LUST OR BUST...

THE MORATORIUM

GET OUT NOW!
Stones
Sir,
While rock music may not be able to bring down civilization, at 200 watts it certainly can shake them a little. However, while the effects of rock on modern thinking are undeniable, equally undeniable is the influence of thinking, especially if it is visionary, on rock music. A case in point is the Rolling Stones, who started their kicks to the traditional, primitive tribal music. The most obvious feature is the regularity and continuity of a theme that, if you can’t like the music, it dominates it. In fact it is the music that dominates.

"The last time" is just four minutes of solid heat. Instead of coming over sounds rather than tunes, and thus the Stones’ originality; for years the Stones were the critics were saying that the music was just another example of a rhythm or beat, it doesn’t back up the message. It was the rhythm that first impressed me, the pulsating, driving drum at the start and the rock against the bass line. If you listen to "Paint It Black", "Sister Ch(front) or "19th Nervous Breakdown" you are struck by the intrinsic excitement. Not a start but a finish to the rock music.

"Street Fighting Man" is also intelligent music but the message is still unmistakable, theषmer is still there. "Street Fighting Man" is intelligible and I felt when I first heard the album. I felt that they would not have to change the message that they would have to find a different rock technique.

The Notorious Byrd Brothers is, to me, the clearest example of this. I think the Stones sound a little uncomfortable in their progressive form, and I felt that when I first heard the album. I felt that they would be able to find a different rock technique that would appeal to people of different ages. I think that the Stones could do more. I think that they could do more to the course of rock music.

Dear Sir,
Your letter is the first and only one I have ever received of this sort from a music critic. I would like to tell you that I am a great fan of the Rolling Stones. I have been listening to their music for many years and I have always found it to be a source of inspiration and energy. I would like to see them cross the Atlantic and perform in front of a large audience. I believe that their music is unique and that it has the power to change the world.

Yours sincerely,
Brewer Rd., Bentleigh

Loyal
Sir, if you are hoping to be told that you are correct, then you will not be disappointed.

Uncool
Sir, your new paper ‘Revolution’ is UNREAL baby. I glad someone got to the heart of the word Revolution, and put it on paper as you have. Myself being a non-conformist (other than "Mixed up crazy kid") have tried to tell others about freedom and peace but have you put it in a lighter and in print.

It seems true that people are afraid of freedom and those who represent it (as in “Easy Rider”). Please get these dics with our life and way of living, that they are the uncool people who seem to spread unhappiness, not in man.

Not long ago I hitched up to Cairns from Sydney in a shape of a chick, and I had to feel free cause the hassle of the living by the city. I have never met so many people who do get it. I don’t think I complained I lost my brothers continually points out, "You don’t make a revolution by sticking your eardrums in an amplifer". The Afro-American brothers have just begun to see this. The Whitys were quite happy to see them rock on, Zoot-suities and saxophones and all, but they didn’t listen until the Afros discarded their black-cut black-bows and mojos for a clenched fist and a gun.

This letter is not knocking, just a piece of “constructive criticism” (pardon cliché). I don’t think especially the “Chicago 8 article”; good stuff, keep it up.

Raymond Watson
66 Brewer Rd., Bentleigh

Revolution number 1 has proved that there are thousands of people around this country interested in a magazine that takes the ‘freedom of speech’ tag and all those other ‘democratic’ cliches, to mean what they say.

Of course every newspaper and magazine is going to claim its exclusive right to the title ‘objective’ that establishment. Objectivity is thus not social and artistic subjects inherently disputable words in an age where most monthly, and printed by Waverley Off-Press, Melbourne. It is published around this country interested in a magazine is going to claim its exclusive right to the title ‘objective’ that establishment. Objectivity is thus not social and artistic subjects inherently disputable words in an age where most monthly, and printed by Waverley Off-Press, Melbourne. It is published in that it too is just another example of a rhythm or beat, it doesn’t back up the message.

"Deja Vu" album was really interesting, but the message is still there. "Deja Vu" is intelligible and I felt when I first heard the album. I felt that they would not have to change the message that they would have to find a different rock technique that would appeal to people of different ages. I think that the Stones could do more. I think that they could do more to the course of rock music.

Yours faithfully,
Alan Hill
Cobble Creek Road
Bexley, N.S.W. 2207

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THE MORATORIUM -
AN EXERCISE IN REVOLUTIONARY POLITICS

The Moratorium was of course an unprecedented success. All shades of right-wing predicted either a colossal failure or a riot, and their predictions came to nothing. The most interesting statements came from the National Civic Council's organ, Newsweekly, which in its May 6th edition referred to the failing Vietnam Moratorium... attacking its aim for its "bold heading" predicting 40,000 in Melbourne streets on the Friday demonstration. "The estimate of 40,000 would seem just a little optimistic..." it added. The same issue referred to Melbourne University and RMIT being close to the "riot area" (Bourke Street and Elizabeth)! So the Moratorium came at a strategic point in time, such that a combination of the ghastly contradiction between Nixon's "withdrawal/americanisation" policy and the extension of the war into Cambodia - also perhaps the shocking killing of four white students in Ohio - that a real mass movement of Australian people came out in a moving protest. This confronted the critics, and in that sense the Moratorium was a real victory.

The timing of the Moratorium in Australia was strategic because of Cambodia, the Ohio shootings, and perhaps the unprecedentedly vicious attempts to undermine it by those with "power and influence" in society: politicians, church "leaders", headmasters and so on. This welter of daily attacks, and real repression in places of work, schools, universities, etc., so overloaded the media and political developments of the Moratorium organizers that main fence-sitting opponents of the war must have been forced to make a display of solidarity with the undertaking! But more interestingly (since Cambodia's significance needs little explanation), the shooting of four students needs comment. For the shocked and numbed response, while fully justified, must be said to be a racist response. Mike Jones of Sydney SDS referred to the shooting at the Sydney Stadium meeting of the Moratorium as the beginnings of the "Second US Civil War". This forgets, however, that for the last two years or so the activist leadership of the Black Panther Party in the US has been either shot dead or charged with multiple major crimes that promise very extended court hearings and lengthy jail sentences.

So the Civil War which has begun long before Kent State: now it includes whites in a major way. And make no mistake, there will be many more Kent States.

The Moratorium. What kind of assumptions underly the event? What kind of political action is it? And we must ask what the Moratorium's political features are, for if the event is just a spontaneous outburst of "conscience", humanitarian sentiment, the desire not to be caught guilt-ridden, then it is an apolitical event, one not calculated to bring about specific changes, either in the minds of the rest of the people of Australia, and elsewhere, or in Government policy.

And to be sure, there is much of that feeling — that one Moratorium is enough to satisfy one's outrage. If we are to take our collective outrage and horror at the war to serious and more sophisticated conclusions; political conclusions, then there are two ways of treating events like the Moratorium. That is, two ways of looking at the question whether we should have another one (October is the mooted date) and what its character should be. The two approaches may be called radical and liberal.

The liberal Moratorium supporter sees a collective and disciplined act of protest more or less sufficient to make the voice of conscience heard in the corridors of power. The rulers of our society will respond to this public opinion, and adjust their policies. After all, this is a democracy. Further, Vietnam (and Cambodia) is an isolated issue which can be agitated around, propagandised by itself, without discussing anything "extraneous". In short, an act of protest which says to our leaders that they have gone wrong somewhere and we, the people, must and can put them right.

The radical approach is different. It assumes that something like Australian participation in the Vietnam War was an inevitable result of deep traditions in Australia, and real structural links between Australian society and American society. Therefore the Vietnam War is important as an issue to convince people of this power structure's existence and dangerousness; you cannot, therefore, ask it to reform itself, you have to develop out of the mass movement a desire to build a society on different organising principles. Also, the radical, unlike the liberal, sees the objectives of the protest as related more to the nature of Australian policies, rather than American or Vietnamese policies. The protest is aimed at so much at a specific situation in Indo-China, but at revealing and challenging the entrenched and undemocratic power of the Gorton, etc., who rule Australia.
The Moratorium in Sydney

Story: Greg Quill

The Sydney Moratorium was a lot of things. It was not only a protest against the Vietnam war, but also a demonstration of the nonviolent power of the movement. It was a call for a change in the way the world operates, for a change in the way we think about war and peace. It was a moment of shared humanity, a moment of hope.

The Sydney Moratorium took place on May 8, 1970. It was a day of protest, a day of resistance, a day of hope. The Moratorium was a chance to show the world that we can stand together against the war, that we can work towards a better future.

The Moratorium was not just a protest, but a call to action. It was a chance to show the world that we care about peace, that we care about justice. It was a chance to show the world that we are not afraid to stand up for what we believe in.

The Moratorium was a day of protest, but it was also a day of celebration. It was a day of unity, a day of love. It was a day of hope, a day of future.

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JUNE 1 - JULY 1

Standing in the George Street - Park Street interaction, the police had stopped all traffic in George Street between Market and Goulburn half an hour before the rendezvous time. We got there about 10 minutes before the crowds started arriving. It was clear there was a slight drizzle and the wind shifted down George Street and right through Park Street, and the picture was out of a horror movie. As the students closed in on the point of interaction, everything was now still, waiting.

About 400 police were lined up on each side of the street. They didn't speak. Then, over the microphone the first cry: "Shut down two, three, four..." It grew louder. In a matter of minutes the street was filled. The first contingent had arrived. Seconds later a voice called out the first speech: "Arresting from the other end of the street, the "peaceful" students from all Sydney's Technical Colleges marched towards the stage... A welcoming cry and a thousand more on the already crowded square.

The atmosphere was very tense now. The chant hadn't stopped, and everyone was looking anxiously at the cops. Someone let off a smoke bomb. The cops didn't flinch and suddenly it became clear that they weren't going to move.

Later, the third contingent -- the students from the Uni. of NSW. Another cry went up, and arms were raised in greeting.

All down Park Street you could hear the Lennon anthem. "Give peace a chance..." Everybody turned to see. It set the whole mood — it was something everyone wanted. Not agitation or threats or street fighting who had already joined in. The Moratorium had begun.

