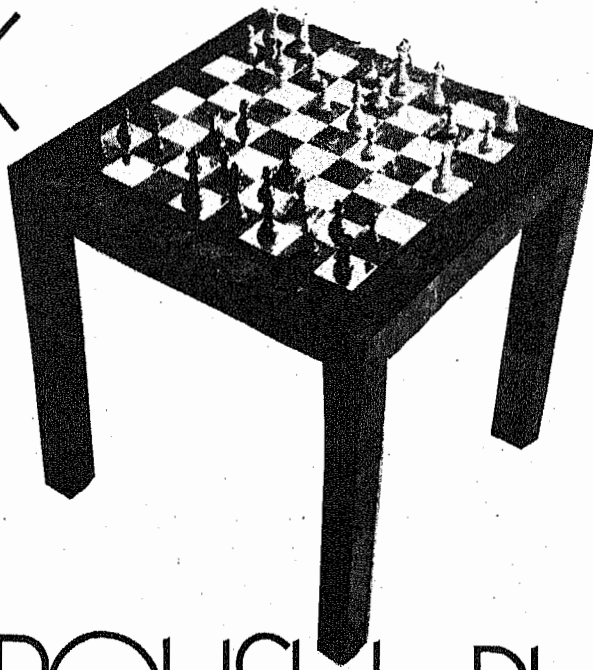
of "On Dit" elected annually. Two other members elected annually who shall edit the Orientation Handbook and Union Diary and such other publications as they desire. (Communications Officer of the C.E.C.—ex-officio). Chairman, Secretary and Treasurer may be elected by the Committee.

(Functions are to publish "On Dit", the Union Diary and the Orientation Handbook and any other publications deemed necessary and generally to ensure adequate information and summarised reports from Committees are published for Association members to understand the structure of and be aware of the operations of the Union and Association.)



# BLACK

# MOVES



## TO ABOLISH RHODESIA

**SYDNEY:** "I'm proud to be called a terrorist," Mr. Eddison Zvobgo, director of External Representation of the African National Council of Zimbabwe (Rhodesia), said on his arrival last Thursday for a six-week speaking tour of Australia.

Mr. Zvobgo was replying to a question from the press on his reaction to a statement by Liberal Senator Greenwood on the day before his arrival, labelling him a "terrorist."

"Anyone who is for majority rule, for justice, for equal pay for equal work no matter what the color of your skin, is a 'terrorist' as far as the illegal Smith regime is concerned. I spent seven years in a cell in Salisbury jail because I was said to be 'likely to commit acts of violence.' I was never told the grounds on which that assumption was based, and was never accused of any specific act of violence. Is that being a 'terrorist'?"

### SMITH -- TERRORIST

"Smith is the real terrorist. There will be famine in the northern third of the country this year because the Smith regime has closed the peasants' granaries, seized their livestock, and placed heavy fines on them, under the system of 'group punishment' because some have supported the liberation fighters. That is the real terrorism.

"Senator Greenwood is a friend of the Smith regime, so it is no accident he uses their language, which has nothing to do with the meaning of words in English. When Senator Greenwood visited Rhodesia, he did not visit the tribal areas or the African townships. He was feted by the Smith regime and believed their stories.

"I throw down the gauntlet to Senator Greenwood: I will debate with him anywhere on any aspect of the Rhodesian question he may choose, during my stay in Australia. We will let the Australian people decide."

Speaking on the present situation in Rhodesia, Mr. Zvobgo said that after the crushing defeat of the Smith regime, when Africans led by the African National Council overwhelmingly rejected the settlement terms proposed by Smith and Heath (a year ago exactly from the date of Mr. Zvobgo's arrival in Australia), the Smith regime was trying to prop up Uncle Toms to speak in the name of the African people. This was failing dismally.

### HUNDREDS ARRESTED

"The regime has arrested hundreds of ANC members, including four members of our executive. We continue to call on the Smith regime to sit down and negotiate with us to reach a settlement, based on majority rule and a non-racial society. But the regime continues to refuse. If it persists in this refusal, we will have no option but to take up arms.

"Already freedom fighters from ZAPU and ZANU are active in the northern third of the

country. The Smith regime itself has been forced to admit that they have won the support of the peasants there. As I said, the illegal regime is implementing 'group punishment' there. They have closed all schools, hospitals and businesses. The people are faced with famine.

"If the Smith regime is not prepared to talk, there will be a bloodbath in Rhodesia. It will become another Vietnam. We want to avoid this. But if the Smith regime is not prepared to talk, it will come."

Referring to the shooting of some people who the Smith regime claims were North American tourists at Victoria Falls, Mr. Zvobgo said that he found it strange that anyone would swim at Victoria Falls. "You must understand that this area is a contested, fighting zone. It is not a place tourists should go for holidays. There are plenty of other places in the world where you can have a good holiday."

### ZAPU-ZANU

Asked whether the guerrilla war in the north of Rhodesia was a "Mau Mau" type uprising, Mr. Zvobgo said that they were freedom fighters, from ZAPU-ZANU, who had been fighting since 1970, but now had learnt "how to shoot straight."

Mr. Zvobgo said he would meet Senator Willesee in Canberra this week, and hoped to meet Mr. Whitlam later in his tour.

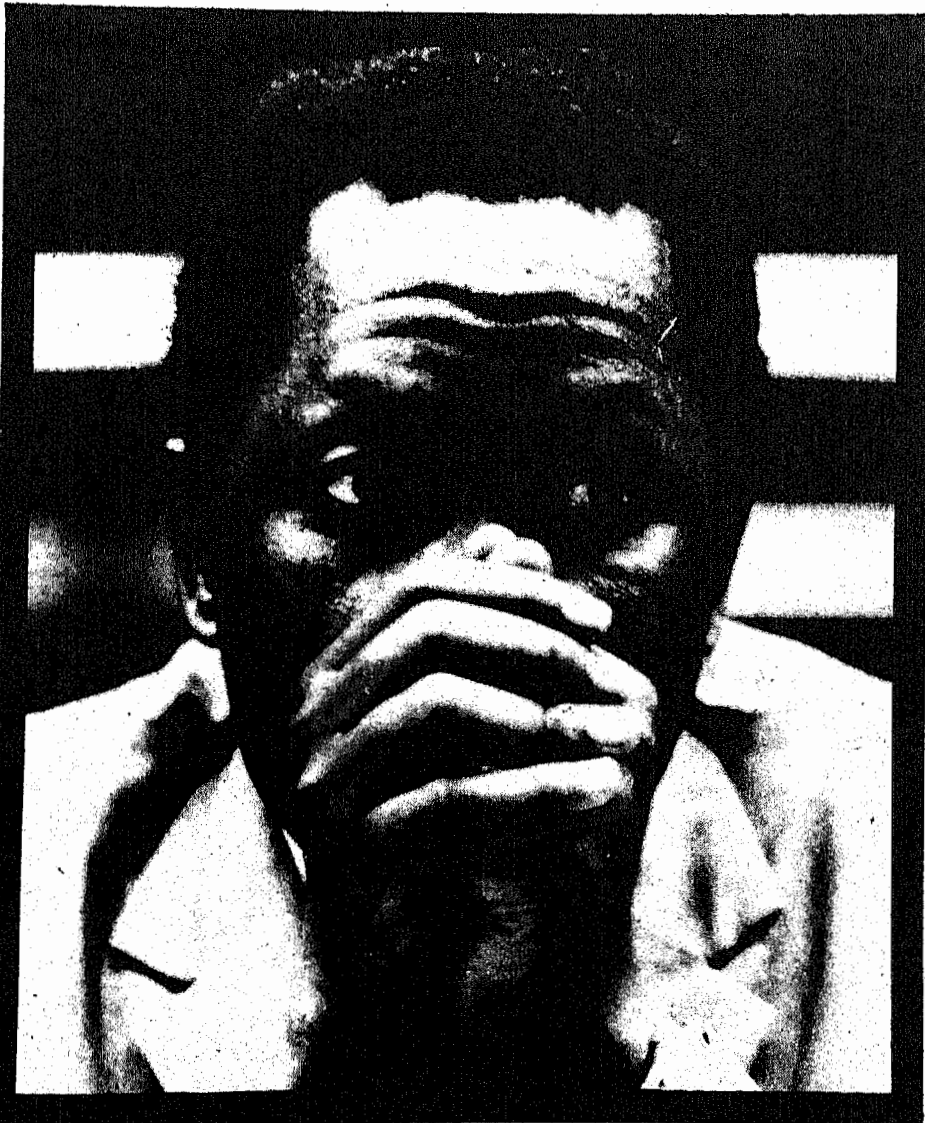
Mr. Whitlam told the organisers of the tour, the Alternative Rhodesia Information Centre (ARIC) that he was prepared to meet Mr. Zvobgo and other representatives of Black Zimbabweans, as Australia had no diplomatic ties with the Smith regime, but would not meet representatives of African liberation movements from South Africa or the Portuguese colonies, "as we have diplomatic relations with those two countries."

