10-23-1973

The Living Daylights 1(2) 23 October 1973

Richard Neville
Editor

Follow this and additional works at: http://ro.uow.edu.au/livingdaylights

Recommended Citation
http://ro.uow.edu.au/livingdaylights/2
The Living Daylights 1(2) 23 October 1973

Publisher
Incorporated Newsagencies Company, Melbourne, vol.1 no.2, 23-29 October, 28p

This serial is available at Research Online: http://ro.uow.edu.au/livingdaylights/2
Allen Ginsberg talks his head off

Bob Ellis & Leunig: fifteen years at the Opera House
Phew! we made it

A TOTAL DISASTROUS FAILURE, UNBELIEVABLY CHILDISH... PUT BACK THAT TREE... FRANK O'DEA, Potts Point, NSW.

O’DEA, oh dear, was the first word of reaction to last week’s dawning and scattered remnants of other salivary letters our office. columnist Harry Gumbroth reached a record level of unpopularity for a first appearance and one Sunday newspaper exposed him as a dealer of peace signs, pot and pornography.

Following the everlasting effluvium of publicity, it should come as no surprise to hear that the first issue sold sensationality. Although it did come as a surprise to our distributors, who are now abundantly clamoring for gargantuan supplies of this second issue. Ha, ha.

More pages this time and still a space shortage. We will get fatter as soon as we can. Keep the contributions coming. Forgive the delay in replying... we’re wallowing in chaos.

(Inexcusably we omitted Syd Shelton’s credit from the back)

Possums peering from air conditioning ducts, planning a coup... wind blasting up Her Majesty’s knickers... seats falling over in rows, like soldiers on parade... cats piss pervading inner sanctums... But our boys ELLIS and LEUNIG say it was a glorious day indeed — the day Australia got cultured from the belly of a white whale...

ELLIS in a shirt not bloodstained but spotted with unregretted soya sauce approached in off-grey twilight the two smooth perfectly rising eggshells of the Opera House for the first time in his not young life.

The first stone had been laid in his first year as a dishevelled student, and out of his sight it had grown, like a great white Moby-dream in the back of his thoughts, off stage, unseen, but looming chaste and cool, a ghost ship, spinnaker full arriving out of the mist with promised gifts, imagineless from the far side of the moon.

But until this limpid evening he had never been through the guarded gate, afraid, no doubt, of the challenge which it, the temple of suture, posed to him, who once had fancied himself a writer of plays.

Possums live in the air conditioning, said Michael Boddy, cheery and apple-cheeked as Santa Claus over his masses of egg foo yong, and they stare out smiling at the actors. They’ve got Bermelong Point staked out, their ancestors have been living there for thousands of years, and no one’s going to shift them, ever.

One of them, sharp little blighter, fast on his paws, decimated the Russian army at the full dress rehearsal of War and Peace. Zapped up the elegant stockinged calves of the advancing infantry. Whole battalions scattered squawking like shot geese. It’s clearly war to the death. They shall fight us in the foyers, they shall bite us in the loo.

Early on Sunday morning the Sydney Opera House escaped from the custody of the N.S.W. government... “YOU CAN FOOL BENNELONG BUT YOU DON’T FOOL ME YOU BUNCH OF CROOKS...” it said and disappeared.
DOWN the wooden walkway, past grey seductive waters and the sudden Arab harbour bridge (would Jack Lang, he wondered, arrive at the ceremony on a reading horse, to out the bright blue ribbons draped for her, the wood paling shelter six inches over his head, the picture of a country that had been stopped in its double and clawing pensively, eagerly, half a mile through the Lang, he wondered, arrive at the cerem­

denly drab harbor bridge (would Jack

chicken. So they can't use it. Unless they

arrive, out on the last big train of democ­

racy of Lady Fairfaxes, Edna

Everages, cool young bushily dark-spec­

that makes you more than six foot eight

to be carried on stage on a stretcher. No

sense of artistic priorities.

that mirror and there in the mirror is a

sharp, inscrutably smiling little face egg­

in the restaurant ignored the view of the

in the theatre on the cards of Mitchell Library. Though a

work they carry their cellos through sleet

and one third of all the tiles that scaled

its surface were colored not pure white

and every inch of redundant color slides wherein he and

his colleagues were ofttimes displayed out

at this point, he felt. But, in sudden case. The Living

fulness against obscure joints and corners of Utzon's masterwork, and then permit­

ted his curious impatient audience to line up for two and a half hours for their

Instead of calling out their names and

handing them their cards when they came forward with their handbills, we run

more barbarous peoples do - he gave

them individual, warm eye contact. And

what's your particular problem, my
dear. Much the same as everyone else's your honor. Silly old fool that I am, I

want to go to the opening of the Opera House, I may not go to the opening of the

box, or our box will be much displeased. Well, we may be able to

you to help you there. Supposing you tell

us your name, and the name of the pub­

lication you work for, and we'll look in

your files for your accreditation, how

might we? Well, I don't call this places other

who'd actually worked backstage before,

panies begged them for a say in what

and saved their luck. Damn the Australian Opera,

their money or money more than Utzon.

They would have been going to have this large roll-a-door at the back of the stage, big

enough for removal vans to drive in, but their money or money more than Utzon.

We'd have to go back to the shop.

The living, in fact, we should have liked, to be taken out,

and a lot of the people are still sitting around the egg white temple, a perfect bowl of

music. They swam through the sound like so many Patrick Egan extras, and soon the
giant Von Daniken vision was full upon them.

T here's a place inside called the Restaurant the continued Boddy, which inexplicably smells of cat's piss,

though the bloodhounds that go through the grounds that surround the place are not

out Arab time bombs haven't flushed out a cat in months, but maybe that's because

that there are cats on the premises. In any case, more, they've got this inculcated lust for

dynasty. Though cats are pretty sneaky operators, I picture them fighting pitched

battles with the possums for dominance in the house.

And there's a corridor that builds up

static electricity, and anyone that goes through it gets stuck, and sometimes, 20 volts, and

there's no other way to get to the stage. The orchestra's parking spots are a mile away.

headquarters to work, they carry their cellos through sleet and rain and breeze stiff enough to blow

hot over a Sydney harbour, in contempt.

The Mirror in the restaurant your pavlova flies

right off your plate, generally in a westerly

manner, you hear, something to do with

low pressure systems over Bathurst).

On one of the worst days of the Opera House anymore, because it's too much like

hard work. And there's one ladies toilet that I've got a couple of the dogs in charge of, they'll have to install a chamber pot

behind a curtain in the lift: plenty of time for them because it keeps getting stuck between floors.

Imagine being an actor, arriving, get­

ting his shirts and trousers and umbrella, not only that a third of the

audience can't hear what Dave Allen is

saying: Who do you think you're talking to? And who do you think you are?

in the theatrette of the State Office

and a tenth of

1969, would form a point

one third of all the tiles that scaled

its surface were colored not pure white

and every inch of redundant color slides wherein he and

his colleagues were ofttimes displayed out

at this point, he felt. But, in sudden case. The Living

fulness against obscure joints and corners of Utzon's masterwork, and then permit­

ted his curious impatient audience to line up for two and a half hours for their

Instead of calling out their names and

handing them their cards when they came forward with their handbills, we run

more barbarous peoples do - he gave

them individual, warm eye contact. And

what's your particular problem, my
dear. Much the same as everyone else's your honor. Silly old fool that I am, I

want to go to the opening of the Opera House, I may not go to the opening of the

box, or our box will be much displeased. Well, we may be able to

you to help you there. Supposing you tell

us your name, and the name of the pub­

lication you work for, and we'll look in

your files for your accreditation, how

might we? Well, I don't call this places other

who'd actually worked backstage before,

panies begged them for a say in what

and saved their luck. Damn the Australian Opera,

their money or money more than Utzon.

They would have been going to have this large roll-a-door at the back of the stage, big

enough for removal vans to drive in, but their money or money more than Utzon.

We'd have to go back to the shop.

The living, in fact, we should have liked, to be taken out,

and a lot of the people are still sitting around the egg white temple, a perfect bowl of

music. They swam through the sound like so many Patrick Egan extras, and soon the
giant Von Daniken vision was full upon them.

T here's a place inside called the Restaurant the continued Boddy, which inexplicably smells of cat's piss,

though the bloodhounds that go through the grounds that surround the place are not

out Arab time bombs haven't flushed out a cat in months, but maybe that's because

that there are cats on the premises. In any case, more, they've got this inculcated lust for

dynasty. Though cats are pretty sneaky operators, I picture them fighting pitched

battles with the possums for dominance in the house.

And there's a corridor that builds up

static electricity, and anyone that goes through it gets stuck, and sometimes, 20 volts, and

there's no other way to get to the stage. The orchestra's parking spots are a mile away.

headquarters to work, they carry their cellos through sleet and rain and breeze stiff enough to blow

hot over a Sydney harbour, in contempt.

The Mirror in the restaurant your pavlova flies

right off your plate, generally in a westerly

manner, you hear, something to do with

low pressure systems over Bathurst).

On one of the worst days of the Opera House anymore, because it's too much like

hard work. And there's one ladies toilet that I've got a couple of the dogs in charge of, they'll have to install a chamber pot

behind a curtain in the lift: plenty of time for them because it keeps getting stuck between floors.

Imagine being an actor, arriving, get­

ting his shirts and trousers and umbrella, not only that a third of the

audience can't hear what Dave Allen is

saying: Who do you think you're talking to? And who do you think you are?

in the theatrette of the State Office

and a tenth of

1969, would form a point

one third of all the tiles that scaled

its surface were colored not pure white

and every inch of redundant color slides wherein he and

his colleagues were ofttimes displayed out

at this point, he felt. But, in sudden case. The Living

fulness against obscure joints and corners of Utzon's masterwork, and then permit­

ted his curious impatient audience to line up for two and a half hours for their

Instead of calling out their names and

handing them their cards when they came forward with their handbills, we run

more barbarous peoples do - he gave

them individual, warm eye contact. And

what's your particular problem, my
dear. Much the same as everyone else's your honor. Silly old fool that I am, I

want to go to the opening of the Opera House, I may not go to the opening of the

box, or our box will be much displeased. Well, we may be able to

you to help you there. Supposing you tell

us your name, and the name of the pub­

lication you work for, and we'll look in

your files for your accreditation, how

might we? Well, I don't call this places other

who'd actually worked backstage before,

panies begged them for a say in what

and saved their luck. Damn the Australian Opera,

their money or money more than Utzon.

They would have been going to have this large roll-a-door at the back of the stage, big

enough for removal vans to drive in, but their money or money more than Utzon.

We'd have to go back to the shop.

The living, in fact, we should have liked, to be taken out,

and a lot of the people are still sitting around the egg white temple, a perfect bowl of

music. They swam through the sound like so many Patrick Egan extras, and soon the
giant Von Daniken vision was full upon them.

T here's a place inside called the Restaurant the continued Boddy, which inexplicably smells of cat's piss,

though the bloodhounds that go through the grounds that surround the place are not

out Arab time bombs haven't flushed out a cat in months, but maybe that's because

that there are cats on the premises. In any case, more, they've got this inculcated lust for

dynasty. Though cats are pretty sneaky operators, I picture them fighting pitched

battles with the possums for dominance in the house.