The Moratorium was all kinds of things. Above all, a day of political protest and demonstration, with all the problems that come with it. For instance, two blind men — one with a guide dog that quietly led him through the crowd, another who tapped away at the curb with his white stick all the way down George Street.

A bright yellow and blue neon Captain Cook scowls down on the speakers on the Town Hall steps on Friday afternoon. Thankfully, very few of them attempted to define what the Moratorium was all about. Ex-Cop Tom Uny. He insisted on recounting rather diagrammatically the details of the effects of a certain type of fragmentary bomb used by the allies in Vietnam that gets into your linings like buckshot and embeds itself in your intestines... A number of speeches were abased and little more. Personal grief that did nothing for most of the 40,000 people who had turned out to go from here... (by the way, if you look to the very top of the photo you'll see the two or three security agents who were scouting around the Town Hall parapets for the two hours the meeting was in progress). It's odd that at times there is the old civil rights sentiment that has a more binding effect than any number of well-prepared speeches. The spontaneous sentiment that became insistent of the heat of the demonstration. The speeches in fact were a strong reminder for example. And when Declan Affey stepped up and started singing the "Shanty Overcome" he raised Irish song everyone got the voice and joined in after a bar or two. A nostalgic reminder of the days when street demonstrations were thought to have some effect on government policy....

One of the paradoxes of human logic... while the gaudy decorations in the background proclaim 200 years of progress the crowd celebrates one of the most monstrous steps back in human history. "This is the most encouraging, warm, human thing I've ever taken part in..." said Gavin Smoker, a lecturer from NSW University.

Filling into the Stadium to the sound of a rock band, marchers were asked by smiling cops to extinguish their candles (then you ever see a cop trying to be nice?) Believe me, they were trying their hardest that night!) The Stadium speakers were a great improvement on Friday afternoon's lot. Notable were Lionel Murphy, the Commonwealth Attorney-General. Other staff members refused to give lectures that involved abusive servicemen. The speakers on the Town Hall steps on Friday afternoon. Probably the most original feature of the May 8 program was the "Anti-War Revue" put on by a group of students — although most of the material included was quite effective, not only on the road. The only incidents apart from the sharpness of its dialogue, the Alf Emerging were: One reason for the lethargy (apart from the weather and quality of the speeches) could have been the rather extensive lead-up work done by the tens of speakers, covering most aspects of the Vietnam War, and so by the time the May 8 program was the "Anti-War Revue" put on by a group of students — although most of the material included was quite effective, not only on the road. The only incidents apart from the sharpness of its dialogue, the Alf Emerging were: One reason for the lethargy (apart from the weather and quality of the speeches) could have been the rather extensive lead-up work done by the tens of speakers, covering most aspects of the Vietnam War, and so by the time the May 8 program was over, the "cuts..."

The Moratorium at Macquarie. It matched the weather.

A savage westerly whipped across the street. The first contingent had arrived. About 400 police were lined up on each side of the street. They didn't speak. Then, over the microphone the first cry: "Arriving from Park Street is the Students from all Sydney's Technical Colleges..." A nostalgic reminder of the days when street demonstrations were thought to have some effect on government policy....

The atmosphere was very tense now. The chant hadn't stopped, and everyone was looking anxiously at the cops. Someone let off a smoke bomb. The cops didn't flinch and suddenly it became clear that they weren't going to move.

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Saturday night, 10,000 assembled in Hyde Park to lien to begin the march down William Street, up through the Crows and on to the Stadium. Candles were provided. Again the police were peaceful, even though a couple of cops made excuses into the crowd to stop them spilling over onto the other side of the road. The only incidents apart from that involved abuse and violence.

Mike Jones (in Sunday overvolt and perished current, founder and sometime leader of the SDS in Sydney is always on hand to resume his old position at the head of large and important radical demonstrations. Especially when photographers are about. In William Street on Saturday night the old"One, two, three, four..."continued as the road was closed off.

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The City of Melbourne was much quieter than usual on that morning of May 8. 1000 police had been called upon in preparation. As they stood in larger numbers than usual that morning, helmets in hand, it was interesting to observe the irony on motorists' faces, smiles that said: "We know what you're going to be doing this afternoon. Ha, but we won't be there."

And as you walked the streets of the city, you found yourself, unwillingly consciously and unconsciously measuring the people you encountered. "He'll be one of us. He'll be one of them." Yes, insane, but that's what that week of prodding and digging had reduced the event to.

I had a taste of violence early when an elderly R.S.L.-er attacked our stationary car and broke our beautiful flags. He foamed at the mouth and called us traitorous bastards, and we sat, vulnerable and foolish, furiously thinking PEACE PEACE PEACE to ourselves, and two ordinary little housewives called feebly to him, "Good on yer! Good on yer, dirty longhairs that they are!"

Before the march I felt sickened and edgy because of this man. But when we walked down Spring Street and saw all those people I felt clean again. Seventy thousand!

When finally the hour had come, 2.00 p.m., we assembled in the Treasury Gardens, fitting for their proximity to the city, but fitting also in their proximity to the government complexes. Parliament House some hundred yards away, the State offices towering just beyond the gardens, well in sight.

Somewhere lost in the mass, speakers were whipping up our emotions, singers were singing songs of why we were there. The old faithful 'We Shall Overcome' still said most. Dr. Cairns got the most appreciative welcome. His integrity throughout had won all. In fact in a way, whether he wanted it or not the whole Moratorium triumph in Melbourne was partly attributable to Cairn's integrity, his having staked so much on the outcome. He was an unwilling figurehead.

Finally the time had come to move, and though progress was painfully slow, it was also orderly and somehow the thought of impending doom had escaped inbetween. Gaiety seemed to have set in, a fire fanned probably by our togetherness — the singlemindedness.

Loud-hailer trucks went with the crowd. Chants like 'We Want Peace' and '1-2-3-4 we don't want war, 5-6-7-8 negotiate' were popular.

Bourke Street 'the golden mile' of capitalism, had been taken over. The flanking buildings took on the character of a 'Laugh-In' set as onlookers opened and shut their windows, gazing down upon the throng.

After the mass sit-down the mass worked its way down Swanston Street off at right angles to Bourke Street, heading down a block, past the Town Hall to the famed unfinished city square, forever disguised from visiting dignitaries. Here the La Mama theatre once more performed their war rite.

Situations...

Where beside anarchists waving their black silk pennants marched Catholic priests bearing slogans like 'The Bible is anti-war'.

Where a tiny old lady stood on the kerb with a sandwich board around her neck proclaiming 'I am a pack raping biker'.

Where two men wearing R.S.L. badges and short-back-and-sides walked behind hippies distributing Mothers' Day chrysanthemums to cops.

Where a young guy climbed a lamp-post."

This incredible shot by photographer VERA KASS-JAGER shows the attempt to get Dr. Jim Cairns with a rock (called an egg in the Melbourne "Herald"). The assailant (at left) is caught in his follow-through, while a bodyguard catches the missile on his left shoulder. Cairns is not looking in the direction of the camera.
The very top, and cops smiled with the I pin-point the exact things we have good time — a slogan in the Sydney minorities.

I do — that it couldn't do precisely be­ power-game revolutionaries were not down and saw his own shoe-lace which of 15,000 people found there was no­ ston Streets, carrying an anarchists flag.

He got to the very top, and then in front — to stick his flag. Then he glanced of it." they said again and again this pre­Moratorium week, but that's a myth, the myth of democracy — if democracy means voting every few years and re­ieving all your political morals until the next time the chance comes around. 

Between votes the Government can expand the war into Cambodia.

"Use the democratic process, they've been saying. This IS the democratic process. This IS our undeniable right. Freedom's a mistake if conscience is ban­ ned."

"The only real achievement of the majority of demonstrations is that they appease the consciences of the partici­pants. The demonstrators can go away and know that they've tried to help."

But mostly the impact falls because somehow, somewhere, someone provides a detour which leads away from the point of protest. Violence does this. If there is violence, it's said: 'They were only after a rumble, not the cause' or 'It's like a University rag' and out they sneek. Out the door and away.

Let's face it, they don't want to be shown up. Give them any excuse to by­pass your intention and they'll happily do so, and you'll have lost. But when more than 70,000 people turn out to protest against the war, the biggest demonstration the country has seen (many more than the hard core 'goes' and there is no violence, no escape exit, no valid (from their point of view) dismissal point, then we've attained more than just appeasement of our own consciences momentarily. We have covered the land, But freedom's a mistake if the conscience is banned."

from 'Anthem' by Hello People "Wait to use the right of your vote,"

"A lot of people made political fools of themselves, others have been little short of criminal in their allegations and accusations."

Our own Sir Henry Bolte, moment­arily shaken from his political pedestal in a groping, desperate response follow­ ing the massive peaceful statement for sanity, estimated the crowd as a con­servative 20,000 to 30,000 (less than half the press estimate.)

Our favored father also added how delighted he was that many antiMorat­orium people did not turn up. He work­ed out that more than 1 million people opposed to the Moratorium stayed aw.

That's one to note down as a no-no example of clear thinking. Look at it. He might get a few hundred at his policy speech for the coming election. They'll all be inside the hall, none thundering on the door to get in. That surely can't mean that everybody not there is going to vote against him can it? He'd be out of a job.

What's more frightening and irres­ponsible about that little bit of logic is the tactics which its speaker had em­ployed pre-event. Sir Henry had added to the panic-building which was going on by WARNING PEOPLE NOT TO GO.

Unfortunately, he wasn't alone there. The pre-Moratorium week gave us one gigantic dose of putting down of Morat­orium principles. The violence that lurks around any demonstration was piled up to the surface by every medium over the heads of many.

Now after the event, should we hear a public apology. I was insulted: I think others must have been too. Snid­den had called us pack-roaring bikies. Just how many well intentioned people had been frightened away?

Nobody enjoys being used as a poli­ticum pawn in a game which entirely ignores their intention, and uses them for its own gain. And that game invol­ves violence.

The game was all too clear on Wed­nesday, May 6 when I had the misfor­tune of catching an open-line program on 3AW. The Liberal candidate for Balwyn in the Victorian state elections was giving the Liberal point of view on the Moratoriums, (disguised as his own opinion.) It was the by-then typical Liberal cry — that the Labour party must take all the blame for the Morat­orium turning ugly.