### REECE REFUSES

The equivocation of Rightwing ALP politicians was highlighted recently when the Tasmanian Premier, Mr. Reece, refused point-blank to meet Mr. Zvobgo. Strangely enough, the Tasmanian Liberal Party, Opposition leader, Mr. Bingham, said he would be happy to have a meeting with Mr. Zvobgo and would try to get as many Liberal parliamentarians along as possible!

Mr. Zvobgo said he hoped that the Australian people and government would immediately close down the Rhodesia Information Centre in Sydney, and close all loopholes in trade with Rhodesia. That, he said, would be an enormous aid to the African people.

Mr. Zvobgo has impressed all who have met him as an excellent and forceful public speaker, with a full grasp of the situation in his country. He will be addressing public meetings in all major cities in Australia. No one should miss hearing him.



Director of External Representation of the African National Council, Mr. Eddison Zvobgo.

ON DIT 8 • NIZ S.E. CORNER • REPORT • ROSENARY • PLUS: ART & POLITICS • PHRASE • A-MAZC • NEXT ISSUE • \* FEATURE \* ON WORKER CONTROL • O'G ON TOWN • PLANNING • NEWS REVIEWS



# S.AFRICAN FILMS

SAY NO TO RACIST FILMS:

Have you noticed how many South African films are being shown as shorts before the main features in cinemas?

We believe these films provide a free and potent form of racist propaganda for the South African apartheid regime. We believe they should be stopped.

The big cinema chains, such as Greater Union and Hoyts, as well as the independent cinemas, obtain these films for nothing. They are foisted on the cinema-going public which goes to see the main feature. We believe that the cinema chains must be told in no uncertain terms that we don't pay \$2 or \$2.50 to have apartheidist propaganda thrust down our throats, even when it is dressed up as "tourist" travelogues. One shown recently, on beaches in South Africa, for example, sneaked in a bit about the glorious South African Navy. All the beaches were of course whites-only beaches—the only Blacks in the film were selling ice cream! Lets have good Australian shorts (which can't find commercial release) instead!

We ask all those who are confronted with a South African film the next time they go to see a movie to:

- stage a noisy protest and walkout as soon as South African shorts are shown;
- demand to see the manager and lodge a strong protest with him;
- write letters of protest to the cinema owners and manager.

## PRO-CAP

says:

# Give Nixon a fair go, poor little bugger!

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PLUS

### HISTORY OF HOLLYWOOD

The history of the film industry showing excerpts from:—"The Great Train Robbery", early Edison works, Lon Chaney's "The Phantom of the Opera" and "The Hunchback of Notre Dame", "The Big Parade", "Wings", John Barrymore's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde", "The Three Musketeers", Mack Sennett's comedies right through to the birth of the sound era, with Al Jolson in the "Jazz Singer", 1932 Newsreel.

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MARKETING MEN WANTED. If you are graduating and interested in this field, we'd like to meet you. Ours is a large, market orientated company. We offer good careers in marketing, and other areas. We need specialists in marketing, engineering, finance, computer programming. And, if you and we are happy with each other, the opportunities to exercise and develop your talents are here with us. Interested? Then so are we. Come and meet the man from Mobil. He'll be on campus June 27.

SALES CAREER. Well-established and respected Life Assurance Company has vacancies for two trainee consultants, aged 25 to 35. Attractive base salary plus commission. Successful applicants should be earning \$15,000 plus after two years. Some sales experience preferred. For appointment June Bingham 69 7385.

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## Committee of Inquiry into the Citizen Military Forces and School Cadet Corps

This Committee has been directed by the Minister for Defence to inquire into the Citizen Military Forces and the Australian Cadet Corps and to make recommendations concerning their:

- |              |                       |
|--------------|-----------------------|
| Size         | Equipment             |
| Organisation | Financial Cost        |
| Strength     | Conditions of Service |
| Roles        | Disciplinary Code     |
| Locations    | Title                 |
|              | Effectiveness         |

All serving and retired members of the armed forces including members and ex members of the CMF and ARA, all members of the Commonwealth Public Service whether serving within the Defence group of departments or in other departments, employers of serving or past members of the CMF and all other interested persons or groups are invited to forward written submissions by 7th July, 1973 to:

The Committee of Inquiry into the CMF, McCallum's House, Bougainville Street, MANUKA, A.C.T. 2603.

All submissions will be treated in the strictest confidence and will not be released outside the Committee.

J. C. HARDING, Lieutenant Colonel Executive Officer to the Committee

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# THE GREAT YOGHURT CONSPIRACY

About 9 months ago the Feminist Womens Health Centre, a self help clinic in Los Angeles was placed under police surveillance.

On September 20th, 1972 two uniformed policemen and eight plainclothesmen entered the centre and searched it, using a detailed search warrant as their guide. It was like a gynaecological treasure hunt. The booty included: a 50 ft extension cord; some plastic speculums; syringes and cannulas used to demonstrate menstrual extraction; samples of I.U.D.'s, birth control pills and diaphragms; a pie tin and a measuring cup. They even took a carton of strawberry yoghurt. ("You can't have that" said one staff member, "That's my lunch".)

Arrest warrants were issued for two staff members of the clinic, Colleen Wilson and Carol Downer. Colleen Wilson was originally charged with eleven different offenses but pleaded guilty on one count: fitting a woman with a diaphragm. For this Miss Wilson was fined \$250, given a 25 day suspended sentence, and put on 2 years probation.

Carol Downer, who had been charged with showing a woman how to examine her cervix, and recommending yoghurt to combat a vaginal yeast infection, decided to fight the charges.

The prosecutions case was based on the testimony of a number of women who had attended the centre. Three of these witnesses described themselves as trained, qualified, 'professional' states witnesses employed by the Los Angeles Police Department.

The purpose of the Women's Health Centre is to teach women about their own bodies and to help with advice on contraception and abortion. During classes at the centre instructors demonstrated pelvic examination and students, wearing plastic gloves, learn to examine each other. They were also taught methods of breast examination, smear tests, fitting diaphragms and menstrual extractions. At one session, reported a witness, the women had a contest of "who had the largest clitoris." By examining each other, and observing their own bodies with mirrors women learn about their reproductive organs, what they look like during all stages of the monthly cycle, during pregnancy and menstruation, and how to diagnose infections, and V.D.

Classes were also shown menstrual extractions using a syringe and cannula. This device removes the menses from the uterus and has been suggested as a possible means of abortion. A menstrual extraction can be performed in the first weeks of pregnancy, as soon as a period is a few days late and before pregnancy can be confirmed by chemical tests or examination. The legal situation in this case is, at the moment, unclear.



One of the persecutions witnesses claimed that on the day she visited the centre Carol Downer had offered to perform an abortion on her and insert an I.U.D. thereby "holding herself out to the community at large as practicing medicine without a licence". But Miss Downer was able to prove that she had been flying between Portland and San Francisco on the day the conversation was supposed to have taken place.

Despite this it took the jury nine hours to decide to acquit her, one man who held out for a guilty verdict causing the delay. The City Attorneys office seemed determined to make the Feminist Womens Health Centre an object lesson and will appeal against the verdict. They are still holding all the property confiscated from the centre, including the pie tin and the measuring cup.

'OFF OUR BACKS'  
Washington D.C.

