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The Guide to Successful Smuggling

By a former customs officer
Son of garbology

O UR LETTERS pages this week carry orches of shock and dismay from readers over last issue's garbology story. The reception to Morris' romp through war and peace, we have seen people snooping around our trash. Morris is not disillusioned with the chagrin of some readers and promises to continue with his vocation and stresses he meant no harm...

This week for those who intend traveling to exotic places abroad and who wish to return with memorabilia our government consider contraband, a former customs man gives advice you won't find in the Qantas travel guide (p.9).

Perhaps Fraser should have been at a talk given by writer, futurologist Arthur C. Clarke in Sydney last week where he impressed the country's leaders of industry with visions of space travel, of bright and shiny hardware with which to colonize the rest of the universe. Yes, at the expense of the "developing countries". It was left to Papua New Guinea's chief minister, Michael Somare, to take him to task. Ian Stocks interviewed Clarke and attended the discussion (see opposite).

It wanted intened that way, but that's how it turned out. Drugs more on mushrooms (p.18), Abbie Hoffman's co-conspirator bust and the hysterical drug laws of '67 (p.19). It wasn't intended that way, but that's how it turned out. Drugs — more on that (p.10), smuggling (p.9), McDo... take up a portion of this week's paper.

Son of Garbology: a new art form, a more honest and more authentic portrayal of modern times than some of "works of art" ever seen in our art galleries. What's his name?

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Arthur C. Clark, the creator of 2001, scorched through Australia for IBM to pep talk the leaders of business. His premises are badly programmed, suggests Ian Stocks in this remarkable discussion.

ARTHUR C. CLARKE is best known for the authorship of 2001 — a space odyssey, which Stan Kubrick directed from his original story. Since the success of the film, faithfully supported by the counterculture with a little help from John, ("it's my favorite film") Lennon, Clarke has become a travelling science guru, a quasi-expert in the futurology stakes.

A tallish, dapper man in middle age, with a taste for too-tight mohair suits, Clarke is a real trans Atlantic man, the last of the technology generation, with his feet in the seas and his head in the stars. At least, that's the way it seems.

But his wallet is still firmly in the mainstream of industrialised life. His three day trip to Australia was funded by IBM with some cooperation from the Australian Institute of Directors.

Clark lives most of the year in Sri Lanka (Ceylon) where he runs an underwater research institute com muscature attractIon and jets away for brief lecture tours. He is still busy writing science fiction and also contributes to serious science shortage and stupidity pollution. The tank that he built was used to simulate conditions in space, and it was developed for research into weightlessness. The task that he built was used to simulate conditions in space, and it was that tank that saved Skylab; they were able to simulate the conditions of the faulty wing in the tank and save the mission.

TLD: Are our priorities right in encouraging space travel over exploration and study of the sea?

Our priorities are never right and we never know till too late what we should have done, but there's no way of doing anything about that. You can say that the Apollo program was too early — it was done for the wrong political reasons, but in fact it's probably the best thing the human race ever did. Imagine if Australia had been discovered 50 years earlier.

TLD: ????

SUN-HERALD: What material benefits are we going to get from the planets?

Liden, this earth is just a pinpoint — there's 200,000 times the surface area in this solar system alone. We don't even know what we're going to do with it. But any time we go into a new environment we find tremendous new powers, potential — and inspiration. The great era of art are...
“There’s no energy shortage - just intelligence shortage and stupidity pollution.”

in the US during the McCarthy era. The science fiction guys were the only ones to stick their necks out.

TLD: What about the problems of the third world? There won’t be enough technical goods and materials to go round?

I’m in the middle of the third world in Sri Lanka.

TLD: Do you want to see these people driving cars?

No I don’t, that’s one of the themes of my talk. Don’t commute, communicate. I don’t drive. I can’t drive.

TLD: What about the effect of mass air travel on places like Sri Lanka and Bali - disruption of the communities?

To some extent yes, and I feel a bit guilty because I’m trying to encourage tourism. But Sri Lanka needs foreign exchange and that’s one way of doing it.

TLD: Are you interested in low energy consumption schemes?

I hate waste, that’s why I like things like tape recorders and small computers, television instead of moving tons of hardware round in clouds of smoke. You do tremendous things with negligible power.

My talk, with IBM about progress towards 2001 and how technology will change our lives and can change them for the better. The major point is the phasing out of agriculture - agriculture has failed - it’s a temporary episode in human history.

IBM MAN: That’s a depressing thought. I’ve got a farm.

Three percent of the world’s oil production could feed the world as synthetic protein.

We’ve got to stop burning oil and start eating it.

TLD: So you see a running down of agriculture, with two percent of the world population controlling 100 percent of the food?

Yes.

TLD: Well, what about places like Sri Lanka - the whole social structure of so called underdeveloped countries is based on communal food production?

I know. You’re going to have the most appalling social problems. What are you going to do with these millions of unemployed farmers. But one of our psychological problems is that we’re not cut out to be farmers - we’re hunters.

TLD: What about the people of the third world? The people of Nigeria who suddenly find they can’t produce their own food as efficiently and cheaply as we can fly it to them from Australia - it’s happening already - they have less and less time to adjust.

They’re going to have no time to adjust.

TLD: What role is industry going to play in helping these people to accustom themselves to rapid change?

I haven’t the answers... but I do think I have some of the questions.

TLD: What are the questions.

We will have to make these changes. We have to start thinking about them. I’m going to talk about the exploitation of the sea. We will be exploiting the sea as we have the land. It’s got great potential. Although this will also be a temporary phase - soon all food will be synthetic. But nothing is inevitable - you can choose alternatives sometimes, if you act soon enough.

N EXT day Arthur Clarke addressed the Institute of Directors in Austra­lia - 700 captains of industry who together control probably 90 percent of Australia’s industry and natural resources. They scattered themselves in the easy chairs of the concert hall of the Open House, grunting appreciation at Clarke’s pep talk on the endless future of tech­nological development. On the rostrum, next in line to speak was Michael Somare, Chief minister of Papua New Guinea, who flew down especially to state his govern­ment’s views on technology and develop­ment.

Unaware of the irony between his standpoint of white technological suprem­acy, and the position Sir John Clarke gave his audience a picture of the stars - the great achievements of space technolo­gy.

He described how weather satellites saves crops, and gave infrared pictures of world mineral resources (“just write to NASA and they’ll send you the most beautiful pictures” he urged with eloquence). They droned in his vision of the boundless riches that lay in the stars, without mentioning that his country would be left on earth - with a wrecked ecology, totally unfair social divisions of wealth and enormous social and political problems as a result.

Clarke’s views on development of de­prived countries start with the need of birth control, then (and only then) improved hygiene and health care and, finally, improvements in transport, but people first order you have catastrophe. The big priority was education (to our way of life presumably) and NASA was already giv­ing India the use of a TV satellite and 5000 TV sets. According to Clarke’s third world countries were flocking to get satellite television and development ori­ented software. Somare’s grasp­ping with the problems of a traditional economy currently being wrecked by white development, didn’t seem in the slightest impressed.

Clarke spoke on development, with­out once mentioning any moral or politi­cian ideals. His model for development is the United States, which became rich and powerful through use of nuclear power and the telephone. “With jet and satellite com­munication we can create the United States of Earth - colonising worlds yet undreamed of.” (At this stage there was an amazement of a male reporter who thought there must be men and women, whites and blacks, left behind in peace. The clifftop cameraman was a cop gathering evidence.

THEN Somare got up and cited the complete cultural clash between white dominated development and the traditional lifestyle of his people... and their unwillingness to substitute for the profit motive for their sense of humanism. He attacked the individualistic basis of Australian and European industrialism, radically with regard to property, and the support this law gives to the “atomic family” - the large, loose, “lonely family” created by western developments.

Somare promised a hard line on com­panies like Bougainville Copper - which negotiated its mining agreement in the last days of colonial government, and last year cut $155 million clear profit, leaving only the wreckage of the island’s ecology and community, and a lowly $25 million to the local share.

M ANY people will have to choose between the selfish, inhuman ideal­ism of Arthur Clarke and the pragmaticism of Somare he serves, or the claims of the people of the third world to control their own lives and resources.

Despite the achievements of western technology, it’s obvious that man’s great leap to the stars is going to be made from off the backs of the third world. By Clarke’s own admission millions of the world’s population are going to have no time to adjust, their lifestyles disrupted in the attempt.

The final appeal for understanding and respect predictably drew less applause than Clarke’s triumphal climax.

“As I see it, most people in our coun­try work hard, live decently and are proud of our traditions and our way of life. We are ordinary people, trying to preserve what is best in our way of life and attempting to solve our problems by working out our own solutions to our problems. I ask you today that you do the same thing for the people of the third world. By leaving them the initiative you will be the same as those you would work out for us. Papua New Guinea can make its own decision and it will do so.”

Lady Jane and the law

GILLY COOTE

PEOPLE have been talking about naked bathing near Camp Cove, so recently two women decided to check it out. Back in Sydney’s idyllic, isolated northern beaches, they found Lady Jane beach small and relatively empty.

About 60 people were there, some old and fat, some young and beautiful, but a woman in a black bikini bottom was not arrested.

Arrested had been going quietly on the beach for some time. Twentyfive women were herded into paddy wagons waiting on the cliffs and taken to Woollahra police station. There the police were almost apologetic about the whole affair, saying they were only following a council order to close the beach when you can only get down to the beach by ladder after a long hike from Camp Cove. They had a idea of a cranky old woman going to such lengths seems insane.

Coming in the midst of the stree­king phenomenon, the arrests highlight some bizarre anomalies in the law. The five women arrested were charged with indecent behavior, the men for indecent exposure. Women with their bikinis bottoms were not arrested and the older fatter males were

left behind in peace. The clifftop cameraman was a cop gathering evidence.

Glebe

occupation

WENDY BACON

LAST SATURDAY, a group of Sydney women opened the Elsie Women’s Refuge at num­bers 71 and 73 Westmoreland street, Glebe. The refuge will be open to any woman or child who needs emergency accommodation, and like its London counterpart, Chiswick Women’s Aid, is par­ticularly intended for women escaping from violent domestic situations.

The houses, like many others in Sydney’s inner city areas, have stood empty for some time. They are owned by the Church of Eng­land who originally intended to use them as flats, but decided to sell the property to the federal government who will maintain them for low rent housing.

Saturday’s occupation followed a series of fruitless attempts to obtain official recognition of the refuge. Several poor residents were evicted, and the federal government all turned down the women’s requests.

Last weekend the women - with the help of a few local residents, including kids who had been cleaning up the houses and mowing the lawn, much to the amusement of a male reporter who thought there must be men hidden out the back. The 24 hour roser has began.
Ghetto 'bred' skinhead gang

A big gang of skinheads who wander Frankston streets at night come from a "ghetto housing estate," a local clergyman said today.

A big gang of skinheads who wander Caroline Springs come from ghettos of promise and ambition, a local anarchist said today...
Penrith starts to burn

They don't have riots because the prisoners know they would be "slaughtered". PIOTR OLSZEWSKI

AN EX Penrith prisoner, Archie Butterfly, 27, this week served a writ against the Victorian social welfare depart­ ment for unlawful detainment. Here is his story.

Archie, who's been "inside" for over seven years, said his $50 a week ransom charge was supposed to have been released on February 14. Archie discovered that it was customary (not legal, just custom­ ary) for prisoners to be given a little bit of extra "punishment" time after their sentence has been completed if they've been trouble­ makers and Archie Butterfly cer­ tainly caused a lot of "trouble" at Pentridge.

