THE RETURN OF ARMED LOVE – inside the Symbionese Liberation Army
SLADE SLATED

THE CLAP TRAP
by the resignation of Sir John Danlop as a director of the bank— who in leaving, accused his other directors of “bipolarity” —signaled to anyone who desired to keep the national money tree seem to have a pathological fear of creeping or back door socialism. Viewing the achievements of the present federal Labor government, one can only view with amazement that anyone in his right mind would accuse it of socialist practices.

DESPERATE TIMES REQUIRE DESPERATE MEASURES: It is only realizing that a senate election was on its doorstep, the Liberal party stirred into life in its sleepy state of mind that ageing whiz kid, Tony Eggleton, would be summoned post haste from his comfy job in London to attempt to get it out of the mire. Eggleton’s special job will be to do something about the image of party leader Billy Snedden. As his present job promises them, his hope is that a spectacular bout of information at the commonwealth secretary in London involves explaining the rationale of the bank’s operations in the 20th century and in particular justifying such people as Uganda’s 1Idi Amin, Mr Eggleton is bound to be excellently suited to this job of apologising for Snedden. Meanwhile, as they say in deepest Victoria, the prime minister John Gorton, who in comparison to Snedden is a bad case, may have to fight to hold preselection for his seat. That’s Liberal gratitude for you.

WHY SHOULDN’T THEY SURVIVE? WE CAN’T FIT THE DAMN THING: Professor Peter Parsons, professor of genetics at Melbourne’s La Trobe University, has stated that he is more than a little chary of seeing good public servants.”

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD: As the poems tramp in the polls in one of the closest elections of the decade, it is surprising that the five figure arithmetic on which the government based its decision to refuse the striking coal miners their wage claim was wrong. Probably the best thing the government can do to prevent the tyranny by some $3 of the nation’s money tree seem to have a pathological fear of creeping or back door socialism. Viewing the achievements of the present federal Labor government, one can only view with amazement that anyone in his right mind would accuse it of socialist practices.

ONE MINUTE’S SILENCE TO THROW UP: The Queensland Country party has managed to invent an election song dedicated to Joh Bieleke-Petersen, who likes, but which warns him: “His just rewards are yet to come in the promised land we know.” Palling our collective head out of the lavatory bowl, we can only remark that after a song like that no reward can be just.

ROUND AND ROUND THE GARDEN WENT THE TEDDY BEARS: Aboriginal public servant Charles Perkins is once again in a little trouble for stating that the Australian Liberal and Country parties are the biggest gatherings of racists in the country. As they say in deepest Victoria, the Liberal party runs a fairly close second. As the crisis continued to rage, the permanent head of the department of aboriginal affairs, Mr Barrie Dexter, threatened to resign. His good senator Caro, once again doing his best to calm the situation down said: “There will have to be some drastic alterations to the National Aboriginal Consultative Committee to prevent the tyranny by some $3 of the nation’s money tree seem to have a pathological fear of creeping or back door socialism. Viewing the achievements of the present federal Labor government, one can only view with amazement that anyone in his right mind would accuse it of socialist practices.

LET THE BASTARDS GO, THEY COULDN’T EVEN GET TO THE QUEENSLAND FLOODS ON TIME: More than 300 army officers resigned from the Australian army last year, mainly one gates because they haven’t got a decent war to fight. The heartless government perhaps could stop this resignation rate by declaring a limited confrontation with one of the most odious states.
THINGS had been suspiciously quiet in Berkeley for too long.

The new acquiescent generation of students was worrying about grades, and the radical Left was split up into a myriad of groups jostling each other for status while an uneasy truce with the police persisted.

There was a dangerous tension in the air. The increasingly apparent contradictions on the basis of American life, but no one was prepared to do much about it. And no one was prepared to see this tension explode as spectaculally as it has done during the past few weeks.

It was the nation's first political kidnapping. The effect has been shattering. A daredevil escape-capsule in the name of the revolution, magically executed, deadly serious, and stunningly successful. Patricia Hearst, a beautiful 19 year old heiress of one of the world's wealthiest families, has been abducted by armed revolutionaries and is being held to ransom in return for food for poor people.

The trauma is by no means over as I write, but it is already clear that the political struggle in the United States is entering a new phase. A seemingly well organised group of Bay Area people, probably no more than 30 in number this year, has declared revolutionary war on the corporate state of America, and has duly begun a rebellion. People of all political shades are astounded. How could this happen on top of everything else?

The Symbionese Liberation Army, a name unknown three months ago, has introduced itself with chilling authenticity. One group for some precedent, for a combination of the Weathermen and the Weathermen. The homegrown revolutionaries who bombed military installations for two years, never directed their actions against individuals.

If any slogan from the 60s fits otherwise, may be a long time for the SLA has a great deal of unreported in the press here, that as counter-revolutionary, and as a tactic for dealing with a school administration issue was seen even by former activists as ridiculous and dangerous. To make matters worse, the FBI voiced doubts about the existence of SLA, claiming it lived only in the sick minds of a few criminals.

For two months, Oakland police and FBI agents continued their investigation and made no progress. Nor had the SLA. When police had turned up until January 10, when there was something going on. Two arrests and competition... The Weather people, the homegrown revolutionaries who bombed military targets for two years, never directed their actions against individuals.

If any slogan from the 60s fits otherwise, may be a long time. The bullets that struck the Weathermen, the homegrown revolutionaries who bombed military installations for two years, never directed their actions against individuals.

The SLA has probably been in action. The return of the Oakland-Berkeley communities recognise the importance of the Oakland-Berkeley area to the liberation struggle of all oppressed people. We know that the ruling classes seek to stop the revolutionary community here before they can regain an arm of control around the struggling and oppressed people of the world.

The commune ended with the flourish: "Death to the fascist order that preys upon the life of the people."

In the lack of any previous knowledge, the SLA were immediately linked to a known militant group called the August Seventh Movement, which recently claimed to have shot down a police helicopter over Oakland, killing two officers. The ASGM was known to be involved in bombings and to have close ties with revolutionary groups inside California's prisons, particularly San Quentin and Soledad. The ASGM had been busy for months issuing communiques, including several death threats, but there was no real evidence that they had ever been in action.

Like the ASGM, the SLA lack credibility. The overblown rhetoric fell flat on sceptical ears, and the use of assassination as a tactic for dealing with a school administration issue was seen even by former activists as ridiculous and dangerous. To make matters worse, the FBI voiced doubts about the existence of SLA, claiming it lived only in the sick minds of a few criminals.

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The return of ARMED LOVE

One of the most significant events of the past year was the return of armed love. This phenomenon has been observed in various forms, including military training with the US military, and was particularly notable because it was associated with the Symbionese Liberation Army (SLA), a group that had been involved in a series of violent actions. The SLA was formed in the early 1970s by a group of radical activists, including the son of a wealthy San Francisco businessman. The group was associated with several high-profile crimes, including the kidnapping of a young woman named Patty Hearst.

A package arrived at KPPA on February 12, containing an eight-page document and a 50-minute tape. Within minutes of the arrival, some 50 newsmen converged on the radio station’s offices in downtown Berkeley. The handwriting was very clear. Hearst was ordered to arrange and pay for the distribution of free food. The tape offered an exordium as a matter of conscience and with the intention of speaking in the name of the people.

Detail instructions were given about the type of food, the expenditures required, and that the distribution of meals would be in May. The tape was mailed to the station, and the tape was also distributed to the SLA.

The documents were a letter, a new speech, and a letter by the SLA. In the letter, they addressed the possibility of a ruled war on the “Corporate State of America.” They argued that the SLA was a radical social movement, and that the public spectacle of revolution was the only way to change the world.

The SLA was finally revealing its true intentions. The group was seeking to establish a revolutionary government in the form of a workers’ laboratory. The SLA made it known that they would take over the federal government, and that they would use the power of the state to redistribute wealth and power.

Hearst announced plans for distribution of food to the needy. He said that the SLA would use the state to redistribute wealth and power. He and his family were not involved in any other activities.

The SLA also made it known that they were interested in the use of the state to redistribute wealth and power. They argued that the state was the only way to achieve their goals.

Hearst announced plans for distribution of food to the needy. He said that the SLA would use the power of the state to redistribute wealth and power. He and his family were not involved in any other activities.
A poster hanging around Sydney; Victoria street, Kings Cross, the Eureka stockade of the residents battle against the developers. Next week we publish a detailed account of recent muggings, death threats and Al Capone-Chicago type activities.
SOUTH Australia's Criminal Investigation Bureau has wound up its investigation into allegations of police brutality and corruption against members of the local drug squad.

