The Living Daylights 2(6) 12 February 1974

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Editor

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Recommended Citation
http://ro.uow.edu.au/livingdaylights/16
Richard Beckett
beats up the week’s news
NOT ONLY BRITISH SCREWS UP THINGS UP: There were more than a few objections as stupid as the mother nation, the federal and New South Wales government—rituals, parades, flags and so forth. It is easy to see the so-called “discovery” of businessman Alexander Barton, in Brazil, in the first quarter of the century, but not unnaturally he flew the city shouting that he had done no wrong, that the collapse of his $20 million company was a bit of a guess and that the whole series of allegations against him were the work of the present “socialist-communist movement”. Barton has quite obviously been paid quite well to present the federal government to make these allegations of socialism and communism look much more serious than they are.

HE IS ORDERING TO BORROW SOME MONEY: Singapore’s prime minister Lee Kuan Yew built a press inspired by the dynamic leader Whitlam, and doing the well known asian claim, that during the good government, the tiny fascist island state where leftist views are rewarded by a free gift of electricity that goes on for the fingernails. And this new government had left Australia: “tirring with the drama of furnishing the board, she carried out with great panache.” He carried on by telling Whitlam: “The improvement your policy here on abroad is one of vigor. The optimism and enthusiasm in your dynamic approach to both domestic and external events and forces are widely known.”

HE SAYS THAT WE ARE SKIDDING: Borrows on short term, the TUCU is whooping about Margaret. The last of your favourite Top Ten numbers. As he explains, it gives readers an insight into the western world. While women are cut off, deep indoors into factories and homes in outer suburbia, the Australian Women’s National Library in Melbourne, Victoria Fair are still exploiting women and laughing all the way to the bank, Margaret Smith reports on page 21.

Thanks to all the graphic oriented students who answered our invitation to come and see us sometime. Some have already spent a day with us; others will be contacted later, and some will be rewarded with the job of plantation manager in the Spice islands when he manages the opening Australia’s parliament instead of the board save money in landscaping a new sewage treatment works at Shell harbor, south of the New South Wales city of Wollongong, by using plastic instead of real plants. In other delightful news on the ecologist front you’ve been announced in Sydney that gardeners have managed to develop a special plant that will actually grow in petrol fumes, thus making them useful for median strips on highways. The main roads are growing crops, the plants are not attractive and the flowers are sad, but they are extremely tough. Thus mankind is at last in control of the motor car by once again worshipping it as a god.

YOU’LL ALWAYS BE MUMMIE’S LITTLE, LITTLE BOY: In the recent Bora Bora riots, the Oceanian Medical Association, and of course the French Medical Association, who have between them an encyclopedic knowledge of books and bookmen, old, classic and current. From first title to last, you can get it, we can get it for you, it’s That is also published turf that is distributed freely to our mail list. We have between us an encyclopedic knowledge of books and bookmen, old, classic and current. From first title to last, you can get it, we can get it for you, it’s That is also a free offering but we also publish an elaborate monthly "News Letter" which is distributed freely to our mail list. We have between us an encyclopedic knowledge of books and bookmen, old, classic and current. From first title to last, you can get it, we can get it for you, it’s that simple. We also publish an elaborate monthly "News Letter" which is distributed freely to our mail list. We have between us an encyclopedic knowledge of books and bookmen, old, classic and current. From first title to last, you can get it, we can get it for you, it’s that simple. We also publish an elaborate monthly “News Letter” which is distributed freely to our mail list. We have between us an encyclopedic knowledge of books and bookmen, old, classic and current. From first title to last, you can get it, we can get it for you, it’s that simple. We also publish an elaborate monthly "News Letter" which is distributed freely to our mail list. We have between us an encyclopedic knowledge of books and bookmen, old, classic and current. From first title to last, you can get it, we can get it for you, it’s that simple. We also publish an elaborate monthly “News Letter” which is distributed freely to our mail list. We have between us an encyclopedic knowledge of books and bookmen, old, classic and current. From first title to last, you can get it, we can get it for you, it’s that simple. We also publish an elaborate monthly “News Letter” which is distributed freely to our mail list. We have between us an encyclopedic knowledge of books and bookmen, old, classic and current. From first title to last, you can get it, we can get it for you, it’s that simple. We also publish an elaborate monthly “News Letter” which is distributed freely to our mail list. We have between us an encyclopedic knowledge of books and bookmen, old, classic and current. From first title to last, you can get it, we can get it for you, it’s that simple. We also publish an elaborate monthly “News Letter” which is distributed freely to our mail list. We have between us an encyclopedic knowledge of books and bookmen, old, classic and current. From first title to last, you can get it, we can get it for you, it’s that simple. We also publish an elaborate monthly “News Letter” which is distributed freely to our mail list. We have between us an encyclopedic knowledge of books and bookmen, old, classic and current. From first title to last, you can get it, we can get it for you, it’s that simple. We also publish an elaborate monthly “News Letter” which is distributed freely to our mail list. We have between us an encyclopedic knowledge of books and bookmen, old, classic and current. From first title to last, you can get it, we can get it for you, it’s that simple. We also publish an elaborate monthly “News Letter” which is distributed freely to our mail list. We have between us an encyclopedic knowledge of books and bookmen, old, class...
As the tear gas and shot gun blasts echo throughout NSW prisons a prisoners behind bars in the first place. I Maddison, has mourned not the misery, and suck eggs.

W HY are you bothering? The short history of this country is redolent with reports of dignitaries in rooms investigating the rebellions of incarcerated men. Commissions such as yours are ill advised to pontificate upon the roots of a collective rage. With life's roulette wheel loaded your way, what right have you to impose pompous moralisms on the motives of men born beyond your class — fettered, beaten and humiliated in a way you will never yourself experience.

The cost of the commission could be better spent recomposing the hapless victims of the shootings. Millions of dollars of damage he have been a NSW, a ministry of justice or a corporation. For it should never be forgotten — despite its apparent comicality — that the convicts were transported with which the convicts were transported on the ruins of Bathurst jail. Its cause is the domicile still accorded to the lowest uniformed backroom bullyboy. There is much blood and tax returns with impunity, frolicking around by mortals whose most outstanding characteristic is ordinariness. Whereas men of the class and calibre of Maddison can fiddle expense accounts and tax returns with impunity, frolicking in that immunised zone of white collar crime, the convicts in the next door is a victim of a tougher social scene. Jail merely aggravates the discontent. It is time to stop institutionalising revenge and to empty the prisons of all but the most viciously recalcitrant.

The NSW public service board consists of liars, schemers and sadists. Certainly Maddison deserves — if anyone does — a spell in his famous isolation box. The blood on the bricks of Bathurst may have come from the former residents, but it has now symbolically transferred to the hands of Mr Maddison. He is to the administration of justice what Cain was to the tradition of fraternity.

POSTSCRIPT

If you want to help humanise jails, contact Tony Gre the Police Action Group, Box 238 PO Cammeray, NSW. (Ask for a copy of Jim Staples' recent speech to the Australia party, where the shenanigans of the NSW Public Service Board are exposed in detail.)

The living daylights, February 12-18, 1974 — Page 3
You can't close a free beach!

If it is at all possible to have an anti city in the middle of a city then there is only one place in Australia where this has been achieved, Lameroo beach, Darwin. So it was with much grief and anger that thousands of former residents heard the news of its temporary demise last week.

To those who spent evenings under its moon and the rainforest, Lameroo was more than a squatters city 150 yards from the GPO. It was an international intentional community at the place where the Indian ocean meets the Pacific. It was a state of mind much the same at Nimbin and Victoria street can be considered states of mind and it was what it always claimed to be—a free beach.

For six years travelling people, nomads on the road and hippies on the trail, have been using Lameroo to rest their weary heads. Because it was a free beach you could live as you liked and do as you liked.

To some of the residents "doing as you liked" meant you were allowed to swim without clothes in the Arafura sea. This latter activity was officially sanctioned when the city fathers deemed Lameroo to be a nudist beach—a free beach in the official sense of the word. Now they are telling us that "free beach" does not mean you can camp on it free. No, it means that you have to rent a flat from the same city fathers at about $80 a week and commute to your "free beach".

It means you have to live within the confines of a plastic city and suburbs that produce the highest suicide rate in Australia. And you could hardly blame them. Avoid Darwin—camp at Lameroo.

At Lameroo you can experience some of the best sunsets and dope that Southeast Asia has to offer. Yes there are mosquitoes and sandflies and rocks and mud flats but there are also little hermit crabs who scratch on the side of your tent until you scratch back—then they go away.

If people on the road and seasonal workers can't camp at Lameroo or any other beach around our coastline: If they can't set up a tent in the fields beside our highways and byways when they get tired, what are they to do? Is there no alternative to living in exploitive motels and caravan parks?

The only way the city fathers can stop people living on Lameroo is to put a giant fence around it and have it padlocked. And what a dog-in-the-manger act that would be.
You can't close a free beach!

The taking of Lameroo beach: (Above) what they couldn't break they burnt. (Right) beach dwellers get the word to leave their home on the hill. (Below left) Darwin city council officer (white socks) lends a hand at urban renewal. (Bottom right) shifting house the Darwin way...
Adelaide probes its drug squad

BRIAN JOHNSTONE

A SPECIAL two-man CIB division, which covers most of Adelaide's southern suburbs, has been posted at the city police headquarters to conduct their investigation. The inquiry follows months of agitation by the Drug Legal Protection Union in Adelaide. The union was set up as part of the alternative community centre which was to be housed in 281 Rundle street city. However, continual police intimidation of the centre's inhabitants and the property's landlord soon saw the centre out on the street (TLU, 2/5).

