The Rolling Stones' tour of America last year ran the gamut from agony to ecstasy. The agony was at Altamont on December 6 where the Stones held a free concert policed by the Hell's Angels.

The following article is condensed from America's top rock magazine Rolling Stone:

"I didn't know his name or anything, but he was standing alongside of me. You know, we were both watching Mick Jagger, and a Hell's Angel, the fat one. I don't know his name or anything, he reached over — he didn't like us being so close or something, you know, we were seeing Mick Jagger too well or something. He was just being up tight. He reached over and grabbed the guy beside me by the ear and hair and yanked on it, thinking it was funny, you know, kind of laughing. And so this guy shook loose, he yanked away from him!"

Now, this guy that you're talking about, is this the black guy that got killed?

"Yeah, right. Four other Hell's Angels jumped on him. They started mugging him and . . ."

This is when they claim he had the gun?

"No, no, he didn't pull out the gun yet. One Hell's Angel pulled out a knife and stabbed him in the back.

The black guy pulled out a gun and held it in the air you know like that was kind of his last resort. Some chick screamed 'Don't shoot,' and he was too scared to shoot because he could have shot anyone in the crowd. And one of the Hell's Angels grabbed the gun from him and stabbed him again in the back."

Robert Hiatt was the first doctor to reach 18-year-old Meredith Hunter after the fatal wounds. "It was obvious he just wasn't going to make it. There was no equipment there to treat him with." Hiatt was behind the stage and responded to Jagger's calls from the stage for a doctor.

The incredible thing was that the promoters had asked the Hell's Angels to act as "security" guards. "Jagger was very, very shattered," according to an associate who was with the Stones post-Altamont.

Mick Taylor, the newest Rolling Stone, was still aghast at what had happened when contacted in London shortly after his return from Altamont.

"It was just completely barbaric, like there was so much violence there it took all the fun out of it for me. There was violence taking place in front of the stage, right in front of us. I was frightened for all of us. The Hell's Angels had a lot to do with it. The people who were working getting the concert together thought it would be a good idea to use them as a security force. They're just very, very violent people."

Photographer John Young moved in with his Leica to capture some of the bashing, and wound up with 13 stitches in his head. The Angels were beating a couple of naked people to the ground during Santana's. In moments the nudies were up again, and Young started taking pictures, when the Angels resumed bashing them. An Angel spotted him amongst other photographers, and soon several were bashing him.

All these things happened, and worse. Altamont was the product of diabolical egotism, hype, ineptitude, money manipulation, and at base, a fundamental lack of concern for humanity. The 300,000 people, anonymous bodies huddled together on the little dirt hills, were indeed an instant city — a decaying urban slum complete with its own air pollution. Before the Stones appeared, about a dozen Angels ploughed through the crowd on their bikes. Meredith Hunter wasn't the only one who never made it some from Altamont. Three others died that day, two from a fist and run into case, one by jumping onto an irrigation ditch. The falling water over powered him.

Mick Jagger's calls from the stage for a doctor. Meredith Hunter wasn't the only one who never made it some from Altamont. Three others died that day, two from a fist and run into case, one by jumping onto an irrigation ditch. The falling water over powered him.

Altamont was the result of yellow pills given away in the crowd and said to be organic acid. Several hummed out when they drank wine without knowing that it had acid in it.

A man had died before the Stones' eyes. Did they give a damn? Yes or no? No. According to Gwen Hunter, the 17-year-old sister of the dead man, "None has contacted us. The Stones should have. But I didn't expect them to because I know they don't care. They should have called my mother, but they didn't because it doesn't matter to them. They just go off somewhere and start another rock festival!"

None has offered even the slightest condolences to the family. A San Francisco attorney has advised the Hunter family that they have an excellent case for criminal negligence against the Stones since they, in fact, hired Hell's Angels. Those who tried to help victims of the Angels during the violence were soon set upon. Marty Balin, of Jefferson Airplane was one of the people who found out the hard way.

Ralph J. Gleason wrote: "Why did Jagger and Cutler (one of the promoters) put the Angels with a truckload of free beer in charge of stage security? Why did Grateful Dead and others involved go along with the idea? Now it has ended in murder. And that was murder. Somebody stabbed that man five times in the back. Overkill, like Pinkville. Like a Chicago cops reaction to long hair. Is this the new community? Is this what Woodstock promised?"

Meanwhile as the arguments raged, scavengers were combing over the grounds for pop bottles they could turn in for deposit, and several had taken place ex-lax and valuables that were left behind. Who knows, maybe the festival for them will have been worth it.

For Rolling Stones reports on the aftermath of the concert read pages four and five.
JULY 3 DEMONSTRATION

American Independence Day (the fourth of July) has traditionally been the time for mass action against American Imperialism. This year July 4th falls on a Saturday and there have been a lot of arguments about whether the Friday evening (before the 4th) or the Saturday would be the best time for a demonstration.

The Brisbane and Sydney committees (earlier ovres from the Moratorium orga- nizations) have both decided on the Friday and up until Thursday 18th Fri- day. We feel that this doesn't mean there has been a big split and so Mel- bourne will have two demonstrations.

Though our arguments point to Fri- day afternoon being the ideal time for a demonstration (mainly because of the organizations involved in the July 4th campaign and the Communist Par- ty, Save Our Sons, Carlton SDS and anarchists plus various other leftist groups) we feel that the leadership of the committee was too heavy with revo- lutionists and the event picked on the time as an issue through which they could take advantage.

On Thursday 18th things came to a head. A motion was put at an open meet- ing and the time should be changed to Saturday. After two hours of discussion the motion was passed but a vote was held out of the Fridays because it seemed to lead to Saturday. It was carried but some people were there who felt the whole thing was a straight power struggle and not about the solution big issue. They agreed with a choice (always a good thing).

Arguments against Friday included such insinuates as "If rains in the after- noon (ready) and "the police will beat us up in the dark". The argument was that the police are going to do any beating up, which is unlikely, they're just able to do it the daytime.

As the original committee is still run- ning things the Friday Melbourne demo is still on at 4 o'clock in the Treasury Gardens (so everyone is cool). If you can't make it Friday, the C.P. will be out in force on Saturday outside the Ameri- can consulate at 10.00 a.m.

The demonstration is basically against American imperialism and for a definite advance from the rather vague demands of the Moratorium. It calls for an immediate end to American hostili- ties in South East Asia and recognition of the National Liberation Front in South Vietnam as the popular govern- ment. The next step in the attempt to influence our rulers towards a sane foreign policy deserves to be supported by everyone. The organizers hope to see on the streets thousands of people, voicing their protest, we hope that happens.

DESIGN EXHIBITION

If you want to gain an insight into the connection between the designing process and its outlet — namely mass producing products in the modern capitalist state — then trip along to the Australian Design Centre, Princess Gate, the Moratorium figure prominently in your columns. I hope to become a reg- ular contributor to your paper becomes a Junior Tribune than I am afraid you will lose your forty- one cents each month.

I am not a conservative nor radical— somewhere in between. I am a supporter of Australia's involvement in the war but I am not honored to fight there. I want peace as much as the next man, but the only peace that will satisfy me is when all American and Communist Chinese troops are with- drawn from South Vietnam.

People condemn our involvement in Vietnam, but it is not their fault or Chinese and Russian involvement. How can people expect Australia to withdraw only to have fights in Australia or is it that they would like to be dominated by the Communist Party Machine? Well I for one want a choice in who dominates me either he be socialist, fasci or capi- tist.

J. G. Jenkinson

Lord's Casey

Flinders Street, Melbourne.

The exhibition is being staged by the Instituto di Meridione, with R.M.I.T.'s Industrial Design school. It opens from 9.30 a.m. — 3.50 p.m., weekdays until July 27. The films on design and exhibitions of paper sculpture are also available.

Available also in Melbourne now is a new type of theatre experience — the concept of which is just emerging in Australia. It's a 'throw' out from the traditional orientated theatre — still too reluctant to try anything less than 2 years old in content.

The scene involves creative music, theatre and visual arts, and is located at the Parthenian Galleries Workshop, 33 Russell St., Melbourne.

FLAMENCO COMING

Brilliant Flamenco guitarist Paco Pe- na starts his Australian tour on the 11th July at the Conservatorium. Other dates are—13th Conservatorium, 15th St. George's Hall, 17th Sydney Town Hall, 19th at the Adelaide Town Hall.

FREE DISCO

This Friday at Berties disco in Melbourne is now a free night at which you can choose between two totally different groups, interested in be part of the entertainment contact Berties or Peter Andrew at Let It Be, A. Indochina.

ON THE HORIZON

CONTINUED ON PAGE 31
JULY 1 - AUGUST

"Of it, we sort of played where he put us. No Faith. Winwood remarked about what is now soon as it was called Blind Faith," Stevie

late cream cake? I was really fed up as soon as Robert Stigwood got a holdi what was worse was that everyone in

building in L.A. that looks like a chocolate
talion musicians. "We needed to play play really terrible one night and get

Stevie: First, the three of them have to get off the ground. can't do, like "Heaven is in Your Mind." says to his enthusiastic admirers — an

"When you get to the reality of the things, Stevie says, "I don't think Stevie Stills wants to play with us. We'd like playing with him and George Harrison, too. We want to play with other people. On an album or a tour, with a time, to get it together. But we'd better get the three of us off of our ground. We've got to get ourselves to first and finish our album off in May and then we'll look out."

Stevie talks of his new house "up on the other side of Oxford" as if he were really talking about the reformed Traf

"We're going through the hill of folk stuff which is our land and which isn't. We're getting the surveyor's report. Yeh, I've been getting myself together. It's been a real tight situation.

I notice his right thumb is bandaged. "Some people blame the guy who slammed the door, but what was my hand doing there? I don't remember, it's no good having your hands involved with your head."

Jim is striking maracas against the mike to test it. Chris and Steve adjust their sound equipment. "We want people to listen to us," Chris says, "which is why we're going to perform with only 100 watts for each of us."

Never before has Traffic sounded so much like a chamber music ensemble with its small instrument, Chris plays or gan and Stevie begins singing a beautiful new Traffic song: "Once again I'm north west bound is a We travelled on together searching for the end. And the words and that special psychodelic-soothing-infinity sound that defines Traffic gather the room into the music.

