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The Living Daylights 2(2) 15 January 1974

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Rough riders and high kickers......
THE GRAND OLE OPRY IN THE SKY
The slowest typewriter in the east

A colleague, who should have known better, advised us against sending someone to cover the floods. "They always mubde," he told us. That was ten days ago and as this is being written the waters are still rising in northwest NSW and Queensland. Graeme Dunstan splashed about in the area and unloaded his mind optimistically.

A world beyond the ambit of established science is rapidly unfurling. On one side we have the spectacular displays of Uri Geller, who recently on TV astounded the British public by bending spoons and breaking watches with psychic powers. In the USSR the government is supplying large grants for the general study of PSI. But people aren't waiting for the results, as evidenced by the large queues outside the surgeries of Filipino faith healers (p.9).

Harry Gumboot's three week catatonic silence was finally broken by the head of the minister for immigration's recent postings in Britain. Under the delusion that his garret is atop Mount Olympus, Harry then pushes out his acid-fascist worldview.

MacCallum is taking the shape of an unbeatable reader service and should offer inducement to all to get up and see what's showing around town. February the column goes to Adelaide and we hope to contact other cities later.

We were asked by readers in last week's letters why we said nothing about Harry Mooton, Australia's own post war anarchist poet. So, Albie Thomos, who has glowing memories of him, pays tribute (p.13).

Talking of readers, Leonard Amos, the best of our letter pages has reappeared and is in fine fettle, issuing dire threats to all anarchists.

Congratulations offered to Mango MacCallum, author of Nation review's release last week of the "Vietnam Papers", the study of Whittam's foreign affairs baptism over Nixon's pre christmas bombing of North Vietnam in 1972. All in all a month worth watching light and dispels criticism by the Left at the time that he was fiddling while Hanoi burned.

Our Sydney distributor, normally of gloomy and unpleasant demeanor, reported on the first issue of the new year broke all sales records. "I told you this would happen," Mr Barnard was allowed to meet America's newest whiz-kid, Dr Henry Kissinger. However, he failed, to obtain a signed autograph of president Richard Nixon.

PUSHING THEIR LUCK JUST A LITTLE TOO FAR: United States congressman Craig Hosmer, who is a member of the American government's joint committee on atomic energy flew into Sydney and told us that we should become the world's dumping ground for nuclear waste because we have so much spare land. The nuclear waste congressional Hosmer had in mind was plutonium which remains deadly and active for around a quarter of a million years.

REACTING LIKE TRUE AUSTRALIANS: Taking advantage of the small amount of rain that fell over the east coast of Australia during the past week or so, friendly farmers gave a helping hand to their stranded city cousins by charging them up to $15 to carry everything from milk to bread and selling them milk at a mere 30 cents per pint. Perhaps this profit will allow them to raise the flood relief money offered to them by both state and federal governments.

WE ALREADY KNEW THAT: Australia's minister for immigration, Al Grassby, announced in London that Australia did not offer intending "migrants a free ride to paradise". He also warned them that they should not attempt to avoid a gloomy conditions in their own country. Warning to his inane theme, the good Mr said migrants would find Australians just somewhat different "because we live in southern Asia". He also said Australia wanted migrants who had a sense of adventure, a willingness to accept challenge, and a desire to contribute to the development of a new country confirming that the present 13 million inhabitants of the place lack all these remarkable attributes.

THEY'LL JUST LOVE IT WHEN THEY GET HERE: My Cyril Charles Hillier, aged 66, of the Melbourne suburb of Moorrees Pond, was bashed and robbed outside his local hotel, after refusing to give them two pints of beer he was carrying at the time. Police said the beer was valued at 88 cents.

AT LEAST WE CAN DO SOME THING RIGHT: The Geneva based international organisation for nuclear safety has made Australia the headquarters of a committee to determine clothing inflammability. However, it is not true to say that migrants who are seeking a challenge in the new country will be asked to act as test material in the forthcoming series of pyrama fires.

THEY'RE SAVING HER SALARY FOR LATER, DEAR: The Polishman Mr J. Stanley, a part aboriginal member of the federal government national aboriginal consultative committee, has objected to the building of lean-tos with dirt floors on aboriginal reserves and settlements in South Australia. The structures, known as witjas, also lack toilets. His claim, oddly enough, is that it was impossible for aboriginals to be assimilated into the Australian community if "their education for it includes homes with dirt floors". Replying with some venom, a spokesman for the South Australian Housing Trust said: "The basic housing means of tribal and semi tribal aborigi- nals are abler from the sun, rain and water. Aboriginal people like to live in the dirt."

THANKS A LOT BUT IT'S JUST A LITTLE TOO: The federal Queensland government has granted a total of $115,249 for research into the crown of thorns starfish. The crown of thorns, which has so far eaten its way through 400 miles of the barrier reef, is believed to welcome the research if it is beginning to run out of reef to eat.

MOVE IT UP YOUR BUM, SHE SAID: Sticking to her role as the world's most gracious woman, Britain's princess Anne has declined to accept a chemist gifting from the Australian Stock Horse Society as a wedding gift. Instead she has told the society in a formal reply to give the bloody animal to the Riding for the Disabled Society. Obviously the lovely girl would have preferred a cheque under plain wrapper.

GRE At Acts of Statesman Ship (PART ONE): The South African team has withdrawn from the world gliding championships in Australia following a threat by the federal government to withdraw the $20,000 subsidy if they comply.

GRE At Acts of Statesman Ship (PART TWO): Prime minister Gough Whitlam has ordered a massive witch-hunt following publica- tion in Nation review of a few telegrams sent to Washington during the early power flushed days of his government: As the telegrams concerned were some- what critical of the United States, whom we have now grown to love, one can understand the poor man's embarrassment.

THERE REALLY IS A DEPRES- SION ON THE WAY: The central industrial secretariat has accused the minister for Labor, Mr Cameron, of generating a fear complex in the community about unemployment. That essence of the secretariat's message appears to be that if you don't believe you are out of work you will automatically be in possession of a full pay cheque and belly, otherwise known as the Jimmy Cricket syndrome.
LOW EBBS
FROM THE
High Tides

GRAEME DUNSTAN finds the people out
West locked in their mundane doings
striving to belittle a reality that gives them
so much joy and meaning.

A local shire employee had been on
duty 62 hours hauling out stranded cars
and then there is civil defence. Kurt
Vonnegut raved about fire brigades being
the last approachable and altruistic in-
stitution in Western society. If he
comes to New South Wales he will love
civil defence. It is a voluntary group
of bank johnnies, clerks, graziers, mechan-
ics, anyone, who come together and
work selflessly in times of emergency.
They have a precisely defined or-
ganisational structure and an elaborate
information and reporting system. The
fact that floods are not far greater
dangers to life and property in New South
Wales is due to their efforts. They work
long hours with a happy kind of dis-
gruntled camaraderie. The ladies make tea
and in trucks and packing Wheat Bix and
Campbell soups for air drops.

It is plain they enjoy working to-
gether, for in a sense it enables them
to be noble, to be much bigger than their
everyday lot. But they too, locked in their
mundane doings, strive to belittle a
reality that gives them so much joy
and meaning. They complain about tired-
ness, they act as if they are impatient
for it to be over and they plan for ways
of minimising the next time. Perhaps
civil defence, like DDT, is too efficient
and killing more than it knows.

The HQ in Gunnedah was in the local
cinema and I watched bored, as teeny-
boppers trooping past the information
desk to a boring Carry on movie all
about idiotic innuendo sex. They showed
no interest or respect for the selfless
guys who so efficiently saved the town.
Neither the reality of the flood nor the
saving had impinged in their world. One
wonders what aspect of the community
did.

So the floods have power but they
don't lack wonder. Maybe. But there is some-
thing cosmic in the retribution the
yankee cotton growers in the Wee Waa
got for their shitheaded attitude to their
workers. All their cotton has all but
been washed away.

And there is something cosmic in
the mushrooms which are springing up now
that the summer sun is warming the water
logged soil. My, oh my!
IKE A poofier on the Piccadilly Liners rack, the minister for immi-

gration, Al Grassby, has been whoring in London for the usual breed of ex cops, 
diennachsted taxi drivers and racist 
shopkeepers to come to Australia and 
piously prosper. Meanwhile, concentra-
tion camps are going up all over Chile. 
Some 2500 of the best radical minds of 
their generation are pleading with the 
United Nations Refugee Commissioner 
passage to other countries. Any 
countries.

Referred to as a "mixed bag of leftists 
from many lands who flocked to Santiago 
to make Allende's marxist dreams come 
true", these people are now dead, 
hailed, incarcerated or hiding out in a 
handful of hospitable foreign embassies 
(ours excluded) and desperately searching 
for new places to settle. Most countries 
have turned their backs, especially the 
socialist ones, and it is typal of 
Australia's shallow straight press that no 
one here has taken up their cause. The 
Labor government should immediately 
make them welcome and pay passages. 
What a refreshing change from pommie 
m'meat rack, the minister for immi-

gration's assessment of where all went wrong. According to Newsweek's 
admitedly risky translation, "the prime mover 
behind the ruthless spirit" of the labor 
camps was Lenin and the megalomani-
acal Joseph Stalin only expanded on the 
former's groundwork.