Inspector H. D. Beath, the man in charge of the CIB division, told the DLPU that most of their evidence to keep it busy in the public inquiry and believes it has been placed on the mat and he is about face and intensify their efforts to either substantiate the allegations or disprove them.

The inquiry would be strictly inter-departmental and that it was designed to either substantiate the DLPU's claims or to clear the detectives involved.

Failure or success would depend on information forthcoming from the DLPU or individuals claiming to have suffered at the hands of the squad.

Chief organiser of the DLPU, Peter Carey, told me the inquiry would be strictly inter-departmental and that it was designed to either substantiate the DLPU's claims or to clear the detectives involved.

Failure or success would depend on information forthcoming from the DLPU or individuals claiming to have suffered at the hands of the squad.

Chase said the DLPU would not give the investigating team any information. He felt it too risky. Many peoples names would be placed on the mat and he is worried the police may do an about face and internally their hassle.

The DLPU wants an open public inquiry and believes it has enough evidence to keep it busy for a couple of years.

Carey says the main charge laid against the drug squad would be brutality. He says the DLPU has told the DLPU that most of their local supply comes from the busts made at city police headquarters where dope is personally sold to the pushers by police.
ensured that seedlings are thriving. Nimbin and heavy rains have already been established at owned by the community.

horse drawn, farm implements adapted to drive a mobile saw plateau; the winch will enable with powerful than a Landrover. the community - using the four already owned are a two ton vegetable patch free for other tools and have also added another domes in the cities and then have them transported to the site. Basically these domes are being built along the lines of village, or post hole digging, have been postponed.

Lucky the region has not suffered too much from the floods which have devastated nearby areas - the only adverse effects have been the flooding of swarms which makes crossings hazardous at times, and the steady rains which have kept people indoors and off the land. Some activities, such as post hole digging, have been postponed.

The street rain is also making the erection of dwellings more urgent. Nimbinites are striving to meet a self-imposed deadline of "a day a day". But the wet conditions are obstructing the well-informed citizens from making this happen.

Residents from other local communities have already begun bartering for beans, sweetcorn and cucumbers. A link-up is being established with the Wholefoods Co-op in Brisbane and hopefully a network of communication and transport will be established along the entire east coast for organic growers and consumers.

A methane converter is being built and will hopefully be in action before the communities season begins. Harry Tucker, Nimbinite, suggests, "There is organic work to be done and a bit of god on your hands?"

Alternative schooling is another barrier which requires an urgent solution. Meetings have been held to discuss the possibility of starting on a Nimbin alternative school with the help of Gordon Lang, who operates the Southern Cross alternate school at nearby Tuntable Falls.

Hopes for radical changes in the far from satisfactory Nimbin public school are also high. Seven of last year's nine public school staff have been replaced; a new, hopefully sympathetic, headmaster from Sydney has applied for the position at Nimbin, and eight alternative school children have applied for admission.

Down in Melbourne, a Nimbin Communications Centre, which was recently established, has moved into its more efficient premises at 161 Spring street, City.

The communications centre is playing an increasingly important role in Nimbin's development. It acts as the last frontier of the beautiful people in the wilderness of the city jungle. Its prime purpose is to recruit and supply information to suitable would-be Nimbin dwellers. The centre advises people of the conditions of their pigstye, equipment they should take and the problems they will encounter when making the transition from urban individualism to rural communalism.

The centre will also organise factories seeking out waste material which could be useful at Nimbin. The centre carries out research for the community and supplies them with relevant city news and the latest alternative agriculture books. Picnics and gatherings are being planned to raise funds.

Ostomy

Bu...
 Continued from page 7.

The car was last seen floating away.

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THE FLOODS in Brisbane showed that the forces of nature dwarf man's capacity to build permanent structures, and they were a moral lesson illustrating the anguish that is self-inflicted by an attachment to material possessions, although few people saw it in this light.

My experience of the flood is a tale of one trapped in Graceville, the heart of the suburbs, on an innocent visit to my parents house. The area is about half a mile from the river, and typical of the backstreet of the suburbs, the area was deprived of the glory of the eddies, and instead muddy waters of ominous stealth crept along the street, broke effortlessly into the houses, and receded, silently leaving their signature of debris and mud.

Nonetheless, the event brought us all together. In the initial exciting stages I was quite happy to get to know all the people in the street who I had never really met before and previously shown no inclination to do so. The flood forced us to expose ourselves, it forced us into the street, it opened us up and we talked. I was happy to feel friendly and human and relate to the family of man; at the heart of the suburbs, on an area was deprived of the glory of the eddies, and instead muddy waters of ominous stealth crept along the street, broke effortlessly into the houses, and receded, silently leaving their signature of debris and mud.

The dynamics of the situation were so strong I could not retain my set of values and I was completely disoriented the walls. The most consistent sentiment that I heard expressed was: what a shame about so and so, they won't be able to recover their losses (to the point they were as usual, totally blissed out). Generally the axiom poor people are nicer than rich people held.

The police were all over the place. Most people thought the police did a sterling job and their image in the public's eye has never been higher. I must admit I talked to policemen for the first time, and even regarded them as ordinary people. The context was friendly, but there were still signs of aggression and authoritarianism. "If I catch one of those looters, I'll be holding him up to the water," One man rang up a radio station on one of those direct-talk-lines and was critical of the police in the way he was evacuated. Immediately the station received a barrage of calls启用 to the police's defense. "My husband is a policeman and that louse who called does not realise what a service he is doing. He's been on continuous service for 72 hours and I haven't seen him for three days."

My friend, Sue, reports from another homogenous community those people living on Coronation drive in the cluster of terraced houses, the only ones in Brisbane. (By the way, here is a building by-law here that does not permit landowners to build closer than 2/6 of their property boundaries: hence no terraced houses.) Since the roads were closed, they were able to spend their time walking down Coronation drive which became a huge park not only for them but for everyone in the district. She said: "For three days people would look you in the face and talk to you, everybody (it was wonderful), but after that of the guys took advantage of the familiarity and they started giving you in the tits, again (that was depressing)."

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The floods have the dubious distinction of being the only act of nature to enter Jindalee. In contrast to the rest of the suburbs, where the cleanup was done in groups and the mood quite cheerful (despite a buildup of tourists being perched with mud and an irate man turning the hoses of his pump on to passing cars), the residents of Jindalee worked in isolated groups and hired big trucks and machinery. They were completely pissed off by the whole thing and bad vibes were in the air. A man with a loudspeaker in his car was driving through the area broadcasting to the householders that he was offering to replace their broken windows for free. One immediately thought: what's the catch? One resident perched on the hill above his flooded home with a high-powered rifle, protecting it from looters who he desired to shoot in the neck.

Floodwaters came to within inches of the floorboards of the Divine Light Mission building, and they were as usual, totally blissed out. "Only one and a half inches to spare," they smiled, "Maharaj Ji has done it again!"

Some people were untouched. The Kenmore ladies went to their hairdressers as usual, and the St Lucia ladies, inconvenienced by the shortage of consumer products, drove around looking for shops where they could buy 16 pounds of butter.

I'll mention Jindalee, the developers brick-weave paradise, home of the nouveau riches. The floods have the dubious distinction of being the only act of nature to enter Jindalee. In contrast to the rest of the suburbs, where the cleanup was done in groups and the mood quite cheerful (despite a buildup of tourists being perched with mud and an irate man turning the hoses of his pump on to passing cars), the residents of Jindalee worked in isolated groups and hired big trucks and machinery. They were completely pissed off by the whole thing and bad vibes were in the air. A man with a loudspeaker in his car was driving through the area broadcasting to the householders that he was offering to replace their broken windows for free. One immediately thought: what's the catch? One resident perched on the hill above his flooded home with a high-powered rifle, protecting it from looters who he desired to shoot in the neck.

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IN THE beginning there were no lady singers. But there came the blues & the jazz & Ma Rainey & Bessie Smith who sang it. And there came swing & big bands & the Andrew Sisters, more jazz & Billie Holiday. Broadway & Hollywood & Jeanette MacDonald.

And all this begged rock & roll which begat the Ronettes & Chiffons & Crystals, & all begged folk which begat Odetta & Joan Baez & Mary Travers & Janis Ian & Mimi Farina & LSD begat psychedelic rock out of which were Grace Slick & Janis Joplin, & Bob Dylan, country music, wars, pestilence, drugs, expanding universals & the blues & the jazz & Ma Rainey & Bessie Smith & Patsy & big bands & the Andrew Sisters, more jazz & Billie Holiday. Broadway & Hollywood & Jeanette MacDonald.

There's a history of why the time of the lady singer is here. It's only in the past 10 years they've had a voice, because till then it was virtually impossible for a woman to write songs. No known classical composers, no known troubadours, no Woody Guthries. Most of the woman singers now, if they indeed play instruments, use self-powered ones - acoustic guitars, pianos, dulcimer, autoharp, delicate things. Force of habits (that is, social norms on both sides) wouldn't allow much troubadouring.

Little wandering on the highways with guitars and harmonicas because there was rape and that. Not much work because they couldn't sing loud enough. The usual stigmata that liberationists might point to. Not much work in rock & roll because it was and still is a man's world. Millions of male groups, few female. Fanny, Goldie & the Gingerbreads. And a few half-halves - Susie Quatro (she's a group?), Lulu & the Lovers, Jefferson Airplane, Delaney & Bonnie, Great Society, Billie Brothers Cold Blood. That's most of them. Folk music had a few, basically Joan Baez was the only one to become popular. Janis Ian (Ian & Sylvia, Nina & Frederik) are, or were names. Mani Farina was (and still is) a good name. In a word, tough.

