

ANARCHY.

Neither GOD nor LAW nor PROPERTY:

-BUT-

LIBERTY—EQUALITY—FRATERNITY

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AUTHORITY.

There are 2 kinds of authority; 1 which rules by TERROR, & 1 which rules by ERROR. One is based directly on brute force; the other rests on the voluntary submission of those who are subject to it—a submission which is voluntary only through their ignorance. But as soon as any of them cease to be "willing" slaves, the authority of force is quickly resorted to.

Anyone can understand & hate the tyranny which rests on simple aggressive violence. Yet it is far the less dangerous. Men only submit to it while they have to. The other they submit to, to their own & even others' harm, when they need not, because they think it is their "duty."

If there are duties the

first duty of every man is to be true to himself. True to himself is his own welfare—true to himself in sacrificing his common welfare, even, for the higher welfare he feels in making others happy. But that he may so be true to himself he must be independent; his will must be free. He cannot be true to his own nature when he is the mere obedient puppet of another. In giving up his conduct to outside dictation, he becomes a mere machine—an idiotic body, ~~no more~~ at the command of another's brain, or of brainless blind custom—a voluntary lunatic.

The man who does so, is false to himself; & false, too, to his fellow-men: because he has ceased to move in touch with his and their needs, & has become a weapon against them, ready to hand for all who can profit by the control



**WE'LL GET THOSE
LONG-HAIRED
BASTARDS IN**



WAWONG



The Myponga '71 Festival, according to its organisers and promoters, was to have been "more than a three day pop festival." It was envisaged as "our happening and our time... in line with the young revolution that has swept the world," a revolution of "peace, love and freedom." What happened at Myponga fell far short of this ideal. Myponga was a bummer, and most of the blame can be placed, not on the heads of the kids - so many of whom went there in the hope of creating a genuine hip community, a living Woodstock Nation - but with these very organisers and promoters who turned out to be more interested in profit, public relations and security than they were in love, freedom or the creation of any kind of youthful revolutionary alternative to Pig Nation.

Two alternatives present themselves in attempting an explanation for the failure of Myponga to live up to its possibilities. Firstly, it is possible that the organisers really believed in their own propaganda, and really thought they could create a free community, not realising that such a community was incompatible with even the slightest degree of financial consideration or profit motive; and perhaps not even realising what a free, loving, community should actually look like in the first place.

Without trying to get a definite answer to this problem it appears that they were in fact, motivated principally by self-interest and not by any desire to create a free, hip community.

The Myponga festival itself was a highly-organised, profit-orientated venture. Advertising and promotion was perhaps the most intense of any festival yet held in Australia, and significantly, it appears that they were far more ready to spend money on such things as promotion,

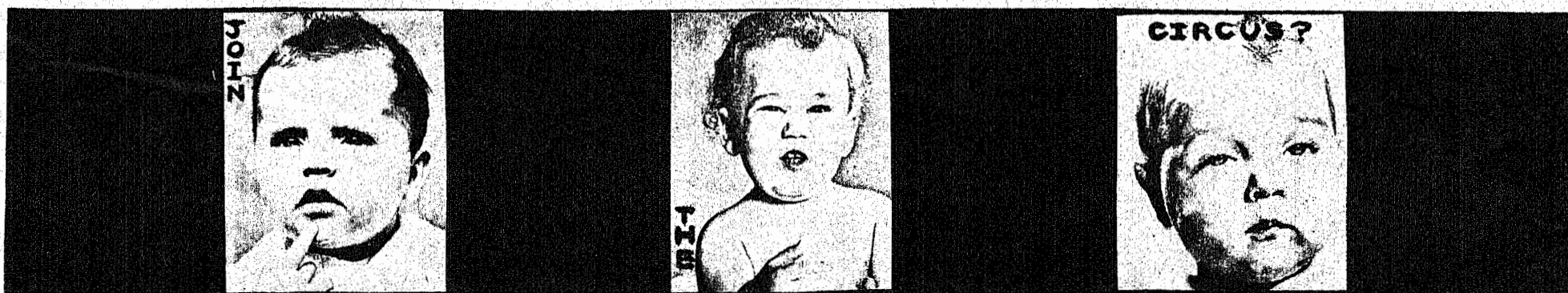
public relations and security than they were on other, more important, aspects. There were many complaints about the inadequacy of toilet, shower and food facilities, and even Adrian Rawlins made a complaint about the stage. There were complaints about the quality of the amplification, and we already know of the dissatisfaction among South Australian groups over the money they were offered. On the other hand, the amount of money the backers and promoters had coming in was incredible. Apart from that gained from ticket sales (\$6 per head for 3 days), there was the leasing of stall space (which inevitably had the effect of pushing food and drink prices sky-high), film rights, TV rights, recording rights, "Myponga" tee-shirts, and so on.

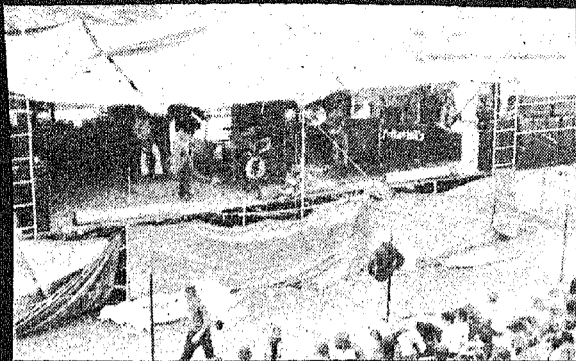
The wider effects of this self-interest on the festival were enormous. Firstly, one of the major considerations was to provide heavy security for this huge investment. Hence, not only did they employ the services of a professional security company, but they also obtained sixty-two of their own bouncers. The promoters hired these bouncers from the entrants in the Mr. South Australia muscleman contest, who in turn got jobs for "the boys" - that is, for their unhip, beer-drinking, muscle-bound, short-haired friends. This tactic of employing members of an alcohol and violence-orientated culture to watch over and keep in line (i.e., in effect, to repress) the members of a totally different culture was particularly cunning, and particularly objectionable. The similarities between these bouncers and Pig Nation's policemen were rather startling: not only were they equipped with walkie-talkie radios and motorcycles, like a regular police force, but they were recognisable by their tee-shirts emblazoned with a sheriff's star and the label, "Myponga County Sheriff"!! A hippified police-force maybe, but a police-force nevertheless, and of

course, some of them carried out their duties with fitting zeal, the result being at least two incidents where bouncers flexed their muscles on kids. The promoters claimed that they had learned from the mistakes of the Altamont concert - clearly they had not. But a more important question to ask is: how is it possible to talk about "freedom" with a police force patrolling the community?

Here, it is necessary to realise that the promoters/organisers were not prepared to allow ANY kind of freedom at THEIR festival. Just like the power-structure of Pig Nation, freedom as far as they were concerned would end where it threatened to upset the interests, or offend the sensibilities, of that power structure. A week before the festival Mr. Trevor Brine said in a newspaper interview that individual freedom would be curbed if someone was offended; "I'd personally find girls taking their clothes off offensive, so I'd stop that." It was publicly announced that there would be no drugs, booze, nude swimming etc. allowed. (Fancy trying to separate Rock from drugs and sex!!) This is PRECISELY the same kind of "freedom" that Pig Nation allows its children - you are free to do whatever you like, PROVIDED THAT YOU DON'T UPSET THOSE INDIVIDUALS WHO HAVE THE POWER IN THE COMMUNITY; the individuals who, because they have the most to lose from their subordinates exercising a true and total freedom, are inevitably the most conservative members in that community. "Freedom" thus becomes limited to whatever kinds of behavior the power structure is prepared to allow.

Hence, at Myponga, when one particular group of people - who didn't think that "freedom" meant gawking at the stage for three days, holding up the vee-finger "peace" sign every time Adrian Rawlins gave the cue, or





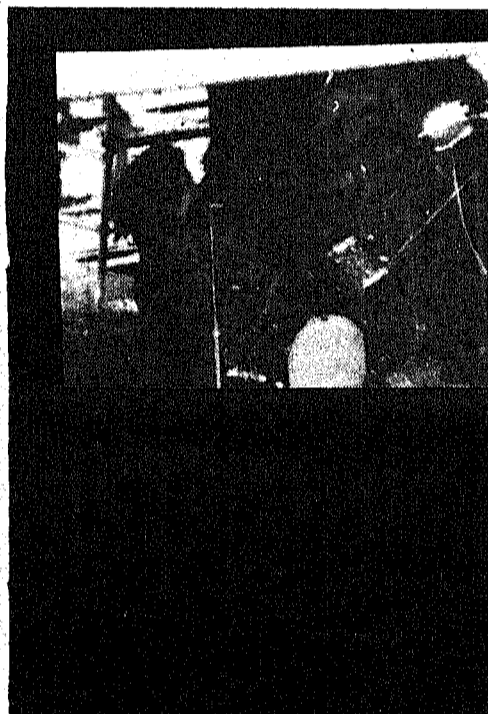
standing up and clapping whenever a Rock Superstar told them to — tried to exercise their freedom by exorcising some of the evil spirits from the festival (in the form of Bob Francis and Radio 5AD — which had given the promoters much publicity and backing), the response of the Myponga Festival Hip Establishment was EXACTLY the same as that of the Pig Establishment to groups who oppose their power structure and the limited and ephemeral kinds of freedom that it allows. They denounced the "troublemakers" as crypto-Communists out to spoil the fun and harmony of the festival. As it was, all that the group did was give away a pile of free food (feeding about 700 people one meal on Sunday morning), distribute pamphlets calling for free festivals, and dance around near 5AD's caravan yelling "Out the Pig!". One can guess that if they had done anything more dangerous (e.g. tear down the ugly and repressive barbed-wire fences that the Hip Authorities were so concerned to protect), they would have been set upon by the Hip Establishment's pigs.

Another consequence of the promoters' concern for profit and public relations arose from their desire to maintain a respectable image in Pig Nation's mass media (no doubt so that parents would allow their kids to go to the festival with their money; and so that they could get as much co-operation as possible from the Pig Authorities). Bowing-down to the anti-drug hysteria of the local Pig media, the promoters publicly announced that drugs would be strictly outlawed. Because of this, most people (especially locals), fearing large-scale drug busts, didn't take any gear, so that, contrary to the reports in Adelaide newspapers, there was very little pot at the festival, most of the small amount that did appear being brought by interstate people for their own private use. However, despite the fact that it had also been said that no booze would be allowed, it was brought, and drunk, in large quantities; hence, instead of a friendly, happy and stoned

hip community, there prevailed throughout the weekend, a heavy atmosphere of aggressive alcoholism.

This was perhaps the prime factor in preventing any really good vibes occurring on a large scale at the festival, with the result that there was absolutely no total and embracing communal feeling, no release of inhibitions, but rather a large-scale exhibition of the neuroses and repressions that Pig Nation has instilled in us all. On the few occasions that people took their clothes off (extremely self-consciously), the response from onlookers was of a leering, peep-show, sexually-repressed kind. There were often groups of guys gathered around the shower block, "perving" at the "birds" through the hessian. Sometimes when people stood up to dance in the middle of the audience they were abused and pelted with cans. People were not contented and grooving on the scene, on their environment, and on each other (as people do when they're happy and high), but were bored and waiting for things to "happen", so that whenever there was the slightest disturbance anywhere on the camp site (e.g. if someone wallowed drunkenly in the mud), crowds rushed from everywhere to stand and look.

Myponga also revealed how Hip Capitalism is incompatible with a truly free, loving, hip community in other ways. Hip Capitalism, like Pig Nation's capitalism, directly promotes, and in turn relies upon, a stratified hierarchical social structure; in this case a Rock Aristocracy with the Big Name Superstars, the big promoters and "inimitable top pop personalities" (as the public relations leaflet described Adrian Rawlins) at the top of the ladder, and the plebs at the bottom — the lumpen hippies, the pop proletariat, who are exploited and screwed by the Aristocracy, for whatever crumbs the latter is prepared to throw them. This social division within the hip "community", was made obvious at Myponga in the existence of a barbed-wire fence between the audience area



and the exclusive "official" area behind the stage, reserved for group members, the promoters and their favorites, the press and so on. The Aristocracy sets the standards of behavior ("have fun" but don't think about "politics", as we were told by one particular lead-singer), the cultural tasted (Rawlins' Meher Baba propaganda, which by some coincidence (?) is also disseminated by that other Institution of the Rock Aristocracy, Tully), and indoctrinates the plebs into wanting certain things (by promoting certain kinds of music, clothes, etc.) and then makes a packet by delivering these goods.

The Red Angel Panic, undoubtedly Adelaide's most exciting and original group, was dropped from the "Headquarters" circuit after their outspoken hostility to certain aspects of the Adelaide rock scene. Despite the fact that a petition has been raised by the Panic's supporters to get the Headquarters management to give them appearances, the group is almost out of work, has broken up and re-formed as a consequence, and is still unhopeful about reappearing on the above-named circuit, which has a virtual monopoly on Adelaide's dances and concerts.

During the Golden Days of Haight-Ashbury, the acid-rock groups were merely one particular form of artistic expression within the context of a totally creative community. Hip Capitalism turns them into Super Entertainers, to be held in awe, bowed-down-to, revered, and for whom we must expect to pay exorbitant prices for the "privilege" of being allowed to see. Myponga was a Rock Adelaide Festival of Arts, where Innocenti and Brine played Robert Helpmann and where Black Sabbath took the place of the Warsaw Philharmonic Orchestra or the Royal Shakespeare Company. This was not an alternative to Pig Nation's status-climbing, non-participant, hierarchical culture, but a miniature reproduction of it.

The fact that Myponga did not, in fact, proclaim any kind of "revolutionary" alternative was illustrated by the Hip Capitalists who worked hand-in-hand with Pig Capitalist Culture Vultures in trying to co-opt the Youth Movement into acceptable forms. Thus, the Myponga organisers were heavily backed by 5AD, who in turn used their presence at the festival for publicity and to try to get in good with the "hip" kids: "There's no generation gap on 5AD". Coca-Cola was there too, making advertisements with swinging-looking (but not scruffy) kids - do your own

thing, and remember it will go better with Coke. The downstairs Adelaide youth clothing stores set up stalls also, trying to cash in on the scene, and an LP record of the festival is being made by a local recording firm. (It may also be significant that the Maoists did as the capitalists and tried to sell their wares.)

Myponga never had a chance as a three-day happening of "peace, love and freedom... in line with the young revolution that has swept the world." What it revealed was that the danger to the Movement comes not only from

without, from the explicit and identifiable agents of repression of Pig Nation. It comes also from the Hip Capitalists, from those who are with the Movement in words, but not in spirit or actions - and these people, too, must be defeated. As Abbie Hoffman has pointed out, to be able to love, we must survive; we must try to build a true Woodstock Nation without Hip Capitalists or Culture Vultures - Flower Power is not dead, it just has to grow a few thorns.

John Tapp



BLACK SABBATH AT MYPONGA '71

by Trevor Mules

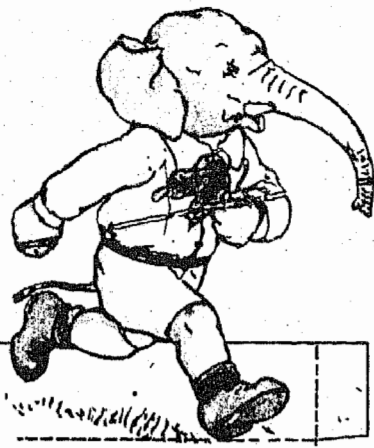
In their coverage of the Myponga pop music festival, the local press ignored at least one aspect - the music. While it is impossible to review all the acts in this short space, some are certainly worthy of mention. Daddy Cool were very popular with the crowd with their repertoire of early rock and roll and Spectrum were brilliant doing "I'll be Gone," their current single. Chain played a strong set of rhythm and blues numbers and were well received by the crowd. Black Sabbath were on from 11.00 p.m. to midnight on a very cold Sunday night. It is inevitable that their performance will be compared with that of Black Fire, the American singing duo who preceded them. There are two levels on which the comparison can be made. Firstly, on a

purely musical level Black Fire sang flat and out of tune, not what you'd call musically good. Black Sabbath, however, were almost faultless. They played loud but with everything balanced. Their singer, Ozzy Osborne was in tune and Tommy Iommi on lead guitar was like a machine pouring out riff after riff of powerful sound. Their performance was so good musically that it could have been recorded and released as a live album. A definite A+ effort in my book!