Dictatorship of the proletariat was 
never a pretty phrase. Until marxism 
is ridden of its more obtruse and authori-

tarian elements, such as hierarchism, 
centralism and belligerent class obsi-
dences, then it continues to bring out 
the bully in the best of us. These are the 

stalinists in trotskyist clothing who 
indirectly rush off telegrams to Grass-
by calling for the banning of Enoch 
Powell or kindle their macho-aggression 
by trashng the Divine Light Mission 
offices - hardly important bastions of 
capitalism. A socialism that is afraid 
of the free reign of ideas isn't worth the 

bloody trade-in.

Far from the state withering away - as 

once supposed of marxist regimes - it 
has now become a faring, obese pig. 
Except in North Vietnam and China, 
where rigorous decentralisation is prac-
tised, often to the astonishment of foreign 
visitors. Even Tibet, often considered 
China's abominable snowman in the 
cupboard, turns out to be a thriving, 

autonomous humdrum of fed bellies, 
with relics of spiritual ancestry preserved 
and not venerated (See T. D. Allman, 
this week's Nation review): so easy, 
why so impermeable? There is no free 
thought in China, the intermittent debate 
droves on.

Labor camps and thought control: too 

high a price to abolish poverty?

It always seems so to the rich who 
at last are going out of fashion. Thanks to 
the sub, grossness has already become a 
liability. Cadillacs clog up the car yards 
and queues clamor outside the bicycle 
shops. Hooray! Diamonds aren't forever.

Have you noticed that the grand 
guns of big shot journalism have stumbled 
across a New Idea, inspired, they claim, 
by the oil crisis. Actually, it is an old 
idea, been kicking around since the youth 

movement of the 60s. Via that national 

income is no longer a valuable index of 
national development. The key to the 
bank vault in the sky is no longer 
industrialisation. The dropouts and back-
to-the-handers are ten years ahead of their 
time. (The yippie money burners in the 
stock exchanges are 15 years ahead of theirs.) Spontaneously, unconscious of 
world politics, people years ago began to 
alter the pattern of their lifestyle. Some 
gave up and returned to a life of work 
and riches, others plowed on, and still do 
in the foothills of both consciousness and 
commune - never taking seriously for 
a moment the concept of gross 
national product.

Which brings me back to migrants. The 
concept of cramming the coastlines with 
factory fodder in fibro pens is greed 
disguised as philanthropy. Thank God for 
these imported teetlers, for diversifying 
and complicating Australian society, but 
each one is a little bundle of inflation and 
and a carrot to the GNP. All quests of their 
own accord welcome, but why subsidise 
overdevelopment?

Why rush in migrants to build 50 

different models of Holden when Austral-

ia should be, with grants, goading people 
to decentralise; getting people out of 
their ridiculous Paddington and Carlton 
ghettos... to head off into the hills for 

creative thrills. The age of anal specialisa-
tion, divorce from the soil and city 

bursting decadence is gone forever. The 
current New statesman advocates a crash 
gross (not pos) growing program for 
Britain, on all available land, including 
that previously earmarked for motor-
ways. Primary production may suddenly 
be restored to its former glory.

At the denouement of last Saturday 
evening's TV western (The garden of evil) 
Gary Cooper turns magnificently to the 
horizon with the words - "Maybe if the 
whole world was made out of gold, people would 
fight each other for a handful of 
dirt."

Yep, I reckon that's what they might be 
doing pretty soon... so don't throw it 
all away to Willmore and Randell...

Harry Gumbot
Bosss short-circuit Sparky

GRANT EVANS

UNIONS are the basic organizations of working class struggle... or at least that's what they are supposed to be. The joke about the waddling, beer-bloated union bureaucrat is so widespread that it's not worth telling. But even this understates the case of some unions and union officials.

A case in point is the Electrical Trades Union (NSW). As a rank and file member commented, "If they were active they would be a laughing stock. But even this understates the case." Arthur, a naturalised electrician, has been looking for a job for about two months now. Previously he worked on the Opera House, where he was a union delegate. Workers at the Opera House were notorious for their militancy which won them good wages and conditions. Arthur was naturally involved.

Since work on the Opera House was finished, Arthur found it difficult to get a job. When he rings up about vacancies they are "filled" as soon as he mentions his name, as happened when he applied for a job at the Malabar Water Treatment Plant.

"I phoned for the job first thing on the day they advertised it. Sometimes they tell me the manager's out or that all the vacancies are filled. In this case they said the manager was out and to phone back later. "How much later?" They say one, two, or three o'clock. When I phone back the conversation goes like this: "I'm enquiring about the advertisement for electrical mechanics, are you still looking for people?" The bloke on the other end goes um is your name Arthur Duncan (no you've obviously got a Lancashire accent). 'Yes! 'Sorry we're full up!'"

"I put the phone down and after two or three minutes a friend of mine rings them and passes on the same story, and he gets told yes, there are plenty of vacancies, but you can't have the job until you can come down for an interview as quickly as possible and that the sooner he could start the better. Then he said, 'I've also got a friend who is an electrician and looking for a job'. And they said, 'If he is an electrician bring him down we need as many as we can get'. His name is Arthur Duncan!' They say, 'No agreement has been reached about Mr Duncan, but if you want a job you had better come down and apply by yourself'."

Where could Arthur turn to as a friend of a friend of the union? He rang them and got put through to Rob Anderson, an official. Arthur had had previous dealings with Anderson when he had been instantly sacked on a job for getting a shop floor organisation going. Talking about the employer's stock stealing squad says that of all the thefts reported to them in the past 10 years, the sheep, cattle and goat thieves. It is alleged that the manager has certain "special services" which the NSW police are not empowered, without warrants, to go on working during the 4-6 months before the appeal is heard. Then the fine may well go up. The fine may well go up to $2000. The existing sentence was never very first session of parliament in 1974, sir Robert Askin's pledges of prosecution. It was made clear last week to the committee that the maximum fine. And so it goes.

They hang goat rustlers hereafter...

R. DAVY

IT'S HARDLY likely that the New South Wales, Mr Maddison, will ever receive the Man of the Year award from the Howard Penal Reform Society or any other similar body. This sad fact was made clear last week at the first session of parliament in 1974, sir Robert Askin's pledges of prosecution. It was made clear last week to the committee that the maximum fine. And so it goes.

Raiding the rubberers...

THE alternative sexuality of Melbourne's suburbs has been flourishing in Elsternwick. One enterprising investor asked for a survey to be done before he launched into the massage business: the survey revealed there are some 90 Melbourne massage parlours supporting approximately 900 clients weekly.

The survey went on to show clients can spend anything from $10 for an oily rub to $200 for sunken pools and whips on velvet cushions at one well appointed bordello. The massage industry has come under pressure from the police department. There have been a number of takeover threats, burglaries, robberies, and shootings with the suggestion of it all emanating from Sydney (see TLD, 1/1).

The owners sought to counter the industry's reputation by setting up a "club" atmosphere with membership fees, swimming pools, billiards; giving the business a veneer of respectability. Unfortunately for them the police launched a raid last Friday on the largest and most successful of these clubs, Le Chateau (with the unlikely address of 10 Home street, Elsternwick). The only charges which have so far been laid are one for possessing and smoking of grass and three charges of living off prostitution.

It's no wonder it took the police five months to plan the raid. In Le Chateau's foyer was a camera such as they have in banks which was monitored in a back room by a series of a series of buzzers at his control. With these buzzers he was able to warn the lady if anything suspicious was happening. Members were given a card and a minor credit check was carried out.

The cards were either blue or yellow; yellow for those clients who were still being checked and blue once the customer was entitled to "special services". The bust started at 11 pm when two cops entered the foyer: the man on the desk was removed from his chair and "placed" in a corner away from the buzzer. The electrically closed door which could only be opened from the inside (to the inner sanctums of the parlor) was "holed" with a well aimed blow by Mr Maddison who had studied Kung Fu, whereas another ten men or so armed upstair were gazing perplexedly and trying not to laugh. It was the general situation.

This raid followed a strange occurrence on the parlor, wherein a policeman obtained a blue card and enticed him to a screw with his hostess. As the lady took the money for the "special" she was charged with prostitution. It is hard to convict the management of a prostitution offence unless they "admit" to knowing this is happening.

The police did, however, manage to find a quantity of grass in the manager's office and he was duly charged. During the course of interview three of the ten girls confessed to being aware of the system and were charged with prostitution offences. It is alleged that the manager has certain "special services" which the police are determined to press home.