He first caused "trouble" about "three or four years ago" when he wrote letters to social reformers decrying the con­ ditions of C division. Penrith officials read these letters, didn't like them, and gave Archie a "stretch" in H division on the charge of "incitement". He claims these warders gave him a beating and Archie broke his nose and cheekbone, and gave him concussion. The day after his beating Archie collapsed and was taken to hospital where he spent five days in the casualty ward, and was then returned to Pentridge to spend a further three days in the casualty wards during which time he had no food.

Word of Archie's vicious beat­ ing spread through Pentridge, the prisoners in B division went on strike and an "ugly situation" arose. The warders decided to play things down and had a chat with Archie, telling him that the beating was just a bit for his own good because prison officials were attempting to escape and wanted to dissuade him from such foolishness. Sort of a formality, they said.

Archie didn't quite see it that way. After getting out of his only ever room, he "wanted to burn the fuckin' joint down!" However, later he ejected to dif­ ferent tactics -- he caused more trouble in 1971 by issuing a civil suit through the supreme court charging three warders, Ashland, Chanter and Le Feuvre, with assault. The case hasn't come up yet.

Then on Friday, March 8, this year, Archie got his freedom fol­ lowing the loss of a supreme court writ of habeas corpus after serving 22 days illegally. Now he's just back to the dull routine of this unwarranted detainment.

Archie explains this week why he is taking his freedom (he's now on two years good, "good and clear") by taking political action against Pen­tridge.

He described the day-to-day degradations he's lived with for seven years; not the sensational bashing that headlines and hot­ copy are made of, just the routine humiliation a prisoner is put through. Archie's got hats and keys outside his cell and jeer and threaten him, telling him that tomorrow morning they might just kill him. Archie's most hated chore was the daily emptying of a dirty, stinking, shit bucket into an evenly foul cement pit immedi­ately before breakfast. Archie also hated the way the warders come in at any given time and messed things about, pushed him around, ripped up letters and drenched with fire-hoses in the yards. Archie says that after this treatment Barrett "went off a bit". Barrett was recently released.

He was "rehabilitated" to the extent that on his release, he struck out and allegedly killed a Salvation Army couple with a shotgun. There was no "motive".

Archie described how prisoners are now much more politically aware than they were when he first "went in". According to him, student action in particular has done a great deal to encourage inmates to improve their lot, and in changing the general public's total apathy towards, and lack of knowledge of, prison conditions.

Archie Butterfly warns that Penrith is very "tense" at the moment and if anyone gets bash­ ed the prisoners will burn Pent­ ridge down. Butterfly maintains that there's been no mass "vio­ lence" at Penrith as there has been at Pentridge... or Kingston. Pent­ ridge officials are more severe and ruthless and meet the slightest resistance with extreme hostility.

A sit down strike last year was quelled with a baton charge.

FOOTNOTE: AT THE same time I was in a Brisbane house talking to Archie Butterfly, prisoners at Pentridge were attempting to burn down C division. Nine fires were started, and nine in the cells and one in the roof.

Victoria's social welfare mini­ ster, Houghton, when talking about this uprising, attacked prisoners Action Committee and La Trobe university students for their action in demonstrating out­ side Penrith. He said, "This group has been inciting prisoners to take radical action. With their radical ideas they might think they are helping prisoners but they are only alienating them."

Houghton criticized the PAC for speaking over loudspeakers out­ side Penrith for the past few sundays (T/L Vol 2/7, 8 and 9) and said, "We've stopped them now, but prisoners have access to the news. They can read what the groups have to say."

The demonstrations were "stopped". Despite police attacks, demonstrators kept re­ turning to Penrith and stopped demonstrating for the last two weeks over because they felt they'd achieved what they set out to.

Houghton also said that C divi­ sion is due to be pulled down in two weeks. Prisoners say that this is because Houghton received this a few weeks ago but to quote a prisoner "not a brick has been touched, not a brick..." only very recently $40,000 was spent in painting this division, fixing the guttering etc. C divi­ sion is not pulled down very quickly. Houghton can rest assur­ ed that he will face intensive rioting at Pentridge.

Blacks focus on Brisbane

WARD MCNALLY

VIOLENCE could flare in Brisbane when angry abo­ riginals stage a protest against continuing bad conditions for many of their race in King George square soon.

Brisbane is Australia's most racist city. King George square was landed in a sea of white protesters at the beginning of white settlement in Queensland.

The protesters plan to pitch tents and live in them on the square, and to resist any efforts to remove them, until the Queens­ land government undertakes to get off its collective arse and do something constructive to relieve the conditions of near starvation, illness and homelessness of a large number of frantically dwelling abo­ riginals.

Don Davidson, 46, an aborigi­ nal and a social worker on the federal government payroll, told they've been for far too long . . . and said: "We've stopped them now, but prisoners have access to the news. They can read what the groups have to say."

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How bad is police brutality in Brisbane? Tell you for real! Man, you've got to see it to realise how damn­ ed bad it is. See the results of it on men when they're fresh from the police station, with bruises on their bodies... Listen, man, I've taken bloque to doctors in Red Hill who've been beaten up and turned loose, and I've taken the medical certificates proving that violence was used against them to prove to the police minis­ ter that it has happened to stop it going on.

So, 'sre, he's listened to me. Studied the certificates and talked about the problem, but he hasn't stopped it. We've stopped it to some­ what.

"What do they talk about police bashings Davidson knows his sub­ ject. When I first met him, two years ago, he said he knew every­ thing about what Brisbane's black community called the "pig patrol". "The "Bore" Club has been publicly overlooked most crimes committed by blacks with guns and we both knew that there are blacks with guns and we both knew that the Canberra siege anything could happen. It might not be a simple gesture next time..."
**Single Convention on Narcotics, have cut off your dope supply —**
signed by approximately 100 countries.

*McRoach considers it worth while to have a brain look at the history of world wide dope restrictions.*

The first world wide ban against hash was the result of the second conference of the League of Nations in 1925. An Egyptian delegate tabled a report to the conference, a wild diatribe against hash, which included statements such as:

> "Chronic hashishism (not to be confused with the lesser evil, acute hashishism which "occurs when the consumer can no longer control hashish irregularity") is extremely dangerous to the health. Hashish is a toxic substance, a poison against which no effective antidote is known."

*And the illicit use of hashish is the principal cause of all the other cases of incidence occurring in Egypt.*

*The French delegate at the conference supported the Egyptian and stated that in the Congo there are more hashish savages and even cannibals among whom the habit is very prevalent.*

This report was issued late last year to London police as part of their training in apprehending "drug offenders." Following this conference, the League of Nations passed various regulations against drug abuse, and these regulations were either replaced or reinforced by the Single Convention on Narcotics.

Several UN agencies are now involved in "combating illicit traffic in narcotic drugs". This includes the United Nations Office for Drug Control, the Food and Agriculture Organization, the Food and Agriculture Organization and IN 

**MROACH awards it to Mr. M. Keighley, Country party member of the NSW legislative council.**

During a debate in the council on Thursday, Keighley said: "Hanging is not punishment for a person's personality, but because it heightens or emphasises it. If, for instance, we slightly upstage members of this chamber smoked cannabis, we would remain what we are - upright."

Keighley said marijuana should not be a criminal offence, and reasoned that the use or sale of it would be more appropriately placed under the Summary Offence Act that the Poisons Act (which does not differentiate between "soft" and "hard" drugs). This motion was passed, slightly amended, by the council and referred to the legislative assembly for further discussion. Keighley also urged that marijuana be investigated as a government commission of inquiry.

"This is not the first time the Country party has made such surprising statements (for them) on dope. Last year Bob Katter MH M said that he would be heading up a Country party committee to investigate the use of marijuana and other drugs in Australia. Dis­cussing this committee, Katter said: "Concern to some opinion, but here we must bring in a more concentrated group of swingers in Canberra to listen and work with the members of the Country Party." McRoach has heard no more about this committee and, being the cynical bastard that he is, he is intensely curious as to the Country party's interest in dope. Is it because they have realised the benefits commercial dope would have on the lapping rural economy?*

Consider the facts - quick cash revenue, guarantee of an increased induction of youth into the rural economy - How ya gonna keep 'em in the city after they've been to a marijuana farm?*

**Dope fink of the week award**

*GAIN the award goes to the detective sergeant M. J. (Bumbling) Bell of the Victorian police drug squad."

Recently he was alleged to have left behind pre-signed blank search warrants in a house, hastened to (be?) any who more recently left behind his notebook at another house he'd busted and had his red charges against Michael Henry Cahill dismissed by the magistrate because of "clear disparity" in the evidence between Bell and his travelling companion, detective senior constable G. K. Beach.

Cahill, who figured prominently in the pressure over the presigned warrant, had been busted by Bell for possessing Indian hemp. In court, Bell said he and Beach followed Cahill's car, when they noticed them behind him, he sped up to 45-50 mph.

*Bell said Caul did drive at this speed because the left lane of the main street, had been cleared of cars although traffic was generally heavy. Later, in his own defence Bell admitted it was the right lane which had been clear of traffic.*

*McRoach has been asking around,*

Incidently, Bell is rumored to be Melbourne's number one bust boy. Reports have it that Bell is the most regular visitor down at Melbourne's Herbour, where cops bring their little bags of dope to be officially analysed and verified as cannabis. By the way, it would be a good idea to know how many people are busted in Australia each month? McRoach has been asking around, but no one seems to know for sure - informants say that Melbourne nationalised dope on a weekly, or day, 40 or 20 a week, but this has yet to be verified - McRoach is working on it.

**Dope smugglers of the world unite**

*McRoach has been contacted by a release, a London based organisation of dope smugglers to cause, to provide data on "what wicked drug smugglers can expect if they get caught in your fair country".*

Release also acts as "prisoners friend" assisting illegally, if possible to escape. If you want to provide counsel to imprisoned smugglers on how to better organise your escape, you may want to know that the son of famous artist Clifton Pugh Jr, received much lighter penalties. However, if you're a celebrity, or the prodigy of a celebrity, have become "unnewsworthy". However, if you're a celebrity, or the prodigy of a celebrity, you get busted, you're going to prison."

**Bang they're busted**

*The SMOKERS are self-employed against the law. They like to know details of missing tribes, or how to avoid getting the news from Australia.*

**For what it's worth**

The MELBOURNE Herald recently ran results of a Gallup poll in which 1878 Australians aged 16 years and over were asked this loaded question: "How wrong, if at all, do you consider the following, as exceeding the speed limit when driving, cheating on income tax, driving a motor vehicle under the influence of alcohol, prostitution, smoking marijuana?"

According to the poll, 65 percent of all respondents regarded marijuana smoking as "very wrong", 23 percent said it was "somewhat wrong" and 10 percent said it was "not at all wrong".

An age group breakdown showed that 50 percent of people aged 16-29 considered marijuana smoking "very wrong", 31 percent considered it "somewhat wrong" and 18 percent said it was "not at all wrong".

**Finally**

Because of the illicit nature of dope, and the paranoia of "consumers", compulsory searches became extremely ineffective. McRoach's raien' d e is to improve it - if possible and if we may get any knowledge of busts, newspaper clipping, anything to do with doings of dope smuggling, would provide a stamped self addressed envelope, and your item is used. McRoach will recommend your busting you two fertile seeds. Busted folk, wishing to know their right's, or wanting a sympathetic lawyer, should also contact McRoach care of T.L.D.
Perched upon the balustrades of the houses of higher learning, Simon Marginson, former Editor of Melbourne University’s FARRAGO, here takes off with a regular Daylights feature - fun & games on the campus ... SWOTLIGHTS

Meanwhile, from Armidale, Graeme Dunstan reports residents have reacted to the accommodation squeeze & are now squatting in education department office!

**Your campus regiment needs you!**

Back in the Memroco ages, Australia was thought to be defendable, the news about the H-bomb having encountered some obfuscation in its journey. Amid the general air of militarism that existed then, hundreds of tertiary students flocked to join their own part-time armies, the various CMF units.

