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High Times 1(3) October 1971

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Publisher
High Times Pty Ltd, Carlton, 48p

Comments
This collection has been made available due to its historical and research importance. It contains material that reflects attitudes of the era in which it was originally published, and that some viewers may find confronting

This serial is available at Research Online: http://ro.uow.edu.au/hightimes/2
Professor Geddes of Sydney University has issued a $100,000 writ against the small reference magazine Retrieval following an article on Australian academics in Thailand.

Editor Val Noone also wrote in the Sunday Review that the work done by Geddes and his assistant, Peter Hinton, was to keep computerised files on the movements of tribespeople from a Tribal Research Village established under SEATO. One day before the writ was served, Retrieval produced a special issue reprinting in full the original article from the Bulletin of Concerned Asian Scholars from whence the alleged libellous information was retrieved.

Meanwhile Liberation News Service, New York, says in an article datelined Vientiane, Laos, that the U.S. government is refusing aid to those tribes which choose not to fight in Laotian CIA-backed armies. The Meo tribespeople around Long Pot, 80 miles north of Vientiane, gave up farming to join the army of General Vang Pao in return for airlifted supplies of rice from the Americans.

Now, having refused to send their fourteen-year-old boys as well as their fifteen-year-olds, the tribe has been starved of rice for six months. LNS comments that this is not an isolated case.

The Retrieval case is only one of a number of magazines presently in the process of seizure/charges/court proceedings.

In Queensland, tech, institute magazine Unit is almost at the end of a case for obscenity; NSW police have seized a sex supplement to the Uni of NSW magazine Thorunka; Lot's Wife from Monash went into court late last month for alleged obscenity; and the latest issue of Empire Times from Flinders University, SA, seems set for a bust.

Alternative News Service is in trouble for disrupting the national interest; police are looking at an advert of condoms in National U; and Yellow, Troll and a number of others are yet to face the hell — fire.

Hip capitalism in the United States is about to turn Hare Krishna into big business, a conference of "house freaks", the individuals who come up with these ideas, has decided.

A tennis shoe manufacturer will make tattered sneakers; Levi-Strauss will create the 'Honest Man's Toga'; a Ford company subsidiary will mass produce 14-inch ponytail wigs; Rolling Stone's publisher is negotiating a controlling interest in "Back to Godhead"; and Revlon is getting up the makeup - "humble clear" and "at one".

Not to mention Gillette's eye spray in "regular" or "new Morning"! Krishna Krunchie cookies, and a studio group called "Hare" - their first album from Buddah records features dance steps for the sidewalk two-step-hop made famous by 'real' Hare Krishna freaks.

Four young Israelis (one woman, three men) have refused induction into the army of General Moshe Dayan, after writing that "young people are dying in this country because of internal politics and not for noble values".

"We are unwilling to serve in an occupation army," they said. "It has been demonstrated in history that occupation means foreign rule; foreign rule begets resistance; resistance begets oppression; oppression begets terror and counter terror."

A government spokesman in Canada says research into the effects of marijuana are endangered after the latest of three raids on the federal grass patch.

The government expects to harvest 18,000 pounds of weed including rare strains from Mexico, South Africa, Morocco, Europe and Lebanon at its Ottawa experimental farm. In the latest raid, six to eight plants were stolen: "He got over the five foot fence; he must have been quite a high jumper because he cleared it without touching it," said the spokesman. Legalisation of grass is not expected to mean deterioration of performances by high jumpers at the Olympic Games.

A letter to the editor of Empire Times at Flinders University has charged the Australian army with the manslaughter of a national serviceman.

Steven Joseph, 23, died after falling from a hangar under construction at an army camp near Adelaide.

No safety helmets were on issue; none of the men, save one who was absent most of the time, had experience in building; there was no safety rigging or other precautions; and a day before his death Joseph had been charged, for trial at a later date, for refusing to work on the site.
Dear Sir and/or Madam,

Whilst drooling through the masses of gaudily decorated newsmagazines last evening, and specifically looking for my weekly copy of 'The Review', I happened across something called 'High Times'. The little old lady behind the counter didn't know very much about this publication except the fact that her magazine representative had left it (one copy only) and she felt sure that it was obscene, although she didn't quite know why - except that she had seen the word 'fuck' mentioned - but as she said: "everyone either says or prints fuck or the like these days, and no one cares" consequently she didn't think that this was the reason for labeling obscene, but, nevertheless, it must be obscene.

After getting back to the relative security of the College, I whipped up enough courage to actually read this magazine-that-lurks-within-a-comicbook, and after about two hours, and a quarter of a flagon of dry red later, I had come out of the ordeal, presumably, without being corrupted, but much more enlightened.

And as for that centre page spread! Never mind the Women's Lib. movement, just remember that Gaypower is alive and living - even in Adelaide already. The whole magazine leaves 'Playboy' for dead - even if 'Playboy' does tend to cater for the bourgeois intelligentsia by printing supposedly controversial items on homosexuality.

Well, that's sufficient comment for the moment, all I want to know now - is can I subscribe to this load of trash, and if so, how much?

From Adelaide with Love, (Mr.? ) Warren Hanigan.

Dear (we can't print it),

You have sold out! You have printed a load of fucking rubbish! Do you think we are a Bunch of Cretinous Morons? and, henceforth we shall no longer support your fourth rate incidious crap.

The best issue was March 1971 containing the 'Pot Compendium - part 1 which was unfortunately not continued.

Yours disgustedly, Argus Tuffed

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Dear Sir,

Despite the fact that your article on Magic Mushrooms (June '71) may have been written in good faith, Amanita Muscaria does not contain any psychedelic substance. The narcotic properties of this fungus are merely of a delirious nausea. The source of my information is from personal experience and advice from Lisa Beiberman's Psychedelic Information Center, Boston, Mass.

Psilocybe Mexicana does not exist in Australia, it's closest relatives are Panellus Sphinctrinus and P. Retigius. This genre is reported to contain Psilocybin.

Full descriptions of the above mushrooms are available in most large libraries. Unfortunately, possession of the toadstools is a felony if they are found to contain the active principle.

Denis Duff
Victoria
A review and evaluation of some valuable information, concerning our survival. Presented below are just a few of the vital publications on this topic, with small excerpts from each one. The reviews were done by Geoff Kit, from Source Magazine.
All power pollutes.

Each of the major forms of power generation does its own kind of harm to the environment. Fossil fuels—coal and oil—produce smoke and sulfur dioxide at worst; even under ideal conditions they convert oxygen to carbon dioxide. Hydroelectric power requires dams that cover up land, spoil wild rivers, increase water loss by evaporation, and eventually produce valleys full of silt. Nuclear power plants produce thermal and radioactive pollution and introduce the probability of disaster.

We are often told that it is essential to increase the amount of energy we use in order to meet the demand. This 'demand', we are told, must be met in order to increase or maintain our 'standard of living'. What these statements mean is that if population continues to increase, and if per capita power continues to increase as in the past, then power generation facilities must be increased indefinitely.

Such statements ignore the environmental consequences of building more and more power generation facilities. They ignore the destruction of wild rivers by dams, the air pollution by power plants, the increasing danger of disease and disaster from nuclear power facilities.

These effects can no longer be ignored, but must be directly confronted. The perpetually accelerating expansion of power outputs is not necessary.

Another case study will analyze the proposal of the Inhuman Real Estate Corporation to build a fifty-story skyscraper in the most congested area of midtown Manhattan. If 90% of the office space can be rented at $12. a square foot, it looks like a sound investment, according to antique accounting methods. To uncover the true facts, however, our students will investigate the cost of moving 12,000 additional workers in and out of midtown during rush hours. The first (and least) item is $8 million worth of new city buses. When they are crammed into the already clogged avenues, the daily loss of man-hours in traffic jams may run to a couple of million more. The fumes from their diesel engines will cause an estimate 9% increase in New York's incidence of emphysema and lung cancer: this requires the construction of three new hospitals.
With Berger, sociology becomes a path to self-consciousness. He takes you through the complexity, the beauty and the horror of social systems.

............We would stress at this point, however, that 'ecstasy', as we have defined it, has metaphysical as well as sociological significance. Only by stepping out of the taken-for-granted routines of society is it possible for us to confront the human condition without comforting mystifications. This does not mean that only the marginal man or the rebel can be authentic. It does mean that freedom presupposes a certain liberation of consciousness. Whatever possibilities of freedom we may have, they cannot be realized if we continue to assume that the 'okay world' of society is the only world there is. Society provides us with warm, reasonably comfortable caves, in which we can huddle with our fellows, beating on the drums that drown out the howling hyenas of the surrounding darkness. 'Ecstasy' is the act of stepping outside the caves, alone, to face the night.

BIOLOGICAL SCIENCE: The Web of Life
Australian Academy of Science, Canberra, A.C.T.
$5.85

If you really want to understand the web of life, read this book. Biology is the integrating science, and this book integrates everything you've ever wondered about.

Interrelationships, diversity, adaption to the environment, changing patterns of life, man in the living world, internal organization — the cellular level, organ & system levels, integration & maintenance, reproduction, heredity, evolution, man as an organism........

When settlers arrived, the trees on the tableland were cut down for fencing or firewood. As a result more water was available to flow over the soil surface into the streams or to seep through the surface and emerge as springs on the valley sides. This extra water eroded the surface of the soil and formed deep gullies. There was now a heavy flow of water during winter, and in the summer the trickle of water that drained out of the hills was often salty, due to salts leached (washed out) from the subsoils.

It was suggested that this tendency to increased erosion could be reduced by planting and developing improved pastures, which would both bind the soil and use more water. Introduction of trees would also help stabilize the soil and make use of deep water in the subsoils.

The point of this example is not to show that agriculture is dangerous, but to emphasize the need for careful management of the agricultural ecosystem. We can only appreciate these problems when we think of the ecosystem as a system of interacting components. Each component may affect the balance of the ecosystem as a whole.