They fall happily into older songs like "No Time to Lose," "Medicated Gas," and "Pearly Queen." And they do "John Barleycorn," a 16th century folk song, about corn and the earth and what it goes through. Then Rich Rieves Haven's "Parable of Ramona," performed almost as a folk ballad. ("One day we did it with acoustic guitar, flute, and triangle; another day with two guitarists," and "Neil Young's 'I've Been Walking For You.'"

Jim went out to pick up some refreshments and came back. "I smashed the car up," Jim says. "Coming out of the alleyway where I was parked."

Stevie: "What did you hit?"

Jim: "Some kid comes screaming down the street as we came out and pushed me into Glynn John Robinson's (crashing sound). The chick's screaming at me. Everyone's giving me mounting lectures, man. It was one of those things. Wherever the chick was today, she said to me and we were going to meet on that flamin' corner. She didn't have much to say so I went to see me. She was really close. She's just picked up her car from the garage, it had just been jacked. And she hit mine. My immediate reaction is . . . nothin'! Everybody's flippin' and I can't flip. Let's do a number now. (Announcer's voice): This is a new record called 'Body Damage!'"

Jim plays bass riff on sax: Stevie plays long sustained organ chords under a melodic line of what is like hundreds of repeating car horns. Jim lays the destroyer down. I'm the wunder."

Stevie's on drums. Funnies noises. Jim on tambourine, dancing "Bonito-Don't-break-with-you. . . . She wanted a melody of sluggish. Jim croons, imitat ing Stevan's 'Na Na Hey Hey — Kiss Him Goodbye.'

Ay-ay Nah-yah
Ay-ay Nah-yah
Yay Yar

Ahh Aah
Caterwauling, growling. Stevie rocking on drums.

Jim, Tony Bennett croon: "Shucks!" Like Screamin' Jay Hawkins and James Brown: "Good God! Aigh! Uddly Old Emooch." After this incredible half hour scat session, Stevie picks up his guitar and plays R and B and rock figures for 20 minutes, and it's as if there were three guitars tuning into and backing each other.

"Are you going to do all this at the Roundhouse?" I ask.

"We'd Seg the three of them have to get off the ground.

Lit, you've got to keep mov ing.

"Do you miss not being four mu

Erasure Clapton: "Miles wants to be a pop star... he wants exposure!

Miles wants to be a pop star in the same sense that he wants exposure in the pop world, and feels that he can turn on his people if he has that exposure," says Bruce. "If everyone dings it, it would be nice to play in Europe."

Stevie: "I can think put together a better rock and roll band than Jimi Hendrix's."

Meanwhile, Clapton is getting together a new band, which will debut on June 17th at the Lyceum Ballroom in London. In a charity concert to tribute to Dr. Spock for the American Civil Liberties Legal Defense Fund, to help defray the defense costs of the Chicago Seven.

With Clapton will be one-time De lany and Bonnie organist Robbie White lock, D B & B bass player Carl Radle, and, hopefully, D & B’s original drummer Jim Keltner. Hopefully, because Clapton has not yet been able to track Keltner down. George Harrison will probably be at the Lyceum too, as will Stevie Win wood if Traffic’s in L.A. But Whitlock, Radle and Keltner will be the nucleus of Clapton’s own band, which will scotch all the singing he does on Eric's solo album, which is currently being recorded.

Eric Clapton is looking to stick to White lock for the vocals, actor Nicol William's has his own ideas. With Ann, Fonda, Simon Sinnerott, Mist Favor, Andy and Don, we're going to make a record," says Clapton. "I'll be the nucleus of a new band that will include the Civil Liberties Defense Fund."

Eric Clapton: Miles wants to be a pop star... he wants exposure!

It's just a matter of going some where."

Stevie says as we say goodbye, the rush melting the Maven traffic in the Grove.

From ROLLING STONE
WHERE DOES THE LEGALITY LIE?

By the Editors of Rolling Stone

SAN FRANCISCO — A 21-year-old Hell's Angel who was said to be involved in the murder of the Rolling Stones' tour manager has been transferred to a New York state prison on los Angeles to when we arrive in New York, because in fact it wasn't true. He'd gotten two and three-quarters to four and one-quarter inches in depth. Forthcoming from Rolling Stone will be a new inquiry into many of the unanswered questions from Altamont. While much of what went on down there is still a mystery, some things have been made public in the last four months.

Scull, the Cutter says, Filmways decided to go in with loaded guns standing around. He was a violent, heavy, downer, black-and-white movie. He had his own ass to look out for. It was such a weird trip. It was a violent, heavy, downer, black-and-white movie. He had his own ass to look out for. It was such a weird trip.

There was some surprise at the indictments, but John Jaymes is a nobody, Cutter said. He's got a great business mind. He's got the Rolling Stones, he never has been and he never will be, though he has been represented that way. John Jaymes is like a crusader. I mean, like one of those. And says, OK, this is the way I've got to offer, right, and I'll give it to you, and although I'm not extorting you to do anything about it, it would be goofy if you could see your way for rewarding this, right?

"Well, that's John Jaymes. John Jaymes came on the tour—the reason for the tour to Los Angeles was that the Chrysler Corporation had managed the deal for the Stones in Los Angeles, which we've lost, man. We couldn't locate. We found three of them, two of them "fppking useless." The third one, he had his own advertising business, right? Who—as far as I've been able to find out, he was from New York City, and people in San Francisco to when we arrive in New York, because in fact it wasn't true. He'd gotten two and three-quarters to four and one-quarter inches in depth. Forthcoming from Rolling Stone will be a new inquiry into many of the unanswered questions from Altamont. While much of what went on down there is still a mystery, some things have been made public in the last four months.

When Alameda County Sheriff Larry Jensen announced the March 24th arrest of James David Passaro, who was said to be involved in the murder of the Rolling Stones' tour manager at Altamont, Alameda County District Attorney Lowell Jensen said that the investigation included interviews with more than 1000 people. The key evidence against Passaro was the film footage of the Maysles Brothers, who filmed the entire concert for their documentary on the Stones tour. Several other suspects had already been arrested, and one of them, a member of attorney Charles Scully's legal team, had been transferred to a New York state prison on los Angeles to when we arrive in New York, because in fact it wasn't true. He'd gotten two and three-quarters to four and one-quarter inches in depth. Forthcoming from Rolling Stone will be a new inquiry into many of the unanswered questions from Altamont. While much of what went on down there is still a mystery, some things have been made public in the last four months.

According to Alameda County Sheriff Larry Jensen, the Grand Jury indictment, San Francisco attorney Jaymes is a man with connections, right? Who—as far as I've been able to find out, he was from New York City, and people in San Francisco to when we arrive in New York, because in fact it wasn't true. He'd gotten two and three-quarters to four and one-quarter inches in depth. Forthcoming from Rolling Stone will be a new inquiry into many of the unanswered questions from Altamont. While much of what went on down there is still a mystery, some things have been made public in the last four months.

The man Cutler keyed on, however, was John Jaymes, whose role in the Stones' organization had never been made clear. But as it turned out, Jaymes seemed to be everywhere on the tour, like he was running it single-handedly or something. Who is he?

"John Jaymes is a nobody, Cutter says. He's got a great business mind. He's got the Rolling Stones, he never has been and he never will be, though he has been represented that way. John Jaymes is like a crusader. I mean, like one of those. And says, OK, this is the way I've got to offer, right, and I'll give it to you, and although I'm not extorting you to do anything about it, it would be goofy if you could see your way for rewarding this, right?

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There are five stab wounds listed on the Stones concert. He has since been transferred to Deer Island near Novato in Marin County, 35 miles north of San Francisco, turned out to be just a site. The concert, Cutter says, Filmways decides to claim 50 percent of the film revenues. Thus, another deal falls through.

In almost no time, some more wheeling and dealing brought them Altamont. Scull, Cutter says, Filmways has to view it for the first time just twenty minutes before Santana's set was on. Scull was almost too happy to do the job. One of the biggest mistakes—Cutter could do nothing about it—was that the whole thing would have been very cool if we had a twelve-foot-high stage, with one set of steps at the back, he says now.

But they never seriously considered cancelling, he admitted, because, the energy that had been building all the time was a kind of buoyant, vibrant energy, and it was also a very powerful thing. We rented 18 different cars and we could find three.

So Chrysler sent their public relations people with the film, Go By Be Material man, John Jaymes. So this fat, very manurion, very archetypal American...From San Francisco to when we arrive in New York, because in fact it wasn't true. He'd gotten two and three-quarters to four and one-quarter inches in depth. Forthcoming from Rolling Stone will be a new inquiry into many of the unanswered questions from Altamont. While much of what went on down there is still a mystery, some things have been made public in the last four months.

"I think it disintegrated because no one knew how to handle the fact that the Stones had decided, for their benefit, to play for free, quote, quote, in San Francisco. No one knew how to handle it. No one knew how to handle it, and I don't think I knew how to handle it. We did our best. But we got caught up in the bullsh—

That nobody knew how to handle it was obvious in the manner in which the Hell's Angels completely took over the festival. Even today, Cutter still doesn't like to talk about the Angels; it looks like he's becoming a San Francisco resident, and people in San Francisco don't generally criticize the Hell's Angels publicly because it's neither cool nor healthy. Quite, as Cutter explains it, "I'm not putting the Angels down at all. There's no doubt, for example, that the Angels—that a lot of cats got hurt that didn't deserve to get hurt. Because they were in the way. The Angels had a bum trip on 'em. No doubt about that—they walked into it. There wasn't a lot of hurt about that either. Right in the beginning a number of Angels tried to sue us, because we had killed them. They got worse and worse for them. And it was a blacker and blunter sort of crap. Talk to the Angels. You'll find 20 Angels out of the 300 or however many were there who had a group of 20 who stayed at the Angels. The rest of them had a total bummers.

The exact nature of the understanding between the Angels and the concert promoters, if indeed there was any understanding, is still uncertain. Cutter admits the Angels were given $500 worth of beer by the Stones, but insists they were not hired as security. They were told it was going to be a party, and presumably, the beer was to make them more festive.

According to Cutter, prior to the festival, "I asked how one deals with the different groups in this area. If you're organizing a thing for 300,000 people, how do you deal with 300,000 people? What do the Angels want, what does anybody want out of it? So as part of this process of finding out, we went to see the Angels. Rock Scully and I and Emmett Grogan went to see the Angels.

"Now the Angels didn't want anything out of it. The Angels aren't cops; they wouldn't police an event, and nobody would invite them to.