"SA's British police commissioner, Salisbury, issued a state­ment to the press last week claiming that the allegations were "completely unfounded". He said that investigation squad had asked that the investigation be launched after allegations were made in Australian university newspapers. On dit and Ego times last year.

Salisbury was referring to reports in the December issues of both papers that the drug squad had forced a confession out of a guy busted in the south of Adelaide. The squad had manhandled his pregnant girlfriend to obtain the confession.

Commissioner Salisbury said two CIB senior detectives, Inspector B. B. and sergeant N. Davey had spent a month quizzing senior police officers, university students and "suspects" before handing them their report. He had concluded that all allegations were without base.

However, a spokesman for the South Australian Drug and Legal Protection Union, Peter Carey, disagreed and said Salisbury's release was just a public relations exercise. Carey said he initiated the inquiry three weeks ago. He was sure there were without base.

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The music was fine, particularly that performed by Reuben, well known as "Eidith sax" band, and Shark. Another group, Windjammer a new, virtually unknown band featuring an incredible organist and an accomplished saxist, surprised everyone with the excellence and precision of their funky music.

Smoke in Melbourne

Marijannas activists first organised as a result of the year, a benefit concert, held in Moubray street, Prahran last week, was extremely successful, with about 300 paying guests, and 100 non paying freaks in attendance.

Gardner was admitted to Royal Melbourne Hospital. Gardner was admitted to hospital. Gardner should have received one injection that was supposed to be a "radical" to stop his stomach. Gardner, who could not refuse to teach in the highrise school, he said, with "community access"; it's costing $5m for welfare workers, medical facilities, teachers - not generally known that unless an attempt to acquire education, the department paid no heed to the teachers request that flexible dividing walls be provided.

This week about 50 demonstrators arrested last week gave their names to the police. They asked who was "organizing" the demonstration that was initiated by the groups listed on the bottom of the handbill. It's costing $5m to try and arrange legal help for anyone ask why the riot occurred. Tony Green, who was in Bathurst during the 1970 banta­rings, took over from Liz. He gave the address of the group and said that he was anxious that as far as possible these broader issues should include information that the prisoners wanted to hear. He offered his help to the legal help for those needing that help.

A few people spoke, more police were called and the public police station. They asked who was "organizing" the demonstration. A group that was initiated by the groups listed on the bottom of the handbill.

Next week, the travelling radio jam radio made similar broadcasts out of the Sydney and the Young ALP.

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Over the wall

PIOTR OLSEWSKI

STUDENTS, trade unionists, the Black Community Action Committee have demonstrated outside Melbourne's Pentridge jail throughout the year. The demonstrations have continued after allegations were made in Melbourne, February 7, 1974. Over the wall.

Students at the demonstration warned officers that they were engaged in a long term ongoing campaign that would continue as long as Pentridge does in its present state.

Barry York, secretary of the PAC, and some of the demonstrators arrested last week, gave details of injustices to a prisoner which were publicised to Gardner on Friday. A 20 year old prisoner, Peter Gardner, described his. Incarceration in Victoria this court case.

Police were probably members of the local drug squad. They arrived at the concert.

Carey says the officer told him why he disliked the police. Beath asked him about the allegations.

Beath and Davey then turned up and asked him about the allegations.

As reported in Living daylights (2/6) Carey told the police he would not assist in the inquiries (2/6) Carey told the police he would not assist in the inquiries.

Police restricted themselves to acting tough and surly. They frowned on the inquiries and the next day a couple of days. The investigation could only break in performance.

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S HATAN: There are great numbers of Vietnam veterans who are very disturbed as a result of their experiences. Now I've interviewed about one hundred veterans and I've been very few psychiatric casualties from the Vietnam war, but what they mean are very few combat casualties. And when we are talking about long range post-combat casualties, the emotional disturbances that veterans suffer anywhere from nine months to two and a half to three years after they come back.

MARTIN: In brief what are the characteristics? SHATAN: Well the main themes that come out that are disturbing them are first of all of their feelings of guilt -- they feel much more guilty about people who died on the battlefield than they did about themselves. Because the special training they had for counter guerrilla warfare taught them to unleash violent vengeance. And the other thing that they're taught to use isn't this or that sophisticated electronic gadget or weapon. The chief weapon they're taught to use is the same weapon that they're taught to use in basic training is the rifle. The rifle is a weapon that is frightening to them. And they're taught to use it in a way that is frightening to them. So that's a very powerful weapon. And I think this is a very important point. It's almost as though they see this as a very personal aspect of the Vietnam war.

Another important feature is that they have learned to generalise hatred to anyone they don't know and to anyone on the opposite side of the fence. Some veterans will tell you that standing in a place like Times Square in New York city will invoke feelings of hostility, of "you're my enemy and who's my enemy?" And thus they will come to and feel very much shakier.

A third feature is that they feel very much cut off from their feelings about other human beings. They learn how to numb their emotions about other human beings and about themselves, about Vietnam; if they're to allow themselves to feel compassion for others they've got to allow themselves to swear out their own number of reactions to the very special kind of combat they run into in Vietnam. They have a deep sense of isolation within themselves. As a result of their experiences, there are a number of them, in a part of themselves that one veteran describes as a dead place in his heart. They experience their own love as something not for them.

MARTIN: And a half to three years after they come back, had a very severe doubt about their continued ability to love other people in Vietnam, every time you come out that are disturbing them are the impulses.

SHATAN: That's the guilt. The most painful aspect of the guilt is the nightmares. Many of them have combat nightmares every night. Many of them will wake up and find themselves almost incapable of realizing that they're not back in the Nam. There've been a number of accounts in the press about the best known is one of Don Kemp of Wisconsin whose symptoms were actually recognised by the government because he presented himself early enough for treatment. He was hospitalised by the Veterans Administration in a mental hospital and he was discharged as cured. He went back home to live with his wife, that night he woke up from a combat nightmare, still feeling that he was in the midst of combat in the Vietnam jungle, and that kind of isolation makes it very painful of all, is the theme that has to do with the character of the Vietnamese war itself. It's a war that has never been recognised by the US government because it presented himself early enough for treatment. He was hospitalised by the Veterans Administration in a mental hospital and he was discharged as cured. He went back home to live with his wife, that night he woke up from a combat nightmare, still feeling that he was in the midst of combat in the Vietnam jungle, and that kind of isolation makes it very painful of all, is the theme that has to do with the character of the Vietnamese war itself. It's a war that has never been recognised by the government.
WOUNDED KNEE: CONTINUING THE STRUGGLE

From LYELL CULLEN

WAY UP high in the US federal court building in St Paul, Minnesota, American Indian Movement leaders Russell Means and Dennis Banks sat facing the judge on charges following last year’s Wounded Knee occupation.

They arrived in St Paul last month to attend the trial which has been quoted as being “the political trial of the 20th century.” Federal marshals and gun toting federal protective force police swarmed all over the place, and federal security cars prowled the street outside.

“I’ve come to see the trial and to interview Russell Means,” I explained to the young federal protection officer. Her polite, quiet manner and her smart uniform gave an air of pleasant helpfulness that was spoiled only by the revolver on her hip and the high row of little shiny bullets in her gun belt.

“Have you a press pass?” she asked.

“No, never heard of them,” I replied.

“Then you’ll have to apply for a pass. We are admitting only 35 people to each session and you’ll have to put your name on the waiting list. There are only 5 spaces available 500 names long. She smirked as I shuffled off to see Indian security.

I, a student from the University of Minnesota put me right. “Forget the pass”, she said, “just wait outside the door. People never turn up and they usually let extras in.”

He was right and all that week I managed to get a seat.

Each day the ritual was the same. A card issued by Indian security inspected by the marshal and checked for weapons by an electronic detector. Then a manual to escort us one upper floor. At the top we were searched by more marshals and finally an escort to the courtroom.

Inside the courtroom the informality was both an anticlimax to the security precautions, and a contrast to the artifical formality of Australian courts. Juror selection was taken place and long streams of would be jurors paraded in and out.

Judge Nichols questioned each one searching for that one fact often fails to ask some questions of each juror.

“Just a fact, your name, where do you live, is there any one with the same name, what is your religion, do you attend mass regularly, what is your parents’ religion, your mother’s brother’s sister’s husband’s parents, did you ever go on the reservation, what do you vote, what do you read, what TV stations do you watch, what newspapers do you read, do you belong to any organisations, are you a unionist, have you been in the services, have any of your relatives been in the services, have you ever broken the law, were you ever the victim of a crime?”

And you, on international and domestic issues, what will you do.