Whatever, if the management of the place have the business acumen of their peers who have been already busted, they will appeal against the probable conviction. It is alleged that the sooner he could start the better. Then he said, 'I've also got a friend who is an electrician and looking for a job'. And they said, 'If he is an electrician bring him down we need as many as we can get'. His name is Arthur Duncan!' They say, 'No agreement has been reached about Mr Duncan, but if you want a job you had better come down and apply by yourself'."

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**Perfect Crime:**

**Light up a mission**

PIOTR OLSZEWSKI

A NON-ANONYMOUS group of Melbourne "anarchists" are reported to be waging terror tactics against the Melbourne chapter of the Divine Light Mission.

The first violent assault occurred on December 23 in DLM's ashram at Brunswick street, Fitzroy, Melbourne. On that day the ashram was empty with all devotees at Tullamarine airport welcoming the new group leader, Mahatma Padarthanand. On their return they discovered that someone had entered the building through a window, gone to an upstairs room, hosed together correspondence, chairs, electrical equipment and altar material in the centre of the room and set fire to the pile. Considerable damage was caused.

Another room was entered and paperwork and furniture burnt.

Several days later a phone call threatening Mahatma's life was received. Then, later, a stranger entered DLM's "Soul Food Shop" and informed patrons that the fire was phase one of an action taken by "Melbourne anarchists" and that phase two and three had been planned and would soon be implemented.

**Shock Revelation:**

CIA is in Australia

THE CIA is in Australia but don't be paranoid. Every move we make is being videotaped and recorded. All the telephones are tapped and is being videotaped and recorded. Why even the damn Simpson with its other information.

Memory bank and makes indices complex which commits it to the conversations in coffee shops are every letter which goes through all the marijuana with a chemical dice because... well... we can't karate to Australia. The CIA is alive on Onassis' island in the public service and cake shops.

The CIA has infiltrated unions, keeping the social service pay-peoples will die off. They are making America paranoid and saving money.

**Flash:**

Pat Nixon indicted

RICK WALL

In a press conference at the White House today President Richard Nixon announced that Patricia Nixon had been indicted for her involvement in the Watergate bungling scandal. Nixon claimed that Pat was the chief plunger, and furthermore it was the First Lady who master-minded the whole Watergate affair. Although he slept with Mrs Nixon the president argued that he seldom talked to her, and thus he had no knowledge of the plot or the impending cover up.

At this stage the conference erupted in turmoil. Three Washington journalists vociferously challenged the president's claims. Nixon, obviously upset by the outbursts, proceeded to abuse the journalists by calling them conning and treacherous sons of satan. He said he had been informed that these conspiring reporters would not be content until their own president had fully exposed himself. Spontaneous laughter erupted throughout the press room.

Nixon continued, amid isolated snickering, to inform the gallery that his actions were part of a further campaign to restore credibility to his administration. He said that he was prepared to give evidence against his wife. It was to be hoped that the indictment would relieve the people of their doubts as to his willingness to invoke limitless bounds in his search for the truth.

It proved impossible for Nixon on every point to avoid prejudges throughout the conference. Whilst acknowledging the tape recording, which is perpetually by his side these days, he implied that he was giving the American people wantonly kicking him around. The president said that he hoped these same people would now show more trust and understanding.

Mr Nixon claimed to have enough evidence to ensure that Pat would be put away for many years. Supposedly his willingness to offer this evidence to the courts exemplified his sincerity in his wish to clear the murky Water-gate waters.

The president avoided many questions about his wife, but repeatedly claimed that his actions would be seen as justifiable through the eyes of history. He maintained that history was of greater importance than any present popularity poll. Nixon then told the gallery that his footnote days were gone forever.

President Nixon closed the press conference by forcefully demanding that the whole Watergate issue now be forgotten. With Pat Nixon gone his administration now stood free of corruption and capable of completing all the fine work which it had begun.
The Bathurst Occupation

GREG FRIEWALD

While the New England University student protest against tertiary examinations was probably a more important issue (TLE, 25/5), a second student housing protest late last year - at the conservative Mitchell College of Advanced Education in Bathurst - was significant for the student movement.

In the week before final exams, a "routine" demonstration ballooned into a spontaneous mass occupation of the college administration building, and an eventual compromise between students and authorities.

The Mitchell protest was over a purely domestic issue - the college administration's insistence on increasing 1974 enrolment rates despite inadequate housing facilities on the campus and in the local town.

In effect, the administration was trusting that, in some unexplained way, about 150 students would be able to find accommodation that the only available flats were 

Second, the occupation forced a polarisation amongst students and the college administration, with some 1100 students taking active parts.

Academics signed a petition of resignation, but were unsuccessful in searching for it when they heard it was circulating - and went to the administration on students behalf.

Third, in broader terms, this was the most direct action taken on a CAE campus. And, like New England, Mitchell is a small country campus, largely regional in nature.

The occupation and emergence of the radical Mitchell campus movement set the way for the student movement, away from the city campuses. Certainly, some AIS personnel and Mitchell students are interested in this aspect.

The housing issue at Mitchell remains largely unresolved, but it's unlikely to develop into open conflict again. What has happened is that the issue and action have shown students their potential tactical supremacy.

Mitchell students will certainly use it again.

Four comics running in house, not simply exchanging guest villains as in the Marvel super-hero revivals, but each a part of a larger whole. It was a graphic equivalent to the Lord of the Rings, an epic in seven issues.


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A cynical lifetext by Ian McEwan and on the distractions of our day and age, both divine and decadent.
MAQUINO cheerfully greeted people as she motioned them to a small guest room to her right. "Good morning," she chimed as the last guest walked in. Then, she plucked back to her work, pecking at a portable typewriter. Meanwhile, in the guest room, a motley crowd of men and women were seated around a coffee table. The atmosphere was like the scene of a peak hour train - people jammed in but keeping pretty much to themselves. Another door at the far side of the reception room opened; Romy Bugarin, Marcelo Janair and their two assistants came out of the room. Another healing session by two of the Philippines' better known spiritual healers was over in less than two hours.

The Quezon City Panorama magazine, which it was for all of Manila's first class hotels. The patients: nine Australians, an Indian, and one Japanese. One is from the Christian Travel Centre, a travel agency handling tourist-agents, the other patients wanting to visit one or more healers associated with the Union Espiritista Cristiana de Filipinas.

Another agency, Diplomat Travel & Tours, arranges appointments with healer Tony Agapo in Baguio City, 200 miles north of Manila.

Don Jones, a businessman from Wollongong, injured a leg in an accident two years ago and the Australian doctors told him "you'll never be able to run again." But Jones, spritely at 50, may yet pull a surprise back home. "I just ran for miles along Roxas boulevard this morning and I don't feel pain anymore ever since I started getting treatment from Bugarin," he said.

W. J. Scott, a painter in his 50s, was given magnetic healing and psychic surgery for Parkinson's disease. "I feel great," he said after one of several meetings with Janair.

Others in the group, from New South Wales: Mona Callaway, 52, housekeeper, arthritis; Ms Misay, in her 70s, arthritis; Dianne Scott, 23, clerk, spinal trouble since it was eight years old;" Lagatayo Poltart, 78, shaky hands and deafness; Nina Loucas, 35, varicose veins.

There are no official figures on tourist-patients coming to the Philippines for treatment but there is no doubt this has been growing. "Each month," wrote Domini Torrevillas-Suarez in Manila's Panorama magazine, "some 400 foreigners come for treatment, after having undergone expensive and unsuccessful care in medical institutions abroad. Most of the patients had been told, to the surprise of their doctors."

Healer Josefina "Pining" Sison of Villasis, Pangasinan (three hours north of Manila) disposes of cases - diagnosis and treatment, plus a couple of home-spun jokes thrown in - at a snappy two-minutes-per-patient clip. Treatments, magnetic massage and spiritual injections by assistant Menita Rabara.

A man in his 20s first saw Pining four months ago for treatment of persistent headaches which he has been suffering for 10 years. Elaborate tests in two medical institutions could not pinpoint the trouble. Continued use of drugs prescribed by the doctors began to tell on the patient's hearing. With no relief in site he decided it was time to get help elsewhere. "All she did was press a ball of cotton into my nape, right below the skull, and pull this out from the top of my head. My mother saw it all. She then gave me some herbs to boil for drinking. My headaches have since disappeared," he said.

Businessman Ramon Javeliana of Forbes Park, a fashionable village in the suburbs of Manila, was struck down by a severe stroke six months ago. He spent five weeks in one hospital, moved to a second for another four weeks of physical therapy. "When healer Blanche took over from me there", explained Lirio Quevencu, family nurse, "Mr Javeliana could move around only with great difficulty and with two people at his side. Blanche and assistant Felipe Biton administered magnetic massage twice a week. In one month's time, the patient could walk around the house unassisted."