And there's a corridor that builds up

static electricity, and anyone that goes through it gets stuck, and sometimes, 20 volts, and

there's no other way to get to the stage. The orchestra's parking spots are a mile away.

headquarters to work, they carry their cellos through sleet and rain and breeze stiff enough to blow

hot over a Sydney harbour, in contempt.

The Mirror in the restaurant your pavlova flies

right off your plate, generally in a westerly

manner, you hear, something to do with

low pressure systems over Bathurst).

On one of the worst days of the Opera House anymore, because it's too much like

hard work. And there's one ladies toilet that I've got a couple of the dogs in charge of, they'll have to install a chamber pot

behind a curtain in the lift: plenty of time for them because it keeps getting stuck between floors.

Imagine being an actor, arriving, get­

ting his shirts and trousers and umbrella, not only that a third of the

audience can't hear what Dave Allen is

saying: Who do you think you're talking to? And who do you think you are?
It was a day of blue skies and bunched clouds hanging like closed and threatening fists over a harbor-Ootie with boats, of empty avenues and skies, praying cops and bowing drioess. The wind whipped through the harbor like a great spoon, through the noise of a crowd confettied shore of shimmering rock music, and through the hallowed reaches of the Opera House’s forecourt, sending chairs and microphones crashing, and cushions greenly spinning overlaid. Ellis, casing the joint, while this heady element blew through the world, and the navy band played Blow the Man Down, forged through the burgeoning crowd for faces he knew; but apart from the odd Clyde Packer, ponderously advancing, the odd Jack Remshaw, red face over Bogart buck teeth, the odd Jack McEwen, stiff backed but shrunken to well under six feet those days, and the odd Sonja and Billy in shocking pink tie conspiring under a suitably listening shell. And a luscious old ponyfaced woman with her mini skirt blowing up over her head, who stoically accepted his tender kiss and faked it like a daydream into the brightening air, there was no one he recognised at all.

There are my mates, he thought with growing alarm, who daily buy and sell the better half of me for base commercial gain. The commanders of cabinet, the buyers and sellers of knighthoods, the looters of the earth, the polluters of the heavens and the sea, and I do not know their names.

On the stage a sailor nudged a tiny golden bell, Long haired and bearded boy scouts nearing 30 momentarily paused in their bullying of the inquisitive boy scouts near the highest rim of the Opera House and gave their names.

The stage a sailor nudged a tiny golden bell, Long haired and bearded boy scouts nearing 30 momentarily paused in their bullying of the inquisitive boy scouts near the highest rim of the Opera House and gave their names.

"A daring doodle on the back of a Degas. It’s a pity the world’s not a beauty like Lydia Humphries. My, my, you have grown up.

It would be nice to say that Utzon’s designs are my mates, but they bear no resemblance like the ghost of his fellow townswoman Hamlet over the heart of his distressed son. But it wasn’t like that. It was more like a virgin birth, of choirs of hired galactogues, fuzz and sumptuous duchesses, dancing shells and scintillating fireworks, and cold winds sie, as all damnation."

The Famous Speech by Homer Jeees Assistant

Here they waiting in the morning. Lodiity they got their head bowed down. Over this came the anguished monotones of sir Asther Joel beggins them all please help him make this day a success. Poor fraught old bopper, thought Ellis. After his last extravaganzas, the Captain Cook bi-centenary reenactment, when slack ­ing loud speakers, aboeetors in speed boats, Askin forgetting his speech and alarmingly wering, but the Endeavour was only the first example, your majesty, of an average gross tonnage of merchant shipping to arrive on Sydney harbor which now amounts to 20 billion tons a year, compelled his no longer radiant monarch to warn him severely that if he ever put on another reenactment, that was alright with him, if he gave him please, good on him, but she herself wasn’t coming to it — he must think this wind was sent by Yaweh himself. But what did I do wrong? But oh dear, thought Ellis, to ask his audience to forgive him in ad­ vance. Well it’s the liberal party publi­ stitution for showmanship, Ellis supposed, as an appeal to the reverent consensus to give the game. It didn’t wash at the Tivoli.

Here come the madmen

They’re too excited to atonin’

Burn down the mosque they’re shoutin’ Burn it down.

Twentyfive national groups marched by, in what looked like Walt Disney versions of their national costumes, past the bright and belling streamers on the dais and then broke up in a traffic jam of squabbling territorial arguments over whose chair was whose.

One lot were proud Mulayans in colored brassieres and grass skirts whose white toothed sassy arrogance stirred a few old liens, even those in the stalls under Homburg hatt. An eloquently an­ouncer patronised the island groups in the way that only a Liberal speech writer can, and added that our own aborigines were among the best natural dancers in the world. And I hear you liokies are among the most frequent fasters in the world, too, baby, you has my congratulations.

Eight helicopters thronned thrummed towards the audience like black grandmothers of the apoplectic press or the more wellbeloved method of taking a photo of one and planting press or the more wellbeloved method of taking a photo of one and planting press. Let’s dispense with their apologisin’. It would be nice to say that Utzon’s designs are my mates, but they bear no resemblance like the ghost of his fellow townswoman Hamlet over the heart of his distressed son. But it wasn’t like that. It was more like a virgin birth, of choirs of hired galactogues, fuzz and sumptuous duchesses, dancing shells and scintillating fireworks, and cold winds sie, as all damnation.
tional anthem (Fellini gave way to Ku­
der in the heavens and Leu nig averred
lesson of the Tower of Babel? Lightning
flashed and the house of song is cracked
asunder, the people howling fall about and
you couldnt see what color they were,
when the sun went behind the cloud so
and the wind blew them out to sea in
about twenty seconds. Hieronymus Bosch
gives way to Hieronymus Bosch.

On the street they watched for a time
the back of the neck of Davis Hughes, the
big jawed imperially handsome former
Minister of Works who had given Utzon
the sack. He was looking vacuously around
for someone to give him a lift. He was
thought at one time to be a possible
future premier, but then Akin gave him
the Opera House to handle and that really
fixed his wagon. Akin didnt like com­
petition. Ah well, puryscyt, c’est c’est la
vie. Save me a place/ Surrounded by fam-

This week in
NATION REVIEW

‘Into Thy Hands’ by D. R. Burns

A SURVEY OF
SEX MANUALS

"Read Understanding human sexual inadequacy for the same reasons that you
read The double helix. . . dont let any of the others fall into
the hands of your teenage child unless you want him/her to possess the same
metaphysical, social, sexual misconceptions as their authors . . . I suspect
that Dr Lombard Kelly is sending up the whole sexual adjustment industry. I can
believe hes serious when he advocates the use of rubber washers on
extra long pricks."

Read it all in NATION REVIEW this week
articulated and polarised. In 1971, the APG put on Australia’s first women’s show: Betty Can Jump. Lindy Davies and Evelyn Krape outline their different sorts of involvement in this scene.

Lindy Davies, 27, first started acting in traditional theatre with the Monash Uni theatre group. Two years ago she dropped acting to get into teaching, workingshopping-directing writing and children’s community theatre.

“Use that space,” she shouts to a group of people, “MOVE — use all that space. BREAK that space,” taking a flying leap into the air. Crunch, and she lands on the wrong leg, thereby breaking a foot.

“I first got involved with experimental theatre five years ago when a group of us banded together to create a strong ensemble of actors. We called ourselves the La Mama Co. and started some really intensive workshops. The first program included Jack Hibberd’s O and Who and Megan Terry’s Off, off Broadway. It was well received by audiences and that started the whole new wave. By the end of ’69, the group became known as the APG and in 1970 we moved into the Pram Factory.

“With John Romeril’s play, I Don’t Know Who To Feel Sorry For, I reached some kind of peak. I played the part of an embittered woman coming to terms with the tragedy in her life. It wasn’t a women’s lib statement. I wasn’t aware of that then. It was a statement about a woman struggling and that was a new experience for me — an emotional and theatrical statement. In a sense, it was a banal play but its very banality made it a great play-experience.

“Then with Don’s Party, I reached some sort of impasse. I had decided that I wasn’t a good actress and that was hard to cope with. I’d always believed that creativity stems from conflict, but in Don’s Party I was going through a great deal of conflict and didn’t create anything. At the time I was trying to resolve a dual persona of actor and teacher.

“After Don’s Party I started some workshops on Betty Can Jump which was a women’s lib play. I withdrew from that — it required great energy and personal confrontation. The change-shift involved a process of self-examination and assuming greater responsibility for my actions.

“It was no longer enough to put on plays without accepting responsibility and following through their impact. So now, as a teacher, what’s important is being part of the group yr working with rather than being an individual leading a group.

“In terms of my acting consciousness, where I once saw the individual’s responsibility as making one’s own personal statement on whatever means you had at yr disposal, now the idea of being an actor, of seeing that as the be-all and end-all, is no longer important.

“But community theatre is a separate entity. That works in terms of offering people an alternative experience. It provides a venue for the kids creative activities/theatre and creates an environment enabling kids to express their individual feelings and fantasies. For me, one’s responsibility in the theatre is in offering alternative modes of living and experiencing.

“With Betty Can Jump, I didn’t have the awareness. But in a situation of greater consciousness, it was my responsibility to become involved in a show that offered alternatives. That explains my present involvement in the abortion/authority show. Having made the commitment, yr doubly responsible. You can’t say that yr initial interest may be radically changed as a result of the process being involved. And you have to be as flexible and honest as you can.

EVELYN KRAPE, 24, sharp/red-headed/wearing granny glasses that seem to accentuate a deceptive myopy vagueness, got into acting by dropping out of law at Melbourne University.

“There’s an immediacy about experimental theatre that I really like: with the audience and with the material — material that was specifically yr own culture and country. It gives you greater freedom to experiment with new ideas. Instead of being pigeonholed as an actress, you can play an active role in determining the final production. Whereas normally, in political terms, the actor has the least say and the least power. So to break down those hierarchical roles is really good. It allows new things to happen and new possibilities.

“Of course the thing is being a woman in the theatre. While experimental theatre may not necessarily change the sex roles, you have a chance to change that and give them yr own flavor.

“Traditionally women in the Pram Factory have played men parts. That is played Mousey in One of Nature’s Gentlewomen. What’s explored is the matriarch myth, its inherent violence and what happens to the mens relationship when a woman is introduced.

“There are two male characters — Mousey and Bull — and in the end Mousey wins the woman and kills Bull. Jude Kuring played the woman, Dolly, quite tough and played against the playwright’s intended effect. The playwright’s concern was to show the violence inherent in mens relationships. The woman is shown as she’s seen by men, as the strip dancer chewing gum — it was this sexpot image that Jude Kuring played against.

“Although the part implicitly degrades women, the difficulty from a feminist viewpoint is in making the implicit, explicit. The stereotyped degradation and the stereotypes men have of women may not be clearly understood by the audience because of the other messages the mate ship ethic — is also real, eg. the disenchanted lefties.