However, on the level of general entertainment, Black Fire must be given the nod. They did Sly Stone's "Higher" from "Woodstock" and the audience knew the song and its background in the peace, love and music hype. Man, it was all happening again, here in Adelaide, just like in the film. 'Right on baby.' The rest of Black Fire's set consisted of

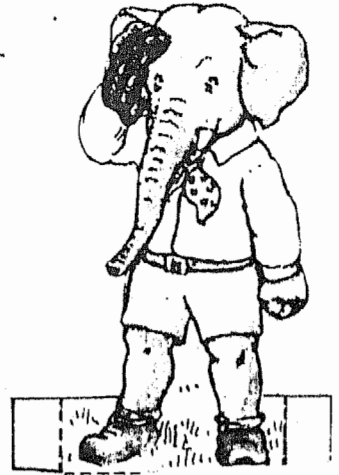
familiar Traffic, Cream and Hendrix songs that achieved audience reaction because of their familiarity. Black Sabbath played all original material and suffered the fate of their songs not being familiar to the crowd. Furthermore, Black Fire put on a good visual performance while Black Sabbath had virtually no stage act. Black Fire were entertaining but not musical while Black Sabbath were the reverse, at least for the Myponga crowd. Of the other groups, Billy Thorpe was as good as we've come to expect from him, as was Jeff St. John, Lotus and Pig Face deserve honourable mentions and Doug Parkinson's Fanny Adams showed promise of big things to come especially from axeman Vince Maloney, formerly with the Aztecs and the Bee Gees.

UP THE RIGHT CHANNELS ...



Changes in any administrative-bureaucratic organisation, we are always told, move slowly. They have. They have taken time. The correct channels have always been used. Those students experiencing directly Union-SRC structures and urging more radical alterations can feel nothing but frustration. The majority of students last year, once major principles of student participation had been accepted, grow tired of endless constitutional meetings. The apathy was perhaps more a reflection of powerlessness. The situation as shown in this report by the Warden of the Union is now stagnant.

The Union-SRC will be reformed. It is only a matter of doing it. That students have to be made aware of the issues involved early this year is imperative. This SRC must be the last. Actions need to be taken quickly to prevent a repetition of formalities, constitutional rules, legalities, committees and the status quo administrative hierarchy from hindering any growing movement for change. But how to raise concern and involvement? Perhaps a case for R.U.F.U.S. acting?



THE WARDEN REPORTS

Towards the end of last year a new constitution for the Union which proposed sweeping changes in the running of the Union was left undecided following a series of inconclusive General Union Meetings. Since the issues raised have been left rather in the air the Union Council has asked me to write this article for 'On Dit' outlining the recent history of moves to reform the Union. It should be added that parallel moves to change the Student Representative Council have also been taking place but these will only be touched on indirectly. I hope that what follows will inform rather than persuade people to a particular point of view.

Back in October of 1969 a general referendum of all Union members was held. The main features of this referendum are summarised below:

Referendum papers distributed:
 Under-graduates 7,814
 Post-graduates 737

Graduates 1,300
 Academic & professional staff 432
 Total 10,283
 Papers returned 3,272 i.e. 31.4%

The five questions put to the electorate effectively asked which groups should be able to use Union facilities, which groups should have voting rights, which groups should be eligible for election to the Union Council, whether the Union Council should consist of representatives or not and how the final management of the Union should be determined. The results show a majority vote in favour of membership and full rights being available to academic and professional staff, post-graduates, under-graduates, graduates and members of the University Council and its committees but in the case of ancillary staff, voting rights and Union Council membership were not supported.

Early in 1970 a Union constitution review Committee was established consisting of the President of the Union (Mr. John Bannon), three Union Council members (Messrs. King, Turner and Anderson), two members of the Union elected at a general Union meeting (Messrs. Byrt and Richards) and the Warden of the Union (non-voting). This committee met weekly for nearly four months. The meetings were open and advertised each week in the Union News. The Committee had before it a number of submissions and documents as well as the results of the Union Referendum conducted in October 1969. Its report was tabled at the Union Council and published in 'On Dit' as well as being circulated to the various interested groups. A proposed new constitution was drawn up which translated the recommendations of the report into a formal constitution. This draft Union constitution was published as a special 'On Dit' broad sheet.

Two General Union meetings were convened in September to discuss the report. At the first discussion meeting only 22 members were present, at the second discussion meeting only two members were present (the Warden and the Secretary). (A quorum for a General Union meeting is 40 members.) The implications of the report and the proposed new constitution were discussed by various Union Committees and the Union Council. A new Constitution was finally adopted by the Union Council with little change but according to the present Constitution any constitutional changes must be agreed by a General Union Meeting. General meetings were held for the adoption of the new constitution but these finally lapsed for lack of a quorum after inconclusive discussions with several adjourned meetings.

O. G. Jones
 Warden of the Union.

FRESHERS

FRESHER SUPPORT SCHEME 1971

If you are a new student, and especially if you have not attended a freshers' camp, chances are that you will find the University rather bewildering at first, that you'll feel pretty much on your own and that worries or difficulties of some sort will come up.

You may be one of the luckier students, readier to make new friends and confident in approaching people to get the information or help you need while you are finding your feet. There are, as you will know, already established and easily available contacts, interested in freshers and willing to give more specialised help if called on — faculty secretaries in the administration, faculty advisers and lecturers and demonstrators in the faculties, student counsellors, Director of the Health Service, Warden of the Union, members of the SRC and in most faculties, members of the student Faculty Society.

However, you may be one of the large group of students who do not find it easy to make new friends or to approach new people, but would still be glad to respond to an approach made by someone sincerely interested in your well-being. If so, you will be interested in the scheme that the Counselling Service has initiated this year, to help put each fresher who wishes to do so in personal touch with a second year student in his faculty, who can be helpful in regard to specific difficulties and general concerns because he has just been through the situation the fresher is grappling with.

Second year students who would like to give a helping hand to a fresher, and are prepared to spend time up to an hour a week with him (or her) over the first term, are now registering their names with the Counselling Service. Freshers who would like to take advantage of this kind of friendly interest are also invited to give their names to the Secretary of the Counselling Service. Lists of first and second year students participating in the scheme will then be consolidated, and each second year student will be notified of the name, telephone number and address of the fresher he (or she) is to contact. Alternatively the fresher may elect to join up with another fresher in meeting the one senior student, if this arrangement is preferred. The second year student will then take the initiative to make contact, identify himself/herself and arrange a meeting that is mutually convenient.

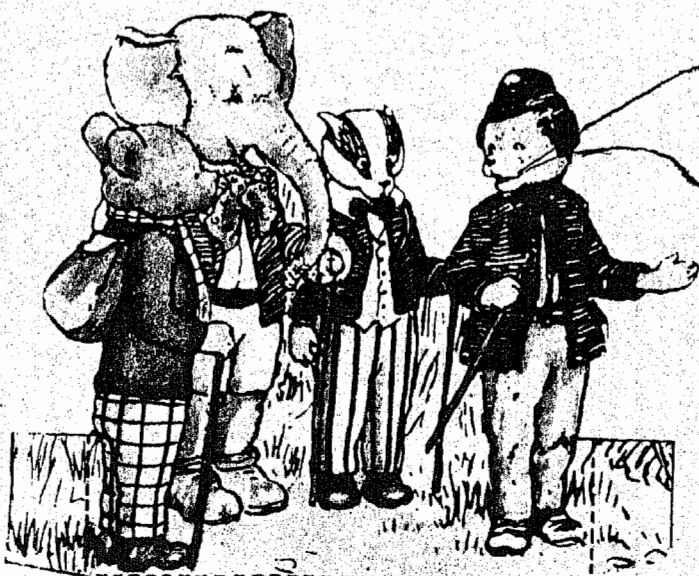
The first meeting will allow an opportunity for discussion of how things are going for the fresher and of any difficulties or worries he has; after which the senior student will be available by arrangement for further meetings during first term, keeping within the limit of the hour he has indicated he is happy to set aside for this purpose. If for any reason the fresher finds he cannot communicate easily or feel comfortable with the senior student he is asked to apply at the Counselling Service for another contact.

If the fresher has difficulties which require the more specialised assistance of any of the other contact people previously listed, he is invited to see them, by himself or with the support of the senior. If there is doubt as to the best source to help the Counselling Service is willing to act as a point of first contact in all cases. The Service can also offer a quiet meeting place if this is desired.

We hope sincerely that the scheme (which applies equally to both sexes) will help freshers over the early part of their life in the University, both in resolving difficulties and in building the feeling of really belonging in the University community. We know, and respect, the strong wish for independence that most students have, but do not feel that real independence is strengthened by failing to admit and deal with difficulties. Nor do we feel that real independence is threatened by the limited amount of support the scheme makes available.

We invite FRESHERS and SECOND YEAR STUDENTS, in ALL FACULTIES, to register for this fresher support scheme, at the Counselling Service (Lady Symon Building off Cloisters) NOW.

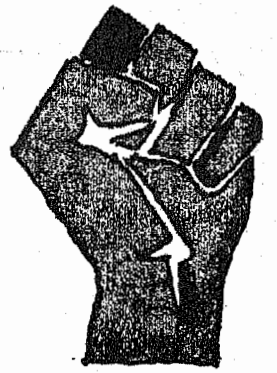
Sincerely
 D. F. Little, N. S. Greet,
 Student Counsellors.



"The revolution is not an event that takes two or three days, in which there is shooting and hanging. It is a long, drawn-out process in which new people are created, capable of renovating society so that the revolution does not replace one elite with another, but so that the revolution creates a new anti-authoritarian structure with anti-authoritarian people who in their turn re-organise the society so that it becomes a non-alienated human society, free from war, hunger and exploitation."



DID YOU KNOW?



The scene: The doorway of a small maisonette.
The protagonists: Two students standing on a doorstep.
One surly 14 year old boy in the doorway with his mother standing behind him.

The action:

"They hit him in the car," said the mother, "they did."

"And," continued mother, "they also hit the other boy down the street."

"They hit him in the stomach and he all doubled up and couldn't breathe for minutes," volunteered the boy.

Interesting comments? But rather cryptic?

Well, some light may be shed on the matter by two questions:

Who are the 'they'? Who are the students? Where did the "hitting" occur? Why did it occur?

'They' are the local constabulary. They are out protecting your property from these 'juvenile trash' by giving them one in the car.

Why spend the taxpayers good money to seek the cause of the juvenile problem? — a good thrashing is all these kids need and deserve to get 'em right. Anyway, their parents don't know who to complain to when we thump their lads, so where's the harm.

The 'where' is a lot closer than you think.

It is a Housing Trust area about 15 minutes' drive from the city of Adelaide. Only those unable to pay anything but low rents live in the area. They are provided with their housing by the gracious brother loving hand of our government. The area contains a large number of devastatingly depressing small double unit houses which are shoved together on small blocks (with no recreational facilities) and occupied by large impoverished families.

It contains a large collection of low initiative parents ineffectually concerned for their children. It contains a large number of children who are often locked out of their homes by their parents and have nothing to do but pull up Housing Trust trees. As one student said "I lived in the area for three months and nearly went insane — what with the kids and the surroundings. And these people have to live there all the time!"

And the students? They are your fellow Adelaide University members. They are 2 of 14 students who paid \$5 a week for the dubious privilege of not earning much needed money for this year and of making their time available to 40 primitive, beautiful, frustrating, endearing, horrifying children as you could wish to see. Who spent some, or all, of their last Christmas holidays living in one of these houses (granted, with free electricity, gas and water, to the Community Development Subgroup of Social Action/Abschol by the Housing Trust) running activities for local children and getting to know their parents. Who with 30 other volunteers (who came and helped during the day) had all their time taken by children who had nothing else to do.

"Why" you ask, "would anybody spend their holidays in this way?"

"Four reasons" is the tired simplified reply.

(1) To give us experience with people and a way of life alien to us. To teach us how to act with, communicate with, laugh with, and get angry with, people whom we would like to see take the power which is rightfully theirs.

(2) To give kids, bored beyond their years, a 'good time' for one holiday.

(3) To extend these kids with activities that will help overcome the severe psychological and educational deficiencies

SOCIAL ACTION

which confront them.

(4) To help the community organise itself so that it can smash through the VERY REAL tiger of felt powerlessness and apathy and create an environment of beauty, joy, opportunity and comradeship.

We tried to build the castle of our dreams with REAL people in a REAL situation; with only our bodies, brains and imagination to throw against the wall of conditioned automata that encompasses a people, bereft of even the concepts to understand the forces that hold them where they are.

We are tired!

But we will rethink this project. And do not be surprised if another project eventuates out of this thought.

Interested?

Come into the SRC office any lunch time and talk with us (or fill out a form).

POWER TO THE PEOPLE

MIGRANT ACTION

Project '71 — to involve students with migrants in a particular area to help overcome language barriers, loneliness, isolation and to develop a sense of community, self help and power. Also to tutor migrants in English — Steve Burford, Anne Laffan (31-2116).

MINDA

Working with children in Minda — Ruth Siedel (7-4312).

TUTORING

We had 100 tutors last year. This will probably have to be doubled. You as an individual can decide how YOU want to work with a child (who has little hope educationally).

PORT ADELAIDE PROJECT

To help build a sense of community amongst part Aboriginal people, who live in this area, through involvement in a many-sided project. We have responsibility for three

homework centres, which are our part of this large integrated scheme. At each centre, there will be one night of activities in which we will give help with homework and organise educational games. — Terry O'Shaughnessy, Michael Raupach, Garry Killington (4-2067).

ELDERLY PEOPLE

If you have seen our "Power to the Pensioners" signs, you'll know what this is about. In addition, we visit elderly people and are interested in the pensioners who are being admitted to R.A.H. with malnutrition — i.e. they're starving. — Helen Bannister (31-8996).

COFFEE LOUNGE

We run this for University students on Friday nights to raise money for Aboriginal Scholarships. — Pat Vort Ronald (78-3315).

COMMUNITY DEVELOPMENT

These are the people in the above article. We are researching new projects — Graham Symons (78-3315).

ABSCHOL INFORMATION

This group disseminates information on the present Aboriginal position by writing articles and organising speakers to talk to off-campus groups — Mike Masters (78-3315).

PUBLICATIONS AND ORGANISATIONS (ANVIL & GEMEINSCHAFT)

This group writes and produces our broadsheet ANVIL, the newsletter GEMEINSCHAFT and Roneo-Booklets which are for sale at 10c each. — Tom Cooper (78-1950).

Also we have Urban Renewal, Tutoring and Aborigines Research groups. In addition, we give \$5,000 worth of scholarships to Aboriginal children. And if you have a different interest to those above you may start a group on it.

Student Loan Fund FEES CONCESSION

When all other sources of help have failed a student may apply to the Registrar for help from the student loan fund. The fund is only a small one and normally loans are made only for payment of fees and to students well advanced in their courses. But the fund also helps students in TEMPORARY financial difficulties or nearing the end of their courses with loans for living expenses. Help from the fund is confined to full-time students and to first degree courses. Arrangements for repayment are discussed with the Registrar when the loan is being negotiated, a loan may be interest-free for up to two years.

If you wish to apply for a loan you must see personally both the Warden of the Union and the Registrar.

Since 1966 the South Australian Government had provided financial help by way of a Fees Concession Scheme to students of the Universities and the Institute of Technology whose fees are not met by scholarships, cadetships or similar awards or by employers. The Scheme covers first degree and diploma courses at the Universities, and diploma, advanced certificate and certificate courses at the Institute of Technology.

Assistance, related to a means test and to the location of home residence of the applicant, takes the form of a loan only or a combination of loan and grant, and may apply to the whole or to part only of the tuition and union fees as determined by the means test. A loading is applied when calculating assistance to full-time students from country areas who have to live away from home.

The Scheme is intended primarily for full-time students and married part-time students. Applications from single part-time students in difficult financial circumstances may be considered as special cases.

Information leaflets and application forms may be obtained from the Universities' offices and the Institute Office, or direct from Mr. Ross Lewcock, secretary, Fees Concession Committee, whose office is located in the old W.E.A. Bookroom at the rear of the Mitchell Building, University of Adelaide. The telephone number is 23-4333, extension 2035. Written enquiries must be addressed to: The Secretary, Fees Concession Committee, Box 498D, G.P.O., Adelaide 5001.