Word about the healer's miraculous cures got around so fast that today friends, relatives, and neighbors of the Javelinas flock to their Forbes Park home every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday afternoon for treatment of various ills. Blanche is famous for making incisions by making slashing motions with his forefinger five to ten inches away from the patient's skin. Sometimes, he uses the forefinger of a bystander and gets the same result.

Nida Alarica, Alex Orbito's next door neighbor, doesn't mind the noise and litter brought on by the sick (up to 700 on some days). Orbito, according to Alarica, is very handy whenever any member of Alarica's family gets sick. "After that operation in the hospital on an injured leg of my husband some months ago, he began to limp and, later, we noticed the leg getting shorter. We sought the help of Orbito and he obliged by operating. He peeled off the skin over the knee cap, like you would an orange, extracted pus from the exposed knee, restored the skin to its former place and after wiping the area with cotton after the leg was as good as new. No pain. No scar. No more limp."

Jose Mercado of Rosales, Pangasinan, starts his healing sessions by lighting an earthen lamp, including the healthy if they so desire, for spiritual injections. Mercado's injections transformed a stenotic urethra into a normal one and an invisible hypodermic needle and syringe from an open Bible and go through the motions of administering a shot five to ten inches from the patient's arm. Many swear you could actually feel "the needle. In several instances, patients were seen to trickle down the arm from the supposed point of penetration.

Agripina, younger brother of Romy, receives patients at Queenzon City and does home calls to patients too weak to be moved. One, Agripina Leynes, confined at a private hospital in Queenzon City for a "clapped sore of the heart," was allowed by hospital authorities to receive spiritual healing. On his first day, Jose performed psychic surgery on the patient's hand, immediately called a paralytic and psychic surgery for Parkinson's disease. "A process by which the healer, through his faith in a divine source of power, is able to tap healing energies within his own body and from the cosmos, and channel them to the patient and more particularly to those organs or portions of the patient's body which are not functioning as nature originally intended."

Psychic surgery, goes the same booklet, is a means by which the healer gains the ability to 'operate' on the human body using only their bare hands, psychic surgery, or magnetic "laying on of hands" in ancient times is a type of magnetic healing.

Hearald Sherman, author of Wonder healers of the Philippines, wrote in the foreword of Tom Valentine's book, Psychic surgery, he finds it difficult to understand "the tendency of many scientists, doctors, and surgeons to condemn, without investigation, anything new or unorthodox in the way of healing. He looked, a bit enviously, upon all scientists as men with open minds. It was this open mindedness that allowed him to contemplate their access, on the frontiers of science, to new inventions, new techniques, new knowledge, which would be of increasing benefit to mankind. How disillusioning it was for me to discover that the scientists are often the most concerned misguided people of all."

To be sure, studies and investigations have been made but these are the most part, informal, preliminary, and limited in scope. Dr Haro Motzso's experiments on Tony Appao in Japan in the middle 60s may be con-
HEALERS OF THE PHILIPPINES

Faith healers are considered as nearly meeting the exacting requirements of a truly scientific approach. But even then and as Dr Motocya himself stated, the purpose of his investigation had nothing to do with psychiatric surgery but merely "to examine whether Tony's power is able to have influence on the mind and body of the subject without any physical means or any sensory clue." In any case, scientific measurements were made in order to show that Tony was able to demonstrate non physical powers.

Early this year, nine men — from West Germany, Switzerland, the United States, England, Japan and the Philippines — met to carry out the first of a three-stage study of psychic surgery and spiritual healing in the Philippines. Their credentials should inspire confidence in their objectivity. Dr. Friedbert Kapfer, plasma physician; professor B. Kirchhoener, engineer; Dr. H. Nagel, president, Swiss Parapsychological Society; Dr. W. Schieber, physicist; Dr. A. Steiler, physicist and nuclear chemist; Donald G. Waterbeke, biochemist; Dr. Sigun Seumanns, homeopathic physician; Tony Appao, spiritual healer; Joaquin Cunanan, president-general, Union Esperantista Cristiana de Filipinas.

Their initial findings confirmed those made by earlier investigators. Psychokinetic phenomena observed during the healing activities of Juanito Flores, Eleuterio Turco, Jose Merado, Marcelo Jainar, Juan Blanche, Alex Orbito, Josefin Sison, and Virgilio Gutierrez "did not involve fraud, utilised no anaesthetics, did not use scalpels nor knives or other instruments to open the body, required usually from one to ten minutes to perform, permitted in most cases the healer and the patient to remain in street clothes no special precautions to maintain sterile conditions, appeared to cause little if any discomfort to the patient, and left the patient without operative shock."

The report is restrained and carefully worded to avoid any trace of speculation. "At this time it must be said that there is no one theory or combination of scientific theories which can adequately explain the phenomena. It is likely that before a full understanding of these phenomena is achieved, man will need to develop totally new concepts of spirit, thought, and physical matter and of man's relation to the cosmos."

Also it expressed the hope that the world took time out to "study these few healers in depth". The results, it continued, "may well exceed in value the results from experimental research, the more distant reaches of the lakes to pump water. Sago is the staple food. It's blended with coconut in a porridge or toasted as a stretchy bread. In the four or five generations since the Saet clan was driven down the Sepik to settle on the coast, villages have been forced to travel and barter their surplus fish for vegetables, fruit, betel, pots and building materials and even at times for drinking water. Perhaps these patterns of trade and interdependence between these phenomena is achieved, man will need to develop totally new concepts of spirit, thought, and physical matter and of man's relation to the cosmos."

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MEANWHILE

Villagers into urban areas, urban unemployment is high. (Like the Australian visitor, he is included as a matter-of-fact participant in the proceedings.) Whatever the sing-sing lacks in psychological or emotional effects may well exceed the results from experimental research, the more distant reaches of the lakes to pump water. Sago is the staple food. It's blended with coconut in a porridge or toasted as a stretchy bread. In the four or five generations since the Saet clan was driven down the Sepik to settle on the coast, villages have been forced to travel and barter their surplus fish for vegetables, fruit, betel, pots and building materials and even at times for drinking water. Perhaps these patterns of trade and interdependence between them are making villages self-sufficient and isolated villages higher up the Sepik.

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Somare carries with him into national politics

"Missionaries, the bastards ordered our fathers to burn their carvings and sacred spears," says Somare. He was brought up as a Catholic...

Later, after the women and the uninitiated men, including Somare, had been shooed to the other end of the village, I am ushered into the men's house. There I am made to stand on a piece of cardboard on which has been crayoned an empty face and the words "Cowboy Smith". With due solemnity the elders unroll the palm bark casket and from it draw a collection of ornately decorated spears. Whatever "Cowboy Smith" had to do with them, they are said to be the sacred spears that had been hidden from the missionaries.

It seems that Papua New Guinea's chief minister accepted the title of Sana from a genuine pride in his clan's traditions. In broader national terms, it will set a precedent against the sense of cultural shame that has attended European domination.

"The title is not necessarily hereditary," explains Somare. "I have earned it by proving to my uncle Saub that I am more worthy than his own two sons..."

As if on cue, Arcum—one of the sons who has been passed over smiles, reaches across for a cigarette and keeps the packet.

Somare continues: "I remember my first initiation as a boy, I was about eight years old. We were beaten up and thrown in a hut to be bitten by ants and stung by bees. Around that time, my father, who was a police sergeant, was posted away from the district.

and I was adopted by uncle Saub for a while.

Their mutual respect is obvious: it was not always the case, however. Uncle and father had been opposed politically to Michael's impetuous calls for self-government. But the rift was healed before his father died in 1972.

Somare is called away to a VHF radio call from his foreign minister, Albert Moli Kiki, who is about to visit Australia. "Tell them there are eight murders every week in cities like Sydney and Melbourne and eight every night in New York. There is more violence at Australian football matches than in tribal fighting in the Highlands.

"Who are the rock apes?" he muses aloud and storms off to deliver a rousing pep talk to the assembled village. No more play until the village has been cleaned up and prepared for the ceremony. The villagers shuffle and look unimpressed. Some of the elders wisecrack that he is barking like a politician. But Somare personally supervises the rooting out of the basketball goals and even that night, teams are carrying fresh sand to cover the paths.

Ms Veronica Somare and the children arrive in an outrigger canoe from her home village and parties from eight other villages in the region arrive for the ceremony. Polite tabs are kept on all the pigs, fruit, betel and other contributions and borrowings. (Beasts smeared on bodies in lieu of ceremonial piercing; and even the scheduled three day fast has gone by the board.

Indeed the interpretations and rationalisations are so liberal as to allow for an Australian press observer to be stationed as the chief's deputy. He is plumed and adorned. With the chief, he steps down a ramp from the men's house strewn with prostrated bodies and follows on a ceremonial procession around the village and back to the "throne" where Somare Sana is seated. It is not the primitive savagery of his ancestors.

"You see," observes another expatriate soaking in the Wewak hotel, "even with Somare there is only a thin veneer covering the primitive savagery of his ancestors." Around the walls of the dining room hang a motley collection of photographs of the Japanese surrender in 1945—calculated, presumably, to offend any Japanese guests.