The only black juror was challenged. Russell Means appeared to be a little surprised, but often failed to ask the kind of question that they had to the Foundation for welcoming home returning troops.

They had to have what he called “funeral braid”, there had to be public orations, memorialisation. The Second World War home coming trumpets and the returning soldiers and the general and beamed them with praise and gifts. Third, and most important, the veterans were given enough money by the sovereign to be able to set themselves up in some independent occupation. Nor was this a business so that they would not be dependent upon public welfare and be able to support themselves. Otherwise these veterans could very well have stood up the poppy and needed widespread distribution.

They were given a hundred and fifty years later this advice still isn’t being followed by the others.

There is no question that there was growing disillusionment with their reception. In February 1934, the American group reported the American government were concerned we’re only one cut above the gook, we’re the gooks of American society and...ment and where a policy of genocide is practiced.

Do you think you will win?”

“I initially was optimistic, but now not so. We are going against a stacked deck.”

And THAT is the saddest thing about this latest episode in the history of the Indian. They are going against a stacked deck.

With the first sight of this land by Columbus, the native Indian had been virtually sealed. The long and tragic history that followed drove home the point that the Indian could never be shielded by the white culture must be destroyed.

In St Paul, elaborate measures are being taken to prevent the defendants probably the first really fair trial they have known. William Kunstler, defender of the Chicago Seven and the Berrigans among others, the most elaborate socio­logy that ever mounted to try and make sure that the Indian is not prejudiced, a federal judge who has already shifted the trial venue to try to obtain justice, and who makes enormous efforts to be fair, all these things cannot obscure the fact that the defendants are fighting a war of beliefs which are systematically not contained in the white man’s law.

Wounded they, by the treaty of 1866, there was no need to justify occupation, rather the federal officials showed they found it worth their present. But to admit that is that more than two centuries of history have no meaning for the Indian.

And the consequences are too impossible for the Indian to be interpreted.

And before we condemn them for that, will who give up his Burgwood, Pennsylvania, address, we are not trying to see that the aboriginal is treated fairly and our injustice overturned.

A few days before the day, the weather was fine, the temperature symbolically hovering around 3°C somewhere near what it was in 1866, and the other Oglala Sioux were massacred at Wounded Knee. I remember Russell Means was in a car facing the Indian, who will give up his Burwood, Pennsylvania, address, we are not trying to see that the aboriginal is treated fairly and our injustice overturned.

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It breaks down casual affairs, breeds distrust and paranoia. It’s an allergy, an infection, a disease of the permissive society, a state of venereal neurosis and an incredible burden for the ignorant or unlucky.

What is it? It’s the venereal equivalent of Hong Kong flu – it’s Non Specific Urethritis (NSU) which, translated from medical jargon means we “don’t know what it is, but it hurts your prick.”

Here then, interlarded with interview quotes from a leading doctor in the public health treatment field, is a purely subjective but by no means untypical account of a year-long battle with the dread virus (neurosis, allergy, infection).

When I noticed the slight burning sensation in my prick, I knew it wasn’t gonorrhea. Gonorrhea (last time I had it) is an agonising tearing sensation, pissing razor blades, flodds of heavy yellow pus like dynamic custard. No – this was something milder – urethritis was it, something like that. A few pills and it’ll be over. So I thought, at that stage.

Almost a year of full-time irritation, shattered relationships, sexual hysteria and endless treatment.

In that first summer’s day of mild itch, I was an almost obligatory light-hearted toady, clean cut, darkly seamed, rockers with greasy jackets, all sitting in crossed-legged apprehension, waiting for their dreaded number to be called. But I felt OK, I knew what was going on. I was well over the fear and ignorance.

VD as a whole is a social and environmental problem as much as a disease. Our big problems are ignorance – people, especially girls who have no apparent symptoms but can’t believe they could be carriers, people who are afraid to go in for a check because they have misconceptions about treatment; inadequate contact tracing (the silent pool of infection) and often a lack of cooperation from GP’s – who fail to report a majority of the cases.

In that fine summer’s day of mild itch, I was going out of Australia for a couple of months and needed to be fit. The doctor claps his hand with false bonhomie on the shoulder of yet another whey-faced over-40, and tells him that if it doesn’t clear up this time he’ll just have to operate. The whey-faced man’s potency is at stake, but with aballistic turn the Great Man utters me into his office.

I begin incoherently babbling my story . . . my wife is about to leave me, I’m tired, irritable and restless all the time, I can’t sleep, pissing in the morning is painful, in short I feel fucking. With a stern but knowing twinkle in his eye the Great Man stops my verbal rush and asks about symptoms, history of the ailment, etc. By the time this is over I have calmed, decide to find out more about NSU. What is it – an infection? The Great Man puts his tips, makes a little pyramid with his fingers – Noo? Not exactly, although it’s obviously similar to one. He feels that NSU is a reaction, yes, that’s it, a reaction to the numerous bacteria (he called them flora) that inhabit women’s cunts and may cause allergic reactions in certain cases.

Should this happen, one should avoid this woman thereafter. Guiltily, I concur. “But there is no cause for worry, yours is a stubborn case, but with persistent treatment will vanish.” After some careful questions about the circumstances of my infection (extra marital) I suspect he has tagged me a guilt crazed neurotic. But he gives me a perfunctory examination (at $15 a visit, specialists desirous to touch your cock) and I lie in fatal position while his finger probes my prostate. He writes a hurried script, tells me to take the pills for two months (“if they make you nauseous, take half”). Thinking back to the clinic, I ask, if sex and grog are out. “By no means, dear chap, have intercourse as much as you like, and try to enjoy it. Alcohol likewise, though in moderation.” By now I’m convinced he has me tabbed as a neurotic, that the pills are just placebos.

Cases can last up to four or five years but we rarely get them continuing that long. But we find that blokes get a venereal neurasthenia, they think “look this doctor doesn’t know what he’s doing, I’ve..."

The Living Daylights, February 25-March 4, 1974 – Page 9

Dr L.

Yes, I hoped it’ll probably go away by itself, but just as well to get some pills. I was going out of Australia for a couple of months and needed to be fit. The doctor chats in a guttural German accent while his silent but quizzing assistant scoops a trace of discharge from the head of my penis with a piece of bent wire. Clinic medic never actually touch the offending member, all milking and squeezing is done by the sufferer. A hypodermic of blood from my arm, the syphilis/gonorrhoea test, but it is negative and I am given a proprietary drug called Tetacyclin. No drinking, no fucking and avoid strenuous activity for three weeks.

You take all such announcements with a grain of puritanical salt – so over the next few weeks you have the occasional fuck and the occasional drink. Surprise, surprise, it doesn’t quite go away.

The consensus of opinion is that NSU is started by sexual intercourse. The woman may have no symptoms, though she could have trichomonas, monilia or thrush – sometimes it may be a reaction to the flora in the vagina. A New Zealand specialist says that it is usually a result of stress – sometimes physical stress but usually mental stress, stress of going away, stress of coming back from going away.

The cause of it is not known – the main contender is a thing called chlamidia – if it is anything.

In WA they’re doing a lot of tests and finding chlamidia in the females. So if a case persists we often ask the guy to bring in his wife or his steady, and give her a course of treatment for what he’s got. It’s not scientific, but it seems to work.

Back down south, tropical heat has given the organisms a big boost, and you are now gripped by back pains, stabbing pains in the prick, constant irritation and a burning desire to know more about NSU. You fork out some cash and go to a specialist. I mean, there is a man who has studied male and female genitalia all his life, has a grand succession of letters after his name, and should be a shit hot expert.

The phlegm north shore is filled with people, most on the wrong side of 40, all with a well, dragged down sort of look. They’re a bit grey, a bit deflated. Prostate and bladder troubles, I think. Finally the Great Man appears, and you, he is just what you expected – tall, somnambulant, grey, just a little weary and obviously looking forward to a very successful retirement. He claps his hands with false satisfaction on the shoulder of yet another whey-faced over-40, and tells him that if it doesn’t clear up this time he’ll just have to operate. The whey-faced man’s potency is at stake, but with a ballistics turn the Great Man utters me into his office...
still got it" so they start pulling their penis, and squeezing it and hurting it, and wondering if I am going to stir up.* So the doctor must realise that you can get quite a severe nervous on account of this disease, and the best way to explain the disease, that it's going to be a nuisance but it can be cured. A very small proportion of bacteria develop into Ritter's disease - which causes pains in the joints, non specific discharge and eye complications, and that is serious.

We've appointed social workers to open the doors and get people to come out with their problems so they can be explained and reassured. So it's really a social and environmental problem as well as a medical one.