# UNION DEMOCRACY

## UNION ELECTIONS

This year, for the first time in its existence, the Union Council will be totally elected by its members, i.e., you. The Union Council is the body that administers the Union's buildings and allocates the statutory fees paid by you. It is concerned with making the University as nice a place as possible to be in when you're not actually in classes (Sic). It is responsible for the Union Hall, the refectories, the club offices, the games room etc. etc., and is vitally interested in the general welfare of Members whether they be students, (male, female, married, part-time, or graduates), ancillary staff, academic staff or professional staff. It has been felt for some time now that a Union Council made up mainly of representatives from such bodies as the Students Association, Staff Association, University Council and so on, was not the ideal way to organise the Union's activities. In part-

icular, it seemed the democratic thing to do was to have election of Council members by all people who are usually around the place. So after much toil and trouble the constitution was revised and now the stage is set for the election of a new Council. A lot of people are saying that such a system won't work, that there will not even be 15 nominations for the 15 vacant positions. Democracy is all very well, but in practice students couldn't give a stuff, and prefer to let a few staff and student heavies run the show.

Well, I really don't know what will be the outcome of the new system and whether we will in fact get 15 nominations. I hope like hell we do, but if we don't then don't talk to me about student democracy!

Nomination forms are available from the Union Secretary's Office. Fred Bloch

# ALTERNATIVE SCHOOLS

A NUMBER OF TEACHERS, PARENTS AND STUDENTS ARE PROJECTING A NEW SCHOOL—OR HOPEFULLY MORE THAN ONE—WITHIN THE STATE EDUCATION SYSTEM.

The school(s), it is envisaged, should put into practice some of the newer educational ideas and attitudes which the traditional school organization is simply unable to accommodate, despite the hopes and efforts of many teachers. Ideally, each student should have the opportunity to choose not only his own subjects, but his times and modes of learning and activity, and his teachers. In practice, no doubt, compromises may have to be made initially to adjust to what facilities are available and the requirements of the government (who pays) and public exams. But at least a school with these ideals will be very different from the present ossified authoritarian regime of streamed information-injection.

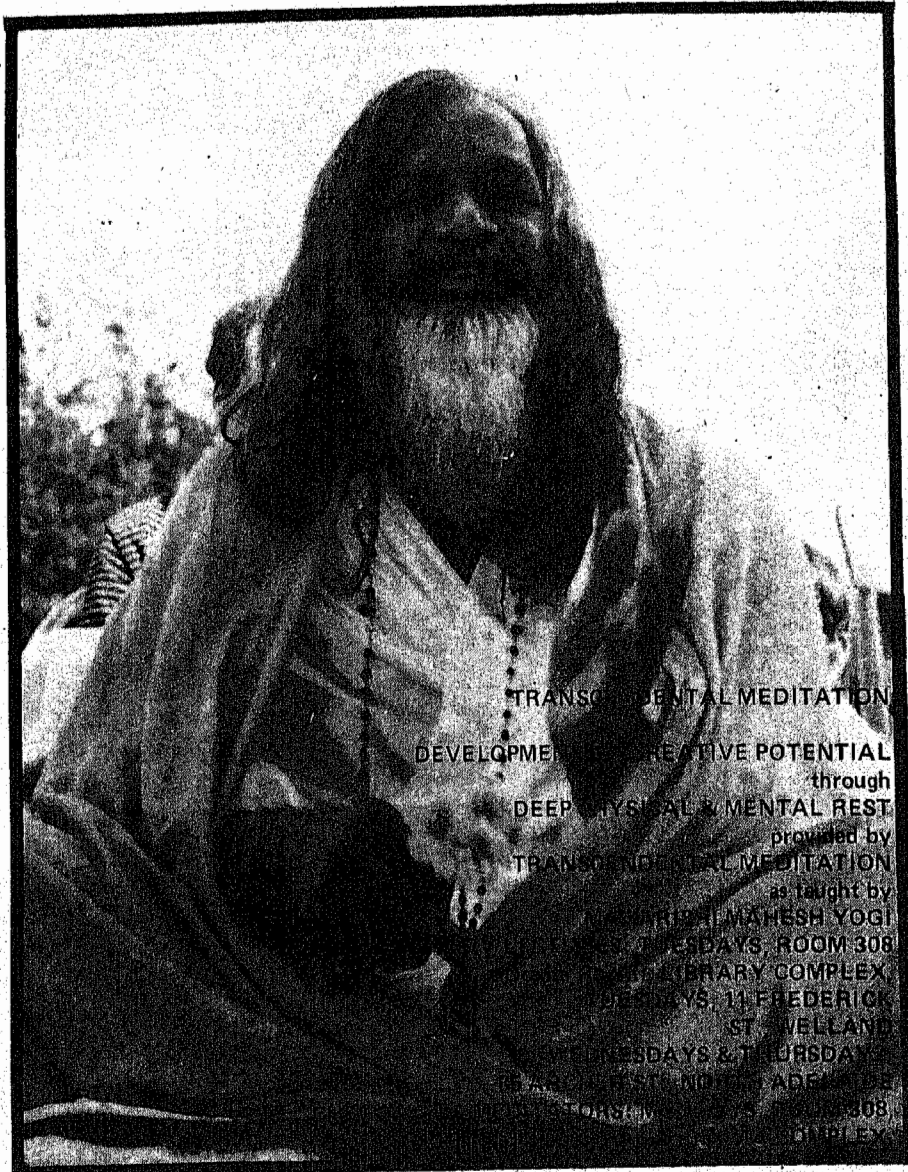
Exactly how different it would be is something yet to be worked out. Classes should be flexible in size and age range, coalescing and fragmenting for different pursuits. Interaction with the community is seen as an important source both of learning and of socially relevant action by students. But only in very general terms can such things be planned in advance, for a free school must do its planning itself as it goes along, always ready to adjust in the light of the experience and ideas of its own teachers and students.

Victoria has already made a start with free schools within the state system. This year two more have opened, bringing the number to five. All these are secondary schools, and most of the students, it seems, are over school-leaving age. No doubt it is thought that compulsory free schooling is just too contradictory to work. Some others feel that it is workable to provide an opportunity for free education over the whole age range, even though compliance with legal minimums of attendance is necessary. For details about the Victorian experiment see an article by H. Schoenheimer (whose daughters attend two of these new schools) in National Times magazine, May 7, 1973.

The S.A. Minister for Education has been approached, and has expressed interest but no promises.

For this project to get off the ground in S.A. it needs support from all interested in education reform, as well as from teachers, students and parents who might be interested in participating in such schools.

A PUBLIC MEETING IS CALLED FOR JULY 5TH AT 7.30 P.M. AT THE INSTITUTE OF TEACHERS HALL (JUNCTION OF GREENHILL ROAD AND PORTER STREET, PARKSIDE) IT IS HOPED THAT HENRY SCHOENHEIMER CAN ATTEND. ALL WELCOME.



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FRI 10/10 JR & B Club presents ARIEL The new SPECTRUM 40 with Mike (30) Rudd UNION HALL

# A TRUE STORY OF A WASTED LIFE

by Neville X

## Episode 4

I remember little after first taking Coke in the Refectory. I seemed to be spending more time freaking out with the crew, some of whose names I already knew.

Once when I asked a girl whether she liked the Refec scene, she said, "I don't like it kid; it's really incredible."

I found I hadn't had a hair cut for two weeks and I hadn't shaved for 3 days. I found myself doing Pol instead of Economic Geography. Once I even missed a lecture but I didn't tell my Mum. I was getting way behind in my stamp collection and had not done any further work on my supplementary reading list. I even missed a church picnic by pretending I was sick.

Once I stayed out late during the week, my mother asked me where I had been and I said, "Far out."

She knew then that something had happened.

Life at Uni was too much, every day when my father dropped me off, I entered an unreal world. I got in with the crew and some of them even let me talk to them.

Some of them wore sunglasses even when the sun wasn't out. I felt sorry for some who didn't have any mums. Their clothes were faded and had holes, some could not afford shoes. Their clothes were pretty grubby mostly with Coke stains down the front.

Every day was another really fantastic scene. I started turning on every day, it was too much.

I also started experimenting with Coke and wanted more each day.

