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Editor

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stop laughing—this is serious!

Dont Knock
The Rocks
see inside

- Diary of a Smack Fiend
- Bullshit in the Nimbin dust
THE ARMY OF THE RARE

THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS

WHY THE POOR ARE GOING TO VOTE LIBERAL. The federal Labor government's interior schools commission has restored grants to 137 private schools following complaints from the rich that they are unable to make ends meet. The extra $5.2 million needed to finance this elite group of future captains of industry is going to be provided by a series of Saturday morning fetes and dog shows run by rate schools. State school pupils will also be asked to give up their daily lunch money to provide suitable uniforms for private school scholars.

T HE JAPANESE ARE GOING TO VOTE LABOR. Overruling his own minister for minerals and energy, prime minister Gough Whitlam has decided to allow Japanese investments in Australian resource projects. Welcoming the move, the Japanese prime minister Tanaka said his country's businessmen were not going to be greedy and tow Australia away immediately. Instead they would settle for a modest 50 percent ownership of Australian resource projects, with perhaps another 10 to 20 percent in other ventures such as cattle raising and meat processing. However, he stressed that Australians would still be allowed to own their own homes, although there might be a few restrictions on choice of jobs and the amount of money they would be allowed to keep for themselves.

T HE KILLJOYS ARE WRONG, WE'VE GOT AN ARMY AFTER ALL. Availing a call from the United Nations for a Middle East peace-keeping force, defence minister Lance Barnard estimated that Australia could prove as many as 700 men to do the job. However, he added, raising such a huge force would take some little time.

J OIN THE ARMY TO AVOID DOCTORS FEES. In yet another failure of will, federal cabinet has agreed to let doctors charge a good deal more for surgery consultation, in order to maintain the closer you are to death the more you have to pay. People who are very well indeed and do not visit doctors at all are not going to get away scot free. Cabinet is also allowing all medical benefits funds to put up their rates.

Y ES VIRGINIA, THERE IS A SANTA CLAUS. Defending himself against those who say he is a hard-boiled president Richard Nixon said the whole Watergate crisis was the fault of the press. If the press had not written the rotten story in which Dick Beckett beats up the week's news monsters". He did no feel that spending specially designed to contain "savage prisoners " will be exposed to the air" . The minister is also permanent mental damage and added that the whole scandal somewhat philosophically, senator Lionel Murphy did a little home work on the drinking habits of depraved geniuses and found fact in the correction that both Van Gogh and Beethoven were psipsps. "Surely the government is not expected to carry out an investigation into the state of sobriety of the artist before we decide whether a painting is suitable to be purchased by Australians?" he asked a few of his friends. In a witty intellectual reply, senator Ian Wood (who not surprisingly comes from the cultural centre of Australia, Queensland) said he regarded such works as "shicker" art because you have to be shicker to do them. He is understood to decorate his own house with Corn Flakes packets and rum bottle labels.

W HO KILLED C OCK ROBIN? Not I said Dr Nugget Coombs, denying that he had played any part in the recent dismissal of aboriginal affairs minister Gordon Bryant who apparently lost his job after telling the Prime Minister that he was also revealed that the good Mr Bryant had also lost his phone as soon as he lost his job. Because as you have to be shicker to do them, he added.

BRING BACK THE INQUISITION. Defending the new one million maximum security block in Sydney's Long Bay jail, New South Wales justice minister Maddison, said it had been es­pecially designed to contain "savage monsters". He did no feel that spending up to three months in the windowless but air conditioned cells would do any man permanent mental damage and added that from time to time prisoners "will be exposed to the air". The minister is also understood to be studying even more enlightened plans for dealing with scoci­ety's enemies in which they are sealed in large stainless steel drums and buried alive.

W HY SYDNEY WILL FOREVER REMAIN A HICK TOWN. The manager of Sydney's Opera House, Mr Frank Bames, banned Australian born pianist Roger Woodward from playing the concert hall Steinway piano because it was claimed he hit the keys too hard and damaged the delicate instrument. Quite properly in dismissing Bames' gibberish as so much idotic piffle, Mr Woodward said that following the completion of his present contract he would never play in the blasted place again.

GO DOWN MOSES: A South African magistrate has ruled that police who shot dead 11 African miners in a riot at the Caretong coal mine had merely acted in the course of their duty. The magistrate, Mr C. H. Badenhorst, said the deaths were the fault of the miners themselves, who had been "in a frenzy on the day of the shooting. If the miners had behaved themselves decently, the police would not have shot them, he added.

APPLYING FOR THE SORBOLOGER AWARD: North Viet­namese negotiator Lee Duc Tho said he could not accept the 1973 Nobel prize for peace because, as he somewhat(Roles) pointed out, peace had not yet arrived in Vietnam. His display of petulance may have been caused by a statement released by the South Vietnamese government which said that more than 48,000 Viet­namese has died since peace broke out on January 28 this year. American peace negotiator, Dr Henry Kissanger, who has apparently been this happy little item, said he was more than willing to pick up his own Nobel prize.

N OT THAT WE'RE ANY JUDGES OF CULTURE. Australia's recently purchased $1.3 million painting Blue Poles, by American artist Pol­lock, was actually painted by three drunks, it was revealed in the US after the cheque had been written. The whole scandal somewhat philosophically, senator Lionel Murphy did a little home work on the drinking habits of depraved geniuses and found fact in the correction that both Van Gogh and Beethoven were psipsps. "Surely the government is not expected to carry out an investigation into the state of sobriety of the artist before we decide whether a painting is suitable to be purchased by Australians?" he asked a few of his friends. In a witty intellectual reply, senator Ian Wood (who not surprisingly comes from the cultural centre of Australia, Queensland) said he regarded such works as "shicker" art because you have to be shicker to do them. He is understood to decorate his own house with Corn Flakes packets and rum bottle labels.

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T HEY GO CRACKERS WHEN YOU TELL THEM ANYWAY. The federal minister for social security, Mr Hay­den, said serious cultural problems were arising among aborigines receiving social service benefits in some areas of Western Australia. It appeared that the money was destroying the fabric of aboriginal society and breaking the community. He said he had thought that was what it intended to do — make them just like their white siders and better.

THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS


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Bunfight at the Nimbin Corral

GRAHAM DUNSTAN was one of the organisers of the Aquarius Festival at Nimbin in May this year. Since then, a hardy group of counter culturalists have been loitering there with a dream of building the New Jeru Merry. How are they coping? What contribution are they making to the lifestyle and customs of the old timers? Recently, Graham returned to Nimbin for the greatest show in town, The Agricultural and Industrial Fair, and now files this report.

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

Canberra is such a monument — federal city, a victory symbol of the conquest of distance and the welding of a single nation on the continent. And the townplanning is an expression of the quarter acre, nuclear family suburban isolation that the middle class rulers say is an ideal community arrangement. And there is the Opera House, which celebrates the end of scarcity and the transition from a production to a consumption oriented society. The form is a triumph of technology, the content an indiction of the sensility of the railway class which cannot update its art and social forms to match the sophisticated of that technology. Visuals from Kubrick and sound by Pink Floyd would more suit the wonderous achievements in prestressed con-crete and acoustics than Asher Joel's culture fare of symphonies, ballets, operas, and Rolf Harris. But who cares? The Opera House is a monument as it is.

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

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

On Anzac morning the public lavatories overflowed. A whiff of shit hit the street. It seemed like a plot and tension amongst the townspeople was high. At 9 am a small band of Nimbin citizens marched from the police station to the plinth in the park. They were proud and a little self-conscious about their determination to carry out their ceremony in the face of the unspoken challenge that the Aquarius value system represented to the community. There were about 20 middle aged men in business suits and service ribbons and a dozen scouts and ladies from the bowling club dressed in creams. The latter groups were uniformed ring-ins, I think, to boost the numbers. They had no music and the bugle calls cackled feebly from a phonograph. Harold Allsop, a gritty town farmer, gave the drill orders and Bob Marsh, the local constable, stood at attention to the plinth in the park. The showground is beautiful and to its management committee, the Nimbin Agricultural and Industrial Society, very precious. The ring is marked off by a white railed fence, benches and a circle of shady camphor laurels. For such a small village it is an extraordinarily well equipped showground with a huge pavilion with a hunchon room annexe, a refreshment kiosk, publican's booth, turnstiles, cattle pens, judges box, poultry display sheds and so on. The show lasts two days each year and for the other 363 the grounds are pampered with maintenance (thanks to rural unemployment relief) and protected from other community interests.

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

The Nimbin Sports Committee has been urging for use of the showgrounds as a caravan park and as a site for one of those dreadful concrete and chlorination Olympic pools. The Nimbin A&IS won't let 'em. The pavilion, which has the biggest covered floor space in the town, is not available for hire because it houses a giant glass showcase used for cake displays on holidays. A 57 capacious room, the ring is handy for the annual show and for Anzac Day. The showground is consecrated property. And so it should be. It is a monument to the self-contained agricultural community that Nimbin once was. The first selector arrived in the Nimbin valley in 1881. That journey meant a coastriver steamer passage from Moreton Bay and a site seeing tour and thence by bullock train to Nimbin. That last leg of 18 miles took two

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and the rain forest was so dense that the only good grass for the bullocks was at the stop-over settlement that became known as Coffee Camp. Into the valley the selectors came and cleared farms out of that forest, raised families and created a community. By 1920, that is less than two generations, the village of Nimbin was on the map and thriving.

Once a year the families came out of the hills. The excuse was a display of agricultural and industrial produce of the district. People could meet and swap, compare survival techniques and, in the face to face meeting on that common ground, resolve the little gripes and grudges that maybe disrupted group harmony.

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

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ABORIGINAL social organisation was sticky and surviving too. It was stable for 5000 years before white settlement. The Bundjalung, the aboriginal nation of the northern rivers area that included Nimbin, did not war with the whites. The impact of the whites destroyed the rituals and traditions that related them to their tribe and their universe. They were culturally crippled and so demoralised that they could not organise survival let alone war. The Bundjalung settled around Evans Head and were wiped out in the 1930s of the 20th century.