“The problem is that it’s very hard to write roles for women in social and political contexts because women don’t play a dominant role in that sphere. Women are often written into plays to provide the foil and foibles. So it seems to me you can’t rely on male playwrights for female parts.

“Women need to believe in themselves and to believe in their much more personalised way of relating to people and to communicate that in their acting and theatre. In Betty Can Jump, the personal element was integral to the final production. We established a different way of working together as a group, using personal expression as a means of working on documentary material.

“The problem now is much harder. It’s not good enough to do just womens shows. We also have to find yr own culture and country. There are no female playwrights. There are no female directors. And it’s very difficult to show experience with men because there are no equivalent female jobs to exchange with them. The only traditional female work is shit work and it’s interesting that shit work is all we can share with the men.

“The problem is in explaining why your reality is different from theirs and in finding a language to explain that. This has a defocusing effect.

“In doing this sort of thing, while there is a dilemma in reinforcing the SCUM sort of image of women libbers — man-hating/ball-breaking etc. — the potentiality of women as physically active, dominant, quick-witted and intellectually powerful, has to be recognised. If that means showing women who are extreme in some way and who can be physically violent in the same way as men, then that may have to be shown too.

“Feminism is central. What gives the women’s movement its strength is that it’s independent enough on its own without the help of the mens movement.

“But the differences in our experiences, personalities and stages we’re at are great enough to ensure that in the battle yr fighting, yr still very much on yr own.”
Looking Back In Love

ALLEN GINSBERG, poet leader of the beat & acid generation, had this conversation with ALLEN YOUNG in New York. As far as we know, this is Ginsberg's first in-depth interview with a gay person. We feel it is important because of the new legislation in Canberra and because of what Ginsberg is saying. Young, who spoke with Ginsberg and transcribed the interview for Gay Sunshine, is well known in the gay liberation movement. Part two will be in Daylights next week.
YOUNG: One of the things that provoked this whole conversation between us was my reading of the Dharma Bums last summer. In that book the character Alah, who is quite obviously you, is portrayed by Jack Kerouac as heterosexual. There are a number of sexual encounters and there isn't any indication that there was any kind of homosexuality in this group of people.

GINSBERG: That was Kerouac's particu-
lar shyness. I made it with Kerouac quite often. And Neal Cassady, his hero, and I were lovers also. For many years, from 1946 on and off. Finally, he didn't want any more sex with me. But we were still making it in the mid 1960s after having known each other in the mid 40s. That's a pretty long, close friendship.

YOUNG: Did Jack Kerouac identify himself as being a gay person?

GINSBERG: No, he didn't. A lot of that took place in the cottage we all held together, and then I had been living with Peter for several years. Peter, Jack, Gary [Snyder] and I and various other people were all sleeping with one or two girls. Jack saw me screwing [Snyder] and I and various other people and [my wife] and I were all sleeping with one or two girls that were around. Jack saw me screwing and was astounded at my virility. I guess he decided to write a novel in which I was a big, virile hero instead of a Jewish communist fag.

YOUNG: What was your reaction to that?

GINSBERG: I did not notice. On the Road has one scene in the original manuscript in a motel where Dean Moriarty screws a travelling salesman with whom they ride to Chicago in a big Cadillac; and there's a two-line description of it which fills out Cassady's character and gives it dimension. That was eliminated from the book by Jack himself and Jack and Jack consented to that. So Jack actually did talk about it a little in his writing.

In a book that's being published now. Visions of Cody, there's a longer description of the same scene. It was written in 1952-53 by Kerouac and it was his first book after On the Road, a sequel to it. It is a great experimental book, including a couple of hundred pages of typed, transcribed conversation between him and Nana, over glass at midnight in Los Gatos or San Jose, talking about life to each other, the first times they got laid, jacking off, and consciousness of sex.

YOUNG: Why is it coming out now?

GINSBERG: Kerouac always wanted it published. But the commercial publishing world wasn't ready for a book of such great looseness and strange genius and odd construction. It's more Gertrude Stein Making of Americans than it is speedy Kerouac.

YOUNG: It's a fight for Kerouac to get his stuff published?

GINSBERG: Oh, yeah. On the Road was written in '52 and was published till '57, even though he had previously pub-

lished his great book, Town and the City. The commercial insistence was that he write something nice and simple so that everybody could understand it, to explain what the beat generation was all about. So he wrote The Dharma Bums, to order, for his publisher, a sort of exercise in vision and bohemia and mayanism. He wrote in short sentences that everybody could understand, describing the spiritual revolution as he saw it, using as a hero Gary Snyder; actually, Japhy Ryder is Gary Snyder.

YOUNG: So then your portrayal as a heterosexual doesn't have anything to do with being in the closet.

GINSBERG: No, I came out of the closet at Columbia in 1946. The first person I told about it was Kerouac because I was in love with him. He was staying in my room up in the bed, and I was sleeping on a pallet on the floor. I said, "Jack, you know I love you, and I want to sleep with you, and I really like men." And he said, "Ooooh, no . . ." We'd known each other maybe a year, and I hadn't said anything.

At that time Kerouac was very hand-

some, very beautiful, and mellow - in the sense of infinitely tolerant, like Shake-

peare or Tolstoy or Dostoyevsky, infinite-

ly understanding. He was a slightly older person and someone who I felt had more authority. His tolerance gave me Permission to open up and talk, because I felt there was space for me to talk, where he was. He wasn't going to reject me. Really, he was going to accept my soul with all its throbbings and sweetmeats and worries and dark sorrows and heartaches and joys and glee and mad understanding of morta-

lity, because that was the same thing he had. And actually we wound up sleeping together maybe within a year, a couple of times. I blew him, I guess. He once blew me, years later. It was sort of sweet, peaceful.

YOUNG: Did you experience any kind of a split between your hipster circle and other gay people as you were coming out?

GINSBERG: There was a whole group of queers around Columbia at that time who were doing things like going down to hear Edith Piaf sing at the Plaza hotel and interested in status and money. They had cultural interests that went back to Lotte Lenya and things like that, but at the same time it was very overarticulate, elitist thing.

YOUNG: Did you associate that with the faculty at Columbia also?

GINSBERG: There were a couple of guys on the faculty at Columbia that partici-

pated in that rather than in an open democratic, Whitmanic gaiety. To be open and democratic and Whitmanic meant kissing the football players in public, for instance . . .

YOUNG: Well, was kissing the football players in any sense a reality, or just a Whitmanesque fantasy?

GINSBERG: I was kissing Jack Kerouac who was the Columbia varsity team in those years. It was a Whitmanesque fantas-

y, which, like all Whitmanesque fantas-

ies, were practical realities.

I was silent about it (homosexuality) at Columbia the first year I was there, between the age of 16 and 17. At 17 something shook me loose from the authoritarianism of the culture and from the authority of Columbia. I think it was the jailing of a friend, whom I loved, who knew Jack well. And then also I was interested in Rimbaud and Whitman, and I met Burroughs by then. I was getting teaching from Burroughs that included Blake and Spengler (The Decline of the West); and anarchism was im-

portant, separating words from the ob-

jects they represent, not getting confused by labels, like gay or queer, in those days. So it was just a whole change, growing up out of high school and puberty and closed-in-ness. It wasn't romantic at all. But we were friends - one boy from East Side High, Paterson, who I actually followed to Columbia.

YOUNG: Whose name begins with "B."

GINSBERG: Your name is on top in one of my letters. There's a tiny sense of

GINSBERG: Yeah. Very soon I was babbling at great length. The permission the other came from Burroughs and Kerouac who I was living with. They were wide-brained, international, hip, Jack London, Doctor Malibus, all.

Kerouac was a very funny, strange, heroic figure, a seminal figure for many ideas and attitudes. He had a lot of trouble; he drank himself to death. And he ended, like many older writers, re-

actionary in a funny, interesting, charac-

teristic way, a way that's teaching rather than negative. But the basic thing about him as a character was that he was an enormous mellow, trusting toler-

ance and sensitivity. And that's why he's no longer, I'm a drunk and nobody loves me anymore. I can't get girls, come on and tell me how to blow a job. There were times he'd get drunk and he really in-

sisted on it. By that time he'd gotten base-ball, florid-faced, and I no longer saw him as the romantic, handsome, young glamour beau of postwar, dark, doomed, maddened Spengler hippiedom.

Jack Kerouac

That's what really excited him: black Panther, black stockings! He also appreci-

ated beautiful boys and had a very

novelistic, personal appreciation of older queens - which was a sharing of common

humanity, a sharing of emotions, a sharing of the erotic, except that he didn't feel it was right for him to participate in the erotic.
and becoming more and more desirous
And I found him responding in a very
did that with this kid.
ing each other, but don't come, saving
and abdomen. But also I'm becoming
can be filled with fear and shock and pain
me. I was the first man he had ever been
Australia I had a crush on a beautiful
which is encouraged by the state to keep
metaphysics that I don't think has yet
buddhist, Hare Krishna, even Christian
tions. Some of us are lucky enough to be
neurotic detachment and obsession, that's
rotic desire. I think there's a genuine eros
son behind it, of detachment from neu­
realisation of over 40, over 50, over 60,
years, and we may have both fallen into
loved and wanted to go to bed with, I
in Yeats: "Old lovers yet may have all the
bodies and sex, in fact. That was one of
homosexuality flows very naturally. Did
that really happen?
lussen with the best
...and became more and more desirous
the naked charity that we were practicing
together. When we got on the stage and
and playing banjo, and harmony and he
playing dobro — the erotic communica­
It could not be withheld. We'd keep burst­
ing out in song, and eye glances which
inhere in the enjoyment of each other. It
turned me on, and turned him on. So I
go to an everlasting kind of populace,
etheral organ that seemed to occupy the
upper portions of the body rather than
though I've always been prejudiced against
that kind of sublimation, thinking

SEXUALITY

I got stuck out at the whole idea of bodies
and sex, in fact. That was one of my first
lessons in chastity. There's a line in
Whitman's Leaves of Grass, "And now
the time denied, grave is heaped on grave
there is no such thing as that."

Wallace Whitman

of it as some sort of sublimation of
primary, holy sex drive, the experience
which is encouraged by the state to keep
metaphors because homosexuality was a
uality: "Matterhoms of cock, Grand Can­
liberation and mens liberation is in the
I wrote a long poem if I said: "Who let themselves
have "and screamed with joy" — which is
weekly, and compounded by words.

Leaves of Grass

And again I have a line like: "Who
blew and were blown by handsome sail­

Neal Cassady


1956, and we were over.

Leaves of Grass


...and became more and more desirous
the naked charity that we were practicing
together. When we got on the stage and

Leaves of Grass


Leaves of Grass

...and became more and more desirous
the naked charity that we were practicing
together. When we got on the stage and

Leaves of Grass


Leaves of Grass

...and became more and more desirous
the naked charity that we were practicing
together. When we got on the stage and

Leaves of Grass


Leaves of Grass


Leaves of Grass

...and became more and more desirous
the naked charity that we were practicing
together. When we got on the stage and

Leaves of Grass


Leaves of Grass


Leaves of Grass


Leaves of Grass

...and became more and more desirous
the naked charity that we were practicing
men and women. We don't yet know what the result would be of men forming closer emotional ties, or of the making conscious of those emotional ties and the acceptance of them as a political significance.