A cynical comment about the ecosystem concept is: "When I pluck a flower from my garden the polar bears tremble." This is, of course, absurd, but it does make one point about ecosystems: the range of effect of any change in the ecosystem may be greater than we might expect. For example, we live in town surrounded by the agricultural ecosystem. In more ways than one we are part of it.

THE ECOLOGIST
Monthly from:
The Ecologist
73 Kew Green
Richmond
Surrey U.K.
(Australia: available in some city bookstores.)

Probably the most comprehensive magazine there is on ecology. It goes in for a lot of hard-hitting de-mythologizing of Industrial Society, always backed up by thorough research. People like Buckminster Fuller they describe as "technomanicas" - and they explain why.

Control is the process of keeping a system on its right course. This implies that it has a right course. The fact that it has is one of the most important and
least recognised scientific principles. All systems including social ones are goal-directed and their goal being spatio-temporal is in fact a course or trajectory—a ‘creode’ as Professor Waddington calls it. This course leads towards continued or in some cases increased stability which is to say that it is the one most favouring survival.

Unfortunately, control mechanisms can occasionally break down, and this is what has happened to our society, which is increasingly out of control, and which can be likened to a vessel without a pilot whose aimless course is determined by the random play of winds and currents.

Absence of control is evident in everything our Government does.

Thus, we know that vast cities are undesirable. The example of America is only too eloquent. Yet do we try to prevent further urbanisation? No, we simply set up bodies like the Centre of Environmental Studies to devise means of overcoming the countless social and ecological problems that arise as society becomes increasingly urbanised.

We know that this country is grossly overpopulated, but do we try to work out and implement ways of reducing the population? No, instead we lodge people in housing developments which we know to be socially undesirable, and feed them on mass produced food containing an ever-increasing number of potentially dangerous chemical additives.

We know that there are already far too many motor-cars in this country, but do we try to limit their number to the present 11 million? No, instead we plan to build ever more motorways which will eventually make our cities uninhabitable, as in the case in Los Angeles where they are said to occupy over 60 per cent of the total city area.

We know that cancer is to a large extent caused by environmental factors—at least 80 per cent of all cases, according to Dr. Sam Epstein, one of the leading American experts on the subject, but do we try to create a healthier environment? No, we prefer to spend millions on cancer research to find ways of treating diseases we should never have been suffering from.

We know that the world is about to run out of fuel and other key resources without which our industrial society cannot possibly continue, but do we try to reduce our dependence on these inputs which we shall very soon have to do without? Not a bit of it; we are as busy as ever developing our industries and even seeking to industrialise the rest of the world that has so far had no need for these ever-rarer resources, and we justify this on the fake assumption that human ingenuity will always enable us to find satisfactory substitutes.

In this way we are undoubtedly adapting, but in the same way that our pilotless vessel adapts when it yields to the winds that blow it against the rocks.
LAND USE—possibilities, responsibilities, & joys of living on the earth..............

LIVING ON THE EARTH
Alicia Bay Laurel
1971; 193 pp.
$3.95
Vintage

At times a little superficial, but nevertheless a good introductory text to many, many things, all collected together in one place. Contents include backpacking, simple weaving, simple shelters, making soap, musical instruments, looms, leatherwork, ceramics, gardening, herbal medicine, first aid, and much more. Hand written and illustrated by Alicia, with a little help from her friends at Wheeler Ranch commune.

A MANUAL OF AUSTRALIAN AGRICULTURE
Imre Molnar, ed.
$17.45
Heinemann

An encyclopaedia on land use in Australia. A pretty expensive book but if you can't afford to buy a copy, try your local library — it contains lots of information you won't find anywhere else: climatology, fertilizers & soils, pastures, crops, fodder conservation, fruit crops, pests & diseases, livestock, wool, hides & skins, dairy farming, meat, eggs, wines, food inspection, farm machinery, irrigation, & more......Useful for subsistence as well as commercial farming.

THE BASIC BOOK OF ORGANIC GARDENING
Robert Rodale, ed.
1971; 378 pp.
$1.70
Ballantine

For the price, there's no better book on organic gardening. Combined with the 'Manual of Australian Agriculture,' you'd have all you need to know on farming & gardening in Australia.

Information on soil, compost, mulch, what to grow & how, protection against bugs — alternatives to insecticides, when & how to harvest, organic gardening as an alternative way of life to plastic food & pollution.

Rodale is the most respected authority on the subject — he's been into organic gardening for the past 30 years.

You can get a good idea of your soil's texture and class by rubbing it between the thumb and the fingers or in the palm of the hand. Sand particles are gritty; silt has a floury or talcum-powder feel when dry and is only moderately plastic when moist, while the clayey material is harsh when dry and very plastic and sticky when wet.
This is a one sheet index ‘To assist farmers, students, home gardeners and all people interested in the agriculture of Victoria’, which contains a complete list of free pamphlets published by the government in the area of agriculture. There are about 200 hundred of them covering EVERYTHING!!

Some selections from the list:
- Drinkers for Pigs
- Making House Plants Feel At Home
- Squab Raising
- Design and Use of Portable Silage Clamps
- Cocksfoot in Victoria

Some of the pamphlets are sent postage free.

This sheet is available either from the Dept. of Agriculture, Treasury Place, Melbourne, or by writing G.P.O. Box 4041, Melbourne 3001. Phone 651539.
"What if he IS right?", asked Tom Wolfe.
Of course he's right.

You don't have to read his books to know Marshall McLuhan is right. He said the medium was the message, so we should listen and stop playing Russian roulette with nature.

What he said was that the Gutenberg type revolution had caused man to become linear in his thinking. However with the invention of the electric media late last century. We've got the chance now to become more sensory, non-linear, or — more cosmic, if you like.

It's been happening a little in the arts — non-linear artists, musician, even non-linear education to a small extent with free schools.

But it shouldn't stop there. Media isn't (aren't) just TV, radio, telephone and so on. Roads, cars, houses, buildings, schools are media too. It's time for a non-linear revolution in these areas.

The people who are running this country (off the road and into a telegraph pole) haven't caught onto the message, but the youth of this country are the electric babies to change the system.

Statistics prepared by one of the few in the power generation who is non-linear, Paul R. Ehrlich, are frightening.

In his book, Population Bomb, Ehrlich says that if the population increases at the present rate, without any new restrictions, then in 900 years, to house all the people a building 2000 stories high would have to cover the entire earth. Half of the building space would be required just to run the machine, and the other half would house the six by ten to the seventeenth power people on the earth.

In fact the world would eventually become a mass of human protoplasm, multiplying outwards at the speed of light.

But have no fear. Nature will win out. We've got to think of some immediate problems. For instance the motor car.

Cities are for people, not for automobiles. Yet about 30 per cent of our cities' space is taken up with car parks, roads and freeways for cars.

And not only are we bowing down to these machines, but they are exhausting crap into the air and accounting for a large percentage of the air problem.

And if you've seen the brown cloud that hangs over Sydney, you'll know what air pollution is. If you'd been a child in Los Angeles in 1969, when broadcast alerts forbid you to run, skip or jump in the streets because of the killing air pollution, you'd know.

So public transport, the lesser of the polluting and space-taking evils should be improved. Motorists should be restricted from using the city area entirely.
Cheap, efficient and healthy. We could do what the youth of Brussels did and have a fleet of white bicycles parks rest areas ... anything.

If people must use cars, a community transport pool could be formed to cut down on the number.

And if cars must be used, the present internal combustion engine should be banned.

The Detroit big wheels have apparently designed cars which run on electricity and (almost) pollution free cars but they intend to get as much from the present situation as possible. They're making money, so why change the status quo.

So less cars would mean more space and health for people.

McLuhan says cars will be passe in ten years because of the innovations of the electronic media, so why let our lives revolve around these cars.

The emergence of the electric media means other things. It means there's no need for concentrated areas for information gathering. The downtown complex should be stopped from expanding further - diversify, decentralise.

In Berkeley, California, where there is high mental consciousness, it was suggested that the multi-story office blocks were not necessary now.

These blocks only serve as status symbols for the capitalist companies. The development of communications makes multi-story blocks unnecessary.

The solution is to take them down and recycle the material, or to turn the buildings into community centres, schools, amusement, recreation and education centres.

Something has got to be done to stop the mad industrial cycle, and it won't be done at the managerial level, because they are too busy capitalising.

In Australia BHP has announced it is recycling the drink cans it produces by the millions. How very cosmic which they now pay to have done.

The next step is to reduce the working week, to give the worker more free time.

With this time, people could prepare their own food, reconstruct, and perform a lot of functions which they now pay to have done.

More time to live life, to construct their own environment and less time spent in the production of un-necessaries, but shared by more people.

Teach people how to reconstruct and renovate, and use the surplus material instead of producing more and committing more ecological rape.

With cities for the people, no cars and only public mass transport allowed in the area, and the office space reduced and decentralised, with existing space being shared by the people for other activities, the city would become more sociologically sensible.

Factories are of course another source of space that can be utilised. Workers should be educated to what the possibilities can be. Factories scaled down in size and used as multiple-use environments.

Tradesmen to relearn their art so that they can utilise existing materials, and reconstruct, to recycle the available material.

This revolution has to start in the inner suburbs, where the city complexes are looking for further office-block expansion. Where the Housing Commissions want high-density low income groups to be caged in multi-story tenaments. Where the transport boards want to cut in with six-lane freeways.

With inner-suburban consciousness, with solidarity, these beanoucrats can be thwarted, as they say in paper tiger country.

Experiments are being conducted overseas now in areas called 'middle city' which I guess would be our inner suburbs. The idea is to rehabilitate these urban ghettos and make communities.

The simple act of tearing down fences (then recycling the wood) is a start. Then there are communal transport and food co-operatives. Utilising free space for people, closing off streets to motor cars.

School space can be utilised for community use. You can start the revolution in your own home, and become non-linear. Houses are a carry-over from the Gutenberg Galaxy, when no-one thought out of line. Do you want doors? Do you want square rooms; if not make them flowing, landscape your house.

Help to save the people, help to save the country. These ideas aren't new. People are beginning to experiment all over the world with non-linear ideas. Let us know if you have any.