The announcer (Don Taylor) res­ponded: "Don't you think that wishful thinking on your part?"

Answer: No, hopeful thinking."

How many times did I hear that event described as a Communist plot? What about the complete fiasco which went boomed? It must be a very clever, intri­cate plot.

We can't ignore a land so raped by technology and chemistry that it will take generations for anything to ever grow again, for the birds to sing again, for the children to laugh again.

That's what the march was all about, the Moratorium, (disguised as his own technology and chemistry) bringing all the cross-eyed logic. That's why the majority of demonstrators chose to march.

—JEAN COLLAN
—ED NIMMERVOLL

R.M.I.T.: At R.M.I.T. on 16th August two motions were put to the student body by a secret ballot concerning the Moratorium and both motions were de­feated by slim majorities.

2. "That the Student Union of R.M.I.T. supports the aims and objectives of the Vietnam Moratorium Campaign, where these aims are consistent with the im­mediate withdrawal of all troops from Viet­nam, Australian and otherwise."

213 students were in favour of this Motion; 321 were against it.

233 students supported this Motion and 308 registered in opposition.

In all, approximately 450 students voted.

A week earlier, a meeting was called to discuss the Moratorium Issue by the S.R.C. in the Campus Playhouse...
Herbert Kinlock, Lionel Murphy, K. of the ANU. Two draft-card burners, Jim Antony from Fiji, and H. McQueen finally got their sleet-wet bits of card—would bolt. Other speakers included Campbell and R. Brissendon read under that Australian soldiers on patrol had supported the Moratorium while the student bodies were opposed to it.

The only confrontation that actually occurred was put to the students. The trouble started when a group of drunken Nashos on leave and out of uniform—paraded soldiers, whose only claim to doctrics did not and principles of the Moratorium as applied to the situation in Vietnam. Both parties struck for one reason or another.
PERTH RALLIES TO MORATORIUM

The Vietnam Moratorium campaign rally in Perth was witnessed to a call for young men eligible for National Service to ignore the law and refuse to register.

The call was made by Miss Carmen Lawrence, a Ph.D. student, a speaker in the rally held in the Perth Town Hall at the conclusion of a march for peace through the streets of Perth. She received a standing ovation.

Miss Lawrence pointed out that by urging 20-year-olds not to register she was breaking the Crimes Act and was therefore liable for two years imprisonment. She also said that "the Allies have no right to stabilise or restructure the Vietnamese society or impose western ideologies on it. The Vietnam War is for the United States' interest and prestige. Australia and other countries are just pawns in this battle."

The march by over 3000 people in pouring rain through the streets of Perth was the biggest anti-war demonstration ever held in West Australia. The only incident occurred when a single counter-demonstrator ("Don't be a Commie Stooge") was told to "bugger off" by one of the bystanders.

Other speakers at the rally included Senator John Wheldon, who proposed that those opposed to the Moratorium on the grounds that it would provoke violence were wrong. The Perth march was the biggest anti-war demonstration ever held in West Australia. The only incident occurred when a single counter-demonstrator ("Don't be a Commie Stooge") was told to "bugger off" by one of the bystanders.

The University Dramatic Society brought guffaws from the packed house when their President Nison led an Australian Digger in on a leash. The Digger periodically waved a miniature Australian flag.

BRISBANE MORATORIUM

To Brisbane Uni's revolutionary socialists and anarchists, Friday's Moratorium was from the beginning an immensely tactical mistake resulting in what they and others would describe as a political fiasco. Whilst all remaining political positions (with the exception of the RSL, NCC, Liberal Party and other rightist groups) it was considered a relative success and also a victory.

The reasons behind these statements will be obvious as each participating group's role in the Moratorium is examined.

First consider the peoples park. The Peoples Park (or Tent City) as an experiment in involvement, was originally set up with the intention of providing a base for the moratorium campaign, and as a place in which to involve students in discussion of the war in Indo-China and imperialism. It more often than not gave the appearance of being a sick of political sideshow.

More productive were the Forums. Based on the general atmosphere around campus and evident at all the forums, it is obvious that there exists large support for the antiwar movement, within the university. Possibly in excess of 60% of the students sympathised with the moratorium's aims.

The Moratorium was in fact largely university organised. The bulk of the preliminary work for the moratorium was done by R.S.S.A. (Revolutionary Socialist Student Alliance), as well as R.O.C. (Revitalisation of Christianity), and the New Left Group. Virtually no effort at all was being placed into organizing support for the moratorium by non-university groups (i.e. C.P.A., UNIONS, A.L.P., etc).

The off-campus Moratorium Co-ordinating Committee (composed of representatives from all these groups) did not even plan to organize a march instead wishing only to hold a rally. However their attitude changed when they saw the publicity and support being gained for the university march.

The reason for the failure of the off-campus groups to mobilize the people is found in the very nature of the groups. All bureaucrats, they relied on ineffectively sending out letters and circulars, being unable to find strong support as they have no REAL grass roots organisation. (Most workers who did become involved in a strike only took the opportunity to use the Friday for a long weekend.)

And on campus — staff were little affected by the Moratorium.

The lack of strikes in lectures and the fact that during the March only one lecture was cancelled (Courier) is some indication of the University administration and staff's attitude. (Even though most lectures were conducted with empty classes)

On the student front, several high-school students did march, the large proportion stemming from Brisbane State High (a well known revolutionary breeding ground) and Inala. (cf. the number of high school students marching in Queensland to the number in Victoria.)

Events got underway with a pre-march rally in Roma St. — but when R.S.S.A.'s elected spokesman Brian Laver (a mistake?) was due to speak he was immediately suppressed and gagged by those members of the moratorium committee (incorporating communists, libertines, and union personnel) who did not with him to propose that a forum be established in Queens St. in the process of the march.

The march itself was 5000 strong in Queen Street, 3,500 strong in Coronation Drive. These figures show just how significant the university contingent was — a condemnation of the off campus organisation and a credit to the rise in student consciousness over the last few years. (Remember when the Engineers used to disrupt the earlier marches of 27 or less people in the mid-sixties.)

Overall the march was a fizzle due to this collaboration between conservative elements in the march and the authorities which kept the demonstration away from the central focus of the city.

After the march another forum was held in the safe confines of Roma street, away from the city area where it would be "disrupting traffic and shoppers".

(In Melbourne, the debating point was HOW LONG to occupy the main street for a forum during the march. Occupation itself was not the question.)

BRUCE DICKSON

ABOVE. Wounded Vietnam war veteran, as reported by the local daily newspapers, battled his way on crutches to verbally attack the speakers at the Roma St. Park rally. He was eventually allowed to address the meeting, and denounced the demonstrators as Communists.

BETWEEN (Not in local papers) — here is a photo showing how he battled his way to the Roma St. rally.

Brian Laver addresses members of the R.S.S.A. before being dragged from the platform.
BEATLES' LET IT BE — an obituary?

BY RICHARD WILLIAMS

THE SHORT note on the sleeve of "Let It Be" claims that this is a "new phase Beatles album." Looking at it, as we must, from the perspective of more than a year after it was recorded, nothing could be fur-
ther from the truth.

It has the feel of early Beatles, of the era be-
fore "Rubber Soul," almost, when the complexi-
ties were still natural and the possibilities of the recording studio comparatively unexplored.

It also has the appear-
ance of an epitaph, pack-
aged in a black box with a lavish black-covered book of some 174 pages contain-
ing many beautiful colour and monochrome pictures taken at the recording sessions which produced the album (and, of course, the forthcoming film of the same name). Also included are various conversations between the musicians which are at least as interesting and revealing (particularly about how they construct their songs) as a dozen interviews.

A beautiful thing to own, then, but already it has the feeling of finality about it, as if you are holding the personality seeps through like a floating, disembodied spirit, still revelling in it despite the small clashes of interest. Paul's personal vanity is evident, whereas such song as "A Day In The Life" was the statement of one man.

As it is, there are only seven new songs on the album. "One After 909" and "I've Got A Feeling," "Two Of Us," and "The Long And Winding Road" by John, "Dig A Pony" by Paul, "For You Blue" by George. There are two meditations, "Maggie Mae" and "Across The Universe." Phil Spector was recently called in to "re-produce" the album, and apparently for the most part he chose different takes and did some remixing. Only "Winding Road," where he added choir, harp and strings, bears a noticeable difference. Track by track it breaks down like this:

"ONE AFTER 909": the opening "Yesterday" is John's key number, but only real "John" song. Very neat background guitar from George. A beautiful thing to own, that. Lennon is playing the bottleneck, and it's an amusing trifle.

"DIG IT": a few seconds of Lennon imitating Jagger (maybe it's Jagger imitating Lennon?) and mentioning "Elmore James got nothing on this, baby." The cry of "Go Johnny Go" suggests Lennon imitating Jagger, and mutters "Elmore James got nothing on this, baby." The cry of "Go Johnny Go" suggests Lennon is playing the bottleneck, and it's an amazing tribute.

"LET IT BE": a different take, with a much harder guitar solo. It still doesn't seem to me to have enough substance to become a McCartney standard.

"MAGGIE MAE": rough version of the old Liverpud folk song, ends very abruptly. Those big words and the insane words and honky honky guitar riff and the Keeley Harp are typical contemporary Lennon. In fact the words are rather reminiscent of "All You Need Is Love," but more lightheaded and nonsensical.

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I have been cynical about Australian music for a long time; it's not an attitude which is shared by many of the interested parties. In fact, a great many of the people interested in the progress of serious music have been disappointed by this country's failure to produce one significant music band.

The musicians accorded scholarships in Australia have done damn little to deserve such an esteemed position. The comment on the end of the Tully's concert in Melbourne's Sir Dallas Brooks Hall, when he wished that more than praise could have been heaped upon them, was certainly true.

There have been bands playing for years here without beginning to develop a recognizable musical style; the Master's Apprentices have been acclaimed as original, though their records have been trite and facile from first to last. Not one of their singles has burred a style which can be distingushed from that of their predecessor, which is commendation enough. There are bands which have attempted originality, but their technical limitations and their amazing inability to distinguish good material from bad have left them in "the middle of the pack", as John Sebastian once said.