What's the alternative? You can bring up the spectre of Greek love and its anti-feminist concomitant and point out aspects of that in behavior of the beatniks—a fear of women, at least with me. But you would also have to see it as a real, heartfelt, native development, out of the fear and restrictions of the situation that we were brought up with: distrust, hatred, paranoia and competition between men rather than cooperation, and the same also between men and women.

Whitman was most sensitive of that because of his blocked love for men, because he couldn't make it with men openly and publicly. He had to find a way of expressing his adhesiveness, as he called it.

To think a liberation of emotion between men would also lead to a liberation or straightening out of relations between men and women, and that we had no longer have to be in relation to men in the sense of hard and con­quiter. They might have a much more relaxed relationship in which they were not continuously obliged to be sexualized but could be just friends, or fool. Men non-sexual friendship with women is now considered unhealthy. So the de­velopment of frankly emotional, non-genital friendships with men might mean also the development of the opening of frankly emotional non-genital friendships with women.

What is the effeminist alternative position between men? In other words, what do they propose besides saying: "No, you shouldn't feel good with your fellow man; heterosexuals should not develop towards emotional relations with heterosexuals!"? I think you might be remaining out of the danger of an exclusive club, but we've already had that exclusive club in another form with the Hemingway macho scene, or with the military macho scene.

I'm reading Whitman saying that the antidote to the Hemingway and mili­itary macho scene is the development of frank, emotional tendencies, and an acknowledgment of tenderness as the basis of genital or non-genital emotion. It may resolve itself in more men friend­ships, a democratization of friendships, so that it's not exclusively friendships be­tween men and women on sexual basis.

I think it would resolve a lot of the macho conflict and contradictions. I think there are social conditions of gaiety, or homosexuality: there is a built-in death wish, the times, in which both genital and emotional flow goes towards men more than, as is more usually the case. Women's death wish: the point of gay lib was to admit that variety of development as being viable, making a place for that. Other two, what is a homosexual? Unless you want to have a homosexual liberation front which pro­poses that we go from a pure gaiety out of homosexuality to a more equal and dem­ocratic relation with both men and women, then you can say: let the straight flower bend its purpose in stridency and belligerency to the light, and that the crooked flower bespeak its purpose in crookedness, which is to seek the light, for the straight flower has to go around the rock to seek the light. But the point was to get to the light of love, and the point of the road is the straight, right into the light of love. So you have either biological or conditional man-love and gay lib movement which purports to release and make public those emo­tions.

One thing is that gay lib club could do would be to break the fear barriers that queers have against women. Breaking down the fear barriers between men and men would probably tend towards that.

Another point I'd like to take up is the traditional, effeminate possibility, objection to the "lesbian" between older men and younger men. I saw some effeminate manifestos [on this point] in Berkeley this summer by Gavin Arthur, who died this year in San Francisco. He was a great gentleman, with beautiful manners, an astrologer, a teach­er, a guru, and a grandson of president Chester Arthur. Real Cassidy slept with him occasionally, taking refuge in San Francisco from his travels. Kesy re­turns back and forth from the railroad.

Gavin Arthur had slept with Edward Carpenter and Edward Carpenter had slept with Walt Whitman.

Gavin says that it's very old and very charming for older and younger people to make it, which you realise as you get old too — and nothing to be ashamed of, defensive about, but some­thing to be encouraged; a healthy relation­ship, not a sick neurotic dependence. The main thing is communication. Older people have ken, experience, his­tory, memory, information, data, power, also wisdom.

Younger people have intelligence, enthu­siasm, sexuality, energy, vitality, open­ness, affection. So there's the con­trast and sweet, dewy knowledges of youth; and both profit from the recipro­cal exchange. It becomes more than a sexual relationship; it becomes an ex­change of strength, an exchange of gifts, an exchange of accomplishment, an exchange of nature-bounties. Older people gain vigor, refreshment, vitality, en­ergy, hopefulness and cheerfulness from the attentions of the young; and the younger people gain gossip, experience, advice, aid, comfort, wisdom and teaching from their relation with the old. So as in other relationships, the combination of old and young is func­tionally useful. It's far from sexist, in the sense that the interest of the younger person is not totally sexual; it's more in the relationship and the wisdom to be gained.

In Edward Carpenter's and Whitman's time the older person made love to the younger person, blew the younger person and there was the absorption of the younger person's electric, vital magnetism (according to a charming, theosophical, 19th century theory). And it's something that somebody older like myself does gain. You sleep with somebody younger you do gain a little vitality of breadth and bounce.

GINSBERG: Lorca's "Ode to Walt Whit­man" speaks of "the sun singing on the navels of boys playing baseball under the bridge", which is a study of such exotic beauty that immediately you realise that he understood, that he was there, that was an emotion he felt. Then, later on, I met somebody in Chile who knew him and said that he'd slept with boys. In fact, some sort of argument about a boy may be the cause of the shooting of Lorca.

GINSBERG: The form I felt it in was between the heart-feel, populist, human­ist, quasi-homosexual, Whitmanic, bo­hemian, free-love, homosexual tradition, as you find it in Sherwood Anderson, Whitman, or maybe Genet, versus the privileged, exaggeratedly effeminate, gos­sipy, moneyed, money-style cloth­ing con­scious, near hysterical Queen. Of course there's nothing more ancient or honorable than the old shamanistic transvestite that we see running up and down Greenwich Avenue or among the American Indians, a shaman who dresses himself up like a woman and even takes a husband. The screaming young queen — there's some­thing very ancient and charming about those types, the Rolling Stones, Dylan, and expres­siveness. Sometimes you feel it's the screaming, hysterical outside of somebody who's going to have a nervous breakdown and wind up in the church, or something. But then there's also the pellucid, spartan, anal retentive, discipli­narian.

But when I was younger the split was more between the grubby, beatnik, open­hearted . . . the nameless, gayotic lovers and the monolithic queens who had privilege and money. The distinction was more between the cold-hearted and the warm-hearted.

GINSBERG: Oh, I found both definitely. There were lots of outspoken, funny old sailor queens from the 20's; and then there were all sorts of prissy mouthed, paranoiac, fearful, conservative-reaction­ary, short-hair, worried, advertising mar­iners. And everywhere there is that a manneristic fairymonk that depends on money, chic, privilege and exclusive, monomaniacal high style, and I would say that it is usually accompanied by bitches, madness, and sinfulness, and, too, I like homosexuality where the lovers are friends all their lives, and there are many lovers and many friends.

GINSBERG: But school is irrelevant to poetry and everything else anyway. I mean school is something from the 19th century. Poetry has gone back to 15,000 BC. There's Whitman's: "We two boys breathing. . . ."

And Whitman says. . . "a glimpse of is latent in all of us now and ready to come. . . ."

GINSBERG: Orlovsky. Oh, I like homosexuality where the lovers are friends all their lives, and there are many lovers and many friends.

GINSBERG: For me it was a very recent discovery that there's nothing more ancient or honorable than the old shamanistic transvestite that we see running up and down Greenwich Avenue or among the American Indians, a shaman who dresses himself up like a woman and even takes a husband. The screaming young queen — there's something very ancient and charming about those types, the Rolling Stones, Dylan, and expressiveness. Sometimes you feel it's the screaming, hysterical outside of somebody who's going to have a nervous breakdown and wind up in the church, or something. But then there's also the pellucid, spartan, anal retentive, disciplinarian.

But when I was younger the split was more between the grubby, beatnik, open­hearted . . . the nameless, gayotic lovers and the monolithic queens who had privilege and money. The distinction was more between the cold-hearted and the warm-hearted.

GINSBERG: Oh, I found both definitely. There were lots of outspoken, funny old sailor queens from the 20's; and then there were all sorts of prissy mouthed, paranoiac, fearful, conservative-reaction­ary, short-hair, worried, advertising mar­iners. And everywhere there is that a manneristic fairymonk that depends on money, chic, privilege and exclusive, monomaniacal high style, and I would say that it is usually accompanied by bitches, madness, and sinfulness, and, too, I like homosexuality where the lovers are friends all their lives, and there are many lovers and many friends.
"Let us escape from the condition of the isolated artist, who remains on the periphery of the realities of the street, the city and everyday surroundings, imitated because they are destined for museums and the apartments of the rich, because they are articles of mercantile value or items for archiving, because their authority is probably conditioned by the cult of personality and signification, a trap laid by confidence tricksters.

Let us put an end to this age-old definition of the artist that is handed down by dealers, schools, and institutes.

L'Imagination saisit la puissance..."
How Green
Is Your Alley?

The greedy bloody developers can't be stopped they said, sitting in portable armchairs watching yet another chapter of history go under to the bulldozer. The National Trust makes some phone calls, drafts some letters, sends another delegation... and, undaunted, the developers continue on their rampages.

Then a couple of years ago the NSW branch of the Builders Laborers Federation stepped in and slammed green bans on areas earmarked for development. There are now boycotts on construction projects to the tune of $3000 million. The developers are screaming, the Master Builders Association wants the union deregistered and national secretary of the union, Norm Gallagher, wants the federal body of the union to step in.

JOE OWENS, who recently replaced Jack Mundey as secretary of the NSW branch of the BLF, talks with GRANT EVANS. Photos by SYD SHELTON.

Q: With the attempts by the Master Builders Association to have the NSW BLF deregistered, do you expect support from the federal leadership?

OWENS: Firstly, this is the third or fourth time that the Master Builders have been huffing and puffing about deregistering the union. If they deregister us they will have to do it federally because we are a federal union.

The attempts at deregistration are linked up with the green bans. The Master Builders have on a number of occasions attempted to get us before the Arbitration Commission over green bans for big companies such as Hooker's who have a lot of economic influence over the Master Builders.

I think that we can keep them at bay successfully. The only thing that worries me is the role that our federal body will play in it. After the last ACTU congress and the deal that Gallagher did with the rightwingers Ducker and Marsh, his allegiance to say the least, must be in doubt.

Already some of the employers in NSW, including the Master Builders and representatives of Hooker's in one instance, have gone to Gallagher and asked him to intervene over one of the green bans we have in Cook Road, Centennial Park. Pressures have been exerted from this area long with the Arbitration Commission and I think that one of the biggest problems that we'll face is pressure from a number of sources on the green bans. I'm sincerely hopeful that Gallagher will not be sucked in by the Master Builders and by the Arbitration Commission to get us to live our bans.

Q: Your tactics stand by limited tenure of office. Why do you think that this is so important?

OWENS: It is a basic principle of democracy. As we have repeatedly said, and as Jack Mundey has eloquently expressed it, the problem with the union movement anywhere is that after a while it stagnates, the people become "jobbists" and become interested in retaining the offices for their own ideological ends rather than pushing democracy amongst its members.