***

I start on four pills a day, and sure enough they make me sick, some days I am sick or none at all, as well as following the doctor's instructions about fucking. But by now I am desperately convinced that the pills are doing no good, that I will have a painful, detrimental detritus in the rest of my life, sex life drops drastically, and any extra curricular relationships are more a desperate search for sympathy than a need for good fucking fun.

***

EVEN in a one to one relationship - a marriage - one partner can be blamed, but it can be a result of stress. From a UK study: "Each year since 1964 the incidence of NSU over gonorrhea is increasing, the most serious blood disorder. Sometimes trichomoniasis is evident, but often not. Many married men, no doubt truthfully, say their wives have had extra marital or even marital intercourse!"

Dr L

SEX has reached a new nadir, with most pleasurable vibrations replaced by the sensation of ejaculating sandpaper. The back pains return, and I begin refusing jobs that required physical exertion. The world becomes a poisonous place, and the incidence of developers, rising prices, comme, Kohoakut and other social ills are all related to urethritis.

IN a clearcut case of NSU the symptoms are on a lesser scale. The point is that I can clear gonorrhea with one shot of penicillin, but penicillin won't touch NSU. This will stop the discharge and eye complications, and that is very serious. You can't see a microscope and if you don't find gonococci then you call it NSU.

Dr L.

UNFORTUNATELY, there's no happy ending (or cured pickp) in this story. Urethritis comes and goes, diminished by courses of pills, alleviated by little tricks you learn from doctors and other sufferers. A dose of Cistecsen before going to bed helps (it creates an alkaline urine in which the organisms can't breed). Less fucking, certainly no fucking around if it can be helped, more sleep, better food, and cut down on anxiety where possible. Who knows what the real causes are anymore - perhaps the bacteria have gone, leaving a permanent neurological deficit. Or perhaps, new strains of the bugs, you are in the vanguard of victims to a new disease. A little cursory reading in the hand-books will convince anyone that medical science's dependence on drugs is bound to rapidly increase the rate of resistant strains.

CERTAINLY, with a rise of increase almost double of that of any major competitor, NSU is going to be around for a long time, affecting more and more people. Sub-tropical climate offers unlimited growth potential, and the failure of medical science to even isolate the organism that triggers the condition suggests that NSU may well be the plague of the 70's.}

**

**DRUGS USED TO TREAT NSU**

FLAGYL (METRONIDAZOLE):... developed to counter infections by a unicellular organism Trichomonas....

Trichomoniasis may be accompanied by diarrhoea and debility, severe vaginal discharge, infection of the male urethra and bladder ... this disease is endemic in tropic countries and by no means rare in temperate regions ... symptoms appear more frequently in women ... reinfection, of course, occurs during sexual intercourse ... and in such circumstances simultaneous treatment of the male with the disease is necessary even though he may be symptomless without treatment.

SEPTINR: Combines sulphonamide, sulphaethane and a non sulphonamide drug, trimethoprim. ...for the treatment of other infections. The tuberculostatic resistance to sulphonamide therapy is a phenomenon of the bacteria, not the patient. Although not common, the most serious side effects are blood disorders, and especially a block in the liver to a discolor (dis) destruction of red blood cells, some more frequent damage to the kidneys and the urinary tract can, of course be fatal.

**STREPTOMYCIN:** In large and continuous doses can damage the inner ear, permanent deafness or deafness can result ... liver or kidney damage can also result from large doses ... resistance can develop very rapidly in previously sensitive families of bacteria ... to delay the appearance of resistant strains streptomycin must be administered with sulphonamides or other drugs.

**TETRACYCLINE:** Lymphangitis trumenum, a venereal disease of growing importance responds well to these agents ... certain difficult urinary tract infections and some phases of syphils can also be helped occasionally produce extremely dangerous reactions ... skin rashes and more serious blood disorders, such as anaemia, ... and the skin can lead to severe and probably fatal collars.

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**

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Please reserve for me and deliver to me a copy of *The Living Daylights* every Tuesday, Thank You.

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**PROTEST MARCH**

Friday 1st March

11am

Treasury Gardens to the city square vigi

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**WILD LIFE FILMS**

Two films every Sunday

3.16pm Historical

The Quest for King Arthur, Sydney Opera House Music Room.

Continuous Screening 10 am-6 pm. Adults $2, children $1, family of 4 $5.

---

**PRISONERS' ACTION COMMITTEE**

Aims to assist the inmates of Victoria's gaols in their resistance against brutality, ill-treatment and humiliation. For information about particular cases relative in any of Victoria's gaols and they have compiled some information. For example, the case of one prisoner who was found to be pregnant in prison, the prisoners' Action Commitee can provide qualified legal aid free.

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---

**SUBSCRIBE:**

**CONTRIBUTE, CHIP IN, KICK IN, PUT SOMETHING IN THE POT, SWEETEN THE KITTY (Rogeti's).**

"Subscribe"could also mean the following: keep stock; ensure; a present for a friend; a weekly reminder; a short stroll to the mail box as against a gruelling route march to the newsagent; a finger on the pulse; a year of enlightenment; a year of updated road maps of the consciousness.

---

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---
Sister of Illusion

rachel,
she's beautiful,
she sleeps
with her legs apart;
she's sometimes heard
playing "strawberry fields forever"
on a borrowed harp,
and she claims that
she's an einstein freak:
and is, therefore
relatively
unconcerned
about clocks.
John Lewis

Your Name is Empty

Do I still know you?
Just then I lost your name,
It became empty.
Was it because I could not find
Any of you in the foreign things
you said?
J. Roney

Poet's Complaint

poetry should communicate
so should editors
rejecting the damn stuff
if it doesn't
turn preach into practice
takes two to tango
and all that
example kicks best
when the fences are down.
Robert C. Boyce

Disaster Poem, or Confessions of a
great and powerful Friend

Isolationism means
We don't run any other country
Except South America.
(Our soldiers may rape
But they don't fuck
Fuck is a four-letter word).
As a new generation of sophomores
Discovers Eskimo Nell
While studying Wuthering Heights,
And 49.57% of Colleges
Now offer credits in swimming
Needlework and Greek civilisation,
Round the fringes everywhere
Board-riders sit out
From the drowning continent.
Robert C. Boyce

Dodge City

watch out, kid
and keep open heart to yourself
it isn't safe
to let your soul out on the street
these days
unless your tongue is fast and ready
and it's no use going around unarmed
because they'll just hate you
for remaining unprotected.
John Lewis

Melting Snow Makes a River

Christmas cheer or christmas beer,
Why choose between the two?
There's always enough for everyone,
even me and you.
One for mum, one for dad,
Some for one and all.
Christmas may be just another snow job
but it's better than nothing at all.
John Lewis

Making It

she was naked
and didn't know whether
to grab
her snatch
or breasts
i hung my eyes
and my heart murmured that
i wrote
at least thirty two letters
to a woman
i loved.
Terry Gilmore

The Believer

He calls upon God
Much too late in the day
And sets the phone ringing
In an empty office
Mark O'Connor

Divinely yours

Guru, Guru
Where are you?
Boo hoo hoo
Where are you
Guru Maharaj ji?
Hi! ji
My, your coming and going
but why?
For you, Guru
I'd die, Maharaj ji.
for you, Guru,
I've given all my money to you
O O O O O O O O O O O O
I love you Guru
I like my Guru chubby . . .
And rich too, Guru.
Can I be perfect like you
Guru?
Graham Habgood

Oh Dear

This is an Oh Dear tramride
at the end
of an Oh Dear night
and
now that my fare is paid
I think
I'll just sit here
and hallucinate.
John Lewis

Untitled

I came to you with my hands cut off
and you wrapped them in your hair
i was junkie thin, on a razor's edge
i was way past trying to care
my mind was hunted, my face a mess
i had nothing to disguise
so i looked for an answer to my mistakes
in the blueprints of your eyes
i felt as mean as a subway gang
screaming F U C K in a midnight park
i nigger rumbled your cornfield thighs
till my pain turned to love in the dark.
Ross Hill

Lounge room Journey

You sit still
Not brooding
But with active eyes
I sit next to you
Though I think only you
Know where you are
Sometimes, when you look up and smile,
I see your diamond spectrum world
And that is when I know
where I belong
I journey out across the carpet
to visit you for tea.
Steven Phillips

News & Weather is an irregular poetry feature prepared by
Nigel Roberts and Richard Tipping.
MURDERING
Our Founding Fathers

PETER GARDNER

If most people today were asked, "Who was John Bat­
man?", they would give varying replies ranging from hero to the horrid father of Melbourne. None would say, murder, thief or bounty hunter. Yet the author of this book, Angus McMillan the discoverer of Gippsland. Generally regarded as a hero in the historical annals of the state, he was actually a murderer, thief or bounty hunter. The same applies to McMillan the discover of Gippsland.