You dont get to say there are women singers and there are lady singers overnight. It's a tough decision to come to. Think of the record collection. Whos to include, who to leave out. Which way to jump, whether they should all be blonde (ha ha that's a joke), whether they should sing, play and compose. Whether age should count, whether that count began, will it ever end... that sort of stuff. Splitting infinities. It makes you do things like that. Makes you edgy. Guests think you're a deviant because you've got 100 albums by female singers and no Mick Jagger. What's that? No Mick Jagger. You're kidding? No Marcovani, no Wagner, no Satchmo. You havent listened to Joni Mitchell.

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THE ABILITY of a lady singer to say she is a woman, better than a man can say he is a man (in song), and be more credible doing so, creates the genre of lady singer. Distinct and valid. The basic difference between lady singers and others is their unique sensibility. Other differences to be noted are the physical characteristics and the timbre of the voice, these mainly applying on a female/male basis. Qualities inherent in lady singers are the ability to sing (well), the ability to look physically good on record covers (relevant to men, too, in terms of the ultimate getting there); an apparent general tallness, the ability to play musical instruments (mostly) and to write lyrics and compose music or at least to interpret lyrics with great sensitivity.

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SUE Thompson who sang Norman was not a lady singer. The Ronettes were not lady singers, Susie Quatro is not a lady singer, it is even in some dispute whether she is a singer. Bette Midler is not a lady singer, Billie Holiday was not, Helen Reddy is not, Grace Slick might be soon but it is unlikely, there are more who are not than who are.

The lady singers are Joni Mitchell, Laura Nyro, Linda Ronstadt, Carol Hall, Carole King, Carly Simon, Sandy Denny and more. Further down the list there is a Prelus. A little doubt. Who is and who is not. It will probably get down to the ones I like better, but this is the way of getting to that.

Now take singers, in the Gordon Lightfoot, Neil Young, James Taylor, Van Morrison style. They take/sing more of the universal and the old lines I'm heading for the highway, dont lay no claims on me sing another sad song I've seen fire and brimstone scene. They dont get down to the low level, for instance, like Joni Mitchell on the album Blue - the song My old man "... the bed's too big, the fraying pen's too wide". They cant it's too real.

Instead, they (the male singer songwriter) cry of (a) finding the old perfect love, Miss Right, girl in a million, heart of hearts; (b) having left such a woman to "hit the highway" because he had "things to do"; (c) seeing such a goddess across the road each day; (d) wanting to return but feeling that "urge for going" or having a mind to "ramble". Whereas a woman (that is the particular woman in the lady singers department) is into the nittygritty lowdown feeling. Out level. Got a feeling the old man's splitting (geographical displacement), but having no hope of stopping it, declaring what is real with no shitpretty metaphors, and more realistic, more constant (make that less universal)...

I'm getting to the individual ear. And if because it's down to the individual ear, because it's down to the lady singers who is not. It will probably get down to one who is. And its an individual ear... And I'm not trying to split hairs, but it is unlikely, there are more who are not than who are.

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Here's where it happens. Days of cheap wine and Cadburys Roses & Muscle Beach Party films. There were bulk female vocal groups around. The Shirelles, The Crystals, The Shangri-Las, the Chiffons, The Ronettes, The Dixie Cups, The Krokes - mostly black groups singing solid wax wonders like Waiting for a match, Socks and bells and nightgowns, Window to window tie - the pack, Chapel of love, Da doo ron ron.

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AH, but travel with me through the past, come to the present. What's that? No Mick Jagger. You're kidding? No Marcovani, no Wagner, no blues & the Andes? No busdriver train- ing albums or train recordings? Sorry.

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Clothespins on washropes, Window to window tie, Socks and belts and nightgowns, Tassels in the morning sky.

Womanchild on the sidestreet, Flashin' in blackpatch, Lipstick on her reoler, Waiting for a match.
So you wait in the dying 60s for flash pops of brightness, and leave, like white soul, made palatable for dull audiences, various rocking and rolling, and in the swinging deep seat, ... hoping for songs like Tar and cement for Verde Smith, Carole King's it might as well rain until someone suggests Sonny singing I got you and similar songs of despair. But it's all right, though, that country music is this genre, people, shouldn't be liked anymore because they were a bit too Hollywood As A Go Go. I like soul music.

Real soul music and real blues was represented here because it was black, either that or because no one liked it anyway. The Supremes were about the heaviest. Number count over at these two. Small-funk was Martha Reeves, Gladys Knight.

The big one was Tina Turner with Ike in funky was Martha Reeves, Gladys Knight. You're hoping for songs like a fine interpreter, but she's heading for the Top 40 and its bag of gold. Her latest album was relatively, it is in that tradition and should have made her a lot more money. Cohen's Suzanne is good on it, but the best is the Top 40 thing Jesse arranged for Deodato and written, famously enough ha ha by Janis Ian, herself probably too early and too folkloric to be in the lady-type singers. Most of it, as you might expect, is doo-wop and do not doing an immensely saleable album and it will probably "walk out of the shops" and sit on it; Neil Diamond on the stereo phonograph.

You might have said that you loved
But I wasn't really listening
And it could have been the sound of my own voice.

Coming back to me, whispering
I wish you'd lift your number.

(Claire Hamill, Wall to wall carpeting.)

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NOW WE should eliminate here some talented persons from the race. First to go is Cher, who is good for nostalgia value.

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I GUESS lady singing as a genre was done that protest thing. And pretty much, which was then, and still is, a sleeper. And still, and still is, interesting anyhow. And at the time Nina Simone was being impressive, sing- ing her songs about race hate.

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LOCALLY, that is Australia, there aren't many female singers in the "lady singer" genre. Janis Ian has got a lot of spirit, doesn't write much, tends into psychedelia and blues, and at times, although with an exciting range, is too stodgy. Renee Corrine is well enough to do a bit like it. She can replay her record a few times. But the songs she chose (or which were chosen for her) while being a reasonable, "showcase", were not ultimately a good choice.

Margaret Roadnight is not a writer but quite a sensitive interpreter. However, she leans probably too far into the Dylan-type images like: Oh when I was a lass at school/I looked out at the wood; Great power, and with Ry Cooder backing her.

She may head the same way. Mother Ick is the back porch down home type without the rock n roll; the more sincerity. I think she's small time in the long run.

Pamela Pollard sounds like she's trying to do a Mrs Robinson but it is a very good job of it. She's on the same label (CBS), and she goes for the funky (white style) but the odds are very long. Barbara Keith performs a gutsy version of All along the watchtower and Free the people, so she's got a lot of proven talent. Her other songs are as good.

Susan Taylor in the country rock mould is also on the same label. The back porch down home type without the rock n roll; the more sincerity. I think she's small time in the long run.

Fame Bada low in the country west. She is trying to do a Mrs Robinson but it is a very good job of it. She's on the same label (CBS), and she goes for the funky (white style) but the odds are very long. Barbara Keith performs a gutsy version of All along the watchtower and Free the people, so she's got a lot of proven talent. Her other songs are as good.

Sandy Dennis found fame with Fais­ port and now has a couple of solo albums out, both of which are splendid. She writes much of her own fairytale music and possibly modern traditional. If such a thing is possible, with a leaning towards the Dylan-type images like: Oh when I was a lass at school/I looked out at the sky/And now among the woodlands cool/Gathering sweet princesses I... .

Carly Simon released her first album and now has a couple of solo albums out, both of which are splendid. She writes much of her own fairytale music and possibly modern traditional. If such a thing is possible, with a leaning towards the Dylan-type images like: Oh when I was a lass at school/I looked out at the sky/And now among the woodlands cool/Gathering sweet princesses I... .
Hotcakes. Once again it will head up to the top of the charts; now that she's pregnant and James Taylor's partner, she's really into the Apple Pie class.

The title track is a boring little show-stopper, and there are, as usual, some dull tracks. One track is Think I'm gonna have a baby, which is more good PR. The lyrics on the cover, which I think is the first time she's done it. Most of them are fairly forgettable although Misfit and Sage & a Songbird has a lot of it is about love — sitting under apple trees and such, so you guess James and she are doing fine. Hotcakes, nevertheless, will sell more copies than the other albums mentioned here; mainly because she's crossed her markets and everyone loves her. I would humbly suggest her first two albums are ultimately more entertaining than her last two.

Carole King has gone quiet. She made it writing songs with Jerry Goffin years ago, and putting out the odd single. Now with about four albums released in the past four years, she's had a success graph, from interesting with Writer, to mamm­moth with Tapestry (that album sold millions of copies), and back to pleasant with Rhymes & reasons. Mostly her songs range from the melancholy to the interesting, but the lyrics are often drab. About the best she came up with on Rhymes was in the LeGrand road . . . I'm gonna head on up on old Fergusen road/Find myself a spot/Where the sun shines through/I'll throw some old mascara/In the back of the bus/And get a good head start on forgetting you. What I mean is, I like the woman, but she doesn't make the playlist too often.

The difference between Melanie, Linda Ronstadt, Laura Nyro and Joni Mitchell, as a whole, is possibly complicated and maybe only in the eye of this beholder. But (a) these women use their voices as instruments almost, the way they mod­ulate etc. (b) The songs they write are dramatic, with pauses and changes and flashes, and not the usual three minute run of mediocrity. (c) The lyrics they write are extraordinarily good, and often poetry in the sense that Dylan's words are poetry. (Unfortunately only one of these points apply to Linda R., who writes rarely and plays rarely). But (d) the way they interpret a song, which gets down to a subjective level and finally how the song goes through to you.