The late 50s and early 60s, however, saw something of a decline in CMF membership. It is probable that the expansion of school cadet units and the consequent pre-tertiary experience of army games had a bit to do with it. Precious few were, even then, willing to do that sort of thing twice.

But when Pig Iron Bob introduced conscription, one effect was to enormously boost entry into CMF units. You see, as long as your 20 year old had joined the part-time army beforehand, even if his marble came up, the consequences were not fatal—merely ended up doing five years at 30 days a year.

His mates were able to piss off altogether from it. Precious few were, even then, as students tend to be a little at 30 days a year. His mates were as your 20 year old had joined the part-time army beforehand, even if his marble came up, the consequences were not fatal—merely ended up doing five years at 30 days a year. His mates were able to piss off altogether from it. Precious few were, even then, as students tend to be a little

army games had a bit to do with it. Precious few were, even then, as students tend to be a little...
Bringing it all back home

A word from the wise for aspiring smugglers.

The author imparts the fruits of several years experience with the department of customs & discloses classified information to help you through the gate.

If someone tries to tell you he has a foolproof method of smuggling, tell him about Mr. A., the man who used to make duds out of hash, coat them with eight layers of enamel and export them. Mr. A. is now playing with himself in H.M. Prison, Amsterdam.

Or what about Mr. B., who made a pair of snow skis around a core of heroin. Seamless, beautifully polished, undetectable, even a dog couldn't snuff it. Mr. B. now has ten years to meditate on the harmful effects of X-rays.

Mr. C. thought he was pretty cool. He filled 26 small rubber balloons with THC, swallowed them. Mr. B. now has a foolproof method of smuggling. Let's see what Mr. C. thought he was pretty cool. He filled 26 small rubber balloons with THC, swallowed them with his breakfast and boarded his plane for the States. One of the balloons broke in his stomach. He got terrible smashed, passed out for a couple of days, but recovered, proving once again the old proverb that it's impossible to smoke too much dope. However, the other 25 balloons were passed naturally into the hands of eager customs men at the hospital.

Discouraged? I should bloody well hope not. Just remember two things.

First, when you are smuggling, you must be prepared for a lot of hard work. You must learn everything you can about customs procedures so that you can make a list of all the things that can possibly go wrong with your scheme. Examine this list item by item and plan ways of avoiding each danger.

Second, TELL ABSOLUTELY NO ONE YOUR INTENTIONS. A LARGE NUMBER OF BUYS RESULT FROM TIP-OFFS. Trust no one but yourself.

There are quite a number of different types of smuggling. Let's glance at some of these.

**IMPOR TING PARCELS:** Not a particularly reliable method. Never import anything illegal from Afghanistan, India, Nepal, Indonesia, South Africa or other likely countries. Britain is the safest, particularly around Christmas time, but still, it's risky.

Don't have parcels sent registered because if the substances are detected, the men will be waiting for you. Your signature in the register book is implicit of ownership.

If the post office holds up your parcel on a pretext, e.g., insufficient postage, return the card they send you after writing "not this address" on it. While awaiting a parcel keep a very clean house.

**IN LETTERS:** This is an almost foolproof method of smuggling. Customs are not permitted to open A-class mail (letters) without the consent of the addressee. The limitation with this type of smuggling is the amount of substances that can be put in a letter. However, this method is ideal for such micro drugs as LSD. Many thousands of trips can result from a piece of treated blotting paper.

**UNACCOMPANIED PERSONAL BAGGAGE** (i.e. baggage that precedes or follows your arrival): This is the most dangerous form of smuggling there is. Positively for masochists only.

**ON YOUR PERSON:** If you have a friend in customs get him to check if you are on the Boarding Officers Warning and Suspect Alert lists before you leave Australia. You will be on it if you have a passport and are wanted by the police or customs, are a deserter, are known smuggler or have been busted for dope. If you are on the list, or think you might be, don't try bringing anything on your person.

If you're sure you are not on the list, the body method is one of the safest, provided that you behave "normally" when entering.

Be clean shaven, wear nice clean, pressed "casual" clothes (with no suspicious bulges), don't look nervous or excited, look slightly bored. To avoid looking nervous, take three or four deep breaths, slowly, holding each one in for ten seconds and then exhaling slowly. Think about something nice. Your nervousness will vanish.

It is best to place the substances internally. A man can hold approximately 200 grams of hash in his rectum without discomfort. Women are even more appropriately endowed. The world vagus or "fingertip" method: 400 grams of heroin: What a girl!

**IN YOUR PERSONAL BAGGAGE:** A game of Russian roulette where the disadvantages generally outweigh the advantages. There are two types of check.

1. **Random:** The Primary, or immigration officer (the one who asks you if you have any dangerous drugs, been working on a farm etc.) places a colored sticker on your customs declaration (the form they give you in the plane or boat). On this sticker is a letter followed with three numbers. A certain number, say seven, is selected. This number remains unknown to the primary officer, so don't bother asking him what it is. If the last number on your sticker is seven, the preventive officers (the ones who search your bag) will give you a 100 percent baggage check. You have a one in ten chance of getting this check.

2. **Intuitive Check:** If the primary officer doesn't like the look of you he will write "46/6" or some other strange code on your declaration. This is a tip for the preventive officers to give you a 100 percent check. If you see something like this written on your form and you have a suitcase full of substances, declare them immediately and you will get a lighter sentence. Your chances of getting this check depend on how freaked out you look and how much overtime the customs men want on the day.

If you want to bring in substances in baggage, the best method is the good old false bottom trick. Make sure it looks like a real bottom. You can get them done professionally in most eastern countries. Don't make it too thick -- half a centimetre at the most. Fill the space completely. Fit as much stuff into the main part of the suitcase as possible so that you need two or three people sitting on it to close it. The customs man will be less likely to empty the suitcase knowing that he has to repack it all and close it again.

**COMMERCIAL IMPORTATION:** This takes a lot of knowhow, organisational skill and dedication. For the serious smuggler only.

**SMALL CRAFT:** A good idea is to incorporate the substances into the keel of the vessel.

**REMINDERS:**

1. Obey all quarantine regulations -- bugs are a bum trip.
2. Use all of your passported concessions. If you don't want all the stuff yourself, get it for other people. Singapore and Hong Kong are still the best duty free ports.
3. Customs reckon they stop between five and ten percent of all illegal imports. The least you can do is tip them for the part. If you use your head there's only a slim chance they will get you.

GOOD LUCK!
TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

Abbie Hoffman's report of arrested with friends and a group of government men over three months of pounds of cocaine, I wish to share my thoughts.

First, I bear witness to his special experience in the honorable peace protest in the face of violent denial of human civil rights to citizens in America and especially during the course of Indochine war activity foisted on this nation by government men over three years. I have been jailed many times for seeking, with peaceful fire and good humanity, the street theatre and astonishing public drama, redress of grievances for the bad luck of the Vietnam war.

Revised and inscribed at first for anyone listening to the chorus of war, defense opinion of that war, he defended himself and others against repression of war-guilt. Thus any legal case for Abbie Hoffman's, inventive articulate a now commonly held scandal mania, even mass aspic of numerous trials by which the government of his own liberty, and public assembly in urging the war's madness and folly. He remains grateful for his righteous indignation against mass communication of the police state.

I regret that the silence over the Vietnam war, the moral power of his deeply felt repression against him and his demonstration of free imagination against mass compliance was a class into which we were all involved.

Abbie Hoffman was one of the first people I knew to have an awareness about drug consciousness sensitive to the Eichmann-like nature of our public war- guilt. Thus any legal case in which he is involved is a matter of national concern. He is requiring special attention, straight heart judgment and reason. In recent conversation Abbie explains his next following circumstance: He was researching relationship between mafia drug dealing and police for a new text he was preparing for publication. Thus he got tremendously caught up with the telling of a cocaine sale surrounded by police dealing with each other while posting live weight gainers.

In time of communal apathy, his synchronous with Abbie Hoffman's recent disillusionment with private life after crises of his public efforts to confound government, police brutality and war and led him to be attacked from inside. "A citizen of high moral guilt, which notion is considered whimiscal in fact," his arrest raised the public suppressed drug question: How can we endure longer the total inanity and incomprehensible use, too expensive for psycho-love habit generally the sport of self-indulgence millionaires and more recently gay rock stars. The seriousness of government promised by vengeful prosecutors — one of the really important points in Abbie Hoffman's hapless alleged dabbling in cocaine as "indiscretion and treachery as homicide" opens up the great drug question — not so much of Hoffman's legal moral guilt, which notion is considered whimiscal in fact. His arrrest raised the public suppressed drug question: How can we endure longer the total insanity and incomprehensible.

SO I BEAR WITNESS THAT ABBIE HOFFMAN IS NOT AN ORDINARY CITIZEN, MEMBER OF A SILENT MAJORITY OF CITIZENS WITH 1949-STYLE BUREAUCRACY AND ACQUIESCENCY TO CONTROL WAR. A WRITER, SPOKEN WORD ARTIST, WHO HAS FOUGHT THE GOOD FIGHT TO JACKEN HIS FELLOW AMERICANS TO THE CORRUPTION OF THEIR OWN TRADITIONAL IDEALS. LIKE TOM PAINE, HE IS A CLASSIC EXAMPLE OF PHILOSOPHIC AND POETIC DRAMATIC OF PUBLIC IDEALS, A PAMPHLETIST AND BOOK MAN, HIS INVENTION BY NATURE, IS EXPANDED IN TO POLICE AND POLICE, NOT TOUCHED DEEPLY BY THE COURTS, TILL LATE — THEY TOUCHED DEEPLY BY ABBI HOFFMAN.

Thus his social position as a leader or theorist of new survival society credits him with deliverance and reason. In recent conversation Abbie explains his next following circumstance: He was researching relationship between mafia drug dealing and police for a new text he was preparing for publication. Thus he got tremendously caught up with the telling of a cocaine sale surrounded by police dealing with each other while posting live weight gainers.

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THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS

Yesterday's heroes fade quickly from public concern, especially if they're busted for dealing cocaine, like Abbie Hoffman, the flamboyant catalyst of the 60's youth movement. In this extraordinary letter to Abbie's lawyer, Allen Ginsberg passionately unveils the true significance of the coming court case.

Heroin provencal

In France, a change of government means no change of government and the smiles of the young hang low on the mouth, so says Mike Zwerin.

Sophisticated. Perfectly French. The opposition has been reduced to wishy-washy liberalism, clipping away at details like how to react to the Scabesnity affair, and they sound like sore losers. Even though it costs a lot more, all French really seem to care about is driving around just like before.

WITH a friend I drove down to Aix-en-Provence last week to have dinner with a woman I'd met in the summer of 1984. Claude looked up from his design and shushed to ask if I could talk to him. "I want to leave school," he said quietly. "What do you want to do?"

"I want to leave school," he said quietly. "What do you want to do?"

"How?" Claude returned to his tannic design and kissed me on the lips. "I'm OdD."

The next day we heard a German bomb testing in the Alps. It blew down the road the nukes for sale. That night a German bomb testing in a neighboring town was smashed and most of the stock stolen. It was the grand ladder anyone in the village can remember. A friend told us she thinks someone is sighing off her besting. We decided to lock ourselves in our door today but found we don't
At last it can be told, the low life and dizzy times of Sydney's outrageous drag queens, by CHERRY RIBE was there when the action was hottest.