The problems faced by unions can be seen with the Builders Workers Industrial Union which ten years ago was widely regarded as the leading union in the building industry and now it has toppled downhill. It's not a leading militant union. I think that the general problem with unions, whether they are right or left, is that people have a tendency to stay too long.

Q: Could you tell us more about rank and file activity within the union and about membership control?

OWENS: Our union has to remember that we are a fairly radical union, miles ahead of many other unions, so we've got to be careful that we don't go too far ahead of A lot of people are now talking about rank and file democracy. The Liberal party of NSW is even starting to agree with the concept of worker participation, John Ducker says the same thing. In all cases they warn against worker control.

I think it is a sign of the times when you have reactionaries coming out in support of worker participation which shows how fearful they are of worker control, even in its embryonic stages in Australia. But it's catching on fast. The trade unions fear it.

Q: A lot of groups on the left claim that the Builders Laborer's are involved in middle class politics with the green bans. And you would argue that once you start organising grass roots activity it immediately extends towards revolutionary action.

OWENS: That's right. There's an old idea still held by some sections of the left in particular that the working class, meaning the fellow wearing hobnailed boots and a pick in his hand will be the one who will win the revolution. Now that's utter bullshit.

It's becoming clearer and clearer that more and more people, including the working class and the middle class - who after all are the working class in an age of multinational corporations - are all taking action. Now these have to be welded together if we want to change society to make it a democratic socialist society.

I think that the enemies of the union have said that we support the silver tarts. Certainly we have supported areas of land where people wanted parks to be kept whether the people in the areas were over $10,000 or under. We've had the two opposites - we've had Woollahra and the Helen Keller Hostel. Very different groups of people but all with the same aim. If you can get those groups of people talking together about a similar concept, well that's a pointer toward revolution. Revolution won't be carried out by a small group of people but by mass action by all of the people.

Guerrilla green banners at Wentworth Park

Workers control

The Woollahra ban - that was

The death of Helen Keller house

Next week WENDY BACON reveals what she found when she paid a call on her friendly neighborhood developer.
To start our regular pages by kids we have something by NSW High-er School Certificate students to warm your spirits on E-Day.

Brother JOHN GEAKE, our NSW monitor, follows with a round-up

It's good old exam time again — the annual ritual of rewarding the goodly and punishing the naughty by a quiz show so gigantic that Pick-A-Box and Great Temptation pale into insignificance.

All across the state, students are stuffing their brains with verbage and garbage to the point of intellectual chunder upon which we all hope the future happiness depends. Probabilities and statistics are the chief topics of conversation in staff rooms, and homes where parents are fielding an HSC candidate competition is legion.

But the funny thing (ha ha) about matriculation exams is that both examiners and examinees, in fact almost everybody, knows they're a sham, a public scandal to the annual tune of half a million dollars. If they're a sham, a public scandal, then why aren't exams abolished? Because they afford a means of conversation in staff rooms, and statistics are the chief topics of conversation at school, and consider­able job crisis/unemployment amongst the army of teachers presently putting kids through their paces, like show jumpers before the Royal Easter spectac­ular.

No exams means radically dif­ferent teacher training, or even no training at all. No exams leads to deschooling. Thus it's unlikely that this pillar of society will be brought down by its supporters, their vested interest is too high. If exams are to be abolished, it's up to the potential examinees to wield the axe. Here are some handy hints for stuffing the sys­tem before it stuffs you. Let your mind wander during your next study break.

BOYCOTT:

There can't be an exam without examinees. Imagine no one turning up. Imagine thou­sands of papers on thousands of evenly spaced desks in thousands of halls — empty save for the panic stricken supervisors and ex­amination officials franticly checking clocks, calendars and rule books.

However, like all mass action, it doesn't recommend itself as warmly to the isolated individual. Certainly the individual who never appears will save him or herself an experience sufficiently awful that it ought be missed, but the politi­cal significance may be missed also.

BURN YOUR EXAM PAPER: An individual act of conscience that could rate with draft card burning (and probably carries a similar penalty). Phone up a television station the night before — the wider the audience the better. To get your exam paper outside the exam room you will need to be fleet of foot, but a little help from your friends should block the cover defence of supervisors in time to reach the cameras and apply a match to the offending document.

DISTRACTIONS:

"The French for Starfucker is Etoile-fouteur." Sit in lotus position on top of desk, meditate, and chant "Ommmmmmmmmmm . . ."

"Excuse me but examination rules state that . . ." Get everyone else to join in, "Ommmmmmmmmmm . . ."

English comprehension to ask! Should anyone inquire as to the whereabouts of your paper your reply can display your knowledge of the natural sciences: "I oxidised it!" (Cellulose + oxygen = carbon dioxide + water.) Now there's first level practical work.

BURGLARY: Break into the Gov­ernment Printing Office; steal all the exam papers and burn them, or provide a fitting atmosphere with laughing gas (nitrous oxide), or provide a bonfire with a small molotov cocktail over the pile of undistributed papers.

LITTER: "In the exam room with a loudhailer explain that you have the right to have a copy of each paper, or provide an unfitting atmos­phere with the smell of carbon dioxide.

What's it all about?

To start our regular pages by kids we have something by NSW High-er School Certificate students to warm your spirits on E-Day.

Brother JOHN GEAKE, our NSW monitor, follows with a round-up.

It's good old exam time again — the annual ritual of rewarding the goodly and punishing the naughty by a quiz show so gigantic that Pick-A-Box and Great Temptation pale into insignificance.

All across the state, students are stuffing their brains with verbage and garbage to the point of intellectual chunder upon which we all hope the future happiness depends. Probabilities and statistics are the chief topics of conversation in staff rooms, and homes where parents are fielding an HSC candidate competition is legion.

But the funny thing (ha ha) about matriculation exams is that both examiners and examinees, in fact almost everybody, knows they're a sham, a public scandal to the annual tune of half a million dollars. If they're a sham, a public scandal, then why aren't exams abolished? Because they afford a means of conversation in staff rooms, and statistics are the chief topics of conversation at school, and consider­able job crisis/unemployment amongst the army of teachers presently putting kids through their paces, like show jumpers before the Royal Easter spectac­ular.

No exams means radically dif­ferent teacher training, or even no training at all. No exams leads to deschooling. Thus it's unlikely that this pillar of society will be brought down by its supporters, their vested interest is too high. If exams are to be abolished, it's up to the potential examinees to wield the axe. Here are some handy hints for stuffing the sys­tem before it stuffs you. Let your mind wander during your next study break.

BOYCOTT:

There can't be an exam without examinees. Imagine no one turning up. Imagine thou­sands of papers on thousands of evenly spaced desks in thousands of halls — empty save for the panic stricken supervisors and ex­amination officials franticly checking clocks, calendars and rule books.

However, like all mass action, it doesn't recommend itself as warmly to the isolated individual. Certainly the individual who never appears will save him or herself an experience sufficiently awful that it ought be missed, but the politi­cal significance may be missed also.

BURN YOUR EXAM PAPER: An individual act of conscience that could rate with draft card burning (and probably carries a similar penalty). Phone up a television station the night before — the wider the audience the better. To get your exam paper outside the exam room you will need to be fleet of foot, but a little help from your friends should block the cover defence of supervisors in time to reach the cameras and apply a match to the offending document.

DISTRACTIONS:

"The French for Starfucker is Etoile-fouteur." Sit in lotus position on top of desk, meditate, and chant "Ommmmmmmmmmm . . ."

"Excuse me but examination rules state that . . ." Get everyone else to join in, "Ommmmmmmmmmm . . ."

English comprehension to ask! Should anyone inquire as to the whereabouts of your paper your reply can display your knowledge of the natural sciences: "I oxidised it!" (Cellulose + oxygen = carbon dioxide + water.) Now there's first level practical work.

BURGLARY: Break into the Gov­ernment Printing Office; steal all the exam papers and burn them, or provide a fitting atmosphere with laughing gas (nitrous oxide), or provide a bonfire with a small molotov cocktail over the pile of undistributed papers.

LITTER: "In the exam room with a loudhailer explain that you have the right to have a copy of each paper, or provide an unfitting atmos­phere with the smell of carbon dioxide.

What's it all about?
Bright some income, pass some food around, pass some joints around. Have a party.

- Have a mass shit-in. Everyone wants to go at once — a hundred arms waving like daffodils in the breeze — "I gotta go right now — diarrhoea — it’s urgent!"

- Or provide food for thought by decorating the halls with graffiti marks for decoration. Bring along your favorite objects: affection — teddy bear, carpet snake or whatever. Insist that it cannot be left outside.

- Hand out pamphlets against exams — hold a spontaneous meeting when it’s time to go in.

THE PRIMARY problem facing skoolkid radicals is that they not only have a large body of established opinion to change but are denied the right to organise to effect such change. And this denial is central to the established authorities holding their fellows in a stranglehold of representation.

- Once the exams are finished, the headmasters/headmistresses who decide the membership, veto the decisions and censor the publications of these councils. The area for consideration by these bodies soon become constrained to matters whose resolve will not alter the fundamental status or civil liberties of students.

- Sydney High Schools Student Underground, originally housed over Third World Bookshop, once produced a newsletter, has organised a highschool student strike and publishes a newspaper, Stone Rack. Glenfield Farm has been used by students as a centre for a free skool.

- While parents may fork out hundreds of dollars in fees and uniforms, students have little or no money for funding political campaigns for self-determination.

- Attend the exams painted green (or red or blue or a multitude of colors). Hand out balloons, stars, flowers etc. Blow bubbles, sing songs.

- Perform street theatre with some friends. Dress up for the occasion — wear a ball and chain, or a gorilla suit or become superman for three hours.

- Undress for the occasion, slowly and resolutely all the way — an excellent tension release as well as a good distractor.

- Write your exam paper with felt pens of many colors — demand marks for decoration. Bring along your favorite object of affection — teddy bear, carpet snake or whatever. Insist that it cannot be left outside.

- Hand out pamphlets against exams — hold a spontaneous meeting when it’s time to go in.

- The primary problem facing skoolkid radicals is that they not only have a large body of established opinion to change but are denied the right to organise to effect such change. And this denial is central to the established authorities holding their fellows in a stranglehold of representation.

- The established behavior model is strictly authoritarian; real learning only comes from those in authority — parents, teachers, elders. The test is how well kids can imitate the behavior of authority figures and eventually step into some wellworn shoes.

- Learning from interaction of kids with their fellows is not regarded as true learning. Behavior from such interaction is labelled childish, immature, inexperienced or rebellious; is invalidated and/or rationalised, but never accepted. It is true that many teachers and headmasters claim a deep affection and understanding of those "estranged under them," but such affection is seen to be paternalistic in the extreme when these same people, in staff meetings, either joke about kids or show concern in a manner that denies the idea that kids can organise their own lives or make meaningful decisions about themselves. In short, kids experiences are not valid until they’ve been altered, that is "matured," to coincide with authority’s experience.

- Most kids don’t take their political possibilities beyond the level of carved wood desks and tables. Skool is too manky and family oriented.