The tragic lesson of these murder -era events is that no man, let alone a public official or hero, has the right to take the law into their own hands. The only effective remedy is the gun.

When is it that such a travesty of history should occur where murder still becomes heroic or, at least in the eyes of students of today, great and humane explorers? Partly the answer lies in the belief superior attitudes and beliefs of the time. In those days, murder was part and parcel of normal life. More so it is concerned with two other events, the trial and hanging of the Myall Creek mur­
ders, and the parliamentary in­
quiries on aboriginals of 1858-62.

The Myall Creek massacre oc­
curred in NSW (Inverell 1838) and was known but secret occurrences had occurred in other parts of the colony. One of their ostensible justifications was that no man, let alone a public official or hero, has the right to take the law into their own hands. The only effective remedy is the gun.

However, nine years earlier and then it was that the hangings for Myall creek murders of blacks. But perhaps the best condemnation of the age was a bonfire of backlogs. S. Roberts Faithfull told how the enraged mounted men gathered at the station and fire into it the bodies of the white participants and the blacks camped around the waterhole at Warrigal Creek. The avenging party came upon the blacks camped around the waterhole at Warrigal Creek. Eventually some 150 blacks were murdered on that day. Surely Australia's equivalent of My Lai. Even then two survivors were made to lead the "brigade" from camp to camp to further satisfy their thirsty vengeance.

The hangings for Myall creek in no way deterred. The mounted and heavily armed vigilantes with their secret oaths would detect black camps and fire into them, killing a great number. Some escaped in the scrub, others jumped into the waterhole, and, as fast as they put their heads up for breath, they were shot, until the water ran red with blood.

The Myall creek massacre occurred at the Pyramids, on the banks of a lagoon behind the banks of a lagoon behind the eastern bank of the Brodribb river (Orbost) and followed the return­ing of Joseph Hearne to the station (Orbost) and followed the return­ing of thousands of blacks from having murder made a topic of everyday conversation.

The 1858-62 inquiries on aboriginals of 1858-62. Ten to 15 years after these well recorded the truth of the matter. It is impossible to say how many have been shot but I am convinced that not less than 450 have been murdered altogether . . . now I am becoming familiar with scenes of horror from having murder made a topic of everyday conversation.

McMillan organised what was called "the highland brigade", a party of 20 heavily armed mounted men. The brigade coming up to the waterhole at Warrigal Creek surrounded them and fired into them, killing a great number. Some escaped in the scrub, others jumped into the waterhole, and, as fast as they put their heads up for breath, they were shot, until the water ran red with blood.

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Tuesday

ROCK
SLADE, HOME: Festival Hall, 7 pm, $2 per day, students $1.50. Kim: Crewe Park Hotel, Preston.
SEBASTIAN HARDY: George Ham, Sl Kilda, Prospect. FRANK TRAYNOR: Hotel, high street, SL Kilda.

FOLK
SINGERS: Commune coffee house, 580 Victoria Parade, St Kilda, $1.50 plus $1.50, live music, DJ, 8 pm. FRANK TRAYNOR: 100 Lonsdale Street.

VISUAL MUSIC
BAREG, SYMPHONY, ANTIHESE by Kapsi, 21st written by Stavrou, 47 Collins Street, 8 pm, $1.50 per day.

FILM
GET TO KNOW YOUR RIGHTS: Minnie and Mas, St Kilda, Sept 11, 8 pm. PREMIERE MELBOURNE: NTA, Sunshine Victoria Unio, Union Park, 7.40 pm, $1.50, 80c stud.

DRAMATIC WORKSHOP
CLAREMONT THEATRE: 14 Claremont Street, SL Kilda, phone 29 22 4545. KNIGHT IN WATER (Polynski)(NRC) and COME BACK AFRICA: Upstairs St Kilda, 7.40 pm, $2, 80c stud.

MEETINGS

OUTDOORS
MAGICIAN EXPRESS, magic, magic, 11.30 am. STREET HIGHLIGHTS: Victorias opera company was holding a final three, then, opera symphony, Treasury parade, 12.10 and 1.10 pm.

TV
IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE: (movie) a show: HSV-7 11.10 pm.
WAR AND PEACE: BBC series: ABV-2, 8 pm. UNCLE VANYA: BBC production of Chekhov's, HSV-7, 9.15 pm.

RADIO
NEW SOCIETY: 3AR, 7.30 am. EDUCATION NOW: 3AR, 7.30 am. VERANDA, Verandah, Verandah, 8 am. BIG HORN, — Domen: ATV-6, 7.30 am.

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A liftout's guide to what's on ahead this week.

Lie it, shift it, up it, take it down, turn it round, stick it up.

**THEATRE**

**JULIUS CAESAR** by Shakespeare: National Theatre, 55-113 Victoria st, 8 pm. $3.25, seniors $1.20.

**THEATRE**

**SEVEN SAMURAI** by Arthur Cohn: Melbourne Repertory Theatre, 101 Victoria st, 8 pm. $2.50, seniors $1.20.

**PICTURES ON THE PORCH** by Lewis Allen: Monbulk Repertory Society, Monbulk, 8 pm. $2.50, seniors $1.

**THEATRE**

**LORD OF THE RINGS** by Peter Jackson: Auckland, 8 pm. $2.50, seniors $1.

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BRITISH ELECTIONS: EVERYONE'S A LOSER

From ROGER HUTCHINSON in London

TEN YEARS ago, as an energetic member of the south Yorkshire young socialists, I watched, in a high street film hall a month Sunday junior football, flung homework to the winds, and devoted my energies to canvassing for the Labour party in a general election. Now Macmillan, an obsession from the 1950s was going, and 40, I had lost the Left, and an obsession from the 1960s was flung and more are personified also in the absence from the Left of any south Yorkshire young socialists, I had lost the Left, and an obsession with political one upmanship. personable leadership since the 1960s flair, that authority which the right moment... 

The occupation of Centrepoint was certainly the most brilliantly executed move from the British Left for a long time. Its design and organisation smacked of the kind of togetherness usually entirely conspicuously absent from revolutionary groups. The Bums Security uniformes were obtained earlier this year by two infiltrators. More often than not the occupiers were the first to draw attention to Centrepoint's relationship with the homeless, rather than to occupy the building and hijack it as a permanent refuge for squatters. The dialogue between reformists and revolutionists in this matter was aggravated by Jim Radford's comment that among the demonstrators supporting the occupation from outside were "political exiles bent on causing as much trouble as they can." 

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Last week we told of the commune nestling on the foreshores of Sydney harbor, now being threatened by a state park plan. Here are the pics for which we couldn't previously find space.
I came up here from the south, where the skies were dripping along the Coast, still the earth was red and the water runnels were as blood beside the road. In my jaunty little car I observed northwards I dreamt of life ahead, so different to the reality. Into a flat I went, hateful in its barreness, but I soon became insensate as before long I could no longer see the dust-baked, sandy particles of the green concrete walls. In this apartment, walls didn’t reach the ceiling, my husband’s television programmes on the other side of the pressed-wood partition were all too audible. This flat had a redeeming feature and a wonderful one at that, coming from the front porch was country, flat and then the long, rocky, sparsely treed hills.

In the early morning white cockatoos squatted on the dead trees like magnificent blooms. In the evening the moments were magical as the sun set and the hills and their shadows changed from orange to flaming red to purple and to ink-blue. Now such a scene is impossible as within a bare two years little suburban boxes have interloped upon the scenery.

Now I live in my own property. The ugliest house in the street looks as though buying this property by words of “value,” “cheap” and “in three weeks it will be a different place”. It is now two years later and it is uglier than ever with its half finished additions. There is no view, just chicken wire fences looking into my neighbours’ unsympathetic yards.

My baby is the prism of this existence, so soft, so perfect. She looks back at me with a face that is melting in my lap. I have not yet learned to live here until I look and feel as tired as the windwhipped trees beside the road.

A man brutally beats his dog, a caustic dies of the heat, there is too much hardness to bear. People live in tiny shacks so that there is no man can get into the land and the way of life as I see it around me.

I would like to sit before a roaring fire, feeling my toes tingle inside the tiny, hot and rundown machinery will blend in with the natural anology of the land. The sun will infant again and moulded in them with the earth, so that once again true harmony between man and earth will exist.