Since Melanie's beautiful song Candles in the Rain was a success, she has released a new album. All of them have been patchy, but all of them have had some beautiful songs. Her fault is probably the mucktrack syndrome (which I won't go into). Her live concerts are apparently powerful affairs, with dewey-eyed boys crying in the aisles as the beautiful woman communicates with them.

Totally different is Laura Nyro, who used to have dewey-eyed girls hysterical in the aisles. Something funny happened to Laura Nyro. Apparently she stopped dress­ing up in New York, or whatever she did, and got married. Consequently she hasn't released an album for two years, although "they" say she is being urged to Asylum. Nyro, in press releases etc., was alluded to as "enigmatic" . . . "woman in black" . . . "mysterious". That sort of thing. She certainly looked that way.

Her songs reflected her origins, which were a jebraic/catholic family, and a home in the Bronx. She did as much as anyone to push the street music of Harlem, and a subdued Phil Spector girl-group sound. Her songs are brilliantly textured by her powerful piano. She has written some great songs, which other artists don't do as well, and on her final album a lot of the material was drawn from the Ronettes/ Crystals days. If Barbra Streisand in fact looked better, was younger, took cocaine and could write songs, I think she'd like to have been Laura Nyro, but you never can tell. I suppose it's white soul music at its best. (For black soul, there's an album I won't go into). Her live concerts are apparently powerful affairs, with dewey-eyed boys crying in the aisles as the beautiful woman communicates with them.

Finally is Joni Mitchell, who really started all this. Her sixth album has just been released overseas, and it's a strange one. Joni has never been an optimist — perhaps a despairing optimist. On this she has less hope in her songs, as is Just like this train . . . I used to count lovers like railroad cars/Counted them on my side/Lately I don't count on nothing/Just let things slide.

And in On a hill . . . I feel like I'm sleeping Can you wake me You seem to have a broader sensibility I'm just living on nerves and feelings With a weak and lazy mind And coming to people's parties Fumbling deaf dumb and blind. I wish I had more sense of humor Keeping the sadness at bay Throwing the light on these things Laughing it all away . . . Stylistically, the album is similar to For the roses. You must consider back in the days of her first album — she had so much drama and spark, a truly individual sound — that she was alone in the field. It lasted for three albums, then she changed a little on Blue, still the album I best prefer. For the roses was a change again, a more mellow sound, and now this, with a similar feel. Instead of simple guitar or piano, she now tends to use rock backing, and on occasion, it reminds of Blue. Probably the worst offence is one track where the sounds she's doing is a Andrew Sisters, and another where she uses Ceech & Chong on an "I'm mad but I don't care cause crazy is okay" type song. I don't think she needs to bother. In fact it's a real drag on the album, and almost worth a letter. The title track Court & spark is probably worth the admittance price through. Basically, that's it.

THE DISCOGRAPHY

Hanky Panky, Angel, Ellen McEwane, Polydor FD5015 (import).

The Pointer Sisters, RCA L 34965.

Dont Cry Now, Linda Ronstadt, Asylum 50015.

Linda Ronstadt, Capitol SMAS 635 (import).

Sir PSA, Linda Ronstadt, Capitol ST-407 (import).

Hand Sown/Home Grown, Linda Ronstadt, Capitol ST-202 (import).

Stoney Poynor & Friends, Linda Ronstadt, Capitol ST 3865 (EMI).

Stoney End, Linda Ronstadt & the Boone Poynors, Polydor DP 3098 (import).

Gotta Take a Miracle, Laura Nyro, CBS 34704.

Christmas and the Beads of Sweat, Laura Nyro, CBS 34333.

Elf and the Thirteenth Confession, Laura Nyro, CBS 54644 (import).


The First Songs, Laura Nyro, CBS 234281.

Hot Cakes, Cary Simon, Elektra 78 1002 (import).

Vectors, Cary Simon, Elektra EKS 7504.

Disenchantment, Cary Simon, Elektra EKS 75016.

Preceding the Fabulous Rondettos, Phillips P-4006 (import).

Conspicuous Only in its Absence, The Great Society, Columbia CS 23624 (import).

Cheap Thrills, Big Brother & Holding Company, Columbia KCS 9700 (mp).

After Bathing at Baxter's, Jefferson Airplane RCA LEX-1551 (import).

Manhole, Grace Slick, Grunt BFL-0137 (import).

Acesha, Lady Soul, Acesha Franklin, Atlantic S153251.

Nina Simone in Concert, Philips PHM 200-15 (import).

The Best of Judy Garland, MCA DX18 77.

The Original Recordings, Billie Holiday, CBS S 2440.

Serenade, Mme Yvette Horner, Atlantic SD 7270.

Divine Mrs M, Better Miller, Atlantic SD 7258.

Sandy, Sandy Denney, Island 3-54497.

Mother Hen, RCA MLS-4641.

Lady, Linda Lewis, Polydor MS 5230.

New, Claudia Lennear, Warner BS 2564.

Barry, Faith, Reprise RS 2087.

Beans & Feelers, Carol Hall, Elektra EKS 7504.

Foxys Lady, Cher, MCA MARP-6135.

Five Fall Through Paradise Birds, Juanita Lewis, EMI EMC 2904.

Just Delaney & Bonnie, Atlantic SD 7094.

The Fool, Brenda & the Tabulations, Quiet Faw, Roberts Flack, Atlantic SD 7098.

Killing Me Softly, Roberta Flack, Atlantic SD 7071.

Writers, Carole King, & A&M SOL 9325985.

Sadists, Malays & Bawlers, Carole King, A&M ODE 34708.
Alberto the dirty director

Alberto is about 35. He doesn’t eat lunch because he’s afraid of becoming fat, wears shoulder-length black hair and a slightly trim waist, and is one of the richest businessmen in southern Holland. Alberto is probably the biggest, certainly the best-dressed porno publisher in Europe. He is an ex-member of the Italian People’s Socialist Party and himself an anarchist, and is one of the richest businessmen in southern Holland.

In 1965 a Dutch ethnographer was brought to trial in Amsterdam for his outrageous success can’t be summed up at all, but it’s something to do with the Dutch parliament and courts, and quite a lot to do with Class.

Of which, before Alberto came along, the porno film world was desperately in need. Badly edited, unindirected 8mm horror show which purported to be titillation (enjoyment) turned out to be penchant for the missionary position. Alberto, whose name was Jozef C. Van Rees, sitting across the table from Rentzloff and smiling into the bright December sun.

“Yep,” Rentzloff continued. “It’s always better when you guys play innings. That’s why it’s so much more than usual even. You got a way of getting ‘em all excited and ‘collecting’ when you play, and they jes keep comin’ back for more beer. Yeah, that’s all right.”

From RODG HUCHINSON in Breda, Holland.

The living daylights, February 12-18, 1974

Alberto, somewhere in Tobago (Trinidad) persuading the people to fuck for his shoulder-length black hair and the camera, heard the news and rejoiced. Within a year he’d gotten a large building in Breda, southern Holland and converted it into a pocket Hollywood. Series after series of exotically directed, porn-films made it into Western Europe lapped it up. By 1971 Alberto’s was rich and celebrated. The success of his proud, glossy products changed the home movie world. It

At an Amsterdam pornographic conference in late 1970, Alberto was giving a standing ovation on entry. At this same conference, the magazine world is different from your film market. Alberto said he and his hero.

“Why are your magazines not following the expert professionalism of my films?” the conversation might have gone. “Why are they still ugly, unwommaknizeable pieces of boring shit?”

Ah, Alberto, the magazine man is different from your film market. People like their porno gravy. There’s a couple of small, pocket-size magazines which, to colour-blind robots with a certain affinity for the missionary position, probably were, were shoved into the North sea. The secret of his outrageous success can’t be summed up at all, but it’s something to do with the Dutch parliament and courts, and quite a lot to do with Class.

The living daylights, February 12-18, 1974

broadly he was unable to keep up his end of the conversation with our hero.

“Why is your pornographic business different from your film business?”

They may have gotten way down south to sing his way into the Nashville music biz and they may have gotten way down south to sing his way into the Nashville music biz, and they may have gotten way down south to sing his way into the Nashville music biz. But it’s

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THE HEAD SHAKER: ABC Radio 1, 9.30 am.


WAR AND PEACE — First of 20 BBC episodes: Channel 2, 9.30 am.

AMERICA — First of 13 episodes: ABC Channel 2.

THE FLIGHT OVER LONDON — Channel 2, 8.00 am.


THE ORCHESTRA — The John Wilson Orchestra by Malcolm Arnold: ABC Radio 2, 8.00 am.

MOVIE — Vincent Price, Gene Tierney and other ghosts: Channel 2, 9.30 am.

DON MORRISON: Brian Saltmarsh: Last of the Summer Wine: ABC Radio 2, 8.20 am.

FILM: "CONTEMPORARY, TRADITIONAL" folk: ABC Radio 1, 10.00 am.

FILM: "ECCLESIA ELEGANTES": Vanity Fair Hotel, 4.15 pm.

MARRIAGE: "DOCTOR WHO": Albert Hotel, 8.00 pm.

JOHN VERNON: "DOWNTOWN BUSINESS" : The Trafalgar Tavern, Elizabeth street, Surry Hills, 7.30-10 pm.