"With kulture vultures like these, who worries about missionaries?"

RETURNING to Wewak, the region's administrative centre 60 miles west of Murik lakes, a reporter asks what's the population of the town. "Round 350," he is told. Even for a government liaison officer the 10,000 odd locals still don't count.

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"With kulture vultures like these, who worries about missionaries?"

THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS, January 15-21, 1974 — Page 11
I'm swaying down Roslyn Street from the Cross on a sunny afternoon this week. Not a care in the world. Feeling light of mind and body, legs and breasts flowing freely in the long, loose clothes.

Coming about the corner is a sunburned youth in a scolded and clinging Bazza McKenzie t-shirt. I'd like to get on with t-shirts. The guy's drawing level with me; something of the hole in King's Cross about him. I don't look in his face.

Swift as a kung fu jab, his hand lunges out and he grabs my right tit with eye defying speed. It's a potent minimal motion, chi sao's 'flowing stream', the instinctive hand placement of the wing chun style. He's taken advantage of me in an anachrono flash and passed on his way, good and gone.

A time lapsed before it sinks in. Moments later my surprise gives way to inclusion of the dawning REALIZATION that I've been used and exploited. What an insult! Bloody maniac walking around to see his cock coolly walking on as if nothing had disturbed the flow of a long afternoon.

I want to hurl obscenities at him with all my seething anger. Clobber him with all my might across the head. But his hands are more than some arm's length away now and I walk on. Will I run after him? What would I do?

I flash on as Angela Mao throwing a neat kung fu back-ward kick, or a powerful open handed chop to the jaw, with a blood curdling shriek. But that's unrealistic of course. I could scream, hit, destroy, take retribution for what he's done. Rage would overtake me as I keep walking on, doing nothing.

If I resort to aggression it might provoke him to violence and I'm afraid I'd get hurt or he'd cause me more humiliation - an embarrassing scene. At a safe distance, I turn around again and see him on the second floor of one of those ratty King's Cross guest houses I'd go back up the hill after him, and I'm afraid I'd get hurt or

And my mother, unthinking, in her white clinging Bazza McKenzie t-shirt. We're all doing it. I'd really like to get a taste of what it was like in a socialist country. However, comrade Balasova is not satisfied with this mild arrangement. The further eased orders that no female employees or performers can come to work bias-less.

"So the door guard started to check on this piece of non-apparel by going over the backs of the entering comrades with his palm. Several of the women hit him on the nose, so a female guard was assigned this duty. Then comrade Balasova had a photo made of the model male haircut, short, no sideburns. There are four photos, full face, left and right profiles, and from the back.

Today I'd strangle him with his free hand to feel up my school uniform. I was panting so hard I thought I'd die. I yelled, "Get fucked! And my mother, unaware of what had transpired behind her back, looked at me in frozen shock.

I got so fed up with swinging arms hitting their target like lightening in the street, and being gouged by crepe paper bags in crowded Italian buses, that one day I gave a young groper his own treatment back. He moved off down the other end of the bus as if stung.

A few times in similarly public situations I've attempted to hurl loud accusations at the culprit, drawing red rising shame and silence from him. Keep your hands to yourself, my Merchant. I'm not sure it's a good game really, if you can get it together.

But I'd like to pay them all back for the trauma of my first early adolescent assault, on the steps of Palings building, a dry cleaner's delivery man used his free hand to feel up my school uniform. I was walking home heavily with fear that I could join in my acting class after that. Today I'd strangle him with his wire hangers. Now it's different. It's become political.

William Chester put paid off for making light of rape, when some American feminists held him down and tried to give him a taste of what it was like in a femaleRib. Squalling to the cops and drag­

That's a buzz. But in all sanity, let's hope not. We don't want to take on the dehumanising agro that's the fascist legacy of a man of any world. I walk on and catch the bus away from Bazza the sexist sneak. Watch out for him ladies and give him one for me.

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This letter from Graham Greene appeared in the dec 28 issue of New statesman.

The body defiled
Judith Rich

The body beautiful

Our January issue had an article about well formed feet, or the lack of them, long festering, among men; no, we don't want to bring the issue into focus.

What can I do to this pose for degrading me as a sex object? There is no way for a body to be uninhibited by my social condi­

tioning of anything unadly­

ly-like has been the problem for years, I'm helpless. But then, why meet aggression with aggression? At least I'm holding on to my dig

Graham Greene,

Paris, France

"It's the same thing as with literature. What is allowed to a foreign writer of renown is forbid­

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"It's the same thing as with literature. What is allowed to a foreign writer of renown is forbid­

Correspondent David & Sylvia in the last issue of TLD asked why there was nothing on Harry Hooton. Which is reasonable. Except I suspect that now 15 years after his death, few people have heard of Hooton, whose collected poems were published posthumously under the title It is great to be alive.

About three years ago his memory was revived by A. C. Cantrill in their film Hooton which expressed in dynamic visual terms his “anarcho-technocracy”. They then claimed him as some sort of downunder Buckminster Fuller as a sort of “pop” David Elstein’s claim that George Greenough is the “Buckminster Fuller of the ocean”.

I'm not sure how long the Hooton myth can be sustained, but it's interesting that TLD readers can be surprised that he is ignored in his lifetime when he was as much a myth as he is now. He did much to sustain the myth, I remember as a budding poet, being taken to visit him. He was dying, but continued to hold a bedside audience and was full of humor - a constant barrage of puns and verbal paradoxes, spherics and rhetoric. He was a grand man of the old school. A few weeks later I saw him again. He threw a party; the Sydney Push crowded round his bedside in a farewell tribute. Then a week later he was dead.

Hooton was an anarchist of sorts (just as Buckey can be rightly described as an anarchist) in so far he was opposed to man's power over man. As a technician he was interested in man's power over machines. Hence his notion of “anarcho-technocracy”, or “manarchy”. He rejected governments, psychology, philosophy, universities, and artists preoccupied with human problems. For him the proper artist is the technician, the proper engineer the one who manipulates matter rather than men. He proposed a utopian new world of manarchies: “All handling of man is man handled," he insisted, “as a man handled his wife's idea. It is great to be alive. A t the crossroads we instead followed his instructions quite closely. We should have looked behind. But... we buried him at last.

Harry Hooton was a great man ("I say that every man alive is great, no matter who he is? For it is great to be alive!") great because he became a legend in his own lifetime, and because the legend persists. He was also a good poet. His work reads today as well as it ever did, and his deep-breathed reality.

Above all else he was a word-spinner. No one else I have met could play with words with the same ease, create poetry out of such a myriad of ideas. He was pop before the concept was invented, paradoxical in his use of humor to express serious ideas, and so full of himself that everything was devastated by his onslaught. Take his work The human race. This favorite section deserves Hooton's voice to do it justice, but read it with raccoilers Joe Brown or Ken Howard in mind.

"On to the Fifth International! - They're - OFF! Starters and riders acceptances Mr Cheers and the Duke of York passing the halfmile post yes, it's Big Barrett leading by five lengths from MC, and looks like Butler closely followed by Lady Sweet with Agenbite, Discobolos, Ball Standing Orders a few lengths back at the five furlong Coming is leaving the field and Going is left leading Blockbuster and Homburg are now right out of the picture - but moving up smartly on the outside is Atom, Leon & Lady Light with Butler Eliot Mr Cheers and Big Barrett last. Comin' to the straight! And you're ALL in it - where one man addresses, redresses, undresses another it's circles, wheels, balls, spheres, closed systems with first sickle with his radicalism, or with anything that is peculiarly Hooton-esque, my favorite poem of his is THE CART

We buried him at last:
A hundred monks in file,
With heads and eyes downcast,
Had followed without pulse,
With neither smirk nor smile
Until we buried him at last.
They found out their mistake
But we buried him at last.
It was his wife's idea
To have a hundred monks
March along behind
The hearse.
To put it terse:
There weren't any monks -
But we got a good show of drunk
(With promises of beer)
Who said they wouldn't mind
Dressing for us.
And bringing up the rear -
It was his wife's idea.
It nearly broke her heart...
With downcast eyes and head,
They lost the hearse.
And, which was worse,
They followed instead
With slow and measured tread
The nightcart.
They should have looked ahead
For it nearly broke her heart.
Still, we buried him at last.
(It was not his wife's idea -
Her instructions were quite clear.
They were not to raise their heads.)
The nurse went on ahead.
At the crossroads we instead
Followed the cart.
We should have looked ahead
For it nearly broke her heart,
But... we buried him at last.
We received your welcome and dear old letter dated May 8th from France. I was very upstairs over it. I had no idea that you would get to the front so soon — it gave me a dreadful shock. You are only a boy yet, Douglas. Don't flout the news here, and by rights you should not even be thinking now instead of fighting for your King and Country, big enough to endure the trial, may I say bravely? But I am trying hard and valiantly to be brave. I pray and hope every hour for your safety and glorious homecoming. O for the day I see you again, both you and your dear, gallant, lionhearted brother Dalton. He is a marvellous boy. At present we are reading a tale of tilting of Balicourt by Capt. Beaumont, and I can hardly believe Dalton has done all those dreadful things without a scratch.