There is no half measure here, for mankind the sun shines as it has nowhere else to cast its rays; when surprising for several months the skies become overcast and soon it rains, rains and rains. No man can get into the land and no man can leave it. The rains are too big for transport, train or plane; they too are halted and exist in a claustrophobic atmosphere as defined by the rain and isolation.

If there is a deity, a spirit or a Will of this land, here it is harsh, a misanthrope, it looks down with malvolence; how many people can be ruined, made drunkards, become obsessive gamblers, be made brutal, how many will forget the real value of life? This god sees the weakness in each man and exploits it and once here no man can escape, there are no softening sea breezes or levelling effects of varied people, differiting attitudes, instead here by some means the most awful and mediocre man manifests himself.

Anyone who espouses any different way is cast out or crushed by the dust, the heat and his fellow men. A man cannot jump into his car and drive a few miles to the hills to regain his sense of propor­tion, he can get out his rifle and go shooting or go to a waterhole but at it he will find half of his acquainstances anyway.

In days of old hermits and mystics they were able to strip away the extraneous aspects of existence in such a place but today even here the mindless points of our culture give a veneer to all television, football, such standard films. Does man bring in these insanities or does the land push man to this pattern? I think it is the harshness of the land exploiting weakness but by the other side-of-the-wall’s man able to rise above his physical condition in this moment in the sun it is truly great, a true man and in him lies vindication for all.
George "Horshidi" Strumble had never thought of himself as a beautiful person. Sure, he was a bloody good farmer; he looked after his missus, he was fair with the farmhands and he kicked his dog only occasionally. But Friday night after the pub. He was well liked around Hicksville and two years ago he'd been the president of the Farmers Association. In general, not a bad bloke and certainly not a man given to flights of fancy. Sometimes, of course, he wondered what it was all about and once he'd written a poem for the Graziers about his old sheepdog that had gone to herd the Great Flock in the Sky... but as for being a beautiful person, well, it had never crossed his mind. That is, until the day he was knocking the sheep.

There he was, getting their balls into a bucket and brushing on the hot tar. The flies had been giving him hell and after a couple of hours he'd stopped for a lug and a cuppa, flipping through some of the newspapers the farmhands had left in the shed. And there it was - Nimbin News by Piotr Olszewski. It was in some paper he'd never seen before, called Whole Earth. There were a few giggles at the first bit about mari-juana and he began to read it out aloud. There were a couple of pages he'd never seen before, a paper he'd never seen before, called Living upstairs, or something like that.

As he read, George "Horshidi" Strumble picked his nose pensively. Slowly he realised the awesome truth - he was a flamin' beautiful person. A week later the Hicksville farmers hall was packed. The Hicksville news and farmers had passed on George's advert on the front page, along with a story headed: "Farmers Are Beautiful People. Wake Up!!!" George was pleased at punch at the turnout and he chuckled his new Whole Earth catalogue as he walked in the rostrum, acknowledging the applause and cheers with a wave. When everyone had settled down, George explained how it was time for Hicksville to realise its true position in the development of mankind.

"This Nirvana, or Nimbin, or whatever it's called, has shown us the way," he said. "Welcome to our saviours, our beautiful people, here to tell us how we can hold church services in the dunney. Widow Pierce and her friend nearly fell off their chairs, laughing.

"Look, it's all here," said George, holding up the Nimbin news. Then he began to read it out aloud. There were a few giggles at the first bit about mari-juana and one of the Brady girls turned around and winked at Grandpa Thomson, for everybody knew he'd been growing his own version of ready rubbed for years.

Then George reached the section about "village or tribal communities". Beautiful people, he said, often used words like that. It simply meant that groups of people lived close by and grew their vegetables together. Well, why don't they flamin' well say so?" came a voice from the back. Mrs Pierce, the widow, piped up: "Well, is he a relative of your friend next to her on the aisle... one of the lads started passing around a bit of beer. Still George pressed on. He read the section about Nimbin's trucks and how the beautiful Nimbinites had bought a new one, a Blitz, for five hundred dollars. He explained that when Hicksville became a beautiful people's "village or tribal community" they'd be able to write to the Melbourne and Sydney papers with news of new tractors, dressmaking machines, harvesters and so on. People were always dying to hear about even the smallest detail of beautiful people, he said. Why, even their sewerage problems were grip-
Elton John: Well worth hearing and worth hearing well

MARGARET MACINTYRE

In reviewing a concert held outdoors, such as at the South Melbourne football ground, it is almost necessary to have three different reviewers place about the venue - in the stands, on the cement in front of the stands and on grass - because the show has a totally different impact from these different positions.

In a hall, however bad, it is usually possible for a good entertainer to produce an atmosphere that will envelop the audience, wherever they are seated. With the possible exception of the Kooyong tennis stadium, this is not so out of doors. Viewing a performance from the stands is a little like looking through the wrong end of a telescope, not so much because of the actual difference from the stage but because of the detachment the open air induces. I started watching Elton John's concert from in front of the stands and then moved down to the grass, close to the stage and was amazed at the increased involvement such a move brought about. The excitement in front of the stage was electric, resulting in a feeling of communication from performer to audience that was lacking elsewhere on the ground.

Mild mannered performer Elton John appeared on stage on Thursday night looking more like a psychedelie aztec chook than the usual pop star. And this was an eye, just a good pair of lumps to come, because Elton is far from your usual pop star. With a flutter of his eyelashes and a flash of the lights the show began - the band and Elton swinging straight into a solid instrumental. Elton John is far more in the tradition of the Beatles than most English rock bands - which seem to structure themselves after the Rolling Stones. Like the Beatles, Elton and Bernie Taupin write pop songs with strong melodic lines, which vary greatly from song to song. This variety allows him to put together a very structured and entertaining stage show, gently building the excitement, manipulating the audience through the choice of songs rather than through stage antics.

Perhaps because of where I was originally seated, as well as being halfway down the stands and far from the middle of the stage, I was amazed at the increased impact from these different positions.

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Music Grants: Few favors for the youngbloods

Interview with Di Manson, consultant on jazz, rock, folk etc. for the Music Board.

MARGARET MACINTYRE

FIFTEEN million dollars is 15% of the Arts budget, which is reassuringly sizable when one considers that $3 million is the extent to which that money is meant to be spent. This is money dispersed by six advisory boards - theatre, film & television, visual & plastic arts, literature, crafts and of course the music board.

These boards are chosen by ministerial appointment - in the case of the music board, with three new members each year, and then appointed by the council which also appoints the chairman of the board. The music board selection has led to some bitter criticisms of the workings of the board by various minority groups, from feminism, self-perpetuation, elitism.

Another course of criticism has been the handed out of grants - the only way for money to be available to artists or organisations is through their application. Applications are then assessed for merit by the board, and grants distributed accordingly. It has been pointed out that the selection of the board and organisations associated with them have benefited the board at the expense of the broader arts community. However these deliberations are closed to the public, because, says Dr Jean Battersby, the ACA's chief executive: "It is mostly artists now who are making judgments about other artists and they're a pretty uncharitable lot. Whether this system of dispensing funds is fair and effective is a question to which we are all stuck with for the present.

Until the announcement of the music grants last year, when a couple of young contemporary musicians figured prominently, it could have been assumed that the council did not consider popular contemporary music art. This is one impression that Di Manson, the music board's newly appointed consultant on jazz, rock, folk, says "I'm highly critical of decisions regarding grants. According to Dr Coombs there is an increased allocation in the contemporary area, which has the effect of increasing the number of applications. Di Manson worked formerly with Aquarius, and through organizing concerts and campus tours she saw a great deal of the problems facing groups and single artists today. Most markedly, she was made aware of the enormous blanket of patents which seem to be evident in every facet of the music industry. "It's everywhere - the artists don't trust the agents who don't trust the record companies..."

THE Fairport Convention has been building up in the middle distance like an electrical storm for quite some time, and by now they no longer need apologists in this country.

Gone are the days when the question "Who - or indeed what - is Fairport Convention?" was on everyone's lips. I don't hold with the common belief that it is necessary for a band to continually change in order to remain any good - the dedication of progress has surely gone far enough without actually applying it to music - and I find the consistency of this group through many changes in personnel admirable illustration of the old adage: when you're on to a good thing, stick to it.

Nine is the first complete record made by the group's current line-up, Rosie having been a fairly scattered effort. It presents a similar balance of traditional and original material to the group's last few records.

The first track, the ebullient North Country song The Hampshire Lass, features the light and tuneful singing of Dave Swarbrick, and moves at a frantic pace. Swarbrick is not regarded in the best of circles as a particularly good traditional fiddler, mainly because he tries a little too hard. But this excess of cleverness is far better adapted to electric music than its use to his time with the Ian Campbell group or with Martin Carthy. He is definitely a "job" fiddler, and his quirky and sometimes insane playing

Fiddler burns!

