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THE ARMY OF THE RARE

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W H Y  T H E  P O O R  A R E  G O O D  TO V O T E  L I B E R A L. The federal Labor government's interior schools commission has restored grants to 137 private schools following complaints from the rich that they are unable to make ends meet. The extra $5.2 million needed to finance this elite group of future cap- tains of industry is going to be provided by a series of Saturday morning fetes and dog shows run by rate schools. State school pupils also will be asked to give up their daily lunch money to provide suit­ able uniforms for private school scholars.

T H E  J A P A N E S E  A R E  G O O D  TO V O T E  L A B O R. Overruling his own minister for minerals and energy, prime minister Gough Whitlam has decided to allow Japanese investments in Australian resource projects. Welcoming the move, the Japanese prime minister Tanaka said his country's businessmen were not going to be greedy and tow Australia away immediately. Instead they would settle for a modest 25 percent ownership of Australian resource projects, with perhaps another 10 to 20 percent in other ven­ tures such as cattle raising and meat processing. However, he stressed that Australians would still be allowed to own their own homes, although there might be a few restrictions on choice of jobs and the amount of money they would be allowed to keep for themselves.

T H E  K I L L E Y O S  A R E  W R O N G. W E ' V E  G O T  A N  A R M Y  A F T E R  A L L. Avcalling a call from the United Nations for a Middle East peace keeping force, defence minister Lance Barnard estimated that Australia could prove as many as 700 men to do the job. However, he added, raising such a huge force would take some little time.

Y E S  V I R G I N I A, T H E R E  I S  A  S A N T A  C L A U S. C r e a t i n g  h i m  s e l f, prime minister Richard Norcon said the whole Watergate crisis was the fault of the press. If the miners had behaved themselves decently, the police would not have shot them, he added.

B R I N G  B A C K  T H E  I N Q U I S I T I O N. D e f e n d i n g  t h e  n e w  o n e  m i l l i o n maximum security block in Sydney's Long Bay jail, New South Wales justice minister Maddison, said it had been es­ pecially designed to contain "savage monsters". He did no feel that spending up to three months in the windowless but air conditioned cells would do any man permanent mental damage and added that from time to time prisoners "will be exposed to the air". The minister is also understood to be studying even more enlightened plans for dealing with so­ c i e t y's enemies in which they are sealed in large stainless steel drums and buried alive.

G O  D O W N  M O S E S: A  S o u t h  A f r i c a n magistrate has ruled that police who shot dead 11 African miners in a riot at the Karetonville gold mine had merely acted in the course of their duty. The magistrate, Mr C H Badenhorst, said the deaths were the fault of the miners themselves, who had been "in a frenzy" on the day of the shooting. If the miners had behaved themselves decently, the police would not have shot them, he added.

W H Y  S Y D N E Y  W I L L  F O R E V E R  R E M A I N  A  H I C K  T O W N: The manager of Sydney's Opera House, Mr Frank Barnes, banned Australian born pianist Roger Woodward from playing the concert hall Steinway piano because it was claimed he hit the keys too hard and damaged the delicate instrument. Quite properly in dismissing Barnes' gibberish as so much idiotic piffle, Mr Woodward said that if there was a row over the consequences he had not a pot to piss with. The Government is not expected to carry out an investigation into the state of affairs at the Opera House before we decide whether a painting is suitable to be purchased by Australians?" he added a few of his friends up and tell them that he was no longer able to help them.

W H O  K I L L E D  C O C K  R O B I N? N o t  I, said Dr Nugget Coombs, denying that he had played any part in the recent dismissal of aboriginal affairs minister Gordon Bryant, who apparently lost his job because he liked the blacks. It was also revealed that the good Mr Bryant also lost his phone as soon as he lost his job, thus ensuring that he could ring any of his friends up and tell them that he was no longer able to help them.

T H E Y  G O  C R A C K E R S  W H E N  Y O U  T E L L  T H E M  A N Y T H I N G. The federal minister for social security, Mr Hay­ den, said serious cultural problems were arising among aborigines receiving social service benefits in some areas of Western Australia. It appeared that the money was destroying the fabric of aboriginal society and breaking up tribal groups. One would have thought that that was what it intended to do - make them just like their white sisters and brothers.

THE ARMY OF THE RARE
Bunfight at the Nimbin Corral

GRAHAM DUNSTAN was one of the organisers of the Aquarius Festival at Nimbin in May this year.

Since then, a hardy gopple of counter culture culturalists have been loitering there with a dream of building the New Jerilderie. How are they coping? What contribution are they making to the lifestyle and customs of the old timers? Recently, Graham returned to Nimbin for the greatest show in town, The Agricultural and Industrial Fair, and now files this report.

LIKE monuments. They are spasms of community energy which create lasting material symbols of what the community holds to be dear. They are time capsules of the prevailing value system of the community. "Prevailing" is the key word because the social class that controls the allocation of the community's resources will inevitably mirror its own value system in the monument. But there are monuments and monuments. The significant ones are those created with a general consensus and enthusiasm for the symbols represented.

Canberra is such a monument — federation city, a victory symbol of the conquest of distance and the welding of a single nation on the continent. And the nicest symbol of the social class victory is the Opera House — the form is a triumph of distance and the welding of a single nation on the continent. And the form is a triumph of a general consensus and enthusiasm for the symbols represented.

The Nimbin Opera House is a monument as it is. The Nimbin village in the sub-tropical north east of NSW — has a showground. There are other monuments too. The Nimbin hall is a monument to local democracy, to meetings and meeting people. And there is a plinth in the Allopa Memorial Park across the road from the pub. It was erected in grief and guilt to those fine young men, children of pioneers, who wereconned into going across the world to be part of a slaughter match. Anzac Day was an important long weekend in the preparation for the festival. Many people had come to town to view the scene and help Aquarius. We were hairy, we were many and we were high, embracing and skipping in the street, stoked on festival good vibes. The townspeople were afraid we would not respect their ritual observance of Anzac Day. We had purchased the old RSL hall, decorated the front as a Union Jack and decorated the front as a Union Jack. We had uncovered a forgotten collection of old framed prints such as the Landing at Gallipoli and Mehin Caves at Midnight. A complete set of photographs of Nimbin Second World War victims was also found. The Aquarius office walls were hung with the collection which was made poignant by a genuine "Lest We Forget" light up sign.

It was more than an op art collection. The Aquarian sentiment was that we should not forget, nor should we let it happen again. There was mixed feeling from the town, some welcomed the display and condemned the beer and pokie RSL for losing Nimbin's sacrifice in the dust of the years. Others were sufficiently outraged to come and claim the relics and the heroes as their own. And so they hid them away in crates safe from the possible sacrilege of the Nimbin newcomers.

On Anzac morning the public lavatories overflowed. A whiff of shit hit the street. It seemed like a plot and tension amongst the townspeople was high. At 9 am a small band of Nimbin citizens marched from the police station to the plinth in the park. They were proud and a little self-conscious about their determination to carry out their own ceremony in the face of the unspoken challenge that the Aquarius value system represented to the community. There were about 20 middle aged men in business suits and service ribbons and a dozen scouts and ladies from the bowling club dressed in creams. The latter groups were uniformed ring-ins, I think, to boost the numbers. They had no music and the bugle calls cackled feebly from a phonograph. Harold Allsop, a gritty town farmer, gave the drill orders and Bob Marsh, the local constable, stood at attention and discreetly indicated cars to stop and be quiet.

Although the street was crowded with the weird and colorful strangers and their bare armed kids, there was silence as people strained to hear the catechisms of Anzac Day. The ritual had a compelling dignity and flashed the depth and strength of the community that once offered its manhood to distant causes.

THE showground is beautiful and to its management committee, the Nimbin Agricultural and Industrial Society, very precious. The ring is marked off by a white railed fence, benches and a circle of shady camphor laurels. For such a small village it is an extraordinarily well equipped showground with a huge pavilion with a bunchen room annexes, a refreshment kiosk, publicans' booth, turnstiles, cattle pens, judges box, poultry display sheds and so on. The show lasts two days each year and for the other 363 the grounds are pampered with maintenance (thanks to rural unemployment relief) and protected from other community interests.

The Nimbin Sports Committee has been urging for use of the showgrounds as a caravan park and as a site for one of those dreadful concrete and chlorination Olympic pools. The Nimbin A&IS won't let 'em. They want their ring, their sunset covered floor space in the town, is not available for hire because it houses a giant glass showground for the agricultural and industrial show and the NSW Show Day. The showground is consecrated property.

And so it should be. It is a monument to the self-contained agricultural community that Nimbin once was. The first selector arrived in the Nimbin valley in 1881. That journey meant a coastaiver river steamer passage from McAdam's Harbour to Nimbin, more and then by bullock train to Nimbin. That last leg of 18 miles took two...
and the rain forest was so dense that the only good grass for the bullocks was at the stop-over settlement that became known as Coffee Camp. Into the valley the selectors came and carved farms out of that forest, raised families and created a community. By 1930, that is in less than two generations, the village of Nimbin was on the map and thriving.

Once a year the families come out of the hills. The excuse was a display of agricultural and industrial produce of the district. People could meet and yarn, compare survival techniques and, in the face of the whites, make them aware of their traditions that related them to their ancestors. And like all rituals it binds the community, makes them aware of their cohesion but scarcity of food creates depression because he was homeless, he was pissed, and he was raving insanely. There is no sufficient group in Nimbin to group to prevent this man's downer from becoming the group's downer. No one attempts to contact him, but you can see from his shock of wild red hair, mad eyes, a sharp tongue and a theatrical presence. She claimed she was talking to Jesus. She let it be known that she would violently resist removal. She wouldn't go. G focused the contradiction of the organisation of a festival which was to have no program, no prescribed space or time, no prearranged procedure, no prearranged procedure. The gathering relies on spontaneity. Everyone contributes whatever moves them and the hit or miss hope is that a group high will happen.

The show was on Friday and Saturday, October 12 and 13. Coincidentally, it was a full moon on the twelfth. Full month is important in the new and old syntheses. It is the occasion for a come togetherness. It means a night of music and singing around a fire in the open, dancing in the moonlight and getting high together. Characteristically it is an unstructured event; there is no recognised master of ceremonies and no prearranged procedure. The gathering relies on spontaneity. Everyone contributes whatever moves them and the hit or miss hope is that a group high will happen. Full moon was a decided miss. It started well with a dramatic flash thunder storm which swept across the valley in the gloaming. It was all over in an hour. The air was charged and cleared and distant isolated clouds flickered with interior light shows. It seemed to portend a magnificent show.