He is indeed protected by the Almighy — I think I told you how one of his letters to his father was written in ink. He said that Dalton was the combatant braver than himself after the incident was over — I just knocked the three hats flying. Very, one of the awful shock, and no one was more shocked than myself after the program ended. The king must have felt greatly moved to "a. We went for a walk around the ocean this month but only to dig for "upland" and he bought nice intermediate. I gave him your "pass,

of my esr'es, and so you are I everyone that you are the light of my eyes, you see. I am glad you saw Tom, he was a splendid man. No wonder he looks tired, and well he ought. I remember so he was a nice gentlehearted boy, and always looked to be smiling and looking.

I saw the account of the great review that you attended in the papers. What a proud sight it would have been to have you there. When you come home but he is looking chums too. God bless and protect you, my dear little boy, and a thorough gentleman. He will go far. I am going to get general Lee, an old friend of our family, to pin, it on, General Lee is in command here now in place of G. Ramachetti.

Eileen and Mabel made me a lovely grey silk frock, and my hat is a dainty little piece of tulle; Dad had a good win at the races and gave me the money to buy a good frock, so we went up to dinner. Bernice has a ticket to a commercial house. Well love, look out.
Rayner Balfour

Mike McClellan is good...period

Mike McClellan has the good fortune to record his first album under conditions more relaxed than those facing most Australian musicians entering the recording situation. OK, you've got 2½ hours, make a top selling record, artistic creation by the stopwatch.

God rest ye gentlemen, at Armstrong's you must pay for your own record period. Which is more than I can say for Mike McClellan'sConstellation Col Joye gave Mike the chance to make and produce his record as he wanted it. The Stompin' the Blues Story has it that the album was sent to Wally Heider's Nashville studio with the instructions to mix it into the back of a black and white television set. Mike McClellan would like to head over to Nashville and cut his next two cpi's they'd like to have them. Possible.

Anyway, the production of Mike McClellan is very good, not "good for an Australian record", but good. Period. Which is a step less than he deserves. One of Australia's most capable acoustic guitar operators, singer-songwriters, songwriters, his songs are all good, some are excellent. The instrumentation is tasteful and restrained. Mike's ability to pick up and be a part of himself in the main accompaniment throughout, rhythm sections, strums and solos being brought in where complementary which is sensible. A good enough picker to keep his own.

Side one kicks off with Blues for Country, an example of how raw a country piece that tells of "Ginny with her bair in arms", unmarried or abandoned mother, the other side of the rails, gets propositioned by the landlord and malicious by the barmaid. She's a hard luck case but the concluding lines:

But what about your child, can you give him all he'll need, is your independence an ex-

Music

Hash about unbridled Opry House

Hats off to Johnny Ashcroft with his 22 years in the music business and records behind him, warmed every mum and dad's heart with his old hit song, "Bojangles," a bit of "aussie opera," which turned out to be that tragic aria for parents everywhere, "No more beer. He prolonged the national agony by singing yet another in that line of ballads, "Sorry Maggie Magnolia Tree, as the lightning man went delirious with dramatic color effects making you shed a tear or two sentiment all over the hall. But there was a knockout with La International Airport.

Until then it's been a clean, homely show for the folks, with Johnny Ashcroft anchoring the show by getting for letting a "rude word" (bloody) slip into his act. Then followed a 20-year-old showing on the stage like an ounce of smack in a Betty Sidney cake mix. He brought out his 70-year-old man with varying and gutsy sex, long distance haulters and hitchhikers, with a gruff, affectionate portrayal of an old man, singing a sound like a didgeridoo - for his own hit composition, Old man Emu, in the Rolf Harris bag of aussie bananis.

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Mike McClellan is good...period
Deepthroat the hard-faced road

MUSIC

WINDMILL IN A JET FILLED SKY: John Hambrick (Brown Bag Records [thru Festival] BBL 37457)

JOHN Hambrick has a deep, country and western voice and sounds as believable as Johnny Cash used to sound before he became a member of the Billy Graham sales team.

He wrote the whole album except for two of the tracks and throughout it has a hard beat to it. He wrote the song "McCoy and Pig Robbins. They are strong musicians and they all combine to give Hambrick's rugged voice the Nashville countertop it needs.

The lyrics are as wise as Kristofferson's, but without any of his world weary pseudo Hemingway. Hambrick's around, but he's liked a lot of what he's seen. And when it comes to the things he doesn't like, well, the man still hasn't lost sight of the fact that things could improve if we let them.

The toughest thing going against a singer like Hambrick is that he's never had a hit single. Certainly not in this country. So he hasn't been promoted and fated and nobody knows the trouble he's seen. And I'll be you have a hell of a time finding someone in a record shop who's actually heard of the guy.

Well, you're waiting for your own copy to arrive, here's a track by track look at the album.

Hambrick Road: A testament to the guy's heritage (be it a fast moving song which slots into the track next to it easily and with a bristle, clearly picked dobro keep this track my favorite. And any­

Joy and Angel: Music and images of Hambrick as Easy Rider (without blood shed) and "Where he used to be". From the tinkly "Armstrong" guitar intro to the simple base beat this song never pretends to be more than an evocation of memories.

The toughest thing going against a singer like Hambrick is that he's never had a hit single. He's seen. And I'll be you have a hell of a time finding someone in a record shop who's actually heard of the guy.

Well, you're waiting for your own copy to arrive, here's a track by track look at the album.

Hambrick Road: A testament to the guy's heritage (be it a fast moving song which slots into the track next to it easily and with a bristle, clearly picked dobro keep this track my favorite. And anyone who'd go, thank you for the compliment.

Me And My Friend: Happy beaming (I thought I heard Kenny's guitar in there somewhere, and if it isn't there it's certainly everywhere good). The song is so appropriate to the Australian mate ship myth, funny coming from an American.

Silence Of My Heart: It reminds me of Johnny Cash's South Wing and even Frankie Laine's Wild Goose song ... not too much I'm sure, but in its general at­

Stand Back: The attitude that he's collected on his image he may have a hell of a time even finding someone who's actual­

Hard Face Road: The toughest thing going against a singer like Hambrick is that he's never had a hit single. The man still hasnt lost

While you're waiting for your copy to arrive, here's a

Deepthroat the hard-faced road

One-hit-wonder makes comeback

You know that's a game that I

I want to let you in on something that I've been working on for a while. It's about a month after I heard this track and I started writing the lyrics. I knew I wanted to write a song about how I feel when I'm with you. I've been trying to put my feelings into words, and I think this song captures it all.

The song is about how I feel when I'm with you. It's filled with romantic gestures like "I love you" and "I'll always be there for you". It's a love song that I hope will bring us together.

This track is a tribute to the person who has been there for me through thick and thin. It's about the bond we share and the love we have for each other.

I hope you enjoy this song as much as I enjoyed writing it. It's a special one for me, and I think you'll love it too.

Please let me know what you think of the track and how it makes you feel. I'm always open to feedback and suggestions.

Love,
[Your Name]
**MUSIC**

**Ariel off the air**

**COLIN JAMES**

Last week the Federation of Australian Broadcasting Stations warned radio stations not to play three tracks of last year's latest album.

According to the federation, this was prompted by a warning issued by the Broadcast Control Board because of "lyrical content." Two days later this was denied by the president of the federation, Les Hyde (also a director of radio SKY), who said that the ban had been initiated not by the board, but by a station member of the federation.

This was not the first trouble the group has had with the radio stations over the record. Several weeks ago, while performing the album live on radio SKY, they were mapped off the airwaves when they started to play one of the banned numbers, Chicken shit.

Apparently there was a misunderstanding because the band was under the impression that they could perform the number on the live air show, and the station was under the impression that the band knew they could.

Following the ban Bob Beck, SKY's manager, said that none of the three tracks had ever been included on XY's playlist. He went on saying that the station had received the recommendation (from the board) when the album was released early this month and that, frankly, he supposed the ban.

There is some feeling in the music business, that frankly, it was his station that initiated the ban.

According to Mike Rudd of Ariel, the album had been played on XY's album show that goes on Sunday nights. Two of the banned tracks, Confession of a psychopathic cowpoke and Miracle man were played, but the DJ, John O'Donnell, shied clear of Chicken shit.

Those two tracks have also been played with some regularity on Adelaide's progressive SKA and neither station has yet received a complaint.

According to Mr. Cross (director of Member Services of the Australian Broadcasting Federation), the federation has not completely banned the songs. He is quoted in the Melbourne Age as saying:

"We have suggested to radio stations throughout Australia that they restrict the playing of these tracks. If they broadcast them, we will write and remind them of our suggestions. If air play continues the control board is entitled to apply sanctions against the stations."