- Send all your exam notes and exercise books to the minister for education (32,500 candidates x 10 lb of notes = 145 tons of paper), would produce a newspaper, Wombat, for Sydney high schools, to be produced by skoolkids and teachers in the CLC. When sixteen type-set and layed-out pages were finally presented to AICD for printing, the kids were most disappointed to find that not only could AICD “not find a cut” for transport to the printers, but could not find time to even proofread the pages for two weeks, by which time the news was stale and the forthcoming vacation an inhibition to distribution. With encouragement like that who needs a family crisis?

- The Blacktown Student Underground draws students from all skools in the Blacktown area. Their underground newspaper, The Skoolkicker, is produced and distributed under threat of expulsion and police action by the local authorities. The Blacktown Boys High headmaster, Jack Kelly, offers $100 reward for the capture of the mysterious graffiti writer who adorns otherwise ugly buildings: "I run The Skoolkicker and I’ll buy the student who produces a newsletter, has organised a highschool student strike and publishes a newspaper, Stone Rack. Glenfield Farm has been used by students as a centre for a free skool. A first group moved to Paddington and dissolved into the Creative Learning Collective. A second group from the local Liverpool area are now busy establish-
Jodorowsky's *El Topo*

ALBIE THOMS

**Future Flickerings**

**On The Screen**

**TRACKING DENNIS WEAVER**

**The Canned Libido**

B ack in Australia a few days ago I was asked to write a column for *The Living Daylights*. With only a few weeks in moody La and no job in sight I can't refuse, but the doing has proven a lot harder than the planning.

The truth of the matter is I got sick of writing, and when I went on my six month study tour in Europe and New York I avoided using the typewriter to analyse and discuss the movies I saw. I did, however, keep a dialogue developed that the effort of sitting down and straining my brain thru a typewriter for little or no payment or reward became an exhausting experience.

In the end I think maybe I'm doing it out of love for the aborted struggle. I was going to write about the latest developments in avant-garde film as witnessed at an international festival in London last month, but I've decided to give that a miss. There seems so little interest in avant-garde film here (especially among the film bureaucrats) that it doesn't warrant the effort. Instead I'll attempt to fulfill one of Richard's aims to make this a Good News paper rather than the old Australian knocker. So what good news can I tell you? Well, I think I'll stick with movies in this first column and tell you about some that you might hope to see on your local screens during the next six months or so. They are not Australian movies, as I have not caught up with recent developments while I was away.

In fact, the only Australian movie I saw in the past six months was *El Topo*, Australia's official entry at Cannes. It lasted a bit longer than most of the audience there but in the end I too found that stupid, cynical movie. (I will avoid here stating against the policies of the film bureaucrats responsible for this film and for showing it in Cannes.)

So here are some foreign films that are worth seeing if and when they make it to our screens.

Firstly, **ROCK MOVIES**: There are innumerable films in this relatively new genre, most of them records of festivals or major concerts. I saw Satyricon and couldn't see what people were getting excited about. More interesting was a fictional film, *Payday*, by Daryl Duke. Starting a favorite actor of mine, Rip Torn; it is about a C&W singer who goes over the edge. Very fast with a lot of ironic humor. Of a different sort is Jimi Hendrix, a biographical film of the star. Factually rather than fictional, documentary rather than synthetic, it contains film clips from most stages of Jimi's career (remarkable for the marvellous image-banks now available to moviemakers). It also contains lots of interviews with people who knew him and these reveal a lot about the man that the cosmetic jobs in the rock press failed to capture.

Next, **SEX MOVIES**: Long banned in Australia these are starting to be seen (and made) here. I don't know how long before *Deep Throat* arrives, but maybe it will come before its sequel *The Devil Is Miss America*. This features new sex star Gloria Spelvin enjoying it up the bum as well as with a snake and whatever else she can get inside her.

This New York cheapo is being challenged by the *Green Door*, a San Francisco cheapo that stars Marilyn Chambers ("Miss Ivory Snow", a TV ad queen who sells soap powder on the box). Miss Chambers gets hers on a trapeze in a variety of oriental settings. Take your pick. I also got off the softcore German schoolgirl reports.

**THRILLERS**: Everyone used to like thrillers and Siskel is one of the best of them, in the tradition of Psycho and Rear Window. Made by Brian de Palma that laizzes everything Hitch has to teach, it doesn't have stars and might get ballyhooed. But it's a sleeper.

Ditto *Duel* which has had a short run in Melbourne already. Dennis Weaver (fast becoming new American archetype male) gets paranoid when driving his car on the freeway. A monotonous truck appears in his rear vision mirror and pursues him without rhyme or reason for the rest of the film. Definitive American paranoia, it was made by ABC-TV and shows by them immediately after Nixon's Watergate white wash speech last October.

The TV programmers suggested quite blatantly that the monster in the rear vision mirror was no other than Tricky Dick. Relate it to your own paranoia.

**COMEDIES**: Both comedies I note are Comedy noir. *Marc Ferrari's Grand Bouffe* stars Mas-trotano farcists Pinoli, Noret and Tognazzi eating and shitting themselves to death. A bawdy farce in the Ubu tradition (farcoeliac), it makes some claim to being a social allegory.

*El Topo* (made for Beethoven Street and distributed by World of Style) is a modern and not a biblical version of *El Topo* (which has had a two-screen limited run in the area of style). Samuel Fuller has concocted an innocent revery about the late 50s called *That'll Be the Day*, carefully fictionalising the period in England when the Beatles and others decided to give up school and become rock stars. It features Ringo at his best. It is a Bergman film and Nick Ray's Johnny Guitar.

This neat little exploitation period in England when the Beatles and others decided to give up school and become rock stars. It features Ringo at his best. It is a Bergman film and Nick Ray's Johnny Guitar. The producers of *Grand Bouffe* should have seen it.

**DOCUMENTARIES**: More and more doocos are finding their way into cinemas, and not just as support and fillers. Phillips-Mora's *Swastika* has been shown at Australian festivals and hopefully will find its way into our more imaginative independent cinemas. As a camp as his previous film, it scores good moments by dubbing Hitler's home movies, and spinning a swastika thru the cosmos. Misinterpretations guaranteed.

**WESTERNS AND MUSICALS**: It seems Hollywood has finally exhaustively used these two great genres. Both are to be commercially screened here (including the NFTA). Werner Nekes' *Two Men on a Nation*! is an experimentally structured depiction of a love affair.

A historical is Russ Meyer's Blacksnake. Meyer is a major American stylist whose work is ignored by no discerning critics because of its sexiness. Blacksnake-cum-comedy and cume, a parody of Pestoncino's *Burla*, just as slack. When will the Australian Meyer cult start? Australian critics note!

Claro! Manhattan has been hailed as Citizen FALCIA! *Coma* is not so much as a breakthrough movie, but one that manages an epic style. It recounts the fictional but true story of Susan (Edie Sedgwick -- Warhol superstar) who dies (true death) on the freeway. After the course of the movie, mixed with unrelatable fiction and some unreleased fiction film with recent fictional footage to create a past/present synthesis.

**ADVANT-GARDE**: I said I was going to write about the avant-garde a miss but there are some films that can't be ignored. For example, *Michael Snow's Central Fiction*, a monumental work that is undeniably a masterpiece. Projected for three hours with changing film speeds and changing pan speeds and axes, it does prettysvg shapes to the brain, the literal mind fuck that people have talked about for so long.

Most of the films from Paul Sharits are also impressive and Stan Brakhage has come up with a powerful documentary film in *The Act of Seeing With One's Own Eyes*.

Three avant-garde features made for German TV are also worth looking out for (perhaps they'll get better home movies, or the NFTA). Werner Nekes' *Two Men on a Nation* is an experimentally structured depiction of a love affair.

Jodorowsky's *The Birth of a Nation* has subject matter suggested by its title (it's actually a film about film-making and Schickeri). But Arthur Penn's *Marnie* slow motion pole vault sequence is well worth seeing.

**COPS AND ROBBERS**: Most of these seem to be about blacks and are basically cheap rehashes of familiar plots. They bore very quickly, though Dillinger -- which is in the Bonanza and Clyde mould -- achieves a momentum that captures the audience. Samuel Fuller has made some of the best films in this genre. Fuller and the musical of CPTTW are still to come, but the decision to make Lechick's Superman a modern and not biblical was an error.

**WEIRDOS**: These ones always get me in because they break with genre styles and predictable patterns, exercising the mind while entertaining the fleshy. A Cow-boy's *The Holy Mountain*. A sequel to El Topo (which has yet to be commercially screened here), made with a big budget and produced by Allen Klein, this is as unpredictable as Jodorow sky's previous films. Latent surrealism, it is more heavily didactic than before, though no doubt the director regards his film as Zen.

Less surreal, though equally erotic, is Werner Hertog's *Aquaria*, The Wrath of God. A historical escapade (*CALIGULAS*) that attempts to find El Dorado by crossing the Andes and heading down the river. A bawdy performance by Klaus Kinsky, suggested as a possible Leichhardt, for a Cerrin of prison (censor). Something about that insane Australian adventurer. Another Historical is Russ Meyer's Blacksnake. Meyer is a major American stylist whose work is ignored by no discerning critics because of its sexiness. Blacksnake- cum-comedy and cume, a parody of Pestoncino's *Burla*, just as slack. When will the Australian Meyer cult start? Australian critics note!
LAST fortnight, a poor, broken-down sod stumbled onto my building site and asked the foreman for a job. Luckily for him, Tasmania is in the midst of a building boom, so he was taken on.

Abject, pale and weedy, he commenced work alongside of me at the bottom of a ten-foot trench. As the morning wore on I realised that I had seen him somewhere before. Suddenly the memory of the bleak concrete ex POWs (who never got it while was homosexually raped in the showers whilst a screw looked on)

A FORMER INMATE REVIEWS THE RISDON CAN

the "Boys Yard", until someone almost the entire population of ex inmates of Tasmania's "luxurious" jet-heated ghost town of "tough guys", mostly lifers and other long term inmates. This group runs the illicit gambling garden variety of prisoners.

Apart from being allowed one visit of 20 minutes per month, and one letter per fortnight, this is the bare minimum of the "luxury" enjoyed by the prisoners. Things can't get any better than that, but for many of the prisoners they can, and do, get worse.

The prisoners live in cells which are arranged in two tiers around the edges of the exercise cage. These are seven such yards at Risdon — including the remand section where those prisoners, still legally innocent, are awaiting trial, and are incarcerated, sometimes months or years, if not the entire population of the yard..."Star" is stripped naked and forcibly treated to humiliation, terror.

The truth of the matter is that Risdon, whilst doubtless an improvement on some of our other farms, is nevertheless still a foul hell on any landscape. The day — every day — begins at 6.45 am to the snarling of some dopey screw who is too useless to get a job anywhere else: "Get out of bed you cunt!" "Cocks off, socks on." Then it is time for breakfast: the ubiquitous "burgo" (a tawdry version of porridge that tastes as nasty as it sounds), followed by a weevil or a dollop of mouldy bread.