BEKESHA: "SAFE PLACE": Sydney, 8.00 pm.


STAGE: "THE HOSTAGE": by Henrik Ibsen: Chequers, 8.00 pm.

STAGE: "LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVE": Channel 2, 9.16 am.

STAGE: "THE FEW": Channel 2, 2.16 pm.


REVIEW: "JAMES" — movie with Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr, Robert Young: ABC Radio 1.


WHEN I AM CAUGHT
when i am caught between
your movements,
the walls wavering
in uncharted perspectives,
always i am simplified . . .
a silver streak
a buzzsaw tearing
into my occipitus
i am deafened, stunned,
blocked in the noises
of your crooning style,
whenever we get there,
momentarily together,
i wonder
where we are.

ANTONIN ARTAUD was not of this planet, & he believed that
"all writing is pigshit".
Most people ignore most poetry / because
most poetry / ignores
most people . . .
these poems are people poems
Cocabola is a myth . . . these poems
are mythbreakers . . .
creating & presenting a myth / is
a simpler communication form / than
explaining & analysing everything.
My mind is copyright
do not discover what i discovered
without consent in writing. Some­
day you will / listen / to your
own voices / & poets will be
irrelevant.
I am not the keeper of the faith.

GONEBEDSONG
1. auction woman handing you the deals
she’s learned from illustrated classics
of routine spook tricks;
magic flash and thunder and alakazammm.

yr body’s drumming loud and hard
bop bop a top
bop a top bop bop
yr breath is promising yr rhythms
you seem to be alive
bop bop a top alive
but you’ve seen all this before / you told me
bop bop a top you’re not surprised
by cloaks and stars and rich brocades

II. come on i stole yr confidence
i stashed it in the mattress
inside the guinness book of records
so now you’ve lost yr movements
now we cannot be recovered
and now you know yr changes
and now i never hear yr laughing
nor hum yr bop a top.

FOREST BLUES
Thinking
about going on the dole
and getting a bike
and
i’ve nearly decided
to get a band together

or maybe
i’ll just sit in this cottage
watching the seasons change
playing records and the organ
until they come
to put the cloth
over everything.

PARANOIA
for the last few days now
there’s been someone else in my head
unused areas
she started out i think in one of the remote
but she’s getting closer and says she wants a
share of the action
she’d like to do some of my talking
she says.
she’s been using my eyes for some time
discreetly taking a view
every time i’m not looking.
she wants to get out.
i don’t think my friends would really
like to know her
with her nasty insinuations
and endless repertoire of slimy comments.
fuck her.
then again, she can’t stay there —
i’d go nuts.
i think i’ll get rid of her.

i’d go . . . but she’d go with me . . .
but wait —
there’s a few things i’ve got to do . . .
my first million,
the nobel prize,
and not forgetting the guy down the street
with the lovely balls.
perhaps a hypnototherapist
could coo her into sensibility
and render her powerless . . nahmm . .
perhaps a numbing snort of dope

Poem for my mother
on her birthday

Tomorrow
will be
your 55th time . . .
will be
my counting pin
my faraway highway . . .
i’m doing junk
in a dreamer’s fashion
you do not understand
my poems my anima
there is no longer
any loss
for you.

Roadhouse Blues after Rimbaud
Three hours hitching, wore down leather heels
on gravel roads . . . then made Gundagai:
cased Melbourne, late ordered toast
at Green’s Roadhouse, buttered, with cold cheese;
drummed on a laminex table, drew my nails
across soiled vine & flagon wallpaper
till a waitress with overhanging tits
offered incisively the plate inscribed:
- GREEN’S ROADHOUSE. HUME HWY. GUNDAGAI —
then poured out my lukewarm tea;
a pool of roadmetal in thick white china.

THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS, february 12-18, 1974 — Page 17
kind of thinking are as trust­worthy as American prisoners of war in Korea. When I left school I bummed around and people looked after me because I was a dumb kid but they weren't all so kind and altruistic and I wasn't a dumb kid anymore. Before I started High School I taught myself speed read­ing and I thought you could take a crash course on life, at 20 I was a tired little old man who wore his father in law's shoes to the wed­ding. It was just after one of my old biddies mated a got a life sen­tence for murdering a drag queen and then burning her in the garbage. Most men get hold of a wife and take longer, the difference be­tween this and the middle class is the difference between being something rather than becoming someone. Well one day I was walking up the street probably thinking about nothing because I was getting 29 dollars a week and paying 18 dollars rent and supporting a wife and child and going to university afternoons and this huge panic at V N E T I A M was dipping down the hill towards me and I was there before I saw me, me in the suit I hated, an old friend of mine was in front with a ring telephone, I yelled more than I ever yelled "go on" to some cop, a friend of mine just smiled and gave the peace sign - we used to hang round in the big S which was the kind of mutual support system for burns free out of school and then burning them in the garbage. Queen-crim-black and white-out­ward-bound-school for anyone in­terested in becoming something rather than becoming someone. Well one got an E for English One and decided to go on writing poetry and got a job night-shift baby-sitting for a n a m 360/50 and watched the hills ac­ross the bay switch off to a TV timetable and in the morning walked the opposite way in rail­way stations and the wife said you're only trying to be different and I left in agreement. One day during my time in Queensland, which was a time of purple and red which can r p p s between the working class and politicians and blossoms which was cut short as a Boggro road race, a huge golden sand pailly coin revives in Tarina when a hoard of hoon dogs past and people do that you do for a living" fortiﬁsme and the universe screamed out of me "NYOTH" and Jill who was my friend decided that when she finished her degree she was going to be a social worker. She may as well work in a dress shop. A letter in Canada sends me photos of the baby and describes the mating little outfit she got him and he's back in Asia to write me he's on his way down and this huge parade against the peace sign - we used to hang round in the big S which was the kind of mutual support system for burns free out of school and then burning them in the garbage. Queen-crim-black and white-outward-bound-school for anyone interested in becoming something rather than becoming someone. Well one got an E for English One and decided to go on writing poetry and got a job night-shift baby-sitting for a n a m 360/50 and watched the hills across the bay switch off to a TV timetable and in the morning walked the opposite way in railway stations and the wife said you're only trying to be different and I left in agreement. One day during my time in Queensland, which was a time of purple and red which can r p p s between the working class and politicians and blossoms which was cut short as a Boggro road race, a huge golden sand pailly coin revives in Tarina when a hoard of hoon dogs past and people do that you do for a living" fortiﬁsme and the universe screamed out of me "NYOTH" and Jill who was my friend decided that when she finished her degree she was going to be a social worker. She may as well work in a dress shop. A letter in Canada sends me photos of the baby and describes the mating little outfit she got him and he's back in Asia to write me he's on his way down and this huge parade against the peace sign - we used to hang round in the big S which was the kind of mutual support system for burns free out of school and then burning them in the garbage. Queen-crim-black and white-outward-bound-school for anyone interested in becoming something rather than becoming someone. Well one got an E for English One and decided to go on writing poetry and got a job night-shift baby-sitting for a n a m 360/50 and watched the hills across the bay switch off to a TV timetable and in the morning walked the opposite way in railway stations and the wife said you're only trying to be different and I left in agreement. One day during my time in Queensland, which was a time of purple and red which can r p p s between the working class and politicians and blossoms which was cut short as a Boggro road race, a huge golden sand...
SOME of the concepts of women's lib have filtered down to the majority of women in the workforce and to women in suburbia. Successful demands are being made for equal pay, more childminding centres, and consumer groups protesting about rising prices have almost become social norms.

Women's Electoral Lobby is beginning to make itself felt as a conservative political pressure group while Valium consumption by women is on the increase helped by the local GP, and women are wearing some of the most artificial fashion and make-up ever produced. These are mainly young women, but there is some overflow to older women.

Women may feel that they are the victim of the supermarket oligopoly, but as yet they aren't suspicious of the fashion houses, shoe manufacturers, and make-up brands. They're wearing four inch shoes and upwards platforms on their feet as a result of being told that shoes make them prone to ankle injuries and throw the spine out of alignment. They are more than ever before.

In these days of ecological consciousness, dyed, strange colored hair is back in force. The hair dries out, splits and ossifies; that's secondary.

Mervile from the fashion house of John and Merivale says: "I liked the unusual, natural look, but love change so I'm glad the new look is here. I would change it if it's entirely their conditioning or whether it's something innate in them, but I feel probably the former because, of the two sexes, woman is the most creative one, and man the most procreative. It's mens desire to physically conquer the world that has got us into the mess we're in today!"

Michael Elvin finds he faces the same sort of problem: "When I was a boy in my mid and late teens, I always found more boys whom I could have sensitive awareness communication with. The girls appeared silly and caught up in their conditioning. Can't work out if it's entirely their conditioning or whether it's something innate in them, but I feel it's probably the former because, of the two sexes, woman is the most creative one, and man the most procreative. It's mens desire to physically conquer the world that has got us into the mess we're in today!"

Mervile has been thinking out his attitude to women lately, especially to the small minority of intelligent and natural women that are starting to emerge."

MARGARET SMITH

somewhat more extreme and trendy Sportsirl or Tullo shop. It is a sophisticated type of lib. Dozens of slickly and 'correctly' made-up salesgirls act more like hostesses to this inner kingdom, and some of them similarly mouth the words of the pop music that goes on all the time. The male section is exactly the same, except that there are suitably shifty makes selling clothes that are like the female ones, but tailored for men.

