COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA
Copyright Regulations 1969

WARNING

This material has been reproduced and communicated to you by or on behalf of
The University of Adelaide pursuant to Part VB of the Copyright Act 1968 (the Act).

The material in this communication may be subject to copyright under the Act.
Any further reproduction or communication of this material by you may be the
subject of copyright protection under the Act.

Do not remove this notice.

External Copyright permission (if applicable) - permission received 2006.

For personal use only.

Further information about the conditions of use of this item is available from Special Collections at
the Barr Smith Library.
engineering
cadetships 1971

Cadetships are offered in the Commonwealth Departments of Army, Navy and Air Force, and in the Office of the Prime Minister and the Federal Capital Territory, and in the Commonwealth Public Service.

Applicants are eligible to enter the cadetship courses in the engineering disciplines of your choice.

The Commonwealth
Public Service Inspector's Office

IN YOUR CAPITAL CITY OR AT YOUR CAREER AND GUIDANCE OFFICIONS CLOSE JUNE 23, 1972.
**Record Reviews**

All records reviewed are kindly supplied by BMG, RCA, Festival and Polydor records.

**Pop readers** will notice that, in accordance with our past literature, we have abandoned any attempts at a mathematical rating for records reviewed. Gone are our A plus minus! In their stead, an easier-to-understand instant rating system — thumbs up, thumbs down, or level: thumbs sideways?

---

**Ravi Shankar**

Woodstock

This record of Ravi Shankar’s complete performance at Woodstock does not capture the alleged atmosphere of this “gathering destined to make world musical history.” It does, however, show how Shankar is able to maintain his reputation as an accomplished classical musician without alienating a pop audience largely unacquainted with the complex traditions of his performance. This is not achieved through an adaptation of his art (he is no Liberace) but by a skilful selection of pieces. Shankar’s performance is equal in quality to any found on his other ‘non-pop’ records and could well change a fascination with an exotic sound into an appreciation of the music of classical India.

A record for both the initiated and the interested.

---

**Blackwell**

Blackwell

“Blackwell is into new things vocally and instrumentally that should rapidly establish them as a major group” (Sleeve blurb). What this means is that the lead singer has a similar style and range to Gene Pitney and the rest of the group spends half the album providing a simple A/B backing for ballads. The rest of the time is spent imitating early Fudge organ embellishments and employing basic acid-rock guitar styles.

---

**Mayall**

Empty Rooms

An album of Mayall’s observations and feelings on the search for personal peace is predictably subdued and often dreary. His sideways kick at revolutionaries is particularly low key, both musically and lyrically. Mayall’s been playing too long to cut a bad album, but he certainly has done a lot better.

---

**MC5**

Back In The USA

It appears that the most revolutionary group of 1969 has decided to make some money first. The radical stance has disappeared to be replaced by a sort of indignant liberalism that casts doubt on the sincerity of the first album. So much for their White Panther membership.

The solid, pounding hard rock with the over-amplified drums still battling with the frantic lead guitar is relieved by their lovingly traditional treatments of “Twistin’ Fruity” and “Back In The USA” (which Chuck Berry wrote as a tribute to the motherland after his Australian tour). Thumbs up (only just).

---

**Quill**

A Boston group whose only claim to fame is an appearance at the Woodstock Festival. Quill play imaginative if undramatic and restrained rock. In fact the groundwork for a top group is there; their next album should be a lot better.

---

**Blues Image**

Open

The banned ‘Ride Captain Ride’ (included here) gave little indication of the biting blues-rock nature of the group. The ill-chosen inclusion of ‘La Bamba’ and ‘Crumblin’ Do’ does not really affect the feel of the album, while the self-indulgent ‘Fugue U’ is forgiven purely because of its appealing title.
The music from Atlantic is three albums deep, although there is apparently a five-album bootleg edition. The cost, $17, will not deter the connoisseur; it is well worth it.

The Woodstock Music and Art Fair, held on farmer Max Yasgur's 600 acre farm in mid-August of last year attracted over half a million fans—the largest group of people ever assembled in one place if we are to believe one of the announcemnts heard during the course of the records. The New York 'Village Voice' called it an 'historic coming out party of the East Coast Freak population'. The Voice's report continued: 'At White Lake, people shared what they had, overlooked their differences, kept their cool, and generally smiled all weekend. The 'tenth largest city in the U.S." stayed together for three days. Not all artists who appeared at the Aquarius Exposition appear on the albums, perhaps because of contract problems with their own recording labels, or perhaps due to technical fold-ups during recording. Missing from the Atlantic albums are Tim Hardin, Incredible String Band, Ravi Shankar (who has since bought out his own Woodstock piece—see separate review), Sweetwater, Credence, Grateful Dead, Janis Joplin, The Band, Blood, Sweat & Tears and Johnny Winter amongst the bigger names.