THE DECADENT DEMISE

IT has been a long and tedious apologia for Sylvia and the Synthetics. They were a four-sided stand of 18 months ago that has long outlived its reputation. Cabaret is a poor substitute for their long gone sexual anarchy. Gone, too, the audience copies, the implicitly political confrontation, and their unashed and total amorality. The for-real butches of hairy chest and ballon tits has become nothing more than tatty-chic manadised transvestitism. They are reduced to the university circuit, teamed up with a tired Kings Cross stripper and her innocuous sado-leather routine, and peddled their poor unsuspecting fleshettes as a porn show.

The Synthetics ceased to exist as an artistic entity well over a year ago. It had evolved quite simply out of a group of friends fundraising effort to finance their co-produced cabaret show. The reputation was longfied for such momentary brilliance. Hit by factionism and internal discord, and the move to foreign parts, some just drowned in after-show champagne breakfasts (that were supposed to have eaten up all jokes), and left penniless by absecdance with collective funds, their energy had gradually drained.

It didn't take a desk calculator to figure that $200 by three dollars a head was lining someone's pocket. Or setting up tea baths in Melbourne! But by the time it was too late the Synthetics had gone. The self-appointed management had begun offering a Syndicate package at an around scale of $1000 and the cost of ten to be paid $10 each.

From the jampacked writhing dancing floor of the Purple Onion, the Synthetics moved on to the newfangled censored performances at the Broadway, to the newly opened, glitzy, and just about dead town hall. It had become too hot at the Onion. The vibe squad were just too interested, even to the point of arrest. The “loiterers” on the pavement outside. Some of the budget had gone out a old female vice-trooper in full drag to try and gate-crash the event.

Changing to the new venues of mass audiences and “No Puber” completely altered the governor and feel of the show, as did it the commitment and energy within the group. Save for “private” functions, the Synthetics found their way to bouchers shops and demolition parties, their four-night stand brilianl had jaded.

There's no mistake, the Synthetics were always deliberately tasteless. They were atotal anachronis to the silicone-titted shaved-pitied showgirls of Caspericio's and Les Girls, those deodorised trans-sexual perfelctions of femininity. Here were no orchiplugged catwalks, no Real Women pushed up and pinched in, with their cocks tucked invisibly back up their fans.ies. This is folk art! someone had scrawled in shaving foam across the scarlet backdrop above the clouds. They were about on-stage real violence. And sweat. And glitter. Not your fake dramatic violence, those synthetic casualties were real. Mandied K.O.s, bloody assassins on equally bombarding participat particpants, stretching the limits of tolera to consummate release. That was their sexuality.

Their whole sexuality was political. Masturbating with ten foot poodles, faking from cleaners (The Housewife's Dream), bananas shoved in and out of an open pussen, flayed with a stream of body-commodities, pressure pack shaving creams, deodorants, hairstyres, whitening masses of nekedness, cocks and arses entwined in a slippery mound of soap masses of nakedness, cocks and arses entwined in a slippery mound of soap-flakes, corsefcakes, buckets of water and glitter by the lib bag, spayed with silver-pellets, blood pouring down the chin of a bashing belle as she gorges a raw sheeps heart, hit in the face with a whole tray of rotten raw fish hurled on you unsuspecting, it was designed to make you puke. Or go wild. It went wild. Jasy and his Stooges or the New York Dolls five feet at eyelevel would lay on the line whatever jumps up you may have. But chances are you'd get down and get it on too in the pits with half the rest of the audience. The stage routines were more like a side show at an orgy. It was here the Synthetics picked up a dedicated follow-

ing which has now gone too.

Rehearsals were an evening of drunken dancing and dining at someone's place. The cast then was a floating 20 but never that many turned out for rehearsal. Dropping acid and raising whatever, drag wardrobe, dressing up, making out, trying out a new look, paradigly freshly acquired tat from Cleveland street shops.

Then there was the working out of numbers, individual routines involving gorilla suits, live frogs, or chances lines of bathing beauty, or Allen Jones-inspired black leather absurdities. The same show was never done twice. They were turning out a new one every two weeks. There was the working out of an order of tunes or tracks for the sound recordist, and writing up a sequence of numbers the audience would become the “script” on the dressingroom wall. And that was the rehearsal, energetic and outrageous, as much of a party as the show would be.

But preparation for shows got less and less. And the move to bigger and less intimate venues brought last minute censure, With it came a slackness, falling back on stand-by numbers, and the audience from being participants, became voyeurs. But it was fashionable accept anence that thrust commercialism on them. Never known to say no, especially to a free drink, they were susceptible to all the “free grog” offers of trendy wine bar openings, gallery firstnights, offers of money for a show at a record launch (though they didn't really fit in with Ross Ryan's image), even finally to the fashion pages of magazines. Over to you Melbourne. Socially their presence had become an asset. They moved from being taken up as a joke (Bipper) to the esteemed pages of the Bulletin. Although back then they were still not acceptable to the “real” children program GTK audience, as they now are.

Recent The Synthetics act doesn't even rate as cheap trendy entertainment, their shows have become so tedious. They are reduced in-between reels of retro movies at the Filmakers Coop, billed as Sylvia and the Synthetics in (between the Barbaks) on the Broadway. Or more recenly still, last week, descended to the Balletty presents of the Cabaret. They are reduced in-between reels of retro movies at the Filmmakers Coop, billed as Sylvia and the Synthetics in (between the Barbaks and the Barkleys of Broadway). Or more recenly still, last week, descended to the Balletty presents of the Cabaret. They are reduced in-between reels of retro movies at the Filmmakers Coop, billed as Sylvia and the Synthetics in (between the Barbaks and the Barkleys of Broadway). Or more recenly still, last week, descended to the Balletty presents of the Cabaret. They are reduced in-between reels of retro movies at the Filmmakers Coop, billed as Sylvia and the Synthetics in (between the Barbaks and the Barkleys of Broadway). Or more recenly still, last week, descended to the Balletty presents of the Cabaret. They are reduced in-between reels of retro movies at the Filmmakers Coop, billed as Sylvia and the Synthetics in (between the Barbaks and the Barkleys of Broadway). Or more recenly still, last week, descended to the Balletty presents of the Cabaret. They are reduced in-between reels of retro movies at the Filmmakers Coop, billed as Sylvia and the Synthetics in (between the Barbaks and the Barkleys of Broadway).
The last poster show
SYDNEY

Prepared by Stephen Wall, who also acts as copy editor and copy writer Thursday, at 18 Arthur street, Surry Hills, 9168-2652

★ Attica: see films, all week

★ The Fantasists - see theatre, all week

★ Would You Believe: see freetails, sunday

TUESDAY

ANDY PANDY - Laos Lady

EXHIBITION

FILM

L'ASCENSEUR POUR ANDY PANDY — Looby

NEW SOCIETY — ideas education: ABC Radio 2, 8.30 pm.

DREAM: FIRST OF 4

AUS DEBATE: Front porch: Palestinian, Israeli, 8.00 pm, $3.00, members only. Join at door $3.00.

PALESTINIAN, ISRAEL, BRETT AND BUTTER

JOYLESS STREET with NFT A G. W. Pabst and BONNIE RICHARDS: Opera House, 7.30-12.00 pm.

GREG LAWRIE AND IAN MASON — piano: Conservatorium of Music, 929.7377, 2.00 pm, $1.20, students free, members $3.00.

JOYCE MAHON

EAST COAST JAZZ BLUES GUITAR with John Winkler: Film makers cinema, 11.30 am, $1.50.

HERBIE MANN: Science and nature: ABC Radio 1, 10.00-11.00 am.

RUDY ROOS: I Am A Dancer — with Deep Sea, 8.00-10.00 pm.

NEIL'S RODEO: ABC Radio 1, 11.00 pm.

ICE PALACE — movie: Bonython: ABC Radio 1, 11.00 pm.

SOLDIER SONGS: based on Herbert Read: ABC Radio 1, 11.00 pm.

FILM

WEDNESDAY

TV

PERSPECTIVE: Center meeting the challenge of famine

CHRISSIE TAPPENRAG AND DAVE FURNESS: Forest Lodge hotel, 5:00 pm.

BARRY M. GREEN: Doc Brown and the horde of Dinobots: Channel 10, 10.15 am.

FILMS

BRETT AND BUTTER AND JAM ON HIS FACE

FILMMAKERS FESTIVAL 1978 — BERTHA STANDISH: ABC Radio 2, 8.30 pm.

NIGHT of the BPLEASE: ABC Radio 1, 10.00 pm.

THE TINY BUILDERS OF ENGLAND: ABC Radio 1, 10.00 pm.

CENTRE: 2.00 pm.

SLAUGHTER HOUSE FIVE — Kurt Vonnegut: Union Theatre, Sydney uni, 2 pm.

CLASSICS

THE FINE NINES OF LONDON: Opera House, 3.00 pm, $5.00, $3.50 students.

WEDNESDAY LUNCH DATE — BEETHOVEN'S CLASSICAL MUSIC: ABC Radio 1, 1.00 pm.

FILM

THURSDAY

FOLK, CONTEMPORARY

RED LION FOLK

CENTRE: 2.00 pm.

THE TINY BUILDERS OF ENGLAND: ABC Radio 1, 10.00 pm.

SLAUGHTER HOUSE FIVE — Kurt Vonnegut: Union Theatre, Sydney uni, 2 pm.

FILM

VERITAS: see theatre, same as tuesday.

TUESDAYS

TIMERS

HOT ROCKET: 69ERS SHIBASA: Avalon community hall, 7.30 pm.

CAMP DANCE with NITRO: Balmain town hall, 8.00 pm, $2.00.

PIRANA: NSWU Union building, 8.00 pm, $1.50.

WORKSHOPS

16. Film making: Sandy superfino: Workshop, Old Church Street, Sydney uni, 8.00 pm.

ROCK

FOLK, CONTEMPORARY

THE MATION FORCE by Brett Old church, 8.30 pm.

THE EAGLE HAS TWO HEADS: Genevieve, 420 Park, City, 7.30 pm, $7.00, $5.00, members $4.50.

THE FANTASTICS: see film, this week.

FRIDAY

THE EAGLE HAS TWO HEADS — based on Herbert Read: ABC Radio 1, 11.00 pm.

ICE PALACE — movie: Bonython: ABC Radio 1, 11.00 pm.

SOLDIER SONGS: based on Herbert Read: ABC Radio 1, 11.00 pm.

FILM

THE FANTASTICS: see film, this week.

SATURDAYS

KIDS

BATMAN DESERT HAWK, FRED EKIN, Kyo Banyon: ABC Radio 1, 9.00-10.00 pm.

THE OLD WOMAN WHO CAME TO SEE A MOVIE: Circular Quay, 30.3271, 2.00 pm, wed, $1.00 kids $0.50.

IHOS AND ICHITATOS: THE INDEPENDENT: 929.3737, 2.00 pm, $1.30 adults, 60s free.

I AM A DANCER with Navertree, Pantones, Rose Opera House, 2.00 pm, $3.00, kids $1.50.

HOT ROCKET: 69ERS SHIBASA: Avalon community hall, 7.30 pm.

CAMP DANCE with NITRO: Balmain town hall, 8.00 pm, $2.00.

PIRANA: NSWU Union building, 8.00 pm, $1.50.

WORKSHOPS

16. Film making: Sandy superfino: Workshop, Old Church Street, Sydney uni, 8.00 pm.

ROCK
TOMB OF LIGEIA: Channel Castle, 284 Pitt street, 80c. 26.6943, 8.00 pm.

ANDY G. — MIXED FOLK: Edinburgh Food, clothing, craft, cool, 8.00 pm, $1.50.

ROBERT POMEROY, YWCA, Liverpool street, Shiva, Karli, Garnesh T H E  HOUSE: see show, last Saturday. 8.15 pm.

MACQUARIE hotel, The Loo, FOLK, CONTEMPORARY bad: Hordern pavilion, hotel, Surry Hills, 7.30-10.00 pm.