The survivors existed as fringe dwellers. Of late there has been a drift to the cities and the politics of Black Power. Black Power is a heavy scene and is fraught with local blacks and white history established that the sacrecness was jarred up in a black power time in Globe, not Nimbin. But the music was incredibly tenacious and impossible for a white to escape. Insensitive musicians have to be restrained. But the new music is good. It is an unstructured cohesion but scarcity of food creates tension.

And the music fell on its ear. There are some excellent musicians in Nimbin, and a lot of presumptuous mediocrity. A music that establishment runs around in a fire in the fields by a bunch in a red place with no realism. Is that the contradiction of the era? As the world changes the music is sensed.

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The show was on Friday and Saturday, October 12 and 13. Coincidentally, it was a full moon on the twelfth. Full moon is important in the new world because it is the occasion for a come together. It means a night of music and singing around a fire in the open, dancing in the moonlight and getting high together. Characteristically it is an unstructured event; there is no recognised master of ceremonies and no pre arranged procedure. The gathering relies on spontaneity. Everyone contributes whatever moves them and the hit or miss hope is that a group high will happen.

First full moon was a decided miss. It started well with a dramatic flash thunder storm which swept across the valley in the gloaming. It was all over in an hour.

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

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THEIR are about a hundred new settlers in Nimbin now and there are good and bad things to say about the community where people are not obliged to consume bad chemicals, where it is safe for children physically and psychologically and where the problems of surviving the century are faced collectively.

The good thing is that there is a strong sense of community (such as doesn't exist at nearby Mullumbimby) and there is a variety of community services in operation, most of which are reconstituted from the festival. For example, the Aquarian retained the use of three main street buildings, the old RSL club media factory is a studio/gallery/cinema, the Tomato Sauce house the food co-op and the Rainbow Café serves vegetarian meals and exports some food products. There is a sometime craft centre and candle factory just out of town. A healing centre (acupuncture and homopathy) is worked by Carol and Norm. The Joint Parish questioner prints a regular Nimbin News and Basil the baker still makes two kinds of bread, white poison and Aquarian loaves.

Unfortunately, there is still prevailing social chaos within this community. The mood of the community fluctuates wildly as does the energy level, and the economic base remains predominantly parasitic. There is a lot of talk but the achievement level is low, and the energy imbalance caused by uncontrolled lotus-eaters makes the burden for high energy people discouraging.

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History sets the potential of any liberation movement at any point of time. Right now the mood seems to be a personification that has a deep suspicion of individualism and personal liberation is subtle. The hippy who explores the chaos to take and not give looks to me like any entrepreneurial pirate sans work ethic, as does the guy who lives off the bourgeois affluence of the bar scene.

By comparison to the task of renovating the nation, the task of finding a new order at Nimbin is small. But there is depressing cause to suspect that they can't. And unless they do Nimbin will fade to the irrelevancy of a hippy holiday town.

The violent confrontation between Laborers Federation, in the wake of last weeks Sydney Malay racists have the stage. Sasha Soldatow of the Builders Federation magazine. Inside the front cover of what is happening to our cities ...

N ot that Harry is any running dog hand. Considering the reputation of his family, let us hope they're not second rate.

Toads and snakes are not actually cour­tesans of the Builders Federation. The joint of free but unaffiliated wall flowers. For example, this week a detective and his week

The TIME has come to tell the truth about marijuana. It's pretty obvious I have been smoking it for six years with moderate consistency and a day without dope is as it were, not without irritation at its absence.

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

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

For instance, its present elusiveness from my immediate environment turns the preparation of this column into drudgery - a quality that may well be passed on to the reading of it. Freaks become tense, morose and listless without the precious weed. That is why most of them will reach for any old plastic bag of organic mango and animal care not so long as you charge them $30 and tell them it's from Sumatra.

However, the disadvantage of depend­ence is usually outweighed by the impact of the drug on personality. It loosens up a lot of people, encourages greater candor of human intercourse and it expands, ever so delicately, the horizons of consciousness. Of course, if the user is a shit, then dope merely makes him more of a shit.

The notion has vanished. Cannabis has become a daily social self-lubricant for 750,000 Australians (Sydney Morning Herald estimate) so let's stuff legalised before the Libs squirm back to Canberra. After all, the ALP pledged to decriminalise it at one of their conferences, so let's get it on.

Why?

1. Adulteration: As Prohibition created deadly wood alcohol, so now we have arsenic and strychnine billowing through the wind pipes of the young. Inestimable casualties have been caused by the cowardice of legislators in the face of this popular but unlicensed pastime. Licen­sing will control quality and kick out the crims.

2. Corruption: As has been noted else­where, the worst effect of marijuana is that it leads to malpractices among the police. Although currently supported by the Australian press, the cream of Lon­don's Drug Squad now sits in the dock at the Old Bailey on a variety of unavowed criminal charges. The New York connec­tion is involved in the plangent, while the Victorian cops content themselves with presaging search warrants and plant­ing informers on university campuses. Indeed, I hear the Sydney pigs are doing very nicely thank you, from the silky sin of Simpleton which was recently apprehended and distributed.

3. Grass roots support: The habit has now filtered to the hard core of the upper middle classes and hip echoes of govern­ment. Although such people are generally intelligent and articulate, they are a lot like that (just for those in jail as they struggle up to their pillow headphones with Goats Head Soup and a fancy chillum from Handicrafts of Asia, their conscience could be pricked by a clever legislative campaign. The grass issue is one over which the Whitlam government should take an in­itiative, certainly before the next election. Not only should it be legalised immediately and pot pushers and possessors set free, but the issue should be established as a cash crop.

Besides, for the thousands of dumb straighties who wonder how they could weed a strawberry patch in Win­ter, growing grass would give them a purpose in life and build a better Aus­tralia, Sirloin's honor.
Cross Tenants Blue Over Sisters Woo

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

The scene was Kriesler’s office in George Street, Sydney, and also present were the Misses Leslie Cross and Bob Pringle from the Builders Laborers Federation and three of us from the Tenants Union. Among us were large folders containing details of Kriesler’s "work." Leslie Corporation, Leslie Developments, Kritsler Holdings, Dairy Trading, Gold Seal Real Estate, Park Lane Properties and so on.

On the desk were his plans for a development on the Queensland coast.

The day before, when four of us from the Tenants Union called on Kriesler about the Misses Woo, we were arrested under section 50 of the Summary Offences Act ("for a breach of a reasonable cause"). This time in the company of Bob Pringle we were treated more respectfully.

Leslie Kriesler, a baker by trade, came from Hungary to Australia in the early 1950s and set up Gold Star Bakery. Apparently he worked hard, moving quickly from Pagewood to Bondi to the Tenants Union. Around us present were the Misses Woo, Bob Pringle and George Cross. A choice piece of real estate from another Hungarian, Albert Scheinberg. This was the beginning of a long association.

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

Kriesler now turned his energies from baking to property ownership and management. One building he bought was Park Lane Properties in the centre of Kings Cross. A choice piece of real estate, he and Albert bought it in 1964 for $115,392. By 1968, its value was already $225,000.

Among the tenants in this mainly residential building were the Misses Woo. Long before Leslie was baking his cakes or Albert was selling his handbags, they had moved into their one-bedroom flat, as students, in 1941. Like most of the other tenants, they never moved because the building was so suitable, the Woo sisters decided to fight.

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

Others gave up their protected tenancies for sums of money. As flats became vacant, they were renovated and rented at double the rent to unprotected tenants.

In 1941, the Cross gave way to brasher commercial development, they preferred to stay, they particularly valued the flat’s central position.

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They will still be subject to the same risks as all tenants in the Cross. The Woos want to return to their old flat. Why is this not just what its name indicates. A coming together of tenants who will try to put up a good case against landlords and the laws that back them up. We are used to thinking of building blocks as a housing point but, if properly organised, there is no reason why money paid for housing or other services should not equally be used. Why not withhold rent?

In 1969, the NSW government allowed premises to be exempt from the Landlord & Tenant Act and the protection of the Fair Rents Board, it is effect handed landlords Union of the last resort. Tenants under the new 5a lease have virtually no legal rights – aside from a court hearing prior to eviction. But what is that when there are no grounds for defence? Not that the Act itself provides much protection for tenants when there is extensive buy-operative development and a land boom. Nevertheless the change in the Act gives the landlords a big incentive to get rid of their protected tenants by legal, illegal and extra legal means.

Tenants Rights committees have in the past managed to stop these gentrification of the area. It is a question of whether the unions could have more success in the next nine years of court action.

The morning of their eviction, amidst sandwiches and lemonade prepared by the Misses Woo, 12 unionists barricaded the flat. Doomed to failure in preventing the eviction (13 cars of police eventually arrived, prepared as it turned out to be as brutal as necessary) the demonstration provided fine street theatre.

Two days later the Tenants Union approached the Builders Laborers. A meeting of laborers was held on the Stoks & Holdens Liverpool Street site and they decided to support the Woos.

Kriesler has been forced to talk to the Tenants Union and to pay for a motel bill for the Woos while he does it. He has offered alternative accommodation. The first offer he made was of a unit he owned with John Rope. It turned out to be occupied. "That's no problem," he said, "we'll just tell the tenant to leave." "You must be joking!" replied the Tenants Union.

Kriesler is a slow learner. He has offered to buy a $29,000 unit. In terms of the Cross, that's no offer. He has offered to subsidise a one bedroom flat. This sounds good, but unless a special tenancy is set up, they will still be subject to the same risks as all tenants in the Cross.

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In England, after extensive rent strikes, the tenants unions are only now taking of bringing in the trade unions. Here in Sydney the social policies of the unions like the AMWU, the AMIU, could provide some early muscle. There is no reason why, when a trade union member is threatened with eviction all other members of his union could not provide assistance. In effect the trade union could contain a tenants union.