Boy, did I get spaced.

Every day, the money my mother gave me did not seem to go so far. Once I found a 5c piece on the lawns. Before I would have handed it in to the lost property office, but now saw it as half a dose of brain busting black fluid. Unreal.

One day, when I met the crew they all looked depressed.

I said, "Hi crew, what's up?"

Brenda mumbled, "Bad vibes, dope up 10%... there's a scarcity interstate. Furthermore, Scraw got busted last night." Everyone was really uptight.

Keraline went and got the cokes and soon we forgot about the hassles and bad vibes and extracted ourselves outasight and freaked right out into Cosmic Unity.

Man, life was far out, but had I known what was soon to happen I would have dropped out of the scene before it was too late.

Next week: Is it TOO LATE?!

# THE BOYS IN THE BANDS



David Bowie

The Rock Revolution may be less cataclysmic than its partisans claim, but if rock music has not detonated the social explosions of the last ten years, it has certainly transmitted them more clearly than any other media artifact. Political protest, easy riding, psychedelia—you heard it first in stereophonic sound. I don't think "Sergeant Pepper" invented the drug culture or Dylan singlehandedly caused the times to a-change. But they made mass what was only minor; they broadcast a sensibility of a few and created a sensation for the many.

That process of magnification is being repeated this season with the mass-marketing of gay rock, and the promotion to superstardom of its most prominent exponents, David Bowie and Lou Reed. There have been gay rock stars before—Little Richard leaps to mind—but the predictable commercial and social pressures always kept them closeted when recording or performing time rolled around. Some went through the oppressive process of rewriting their homosexual material in heterosexual terms; others cultivated a campy ambiguity in their public image and left the rest to gossip.

But those are old, sad songs. Bowie and Reed come out, in word and deed, in lyric and performance. Bowie's live



Lou Reed . . .

show, which I caught in Boston on the winter tour of America, was about as flaming a performance as I've seen top-side of the caverns of the sexual netherworld. Many of his songs express gay love and its special pain. His glittery costumes fit somewhere between droog and drag. His movements across the stage are choreographed with a slippery lyricism that negates the sticky posturing of male rock musicians. He and his lead guitarist exchange erotic glances, gestures and grasps that are only barely acceptable between a man and a woman in a band under straighter circumstances.

Reed hasn't been around in his newest incarnation (he's due soon on a tour), although in the old days he would surface now and again as the star of the Velvet Underground on the Warhol/junk circuit. But Reed's latest album, *Transformer*, is both graphically and lyrically a gay turn-on. On the back cover he appears as an absurdly basketed biker and (do my eyes play tricks?) a bosomy siren. And in "Make Up" he promises:

*We're comin' out,  
Yeah, we're comin' out,  
Out of our closets . . .*

It's hard to be more explicit.

Bowie (who helped produce Reed's album, and also works with another coming-out group, Mott the Hoople) clings to more ambiguity, both in his work and in his life. His press agent seems obsessed with the fact that Bowie is married to a woman and has a child; in the next breath, he refers to Bowie's "bisexuality." Bowie's gay styles do not extend to his relationship with the press and public, to whom he (and his bodyguards and managers) is distant, somewhat authoritarian, and often nasty. His songs have more to do with the conflicts that exist around coming out than with the resolution of that process:

*"I still don't know what I was  
waiting for  
And my time was running wild  
A million dead-end streets . . .  
So I turned myself to face me  
But I've never caught a glimpse  
Of how the others must see the  
faker . . .  
Ch-ch-ch-Changes  
Don't want to be a better man . . .  
Ch-ch-ch-Changes  
Don't tell them to grow up and  
out of it . . ."*

Riding the front wave of sexual liberation rock, Bowie and his Savanarolan manager, Tony DeFries, have em-

barked upon a project to create not just any old superstar, but an exploding supernova as big as the Beatles, with a distinctly '70s gestalt. I'm not at all sure what they think they're doing (nor is it clear that they know for sure) but media flotsam like space and sex and multi-mix and The Show keep bobbing up. Bowie's show, called (like the record) "The Rise and Fall of Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders from Mars," was put together in his home-base, London, and launched on the American tour. The show and the shuck were successful, although in less than cosmic dimensions, and Bowie/aka/Ziggy is now a sweatshirt word.

Most of the straight critics of the tour passed over the question of Bowie's redefinition of rock sexuality with a condescending comment or two. "Not a limp wrist in the set," *Rolling Stone's* Tim Ferris reported, much relieved. They concentrated instead on Bowie musicianship, song-writing and showmanship—all of which were pronounced top-drawer. Some took with complete seriousness Bowie's neo-Apollonian spaceman imagery, and reported as literal truth Bowie's prediction that earthlings have but "Five Years" (a song title) on their planet before the Big Bang or Whimper ends it all.

It's probably unwise to engage in too close an *analyse du texte* of Bowie's songs or Ziggy's games. It's enough to recall that he has always been intrigued with extraterrestrial space, in a post-adolescent Kubrick way. His first album was called *Space Oddity*, and the title song was a charming romance about an astronaut called Major Tom who somehow drifts away from his space capsule and is lost in the Void. (Lately, Ziggy seems taken with Kubrick's most recent film; the Stardust show begins and ends with a recording of Walter Carlos's rendition of the electronic version of Ludwig Van's *Ninth Symphony*, and words like "droogie" crop up in Bowie's songs.)

My impression is that the space motif has always allowed Bowie to make more ambiguous the anguish of coming out, and to escape to a degree the reality of his personal-social conflict about sexuality. About the time I was getting into Bowie, I went to see a rerun of the film of Tennessee Williams' *Streetcar Named Desire*. I don't know what people made of it at the

time it was first shown, but it seemed to me to be brimming with gay pain, fears, anger. And yet I know Williams has explicitly denied that it is a play "about" homosexuals disguised as straight people. Bowie's extended space metaphor appears to have the same sort of earth-based referents—sexual oddity for space oddity, gay fantasy for "Moonage Daydream." At the same time, Bowie looks "out there" to a future of transcendent sexuality: "Is there life on Mars?" he asks bitterly, and hopefully, at the end of one of his songs about the horrors of a repressive life on earth. And in "Oh! You Pretty Things" he exclaims,

*"Oh you pretty things  
Don't you know you're driving your  
Mamas and Papas insane . . .  
Let me make it plain  
You gotta make way for the Homo  
Superior . . .  
Look out at your children  
See their faces in golden rays  
Don't kid yourself they belong to  
you  
They're the start of a coming race  
The earth is a bitch  
We've finished our news  
Homo Sapiens have outgrown their  
use . . ."*

Although Bowie and Reed are the most up-front and authentic exemplars of the movement to de-macho rock music, they have their antecedents in the culture. The attack on "cock rock" which came in the first wave of feminism in the late '60s has had its effect. Some of the heaviness has disappeared from the music. There's even a critical backlash to that fashion: some male critics have been calling the Carole King-James Taylor-Joni Mitchell trend the "limp dick" axis. All that phallic imagery speaks for itself.

The new mellow music is easy to take, but it is not necessarily antithetical to male rock. Some of the most flagrant forms of oppression ("Under My Thumb") have fallen to more subtle ones ("Where You Lead, I Will Follow"), just as the "new sensitivity" often allows male domination to continue—by other means.

There are, actually, a few expressions of feminist culture creeping into the rock scene, both commercially and underground: groups like Alice Stuart or the New Haven Women's Liberation Rock Band, to cite polar examples. But it's rough going here as elsewhere. Most

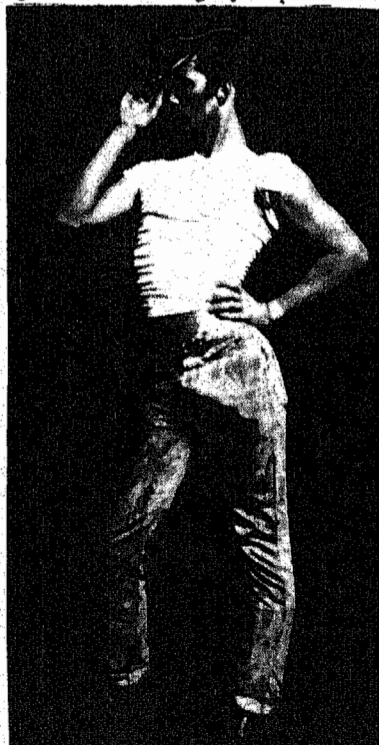
of the money, most of the audience, most of the industry is at best wary of explicit feminism, and at worst hostile. Despite that, women can occasionally find female groups, or more likely a female lead singer in a male group, with whom to identify.