Too small and weak to defend himself, he was terrified by almost the entire population of the "Boys Yard", until someone had finally shown some spark of humanity and had transferred him to the safer waters of "Big Shot" from further poundings and terror. Once I interceded to stop a huge giant of a "big shot" from further pounding the already pulped face of some punk who had transgressed the rules of the giant and his coppers.

LIMP TIDE PREDICTS "LUXURY"

So the practice was discontinued. But this non existent program is merely a cover for the hopeless system which cannot but make confirmed criminals out of many first offenders.

At some point in my sojourn in the place, I kept a diary, in which I poked fun at the screws and the pompous old soldier fools who are the higher ups in the establishment. The authorities apprehended me and sentenced me to the "schoolroom" as assistant to the education officer. Thus I had the opportunity of experiencing at first hand the circus of the education program.

A FORMER INMATE REVIEWS THE RISDON CAN

The "Star" is first passed through an official prison reception ceremony. He is stripped of his outside clothing, screws peer up his anus, and his hair is cropped to regulation standards. He is then dispatched to the wild beasts of the arena of the yard.

He is insulted, bashed and spat upon. Sexual indignities are forced upon him in the showers. In many cases the "Star" is stripped naked and forced to run a vicious gauntlet of fists, boots and flying saliva. Thus initiated he takes his place in the life of the yard. Soon he will be full of admiration for his crim superiors and the deeds of the rest. In some yards these characters exercise a veritable reign of terror over the weaker crims. Once I interceded to stop a huge giant of a "big shot" from further poundings and terror.

In some yards these characters exercise a veritable reign of terror over the weaker crims. Once I interceded to stop a huge giant of a "big shot" from further poundings and terror of some punk who had transgressed the rules of the giant and his coppers. This bashing went on under the very nose of the yard screw, but he was either too frightened, or didn't care enough to put an end to the frightful business.

The worst yard in this wonderful house of rehabilitation with which the Labor "friends of the workers" have blessed us is the "Boys Yard". This social sewer, otherwise known as R Division, is where the under 21s are napped together. Any "Star" (first timer) who is thrown into this lair is immediately set upon and subjected to all kinds of degradation and terror.

The "Star" is first passed through an official prison reception ceremony. He is stripped of his outside clothing, screws peer up his anus, and his hair is cropped to regulation standards. He is then dispatched to the wild beasts of the arena of the yard.

He is insulted, bashed and spat upon. Sexual indignities are forced upon him in the showers. In many cases the "Star" is stripped naked and forced to run a vicious gauntlet of fists, boots and flying saliva. Thus initiated he takes his place in the life of the yard. Soon he will be full of admiration for his crim superiors and the deeds they have performed both in and out of jail. He will enthusiastically join in the persecution of new arrivals.

But the biggest fraud about this concrete mausoleum is the rehabilitative qualities it allegedly possesses. With the sad perversions and incapacities of politicians point to the "education program" of this wretched establishment. But this non existent program is merely a cover for the hopeless system which cannot but make confirmed criminals out of many first offenders.

At the beginning of my sojourn in the place, I kept a diary, in which I poked fun at the screws and the pompous old soldier fools who are the higher ups in the establishment. The authorities apprehended me and sentenced me to the "schoolroom" as assistant to the education officer. Thus I had the opportunity of experiencing at first hand the circus of the education program.

A FORMER INMATE REVIEWS THE RISDON CAN

At one time prisoners in the jail were allowed to own musical instruments. However some fat assered RSL type seat warmer decided that prisoners could too easily string themselves up, or strangle screws with guitar strings. So the practice was discontinued.

All in all, what I saw in my stay on Her Majesty's Pleasure to my mind makes a mockery of the words of the reactionaries and ALP prison-builders that "the inmates have never had it so good".
**FLASHPOINT ITALY**

**W**hile the tourists chase the cholera away, the October rains chased the cholera away but killed the Tuscan grapes (they were the best in two decades - a tragedy). The production machine (Fiat and Co.) thinks it can get away with only a few strikes this autumn, and the consumption machine is gearing up for another Christmas. We won't have any trouble with gasoline. For a decade we have struggled up to the arabs, and the consumption machine (Fiat and Co.) thinks it can get away with only a few strikes this autumn, and the consumption machine is gearing up for another Christmas. We won't have any trouble with gasoline. For a decade we have struggled up to the arabs, and the consumption machine (Fiat and Co.) thinks it can get away with only a few strikes this autumn, and the consumption machine is gearing up for another Christmas. We won't have any trouble with gasoline. For a decade we have struggled up to the arabs, and the consumption machine (Fiat and Co.) thinks it can get away with only a few strikes this autumn, and the consumption machine is gearing up for another Christmas.

The CIA stepped in and killed Mattei, the head of our very enterprising gas pipeline industry, ENI, a mysterious place crash. That stopped a projected pipeline that would have linked Trieste with the USSR, but we're still friends with the arabs, and still fighting the Seven Sisters. Call it geopolitics. A left journalist who was digging into Mattei's death and finding skeletons in mafia cupboards was killed a year ago.

The Chilean ambassador to Peking, Armando Uribe, has produced proof of a speech made by him in Chicago on September 15, 1970, ten days after Allende's victory. Kissinger said, in a quasi-secret meeting: "What's happening in Chile is very serious, our companies in Chile are endangered, and the American government's interests are endangered. It could lead to ominous things. Allende is probably a Marxist, an agitator, and he's dangerous for our security, his example could be followed by other industrialized nations with a strong left, like Italy and France." We'll see.

One thing is certain: they have done-in Greece, and Chile, but they can't do it in us. We are too industrialized, too big, and the left is too strong. They have a lot of trouble to keep us in line as it is. Not that they haven't tried. There have been two attempted coups - one of them almost serious - put together by the military and the right, but in both cases they had only lukewarm backing from the CIA. They would, of course, step in if we went our traditional way: occupation of the factories, workers councils and the establishment of a peoples government. Italy would be much more left and much more determined than Chile.

The left here was sapped (as in France) in the last decade by the mellowing of the Communist party. It has become a mere watchdog of the working class; they talk of a parliamentary road to socialism and murder every wildcat strike that comes along. But the past five years have brought in a strong movement to the left of the Communist party. Made up of students, young workers and oldtime revolutionaries. Lotta Continua (permanent struggle) is the strongest group with a command of 50 to 100 thousand militants, a daily paper of the same name and a little bit of imagination; not much, but a little bit. Believe it or not there are another two dailies left of the left: Manifesto, which is a splinter group of ideological diehards, and Liberazione, a counter culture daily. It's the liveliest in terms of content, style and readership; representing the ragtag army of counter culture youth.

**ITALY.** You've got to imagine a country which is both Catholic and communist, with a rightwing army and a well paid, murderous bomb throwing fascist fringe; a militant left, strong, lucid and determined; plus a madding assault of rebellious, counter culture youth, the newest wave (30,000 kids run away from home every year). An industrial north and an agricultural, depleted south which sends three million people out to work in Germany, Switzerland etc. (There are seven million "foreign workers" in Europe, coming from Greece, Turkey, Portugal, the south of Italy. They run the assembly lines of all western Europe, and live in ghettos. They are the niggers on which industrial Europe was built.

An internal migration of gigantic proportions is now almost completed. The countryside and the mountains of Italy have been emptied; centuries old agricultural structures have been smashed by massive industrialisation and the Common Market. Ten million people have left the countryside, the south, the small villages and gone to swell the monstrous outskirts of northern towns. Pollution has been rampant, and unchecked. In the summer, ten million tourists flock in and smash what's left of the old structure.

Southern towns are potentially explosive and have exploded often in the past three years. Before the cholera, there was a bread riot in Naples.

Whatever government we have we have a so-called center left now, with some good old fashioned socialists in - the people have total mistrust for the power structure, a mistrust which is ancient, and more than justified by the corruption and the total ineptitude of the Byzantine machine of power: the law, the schools, health system, local government, land reform and town planning, land speculation and pollution...

It's a beautiful and squalid country, and we have a starting point...
a land of sweeping plains
Vegemite in the hand is worth more in the bush

... a load of old tripe

1. One onion, finely chopped, one clove garlic, finely chopped, parsley and salt, 20 ml oil, 60 ml tomato puree (keep the rest deep frozen until needed), half kilo fresh tomatoes, skin and chopped or one can, whichever is cheaper, 20 ml parsley, finely chopped, sausage meat, 20 ml capsicum (red or yellow), 20 ml lemon, salt and pepper to taste, 20 ml capuccino (red or green pepper) finely chopped.

(Note: 20 ml 1 tsp, 125 ml is half a cup.

Now saute onion and garlic in oil, slowly to show that they just become transparent. Add tomato puree and cook for one minute, stirring all the time. Remove from heat and add all other ingredients, and mix well. If consistency too dry, add a little water or more vino to give the sauce the cons-
truit and add a little wine, salt and pepper in one cup and 20 ml oil to half cup. Add some parsley. Serve with noodles. From Italy, I suggest trippa alla Romana.

In Russia, I suggest half cup sliced cooked beetroot, 20 ml oil and glass of noodles. From Italy, l suggest trippa alla Romana.

JOHN GOODE
O'Rourke's Living Songbook Presents...

I WISH to publicly deny authorship of the egregious tag "music is a journey and song is its highway" which appeared above my name in the first issue. This was written by a certain editor whose enthusiasm got the better of him. Music is actually a pork chop and song is its apple sauce.

Send your own ideas on this subject anywhere but to me, but do send in songs. This feature will probably be appearing fortnightly from now on. If you can write musical notation, that's fine, but if not just send in a tape recorded at 3%. I know there are lots of songwriters out there somewhere. DOUGIE YOUNG

Michael O'Rourke

Troubadour Lowndes And...

Like windblown grass
in fields of tone
My love for you
it turns my life around
Through clouds of circumstance
like morning mist
That dress the there
I hear your voice
Without a sound
and so we share
Our common bond
and face the tautness
That surrounds
still time brings change
Till time brings change
Like August winds
that send the rain
Your love for me
it fills my empty cup
Sometimes a man
might want to die
And, going in
and dying up
Might find his life
and so although
It might not show
you turn my pain
To pay me
still time brings change
Till time brings change

Graham Lowndes

His New Song

C

Copyright: Peter O'Rourke

Waltzing Matilda

Matilda
Me Darling

Countryside middle class rebels and moobs, as well as the right wing Alp brigade, take great offence at the prospect of Waltzing Matilda becoming the official national anthem. The whole idea of an anthem is a wretched jingoistic hangover, like it or not, the bulk of the population wants something soulful to tickle their sense of self-importance on Great Occasions. So why not Waltzing Matilda... a deliciously exhilarating celebration of the drop-out, the loner, the wanderer, and his slashing victory over the forces of crass commodification and pig royalty. Waltzing Matilda is usually categorised as, "a song about a sheep stealer who is apprehended by police and commits suicide." That this interpretation has gained such wide currency reveals the lingering impact of an austere and cowardly worldview on our folk culture.