There is one reason, however, why this particular sort of action is unlikely to evolve. That is that the better paid worker is usually involved in trying to gain home ownership, albeit on heavy mortgage payments.

Those who attend the tenants centre run by the Tenants Union in Darlinghurst fall mainly into three categories - pensioners of all kinds with no expectation of significant income raises; those who choose to live at a less affluent level near the city, single women who are poorly paid and poorly organised.

The chances of these people pulling off a rent strike are not high. Besides, there are immediate problems of how the union itself could be organised.

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

In such a situation, the tenants union could find itself out of a job or, perhaps better, simply evolve along with the RAGs into a democratic body capable of implementing rent control, collecting maintenance, not rent, and using it as they saw fit.

THE ROCKS GET IT OFF — SEE CENTRE SPREAD

In 1964, the only booksellers, flowed in to launch the final edition of "The Source," their annual list of books from America. The project was a massive one. They had to sift through thousands of books before selecting those that they felt were of interest to Australians. The result was a list of over 100 titles, covering a wide range of topics including Mysticism, Photography, Art, Anthropology, Mythology, American Indians, Music, Fantasy, Modern Literature and Fiction, Psychology, Food and Nutrition, Environment, Film, Religion and much more.

WE'VE BEEN GOING FOUR YEARS THIS MONTH!

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THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS — Oct. 30-Nov. 5, 1973

Page 6 — THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS — Oct. 30-Nov. 5, 1973
SNACK IN THE
“every junkie’s like a setting sun…”

The refusal of authorities to vividly distinguish between hard and soft drugs has led to trendy scepticism towards the dangers of heroin. This is the story of one woman who drifted into a junkie horror hole and is still sane enough to be able to look back on her experience.

Inadequacies by ramming three inch needles into his gory young arms.

The loneliness — they’re as real as they are — but in the drama and romance of shooting up.

This article doesn’t spring from the evangelism of the reformed, no. I dig the dope and threads of his soul, even though heroin as I dream of it is just that, a dream. Although I can verbalise the loneliness of it all, my staying away from it has become too much for you. There’s a catch in there somewhere, a difficulty.

So you do your bit to keep the cool bullshit myth going: you’re a junkie, man, you’re heavy ... You try to justify your existence by this myth, this lie. You see, if you’re not cool, not heavy, then you’re nowhere, just a physical and mental wreck, dependent on a chemical.

It’s heroin’s nature to make the user feel confident, smart, beautiful and superflash. The sort of person who craves glamour, who sees his peers will find his insecurities magically eliminated by the drug; the whole pseudo-medical ritual of shooting up leads up to that blast of calm superiority. You’ll never notice he is in fact a drooling, drooling bore because he is in the company of other users, equally stoned, equally convinced of their own value, their own cool being just a little more than anyone else’s. It must be, mustn’t it? Here you are, stoned on a highly illegal dangerous drug. Administering it you become sufficiently desperate to rip you off. You have to be cooler than anybody else (anybody meaning any other user), that being the boundary of the world anyway.

It’s heroin’s nature to make you feel confident, smart, beautiful and superflash. And whoosh, you’re very manic baddie.

It’s just so much crap.

The user doesn’t notice he is in fact a drooling bore because he is in the company of other users, equally stoned, equally convinced of their own value, their own cool being just a little more than anyone else’s. It must be, mustn’t it? Here you are, stoned on a highly illegal dangerous drug. Administering it you become sufficiently desperate to rip you off. You have to be cooler than anybody else (anybody meaning any other user), that being the boundary of the world anyway.

It’s just so much crap.
grey or brown rocks, and one or two rocks will get you right off. A cap may contain 20 or 30 capfuls, and the spin seems economical at two dollars a night's stone.

The honeymoon can last as long as you both keep wearing your best clothes. When I started hitting up, I could only score caps, and that involved at least three days hard bargaining, always in person. So, if you didn't get near any quantity, you didn't want to buy anything, then there was no sense in even coming to pay the rip-off, since you couldn't get anything out of it. By now I was scoring once a week, spending every weekend stoned, then stretching it into the week-days. This process was so slow and steady that it seemed entirely natural. And that's how incredibly sneaky heroin is: the injection of more chemicals into the bloodstream seems so natural.

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

To a certain extent I was right. Only I didn't know about the spiral trap that makes heroin impossible to "handle properly". If you lie when you try, you're going to go on using it. If you use more, you like it more. The more you use, the more you need, and the less stone per square cell you get out of it. Until you're using three caps a day (that's 90 bucks to you!) just to walk around. That's the waltz, as presented in the public domain by the forces for Good. It's too bare to be believed, too neat. They omit the thing that makes it all tick. This dance of descent doesn't happen to anyone outside yourself is an expendable alley cat.

And it is bullshit! Alright, you can argue that it's all bullshit, all fake, there is no truth where people and their interactions are concerned, so what does it matter? Valium does it nastily, grace does it hilariously, so what's wrong with heroin bolstering up bruised egos that need bolstering? It just doesn't work! Staying on smack requires sacrifices that are made almost accidentally, unconsciously. You just go along with it, don't question it. All the varieties of shit you go through with people to get dope are recorded in what I suppose is your conscience. That pile of guilt down too. That's why the rip-off is part of the rules, so you can remain guiltless for all the things you've done to keep your pupils pinned and your voice flat and rambling.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Once it's started, the spiral descent is so smoothly oiled by the drug itself that you never know you're going down till afterwards.

The heroin cushion doesn't last and the price you pay for its short stay is enormous: the most expensive modern myth. Because all we really have is people and anyone outside yourself is an expendable alley cat. By now you've no choices.

Dope is always the winner in any situation, at any cost, and guess who loses?

By the way, could you send me $50? Some unexpected expenses came up. If you don't have that much I'll take $20 or even $10.

And thanks for the beautiful pearl necklace you sent for my birthday. I just

I'm glad!

Your loving daughter.
Suddenly, there’s a third force in Niuginian politics — the radical movement on the village level, all the time being paid for his efforts that promise to force the colonial offices. The para-

Perhaps nobody foresaw the desperate

The massive shock waves of the Bougainville development, steep Niugini, without a murmur whole communities are crushed under the feet of a corporation. The indigenous-estimated possible profits of Bougainville copper are now seen for the sham they were, but no matter as the company has shot to the top of the world’s great profitmaking enterprises, and the threat of the island continue. But the mining activity is minimal compared to the size of the island itself. The real dangers lie in the sporadic, widespread pollution of river systems and the surrounding seas, that promise to force the island to rely on food imports within a few years, and the deeper social and psychological pollution engendered by the mining. Bougainvillean are the blackest race in the world, by some geneticists, because their traditional marriage does not persist in the children of mixed marriages. Wholesale imports of cheap labor from other areas of PNG threaten their racial identity.

For a national government composed party of semi-literate village big men and which boasts at least one cargo cuistin in the house of assembly, there can be little predictability in the parliament. To offset the volatile attitudes of elected representatives, chief minister Somare has surrounded himself with old and loyal friends — men from the first trade union movement, like Peter Lai and Paulus Abe, intellectuals like Albert Maior Kuki, Naugat’s first published writer, men from the days of first opposition to white exploitation. Perhaps their relationship with the old guard administrators is too chummy (of necessity), perhaps they lean too heavy on white advisors, but they are a hard personable bunch whose main failing could be a reluctance to act swiftly. There are others with less clout. Han- net and Kasawapalova may still be politi- cal lightweight but their activities were enough to throw the government into disarray at short notice. Hannet is a mixture of genius and shaman. Born into the famous Mahalbay society baby garden cult, he studied in a catholic seminary until committed for publishing an underground magazine. Hannet reasoned from the priesthood and at age 22 began a one-man literary war on white racism, religious hypocrisy and political quackery. With a jesuitical, word-perfect use of language he expanded his political ideas at university, creating the image of a Niuginian Robert Kennedy. He left univer- sity before the last elections to run for office, but his prestidigitation campaign was a disaster, advanced as much on his failure to get rid of a white girlfriend. Hannet recently switched tactics to harass chief minister Somare on Bou- gainvillean rights, until his rationalisation was asked by his appointment as Somare’s adviser on Bougainvillean affairs the official role was to liaison with local village groups and report to Somare. His casual observer his meetings seemed more like dance courses in secession, with Hannet dealing out ideology and the yippie tactics, they are a generation away that the natives were restless, or at least that was the media opinion.


ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ
organising their own alternatives and needling the predominantly white administration. To break the power of whites, and thus the monopolistic trading companies that suck the islands dry - John K. buys a truck and sets up 30 alternative trading companies that aim to undercut the monopolistic trading companies, run by plantation bosses and yielding rich tea and coffee crops. Cattle production is under way, and land alienation has created a labor surplus such that it can be shipped to other areas at low cost. Where every major service industry is under firm white control, and the large population (one and a half million) still have not realised the consequences of white domination and lack the Masta with grateful appreciation. This is the Highlands, where labor is treated like cattle by white bosses and painted warriors lay down spears to work on the highway for a dollar a day.

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

This was the genius of the Highlanders - the ability to live in small independent groups, but able to assemble in great numbers to cope with threats to peace and security. It was and is a skill we could well imitate. It is the greatest expression of the ability to think collectively - a gift that no western country values and includes the ability of each member of the society to think morally in terms of the wider grouping, never individualistic.

In the time of foreign cultural penetration, Australia was suffering from the political neurosis of the McCarthy era, and any groupings of communal nature were successfully ignored or devalued.

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

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

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

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

In 1964 the mission went through the valley, burning and destroying ancestral homes. Now they have been restored and the men are working on their futures. There is nothing glittery about Olobus, the men and women have long given up traditional feathers and grass and possum for shapeless mission clothes, the work is hard and unremitting, and there is an air of joy through the desperation.

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WHERE THE WASTELAND ENDS by Theodore Roszak. Anchor. $2.95.

THE SPECTRUM OF THE MILLENNIUM by Norman Colin. Paladin. $2.50.