But until Bowie and Reed, there has been no forthright gay content in rock aboveground—only the suggestive prances of Mick Jagger or the violent tantrums of Alice Cooper. Gay men have had to choose between watching a closet tease and a sadistic straight queen as they try in vain to identify with the culture that rock music expresses. Nor have straight men who are looking for non-macho models found many in male rock. Rock concert audiences have the ambience of P.E. classes in a high school gym when the lights blow out. Audiences of rock FM stations are overwhelmingly male.

What's curious, at first glance, is that there have been undercurrents of sexual ambiguity in rock since the beginning, from Elvis through Little Richard to James Brown and Mick Jagger. The theme is definitely ambiguity—rather than, say, homosexuality or bisexuality—because what is presented is not a variant of sexuality but the titillating sensation of the ambiguous. That's what sold, as the culture sells alienation or violence.

Some of the performers are more ambiguous than others. Alice Cooper performs in drag (less so, of late), but he makes it known that the boys in the band are closet straights. On his recent nationwide TV/FM, "simulcast," Cooper felt constrained to step out of "character" for a moment and address the camera: "A lot of people think that me and my boys here are . . . funny boys. Now, isn't that just a bit silly?" Elton John has affected sparkles and satins and presents a Cockettish drag number in his touring show; and he and his writing half, Bernie Taupin, have finished a new love song to a man ("Daniel") who may or may not be his biological "brother." The Kinks had a hit single a while back about a transvestite named "Lola." Rod Stewart and the Faces continue to defy straight identification in their shows, although not in their music. And the J. Geils Band's new album, *Full House*, displays on its cover five large playing cards—three jacks, a king and a queen. The queen seems to be either blind in one eye or winking: a very strange hand indeed.

Whatever the "sexual orientation" of these musicians may be, the issue they raise concerns the effect of their sexual games, not the details of their preferences. It's not important whether this one or the other is straight, gay, or at some other point on the continuum. If sexuality is just a gimmick and ambiguity is promoted



. . . and Lou Reed

# MEDIA-CRITS & PIECES

for its own sake, nothing much will change, and the culture will become that much more corrupted. Alice Cooper's constant conjunction of "sexviolence" (as in "lawncorder") is so corrupt that he almost comes out the other end into innocence; but not quite. The others may be less pathological, but they seem to prefer to get into decadence, rather than into liberation. I'm not sure that there is always a discernible distinction between those modes—decadence and liberation. New values always grow from the ashes of the old; we've got to rock or mock the old culture to death before we can fashion a new one.

Bowie and Reed, as far ahead as

they are, still taste a bit of ashes. Just as there can't be truly revolutionary institutions in a non-revolutionary society, there can't be liberated people in a repressive society: only people working on liberation. Bowie's show-biz paraphernalia and Reed's Velvety camp are understandable evasions and justifiable responses to an intolerable sexual straitjacket—but evasions and responses just the same. Only life on Mars escapes the terms of existence and the forms of behavior that Earth lays down.

Next issue ON DIT looks at Bowie's new LP Alladin Sane.

to it with pleasure and excitement on whatever level they chose to operate on. It was basically funny and entertaining as well as highlighting hitherto hidden aspects of Shakespeare's play (let's not forget him in the midst of all the whoah). But in the midst of all this ecstasy there exists for me a cloud of depression.

Having seen it, I have nagging fears that local talent (applying the term loosely) will either try to duplicate it's excitement on a superficial level (I shudder at the thought of all the broken bodies that will ensue when the locals attempt such acrobatics) or they will dismiss it as a lot of useless skylarking and will continue to enterpret Shakespeare in a bourgeoisie "traditional" manner, a manner that is the death knell of lively Shakespeare.

Brooks production was one product in the continual search of one company to find new and fascinating ways of interpreting the Bard. It was also one of the best products of Brooks search to find a viable international theatrical language. I don't think the dilettantes of Adelaide will ever achieve anything as lively as long as they continue thinking in such an undisciplined and sloppy manner.

What is needed in this city (and country) are people (like myself he added modestly) who are prepared to challenge conventions and ask basic questions about their medium. Why act at all, what is acting, why do it in a theatre, what is impersonation etc., etc. Until we have such a group of such people and a few members of the public who are not bigoted in their terms of theatre going, the scene here in Adelaide will remain . . . soporific.

Having got that over, a small note, you've probably also missed the Theatre Guild's "Antigone". A poor play but the cast struggled valiantly and twas mildly entertaining, acting was competent save for the young man who played the Chorus, he's not much of an actor, the Theatre Guild should pick their drawers up and give him a chance to direct, the gamble will pay off I'm sure, But are they, too exponents of the Deadly Theatre?

William Shoubridge:



THE FESTIVAL THEATRE

Or  
It's hard to watch the play with the house manager breathing down your neck;  
or,  
Adelaide sure is a nice place to visit, but I wouldn't like to live there. I began to think something was wrong when I read Harry M. Miller in The Australian saying that he thought Adelaide was a very civilized city, his favourite Australian city; it's values were straight, he said.  
Well, I've nothing against Harry M. He's probably a very nice man (he is married and does drive a Rolls Royce, though . . .), and he does know some things about putting on a good night's entertainment. But when he starts talking about right values . . . that's when I start to wonder. Especially when he was really writing about his free trip to the opening of the Festival theatre.

Well, there's been a great stir in Adelaide about how the prices of the new theatre will be kept down to the level of the working man, and how, despite appearances, it's really For-The-People.

But there's something wrong somewhere when the shops advertise festival theatre fashions for weeks before the opening; when all the newspapers issue special supplements and special features on Our-New-Theatre; when the tickets cost \$6 a throw; when the ABC advertisements offer, not music, but "relaxing in the new festival theatre at 88c a time"—that's when I thought things were not what they seemed to be.

So I thought I'd go and have a look. The Royal Shakespeare Company's 'Midsummer Night's Dream' was on. I couldn't get in, the lady on the door said, because I was late: she didn't say anything about a ticket, so I thought I'd hang around. The closed-circuit television in the bar is great; but you can't hear anything, and watching 1/2 inch figures on a fixed camera isn't all that wonderful. So I went wandering.

There were some large silver things coming out from under the stairs, and I presumed they were Works of Art, but a lady told me that they were air-conditioning ducts; but then the usherette told us that they didn't do anything, they were Art. So that was easily solved.

Then we went right upstairs where a real nice attendant let us in to sit on the floor until interval.

I met some friends at interval who said they didn't notice if there were any vacant seats, but they gave me their tickets just in case there was a hassle.

I got a place on the carpeted steps upstairs, but the usherette told me I couldn't stay there. The people around me didn't mind (I'd asked them), and she said she'd call someone else. They came (the fireman & a semi-manager) and tried to move me, first with words, then with trying to pull me out; but, as I told them, they were causing more noise by trying to get me out than by letting me stay there. They mumbled something about regulations and names and addresses, but I was more interested in the play.

Then the manager came (I guess he was the manager, because he had a different suit from the other blokes). He was pretty heavy and said he'd have to call the police, so I said that if he wanted to cause a scandal about theatre for the people he could have one if he wanted to. So I spent the rest of the show wondering about the police coming and what would happen then.

So you see, it's not really for the people at all. It is for some people who prefer to have their hair done and wear their long dresses; but it's not for the

people, mate; not by a long shot. They've spent a hell of a lot of money building a rich-looking building; they've put thick carpets on the floor, deep chairs, ritzy lighting, a few "art-works" on the walls and under the stairs, lots of bars (So that you'll be too boozed to notice what a fraud the whole thing is) and they're palming it off in one of the biggest PR jobs Adelaide has ever seen as something worth having—that ultimate desirable, CULTURE.