Not so. A rumor—a unauthenticated unquestionable hippy rumor asserted that the location had been changed. It created confusion. The food didn't work either. A lot of people came, few brought food and this was quickly scoffed. Eating together is an important ritual for establishing group cohesion but scarcity of food creates tension.

And the music fell on its ear. There were some excellent musicians in Nimbin, and a lot of pretentious mediocrity. A music festival around a fire in the fields by a brook in the open air suggests bliss. It was just noise. A successful jam demands the cooperation of the crowd with each musician's efforts. Insensitive musicians have to be restrained. But the new Nimbin festival have no structure for restraining the insensitive. A girl beside me proceeded to blow random flute notes with no relation to music or key. So instead of flying, the music grooped for unity and instead of weaving, it projected indicator lines of key.

Soggles, ex festival garbageman, was also the opposite of the festival. He was depressed because he was homeless, he was pissed, and he was raving insanely. There is no sufficient group in Nimbin to group to prevent this man's downer from becoming the group's downer. No one attempts to contact him, but you can see from his shock of wild red hair, mad eyes, a sharp tongue and a theatrical presence. She claimed she was talking to Jesus. She let it be known that she would violently resist removal. She wouldn't go. The Nimbin Show is a spring affair. The lush new grass gives the cattle a sheen of good health and beauty just like the valley itself. It was a good time to revisit Nimbin. I could see the show, meet the townspeople again and see the progress of the new community which the festival had spawned.

Still the Nimbin Show goes on and the showground is a special place.

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ABORIGINAL social organisation was stable and surviving too. It was stable for 5000 years before white settlement. The Bundjalong, the aboriginal nation of the northern rivers area that included Nimbin, didn't war with the whites. The impact of the whites destroyed the rituals and traditions that related them to their tribe and their universe. They were culturally crowded and so demoralised that they could not organise survival let alone revolt of blacks and white history established that the sacredness was conjured up in a black power time in Glebe, not Nimbin. But the rumor was incredibly tenacious and impossible for a white to deny. The rednecks trippers etched a long story into Digger and even Four Corners.

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there were some amusing shifts of sex roles in the acting, it looked tatty and introverted. It started three hours late and attracted little attention.

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THE TIME has come to tell the truth about marijuana. It's pretty dodgy. I have been smoking it for six years with moderate consistency and a day without dope is as strange to me without it. But the measures taken to suppress it are not without its irritation at its absence.

The withdrawal symptoms are small beer compared with the cold turkey mystique of hard dope. But as the grass supply tails off, so the anxiety level distinctly rises.

In the early days of society's crazed campaign against psychedelia, it was necessary to exaggerate the non-addictiveness of cannabis, but as the next stage of dope battle looms it is necessary to come clean about just how dependent on THC many of us have become.

For instance, its present elusiveness from my immediate environment turns the preparation of this column into drugurgy—a quality that may well be passed on to the reading of it. Freaks become tense, morose and lusty without the precious weed. That is why most of them will reach for any old plastic bag of original marijuana and possibly do it more often than not in order to pass it on to the reading of it. Freaks will stuff legalised before the Libi squirn back to the routine, after all, the ALP pledged to decriminalise it at one of their conferences, so let's get it on. Why?

1. Adulteration: As Prohibition created deadly alcohol, so now we have arsine and strychnine biting through the wind pipes of the young. Inestimable animal trauma and unspeakable bars. That it leads to malpractices among the police, Adelaide rumour has it, is only a question of time. The New York connection is in an emergency, while the Victorian cops content themselves with presigning search warrants and planting informers on university campuses.

2. Corruption: As has been noted elsewhere, the worst effect of marijuana is that it leads to malpractices among the police, Adelaide rumour has it, is only a question of time. The New York connection is in an emergency, while the Victorian cops content themselves with presigning search warrants and planting informers on university campuses.

3. Grass roots support. The habit has now filtered to the hard core of the upper middle classes and hip echelons of government. Although such people are generally itinerant, they can be a hell of a lot to handle for those in jail as they snuggle up to their pillow headlights with Goats Head Soup and a fancy chillum from Handicrafts of Asia, their conscience could be pricked by cocky lawyers.

The grass issue is one over which the Whiteman government should take an initiative, possibly before the next election. Not only should it be legislated immediately and potent pushers and possessors set free, but the growers should be established as a cash crop.

Besides, for the thousands of dumb situations that arise, there could be a strawberry patch in Winter, growing grass would give them a purpose in life and it would be a better Australia, Scotch's honor.

Cross Tenants Blue Over Sisters Woo

LESLIE Kriesler mapped across his desk: "If you worked hard like me, you'd have as much as we have.

The scene was Kriesler's office in George Street, Sydney, and also the Tenants Union. Around us were large folders containing details of Kriesler's "work": Leslie Corporation, Leslie Developments, Kriesler Holdings, Barry Trading, Gold Seal Real Estate, Park Lane Properties and so on. On the desk were plans for a development on the Queensland coast.

The day before, when four of us from the Tenants Union called on Kriesler about the Misses Woo, we were arrested under section 50 of the Summary Offences Act ("being in a building without reasonable cause"). This time in the company of Bob Pringle we were treated more respectably...

Leslie Kriesler, a baker by trade, came from Hungary to Australia in the early 1930s and set up Gold Star Bakery. Apparently he worked hard, moving quickly from Papergood to Bondi to Dover Heights. In 1958, the company was mortgaged to White Rose Flour Mills for 40,000 pounds. In 1959 Leslie was joined by another Hungarian, Albert Schenberg. This was the beginning of a long association.

Although Albert, originally a handbag salesman, was soon to outstrip Leslie and become a director of the future Stocks & Holdings; they have remained financially independent. Albert's added resources, the mortgage was paid off and, in the same year, Leslie changed his name from Kriesler to Kriesler. In 1962, Gold Star bakeries was taken over by the White Rose Flour Mills and became a subsidiary of Daltons Industries, owners of a chain of bakeries and flour mills.

Kriesler now turned his energies from baking to property ownership and management. One building he bought was Park Lane Properties in the centre of Kings Cross. A choice piece of real estate, he and Albert bought it in 1964 for $115,932. By 1966, its value was already $225,000.

Among the tenants in this mainly residential building were the Misses Woo. Long before Leslie was baking his cakes or Albert was selling his handbags, they had moved into their one bedroom flat, as students, in 1941. Like most of the other tenants, they never moved because they could not afford to. Looked after well by a woman who leased the building from the owners, they see no reason to move. Even as the residential character of the Cross gave way to brasher commercial development, they preferred to stay, they particularly valued the flat's central position.

The first the tenants heard of their new landlord was when he cut off their fridges which were all ancient, connected to a single supply. Later he shut off the laundry and knocked down the front and back boilers and created a shopping arcade. The building was handed over to James & Abrahams, estate agents, who have a legendary reputation... Harassed by the early morning noises of workmen and accompanied by the sudden and inexplicable failures of water and electricity, the residents began to go.

Givers gave up their protected tenancies for sums of money. As flats became vacant, they were renovated and rented at double the rent to unprotected tenants. Others were occupied by professionals—two were converted into a massage parlour and a management parlor. The shops on the ground floor of their huts raised—seven shops at present bringing over $1000 per week. Frightened by what they saw, hearing that, as low income earners, they would find nowhere else so suitable, the Misses Woo decided to fight.

During the 60s they won a couple of cases against Kriesler in court, Kriesler offered them alternative accommodation—flats at $35, double their present rent. He offered them money—they were not interested. Finally in 1972, they lost a case—on the grounds that the premises were required for reconstruction and that the hardship caused to the landlord through not having the premises was greater than that suffered by the tenants.

The Woos want to return to their old flat. Why is Kriesler so determined that this won't happen? Could it just be that Kriesler is expressing the same hostility towards those used to power so often feel when the assumptions on which they base their lives are questioned or overridden? I think so.

The recently formed Tenants Union of the Cross—of which the Misses Woo are members —has bought a building, the Missionary Sisters' house, at 5 Manchester Lane, off Collins St., next to Maribyrnong & Mr John's—no branches.

Tenants under the new 5a of the Summary Offences Act have in the past managed to rent strike to the Tenants Union and to pay the agent, the landlord and the law lords that the tenants. Tenants under the new 5a have virtually no legal rights—an event from a court hearing prior to eviction. Whether it is that there are no grounds for defense? Not that the Act itself provides much protection for tenants when there is extensive property development and a land boom. Nevertheless the change in the Act gives the landlords a big incentive to get rid of their protected tenants by legal, illegal and extra legal means.

Tenants Rights committees have in the past managed to rent strike. The tenants cringe would vanish. The chances of these people pulling off a rent strike are not high. Besides, there is no immediate problems of how the union itself could be organised.

However, if the union does take off and if there could be a successful rent strike, perhaps the tenants cringe would vanish. It may also be that something more than security for tenants could be gained. Resident Action Groups in the inner city already have notions of community control (more of that in the future) of local areas.

In such a situation, the tenants union could find itself out of a job or, perhaps better, simply evolve along with the RAGs into a direct form of resident self-management, collecting maintenance, not rent, and using it as they saw fit.
The refusal of authorities to vividly distinguish between hard and soft drugs has led to trendy scepticism towards the dangers of heroin. This is the story of one woman who drifted into a junkie horror hole and is still sane enough to be able to look back on her experience.

I had the choice of using or not using, which does not necessarily stem from a physical habit. One person out of hundreds, and I could be wrong about him. He seemed to be a loner, not part of those swashbuckling groups junkies seem to hang in.

In the groups grow partly from necessity. Obviously, these people need to score dope very often—once or twice daily. So they hang in groups where what passes for friendship is stripped down to a common obsession: dope. This means you can’t trust anybody, not really, not where dope is concerned and what else is ever concerned? It even out: you don’t expect anyone to trust you, and if someone does, the rules expect you to take advantage of him.