WINDMERE'S Fan by Oscar THEATRE: Lady Van ity Fair hotel, tavern, Paddo (afternoon) 7, 9.30 pm.

DON DE SILVA: Louis MERV ACHESON: Hornsby Police Boys Club. High, 8.00-12.00 pm.

THE ODD COUPLE — produced by Mar- till, 6.00 pm, $5.00, $4.20.

THE EXECUTIONER — produced by Don- sell, 1.30 pm, $5.00, $4.20. Details J. C. Williamson.

THE LIVING ROOMS OF THE LIVING ROOMS: produced by City TV, Monk Street, 8.00 pm.

THE GLASS CURTAIN: Palissado theatre, 5.00 pm, $1.00, 25c.

BILLY THORPE LADE DAS: Chatswood, ring 43.0433. 2.00 pm.

SAW — produced by Loris and Larry CHAFEY: C hristian Community, Lonsdale street, N. Melbourne. 8.30 pm.

WHAT THE BUTLER SAW — produced by Louis Duke: Williamstown Little theatre, 4 Albert street, Williamstown, wed-sat, 8.15 pm. $1.00 admission.

TV CRYSTAL: Brighton town hall, end. 8.30 pm, $3.10.

ROCK M U S I C: Sunday: Fire and Ice, 7.30 pm. $5.50, $4.70. $1.00 "NIGHT SONG" by Zabred Cartoons: All week at Zabred Cartoons.

FILMS

K A T H Y  D E L A N E Y, BRIAN DUFFY — CONCEPTS: — exhibition of unusual artists: Commune at 11.00 am, $1.00 admission (includes membership), Sun, 12.00 noon to 7.00 pm. The Royal Arcade, Sydney, $1.00, 25c.

DON DE BURROWS: The Royal Arcade, 11.00 am to 6.00 pm.

THE W O R L D A B O U T US — produced by GILLIAN AND RUSSELL HINTER: -- exhibition of Indian photos: Freemasons Hotel, Thursday, 7.30 pm, $2.00, $1.50, $1.00, $70.7133.

GALLERIES

BILLY THORPE LADE DAS: Croxton Park hall, ends Saturday, 11.00 am to 5.00 pm.

cumbersome to others. But what's the point of understanding if one can't share it with others? The idea of sharing knowledge is not only essential, but also rewarding. It fosters a sense of community and collaboration, and it allows us to learn from each other's experiences. It's a way of building a stronger and more connected society. And for that reason, I believe it's important to continue to promote and support the sharing of knowledge.
**Asia Festival continues at Melbourne uni this week with lots of interesting things**

*Vietnam must have real peace now...* a Saturday moratorium, commencing Treasury gardens, 9am, bring sturdy walking shoes.

**OUTDOORS**
DANCING THROUGH TRADITIONAL DRESS: see tuesday.

**POETRY**
As you've imagined: Commute, N.Melbourne.

**MEETINGS**

**ROCK**

**THE MIRANDA**
Tang: Whitehorse hotel, 12.10 pm.

**BAND AND TRIO**
Watt's: Sunneden hotel.

**JAZZ**

**TRAVEL THEATRE**
N.E.A. Visual Centre: see tuesday.

**TV**
**THE FORGOTTEN MER­**

**FORGETTING**

**WEDNESDAY**

**ROCK**

**LA DOSA:** Sandown Pake hotel.

**RED HOUSE ROLL**
Bank hotel, North Adelaide.

**RADIO**

**THE SURREALIST DREAM**

**KIDS**

**Tuesday Rock**

**Tuesday TV**

**Tuesday Radio**

**Tuesday Theatre and Dance**

**Tuesday Card**

**Tuesday Musical**

**Tuesday Event**

**Tuesday Poem**

**Tuesday Pain**

**Tuesday Paint**

**Tuesday Film**

**Tuesday Book**

**Tuesday Classical**

**Tuesday Art**

**Tuesday Poetry**

**Tuesday News**

**Tuesday Film**

**Thursday Rock**

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**Friday Book**

**Friday Classical**

**Friday Art**

**Friday Poetry**

**Friday News**

**Friday Film**
SUNDAY

THEATRE

ROCK

MATT TAYLOR, MAD HARLEY UP IN FLAMES: at Hardtine Park, Geelong, Thursday, 10:00 pm. $5.00, $3.00.

FILMS

AMERICAN TOP 40: KVX, 7:00-11:00 am. Band Tom in Nashville, 10:00 pm. $1.50.

TRIBUNE BILLIE HOLIDAY

Kathy Lloyd: 12.30 pm. INTO OPERA — play: AR, 4:00 pm.

SUNDAY NIGHT RADIO 2

From Adelaide. Festi val: AR, 7:30 pm.

TRAPPED: LO, 9:00 pm.

MONDAY

ROCK

FLY: Adelaide, town hall, see tuesday.

FILM

NEW MUSIC

POETRY

STAR DOGS: wed.-at Melb uni.

TICKETS:

CHILDREN: $1.50.

MORE ADELAIDE

Yeoman, handball and freestyle.

THEATRE: see thursday, plus performance on wednesday.

S H A K U N T A L A  K ALI — the National Theatre of the也不要忘了星期三的电影。

 dzięki za twoje wpisy.

KIDS

DAVID MORGAN AND THE DISCIPLES: Somer­ hild street, 7.30 pm.

THE GRAND WAZOO and THE DISCIPLES: Hindley street, 7.30 pm.

H I S T O R Y  OF THE DISCIPLES: see thursday, but also at 2.30 pm.

H O L I D A Y — Kathy Hollander, harpsichord: Her Majesty's Theatre, 8.15 pm, $5.70, half price.

O N E M I L L I O N  YEARS ARE DECADE SOCIETY — the National Theatre of the Monsters, 7.00 pm, $3.70, studs, half price.

COUNTRY — exponents of the New South Wales.
Next week Daylights introduces a new news supplement for students of all ages, so this is the final double spread poster; drawn by Johann Kruys, a visitor from Amsterdam.
O NE of the most amazing book trade phenomena of recent years has been the enormous popularity of books by Baba Ram Das. No self respecting hippy household would be without its copy of Be Here Now, presently somewhere amongst the roaches and Pink Floyd albums, while Seed’s cosmic wall chart has been replaced flying ducks at the decorator’s means to enhance an otherwise dreary prospect.

Over three years ago Baba Ram Das slipped into Melbourne hardly noticed, accompanying a little known Indian yogi bearing the title Swami Muktananda Paramahansa, adept master of Siddha Yoga. That simply means the Swami’s very high, he’s followed the discipline of a long line of spiritual masters and that he’s passing that same knowledge on in the form of direct experience to all who are attracted to it. Those of us who discovered all this in 1970 soon recognised Muktananda as the strongest, most colorful personality ever to come this way. Ram Das described being with him as “like riding the tail of a comet”. He felt it so strong in America he immediately decided to join Muktananda for the rest of the tour.

They complemented each other perfectly – Muktananda didn’t speak English and needed a popular figure like Ram Das to introduce him to the Western audiences – Ram Das needed a guru to guide him through the spaces he had to explore. Together they turned on a marvellous treat for the 300 or so who found out they were here. The video tape bank of Ram Das rapping that featured in the first part of Bert Deling’s film Dalmass was shot in the garden of the house in Kew, Melbourne where they lived for three weeks. Baba Muktananda is back on the first stage of his second world tour. He’s come to lecture and to establish a living relationship with as many people as possible. He utilizes his various yogic, musical, and poetic talents to help bring about a brotherhood of man.

Called “Baba” (father) by his followers, he does not propose any new movement or sect but is a living example of the truth he represents. At Fullarmaine airport an Age reporter asked Baba, “What are your followers called?” Baba replied, “They each have their own names. To meditate you don’t have to change your name or job, you don’t have to change your clothes or move out of your house. I don’t want to start a Salvation Army.’ Of course he has people to help him along the way and he leaves centres behind where people can meditate and get it on. But if you think anyone’s actually pushing you’re welcome to tell them to shove off. Baba’s continual advice: “Meditate on your own Self. Worship yourself. Find the contentment that dwells in that heart.” Meditation is a spontaneous occurrence in his presence. There’s really nothing to learn — it simply arises out of relationship with him. He has the power to awaken Kundalini — a latent energy that lies at the base of everyone’s spine. Maybe it starts with a look, word, or gesture. It rises up and penetrates fine nerve endings and clusters making the body strong, healthy and supple. Yogi positions may occur spontaneously. The graceful position feels charged with vigor and drops many old and retarding habits. The relationship formed with Baba at this time provides the basis for steady improvement in individual and social life.

Awareness of Baba has now spread to many more people than he was directly able to contact in 1970. Probably millions will be affected this time, yet Baba’s teaching remains personal and involving. From his lofty viewpoint he comes right down to earth to sock us some truth — it has spread throughout the world.

When Baba was here in March he was new to Australia and probably elsewhere. It has spread throughout the world with the introduction of darying. This is the type which sometimes leads to reports of “psicoting” when eaten accidentally. The symptoms, if unexpected, can indeed be quite frightening. About half an hour after eating there is some discomfort — it feels like a block of ice; the body feels heavy, the face feels immobile, space contracts, and astonishing visual disturbances occur ranging from figments to the creation of unreal scenes.

All this is, of course, nothing compared to the emotional effects ranging from uncontrolled giggling to the most profound feelings of mystical insight. It is important to realise that, although the effects are related to the amount of psilocybin taken, there are very large individual differences in sensitivity, and the effects of the same dose on different people may well be very different. Surroundings and expectations also have a radical effect on users.

It is very difficult for even a trained mycologist to identify a fungus positively, but the other type known to Mandeans, those called “Mushrooms” have always got a pretty bad press. Although their immediate interest is believed to be PSYLOCYBE SUBAERUGINOSA. This type, popularly known as Goldtops, is described by J. H. Willis as follows: “Slender, flexuous stems uplift the somewhat bell-shaped caps, white or one or two inches broad, olive brown, moist and perfectly smooth. The stems, which, in young plants, are silky white, frequently become variegated with blotches of green and blue; this staining applies in a minor degree to the cap, which also bleaches buff upon drying. The gills (underneath) are thin, unequal and grey-brown, growing darker and inkypurplish with age.”

Much for the psilocybes. The AMANITAS are of still greater historical interest, although their immediate interest to the reader is much less. Right at the outset it must be understood that none of the Amanitas contain psilocybin. This fungus is called “Mushroom” and is reproduced above. Some differences in attitudes to psilocybin and amanitdin are related to the amount of psilocybin in the mycelium of the mushroom. The type, popularly known as “blue mats” is described as being one of the most poisonous fungi by the authorities like the Wassons. (A n account of the use of these fungi in Europe and Asia is found in Victoria (usually in short grass and leaves under trees at the side of the road, near streams etc) to be PSYLOCYBE PHALLOIDES. This type, popularly known as Goldtops, is described by J. H. Willis as follows: “Slender, flexuous stems uplift the somewhat bell-shaped caps, which is found in Australia. I say fortunately because it has been recently discovered to contain particularly natty cyclic polyepptides which on ingestion irreversibly destroy the liver function, no symptoms are noticed until 15 hours after eating, by which time nothing whatever can be done. This fungus...
and the similar AMANITA VIRAOSA are responsible for many deaths in Europe; according to Willis there is a poisonous creamy or white Amanita in Western Australia.

AMANITA MUSCARIA (popularly called the Fly Agaric) is the graphic designer's mushroom — red with white spots — of Alice in Wonderland fame. In Victoria it is found associated with roots of pine trees and birches.