ONE OF the most obvious reactions against the style of life organized by urban-industrial society is the jump by thousands of people into what might be called the organized irreligious and anti-fundamentalist religion. You can’t walk the streets in Melbourne or Sydney without being approached by evangelists of different hues. Hare Krishnas, devotees of the Little Fellah, Independent Sufis/Gurus/Sages/Madmen. They’re all out there urging you to join them. But behind this superficial acceptance of the mystical drivel in man is the fact that this jump by thousands of people into what might be called society is the jump by thousands of people into what might be called the organized irreligious and anti-fundamentalist religion.

It if the whole structure and psychology of the urban industrial part of the world mitigates against western science and against all the spiritual plights of alienation is mirrored in the cultural phenomenon of the mystical drive in man is the fact that this jump by thousands of people into what might be called society is the jump by thousands of people into what might be called the organized irreligious and anti-fundamentalist religion.

It is Theodore Roszak’s contention that we are living in a Wasteland, that only through an awareness and acceptance of this fact will we be able to manifest the mystical appreciation of the world/natureourselves, can the peacemaker be achieved. And to reach this way to that conclusion he describes western science as the main devil. His approach is not at all the same as that of any of the mystics or gurus. He is concerned with how mystical (a loaded, old-fashioned, used up term) can aid in the reconceptualizing of society’s priorities. It seems to me that the activities of the Guru Maharaj Ji for instance are similar in kind to the classic Millenarians of the 12th century or the messianic political purpose. Perhaps the Little Fellah Rabbi of the 1st century or the 19th century, or the “up to date version of that alternative route to the millennial” does not have to be so different. For the idea of a total emancipation of the individual from society, even from external reality itself — the ideal, if one will, of an apotheosis in which some now try to realize with the help of psychedelic drugs, can be recognized already in that devout form of medieval mysticism. The old religious ideal has been re-organized by a sensibility and this tends to obscure what otherwise would have been obvious. For it is the simple truth that, stripped of their original supernatural sanction, revolutionary millenarianism and mystical anarchism are with us still.

We might only add that the lure of the East has appeared once again, side by side with the secular mysticism of today.

Roszak, whilst he may be dubbing a Millenarian, is too much of a pragmatist for the sake of predicting the New Jerusalem. In fact he is downright pessimistic about the culture. His attitude is: “which is more: that what he says isn’t thought about it anyway. Close your eyes and possibly nothing will happen.”

Bang, Bang, You’re Dead

a poem by COLIN JAMES

"Bang, bang, you’re dead."

"No I’m not. You can’t kill me, I’m wearing my forfcif."....

"We’re playing cowboys, cowboys don’t space, or you can’t have a forfcif."

"Why not?"

"Cowboys dont have forcifss. Cos it’s not real."

"Well I’ve got a special forcifet that’s all."

"I’m not. You can’t have a forfcif.

"Cowboys don’t have space forcifess."

"They can if they have special forcifess."

"They can’t."

"Let’s play spacemen then."

"No, I’m sick of spacemen."

"Well let’s play soldiers."

"Yeah, that’s a good idea."

"OK, I’ll count to 20 while you hide and then I’ll come and find you and when I’ve found you."

"Yeah, but I wanna be a spaceman."

"We’re both gonna be privates."

"Why?"

"Because you gotta be in the army a long time before you get to be a general and we’re only gonna be in it a short time."

"Oh, alright, I’ll be a private then."

"Right. I’ll start counting and you go and hide and then I’ll find you and we’ll have a real battle."
something like a hundred years have passed since the education system we have today was set up. Proclaimed, at the time, a revolutionär step, which placed Australia somewhere near the forefront of the civilized world, in the realm of enlightened social legislation, it suffered, at birth, like so many revolutionary steps, from uncertainty of purpose. Miraculously, it has survived to 100, but it is hardly surprising that it should be entering into a stage of advanced senility.

It has never been quite clear why every child between the ages of 6 and 15 should be obliged to attend their local state school for what is inaccurately termed an education. Educational theorists of this century, insofar as they have had anything to say, have tended towards the liberal view that it gives every child, no matter what is going on, not really to be educated, but then there are few who labour so hard, and so well, as the librarian, and to play it for what it yields. If this is the case, and if in fact the Liberal party is the only party of the time which is capable of winning the most votes, then we can hope for the best.

There is some merit in this argument. In many respects, school is the great leveller. The advantage of an intellectual or artistic home background, becomes, in fact, a disadvantage at school, where the struggle for survival is dependent on the possession of much more basic resources. The 'advantaged' child quickly learns to eschew his or her advantage, or indeed to pretend that it never existed for fear of being regarded as a goody-goody by the kids, or a smart alec by the teachers. This, however, is not what the liberal theorists had in mind. Their hope was that natural aptitude would assert itself over class background. Perhaps they were right. Maybe guilt and cunning are the same thing as natural aptitude. Maybe all there really is to the game is to find out how it works and to play it for what it yields. If this is the case then the Australian education system is as good a means of natural selection as any other. Those best able to survive should be in the classroom is a positive thing. They are the ones who have had to acquire the knowledge, in many cases they will be punished for doing so. In most cases they accept what goes on around them, if in a somewhat bemused and ultimately cynical manner.

In Sydney, John Geek [see YLD 2] has discovered groups of radical student activists who are organizing to overthrow the system, or de-school society, or anything else which will make life at school a little more meaningful, or at least a little more exciting. I wish them luck. Revolt is as good a way into or out of the game as any other. It is easy to be staggered by the system, or de-school society, or any other. Others will find that opposition is a reasonably fast means of discovering what the system looks like, and that people with this kind of knowledge are often co-opted to take the reins when nobody else knows what is going on. A few will find the pursuit of education addictive and move on to the harder stuff. The system will unfold, changing, re-organizing, disintegrating and re-forming.

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

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

Intending contributors should note the following ground-rules: 1) Advise as to whether you want your piece published under your real or an assumed name, and whether or not you want us to include your age, form, school, dedication to your best friend, culture hero etc. 2) If you are a writer, advise as to whether you would be prepared to accept cuts, mutations etc. 3) If you wish to be paid, advise as to name, address and postcode so that we know where to send your pittance.

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Last week JOHN GEAKE monitored the Sydney kids. This week ROB KING presents Melbourne kids material after he verbalises his disagreement with John.

T:

S Sour and Sweet Acid Drops


Sean McGrath


Saturday morning, it was a busy day. I got up, made my breakfast, had a wash and walked up to the honey corner. Everyone was there, sitting, smoking and talking about last night’s surf down the surf. ‘Hi ya, sugar.’ ‘Hi, how’s what we doing tonight?’ ‘We could go to Ronky’s party, I suppose.’ ‘Aw, pigs off stupid, not again.’ ‘All right then Bubbles, what will we do?’ ‘Let’s go to the pub.’ ‘With your chicks we’ve got Buckley’s. Besides, all the Giuseppis will be there and, beat shit out of us.’

– Jeff and Luke –

Sitting in a room, covered in posters of all kinds. ‘This is what I am going to say.’ ‘I will drop if I want.’ ‘I am scared, but excited in a way.’ ‘What will it be like? Will I get addicted? Will it make me sick?’ ‘Hi, mum.’ ‘What are you doing tonight, Sean?’ ‘Nothing much’ ‘If only I knew, if only I knew. It was a bit of what? ’ ‘Not while you’re tripping, spunk trucker.’ ‘You can’t do anything. Chicks won’t even enter your head.’ ‘For five bucks, it would be a great idea.’ ‘Nothing we aint decided yet.’ ‘With yous chicks we’ve got smoking grass.’ ‘It’s a bit in front of all of us.’ ‘Nothing much.’ ‘What are you doing tonight?’ ‘Hi, mum.’ ‘What do I do till then.’ ‘I grew up, I became involved in some wild things.’ ‘I was scared of and wanted to destroy.’

– Lukey and Jim –

We got to the house. There were a few people around. Loud music, Deep Purple, I think. We walked inside. ‘Alright look who it is – McGrath, How you going?’ ‘Grouse, How’s yours?’ ‘Not bad. Grouse tonight, though. Got plenty of stuff tonight. It was a bit getting it though.’ ‘So I heard.’ ‘Jeff and Luke, They’ve got the biggest amount in the place. ‘How much is the acid setting us back?’ ‘Five bucks.’ ‘Great stuff, there’s no shit, it will really freak you out.’ ‘For five bucks, it would want to go.’ ‘When we are going to drop it, Peter.’ ‘Later mate, check out the place first.’

We walked around. The house was full of people. In the big room, the floor was covered with cushions, and a dim purple light made it very hard to see. We could make out five guys sitting around, smoking this strange kind of pipe. They offered me a drag, so I took it. I pulled it away very fast, and it burned my eyes. ‘What is this stuff?’ ‘It’s a chalumeau.’ ‘What?’ ‘It’s a special pipe we made for the world, could find SEAN MCGRAITH’s piece a little unsettling. But it is probably worth while to face up to the fact that this is, after all, Bazza’s home town, so why gesticulate that it is London or San Francisco. I have included excerpts from VINCE JEWELL’s Experiencing Minds, to measure and to provide a little perspective. Wipe is also a Frankston kid, but I guess you could say that the place is cosmopolitan.

L: VINEYARD

Vincent Jewell

Practical life is made irrelevant. Existence itself does not really resolve around this world. You are open and confronted by images that represent a fleeting union of the immense powers in your mind, which we somehow never fully use.

The individual will probably withdraw from his network of relationships. This seems natural, for he can see the beauty of contemplating the mind in union with the universe. As in reincarnation, he is born to a higher plane of existence. It takes immense effort and will to relate to our world, once he sees this higher plane of existence. He will not willingly release his hold.

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

It is good and beautiful if you encounter your greatest self. How. What you do, and what you feel in a sense comes of the experience of the experience of a universe.

The tripper seeks alternatives to the form found image, and plunges into something else, only to find that there is nothing else.