It is, I suspect, all part of self-styled patron of the arts, Don Dunstan's attempt to make Adelaide something of a tourist paradise. He's got us a new tourist bureau, extended our liquor licences, given us a couple of very expensive restaurants in historic houses, spent government funds liberally to "tidy-up" the places of historic interest (like Hahndorf, which used to be a beautiful un-self-conscious township and now sports mock-tudor restaurants and a car museum) and generally given us something of a veneer of civilization.

Just right for tourists. But no good at all for the people who live here. Didja get any culture? you could ask the people as they came out.

Hey, hey; dija get any?? Well, the play was OK: very good to look at, lots of movement, and funny things and bright costumes and trapeses and loud drums and things.

And it would have been really good in a small theatre.

But in a huge cavern like the theatre it was lost. (Perhaps I just haven't come to terms with one of the most significant facts of this century: that there are more of us than ever before.)

But the whole thing has nothing to do in the slightest with cultura.

It's all a tedious exercise in seeing who can pretend the best; the people who've been pretending for all their lives slip easily into the scene; those who haven't think they can make it by going and pretending to make it.

But, as Robert Morley asked, What's the good of a warehouse when you haven't got anything to put in it? So Adelaide has another tourist attraction, another temple to Dunstan's vanity and pretensions, a pyramid-shaped tomb where the riches of the society can be paraded mindlessly.

Paul Paech.

## THEATRE

### The Implications of the R.S.C. 'Dream' for Adelaide Theatre.

The magic of the RSC Dream has passed on from Adelaide and gone on to Melbourne and Sydney, and I don't think we will see the like of it for a very long time.

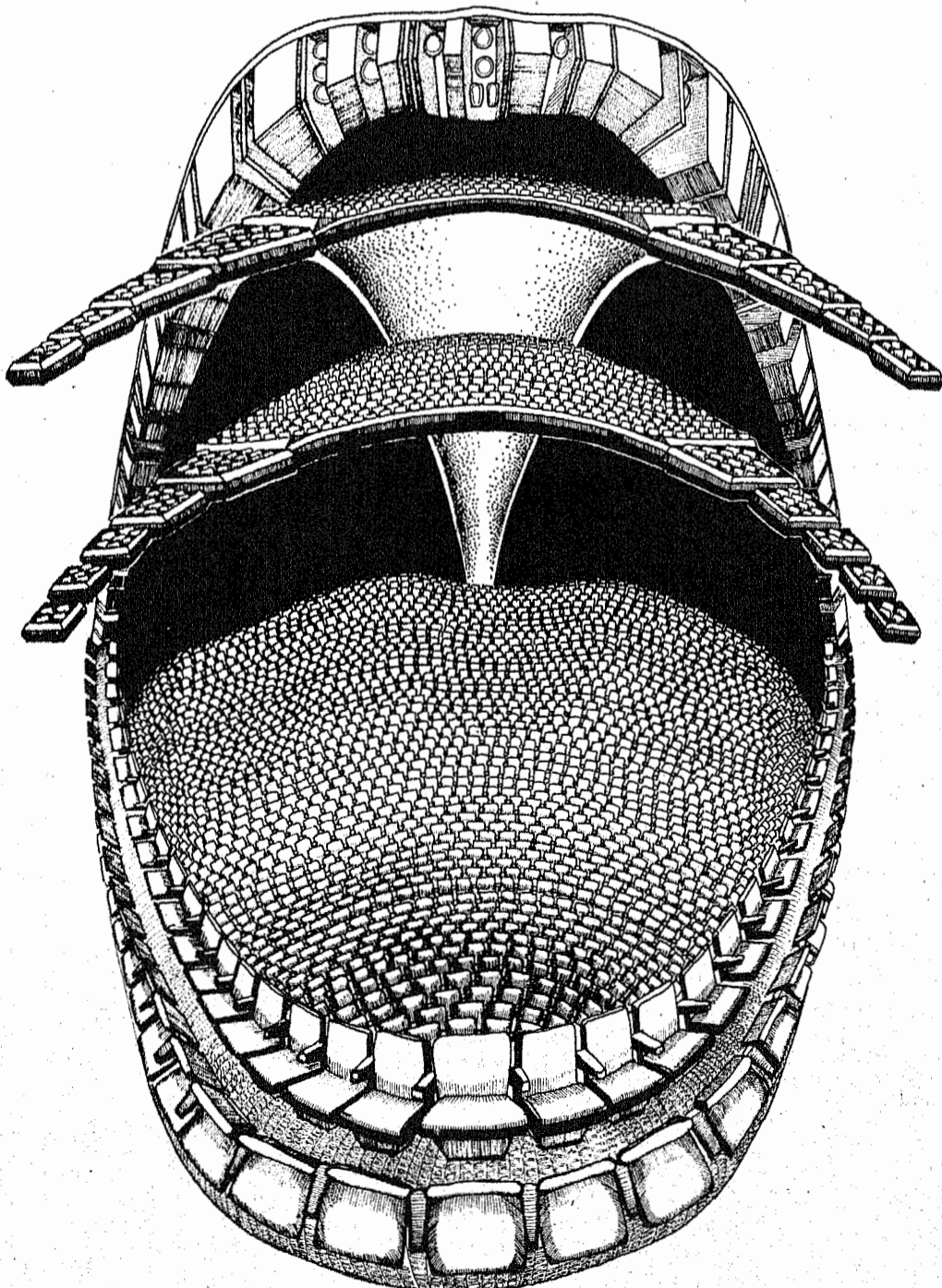
Having said this, it's pretty useless me giving a crit and exhorting you to go and see it, that is, unless you have the money to get to either Melbourne or Sydney. What I am merely going to do is consider the implications of the visit and its possible influence on Adelaide theatre.

Now it is quite respectable, yay even necessary for local theatre to draw what it can from the ideas and techniques of a

visiting exotic, and fashion something new and lively from what they have gleaned. It is also laudable for them to branch out into experimental fields of their own and consider basic theatrical questions.

Brook is one of the greatest eclectic directors in the world today and it can all be seen in the Dream. Indian chant, brechtian acting style analysis, Japanese stylisation, and basic circus skills, but he lumped these all together and martialled them for one thing, bringing out the true theatrical magic of the Dream.

At last Adelaide has been shown the fact that the "Shakespearean actor" is not a pompous declaimer, sawing the air too much thus, and generally boring all and sundry to tears. Despite the tut tut's of the overdressed society matrons and their grisly opinions on what Shakespeare "is", those who saw it, I am sure reacted



Brenton Hann looks inside the new Festival Theatre.



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# BOOKS

## THE GUERRILLERES Monique Wittig Picador

GOLDEN SPACES LACUNAE  
THE GREEN DESERTS ARE SEEN  
THEY DREAM AND SPEAK OF  
THEM  
THE IMMOBILE BIRDS OF JET  
THE WEAPONS PILED IN THE SUN  
THE SOUND OF SIGNING  
VOICES  
THE DEAD WOMEN THE DEAD  
WOMEN'

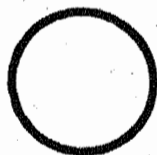
This is a novel about Feminist Revolution. It's about going back to nothingness, back to a fruitful nothingness. We can start again and grow straight. Hence golden spaces, green deserts—empty spaces pregnant with possibilities. We, that is women, feminists, me and my everyday struggles, we dream and speak of this nothingness of beginning afresh.

Threatening and sinister. Immobile birds of jet, weapons.  
Then singing voices.

And why? What's it all in aid of? The dead women—thats us. And our mothers, sisters, friends, the woman in the bus. Our mutilated minds and bodies.

The singing is the recognition of it. The joining together in the realisation that we are going to change it.

The symbol is



It appears many times alone on the page throughout the book.

It means the vulvar ring, for we will rediscover and assert our own sexuality. This is one of the beginnings we must return to before we can build.

"They say that the clitoris has been compared to a cherry stone, a bud, a young shoot, a sheltered sesame, an almond, a sprig of myrtle, a dart, the barrel of a lock."

It is also the sign of the goddess, Amaterasu, the sun goddess. We have to rewrite the male religions and myths.