A fairly large number to omit; on the other hand what you do get is very, very good. Hendrix gives an incredible rendition of Star Spangled Banner/Purple Haze; Sly and the Family Stones (best in the package) are screaming gassers; Jefferson Airplane are superb with a long version of "Volunteers", Crosby, Stills and Nash (and Young), despite the mediocrity of most numbers save "Wooden Ships" are very good live, Santana provides a long tribal rain dance; Paul Butterfield Blues groove along. Indeed, almost without exception the numbers which appear on other albums from studio sessions seem much better performed live. For example, the Canned Heat's "Up the Country" has a crazy guitar background which is missing from their single version. Arlo Guthrie does a happy enough little number, finishing his set with a free stoned goggle and "I was rappin' with the Fuzz -- can you dig it? Half a million freaks! Can you dig it?"

One might expect that with these albums to the set the standard must drop; yet it doesn't. I don't go for folk-type music, but John Sebastian (a little over-sentimental) and Joan Baez again sound exceptionally good live. Nevertheless it is with the hard rock and the pounding rhythms of soul that the album gets to you most.

Woodstock itself was a huge event; the standard of the album lives up to expectations. As one of the Family Stone say: "It's music for the human race."
BARBITOS

Metricaly prepared olatations and syllabic libations may be poured into the aural of BARBITOS not alas at Delhi but at BARBITOS C.L. English Dept. Office, Uni of Adelaide, Adelaide, 5001 — or at the ON BIT Office.

FLOVER CHILDREN

If lilies were wings and you were a lily and a bird... a flower in a bed of days but on fire in flight yet flesh-pale from the purple pause of evening haze...

If wings could be as wands for weary days, blowing their blustering grey-tongued mouths asleep from sight and you were over the lily's mouth buming with the blaze...

If a third day, and every day, were an Easter Morning bright from love-spilled flowers' light, from the kiss of a dove, or rays of a Gardener's love, or the kiss or touch of a mystic rite, and you were heard among the free-blown flocks beckoning of fame and rays of men and night, and it could be that you might...

then your little word shining from sheath of flower to beak of bird could soothe the world from flight.

J. Connoughton.

EASY RIDER

What... if not blood on the road? the woods are burnt and the grass is not to blame... wags explode bikes they fear will pass.

What... if not blood by the cybernetic mass shed with a hammer thud? the sneering legal technic harass sense the terminal load

ride high above where they good prospective life in the mud; the petrel's mystic lode, how the flower children stood, what... if not blood?

J. Connoughton.

PROTESTANT BLUES

Protestin' against my freedom to love
Protestin' against my freedom to fight
Protestin' with my protestin' lovin' of life.

Protestin' down King William Street
Destined with some pigs finally to meet
Take me down to the judge and the gag
Don't ever give me none of your bail
'Cause I got those protestin' blues on my mind.

Keep on writin' protestin' songs
Washin' away the rights and the wrongs
Take me down to the judge and the gag
Don't ever give me none of your bail
'Cause I got protestin' on my mind.

Watched Jim Moss speak a speech
Down in Adelaide Uni-ever-ty
Formed my opinion; made my conclusions
Came away with my delusions
And those protestin' blues on my mind.

Talkin' about Honeywell
Simple machine; manufactures hell
To be used in Vietnam
It's gotta be shown by a protestin' man
With protestin' blues on his mind
That it's gonna kill all of mankind.

Plannin' my next mor-a-torium
Come with me and play, you'll have great fun
Make y'r protestin' short and sweet
Wait till the end so you can meet
A protestin' R.I.L. member who remembers
With protestin' blues on his mind.
Come on and protest along with mankind.

Stephen Holmes

Soldier

a soldier lies dead
his impotent gun
clutched in his thighb
about him
forms tremble in the night
rending deaths come too soon.

Civilization's Frankenstein
his blood staining the dark
with thoughts of lost poems.

Peter Goldsworthy

BAR MAID

Raucous grating chalk on board, voice, "what'll yer have la?"
podgy fingers gripped the glass
red bitten nails shining.
"seveninsen air ta."
one finger filled a crinkled ginger curl from the furrows of her eyes,
laugher scraped from a nicotine throat,
gloss breasts quivered
in jellied restraint.
white tongue slid over yellowed teeth
licked dry cracked lips.
she bent, flesh strained
belts, buckles grained
fat thighs flowed over
stocking tops,
belly fell with breasts,
hung pendulous, looming
threatening the floor.
"yee perva" she grinned,
a lemon smile,
'each mar' shudderd and looked at the wall.

R. S. Corry

8—ON DI*, July 21, 1970