COMMONWEALTH SCHOLARSHIPS

WE ARE MAKING A SUBMISSION TO THE FEDERAL MINISTER FOR EDUCATION AND SCIENCE AND THE COMMONWEALTH SCHOLARSHIPS BOARD. YOUR ANSWERS TO THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS WILL ASSIST US IN MAKING THIS SUBMISSION.

1. Have you any complaints about the scheme's present administration? (e.g. payments, irregularities of awards, missing out on scholarships.)
2. Have you any suggestions about the scheme in the future? (On University or Advanced Education Scholarships; open, later year or mature age provisions of these; and Post Graduate Scholarships.)
3. Have you had any difficulties in having your course or subjects accepted for benefits?
4. Could you provide some estimate and evidence of your living, book and equipment costs?

Write to:

Ken Newcombe,
Education Vice-President,
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344 Victoria Street,
North Melbourne,
Victoria. 3051.

If you are unable to get satisfaction from scholarship officers in your state send details to A.U.S.

TEXT BOOKS

AT

standards.

231 NORTH TERRACE

VIGNETTES OF INDO CHINA

Life On Tu Do

Tu Do is the street of the bars, the street of girls, racketeers and beggars. Here the cultural havoc of the intervention is striking. You cannot walk ten paces without being deluged with propositions, offers and requests.

Psst. You want change money. Good price.

Psst. You want young girl — old girl — special treat. Mothers and fathers, brothers and sisters, daughters and sons, geese and donkeys are offered indiscriminately in this grand provision of vice — democratic, untroubled by standards or loyalties.

As you walk past (not always) the bar entrances, the girls screech vulgarly for your attention — Vietnamese girls with names like Irene, Mary, Sally and, more exotic, Tiger Lily. Girls whose bodies are made to bear American-sized breasts, following injections of silicone. Many of them work to support parents, many of them come from shattered families and shattered localities, most of them know how to take care of themselves, and profit, from their flabby white employers and dupes. The Cheap Charley becomes a big spender, the butterfly seeks constancy.

The beggars, who now carry formal cards accounting for and explaining their plight, are everywhere, blind or mutilated or simply old and alone. Stop for one and a crowd magically appears. Is it sentimental and empty Western charity to stop at all? Wouldn't the problem disappear if nobody ever gave them a dime?

A friendly breakfast. Peter Wesley-Smith orders a set breakfast but they forget much of what he asked for. Seven requests for coffee finally bring it. The girl spoons some ancient Nescafe into his cup and then pours in the boiling water. She misses the cup, but lands the water in Peter's lap. He suffers, she laughs. He is then charged for two cups of coffee — the first took so long that it is assumed that it must be his second. We leave, paying the 10% service charge but no tip. Scowls. Obviously Cheap Charlies departing.

At night the street lives, after its fashion. Slight pretty girls are ferried on the pillions by (normally) Chinese motor-cyclists, who pull in at any likely hotel entrance. Our

hotel — the Star — which was full of GIs, was a favorite. Sometimes the jeeps come, with Military Police, seeking deserters or those AWL. One night three jeeps came to the Star, accompanied by a tank — presumably to add atmosphere. The MPs — big and thick — searched the register and reappeared after fifteen minutes with three soldiers. Felt them down against the wall.

How to make friends. A big Negro MP seizes two small bags of peanuts from a woman selling them in the street beside the hotel, says he's taking them without paying, then hurls them at her and strolls off.

The GIs. Two approach us in a bar (a bar-girlless one), and commenting that we look as if we know our way about in Vietnam, ask us how they can remain there. One doesn't want to leave his Vietnamese girl. This is a problem, as it is extremely difficult to gain permission from the Saigon authorities to take a Vietnamese girl out of the country. Bar-girls are regarded with a little respect in that they exploit the foreigner without being tied to him: those who marry a Westerner are the truly scorned. The two GIs, by the way, thought that the US should not have gone into Vietnam, but that, being there, they should blast hell out of the enemy.

Several thousand GI deserters live in Saigon. In some areas — especially the black soul areas — the MPs are frightened to go. Drug-taking is rife. Apparently many re-enlist because of the availability of drugs in the forces. At home they'd have to become criminals to keep up.

Politics

Two kinds of conversation — those with Embassy officials and those with diverse left-wingers or radicals. The Embassy people are impressed with Thieu's political skills and his determination, and would rate him the likeliest candidate in 'free elections'. They stress his visits to the countryside, his self-exposure, as against the indolence and muddle-headedness of the opposition.

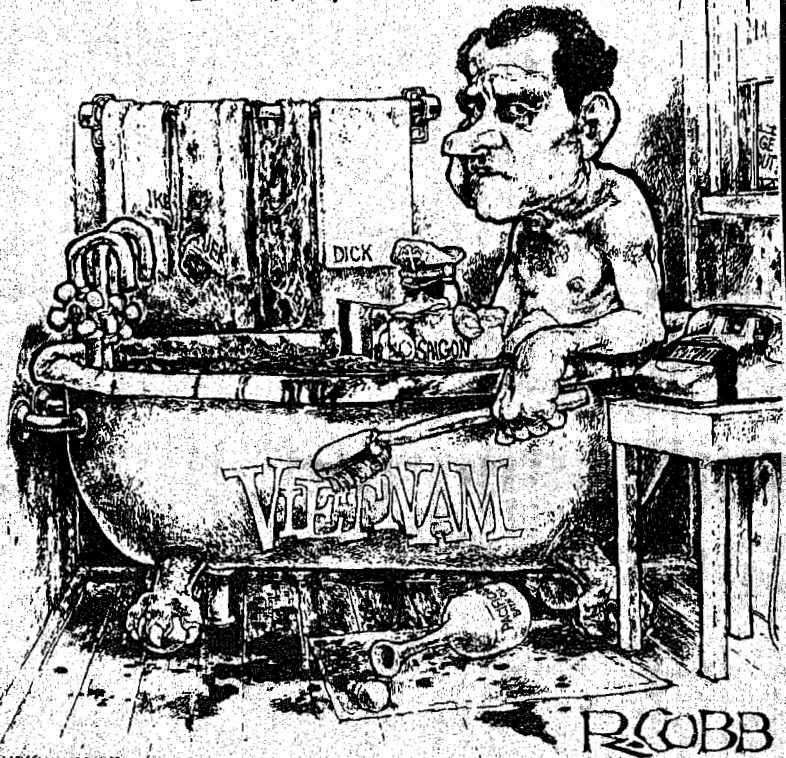
To Don Luce or Ton That Thien (ex-Minister of Information for Thieu and a leading supporter of Big Minh) it is Thieu's control of the political apparatus, his repressiveness and the US which explain his survival.

I talked at length with Ton That Thieu, in his formal garden, drinking delicate tea. His motto, which he believed to be that of the national force, was ancient Chinese — Do Nothing. The result — the rival fanaticisms gain no influence over the people, who will remain there to determine things when the extremes die their natural death. He was especially hostile to Ambassador Bunker, whom he accused of spreading myths about Big Minh — the tennis player and the tender of roses — in order to prevent him being taken seriously. He believed, in my view excessively, that EVERYTHING was determined over the Pacific, that there was no independent volition in the South Vietnamese Government at all. He also relied heavily and easily on Minh's charisma, which he has somehow always had, and which would ensure political success if things were at all fair.

The national force or the Third Force seems often to be conjured up out of thin air — a necessity for worried and impotent Western and Vietnamese intellectuals, rather than an actual force. Of course, the repression continues, but within the set confines Minh does far too little. He doesn't organise or rush about much. He probably wouldn't win even if he got up off his charisma and did something, but at least he'd do pretty well, and would give leadership to the disparate and uncertain peace groups in the South. There is still too much coffee-shop intellectualism amongst the enlightened.

A late night talk with Don Luce, a strong, stocky informed American. He emphasised Thieu's careful, systematic control of the political apparatus, with hand-picked provincial administrators and a tight check on the Army, which promises inevitable success in the forthcoming presidential election. At 12.40 a.m., twenty minutes before curfew, he rode off bravely on his bicycle, wondering if the secret service man would be following him again. He has a variety of tactics for identifying his follower — riding against the traffic up one-way streets, walking through US buildings, etc. He expected that his application for a visa renewal in mid-February would be knocked back, and that he would have to leave quickly.

TOO HASTY A WITHDRAWAL
AT THIS TIME COULD RESULT
IN TURNING INDO-CHINA
INTO A
BLOOD BATH!



END INDO-CHINA WAR

Demonstrate Saturday March 20th.

The present extension of the Indo-China war is an inevitable continuation of, insanely criminal policies being pursued by U. S. imperialism.

Australia is party to this madness.

Rally at War Memorial 10 am.

Support the Vietnam Moratorium Committee

END U.S. IMPERIALISM.

Life In Phnom Penh

Graham Duncan, Professor of Politics, at Adelaide University, has just returned from South Vietnam and Cambodia. These were his impressions.

Saigon is a seedy city, twisted and degraded by the foreign presence. It is a city of barbed wire and rats, of stench and fumes, of cold stares and debasing offers. For a few there is pleasure, comfort and leisure, and for many more suffering and despair. Those closest to the white intruders — the parasites and pimps and racketeers — despise and resent them as they debase themselves. At first I felt moral as well as aesthetic outrage at the common sight of fat-bellied GIs hand in hand with dainty and delicate Vietnamese bar-girls, until it became clear that the girls could manage and use their weighty, clumsy masters, and I retreated to a purely aesthetic revulsion.

At present Phnom Penh, capital of the new Khmer Republic, is altogether different. It is gracious and relaxed, without the dirt, the hostility and the pseudo-warmth, and the frenetic quality of Saigon. It is a town of easy, natural friendship. The war is not yet big enough to fill it with vultures and crooks. But things are slowly changing, and as the threats grow, so do edginess and unfriendliness. Cambodia has been thrown out of her Garden of Eden and thrust cruelly into the twentieth century. The responsibility for that is shared widely.

The cost is not yet appalling, but it is bad enough. Pagodas, villages, camps and settlements have been shattered. The official figure of dead and injured soldiers is already 18,000, while in many parts — as usual — the civilians have suffered more. Lines of walking refugees, carrying their possessions, are a common sight. In the village of Skoun the shops and most of the houses have gone, and the people have burrowed under the ground for crude shelter. Many of the survivors of that bitter battle simply sit about the streets, waiting. I met two young brothers there, from each of whom some fair-minded providence had torn one part — from one an arm, the other, a leg.

Mutilations, bodies, ruins, curfews and prices have multiplied vastly since Sihanouk's fragile, clever balance was destroyed a year ago. Cambodia's major artistic treasure, the exquisite temple of Angkor Wat, is now in Communist hands, and heavy munitions nestle against its ancient stones. The blackmarket spreads from Saigon, and piles of PX stores line the streets of village and town.

The new Khmer Army is, then, hardly

serious professional force at present. Its military inefficiency matches its political innocence. Defensive perimeters are rare, and the roads are preferred to the fields and the jungles. Under attack the soldiers sometimes remain amazingly uninvolved — Norm Lewis, ex-cameraman with Channel 9 here, spent a night of fierce battle in a fox hole with two Cambodian soldiers. At the height of the conflict the soldiers lit cigarettes and at no time did they fire, although 'VC' bodies were found the next morning within 12 yards of them. It should be added that, although they are softer and more vulnerable than their enemies, some Cambodian soldiers smilingly pose with severed enemy heads in their hands, and it is reported that the livers of enemy dead are eaten sometimes, as an ultimate degradation of the foe.

The control of the Government doesn't extend far outside Phnom Penh and the main centres of population. None of the major highways — not even Route 1, to Saigon — is secure, and while the Phnom Penh airport is currently safe for flights, it is only a month since that brilliant, devastating attack took place, destroying almost all of the Cambodian airforce and some civilian airliners, including the Caravelle which was due to take us to Hong Kong later that morning. The Cambodian High Command said that it knew of the attack in advance, but couldn't do anything about it. If this claim was more than a pretence to greater intelligence than it had, at least the women and children might have been moved from the training camp on the edge of the airfield. It was utterly flattened during the attack, with heavy loss of life.

In all official discussions and communiques the enemy is described as Viet Cong — North Vietnamese. There is no recognition of the indigenous enemies of the present government. This understandable but limited view was put daily at press briefings by Colonel Amrong (not to be pronounced literally), a former film director for Sihanouk and a gentle, almost saintly-countenanced and bland spokesman for the government line. Estimates of foreign Communist troops in Cambodia vary from 35,000 to about 60,000, but there are many local anti-government guerrillas, as a defecting North Vietnamese lieutenant stressed in a recent Phnom Penh interview. Lieut. Tran Van Hong, who was on the HQ

staff of a North Vietnamese division, said that close to one-third of the communist fighting forces and a high proportion of support troops were ethnic Khmers. He claimed that only 35,000 of a total 150,000 communist troops were Vietnamese. The government and its gay and youthful soldiers face Vietnamese communists, Cambodian communists and non-communist supporters of the deposed prince, Sihanouk — though there have been military clashes between the different anti-government groups, especially the North Vietnamese and the Khmer Rouge.

Although several public buildings bear the slogan A bas Sihanouk — 'Down with Sihanouk' — there does not seem to be much overt or widespread hostility to the prince. The typical response when I mentioned his name was a slightly embarrassed giggle.

Tension was mounting while I was in Cambodia. Each day a well-chosen building was blown up with plastic charges by the communists, and hostility was developing toward the press, which tried to photograph and report each new embarrassment. Indeed, members of the press have been pushed about and shot at for following their noses too far. But Cambodia has not yet been suffocated or corrupted by war, and superficially life proceeds much as before — in the capital at least. The local culture remains. The people have not been dislocated and disinherited as have the South Vietnamese.

But there are other dangers. Parts of Cambodia are occupied by the South Vietnamese, the Communists control the North-Eastern provinces and the Thais eye greedily parts of Cambodia against their border. One of the common speculations amongst foreigners in Phnom Penh is whether Cambodia, entering the ferocious twentieth century too late, is likely to be gobbled up by her stronger and more warlike neighbours. It is doubtful if her soldiers will learn quickly enough to successfully defend their state against untrustworthy and ambitious allies, violent friends and declared enemies. And beyond that, there are the subtler devastations of a white and foreign culture.

But the new government of General Lon Nol somehow survives. The somehow is not too hard to explain. Despite the presidential promise of June 30 last that there would be

'no air, logistic support or US advisers' on Cambodian operations, strong American air forces are in and about Cambodia, and they are much used for fighting and for flying in supplies. Mr. Laird's complacent semantic quibblings hardly bother to disguise their role. When I was at Pich Nil pass, on the final day of the battle for Route 4 — from Phnom Penh to the sea — American jets, observer planes and helicopter gun-ships were heavily engaged, and each evening I watched from my hotel roof the thick, flowing, twisting streams of red formed by the tracer bullets from the helicopter mini-guns. I myself saw no recognisable American ground troops or advisers, though many reports indicate the presence of 'advisers' there.

The Army of the Khmer Republic is poorly equipped and poorly trained. Its scarce and often old weapons come from America, China, France, Russia and Czechoslovakia. Its troops frequently go to war in gaily-painted requisitioned buses and Pepsi-Cola trucks. Nor do they give the impression of being engaged in a great national struggle. The spirit is not that of the Battle of Britain, but rather the camaraderie of Boy Scouts. There seems to be little conception of the seriousness of war or of its dangers. Guns are playfully and inexpertly pointed at the observer who asks where the VC are, while the guard at the Museum fills his barrel with blades of grass — an unconscious devotee of flower power. His allies in the field hold tiny Buddhas in their mouths for protection against bullets — one reason for high casualty rates. Drill and training are slovenly and amiable. These amateur soldiers have much of the gaiety and incompetence of Orwell's Spanish anarchists.

Many of the soldiers are very young. It is, at times, almost a children's army, aided by the occasional grandfather. I saw a lot aged fifteen or so, while one of the journalists talked with a nine-year-old, laden with a man's heavy pack and rifle. The attraction is less an embryonic national cause than army life, for pay is relatively good and there is generally plenty of leisure. The soldiers are poorly informed politically, though they are crudely indoctrinated. They know that there is an enemy, and they fight, and suffer with little complaint, but they can hardly be regarded as dedicated warriors for the Lon Nol regime.