Two learned men converse, not really concerned for discussion. They became involved in something as yet intangible. Climbing to an obsolete memory, one man is driven topiety and devotion to bring the world together. You know, he claims, you must submit to the wisdom of our age, to our infallible doctrine. You are, as yet, only a child. The concept of total being is beyond you. I am the truth. I am the meaning of the re

The Rocks get it off

TWELVE noon last Thursday: the Twice Twain jazz band launched into their opening bars to a crowd of building labourers, resident actionists and assorted sympathisers rallied near Sydney’s Circular Quay.

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

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

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

It was a fight to stop historic areas like the Rocks from being filled with “twisty storey glass and concrete filing cabinets.”

Akin was deliberately provoking the builders laborers, he went on, so that he could run a law and order election campaign. But Akin’s motivations also went deeper than that, “When people start to determine the way they want to live and what they want to build then they begin to take over the means of production. This challenges the very foundations of this society.”

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

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

The people swarmed upon the streets for one of the most militant demonstrations Sydney has seen. The police promptly attacked the front ranks only to be rolled aside by the tide that surged up Pitt Street roaring, “Green bans, Akin out!”. Police repeatedly lunged into the mass, attempting arrests, but the crowd pulled those who were being arrested back into the march.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**

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

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

Jack Mundey said that the Trades and Labor Council was not even being called on to support militant unionism, they were being asked to support traditional union opposition to scab labor. That they refused to do this showed that the council had clearly ganged up with BLF national secretary Norm Gallagher who is attempting to break the back of the NSW branch. Rank and file builders laborer Tom Hoge received rousing applause when he threatened a BLF march on Victoria and Gallagher if he dissolved the NSW branch.

GRANT EVANS
YOUNG: Could you say something about your relationship with Peter Orlovsky? GINSBERG: We met in San Francisco. He was living with a painter named Robert LaVigne in '54. I was having a very straight life, just trying it out, working in an advertising company, wear­ ing suits, living up on Nob Hill in an apartment with Sheila, who was a jazz singer and worked in advertising. Things were somewhat unsatisfactory between us. We’d been taking peyote, so we were passed out for a week. We’d been taking peyote, so we were talking psychodrama. We were having a conversation about the New York paint­ ers I knew—Larry Rivers, deKooning and Klein. LaVigne was a famous San Francisco painter, so I was bringing all sorts of fresh poetry, art news from New York.

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

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

Within a week Robert said that he was going out of town or breaking up with Peter, and I thought I must have done something. He asked me if I was interested in Peter, and I didn’t know what he could arrange. He said, “ooh, don’t mock me.” I’d already given up. I already had a historic love affair with Neil Cassidy a decade earlier. So I was already a tired old dog, in the sense of the defeats of love, not having much in it. I was regaining a permanent life companion.

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

Then I went home one night. I went to Peter’s room. We were to sleep together that night on a huge inter­ esting bed he had on the floor. I took off my clothes and got into bed, I had­ n’t slept with too many people, so I felt somewhat embarrassed and tak­ ing. With Jack or Neal, with people who were primarily heterosexual and who didn’t fully accept the sexual­ ity of our tenderness, I felt I was forcing it on them; so I was always timid about them making love back to me, and they very, very, very, very, very, very often did very much.

When they did, it was like blossoms from heaven. If you get into it, there’s a funny kind of pleasure/pain, absolute loss/hope. When you blow someone like that and they come, it’s great! And if they cruch you once, it’s enough to melt the entire life structure; as well as the heart, the genitals and the earth. And it’ll make you sick.

So . . . Peter turned round (he was in his big Japanese robe), opened up the bathrobe—he was naked—and put it around me and pulled me into him; and we got close, belly to belly, face to face. That was so soft, so free and so open that I think it was one of the first times that I felt open with a boy. They, emboldened, I screwed Peter. He wept afterwards, and I got frightened, not knowing what I’d done to make him cry, but completely moved by the fact that he was so involved as to weep. At the same time the domineering, sadistic part of me was flattered and erotically aroused.

The reason he wept was that he realized how much he was giving me and how much I was demanding, asking and taking. I think he wept looking at himself in that position, not knowing how he’d gotten there; not feeling it was wrong, but wondering at the strangeness of it. The most raw meat of reasons for weeping.

Then Robert hearing, seeing the situ­ ation, came in to comfort Peter a little bit. I was very possessive and I pushed Robert away. That got me and Robert into a funny kind of distraught that lasted for a year or two before our karmas finally resolved. He then realized he was well off on his own; and I was burdened with the karma kind of love.

Peter was primarily heterosexual, and always was. I guess that was another reason he was shocked—he was humiliated by my sadistic possessiveness in screwing him. For the first time in my life I really had an opportunity to screw somebody else! I think that wounded him and thrilled me a little bit. So we still had to work out all that in our relationship over many, many years. It’s painful some­ times.

We slept together perhaps one more time. Then I had to go to New York for my brother’s wedding at Christmas ‘54, and I took off and moved into that apart­ ment where they were living, at their invitation. And then there was a triangle of Robert, me and Peter. Peter had not made up his mind whether or not he wanted to make a more permanent relation­ ship with me. I had my eyes on Peter for life-long love; [I was] completely enamored and intoxicated—just the right person for me, I thought. Robert was not sure he hadn’t made a mistake, seeing the flow and the vitality that was rising in both me and Peter. And Peter began withdrawing.

He was caught in the rivalry between me and Robert, and, at the same time, there was his unsurity of me and his relation to me. Basically he liked girls anyway, so what was he doing living there being screwed by me?

So I moved across from the Hotel Wentley and got a room. I was working in market research job. I had the brilliant inspiration that all the categorizing and market research I was doing could be fed into a big machine, and I would have to add all those columns any more. So I supervised the transfer for the company, and then I went on to a more interesting job.


The key thing was when we decided on the terms of our marriage—I think it was in Fosters’ cafeteria downtown about three in the morning. We were sitting and talking about each other, with our hands on his lap, and having a sense of repulsion of the trees bowing to him. So we both had some kind of psychedelic, transcen­ dental, mystical image in our brains and hearts.

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

We had the understanding that when one of us (particularly mine) erotic desire was ultimately satisfied by being satiated (rather than denied) there would be no lessening of desire, grasp, holding on, craving and attachment; and that ulti­ mately we would both be delivered free in heaven together. And so the vow was that neither of us would go into heaven without the other one in—like a mutual bodhisattva’s vow.

That’s actually the bodhisattva’s vow: “May I not be the numberless, I vow to enlighten them all.” Passions are num-

Continued next page
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YOUNG: In the interim period the brigade has adopted a policy of excluding gay people. It was a fifth column for the Cuban Venecomoro Brigade people who had related with the radical gay liberation. There was a fifth column for the Cuban Venecomoro Brigade people, and they're quite surprised to find people choosing the gays. 

GINSBERG: When Castro originally had his revolution, he said it was a Marxist revolution but still a humanist revolution. If it's a humanist revolution, they cannot put down gays. Otherwise, it's double talk, which perfects a whole authoritarian viewpoint towards sexuality. The monolithic Catholic viewpoint, they're going to have a lot of problems with the Cuban radicals at least realized that they're dealing with human beings in the Cuban situation rather than just with the categories of oppressors and victims. I am willing to accept the fact that the Cuban revolution is a genuine revolution from a human point of view. The people who change Cuba, the people who establish the new Cuba, the people who change Cuba, the people who establish the new Cuba, have to be preserved from the degradation of the bourgeoisie and also from the bureaucratic loneliness of the police bureaucracy and party hacks.

The more power the rightwing military, the worse the press will be. The police bureaucracy and party hacks will have more power. The more power the rightwing military, the worse the press will be. The police bureaucracy and party hacks will have more power.

In Cuba I met the three people who ran the theatre, the Teatro de Oriente. Now, Guillermo, a brother and sister and a third person. The brother and the third person said that the worst thing which has happened to the gay, because of my own closet situation was that they were reaction — which is that machismo is an important thing for a Cuban man to have. That's valid for a certain level, an experience of people, but it's not really valid for a Cuban man.

The gay lib answer is obviously not going to challenge it. You have to relate to people and have a humanist approach to have a rivalry be between police bureaucracy and Yoruba priests.

GINSBERG: When I was there in '71 at the journalists conference, there was a reception, at the side of a big swimming pool. Everybody was crowding around Fidel. He was loving it and getting involved in lively conversation with different people. I was feeling very out of it. I was the only male that didn't have short hair, a suit and tie. I was trying to find some way to blend in, to make it safe. I can't figure out to this day whether he was putting her on or whether it was talk to which Fidel was responding, or whether it was talk to which Fidel was responding.

GINSBERG: I was in my hotel room one morning towards the end of my stay in Cuba when these uniformed, olive-clad, muti-soldiers came in with an officer. He said he was head of immigration, that I had to pack my bag, and that I was being deported. He was being deported on the next plane to Prague. I asked if they had informed the Cuba de las Americas, and the answer was no; there will be time enough later.

GINSBERG: It's a contradiction in basic humanism. To have to recognize your own orgiastic anonymity as some queens do.

GINSBERG: The political question is finally boiled down to machismo, both here in Cuba, and there, and the revolutionary tactics. Gay lib, in a sense, is a good approach to straight people with smug, middle-class ideas about power coming out of the barrel of anything that's good.

Gay Liberation

YOUNG: I think there's been a certain schizophrenia in the radical section of gay liberation. People have said they're important. In fact, most of them don't know that. Everybody, I know in the radical wing of gay liberation don't even like and don't use the word "gay power" because of the whole stupid crap.

GINSBERG: Gregory Corso has a great deal of influence and itself, and I still don't understand why. I think he's a good poet. I think he's one of the first gay poets. I don't understand why. I think he's a good poet. I think he's one of the first gay poets.

YOUNG: The use of gay "gay" now which I never did before. And that's important when you change somebody's life, when you change a guy's life, and you're influencing him. You're influencing him. You're influencing him.

GINSBERG: The use of gay "gay" now which I never did before. And that's important when you change somebody's life, when you change a guy's life, and you're influencing him.