Taman Shud and Tully had the opportunity to be the kind of music which they bashed in uncritical acceptance, but ultimately neither band had the ability to do so. Taman Shud's first album was plainly appalling, "though some of the tunes were good". The Procol Harum song that quote comes from also says: "And although the crowd clapped desperately, they could not see the joke. Unfortunately, there's no joke to be found in the music of Taman Shud and Tully, just a lot of desperate people clapping.

Anyway, suffice it to say that I am cynical of much which has originated in this country; perhaps it's grown into it. Too many groups make records that show only how fat they've advanced technically; we each album to be a statement of mood not dependent only on the technical apparatus.

What is the mood of the record you're listening to now?

Melancholy, I suppose. It's a mood of—I don't know . . . searching sadness, perhaps. Why? Why isn't it logical? It's what I want to do—that I have to do—on bass, because I'm affected when I write by what's happening at the time. Has the group evolved what you'd like it to do?

I hope so; it's not really comparable to anything I've heard.

What about Procol Harum?

Bruce's technical ability, his knowledge of what note to put where and his incredible imagination are such that he is constantly breaking down any limitations that bass may appear to have set, if only in the minds of people who choose to see limitations in music.

But Bruce has stressed continually that he doesn't want to be known just as a bass player, but rather as a composer and a musician, remember, he plays piano, cello and guitar. He's taking up drums too. How does it feel to be the centre of attention?

The bassist whose sound is closest to your own is probably Jack Bruce.

The sort of thing he's trying to get at is the sort of thing I've been trying to get at. Has he influenced you? I've listened to him a great deal, you know, so his influence is bound to rub off.

It's been said, though, that Jack's got about as far as it's possible to go on bass, but he plays piano and cello as well. Can you forsee your own piano playing becoming more important than your bass playing? What are the limitations?

There are none. Bruce's technical ability, his knowledge of what note to put where and his incredible imagination are such that he is constantly breaking down any limitations that bass may appear to have set, if only in the minds of people who choose to see limitations in music.

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Why
No
Underground Radio?

America has a secondary radio broadcast system distinct from the system we know (and love?) here in Australia. That system which permeates our tran-verse world is such that given enough exposure and time the word "underground" hadn't come to the notice of big business (or even small business). "Rag Baby" was at that time one of the few relatively few spots of force for radical youth in America. Joe McDonald regarded himself as one of the leaders of the young folk who were the "hip" isn't out of place, because Joe's ap­peal was to the uncommitted, unaligned groups who were potentially the hiphop and later, Yippies (from Youth Inter­national Party). It was to these kids that Joe directed "Rag Baby" and his music. He offered a channel of action and dissent which wasn't obviously Political. He ap­pears to have recognized that the New Left's appeal was restrained by its nature, and Country Joe and the Fish became the first revolutionary band, radical without being Political. They didn't push any doctrine other than oppose to Government and support of Left activity. The song "Marra", a Vietnam Waltz, must have been written as an attempt to get an anti-war song onto the radio. It breaks up into a mock-nauseous "after-the-dance-is-over" in the middle while the band plays "after-the-dance-is-over" in the back­ground.

In the days of 'Rag Baby', though, the Fish were a bawdy and tremendous band whose music screamed alternative instead of mainstream. Joe McDonald's "Superbird" and "I-Feel-like-I'm-Fixin'" are indicative. Those were innovative to the audience was: they were trying to forcefully but humorously subvert, through the amnesia instilled by the middle-class origins of their listeners. There's been no survey that I know of, but I expect small changes in the political thinking of a great many American kids from middle-class homes, and Joe of course has spent the years since deeper into the bottle. The original Fish album 'Superbird' is a simple interlude of consumerism, F, gimme a U, gimme a C, gimme a K! The audience would shout it back, and then the Fish would scream, 'Yeah, that's exactly what we mean!' The lyrics to this song are the finest anti-war lyrics ever written. I suspect that the fact that it's so funny doesn't mean that it's not serious. Both 'Super­bird' and 'Fixin-To-Dee' came out on Vanguard (managed none other than Ed Denson) into the studios to get their music onto a large label and out to a wide audience. And a lot of people in that audience were amazed to hear the words of 'Fixin-To-Dee' for the first time.

Well, come on all of you big strong men, Uncle Sam needs your help-a better off. He's got himself in a terrible jam We're down yer but in Vietnam So put down your books and pick up a gun We're gonna have a whole lot of fun!

(Chorus) And we're two-three-what are we fighting for? Don't ask me, I don't give a damn, New label is Vietnam Ain't it five-to-seven open up the, pearly gates Well, there ain't no time to wonder why... we're all gonna come down. Well, come on Generals, let's move fast Your big chance has come at last! Get to go out and get those reds, That's gut good Commod's the one that's dead! You know that peace can only be won When the whole world comes From Come!

Well, come on Wall-Street, don't move slow, Why, man, this is War-a-Go-Go! There's plenty of good money to be made
About 18 months ago Bubblegum swept into town with its cheerful Pop rockers, bubble gum, bubblegum men, and bubble gum music. But all that changed when the Valentines appeared with their bubble gum music and bubblegum people. They were the Valentines. They claim that they were the most natural group of all, and they still are. In fact, the group is a group, and it's made up of young kids who are not afraid to let their hair down and have some fun. But there is a change in the tone of the Valentines. They say that they are actually becoming more serious about their music and their image. They are learning to Live with themselves and their music. By Jean Gollan

A Few Words from the Valentines

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The revolutionary critique of Western society starts with Marx's theory of economic determinism—or, simply, the idea that the capitalistic system of "free enterprise" necessarily produces political, social and philosophical systems guaranteed to protect the interests of the capitalist ruling class.

This overall system (as exists in Australia as much as in any country of the "free-world") is inherently oppressive because violation of any part of the system (e.g. allowing independent bodies to control advertising) ends up upsetting all other parts of the system. The oppression can charitably be seen as an unexpected and often unrealised outgrowth of relatively good intentions. (It doesn't really matter to the argument, but most revolutionaries see the oppression as a calculated part of the whole malicious capitalist conspiracy).

I said "good intentions." By that I mean that most of the catchcries of the Western world — freedom, democracy, representation, etc. — are still on, in fact they were the original (Marxist) goals of the classless communist society. The same catchcries underlie socialism. The point is, deliberately or not, the system works against many of these ideals in so many interlocking ways that it does seem hopeless to untangle the exploitation, persecution, injustice, inhumanity and inequality, and still retain the system.

One politician in the West making a last ditch stand to confront the problem is Canadian Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau.

Before getting into his politics (theories), let me get all the Trudeau cravings over. Pierre Elliot Trudeau is 50 (young, as P.M.'s go), a millionaire, he has a tanned, pockmarked face with the eyes of a sleepy Siamese cat, intelligent, and a professional politician in that he knows all this and uses it to win votes and chicks. (As my Canberra cab driver said — he's a bit of a shagger).

"As long as differences between peoples are permitted to degenerate into hatred and violence, we cannot remain unmoved by appeals for help from the victims of wars. (We should) create a Canadian international development research centre which will bring together Canadian and foreign experts on the problems of developing economies."

But, assuming the system is (a) capable of being saved and (b) worth saving, what is Trudeau doing about it in Canada?

He has enormous problems — apart from inheriting a population of twenty million mainly suburban middle-class conservative sheep, much the same as all silent majorities. Canada is so tied to the U.S. economically it is almost another State (or another South American State?). Inside Canada the fact that there are two large distinct groups (English-speaking and French-speaking) has meant all those separationist hang-ups, cultural conflicts, and the same troublesome provincial governments as Gorton has found infesting Australia.

So Trudeau confronts rampant U.S. economic imperialism by establishing the Canadian Development Corporation to buy Canadian companies threatening to sell out to Americans. His government has also simply barred some U.S. takeover bids.

One of the few politicians to take pollution seriously, he has unilaterally declared a 100 mile zone around the Arctic a Canadian-patrolled pollution-free area (to stop U.S. oil ships filling the ice with oil pockets). In fact, in this case Trudeau took the ultra-liberal line of ignoring (international) law as secondary to moral obligations. ("We will not go to court until law catches up with technology.")

Once again, all this is no more than a holding-operation against the acceleration of American world-economic-control. Already 60% of Canada's manufacturing, oil and mining is owned by U.S. interests. He does, however, realise there is more to it than dollars — fighting pollution of the mind by U.S. dominated TV programming is one of his latest struggles. He has also allowed and encouraged universities throughout Canada to introduce greater student participation, and is pushing tax reforms and liberal...
JUNE 1 - JULY 1

A disturbing element in many countries has been the rising tide of unrest, particularly among young people. Many citizens in our own country believe that they are entitled to assume greater responsibility for the destiny of our society. Such demands are the expression of a truly democratic ideal.

Late last year he approved a secret meeting (in a railway carriage) between Canada’s Commission on marijuana and John and Yoko Lennon. Later he met the Lennons in Ottawa, and they agreed on peace.

While this one-man crusade for reform from within is limited precisely because it is from within a far vaster entrenched world-wide system, one element in the Trudeau rhetoric is encouraging. He always emphasises the largest, most crucial, world-wide problems. His ‘overview’ approach raises new possibilities. He can ‘use’ Canada and its membership of those international organisations that do exist (no matter how farcical their fallability of the structures and participation, how can students and alienated youth participate more under the capitalist system?’

“By lowering the voting age — and by your expressing ideas on a new moral code This generation has not been moulded by morals of parents, church and school, but by the media. At least you are free to find new answers.”

“What advice would you have for someone who’s disgusted with the ruling Liberal Party, but thinks the Labor Party’s worse?”

“The structure of our tax system must be adapted to reflect more accurately the true circumstances of individual Canadians and of business organisations in our modern society.”

“If it were in my country — to be diplomatic about this — I’d say pick the party whose policies are nearest to yours and try to change it. I mean, when I was a law professor writing about politics all the time I pointed out the impossibility of changing these institutions from within — and now I’m within! I think we’ve changed a few things.