As there has been no directive from the control board this means the radio stations are censoring themselves under the smoke screen of a "higher directive."

For Ariel the ban isn't too bad. The album wasn't getting much airplay anyway, and the ban will guarantee it at least another 2000 sales.

---

**STU HAWK**

A FRICAAAAA. Sort of hangs round that Colgate ring of confidence, don't it. Steve J. Spears, relatively unknown genius, who has been paying his dues in 23 year instalments, has written a degree of praise/recognition/notoriety/infamy to the Jane Street theatre in about the like for fragmentary revues and provides the music with the a set up the theatrical formula. Enough of fairy tales.

So far Steve J. has written three and numbered his scripts, sketches and surrealistic nature. Its theme is between "the situation" in Australia and the people in the play are white acting/performers playing blacks pretending to be whites, so that even where a "white" folk singer enumerates the attributes of black girls in a highly subversive way it's really a black man adopting the mores of a white culture. Read that again!

If any of you can tear yourself away from your stereo systems, he can be found either in Melbourne or Perth, a state of affairs explained in this song for those with eyes to see. Find him if you can and listen; I can assure you it's worth it.

I should apologise to those who have written but have not been answered. Have patience. I have been even more disorganised than usual lately. I think about you often.

---

**STEVE ELLIS** is one of the best of the singer-songwriters working in Australia at present. He has a lovely touch on the guitar, and his songs are strongest when he sings them himself.

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**O'Rourke's Songbook**

**Trade Winds**

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**THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS, January 15-21, 1974 — Page 19**
Ross Hill

I n the beginning was the word, so they say, anyway they're powerful things even if they didn't come first. "I" to the Hare Krishna crew put most people off the idea of chanting, they all look so serious and cross, their heads clash with Western eyebrows.

But the Indians have been chanting it for time immemorial. It has been said that there are hindu sects in India where the Hare Krishna mantra (or prayer or chant or magical spell), depending on your point of view, could not stop for many thousands of years and that's a groove, powerful.

From my own experience the choice of the mind starts up faithfully if you chant, it's a self-event. It's not different from rehearsing a song partly in your head except that the repetition builds up the strength of the pattern inside and outside and this gives a mantra tremendous power when you consider how long it's been on the Easi and Middle Eastern Top Forties.

It's a question of identification and projection, assuming you believe in perfect masters or gurus or divine reincarnations or just beings that are higher than you, mean you can be cynical if you want to, one thing you've made contact with a man or woman of knowledge you can't give thought and logic the prime position any more. "I think therefore I am" isn't true and the Western counter-culture has inherited this distrust of the rational mind, or more precisely has come to see its limitations. Dylan and Ginsberg and Kerouac have only highlighted it. A few of us have lucineous, music, dancing, meditation, and chanting, all try to transcend the vicious circles that thinking too much has worn down into our heads.

Chanting, with its connection to poetry and music, is one of the quickest safest and most accessible ways of doing it. You can do it anywhere, because it goes on in your mind's ear, unlike the Krishna crew it doesn't antagonise, and unlike the Cabbala and Western magic it isn't confusing and overburdened with unending theosophical scholarship which to say mind falls into the same trap it proposes to save one from.

Everyone knows the power of words, the power their meaning has is one aspect, the power the sound has is another. (If you doubt what I'm saying try screaming fuck in Mitchell library.) And so sounds connect with mutual notes and these connect with colors and these connect with symbols and these connect with particular centres or areas of the body. The knowledge of which centres the correspondence is one path, I'm not saying it's the best or the only one, the Tao Te Ching does without it and so does Don Juan in his teachings, but you can get very high on it.

The centres in the body are the base of the spine, the genital region, the heart, the throat, the third eye and the very top of the head. The corresponding seed syllables are lam, ram, ram, yam, ham and ohm, the last centre at the very top of the head is beyond mantra or if there's a mantra it's still a secret for me.

It's all a question of vibrations, of sending good vibes into your body. Some people worry too much and have too much, some fuck too much, some shit too much, some control too much. Or the opposite, everyone's out of balance, that's the curse of life, the karma. Once you start meditating and chanting, all try to transcend the vicious circles that thinking too much has worn down into our heads.

So if you try to use mantras to gain powers to feed the ego you slip into black magic and mind control and lose power and trips. But fortunately for the soul, black magic soon becomes unbalanced in another way (hence schizophrenia and asylums).

F you're disenchanted with your present guru, interested in pursuing spiritual development, or just curious to discover what a guru's all about, it could be worth your while to visit Swami Muktananda Paramahansa. Swami Muktananda will be visiting Australia from March 1 to April 20. This will be his second visit to Australia. The first, three years ago, was with Richard Alpert who introduced the Swami to audiences.

Briefly, the Swami, an adept master of Siddha Yoga, stresses the practical aspect of spiritual experience rather than the theoretical. By awakening divine consciousness through means of Shaktitap initiation the Swami maintains that he can show you how to reach the ultimate spiritual development of your inner self, even though your outer self is contained in non-harmonious surroundings, and busy pursuing the mundane chores of everyday life. Consequently the Swami attracts as devotees not only the counter culture riffraff but also the more ordinary folk, laborers, etc.

The Swami was born near Mangesore on May 16, 1908, to rich parents under "usual circumstances". His mother was having his usual dawn mouthwash under a coconut tree in the compound of her house when, without warning, the Swami-to-be popped out and, with agility that is rare on their head.

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**Daylights**

**FLICKERS**

**Dalliance**

Brisbane. Shy, frustrated, young guy, prefers GETTING and DALLIANCE. Prefer over 20 but willing to consider younger. Prefer female. Write to: INC box 7459.

Sydney. Two slim, 25's, would like to meet others for fun evening. Prefer under 20. Maybe we could make it. Take a risk. INC box 7459.


**Dwellings**

Canberra. Own room. Furniture. Phone one woman. Write to: INC box 7460.

Perth. Large house for share. South Perth. Write to: INC box 7460.

**Duet**

Darwin. 25's, willing to share large, furnished, double bedroom. Prefer over 25's. Write to: INC box 7460.

**Dwellings**


**Dalliance**


**Dwellings**


**Dwellings**

Sydney. Straight looking motor er; for genuine friendship. Prefer over 20 years of age. Write to: INC box 7460.

**Dalliance**

Sydney-Narrabri district. Camp meeting group. Contact: Peter, 82-4598. Write to: INC box 7460.

**Dwellings**

Melbourne. Suitable house for 3 guys. rings to Sue. Write to: INC box 7460.

**Dwellings**

Melbourne. Two rooms to spare. Large house with garden. Own room. Reasonable rent. Call 7 Mary street, St Kilda. Write to: INC box 7460.

**Dalliance**


**Dwellings**

Melbourne. Furnished room. $15.00. Apply 464 Rae street, Rushmead street, Malvern. Write to: INC box 7460.

**Dwellings**


**Dwellings**


**Dwellings**

Canberra. One female, one male, share accommodation. Write to: INC box 7460.

**Dwellings**


**Dwellings**


**Dwellings**

Canberra. Share a house with 1 boy and 1 girl. Write to: INC box 7460.

**Dwellings**

Melbourne. Student (femme) required to share large terrace with one other. Own room. $8.00. Write to: INC box 7460.

**Dwellings**

Melbourne. Room available in large furnished share h. Share expenses. Write to: INC box 7460.

**Dwellings**

Melbourne. Room in furnished large house and garden. Own room. $15.00. Apply 444 Bar street, Fitzroy. Write to: INC box 7460.

**Dwellings**

Melbourne. Two rooms in own house. One girl. Write to: INC box 7460.

**Dwellings**

Melbourne. Student (female), requires decent dwelling place, late February, $15.00. Apply, Ring 501-9862. Write to: INC box 7460.

**Dwellings**

Sydney. Student group (female), requires decent dwelling place, late February. Apply 81-7171. Write to: INC box 7460.

**Dwellings**


**Dwellings**


**Dwellings**

Melbourne. Share accommodation. Two good rooms to spare. Large house with garden. Own room. Reasonable rent. Call 7 Mary street, St Kilda. Write to: INC box 7460.

**Dwellings**

Canberra. Own room. Reasonable rent. Call 7 Mary street, St Kilda. Write to: INC box 7460.
MELBOURNE

Page 24 — THE LIVING D, 51.9563, 5.30, $.150.

Centre, 7.15 pm, $1.20, 80c.

Clark Gable, "Dinner at LOW" — "Red Dust" with

PO Box 23, Surry Hills.

477.5503, 5.30, $.150.

Centre, 7.15 pm, $1.20, 80c.