[T]he description in Thomas Pynchon's Gravity's rainbow of artificial cultivation of A. Muscaria displays a curious lapse by a normally faultless technological chronicle of our times.] It was, until recently, believed that the psychoactive component was muscarine, or else bufotenin, or both; but extensive research has shown that botonic acid is the secret ingredient.

The dried fungus was used by Siberian tribes to produce intoxication during celebrations such as weddings; the mushrooms were very expensive since they had to be brought from conjugious regions. As much as a reindeer was exchanged for one, and the Siberians drank each other's urine to extend the effect — it is exerted unchanged.

Little research has been done concerning the finer points of Amanita intoxication, and the Russian government has stamped out its use. A report in a Scottish medical journal tells of a young salmon poacher who boiled a number of the fungi in beer, then drank the resulting concoction.

This led to a "freakout" and temporary hospitalization; the patient believed his skin was peeling off etc. etc. He recovered fully a few hours later. It was claimed by his brother that in some London clubs one could obtain a drink consisting of Amanita Muscaria juice and vodka; it is called a "Cathie" after the notorious Catherine the Great of Russia.

The psychoactive properties of the red and white Fly Agaric have given rise to intense theoretical debate. The Wassons believed that the legendary Soma of the ancient Vedic hymns referred to the fungus. Robert Graves was encouraged by the Wassons to try to link it to the unknown potion drunk by the initiates of the Eleusinian Mystery of ancient Greece. Certainly, other religions have been founded upon the sacramental use of hallucinogens. On the other hand, John Allegro's sensational The sacred mushroom and the cross has found no favor with anyone — even Wason.

The links between mushrooms and magic form a completely different — and very interesting — story. But to return to immediate practicalities, remember it is a good idea to eat a mushroom unless someone else who has eaten that type previously is there to identify it; although no Australian fungi have ever killed, some produce very severe nausea. If in doubt, eat a small amount — say one or two small mushrooms — and see what happens. Taste is no indication. And if you do die, your friends will have made an important scientific discovery.

In conclusion, my favorite mushroom story (probably apocryphal). A group of freaks gathering Goldtops near the Dandenongs were discovered by a farmer. Upon being told by the farmer they were poisonous, they innocently asked for more details. "Well," replied the farmer, "my wife ate some and then thought she was a light bulb!"

REFERENCES


The Ecology of Shit

It can make the world go round, writes VERONICA PARRY, if only we weren't so afraid of it.

SHIFT, poop, pooh, No. 2, cow-caw. There they are, those revolting words for that revolting stuff that comes out of our revolting anal orifices. That comment just sums up our repression abnormal attitude to human excrement, an attitude about which Freud & Riche have written tomes, psychiatrists get rich on and, more seriously, an attitude which has largely led to the current and critical stuffed up state of our globe. If we are ever to see the 21st century we better ponder the philosophy of shit - it may be a lifesaver.

We spend our lives enslaved to the process of getting and gobbling. No one denies that obesity in all forms is the bane of our civilization. Yet we dismiss the outgoing process with the sweep of an ultra soft flycoated patterned square followed by the swift swirl of the cistern and away it goes - where nobody knows and nobody cares as long as the awful stuff is completely out of sight (and for God's sake reach for the toilet brush if you've left a trace!).

And we view our world with the same anal hang up. It's OK to gaily gobble up the globe, gorge our economic bellies to the fill and flush the shit down the same vague drain. I'm not talking only about industrial waste but all our everyday ways, that's only the smear on the cistern.

The biggest offender and thus the one we least like to think about is the excrement from the burning of fossil fuels. Since the start of the industrial revolution the carbon dioxide content of our atmosphere has increased by fifteen percent. This is causing a substantial warming of our atmosphere. How? Carbon dioxide and other particles we put into the air act as little reflectors sending back the earth heat which the biosphere has given off. It's an atmospheric phenomenon known as the greenhouse effect. By ignoring our industrial outpourings our greenhouse is turning into something of a sauna and the result is a change in the world's weather pattern which may make the Brisbane floods an annual event.

But whether it's CO2 into the atmosphere or excrement of man being dumped daily next to our most popular beaches, it's time we looked carefully at the stuff, especially in light of the current eco trip which petrochemical companies like to call the ENERGY crisis. The real word for it of course is the PETROL crisis.

Sure, fossil fuels are running out. Ettlich & Co have been warning us about it for years now. But even without any ecological prophets anyone who looks past their mouth would not expect to be able to consume a non-renewable resource forever especially at such a vomitous rate.

And who knows, life without Shell Oil may be a good one. The weather would return to normal for one thing. For another we may be forced to move around less giving hope for the return to the human condition of getting to know and trust one another again. However, with due respect to alternate lifers and their ability to live by solar breed alone, we must consider the rest of us slobs who can't live without an auxiliary source of energy. How else are we gonna keep the beer cold and get the Holden to the footy? The answer, my friend, could well lie in shit. I mean this in both the practical and philosophic sense. But first to practicalities.

You might not want to have anything to do with the stuff but it's heaven to a whole crew of anaerobic bacteria. These wondrous wogs that live without air have a heyday eating it and, oh wheels within wheels, they in turn shit out METHANE, a gas of such character as to make petrol look old fashioned. Methane or marsh gas is the most simple of the paraffin or methane hydrocarbon group. It's lighter than air but forms an explosive mixture with it which is safer than petrol vapor as far as fire is concerned. The octane and anti-knock value of methane is higher than petrol and its calorific value, weight for weight, is seventeen percent greater. You can run everything from cars to fridges to cities on it.

Production of methane from sewage is nothing new. The Germans were running out on it in world war two and now thousands of plants ranging from municipal schemes to commercial, farmyard and family sizes are operating around the world, principally in France, India, Taiwan and New Guinea. The entire city of Milan is electrified by sewage produced methane so you can see that this is no pie in the sky dream. Here in Australia the army is into People Poop Power and oddly enough so is the Bondi sewage works. They produce just enough methane to power the plant. But the plant only roughy treats sewage before it is dumped into the ocean and of course on to Bondi Beach! How a council can be so aware of methane production and still allow this dumping to continue is beyond me. In fact, it's downright criminal now that we're facing a crisis.

There are a few more marvels of people poop power to be mentioned. Public health problems are eliminated, the sludge from methane digesters makes excellent fertilizer, plants are dead cheap to set up, the byproducts of burning methane are saliently compared to petrol and, best of all, it's as freely available as any animal excrement. What more could you ask for? Methane is abundant as we wish to make it.

What we're gonna keep the beer cold and get the Holden to the footy is the BONDI BEACH METHANE GAS PLANT.

Part of the methane gas conversion system at the Bondi sewage treatment works.
ECHOES OF AN ERA: The best of Dizzy Gillespie-Charlie Parker-John Coltrane (Roulette RE-120) (2 record set)

ECHOES OF AN ERA: The Charlie Parker-Dizzy -Gillespie years (Roulette RE-101) (2 record set)

ONE NIGHT recently, I was dumped, rather glazed, in a chair, listening to a tingly little fellow playin' down and blaming me on the alto saxophone. Suddenly, a blinding flash hit me fair between the eyes. "My God!" I thought. "This man can play anything!" Momentarily disoriented by this insight, I fell to the floor, and had to be revived by strong coffee.

Next day, when the mists had cleared a little, I reasoned that, surely, no one could play... Yet Bird's seemingly unending flow of ideas, executed with a facility that is the result of an almost pathological capacity for practice and study, makes me wonder. Quite simply, he's the greatest improvising musician I've ever heard.

The Roulette re-releases may contain some who disagree, for they contain some of the finest Parker (and Gillespie) on record. The music consists of 12 Parker quintet and quartet sides cut for Ross Russell's Dial label in 1947, 13 tracks from a 1953 Gillespie concert in Paris, six selections from a 1947 Bird and Diz concert, and three pieces from a session recorded by the John Coltrane Quintet in 1960.

It is said that Bird saved his most adventurous blowing for live performances and this is borne out by listening to the Carnegie Hall excerpts. His playing on the bop anthems Groovin' high and A night in Tunisia exhibits a ferocity not usually found in his studio recordings.

Confirmation features some fine blowing on the piece's bizarre (and difficult) changes -- you can almost sympathise with Col -loway when he told Dizzy Gillespie not to play "that Chinese music in my band". (Diz was later fired anyway, after being wrongly accused of firing a spigot. The fact that he pulled a knife -- "only a little knife" -- on Calloway didn't help his case.)

Gillespie has often been put down because of his propensity for clowning, but in these recordings, he is right up there with Parker, and that is something you can only say about a talented few.

The Dial sides are notable for some beautiful ballad playing on the standards Embraceable you, My old flame, Dont blame me and Out of nowhere. Parker and Gillespie could work over a tune with the corniest of changes and still come up with some wonderful lyric statements.

Miles Davis was also present on the date, and sounds like what he then was -- a beginner in the Big League. But his understated melodic approach, which he was to develop further in the following years, was already clearly evident.

The Gillespie Paris concert includes some nice blowing by Diz, both ballad and up-tempo pieces. Joe Cerrito's jive singing, as might be expected, has not worn well, but the leader is in fine lip. His sense of form, and of how to build a solo, are simply demonstrated on I've got a thing and the bluest blues.

Here, as in most bop recordings, the rhythm section is rather disappointing. It is sad but true that most bop drummers and bassists (and even pianists, for that matter) were inferior. Very few could understand what Parker, Monk and Gillespie were trying to do, and even fewer could play it. Even great musicians like Kenny Clarke and Max Roach often sound unimpressed on bop recordings. And the reason for this is that the recording techniques of the time were, by today's standards, ratsh! Gone were the guts of the bass, and gone were the highs of the drums and cymbals -- and the cymbals were at the centre of bop drumming. Result: some very thin and pedestrian-sounding rhythm sections.

The cleaning up of the tapes, incidentally, is very good -- but you can't put something back on to a tape that want there in the first place.

The Coltrane session took place in 1960, shortly after Coltrane had left Miles Davis, but before the epoch-making My favorite things date. This was the first time Col trane recorded with McCoy Tyner, and he was obviously inspired by the young pianist's playing. Tyner's unique harmonic approach, and his use of ascending and descending block chords over a sustained pedal-tone allowed Col trane to further develop the modal experiments he had begun with Miles in the late 50s.

Coltrane's nasal, "eastern" tone and rhythmic sophistication were already quite advanced, and although he sometimes got himself into a position where he had nowhere to go, his playing is so full of ideas and sweet blowing that this is easily forgivable. He really wails on One and Four.

Miles Davis is almost on bass, and the drummer is Ed Blackwell, better known for his later work with John Coltrane, Jimmy Garrison and Elvin Jones.

Both double albums are thoroughly recommended. Two small quibbles, however: The track labelled Scrapple from the apple is, in fact, Dewey square (which is a pity -- Scrapple is a brilliant tune), and Bird feathers is attributed to the Parker quintet, although J. J. Johnson's trombone is clearly present. You'd think they'd be able to get it right...
to them a mature musician of some 30 years of age in 1956. This album is hardly Miles’ “classic” — they are the things he did with Charlie Parker, and later with Prestige. So what CBS is offering is a selection drawn from their basic holdings of Miles’ works.

Jazz at the Plas also suffers from imperfections but these are of a technical nature. Even by the recording standards of the time this is not particularly good: the balance is rather poor, often the bass and piano are under-recorded, while the drums lack adequate definition. However, despite this it’s a thrilling record made all the more astonishing by the fact that all these cuts are single takes and made with all the limitations of a live concert.

But it’s a self-contained entity. It is an album based on one performance and it stands as such. On the other hand Basic Miles is more of a concept album with the group continually experimenting. Within the three years that most of tracks on the album were made, their styles — both collectively and individually — changed radically.