If you can have gay liberation from the oppression of the macho oppressor, then you have to have the same liberation from the oppression of the macho Mafia CIA. In other words, in the Truman Doctrine, the CIA, and the Troops of punitive treatment of junkie illnesses rather than medical treatment.

We should be a Latin American Liberation Front. They're the most oppressed group in America, in this sense that they're always under the threat of rape. They're sick. They've got a legitimate illness, and they're not being helped.

GINSBERG: They're simply trying to shock people in order to put a little pressure on the United States, and they're trapped in a meat-meets-meat approach and have to get out of that and relate to other people.

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

It's not a place where you want to live all your life, but it's certainly a place where you want to really come to. That's a lesson, experience of consciousness that's important for all gay people, to experience of great, divine human consciousness.

That's what they used to have the Dionysian orgy for; it's an ancient ritual; it's a Dionysian orgy for; it's an ancient ritual.

It's not a place where you want to live all your life, but it's certainly a place where you want to really come to. That's a lesson, experience of consciousness that's important for all gay people, to experience of great, divine human consciousness.

I don't think there's anything wrong with relating to people on the level of pure lust. I don't think there's anything wrong.

I don't think there's anything wrong with relating to people on the level of pure lust.

I dig baths and orgies. I think orgies are fine, but I don't dig baths and orgies.

Dionysian, the Dionysian is standing on a street corner waiting for you. There's no way of getting out of this.

The use of sex as a banner to shock, show resentment or to shock, show resentment or.

The whole idea of pushing into a sexual role that didn't have short hair, a suit and tie. I was trying to find some way to blend in, to make it safe. I can't figure out to this day whether he was putting her on or whether it was talk to which Fidel was responding, or whether it was talk to which Fidel was responding.

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they practice God slight, the insult to 

YOUNG: The problem with that ap­

roach is that as long as your mestiz

is young and attractive, you’re doing OK.

GINSBERG: When you get to be my age,

that’s when you really appreciate or­

gies; in the dark when nobody’s look­

ing, and do a little sex. That’s the thing

you’re screwing with. There’s no other

GINSBERG: Yes. There’s a mysticism in

being screwed and accepting the

in being screwed. There’s a great mys­

GINSBERG: We have the question of

heterosexual feeling/emotion in relation

to your mother, and girls. But everybody has

that on LSD. It was a breakthrough of

heterosexual feeling/emotion in relation

to my mother and girls. But everybody has

It was an emotionally hetero­

So it’s not really homosexuality or

heterosexuality that would be disappoi­

ted. It would be attached to any kind of

of “pleasure” as a neurotic attachment.

As Burroughs might say, an attachment to

the green goo factory, an attachment to

body. The body may be the by­

product of a large scale conspiracy by

certain forces, as Burroughs says, trying to

keep people pinned down. The whole universe

made out of parent matter, subjected to ap­

parations and apparent physical conditions defining their limita­

or the body. The body was composed of the

non-homosexual; it’s part of the highly stunted. We are

so free of our bodies that we are able to

stay in contact with all things. And it’s just

right in them and use them. That’s the

buddhist position. You’re so free of the body

you don’t have to be afraid of it.

Burroughs

GINSBERG: We have the question of

what is sex, which William Burroughs has

addressed himself to. He’s one of the few

gay philosophers, one of the few homo­

sexual theorists who has theorised up to

the point of outside-of-the-body, and detatchment from sexuality.

In fact, the cut-ups were originally

designed to recombine and repeat his obser­

vations in sexual images over and over

again, like a movie repeating over and

over and over, and then re-combin­

ed and cut up and mixed in; so that

finally the obsessive attachment, compul­

sion and preoccupation emptied out and

drain from the image. In other words, rehashing and repeating it over and over,

and looking at it over and over

enough.

Finally, the hypnotic attachment, the

image, becomes demystified. His partic­

ular sexual thing is being screwed, because

Burroughs can come when he is screwed-

he’s one of the few men that can.

Self Acceptance

GINSBERG: Your own heart is your

gun. The main slogan, instruction, teach­

ing, compassion and fidelity are the whole

love situation is the heart which must be

always be followed because there’s no

other place to go. Therefore, there is no

perplexities of ideology, or complexities

of the political fix we’re into. Following

the heart a little more - there’s a way of

avoiding the pitfalls of hyper-intellectual

ideological dead-ends, which both homo­

sexuals and radicals have gotten into.

Rely on your feelings and trust your

feelings. I think a lot of homosexual

suffering comes from internalising so­

cially’s distrust of your loves, finally

doubting your own loves, and therefore

not being able to act on them. I think it’s

important to accept rejection.

The more you have to accept rejec­
tion, the more you learn yourself unable

to be rejected, the more you have a

chance of getting laid, of scoring, both

for the short and for cock.

The more you open yourself up and

give yourself, continuously without

rape, the less likely rejection from people

who are either too timid or who don’t

want you, the more open you’ll be to

giving yourself, continuously without

rape, the less likely rejection from people

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giving yourself, continuously without

rape, the less likely rejection from people

who are either too timid or who don’t

want you, the more open you’ll be to

give body to centre, and

Fuck me for good

& make love to my

darling

& drive in my belly your sweetie heart;

You fingered in Solitude Denver or Broolyn

& fucked in a maiden in Paris carlots,

please master drive me by vehicile, body of loose fours,

of sweet fuck,

of sweet fuck,

of sweet fuck,

of sweet fuck,

of sweet fuck,

of sweet fuck,

of sweet fuck,

of sweet fuck,

of sweet fuck,

of sweet fuck,
A ONE NIGHT STAND WITH SLIM AND JOY DUSTY

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

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

"In the whole of that time, I had two lessons. But I had this fiddle — it belonged to Slim's dad — and when we went back to the farm, I went to this proper old gentleman to learn the fiddle. And he was very outraged. A woman, and at my age, I did need learning a new instrument. So I had a couple of lessons then we were going on tour with Chris Duffy and we needed a second fiddle for Light on the Hill so I just had to start playing the fiddle on the show..."

Hamilton County, a group of young New Zealanders, were the first to open new musical horizons. Chris Duffy is pushing them further. It's only when we meet young people like Chris, who are playing these instruments, that we can change. For a long time there was nobody around — it's to the young musicians that we have to look because they are the only ones who are changing...

Joy: "Slim and I are looking a bit tired; but Duffy's arrived up again, You're a long way from Sydney, you could sing anywhere in Sydney, and you could fill a hall anytime, singing six nights a week. Then rock and roll came. One country music fan — one of the few honest ones — said to me: "When rock and roll came I got all my country music kicked out of me. I taught it out and hid them under a stone.

And that's what happened, only the country country music fans stuck with us..."

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

Slim: "We used to travel 11 months of the year. The show a week. We've cut it down now. Down to nine months, then six, then four months this year, we want some time off next year it will be up again. Next year we go to the Territory again."

The musical changes: "We just haven't had the time in the past to look round for the musicians, travelling all the time. And, if you get to go to the recording studios they treated you like dirt. Even when we're selling lots of records, they couldn't care how they were produced or how they were marketed — we were just country music..."

Duffy: "A six foot plus, dizzing freak, totally committed to his music. Moving out of the city for the first time, on stage bleading his Goon Show humor with outback corn..."

It's great man, I don't think I'll ever be able to go back to a city job. Travelling round, and the air's clean, and you feel good. It's like one extended holiday — playing all the time. Since I've got into pedal steel, that's become really big. I heard a pedal steel and I thought if I can't play that, then all the other instruments don't really matter... it just gets to you..."

"And it's incredible getting into these little country towns, one, two thousand people, and when you walk along the street in the morning to head on something, they recognise you — because you're the only straglers in town and they talk about the show, that's really incredible."

"When we started, I was a bit worried, about long hair and that, but you walk into these bars — right in the bush — and in the country pubs and the pubs, they've all got their hair down below their shoulders. It's just happened in the last couple of years.

I didn't realise how much..."

Slim had done with Henry Lawson — using his lyrics. He's done more for Henry Lawson and making people know his stuff than any publishing house or Leonard Teale. Slim's listening to a lot of new stuff, John Prine I heard first on Slim's sound system, I hadn't heard him, Slim had..."

The next time Slim and Joy load up the Fairlane. They've had to ring through to their property to find out if the old power generator is still working. It is. They'll pick it up on the way to Sale, enough power to get through the strike; but it will be mainy acoustic sounds tonight..."

Duffy's Buffalo Shit

PARABRAHM: Brian Cadd, (Bootleg: BLA 034).

"Home again and listening to Brian's offering, Parabrahm, which is pretentious, entirely derivative and an American as buffalo shit. If style, accent and delivery were grounds for a plagiarism suit, he'd be up to his Leon Russel hats in writs. Australia's own 'Mad Dog' Texas licker has obviously decided that to crash the international market an American accent is imperative."

If the lyrics had been better they might have been termed banal; as it is they don't even rate it is almost sickening. The best thing that can be said about his words, plots and morals is that the album would have been a hundred percent better if it was an instrumental.

The music is again an under served ego trip, the backing musicians might as well have been sound effects for all the opportunity they get. The whole album is Cadd stamped, and stamped on. His playing covers the whole thing like cold melted cheese. Handyman is such a complete band ripoff, it's almost laughable. Almost. Maridita could very well be a super subtle nationalist plea. Maridita baby you're growing up again.

You're a long way from convicts in the rain, Matilda baby you're growing up again. Pretty subtle eh?

Subtlety or obscurity? In most of the tracks on side one, it's hard to tell. A series of meaningless, inane rimes, phrases, cliches, hung together in the couplet trip. Side two is just the opposite. So blatant it is almost sickening.

The entire side is the story (in five parts) of a "sweet little country lady", born poor, married young, widowed by a war, falls in love with a gambler's man on a riverboat queen (so distinctively Australian) and dies alone, with everyone wondering whether she was really bad.