MIKE O'ROURKE

NINE: Fairport Convention (Island).

provides the lift that electric bands often lack, due perhaps to a separation from tradition.

Polly on the shore, an apotheosis vision of a past part in the head of a dying privateer, has a depth and intensity that is released through the electric arrangements of a traditional song. Trevor Lucas' singing of this song is beautifully understated, and shows him to have a good range of sensitivity as well as a powerful voice.

Fairport's playing of traditional tunes since Dave Swarbrick joined the group has always been one of their strongest drastraws. (What is a drastraw?) The brilliance melody and Cherchez shuffles are both old American standards, and they play these just as well as the previous editions of the band have done English, Scottish or Irish tunes on other records. Dave Pegge gives a very fine performance of Cherokee Shuffle on the mandolin.

Perhaps the finest track on the record is a setting of Richard Lovelace's poem To Althea from prison, which contains the famous lines "stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage". Swarbrick's delicate violin, and his direct, brick, unsentimental singing combine to give this piece a haunting, melancholy elation that will keep the tune drifting around in your head for a long time.

Side one ends with Jerry Donahue's startling instrumental Tokyo. This record has been so effectively divided into two parts that it's a bit hard to get into Side Two after listening to Side One. Bring 'em down is a big, heavy, inspiring song with a spine-titting solo from Dave Swarbrick, but Big William seems excessively peculiar. I can make neither head nor tail of it, in spite of the memorable refrain "you can put it where you like, and pain is a mellowed countrified hymn for stoics, with a refrain that sticks like a burr.

Pleasure and pain is an ironic view of the music industry as it is so important that contemporary musicians learn what the market has to offer. "Di hopes that musicians will be able to use the facilities for making demo tapes, and that they will stock the centre as a link with other musicians and parts of the industry. Everything in the center is available to groups for similar music centres in all states, but this will depend largely on the success of the first.

Another form of help currently available is the Music Board's Council for the Arts, at last.

At present Di's hopes are high for the future. She is attempting to give the impression that historically the arts have always been only appreciated by a minority, and that more or less still stands. In our field there is an obvious opportunity to break away from this attitude.

This does not appear to be such an easy task. Of a board of 12, made up largely of those practically involved in music, either creatively or educationally, at present only Jeannie Lewis is from the category for which Di now acts as consultant.
A Feast for Seagulls

EMMET TILL

GEOFF E. FOOT

CRYSTAL VOYAGER: on rounds

T HE SEA is our mother, our ancient home. Let us go back to live with her, let us worship her omnipotence and play among her tresses as she combs them on the shore.

Bitter cold and your body trembles with exhaustion. Sometimes you nearly drown. Jesus, he's a surfer is really hard. I can't figure out why I keep on doing it... maybe my friends are right when they say I'm mad.

But Nat Young and George Greenough and Ritchie West do it much better because they're heavily brassed and can afford to take it indulgently. Ritchie has just built a boat - a 38 foot ocean cruising yacht - so he doesn't have to hassle through the traffic and pay the little green men to park by his sea. And so he can go to all those hidden places and "kick a pick" over the bow, live on board and paddle to the surf anytime he wants.

George aims a mean camera too, and in the last film he shot, so all he can see is a little circle of sky and land down a big green tunnel.

People like George and Nat and Ritchie are Cool and then there's all the poor shits like me who have to do the hassling and the paying and the five days at a desk and say fuck if it's blown out at weekends.

Now when these high powered Cool People point cameras at each other and paste the bits into a surf movie the hustlers like me who flock to it like seagulls to a rotting fish. Cut: Greenough bouncing, dropping down the face of an ugly wind-ripped Rincon wall. Cut: Ritchie West going left, board climbing grimly high up in the racing wave. Cut: Greenough knee-deep in vivid stills for his spinnaker. He and Albie Falzon, who also shot lots of footage, have put together a peerless first half.

The second half sees the boat launched and taken on her shakedown cruise, anchored off the beach, boards thrown in, paddled to the surf. Becomes a bit tedious. But Greenough has saved the best bit till last, as he did in The innermost limits of pure fun.

It is lazy and slow, down here under the pleating lid of the sea, comforted by that light prismatic hul. Ahead a wave forms, folds forward with deliberate dignity and rejoins itself. Within the wave a great long roll of nearly trapped air twist like a great glaring monster, w科技 in pensive agony at the weight thrusting on it. Then explodes in a drapeln of excited bubbles, winking silver and green, slamming softly into Greenough's lens like boiling porridge. Then through the face and he flashes along those country, bowing walks on his kneeboard, camera whirling on his back to play back at one ninth normal speed. Great, this is what it is, voyaging through the land of purest tinkling crystal.

And Greenough says under water till sunset, filming the warm reds and golds as they play on the water. The yacht rides quietly at anchor, the last gull wheels above the beach, and the external waves march towards the land. Back at the desk next day the images of this film still glow fresh and clean in my mind and I lust for sat.
Dwellings

Melbourne. Large house in beautiful beach house couple, any combination of noise-free tenants preferred. Garden, 10 Devon Road, Albert Park, 3155.

Melbourne. Mark and Terry. Come back, all is Edinburgh figured Campbell house.

Melbourne. Single or double rooms available in large Hawthorn home. $14.00 weekly including gas and electricity. Phone 82.5323.

Melbourne. Couple mid 20's, one or two girls to share house North Fitzroy with two Melbourne. Young man to share specified arboreal area vicinity terrace. Suit nurses, students.

Melbourne. One girl to live in Richmond/Ringwood district. Box Hill line. Phone Roy, 783 6120. Must be on Richmond/Box Hill line. Phone Roy, 783 6120.


Sydney. Chatswood person(s) wanted for long room in spacious furnished flat. Character preferred. Ring 41.1515 for appt.

Sydney. Half house near Gordon station for young family with kid over one year. House, garden, parents who want the advantages without the innocation of suburbia. Offers young academically couple not on the way up and under two years. Please ring to discuss.

Sydney. Haif house to share with girl friend for Sydney university students. Hi, eff. 4786.212.

Deployment
Brisbane. Handel maker, hand made quality craftsmen, wanted for parttime work. Apply Denis, Shop 31, Elizabeth Arcade, Brisbane.

Sydney. Young artist requires well shared apartment to model parttime. Contact Tony 31.6591 after 4pm.

Available. Years 16-26 as assistant to Central Queensland court water project, 32K. Would involve building and boat maintenance, commercial fishing, gardening, travelling. Only intials required, good terms, nature. Individuals apply INC box 7489.

Brisbane. Business man would like to meet an interesting, young, well educated male, likes occasional daytime meeting with heavy boobs attached. Phone 90-90-90-90.

For Adults Only
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MAYS FILL EXPRESS HARD CORE COLOUR FILMS (8F) (P) FULL ACTION SLIDES, PRINTS, POSTERS
SEND STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE TO: RICHARDS 82.5088 P.O. Box 279, P.O. Granville, 2142.

Sexist Ads

Raw materials — still regarded by many in Australia's dirtiest private book trade as a student's indispensable guide to finding pleasure and enjoyment. No hinting, no peeping, just a clear inside of the vagina in colour and Black and White.

Deliveries
Liberian, feminist, homosexual literate, including poetry, novels, anthologies. Dorothy Duncan Review Bookshop, P.O. Box 111, Eastwood, S. 2112. Free catalog available. Bookings $1.00 inc.

Distress
Brisbane. I'm 27, male, intelligent, attractive, extremely open minded, and completely desperate to lose $1000. Offered 80% discount. INC box 7847.

Dalliance

December
Brisbane. Anyone interested in the Aus­tralian Opera? Come and see Gordon Batters and Bob Wendsley, Quality Matinee, working on Friday the first 1st at 8 pm, Senior Citizens' 323 Melbourne St, Valley.


Murray money beats — limited supply. American eagle, hand made, containing 100 real gold, $4.00. Sydney for details before 11th December.
THAT'S IT FOR THIS WEEK. THE STATISTICS FOR THE WEEK ENDING 6/8 ARE 5688.

-PICK-IT SAYS...
The beast speaks

"TRAPPED" of Wodonga was both amusing and rather sad. I thought I'd present other side.

I'm just home and it's pay day. I know it's pay day, the man always puts a dress on there... over her blue jeans.