The obvious question, then, is how they ended up in that role. To which Cutter only replies that they did even though nobody expected them to, and that he didn't want any police in any form for the concert.

"The only Angels I ever talked to were the San Francisco Angels," he claims. "They were coming to a party. And it was clearly understood between them and me and Rock and everyone else that it was a party. That's what we wanted it to be.

But the Angels definitely were given $500 worth of beer—"Five hundred bucks? Peanuts. What's five hundred bucks to the Rolling Stones?"— paid for by the Stones, prior to the concert.

"The Dead have bought beer for the Angels. The Alpinete have bought beer for the Angels, lots of groups have. The traditional way of making it all cool and groovy and calm and nice for the Angels and for everybody else is to get a supply of beer in; the Angels give it out
JULY 1 - AUGUST

and drink it and have a party at their bus. It's happened before and it's happened successfully. No reason to believe that it wouldn't happen successfully again."

Then why do the Angels claim they were hired as security?

"That's an honest misconception on their part. No one in the whole world can hire the Angels to do anything."

Cutler has now worked himself somewhat into the Grateful Dead circle, and seems to be pretty happy with them. "As people, they are real, there's no bullshit about them, there's no pop star charisma about them," he says.

"It's a sad thing that lots of things that I will say will kind of muck up whatever kind of degree of friendship that exists between me and the Rolling Stones," he laments. "I guess that with some members of the Rolling Stones that kind of friendship is pretty low and with other members it might be a bit better, but that's life, ain't it? Or that's life with the Rolling Stones, life in the pop melee. I think it's miserable."

"I don't think the Rolling Stones, as a group, have acted honorably. They haven't acted honorably quite simply because of all the shit that's been flying, directed at me, and Mick Jagger has made no attempt, at all, to protect me. Maybe I'm old-fashioned. I believe that if I work my guts out for somebody, and make 'em a lot of bread—which I did for example at Hyde Park—from the Hyde Park concert which the Stones made $400,000 out of, that's what they got for the American film rights. I got not one penny. And I dug doing it."

"The Angels found the |man so repulsive that he just had to get hit!"

"Well, for the start they should clearly and unequivocally come out with what they're going to do with the money," he suggested. "The Maysles Brothers should quite clearly state that their half of the film is profit. In other words, that the money is not being given to anything, it's not being given to any kind of a charity or anything."
I was in Vancouver early last August when we heard about Woodstock from an ad in the local underground paper, The Georgia Straight. Having just spent two months in Alberta doing road work, we were looking for something to get our heads together again. I guess our reaction to the ad was typical of a lot of people. Apart from wondering disbelief at the huge list of top bands, the conversation all over North America was going something like: Woodstock? Isn't that where Dylan lives?

We waited a few days and saw Blind Faith, then drove three thousand miles in three days back to Montreal in the VW. After a night's sleep, we picked up a fourth passenger, and headed north to the New York border.

"Woodstock" was not at Woodstock itself, but on a farm near a little village called White Lake, somewhat further downstream toward New York City. At the border, the heads were already queued up, trying to hitch through. I was lucky when they asked for ID, getting through on my Canadian social-insurance card. We noticed more and more cars full of long-haired people the closer we got to White Lake; this was starting to look like something of a pilgrimage. The streets of Montecello, a small town ten miles before White Lake, were full of heads shopping and milling around. The straights were too long for there to be any real contact; people sprawled out in it, right down the day before - we came to a wire fence - the crowd had pushed past, not really enjoying themselves, not just standing to look. It was like any holiday camp, except that police had blocked roads, no fences - the crowd had pulled them over eight hours to reach the access road to the farm. Cars were parked all along both sides of the road, and eventually the cars on the road took over all lanes, jamming them in that one direction. In addition, thousands of people were walking in. There were dozens of teeny boppers everywhere, all those dark-haired, big breasted Jewish chicks from New York ("Far out man, what's your sign?").

It was a warm night, and we sat on the roof of the VW, watching all the heads and freaks and hippies go by. But those labels were nothing now; they were just people. The only ones with a label were the straight people, the families standing in front of their houses along the roadside: freaked into wondering smiles. Moms with cookies, kids with lemonade; most were trying to sell, but some were giving it away, already getting those Woodstock vibes. Big smoking joints were being passed in and out of cars and down the line. One guy was tripping down the road handing out handfuls of "peace pills". But more about these later.

I guess it was about 11 o'clock when it rained for a while. We picked up a spud from East Orange, New Jersey, and spent the time smoking and saying what everyone else was saying: Like wow, I don't believe this man.

Finally, about 1 a.m., a flashing red light appeared up ahead in the dark. We had made it to the access road. A lone cop, The Sullivan County Sherriff, was battling with the chaos and looking pretty freaked. We squeezed the VW into a triple-parked place right opposite the entrance. People were coming out from the first night's performance. We had missed people like Ravi Shankar, Joan Baez, Al Kooper, Arlo Guthrie and Tim Hardin. But the best was yet to come. The night was warm and the vibes were good, and we crashed in the clamp, sweet smelling grass.

Saturday
On Saturday morning, at about 10 o'clock we went down the access road towards the stage. Cops had not been asked, or even wanted to go in there. Peace was everywhere. People were selling all kinds of dope and beads and things from little stalls in the trees. Others were camped out in tents and campers, cooking over little fires. I guess they had been there for days. It was like any holiday camp, except everyone was stoned. People were really enjoying themselves, not just playing at it.

Passing through the wreckage of the fences but some were being pulled apart down the day before - we came to a blockage and ZAP. There it was, a huge natural amphitheatre, with maybe 100,000 people sprawled out in it. Right down at the bottom was the stage, with two huge towers of speakers, maybe sixty feet high, on either side. There were also three other towers of spotlights. But just so many people. We walked hundreds of yards down through the crowd, and found two square yards of muddy grass about fifty yards from the stage.

They were playing a record of Joan Baez singing Bob Dylan, which they used a lot during breaks - kept us peaceful I suppose. About twelve o'clock a band called Quill from Boston started the music, followed by two other groups, including a good one called Mountain; I think from New York. All during this time, whenever there was a break, there was an endless stream of announcements being read out. Half of them were just lost people trying to find each other, but the other half were just unreal. "Frank, meet George in front of the stage, and bring his epilepsy pills." "Jamie, Charlie needs his insulin" etc. etc. All those people suffering from epilepsy, diabetes, asthma etc. Who's kidding who? Because during all this was the wettest running report I've ever heard: The acid news. From the beginning there were warnings of trouble from the purple peace pills. Already the hospital tent was filling with people on bad trips.

After the first alarms, somebody came on and said that maybe it was O.K. False alarms; just a few uptight people having a rough time. The word was: "Go ahead. If you have any trouble go to the hospital tent. But a little while later - bad news. Maybe the purple acid wasn't so bad, but the green acid was something else. The guy's ominous tones said like: Something bad is happening, but I don't want to say what it is, in case I freak other people out. Then again, a little while later, the same guy came on and said: We'd better cool it. Now the brown acid. That's something else again. There were numerous appeals for girls to go to the hospital tent, to act as head nurses.

Finally Joe McDonald came on, and said that he's from the San Francisco Bay area, and they do a lot of acid around there, and the stuff here is all bad, so cool it. Everybody should get stoned on the country air. But now there were 400000 people listening to all this, and some guy comes on and started group leading everybody on breathing. Maybe 100000 people are breathing, but it seemed like most people were stoned to get involved. It was all just floating by.

Some more people played - John Sebastian, The Incredible String Band. Joe McDonald did a set on acoustic guitar, including his crowd pleasing tune-up. Give me an F, a D, a G. The crowd gives them, "What does that spell?"

Towards the end of the afternoon Canned Heat came on. I guess the whole Woodstock thing really started then. Everybody got up to dance, shacking out the dump, the near boredom; and started to shake out a lot of other things too. When you're stoned out of your head in a crowd of 400000 heads, all dancing to Canned Heat, I guess you've got no doubts that you're where it's at. Nudists started gearimg off and running around; everyone is feeling good - alive.

At night the Joshua light show put on a huge, all-stops-out, rhythm-synchro­nated show. It was on a great canvas screen backstage from a platform built up behind it. The bands came on, all of them no good. The Grateful Dead, Janis Joplin, I can't remember them all now. Except that Creedence Clearwater Revival went over very big, but Sly and the Family Stone stole the show. The night was warm and smoke drifted everywhere. People lit fires and they sprayed those big spotlights around.

Towards dawn The Who came on, straining the sound system to new levels. You can dig watching Pete Townshend bash his guitar up in the sunrise doing My Generation. It was during these times I was charged on, trying to stir us up about the White Panther leader John Sinclair, he had been given 10 years for giving a nark two joints. He was also manager of the MES (Motor City 5), a good thing but kind of weird band from Detroit. Pete Townshend bulldozed Hoffman off the stage with his guitar; also a
couple of photographers too, if I re-
member. That wasn't what Woodstock
was about. The Revolution was history
at Woodstock. This was after it had
happened.
I finally staggered back to the car as
the last band, the Jefferson Airplane,
were starting their set. It was getting
to be too much. I had to eat and
sleep, wow! sleep.

SUNDAY
Saturday had been overwhelming in
the music, the size of the crowd, and
the incredible birth of the Woodstock
event, from all the things that had
come together there. But Sunday was
probably wierder in its events.
By now Woodstock was a continuous
headline in the New York Times, and
world news. It was the third largest
city in New York State and an un-
official disaster area. If we were not
directly aware of where we stood with
the outside world - and we weren't,
who cared? Then we were told what
was going on by the organiser. The
organisers were always anxious to tell
us how great we were - nervous flattery.
They had good reason to be nervous.
What would we do next? Large crowds
of Americans just aren't in the habit
of gathering together without some
type of disaster. As it was the whole
thing was an organisational disaster.
Every gas station within twenty miles
was dry. Emergency food and water
supplies were being rushed in. The Hog
Farm commune were working like hell
keeping things going there. The air
was constantly full of helicopters - among
them army ones bringing in medical
supplies, taking out bad cases. And the
old King of the Amps had a wall
of amplifiers straining the speaker sys-
tem to its highest limits at the festival.
Apart from Mitch Mitchell (Granny
Gooose) on hongos, there was an all
black band, including a far out cat from
Uganda I think, called Juma, on flute.
Hendrix had been living and playing
with this group at his place near Wood-
stock, since the Experience split up.
Most of their set was some good jam-
ing, but interspersed with some old
hits, like Foxy Lady. Hendrix was
obviously in a good mood, he played a
lot of versions of Hey Joe.
After about 5 hours the music came on
again. Country Joe and the Fish did a
higher set this time. Joe McDonald
did a lot of writhing around the stage,
I guess judging Jim Morrison. His
organist, Mark Kapner, did one number
with his little ukelele, about one foot
long. He then lumbered about the
stage with it, poured lighter fluid on
it, burnt and smashed it, and threw
the remains into the crowd in a speech
satire on Jimi Hendrix effort at the
Monterey Pop Festival.