President Nixon: outstripping even the famed grizzling grin or the hand-rubbing, by far his most irritating mannerism is his perpetual scratching. It is reported that when a cheerleader kissed him full on the mouth he responded by scratching his ribs, his scalp and his earlobe. He has been seen during electioneering lifting a moppet with one hand, while scratching his right pectoral with the other. 'I guess it's his way of exorcising his hang-ups,' explained a Nixon media-man carefully. Quite.



What did you do, daddy, when the U.S. imperialists used tactical nuclear weapons in Indo-China? This may well be the problem posed by our children — if they are still alive.

In the Pentagon there have always been the hawks wishing to bomb hell out of or invade North Vietnam and/or China. Information from America reveals greater pressure on the Nixon administration to act accordingly. Let's face it. The US-South Vietnamese are being militarily defeated in Indo-China. The US air force, together with the Pentagon hawks, are urging the use of tactical nuclear weapons over the demilitarised zone and the southern part of Laos. (Perhaps over North Vietnam and China.) The likelihood of China entering the war is greater.

How will you react to this aggressive escalation? Will you join the anti-war movement to really stop the country? ON DIT will tell you so after the event. The attack will be consistent with the military actions of the US imperialist strategy. Pity about the Vietnamese and Laotians. But it may do wonders for the "peace" movement.



Melvin Laird "We are not widening the war in Indo-China!"



On 28th December the Australian reported that the U.S. had just completed the heaviest bombardment of the entire Indo-China war

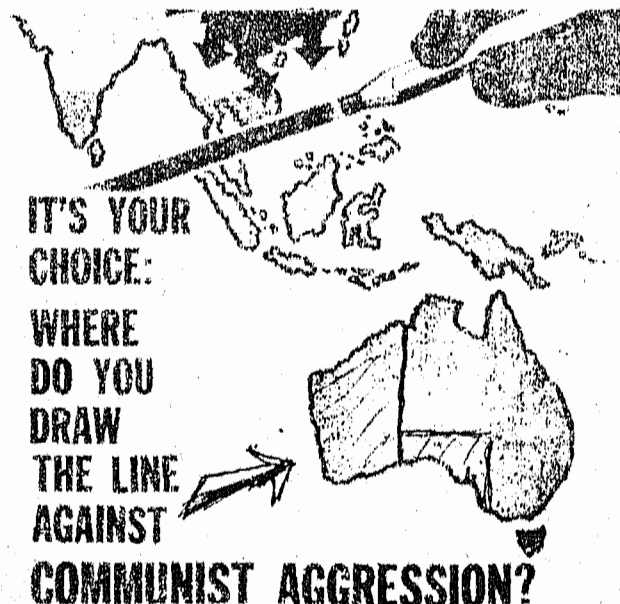
When Saigon troops and U.S. "advisers" invaded Laos, Australian Canberra jet bombers took part in the massive bombing. News of Australian participation in the bombing was only briefly reported in the Sydney Morning Herald and on the ABC radio news. Other news media blacked out the story altogether. Just as the invasion of Laos highlights Nixon's intention not only to continue the war in Indo-China but also to escalate it, so too does the participation of Australian Canberras in the bombing of Laos underline Gorton's intention of continued Australian involvement in Indo-China.

The war is known to be taking a different form. But the necessity to dissent now seems greater.

AGGRESSION FROM THE WEST?

No longer does our progressively free state labour against the conservative majority. South Australia, often rumoured to be the channel of communist influence from the South Pole, is now joined by the timely arrivals of Western Australian comrades. No longer is it the development of socialism in one state. The question however does remain? Is the traditional fear of communism from the north now to be seen as the disguise of the real threat from the west?

RISE UP COMRADES AND CARRY THE CREEPING MEATBALL EASTWARDS!



HANDBOOK CONTROVERSY

Two thousand five hundred copies of the 1971 Orientation Week handbook arrived in the SRC office last Thursday morning.

It is believed that a complaint was lodged to the Administrative Secretary of the SRC concerning the publication of a photo (see below). This photo illustrated the University Squadron activities. The Squadron did not advertise in the handbook. The photo was an editorial comment. The editor was not available for comment.

A decision was made by the Administrative Secretary to repack the handbook, to send via Ipec all the copies back to the printer in Melbourne. The SRC executive was not consulted over the decision. When they discovered the handbook was to be returned, they discussed the matter and decided to reverse the original decision.

It is believed that there may be difficulties from advertisers and the printer over the photo. Whatever eventuates, it is disturbing to see the clash of decision making between the SRC student executive and the Administrative staff.

BLOW TO THE JOCKS

Ugly rumors began to circulate through the plastic walls of the SRC office some weeks ago. No Miss Fresher! It could not be. Just think of the hundreds of male chauvinists unable to sublimate their repressions through the institutional female bird auction. Doctors are reported to be alarmed at the possibility of violence as a result.

But the warnings were clear. Two years ago suggestions were made decrying the dehumanisation of women at Miss Fresher parades. Exploitation of women was the charge brought by the protesters. And this was seen to be true. But why has so hallowed a structure as Orientation Week dispensed with Miss Fresher? The result of W.L.M.? Perhaps RUFUS? Or perhaps the S.R.C. is so much of a non-event, even administratively, that little impetus was made to organise a Miss Fresher? It could hardly be that people on campus have broken down traditional repressive sex roles and clearly see, from both male and female viewpoint, the exploitation involved in any such "beauty" contest. Or could it?

ADULT EDUCATION PROGRAMME IN THE UNIVERSITY

Courses starting week beginning March 22

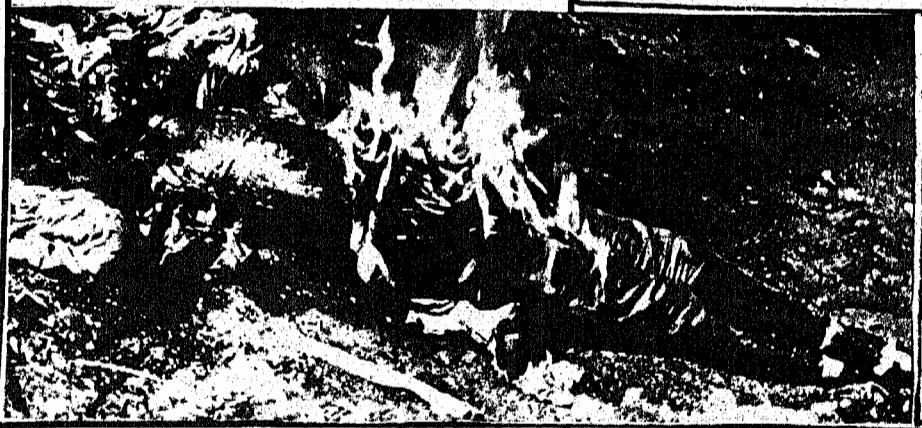
LITERATURE: Comparative Modern Fiction; Practical Criticism of Poetry (April 7); Novel Into Film.

ART AND MUSIC: Art and Aesthetics; Art of the Italian Renaissance; Recorder Playing (3 classes).

POLITICS: The International Communist Movement; Background to Vietnam (June 9); Changing Latin America (June 7).

OTHER SUBJECTS: Justice and the Individual; Brain, Drugs and Behavior; The Background of Aboriginal Culture; Non-Christian Religions — Forces in World Affairs; The Nature of Love; Violence and Aggression in the Twentieth Century; Man and His Environment.

Free booklet, giving further details of classes and fees, is available at Department of Adult Education — Room 106, First Floor, Napier Tower Building, Phone 23-4333 ext. 2236



RUFUS IS A WOMAN

ARENA

Australia's independent marxist quarterly. Issue no. 24, just out, includes a critical survey of radical sociology by Ron Witton, "culture and revolution" by Peter O'Brien, arguments about McQueen's New Britannia by Gollan and Rowley, comments on the political scene in Brisbane and on marxism, leninism in Victoria, and more.

Single copies 50 cents.
Subscription for 4 copies \$2, \$1.50 for full-time students.
Box 36, Post Office, Greensborough, Vic.

Seven hundred thousand refugees (one quarter of the population) have been produced by the war in Laos. Between 1966 and 1969, Laos suffered the highest per capita casualty rate in the world, and experienced the heaviest per square mile bombing in history.

Nixon's latest expensive military adventure had nourished the long standing myth that American interest in Laos is primarily concerned with preventing ammunition and food supplies reaching the N.L.F. in South Vietnam. While such a myth is consistent with a number of others emanating from Washington ("the trouble comes from the North", "isolate South Vietnam from its neighbours and democracy — under American guidance — will triumph there", "quick attempts at military victories somehow compensate for long term political failures", etc.) it does distract attention from the real American goals in Laos.

The Americans in Laos.

The most awesome aspect of American intervention in Laos has been the massive air war aimed at destroying the physical setting and social infrastructure of the Pathet Lao. Since November 1968, when U.S. planes were withdrawn from the attack on North Vietnam and diverted to Laos at least 12,000 sorties a month have been carried out against northern Laos. (2) (The Plain of Jars, the principle area of attack, is some 250 miles from the Ho Chi Minh trail.) This bombing is in addition to the 1500 sorties per month flown over Cambodia.

By 1967, there were over 12,000 American military "advisors" in Laos, including 500 aircrews for the CIA run Air American and Continental Service airlines which operate from over 100 airstrips in Laos. (3) The result of such "accelerated pacification" has been that almost half of

the population controlled by Vientiane (1,500,000) live in "unity villages" or "restoration zones" — 'refugee camps' enclosed by barbed wire. Defoliants and indiscriminate air fire have helped this "relocation" and "dislocation" exercise. The other half of the "emptying the sea to catch the fish" programme has consisted of total bombing of those in the remaining areas who have not accepted the inducements of bombs, napalm and defoliants to flee from their native villages to the security of refugee camps which act as buffer zones around Vientiane controlled areas.

Among the CIA operations in Laos (the largest role it has ever been given in any country) has been the training, equipping and directing the "clandestine" army of up to 36,000 men commanded by General Vang Pao. Politically, the CIA actively worked to prevent the coalition government being formed by Souvanna Phouma and Souphanouvong in 1956 and when these attempts failed destroyed that government and installed the reliably pro-western Phoui Sananikone (who, as revealed in the Vientiane National Assembly, had accepted a large sum of money from "an American agent" for ensuring that the Laotian delegation would not sign the 1954 Geneva Agreements.) (4) Later they backed General Poui Nosovan who was also forced to form a coalition government with the Neo Lao Haksat — a coalition which the CIA again managed to destroy. After Souvanna Phouma was again installed in May 1964,

American bombing of the main Pathet Lao basis in the Plain of Jars, Sam Neua and Lower Laos, began in earnest. Even then we were told that these raids were directed at the Ho Chi Minh trail, along which North Vietnam was supposed to be infiltrating men and supplies.

The Failure of the Americans in Laos.

Despite the fact that America raises 60% of the Royal Lao Government's national budget and spends some \$2 billion annually on military resources to protect the government from the people of Laos, it has neither eliminated the Pathet Lao nor established a strong, let alone representative government in Laos. The Royal Lao Government is "simply too weak, divided, disorganized and corrupt to be viable" (5) and the Pathet Lao control an area of some 50,000 square miles (according to American Embassy estimates) containing over one million people. They have secure basis in Phong Saly, Sam Neua and southeastern Laos and set up a clandestine infrastructure in much of the rest of the country.

The Nixon Doctrine.

John Foster Dulles concept of "Letting Asians fight Asians" reached maturity in the Nixon doctrine, which as U.S. ambassador Ellsworth Bunker correctly noted, is "a question of changing the colour of the corpses." No reduction in the number of corpses seems to be contemplated — it is simply an increasing readiness on the part of

America to kill Indochinese from the air rather than the ground or let them kill each other. The advantages of such a policy are at least two-fold: the liberal dominated U.S. peace movement has been appeased by the consequent reduction in American casualties, and as Clark Clifford told Congress in January 1969, "an Asian soldier costs about one fifth as much as his American counterpart." (6) No military tactics can solve the massive political problems of Laos, least of all the pathetic gimmick of a "quick military victory". Only immediate withdrawal of American troops and "advisors" from Laos can enable that country to consolidate the nationalist revolution begun by the Pathet Lao under the French.

Greg O'Leary.

(This article also appears in the Vietnam Moratorium Committee's newspaper, "April 30", on sale now.)

(1) Representative Ryan, (Dem. N.Y.) in the House of Representatives, Feb. 4th quoted in I. F. Stone's Bi-Weekly, Feb. 22, 1971.

(2) Fred Branfman, "Laos: No Place to Hide," in Bulletin of Concerned Asian Scholars, Vol. 2, No. 4, p. 46.

(3) W. Burchett, Second Indochina War: Laos and Cambodia Today, (Lorrimer Publishing, London, 1970) p. 78.

(4) *ibid.* 0. 94.

(5) Fred Branfman, *op. cit.* p. 40.

(6) Cited by Michael Klare, The Nation, March 9, 1970, "The Great South Asian War."



My feet so worn
the jungle torn
from trodden steps of death
as
the gun I hip
verifies my pen
of jungle theories
from guerrilla den
for my house
of bamboo tied
a palace be
of Laotian equality.

in humbleness refrained
humanity is trained in
principled respect
equating the living
and the dead as
peace achieved in mind
sublimates the agony and strain
of princely reign

my nebulous kingdom
of philosophy be
a home, a job, and security
throughout this land
for all.

and so we fight
an enlightened life
to die
devoured by the dawn of day
a bayonet the slay.
we bleed
live on
for man is strong.
to achieve respect
one can detect
the patience of timeless certainty
for equity
denied
in eternity
will be achieved
just as the jungle fraternity
already is
our fact of life.

Orlando Howard.

PRINCE SOUPHANOUVONG

OPS Prince Souphanouvong, leader of the Pathet Lao, in 1952; he is at work in a 'makeshift' office in Muong Nga grotto, Sam Noua province, during the war of liberation against the French.

Born 1902, he was educated in Paris, and worked in France as an engineer. He returned to Laos in '38, and became active in the nationalist movement, forming the Nationalist Party in 1950. From '49 till the Geneva accord in '55 he led the Pathet Lao forces against the French. Minister of Planning, Reconstruction and Urbanism, '58, he was arrested in '59, escaping in 1960 to rejoin the Pathet Lao. Vice-Premier and Minister of Economic Planning since '62, he has, like other Pathet Lao leaders, been permanently absent from Vietnams, the Laotian capital.

RUFUS



RUFUS IS COMMUNITY — THE UNIVERSITY AS A CENTRE
FOR THE COMMUNITY — THE UNI. AS A COMMUNE FOR/BY/
WITH ANYONE
RUFUS MAKES THE UNIVERSITY AS AN ACADEMIC INSTITUTION
OBSOLETE — IF YOU WANT IT!

CAMP HERE
START COMMUNITY HELP
ORGANIZE YR OWN GARBAGE COLLECTION
ZAP THE TOWN WITH POLLUTION ACTIVITIES
GO OUT TO THE FACTORIES & TALK/STREET THEATRE
JOIN IN WITH GIVING OUT THE FREE FOOD
GO TO/MAKE YR SEMINARS/SING-INS/CONCERTS
ON RELEVANT ISSUES
TRY YOGA/MAKE LOVE IN THE LIBRARY
BRING YR GEAR & SWAP IT AT THE BARTER STORE
TAKE A WALL & PAINT IT/MAKE TOTEM POLES
FOR THE REVOLUTION/MAKE POSTERS
AT THE SILK SCREEN WORKSHOP
GET OFF YOUR ASS — THIS IS A REVOLUTIONARY CULTURE

COMMUNES



From Dissent...