In this gang, to impress anyone you have to be a lot heavier than just being able to find your vein. You have to be so cool, you get such a kick of banda-dope supposed violence, that no one has the guts to rip you off. You have to be more desperate, smarter, quicker than anybody else (anybody meaning any other user, that being the boundary of the world anyway. You have to have flashes.

It’s likely that some people on methadone use it as the stopgap that allows them to maintain this cool. Keep walking about when there’s no dope and by rights they should be as sick as dogs with diystermer. And how can you be the superflaw that can spin in the world’s eye and always stay high when you get your dope from that pillar of society, the Health Department?

Maybe it sounds cool, oh yeah, I’ll rip off the government for legal dope ha ha.

Thanks very much Mr. Akin. But somehow it doesn’t work out like that. Superflaw then has to spend time with a social worker, acting out his problems and getting institutionalised in a place, yeah, really tough. Going on methadone involves admitting that you can’t handle your habit, it has all become too much for you.

But the fantasy abilities of junkies are enormous—they must be to cushion an existence that is so dull and sordid. There isn’t even the thrill of danger although it ranks pretty high at first. Brave me, I could die with this shot, I could be put in the can forever, etc. You stop even thinking about that after awhile, the police paranoia becomes a set of automatic precautions and a hit is only to get the drug into you.

Although some people do have elaborate hitting-up rituals—special spoons and candles and all that rubbish—that’s only for when there’s plenty of dope and you’re already stoned. I can tell you the only procedure with dope you’ve been sweating on is to get it into your bloodstream as quickly as possible, with a shovel if that’s the nearest thing to hand.

If you want to see those loving bonds of the dope brotherhood at work, watch a roomful of junkies who’ve all just scored and then’s all the only grotesque plastic disposable syringe for them all. A snarling pecking order, different for each situation, simmers through the truant impotence. No one stays Mr. Superflaw for long, only as long as you can score easily, and then everyone is your admitting friend, on your side in everything, till the dope runs out.

The small hardcore groups are all linked together by one or two people who thread the web for the whole scene. You go to score off a new contact you’ve wormed out of somebody, and it’s some guy you used to score off years ago, or someone else you ripped off two weeks before.

That is the eventual group form. Once you’ve reached this stage you begin to realise that it’s nearly impossible to use narcotics as a means to constantly impress anyone but yourself. But the group where the smack-status myth is more dangerous is the group where people are only just getting into using. All of a sudden the local hash dealers have smack as well, or someone appears with a taste given him by someone else: he’s still flushed with the benumbed smacker gives the new recruit before the basic narcotic meanness sets in.

So you either shoot it, or maybe shoot it if there’s a needle about and you’ve got to play doctor. And whoohoo, you’re very stoned indeed. You knock back, and that’s enough to put some people off, and it’s a much more isolated stone than marijuana, the drug that’s staid and predictable, the psychic social traps to fall into, no paranoia. You’re warmly cool, calm, confident, nodding, droning bore because he is in the room.

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That is the eventual group form. Once you’ve reached this stage you begin to realise that it’s nearly impossible to use narcotics as a means to constantly impress anyone but yourself. But the group where the smack-status myth is more dangerous is the group where people are only just getting into using. All of a sudden the local hash dealers have smack as well, or someone appears with a taste given him by someone else: he’s still flushed with the benumbed smacker gives the new recruit before the basic narcotic meanness sets in.

So you either shoot it, or maybe shoot it if there’s a needle about and you’ve got to play doctor. And whoohoo, you’re very stoned indeed. You knock back, and that’s enough to put some people off, and it’s a much more isolated stone than marijuana, the drug that’s staid and predictable, the psychic social traps to fall into, no paranoia. You’re warmly cool, calm, confident, nodding, droning bore because he is in the room.

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grey or brown rocks, and one or two rocks will get you right off. A cap may contain 20 or 30 more. It seems economical at two dollars a night’s stone.

The honeymoon can last as long as you can feel it. When I started hitting up, I could only score caps, and that involved at least three days’ observation. You had to be there for quite a while. I just didn’t get near any quantity. I would score maybe once a week, spending every weekend stoned, then stretching it to the weekdays. This process was so slow and steady that it seemed entirely natural. And that’s how incredibly money-hungry heroin is; the injection of more chemicals into the bloodstream seems so natural.

At this point I came into contact with a large quantity of dope. It was on the other side of the city, but I found myself there during the week as well as weekends, until I appeared every second day. By now the honeymoon was getting near its end. I needed at least four times as much dope to get stoned as I started with but, instead of scaring me, I found it something I was secretly proud of. There was a one-up scene in progress. I still saw narcotics as a sign of my weekly abilities, my hardness. I remember giving lectures to captive audiences, even to people who didn’t smoke much grass, about how narcotics were being publicly slandered and heroin was an aid, a good thing for the old insecurities if it was properly handled. Needless to say, I was always stoned and feeling infinitely superior during these raves.

To a certain extent I was right. Only I didn’t know about the spiral trap that makes heroin impossible to “handle properly”. If you like heroin when you try it, you’re going to go on using it. If you use more, you like it more. The more you use, the more you need, and the less stone per square cell you get out of it. Until you’re using three caps a day (that’s 90 bucks to you!) just to walk around. That’s the wait, as presented in the public domain by the forces for Good. It’s too bare to be believed, too neat. They omit the thing that makes it all tick. The dance of descent doesn’t happen to everyone who tries heroin; lots of people say thanks, but it’s not my scene, after their third or fourth hit, and forget about it.

So it’s not just the dope. Nor is it just a matter of the right (or wrong, rather) set of insecurities meeting the right (wrong) drug, although that’s a large part of it. What they don’t know, and what I’m trying to point at is, the pressure to impress, the need to be brighter and better than your friends. Heroin makes you feel superior, and the bullshit myths surrounding the drug reinforce that superiority in both your eyes and theirs.

And it’s bullshit! Alright, you can argue that it’s all bullshit, all fake, there is no truth where people and their interactions are concerned, so what does it matter? Valium does it nastily, grass does it hilariously, so what’s wrong with heroin bolstering up bruised egos that need bolstering? It just doesn’t work! Staying on smack requires sacrifices that are made almost accidentally, unconsciously. You just can’t concentrate on the dope, that’s all you see. Somehow all those rip-offs, amourgings to people you despise, back-stabbing, all the varieties of shit you go through with people to get dope are recorded in what I suppose is your common sense, and you accept them and get you later.

You have to stay stoned not only to keep your body quiet but to keep that pile of guilt down too. That’s why the rip-off is part of the rules. So you can remain guiltless for all the things you’ve done to keep your pupils pinned and your voice flat and rambling.

You see, you don’t keep getting stoned. Sooner or later, after you’ve lost your drug virginity and the guilt’s already worn off the gingerbread syringe, the thick stone that’s left wears thinner and thinner. I was really stoned for my last six months of using, even though I was using at least a cap and a half a day, just to get straight. Anything I could get beyond that I used, but all I got was a kind of blurriness. My rage at not being stoned turned into incredible bitches. My friends, the people I lived with day to day, were getting into dope too, and the roteness of a bunch of users was dawning on me as the degree of stone went down.

Before that I had been the only one with a habit, about which I was fairly secretive. I scored from a different set of people who I only saw for as long as was necessary. The people I lived with day to day would have the occasional hit, their tolerances were low, so I often gave away my dope, trying to prove to myself I could still live by human impulses and I wasn’t really controlled by a chemical.

Nonsense, of course, as the next dopeless day would prove when the panic would descend and I’d have to find more dope. But gradually my friend started using more and we were all becoming fantastically mean.

It was stupid of me to suppose they would be different to any other users I’d known, but I thought pre-junk friendship would count for something. I was probably using these people as a token of my affection, you know. I’m not really a junkie, my friends wouldn’t do that to me... smack delusions are emollient, but the bitterness hasn’t died down yet.

Anybody who’s been through a smoking/ripping scene will appreciate the love it can generate between friends. Imagine those friends suddenly devious, lying, stealing from you, keeping watch on every word because you might want their dope, and even worse, you behave as desperately or worse. I had always tried to keep my life apart from the smack scene, dive in to score and then out again. Now it was all together, all ghastly, because in front of me my friends were performing the whole number I’d already done, and in their new smack-confidence beating me at my own game.

I COULD lay a lot of horror stories on you of the overdose people with a balloon for an arm or a cold dead blue face, the rattle in the throat. What I’m talking about isn’t just the ugliness of addiction, but the slyness of it.

Once it’s started, the spiral descent is so smoothly oiled by the drug itself that you never know you’re going down till afterwards. The heroin cushion doesn’t last and the price you pay for its short stay is enormous. The most expensive modern myth. Because all we really have is people and anyone outside yourself is an expendable luxury if you’re a junkie. There are no choices.

Dope is always the winner in any situation, at any cost, and guess who loses?
Suddenly, there’s a third force in Niuginian politics – the radical young. Students in Lae go out with the dock workers, a clever political thing to do, since they don’t need the structure for a secessionist movement on the village level, all the time being paid for his efforts as an adviser to the central government, 20 year old leads 200 people out of the white-dominated wilderness to organise a communal village structure. That waiters, serve food in a stolen right with police and tear gas, then invites those same people back to work on their own land at subsistence rates. How else to describe the catholic church, viliﬁed and in some cases physically attacking local religious beliefs, but at the same time inviting them to the project of spices belief, to the church, to be stocked and sold at enormous proﬁts to collectors.

When a highlands indigenous entrepreneur buys a utility to run as a PNM (Progressive National Movement) party, almost certainly not buying into a development project. Rather, he is entering the highest development known to mankind. In two years or so his new truck will be one of the many we see littering the Highlands highway, financed to an early grave by the shillings and dollars of thousands of dollars where the average income is less than $22 a year. Only the large manufacturers, the white controlled dealerships and the big petrol companies have made an assured proﬁt. Once again, the loons have only bought the experience of owning or riding in a truck. The paradox is endless and unrapable.

Perhaps nobody foresaw the desperate and unremittent world hunger for resources when Niugini was ﬁrst colonised – perhaps no one thought of the wealth of the tiny country with a tiny disparate population. The current concepts of independence and sovereignty are totally inadequate to deal with economic pressures and anyway it’s impossible to gauge how the guinea pigs are to be thrown to the wolves of international capitalism, a small cabal of mice in a world of corporate tigers.