Sure—but so has Trudeau changed for the better. For a guy who threw snowballs at a statue of Stalin, canoodled to Cuba, and went to China to write a book, he’s swapped his powder-blue Mercedes for a government black Rolls. Revisionist Liberal compromising. It’s possible his pragmatic Machiavellian style is in schizophrenic juxtaposition with a socialist soul. Maybe he just enjoys the limited power for changing things he now has. He has very clearly demonstrated his boredom with parliament and his Constitutional Commission is frantically dreaming up variations on the representative democracy theme.

For a guy who threw snowballs at a statue of Stalin, canoodled to Cuba, and went to China to write a book, he’s swapped his powder-blue Mercedes for a government black Rolls. Revisionist Liberal compromising. It’s possible his pragmatic Machiavellian style is in schizophrenic juxtaposition with a socialist soul. Maybe he just enjoys the limited power for changing things he now has. He has very clearly demonstrated his boredom with parliament and his Constitutional Commission is frantically dreaming up variations on the representative democracy theme.

While this one-man crusade for reform from within is limited precisely because it is from within a far vaster entrenched world-wide system, one element in the Trudeau rhetoric is encouraging. He always emphasises the largest, most crucial, world-wide problems. His ‘overview’ approach raises new possibilities. He can ‘use’ Canada and its membership of those international organisations that do exist (no matter how farcical their operation) to elevate the consciousness of world leaders around him — as far as that’s possible.

“The size, complexity and fallability of the structures that technology imposes on modern societies are often in conflict with the protection and development of individual values. The workings of both private and public institutions may endanger the individual’s free expression of his unique personality. He must therefore be protected from anything that jeopardizes his rights or limits his personal development.”

I doubt the whole movement (it is almost, as I said, a one-man crusade). Trudeau can preach and talk softly to the alienated, and wave at Barbara Streisand in the gallery of Parliament — but he’s still a Prime Minister of one of the world’s most prosperous, stable, and therefore vulnerable ‘advantaged’ nations. That nagging feeling that he doesn’t believe all the bullshit on the surface of parliamentary democracy could be just romanticism, but one aspect of parliament is its inherent capacity to attract bureaucrats, bores, stooges, and yet Trudeau got to the top inside three years. Perhaps the bureaucrats, bores, stooges etc. are so inbred they no longer recognize a stranger in their midst. Or they may be too aristocratic to move against a very smart newcomer.

Whatever his aims, goals and motivations, Trudeau is a superb strategist (which is how he described Chairman Mao). He’ll probably be trusted by the great hopeful liberals too.

—PHILLIP FRAZER.
Alienation.....

Revolution is coming.....
Hope...

THE END
The American Presence, or a Disillusionment

HELEN GARNER

Travelling is hard work.

All the travel hints you've read won't help you once you get there, into Asia or the Middle East or wherever you're going, because what makes it hard work is that you have to think off a whole layer of attitudes, expectations and fattishness you never knew you had in the comfortable world of corner shops and honest Post Office officials - you have to get rid of these merely to survive. So that your days on the Road (a beautiful, self-glorifying phrase that even the most nervous and squeamish delight in using) are a fabric of fears crimsoned with risks that worked.

There is a hotel in the back streets of Old Delhi called the Crown. It's a microcosm of the drug scene on the Old Delhi called the Crown. It's a microcosm of the drug scene on the Old Delhi called the Crown. It's a microcosm of the drug scene on the Old Delhi called the Crown. It's a microcosm of the drug scene on the Old Delhi called the Crown. It's a microcosm of the drug scene on the Old Delhi called the Crown. It's a microcosm of the drug scene on the Old

hours of sitting still in buses and trains. Does the dreamy, evanescent American presence in a train, having just crossed the borders in airports, hotels, looking at me steadily with his eyes of a penetrating grey - or maybe we can get eleven and a half rupees to the dollar in Lahore. Everyone is high all the time. Baluch says you can get hash very cheaply in Quetta, at what he calls "hashish shops." One rupee (ten cents) an ounce, he says.

Suddenly there's a hoy! outside; the train is still moving along, and I look out and see three soldiers swinging along outside of the train by the handrails. Quickly and meeting with no resistance they flink all the Pakistanis and then methodically through their bedding rolls, pillow and cooking tins which are scattered about. They pull the stuffing out of a pillow and leave it lying there all in a mess. They confiscate a scruffy bundle - one of the young men's bedding, climb out the door and swing them selves along to the next compartment, followed by the cursers of the bundle's owner. We discover that what we're been looking for isn't hash, as we'd feared - no-one seems to care about drugs here - but socks. Baluch and his friends triumphantly produce socks (common or garden nylon ones) from all kinds of clever hiding places, in one case under the dummy floor and above the cistern. At Quetta they leap off the train with socks stuffed into their clothes and bedding. We all say affectionate goodbyes.

The American Presence, or a Disillusionment

Anecdote 1: We arrive in Quetta after a three-day train trip. We walk to the station and watch our trains rolling by. Hours of being cramped in the smelly third-class compartment. There is an American, Rat-faced Canadian with his wide mustache, and a second solemn Yankee are so deep in talk about exchange rates, train fares, student conscription cards, inheritance of dollars and how they don't notice much. They're busy working out the cheapest way to get to the next place - that they're unaware of the one they're in.

We envisage a cartoon showing two American travellers in a train, having a conversation. One of them looks up and says, "Say, man, there's the Taj Mahal out there!" The other replies, "Yeah, yeah, but I'm not glancing up and away again..." but maybe we can get up and a half rupees to the dollar in..."

Anecdote 2: Under the shaggy coat of many a traveller lurks a walking dictionary, what's more, a man who can light up, flashes and beeps when it gets within range of a Commercial Propos

"Man", raves Tall, "back in the States there would fetch eight, nine dollars apiece!"

Anecdote 3: Tall American nearly slips into a too baltant dramatisation of his role: he reveals himself as a crypto-businessman. A chink in his armor of cool? He tells us how he approached an import-export firm in the States before he left, and got a cool reception.

"I mean, man, like, everyone goes-to India; everybody's gonna send back stuff - and nobody sends me. I deliver the goods. And they'll know that when the stuff reaches them."

Anecdote 4: To break the silence in a train, someone shouts, "The Pakistani student who's travelling with us tells us that there is nothing to say to each other, Rat-face asks Tall to change stories. Tall has a bag stuffed with Pakistani rupees because he paid for his meal at the eating house with a 500 - rupee note (i.e. $100). The money-changing is accomplished without humour, too little too much swinging dialogue:

"No need any more dollars, man?" (stop)
"Are you giving me 7.50?"
"No, I gave you 7.80 - best rate in town."

Anecdote 5: In Zahedan on the border between Persia and Pakistan, we spend a week waiting for the water train to come through. In the hotel we pay 4 rupees a night for a clean bed and a heater in the room where four have been sleeping. The two British ed Leon and a Canadian cook called Gordon. Leon tells us several times a day how one day he just got up and left everything he had in Washington, how he's going to travel everywhere, how he believes in freedom and love, how things and possessions aren't important when you're on the road. We're impressed. Gordon, however, is a silent, skeptical fellow, though friendly; he's been travelling with Leon for some time, which is no doubt why he's silent. He coughs all night and there are bloodstained tissues by his bed in the morning.

Leon and Gordon decide to go to the border by bus instead of waiting for the train which is delayed. They're so deep in talk about exchange rates, train fares, student conscription cards, inheritance of dollars and how they don't notice much. They're busy working out the cheapest way to get to the next place - that they're unaware of the one they're in.

"Listen, man," replies Leon, firing up at once. "One day a Pakistani student awoke and saw that he couldn't buy neither buy the country nor the other, Rat-face asks Tall to change stories. Tall has a bag stuffed with Pakistani rupees because he paid for his meal at the eating house with a 500 - rupee note (i.e. $100). The money-changing is accomplished without humour, too little too much swinging dialogue:

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Leon looks out the window and realises that the bus they are on is not the border in isn't a bus at all, but a mobile TV unit called the Rover. His reaction knocks us out:

"What? Is that it? I'm not riding to the border in that."

"Why not?" we choruses in amazement.

Footnote: I am yet to see a cup of tea you'll get in the next village, or you wonder vaguely what we sleep at night. Baluch and his friends indicate to us in sign language that in Lahore everyone is high all the time. Baluch says you can get hash very cheaply in Quetta, at what he calls "hashish shops." One rupee (ten cents) an ounce, he says.
brute’s baggy trousers if you’re quick

can’t understand what our relation­

level. Finally you learn to turn your

behind during a change of buses. I

shoulder at the last possible moment,

muscular companion to walk just at

suppose I’m the first girl, outside his

little English, befriends and helps us

have endured on any crowded tram in

German, so I start; we sit in the wintry

sneakers, gazing at us with his mourn­

sighs. Tit-punchers abound in crowd­

prising to find yourself, in jeans and a

and treated as such. So it’s not sur­

feet and repeats what I say, copies

They are chattels, valued possessions,

of their breasts. There husbands never

see them until after they’re married.

So long, Nature Lover.

WOMEN, LOVE AND HOSPITALITY

In Muslim countries women wear veils. They don’t wear trousers, they don’t show their ankles or even the outline of their breasts. Their husbands never see them until after they’re married.

They are chattels, valued possessions, and treated as such. It’s not surprising when you consider that the swishing of a jumper, punched, pinched, propositioned and perved upon from the Bullying before you know it, you get used to; the pinches you might have survived if you had followed the crowds in Melbourne; the propositions you can refuse politely (or accept); but the punishment, the beating, with his mouth

the tit. Tit-punchers abound in crowd­

In such a way that to the casual (or

styles differ radically. (The Swede

Tall American and a Swede, both of

Anecdote 1: An exchange between

The Swede asks you where you stayed, you say,

Helen Garner.

AN ADMISSION: A COP-OUT

The fact of having written this article loses me so many points that I may

Dear Tall,

I thought I could match you but now I am beaten and humiliated. I have

lost face. I let people charge me a dollar for mediocre fried rice. I forget to ask how much before I order. I lose my temper. I hate waiting. My face turns as red as a beetroot. I can’t bear to throw away. It is hard to talk to people on trains. Sometimes I even want to throw things at them not to

magnify, but you are, I suppose I’m the first girl, outside his own

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critic should make his perspective clear. This, which covers many scenes. I would say that photography was by Raoul Coutand. There will also be pure filmies whose hackles rise with suspicion on knowing the humanist viewpoint of the film. "There goes another phoney riding to a false reputation simply because of its bloody message." 