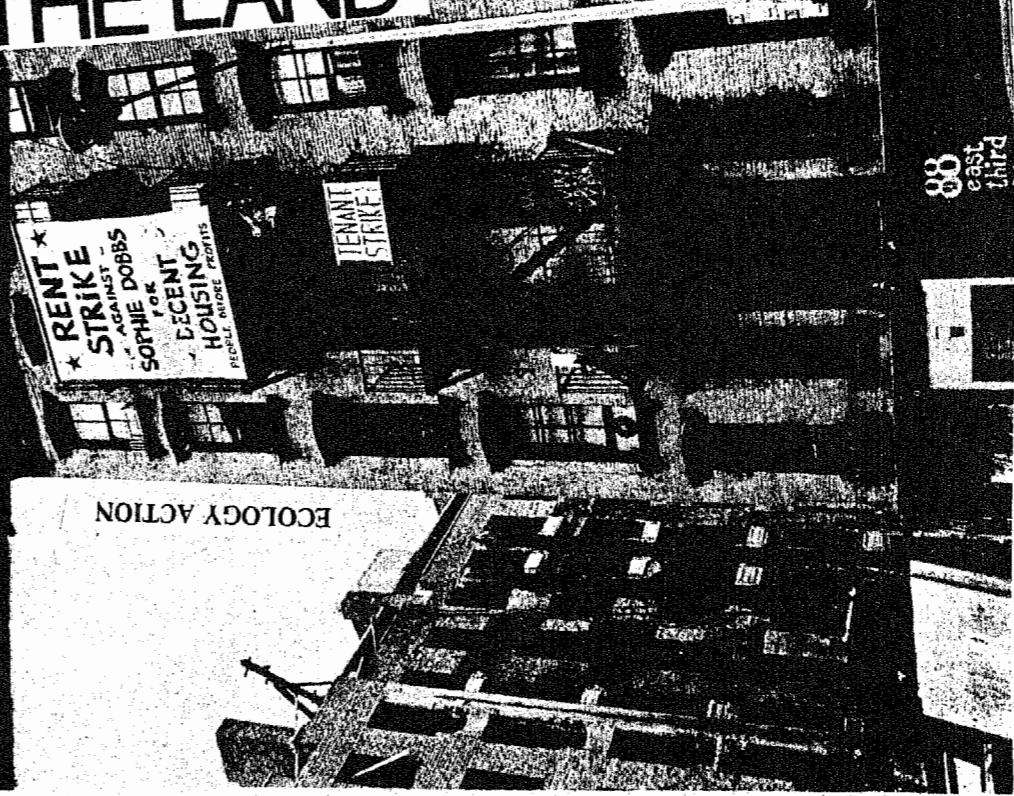
A RADICAL ALTERNATIVE

WEDNESDAY
1:00pm LOTUS B.S. LAWS
2:00 POETRY READING & WORK SHOP
3:00 YOGA & MEDITATION
4:00 FOLKSINGERS
5:00-7:00 TEA
7:00 MIKE RAMPACH
7:30 ABORIGINAL FOLK MUSICIANS
8:00 MAKE YR HAPPENING
9:00 ROCK BANDS
10:00 S.D.A. RADICAL FILMS
TIME FOR CHANGE & DEVELOP
YOU TO

To Resistance...



SHARE THE LAND



FRIDAY
8:00-9:00am BREAKY
9:00am —> TAPES/RECORDS/FILMS
1:00pm. TED NETTLEBECK SAZZ
2:00-3:00 SEFF ST. JOHN/AQUARIUS
3:00-4:00 WOMEN'S LIBERATION STREET THEATRE/LAWS
4:00 POETRY READING/CLOISTERS
-LESTER
-MIKE
EVERY THINGS FACE
THE PROGRAMME IS MORE -OR LESS- DEPENDS ON WHAT YOU DO

With A Real Purpose

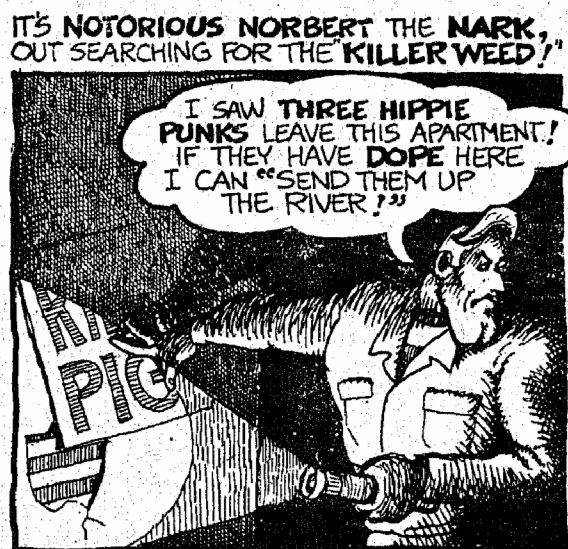
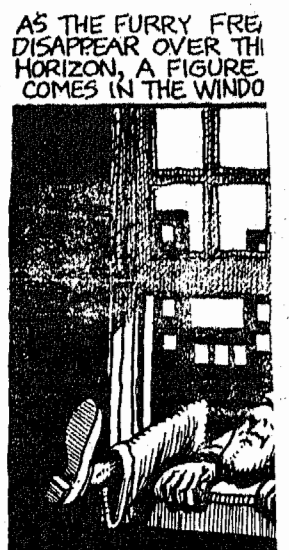
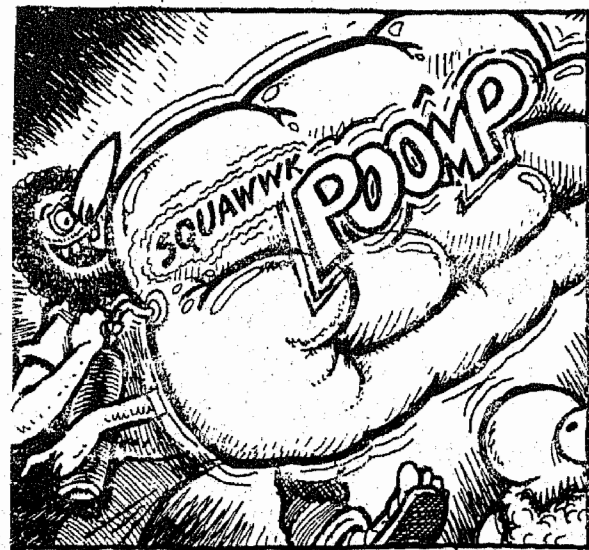
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THURSDAY
8:00am —> BREAKFAST TAPES/RECORDS/FILMS SAM SESSION
11-12:00 FREE FILMS
12:00-2:00pm LUNCH
1:00-2:00pm "DADDY COOL" BARR S. LAWS
2:00-3:00 LITERARY SOCIETY PINTER READING/NAPIER
2:00-4:00 "YELLOW SUBMARINE" IN UNION HALL
3-4:00 RICHARD MEALE CHAMBER MUSIC-CLOISTERS
4-5:00 ADEL. FLENDERS CHORAL SOCIETY
5-6:00 "WONDERWALL"
6-7:00 TEA
7-8:00 AUSTRALIAN DANCE THEATRE/UNION HALL
8-9:00 SALVATION ARMY BAND CLOISTERS
9-10:00 "CHARLES MANSON SINGERS"
10-11:00 COMEY ISLAND JIG BAND
11:00-1:00 ROBTILLET/STEVE FOSTER/LESTER WALDMAN
1:00am —> SUPPER & S.D.A. RADICAL FILMS

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THOSE FABULOUS, FURRY, LEGENDARY & LOVEABLE FREAK BROTHERS



My presentation is entitled, "Exposing U.S. War Crimes Through Veteran Organising". What that means simply, is that during the last year, a number of Americans, including myself have been engaged in organising Vietnam war veterans to speak out against the war and to tell how they were forced to become executioners for a policy of genocide. They feel that individual and low ranking GIs are being scapegoated for a war crimes policy created and implemented at the highest levels of the American government. These veterans, who to the Nixon constituency — the middle Americans — represent the last credible segment among the youth; have one unique advantage over traditional peace and anti-war people. They speak about the war concretely — they tell of their own experiences and disillusionment with a society whose integrity they never before questioned, and whose motivations they can no longer trust. I am such a Vietnam veteran.

I was brought up in a suburban New York community and educated primarily in private Catholic institutions with the exception of my last one and a half years of secondary education when I attended and graduated from a local public school, in 1961.

After a year at a small New York University, I transferred to Georgetown University in Washington, D.C., specifically to study Spanish and Linguistics. In February, 1964, I temporarily left Georgetown to attend a university in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil in order to satisfy a desire to travel and also to learn Portuguese. My ambition at that time was to become a South American specialist and to one day, work in the Foreign Service. During the year 1964-65, I travelled extensively throughout Brazil, Uruguay, and Argentina, devoting almost no time to formal education. Through this experience, I began to gain my first real insights into my government's imperialistic and neo-colonialistic practices. I was shocked to find that many students and simple people harbored great resentment toward Americans and I found it increasingly difficult to defend America's position in light of the obvious evidence of its oppressive presence.

When I returned to the university, I was immediately faced with a dilemma; my draft deferment had expired. I

physically, emotionally. I had the liberal intellectual's moral perspective on the war, racism, and American political repression in general.

From Fort Hood, I was assigned to the 11th Brigade military intelligence team, American Division, as the team chief. I arrived in Vietnam on November 20, 1968. At the time of my arrival, I was familiar with the many alleged reasons for American presence in Vietnam. Throughout High School and University, history professors had explained the complicated Domino theory, which I, to this day, have never understood. The necessity of containing communism and the Chinese was also emphasised. The Chinese and Vietnamese, we were told, valued life far less than western man and were therefore thought to be war prone and reckless. Later the argument was advanced that we were in Vietnam to prevent VC atrocities and terrorism and lastly, it was — we are here to achieve freedom and self determination for the South Vietnamese people. It's difficult to assess to what degree I still believe any of these arguments, when I arrived in Vietnam. I suppose it would be safe to say that I still believed that my government, though by no means perfect, would try to do what was best, and so I went, as I told my friends, to see what it was really like.

deepened. There are almost three million U.S. soldiers who have served in the Indochina theatre since 1961. With the exception of career soldiers (a small percentage of this total) all survivors have returned to their homes and jobs. The disclosure of the My Lai massacre and the Administration's response to it, have served to create a real crisis of conscience for most of these men. While virtually all officials are convinced that an atrocity was in fact perpetrated, the official line from Nixon and the Pentagon on down has been that the individual responsible soldiers will be tried and punished for their illegal acts and that this will dispose of the issue. It is our perception that all Vietnam veterans understand the realities of our military strategies in Indochina; i.e., that men in the field are operating under tactical field policies and procedures conceived and designed at the highest levels of political and military leadership. Certainly, lowly privates and lieutenants do not make policies or define military objectives. Despite this commonplace, the Administration and the Brass have chosen to isolate a few GIs and place them on trial for their lives for

EXPOSING U.S. WARCRISES

by MICHAEL UHL

It soon becomes clear from this article who Michael Uhl is. This paper was delivered at the recent Anti-War Conference in Sydney. The testimony of his experience has been told many times. It needs to be continually told, to remind everyone of the continuing daily criminal barbarities of US imperialist actions. It stands as a counter and challenge to our active "Diggers". The power of military propaganda within Australia's materialistic capitalist culture has seemingly won over the capabilities of Australian Vietnam war veterans to humanly protest against their inhuman experiences and activities.

It was only there in Vietnam that I began to understand to what extent I had been fooled by the American myths of democracy and freedom for all. The contradictions of: free fire zones, search and destroy tactics, torture of prisoners, saturation bombing of civilians, etc., became impossible to harmonize away by clever rationalizations or euphemism. I began to understand that this was a peoples' war of liberation and that the so called Viet-cong were in fact the Vietnamese people. I didn't have a solid political analysis of the situation, but the one thing I understood instinctively, was that to the Vietnamese people, the American presence in Vietnam, was not part of the solution.

After five months in Vietnam, my health and morale deteriorated. I was evacuated with TB in April, 1969. After several months in the hospital, I went back to Graduate School in New York City, where I at once began to relate to student and campus politics. At one meeting I attended, a Vietnam veteran spoke of a group that was trying to collect testimony from war veterans to show that atrocities like My Lai were not isolated, but wide-spread, and the inevitable result of our war policies. This group was the Citizens' Commission of Inquiry into US war crimes in Vietnam. Since March, 1969, when I first testified before the Citizens' Commission in New York, I have been working steadily as a veteran organiser.

Following the public disclosure of the Son My massacre in November, 1969, it was suggested by Ralph Schoenman, former Secretary General of the Bertrand Russell International War Crimes Tribunal, that it was time to present similar testimony in forums within the U.S. These forums would specifically demonstrate that the My Lai massacre was not an isolated aberration but rather the logical result of military strategies and objectives of the U.S. command in Vietnam.

The first commission was held in Annapolis, Maryland early March, 1970, followed by commissions in Toronto, Canada (for deserters), Springfield, Mass., New York City, Los Angeles, California, Boston, Mass., Baltimore, Maryland, Buffalo, New York, Minneapolis, Minn., Portland, Oregon, Philadelphia, Pa., finally culminating in the National Veterans Inquiry, which was held in Washington D.C., on December 1, 2, 3, 1970, at which over fifty Vietnam vets testified on every aspect of the U.S. aggression in Indochina. These hearings have all been open to the press and public, including members of the Pentagon's Criminal Investigation Division and at each, the members of the working press and all others, have been able to fully cross-examine those testifying. All of the men testifying have provided detailed information concerning their backgrounds, current occupations, addresses, as well as copies of their discharge papers, unit served with in Vietnam, length and date of tour of duty, decorations, and all other basic material relating to their service in Southeast Asia.

The political analysis on which our work has been based was developed as our experience with veterans

their role in My Lai. It has also been our experience that a version of this view is widely held by many liberals and other anti-war activists. That is, they feel that because, theoretically the GI in Vietnam could refuse to participate in war or implement war crimes policies, it is reasonable to punish him if he does not refuse to submit to orders. Such a view of course, fails to take account of the age, social experience, military conditioning and indoctrination of the young combat soldier, to say nothing of the conditions of combat — where everything is subject to a discipline born from intense fear.

As we approached veterans, somewhat apprehensively at first, we discovered that there was deep resentment over the paradox implicit in the Army's My Lai prosecution — i.e., that a soldier is compelled to conduct and carry out military policies such as search and destroy, free fire zones, no prisoners, pacification and relocation and the like, but if the horrendous results of these policies arouse too much public clamour, that they will be held responsible and prosecuted. In a word, we have sought to shift the veterans' focus from concepts like personal guilt to institutional responsibility — so that the blame for the atrocious conduct of U.S. and puppet forces is fixed where it truly belongs — on the highest levels of civilian and military leadership.

We concluded that for combat veterans, many of whom are workers infected with virulent forms of patriotism and racism by virtue of their class position, to speak out publicly denouncing acts and policies they have been compelled to commit in Vietnam would represent a considerable escalation in their own power and ability to act collectively against an institution that had cruelly oppressed them and their brothers and sisters. In fact, we have been able to organise or reactivate dormant veterans' groups in several cities initially around the issue of their speaking out on U.S. genocide.

Over the past year, we have amassed hundreds of testimony covering virtually every aspect of the war of genocide being waged in Vietnam. We have provided vet speakers for many groups, schools, universities, etc. Our ability to generate substantial public attention (particularly in the press and on TV) has also increased substantially.

Because the issue of war crimes is such a sensitive issue, and because the Administration and the Pentagon would exploit any opportunity to cast doubt on the credibility of our work, we have necessarily developed an elaborate screening procedure to insure as reliable testimony as possible. Aside from requiring copies of the veteran's discharge papers, our regional Veteran Coordinators spend many days of extensive interrogation with each witness to check on reliability.

We have on occasion received testimony that was not used, and several potential witnesses have been screened out over the past year — whenever there was the least doubt in our minds as to their accuracy and sincerity.

Our record of accuracy is best attested to by the Pentagon itself. Members of the Criminal Investigation have been present at almost every regional inquiry and the National Inquiry in Washington. Over the past year, they have interviewed and in some cases, taken statements from CCI witnesses. Yet they have never once denied or repudiated the credentials of any of the witnesses testifying. At the Washington hearings, they issued the following statement after checking the testimony through their computer banks: the statement appeared in an Associated Press release:

(AP) The Pentagon, while saying it does not dispute the credentials of Osborn or of the 50 other Vietnam veterans testifying during the three-day inquiry, has declined comment.

to be cont.

chose to join a compressed course in what we call ROTC, the Reserve Officer Training Corps, rather than be drafted immediately and again interrupt my formal studies. (I was able to do this at that time, because the Army was desperate for junior officers, as they were just beginning to expand their aggression in South East Asia in a conventional military way.) I was selected for military intelligence training, being assured by some Sergeant that I had little chance of ever going to Vietnam.

All military intelligence officers are first trained as infantry officers so I spent my first thirteen weeks in the Army at Fort Benning, Georgia, training in the skills of conventional warfare and small unit tactics and leadership. Military training in the U.S. is geared to reinforce America's already institutionalized racism. We learned and were encouraged to refer to the enemy by derogatory labels, like gook or gink. It is a subtle process of self-dehumanizing and dehumanizing of the Asians, calculated to turn out the good soldier and to shield him against the traditional western humanistic instincts in which he is ideally steeped. Thus armed, he will obey the lawful orders of his superiors, because authority becomes synonymous with good, and he will carry out the mad policies employed by his unit against the non-humans.