The massive shock waves of the Bougainville development project in deep Niugini, without a murmur whole communities are crushed under the feet of a one to one ratio. The indigenous people in Bougainville are now seen for the sham they are, but no matter as the company has shot to the top of the world’s most proﬁtmaking enterprise, and the value of the island continues. But the mining is minimal compared to the size of the entire island. The real dangers lie in the mineﬁelds, wholesale pollution of rivers and streams and the surrounding sea, that promise to force the island to rely on imported food insuring within a few years, and the deeper social and ecological pollution engendered by the mining. The Bougainvilleans are the blackest race in the world, by some measure. Their response to the invasion does not persist in the children of mixed marriages. Wholesale imports of cheap labor from other areas of PNG threatens their racial identity.

For a national government composed partly of semi-literate village men and girls, at least one cargo cult is in the house of assembly, there can be little predictability in the parliament. To offset the volatile attitudes of elected representatives, chief minister Somare has surrounded himself with old and loyal friends – men from the ﬁrst trade union movement, like Peter Laos and Paulus Abe, intellectuals like Albert Marion Kiki, Niugini’s ﬁrst published writer, men from the days of ﬁrst opposition to white exploitation.

Perhaps their relationship with the old guard administrators is too chummy (of necessity), perhaps they lean too heavily on white advisers, but they are a hard personable bunch whose main failing could be a reluctance to act swiftly. There are others with less scruple. Han­net and Kasawalaporo may still be political lightweights but their activities were enough to throw the government into disarray at short notice.

Hannet is a mixture of genius and shanan. Born into the famous Mahabali Society baby garden cult, he studied in a catholic seminary until banned for publishing an underground magazine. Hannet resigned from the priesthood and at age 22 became a one-man war against white racism, religious hypocrisy and political quibbling. With a Jesuitical, word-perfect use of language he expanded his political ideas at university, creating the image of a young Niuginian Robert Kennedy. He left university before the last elections to run for ofﬁce, but his precocious campaign was a disaster, denounced as a muddle by his colleagues. Hannet’s ﬁrst campaign found the image of a radical, innovative young Niuginian Robert Kennedy. He left university before the last elections to run for ofﬁce, but his precocious campaign was a disaster, denounced as a muddle by his colleagues. Hannet’s ﬁrst campaign found the image of a radical, innovative, yippie and pop star. The paradox is endless and unrapable.

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organising their own alternatives and needling the predominantly white admin- istration. To break the power of whites, and thus the monopolistic trading companies that suck the islands dry — John K. buys a truck and sets up 30 alternative trading posts overnight, break the Chinese/mission/white control of the Trobriands main source of income, he sets up his own tourist agency and organises tour accommodation.

Suggestively, the only hotel with accommodation on the island is burned down within three weeks. To ridicule the white administration, they set up itpherical and indifferent to villagers, the local people elect statues to represent them at council meetings. They set up their own council system, elect governors, issue uniforms — black pride.

In the Highlands now, large tracts of land have been alienated by white companies, run by plantation bosses and yielding rich tea and coffee crops. Cattle production is under way, and land alienation has created a labor surplus such that it can be shipped to other areas at low cost. Where every major service industry is under firm white control, and the large population (one and a half million) still have not realised the consequences of white domination and look to the Masta with grateful appreciation. This is the Highlands, white labor is treated like cattle by white bosses and painted war­riors lay down spears to work on the highway for a dollar a day.

Twenty years ago, the law was pay­back — sometimes organised on a massive scale but rarely resulting in the death of more than two or three warriors. We call it tribal fighting, but in fact it was the rule of law. Highly ritualised, combatant parties met on specified areas and there were long confrontations before the fight. Once injury had been inflicted or taken, the long peacemaking ceremonies began. They often took years and involved massive exchanges of pigs, shell money and women.

This was the genius of the Highlanders — the ability to live in small independent groups, but able to assemble in great numbers to cope with threats to peace and security. It was and is a skill we could imitate. It is the greatest expression they have been alienated by white com­panies that suck the islands dry — John K. buys a truck and sets up 30 alternative trading posts overnight, break the Chinese/mission/white control of the Trobriands main source of income, he sets up his own tourist agency and organises tour accommodation.

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This was the genius of the Highlanders — the ability to live in small independent groups, but able to assemble in great numbers to cope with threats to peace and security. It was and is a skill we could well imitate. It is the greatest expression of the ability to think collectively — a gift that no western country values — and every group of communal nature were successfully ignored or de­valued.

A rice project for the Melkeo people in the 50s was sabotaged because it had "communist" overtones. Similarly the social framework of the Highlands people have been successfully disparaged and attacked in a sort of unconscious justifi­cation for the rape of economic colonisa­tion that has taken place.

In the rolling foothills near Minj, a unique development is taking place that is probably the most radical self develop­ment program to be seen anywhere in the Third World. Philip Kauman, 22 year old student and one of the few young men in the area who will inherit land from his parents, has turned the land over to the Highlands Liberation Front Model Village Project.

About 200 people, refugees from white development, are attempting their own form of self development, geared to their needs. Surrounded by white-owned plantations, hemmed in by an anti­pathetic administration that has done its best to stiffe the project, the people of Olobus village are working for their futures. There is nothing glamorous about Olobus, the men and women have long grown up traditional feathers and grass and possum for shapeless mission clothes, the work is hard and unremitting, and there is an air of joy through the desperation.

Two nights a week they meet collec­tively to learn English, other nights are given to handicrafts and traditional music. They have a few western tools, but no capital and are very poor. But radical change has been forced — the women no longer sleep with the pigs. Each man has built his own one room house with a separate kitchen, where he lives with his one or more wives. Work is organised each day after a dawn rollcall with men and women sharing tasks.

In 1964 the mission went through the valley, burning and destroying ancestral posts and the traditional arches of pig jawbones. Now they have been restored and traditional beliefs are encouraged over half learned Christian ritual.

Recently Kauman toured Taiwan and Japan with one of the few expatriate visionaries resident in PNG, Dr George Chan. On Philip's request, Chan was giving to handicrafts and traditional music. They have a few western tools, but no capital and are very poor. But radical change has been forced — the women no longer sleep with the pigs. Each man has built his own one room house with a separate kitchen, where he lives with his one or more wives. Work is organised each day after a dawn rollcall with men and women sharing tasks.
WHERE THE WASTELAND ENDS by Theodore Roszak. Anchor. $2.95.

THE DUMPING GROUND OF THE MILLENNIUM by Norman Colman. Paladin. $2.50.

ONE OF the most obvious reactions against the style of life occasioned by the urban wasteland is the jump by thousands of people into what might be called the fundamentalist intellectual religion. You can’t walk the streets in Melbourne or Sydney without being accosted by evangelists of different hues. Hare Krishna, Divine Lovers, the Little Fellah, Independent Sufis/Gurus/Sages/Madmen. They’re all out there trying to win souls.

But behind this superficial acceptance of the mystical drivel in man is the fact that he is on a collision course with a world that does not admit the reality of liberation.

If the whole structure and psychology of the urban industrial part of the world mitigates against serious exploration of an inner spiritual plight of alienation is mirrored in the public’s acceptance of a superficial psychological approach. The (ecology/energy/aggression/lows and pigs. In short she dug it, or to psychology of the urban industrial nation/ist/industrial/conscience/etc crises) then it is fairly plain watching television isn’t; sleazy it may be...

WHERE THE WASTELAND...
Something like a hundred years have passed since the education system we have today was set up. Proclaimed, at the time, a revolution- ary step, which placed Australia somewhere near the forefront of the civilised world, in the realm of enlightened social legis- lation, it suffered, at birth, like so many revolutionary steps, from uncertainty of purpose. Miracu- lously, it has survived to 100, but it is hardly surprising that it should be entering into a stage of advanced senility.

It has never been quite clear why every child between the ages of 6 and 15 should be obliged to attend their local state school for what is inaccurately termed an education. Educational theorists of this century, insofar as they have had anything to say, have tended towards the liberal view that it never existed for fear of being regarded as a goody-goody by the kids, or a smart alec by the teacher.

This, however, is not what the liberal theorists had in mind. Their hope was that natural aptitude would assert itself over class background. Perhaps they were right. Maybe guilt and cunning are the same thing as natural aptitude. Maybe all there really is to the game is to find out how it works and to play it for what it yields. If this is the case then the Australian education system is as good a means of natural selection as any other. Those best able to survive will do so, and, needless to say, praise the system which proved their innate superiority. The lib- erals never took their reasoning so far as to produce this rather night- marish formula, but then there are few who labor so hard, and so unsuccessfully, for an easy night’s sleep as the liberals.

But, this is the thinking of the present century, and for all ideologi- cal reasons, the old century ended in Australia a good five years ago. 

A system prevails. At the highest levels of the Education Departments throughout Aus- tralia ageing bureaucrats secretly confide in young idealists, confessing that they no longer know what is going on, not really ex- pecting to find a solution in the hopes and ambitions of these young men and women, but feel- ing that in this way they can abdicate from full responsibility for the farce which is being enacted in their names.

Teachers unions are no longer able to request a rise in the miserable wages of their members, without experiencing mortifying guilt for the shambles they are employed to supervise. Strikes take place now, not under the banner of better wages or better conditions, but under the banner of better education. Teachers will not stop work unless they can be convinced that their actions will do something to alleviate the total suffering.

Depression runs high, and there are times when it occurs to most teachers that, simply to not be in the classroom is a positive step. But, inculcated with the public service morality of duty, and submission of self to a higher machinery, the teacher cannot seriously see himself in opposition to the system which employs him. It is easy to be staggered by the organised anarchy of the system and to forget that every Austral- ian child spends at least nine, and usually more, critical years pre- occupied by school, and the things which happen there. The kids are not paid to justify the system, or to feel guilty about it, or anything else. For this reason they know more about it than anyone else. They are not neces- sarily able to articulate this knowledge, in many cases they will be punished for doing so. In most cases they accept what goes on around them, if in a somewhat permised and ultimately cynical manner.

In Sydney, John Geek [see YLD 2] has discovered groups of radical student activists who are organising to overthrow the sys- tem, or de-school society, or any- thing else which will make life at school a little more meaningful, or at least a little more exciting. I wish them luck. Revolt is a good way into or out of the game as any other.