Anne Summers, womens lib writer and political scientist at Sydney university, says: "Men seem to be wearing the same superficial clothes as women, without reticulating their roles and therefore allowing themselves to be just as manipulated by fashion and advertising as women. The more subtle idea of what womens lib is all about dont seem to have been felt yet. It's really hard to understand whether their ideology is connected with their appearance, i.e. that they want to be a sex object and as artificial as possible, or whether the clothes express something unconscious in them.

"Women at university seem to be caught between two worlds - whether to be liberated, independent and projecting their own selfhood, or to follow the fashion of the city. A lot of them talk about liberation, and still seem to want to be a sex object, for example they will have bleached hair."

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**A montage of guitar pickers**

**ALLAN WATSON**

IT'S a great thing to hear a knight of brilliant jazz. To be able to walk and hear a group of highly accomplished musicians integrate their talents to create a beautiful unity of rhythm and sound is one of the finer things of life. I've a feeling that you enjoy it all the more because of its rarity.

Benny Golson's latest jazz package, The great guitars, featuring the Charlie Byrd trio, Barney Kessel, and Herb Ellis displays in this last Friday night at Melbourne's Dallas Brooks hall, that are great! To the 60s generation that may sound like an extraneous choice. Like how did we get on the other side and how great, and you can argue about Clapton, Santana, and Zappa, but never the blues and rock greats. But are they just another momentarily stunned into silence. A splendid set.

Kessel and Ellis are the same trio that played together to the entranced fans and enthralled the house down as two of the finest jazz guitarists in the world today.

The Byrd trio opened by plunging into the rhythmic complexities of One note sima really cooking. Very intense, very complex, but rather stated, crouched, as if over the acoustic guitar, utterly absorbed, his whole attention given to the instrument. Behind him, Michael Lee Stevens on drums and Gene Byrd (a younger brother) on a fretted Fender bass guitar.

Byrd is one of the finest acoustic guitarists in the world today. Unlike the more linear, attacking style favored by Ellis and Kessel, and the attack characterizes the richness that is staggered. Michael Lee Stevens an even greater strength of the Byrd's light omb work, and whip like counter-rhythms, combined with the flute sounds of the flute. Gene Byrd to provide a pulsing mesh that was turned around, and returned to with devastating acuity.

Byrd doesn't so much improvise but rather explores a number. On a thing like Chick Corea's Fire works, the Byrd's Guitar trio has taken the elements of the theme, dissected them, and constructed delicate harmonies around them. He is one of the few musicians who can fully exploit the potential of the acoustic guitar. On this instrument, he, John McLaughlin, and the little known Ralph Townsend stand alone.

The evening closed with Kessel and Ellis returning and all three guitarists getting together on a medium tempo version of an influences of Charlie Christian, more than 50 years ago. Again making an excellent foil to Herb, swarthy, poised, handsome, and very much in his element, he is the epitome of 1950's hip.

Ellis tends to favor lean, blues inspired licks and always with a compulsive swing that shows the influence of Charlie Christian, Kessel is more relaxed. But Ellis, in Kessel continually surprises with quirkish turns of phrase, oblique quotes, and an impenetrable silence in avoiding the obvious. Very speedy, he is bop guitarist par excellence, and a world class player.
Sydney. Garcon: The best collection of soul-destroying work. Passed requires well paid, hassle free, non-deployment, buy-direct. $1.00 gives INC box 7715. Please reply INC box 7658.

Sydney. Couples weekend enlisting in confidence as a homosexually oriented, non-monogamous, well groomed, attractive with standards, on the lookout for disillusioned idealists, defeatists, stoical pessimists, militerists, etc. Good looking, easy going, with no hang-ups. Discretion assured and required. Any interested? INC box 7673.

Sydney. Mid 30s, handsomely slim, professional man wonders if there are any women interested in friendship of male similar age. I'm relatively if suitable, prepared to join any similar group. Phone application appearances — and accommodation. Electric bill included. Romance not necessary. INC box 7749.

Melbourne. Young gay model for kiddie parties and whatever. Conversations, drawings and discipline to willing girl. Any house wanting her figure and other fantasies intelligently handled should ring now for our mutual benefit. INC box 7740.

Sydney. Need some more, 21, wanted to meet more. Please note: D-NOTICE COPY WILL ONLY BE PUBLISHED IF SUBMITTED ON THIS FORM. Is willing to enrol young lady under any heading ($3 for 21 words). All additional words @ 10c each. D-notices for text and add 20 cents for this facility — we forward replies weeknight noon, Thursday prior to publication. Extra words @ 10c each.


Sydney. Solar Bather for $3.50 (24s), Stuart Sweeney (Barton), Chapter 127, February 24, 1.30 pm, 254 Oxford Street, phone SYD 4 Y 6, bookings phone SYD 4 694. People interested in a small group to learn ways of bettering your home and garden in Elwood. With three bedrooms and a study.

Melbourne. WAIT lecturer (gay) $5 wants to share home or large flat, especially with student(s) or anyone interested in meeting Chinese guy for outings, to nude club. Genuinely. INC box 7719.

Sydney. Musician would like to meet Chinese guy for outings, to nude club. Genuinely. INC box 7719.

Dale, couple in Elwood, 29, trested friends, 35, 45, 13.50 each, share a large house in south drenched Balmain. Own room $13.90. In time, February 13, in lovely Balmain town hall. Bring brog, $5 (15 persons) members, 5$ 10 persons and 15$ per fours, and Jury plays.


BRICK CHRISTIAN

HOLLYWOOD tours: see the homes of the stars... and over to your right is the iron gate leading to the palatial grounds of the Fritz The Cat estate owned by Goofy The Dog, a popular pet four years ago... Fritz purchased the vast estate two years ago after his first box office smash hit. Fritz is now back in People's comic No.

Inside the gate we find the big star himself, engaged in typical decadent movie producer pursuits — to be precise, he is pouring a bottle of brandy over the head of a large bloodstained hound dog. The resulting chase and flight is cut short by the arrival of Bruno Bear, tax expert. "When I think of all those years when I was a comic strip artist, Fritz, what a fool I was," Bruno tells him. "Learning for them high class houndsy bitches! Now here I am, drunk as a sheet. It's disgusting! Clug, Y'see, Bruno. налогов, boy, bein' a celeb -
city bitches, all these bitches are waitin' around with their umbrellas drippin' for some o' that big-time movie hero cock. It's enough to wear a tomatz out... hav' hoo... drink os den (FTR)."

"Let's get down to business, that's a thong. First thing you gotta do is get this tax mess straightened out so that you won't have to go for broke..." Swell... great... love ya, baby... yet a prince... I've been talkin' to the guy... there's money in life... don' wanna have to give up all this jet-set carousing I been a part of... I dunno... producers are cheap chiastrals... who knows... Later... business disposed of, he is climbing on to a sleeping Abigail ("Lemme just push this big o' taw out the way here an' ("l') when the phone rings.

"Hey Fritz! man! Steve's Livin' Y'wanna come to a script conference t'morra at our office? We got a new Pulp Fiction... I've found a truly great story here... Made for ya, kid. All about the prob-..."

"Business..."

"the wonderfuljburs of livin' today's turbulent times! Really beautiful... and..."

"write up Fritz The Cat, Ski Bum yet? What's now?"

"Let's, I know you're gonna crazy when ya read it. We're all really excited about it. Let's work on..."

"Now lunch t'morra... meet at my office at noon..."

"the knock now awakened Abigail. Robert Crumb being a super star with little or no taste for appering in anyone's publications but his own, this is probably as close as we're getting to his verdict on Ralph Bakshi's film of
leadership can be removed, and opening up and raining dollars if matters. They can see the sky head. They would also prefer to now stopping construction on branches and the federal organisation will suffer if the MBA wins deregistration action has to be admittance to the NSW delegate, Gallagher, the federal secretary, and paramilitary forces capable of developing of indigenous military and paramilitary forces capable of providing, in conjunction with the needed domestic security”. Of McNamara was joined the World Bank, we have projects Agency (ARPA), which that department had been expanduble. The joint chiefs of staff. “The slaughter of St. Teresa’s Day” or rather the US — into the communism would involve the transfer of a nation of 20 million people from the free world to the USSR. But what’s South Vietnam make would pointless any further discussion about the importance of Southeast Asia to the free world; we would have to face the near certainty that the remainder of Southeast Asia and Indonesia would do a complete communist insurgency, if not a formal in-corporation with the communist movement, that the Maoist party in China, for instance, note that it was on this manio that Kennedy approved the idea that America’s later massive involvement there. McNamara was only against the more adventurist escapades of the Vietnam war, as proposed by the joint chiefs of staff and general Jo-seph Paul D. Person. He was neither against the war himself and personally watch- ed the smooth running of the American military machine in Vietnam, as Alain C. Enthoven and C. Wayne Smith who worked under McNamara point out, “Un- like the determination of peace-time force structure or the defence budget, in which the OSD (policy and military policy) staff was heavily involved, or even the determination of force deployments to Europe made largely by the presi- dent and the secretary of defence dealing directly with the US military mission”. The NSW branch of the MBA is locked themselves behind the panelled doors of their Koala Motor Inn suite (a three-star establishment that is now owned by a former valet of HRH Princess Margaret and the Duke of Edinburgh), and Gallagher and his men refused admittance to the NSW delegate, branch and the secretary of defence, who then proceeded to launch their most savage attack yet on the NSW union.