After finishing the infantry course, I was sent to the counter-intelligence officers' course at Fort Holabird, Maryland. I stayed there for approximately three months, when upon completion of the training, I was assigned to a military intelligence unit at Fort Hood, Texas. Here I learned how the military intelligence and Criminal Investigation Division harassed and punished those soldiers whose views were even moderately progressive. For example, those who

were caught reading or possessing any movement or anti-army literature were given extra duties and subjected to constant search of their personal property. Those who actively tried to discuss their views were either court-martialed on trumped up charges or given other than honorable discharge from service. According to the Army, a thinking soldier is a poor soldier. I silently supported those courageous men and women who were organising enlisted men at a local coffee house and even went as far as not reporting so called suspicious persons or activities or writing "half-truths" in my reports. But I was still not moved to the type of concrete action that affected my own life. The real issues had yet to affect me personally,



OEDIPUS REX, acclaimed by most Australian critics as a great piece of theatre – usually exciting and spectacularly staged, profound and above all intellectually titillating. However the critics and audience alike failed to analyse the play and performance in a socio-political context.

The Australian audience walks into the theatre with a preconceived set of ideas about the nature of society. They believe that social change is a slow process, carried on by careful reforms within existing institutions. Few Australians ever think to challenge the basic assumptions on which our society is based. Most accept the principle that we are ruled by leaders who hold their position through the grace of the people. The majority of theatregoers would see themselves as belonging to the middle class. They are administrators, teachers, professionals and academics. They respect the social system and are anxious to maintain their position in it.

When they attend the theatre they primarily expect to be entertained. "Oedipus" with its lavish costumes and sets, some \$50,000 worth and totally unjustified by the script, provides not only a visual spectacle but also an acceptable audible, stimulating, intellectual exercise. It provides the illusion of an aesthetic experience divorced from modern social reality. This distance is further heightened by the use of masks and stylised movements and music.

However, the play, in fact helps to maintain and present social system. The audience see a class society, one in which the ruler is treated with utmost respect. He is, in this production, even made physically taller than the masses by means of raised shoes and an elaborate headdress. The king solves all social problems; the people are mere recipients of his decisions.

The main theme of the play is Oedipus' struggle against his fate. As the Delphic oracle had predicted at his birth, he lives in a self-imposed and sightless banishment after killing his father and marrying his mother. The basic notion of the play is that non-existence is predetermined and no human action can alter its course.

This would seem to be a frustrating philosophy yet it is one that rationalises apathy towards society – as do the folk sayings *comme ei comme ca* etc. present in every class. It assures the Australian audience that it can do nothing and that nothing is worth doing. Far from being a play which stimulates an audience to action, it simply reaffirms their established values and philosophy.

OEDIPUS REX is in the Australia situation, a reactionary play, for it encourages the audience to accept the present social structure and to be apathetic not hostile towards any social analysis and change. Culture is a capitalist plot!

Universities

Elizabeth Riddell talks
to Vice Chancellors and
Student Leaders,
All this week in

THE AUSTRALIAN



OBTAIN 1971 ORIENTATION WEEK HANDBOOK S.R.C.
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JOHN GREY WHO?

ACCIDENT BENEFITS FOR STUDENTS

This year, for the first time, the Union has offered Accident Insurance to students. Most Australian Universities provide some Accident and/or Medical protection of a compulsory nature, however, the benefits are limited and there is no option for increases.

Firstly our scheme is voluntary and needs strong support to be effective and help in maintaining the low rates quoted by the Insurer. The benefits are similar to those provided by the South Australian Workmen's Compensation Act. From a basic unit of

\$1,000 cover may be taken in any number of multiples together with provision for a weekly amount as loss of income.

Accidents do occur and as the protection applies both at and away from the University the risks are there and should not necessarily be ignored.

For those students who have not joined we ask that you reconsider your decision and brochures describing the Scheme together with application forms are available from either the Union or S.R.C. offices.

ROCK AQUARIUS

AQUARIUS, the cultural foundation of the Australian Union of Students, has been around for about a year now – fairly quietly – but in 1971 it already seems to be doing things! Rather like the U.S. Campus Circuit, AQUARIUS is touring groups to universities throughout Australia, presenting them to students on-campus in a less-hassled atmosphere, and at less-hassling prices.

First local group on the circuit is Jeff St. John and the Copperwine, with Wendy Saddington, who will be accompanied by top Sydney group, Kahvas Jute, whose recently-released album has got rave reviews everywhere. Doug Parkinson's new group is coming later in term, and a big-name overseas group is under negotiation.

When the circuit establishes itself, students will get groups, poets and others on their own campuses, in situations which the groups will enjoy as much as the students themselves.

The first series of performances will be on Adelaide campuses from March 10–12.

BEEN ON A TRIP?

PLAN ONE THIS YEAR WITH THE AUSTRALIAN UNION OF STUDENTS.

CONSULT MRS BLANCH MCGILL, AT THE A.U.S. TRAVEL OFFICE.
(Next to the Lady Symon Hall).

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY. 11 a.m. – 3 p.m.

These notes are directed towards people who want to write, or do anyway, and are in the vicinity of this newspaper. To first years, they may seem faintly cryptic; but they are designed to indicate possible outlets for your writing, especially poetry.

The notes concentrate on so-called "underground" magazines, the Roneo Revolution, the only viable media for any but corpulent corporations and electronic whizzkids. It's not worth writing to established organs of literary art because:

- i) they won't publish you
- ii) publication in them ain't worth it
- iii) you've got your own millieu, the idea-soup you swim in, to reject and create, make your own poems and mags.

This article's not "Notes from the Underground", because there is no organic, literate underground; only buried individuals; especially in Adelaide, where intellectual life revolves around the Unis and their terms, the seasons of enlightenment. In Melbourne, there is a seed of an underground, a counter-culture, wilfully trying to blast into flower. It's called the Melbourne Arts Co-operative, and lives in a disused church.

What could be in Adelaide is one little magazine, condensing all the discrete scraps of creative energy, here and interstate. But we scraps are jealous of our holy spark. At least this is how I see it . . .

The most exciting recent genesis is DARK AREAS, a mag edited by Jane Donald and Sandy Clarke and largely (not entirely) devoted to the poetry of secondary school students. The earth of the poems grabs me less than the plough of the mag; that opens up, inseminates, the poems begin to grow.

A poetry magazine by school students for students is unique in Australia; radically different from the school magazine or newspaper concept; and of enormous value for teachers interested enough to initiate creative writing programmes, as advocated by Brian Powell in The Australian's Educational Broadsheet (2/10/71).

Quoth Powell:
"it should be noted that in many countries where externally set examinations still dominate the education system"

— to think some countries could be so backward! —

"pupils are being successfully prepared to write English examinations through the writing of poetry.

"It should not be regarded simply as an 'extra' but should be included (probably about one period in every seven or so) as an integral part of the English programme."

My italics. And someone must agree, because the rumour is that the Government Printers have volunteered for DARK AREAS, No. 2. A second issue is inevitable. People willing to sell the first in schools would be appreciated. Available from Uni Bookroom.

MOK, No. 6, may be out shortly, lacking only money and impetus. The past two years, MOK'S been more of an appendix than an outlet. Similarly Thomas Shapcott's anthology Australian Poetry Now (Sun Books, 1970) gathers Australian Poetry two years ago. All the same it's a fun book to read, including pot biographies and canned poetics from most contributors, and disincluding most of the bores who call themselves Australian poets. The last pages especially are worth reading (even if the last pages aren't worth especially much), these people ary your contemporaries. God help them.

Also BARBITOS R.I.P. Sept. 1970. Adrian Flavell (3 Radnor Ave., Rostrevor 5073) plans a magazine and would like to hear from contributors, sympathisers, editors etc. Cliff Comey has intimated he may objectify in print certain Revelations from the Holy Father. Since last year there have been several individual pamphlets of poetry: black bird sits (Richard Madelaine), Sumeria (P. Giblin and M. Scullion) too bad to take away (Richard Tipping), hear old Maw sing (Cliff Comey) and exits (me).

In Quorn there dwells a Christian man, Peter Bladen, runs a secondhand shop, writes long symbolic poems, prints a quarterly magazine EXPRESSION on his own press, publishes a lot of rural rather than urban Australian poets and shortstory writers, but is sympathetic to youthful energy and people who just drop in for a visit especially on the night he collates the pages. (P.O. Box 19, Quorn, 5433).

Received from interstate:
YOUR FRIENDLY FASCIST, ed. Rae Desmond Jones and John Edwards, Box A437, Sydney South P.O., NSW 2000; may extend to second issue.

JOURNAL RHIZOME: an infrequent publication of arts and matters, ed. Jimi Taylor, P.O. Box N41, Petersham North, NSW; including a long poem by Nathaniel Tarn, "The Great Odour of Summer"; YAM 2, ed. Garrie Hutchinson and Ulli McCarthy, 2 Arnold St., North Carlton, Vic. 3054; a liaison of writers from England and Australia, a thick mag, including poems by Jeff Nuttall, YAM 3 expecting this summer, published by Melbourne Arts Co-operative.

AARDVARK: short stories, articles, long poems, plays, express trains, ed. John Jenkins, 2 Haughton Crt., Box Hill South, Vic. 3128; haven't heard plans for a second edition.

If you want the latest releases (especially from America) and news of happenings, the Source Bookshop, Collins St., Melbourne is a good scene.

The Third University Arts Festival (May 15 — 22) erupts in Canberra, with minor tremors catering for literatures — student readings, workshops and a seminar on "Comparative Modern Literature" (my sainted undies!) Hopes to invite Australian writers whose names aren't legion, and was negotiating to bring out Ginsberg and Ferlinghetti. Aquarius, the cultural foundation of NUAUS has promised to continue production of YELLOW MAGAZINE, to be distributed gratis to Uni. students, and publishing articles, poems, stories. The Aquarius literary competition piddles on.

Of the glossier magazines which are issued regularly Poetry Magazine, now renamed New Poetry, has been far and away the most valuable, since its editorial takeover in Dec. 1969. It reproduces concrete poetry with a fine trowel, and runs competitions to see who can squeeze the most wordgames into one stanza. The next issue of Southern Review (published from our own English Department) will be devoted to modern poetry, and the most recent (Vol. IV, No. 1 — 1970) contains an article by Geoffrey Thurlay, "The New Phenomenalist Poetry in the U.S.A." This is compulsory reading for anyone wanting to make sense of, or sound at all sophisticated about, American poetry since the fifties.

I don't want to create the impression of a thriving beehive oozing ambrosia. There's room for your own thing, an abhorrent vacuum in fact; and don't believe all the cells are hexagonal. Nevertheless the AU Literary Society is

prepared to organise play-readings and poetry-readings (of student verse or more formal: one on animal verse) and a creative writing group to conduct a workshop. Auditions and meetings will be advertised.

STOP PRESS:
John Edward writes that YOUR FRIENDLY FASCIST 2 is out and the Third Reich can be expected in six weeks. A viable and receptive mag for stuff.

THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK:
Homer was wrong in saying: "Would that strife might perish from among gods and men!" He did not see that he was praying for the destruction of the universe, for, if his prayer was heard, all things would pass away — Herakleitos.
I do not see how the functions of morphine can be separated, I think that any effective painkiller will depress the sexual function, induce euphoria and cause addiction. The perfect painkiller would probably be immediately habit-forming. — William Burroughs.

WHAT IS THEATRE?

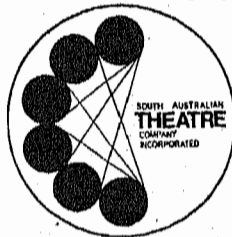
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Theatre gives pleasure; indeed it stands or falls by its ability to please; it also creates new meaning for an ever widening audience.

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NOTES FROM THE UNDER CURRENT

Christopher Pollnitz





D. H. LAWRENCE

WOMEN IN LOVE

Oh it's such fun! It's such a dream, it really is. And there's this lovely man Birkin — it's really Alan Bates, you KNOW — with a perfectly beautiful beard. You should just see him dancing rag-time, he's so gay; and when he sang "I'm forever blowing bubbles" to his sweetie-pie down by the old mill stream, oh my little heart went pit-a-pat. And the way he talked about a fig at lunch (lifted from Lawrence's poem, "Figs"), in front of everybody too, I'm sure they must have known, and he has got such lovely things dear, well it made me feel all funny inside. And then he got all high-fallutin talking to that swanky Hermione:

It is just the opposite, just the contrary, Hermione. We are all different and unequal in spirit — it is only the social differences that are based on accidental material conditions... spiritually there is pure difference and neither equality nor inequality counts... I want every man to have his fair share of this world's goods, so that I am rid of his importunity, so that I can tell him: "Now you've got what you want — you've got your fair share of the world's gear. Now, you one-mouthed fool, mind yourself and don't obstruct me."

— and then, THEN, he spilt champagne all down his front, oh I could have died darling, I simply could have died.

As for F. R. Leavis, he had this to say: it's an obscene undertaking to "write it again" for the screen... No one who had any inkling of the kind of THING the novel is, or how the "significance" of a great work of literature is conveyed, or what kind of thing significance is, could lend himself to such an outrage.



KATHERINE MANSFIELD; SOME OF GUDRUN'S TRAITS.



FRIEDA LAWRENCE: HER ELOPEMENT WITH LAWRENCE AND HER TWO CHILDREN PROVIDED THE SITUATION OF THE VIRGIN AND THE GIPSY. HER MARRIAGE WITH LAWRENCE RESEMBLES URSULA'S RELATIONSHIP WITH BIRKIN.

Most of the dialogue of the outrage seems to have been lifted bodily from the novel, with few modifications. But the point is that it is dropped into contexts which parody it unforgivably, and delivered in a tone which ignores its seriousness to invent a fashionable accentuation for it. Never does the dialogue suggest we are listening to more than the sort of witty conversation which Lawrence was able to get behind and beyond. "But where does his go GO?" drawls Gudrun, her broad innuendo masking the deeper significance of the question for Gerald, the man who only thinks of the work in hand, who thinks production is the only end.

Perhaps I make the mistake of demanding that the film conform to all the standards of the novel, without allowing it to be a "critical re-creation" in its own right. But it is to take the medium of film seriously to point out where it falls short of the seriousness of another genre. The film *Women in Love* is essentially an entertainment, not "a great work of literature."

There is a good literary explanation for the flamboyancy of the opening sequences. For the film, reasonably enough, excises Birkin and Gerald's adventures in London with Halliday and Minette. The main characters are given the task of illustrating how frivolous and futile is the life of the beautiful people, under which more real and elemental values are meant to be felt exerting themselves.

But the trouble is, it's too thick and real on film, we're quite happy that Birkin should remain the gay mad fool he is, he's too intensely amusing for us to look for anything else. With the result that the transition to the graver second half (which comes with the drowning of the two lovers at Shortlands) doesn't work. The sudden deaths fall heavily, but with a clang. What we want is more fun, a few laughs (and we get it, with Lawrence's tendency to self-parody in Birkin grievously exaggerated). And the novel's despair, the impasse of twentieth century society and sexuality? What despair?

One big criticism I can make of the film as a film. The scene-setting has been so carefully staged — every fern dewed with an eye-dropper, every miner smothered with an improbable nigrity of coal-dust, every wall hung with pre-Raphaelites or emblazoned with lions rampant, every snow-flake washed whiter than white — that the rapid pageant of the movie soon becomes eye-bogglingly, unbearably baroque. The riot of colour swallows for me various imagistic patterns which have been suggested in the film; Gerald's death reflecting the twined bodies of the lovers, the fire-light of the men's fight and of the concluding domestic scene, the black of the Midlands coal-fields and the white of Tyrolean snow.

This is NOT a film to be missed. The pictorial richness is its own attempt to capture the depth and density of the novel. You've got to SEE the Highland cattle to believe how humanly inhuman they are. Larry Kramer has done his historical homework — the War, the strikes, the fashions, the sort of detail lost in *THE FOX* — as well as his critical homework — what scenes signify and why. And being in better intellectual contact with the novel, it makes a much better independent film-of-the-novel than, say, *Catch-22*.