It is, of course, dangerous terri- fying, disintegrating and re-forming. In Melbourne, too, there are student activists, in many cases encouraged by young teachers who vicariously play out the roles they merely observed in their stu- dent days at university. But there are also students who practise transcendental meditation, stu- dents who are experts in astrology, and students who drop acid and write poetry. On top of all this there are students who don’t do anything exceptional, except that they notice some of the things that are going on around them and are capable of writing about them. Finally there are the artists and the photographers who work with their perceptions on a visual level, in their search for meaning or harmony or whatever else people search for.

Don’t expect to find any answers in the Melbourne school- kids pages. If you see anything which purports to be an answer, see if you can work out what it is an answer to. If you can do this and it seems to be important write in and let me know. Correspond- ence of all kinds will be read with interest, and will be answered or published whenever possible. Ob- servations, articles, stories, draw- ings, games, photographs, fan- tasies or anything else which seems real, and claims to come from the mind or body of a schoolkid will be received with interest, and if published will be paid for.

Intending contributors should note the following ground-rules:

1) Advise as to whether you want your piece published under your real or an assumed name, and whether or not you want us to include your age, form, school, dedication to your best friend, culture hero, etc.

2) If you are a writer, advise as to whether you would be prepar- ed to accept cuts, mutations etc.

3) If you wish to be paid, advise as to name, address and postcode so that we know where to send your pittance.
Trigging is the theme. Acid has been doing the circuits in Melbourne for five years or more. It began as a novelty, a way to explore the effects of the drug as a sacrament, or at the very least as the drug which would change a person's way of looking at the world. Cognition has, since then, been transformed into a sort of alternate reality, a place where the sense of a universe you fail to understand.

There is a reason for a bad trip, I repeat. They become involved in something, as yet intangible. Clinging to an obsolete memory, one man plunges into something else, only to suffer a momentary spell of confusion among the ruins.

The opening pieces for the Melbourne kids page come from Frankston. This week ROB KING presents Melbourne kids material after he verbalises his disagreement with John.

**SOUR AND SWEET ACID DROPS**

**SEAN MCGRAH**

Saturday morning, it was a bulky day. I got up, made breakfast, had a wash and walked up to the honky corner. Everyone was there, sitting, smoking and talking about last night’s adventures in the surf. No one was interested in what I had to offer. I got up, made my breakfast, had a wash and sat there. Everyone got up, made their breakfast, had a wash and sat there. The individual will probably withdraw from his network of relationships. This seems natural, for he can see the beauty of contemplating the mind in union with the universe. As in recreation, he is born to a higher plane of existence. It takes immense effort and will to relate to our world, once he sees this higher plane of existence. He will not willingly release his hold.

Consider, you are wandering, your mind, your body and your soul. You feel the power of your spreading consciousness, still you, go further and deeper into the dream states of your mind.

It is good and beautiful if you encounter your greater self. How can you know your higher self without experiencing the theme of the6. Acid has been doing the circuits in Melbourne since its inception. This week ROB KING presents Melbourne kids material after he verbalises his disagreement with John.

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SUPPORT H.L.F.
GREEN BANS
The Rocks get it off

TWELVE noon last Thursday: that is when the Two Jars band launched into their opening bars to a crowd of building labourers, resident activists and assorted sympathisers rallied near Sydney’s Circular Quay.

They had been called together by the NSW Builders Laborers Federation to discuss the state government’s opposition to the union’s green bans in the Sydney’s Rocks area. The day before 77 people were arrested for occupying a green-banded demolition site in Playfair Street. The site is being worked by scab labor. It was a warm day and the crowd was feeling good.

Bob Pringle, BLF president, opened the rally, quickly handling the microphone over to his dynamic incoming secretary, Joe Owens.

The green bans and the fight against the developers and the state government by the BLF and the various resident action groups was a fight about people determining the way they want to live, Owens said it was a fight for low density, low cost housing so that people could afford to live in the center of the city and not have to move to the other side of the Blue Mountains.

It was a fight to stop historic areas like the Rocks from being filled with “twenty storey glass and concrete filing cabinets”. Akin was deliberately provoking the builders laborers, he went on, so that he could run a law and order election campaign.

But Akin’s motivations also went deeper than that, “When people start to determine the way they want to live and what they want to build then they begin to take over the means of production. This challenges the very foundations of this society.”

In the past few weeks Akin has launched an offensive against the BLF in an attempt to crush the green bans. Millions of dollars of development and of course profits are held up in the Rocks area and consequently this area has become “the eye of the hurricane”, according to Owens.

Then former secretary of the BLF, Jack Mundey, proposed a march to demand that Akin disband the Sydney Cove Development Authority to suspend all work in the Rocks area. The crowd cheered its agreement.

The people swarmed upon the streets for one of the most militant demonstrations Sydney has seen. The police promptly attacked the front ranks only to be rolled aside by the tide that surged up Pitt Street roaring, “Green bans, Akin out!”

Police repeatedly lunged into the mass, attempting arrests, but the crowd pulled those who were being arrested back into the march.

They were homing in on Joe Owens. After being roughed up several times, Owens had to be almost carried by a couple of fellow workers.

At the state offices Akin was not at home, but a deputation made up of members of the union and resident action groups were allowed in to see his private secretary while the battered Owens — who seems to get the same kick out of dynamic crowds as others get from grass — entertained the crowd with the tale of his arrest the previous day.

They were in their cell when a small rattle came at the door. A constable had come to ask. Mick Fowler of the Fowl House Five and Two if he had a finger missing. He had, Owens speculated on how this inquiry came to be made. The crowd was captured...

A couple of constables had looked at the fingerprint sheet they had made when the unionists were brought in and decided something was amiss. They showed it to the sergeant who agreed something was amiss — “but I can’t quite put my finger on it.” He then relayed this to the superintendent, who is after all the man with the brains.

He was stumped for a while and then with a flash of genius asked: “Has he a missing finger?” The sergeant quickly asked the same question of the constables, who quickly ratted on the door...

And so, Owens concluded, that was how two constables, a sergeant and an inspector spent an October afternoon at the expense of the taxpayer, solving the mystery of the missing fing- er of Mick Fowler of the Fowl House Five and Two.

But then a scuffle started on the other side of the street. A BLF car had arrived with a loudspeaker on top and the cops were attempting to move it on. BLF members resisted and the police rushed the crowd again. In the scuffle BLF president Pringle was arrested for the umpteenth time over the past few weeks. A tuft of hair from the back of a BLF member who was attacked by the police blew past me. The cops were thwarted and the car and microphone stayed.

A FURTHER mass meeting of two thousand builders laborers was held at the Trades Hall on Friday night. The workers were as militant as ever.

The meeting fully endorsed the union’s actions over the past two days, condemned the Thursday night decision of the NSW Trades and Labor Council not to support the BLF green bans, and vowed to stay on strike until next Thursday.

Jack Mundey said that the Trades and Labor Council was not even being called on to support militant unionism, they were being asked to support traditional union opposition to scab labor. That they refused to do this showed that the council had clearly ganged up with BLF national secretary Norm Gallagher who is attempting to break the back of the NSW branch. Rand and file builders laborer Tom Hoges received rousing applause when he threatened a BLF march on Victoria, and Gallagher if he dissolved the NSW branch.
YOUNG: Could you say something about your relationship with Peter Orlovsky?  
GINSBERG: We met in San Francisco. He was living with a painter named Robert LaVigne in ’54. I was having a very straight life, just trying it out, working in an advertising company, wearing suits, living up on Nob Hill in an apartment with Sheila, who was a jazz singer and worked in advertising. Things were somewhat unsatisfactory between us. We’d been taking peyote, so we were into a psychedelic scene, too.

We got into an argument, so I wandered down one night into an area of San Francisco then called Polk Gulch, now known as a notorious gay area with lots of gay bars. It was then more of a bohemian section, somewhat gay, artistic. Hotel Wentley was there, right on the corner of Sutter and Polk, and a Fosters cafeteria. I went and sat in the Fosters, late at night. I ran into Robert LaVigne and got into a conversation about the New York painters I knew — Larry Rivers, deKooning and Kline. LaVigne was a provincial San Francisco painter, so I was bringing all sorts of fresh poetry, art news from New York.

He took me up to see his place and his paintings about four blocks away on Gough street in an apartment that I subsequently lived in for many years and still use now. I walked into the apartment and there was this enormous, beautiful lyrical, seven-by-seven-foot square painting of a boy. His legs spread, and some onions at his feet, with a little Greek ceramic embossed on the couch.

He had a nice, clean-looking pecker, yellow hair, a youthful teency little face, and a beautiful frank expression looking right out of the canvas at me. And I felt a heart throb immediately. So I asked who that was, and Robert said, “Oh, that’s Peter; he’s here, he’s home.” And then Peter walked in the room with the same look on his face, a little shyer.

Within a week Robert said that he was going out of town or breaking up with Peter, and that’s what he could arrange. I said, “oooh, dont mock me.” I’d already put down some $500, and my body, and I could own him — just a transient thing.

And, in 1955, I was already 29, I wanted a 20-year-old kid with some romantic notions. That night we were in Vesuvio’s bar. Robert had a big conversation with Peter, asking Peter if he was interested, sort of like a “shahban,” a matrimonial arrangment.

Then I went home one night. I went to Peter’s room. We were to sleep together that night on a huge international he had on the floor. I took off my clothes and got into bed. I hadnt slept with too many people before. I was being psychoanalysed at Langley Porter Clinic, an elite extension of U.C. Berkeley medical school. It was a very good doctor, and I said: “You know, I’m very hesitant to get into a deep thing with Peter, because where can it ever go? I’m 29 and Peter probably wont love me — just the right relationship. Besides, shouldn’t I be heterosexual?”

He said, “Why don’t you do what you want. What would you like to do?” And I answered, “Well, I really would just love to get an apartment on Montgomery Street, stop working and live with Peter and write poems!” He said, “Why don’t you do that?” So I said, “What happens if I get old or something!” And he replied, “Oh, you’re a nice person; there’s always people who will like you!” — which really amazed me. So, in a sense he gave me permission to be free, not to let the consequences.

Then I waited for Peter, and Peter stayed up at the Gough Street apartment and went to school. I got this room and went to school. I got this room and went to school. I got this room and went to school. I got this room and went to school.