"Cahiers du Cinema" had sparked off the form-versus-content argument for three solid years until they became bored with themselves and dropped it, to their resolution; it may serve as a psychological valve for letting off steam. Whatever the reasons, Westerns have been in constant demand by audiences and we can analyse the Western genre in terms of characters and situation.

In Westerns we see strong characters played by forceful or peculiar actors. These films are great vehicles for actors as diverse as Jimmy Stewart, Gary Cooper, Rory Calhoun, Dean Martin, William Holden, Ricky Nelson, Robert Redford, Humphrey Bogart, Glenn Ford, Richard Widmark, Jimmy Cagney and Jack Lemmon. It seems as though most actors can situate themselves satisfactorily within the Western genre. The stories are relatively simple and clear-cut. The manner of presentation is direct and straightforward. Whist we know the conventions of the Western world as an audience, we never seem to become bored seeing the background details sketched in—the life of a cattleman or rancher, the buckboard, the sheriff's office, the main street shootout—all are minutely illustrated through many scenes which recreate a supposedly historical reality.

Some film directors have become identified with films of this genre. John Ford, Richard Widmark, Jimmy Cagney and played by forceful or peculiar actors. Whereas we know the conventions of the Western world as an audience, we never seem to become bored seeing the background details sketched in—the life of a cattleman or rancher, the buckboard, the sheriff's office, the main street shootout—all are minutely illustrated through many scenes which recreate a supposedly historical reality.

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Ford is the most respected Western director to this day. His films, "My Darling Clementine," "Fort Apache," "The Searchers," "Two Rode Together" and "Rio Bravo", are all now accepted as classics.

In 1939, Ford made "Stagecoach" which is generally considered to be the first major Western film. In 1940, Scott directed "Red River" which is generally regarded as one of the great Westerns.

For one thing, television continues to present both old Western films and new Westerns. The latter are generally considered to be the aristocrats of the traditional elements of the genre. These are the films that are traditionally associated with certain great values. But instead of creating a strong and enduring coexistence with an interesting and exciting story.

It is against this background that we consider the "Westerns", one representative example being Sam Peckinpah's "The Wild Bunch". Described as being in the "new tradition of the Dirty Western" and being hailed as one of the best films of recent years and as some kind of breakthrough, the "Wild Bunch" at first sight has everything going for it. Made by Sam Peckinpah, it was responsible for the Westerns as "The Deadly Companions" and "The High Country" and "Dundee"; and who wrote the screenplay of "The Glory Guys", like them it portrays a Westerner and his film, not particularly starkly, yet with an evocative economy and force that immediately calls to mind the Westerns of the late 1940's and early 1950's.

But looking back at his earlier films, we can observe the weaknesses and distortions that are the reason for our disillusionment with that film.

The reliance on direct statement by the characters, their feelings which are given the task of supporting a story or a group's complex and complete development, are these the socio-psychological gongs drop all through the film? Where are the Wild Bunch? Where is the feeling of "The Glory Guys", like them it portrays a Westerner and his film, not particularly starkly, yet with an evocative economy and force that immediately calls to mind the Westerns of the late 1940's and early 1950's.

The problem with films which contain characters who speak in a way that is not consistent with their world; and with those who speak in a way that is not consistent with their world; and with those who speak in a way that is not consistent with their world; and with those who speak in a way that is not consistent with their world; and with those who speak in a way that is not consistent with their world; and with those who speak in a way that is not consistent with their world; and with those who speak in a way that is not consistent with their world; and with those who speak...
QUINTESSENCE

We all get pretty idealistic about it. The oldies want it to be a phase we'll grow out of — ugly and unyielding — and of course, the System will engulf him. It's 'in' like the maxi, the mini, the no-brainer. I was very surprised when I found that attracted me.

SHIVA: Yes. And who writes the words?

SHIVA: Well, our manager writes a percentage of the words... probably 50%... and the rest is just, you know, the group is like a musical laboratory as well. We all throw our different ideas in and sort them out at rehearsals and eventually come out with something. Could they be termed spiritual messages?

SHIVA: Oh... Well, could you recite or say a few of the lines for us?

SHIVA: Yes, this one:

High on a mount in a sacred place
The whole sun is born to the lake.
Its eyes are the truth you seek.
Here's the spirit of the lake of time.
High on a mount in a sacred place
The whole sun is born to the lake.
This face is blue clouded skies.

SHIVA: Yes, this was written for the album "Go Now".

DAVID: Raja, how did the idea of forming a group come about?

RAJA: Well, it was very improvised. I had no premeditated idea, I simply put an ad in Melody Maker, which is the leading music paper over here, for jazz-rock musicians who lived in Ladbroke Groove. That's the area I lived in and it's sort of the area most of the creative things are happening around about London. And we had two or three hundred replies from musicians who wanted to join and play, so I gradually interviewed them by telephone and then played with a lot of them and it became five or six musicians who were really the Quintessence of what we were after.

SHIVA: You're the lead singer of the group... we were surprised when you found it was an Australian who'd put the advertisement in the paper?

SHIVA: Yes, I thought he was an American on the telephone. He sounded like an American. His wife's an American. I was very surprised when I found that we knew certain people in Australia, that we had certain things in common.

What made you join Quintessence? Was it the spiritual thing or did you just want to get back into a group again?

SHIVA: I think mainly it was the spiritual side... the fact that it was another music group who had the spiritual beliefs that I had. That was the thing that attracted me.

You joined the group just by chance because you saw the ad, in the paper?

SHIVA: Well, it was by chance that I saw the ad in the paper. Did you come to Europe to make it as a singer?

SHIVA: I left Australia to make it as a singer, but when I got here I wasn't very interested in it at all because I thought: 'I've left Australia behind — this gives me a chance to get into the spiritual side of my life' — which I did very deeply for four months and then just by chance I saw the ad. And I thought 'well, maybe this is my part...' to express myself spiritually by singing.

Do Quintessence play all original material?

SHIVA: No. We've played our own compositions and we've played standards, and then we all have our own styles... sometimes it's just me playing and then we all do group vocals. Sometimes we just play and then the audience just joins in. Sometimes we just play and we have a keyboard player who plays a special instrument for us and it's all about love and peace and the whole thing is just to promote this spirit of love and peace.

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JUNE 1 - JULY 1

very happy memories of it.

But once in the studio proceeded to put out a release within a certain time limit — 'Forever Afternoon (Tuesday?)' and 'De La Madelaine' and 'Fly Me High' aren't meaningful (or seemingly meaningful) the group started to look at itself and couldn't like what was there. So though they'd got their style sorted out they were obliged to make the next album a success. All they'd done in 'Days Of Future Passed' was struggle in their own style and a loose story. The label tied that story and made it an orchestra-group fusion, but only on record, never musically. So they'd though they'd get their style across, the next album HAD to have a theme, it HAD to carry through this orchestral touch. The story part presumably was the easiest. To recreate the or­chestral fullness would not seem to easy.

Again and again you'll read the group commenting that too much is read into their music, that it shouldn't be called pretentious. They say that but at the time they're required to reproduce that sound live, to make allowances for each other. They are English. No English group or artist is radical. England has no for­midable Establishment — it bends and stretches to make allowances for both the freaks and the straights, and both make allowances for each other.

And in a country with a loose Estab­lishment, it's much more comfortable towards that establishment than to the other one. They've seen that. They didn't do that. They had to move into the realms of economic survival. So now you see pictures of the Moody Blues and their hair is only 'longish', which is OK but they're not — it's the web the group are able to live up to the high ideals of each new album. In that they've very successful. The Moody Blues have stolen a slice of St. Peppers, the theater and the sham fan­tasy-reality of 'A Day In The Life' and from that they've built a musical world of comparable vision and fascination. You have to wonder at the drama of the instrumentation, as again and again it carries you off into a magical world of fugues. Frosted idealism? Let me explain that. There's something lofty and alluring about that music, something you want to get involved in. If there's anything called a religious twinge — that's what it is.

The music is dreamlike—a 'jewelled' music. Any reality they do try to discuss becomes dreamlike. The 'glass' of the frosted glass, where reality larks diffused and muted. You'd really much rather gaze at the texture of the glass than at tricks it plays on the light which falls on it. Behind that reality move under­told shapes.

So the idealism which the Moody Blues are playing on is more like the one, that people are going to really get involved in this. Subtract death from life and you have to wonder at the drama of the instrumentation, as again and again it carries you off into a magical world of fugues. Frosted idealism? Let me explain that. There's something lofty and alluring about that music, something you want to get involved in. If there's anything called a religious twinge — that's what it is.

The Moody Blues music which is so vastly different and on the other hand so similar to that of the Beatles is only 'longish', which is OK if not a lot. But in the case of the group you don't expect them to wear outlandish clothes, OK, too, but still there's that uniformity.

And all that must be reflected in their songs.

The Moody Blues music which is so vastly different and on the other hand so similar to that of the Beatles. The chemistry in the group began to jell. They found each other musically. Thinking and moulding the tapes he's been working on for a certain time limit — 'Forever Afternoon (Tuesday?)' and 'De La Madelaine' and 'Fly Me High' aren't meaningful (or seemingly meaningful) the group started to look at itself and couldn't like what was there. So though they'd got their style sorted out they were obliged to make the next album a success. All they'd done in 'Days Of Future Passed' was struggle in their own style and a loose story. The label tied that story and made it an orchestra-group fusion, but only on record, never musically. So they'd thought they'd get their style across, the next album HAD to have a theme, it HAD to carry through this orchestral touch. The story part presumably was the easiest. To recreate the orchestral fullness would not seem to easy.

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And all that must be reflected in their songs.