If you're interested in saving your part of the earth as a contribution to saving the whole earth, you should find out where your State Government is at.

What is the population density; how many vehicles are used as against how many are needed. What percentage of your space is being donated to the car. What happens to the garbage. Can it be recycled for the use of organic farmers in Australia?

What spaces in your community can be utilised for co-operatives. You can approach unions, churches, civic bodies, schools.

For instance a co-operative has been formed in Carlton (Vic.) to run an organic food shop, which will be supplied by local and rural organic growers.

Start growing your own vegetables and find out if there is a place where you can market your surplus products.

Contact your local community action group and lobby to keep the various government and semi-government bodies from turning your area into a high-rise/parking lot/industrial/freeway complex!

Get together with a drop-out architect and plan your own environment ecologically, and sociologically.

"Well you've cracked the sky, scrapers fill the air/ but will you keep on building higher 'til there's/ no more room up there....."

"I know we've come a long/way, we're changing day to day. But tell me/ where do the children play?"

Cat Stevens, 'Tea for the Tillerman'
It seems that the area of conflict commonly termed the generation gap is being organically bridged by a common interest in shit stirring that has noting much to do with daddy’s politics. For the Greening of America is nurtured in the compost bins in their organic gardens by the often retired members of the middle class and their prematurely retired dropouts. The older generation politely term themselves homesteaders and their youthful counterparts hippies or communalists.

Organic Gardening and Farming is the monthly organ (it can be recycled too) published for over thirty years with practical instructions on composting methods, setting up of organic growers co-operatives, articles on nutrition crop rotation, growing various types of fruit, vegetables and nuts; in fact anything concerned with good natural food. The orientation is on ecologically balanced closed systems that are non-wasteful and, in fact super-productive, and on careful preparation of the soil by purely organic and natural fertilisers.

Chemical fertilisers are unforgivable due to the accumulative damage done to the soil. Superphosphate for example eventually burns out the micro-organisms in the soil that are necessary for the proper breakdown of animal and vegetable matter into humus and therefore which eventually sterilises the soil. Organic Gardening’s obvious limitation is that it is published for American conditions. But anybody with the small amount of intelligence required to come to terms with the elemental organic processes would be easily able to transpose that information to local conditions.

Organic Gardening continually indicates that there are many novel and imaginative solutions to particular problems if the rules are understood. And that very important understanding primarily is that we are dependent on other forms of life and we must contribute in a balanced manner to their welfare to use them to gain utmost benefit from that relationship. There is an incredible excitement and satisfaction possible from these simple awarenesses, and if humanity was able to integrate itself with such REAL processes, the insanities of our over organised, over industrialised, polluted world would diminish.

In America the back to the earth movement is an important aspect of the American cultural situation. And it will happen here. De-centralisation, faster transport systems, commuters living miles into the country, dropouts seeking a simple and more honest existence. These life modes are an undevolved dream of many already, more leisure time will make it possible for the homesteader. And the absolute rejection of the puritan work ethic which has already permeated youth culture from overseas influences will make it imperative for so many young people to experiment with communal living processes as the only way to gain a life style that will give them the time to do things that really interest them.

Mother Earth News is a magazine with a broader ecological interest. It has many articles of a more general orientation for a generation who have lost the knowledge of how to do simple things such as build a wood stove effectively, lessons on how to use an axe properly, how to construct various kinds of dwellings, survival articles how to make flour from such things as bracken, acorn, pine nuts and even from wheat, corn and rice. And then how to make a cake. These are instructions on how to build saunas, how to run chickens, build windmills, in fact anything that the rustic soul requires.

The Mother Earth News is a member of the Underground Press Syndicate. It functions on contribution of articles. It defines itself as a bi-monthly publication, edited by a group expressly for today’s influential hip and young adults. The creative people. The doers. The ones who make it happen. There is a heavy emphasis on alternative life styles, ecology, technology working in harmony with nature and doing no violence. But for all that The Mother Earth News has a folksy charm about it to the point of corniness, but this is probably just simple the hype, displayed by so much of American youth who have swallowed or to be nice about it, have assimilated the myths created by their own cultural avantgarde, without really understanding their implication. Pop culture is popular, is populist, able and has always been populist culture; the media and even advertising causes a change in consciousness as diluted and may be.

The Whole Earth Catalog functions in its own terminology as an evaluation and access device. With it the user should know better what is worth getting and where and how to get it. An article is listed in the Catalog if it is deemed (1) useful, (2) relevant to independent education (3) high quality at low cost (4) easily available by mail. Its purpose stated is that ‘we are gods, and might as well be acting like it’. So far, remotely does power and glory — as via government, big business, formal education channels — has succeeded to the point where any defects obscure actual gains. In response to this dilemma and to help gain a realm of intimate personal power is developing — power of the individual to control his own education, find his own inspiration, shape his own environment, and share his own adventure with whoever is interested. Tools to aid this process are sought and promoted by The Whole Earth Catalog. Its contents are under headings such as: Understanding Whole Systems, Shelter and Land Use Industry and Craft, Communications, Nomadics,
Community, Learning.

The Catalog was developed by and through Stweard Brand, a member of Ken Kesey’s Merry Pranksters, the psychedelic heroes of Tom Wolfe’s best selling book ‘The Kool Aid Acid Test’. Kesey was also the author of two other important novels ‘One Flew Over The Cookoos Nest’ and ‘Some times a Great Notion’. As Brand considers the Catalog has fulfilled its function, the final edition is to be done by Kesey in a comic strip format. Brand originally ran peddler trucks to the American Commune scene, he based the catalog on many of Buckminster Fuller’s ideas. Ideas such as Fuller’s statement on personal self discipline “In 1927 I gave up forever the general economic dictum of society i.e. that every individual who wants to survive must earn a living. I substituted, therefore the finding made in concept one, i.e. the individual’s antientropic responsibility in universe. I sought for the tasks that needed to be done that no one else was doing or attempting to do, which if done would physically and economically advantage society and eliminate pain” or “Possession is becoming progressively burdensome and wasteful and therefore obsolete” or “You and I are inherently different and complimentary. Together we average zero - that is eternity.” or “Man is so deeply conditioned in his reflexes by his milleniums of slave functioning that he has too many inferiority complexes to yield to political reformation. The obsolete games will be abandoned only when realistic, happier and more interesting games come along to displace the obsolete games.

So much of The Whole Earth Catalog is not relevant to Australian conditions. It could not function as a mail order catalog and the higher US standard of living makes come of the equipment impossible to consider and some impossible to get. But it does indicate a potential and a direction.

Australia being a younger country and closer to its roots will find these simple awareness tools easy to assimilate. We may have reeked havoc on our enviorment, but through publications like these we can gain the kind of clues necessary for complete development, emotional, intellectual and spiritual.

THE WHOLE EARTH CATALOG
$1.25 small issues
$3.25 large issues

Final Large Edition — approx. 500 pages, hardbound, available about September — price approx. $7.00.

MOTHER EARTH NEWS
ordinary issues $1.25
larger issues $1.50

6 issues per year
9 issues already available

ORGANIC GARDENING
(and Farming)
Monthly 75c per copy

all books available from the Source Bookshop
It was a night of nights. Even Tower of Power was okay, and then King Curtis and his Kingpins and the Memphis Horns and Billy Preston, and after that, Aretha Franklin for an hour and a half, and then if your soul can stand it, Ray Charles and Aretha, and all of the above on one stage gathered, rocking, reeling, rolling, and tumbling with the dark spirit of music. It was Sunday, March 7, 1971, the excited eve of the Ali-Frazier fight, at the Fillmore West in San Francisco. The moment was recorded forever on inch-wide magnetic tape and is available on disc on the Atlantic label (a division of Kinney Services Inc.) as Aretha Franklin's latest LP release. I need not try to describe it; in any case, it happened simply.

Aretha was closing her third and final show, leading out of “Dr. Feelgood,” as she had on the previous two nights, into a long “yeah” saying call and response with the crowd and, slowly like a sermon building, began “Spirit in the Dark.” This song Aretha wrote last year as the title tune of her most recent studio record; it suggests that a good cure for whatever ails you is to cover your eyes with one hand, cocking the other hand on your hip, and to wait until the spirit in the dark comes pulsing inside you and you are dancing and feeling good again. Try it sometime. This night she spread it out forever, then she walked off the stage, but came back before anybody thought the show was over, this time with Ray Charles on her arm. She led him carefully to the microphone, sat down at the piano, and the song went on. Ray stood beaming, then, encouraged by Aretha, started to sing. The band soul-stewed as never before, the whole crowd boogied, and Ray and Aretha traded shouts, licks, riffs, breaks, jumps, and howls for all concerned to get, keep, feel, figure, and cherish that spirit.

It didn’t stop. We danced, clapped, hugged, kissed, and finally wept, sweating, eyes open and closed, arms above our heads—and they sang. Aretha found Tower of Power’s lead singer and danced with him. She got Ray to sit down and play. Play he did, dazzlingly. In perfect duet, each seemed more individual than ever: Ray, a more battered and older spirit in an oddly splayed body, Aretha a brown blossom, unquenchably feminine youth. Ray’s heavy head is touched with grey, Aretha’s skin is as clear as a Polynesian’s. She could have been his daughter; a girl beside him, their selves seemed co-mingled.
Finally Ray went off waving to the crowd, leaving Aretha to close her own show. She sang a soft song about reaching out your hand to a friend and “making this a better world if you can.” She bowed to all sides, spoke thanks to the band and to the crowd. She said goodbye, goodbye, goodbye. “I love you, I love you.” She was gone. The lights went up.

MOMENTS OF PERFECT BEAUTY ARE BRIEF, IMPOSSIBLE TO REPEAT, AND ULTIMATELY INEXPLICABLE. I did that night feel joined in musical/spiritual exultation with Ray Charles, Aretha Franklin, and several hundred other humans, yet I can not say how or why. The moment, though part of sluggish time, was instantaneous and spontaneous, and seemed to transcend and illuminate the confluence of processes, large and small, which created it.