He was very moody, very sweet, tender, gentle and open. But every month or two months he’d go into a very dark, Russian, Dostoevskian black mood and lock himself in his room and weep for days; and then he’d come out totally cheerful and friendly. I found after a while it was best not to interrupt him, not to hang round like a vulture; let him go through his own yoga.

The key thing was when we decided on the terms of our marriage — I think it was in Fosters Cafeteria downtown about three in the morning. We were sitting and talking about each other, with each other, trying to figure out what we were going to do, who we were to each other, with each other, how much I loved him, and how much did he love me. And I arrived at what we both really desired.

I’d already had visionary experience: an illuminated audition of Blake’s voice and a sense of epiphany about the universe. He had an experience, weeping and lonesome, walking up the hill to his college, and having a sense of separation of the trees bowing to him. So we both had some kind of psychedelic, transcendental, mystical image in our brains and hearts.

We made a vow to each other that he could do anything, and I would obey any mind and everything I knew, and my body, and I could own him and all he knew and all his body; and that we would give each other ourselves, so that we possessed each other as property, to do everything we wanted to, sexually or intellectually, and in a sense explore each other until we reached the mystical “X,” coming together, emerging two merged souls.

We had the understanding that when one of us (my particularly erotic desire was ultimately satisfied by being satiated (rather than denied) there would be a lessening of desire, grasping, holding on, craving and attachment; and that ultimately we would both be delivered free in heaven together. And so the vow was that neither of us would go into heaven without the other one in — like a mutual bodhisattva’s vow.

That’s actually the bodhisattva’s vow — that anyone, numberless — I vow to enlighten them all. Passions are num-

Continued next page
vow to follow through all the way — vow to count every one, enlighten every one all the way through.' — Sentient beings, reborn as everybody one after another, single one of them. Basically a vow to be numberless, unnumbered — countless, physical and was offering his body. With Blake eternity vision. I was more enlightened the entire cafeteria and made an instant we looked in each other's eyes fantasy, to a point where fantasy and reality finally merged. Desire illuminated to him. It was really a fulfillment of heaven without each other.

Our relationship has lasted from 1954 to 1972. The terms have changed tremendously. Peter's gone through a lot of changes, and we've separated for a year at a time. And always come back. We've gone through a lot of phases of sleeping with people together, doing orgies together, sleeping alone together.

Now Peter sleeps with a girl. I very rarely sleep with him. But the origin of our relationship is a fond affection. I wouldn't want to go to heaven and leave Peter alone on earth; and he wouldn't leave me alone if I was sick in bed, dying, with Blake eternity vision. We've maintained our relationship so long that at this point we could separate and it would be all right. I think the karma has resolved and worn out.

The original premise was to have each other and possess each other until the karma was worn out, until the desire, the erotic attraction, was satisfied by satiation. And there's been satiation, disappointment and madness, because he went through a long period of sexual freakery in the mid 60s which really strained things.

We had times of hostile screaming at each other. Such as when he went to heaven and leave Peter alone on earth; and he wouldn't leave me alone. The worst thing was the character of Castro and the liberators up on the main drag, La Rampa. People were being stopped by the police and hustled for having long hair, accused of being international communists or fairies. A bunch of young kids belonging to a poetry group I knew, El Puente (The Bridge), were being bugged by the police, not allowed to publish, and were called fairies.

The whole group of Escritores del Encuentro Inter-Americanca, sponsored by Casa de las Americas, went to the theatre. We were joined by a whole bunch of the young poet kids. When we left the theatre, they were all stopped by the police and asked all kinds of stupid questions around with foreigners. Some of the young poet kids were translating my work.

There was a police bureaucracy in Cuba that was very heavy and was coming down. There were things like when the police bust people of beard, sexual revolution tendencies, sobriety, fertility. In other words, there was no real cultural revolution, it was still basically a Catholic and technocratic country. In other countries, the police bureaucracy party hacks were like mayor Daley ward-keepers: flag waving, fat-assed, shady types. Self seeking squares, not at all spiritually committed, were getting control of the police and emigration bureaucracies and setting themselves at odds against the youth who were medium to open, listen to the Beatles and read interesting books like Ginsberg, and fought at the Bay of Pigs against the Americans.

Even people who had been in the mountains with Castro were very secretive about smoking grass. The police was monolithically controlled and boring, and the newspaper reporters for the press revolution were cowards. The most substantial thing was that Castro had taken an official position in a gay lib show, flag-waving kids, like the Nicanettes, so to speak, accusing everybody they didn't like of being faggots.

It was considered bad form to wear beards and long hair, even though that was the characteristic style of Castro and the liberators up on the main drag, La Rampa. People were being stopped by the police and hustled for having long hair, accused of being international communists or fairies. A bunch of young kids belonging to a poetry group I knew, El Puente (The Bridge), were being bugged by the police, not allowed to publish, and were called fairies.

I just continued talking there as I went to talk here in terms of being anti-authoritarian. And yet there was sympathy to the revolution. I had friends living there. I went as a guest, and I took part as a judge in a literary contest. The worst thing was the way casting about the Cuban macho, the police bureaucracy party hacks were like mayor Daley ward-keepers: flag waving, fat-assed, shady types. Self seeking squares, not at all spiritually committed, were getting control of the police and emigration bureaucracies and setting themselves at odds against the youth who were medium to open, listen to the Beatles and read interesting books like Ginsberg, and fought at the Bay of Pigs against the Americans.

I slept with one young poet, secretive-like I took one stick of grass one day, walking around with a bearded fellow who said he'd been up in the mountains with Castro and that they had smoked up grass.

I thought one of the most brilliant and interesting results of gay liberation was the confrontation between the repressive, conservative police bureaucracy in Cuba. I think this confrontation, between the Venceremos Brigade and gay lib showing the Cuban mental block on the subject of homosexuality was the most useful things that gay lib did on an international scale. At least it brought that question up in front brain consciousness. Gay lib people went there to offer themselves and, I think, less to confront the Cuban macho but confrontation was.

They were, obviously, faithful in terms of change and sympathy with the revolution. Since it was a gay lib group [that did this], it was the right group of press could take advantage of the confrontation to put shame on Cuba, because otherwise they were getting away with it. It was gay lib taking the bull by the horns, within the context of brotherhood, challenging the Cuban macho, repressive mentality in a constructive way. I don't think the Communist party there reacted very well. What was the result?
YOUNG: In the interim period the brigade has adopted a policy of excluding gay liberation from its ranks. Thebrigade's passive gay policy specifically attacks the anar­rhea but speaks very positively about relations­hips and the middle-class creation of new­ly groups. I realized also that the more the government puts the more power the right wing, police bureaucracy and party boss, who have relations with the Mafia and the drug gang – as proved by the Knapp Commission reports. These are the same drug gang that is used as domestic terrorism.

The real problem was to relieve the pressure in America, to end the blockade against Cuba, and in fact Castro, or Marxism – although I think Castro was very tactical on the question of gay liberation. Thay were trying to excessively macho in­tensities on his part, and inhumanity.

When I was there in '71 at the journalists conference, there was a reception, at the side of a big swimming pool. Everybody was crowding around Fidel. He was loving it and getting involved in lively conversation with different people. I was feeling very out of it. It was the only male that didn't have short hair, a suit and tie. I found a female movie star. The whole idea of pushing into a crowd to talk to a famous man was a little too much for me.

I decided to get involved in conversa­tion with some other people. I spoke with a couple of friends of mine, who had fought with Fidel in the army, and in the Yoruba ceremony. Pepe Carril wrote it and it was about sex and homosexuality. They told me they were producing Yoruba play. Pepe Carril wrote it and it was about sex and homosexuality.

The play was put down by the police. They said it was a rival spiritual authority to the state. They told me they were producing Yoruba play. They didn't know if it was right to do this Yoruba play. They didn't have a theatrical puppetry presentation of the Yoruba people. I think it has something to do with the persecution of the African people.

But among the appreciators were some of the African people. They are the ones who say having lots of blow jobs is liberation, and those who are trapped in a meat-meets-meat approach and have to get out of that and relate to other as people. I think it's a mistake for "straights" to feel the whole spectrum of feelings instead of single level feelings, just as it's important for gay people to feel a whole spectrum of feelings.

The politics of challenge in that sense doesn't equate with being somebody. You don't want somebody by challenging them. You woo them by giving them a place where they're comfortable, making them feel a whole spectrum of feelings.

GINSBERG: It's an important human experience to relate to yourself and others as a hunk of meat sometimes. That's why losing ego, one holy divine yoga of losing ego: getting involved in an anonymous piece of meat, coming, and recognizing your own anonymity.

It's not a place where you want to live all your life, but it's certainly a place where you can make your peace. And that's a lesson, experience of consciousness that's important for a gay person to have every day.

Gay Liberation YOUNG: I think there's been a certain schizophrenia in the radical section of gay liberation. People have said they're socialists. In fact, many even say they know in the radical wing of gay liberation don't even like and don't use the term gay power" because of the word power.

GINSBERG: Gregory Corso has a great line in his book, my copy of分行用的诗 here. It's a poem about the gay lib group whenever there's a big question of homosexuality. There was an analysis of the evil banks and cultural assassins when they're not; when it's the activists, they're the most oppressed group of all.

GINSBERG: There's too much of a con­flict there. The point is that nobody's straight. It's like talking somebody a pope. You don't want to relate to that kind of thing, making it safe for them to get a hard-on.

YOUNG: I think there are definitely revolutionary sections of gay liberation. The people who say having lots of blow jobs is liberation, and those who are trapped in a meat-meets-meat approach and have to get out of that and relate to each other as people.

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they practice God slight, the insult to Dionysus.

YOUNG: The problem with that approach is that as long as your myst is young and attractive, you’re doing OK. But if it doesn’t work, forget it. 

GINGERS: When you get to be my age, that’s when you really appreciate organs; in the dark when nobody sees anybody and doesn’t give a shit who they’re being screwed by. The paranoia in Turkish bathrooms is so acute, not because of another problem, but only because of fear, not another problem.

And closeness with all women thereafter. I feelings for them out of old fear.