Waltzing Matilda is a fine song, not despite its lyrics, as is so often alleged, but because of them. As a national anthem it appears to have been disqualifed, for neither does it glorify butchery, like the Star Spangled Banner, nor is it a sanctimonious dirge for the Queen, Empire and a chauvinistic God. Our hero is a jolly swagman; unrestrained, unscripted, without a narrow sense can be taken as an invitation to everyone to desert the rut of the familiar, the cautious, the conventional.

While so philosophically engaged, a sheep comes down to drink at the billabong, another drifter from the common herd, perhaps compelled by instinct to succor the meditative wanderer, as lambs are symbolically wont to do. Naturally, it is expropriated by a hungy stomach for a future contingency. Up comes the squatter, mounted on his thoroughbred, to assert his property rights. A mindless, spoilt servant of a ruling coterie and kicking-in-the-pants of the down outsiders.

Rather than accept the chilling prospects ahead for a rehanded sheep stealer, even supposing it to be a first offence, our antihero springs into the billabong. The wanderer, Every(swag)man rests beneath the shade of a coolah tree and puts on his tea. Being a contemplative character, he sings into space a plaintive lament for the mysterious landscape. He eludes the mundane Empire of the familiar, the cautious, the conventional. Gough, not for state funerals, but as a nation, and as ourselves. No, Gough, not for state funerals, but for national births, after the conventional.
Harrison: A panacea for insomnia

GEORGE HARRISON: Living in the Material World (Apple PAS 10006)

With the present quiescence of rock music that resembles the soporific state of pop immediately pre Beatles, it is not surprising that the alternative culture is pivoting on the Beatles once again as its savior-in-arms. It is not surprising that the alternate culture has turned to rock music. Ringo has neither the potentiality nor the inclination, and it is painfully obvious from McCartney's Red Rose Speedway (which boasts only two tracks worthy of his capabilities) that Paulie-poo still requires a little more self-discipline in his creative efforts. And judging from Harrison's latest venture, the last of the great white hopes seems unable to manifest the required stimulant either.

Almost the most complex and problematic Beatles, Harrison's lack of impressiveness and imaginativeness found himself being overshadowed by Lennon-McCartney in every way. It was only when he climbed up the mountain with his guitar that he managed to create some kind of identity for himself, and thus, perhaps not surprisingly, it has been an image he has clung to. The guru image that has made him stand out in the Material World. There has been, of course, the need for a band like the Beatles if he needs a band like the Beatles if he is to survive in rock. His efforts. And judging from Harrison's religious prod- hamination found him being over­ niences it seems unable to reflate the title track to being hopelessly —  the love that you make. It's such a cliché (repeated among Beatle followers) that sure­ ly the song calculates as a con­ sequential waste of time.

It is only when George forgets to remember his role as the Maha­ rishi Yogi Chapter II content to spew out solemn didactic and moral Indian dirges and reverts to his old devices that his songwriting attains its zenith. Struggle within, struggle with. Stagger on, stagger on, the way My Guitar Gently Weeps are all essentially products of his search for an inner essence and it is for this 10k that he will be remembered for. What has happened was the most in­ dustrial Beatles since the split, he needs a band like the Beatles if he is to survive in rock. His problems, and himself. The one man is somehow accents the personal and the collective form of escapism. The album is not, in spite of assertions of piety and dedication to. simplistic philosophy to the material world. There has been, of course, the need for a band like the Beatles if he needs a band like the Beatles if he is to survive in rock. His thoughts—songs, and I am cer­ tain he is the only person who could deliver them effectively — makes him, his music and the album individual. The whole thing started be­ side one, track one, you will be greeted by the sound of Booster Nature —  the song, of course, not the dear lady — a plaintive exam­ ination of egoism and the wish for a very simple answer sung in a rather laborious style. A piece of music mix that is this album. His music travels from the primitiveness person­ al to simplistic philosophy to the misconception. The lack of musical seduction of consistency and disparity leads to the love that you take is equal to the love that you make. It's such a cliché (repeated among Beatle followers) that sure­ ly the song calculates as a con­ sequential waste of time.

George Harrison's religious prod­ hamination found him being over­ niences it seems unable to reflate the title track to being hopelessly —  the love that you make. It's such a cliché (repeated among Beatle followers) that sure­ ly the song calculates as a con­ sequential waste of time.

The lack of musical seduction somehow accentuates the personal nature of the material. They are his thoughts—songs, and I am cer­ tain he is the only person who could deliver them effectively — makes him, his music and the album individual. The whole thing started be­ side one, track one, you will be greeted by the sound of Booster Nature —  the song, of course, not the dear lady — a plaintive exam­ ination of egoism and the wish for a very simple answer sung in a rather laborious style. A piece of music mix that is this album. His music travels from the primitiveness person­ al to simplistic philosophy to the misconception. The lack of musical seduction of consistency and disparity leads to the love that you take is equal to the love that you make. It's such a cliché (repeated among Beatle followers) that sure­ ly the song calculates as a con­ sequential waste of time.

There is a witty little winner; it is a witty little winner; it

Additionality, the basic dis­ parity between the Lennon and Harrison albums that while John deals with pain­ ful human qualities (solitude, alienation) Harrison is merely withdrawing into the polished fantasy of his own religious convictions.

In any case, I strongly suspect the intensity and authenticity of Harrison's religious convictions and supposed rejection of the material world. There has been, of course, the need for a band like the Beatles if he needs a band like the Beatles if he is to survive in rock. His thoughts—songs, and I am cer­ tain he is the only person who could deliver them effectively — makes him, his music and the album individual. The whole thing started be­ side one, track one, you will be greeted by the sound of Booster Nature —  the song, of course, not the dear lady — a plaintive exam­ ination of egoism and the wish for a very simple answer sung in a rather laborious style. A piece of music mix that is this album. His music travels from the primitiveness person­ al to simplistic philosophy to the misconception. The lack of musical seduction of consistency and disparity leads to the love that you take is equal to the love that you make. It's such a cliché (repeated among Beatle followers) that sure­ ly the song calculates as a con­ sequential waste of time.
tell stories which they have translated themselves into their native language. Out of the folk clubs into your own. Mike Shore, 350.1611, ext. 38.

Since then Mike has made a name recording musicians and widened.

Davy's tape has been followed by three short weeks.

First is a medieval ballad, three guitars, weaving, stately, great... moving on to a blues feel — simple, very hard, rocky, some of the vocals shaky but coming together. (Dave, Gerry and Jim are playing fairly regularly at Mike Eves Folk Club in the Elizabeth Hotel, Elizabeth St., Sydney.)

What GJD have done, and what the other musicians associated with Mike recording have done is to take the idiom, vocabulary and grammar of a dozen or more folk traditions and make them their own — moving easily and unself-consciously from one idiom to another, evolving.

The tapes go on for five hours. Peggy Derosens, Terry Hangar, Colin Campbell, Colin Dryden, Chris Dufly, Tony Hanigan, and Marion Henderson. They are all there, writing their own songs, matured, beautifully arranged and waiting to take off. And there are people there, like Mike Eves, who can sympathetically record them. The music has come out of his origins, it's now no longer symphonic with the folk club setup. It's looking for an outlet and an audience. Jeannie Lewis, who is one of this group of musicians who have learnt their craft on the folk scene, has started to show the way. Moving towards a more theatrical, concert setting, using microphones and making up the nucleus of an emerging like the like of which occurred in Canada after their 50 percent ruling.

One other legendary figure who is breaking out is Chris Dufly. Dufly living in Paddo, practicing 15 hours a day, instrument after instrument, BLUEGRASS, COUNTRY and WESTERN and POP. Who put down a tape with Mike Eves?

Dufly playing guitar, autoharp, fiddle, mandolin, banjo, and electric bass, singing lead and the harmonies, all overdubbed, all Dufly. Dufly has now added pedal steel to his repertoire and is touring with Slim Dusty.

Dusty has been moving musicologically ever since he toured with the New Zealand bluegrass group, The Hamilton Country Band, and it will be interesting to see what effect Chris will have. Big concert scheduled for Melbourne early November.

If McClelland lives up to its promises and rules for 50 percent Australian content on the air wave these people are going to make up the nucleus of an emerging like the like of which occurred in Canada after their 50 percent ruling.

Instead of Leonard Cohen, Gordon Lightfoot, and Joni Mitchell, read AL HEAD all those above and a dozen for more others who are about to come of age.

THAT'S all folks, keep dem letters coming. Memo to certain publicity persons: Thanks for the concert tour handouts, send the TICKETS with them next time and you just might get a plug.

Aquarian age and wholistic approach at —

Institute of Natural Health and

ALTERNATIVE HEALTH CENTRE

New courses in massage, astrology, nutrition and health, progressive-relaxation, practical get-to-know-yourself and personal growth group, philosophical, relaxation, therapy, massage.

One way around an encounter group; uses and abuses of health coffers treatment in acupuncture, biofeedback, nutrition and health, astrology, dietetics, physiotherapy.

Ring Sydney 660.3111, 35

Globe Point Road, Globe.
Sydney. Fem ale hom osex, late (non chauvinist), green eyes, lady same. Outings, friendship, dig free board, food etc? I'm a 40s, friendly, lonely. Wishes mee et in most welcome. Phone num­-ber 5921.

B oat and pen chant for big boobs, box 5923.

Only genuine please. N on A ustralian.

P HOTOS

Nation Review: THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS

Ph oto if possible or descrip­ tion and sleazy night clubs. INC box 5926.

Dalliance respondents m ust include a cceptable. Seeks sim ilar widower, G old Coast. Y oung 42 yrs male, divorcee w ith like needs. INC box 5938.

Brisl ey, Sydney. Local boy, goo d body, excels in dancing, surfing, mutual satisfaction. Photograph. F riend. I w ant som eone to share my weekends. Have panelvan, will travel. I have three works buddies here but alone it will be a horrid life, a lovely woman to share, box 5922.

M elbourne. Attractive redhead, 28, ow n private prem ises, will share same. S ingle or married. INC box 5937.

A DVERTISEMENT

Sydney. Are you a chauvinist and too busy, does it frustrate you? I'm a guy, 35, who'd dig you to share my pad. Genuine ad. INC box 5939.

Sydney, northern beaches. M ales (35-75 yrs old), green eyes, brown hair, keen tennis devotee, 25-60 yrs, go away, friendly, dry, outdoor type, this ad box 5941.

Sydney. Good looking guy, like to meet disinterested, lonely, hobby boy, to set out fantasies together. I lead on permanent basis. Only genuine please. Not Austral­ian wish welcome. Phone num­­ber 5942. I am generous and discreet. INC box 5943.

Sydney. Chauvinist, 26, with own boat and penchant for big boobs, needs uninterested, disinterested, slightly shy. Please write completely with photo and statistics. INC box 5944.

Unmarried miscellaneous, older male, 35, seeks same for mutual satisfaction and oral plea­sure. Frank m ethods and photo­graphy essential. Send a crossed postal order for $3.50. Box 5945.

Sydney. Needed a fiddly, to­gether girl, with an inquisitive streak. If you enjoy loneliness, you'll fit in! Phone me, we could go to bars, movies etc. Box 5946.

M arried or single. INC box 5940.
One bright reader is worth a thousand boneheads.