So they pray:

"I salute you, great Amaterasu, in the name of our mother, in the name of those who are to come. Our kingdom come. May this order be destroyed. May the good and the evil be cast down."

The circle is in everything. The horse shoe is lucky because it represents female genitals. The symbolism of King Arthurs Round Table is unmistakable.

"The Quests for the grail were singular unique attempts to describe the zero, the circle, the ring, the spherical cup containing the blood."

The O is also

"THAT WHICH IDENTIFIES THEM LIKE THE EYE OF THE CYCLOPS THEIR SINGLE FORENAME"

Every few pages there is a list of women's names. Some of the names you recognise—like Edna, and you think of Edna O'Brien and Edna Everage, and Calypso, and you think of the witch in The Odyssey. You go through the book and find your own name and your friends names, and so the book becomes a book about you and your friends, and all the women you've ever heard about and read about.

ARISE NO SYMBOLS MASSES  
EVIDENT THE DESIGNATED TEXT  
(BY MYRIAD CONSTELLATIONS)  
FAULTY  
LACUNAE LACUNAE  
AGAINST TEXTS  
AGAINST MEANING  
WHICH IS TO WRITE VIOLENCE  
OUTSIDE THE TEXT  
IN ANOTHER WRITING  
THREATENING MENACING  
MARGINS SPACES INTERVALS  
WITHOUT PAUSE  
ACTION OVERTHROW

Sally

## IN WATERMELON SUGAR and TROUT FISHING IN AMERICA Richard Brautigan Picador

Richard Brautigan is a writer from California—a simple fact which means a lot, for he is a distinctive representative of the particular cultural-artistic consciousness that emanates almost uniquely from the San Franciscan environment. His writing shares the stylistic qualities of Californian rock music; the melodic, mellow delicacy, the fluid gentleness that characterises the Beach Boys, the Grate-

ful Dead, the New Riders. His prose, nevertheless, contains at the same time a continuous edge of subtle wit and soft, wry humour that provides tension and amusement, and that prevents a degeneration into mere hippie-esque fairy-floss vacuity.

But the musical similarity also extends beyond technique to the sharing of a common world view, a common set of concerns, and parallel responses toward the dilemmas confronting individuals trying to establish an area of freedom and personal honesty in modern American society. Brautigan is here somewhat of a literary equivalent of the Grateful Dead in particular, in that he has the same compassionate spirituality, the same tenderness and awareness that is rooted, not in abstracted or imported political theories of revolution that have no bearing on everyday life, but in a simple and humane face-to-face warmth and acceptance of people as individuals. It is an intensely personal world, bound up by the immediate physical and emotional sensations of an uncluttered, generous life-style, and at the same time by an almost back-woods, folklorish attachment to the independent spirit of the frontier tradition.

Like Kurt Vonnegut, his basic device is the fantasy parable, but it is fantasy of a different order. Where Vonnegut uses a peculiar variant of science fiction, Brautigan's fantasy is less structured, and much closer to his own internal state of being . . . it is a kind of psychedelic fantasy. Because of this, his work has a more inaccessible strangeness than Vonnegut's, and consequently it is much more difficult to summarise precisely the plots or purposes of his novels. The apparent simplicity and delicacy of *In Watermelon Sugar*, for instance, is underscored at another level by unexpected and kaleidoscopic imagery, sometimes acting as a central theme of the book—"Our lives we have carefully constructed from watermelon sugar"—but at other times scattered and unconnected. This is even more especially the case with *Trout Fishing . . .* wherein each short chapter jumps wildly, almost stream-of-consciousness style, from one vignette to the next.

Brautigan's central concern appears to be to locate and describe the Free-spirit experience; the consciousness and perceptions of the humane individual attempting

to maintain his humanity in a hostile social environment. But, again like Vonnegut, his technique enables him to make widespread embellishments on his basic purpose, and to draw a variety of pictures and intertwining themes.

These two books are a delight; they are fluid and immensely readable, with constant waves of stimulation on a wide variety of levels. Richard Brautigan has established a reputation as an important and imaginative literary innovator among American novelists. It is a reputation he well deserves.

## LEGALISED POLLUTION The Public Interest Research Group University of Queens- land Press. 1973

Upon first sighting this report, I felt sick—as I often do in this place: I thought here is another dull story of pollution totally unrelated to the overall ecological crisis of population. Diligent reading (I do read books before I review them—unlike other reviewers for this periodical (?)) however revealed a more hopeful perspective. The authors (P.I.R.G.) have taken pains to place pollution as a contributory factor—but only as a factor—in the environmental deterioration now rampant over much of our (one and only) planet.

The question asked by the book is: Does our government know what the environmental crisis is all about? It is a question, in many ways, not worth asking, because the answer is an emphatic NO! especially if we are dealing with the Queensland government, which, by the way, we are!

The book includes sections on air pollution, water pollution and the protection of the consumer against food contamination by external agents. Pretty standard stuff really; but more valuable than the information provided by the report is the context in which that information is placed.

Perhaps more than most other similar surveys, "Legalised Pollution" shows how little the Queensland government—and all governments in general—really care about the well being of their peoples. It does not hesitate to suggest—on more than one occasion—that the governmental gib business complex is literally in a conspiracy to defraud the public and indeed to make sure vital information does not reach the masses.

We are III (ha, ha) aware of Bjelke-Petersen's fascism, but this report—even though it is written in moral indignation



# MEDIA-CRITIS & PIECES

tion and loses in scientific objectivity because of it—gives clear examples of how little that administration understands, or cares for, its little slice of planet Earth. Bjelke's fascism is, as Frederick Engels said, "In relation to nature, as to society, . . . concerned only about the immediate, the most tangible result."

An excellent report and well worth reading.

Chris Murphy

## UTOPIA OR OBLIVION

The Prospect for Humanity

R. Buckminster Fuller

This book asks, in effect, "is the future possible?" This question only is what makes the book rotate as Fuller also touches on a lot of scientific, philosophic and artistic thoughts, and these are most interesting.

This is what the book is, Fullers thoughts on science etc. in general which naturally means he is also interested in the outcome of the past and the present which he has helped to create.

The book's contents are various lectures Fuller has made to various places like M.I.T. at the age of 70. His personality and intelligence and his incredibly logical flexibility make up the books dominating impression and this comes about because, as he says, he doesn't plan or learn a lecture, but merely thinks aloud. This way you get all the interesting asides that other scientists (a thing Fuller refuses to call himself) just often won't allow themselves.

In short, Fuller is optimistic about the future and sees Man's success as lying in design "strategy," man must take the initiative in design (of economic, scientific, industrial etc. matter.)

His hope lies mainly in students and he knows it must start quickly and that if only politics weren't involved, science could fix it so that everyone lives better. He is quite serious and means sincerely that design science can always produce more with less.

Utopia is for all or none because there will always be war until everyone is satisfied.

All this, plus the problem of how to provide for Man ad infinitum is gone into quite deeply but it is his brilliant language that produces optimism, at least for anything to occur in the time that he says it will. But you can't ignore politics or politicians and their entrenched characters who want it good for the time that they live and know that they will be dead later anyway. This could apply to Fuller, it would be too sad for him to see the future in any other way.

Fuller however does have a really praiseworthy view which does make infinite life seem possible for a controlled number of people. And meanwhile the rest of us can ask, What is being Done Now? because a lot of us will only be halfway through our lives at the start of the next century and we will want to die naturally of old age or however we prefer it.

Don't Panic, you are only a statistic, does it really matter to anyone else save you?

Even the most famous people are just dots in history.

One day you too will belong to that living generation but Where Will You Yourself Be? Logically, nowhere, so why not go there sooner or later.

There is no point, so the moral is, read light fiction and don't try to think.

## THE BOOK OF THE BUSH

George Dunderdale

This novel, is neither a fiction nor a history book. It is an assorted collection of tales from Australia's pioneering days, which the author has heard of or was involved directly himself.

For a while it reads like a short history book and it lapses back into this style on occasions.

One keeps waiting for the plot to begin and after a while realize that there is none and the book is just a collection of supposedly interesting and significant events which mark the progress of civilisation which puts the book in the genre of C.M.H. Ls Clarke's "Selling documents".