The production is the best thing for which Cadd claims credit, but even that is fuckupped. He opens the Ballad of a Country Lady with strings/sub/baby cry. His overall sound effect is ridiculous. The backing musicians, in their submerged subervient role, do a credible job, especially the bass playing of Barry Sullivan and the drumming of Geoff Cox. You don't have to need All-brain to eat All-brain, because if you eat it you don't need it. Originality is the key.

STU HAWK

THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS — Oct. 30-Nov. 5, 1973 — Page 21
MARGARET MACINTYRE

ONE DAY, Mike Leander, successful record producer, and Paul Gadd, not so successful performer, sat down with a couple of their more business minded buddies. They pooled their experiences and knowledge of both show business and pubescent girls, thought of a name, and Glitter was born. That’s one explanation.

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

The crowd at the concert on Wednesday night was astounding. Row after row of 13-15 year olds sat squirming with excitement and anticipation, one of the largest and most electric crowds at Festival Hall since Coxeer gave his blood last year.

Lights off, and boom boom, a heartbeat drum was heard above the roar of guitars, and Festival Hall. The chants of ‘We want Gary’ were urgent and frenzied.

Boom, boom, lights off and they started again. The band strode on stage, dressed like space men, with a whiplash stroke of his arm, was Glitter. Flashing lights, a couple of fierce drum rolls and with a whispahl stab of his arm, God Glitter banished the bikes one by one from the stage.

It was brilliant. Glitter (always read Glitter and his management) had generated every ounce of tension possible from the audience. He made them want him more than they believed possible, from that time he had them in the palm of his hand.

Off stage Glitter is very careful to always act the Star. He won’t stay in the same hotel as his band for this very reason. If you act like a star people treat you like one, and with the press it has worked like a dream. The Star, by treating the press with courtesy, and by carefully answering all clichéd questions (he managed to convincingly repeat his press release, word for word), received the best press coverage of any visiting pop star this year, with the possible exception of the Stones.

On stage this is used in another sense. The kids love those who love themselves. Glitter frequently stops mid-song to stroke his hair or fondle his body, with a husky grin on his face. Depressingly, it works. No matter the reality: a bit from Jagger, he even attempted to a fascist salute he went into a bit of Jim Morrison from time to time. A bit of the old bump and grind, that gets the kids off. Now time. A bit of the old bump and grind, that gets the kids off. Now.

Pubescent girls, let’s try a bit of violence. Hand shooting forward in a fascist salute he went into. ‘I’m the Leader of the Gang’, strutting and preening.

It’s nice to be needed, and Glitter staggered his way through ‘Let’s Dance’ wobbling complained through his sweat, mascara running down his face as the audience screamed words of comfort from the side. ‘Baby Please Don’t Go’ with Glitter, the broken man, shuffling about the stage, hand outstretched, picking up the lights. ‘Would you ever leave me?’ Oh, tell me you’d never leave me. ‘No Gary, no!’ Glitter knows well the use of silence. He stood motionless, staring, blinking like a mauled animal, and had the audience begging for forgiveness.

SEXUALITY is at its most crude and obvious with Glitter — from showing the microphone into the mouth of the saxophone and various obscene hand gestures, to the obligatory stage strip off from his guitarist. It is also frighteningly humorless. In the midst of some gyrating, he put bending graciously over his skintight black satin pants, he suddenly stopped, smilingly immobility at the crowd. They knew what he was after and shrieked while he smiled knowingly. ‘I know what you’re thinking, our minds think alike, don’t they? What do you want?’ ‘More, more! Gyrating starts again.

His whole performance is a carefully arranged series of orgasms: build-ups and climaxes, but from his manipulation of the crowd’s sexuality through his act.

Gary Glitter is undoubtedly the pop business’s biggest mutant in recent years. The mind behind this bad bad, singer, fat and ugly pantaloons has hit every theatre square on the head, from aggression, schoolroom sexuality, to the good old maternal instinct.

There is something sad about Glitter. He frequently treated the press with courtesy, to always act the Star. He won’t

GLITTER’S GREATEST HIT

Fonda Zenophon

(SINGER-COMPOSER)

Recording Artist on

'MATILDA RECORDS'

NEW SINGLE! OUT NOW!

‘I thought I heard you try over the telephone’

Fonda Zenophon

Page 22 — THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS — Oct. 30-Nov. 5, 1973

STU HAWK

A FEED’s a feed: I always say, and if you happen to notice my rotundness, you would be correct, and say it quite often.

On this occasion was a scintillating glittering event to welcome in the leader of the gang, G. Glitter. Scintillating is the word — apart from Gaz and the odd sparkly eye — it weren’t. But a glamorous occasion it was.

I knew no one at all, and from the overheard conversations I managed, this was the most fortunate. I tried to block out the invites with a sweet venom, and slide into the pipsock in the great time that I saw the FOOD for the first time.

I suddenly flashed to historic sightings of ages past. Cortez and The Pacific. Cook and Botany Bay. Sinco and the tapes. The vision had been obscured by a dense mass of suited execs, admen and the occasional groupie (their label not mine), clutching armfuls of Glitter discs to the good old maternal instinct.

No comment. As the mist left my eyes, I beheld the splendid of peered pearly munsters. They knew of the young queen of soul and fish. It was all so . . .

So I just drooled. Straining at the proverbial leash. Saliva oozed out of my mouth and I slid into my crumbling cardboard box. The circulating ovular balloons and spinach squares seemed an in-sult, but I condescended to eat a tray or two. No sense alarming the staff there.

Finally the head twerp (who looked like he’d been in bad Pain killer cream) announced: Lunch! I didn’t really mean to knock him over, it was an uncontrollable desire to hold off me your honor.

The demons hunger had taken over. My body was not my own, I dashed to the tables, my expert eyes quickly rapped over the menu. A large plate (with crest) and yes, a four promoted/side sharpened chrome plated fork would do very nicely. Lunge towards the first selection.

Roast with egg, tomato, lettuce etc. Scoop. H-boiled egg halves they dished those colorful little top knots. Slices of turkey, roast beef, silver rollmops, sliced дills, beetroots, breaded meats (bacon, I think). More salads than the prawns.

The mountains I had seen from afar, turned into tears with the peeling crustaceans hanging by their very tails. Grab. I battled on. On through the turkey and the crayfins. On through the roast pork, bored fish and scallops. Into the valley of food, rode the six hundred. Horseradish, mustard, aperas, . . . and I was through.

I rushed for the exit. I noticed he

Bulging out of his size six (or at least five) white pants, with his管理, the good soul would be proud to wear it, too. I couldn’t help but hold down the tabbed delights. As I rushed for the exit I noticed he was sporting a glittery jacket with a glittering glitter. A rather subdued sparkling jacket with padded shoulders, in a stunning combination of green, blue and silver sways.
DAYLIGHTS' SAVINGS
our bargain book basement

The Book of Grass
edited by George Andrews and Simon Vine.

This is not a new book but it is the classic anthology of Indian hemp, which has been revised and updated for Penguin Books. It offers a wide range of writings...
AN INVITATION TO A VERY SPECIAL CONCERT
ON SUNDAY NOVEMBER 4
A Prom-Style Party Concert for DON BANKS FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY with,
Pieces by: BANKS, SEIBER.
Artists include:
JEANNIE LEWIS, JUDY BAILEY, CARL PINI QUARTET,
DON BURROWS QUARTET, ALBERT LANDA, LARRY SITSKY.
Commencing around 8.00 p.m. in the
JOSEPH POST AUDITORIUM, SYDNEY CONSERVATORIUM
Tickets $3.30, $1.70 (students), Bookings: Mitchell’s
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SEXIST ADS

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SVP RITE PRODUCTIONS
CHRISTOPHER WILDE
PO. Box 50, Terrey Hills, NSW 2084

Page 24 — THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS — Oct. 30-Nov. 5, 1973
ACCESS

I have just recovered from an information overload binge. During the past year I have co-edited the Alternative Pink Pages, a directory of alternative resources in Sydney, Adelaide and New Zealand.

I received lots of groups, learning exchanges, union, trusts, clubs, film, theatre and music groups, co-operatives, video-banks and information systems. Better access to these, with their help and yours, is the second side of this column.

I haven’t the time to find out much about the expressway/roadway lobbying bandwagon. If you have live info on the roads in your power let me know. A single expressway wouldn’t necessarily be the result of public demand — trucking lobbies, jobless mailmen etc. are right in there doing their thing.

The same applies for the traffic lights extension business in big cities. Pressure comes from the councilors before they have a mint out of putting them up. And remember where there are government contracts there are free bums. A small magazine called Moving and Living runs interesting information in this field. The editorial is slanted towards living and away from moving — against urban freeways and pro public transport. If you would like more info write to Alton Mepol, 3 Cardigan Street Globe 2037 or phone 661-9059.

Another interesting little number from APPS feedback: thanks Peter Marshall: "Send $352 to Recreational Equipment Inc, and receive a shiny catalogue of camping gear. They sell the most taffy stuff — nothing over two and three quarter ounces — high on technology. They make last night out of the same metal as ICBM nose cones. I’m sucked in by the "triple bladed steelyard sword saw disguised as a shoe lace." So I’m sending off my two bucks to P.O. Box 2205, Seattle, Washington, USA. Just to please myself, I will let you know how I get on.

ABORTION law reform may well be a fine thing for what I’ve described as "young black women in the Northern Territory is even more so. It seems that in some cases black women have been forcibly robbed of their ability to conceive. And this is happening under the existing abortion laws in the NT. The Sydney Aboriginal Medical Service is concerned about the results of the new abortion laws. It is hoping that a minimum donation of two dollars will keep you in touch with the situation. And with this and other developments in the Federal and State Aborigines. Send to the Aboriginal Medical Centre, 195 Regents Street."

I don’t know how well the Melbourne Learning Exchange newspaper is distributed in Victoria but an apology from friends down there to obtain it in NSW. It is definitely worth the effort. The latest issue contains: info on food co-ops, a diary of events in Melbourne in December, and a rehash of some people with skills and people wanting to learn. It is good value at five dollars for twelve issues. Write to 430 Long Road, Camberwell R.M.