ARETHA FRANKLIN IS NOW 28. Music has been her life all her life. A performer since childhood, a professional since her teens, a success for seven years, and a star for four, she is the most successful black woman singer ever. At 26 she was the Queen of Soul, on the cover of all the magazines, every ambition fulfilled beyond expectations. Her crown, though proffered in apparent tribute, was heavy and hollow. It drove her to drink and demanded as its price an unqueably slavery to the hit machine “of the charts.” Aretha did her best—two handfuls of million-selling singles and four smash LPs in less than two years—but she couldn’t keep the inhuman pace. Her marriage fell apart. The “Natural Woman” of 1967 found that “Eleanor Rigby” fit her mood in 1969. She sang. “My music is me,” she said in an interview for a news weekly, “but I’m not sure what that is.” Her voice could bring fame, jewels and white fur. She worked hard like a good girl, quelling her shyness and doing what she called “the uphill thing.”

Spirit in the Dark, more mature musically than anything she had done before, was a dramatic declaration of independence. The generosity of her self-delight illuminates every song. “Hopes up to the skies,” “Nobody gonna turn us around,” “Think I got a winning slip,” “I’m pullin’ on in,” she sings. Five of the twelve tunes she wrote herself; the rest she chose boldly from the hits of bluesmen Jimmy Reed, and Kings, B. B. and Ben E. She makes them hers. Not once does the band or strings cloud her own presence. She plays the piano as she never played it before, striking the keys as hard as Thelonious Monk. The background vocalist, singing arrangements she created, no longer just underpin her fervor, they complement it subtly as perfume.

With this record Aretha Franklin seemed to have become an entirely new artist, if not a whole new person. Her position had not changed, nor had the soul show biz limits dissolved. Yet it began to come clear to her that it was no longer necessary to act as others wished her to act. How she might choose to use the new freedom was still a problem. She cut another album, as yet unreleased, which she has titled Young, Gifted, and Black. Spirit sold well but did not win her back the huge audience she had had three years before. So she decided to mend fences, and this past winter for the first time began appearing outside the coliseum circuit to which her “Queen of Soul”-style fees had driven her. She wasn’t playing clubs exactly, but she did go out after an audience. She scrapped the ponderous Donald Townes orchestra which had accompanied her in concert in favor of tight combos of Rhythm and Blues studio musicians—often the same men who had accompanied her on record.

The Fillmore weekend was one of those promotional dates—she was the star of a record industry convention, and did the Apollo and Fillmore East too, plus some benefits. How much of this she personally planned I don’t know. Bill Graham and Atlantic’s Jerry Wexler worked out the Fillmore arrangements. The main obstacle was Aretha’s own business advisor, Ruth Bowen, head of Queen Booking, one of the biggest and most conservative black-run management companies. For Mrs. Bowen the Fillmore is dangerously déclassé, not respectable enough. Aretha is, after all, a preacher’s daughter. Would Lena Horne play before a mob of unwashed teenagers sitting on the floor? Moreover, Bill Graham could not pay the $20,000 a show which Ruth Bowen demands on Aretha’s behalf. But Aretha was becoming impatient with such high-tone stuffiness. Once Mrs. Bowen was assured the money, when Atlantic agreed to underwrite the three days by making a record of it, she went along.

A solid plug that Jerry Wexler got inserted in Rolling Stone put the word out (San Francisco would be blown into the Bay, Wexler promised), and the three nights sold out immediately.

GOOD MUSIC RESULTS FROM TAKING enjoyment in the creation of sound. It requires great discipline and patience, but no self-denial. When I was in school, music meant playing from books, years of study, memorization, and cruelly hard work. Even after all that you could never be as great as people who had been dead for centuries. There was an aura of reverence which
sensed a fear of human equality in my culture's exaggerated respect for a "bunch of dead Germans," I was attracted to the "everybody welcome" feeling of black American music. Since I first heard the Benny Goodman Carnegie Hall record and began to respond to music with my own, not my culture's, enthusiasm, black music has been associated with my rebellion against my own culture and my efforts to find a new culture that I liked better.

Black American music has been a beacon and inspiration. Not quite "soul" music for me (it feels more like part of a possible future than from my own past), it seems like a truly new idea, one which has emerged in my own time in the classic way new ideas have emerged in "intellectual history"—like Protestantism, for example. The growth of black American music has been synonymous with the growth of a consciousness. As the first music to wed itself to the power of electricity, it has been able to communicate that consciousness with a vividness unprecedented in musical history. It is always hard to describe the idea, but everybody, both for and against, knows what it is. The idea of black American music is:

BOOGIE
BOOGIE
BOOGIE
BOOGIE
BOOGIE
BOOGIE TIL YOU'RE DONE
BOOGIE
BOOGIE
BOOGIE
BOOGIE
BOOGIE CAUSE IT'S FUN
BOOGIE MEAT
BOOGIE SOUL
BOOGIE NOW
AN' THEN SOME MO'

Jerry Wexler, his pajamas royal blue, was in bed with the flu at the Huntington Hotel, San Francisco's equivalent of the Carlyle (Aretha was at the rather more brassy Fairmont across California Street). It was a pleasure to meet him, for Wexler, executive vice-president of Atlantic, is indisputably one of the powers of the black music industry and has been for nearly twenty years. As righthand man for Ahmet and Nesuhi Ertegun, who owned the company until 1969 when they sold it to the Kinney-Warner conglomerate, he helped build Atlantic into the most important of all the R&B/jazz independent record companies. In the late '40s and early '50s, there were dozens of these "indies" or "off-brand" labels. Working from store-front offices and shoe-string studios, the companies recorded the electric urban blues of the post-war, ghetto. Not only did they compete fiercely among themselves, but they also fought an often losing battle against the "majors"—the downtown record companies—which, with money, prestige, and power, could lure away the most successful talent which the little companies had painstakingly developed.

Wexler shook hands and brought out a joint. His face was friendly, greyly leonine, his voice gruff. A one-time journalist (at Billboard) and still would-be writer, he likes to talk to reporters. Today there were three at his bedside. He spoke of the weekend ("We want these longhairs to listen to this lady; after that there'll be no problems"), of why the Erteguns and he had sold Atlantic to the Kinney Corporation ("It comes down to, unless you sell, you can't realize what you worked your life to get in a form you can pass it on, like, to your kids"), and said that we shouldn't be talking to him but to Syd Nathan of King Records or Al Bihari of Modern ("they were the cats who did the hard work to get the music out of the ghetto. It wasn't the big companies that were hip to black music, man, it was the 'indies,' dedicated guys like Georgie Goldner, he found Frankie Lyman, dig?"). He said the American music-buying public is still racially prejudiced, consistently preferring white imitations to the real thing. "You can sell black stuff now, sure, but you gotta fight for it."

My intentions were quite specific: I wanted to find out why Ray Charles had left Atlantic at the end of the '50s for ABC-Paramount. That event has divided Ray's career in half, and while by now his post-Atlantic years and output double those of his time with Atlantic, many still consider the move a self-crippling mistake. The standard explanation is that Ray left for money; the standard implication is that Ray sold out.

In November 1954, Ray was "full fledged . . . nothing basic has been added since that day, just more of the same," Wexler wrote. In 1959, after two years of "reluctance," Charles was dubbed "genius," and an album featuring strings and a large band was released. (Shortly thereafter Ray signed with ABC, without notifying Atlantic; Wexler does not mention it.) He does say that "listeners who weren't quite ready for the unvarnished Charles brand' of musical truth found the strings-and-voices palatable." Ray had, however, really "changed not one iota" from the small R&B combo days. Wexler finishes by commenting that Ray has not been writing many songs of late and that "in some listening segments, there is a marked preference for the early, seven-piece, hard-hitting gospel style."

That canon has become the popular line on Ray Charles; his new works, including his most recent and magnificent LP, Volcanic Action of My Soul, are seldom heard on the radio. Ray himself works the Vegas club circuit in his private plane and keeps his own counsel, ignoring critics ("I'll be alive tomorrow no matter what they write about tonight," he told a happy crowd recently), and playing and singing more beautifully then ever. Like Alfred Hitchcock, he has gone into the limbo reserved for those whom critics like better immortal than live. In a culture that does not value age, maturation of vision is an irrelevant concern. Ray Charles is 43.
I did not get an interview with Aretha Franklin that weekend. Not that I was refused; the three times we spoke Aretha was polite. The second and third times she pointedly remembered my name. The interview didn’t happen because at heart I did not want to sit pad in hand asking her stilted questions. A reporter for nine years, I have been interviewing musicians for six, drawn to them by an uncontrollable love of their music. My reporter’s mask got me much closer to them than the average fan in the street could get; yet it left me stuck with a frustrating and often humiliating “role” to play. I never felt I could be myself with those whom I queried and wrote about, and never became friends with any of them. The awkwardness of it all seemed in direct contradiction to the spirit of the music.

Back in the 1940s, when the wasps still believed in their divine right to rule America, movies were the national entertainment as surely as baseball was the national sport. Vaudeville had begun its decline, and the night clubs and dance halls were not doing the massive business they had done before the Depression. “Hollywood” was a byword the world over; at home and abroad, movies commanded the big money, the big audiences, and the big talent. The most American art, it was also a most American business. The major studios, by controlling their own theaters and distribution networks, divided the bulk of the take among themselves, just as the giants of “Detroit” controlled the profits of the national vehicle.

Movies no longer hold that position. Television robbed them of their automatic audience, the studio system broke down, and the foreign film invasion made Los Angeles one film capital of many. Costs rose, returns became less sure. Although much of “Hollywood” is now making television shows, it is not the once-dreaded TV which is taking the silver screen’s place at the top of America’s entertainment pyramid—it is popular music.