Peter and I used to get into scenes in San Francisco with girls and boys to­gether, very nice. He liked girls, and that situation would set up a nice vibration when other men would come in. Since Peter had already done it and making it, that opened the door to anybody. He’d make out with girls and I’d make out with boys. Sometimes I’d make out with girls too. Or we’d make out with each other.

We had a two year period in San Francisco where almost every party we went to, there was enough to make either of us in bed with one or two people. We didn’t try to start orgies; we just took off and went to these places. The standard round the party, had a good time and didn’t make a big scene out of it.

Soloman & Leary

YOUNG: I remember hearing that around the time of the original excitement about LSD, Timothy Leary made some state­ments that had to do with non-heterosexuality. I recall you said that a heterosexual experience under the influence of LSD, and also some kind of sexual fantasy experience in relation to my mother and girls. But everybody has that. It was a breakthrough of heterosexual feeling/emotion in relation to my mother, and there were so many girls that I’d rejected.

When Leary was looking around for information and rationalisation on LSD, I think it was then that it would probably loosen up some of the blocks in homosexuality. The reverse is true, too; it would probably strengthen out some of the blocks in heterosexuality, which it’s notorious for doing.

Leary or someone else carried the ball a little too far on that one, so that I experienced heterosexuality thoroughly for the first time in my life. I’ve got a venerable heterosexual or bisexuality too.

In the context of the arguments about LSD I gave congressional testimony: One effect I experienced in Peru I would like to explain.

From childhood on I had been mainly shy, only with some relative girls, possibly due to the fact that my own mother was, from my early childhood on, in a state of great suffering, frightening to me, and she finally died in a mental hospital.

In a trance state I experienced in a cuardero’s hut in Peru a very poignant experience under the influence of LSD. It slowly evolved historically that the monks all make it with each other. But basically the bias, if any, in yoga is towards chastity, retention of sperm. Sperm is art, poetry, music, yoga. Sperm is Kundalini (serpent power): a shivering tingling that runs and takes over the top of your head and speeds throughout the whole body. Retention of sperm is one of the basic understandings of some forms of yoga.

So it’s not really homosexuality or heterosexuality that would be disapprov­ed. It would be attachment to any kind of “pleasure” as a neurotic attachment. As Burroughs might say, an attachment to the green goo factory, an attachment to body. The body may be the pliable prototype of a large scale commodity by certain forces, as Burroughs says, trying to keep people prisoner of a consumer universe made out of parent matter, subjected to appearances and apparent physical conditions defining their limita­tions. As Blake, the Buddhists, and Burroughs would say, the real world is a world of complete, blissful, harmonious silence. In other words the anti-body yoga position is not anti-homosexuality; it’s probably nearer to transcendentism.

We are so free of our bodies that we are able to stay where we are and it’s right for us to let that be and use it. That’s the blissful position. You’re so free of the body you don’t have to be afraid of it.

Burroughs

GINGERS: We have the question of what is sex, which William Burroughs has addressed himself to. He’s one of the few gay lib “heroes”, one of the few homo­sexual theorists who has theorised upon the point of outside-of-the-body, and detachment from sexuality.

In fact, the cut-ups were originally designed to repress and repeat his obsess­ion with sexual images over and over, like a movie repeating over and over again, and then re-combin­ed and put up and mixed in; so that finally the obsessive attachment, compul­sion and preoccupation empty out and drain from the image. In other words, rehearsing and repeating it over and over, and looking at it over and over, enough.

Finally, the hypnotic attachment, the image, becomes demystified. His partic­ular sexual thing is being screwed, because Burroughs can come on when he is screwed in he’s one of the few men that can.

Self Acceptance

GINGERS: Your own heart is your gun. The main slogan, instruction, teaching, compassion and fidelity is the whole love situation is the heart which must always be followed because there’s no other place to go. That’s the point to perplexities of ideology, or complexities of the political fix we’re into. Following the heart a little more there’s a way of avoiding the pitfalls of hyper-intellectual ideological dead-ends, which both homo­sexuals and radicals have gotten into.

Relax on your feelings and trust your feelings. I think a lot of homosexual conflict comes from internalizing so­ciety’s distrust of your loves, finally doubting your own loves, and therefore not being able to act on them. I think it’s important to accept rejection.

The more you have to accept rejec­tion, the more you lose yourself possibly unable to be rejected, the more you have a chance of getting laid, of scoring, both for yourself and for cock.

The more you open yourself up and give yourself, continuously without reservation, the more you can accept rejection from people who are either too timid or who don’t want you, the more open you’ll be to sexual fantasy experience in relation to people who are either too timid or who don’t want you, the more open you’ll be to sexual fantasy experience in relation to people who really are afraid of being rejected. So, the only thing is frank revelation of the heart; then the rest is a perpetual void in the heart; then the rest is a perpetual void in the heart.

Beauty is but a flower
Which wrinkles will devour,
Breathlessness falls from the air.

Please Master

I am sick, I must dye;
Lord, have mercy on us.

This is Time of Pestilence (1953) by Thomas Nashe (1567-1601). It is maybe the great poem in the English language, and the greatest line is “Breathlessness falls from the air…” 

Please Master

Please Master can I touch your cheek please master can I kneel at your feet please master can I loosen your blue pants please master can I gaze at your golden hairy belt please master can I gently take down your shorts please master can I lay my eye on your bald hairy skull please master can I take off my cloth below your chair please master can I have your anklets and veil please master can I touch lips to your hard muscle hairy thighs please master can I lay my ear pressed to your stomach please master can I wrap my arms around your white ass please master can I lick your groin curled with blond soft fur please master can I touch your long row of your ass please master can I pass my face to your balls please master can I see into your eyes please master order me down on the floor please master tell me to lick your thick shaft please master put your rough hands on my bad hairy ass please master press my mouth to your belly please master press my face into your belly pull me very strongly thumbed till I smell and taste your delicate flesh and grab your shaft with white cream please master touch your cock head to my wrinkled self hole please master push it in gently your asshole royally round my breast your arms passing down to my belly, my breast under your fingers please master shove it in me a little, a little, please master sink your dirty thing down my belly and please make me wriggle my ear to eat up the prick trunk till your fleshy rudder fills my body please master put me out please master longe me again, and please master please master fuck me again with your self please master me Please Master drive down till it hurts me the softness the Softness please master make me love to cry

Give body to centre, & F**k me for good like a girl

tenderly cleave me please master I take the with a smile in his eye and pearly teeth & drive in my belly your sweet self heaven

you fingered in Solitude Denver or Brooklyn or fucked a madam in Paris couts, please master drive me (by vehicle, body of love drops, of sweet f**k, body of tenderesse, give me your dog on my master please master make me go moan on the floor please moan O please master do f**k me like that

in your ass,thrust thrill plunge & pull-back-bounce & push down till I moan my asshole a dog on the table

helping with terror delight to be loved & drive in my eye, an ass beat, a wet s**t, & b**tt screw up a madam my eyes hid with your palms round my neck & change down in a brutal hard lush (thru soft d**f) & throbbing balls to expedite to screw out your semen heat

in all while I try out your name I do love you please Master.

— Allen Ginsberg

May, 1968
A ONE NIGHT STAND WITH SLIM AND JOY DUSTY

Slim and Joy Dusty are legends: their record sales in this country exceed even those of the Beatles. Last week Chris Hector talked to them and string fiend Chris Duffy after a sell out concert in Gippsland.

Since the Hamilton County Bluegrass Band travelled with them Slim's begun to appreciate what bluegrass can do for his music. Joy has made two of the new instruments herself. Particularly the autoharp: "I hadn't played an autoharp until we travelled with Hamilton County and I saw one there and started playing and then bought a second hand one in Melbourne. The fiddle I meant to learn from Colleen Trenwith but we were out on tour, but you're so busy.

"In the whole of that time, I had two lessons. But I had this fiddle - it belonged to Slim's dad - and when we went back to the farm, I went to this very proper old gentleman to learn the fiddle. And he was very out-raged. A woman, and at my age, which is pretentious, entirely derivative and as American as buffalo shit. But I always wanted to take the lessons then we were on tour but you're so busy."

"We use to travel 11 months of the year. Six shows a week. We've cut it down now. Down to nine months, then six, then four months this year, we want some time off. The last couple of years, we want some time off."

"Joy and I used to travel to 11 months of the year. Six shows a week. We've cut it down now. Down to nine months, then six, then four months this year, we want some time off. The last couple of years, we want some time off."

Travelling, on the road: "When we started out, in 1953, we had the old Ford, the caravan, the generator, three months halls booked and paid for in advance, and ninety pounds in our pockets. Nineteen pounds. I just couldn't do it now, I wouldn't dare, but we did...

Slim: "We used to travel 11 months of the year. Six shows a week. We've cut it down now. Down to nine months, then six, then four months this year, we want some time off. The last couple of years, we want some time off."

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There was nobody around - it's to the proper old gentleman to learn the fiddle. And he was very outraged. A woman, and at my age, which is pretentious, entirely derivative and as American as buffalo shit. But I always wanted to take the lessons then we were on tour but you're so busy."

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Gary Glitter, formerly a high priest in the London cast of Jesus Christ Superstar — once Paul of Paul Raven and the unsuccessful Ravens — flew into Melbourne on Wednesday morning to give three concerts to packed houses at Festival Hall. From the minute he steered from the plane into the arms of three glowing glitter-laden models, one thing was obvious: Glitter does not make one public gesture which has not been assessed for effect before he makes it. Every detail has been examined, every fantasy pandered to, and it is this sort of raucousness that has made millions for Glitter and his management.

The crowd at the concert on Wednesday night was astounding. Row after row of 13-15 year old kids sat squirming with excitement and anticipation, one of the largest and most electric crowds at Festival Hall since Cocker gave his largest and most electric crowds at Festival Hall since Cocker gave his...
THE BOOK OF GRASS edited by George Andrews and Simon Vine. Penguin. RRP $1.55. Our price $1.55. This is not a new book but it is the classic anthology of Indian hemp, which has been revised and updated for Penguin Books. It offers a wide range of writings it a theme alert, its remarkable products, and its long and ancient history. Among the authors represented are Babadara, Baudelaire, Binbass, Aldous Huxley, Allan Ginsberg, G. Jung, Henry Miller, Auerbach, Aldous Huxley, Allan Storr, and William Burroughs. A Daylights truth zap: An idea well worn good for armchair enthusiasts.