Want to find out about native Australian plants? How about an introduction to all sorts of work? Write to the Diesel Fuel Tax Bill, numbers one and two. Before you get carried away, too quick one can subscribe to a monthly listing of all the Federal government’s publications. Mostly dull stuff but decide for yourself — it’s free. Mail your request to Mail Order Sales, P.O. Box 68 Canberra, ACT.

"THERAPY is change, not adjustment. One of the best anti-psychiatric information sources I have seen from the US is Rough Times (formerly The Radical Therapist). The most recent issue includes info on Therapeutic communities, prisons, mental patients’ rights, etc. Cost $100,00 per year (eight issues), so you could try sending for a sampler, Rough Times P.O. Box 89 West Somerville, Melb. 3224 USS.

Business lobbies keep a fairly low profile. They come up for all around budget time or whenever the government treats on their delicate fiscal totes. You may have noted that they talk mostly of doom — "the government’s latest move is a disaster for the little man and business in general." Their announcements always sound authoritative yet one is left thinking "who the hell are they anyway?" Well, there is a directory available which includes a listing of all the major industrial, commercial and professional groups in the capital of the US, it’s the Business Services Guide, compiled by the subscribers in the field of trade and industry. It also provides a "directory of those government departments and agencies which provide services that might be of assistance to Australian manufacturing industry."

At $1.50 (plus 60c) a good reference if you are at all interested in business, politics, government or some aspect of the business side of this column. Address your order to Mail Order Sales, P.O. Box 68 Canberra, ACT.

That’s all for this week. If you have access to good sources of information, other announcements always sound authoritative yet one is left thinking "who the hell are they anyway?" Well, there is a directory available which includes a listing of all the major industrial, commercial and professional groups in the field of trade and industry. It also provides a "directory of those government departments and agencies which provide services that might be of assistance to Australian manufacturing industry."

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What is the Road Movie?

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

Read his definition of this genre in Lumiere, Australia’s film media monthly. In this issue, there’s an article on an amazing eight hour film record of a New Guinea lifestyle and an interview with the film’s director Ian Dunlop, Australia’s top anthropological filmmaker. There are two articles on films for kids, there’s a tribute to John Ford, a west coast report on the Perths film festival, and John Cox on film awards and justice. There’s a stack of great distribution to metal and wood. It’s fascinating, one more... more than you ever thought...

Steven Wall

Australia’s film media monthly...
**Dalliance**


Please note: All female entries must state their age. Male entries are not required. Federation of Australian Women.

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**Dwellings**


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**Daylights—Notices**

Melbourne. Man seeks female partner for various activities, including companionship and intimacy. Must be 20-30, settled, with similar interests. Recent photograph and personal details required. Fee refunded. INC box 5897.

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**Dialectics**


Please note: All female entries must state their age. Male entries are not required. Federation of Australian Women.

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**Doings**

Adrian Rawlins, please write INC box 5900.

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**Distress**


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**Sexads**

For ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, send (21c) to THE VENUS SHOP, 36 Exeter Street, Kings Cross, 2003.

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**Leisure**


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**Departures**


Please note: All female entries must state their age. Male entries are not required. Federation of Australian Women.
Sympathy for the devil

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

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

We would like to comment on your written contribution.

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

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

Let's begin with the absences in your piece. You fail to mention the women's liberation movement, or the problems of sexuality. These are glaring omissions even given the title of the book. Daylights has set itself, that is speaking to "youth" rationalised or not. We do not feel that these omissions were accidental. They are symptomatic of the problems facing people today.

Indeed, you recognise that many people today are trapped and frustrated but all you've offered them is a 30c ticket per week to stay that way. You slip and slide about in the place of accusation. You refuse to commit yourself while at the same time taking people to believe that you are sincere. You've got to be kidding. Yet there are two things that you state clearly. First that you are against revolutionary Marxism. Secondly, that you dig mysticism. The tune is a very old one. It is the traditional lament of a small liberal overseeing the decline or contemporary capitalism and the requirements to change it.

You say that mysticism and tirade against rationalism contains quite logically its own totalitarian assumptions. That is, whatever you say cannot be disproved and has as much right to theoretical and practical existence as anything else. Anybody who opposes what you say from a rational point of view, like we do, can simply be dismissed as hung-up or suffering from "spiritual hunger."

The world is complex and needs to be understood scientifically if we are going to change it for the better. Different interpretations of what is "better" ultimate depends on one's take on the sides. In Ichodona one is either for or against the liberation fight.

One is either for or against fascism. "Forgive our eclecticism" too easily.

People are oppressed because of the objective social conditions under which they are compelled to live. Under capitalism, workers work and are exploited because of the demands of capitalism. It is not something they choose to do, or because they are fools, as your article contemptuously implies (so much for the love and sympathy). It is because under capitalism they have to. To end this oppression demands a total break with capitalism - we believe in the direction of socialism. It demands a change in the objective social conditions.

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

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

Indeed we are going to have to construct alternatives - alternatives to the present form of the family to ensure its abolition, alternatives of democracy and conditions for the development of non-exploited sexuality. Now the time has come to do this. It is going to be difficult and will take a lot of work and a lot of pain.

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

Daylights is a contribution to the real problems of people living in the real world. Mysticism has been offered by many of the problems facing people today, and not just another example of the crap playing around town. Two bucks to get in... and its all going to Chiwa.

Right of reply

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

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

Your mystical waffle meant merely to convey the fact that your spiritual upheaval was worthy of scrutiny.

Vietnamese veteran war artists such as Rennie Davis fall at the feet of Guru Maharaj, arch feminists and SDSers swallow sufism and old friends and allies put Baba Ram Das under their pillows, then it's fair to explore the implications of this energy. If such an interest is treated as capitalization to mysticism, then you reduce the world to a glorified gadget and condemn all debate to a futility of propagandas.

Revolution and spiritual commitment are far from incompatibe, as the extraordinary career of Gandhi made clear. Or perhaps you pin the red marx badge on his contemporary, Stalin, a dutiful Marxist and the inheritor of Lenin's bureaucratic machinery.

While these days it is a pleasant sensation to be accused of understressing sexuality, I was not really attempting to solve all the problems of the universe immediately. Considering your "unintelligent verbosity", you should be grateful. Some of the pages you've been referring specifically with problems of rejection to the burtly buty issues of liberated sexuality. Who wants a roll call of trendy causes?

The editorial stated that "a socialist proposal is generally more liberatory than a non-socialist one", but I was at pains to preserve for socialism independence of outlook. The nature of your reply confirms this determination.

R. N.

Please help the Dingos

MUCH respected Dingo's lead guitarist, Chris Stockley, shot several times no more some hours the weekend before last, is off the critical list and on the mend. It will still be a while before he's back in action. With a wife and kids and monies, things are pretty grim.

A benefit concert will be held this Sunday afternoon (November 4) at Leggett's Ballroom, Greville Street, Prahran - featuring Ariel, Maddie Lake, McKenzie Theory and almost anyone else whose playing around town. Two bucks to get in... and its all going to Chiwa.

News & weather

Following the avalanche of letters this week to the LIVING DAYLIGHTS & WEATHER people, Nigel Roberts and Richard Tippling, to act as a creative outport. Like last week's Aleks Danko page, they will provide the complete presentation.

Send poetry on the state of the state... verse/typography that reflects McLuhan's claim that the medium is dead. We want graphics, letters; poetry and drawings in size, with a line accompanying a page of verse... we want to present the texture, the world of poesy, and the finished poem as object... a poetry resource page, yr interview, and relevant material yr poetics, yr photography and relevant material, NEWS & WEATHER 35 Duke Street, East Balmain, 2041.

Hunter S. Hector

MR CHRIS HECTOR, your "Daylights" man has wasted little time in establishing himself as a freeloader. The column rated "a creative outpost. Like their last issue, which suggested a departure from the linear medium is dead. We want graphics, letters; poetry and drawings in size, with a line accompanying a page of verse... we want to present the texture, the world of poesy, and the finished poem as object... a poetry resource page, yr interview, and relevant material yr poets, yr photography and relevant material, NEWS & WEATHER 35 Duke Street, East Balmain, 2041.

Beatle bigot

CHRISTIE Eliezer's review of George Harrison's Living in the Material World in TLD 2, page 25, was regarded as anti-Beatle and anti-spiritual bigotry. The fact that the last report was months after the record's release reveals this article as a deliberate plot to humiliate and discredit not only George Harrison and the other Beatles, but the spiritual philosophies that are the essence of the album.

One criticism put forward is that George Harrison has become the quietest in the world, who live opposed in their vacuum of communication inability. The writer of this article regards this as "self conscious eccentric". But the writer's brunt, vious attacks on things of beauty (such as Harrison's record) are treat from the material world into mysticism is the obvious course. The article also departs from the vague editorial policy indicated in the previous issue, which supported a distinct materialistic obsession to spiritual enlightenment, or at least the search for some.

M. SCHACK, East Brighton, Vic

Queen of rock

I MUST point out however, that your ơnce again fabulously popular article by Talbot, in his latest amusing article about various brands of chocolate, should have done a little more research on his subject, in the third paragraph from the end, he states Cadbury is now British-owned but is still Australian.

I am sure that nobody would be more surprised than the English Cadbury family to hear this piece of information! Please tell Mr Talbot that Cadbury and Fry (with whom they amalgamated some years ago) are both very old-established English Quaker families. As you have, I understand, lived in England, you have probably heard of Elizabeth Fry (1785-1845) the famous English prison reformer, who was a member of this same Fry family.

As a matter of interest, another famous Quaker industrial family is Clarks (of Street, Somerset) manufacturers of the well known Clarks Shoes, which are also made by Scott.

R. E. HARTMAN, Murrumbeena, Vic

More about chocolate

THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS - Oct. 30-Nov. 5, 1973 - Page 27
Australian born, Australian bred. Long in the leg, short in the head.