In the 1960s the recorded music industry experienced a growth of total business and profits which has staggered its own imagination. “We’ve become a billion dollar industry,” Jerry Wexler says often and incredulously; one hears the same self-reminder intoned by other record execs. The trade has been able to sell more and more records at higher and higher prices, complete the switch to stereo and start on quadrephonic, and simultaneously push taped music in reel-to-reel, cartridge, and cassette form, as well as marketing ever more exotic player systems and new paraphernalia like headphones. A new broadcast outlet—FM stereo—is now airing its products in a velvet-gloved version of the high pressure AM sell, and a whole field of journalism has been created to review, generally glorify, and publicize their product. Records were once sold from behind counters in small record stores; now they are stacked six feet high beside ringing registers in discount sound supermarkets.

The billion dollar turning point came in 1967. Until then the 45 disc was the most important medium for pop music; LPs were still more associated with musics that sold to smaller markets. But then, just as books in paper had found their way out of bookstores and into the drugstores, LPs got onto “the racks”—the trade’s name for all non-record store sales outlets—at supermarkets, discount centers, and at department stores in the new shopping plazas. Sgt. Pepper was crucial. For three years the Beatles had been on top, but their market, although bigger than any rock market before them, was still primarily the teen 45 disc market. The new wave of interest in rock generated by San Francisco and psychedelia was the first real challenge to the Beatles and the British movement. Would the Beatles sink or swim? They triumphed with a masterpiece that lent all of their prestige to psychedelic and electronic music, summed it up, and then transcended it. Their record established the “album” as the new expressive unit for rock ‘n’ roll, and joined the rock market to the pop market to create a new “youth” market, the upper limit of which was now 35, not 19. Since then, 45 sales have declined relative to album sales, and rock-pop figures like James Taylor (on Warner Bros.) are selling to an audience so diverse as to be virtually uncategorizable.

Aretha Franklin is short and round. Her clothes—high boots, short knit dresses, sunglasses, and costume jewelry—are stylish and expensive, but, while they suit her, they are not glamorous. She is a lovely black sister, not a willowy show biz singer like Diana Ross or Dionne Warwick, whose well-earned successes have in part depended on their stunning faces and figures. Aretha’s beauty, while no less apparent than theirs,
is more internal. At rehearsals her movements were restrained, her demeanor quiet and even shy. While the Sweethearts of Soul, her back-up singers with their curly wigs and patent leather bags, flirted and carried on like schoolgirls, Aretha stayed in the background when she wasn't singing. Her eyes took everything in but gave little back.

She was, of course, working hard, preparing not only for three shows in an unfamiliar and challenging milieu, but also to make a record which, in her art, is the medium of permanent statement. Yet how much was it her record? It would be called an Aretha Franklin record and all depended on her, but all was not directed by her. Wexler, Graham, King Curtis, arranger Arif Mardin, and Ruth Bowen were, however subtly, more in charge than she. They deferred to her every spoken wish; when she did not speak, they decided.

The tension between Aretha as a Negro woman singer, a role allowed her by precedent, and Aretha as a newly adventurous artist in the popular music medium, was palpable. She was not making her record the way her white male contemporaries, Bob Dylan, John Lennon, the Stones, or Leon Russell make theirs—on their own with friends, delivered as tapes to submissive corporations. On the other hand she was far freer than in her days at Columbia or when she was Atlantic's brand new success in 1967. Here she was this weekend, the ranking black singer of the day, playing the Fillmore—in much the same position, four crucial years on, as Otis Redding had been at the Monterey Pop Festival in 1967. Where might Otis' music have gone after "Dock of the Bay..." written on a Sausalito houseboat during a Fillmore engagement? The Fillmore audience had certainly changed B. B. King's music and career—how would it change hers? Might it help her break the invisible constrictions of race and sex that still webbed her in?

Her quietness that weekend suggested determination. As photographers came close to snap and snap at her again, she looked deeply into their lenses and did not smile. Wexler kissed her on the cheek when he arrived on stage Friday afternoon: Aretha was unmoved. When no one could figure out the words of Steve Stills' "Love the One You're With," Aretha listened to all suggestions, then said she'd sing it the way it made sense to her. Her short natural hair revealed a strong neck.

W hat do I mean by "Black American music?" "Music that is inspiring to the head and heart, to dance by and cause you to put your foot," says Chuck Berry. Blues, boogie-woogie, jazz, R&B, rock 'n' roll, soul, gospel, swing, funk, bop, and the Mashed Potatoes. Mostly it is made by black Americans, but there are people of all colors, who have gotten the hang of it and express themselves with it. It doesn't really have a name: labels and music don't mix. May I trust you know what I mean?

Friday night went off fine. It seemed a mistake to have Tower of Power on the bill. An okay young rock band, they were dwarfed by what followed them. But they are part of the Bill Graham-Fillmore empire, and the weekend was good promotional exposure. King Curtis and the Kingpins were a knockout, Aretha superb. The song order got mixed up at one point, King Curtis calling one tune when Aretha wanted another. Aretha did Curtis' song and seemed mildly miffed, but it was just a first-night rough spot, and the crowd went home satisfied.

S aturday afternoon it was back to the Huntington to hear the new Donny Hathaway LP which Wexler had hyped to the skies. Again a group of writers, out came the joints, on went the record. Otherwise a respectful silence. I found myself not liking the record, pulled out my notebook, and wrote: "Jerry Wexler is saying this guy is a fit and possible inheritor of the mantle of Ray and Aretha. I hear him as a super-talented musician, backed by brilliant instrumentalists, but an unsure young man, inclined to sentimentality and little boy appeal which lacks the manliness that Ray had at 19, and lacks the pride and striving for freedom that characterizes every note that Aretha ever sung."

As he flipped the record, Wexler said, "He's conservatory trained." That I could hear, but little else. If this was Wexler's third genius, Hathaway sounded like his first false genius. Genius one had gone to another label, genius two was asserting herself; was Hathaway a genius who would stay Wexler's genius? The record ended.

Wexler said he had a tape of Young, Gifted, and Black, Aretha's latest work in progress. It was still a rough mix, and most of the horn and string tracks had not been added, but he'd play it anyway. It was incredible, as far beyond Spirit in the Dark as that had been beyond her earlier stuff. The arrangements she had worked out for the background vocalists were smooth as smoke. Her piano tinkled like Errol Garner and rang with the authority of classical harmonies. "I see a brand new girl," she sang in one song; that's how she sounded. I couldn't just listen, but sang along.

As I was leaving, Jerry spoke to me at the door. "You know, I didn't really mean it about Donny." Aretha's voice was still coming out from the little tape machine. "Wow," he said, "the music pours out of her!"

S aturday night was, well, stupendous. There are many ways for an R&B horn section to play a phrase, but it sounds best if they come in absolutely on time and full strength from the first instant, so that there is no ragged fade-up from silence, but a sudden punch of sound. Wayne Jackson's Memphis Horns are as crisp as karate. Wayne is small, plays trumpet, runs the Horns as an extremely successful business, and says that "playing music is 99 percent confidence." The group was once known as the Mar-Keys and can be heard on almost every Otis Redding record as well as many TV commercials. The other five guys, like Wayne, are white Southern boys who for some reason ended up blowing in Memphis, not picking in Nashville, but it's all music from the same part of the world.

And King Curtis—if you have ever been exposed to popular music in the past fifteen years, you have heard King Curtis. He is the R&B saxophone player, responsible
for most of those great rocking sax breaks you remember from the '50s, composer of "Soul Serenade," and a New York City session man of the first rank, on more records probably than Bernard Purdie, who holds about the same position on drums that Curtis covers on sax. Curtis is big, at least six feet three inches, with the heavy gut of a muscular man living the life of steaks and import beer. All weekend he wore a black leather jacket with a horse's head coming through a horseshoe done in white leather on the back.

Jackson, Purdie, Curtis—they are complete musicians. Their idiom is modern rhythm and blues which, while becoming technically more sophisticated since its raucous early days in the late '40s and early '50s, has only gained in funky power. The point of it is to entertain, make 'em dance; there's not much thought about art. Yet the idiom in no way restricts the musicians; they love to play and play the music they love. It comes out R&B. While the fun of jazz for a jazz musician might be more and more complex harmonies, or even the abandonment of "harmony," the fun for an R&B cat is to find ways to increase the dramatic contrasts within a song, to create ever more intense rhythms. Because that's what people like, colorful songs with drive, songs you can get the feel of and feel with.

So Curtis and company came on stage Saturday night and started out with "Knock on Wood," a Stax-Volt classic, and it sounded just the way the trumpets looked gleaming in the stage lights. Purdie rocketing away, his eyes seldom leaving Curtis' swaying back, Jermott's fingers bounding up and down the long neck of his bass. Dupree light and pretty on guitar. After three bars you realized what fun it is to be there, one of those small Paradises everyone hopes will dot their lives.

It's pleasant to be in the crowd too. The grass roots that Aretha has drawn were not the hippies, but black teenage kids, most of them, like Aretha, in the Fillmore for the first time. They are black kids like none I ever knew—Afros, self-assured, smoking grass and drinking wine. Some of the girls were over-dressed to be sitting on the floor, and I saw guys worried about the creases in their slacks, but they weren't spades, but something new. Is Aretha their Beatles?

Aretha herself was in a trailer parked outside the stage door. A waiter from one of San Francisco's better restaurants took in a meal on a silver tray. She was the star, but when she came on stage she earned her position all over again. There were no rough spots Saturday night. Sometime I scribbled in my notebook, "Billy Preston—INSPIRED!"

* * *

I took a rough poll of the musicians that weekend on how they're betting on the Ali-Frazier fight. Without exception they were betting on Ali. The Kingpins were to play at his post-fight party. About half called him Ali, the other half said Cassius.