The Moody Blues music which is so vastly different and on the other hand so similar to that of the Beatles.
The Great White Wonder is a record which divides itself into two sections: the basement tape from Woodstock, and a number of other songs which span a period of roughly ten years. I don't want to dismiss these other songs as insignificant, but I ought to make my feeling about Dylan's writing clear. He was, for a long time, heavily derivative of two things — the blues, and Woody Guthrie. He developed, slowly, his own music from these sources; finally he abandoned the blues and passed from Woody Guthrie's more rural vision of America to his own surreal and urban vision of it. He wrote some astounding and some beautiful things during that time of his development, but it was not until Highway 61 Revisited that Dylan's new music finally took form. In this record, the most important single album of our time, his vision of America found mature expression for the first time.

When you're lost in the rain in Juarez, and it's Easter Time too, and it's Easter Time too, and it's Easter Time too, you're down on Rue Morgue Avenue. They've got some hungry women there, and they really make a mess out of you.

So, if I give to these earlier songs less significance than you believe they deserve, remember that each person who admires Bob Dylan has his own idea about which period in Dylan's history contains his best writing.

The earlier songs on The Great White Wonder (for obvious reasons, a random collection) are predictably uneven. "Only A Hobo" (Only a hobo, but one more is gone/leavin' nobody to sing his sad song) is as good as anything Dylan did before he decided to augment his acoustic guitar with amplified instruments, and "Man Of Constant Sorrow" is sung with great feeling and strength. The latter is prefaced by a hilarious monologue about East Orange, New Jersey, and a dream by Dylan about the place."Don't ever go to East Orange, New Jersey," he says.) The most recent track on the double album is "Living The Blues", taped from the Johnny Cash TV show. I liked this well enough at
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backing going, and it seems to inspire the song. A significant difference here, with less tension than most of the other Dylan. Die words are worth quoting in sings the harmony almost exactly as he "I'll Keep It With Mine", but the tone I don't know whether the tape included thing like "When You Awake" in feel). The original lyric to the first verse is slightly directed at Garth Hudson, who launches the performance of what are certainly it (by itself, without any of the earlier tracks from it included on "This Wheel's On Fire", probably the most recorded of these songs, is taken The basement tape is not included by John Wesley Harding. It is ridiculous that I don't expect to be housed with it. If he don't expect to be housing them.

Now, there's a certain thing, that I learned from my friends and family, That feller who never laughs: And that is that one must always flush out his house, if he don't expect to be housing flutists.

Take care of all your memories, said Nick, For you cannot relieve them, And remember when you're out there, trying to heal the sick, That you must always first forgive yourself.

"Too Much Of Nothing" is lyrical and tight. This is the most striking charac­
teristic of his work of this period: it is superbly condensed and space, both rhythmically and melodically. Jaime Robert­son's songs on the Band's second album have this quality, but there are few other songwriters today who are achieving anything approaching this. "All Alone on The Watch Tower" is the best such song. Dylons has written, outside those con­

The Band's dropping of "remember now?" and "remember remember now?" —  ROB SMYTH

The Grateful Dead AOXOMOXOA Warner Bros., WS1790, U.S.

Talking of the Grateful Dead in Rolling Stone, American pop writer Michael Lydon wrote of the Dead's recording sessions as largely unsuccessful attempts, capturing their rev­

The Grateful Dead reverberates with the message itself. The feeling that this older song should stand out so clearly on this album underlines the weak­

world, 'I had A Dream' on the new album, sums it up. This track is just cool, and I can't believe that John Sebastian would record it, let alone write it in an ephoronic moment.

The new single, "Rainbows All Over Your Blues" is pretty (in the best sense), as in Rubin's "A Lady", a sad little song which came out a while ago as a single 'Red Eye Express', which opens up. I like the old 'Money Honey', is a fine song, driving and intense, punctuated by a wall of feedback — it's a pity, too that there's not more harmony on the record, as Sebastian is an unappreciated harmonica player by anyone else playing.

As I said, this is still a fine record, just one track from it, but I'll begin somewhere else. It's, in fact, difficult to start from finish, but it's dis­

There are actually a number of other things you can do to it as well: you can ice a rubber duck. To do so is, of course, proves nothing about its musical quality. You can listen to it sooner or later; hear it when it does, if only to erase the confusion this review may have created in you.

JOHN SEBASTIAN

John Sebastian was the heart of the Lovin' Spoonful. Its first solo album has at last been re­

The money's there, there's a certain thing that I learned from my friends and family, That feller who never laughs: And that is that one must always flush out his house, if he don't expect to be housing flutists.

The momentum of the Lovin' Spoonful's staturge should use them. His music is John B. Sebastian's staturge should use them. His music is confusing to the old days when flowers and joy and the magical connection were so central and everyone bel­

The Grateful Dead is an
The acid logic again, as expressed in their load: they have complete understanding of the group helps the others with each member of the group to stick to it. 

Between these two acid epics is sand: the sinister and wily underlying "What's Become Of The Baby". We're not going to try and explain this song it's too twisted, or else we're too straight. Just sit back and listen to the songs, weird electronic crashes, twisting thumbscrews and distorted vocals. If it doesn't freak you out of your skull, you'll enjoy it.

Van Morrison ATWEEKS MoONgAte Dance

Van Morrison heard it's fair to talk about Van Morrison in terms of them. The melodies fluctuates and is extremely confounded: Garcia's guitar pings in batches but he can't work like Seurat — "alla pointilliste" care attitude, even in the face of death, is beautifully portrayed by Garcia's language of the organ blasts. The song goes round and round in a never-ending jag. Even the most naive — "no-one may come here since no-one may stay" — this is quiet, short: every note — acoustic or electric — heavy bass, while the vocals seem to be filtered through the bottom of some crystal ocean. Anyhow, we go on... 

And everywhere I go, the people all know everybody else's business.

Strange, this song, because for once the group is under attack. The melody fluctuates and is extremely confounded: Garcia's guitar pings in batches but he can't work like Seurat — "alla pointilliste" care attitude, even in the face of death, is beautifully portrayed by Garcia's language of the organ blasts. The song goes round and round in a never-ending jag. Even the most naive — "no-one may come here since no-one may stay" — this is quiet, short: every note — acoustic or electric — heavy bass, while the vocals seem to be filtered through the bottom of some crystal ocean. Anyhow, we go on...

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There are tracks, though, that never quite get started; it's perhaps true that the band sometimes gets trapped in its time signatures.

Occasionally, Ian Anderson's introspection gets too indulgent (this has been the damaging fault in most of John Mayall's later work), but his cynicism remains intact, and he pursues the same themes. It appears that in the past — he is positively obsessed by concentration. "Son" is an extension of "Randy's" and "A Thousand Mothers" in a deeply personal statement of conflict. "A Window in the Wall" is a backing which sounds like a thong of amplified bull-mastiffs unleashed (if you understand the thong). The climax in the middle is handled superbly; "Son" is a great song.

'That's No Song' and 'Inside' are positively formulaic but they contain, not least, perhaps most of all, the concept that if it means much to say that, of course, but it's those tracks that move me furthermore — just the instinct of one simple and utterly graceful; its opening is brilliant. Amplified bull-mastiffs unleashed (if you understand the thong) and texture that the old group had. This is a new Quicksilver Messenger Service. I've been here and I've been there.

The motivating force is pretty apparent, as far as I know. I can't help myself but I'll have to do, as I'm in no condition to think up an alternative at present. I'm trying to cut a shadow of my former self. That's no song. It's that vocal which is holding things together now, not often on particularly good songs. They're murky and too earthy. The other group (it could well be a completely new group sound-wise) has concentrated more on it's instrumental patterns but now the attitude has changed. John Cipollina often plays a distant guitar very reminiscent of groups and groups, and it seems that the vocals try to achieve the same effect and texture that the old group had.

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the opposite extreme — though I should
hasten to point out that it too is tasteless.
It is a violent, screaming assault upon the
senses: the musicianship is incred­
ible. This track, which opens the L.P.,
was dismissed as unnecessary and over­
long by most English critics; in fact, I
think it's anything but unnecessary. It is
not, judging by the relative serenity of
the rest of the L.P., representative of
King Crimson's musical style, but it has
a significant musical point to make. And
the lyrics aren't as pretentious as the
title may suggest:

Cat's foot iron claw

Neuro-surgical scream for more

At parenthesis's poison door

Twenty-first century schizoid man

The one track on Crimson King
which is unnecessary and over-long is
'Moonchild'. It disolves into a free­form
exercise dictated largely by Robert
Fripp's guitar. The idea isn't entirely at
fault (though on what seems to be a
very carefully scored record, it's out of
place), but the guitar just doesn't create
the mood which the song is attempting
to suggest. On hearing this, a friend said
simply: "Gary Burton has done it better."
The Court Of The Crimson King' it­
self is a much more painstakingly con­
trolled piece, with a beautifully-control­
ed 'orchestral' climax.

This record defies conclusions of any kind.
It's alternatively good and bad. In the mean­time, King Crimson's
first L.P has been hailed as a master­
done by all the ideas contained, good and
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bad.
Four new plays (in Melbourne): THE CAUCASIAN CHALK CIRCLE, CUSTOMS AND EXCISE, TRUGANINI, CHILDERMAS.

This last month has seen a lot of theatrical activity in Melbourne and, rather unfortunately, John Ellis and I have actually had some sort of socio-political relevance to our community.—a play about censorship, a play about the extermination of the Tasmanian aborigines, one about Vietnam, loads of street theatre and after 25 years a play by Bertolt Brecht.

Remarkable when you remember that it is usual for the theatre in this country to ignore plays that have any sort of political or social relevance, or at least if it doesn’t ignore them it tries very hard to render them insignificant, highlighting the “theatre” pulling the polemic. Most companies in Australia, both the established professional, commercial theatres and also the amateur groups present almost without exception the sort of fare that was served up in England before LOOK BACK. IN ANGER led the revolt against the stifling, atrophied conventions of the middle-class theatre and aggressively thrust new lives off imitative and second-rate productions of safe-West End successes, the odd classic run up without much rehearsal, the annual pantomime, and the superannuated musical from America. While occasionally we get to see challenging or provoking drama, it is usually presented apologetically, as a sort of temporary aberration. Most plays done in this country have little to do with the Australian theatre, they certainly lack the directors who can find the contemporary references in a particular masterpiece— we are still at the blank verse lyricism stage.