THE SEX BOOK, A MODERN PICTORIAL ENCYCLOPAEDIA and Collection from Parke and McIndoe, Bantam. RRP $1.95. Our price $1.55. This pocket size paperback is a modern, informative, and pictorially hoist anthology of sex. It is modern because it looks upon the human body as natural and beautiful. It is informative in providing knowledge on all aspects of sex. The explicit photographs are not only instructive but also convey a sense of joy, tenderness, and reality, and not simply a commerce in the human body. A Daylights truth zap: Mainly for the young at body, who could be snared and not escape the mysterious autonomy of the photographs.

THE MOTHER EARTH NEWS ALMANAC, A GUIDE THROUGH THE SEASONS by the staff of Mother earth news. RRP $5.95. Our price $1.55. Although the Almanac is a guide to the northern section it contains much that will interest southern hemisphere readers. Amongst the many articles are instructions for making compost and controlling garden pests organically, an illustrated guide to weeds, how to build a cheap modern home, plans and instructions for kite building, folk medicine treatments and preventative, formulas for whitewash, an introduction to canning and preserving garden produce, directions for making exotic cosmetics from ordinary kitchen ingredients and, in general terms, there are too many people and not enough land. It is easy to forget that in Australia we had a powerful countercultural movement. Maybe it was in many respects, and dependent on the impetus generated overseas. In this sense it was but a mirror of the straight world it challenged. But, despite the predictions and fervent hopes of the straight world, the men and women who aligned themselves with the counterculture have not renounced their rebellion and sensibility even from the fold. There is simply no reason to. The freaks may not have discovered the key to perfect bliss but the straights are not necessarily happy. And so the search goes on. It is all a question of survival. The movement of the 60s quite simply was not economically self-sufficient. Communities might work on a small scale, but in the long run they mean a return to a peasant economy, and, in global terms, there are too many people and not enough land. It is for these people, and for others who might join them, that the film Dalsam was made. Dalsam is a low budget home movie, shot by an energetic amateur, in the sense that they were not enough to the genuinely horrifying scene in which the star of the movie attacks the director with an axe. To throw a large group of people together, give them acid, and then film the result, is a courageous and dangerous venture. The result is a piece of modern anthropoogy: the naked ape, the white Australian, exposed and revealed in his beauty and ugliness, dignity and squalor, love and fear. I doubt if there are any two people who have exactly the same feelings about acid. And yet I am quite sure that anyone who has tripped — whether they worship the stuff or loathe it — will identify with Dalsam. It is an honest film, almost embarrassing. The actors are by and large amateur, in the sense that they have not gone through the mill of professional theatre or television. Their sole concern is to portray their feelings and ideas. This may mean a man screaming uncontrollably and then, suddenly becoming aware of what he is doing, and breaking off. There is, perhaps, no real difference between spontaneity and contrivance.

It is not the sort of movie which invites criticism. And yet I would hesitate before giving the impression that it is a completely satisfying experience. Some of the early scenes border on the ridiculous. There is some pretence at maintaining a storyline, and it just doesn't work.

Dalsam interviews an ex-cop turned junkie, to a background of multiple TV sets which feature former Learsy associate, Richard Alpert (Baba Ram Dass), talking about his experiences in India. Director Bert Deling claims that this is designed to get the average moviegoer involved in the film, but I am afraid that, despite tripping on Number 66, and increasingly fantastic plots on Ryan, the Australian moviegoer is not ready for ex-cops who shoot dope and maintain batteries of televisions showing obscure videotapes.

I find it difficult to believe that Deling seriously expected a mass audience would be interested in Dalsam, and so it is hard to justify this kind of insurrection. Perhaps he just wanted to show that he could handle more or less straight cinema.

Dalsam is a first film, it is ambitious. Perhaps it tries to cover too much ground at once. I hope that it is approached by those who have not tripped in the spirit in which it was made, that of a genuine search for truth. If that search has not been wholly successful, then at least we have a substantive record of an attempt, and we have only ourselves to blame if we get no further.
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WHAT IS THE ROAD MOVIE?

In the current issue of Lumiere, Graham Barry sees the road movie as being a mirror image of contemporary America - a strange meta-physical America which has gone unnoticed and barely recognized.

Read his definition of this genre in Lumiere, Australia's film media monthly.

In this issue, there's an article on an amazing eight hour film record of a New Guinean lifestyle and an interview with the film's director Ian Dunlop, Australia's top anthropological filmmaker. There are also two articles on films for kids, there's a tribute to John Ford, a west coast report on the Perth film festival and John Cox on film awards and justice. There's a stack of great reviews to metal, metal and more... more than you ever thought...

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The Australian Percussion Group, in association with the Northern Triumph Band, will perform a suite spanning the styles from Baroque to Prog. The suite will feature a performance of Peter Maxwell Davies' A Mirror on the Wall and a new work by Australian composer Graham Barry.

The suite will be performed on Saturday, November 3rd, at 8.30 pm at La Mama in Faraday Street. For more information, please contact the Australian Percussion Group on 9511 2222.
Dalliance

Melbourne. Male student, 21, seeks female for dalliance. INC box 5587.


Melbourne. Liberated guy wanted for weekends of discretion. Inc box 5966.

Melbourne. Male, 30s, very handsome, seeks quiet, discreet, similar physically fit guy under 35. Genuine. INC box 5964.

Melbourne. Male, GIRLFRIENDS: Both of us cannot be satisfied! Let's work together to satisfy our needs; we'll benefit. Inc box 5962.

Melbourne. Lonelies, gay, late 30s, would like companion, male, or female, for companionship and addressing. Phone or write, Tiger, 709. Dianella, WA. 6059.

Melbourne. Male, 54, wide interest, kind, seeks female for discreet dalliance, day or night, your place. INC box 5586.

Melbourne. Male, 24, tall greyhaired Aussie who enjoys books, films, country drives, in-depth conversation. (must preferred. INC box 5891.

Melbourne. Women, 50, seeks similar for mutual companionship, and addresses must indicate city of origin. All answered. Annex box 7022.

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Melbourne. Women, 50, seeks similar for mutual companionship, and addresses must indicate city of origin. All answered. Annex box 7022.

Melbourne. Liberated guy wanted for weekends of discretion. Inc box 5966.

Melbourne. Male, 30s, very handsome, seeks quiet, discreet, similar physically fit guy under 35. Genuine. INC box 5964.

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Sympathy for the devil

THANKS for the welcome aboard. We don't want to appear to be reluctant passengers but do you have lifeboats?

The first issue was a disaster graphically and as for the width, wisdom and what it was ... ? Enough said anyway.

We would like to comment on your written contribution.

Our first impression was that it read like an infantile student editor of five years ago. That is verbose, sloppy and unintelligent. And maybe that's where you are, living off the corpse of OZ. The radical "movement" and "youth culture" has come a long way since then.

This is not an attack on you personally. We've only met you once and liked you. It is an attack on the idea that you presented in your "crap and seeds etc".

Let's begin with the absences in your piece. You fail to mention the women's liberation movement or the problems of sexuality. These are glaring omissions even given the loosely defined project."Youth culture" has come a long way since then. It is precisely the philosophy of Marxism that offers a (simple) solution to the real problems facing people today.

Indeed, you recognize that many people today are copped off and frustrated but all you offer is a 30c ticket per week to stay that way. You slip and slide all over the place in an effort to confuse people. You are confuse people because, whenever you try to believe that you are sincere, You've got to be kidding. Yet there are two things that you state clearly. First, that you are against revolutionary Marxism. Secondly, that you dig mysticism. The tune is a very old one. It is the traditional lament of a small liberal overthrowing the problems of contemporary capitalism and the requirements to change it.

Your rejection of Marxism and tirade against rationalism contains quite logically its own totalitarian assumptions. That is, whatever you say cannot be disproved and has as much right to theoretical and practical existence as anything else. Nobody opposes what you say from a rational point of view, like we do, can simply be dismissed as hung-up or suffering from "spiritual hunger".

The world is complex and needs to be understood scientifically if we are going to change it for the better. Different interpretations of what is "better" ultimately lead to something or other. In Indochina one is either for or against the liberation fighters. One is either for or against

SUE, "the world is complex and needs to be understood scientifically," but a billion Marxists with log tables and slide rules cannot guarantee a solution to the hunger of the spirit.

Your irritation at this modest truth leads to an abominable distortion of your view. Strangely, your respect for the omnipotence of scientific method equates you with the very founders of western mercantile capitalism.

Your mystical waffle meant merely that "an undefined spiritual upheaval is worthy of scrutiny."

Indeed the veteran antiwar activists such as Rennie Davis fall at the feet of Guru Maharaj, arch feminists and SDSers swallow nufm and old friends and allies put Baba Ram Dass under their pillows, then it's Grant Evans in on the "counter-culture".

Your waffle about searching for "a profound personal mystical experience" dodes all this. Mysticism is mystification and leaves people no closer to understanding what is going on.

Indeed we are going to have to construct alternatives — alternatives to the present form of the family to ensure its abolition, alternative forms of democracy and conditions for the development of non-oppressed sexuality — and begin now. This is going to be difficult and will take a lot of thought and a lot of pain.

We personally believe as Marxists, indeed as Leninists, that Marxism provides the most adequate tool for understanding the world around us and for changing it. At the same time Marxism will hasten the provided the answers to numerous questions. The onus is on you to prove us wrong. This will demand dialogue, but as we have indicated your retreat to mysticism ultimately excludes this.

Daylights has a responsibility to confront the real problems of people living in the real world. Mysticism has been offered by every oppressor in history as a solution for an unhappy life, and as a distraction from oppression. We did expect Daylights to be Marxist, though obviously we would prefer it to be. But we did hope it would attempt to clarify many of the problems facing people today, and not just another billion Marxists that nothing they choose to do, or because they are fools, as your article contemptuously implies (so much for the love and sympathy). It is because under capitalism they have to. To end this oppression demands a total break with capitalism — we believe in the direction of socialism. It demands a change in the objective social conditions.

Sexual oppression, the oppression of women, the oppression of races and nations, political oppression all stem from the objective social conditions under which they are found. This applies equally to the present "socialist" countries. How to understand and then overcome all forms of oppression is the central question which faces all those concerned with liberation.

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Long in the leg, short in the head.