This poem encapsulates some of the innate innocence of the 1970's and also some of the undercurrents present in academic life during that era but although its zeitgeist is from the past, it also lends itself to modern day political life, as many aspects of this have now come full circle.

Rebellion

Rocks are in my belly

And I'm listening as I study

So, where's this lecture gonna take us

Today, or in tomorrow's

Waiting stream of glory

On this bright sprung day

Beautiful people dance, jive and play

Around these rooms -

Clad in jeans, sequined blouses

And Egyptian jewellery

Contemplating the dream

Like its never before been seen

Jimi's got a transistor sister

Who'd love to love us -

One by one and one and all

And make sure we all love each other

But life and its clauses

Leaves us saying -

“Yeah, ok, but anyway

Lets get out there

And find our own way now”

Starman's camp begins to rage

From its corner

For the way its going round here lately

Our education's gonna get pretty hazy

For out there its so different

And nowhere quite compares to here

But be careful for she's not just the one

Who tried to sell us...the moon out of tune

With our pockets turned out, empty

Watching the TV

Across the sandy terrain to Andy's place

The plan is simple

For “Tales of Power”

Will suddenly radiate for us

Where the knowledge is just a little

Sublimated -

We don't see eye to eye

With our elders or our so called betters

Who warn us that the alternative knowledge

We are seeking

Could ultimately do us damage

Or immerse us in self-doubt

And be careful

For she's not just the faith and face

Of the one who tried to sell us

Clean screen television ideology

So we'd all weed up the family

And blame Rebellion is society

I recall her face – in the classroom

Unseen

Where my artists eye had been

Did we ever think

She'd burn

All the bridges

That we'd built so high

With tender loving care?

Did anyone sense her presence there?

Meanwhile down in the technical department

The mechanics lightbulb

Can clearly be seen to go -

“All right Jack”

For just a fraction of a second

Before blacking out...

And nearby “system addicts”

Type in all day pools

Across the block

But we always get slightly partisan

With them, for they never seem

To understand our culture or our ways

For no one over their way

Is saying “boo to a goose” today

That night the all night cafe comes alive

But this isn't going to BE

The Summer of Love for us

If our grants get suspended

And our names go on a file

And we make it -

Down to the unemployment queues

Just in time to stand in line

For this is the Unforeseen,

Encroaching

Politics of the day

And its going to reek of our culture

But...being swept away.

Fiona Field