The committee, which is made up of the state secretaries, and Gallagher, the federal secretary, was supposedly meeting to discuss the deregistration case the Master Builders Association has brought against the union. Under our Byzantine industrial laws the deregistration case can be entertained taken against the federal body and all of the state branches which are directed mainly at the NSW branch, all the other state branches. The federal organisation will suffer if the MBA wins its case. The NSW branch of the MBA is desperately keen to have the Green Bans removed, as they are now draining about $500,000 worth of construction work with a union which was less united and militant on industrial matters. The Greens can see opening up and raising dollars if only the Pringle-Owen-Mundy leadership, and their mates ran, can they have been acting with the knowledge that Gallagher, self-proclaimed revolutionary (marx- ist, Leninist) and workers ally, also wants to see them axed.

The antipathy that Gallagher displays towards the NSW branch has its roots in the CPA split of the mid 60s, and it is fired by his empiricism for personal form. Thirty of the FMC members were either, or closely associated with, now discredited NSW branch ex- ecutives from the past, including the one that the Monday group took over from. Working hand in hand with Gallagher they now control the state meeting, the US, Tramac and the ACT, and they have the numbers on the federal body.

By the beginning of the week by the committee in Sydney were quite amazing. They began the week by bulling the view that only the state secretary would be acceptable as a delegate. Bob was standing in for Joe Owens, the secretary, who at the time was away on his annual holidays, and by denying him admittance they effectively dis- enabled him from working in the NSW branch, the largest in the federation.

But Pringle was fuming outside the meeting, the commit- tee was listening to the charges of maladministration and misuse of funds being laid by the NSW rank and file, Joe Ferguson. These same charges had been rejected by the rank and file last october, when Ferguson led an opposition team that campaigned on these issues during the triannual elec- tions for the executive of the state branch. The charges were also clausured by the FMC during its november meeting, but the NSW delegate was allowed to attend that meeting.

Trifles like this were of no concern to Gallagher, and he phoned Pringle on the tuesday demanding that he produce the executive minutes and other rele- vant documents. Under union rules this is illegal, a 48 hour notification must be given to the branch secretary before they are required to produce the documents. The next Wednesday (30th) the members of the executive were at the meeting, where was proposed a new wage claim case being demand before telling the union. He had informed the MBA of this decision before telling the union. It was during this conference that big Norm made his last phone call. He was standing in for Joe Ferguson. These funds being laid by the NSW rank and file, Joe Ferguson. These same charges had been rejected by the rank and file last october, when Ferguson led an opposition team that campaigned on these issues during the triannual elec- tions for the executive of the state branch. The charges were also clausured by the FMC during its november meeting, but the NSW delegate was allowed to attend that meeting.

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Harry exposed?

ADMIT it Neville. Expose yourself. 

Admit that instead of putting your own name to your porky ramblings, you hide behind the alias of "Harry Gumbboot".

All of the Gumbboot trait marks, (intellectual inability to see proper class, downgrading class struggle, pseudo anarchism, and the primitive petty-bourgeois utopianism of Harry and his friends at Nimbin. I certainly hope that someone is impressed by what I have to say because the more and better Australian marxists there are the sooner and easier it will be to consolidate communism in a people's republic of Australia.

LEONARDO AMOS, Wynnum, Qld

Great story of one of our favorite pen-gal's politics had to be cut this week. Sorry Leonard. - Ed

Comrade Amos strikes again

HARRY GUMBBOOT (if he is to be taken seriously, why does he - or is he also - say that ridiculous pseudonym?!) is for once on the right track with his sentiment that "if the adventure of life is regarded as a search for truth, both within you and without you, then one feels almost prim conscious..."

Harry Gumboot is who he is. Let us stop this silly game of pretending to be something that we are not.

ONE OF THE most important criteria for a real communist is the ability to see properly the class struggle and to put blind faith in any other "isms" is the surest way to ultimate collapse. None of the "isms" have any more value to me than the "isms" I am against is called the "isms".

But as for the rest of Jim's "criticisms" - you quibble over my use of terms, but for the sake of the purpose of the thing.

MARK BURFORD, Adelaide, SA

P.S. I admit though, that in the concept of the crap Harry Gumbboot covers up with some truthful observations and intelligent ideas, some things which generally seem to be lacking in this kind of paper. (Though it's getting better.)

No says Harry

WHO is Humbert, Humbert, who is Peter Pan, who is Sherlock Holmes? Harry Gumboot is who he is. Let us not waste time with guessing games to gratify shallow curiosities. It is H. G. 's theme which may merit discussion, not that inconsequential identity behind the signature.

PEARLS before swine

SLOWLY is, as he seems, has been variegated, a new self awareness evolves - the being. Yet predictably the terrors of undreamt surrounds remain. Although somewhat obscuring and sometimes oversimplified, the truths that spill from the pages remain for me strangely edifying. No sentimental bullshitifier me, just absolutely delighted at what you people say.

RODERICK, Schuboo, WA

School of life

THE SCHOOLING of children is like any interference with nature: we may achieve the desired effect - and 1000 bad effects into the bargain!

It is my belief that in preparing children for the workforce, by taking up most of childhood with schooling, we are depriving them of a satisfying human life, present or future.

When I read of a politician's pro prep for nationwide "pre schools", that is for taking up even more of childhood's fish out of water, I am pumped to write up angry (1) that any such "pre schooling" remain strictly voluntary and (2) that the age of compulsory attendance to schools be raised.

Children need more for better life and be better prepared for adulthood if they had more chance to take in the real world (outside school) in their formative years.

CAROL EASTGAZE, Wodonga, Vic

Out way west

HOWABOUT having Living delights extended to give a coverage (however minor) to all of us here across the Nullabor? Even just a TV/radio column would do marvels for morale.

IAN, Perth, W.A

I think it's about music

IN REFERENCE to Jim Mackenzie's criticism of my criticism of Albie Tozer (TLD 2/3)... I say "three cheers for relevant criticism", but let's at least see whether the criticism is actually relevant before we get too carried away. Moderate must have been either dreaming or sleeping when he read that I was writing down Rock for being 20 years old, or for any other reason.

If he'd bother to read my original letter correctly, he'd see that I was unquestioningly defending what I regarded as a valid and still-evolving art-form. Have you got it this time, Jim? As for the so called great SOUND debate, that horrible apprehension arises from the stupidly inappropriate title The living daylights gives my letter - I'm wondering right now what sort of title the person concerned will give this letter - which effectively obscured the great deal of the purpose of the thing.

The Gumboot "isms" - you quibble over our use of the term "anti-quotations", that is a completely acceptable and appropriate type of usage: I could have used plain quotations and taken the sake of reader comprehension, used a term very much in use. Personally, I don't care how old or young you find it, Jim. It doesn't matter to me at all.
THE SIGN of being aware and adult is led to a farcical esthetic situation. Ever thou criticisms of the two above mistakes, but apparently the heavies at between "GUTFELT PASSION" and art, including, to you, Dolphy & Coleman too cerebral for your tastes we need imagination either? In any Great Art, and, to be neat about it, way of expressing emotion.

TLD

bashers on your staff. It comes as no surprise to me to learn this. Poofter "bully-boy from ASIO". Come on, valid contemporary music outside of Albie Thoms. This time it's you.

Another point: you call Dolphy and Connor did not know tfce XL had lost read every issue of your paper and your letter writers have a hold of me want to see. OK chaps ... kiss and make up — Eds.

P.T., Sydney.

I just want to say that I agree with everything that Dietler said. Particularly that I too enjoy almost everything in your paper.

I'm new to this. I'm working and I'm tied to hire-purchase, mortgage etc. I'm well and truly into this "owner- ship" thing. I'm not really as aware a person as I am. I have however, read every issue of your paper and want to thank you because it has made me want to.

At the same time I do think some of your letter writers have a hold of themselves, like. What a lot of questions in the same issue of TLD. I thought that one should have been in your poetry contributions page.

RICHARD ZYCK
Woolhope, NSW.

Amos made a mess

THE SOUL cries out in torment, while assured fools aspire over what or what is not amoral through the letter columns of your paper (it doesn't matter what name is given to the illusion of how the world should be, it is still an illusion). Mr. Murrum is raised about the article by Amos Drummond. Generally of the points a supposed interview with Ian Sykes of X.L Petroleum.

I put up with many questions but to miss two very controversial points that Ian Sykes makes as if they didn't exist, shows a degree of incompetence in the reporter second to none. Did Mr Drummond fail to comprehend the import of the statement that Rex Connor did not know the XL had lost its quota of crude oil and that XL is the only company to lose this quota.

This, to say the least, is a crippling blow to XL especially in view of the decisions of the tariff board to return dumping subsidies to XL. At no point has Drummond attempted to find out who imported the dumped petrol in question or to even highlight the position of the customs departments in taking arbitrary decisions that are aimed directly at XL. The obvious conclusion is that the department of customs and excise are to the advantage of the large oil companies at the expense of XL but all Drummond can say is, "How have the big oil companies acted improperly? Are there any specific examples?"

Mr Drummond may I point out that you have just had an allegation made to you, that is the stuff Watergates are made of and it goes right over your head instead of probing that point.

You go on to the vagers of tax minimisation. Ask yourself the question next time something like this occurs who did this and why did it occur and you might get the point.

The next redhot point that I feel was eluded Mr Drummond was those that concern the size of XL Petroleum as compared to his unamed competitor. I do not aspet that there is an X and a O in the name somewhere. Ms Sykes says, "A company for instance, which started only four years ago has got about six times the number of outlets that I've got, but the thing is we're not cheated or anything.

This unnamed and nameless company has recently signed a contract with a large overseas oil company to stop price cutting and to receive petrol at a preferential price from that company at Australian prices. The implications from all this is that this unnamed petrol distributor was set up to compete not with the estabilished oil companies, but directly with XL Petroleum and indeed this unnamed company may have been established by the overseas oil company to force this express purpose.