The early tracks sound very much the product of a new group having a ball blowing together, while at the same time looking back to what has happened before. Three years later, with the group continually experimenting, their styles — both collectively and individually — changed radically.

The best admirable aspect of this production is the liner notes for the album which are truly erotic. Take this: “His (Miles) fertile m'dnd rebels against constriction, against any invisible clock. His valves pump adventure. Then. Now. And for certain into tomorrow and beyond.”

**THE situation has been somewhat redeemed by the Jazz at the Plas which is a far more even produc­tion. It looks the overall polish of Miles’ studio work, but it has an unfeigned vigor and strength that more than compensates for this. What you hear is an extra-ordinarily accomplished group playing a very, very, good gig. All musicians are in top form and the addition of Cannonball Adderly to the horn section gives the group an extra lift. While two saxes are prone to rather complex solos the overall tight­ness of the group prevents any excesses. Miles is in fine, free-wheeling form. On Oleo his inci­dental, muted hornwork, weaving around Paul Chambers, bass line, is a model of economy, combined with swing. He makes every note count, nurses some, spits others out in devastatingly fast little runs. On If I were a bell he explores the middle and lower registers of his horn, obtaining a shimmering, warm tone that is a joy to hear.

Contran plays like a man obsessionally intense and exciting, he rips successive movements of scalar modulations, constructing, surging, passionate evocations. This group was best by brutal differences, particularly stylistic approaches. Miles is reputed once to have reproached Coltrane after a particu­larly convoluted solo, with “You don’t have to play every note you think of John”. Miles has always been an economic horn player while Coltrane was the antithesis of this style. Their partnership with all its merits and limitations is compellingly displayed on this album.

The CBS parent company in the USA announced last month it was embarking on a massive reissue program with an initial re­lease of 33 albums. The Australian subsidiary has shown remarkable flair in starting this program. The title track starts off the album with swing. He makes every note count, nurses some, spits others out in devastatingly fast little runs. On If I were a bell he explores the middle and lower registers of his horn, obtaining a shimmering, warm tone that is a joy to hear.

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The best way to describe Corea’s sound is in his own words. When talking about Farrell he said: "Like me he’s concerned with swinging and with a kind of esthetics of sound.”
AMOS DRUMMOND

O H MAMMA. This little pudgy black man hunched over his guitar (Lucille, baby, you know who I mean), filling the synchronised air of the tin-roofed Festival Hall with clean, hot licks and riffs — his face a mum’s mask — punctuating and approving everything that guitar is saying. Cause mamma, it’s talking and Cause it’s da BLUES.

Now I was going to start this so-called concert review with one of those “It was with a great deal of apprehension” lines, because it was.

First of all I dont like concerts all that much ’cause I dont like big audiences and I can’t wear my headphones, and bars are not the very best places to listen to music if there is subtlety involved.

Second of all, like I said, we’re talking about blues. Ray Charles once said — before he started getting backed by the Mormon Tabernacle choir and the Boston Pops orchestra — he would never go out of business ‘cause if you’re not listen­ing closely enough. And others — no f 200 people and sickens others but there was no escaping the sincerity.

Now singolongs usually give me a pain in the bum and B.B. was walkin’ along the stage, out of reach of the mike, egging everyone on and saying such things as “I can’t hear you” in a high pitched voice. But you just can’t get mad at the guy. He looked so happy when people started singing and then he put fingers to guitar and suddenly it struck me. What an opportunity. Singing with B.B. King backing you up. Live . . .

Then the tenor sax player informed the masses (some scorned, some waited, all waiting) of the arrival of the king of blues singing-and-guitar-playing was gonna lay it on us and it was on.

This little chubby dude walked in, picked up his instru­ment and sang the loudest note that ever was in charge — him and Lucille. Little use explaining. He sang a lotta old and some new and I kind of hung on the old because it’s less show tune and more gut than tender. (The thrill is gone when you’re tired and Sweet sixteen . . . now that’s gut tender.)

He acts the songs out, pointing a stubby finger at his heart when it hurts, holding his hands out­stretched when he’s confused, crossing his hands over his chest when he’s touched, and holding a limp hand on hip with bum out­stretched when he’s “womanising”. It would all seem so chil­dish and simplistic if you didn’t have ears.

Not long into the fray B.B. — the boy from Indiana, Missis­ippi — laid a surprise on the audience and out comes Herby Mann who is playing the following night in another part of town with his flute and a leather suit and an old-time hill look. B.B. was pleased. Herb looked a bit incom­fortable and they jammed a while. But it was B.B.’s town that night and after some foot stomping and whistling Mr Mann retired and let the man get on with his love affair and so it went.

B.B. had a few rows to the audience. Now he’s truly a senti­mental bloke and this embarrasses some people and sickens others but there was no escaping the sincerity.

Now singolongs usually give me a pain in the bum and B.B. was walkin’ along the stage, out of reach of the mike, egging everyone on and saying such things as “I can’t hear you” in a high pitched voice. But you just can’t get mad at the guy. He looked so happy when people started singing and then he put fingers to guitar and suddenly it struck me. What an opportunity. Singing with B.B. King backing you up. Live . . .

Man that B.B. has style, he got style, he got diversification and can whisper as well as scream and hum as well as boil. And he’s a nice man who liked his audience who loved him which made every­one there happy they’d come and I hope they bring him back next week. But they won’t, for a while so you might as well get to a record shop and listen to what you’ll regret you missed.

B.B. KING LAYS IT ON

}
Does Brizzie deserve Bjelke? YES!

As the flood waters of Queensland subside another debilitating peril persists. Called "Bjelke Blues", it's victim suffers fits of swooning apathy and political myopia.

We ask WILLY YOUNG to give a prognosis.

JOH Bjelke-Petersen is a Christian and takes a pocket bible with him wherever he goes. This leader believes he is different and understands the aboriginals because his church established a mission on one of the islands where he was chairman for several years.

The church taught the aboriginals the "ethics of living". They were granted large学 regarding land and encouraged to cultivate the land, but they just drifted off ("there was no striving for achievement") — something they've had their chance.

The most horrendous thing about him is his reasonable manner, his paternal concern, and his absolute sincerity of belief. People in Queensland take him very seriously and think he is a strong leader. Maybe a lot of people don't take him so seriously, but it is impossible to live in such a constrained and climate and not have some of it rub off. People who work here show alarming tendencies towards rightwing capitalism; the only alternative is to be become deformed.

A few years ago, in 1968, Queensland had a number of radicals — one could not walk three steps without tripping over a rad. Feeling was so strong, people actually believed that the revolution was coming any day and that everything would dramatically change. Now only apathy pervades.

Groups still gather in the beer garden of the Royal Exchange Hotel. It is a monotonous and held belief that it is impossible to organise anything in any other place.

"What have you been doing?" "Living up at Ellis beach (near Cairns)."

"We're all going back to uni. This is the year of the big drop-in. We're being paid!"

"What's Denis Walker doing?"

"He's working with a community video centre at Spring Hill (reserved tone)."

"Does anyone talk about him anymore?"

"He's in his own thing... well, hell, he's just so heavy!" [See TLD, 2/9.]

Usually I live in Sydney, but I have lived in Brisbane and visit here quite often. When I mention ed I was writing an article about Brisbane fashions, people immediately put in requests: "We are doing a play, can you give us a plug?"

Regrettably I declined; I told them I only wanted stories about "natural disasters and universal events". I felt a real bastard; that's the way Brisbane gets at you... very small and nervous town.

In Sydney, I know people on a more existential basis, I know nothing about their backgrounds or case histories, but while I am with them I know them quite well, then we move on and meet again by chance. Here people seem unsure about extending themselves to strangers, I guess it's just a symptom of living in a smaller city. Only three Queens landers went to the Dural Creek Workshop, and only a small percent age to Nimbin although now that it is more established there seems to be more people going.

People in Brisbane are one that they can do things that they can't do in other larger cities. It is a matter of accessibility to hardware. Two new recording studios with "the works" have opened and are relatively cheap to hire. One often operates on a friendly, cut-rate, weekend basis. The Fix Co-op, getting on its feet, has banded with other groups (SCC, NFTA and the Festival Group) and is getting, with the help of the Australian Council for the Arts, a theatre for its screenings, although there does not at the moment appear to be much filmmaking going on. The council is also opening a Community Access Video Centre, as it is in other capital cities, and $2,000 of the $22,000 grant is being spent on hardware: two Portapaks, two editing machines and studio cameras.

Here, I've also noted that overseas is an accessible reality via television, and that individuals import records, books, magazines and equipment on a large scale. Some record collections I've met can only be described as far out, and others are in fact an Australian, avant garde artist, talk Qantas into a

Garde Culture at the commonsence centre. Bullshit baffle brains, as me old man used to say.

It may not be as easy as I have made out for one thing the whole caper is only in the planning stage at the moment. The Ceremony Co-op is the only to date to etch at the process; further info: "At present, it is envisaged that the festival would run for one week and comprise a selection of live and permanent exhibitions and thes..."

In London, the education department and the city council. Freedom has its limitations in these.
Moody blues
I DETECT an apparent switch in mood of your paper from constructive criticism to merely poking; from the informative article to supposedly amusing cynicism; from healthy self-searching to complacent ego-involvement. Your change in style in the last couple of editions has disturbed me a bit. I was beginning to hold out real hope of Daylight developing into the only spontaneous, honest, truth-seeking, paper circulating widely throughout Australia. With articles like your zodical bit and with Mungo sneaking into the paper and with other columnists (you are becoming stylised, aren't you?) becoming increasingly pretentious, I suspect you're heading in the wrong direction. That would lose me.

NOEL MAUD, Albury, NSW

Right rubbish
YOUR report of the garbage inquiry shocks me as a blatant invasion of privacy. Your counterculture mob is behaving like a John Birch Society witchhunt. Or was it hunger?

— while you're praying you got a kid in the corner of a lot of hurt in this society. Places that aboriginals do not want to own the land. But money seems so stupid to me. They don't understand that aboriginals don't want to own the land—they are part of the land.

(Extracts only)
JOHN WELKINTON, Nimbin, NSW

Gunning down Nimbin
HERE is an interview I did with black militant Bob McLeod (see TLD, 2/10). When I was editor of the Canberra College of Advanced Education student newspaper Canberra, I spent three hours talking with him after he came back from Nimbin, as Bob will quite openly admit. His time inside was done for assault. Prison was a bad experience for Bob but when I spoke to him he was obviously starting to get his head together.

I'm selling this down as a matter of record. It's obviously changed his ideals since, but I'd say his view of himself and where the aboriginals stand is still the same.

For me it's good that so many people in the Australian part of Australia are disillusioned and going back to the land. "We are the original people," was what the white people saw the kids up there doing. They saw the people as being subconsciously "There they go, acting like barbarians.

"White people are trying to get away from the kids and they are running away. 'Don't get away from it, fix yourselves up.'"

I don't believe in buddhism, Christianity or any other form of praying. I believe in reality: work to make things work. It takes too long praying. I don't see as the paragon of gay liberation (small g, small l).

I am a former member of the state council of the Liberal party of NSW but I left the Liberal party because of its unprincipled and gutless ideology than an organisation, not that any changes that may be made. Who are gay liberationists and were expressing their beliefs support the black races because they are seeking the middle ground. May gay (looks like a distress signal), Varticong (were the bullets only aimed at our "square" soldiers in Vietnam) etc., etc. When the hell has this to do with homosexual law reform or acceptance? How can their outlaw status, or verbal garbage directed at the square or non-gay, non-sexist "persons" don't indulge in male prostitution (one or two male hustlers or lesbo pros might think them), spurious (do libbers support the black races because they are essentially "mob" sailors in Vietnam) etc., etc. I will not be silenced or diverted bymetics or attempts to rebuild the shattered GLF into an active, proud, worth-belonging to group working solely and bravely for gay rights.