A FEW YEARS AGO I WROTE THAT Chuck Berry's challenge to Beethoven—"Roll over, Beethoven, and dig these rhythm and blues"—was "comically arrogant." That phrase seems to have a racial bias I no longer feel. Berry was being neither comical nor arrogant (though he is bold and funny), but right, and powerfully musical besides. In Blues People LeRoi Jones documents the growth of the collective spirit expressed in black American music. By the 1950s "Negroes" had organized themselves to the point of beginning open popular rebellion against the racist consciousness which had put fences around their bodies and minds. Black music, similarly, had grown from workers' chants into a complex of styles which combined "black" harmonic and rhythmic ideas with "white" instrumentation. Music was open to more black people as a profession, a chosen life of self-expression, not just playing peripheral to the crushing burden of staying alive. Jazz musicians had achieved a world audience by mid-century, and when black musicians turned their blues into electric music, they became not only creators of a new idiom, but pioneers of a new musical age. Chuck Berry was right because he is a musician, composer, and visionary fit to joust with Beethoven for a place in musical history. The great ship of Western music has in the past twenty years drastically altered its course. It was Berry who saw which way it was headed, for it was Berry and his friends who had slipped up out of steerage and seized the helm.

* * *

Aretha and Ray sat together at the Sunday Night dinner party before the show. Their table was right beside the queue waiting for ribs and greens. It was as much a receiving line as a food line. They both shook dozens of hands, and everyone with an Instamatic got a snap. They didn't appear to talk much, but they hardly could have in the circumstances. When not being spoken to, Ray was quiet, even withdrawn. Wexler waved me over to shake hands with him. Introducing me, he told Ray I was writing an article and was "into your music." "I'm glad of that," Ray replied, meaning digging his music, not the article.

SUNDAY NIGHT—I'VE ALREADY DUCKED OUT of describing that. Listening to the record now, I can hear what happened as I did not hear it then—we were too busy making it happen. I remember that when Aretha shouted something about, "Every now and then you gotta sit down, cross your legs, cross your arms, and say, 'Yes, Lord.' " I had an image of a middle-aged black lady like Rosa Parks on that bus in Montgomery, Alabama, or maybe Beulah, and figured that feeling like that would feel fine.

Aretha, in white and gold, was so beautiful that night, her voice soaring, her energy awesome. "You have been more to me than anything I could ever have expected," she called out toward the end; "You too, you too," we tried to tell her back. She came down the runway. Hands reached up to touch her, she reached down to touch them. When it was over, it felt like a new beginning.

If Ali had won the next night, you could have convinced me we were about to enter the promised land.

Michael Lydon is a leading writer on rock and blues. He is the author of Rock Folk recently published by Dial Press.

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Rampharts October 1971
Anyone interested in a refreshingly different change in their musical spectrum will find this album most rewarding. For ears accustomed to the sometimes harsh and strident strains of electric music it is a rare and sensual experience. The ethereal sounds bathe the ears with their light and gracefull timbre.

This delicate instrument has...
DR. JOHN THE NIGHT TRIPPER

Travel to the depths of the Louisiana swamps, where a freak conglomeration of people still practice voodoo and have developed their own little culture that has its roots in the negro's bastardization of the French and English languages and ways and mingled it with their superstitious own. Dr. John is a voodoo doctor. He sings about the cure and spells and trances. He sings in that half English Half French language. He uses strange answering choruses like answering voices from distant firesides in the night. He uses strange combinations of instruments around a strong percussive character. It isn't evil, frightening voodoo music, it's matter-of-fact, story-telling.

The album is called "Gris Gris". It was Dr. John's first. He then went back to the woods because he couldn't handle the city. When he came back afterwards he recorded two other albums but he's never been able to restate that incredible unique style that you'll find fascinating on the 'Gris Gris' album.

Ed Nimervoll

Doo-Dah Record, Distributed by- The big record companies have ways to make sure records get into the stores, that they get advertised and reviewed, that enough of them can get pressed to meet the expected demand. Little record companies either have to do this by themselves or else hook up with one of the biggies, which is usually easier.

Joe Virtusos Appears Courtesy of Clang Honk Records- means that the record company has probably paid an honorarium to his record company for the use of tracks on which he appears, or at least that the other company knows up front that he is on the record.

Joe Virtusos Appears Courtesy of Clang Honk Records- means that the record company has probably paid an honorarium to his record company for the use of tracks on which he appears, or at least that the other company knows up front that he is on the record.

Special thanks to- These people got the dope, the cheese-burgers at 4 am, went out and bought a tambourine when Bonnie Bramlett busted the one they had, spliced cables, provided comfort and solace back in the hotel room after a hard day of recording

Produced by- The producer is the man who is in charge of getting the album out. He makes sure the group shows up in the recording studio on time, that they have all their instruments, that they are happy, that they do the right songs, that they do them to his satisfaction and that the engineer's got the tape rolling when they do it.

For So and So Productions- some producers belong to production companies which can provide their own engineers, songwriting services, studios, etc.

Arranged by- An arranger writes, arrangements or charts for music-reading instruments a list, especially horn and string players, and he takes a larger or smaller part in proceedings depending on the producer's wishes.
JOIN THE ARMY TRAVEL TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES!
MEET EXCITING PEOPLE!
...AND KILL THEM!

DROP McMAHON
- NOT BOMBS

Old soldiers never die... only young ones

CHURCH AID FOR STATE SCHOOLS

WHEN TYRANNY IS LAW... REVOLUTION IS ORDER

VIETNAM
Love it or leave it.
CHANGING, ALWAYS CHANGING.

FEATURED: Chris Gross & Mark Delaney
The Story of Adolf the Flash

Adolf was a goodly lad full brimly with the spirit of laff, O he was a fun lad he was, until one day he was stricked with the idea which would change his whole life. "Gapping Goannas," he think, "Think of it if I was to steal all the words out of the very mouths!!! If nobody could talk then I might rule the world." Now, hurriedly taking his idea to the laboratory, Adolf built a machine that would spring from under his top hat and eat the words as people spoke them....

Adolf was so excited with his invention that he rushed it from his secret laboratory and ran onto the street to test it. Firstly did he see walking down the street but a little old lady, to whom Adolf tipped his hat. "Good morning, little old lady," he spokeseth, "How be it with you?" Instantly Adolf's word-eating machine leaped from under his hat and ate her reply! "O goodly goody," he thought as he observed the success of his creation... today Mrs. Katsopholofodos-Tomorrow the world.

Very shortly Adolf the Flash was a very lonely lad, for in the eagerness of his experiment there was not a person left for him to talk to, and this worried Adolf very muchly... and one day in his loneliness and desperation Adolf wanted to cry for help... he opened his mouth to scream, and was never heard of again.
SHIT MAN, LOOK... A SHRUNKEN HEAD!

I say... thats new!
GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT IS THAT?

WELL ORIGINALLY IT WAS A WART ON MY ASS!

damn! my lips have let me down!
out of sight man!
You can't tell the difference between Schmidt and Klee!

WHAT IS THIS THING CALLED... LOVE?
NOTICE: The article you are about to read is NOT the one we were about to print! Due to an unbelievable schizophrenic code of 'Law & Order' the original article telling the fact on how to grow MARIJUANA was prohibited in this magazine. ... But if freedom of speech ever hits Australia we are looking forward to providing such a vital source of information.

It seems funny you can print explicit instructions on how to shoot a gun yet how to grow a simple weed is illegal?

Articles on gear, in particular marihuana, are definitely becoming a little thin, if not a complete drag. However the insane and total embargo and inquisition on marihuana and all its aspects certainly is not wearing thin. It is almost impossible to go and buy a book on any aspect that may be of interest to you. Books on the myths concerning marihuana, how to grow it, what to do with it when it has grown - ie, the best way to get stoned - ways of cooking it, what other peoples experiences are, even pharmacology books concerning grass are on a restricted list.

It is obvious to the meanest intelligence that this is wrong. All that is being achieved is a repetition of the prohibition era, when it alcohol instead of grass. Whilst the whole thing is left in the hands of pushers - in most cases connected with gangsters - it could be dangerous. It is so easy to cut grass, and a lot easier to cut has, with opiats, in the hope that the poor kid who buys it will consume enough to bring on some degree of dependence, hence leading to the consumption of harder drugs.

I believe that enough research has been done on marihuana, and that the government should shake off its shackles and bonds of conformity, and bring the whole thing to a safer level by legalisation.

The cry of the state that not enough research has been carried out must be firmly rejected. As early as forty years ago research was carried out on marihuana. Dr. R.W. Bromberry, a New York psychiatrist found that out of 12,000 felonies and 75,000 misdemeanours committed in New York City, between 1932 and 1937, that there was very little relationship between serious crime and the use of Marihuana, and no correlation at all with murder and sex crimes.

I cite this example and one other because quite frequently links between marihuana and crime have been attempted.

It has been suggested that it has stimulated people to commit violent acts. What seems more likely is that these were acts committed by aggressive ant-social people whose potential for these acts were triggered off by marihuana, in the same way that alcohol triggers off violence in the individual with a violent potential. Yet I put it to those of you that do blow
the occasional joint, how many of you have seen a person under the influence of grass react the same as an alcohol freak? all it does to the people I've been in contact with, is make them very placid.

Allen Ginsberg needs to be quoted in every advocation of grass. Herewith from his "Manifesto to End the Bringdown": "It is not a healthy activity for the State to be annoying so many of its citizens thusly; it creates a climate of topsy-turvy law and begets disrespect for the law and society that tolerates execution of such barbarous law, and a climate of fear and hatred for the administrators of the law. Such a law is a threat to the existence of the state itself, for its sickens and devilitates its most adventurous and sensitive citizens. Such a law, in fact, can drive people mad."

Enough of the law, now some advice that may help those that have not been able to read the books and manuals that are prohibited.

CENSORED

In conclusion remember: MARIHUANA MAY BE DANGEROUS TO YOUR LIBERTY.

In Australia you can get arrested for: smoking (if there is evidence, or you admit it), possession (and it's not unusual to have gear planted on you by the drug squad), trafficking (this includes turning on friends even without payment).

BOB SUMMERS

On the air for clean clear F.M. (crackle)

THE STATE OF THE NATIONS
AIR WAVES

Pop musak is enough to drive one to distraction!

It's everywhere. It sneaks up from behind and just won't go away, like dog shit on your shoes. Out of suburban kitchens, bathrooms and teenyboppers bedrooms pours the never ending stream of boring unimaginative DJ chatter, boring unimaginative advertisements and more often than not, unimaginative music.