There was no light show that night.
But who cared when the line-up included
Ten Years After, The Paul Butter-
field Blues Band, Blood, Sweat and
Tears, The Santana Blues Band, Crosby,
Stills, Nash and Young, Johnny Winter,
and The Band going over the biggest.
Maybe one guy cared. He was an
abnormal nudist, wandering around berat-
ing the crowd about the evils of
electronic music. But you can't please
everybody.

About 8 o'clock on Monday morning,
the last tens of thousands of people
scattered amongst the garbage and
mouldering fires from the cold night
before, were just dying - I felt like I
was - for Jimi Hendrix. But not yet.
Shanana came on, a last minute re-
placement with Paul Butterfield, for
Ivan Butterfly and Jeff Beck. They
are a group of Columbia students work-
ing on the side, but very successful.
They do satires on 1950's hit paradise
music. I guess they have released a
record here now, but much of their
appearance is visual. A greasy lead guitarist
spits at the audience, the lead singer
is pretty and combs his hair a lot, and
other guys dance around and clap their
hands together. They sing things like
Teen Angel and Who Wrote the Book
of Love: All very camp but the crowd
was not up to it by then. Signs of
relief when they finished, and at last
Jimi Hendrix came on.

The old King of the Amps had a wall
of amplifiers straining the speaker sys-
tem to its highest limits at the festival.
Repressive Paraphrase: Revolution

These days anybody can be proud of being a revolutionary. This does not refer to the old-style subversive revolutionary who would probably be driven out of this country or Vietnam or Vietnamese jungles. It means rather the new-style "counter" of our own society — the new look revolution which has an individualism that is often signified a total challenge to everything that the "old" revolution stands for, or French Revolution (or theory) (e.g. the psychoanalytical revolution) now means changing to a different brand of with revolution as a revolution that another nation and that is a revolution in which there is a revolution in a new self-styled revolutionary T.V. program conducted by that time-honored of radical and revolutionary martyr of the oppositional of the content of the term "revolution" has been either subverted and Social Democratic Party. It means whatever those who are in a population. The system which maximises profit is the system which is the functional one, i.e. it serves functions of the old. Such a group, probably the new one that the sexual revolution is a social the opposition, that the subject送货 to the essence of an object (manufactured for you by someone else). Psychologically, the subject送货 to the essence of an object. Now that the majority of people’s basic needs are satisfied, advertising must be directed to the satisfaction of these needs. The system which maximises profit destroys individuality. Goods are produced not to please the consumer but to please the individual who pays for them. The function of advertising is to divert these aggressive feelings on the established society. Revolution is no danger when it is run by capitalists in their own interests.

The people will have a sense of participatory individualism and self-control. These programs are brought to you by the makers of a standardized iconoclasm "designed especially for your comfort". That the promoters of the new T.V. program "care about you" is evidenced by the fact that the bright-faced T.V. personality is enthusiastically speaking "directly to you" through the television set in your sitting room. Ironically the human subject is supposed to become itself by taking itself as an object of desire and the "institutionalization" as socially acceptable. Sex outside marriage (both pre- and extra-) is condemned as increasing numbers of people. The Pill has removed an important barrier to the free expression of sexual needs. Sexuality has also entered the office and sexiness sells merchandise in the mass media. Sex is a commodity to be bought and sold on the consumer market.

Predictions as to the radicalizing effects of television, however, are often exaggerated. We do not believe that people would be corrupted, and that they would lose everything they hold dear. We do not want to predict whether this newspaper will have a clear-cut case of political repression or not. The Mandel affair is by no means a clear-cut case of political repression and even when it is, the government is the freer of the exclusive ideas that it is not interested in suppressing it, although it stops short of banning Marxists since this type of action permits a discussion of the ideas. It is true that Mandel is denied a visa and that these differences are not in range of his "national interest". The Mandel affair is by no means a clear-cut case of political repression or not.

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The breaking up of Cream was lamented as no such split had been seen before. Even now, their albums are still being released. Live Cream has only recently come out in the United States and no doubt we'll see it here shortly.

The backgrounds of Jack Bruce, Ginger Baker and Eric Clapton are well enough known to need no retelling; suffice it to say that, at Cream's birth, you would have looked long and far before you came across any three musicians of comparable stature. From the first, everyone had their idea of what Cream was going to be; then as to if they were having none of it, Cream released its first album which completely suitable anything of any them had done before. This single contained nothing 'heavy', no solos, and no shadow of the blues. It was 'Wrapping Paper', and it was a remarkable sure beginning. It established the fact that Cream was to be its own brand, with absolute musical freedom, in no way limited by anyone else's preconceptions. It also established, more tangibly, one of Cream's major themes; this is important, because Cream remains the only band to set down lyrical themes and pursue them over the course of a number of LP's. These were the connected themes of isolation (disillusion and alienation. These themes led them to the most consciously escapist lyrics in rock; paradoxically, the music was always rigidly structured, never 'free' in the sense of free-form.

'Wrapping Paper' is a song of isolation and disenchantment, yet it is one of the more optimistic of Cream's songs. It echoes the sea with tinkling piano and soft, distant guitar. Jack Bruce's breathy vocal perfectly fits the mood of lightness and peace.

Moving softly as the wind on the sea
Wrapping paper in the gutter,
Ginger Baker's fantastic 'What A Bringdown'. I don't know how seriously you write about this song — it exists as some part of a dream does; when you listen to it you're reminded of something you can't quite put your finger on. (If it doesn't affect you like that, and you can't see what I'm talking about, I just said it to be evil.)

Goodbye's finest moments are taken up by Ginger Baker's fantastic 'What A Bringdown'. I don't know how seriously he takes his song-writing, but it's clear that his abilities are out of the ordinary, both musically and lyrically. I was vastly disappointed by 'Do What You Like on Blind Faith's LP' (which was in general a half-hearted and uninspired recording), because it represented a return to the earlier style of writing which Ginger outgrew on Wheels Of Fire and Goodbye. Like the best songs by Bruce-Brown, 'What A Bringdown' throws you headlong into another Universe, each part of which is some fragment of its composer's imagination — and a touch of Lewis Carroll, too!

Well, Cream is no more, and we probably won't see its members together again (at least not without David Bell and friends joining in!), so we're left with only these recordings. Disraeli Gears, the studio-recorded Wheels Of Fire and part of Goodbye will survive whatever changes in taste impose upon modern music. And as long as these records are still available, Cream will live as one of the finest of rock bands.

—ROB SMYTH
"I was taught to speak very good English, as you can see I speak very clearly - but the sound of myself inside is the sound of the music and that's what I was after............"

**TAJ MAHAL**

Taj, you were born and bred in New York City — How did you develop such an acute and sensitive feeling for country blues?

Well okay, aside from a few minor changes, I moved from New York City when I was a very young child, to Massachusetts and, in my culture, the black American culture, music is a great part of the culture as you will understand. It's a greater part of the sensitive feeling of the black people. The language that I was taught to speak was very good English — as you can see I speak, very clearly, at that sort of the sound of music is that the sound of the music and that's what I was after. And so, I just sought after the music to do that.

Do you think that white men can play the blues properly — can they really understand the blues?

There are a number of gentlemen who I know that can play to the point where they feel it. That's the only way I have to judge it and I haven't seen them all. I've heard a lot of the records on record. I think anybody can feel, but it depends upon what sort of background you come out of — like for instance the English — I think the English find it a little more than the Americans do. Just by the way they keep their country, it's a different thing.

I suppose the ultimate audience to play to would be a black audience. There's a rare instance in the States of what I'm doing and they're now starting to turn toward our way you know — to see what we have to say about what's going on. But, that would be the ultimate — I've played for black audiences who could teach them something. They can only technically play the notes you know, but they don't understand what they're playing and that's why sometimes when they're playing, they'll play one middle passage like this and another middle passage and neither of them will be connected — they'll sound right to them but it's not what it means.

"I just love music and listen to everybody I could — well, every record, and it all. That's why there in my head and came out whatever way I play it which is, I hope, different from other peoples...

**JOHNNY WINTER**

How did you feel appearing at the Albert Hall in London in front of 8,000 fans, a year ago you were virtually unknown, even in America?

Yes, well it is a little scary because Europe audiences are different, but course music is an international commun. I hope that some day I can break any barriers of language or custom down. This is the first time I have played outside America.

Before you were "discovered", a lot of record companies had your records and now they're all pushing them out and saying we had Johnny Winter. How do you feel about that all?

It's really horrible. What was strange about it, was that I recorded a lot of things — well for 10 years, from the 15 all till I was 25, for you know, different Texas record companies and a few of them got national labels. But I was just trying to get a hit because in those days, you didn't play what you wanted to, you just tried to play what the top 100 dictated.

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Walter King, just every blues record I

There's really nobody particular because I think that's just the wrong thing to do — it's like pick one person and this is your idol, and copy that style. I just love music and listened to everybody I could — well, every record, and it all accumulated there in my head and came out whatever way I play it which is, I hope, different from other people's. It's really wrong to just learn from one person. Everybody influenced me like Muddy Waters, B. B. King, Lightning Hopkins, Lightning Slim, Otis Rush, Albert King, just every blues record I could fall bought.

You have toured with Taj Mahal. What do you think of Taj as a guitarist?

Taj — he's really more of a horn player than he is a guitar player. He's an abstract musician. I think he plays more guitar — but at, it's not the same kind of thing. I think of Taj as a horn man. We did this show with him in Rochester, New York, just a week ago.

After one year of it, how do you feel about the hectic life of a star?

Yeah, really am, yeah. The business thing enters into it so much and that's a drag. I always thought of myself as a musician, you know, and I enjoy playing. We used to play 6 nights a week, 5 or 6 hours a night and now you do 3 or 4 shows and we play 45 minutes or an hour. Plus the fact that you don't get to stay in a place long enough to meet the people and really see what the place is like. We played in clubs in Texas for two weeks or maybe two months and now we go in and you know the scene, airport, hotel, concert and every place is just like every other place — you don't really get a chance to see anybody you know. You give your autobiography a dozen times to a few people and shake hands and say well, I'll see next time, and it's not living.