The casting is great, the acting sometimes magnificent. Glenda Jackson gets the palm for sheer mobility on the edge of sensibility and sanity, and for that lithe, vivid body. Oliver Reed is a convincing potential psychopath, with jowls that seem always about to blow the top of his head off. Alan Bates is gay, without Lawrence's gaiety, and fun, although in a lovely sort of way. Jennie Linden contrasts well with Gudrun, becoming more and more sweet and homely as the film progresses and the word "love" is used in more and more uncritical contexts.



JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY: THE FAILURE OF D.H.L.'S RELATIONSHIP WITH HIM WAS BIRKIN'S FAILURE WITH GERALD.

And so the simplifications set in. Eleanor Bron is a caricature of Hermione, and Vladek Sheybal a Loerke startlingly reminiscent of Barry Humphries. By writing in a bizarre, unexciting sex-game, which makes explicit the relationship between Gudrun and Loerke, the film confuses what should have been an important theme to itself. Gudrun realises that the reality is subtler than the appearance of:

'A pretty little sample of the eternal triangle.' And she turned ironically away, because she knew that the fight had been between Gerald and herself and that the presence of the third party was a mere contingency — an inevitable contingency perhaps, but a contingency none the less.

One last gripe. The film is advertised under Loerke's words:

"The relationship between sensual people is limited. They must find a new way." This aphorism completely distorts any understanding of the novel or film. It is apparently aimed to arouse expectations in the audience of an enlightening manifesto of perverted lust; while the film itself is designed to send them back to their smug little homes, pacified and contented with their assigned lot. Lawrence's strategy could be seen as the reverse.

THE FOX

Producer: Raymond Stross. Director: Mark Rydell. Scriptwriters: Lewis John Carlino and Howard Koch.

The plot: Ellen March (Anne Heywood) and Jill Banford (Sandy Dennis) keep chickens on a lonely farm, until the arrival of Paul — Henry in the novel — Grenfel (Keir Dullea). Wanting to marry March, he fells a tree under which Banford is killed.

The film is outstanding for the photography of natural landscape — the moonlit snow and the cold which precisely edges every twig of a tree, and the red brush and bristling snout of the fox. Lawrence does his own scene-setting with equal brilliance:

The trees on the wood-edge were a darkish, brownish green in the full-light — for it was the end of August. Beyond, the naked, copper-like shafts and limbs of the pine trees shone in the air. Nearer the rough grass, with its long, brownish stalks all agleam, was full of light.

The film's snow, you can see, isn't in the novella. Lawrence is wary of throwing about anything as symbolically potent as snow, and seems to have a more stable concept of the fox's significance than the director. But the snow's visual impact is tremendous. Really you'd need a Huxleyan "feelie" to get near the states which Lawrence is after; the brooding of darkness, touch of blood, odour and singing of the fox, all working to mystic intensity. But the acute focus on physical nature at least approximates the Laurentian state of high. Lawrence the botanist

A short paragraph about troubles keeping cows is wisely expanded in the film to a wild romp after the runaway heifer, ending in a rough-and-tumble in the snow. This laboriously illustrates (with annotations and arrows) the lesbian relationship between the girls. One of the recurrent sex scenes in the film it makes explicit what Lawrence or Jane Austen were content to get across through dialogue and manners.

Still, twentieth century theatre has its conventions, just as the nineteenth century novel had its. Only, perhaps Lawrence was more concerned with the psychic state than with the overt manifestations (already given a melodramatic turn in *THE RAINBOW*). By the time we've had a nude scene in the bathroom (lifted from *LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER*), and a bedroom scene (which had the whole Union Hall tittering nervously), we're beginning to wonder where the psychic states got left.

The simplification of the characters proceeds further, as Keir Dullea's glamorous presence removes the suggestion of Paul-Henry's youth, and his industry as man about the house dulls the hunter motif, making him healthy, normal and sentimental. There is a heavy-handed writing in of Banford's sexperience, and a heavy-handed scissoring out of March's dreaming.

Nevertheless the film was an awakening to the kind of impact Lawrence could have had on the cinema — a drama of intense difficulty for the actor, with no automatic gestures, a drama of the eyes. But with stage directions would turn a Shakespearean actor green:

'What do you say, killed her?' she asked in a sharp voice.

'I'm afraid so,' he answered softly.

She went still whiter, fearful. The two stood facing one another. Her black eyes gazed on him with the last look of resistance. And then in a last agonised failure she began to grizzle, to cry in a shivery little fashion of a child that doesn't want to cry, but which is beaten from within, and gives that first little shudder of sobbing which is not yet weeping, dry and fearful.

ON FILM

THE VIRGIN AND THE GIPSY

I believe that, just as an audience was found in Russia for Tcheckov, so an audience might be found in England for some of my stuff, if there were a man to whip 'em in. It's the producer that is lacking, not the audience... (Letter to Edward Garnett, 1 Feb., 1913)

Step forward Kenneth Harper with director Christopher Miles. Of the three movies, this one alone succeeds in conveying any sense of specific locality in England, or of the spirit of the place, the GENIUS LOCI. In making WOMEN IN LOVE, Ken Russell traipsed all over England, and shot on authentic locations in the Zermatt. But Miles succeeds where Russell fails, in recapturing Lawrence's sense of a country's special exhalations, of "the roof of England," grey and dreary, whose cold is a little too cold for civilised comfort.

Lawrence can only assure us that this country has its own peculiar strength. Miles can cut from the stuffy, overheating livingroom (where Grannie incidentally SMELLS) to the nearby forest, with its boughts whipping like animal feelers in the storm.

Locality is important in Lawrence, is inextricable from the race which lives in the locality. In THE FOX it matters consummately that Henry is Cornish, that he has the dark animal consciousness and squat, cat-like features of the Cornish; for this, to Lawrence, is African, this is the mindless, fated hunter. In WOMEN IN LOVE it matters that Gerald is a blonde Nordic creature of the snow; and that Minette is linked with decayed African civilisations of purely sensual culture. This racial aspect is lost in the films.

As is Lawrence's ambivalent attitude towards the gypsies, the pariah race, because of the dominant physical presence of Franco Nero in the film. Although a resurrected man, bearing sensual life within him, the gypsy of the novella is a dandy, and keeps the mentality of a social outcast. As a symbol of pure maleness, Franco Nero replete with beard and ice-blue eyes, is a simplification. But beautiful.

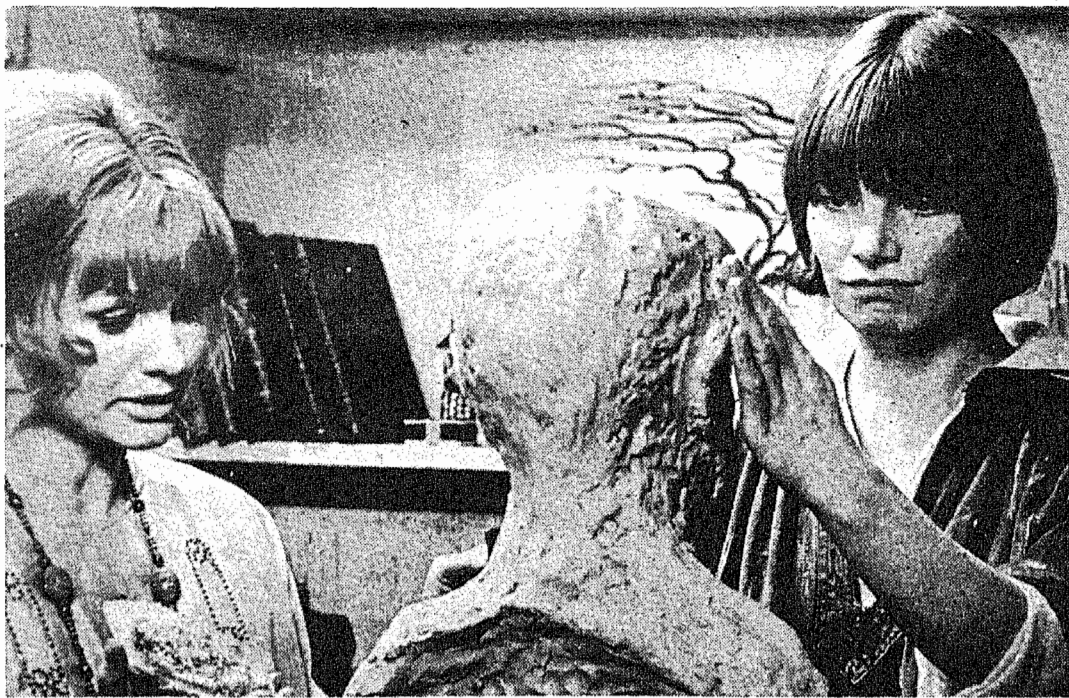
The consummation between Paul-Henry and March in the barn is the last straw. All that heavy panting shouts down what Lawrence is telling us about the people:

They sat for some time silent. He held her hands in his, but he did not make love to her. Since he had realised that she was a woman, and vulnerable, accessible, a certain heaviness had possessed his soul. He did not want to make love to her. He shrank from any such performance, almost with fear. She was a woman, and vulnerable, accessible to him finally, and he held back from that which was ahead, almost with dread. It was a kind of darkness he knew he would enter finally, but of which he did not want as yet even to think.

Nevertheless, other characters, like Lucille and Uncle Bert and the maid, are developed into much wholler portraits, though still distributed accurately on the Laurentian chart of salvation. Joanna Shimkus retains all the flighty, delicate complications of a girl with rebel blood in her; her performance transmits the exact muted, virginal quality. Honor Blackman as the sinful Mrs. Fawcett gives the most polished presentation, playing incognito to AVENGERS' fans; while Maurice Denham (the rector) and Kay Walsh (Aunt Cissie) relish Lawrence's satirical portraits. The late and stylised novella isn't as brimming with PEOPLE as the earlier works; Grannie (Fay Compton) has to play the part of a blotched fungus.

The screenplay (by Alan Plate) is an actual improvement on Lawrence, as his tendency to give generic force to an incident — "Some-one WOULD do something" — is translated into direct, forceful action. The incorporation of the episode of the Continental review bulks out the characterisation, gives coherence to an action like Yvette's theft, and tastefully promotes themes like that of money. Lawrence HATED music-hall; but then, who cares what a crank like Lawrence thought anyway?

The film develops instead of discarding the themes of money and the work of hands. An early shot of the dam, when the young are out on their automobile jaunt, introduces that enormous fund of elemental energy — Essay Topic: Water and swimming in Lawrence — and allows the possibility of the dam's collapse. The pan from Yvette gazing wistfully to the workmen on the dam, stoc ybrutual, but engaged in manual work, is pure Lawrence Lawrence didn't think of. Another stroke of genius in the film comes when the gypsy makes the car follow the cart, subduing the motor's rhythm to the rhythm of the horse.



JENNIE LINDEN AND GLENDA JACKSON AS URSULA AND GUDRUN.

One reviewer has complained about the "absurdly bombastic denouement." To me the flood was plain uplifting. (Shots of the Bible among the flotsam an; jetsam another inspiration). To appreciate the flood, you've got to appreciate what one of Lawrence's early (hostile) critics said of him:

We had felt the usual calf-love for Shaw... We were assured that life was a matter which could be easily regulated and controlled, that there could not possibly arise a situation to which man was not equal. Catastrophes did not happen in real life... But in the end we realised the shallowness of this philosophy... We were disgusted with the commonplaces of a world where nothing momentous could ever happen, and we turned with deep satisfaction to D. H. Lawrence. — (J. H. Thomas, Criterion, Vol. X, P. 5).

Lawrence is writing about elemental values; social probabilities don't matter to him. The blood of his characters is in tune (or in discord) with the elements, the fundamental connection which the film unhappily glosses. Hence the love scene is the permissible, predictable, lollystick kind of celluloid f...ing we're used to. Whereas Lawrence's meeting is a vindication of sexuality:

The vice-like grip of his arms round her seemed to her the only stable point in her consciousness. It was a fearful relief to her heart, which was strained to bursting. And through his body, wrapped round her strange and lithe and powerful, like tentacles, rippled with shuddering as an electric current, still the rigid tension of the muscles that held her clenched steadied them both, and gradually the sic ening violence of the shuddering, caused by shock, abated, in his body first, then in hers, and the warmth revived between them. And as it roused, their tortured semi-conscious minds became unconscious, they passed away into sleep.

LAWRENCE AS THEORIST

While James Joyce was quick to acclaim the potential of the new medium, Lawrence mainly saw its inherent limitations and the abominations of its practice. Joyce demonstrated in his novels the use of flash-backs, cut-in and montage for symbolic and psychological ends long before these techniques were used on film. Lawrence — who preferred the circus — carped about the sentimentality of its content:

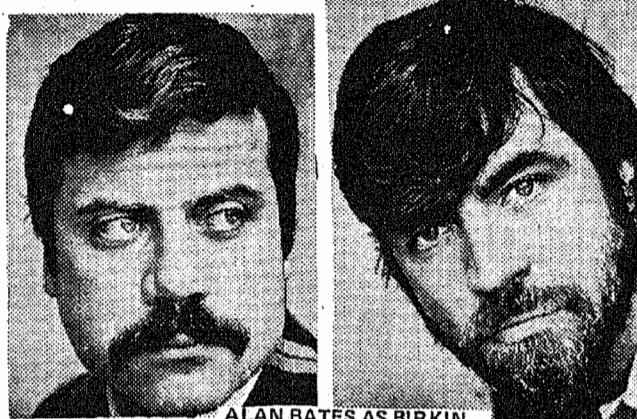
WHEN I WENT TO THE FILM—

When I went to the film, and saw all the black-and-white feelings that nobody felt, and heard the audience sighing and sobbing with all the emotions none of them felt, felt, and saw them cuddling with rising passions that none of them for a moment felt, and caught them moaning from close-up kisses, black-and-white kisses that could not be felt, It was like being in heaven, which I am sure has a white atmosphere upon which shadows of people, pure personalities are cast in black and white, and move in flat ecstasy, supremely unfelt, and heavenly.

"Heavenly", mind you, needs pronouncing with the fashionable society inflection.

"Flight the sentimental lie for purity", was Lawrence's battle-cry in the essay, "Pornography and Obscenity"; and hence the cheap, popular love film became his whipping horse, as "an invariable stimulant to self-abuse". The moral content of contemporary films has changed from the twenties (although a new American release LOVE STORY wallows lucratively in the old sentimentalities). No longer do you get what Lawrence complained of:

the sneaking thrill fumbling under all the dainty purity of underclothes, without one single gross word to let you know what is happening.



ALAN BATES AS BIRKIN, A LAURENTIAN FIGURE. OLIVER REED AS GERALD

The lies have changed, that's all. No-one with his commercial head screwed on would answer the essay's call for openness and modesty.

More at home as a playwright, Lawrence had this to say about the drama:

The play of A People's Theatre are plays about people... Men who are somebody not men who are something. Men who HAPPEN to be bishops and co-respondents, women who happen to be chaste, just as they happen to freckle, because it's one of their innumerable odd qualities. Even men who happen, by the way, to have long noses. But not noses on two legs, not burly pairs of gaiters stuffed and voluble, not white meringues of chastity, not incarnations of co-respondence. — (Preface to Touch and Go).

Lawrence's doctrine of full-bodied realism, of putting manalive PEOPLE on stage has its implications for the modern guerilla theatre, whose allegorical figures dehumanise people in a literary way, as surely as industrial capitalism mechanises them in a sociological way.

Again, he wrote in letters about the dramatists of his day:

I'm sure we are sick of the bony, rather bloodless drama we get nowadays — it is time for a reaction against Shaw and Galsworthy and Barker and Irishy (except Synge) people — the rule and measure mathematical folk.

and:

To me even Synge, whom I admire very much indeed, is a bit too rounded off, and as it were, put on the shelf to be looked at. I can't bear art you can walk around and admire.

Lawrence despised the artificial, well-finished play, wanting his dramas to reflect the complicated, ongoing rhythms of the natural cycle, always unfinished and pointing in different directions like strands of a severed rope. Hence, The Virgin and Gypsy as novella ends with Yvette still in the family, still "wise" in the world's way, but perhaps "braver in the body"; and more ironical about the aspects of civilisation she sees; in the film she runs down a ladder to the Eastwood's car, bound (we assume, and how conveniently) for the brave new world of London Bohemia.