The virtue in this kind of book is hard to unearth. When a novel can deliver all the facts that this one does but usually with more general appeal, and when a history book can give the pure facts with a better presentation if that is what is wanted.. Intermittent signs that Dunderdale could infuse some life into a somewhat dead passage, added to the occasional interesting interludes when a yarn holds our attention, probably save the book.

As a genre almost of it's own I suppose it is reasonable enough.

# RECORDS

## HEARTBREAKER

## FREE



HEARTBREAKER  
Free  
Island

This album has a great advantage over 'Kosoff, Kirke, Tetsu and Rabbit'—the presence of Paul Rodgers. His distinctive vocals, guitar work and, of course, song-writing ability were sadly missed on KKT & R. And there is something else which lifts this set above anything else Free have ever done—John 'Rabbit' Bundrick, multi-keyboards man and no mean songwriter. The return of Rodgers has welded the new Free into an even tighter combination than the old. Tetsu Yamauchi

has done a superb job of copying Andy Fraser's thumping bass (copying, not bettering), but Bundrick has really filled out all the gaps in the old sound. They get off to a pounding start with the single, *Wishing Well*, a fine rock song with an equally fine message, and features Rebop Kwaku Baah on congas (Traffic fans take note)—if you can hear them, that is. The slow but beautiful *Come Together in the Morning* follows—the importance of Rodgers becomes all too evident here. An unusual (for Free, anyway) honky-tonk effect emerges in the light, bouncy but almost banal *Travellin*

in *Style*, and just when you might be thinking "so what?", you get socked in the head with the incredible title track (Rodgers again). Unlike the other tracks, Rodgers uses his voice not merely to sing the lyrics but as yet another instrument which further fills out the overall sound. The duelling, inter-twining guitars of Rodgers and Kosoff soar and soar, although the ending is a pinch from *Paper Sun* (Traffic fans again take note).

Side Two is more low-key. Bundrick's song-writing talent shines through in *Muddy Water* (no plurals please) and *Common*

*Mortal Man* (which should have opened the side), both fine songs but too similar in pace to follow each other. Then *Easy on My Soul*, which unfortunately proves that the only way for Free to achieve a different guitar sound is to use a different guitarist. Finally, they fly with *Seven Angels*—Free's own version of *Johnny One-Note*, simple but effective and one of the best tracks on the album.

*'I think I've come to the end of my song if you feel you want to Why don't you sing along . . .'*—which sums it up. *Heartbreaker* may not be musically 'deep', or vary progressive, but it's a bloody good album. Get into it—and sing along. You'll feel a whole lot better.

Bruce Perrin.



ROSIE  
Fairport Convention  
Island

Personally I've enjoyed past Fairport albums principally for their traditional folk content, and judging by the audience reaction at their recent Adelaide concert, so have the majority of Fairport freaks.

Consequently this album with only the 1 trad arrangement may come as a bit of a disappointment.

It is obvious that Rosie was structured primarily to accommodate the talents of the two newest additions to the band. This is understandable because, as some would have seen, Jerry Donahue is capable of some amazing things on electric guitar and Trevor Lucas's voice has given the bands vocals a degree of sophistication not evident on past albums.

This could of course be construed as detrimental if one regarded the vibrant twang of the lead "All the way from Birmingham", (David Swarbrick) as vital to the success of the album. For those just embarking on Fairport fanaticism, the album is full of pleasant sounds ranging from folk rock to folk ballad but for those who like to get up and jib about, wait for the next one.

M.C.



PSSSSSST

THE PREVIOUS MONTY PYTHON RECORD is here. Don't be straight when you listen to it, but if you listen, then you won't be straight. So bend yourself in your favourite way and read the list of contents by a Harley Street dentist written on the record label. Then learn the *Are You Embarrassed Easily* game, learn the *Half-Bee Song*, learn how *King Otto* keeps his kingdom happy by executing all the unhappy people, and, for the first time on record . . . *The Eclipse of the Sun!*

I enjoy it, maybe you will. I'm still enjoying it.

Boris Brown

## Win a date with Frank Zappa



Frank Zappa and his Mothers of Invention (Grand Wazoo version) will be in town for a concert on American Independence day, July 4. ON DIT is trying to arrange an interview with Frank and the Boys when they are here. If you think you'd like to be in on the interview (if we get one), drop us a line here at the office. Perhaps you could tell us what you think of the Grand Wazoo LP, or a potted history/social evaluation/artistic worth of Zappa. The best one, in true Go-Set Give-Away style, gets the interview.

# BAULS OF BENGAL



The Bauls with Bob Dylan on the cover of his *John Wesley Harding* LP

Baul is a religious cult with a tradition of hundreds of years deeply rooted in the soils of Bengal and Baul song is the main media to speak in it's rhythm and tune about the Philosophy of this particular sect with long hairs, beads around the neck, and saffron coloured robes and with least conventions and attachment.

To introduce them in their own language, a popular couplet of Baul song may be quoted here:

"That is why, brother, I became a madcap Baul. No master I obey not injunctions cannons or custom. Now no man-made distinctions have any hold on me. And I revel only in the gladness of my own love. In love there's no separation, but commingling always. So I rejoice in song and dance with each and all."

The Baul is the song of the wandering minstrel who goes from door to door singing with his Ektara. It may express a philosophical idea in home spun words and metaphors of the village folks . . .

#### BAUL—A song of universal love

One of the main tenets of Baul cult is love for humanity—irrespective of their caste and need, faith and religion, colour and custom. They believe their love for man is the path leading to the love for the divine. True love according to the Bauls is incompatible with any kind of compulsion and love is the supreme power.

#### BAUL—A song of mystic expression

Baul speaks about the universal mysteries of life in simple words to touch the heart of common man and a Baul singing and dancing in ecstasy with an Ektara (single string instrument) in hands represents the finest specimen of Folk Song tune to the soil of Bengal and its culture.

#### BAUL—A song of spiritualism

Bauls do not believe in any conventional mode of worship; still spiritualism forms the main root of their philosophy. What need, they say, have we of other temples when in this body of ours the supreme spirit has his abode. The human body despised by most other religions is thus for them the holy of bodies wherein the divine is intimately enshrined as the "Man of the Heart."

The Bauls, known in India as "the madcap Bauls" because of the length of their hair, their dress and their wandering, ecstatic life style, parallel very closely the transformation which is occurring in the west.

Similarly, their visit to America was right when they toured for Albert Grossman, Bob Dylan's manager, in 1967. They arrived at the height of the San Francisco scene, appearing first at the legendary Fillmore Auditorium, and then sweeping America. Their timing was equally right when they visited England for Michael Butler (of "Hair" fame) and The Rolling Stones in 1971. They performed "Lila, the Divine Game" with tantric rituals at the Roundhouse, and went on to tour France and Europe, ending up at a very remarkable festival in Moscow.

The Baul tradition goes back to pre-Vedic times in India. Traditionally, they have no temples, idols or commandments, but live on the basis that life itself is holy, that all is god. They sing and dance in praise of god, and have no possessions for themselves.

Purna Das and the Bauls ask nothing for themselves from the tour. All profits will be devoted to the building of a temple and guest house in their village, where people from all cultures may come to study the Baul tradition.

The Bauls of Bengal had probably the most remarkable arrival in Australia of any groups of musicians ever to visit this country. With nearly a year of background correspondence, the decision to come was made on the Wednesday of the Aquarius Festival, visas were obtained on the Thursday, and they arrived direct from Calcutta on the Monday. Their first performance, on the last night of the festival, was unannounced and largely unexpected. Their music, played under the full moon rising, met the full joy and ecstasy which was the climax of that remarkable ten days in May.

Everyone at that festival chose themselves in a very real way. We had communicated with fifteen of the finest musical and dance groups in India for a year, but the series of events led directly to the Bauls. In every sense, they were the best possible group to be here.

Since the Aquarius Festival at Nimbin, the Bauls have been touring around Australia, and have given successful concerts in Brisbane, Sydney and Canberra.

They will be giving a concert in the Bonython Hall, University of Adelaide, on Saturday June 30, at 8.00 p.m. Admission will be \$3 (students \$2). Tickets will be available at the Students Association Office shortly.