Do you think the type of music you'd be writing now, would reflect the incredibly fast pace you're living?

I wrote some songs for — wrote some lyrics for my little brother's album. My little brother, he's 23 but — any rate he's recorded an album for me and he wrote all the album music and I wrote the words and I really got some morbid, down lyrics to some of the songs. Really hating everything, but I've gotten out of it because you can't go backwards and
Albums Already Available:

- ZEPHYR      SOSL 10080
- FRIJID PINK SMLA 1062
- QUICK SILVER ST 391
- GRAND FUNK   ST 406
- RAILROAD     ST 406
- THREE DOG NIGHT LIVE AT FORUM SOSL 10076
- STEPPENWOLF SOSL 10072
- PINK FLOYD   SHDW 1/2
- MOODY BLUES THS 1

New Albums to be released shortly:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Album</th>
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<tr>
<td>LIVE STEPPENWOLF</td>
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<td>LOVE SCULPTURE - &quot;FORMS &amp; FEELINGS&quot;</td>
<td>PCSO 7090</td>
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<tr>
<td>RARE EARTH – GET READY</td>
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<td>MOUNTAIN - &quot;MOUNTAIN CLIMBING&quot;</td>
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<td>TEN YEARS AFTER – CRINKLE WOOD GREEN</td>
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<td>SAVOY BROWN – RAW SIENNA</td>
<td>SKLA 5043</td>
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EMI

The Greatest Recording Organization in the World
Underground? Under? Heavy. First consider the word itself. It is a misnomer. No one,电路 by Paul Merriam

Paul realized the growing number of unheard artists around 1963 and then began an out-and-out campaign to establish what later became known as “underground radio.”

He first began his “underground radio” career at station KWAB AM in Sacramento (the capital of California) in 1963 which took him up to 1965. About this time more and more people were involved with the same idea, though it’s popularity was still small.

He left KWAB to move among radio people in San Francisco, working occasionally with KMPX FM (the first station to program anything but the usual gold records), whose success was later to become world-known.

He gave up direct work with “underground stations” when he took on the job of Public Service. Being an AM as he found himself another revolution in radio to absorb his energy — this was the first talk back station in California and the whole world.

After a year he returned to his first love and established the first widely-successful “underground station” in Sacramento — KZAP FM. Since the success of KZAP Paul has been working to spread goodwill, in the same way that all the early clubs did.

A wigg, dashing red-haired product with a vision. The epiphany of vitality, the children of life. And underground, progressive media his vibes rock the core of the stone-people and phrase the souls of the gentle. His voice, strong and soft, floats casually through the invisible sound wave. There in your own private chambers or warmth, a friend, a special source of cummunication. The voice is not just a voice, it is a product of a complex whole that makes up the world. Underground stations do, yes. It can (and must) offer surprises — variety is the spice — but always keep in mind that underground stations are an integral part of the whole, and that all parts are interdependent upon the success of each other. The underground airwaves are, and can be, a whole.

Archies into our undesiring heads like

I'm here. Now, screaming inanities of commercials. Commercials have

And this, we often forget, is the historic hitherto of all advertising. SPREAD?

And this, we often forget, is the historic hitherto of all advertising. SPREAD? THE WORLD. If the product is

But Public Service also means meeting the needs of the community. If there are free clinics, tell people. If there’s a switchboard, tell the people. Encourage the community to become part of your radio station. Get them INVOLVED. Most folk want to help, but they are never told how to help.

A radio station can become that instrument that will get people involved in their community.
CENSORSHIP, ENVIRONMENT AND ART

DAVID ELFICK AND MARTIN SHARP DIALOGUES.

In March, 1964, Martin Sharp's cartoon 'The Gas Lash' appeared on the back page of the Orientation Week edition of Tharunka, (University of New South Wales Student paper). He was a co-founder of OZ. The censorship battle had begun in earnest. In those intervening six years Martin Sharp lived in London, designed L.P. covers for the Cream and has played an integral part of the enormously successful London Oz. Now he is back in Australia with an exhibition of his artistic works. The exhibition is a chronological record of his development.

Where does he stand now regarding censorship, communication and artistic ambition? Revolution's David Elfick spent a couple of days with Martin producing the following dialogues:

Big Uni Formal at the Round House... Filled a bed for a change... getting a bit Jack of getting blind with the mates... I meant to say... a little need... a bit of a LASH now and then...

ME birdo a bit of a GAS, eh? Jumps like a huge stick, o' hand... need a bit of guyg to get her moving... BUT SHE JUMPS... well no I heard from John, who heard from Rob, who said Richard told her that he heard from Alex who said he knew this bird who said she knew this bloke who's brother said she went off... well ANYWAY SHE JUMPS and a fellow DOES need a lash every now and then... Then ERN gets a GAS 'Borc' to PETER GUNN RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE OFFICIAL TABLE KING! The bird thought it was IMMACULATE! Too, o' could hardly wait to get back to Mickie's pad but there was still plenty of good left and it seemed a waste shame to let it go to waste so we cooked a few more buckets and the bird was all over me and I left that RANNI that I dragged her under own table and I was just about to have a GAS LASH when some CRAP got on the table cloth! FAIR DINKUM! NOT AN ANIMAL ACT!!

HELL I was that mad on edge after that, me and the bird had to knock down a few more tables...

— WE were really under and I was that crazy for a LASH I could hardly wait until the anthem has over and I flushed out the door and into the mini. Like GREASED LIGHTNING...
It's now six and a half years since the 'Gas Lash'. It censorship so important to you now?

If I come up against censorship again I will fight it but I haven't been coming up against it.

Underground papers in England have become obsessed with putting public hate everywhere because they are allowed to. Are they getting carried away with the 'novelty' of censorship freedom?

Yes, will it seems in America that most of the underground press has gone into sex magazines. Some are pretty good, some of the comic strips are very good, Crumb and people like that are interested in making bread after all.

They are just the material manifestations of an overall psychological censorship.

For the first few days of the Peruvian earthquakes the papers were printing the death toll at 200, although it was closer to 35,000. All this to prevent relatives from other areas going up to the earthquake region and making things more chaotic.

Yes there will always be censorship. There may become a justifiable exception so important to you now?

Underground papers in England have censorship freedom? Are they getting carried away with the 'novelty' of censorship freedom? Yes, will it seems in America that censorship exists.

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The Album is about Ned Kelly and it was quite a challenge because I had to lettering as an integral part of the finished product is a bit smaller.

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The idea came after seeing TINY TIM* backed by the London Philharmonic at the Albert Hall.

*Master mutator of musical metaphor. (Vincent keeps on trucking in the background)

The left half painted by myself and the right half painted by Phillippe Mora, neither of us saw the other's half. The only link being an indication of the lines and colors like the children's game of 'heads and bodies and legs' - a voyage of chance to discover new images. I would like to paint a whole exhibition like this, one artist merging into another and so on in a circle.

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ME CONSCIOUS OF WHAT PAINTING WAS ABOUT.
A Day in the Life of Billy Greelf

I've been drafted. That means I'm a 'big', a potential R.S.L. member, a patriot.

Yeowww!

OUT OF MY WAY MARY

BOOT

"Harry"
THINK I'LL GO KICK ONE OF THOSE ANTI-WAR COMMIE STUDENTS UP THE ARSE

KERIST! LOOK AT EM!

BLOODY PACKA POOFTAS

SHEE-IT. THERE'S MY MATE. AND HE'S JUST BEEN DRAFTED TOO.

“G'DAY BILLY”

"HI JACKY."

THE END

GUESS WHAT JACKY? I JUST KICKED A POOFTA UP THE CHAMPAGNE GLASS. YEH?
GERMANY'S POP CARRIER!!

Munich, the third largest city in Germany, is its pop capital, with a futuristic "city of the year 2000" - Citta 2000 - being the focus of young people's activities. Situated in the swinging Schwabing area (Munich's equivalent of London's Kings Road or Berlin's Kurfürstendamm) Citta 2000 is everything that the top floor of Sydney's Imperial Arcade ought to be. Designed expressly to cater for young people's needs, Citta 2000 contains record bars, clothing boutiques, bookshops, restaurants, a cinema, a discotheque, a pinball room, and Blow Up, Munich's most exciting discotheque.

Here among the standard lightshow and go-go girls you can find top German groups such as Ammon, Duz or The Can, and often English groups such as John Mayall's Bluesbreakers or the Moody Blues.

Built by the legendary Sammy Brothers, Citta 2000 has everything necessary to keep teenagers off the streets, though Australian parents mightn't be too happy with Citta 2000—being the focus of young people's activities.

Australia's Citta 2000 is a sordid mirror of the London's Kings Road or Berkeley's Television Centre and frequented by a mixed crowd of Middle Class and swinging Berliners simulating the atmosphere of a liberal youth-orientated version of PLAYBOY, with liberal political right and left.

...remitted to liven things up with Freddy and the Dreamers "I Think I Love My Baby". So the guitarist goes and sits on the front of the stage, still belting out freaky blues. Another lovely appearance - the guitar sits on stands on their seats to see him. Suddenly, people are running from all over the circus to stand near him. In the back the lifesaver plays out more lead whacks at the strings of his guitar. He loses his plectrum, but that doesn't matter - the German kids are wild for Chicken Shack and anything goes. Finally, they finish on a wild crescendo and leave the stage amid wild cries of excitement.

The crowd relaxes. There is a break while Colloseum sets up. The audience heads outside for a smoke. Many had been smoking hash before the concert, but that has worn off now. Instead they are high on Chicken Shack. Their bodies alive with anticipation, they await the bounding sounds, their excitement raised to its maximum by the guitarist's crazy gimmicks. No-one seems to notice or care that he wasn't a very good guitarist, or that amid the heavy amplification the band played plenty conventional blues sounds.

Back inside Colloseum has a heavy act to follow, but they've got a few tricks in their bag. One is Dick Heskell-Smith, looking something out of a 50's jazz dive, a sort of Benny Goodman (bald and wearing horn rims) with his pates tucked into Apache boots. Dick's groove is that he plays soprano and tenor sax — at the same time.