From a 1947 women's journal, this just doesn't break up the skin pores and are harmful and the skin gets stinging and itches. It drops hints like 'Tancy being able to smell the factory wall in a rain storm'. I've $54.60 cash, of which $26 goes for rent, the rest for the kids,' the TV, the pile of overdue accounts from everyone except the milkman. Sure I'm suspicious, but a row could well put another bill on the pile and this is what greets me.

The Ids go forward to the monastery, she thinks it's a rest from man. She doesn't tell me she's okay to have menstruation 10 days a month. Oh, I could switch it out. Besides the "id use contraceptive" she won't clean any of the teeth she left, her cooking finished off the rest of the tooth.

She watches so much TV she plans now look like the bottom of a Coke bottle. She knows all of Tony Burley's personal life but thinks Watergates's a nil this is the junkies. She puts the kids' lunches in the paper every day, has an average wage is $11.50, so I'm missing out on.

I'm frightened to go to a marriage counselor as he'd suggest suicide.

--- [

Breaking the chains

DEAR TRAPPED,

I'd like to read your letter in the last issue of TLD. You say you sit at home, but apart from your personal preoccupation of the moment, I feel I should tell you that you can write, and you should within a lot more. Now is the time.

Your letter ought to be embarrassed among every factory wall, along every office bench. It ought to appear on the front page of every businessman's office newsletter and commercial journal (I'm sure it is).

It is also prophecy, because it represents the awakening of woman's consciences. It is pure truth.

For me, the beast represents the awakening of woman's consciences. It is pure truth.

Do 'em neat.

--- [

Mayonnaise on Turkish Delight

TO VEVERLE reads this letter, good morrow to you. A friend of mine said to me that you people kind of like "off-beat" items. Well I have a small suggestion to put to you.

In your next issue, or whatever, you could have a section in which you could ask your readers to put forward their suggestions to the question, or rather statement as to their favorite original and disturbing talent.

What does this say about you? Does this mean that it's all over? Personally speaking, the music columns are all rustic, off-beat, and to the putdown of the whole world would be the biggest-lop-drop-uniform-media-manipulated "scene" and the most cogent of the lot.

There were other notable collisions in the month of March. I heard of Carmen McRae Or Morgana King? Or Mary Travess? Or Sarah Vaughan? Or Shirley Horn?

--- [

You all know that all evil is the generation that is making music

We of Spaced Honey Dew salute

All music is transitional dependence

Write a history of the life and death

We can't run 'em if we can't read 'em. Do 'em neat.

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Take a risk
odalisque

JEWEL EAST GATE

THE WIFE of the mayor of L.A. or somewhere went missing for a week. The mayor was trying to explain this away on TV recently when the wife inter­rupted: "I have been deceived all my life...I just wanted recogni­tion from my husband." This woman’s actions are symptomatic of a general social malaise. Let this be a warning to all “husbands” — whether legal, de facto, or “still-looking-thanks.” Let it be an encouragement to all similarly “discreet” females. It is symptomatic of the feeling of female in similar “permanents” relationships. The post-war myth of female emancipation is at last being exploded. Don’t let this ex­plosion be merely defused by paternalistic arguments such as — "Being feminist only reinforces sexism" — such arguments were only to put the underdog back in her place, to shut her up. But sexism implies just that — the female as the underdog. Whereas feminism is the examin­ing of this role — a seeing through of sexism. It is now appropriate to be fem­inist, a man of throwing off these sexist roles. Sexism is rife. Feminism is an attempt to tran­scend it, not to confound it. When these roles have been seen through, we will have become non-sexist. We will then be pri­marily persons, and only second­arily “females” or “males”. When we have become thus non-sexist, then feminism and all sexism as such, will have “withered away.” Only persons will remain.

In the meantime, however, it is important to speak of “feminism” and “sexism”. Today, the conflict between the myth of emancipation and the social real­ity of the female being still the

Williamstown Ferry by Bill Basley in River Yarra Sketchbook. (Right)

There’s a ferry at the bottom of our river

GLEN HALFBACK

MELBOURNE’s Williamstown ferry has been closed for ever. “The cost to repair and return it to working order was enormous,” Williamstown’s activity city engineer, Mr Baker, explained on Friday. Since 1931 the Short ferry has plied the 250 yard Yarra near where it spews into Hobson’s bay, the northernmost point of Port Phillip Bay.

Linking Port Melbourne with Newport at a point adjacent to the testing power station, it was Melbourne’s only vehicular ferry. Services started at 6.15 am daily finishing after 8.30 pm. Car drivers always checked to see if they were within the first 34 vehicles in the waiting queue, for that was their opportunity to displace trucks and trailers confusing the count.

Originally doomed to re­dundancy by the Westgate bridge, the ferry’s expectancy was ex­tended in 1970 with the collapse of a 450-foot bridge section. The bridge is currently years behind its original schedule.

The only remaining ferry ser­vice across the Yarra (tourist ferries excluded) is one and a half miles upstream. Operating from Francis street, Yarraville, it takes workers to GMH and the aircraft factories at Fisherman’s Bend.

B. B. King tour

L E G E N D A R Y bluesman, B.B. King, soon to tour Australia, will not perform before prisoners at Sydney’s Long Bay jail and Melbourne’s Pentridge jail, as indicated by earlier publicity. Philip Walker, a representative of the tour’s Australian promoter, Robert Raymond, said that he had commenced negotiations with authorities at both prisons. In Sydney he contacted the Robin Hood committee, a charitable body which organises social activities on behalf of Long Bay prisoners. Walker said that Robin Hood showed little interest, although they did state they would talk to warders, nothing evermaterialised.

Representatives for Mel­bourne’s Pentridge jail were, sur­prisingly enough, extremely interested but before final negoti­ations could be effected, B.B. King informed the promoters that he did not wish to proceed with prison concerts.

According to Walker, King, who does a lot of prison work in the States, and heads a foundation which raises money for prisoners to study music and purchase instruments, decided against the move in Australia because he felt it was “degrading an ideal to a publicity stunt”. King also decided against prison work because his tour commitments were too hectic and because in the States his prison activities were of a personal nature due to his involvement with, and allegiance to, negro prisoners.

The itinerary for King’s Aust­ralian tour, which promises to be a blues fan’s delight, is as follows:

Adelaide, Festival hall, march 10.

Sydney, Hordern pavilion, march 12.

Brisbane, Festival hall, march 14.

Perth, Her Majesty’s theatre, march 17.

Melbourne, Festival hall, march 19.
THE TREE is not, as is so widely thought, merely a harmless, indeed benign and beautiful inhabitant of bushland. Trees have minds: they know what they're about and they are invariably up to no good. Tell me if you doubt this: Why do they thrust out those ideal perches for birds? Why do they put on a show of great color and leafiness? Why does their bark crinkle and strip off in beautiful patterns? Why do they sway so provocatively in the wind? Can you tell me this?

WE MUST LOOK FOR MOTIVES.

The tree means to evoke a lulled sense of peace in us; to play upon that human defect, viz., a sensitivity to sensuous rhythm; to hypnotise us into a state of purely perceptive appreciation through touch and smell and sight. In other words — and I shudder to think of the danger to undisciplined children on picnics — THE TREE IS LEWD! The tree is a brazen appeal to the satyr in man's often poorly trained character.

You've all heard the stories —

Nude Romp in Forest
Heathen Rites in Secluded Glen
Naked Swimmers in Bushland Setting

It just goes on and on. Man succumbing to enticement. Weak morals are obviously synonymous with the lover of the bush. The sinuous cry of the tree is answered by the gross and primitive instincts of the bush-walker, "I come to your soughing wind breathed limbs, I come!

And there you see another victim, weak willed man, forced by a barrage upon the senses to walk the flowering gummed path; lost to the worthy austerity and decency of the telegraph pole forever; to become now a defector from the suitably dressed and painted timber of the town.

Trees must not be allowed their insidious attack on man's frail tightrope of morality. Man's ability to deny the cry of lust from the bush is strong only when it is bolstered by numbers and by constant and prayerful vigilance and pruning.

Show yourself strong and do not fear to snip the offending branch. Keep down the growth of your garden to a well disciplined and ordered shrubbery. Teach your children the dangers of lingering in virgin bushland.

The purity of untouched tree-life is a myth.

Every state forest harbours a potential force of crude attack, waiting and lurking; ready to drag the unsuspecting into the putrescence of new-rising sap and the final degeneration of naked wandering and a wattle and daub hut, signs of the bushman-slave of the deceptive green shadows. He is a forsaker of civilised life, a self-indulgent savage. Daed to all entreaties to return his ears hear only the chatter of bush creatures and the ever whispered allurements of the trees.