Frank T reynor's

Chris & Eva 51.9563 or

"KUSH" : Croxton Park

"CLOUD 9" : Whitehorse

gardens,

"M O Z A R T CLARINET

Red nosed comedians, etc:

"HALL", Barber Shop

"CHINA", 3A R, 10.15

Waltzing M atilda, Spring

W ednesday

"ELVIRA MADIGAN": Croxton Park hotel, Prin-

"FO R R E ST  HILL

"ISRAEL MY SON": Prospect Hill hotel.

"PANTHER": Prospect Hill hotel.

"M ARIENBAD": (Resnais):

"LAST YEAR IN PETULIA": (Dick Lester),

"PUSS IN BOOTS": by N orman Sm ythe: 3AR


"SHERBET & PI RANA": Prospect Hill hotel.

"SHERBET & PIRANA": Prospect Hill hotel.

"SHERBET, STUMBLE": Bondi Junction.

"THE BAND PRIMA DONNA": Clarendon the-

thurs-sun, 8.30, $3, $2.50, $1.50.

"THE RAIL": 821331, 7.30.

"THE RAIL": 821331, 7.30.

"WHAT'S UP DOC": (10), "BLINKERS SPY

"2100 OLD TOMB EX CA V A TED" , "2100 OLD TOMB

"THE KING'S JOURNEY": (Resnais): ABC

"THE STORYBOOK": YWCA, 929.7377, 8.15—11.30pm,

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**WILL BLUE, now that you're back on the land, how's it feel? Your quick festive trip to the big city convinced you even more that the cities are decaying, that the old friends are dead, that all your childhood faith in the dirt, that '79 is the year to double the size of the farm, you're way off!**

Well Blue, if you need some help in the city, you might find a large scale than was previously thought non-existent, most of these in some of the larger cities of the world. It's a strange thing and creates a kind of info source on agriculture. Comes to you from the Food and Agriculture organisation, part of the United Nations, but it's FAQ books in print 1973, AOPS P.O., Box 84, Canberra, ACT.

* * *

**THERE'S a group of people in Melbourne about to start an indexable service on education. For the past year they have been collecting and distributing information on a fairly wide range of topics related to education — from important but not widely read government publications, overseas articles generally available here etc.**

The basic idea is that subscribers to the service would receive on a monthly basis an indexable material: from this one could purchase those articles which are of interest and in this, and thus in the construction of roads in our underdeveloped area (Frenzy and routine, washing, baby). The latest info in the Express could get told of who was and when: in that the ARF Council was made up of General Motors, Ford, BP, Shell, Oil, and the like will also write to Kevin and Mary 2/33 Thomas St, Paddington, 11 apr. 5.30-7.00 am, 5.30-7.00 pm.

**SOME Feedback: “A couple of people in Melbourne have started on a directory for the alternative scenes in Melbourne, and fantasies: No. 4 jetty.**

TO THE PRISON — A BBC drama, 2.00, 8.00 pm.

**THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS, January 15-21, 1974**

**Dear Newspaper,**

Please reserve for me a copy of The Living Daylights every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

**Name**

**Address**

**Postcode**

Would you buy a newspaper from these people? (Page 25 of 26)
There's gold in them thar hills still!

Walhalla, Thursday, January 10, 1974

Acting on information received, police fought their way through eight feet high blackberry bushes to seize and destroy one thousand marijuana plants, on the Thompson farm near Walhalla in Gippsland today.

A rich one bearing area at the end of last century had fast its chance of becoming a well-known and important Gold producer.

~ but then, the mushes season is coming up soon.~

Defining anarchy

THE CONCISE Oxford dictionary defines anarchy as: absence of government; disorder; confusion. Thus it further misunderstands. John Christmass writes about his great aunt Vio-letta. Thus he furthers misunderstand- ing. John Christmass condemns bud- dhist and Christianity. Thus he furthers misunderstanding. LFD (1/10) confines it to purely socio-political interpretations of an- archy. Thus LFD further misunderstands.

The ever clear Harry Gumbot says "anarchy means controlling your own life. But a tear drop in a drought is insignificant!" Since there is no understanding, how can there be anarchy? The dictionary says anarchy is disorder and confusion. Therefore there is an- archy.

Two definitions of anarchy oppose each other. There is contradiction. In seeking one the other is furthered.

1. Both are right and the differences inherent and irreconcilable.

2. One is right and the other wrong.

3. Both are wrong, and thus the right way is as yet unknown to many, or the average person is the one to help achieve.

Further, it can be concluded that:

1. If both are right they both have either no understanding or incom- plete understanding.

2. If one is right then the other should be questioned by the supporters and changes should occur.

3. If both are right then the differences inherent and irreconcilable.

IT AMAKES me that supposedly educated radicals can consider that anarchism (presumably meaning the absence of coercive authority) is a serious political project. I would consider that the ideal every genuine radical should strive to achieve to the consequences of the which would necessarily entail the existence of coercive authority. Of course any rhetorical potentiality is a threat to the basis of social progress it would be necessary to have a conceivable meritocracies.

If it was the case that all individuals were really equal in ability a state of affairs only likely to be found in a robot society; then an anarchistic society would be socially progressive. Some might say that the potential for human equality exists but that the present social environment prevents its realisation; but the fact is that human ability and behavior is not only determined by social environment but also by biological heredity and it is a scientific fact that we are all biologi­cally different.

So without a progressive merit­ocracy able to effectively exercise coercive authority human society will come to a premature end because the many problems that threaten society can only be effectively tackled by the application of mankind's intellectual assets. I understand that the historical worth of primitive communism could be said to be an anarchist society but it is only on such a low technical and cultural base that anarchism is viable. Due to the consequences of the Ecology Problem (if the bomb doesn’t do it first) mankind, prior to its personal identity, will probably have to return to a state of primitive communism.

Where are you Ben?

YOU SHOULD do a few scores on the timing heroes like Ben Hall, Pidgeon (aboriginal tracker). Eric Cook, Julian Peter Hurn and Robert Greenwell, Bentham and Flower, and the numerous juvenile delinquents and wanderers.

The Demon Parachute, Inglewood, WA

Ah! Hello!

SCARED the shit out of me. I’m really glad there are still people who can do the keeping, "Who are the Inmates?" A real life look in TV dimension at the people who do the keeping (no member De Sade?)

Page 26 — THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS, January 15-21, 1974
especially the part where the govern­
hment has given itself the right to
violence, he was born to jump, twist,
about which he was vaguely acquainted
and as a temporary lifting of the
diligent truth seeker finds and so years
the brilliancy of such contemporary play­
ers as The Art Ensemble of Chicago,
from scriptur­
and as John Coltrane, Eric Dolphy, Albert
famous for seven months.
the first year of a "Certificate of
My name is I.Z. Barker, and I was only a year
dead at the time of writing this letter. I am
breakfast. Before I go, I would like to say
and clogs up the system, and is
Some authorities say that the human
digest and clogs up the system, and is
to see this film and to help get it
are of

PHIL,

Kendall, Tas.

Wedding in white?

WOULD you go to see a film entitled:
Wedding in white? I wouldn't, that's for

Kendall, Tas.
Kohoutek fizzed... and with it the prayers of the pessimists, ha ha.

"your money out of shares because they're going to be worth nothing in a few months just buy one of whatever you need. going to collapse at any moment, so I time. And the whole property thing's should sell your house now, if you can something that's bound to appreciate there's only one sensible thing to do with money and that's to spend it on colours. And the other thing is, don't whatever happens, like English water... the money you're going to save in the back in September, so we've been prepared summer, all food will have gone up by 500 per cent. A tin of baked beans will £1—and you simply won't be able to get some things at all, like sugar and bread and lasagne. We've had the garage piled high with tins of rice pudding and potato salad since October. We've turned the coal cellar into a deep-freeze worked by a generator in the sitting-room And Nigel says that when the oil runs out, probably by the end of the year, he can rig up a sort of windmill on the roof which will make enough electricity to light three 40-watt bulbs and work the washing machine. So we're alright—I don't know about you? It's probably a bit late to start stocking up now—up our way in Hampstead, the shops have been completely out of most things, like tagliatelli and tarragon and croissants, for weeks. Anyhow, when everything runs out, you can always pop up and have dinner with us one night, can't you?"

'Well, of course, Nigel saw it all coming back in September, so we've been prepared for months. Nigel says that by next summer, all food will have gone up by 500 per cent. A tin of baked beans will cost £1—and you simply won't be able to get some things at all, like sugar and bread and lasagne. We've had the garage piled high with tins of rice pudding and potato salad since October. We've turned the coal cellar into a deep-freeze worked by a generator in the sitting-room And Nigel says that when the oil runs out, probably by the end of the year, he can rig up a sort of windmill on the roof which will make enough electricity to light three 40-watt bulbs and work the washing machine. So we're alright—I don't know about you? It's probably a bit late to start stocking up now—up our way in Hampstead, the shops have been completely out of most things, like tagliatelli and tarragon and croissants, for weeks. Anyhow, when everything runs out, you can always pop up and have dinner with us one night, can't you?"