So now the crowd sits back and listens to Colloseum's jazz-rock, a sort of upbeat electric mainstream that features some interesting solos by organ and guitar, as well as Heskell-Smith blowing hard on his two saxes.

But in back of all this John Hiseman is playing the double drum kit that is now standard weaponry for loud groups. It has been a drummers' day, starting with the bongos of Tyrannosaurus Rex, and the big drums of Jeronimo. Even Chicken Shack gave their drummer a solo burst at cymbals and drums. But as Colloseum unwinds it is obvious that John Hiseman is the drum king of the day, effortlessly pumping away with his space section pedals on his bass drums, while his sticks glide over the tom-toms and snare in a coolly confident cross-armed style.

Hiseman saves himself for the last number of the set and then lets go, belting intensively on one drum, then the next, never losing the beat, for ten minutes or more. The others have left the stage and he is left from below - red-blue-yellow-green — giving eerie shadows to his frantic movements. He goes on and on, building to a thumping crescendo, bouncing his sticks and catching them without a hitch.

For the crowd this is the end, their minds are well and truly blown. Weakened by the onslaught of Chicken Shack, they have no resistance, and they rise to their feet cheering Hiseman's ever-blow as if he were some primitive druind exercising spirits out of the skins.

The drummer ends exhausted, and so are the audience. They walk out in the Munich streets weak at the knees. Five hours in a long time to have your eardrums vibrating — somehow your head doesn't feel the same anymore. There is that terror ringing in your ears and your vision is distorted. It is not easy to walk or talk.

But some kids want more and head for Blow Up where the German psychedelic group Amon Duul is blasting away. Other head for the Drugstore for a coffee while they come down. In the Schwabing the talk is of the Stones and their German tour in September, and next week it's Herbie Mann! These kids dig Herbie Mann! Actually, yes, but that's another story.

—ALBIE THOMS
A PRODIGAL SON RETURNS TO HIS VEGETAL MOTHER

by ROSS SMITH

One might be forgiven for thinking that living in a mansion in Surrey would have created in Ross Wilson a fondness for venison and astechnics. On the contrary, he has returned from England intent on promoting macrobiotics and Zen. Macrobiotics (you’ll find it in the dictionary as “the art or science of prolonging life”) could hardly be said to amount upon the confection of venison and wine, so it’s an unattractive prospect for anyone as self-indulgent and cynical as myself.

Nonetheless, Ross patiently explained the reasons for his firm belief in macrobiotic food. “It’s a really good thing for everybody!” he said, and I must admit he doesn’t appear to have suffered from it.

Ross was singer and songwriter for the Party Machine before he went to England, to join Procession. Brian Peacock, ‘phoned him from London and asked him to come over, which he subsequently did, and sang and “played a bit of guitar”.

Procession made little impact in England, though they did manage to secure a eight-week residency at the Marquee, on Saturday nights. Ross was disappointed by the group’s refusal to move ahead.

“Going to England was a waste of time, musically, even though I was with Procession. It was hard to swing them over to what I was doing. Brian Peacock, Trevor Griffin and myself got really interested, but the others weren’t interested.”

Perhaps if Procession had been willing to progress in the way Ross Wilson wanted them to, their success would have been much greater. Ross did record with the group while in England, but we’re not likely to hear the results. Ross looked back on the recording with blurt honesty: “I did a session but it wasn’t released - it was really bad.”

I couldn’t induce Ross to be more specific, but his contempt for the music scene here apparent: “Everything is putting itself down here.” He was, needless to say, much more impressed by some of the things he was in England. He was astounded by Pink Floyd’s stage act, wherein the Azimuth Co-ordinator, operated by organist Richard Wright, throws the music to any point in the hall; the fact that the music can be physically relocated in this way gives an amazing feeling of disembodiment, from the audience's point of view. It’s only different when the sound comes only from speaker banks directly behind the musicians. Ross also saw King Crimson, and found them “really impressive.”

His primary influence is Frank Zappa (most interested in absurdities), so he also saw the Mothers when they were in England.

While he was with Procession, Ross lived in a mansion at Reigate, in Surrey. His primary influence is Frank Zappa (most interested in absurdities), so he also saw the Mothers when they were in England.

To realise true health and happiness man must be the product of a balance between these two forces (on the fundamental level, through the food he eats). This is the following very startling fact: but startling fact. Every single cell in your body is made up of the consorts of the things you have eaten. Each piece of skin, bone, nerve and brain is the product of something you ate quite recently. Eating and drinking are the functions that allow your body to live and to constantly make a new itself. Very little lives depends upon the equilibrium you distribute through your blood stream. The quality of your life is dependent upon the quality of the food you eat. If you eat good food your cells will consist of good materials and you can eat good food your cells will make new itself. You will be healthy and un­

The Zen macrobiotic concept for life is that food and drink are fundamental to health and happiness.

The beginning of a disease-free body and clear mind is acceptance of the truth that “You are what you eat”. Proof of this truth is discovered in prac­

ical application of Zen macrobiotics. You can only be healthy and whole if you eat good food. Good food is an essential part of any healthy life. The Zen macrobiotic concept of happiness is the goal of all men and, as defined thousands of years ago, by any teacher of the deep significance

MACROBIOTICS: a stomach revolution for western man

by ROSS WILSON

Macrobiotics (from the Greek: Macro: Great; Biotic: Way of life) is a practical solution to the individual who wishes to be in harmony with all. It is a system of understanding, the philosophy of Zen.

Tendency

YIN

Expansion

Outward

Space

Ascent

Temperature: Cold

Weight: Light

Bio logical: Sweet, sour, hot animal

YANG

Contraction

Inward

Density

Descent

Hot

Heavy

Bitter

Vegetable

that there is a simple principal that governs every facet of life, including eating and drinking. According to this principle everyone must be the creator of their own universe and can control it by choosing what they put in their bodies.

Yin and Yang: two antagonistic yet complementary forces. Yin constantly changes to Yang and Yang to Yin. Change is the only constant thing in the universe.
It's a bird...It's a plane...It's an octopus! R. Buckminster Fuller, in his short 75 years as a passenger on this planet, has brought forth so many startlingly new and mind-expanding ideas that no-one yet knows how to classify him. Up until ten years ago, the noise conservative establishment were quite smug in calling him, among other things, a quack, a fad, and a crackpot (as per Galleto, Da Vinci, etc.). Today, for Richard Buckminster Fuller, the equation is closing. Now they are coming to him. Fuller, whose university career never went beyond mid-first year, is famous for houses that fly, bathrooms without water, for cars and maps and ways of living all bearing the mysterious label "Dymaxion," the meaning maximum gain of advantage from minimal energy input, and for things called "octet trusses," for words like "synergics" and "tetrisity," and for a world resources game called the World Game. But he is best known for his revolutionary break-through in structural architecture known as the Geodesic Dome.

The geodesic dome is built on a compression principle which uses no internal supports and uses less structural material to cover more space than any other building ever devised. The dome is extremely easy, very inexpensive to build. Non-English-speaking Eskimos can put them together in a matter of hours straight—just airing his thoughts. The general outcome of any confrontation with this 5'3" ball of electrical energy is to feel tremendously embarrassed at your own gross lack of knowledge. His inspiration makes you want to sit back and laugh, because with him around there really could be nothing to worry about. He's a "shelb right" man, but with reasons why.

At the University of Southern Illinois a million dollar computer is being built to coordinate world planning. It is a comprehensive world resources game whose goal is to assure a high standard of living for every man, woman, and child on the face of the "spaceship earth," a large football surface is designed to represent the world and each country must ensure the maximum gain. It is called the World Game.

What Fuller game is perhaps most confusing to all is his continuous travelling. Up until this time, man has erroneously complied to the gushing PR roundabout is an artificial woodcarving, strange, hazy photographs of a past she rarely talks about, woodcarvings, strange, hazy photographs of a past she rarely talks about, antique and primitive woodcarvings, her three year old son Ben, in whom she sees all the innocence and mystery of the world. "If I'd known I'd have to go through all that, I'd never have done the record. I wish someone had told me what to expect," Fuller says. When this more with less theory is fully applied, every man in every country can live comfortably, eat well, and enjoy life, the story goes.

Bucky Fuller is a man in a hurry. But you can't blame him for being impatient. Audiences all over the world have been thunderously after he finished his mammoth speeches. "I'm taking a lot of your time," Fuller says sometimes during the third hour. "But I don't think that man has much time."
before dyeing and printing became fashionable. I even had an exhibition in the Lasalle Galleries in Sydney. It was satisfying for a while but the urge to get back to singing was too strong. It's always like that. Music alone has never been enough for me. I've found that if you don't live in yourself your music dies too."

Regular work was offered at the Pact folk place in Sydney, one of the few successful commercial clubs that still clung to the old folkly image. But that wasn't enough for her.

"I didn't want that any more. It seemed pointless to go on pretending to be a folksinger when the whole thing had died years before. The music I was mostly influenced by was far removed from anything vaguely resembling folk. Sounds impressed me — jazz muses like Stan Kenton and Miles Davis. What they did with their instruments I wanted to do with my voice. It was abstract, experimental. John Singer's material, for example is just so progressive that you realise how ridiculous it is to go on singing the same old stuff in the same old way. It was freedom. I started getting behind the notes I sang — feeling the songs, painting pictures with them."

"When I decided to get back to singing my whole outlook had changed — everything. It didn't occur to me that the people I was playing to still wanted the Marian Henderson of two or three years back. They just couldn't accept the changes I'd gone through. You know, I'd become much more aware of poetry and the quality of lyrics — Leonard Cohen, Laura Nyro, Joni Mitchell. Their songs are about NOW, they're what people are now. The human race in 1970. Music is always about people — that's why it's important to me I suppose . . ."

And now she's at the crossroads. "Camo" has forced her to make a decision that she hoped she'd never have to face.

"I'm floating right now — I have been for some time. I'm sure I have just about everything I ever wanted. But now that I have an album people have started expecting more from me than I ever wanted to give. I'm going to have to make up my mind very soon whether or not to devote myself completely to music, to stop thinking, understanding and everything that goes with that. That means giving up most of what I've worked for all these years. The worst thing is that I've already had a taste of the kind of freedom that the world has to offer. It's very tempting. If I can make the transition without losing any of my own integrity, that's fine. But I've seen it happen to other people and it frightens me in a way I never always required much more than that makes it hard.