THE FOX as film ends with March and Paul-Henry setting off for their married life together, heterosexuality triumphing; the novella analyses the break-down of their marriage in wilfulness and dream, suggests March was more married in a way to Banford, and concludes with Paul-Henry's bitter urge to emigrate. Both the film and the novel of WOMEN IN LOVE stop short on the open-ended dialogue at the Mill with Birkin's "I don't believe that." But the film's words are spoken in a thickly sickly domestic setting — part of the visual opulence of the film — which enforces Ursula's scepticism, and belies the globetrotting restlessness of the real Lawrence in search of some form of relatedness with his fellowman. Celluloid Birkin is sinking fast into domesticity and indiscriminate marriage.

In fact, as I have pointed out in all the films, there is a tendency to polarise the characters into more recognisable types; to simplify the relationships into the recognised tender, the sentimental lie (the camera zooming in on the wedding ring as Birkin and Ursula clinch in contrast to Gerald and Gudrun); and to give more finality to the tale's endings. Either the producers have gone about their work in blithe ignorance or in complete scorn of Lawrence's caveats for film and drama.

Chris Pollnitz

heller we bombed in new haven

Showing at the Sheridan Theatre until 20th March, Thursday — Sunday. Student concession on production of Union Card.



Alan Walden showing Des Rutherford the army's newest secret weapon at the Sheridan Theatre.

Heller in the medium of dramatic experience. Stage devices reveal the search for reality, for individual personality and responsibility. Actors playing roles. Soldiers playing roles. Or are they? A soldier dies on a mission to bomb a non-existent city. But he doesn't die, for he was an actor. Or was he? The play halts. They look for the soldier/actor and he can't be found. The Yossanian anti-hero questions. "Obey orders!" He cries "they're going to send me on a bombing mission to Tasmania in the last act to be killed." (Yossanian incredulously cries "they're shooting at me"). He refuses to go. He is only an actor. The Major orders him to be found. He can't leave the theatre. He can't win or escape (like Yossanian does (?) by rowing his dingy away).

Heller's sick, crazy, frustrating military world loses much of its artistic subtlety. The stage experience in human contact with the audience is used more strongly as a form for moral persuasion. The earlier crazy comic scenes develop more obvious sinister tones. The ending points the finger convincingly. Actor-audience involvement — detachment devices question the alienation and dehumanisation of role-playing. And this is for real. No celluloid flickering caricatures but the reality of our responsibility. Images of criticisms of authorities over Vietnam Moratorium, of dissent to conscription.

"I'm only doing a job and obeying orders" weakens to the pressures of time. To the unnamed authority, to the order of what is. Does the individual only face the dangers of conformity with his own personal experience? And then it is too late? Heller's answer is more forceful. Perhaps this in itself is a weakness. But could he ever recapture Catch-22 in another medium? And is there time left for debate or only for acting now? At least these questions are posed. And the Adelaide theatre group at the Sheridan Theatre, Mackinnon Parade, North Adelaide, continues its policy of presenting socially relevant, critical theatre.

The production by Colin Ballantyne will tighten up as the season progresses. Alan Walden as the middleman obeying his superior orders and explaining them to his pilots, gives a good performance, as does Des Rutherford, the dissenter, a more slightly drawn, less complex Yossanian personality. John Hardy is the powerful, dominating Major. Martin Christmas performs well in the role of a promotion conscious sergeant eager to take Yossanian's role.

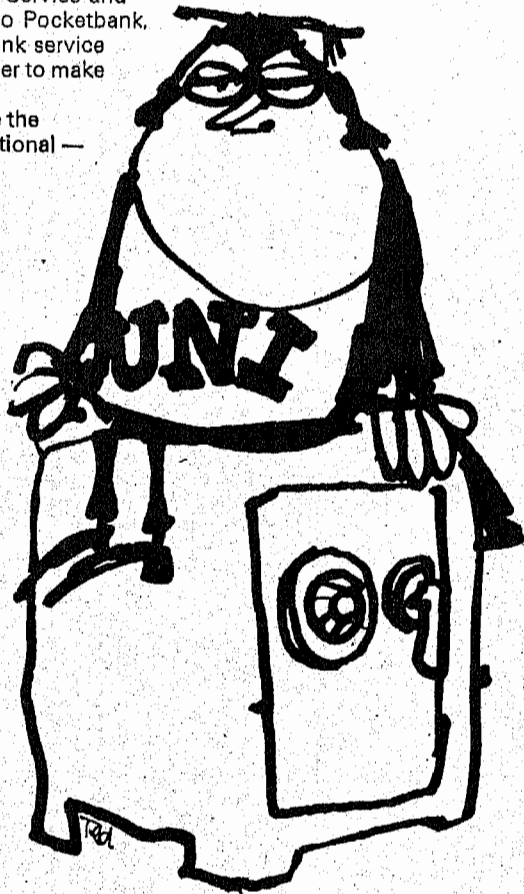
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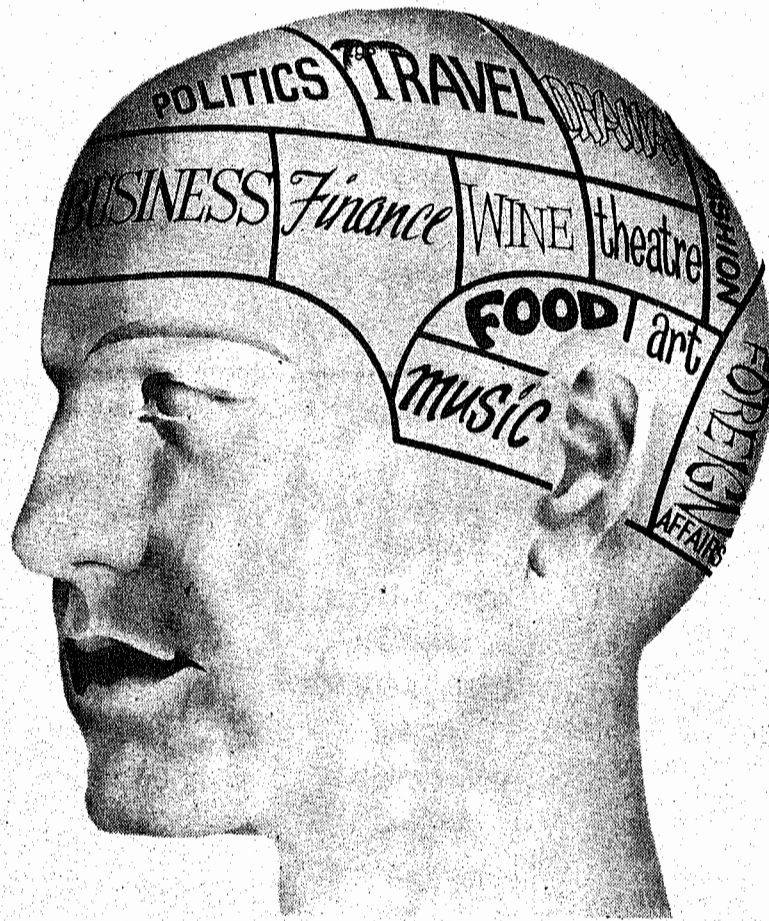
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sympathy godard for the devil

"A song of revolution unlike any that's ever been sung... Godard's use of a Rolling Stones recording session as a grand metaphor for growth. He devotes half the movie's running time to this. Scenes of the Stones rehearsing alternate with sequences of pop political cartoons... the informing idea is sheer genius." J. Morgenstern, NEWSWEEK.

"Godard's film is not a complete record of the recording session. It is more his personal observation, recording the image rather than the essence. At the end of the sixties he was fascinated by the relation of rock to the revolutionary attitudes being expressed by young people, and he saw the Stones as a powerful force for radicalising the young. He became interested in Jefferson Airplane for the same reason. But a year later he saw these groups as oppressive counter-revolutionary forces, sublimating youthful revolutionary demands by creating themselves as idols of cult worship, exploiting their youthful devotees through oppressive consumer marketing of glamor, craftsmanship and revolutionary ideas. And Godard became aware that he too was involved in exactly the same game... His political commitment has now alienated him from his film festival infatuates, and his anti-capitalistic dialect will frighten commercial managements.

SYMPATHY FOR THE DEVIL has been heavily censored for Australia, and the political implications of this censorship are more apparent than usual. Four letter words allowed in recent Hollywood extravaganzas have been exercised from this film, as have all references to drugs, particularly a sequence that relates drug-taking to revolutionary activity. Perhaps Australian Maoist groups will stand by their comrade, import his newer films, and fight the Australian government's determination to limit expression to their narrow code of safe ideas...

Despite the fact that Godard now rejects this film as counter-revolutionary, it remains an important document of ideas at the end of the sixties. Just as it heralds the horror of Altamont, it also heralds Jackson and Kent State, the elimination of Panther leaders and the politicizing of the love and peace revolution."

Albie Thoms, GO SET.

Capri: Wednesday, March 10 — Tuesday, March 16.
Student concessions: \$1.10 downstairs, \$1.40 upstairs.



Godard directs Black Power guerillas to shoot a white girl in a car dump!

Definition: A poem is an interlock of images.

Proposition: There are no good or bad poems. Either a thing is a poem or it isn't.

Application: A poem is appropriate to me if it stimulates my mind. That is, if it locks into the existing interlock of words, images, ideas already in my brain.

Alternative Wording: A poem is appropriate to me if my mind can play with it — that is, if, on repeated readings, I can work more and more interlockings, that is, read more and more into it.

Compromise Proposition: Some poems are more complex than others.

Additional Compromise Proposition: Some minds are more complex than others.

FACT: I get more and more out of Christopher Pollnitz's poems, as exhibited in EXITS, every time I read them. (Deduce from this what you will.)

EXITS has the subtitle "A collection of knotty knivey poems" and the image of

the knot
web of emotions
the human body
any imposed situation
any established inter-related complex
cut by
the knife
any decisive action
the power of the mind
any rejection of a given set of choices
any revolutionary activity

occurs throughout the book. Thus "Virtue of the Fall" sees Adam caught in the knot of "sex and apples and honey" and beset by "venereal eddies" and "the original phantoms." To reject this oppressive, cloying environment, "his mind lunged/flailing like a fiery sword."

The knife-cuts-knot image is amazingly versatile (hence universal), and may, in fact, be considered an archetype. It occurs less directly, but fourfold and very powerfully, in the poem "Canute":
Canute signed the document

that bound the insolent Earl Ulf
and stroke by stroke beheaded him
who had refused a game of chess
when the king before his opening move
rearranged the pieces: "the game
cannot be played under those conditions."
Depressed he swept out of the room
to pace the beach's freedom.

Initially the king rejects the given complex of the chess game (knot) by rearranging the pieces (knife). This rearrangement (in itself another knot) is then rejected by the Earl Ulf by his simply refusing to play (knife). This stalemate situation (knot) is resolved by the king's executing Ulf (knife with a vengeance). And finally the king's resultant mood of frustration and depression (knot) is cut by the decisive escape to the beach and momentary freedom from matters of state for which a game of chess is an excellent metaphor.

The traditional story (always at the back of one's mind and brought forward by the last line) of Canute and the sea, is given a touch of irony by the poem when one realizes that this will be one knot Canute cannot cut.

This archetype of the decisive rejection of a whole complex of problems is one that has appeared at the ends of a number of contemporary films — "The 400 Blows", where the boy, like Canute, escapes to the beach; "Soft Skin", where the wife shoots her unfaithful husband with an enormous shotgun in a cafe; "Last Year at Harienbad" (leaving the baroque hotel destroys the knot of internal laws that obtain only within that place); and, of course, "Catch-22" (rowing a small boat to Sweden is the only knife that will cut knot-22).

And it is clear that any truly revolutionary activity is an expression of the knife-cuts-knot archetype, since the revolutionary rejects the reformist solution of unravelling the knot, and instead takes an anarchist or socialist knife to it. Think of the Paris '68 slogan: "Whenever there are two alternatives, choose the third."

EXITS is constructed in three sections — "Stationary Poems", concerned with the themes of love (its warmth and reassurance) and death (its sharp, impersonal viciousness); "Revolutionary Poems", dealing with political and spiritual flux, and the impermanence of any seemingly critical change; and "Parabolas", which contains some very beautiful, quiet, self-assured poems, revealing a quite definite progress that the poet has made in his writing.

All the poems show a conciseness and a power for sharp impact, springing often from the choice of a single word in each poem. The following (untitled) poem is from the first section:

In the enormous punchcard
of the hospital building
one window
is lit
to signify
in there
someone is
dying.

EXITS is published by the Adelaide University Literary Society, and is available, at 40c, from the bookrooms at both universities and from the Skillion Bookshop at Aldgate.

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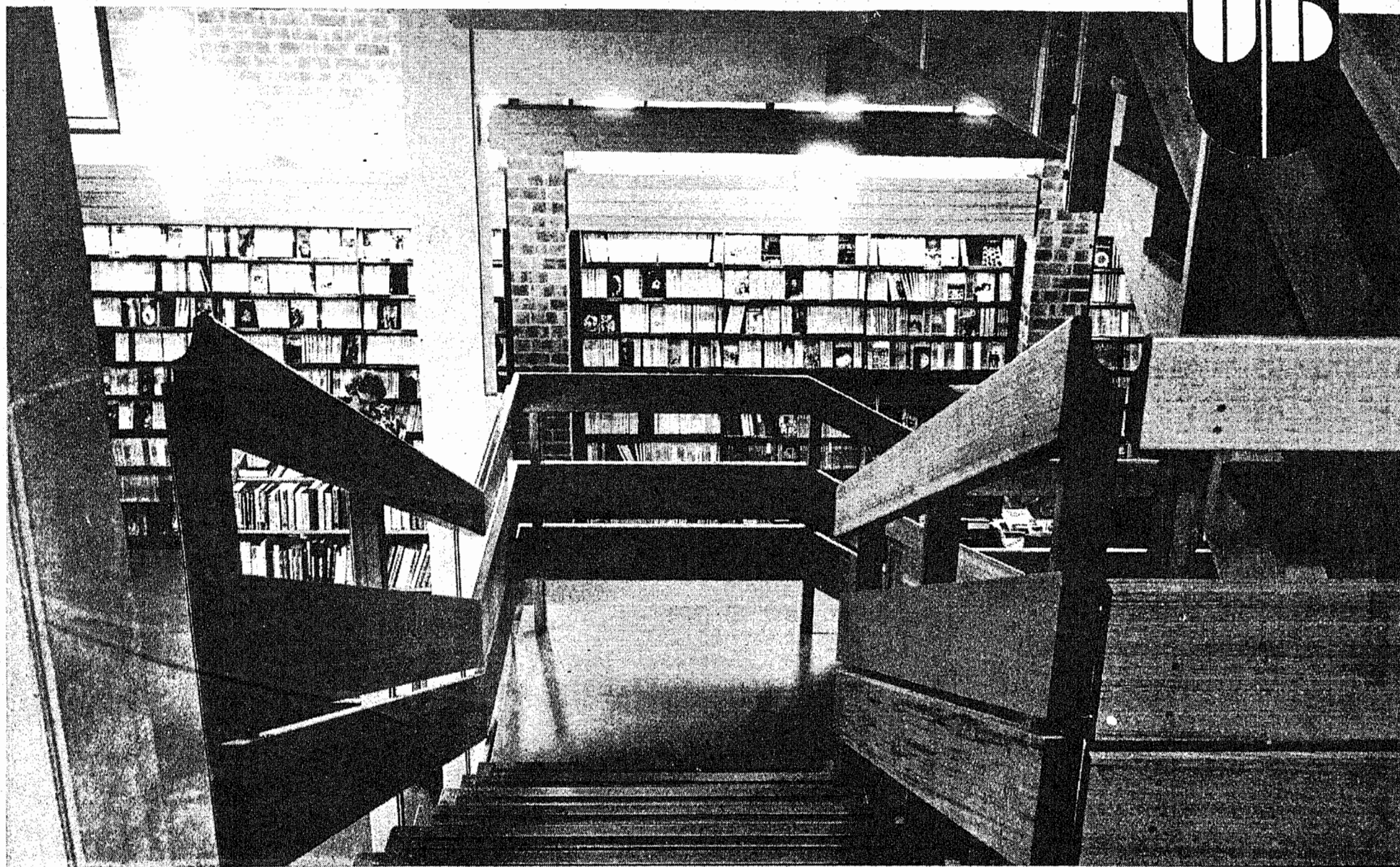
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