Mr Drummond however missed these points in his interview with Mr Sykes, perhaps a repeat interview with Mr Sykes and if he be in mind the points I have made, the interview will be more to the point.

G.R. COXON, Toornton, Vic.

Exam sham

AS a marker in English Composition in the NSW School Certificate Examination, rather appalled at the task, I am sending this "answer" to you as a conscience-appeasing gesture.

An English Composition (Ordinary Level) School Certificate Examination. My Impression of a lively crowd scene. My impression of a lively crowd scene is certainly not this examination room. And there is no response to "examination fun". Just a heap of stuffed dummy sitting down at desks doing some crap examuines. It can be said that the lively crowd scene is say a rock concert with (say) everyone freaking out and "we've a bloody good time. Some goons may resort to dope and alcohol to dump their troubles.

My definition of a lively crowd scene.

Please excuse me this mess but I got so fed up with both I had to take my hate somewhere.

THIS IS STUFFED

Forget the Aerogard?

I WAS going to say the bloke you got to write up Sunbury (TLD 2/4) was a shitwit but I guess I have his piss of just as bad the day on the whole had tried.

Sunbury may have been all rock and roll for some — but I think there were a lot who wished it had happened differently. I was too far on the road, in a hotel, and a half day and the things I remember most are a guy fair-动工 around in the river and then drowning another swimmer (pissed to the eyeballs) who returned to the land of the living only after 15 minutes of resuscitation: all the out side (including mines), cubic miles of perhaps; the stories I heard from ambulancemen about the Saturday night burnouts on the hill, the 10,000 maddheads gawfawing at each other and yelling "rock more pale"; the sharks selling shit food at Tourak: the wolves dressed up in long hair and càtànning selling perfumed candles from 60c and even- tually couldn't get rid of them at 30c; and the bourgeois bastard organziers who get around at a holliepop.

I think the whole of Sunbury was very unhappy and uptight. People are still smoking grass to compete, and taking off the gear to be facing (although no one did that much this year). Maybe we are working loose of our guilt strutting audconsinalions, but I keep thinking of all those meathheads packing piles.

The only really good thing about Sunbury this year was the top of the hill where they had the folk tent with theatre, pottery and weaverin demos. The folk and the rock play Africa, which had three turns there, really caught on and a lot of people saw it. Sunbury won't really be a festival until that part of it is expanded into a total involvement sort of place and the hillsides music becomes more than a giant prank, which you can have anywhere. It all depends on whether people will really let themselves go and get into it instead of coming along to watch.

Dint kid yurestas — Odessa Proodings is run by brainwashen who, like the rest of the filthy rockside yokels in Australia — are more interested in dollars than experimenting and having fun.

The fun revolution is there for the taking. It doesn't depend on the company concurrence ete, nor the promotions such as Odessa who will sell you a cheap substitute in a pizzarky if you don'torganisation.

ANONYMOUS MOTHER OF TEN, Mosman Ponds, NSW.

LIVING on the line

I WOULD like to bring to your attention the living conditions provided by the Board of Correctional Services for its employees in outer areas. I imagine other government departments in other states are also in the act, on the can't comment, please you could and enlighten the public.

Closedown at Blackwater in CQ I got a job as a fettler about a week, until the Capricorn highway, route 46, reopened. Accommodation was provided but no tucker. This con­ firmed, of a camp bed, plus a reten oil mattress in a hump, practically open to all elements. Community facilities such as washing and toilet were a single room, with a wood stove, no wood provided. The place was infested with redbacks, lice, sheepworms, cockroaches, ants, bed bugs, flies, mosquitos and the like and not at all sanitary. The shower was a tin booklet affair, surrounded by deserted caves in full view of the pub and a Stall roadhouse on the highway and passing trains. The toilet was a dry pan affair which hadn't been emptied in weeks and could smell from ten yards. It also had its share of redbacks and other vermin and no toilet paper was provided and didn't have a door. I am still receiving treatment for infested bed bug bites, and no one could establish that I was an out patient department at the Princes.

If a private company pulled such a stunt, they would be pulled. The unions would jump on them. Is the government immune? I would be interested to know to what extent this is law.

JACK ROBERTS, Moruya, NSW

Shrinks stink

IN NO other profession is psychiatry more mistrusted than in the medical profession.

At the age of 24 I was depressed, and prescribed anti depressants (1964). By chance a doctor discovered I had abnormally high blood pressure for my age and I went to a leading specialist who put me on drugs to lower it. I was sent to a hospital "resting" the BP "fell"without medication. On leaving hospital it rose.

The specialist discovered I was on anti depressants and sleeping pills. The picture changed dramatically. I was a mess, and spent the next 2 years in hospitalised for tests on blood pressure, the specialist assumed I was a R/O kid. I read his case notes. He was on barbiturate tablets I must be knocking off aspirin etc. Assuming his query that my blood pressure alone was the reason for it, in his case notes he stated his worry was in the kidney. He was told one of his juniors that "Oh well he's had psychiatric help, it's really not worth bothering with."

The end result is (yet 50) I am probably not in the best of shape of 130/180 (an average assessed at two readings a day for 30 days).

ANON, Sydney, NSW
I F YOU saw Angela Mao take on a gang of rapists in Enter the dragons you've have qued she was going places. Well, it's not every day you see a fragile Asian flower demolish a pack of vicious hoodlums with some astounding kicks, hand chops and hefty throws.

And without losing an ounce of her femininity either we said.

That was just a cameo role, an hour or two o' the coming splendor of Ms Mao on screen in her own right as a fully fledged film star.

Lady Kung Fu is the first of her films to be released here and it's an orgy of martial arts violence with a dynamic fighting performance by Mao that makes the old Fantasia moves look like love play.

Set in China in the early century, Lady Kung Fu opens a martial arts school and encounters enemies from a hostile group of rival Japanese exponents. With her two off-side brothers put out of action by the jap oppression, she battles for her life and wipes out the entire team nearly single-handed.

Her feats of skill in the almost hundred-cent, Lady Kung Fu is one of a cute little China Doll in a pyjama suit, so pure that she doesn't so much as hold hands with anyone, and she minces in while the American Gidget voice on the dubbed soundtrack says:

"I just beat up the Japs!"

Or she's out there alone surrounded by evil thugs and suddenly her eyes widen with summoned power and all hell breaks loose, with Angela emitting Minnie Mouse squeals as she hurtles bodies all over the place.

It's a sado-masochistic turn-on, no question. A Kung Fu comic. Like those noticeboards in Soho shop windows advertising French minx these offers discipline. Angela Mao is promoted as "The Hong Kong Hapkido, who will give you the luck of your life!"

The Raymond Chow Hong Kong movie machine that bolstered Bruce Lee into a cult idol, hopes it has come up with a female counterpart. They're booking 22 year old Angela Mao - discovered three years ago in Taiwan and since famous in the Far East - as the new superstar of the western Kung Fu fad.

She's a black belt of the Korean form of martial arts, Hapkido, and also studied Chinese Tai Chi Chuan.

And to kick off the export action they flew her to Australia last week, still smarting from a misplaced Kung Fu blow she collected while working on a film with George Lazenby (Stoner) which set back her arrival here.

We met her in the smooth bar of Sydney's Boulevard hotel, Ms Mao was got up in a ming blue cheongsam, demurely slit to reveal a glimpse of stocking top, a mink stole around her shoulders, with Angela emitting Minnie Mouse squeals as she hurtles bodies all over the place.

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Problem was she spoke hardly any English, but her mouthpiece was a fast-talking, speedy young American producer, Andre Morgan, who is righthand man to Raymond Chow, head of Golden Harvest Films.

Andre Morgan justified the exploitation of Kung Fu - which does after all extol pacifism - in movie violence, by saying it was okay because the good guys always win.

But what about the anti-Japanese caricature of the Lady Kung Fu film? "Have you ever seen Japanese in Hong Kong?" rallied Morgan. It was a popular Chinese film theme and Ms Mao contributed that she'd been brought up to feel that Japs were bad people, but she didn't think it right that one group of people should hate another group of people.

However she was not partial to chairman Mao, who incidentally is the best known exponent of Tai Chi Kung Fu. The question on her attitude to Mao's China fluttered her compunction for the first time.

You shouldn't ask such a question - it's a political question that causes problems with Hong Kong and Taiwan," said Morgan interpreting her reply. "After all, Ms Mao's family fled from Shanghai to Taiwan after the revolution, her parents still live in Taiwan and she travels on a Taiwan passport. Of course, she hates the communists," he added.

You couldn't fault Ms Mao's modesty and virtue, as she sat prettily and emanitionally, at one point vowing that she'd never take her clothes off for a movie. None of her films involves her in any love scenes or the tint of sex.

And as for women's lib, she might be the symbol of self-defending womanhood, but the army of Right On Sisters' hearts filtered through to the ladies of Hong Kong. She believes a woman's place is in the home - cooking the food, looking after her husband and raising the children. She's just got married secretly a few weeks ago to a former Chinese film star and after her 16 months contract is up she's going to phase out her career.

As for Bruce Lee, a close friend of both Andre Morgan and Angela Mao, the mystery surrounding his death had been fabricated by the media. "It was a freak," said Morgan. "He was hyper-allergic to a drug."

But with his posthumous fame and the cult following for Kung Fu, it looks like Angela Mao will be kicking her way into our hearts for quite some time to come.

JUDITH RICH