"And it may be a dated way of putting it, but the only answer is to start thinking and doing things for myself — and music is about all we have in common. I made a trip to New Guinea once and sang mostly to natives. Now, they didn't have a clue what I was singing about, but the music alone was enough to establish communication. They clapped and danced — and I realised that in fact that was all music was. It was speaking and understanding . . ."
About the beginning of the May vacation the editor of honi soit was opening mail in his office. He ran a paper-knife through the envelopes extracted its contents. No cover-note was enclosed . . .

The importance of the documents lay in the fact that they provided the first evidence that the Public Service Board calls on the Australian Security Intelligence Organisation (ASIO) to screen prospective public servants. Honi soit decided to publish these important documents. The first edition of the Trinity Term, on Thursday June fourth.

The Documents:

The documents comprised a complete file on the 1965 application by Hall Greenland for an administrative assistant in the Public Service. Greenland had been reprimanded by a psychologist and an ex-Director of Naval Psychology. The minute instructed Mr. Milne that Mr. Greenland would be disqualified from the occupation he has been expelled from Sydney University . . . including the fact that he was politically neutral and may be more of a role than a conviction. He has charm and enthusiasm which he could use to influence recruitment and promotion then the myth of neutrality is shattered completely.

3. Does this policy of political discrimination against radicals joining the Commonwealth Public Service be regarded as politically neutral? It is fundamental that the Service be independent and politically neutral so that it may serve any government which comes to power. Now ASIO is an organisation which is responsible solely to the Prime Minister, and it is fair to assume that the policies are fixed by a most influential ASIO. ASIO security checks are being used to influence recruitment and promotion then the myth of neutrality is shattered completely. The documents had been made quite clear on the date the documents were forwarded to Senator John Wheeldon, an A.L.P. Senator for Western Australia. Senator Wheeldon rose to his feet during the Adjournment Debate on Wednesday, June third . . .

4. Why in a Public Service which boasts of the independence that the Service be regarded as politically neutral? It is fundamental that the Service be independent and politically neutral so that it may serve any government which comes to power. Now ASIO is an organisation which is responsible solely to the Prime Minister, and it is fair to assume that the policies are fixed by a most influential ASIO. ASIO security checks are being used to influence recruitment and promotion then the myth of neutrality is shattered completely.

5. What are the criteria for being favorably known to ASIO? To what extent can one dissent from Government policies without being designated as "unfavorably known" to ASIO? To what extent can one dissent from Government policies without being designated as "unfavorably known" to ASIO? To what extent can one dissent from Government policies without being designated as "unfavorably known" to ASIO?

6. Does the Public Service Board slavishly accept ASIO's recommendations? To what extent can the Commonwealth Public Service be regarded as politically neutral? It is fundamental that the Service be independent and politically neutral so that it may serve any government which comes to power. Now ASIO is an organisation which is responsible solely to the Prime Minister, and it is fair to assume that the policies are fixed by a most influential ASIO. ASIO security checks are being used to influence recruitment and promotion then the myth of neutrality is shattered completely.

7. To what extent can the Commonwealth Public Service be regarded as politically neutral? It is fundamental that the Service be independent and politically neutral so that it may serve any government which comes to power. Now ASIO is an organisation which is responsible solely to the Prime Minister, and it is fair to assume that the policies are fixed by a most influential ASIO. ASIO security checks are being used to influence recruitment and promotion then the myth of neutrality is shattered completely.
REMINARF INTERVIEW REPORT - ADMINISTRATIVE TRAINEES

JUNE 23

DEPARTMENT: DOCUMENT

CONFIDENTIAL

RELIMINARY INTERVIEW REPORT - APMINI

AG: 21

MAJOR: History

PRESS/HONS.: UNIVERSITY Sydney

EDUCATION: Intercensions in studies - Repeated or skipped grades - Changes of school - Educational handicap at school or university? 

SPARE TIME ACTIVITIES: How effectively is spare time explored - Initiative in financing studies or hobbies - Binas with others - Attitude to part time employment?

LEADERSHIP: Carries weight with age group - In what setting - Avoids tendency tole - Organizing or supervising experience?

HEALTH: Ties off from work or studies - Sustained illnesses or accidents - Persistent minor illnesses - Takes trouble to keep fit?

RESPONSIBILITIES: Bends - Hire-purchase - Commitments to parents - Partial status - Intentions?

ALTERNATIVE CAREERS: Other positions applied for - Employable in another capacity - Better suited to?

GRADING: Appropriate number with a cross.

Acceptability to others 1 X 3 4 5

Energy and drive 1 X 3 4 5

Grasps ideas quickly 1 X 3 4 5

Qualifications 1 X 3 4 5

1 - Has this to a very high degree

5 - Definite weakness in this respect.

IMPRESSION

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Inevitable, the breaking up of the Beatles has been the signal for countless 'critics' to cut loose on them. Lennon and McCartney were revered as songwriters for the greater part of the 'sixties; they were always exposed, but almost never criticized. Because it was the Beatles, perhaps, they were able to pass off a number of insignificant records as major works.

Until the release of Sgt. Pepper's, the Beatles charisma extended no further than the fans, the kids who grew up with John Lennon as their unwitting spiritual leader. With Sgt. Pepper's, though, the academics were drawn in; the Beatles became something else again—a 'serious' band of musicians. And so they were, with the exception of the slow, anachronistic figure behind the drums; John, Paul and George had each set foot upon different paths.

Sgt. Pepper's is the most over-rated recording of the 'pop' era; it was never much more than facile, though it contained two songs which made it, 'Fixing A Hole' and 'A Day In The Life'. This established the pattern; the Beatles subsequent records all contained one or two really fine things and a great many indifferent pieces. The lowest they got was the double-album, The Beatles, in which they had to resort to a series of parodies; with this record, the Beatles finally gave up their identity as a group, and became a glass in which the music of the 'fifties and 'sixties was reflected.

The double-album raised a few doubtful heads, but finally it got by without any serious criticism. Paul McCartney stated recently that he was well aware of the effect that this divisiveness had on the Beatles' music. The fact that all three of the 'creative' members of the Beatles should have virtually abandoned the group for their individual projects just before the end, sums it up. The Beatles simply didn't have the interest to seek perfection in the studio. This can further be seen in their decision to let Phil Spector work on Let It Be.

There's no doubt that it was a mistake to let Spector 'reproduce' the LP; he was never more than an ordinary arranger, and his lapses of taste here are at times near-distasteful. I have the feeling that 'River Deep, Mountain High' attained its impact in spite of Spector rather than because of him. Thankfully, though, he doesn't intrude too much into Let It Be.

Let It Be is, as ever, a mixture of good and bad things, but for several reasons it's the best Beatles LP outside Magical Mystery Tour (released as an LP only in the United States). It has an atmosphere which is pretty well maintained throughout, and only two tracks ('For You Blue' and 'Get Back') have nothing at all to commend them.

Paul McCartney's two ballads, 'Let It Be' and 'The Long And Winding Road' are perfect examples of the way he writes best. 'Let It Be' was played constantly on radio, and yet it doesn't sound at all tired on the LP. This is a different recording, and if anything it's better than the 'single'.

This is not the most memorable melody Paul has written ('The Long And Winding Road' is); it's the performance rather than the song which makes it so elevating. 'The Long And Winding Road' is even better: Paul's vocal is suspended over some really fine words:

The wild and windy night
That the rain washed away

Spector's worst crimes are committed on this track; apparently, Paul was against Spector's involvement, so perhaps he'll record it again. The song is certainly worth the trouble.

Apart from these two songs, though Let It Be is very much John's album. The first thing on the record is his unmistakable voice, declaiming, 'I Dig A Pygmy', by Charles Hawtrey and the Deaf Aids: Phase One, in which Doris gets her oats!' The song which follows, 'Two Of Us', is whimsy, charming in the best sense. It's sentimental, deliberately dated, and great. At their best, the Beatles have always been able to exactly record common-place things as they are. Somehow this song does that.

You and me wearing raincoats,
Standing solo in the sun;
Three LPs, not released in Australia, featuring Gene Clark. I've never heard any of them.

Gene Clark is one of the great enigmas in popular music. His earthy, affable, but rather dejected and self-obsessed nature, are essentially incompatible, in fact, as the great Robert Johnson, to whom he paid such as many respects, a white counterpart.

Retaining always but a tenuous grip on his own language, one is coming up with extraordinarily rich images and metaphors. Clark is the spiritual descendant of a tradition of musical artistry that has been too much of the same kinds of John's absurdist philosophy. When John tires of interpreting an old country song, he sings with disarming self-indulgence:

"Got a feeling, which opens side two, makes use of a great guitar riff, John and Paul shout along, Band's unique folk style, through the early part of the song.

At the end Paul sings the solo verse while John sings his own lyric. Everybody had a hard year. Everybody had a wet dream. Everybody had seen the sun shine.

'I've Got A Feeling', which opens side two, makes use of a great guitar riff, John and Paul shout along, Band's unique folk style, through the early part of the song. At the end Paul sings the solo verse while John sings his own lyric. Everybody had a hard year. Everybody had a wet dream. Everybody had seen the sun shine.

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'Evil' is an expression of self-indulgence, but it was only when it was used the following day that he brought them to completion. His first LP away from the Byrds was in 1966, in which he was performing with extraordinary vision. The exception of a couple of songs, everything was all right. Through the Morning, Through the Night.

Clark, therefore, is a much more absorbing than before. Here bitterness and cynicism about finding a real solution to the problem of loneliness. He has a jaunty, vaudeville tune. The song is the story of a casual encounter.

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Two of us getting nowhere, Chasing paper, Waiting for our back home. . .

'Dig A Pony' is a song only John Lennon could have written; he sings in his 'Sexy Sadie' voice: 

As well, Byrds, Chris Hillman on bass, and Michael Clark on drums, play better than they ever had before.

It was three years before Clark was once again to commit himself to record. In the meantime he had developed a closer control over his lyrics, and had at the same time moved towards a more adult singing style. Clark's voice would be the key to his lyrics.

The musical form was American country music, and the emotional tone was the key to his lyrics. He began to build his own instrument to record, the product of his three years gestation.

As well, After the Fantastic Expedition, the second Dillard and Clark album is something of a musical shock. It stands in sharp relation to Clark's previous work as The Sweetheart of the Rodeo did to the Byrds and Nashville Skyline did to Dylan.

The Fantastic Expedition of Dillard and Clark, Through the Morning, Through the Night, is the reverse of the case. Even Clark's Byrds sound, despite as he adapts to the blander tones of the Nashville Skyline, the voices of the Byrds, he manages to get away with treacle near the end of the record.