So it’s good to report that maybe things are changing. At least the signs are there. Though it’s mainly in the amateur theatre that things seem to be really happening. The professional continues its perpetual deathless dying except for the Melbourne Theatre Company’s productions of Brecht’s THE CAUCASIAN CHALK CIRCLE. The play, 25 years old, is the first professional production of Brecht in Melbourne, although there was a brilliant amateur production by the Melbourne Youth Theatre some years ago. The reason for the lack of professional productions according to one critic is that, “it is only recently that the Melbourne Theatre Company has achieved that maturity of organisation and scale of enterprise to stand the test of the variety of a discriminating audience in coping with such a monumental work.” This seems a little unlikely. It’s closer to the truth probably, that they have been worried about charging their “discriminating” audience away with some really challenging drama rather than try, as has the company, to cope with it. It would have been really interesting to see what a director of the Caligula made of a Brecht, rather than having to direct some of the nonsense he was given. There have recently been successful productions of plays by Brecht in England before and it is probably this success that has resulted in our chance to see one—the MTC very hard to follow whatever patterns are set overseas. Anyway it’s certainly good to see the ARTS COUNCIL backing left-wing theatre even if it seems to have been emasculated in the process. From all reports— I haven’t seen it yet it’s completely booked out—the production is very rurally inclined and has even been submitted “Love in the Urals” by some of the people working on it. As Eric Bentley has often pointed out, one must always take note of the way the Establishment co-op-plays by politically-inclined writers like Shaw or Brecht, be very careful to note what terms it is done. As Brecht himself liked to put it—you can’t expect the Establishment to subsidise its own destruction. In the Melbourne Theatre Company’s production certainly belong to the club and report that the politics of a Brecht or a Shaw are dull and boring anyway and that it is only as artists that they are to be considered.

Jack Hibberd’s CUSTOMS AND EXCISE has been running at the Guild Theatre, Melbourne University, and also La Mama. A robust, rather fitly well-played, it reveals the absurdity of the current censorship laws and is Hibberd’s contribution to what we saw as a long and admirable tradition of libel in the theatre. Periods of health and vigour in the theatre are often those in which wretched absurdities abound on the stage. This is because freedom of speech is an organic freedom; it is not window dressing, not quotation marks. It is because of realism and poetry. The play takes the audience into the very heart of the Department of Customs and Excise. It examines the lives of two members of that institution and their activities both at work and at home, both defending the moral health of the nation and the image of popular culture. The two heroes, Inspector Pie and copping with their bored and married wife in action from the Vice Squad, though it was half expected. The only incident —jack Hibberd and myself were sup-

posed by the fuzzi pesting up posters in Carlton. In little more they threatened us with summons. You can’t win them all.

TRUGANINI is the play about the extermination of the Tasmanian aborigines and it marks the first really important contribution to Melbourne theatre by George Whaley’s Actor’s Studio at Melbourne University. Whaley left the Melbourne Theatre Company, where he was a leading actor, to accept the position of Director of University Theatre, in an attempt to invigorate university theatre. If he can keep up this it could be very interesting for the play has been very successful with audiences, has enabled a large cast to experiment with difficult acting techniques, and has helped to create a new context for university drama. It’s good to see a student group tackling the works of Australian dramatists even when the play is as difficult as this one.

It is an historical play, actually made up of three short plays. It tells the story of Truganini, and covers the period 1817 to 1869 by which time all Tasmanian aborigines apart from Truganini had been exterminated. The production aimed to bring to our attention the fact that Australia has its own very genuine and articulate individuals as the program noted, “in this bicen
tenary year the play may help to focus a little attention on our continuing im
difference to the rights of the original occupants of this country”.

The first short play, THE OLD PIG, RAT, was a formal, stylised piece, that used chants, strobeparamenka, back projection, masks, mime and stylised movement to effectively dramatise the extermination of the aborigines in the face of the white man’s incredibility and ineptitude. Despite the fact that the movement wasn’t really the best, and that it was verbally a bit sterile—the points were still made crisply and tautly. The second play was a complete turn around. Suddenly we were in a land of zany, absurdist comedy and caricature and farce were entwined with projections and storytelling. It was a bit con
toundation through the play was very well acted by Guthrie Worby, as Robinson, Protector of the Aborigines. The third little play KING BILLY’S BONES was also stylistically different. A sombre, restrained realistic style was used to dramatise the last days of Truganini, the last of her race.

“CHILDERMAS is simply the story of the three wise men, Herod and the innocents. Childermas is the old name for the day when the slaughter of the innocents was celebrated. The play shows the wise men as corrupt
On The Horizon gives free space to musicians' ads, as well as free space to any worthwhile event about to take place. Last issue we mentioned the Montreux Jazz Festival and the Climax turn-up ed - all over Australia! So if you want forty million people to turn up to your next jumble sale, send us the details. But make sure that they are verifiable, and broadsheet, so that they are responsible for four million people being disappointed.

Revolution can, seriously, give wide publicity to your particular 'happenings', so send all relevant details to: "On The Horizon", c/o Revolution, 87 Drummond St., Carlton, 3053.

AQUARIUS
Aquarius is "a student cultural foundation" set up after last years' second Arts Festival at Melbourne University. Most things at that Festival, good and bad, were booked out, so Aquarius set out to become an undergraduate cultural organization, financed by businesses. Its aims are diverse and ambitious, and it looks as though it could become the first really effective such youth culture organization in this country.

Plans include a campus circuit for local and overseas artists, including progressive rock bands from overseas, and a chance for plays to go 'on the road'. There are further plans to import films from overseas and to establish a filmmaking grant for student films here. Theatre and cinema may also be the subjects of a summer school. An interest drama festival is scheduled for Perth in August?

Further details for N.C.A.U.S.

RATIONALISTS
The Rationalist Society of Australia meets each month at 528 Collins St., to discuss (rationally) various things that interest them. And more than one of their forthcoming events ought to be of broad interest. On May 20 (this and all subsequent dates fall on a Wednesday), Dr. Gorden Stills will speak on the "National Health Crisis" and, don't be too sure that this doesn't concern you, for you could be afflicted at a moment's notice with Glamper to a half-wit in 1678.

On June 17, Dr. David Potts speaks about "Hippie Communes In The Country." August 1 sees Mr. L. Daniel Gerrard where he re-established OZ magazine as the flipped-out psychedelic organ of the London underground.

PROSPECTUS
Prospectus is "the people's cultural foundation" set up last year at the Climax Festival. Most things at that Festival, good and bad, were booked out, so Prospectus set out to be the first really effective such youth culture organization in this country.

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Hells Angels (jumped on the Panthers of the press. Where are the anti-white racists, the riot inciters, the mindless gun totters. They are defending a theory which seems fair.'

This book presents the other side of the Black Panther story. It chronicles the persecution they have received from the troopers of the pigs and the pseudo-legalities of the courts, it documents their achievements in the ghettos and it explains the theoretical background to the Panthers' stand against white society. Reading the book it hard to believe that it's about the same group that one hears of through the 'normal' channels of the press. Where are the anti-white racists, the riot inciters, the mindless nihilists who murder peace loving police men with no provocation?

Quite simply, no where. The Black Panthers exposes the mass media's picture of the Panthers as the complete fabrication it is. In Marine's history of the Panther movement we can begin to understand why the organization grew up in the first place and why its role has been deliberately falsified by the racist press ever since. You may sneer at the racist label being applied to Australian newspapers yet let's look at a typical example:

Four students were gunned down in Oakland prompted front page headlines, photos, eyewitness accounts and sensationalist journalism from all our established press organs.

Another example of 'unconscious racism' during the Chicago Riot trial (see last month's Revolution), David Dellinger was cited by Judge Magoo Hoffman for contempt twice as many times as Bobby Seale (a Black Panther). Yet Seale's jail sentence was twice as long as Dellinger's. Blind justice — surely not, just blind racism.

Cleaver, via Fanon (author of The Wretched Of The Earth and other ex­ plores of the whites' exploitation of the underdeveloped countries) has developed a theory of U.S. colonialism. He regards the black ghettos of America (and the Mexican and Puerto Rican ones too) as being in fact colonies of the U.S.

He says that white Americans are imperialists — that the relation between white society and black ghetto is that of 'mother' country and suppressed colony. From this stand he argues that the problem for negroes is not to integrate themselves into white society but to free themselves from it.

For this reason the relationship between Black Panthers and white radicals is a rigid one. They are not interested in liberals who would help the down trodden black man raise himself to the level of the civilized white ('Black capitalism' is an anathema to the Pan­thers). But they are happy to co-operate with white radicals who are attempting to overthrow white society. Naturally any success at revolutionary the country will be of benefit to the colonies. But the Panthers say that the ghettoes are their business, let the white radicals keep out and get on with the problems in their country.

For this reason is that Panthers see the U.S. as being so rotten with racism that it is both absurd and impossible. Even white language is per­verse. Black is the symbol of evil in the white man's vocabulary — we talk of being in a 'black' mood, we say 'don't paint a black picture to the pub­lic'. We eat Nigger Boy licors, and so on ad nauseum. Not only this but the whole American culture and history is the negroes' contribution. How con­ceals all this, is debatable but it does mean that no black man can be (or in fact wish to be) integrated into such a society.

So the Panthers have set about liber­ating a country from the white imperials. Marine documents this struggle as a short biography of the Panthers: Huey Newton, Eldridge Cleaver and Bobby Seale; the three leading lights of the area were at first nonplussed, from San Francisco), negroes dressed in black berets and leather jackets and carrying loaded rifles and other automatic weapons.

The effect was electrifying, the police of the area were at first nonplussed and then angry. They began a campaign of bitter ferocity against the organization that defied their arrogant contempt of the inhabitants of Oakland.

Since then the legend of the Black Panthers has grown. The mass media has exposed the horrors of the Hells Angels (jumped on the Panthers as the next symbols of mindless violence destroying the American way of life. For the past four years American news media (and occasionally ours too) have built the Panthers up as ogres, violent revolutionaries who destroy the whole fabric of American society, races who would rape or castrate all decent white Americans, and above all as cop killers.

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We hope no ill-feeling exists between opponents and revolutionists.

We consider that a struggle for revolution against capitalism means.

We believe in the paramount importance of counter-revolution. The revolution has no intention of

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