MARTIN SMITH, Glebe, NSW

Red closets
BY REFERRING to me as "a well known and respected reformer" (TLD, 2/10) Denis Freney has run to true marxist form used thatiday in line of defense...liberation. The die has been rolled in the US and I feel just as powerless and frustrated as I was when I first wrote to the editor to his paper. I'm delighted to note, however, that he was careful NOT to refer to my claim that Gay Lib is a national joke and is NOT supported by, or representative of, the gay world.

Gay Lib supports abortion (surely non-existent "persons" don't indulge in male prostitution (one or two male hustlers or lesbo pros might think them), spurious (do libbers support the black races because they are essentially "mob" sailors in Vietnam) etc., etc. I will not be silenced or diverted bymetics or attempts to rebuild the shattered GLF into an active, proud, worth-belonging to group working solely and bravely for gay rights.

I doubt if Gay Lib (big G, big L) can ever survive their relatively toughly fought battle for bad publicity and emerge as a representative or viable force, despite their desperate cries that they are going to be a single issue organisation. Will the other marxists ever see as the paragon of gay liberation (small g, small l)?

Gay Lib is an active, proud, worth-belonging to group working solely and bravely for gay rights. When the hell has this to do with homosexual law reform or acceptance? How can their outlaw status, or verbal garbage directed at the square or non-gay, non-sexist "persons" don't indulge in male prostitution (one or two male hustlers or lesbo pros might think them), spurious (do libbers support the black races because they are essentially "mob" sailors in Vietnam) etc., etc. The time for Gay Lib's letter is a step in the right direction. Will the other marxists in Gay Lib stand up and be counted? Perhaps then this can be put to the test of gay liberation (small g, small l).

Living magic
IN RELATION to M. Stitt's letter in the TLD, 2/7 issue, I would like to acknowledge Mr Oppenheim's contribution to Nimbin and to raise my hat with respect to the passing of a real lady. Ms Oppenheim acted as personal adviser and astrologer to many concerned with the initiation of Nimbin. Firstly, perhaps coincidentally, Giselle Dunstan and Wili baby story, conceived during that remarkable ten days that was born on the 1st of January...Ms Oppenheim (February 4) was accompanied by Norman Stannard, one of the last people to see her alive...

This letter is really a salute to that brave magic which continually accompanies us and seems to be the key. Ms Oppenheim's obituary must be published to remind us of her presence. To astrologers, mediums, beggars of the more familiar and all alike.

JONNY ALLEN, Ex Captain Kaitaia A.S.U., Nimbin, NSW
Going backwoods

NOEL MAUD

A PETULANT cop wandered with his cone in arms along the shady banks of Nariel creek, wondering if he could order the kids to leave. The children, leaping to the tree into the deep hole below. The tree was on the other side of the creek. It would be embarrassing if the kids ignored him. He fingered his gun nervously and continued along the creek.

Parked beside the green was a bus, and all along the shady side were the over sixty-fivers with camp stools, deck chairs, rugs and cushions. Behind the bus was a motor cycle and beside it another, and another. About 10 bikes there, and some smoking a, smoke, but just most talking and listening.

A kid from the backwoods of Corryong clutched a can of fizz in his skeletal hand like it was the first time the gas had tickled his tongue and throat. He ambled past businessmen sporting three days growth of beard people with movie cameras to their beer guts.

A bloke in his 80s, skinny legs quaking beneath baggy shorts, was hugely amused by half a dozen kids who were hearing themselves in the creek, with much yelling and splooshing. He was leaping in there with them, I could tell.

On the stage two old dears were singing Home on the range in near perfect harmony and somewhere in the background someone was making like a barnyard. It was super-corn and was acted out with such slow-drawling country timelessness as to be nearly, if not completely, a classic performance.

That was the Nariel folk festival. An impossible blend of old and new, and affluent and battlers, rustics and sophisticates. A blend that has been maturing for the past 12 years since Corryong's favorite son, Con Klippel, decided to do something to promote and preserve old time traditional music.

Twelve years ago Con directed the Nariel white folk festival - the first folk festival ever held in Australia, he says with some pride. He got a couple of hundred along and was well pleased.

This labor day weekend more than 3000 people from all over the country and from New Zealand headed for Nariel, 80 miles east of Albury. Most came to relax and listen and-

Some brought along banjos, guitars, accordians, and all manner of busk instruments from gum leaves to tea chest basses. These were the performers - a pot pourri of bushies, country dance bands, balladists, yarn-spinners, pensioner club violinists, folk singers and a couple tending towards hard rock but without the electricity.

I got the feeling the only thing that allowed the Nariel festival to be still so pure, uncomplicated and unspotted after 12 years was the country organisers insufficiency of use of public relations and the press, and the selfishness of patrons who keep this miraculous event to themselves rather than risk it being overrun with friends and relatives.

The fact that there is no entrance charge, that local service clubs provide efficient catering at little more than break-even prices, that none of the performers charge for their appearances is perhaps another reason why the crowd haven't robbed Nariel of its innocence.

Hicksville fights back

SOME people said the film Patton was a great send up of war movies, Nixon said it was and I call it "the intentional community movement". To those who think on Paul Craddock's point snidely he says I jest, you the author made a great point to fence sit. To those who think "me against the world" so prevalent of the dropout attitude times "How shall we live?" They have taken control of their lives to the big survival question of our time. "What shall we do?"

A part of this domination can be seen in the street types used in Paul's satire. They are city, put down stereotypes of country people and oddly enough they relate more to hillbilly television shows from America than realities of Australia. Look again, Paul, and you will see that shearers drive to the sheds in Kingswood and Vaillants and earn maybe $500 a week. Farmers are into rent business, all doctors, chemists and machines. And widows drink and play the pokies at the nearest pub.

Next part of the domination is the conviction that it is all happen to distract from often very busy hassling and hailing to ring your life is enriched by more real than their roles. There are fewer cops. There is less razzmatazz about hillbilly television and people are more real than their scenes.

Another part of the domination is the conviction that it is all happen to distract from often very busy hassling and hailing to ring your life is enriched by more real than their roles. There are fewer cops. There is less razzmatazz about hillbilly television and people are more real than their scenes.

This isn't a yin/yang situation, I suppose. While the activists are tearing down the institution of oppressing, the intentional community people are working at building those relations that will facilitate freedom. These are two complementary parts to totality for social change.

GRAEME DUNSTAN, Armidale, NSW

 канберра delights

LINDSEY Bourke, organist, pianist, panther, film-maker, is showing two new films he made with Mick Glusbrenner and playing organ, moog and piano behind them on March 23 and 24 at 8.00 pm in the Coombes theatre, ANU. Price $1.00.

Go fly a kite

MICHAEL O'ROURKE

KITES are very beautiful objects, and kite-flying is a gracious, sociable activity which I heartily recommend.

Kites are easily made, provided you aren't too ambitious. It's easy to get one up, also, provided it's a non-nonsense sort of kite with good balance.

Some people regard kites as a kind of sculpture. There is much to recommend this view, and many flyers build their kites so they will look interesting or fanciable. Such kites are seldom successful. Others regard kite-flying as a sport. I have heard tell of competitions at silly places like Buenos Aires or Reykjavik where several kites are put into the air, and on a given signal the owners try by mysterious means and clever devices to bring the other kites down or even to destroy them utterly. Last kite aloft wins.

I, on the other hand, am inclined to think that kite-flying is a philosophical activity - fishing with neither hook nor bait, an activity that is both non-representative and non-directive. The insulting advice, "ow, go fly a kite" would lead us to think that kite-flying is an activity reserved for foolish, reckless and wanton persons. This is undoubtedly so, and a good thing too.

TOTAL ORGASM

"Most sex manuals tend to concentrate your attention upon pleasing your partner; I want to show you how to give pleasure to yourself." An illustrated guide to counterculture techniques for going deeper than you've ever dreamed.

THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS — March 19-25, 1974 — Page 27
Why Not? After all, women eat dog meat as much as the next pornophile, though none of the official organs of the women's liberation movement have ever admitted to such "trivial" and "unpoliticiated" desires. In fact, the puritanical journals of feminist dogma might lead one to believe that the following were every day, or every minute of the female sex is raped either physically, mentally or emotionally.

Not only is she repeatedly raped throughout her miserable career but she has also stalwartly endured at least one botched-up abortion (for perhaps legal abortion), a near-terminal case of vaginitis, several sexual assaults from her nasty med. school flunk-out male gynecologists, and maybe even an attempt on her life by her own hopelessly fucked-up boyfriend. In short, according to the Ms. magazines, the average woman has lived a pretty sorry life. But, marvel dictu, she has lived to remind her oppressors of their awful truth.

Bitch, the first pornzine for women, says SO WHAT ELSE IS NEW? The 60s are over and it's time for women to conceive of themselves as something other than downtrodden holes. It's time for women to cease bemoaning their collective fate, cast aside the unnecessary victim-mentality, and realize that another glorious lifestyle awaits them. And this one is interesting, refreshing, and a whole lot of fun to boot!

I founded Bitch in order to offer the woman of the 70s the kind of identity which every single so-called feminist publication denies her: a strong, heterosexual persona. And I selected the name "Bitch" because I figured it's time to call a rose a rose. Yes, Bitch is threatening — we challenge men to be our sexual, not to mention our intellectual and emotional, equals. We challenge all latent brats to come out of the closet and wield their power with discretion of course. We challenge members of the women's movement to deal with their real ids, and not just in "Human Sexuality Workshops" either.

Unbeknown to the dinosaur theorecticians of the movement, there are legions of horny, smuth, loving, sexually aggressive women who are not afraid to discuss and act our certain libidinous proclivities which movementoids conveniently dismiss as "counter-revolutionary". For example, Bitch has been attacked for portraying men as "sex objects", for presenting self-masturbation in an enjoyable — albeit humorous light, for conducting and printing a "Blowjob Symposium" wherein various women discuss the ups and downs of giving head, and for daring to advertise ourselves as "the only newspaper for women". The "liberated woman" isn't supposed to "compete" with her "sisters". And she definitely is not supposed to "objectify" her lover. After all, how can two objects carry on a "meaningful relationship"? They can't. But so what? Why can't two objects simply be allowed to fuck and have a good time? Can't women be permitted to get off on a finely-shaped cock with a mess of balls, and not be chastised for it by their self-appointed priests? 

Bitch is the only feminist publication to answer these queries with a resounding YES! While other women publications are busy harping on the by-products of sex (vaginal infections and home remedies like doucheing with yogurt are big these days), Bitch assumes that in this day and age women know how to take care of their cunts, and would rather spend their time reading smut, written from a female point of view, of course. While those other journals are busy telling readers how to locate their citoris, Bitch is dedicated to the proposition that the modern women knows very well where her clitor is and, at this very moment, is probably asking her boyfriend to play with it!

The first two issues of Bitch have not only sold quite well, but they have also upset quite a few female movementoids. A couple of "hip" local bookstores which persist in operating under archeaic leftist party lines have refused to carry Bitch simply because it's "pornographic". One of these bookstores is New York City's biggest feminist literary outlet and chased Bitch because "you run ads for vibrators".

That the kind of woman who refuses to acknowledge pornography — even feminist pornography (Susan Brownmiller recently condemned censorship of smut) — still monopolizes the feminist media is unfair and unprogressive. It degrades women. Not once have I read about a good fuck in Ms. magazine. I have read about a lot of torturous abortions, and I've also read how to locate a carburetor, not to mention my citoris. But who cares? I discover of both at least ten years ago. Bitch figures that a lot of other women made the same discoveries sometime during puberty.

And now they want ooooh! — all! — oooohh! MORE!