The most disturbing feature of the record is that Clark has made to sublimate all his energy in the songs of others. It is not surprising that he felt them soon after the release of this LP.

Although the LP is not entirely satisfactory in the light of what Gene Clark is capable of, it is at least something which is provided by the musical form. This redeems its weaker moments.

It is not likely to drag Clark, whose debauched and miserable life is more familiar to us through the pages of the Daily Mirror. But despite this it is almost entirely a return to childhood innocence:

Harry Partch is an American musician who appears to be the only one to have assimilated into his songs the whole of the country music. In the light of what Gene Clark is capable of, it is at least something which is provided by the musical form. This redeems its weaker moments.

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Leslie West
STUDIO MAN (Mountain, SOSL 1001/EMI)
Felix Pappalardi's brilliant and taste­ful production lifted everything Cream did to a new level. Leslie West, the singer of the group's most successful songs, joined Cream as Sheep's Head, where he virtually became the fourth member of the group. He continued his association with this band, producing the excellent LP 'Country Willie', which has been released by RCA (LSP 3865). This was the band's second album, and probably the best to date, because this kind of record just doesn't come any more.

Other records received:

1. The Youngbloods TRIPPER (RCA LSP 4241) Friendsound Joyride (RCA LSP #1209)
2. Roger Chapman'S Song Of Mountain'S Songs (Atlantic SAL 933617/Festival)
3. Eddie Hutton: Band Wana Wana (Harvest SHVL 757/EMI)
4. Jefferson Airplane Volunteers (RCA LSP 4238)

Dr. John the Night Tripper
BABYLON (Atco Import SD 23.270)

This must be at least two years now since the first Dr. John album was released in America. Now a third, described as "brilliant", is out. But this is a review of those first two records. Dr. John is an interesting figure who couldn't get the feeling onto record; 'The Cat And The Rat' is a stately organ solo by Steve Stills on the first album, and 'The Cat And The Rat' is a brilliant flute solo by Steve Stills on the second.

A lot of the album is off-handedly romantic: 'Volunteers' is the obvious one. There are also things like 'Some Poor Fool's Dream' and 'She's About A Mover'. But there could be better things on the way. Pappalardi is to take a greater interest in the band, and now he has the right people, he knows how to bring music to life. It isn't as though he hadn't been doing his part. But with the second album Dr. John has come to the city. Now he has a real band, and all the best people are on it, and it's a real band. Pappalardi has a huge reputation in England.
JULY 1 - AUGUST

who "ain't got long to live." Actually, rats, sinking lovers and some poor soul peace will steal over you, and you'll nod off, to accompanying visions of cats and flowers. The last long laugh of those who, "ain't got long to live."

"...as joyful it's all right. Instrumentally, better, though, because it has more which John did with the Animals. It's rather than the recording."

"...a wave of indifferent releases by better-cool and the two become firm friends, and..."

"...of the String Band, as his own band has far outdistance anything the Incredible Band. The Famous Jug Band consists of famous, though Clive Palmer was the..."

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A family dinner brings together the members of a German industrial power on the eve of Nazi power. A family, with his tools of historical analysis, with his views and their further development into an operatic nature.

A family dinner brings together the members of a German industrial power on the eve of Nazi power. A family, with his tools of historical analysis, with his views and their further development into an operatic nature.

As for the "operatic", well, the Third Reich, is grandly ornamental, camera movements are more complex than in the "classical" arts. This overlooks the fact that in some rather significant countries the "classical" arts have regular as an audience as art film. The shadow of poorer English criticism reveals itself in different ways. The Damned has been widely dubbed as "operatic" for example, in a sense that suggests the label to be derogatory. Why do that? Visconti generally touches upon a subject matter that can actually be illuminated by "operatic" treatment. Similarly, his so-called "set pieces" are appropriate to his subject matter. With the Third Reich, many critics tend to forget that, while economic circumstances may have set the stage for revolution, the Tin Drum, the Third Reich...no, that's Ernest Hemingway's death. The story of Friedrich is the story of the SA. Friedrich is a puppet. Friedrich's complicity is com­pletely unobtrusive. Visconti may have coined the phrase "the medium is the message", but he never has said that the medium is a mere puppet. Friedrich's complicity is completely unobtrusive. Visconti may have coined the phrase "the medium is the message", but he never has said that the medium is a mere puppet.

The Damned is of such magnitude that a complete review would require a book. When a big climax is called for he plays: Konstantin wants the firm to declare him "the anchorman into killing Konstantin. This is grandly ornamental, camera moves are more complex than in the "classical" arts. This overlooks the fact that in some rather significant countries the "classical" arts have regular as an audience as art film. The shadow of poorer English criticism reveals itself in different ways. The Damned has been widely dubbed as "operatic" for example, in a sense that suggests the label to be derogatory. Why do that? Visconti generally touches upon a subject matter that can actually be illuminated by "operatic" treatment. Similarly, his so-called "set pieces" are appropriate to his subject matter. With the Third Reich, many critics tend to forget that, while economic circumstances may have set the stage for revolution, the Tin Drum, the Third Reich...no, that's Ernest Hemingway's death. The story of Friedrich is the story of the SA. Friedrich is a puppet. Friedrich's complicity is completely unobtrusive. Visconti may have coined the phrase "the medium is the message", but he never has said that the medium is a mere puppet. Friedrich's complicity is completely unobtrusive. Visconti may have coined the phrase "the medium is the message", but he never has said that the medium is a mere puppet.
Towards a Poor Theatre

Grotowski trains his actors to use their faces as masks. The masks are closer to those of African and Oriental theatre than to the Western European tradition. According to the previous page, the word "masks" below is from the production of "AKROPOLIS".
Pete Brown

Like the modern Liverpool poets in the north of England, Pete Brown wrote poetry that was outrageous; he wrote in the idiom of the emergent English youth culture. "His achieve­ments are astonishing," writes Tom Pickard, "whenever he reads stamped on the academic cockroaches and gives his audiences joy previously unimaginable at poetry readings.

Pete's words were the words of every­day use, common and accessible to anyone who looked at them.

Morning: in full view of the office opposite as they begin their daily grind, I lay my weary head and got to bed (Towards A 25 hour city)

The Liverpool poets, most notably Adrian Henri, Roger McGough and Brian Patten, were better known than Pete. They became the first English beat poets to be published by Penguin, when 'The Mersey Sound' volume appeared in 1967. They had managed to get their poetry beyond their local environment; it's been largely scorned by the academics - Pickard calls them "the overeducated esoteric elite... afraid to make their poems the property of the people." These poems have life, though. It's probably a good thing that they haven't been taken seriously by the academics, because everything about them denies the sort of pointless, ridiculous analysis and criticism these people would no doubt seek to impose. One line, from Adrian Henri's 'Love Poem', shows what I mean:

The Beatles sing lullabies for our never-to-happen children

What kind of criticism does that need? It exists simply as an expression of Henri's state of mind, and in doing so it also represents a whole part of a culture. These poems should be read in schools, on trains, in bed, but not in a library with a copy of 'The White Goddess' at hand. I've no doubt that every student nodding to sleep in a curtained near the station, or staggering into the bogs alone tired half drunk hopeful at Green Park Station and found thirty warts on the wall

Pete's association with Jack Bruce allowed him to spread his energy throughout Great Britain and across the Atlantic (even to Australia!), through the music of Jack Bruce's band was one-third of the lamented Cream.

Pete's lyrics for Cream were fantastic; he has the knack of localising the bit­ness and despair of his words, as in 'White Room':

In the white room with black curtains near the station Black roof country no gold pave­ments tiring staring

His poem, 'Few' did the same thing, though with a kind of despairing humor:

Alone tider halfdrunk hopeful I staggered into the bogs at Green Park Station and found thirty warts on the wall

Appalled I lurched out into the windy blaring neon Foolishly eight thinking lucky Surely there must be more of us than that.......
Most people are familiar with the huge success and popularity of Ravi Shankar and his music. This popularity in the West in fact extends to all things Indian. One reason is that the interest has gone beyond mere chance to account for this trend. From boy­hood Martin has had a strong desire to bring into his own words, "the beautiful, rich and ancient heritage of our classical music to the West and to bring about a deeper comprehension and appreciate­ tion of the music-making procedure in India. Indian things in general have had such popu­ larity in the West in fact because it seems to reveal the essence of the Universe it reflects, and the ragas are among the pop world, particularly the Beatles, helped­ ed popularly. Ravi was very ready to admit this.

"It helped definitely. I admit without a word to Carlston kids for being vector popular. Not that I was unknown. I was playing to full houses since 1958, but these were listeners of a more serious type. Ravi Shankar explains this in an interview published in 1965. It was the young people generally who became aware of our music, without the Beatles.

Unfortunately, this brought with it a criticism that there is no spiritual basis to our music. They took me for George Har­ ris's teacher, and therefore for a pop musician. Which is very sad because my music is essentially a very serious music. The Beatles, in general, were very serious in the music that they did. They were not, who was my student, and that's all. He has gone a long way with his music. He has been very much inspired, and what he has done was to utilize the spirit of the instrument, and something of the music. He has created a success. But I don't think the other Beatles have changed because of it.

"Nevertheless, I think I did a good thing, because out of this, hundreds and thousands of admirers listened, and I was able to make them understand the seriousness of the music. In doing this I faced a lot of criticism at home, as many things I was associated with pop music. I have to have some effect on the music. He has created a success. But I don't think the other Beatles have changed because of it.

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It would seem that it is the consciously spiritual element of spirituality that has induced Western youth towards his music. I asked him why he thought our own Western composers did not seem to be able to offer the same things.

"It is very simple, the Indian musicians up to date have not lost their religious background, whatever it may be. Many of them are Hindu or Moslem. And this very feeling of the religious and religious feel­ ing is brought out in their music. Certain things that you cannot pin down have some effect on the music. When you ask about the contemporary Western music, I think it is because there is no religious quality because they have no religious background, or feeling for religious ideas."

I then asked him about Western music. The Beatles fell to be a very spiritual per­ son who, curiously enough was taken up by George Martin, who, curiously enough was taken up by George Martin, who was my student, and that's all. He has gone a long way with his music. He has been very much inspired, and what he has done was to utilize the spirit of the instrument, and something of the music. He has created a success. But I don't think the other Beatles have changed because of it.

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