There's always the ABC but they stick to pre-industrial revolution pop (classical) music, or strictly establishment jazz.

The medium wave broadcast band in this country is already over crowded. Each takes up about 1% of the 1MHz (the abbreviation used to indicate a frequency is Hz - Hertz meaning cycles per second, with a prefix to indicate (million) Mega and K for kilo (thousand)...) allocated for medium wave broadcasting. The chances of any more stations being licensed are small and taking over an existing station would be very expensive.

Content is bad enough, but stations are required to filter out any audio frequencies above 10KHz, to avoid interference with other stations. That's no problem if you're over 50 and can't hear that high anyway, but the quality of most home hi-fi record player/loud speaker systems makes the deficit stand out when using a radio
tuner as a program source. So quality is lacking.

In most large cities of the affluent ¼ of the world there is another aspect of wireless communications not heard in Australia since the early experimental work in 1946. It's called F.M. — frequency modulation as distinct from A.M. or amplitude modulation like you get on your pocket portable crystal set. It differs from A.M. mainly in that the radio station varies the frequency of the carrier wave they put out to convey information that your radio converts into speech or music or whatever, rather than the amplitude. Instead of this.......... station can take plenty of bandwidth for itself, substantially frequency-loss free. A studio can afford to use the best quality turntables, pickup cartridges and amplifiers that can be made. Using a reasonable quality receiver, you could get better sound from your home music center than you would get from all but the most expensive turntable/cartridge combinations. As if that's not enough, a little bit of technical magic called Multiplexing makes each station into twins for stereo sound.

All this is bad news for companies cashing in on record sales possibly, but good news for people who like the idea of truly pluralist air waves.

As opposed to this:

All those clicks and crackles you get on the radio out in the country travel the ether courtesy of A.M. An F.M. receiver doesn’t pick any of that stuff up. No more interference.

The F.M. band is internationally 88 to 108 MHz. That means that 10 times as many stations as are currently on the broadcast band could be licensed. Mother Nature has fixed things so that an F.M. station has a range of only about 90 miles, no matter how powerful the transmitter is. A small station, cheap to set up and run gets the same range as a big expensive one. So no mindless D J can swamp the whole country with whatever he thinks music is all about, precluding other people from hearing what they want to hear. In a city like Melbourne or Sydney there could be 100 small stations, catering to whatever taste in music and culture you might care to suggest.

An important feature of the whole thing for hifi fans is that reception is interference free and because each

Way back in 1946, the Aussie government decided that the people weren’t ready for F.M. Maybe they were right. Only 24 years later an enquiry was held by the Broadcast Control Board (as august and upright a body as could possibly be assembled in these troubled times), to determine the current situation. Insight into their thought processes is available from the following quote from the Chairman of the Board, Mr. Myles Wright some days before the enquiry began — “anyway, why should people be interested in F.M. since they don’t even know what it’s like?” (Electronics Australia, Vol. 32, No. 8, p3, Nov. 1970)

Needless to say, the enquiry shelved the idea of public broadcasting on the F.M. band.

As long as people who recommend intellectual farces like Readers Digest for the good of the populus run this country, it is unlikely that we’ll be hearing any F.M. in Australia for a long time.

Which is really a pity.

BY THE HIGH TIMES SPORTS COMPUTER
16 SLIDES on the Revolution
"Another bust, be it for obscenity, dope or a demo doesn't really mean that much by itself. People get busted all the time, and generally the scene is pretty depressing - if you want to look at it that way. Yet another person to support, who you don't know but have some vague sympathy with. So we don't feel that our own little bust for obscenity (David has been charged on two counts of obscenity and will appear in Port Melbourne Magistrates Court on the 30th over our editorship of Lot's Wife earlier this year) will mean much unless it can be related to peoples lives. This is the area where things can and are happening.

In the same way the Counterculture is little more than a series of advertising slogans unless it means something to your way of looking at the world and doing things."

"Everyone goes into the world with some ideas about how they could change. It Somebody might say: "My job is fucking me up, it's boring, I sit at a desk from 9 to 5 and there's no reward for it. The money is only a soporific as long as I'm stuck to this desk, and I can't relate to the people I'm working with". A person who takes that line on his job just gets out of that job. A militant person will get out of that job. And when he does he is forced to start thinking and acting in terms of alternatives. Because, in this society, there's really nothing he can do to find a bit of peace. You have to become a militant countercultural freak, firstly, in order to get out of that job, secondly, to stay out of it, and thirdly in order to grasp the multi-dimensional nature of the struggle."

"For example, a person gets onto the macrobiotic kick because he feels that the food structures of capitalism are fucking him up. Having got onto this kick he finds he's still being fucked up so it wasn't the food that was the whole problem. And people who do get on these kicks are not compatible with modern industrial society because the food is an important part of the society. Then this person is faced with really doing something about his problems, and that involves making revolution in other spheres, or he may find it too frightening and just become a vegetarian bourgeois."
"And the important thing is that attack. The thing which makes the Maoists, especially at Monash and Latrobe Universities, different and an important part of the counterculture is their militancy. They're fighting out of desperation.

The average Marxist isn't fighting at all, let alone out of desperation. They just use Marx to justify their own passive role and insecurity - to sustain them as liberals. Although these people can supply you with an analysis of the society they can never be part of the movement as they're not prepared to commit themselves, in terms of activity, to the necessity of revolution. They are not prepared to actually change the world, because it is a threat to their jobs or their security.

Yet the Maoists do not welcome the counterculture because their concept of revolution exists on one dimension. They haven't grasped Mao's point about the superstructure being a sphere on which revolution can be made. Although they claim to have. They work on the belief that once the working class seizes power it will be possible to make revolution on all the other spheres. Yet the Maoists are inextricably part of the counterculture because of their militant interaction within the Universities the Youth movement and their understanding of the mechanics of revolution.

"The Maoists have seized Marx's fundamental proposition that human activity is productive activity and that all other matters flow from that base, and that this society is built around production. So long as the bourgeoisie maintain a hold over production, a complete revolution is not possible and we can't completely change our lifestyles until we change the mechanics of production.

This is why the Maoists oppose some elements of the counterculture vehemently. Because they recognize that it's meaningless to even speculate about changing the world on a large scale, like Buckminster Fuller does, without grasping the way power relates to the economy.

So this is where we can learn from the Maoists. Firstly, because they've given us this analysis and, secondly, because they've shown that it's necessary to fight."
And it is only in third term that the reality of the University begins to get through to people. In first and second term, and also for people outside the University, most of the time, your fantasies about the University can flourish. It can be a place dealing in detached knowledge, a good entertainment centre or general Headquarters. These myth realities are exploded by the naked repression when the exams and the tutors reveal themselves. You must behave and think in a particular way to pass, and having passed you're on society's trip.

Some students can't take the reality and try desperately to hold on to their fantasies; some hardheadedly straighten up and decide to make it on the society's trip. So, by third term, the University is divided. Last year we had the first pitched battle between these two groups, over the subject of expulsion of radicals. It turned out that the people who couldn't cope were the large majority. It was a high stage of struggle in which this shown, dramatically.

"It was the leaders of the struggle, in the end, who fucked it up. They started getting scared and feeling responsible for what was going on rather than trying to understand why it was going on. They didn't have time to think positively and regressed. Then generally people started getting confused about what they were doing and also started feeling responsible for everyone else. It's an easy trap to fall into."

"This society lies to you about leaders. It grabs the people with the words, the arguments, holds them up, makes them feel responsible, isolates them and smashes them when they cannot take the leadership trip that has been forced on them. It does this because of the society's power with words, language and the media. Despite the fact that roach clips freak them just as much."

"For example, out at Monash, people tend to look on us (i.e. the authors of this you are at this moment reading) as the leaders of the Electrical and Chemical Caucus (E.C.C.) but we're not. In writing this we're playing a traditional leadership role - laying down a line. But we're only laying down a line on one dimension, that of words.

But this is where our Revolution is significantly different from those of the past. We have grasped the multi-dimensional nature of revolution. A boy at Monash makes roach clips. He is just as much a leader, or definer, of the movement by making those roach clips and everyone in the movement has to in some way produce, lay down a line in order to make the movement and achieve an identity within it."

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"One of our slogans, perhaps the most important, is "SMASH LANGUAGE". Language is our commitment to this society. Just as the society fucks us up so does it's language. It's language is it's organization, it is in a way, the society. The very words, thoughts and arguments you use repress you in a particular way - and when you are understood by the society, you are on society's trip. This is where 'Revolution for the Hell of It' and 'Do It' are such magnificent manifestoes. They invented a successful revolutionary logic that couldn't be understood on any other level but action. Absolutely no dialogue with anybody was opened - crazy books! For once you open a dialogue with the society or the liberals you concede their right to exist.

The Labor Club at Monash didn't open up a dialogue with the C.M.F. when they visited Monash. They just stole their guns and their pamphlets. Their militancy lies in the recognition of the necessity to defend their actions with as few concessions as possible. They desire not to be understood but to fight, and to get more people fighting."
"This is also where drugs are relevant for they smash your commitment to language. What they do, especially the psychedelics, is to fuck up the conditioned interaction structures of the brain. The brain sifts, feeds orders and packages information in a particular way that results in a socially acceptable individual. You don’t see a person - you see a flower in a garden. In both cases you see things in a way that you can use them for socially acceptable ends. When you’re tripping you see a flower as a more singular experience - the flower is redefined for you. This redefinition reveals the artificiality of your absurdity of the way people conduct their lives. Drugs have a permanent affect on your mind as does your memory."

"Lastly, we’ve got to add that we’re fucking awful revolutionaries - we can see a lot of dimensions on which we could create revolution but we put them off because we can’t take it. Like David getting involved with lawyers over his obscenity charge rather than making a total assault on the courts. However we’ve tried to do a few things in these terms, but they are little more than gestures.

But now there are hundreds of fucking awful revolutionaries who can’t go back because it’s too painful. The path ahead is also a long and difficult one - but it’s fun. It’ll be fun smashing exams, changing our living styles, fighting this obscenity charge on the 30th and smashing language. It’s the same for the people in Carlton who are turning the Kleenex factory site into a park, and for the Hegel’s Angels who are trying to turn on the kids at rock concerts.

"We’re only a small number at the moment but when half the population is doing this then we have our revolution.

And this is what makes our revolution different from those of the past. The Russian revolution arose out of desperation, economic necessity and total confusion. Ours is arising out of a redundant security and the recognition that it’s fun, necessary and possible to change things."
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THE FOLLOWING ARTICLES WERE COMPILED BY THE MEMBERS OF THE WOMEN'S LIBERATION GROUP OF CARLTON VICTORIA.

the abortion laws
A CASE FOR REFORM
The fact that opponents of women's liberation have made abortion a central focus of their counter attack on the women's movement emphasizes the importance of this issue. Women are slowly asserting their right to control their own bodies. They are tired of being or not to have children; they want the decision be their's and their's alone.

The most emotionally charged argument of all against abortion is that it is a murder. Sanctimonious statements of this "belief" - and that's all it is - an article of faith - cause girls and women really in need of terminating their pregnancies do so only with terrible qualms of conscience. But take heart, girls - believe it or not - in this respect at least the law is on our side. Abortion is illegal at the moment, but it is not classified as murder. If the holders of this belief are to be consistent - and none of them have so far shown any desire to be so - they should be fighting to have the special category of the law regarding abortion removed and demand that people be apprehended for having abortions be tried for murder and not for some lesser crime - a situation that would result, at least in Victoria, in the annual execution of thousands.

We would also suggest that those people who insist on the right to life of the fertilised egg or embryo seek the legal prosecution of all women using intra-uterine devices. These birth control procedures are not "contraceptives" in the technical sense, because they do not prevent conception. Instead they prevent the fertilised egg from implanting itself in the uterine wall. In other words, such devices could be called "instruments used to procure an abortion". If the "loop" is not illegal, then on what grounds does the law distinguish between one sort of instrument and another? It is surely not correct to argue that the embryo's right to life is dependent on its geographic location - if it is attached to the uterine wall then it does have a right to life - if it is floating down a fallopian tube, it doesn't.

The priests, doctors and professors who are shouting the loudest against women having the right to control their own bodies have no idea what the fear of pregnancy and of forced motherhood means to a woman. The people who care so much for the right to life of the unborn continually turn a blind eye to the problems the majority of women face. To say "every child is a wanted child" is a complete misstatement of facts. In effect, what it really means is more institutions for the unwanted and more starving bellies. These people shout for the right to life, but yet are complete hypocrites when it comes to protecting the quality of life for those children already born. You don't have to look far in our own community to see the thousands of children who suffer through being victims of unwanted marriages - where the parents can't be bothered with them or just haven't the time to look after them properly. The orphanages and correction homes for many of these children are quite often worse than prisons. The adoption process is a long drawn-out one making it extremely hard for children to be adopted. Any child needs to be "wanted" under these conditions.

The argument that legalising abortion will inevitably lead to a promiscuous soci-

ety shows that the church and state do not think that people are capable of running their own lives. Our present system promotes the exploitation of women as sex objects by fostering prostitution, selling products with sex, promoting beauty contests and generally putting women on display. The sexual revolution we are fighting is not one in the perverted sense of increasing promiscuity and the exploiting of women as sexual objects, but a revolution where sex is accepted as something good and natural and not only admissible when it results in reproduction.

Even some people sympathetic to women's demands for abortion law reform question the right for this to be the woman's decision alone. They argue that the prospective father should also have some say as to whether or not an abortion should be performed. This is an argument generally advanced by people sharing a responsible and caring relationship and it seems "natural" to them that should the question of abortion arise they should want to discuss it between themselves. However while sympathising with this position it is difficult to speak of the man having a "right" in this context because such a "right" exists only by virtue of the special relationship he has with the woman - and it is impossible to legislate as to the qualities of relationships. Would a woman still want to admit the "rights" of her husband or lover if the quality of their relationship changed - for instance if he became a selfish drunkard who mistreated her and she no longer loved him?

Wouldn't an edict insisting that this man's permission was necessary for the woman to have an abortion be WRONGFUL? And what of the
girl whose pregnancy is the result of a "one night stand" after a party — should she be forced to gain consent from an abortion from that so called "father"? There are many examples one can think of where to acknowledge the rights of a prospective father to a say in whether or not a child should be born would not only be absurd but a severe infringement of the woman's right to control her own body. Therefore any reform of the abortion law must include a statement of this right.

The issue of abortion and the associated issue of contraception are central to the growing women's movement for only when women have the basic right to complete control over their bodies will they be able to determine their own future in even the most elementary way. It is the first step in the struggle for complete liberations.

"That abortion is a risky business" is a myth doctors have built up around the operation, justifying the extremely high cost and making it impossible for a working class woman to obtain one. The real fact often is that doctors find it an extremely simple operation. With the new aspirator (suction) method physicians would like to see paramedical specialists trained to perform abortions with the aspirator. Thus method would provide efficient, inexpensive care on a mass basis. Child birth is statistically eight to ten times more dangerous than abortion and yet nurses are being trained as midwives. Why then can't medical personnel also be trained to use the aspirator?

Our system demands that we raise and look after children, but denies us the right to decide whether or not to have children.

The tone of utter amazement evident in "Liberated from What?" implies there is nothing for a woman to be liberated from. Thus liberationists are seen as nonsensical bra burners and man haters. A good example of this was D J John Law's comment: "They only burn their bras because they don't have anything to put to put in them."

The unfairness and incomprehension of this only indicates the thorough-going acceptance in our society of women as congenitally irrational creatures ruled by a nasty biology. Certainly, on no other subject have so many otherwise intelligent men written with so much stupidity.

There has been a widespread tendency to talk about the "nature" of women as some sort of unchangeable fact completely untouched by experience or society. It is assumed that "biology makes personality" which makes many writers ignore attitudes towards women and the way they are socialized, in favour of studying their reproductive organs. "Nature" is used time and time again as both an explanation and/or a excuse for the way society is structured.

It really does amaze me that anyone can seriously argue women really want to fulfil their nature — use their reproductive equipment when the entire organization of society militates against their doing anything else.

For instance in 1966 the census reveals only 2% of children of working women were being cared for in day nurseries. What happens to all the rest?

It is pointless speaking of 'free' women when women cannot choose between genuine alternatives in role or life styles. The lack of child care facilities is just one of the practicalities preventing women from having real choice of life style.

Likewise, the stupidity of that prescriptive argument — if you've got a uterus, fill it -- can be seen in today's world population crisis.

Women's nature must become less natural if we are to survive. Besides the actual injustices like miserable child care facilities, lack of education unequal pay rates or a lack of promotion which can achieve the same thing, there are intellectual attitudes which are even more stifling.

It is easier to see the injustice of a white woman graduate in American earning less than a white man who has not completed secondary school. It is
much more difficult to get over accusations of 'penis envy', everytime you show the slightest degree of initiative or ambition.

Unfortunately, the ideas of a nineteenth century woman-hater like Schopenhauer still persist. He thought women were especially suited to child rearing because: "Women are suited, precisely in that they are themselves childish simple and short-sighted, in a word, are their whole life - grown up children - a kind of middle step between the child and the man who is the true human being."

His essay on women is quite blatant in its aims: "The essentially European 'lady' is a being which ought not to exist at all; but there ought to be housewives, and girls who hope to become so, and who are therefore educated, not to arrogance but to domesticity and subordination."

But Schopenhauer's direct distain is preferable to Erikson's false concern with woman's inner space. The tone is different, the language more complex and the message, sadly the same.

Women should stay out of the world and do so gracefully. They should move: 'from a passive renunciation of male activity to the purposeful, competent pursuit of activities consonant with the possession of ovaries, a uterus and a vagina'.

The number of pursuits directly springing from the possession of these three is obviously limited. And by extension any pursuit a woman follows not connected with ovaries, a uterus and a vagina, that is, everything else, can be seen as 'unfeminine' therefore 'unnatural' therefore a sin against ones 'god given biological equipment'.

This is exactly what the accusation of penis envy is supposed to imply. As most women fear the loss of their 'femininity' - the only thing they can be legitimately admired for - this accusation is the most marvellous device for maintaining the status quo.

Actually Freud's scientific theory of women is not scientific at all. Hypotheses are supposed to be sensitive to evidence, Freud's is impervious, every refutation being taken as further support, in that it reveals a masculinity complex or whatever.

The importance of socially induced sexual traits can be seen if one asks why in our society no mention is made of the envious male. That he exists is evidenced by such writers as Bettelheim, Wolff, Reik, Rangell and Ferenczi.

What seems obvious is that in a sexually divisive society where masculinity and feminity are rigidly stressed and seperated, the 'Superior' sex will not readily admit identifying with or envying the 'inferior' sex. In other words I am inclined to agree with Bettelheim and Jung that each sex has multi-directional desires and that whatever envy this generates is exaggerated by social differences between status of the sexes.

One way of coping with a socially unacceptable desire is to deny its existence by overemphasizing what is acceptable. The feats a boy must perform to prove his manhood such as playing football in our society all seem to originate in the wish to deny what are looked on as feminine tendencies by overasserting his masculinity.

That this way of dealing with multi-directional desires could be improved on can be seen in the way lesbians and homosexuals are ostracized, in the breakdown of marriage and in the staggering rates of barbiturate addiction by middle aged women in our society.

As Bettelheim so accurately perceives: "Letting girls wear blue jeans is a poor and insufficient solution.
These are the SAME magazine.....only the size is different!

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"The result of Reading HIGH TIMES in the Street,"
IF A MAN DOES NOT KEEP PACE WITH HIS COMPANIONS PERHAPS IT IS BECAUSE HE HEARS A DIFFERENT DRUMMER. LET HIM STEP TO THE MUSIC WHICH HE HEARS, HOWEVER MEASURED OR FAR AWAY.