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THE ARMY OF THE RARE

in which Dick Beckett beats up the week's news

STOP PRESS

A NEWLY-FORMED Prisoners Action Group in NSW is considering charging the governor of Long Bay jail, Mr Brownlee, with a felony. This follows reports of persistent violent assaults on prisoners. The Prisoners Action Group has called a strike

THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS

in which Dick Beckett beats up the week's news

IT'S THE START OF THE PAV-LOVA REVOLUTION. Shortly before prime minister Gough Whitlam entered his amazing song and dance act in Peking it was announced that China had signed a contract to buy up to $250 million worth of Australian sugar, proving that not only western nations are fools about food values. Passionfruit growers and egg vendors in Australia are also believed to be gearing up to complete the destruction of this once proud race.

Obviously driven somewhat de-mented by his fleeing success, Whit- lam, after being allowed to meet chair- man Mao Tse-tung, started babbling to a company journalist about our "long march" and generally behaving like a poor man's version of an international statesman. Realizing that they were dealing with a madman, the Chinese humoured our leader by rousing rendi- tions of Click Go the Shears, Botany Bay and Go The Road to Gunagpali. Mr Whitlam took this as a compliment.

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YOU NEVER KNOW YOUR LUCK IN THE BIG CITY. Seeking to create an international incident of some sort, the aboriginal embassy, at present camped on the lawn outside Canberra's parliament house, sent a note to the Chinese government during our leader's tour demanding that the Peking regime recognize the embassy and denounce Mr Whitlam as a racist who was "arrogant in his treatment of Australian blacks". Perhaps the blacks were hoping for the rights similar to those now enjoyed, by a racial minori- ty under Chinese rule - the Tibetans.

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OH SHUT UP (OR WHY WHIT- LAM WILL ALWAYS LOOK LIKE A STATESMAN). Bill Snedden, leader of some obscure Australian political group, told a meeting of well wishes in Sydney after looking at a more flattering portrait of him- self: "He looks like a pretty nice guy and I'm not. The fact is that I'm as tough as an old boot - just happen to have a nice exterior." Someone should in- form him that during mankind's re- corded history there has never been a single instance of an old boot being called upon to lead a country.

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BUT WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO THE PEOPLE OF THE MIDDLE EARTH?? It's been recorded that French engineers have begun drill- ing preliminary tunnels for under- ground nuclear tests on the South Pacific atolls of Mururoa and Fangata- tofa because of the somewhat unpleas- ant world reaction to their present atmospheric explosions in 1974 and 1975.

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IF RADIATION DOESN'T GET YOU EXHAUST FUMES WILL: A survey by professor Harry Bloom, at the University of Tasmania's chemistry department, has shown that eight per- cent of Hobart children have danger- ously high levels of lead poison in their blood and could grow up mentally retarded. "It's rather irresponsible for adults to impose upon children the possibility of becoming mentally re- tarded for life just to keep lead in petrol when it may not be necessary," Professor Bloom added in a somewhat naive comment. It is expected he will shortly be investigated for un-Austral­ ian activities and, as a just punishment, will be forced to act as a petrol station attendant for the rest of his life.

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FOOD FLAVORS ARE WAIT- ING FOR LEAD SURVIVORS: An American medical specialist has announced that artificial colorings and flavorings in food can cause serious behavior disorders in children. Dr Ben Fitgjylland, head of the department of allergy at San Francisco's Kaiser foun- dation hospital, has related the rise of a disease known as hyperactivity, or hyperkinesis, with a rise in food and soft drink additives and it is true that it disappears once the afflicted chil- dren follow a special diet. It's not the pernicious society fault, it's Coca- Cola's.

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YET ANOTHER MADMAN SPEAKS OUT: Professor J. E. Isaac, a new deputy president of the Commonwealth Conciliation and Arbi- tration Commission, said that strikes by workers were often the only way to solve an industrial problem and that they should be allowed to run their courses, despite their cost and incon- venience to industry. Accusing man- agement of being "unnecessarily morbid" about the strike action, he added that the notion that industrial harmony was a natural state of affairs and that industrial conflict was unnatural and unwarranted, was naive, unreal and harmful.

Fortunately for us all, his danger- ous heresies have been roundly con- demned by our elders and betters in the business community, not to men- tion a new state premier. They know God is on their side.

***

THE ULTIMATE DISGRACE: United States president, Richard M. Nixon, who is having some slight difficulties because he has somehow missed a tape recording of The Sound of Music in which he personally plays a star role, now knows quite definitely he is not acceptable in the best of circles. Neither he nor his good wife have been invited to the wedding of Princess Anne and her layabout hus- band to be.

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HE'S STILL REFUSING TO BUY THAT SWIMMING POOL: In the continuing saga of Australian au- thor Patrick White's deteriorating dis- ease which prevents him from enjoy- ing life to the full, it has now been revealed that he has given $11,500 to the aboriginal education council to help educate children. What thing you know White will demand that all people be given an equal start in life, make a plea for a true socialist government and argue that society has a duty to support the poor afflicted.

DON'T WORRY SHIP, THE LABOR GOVERNMENT LOVES YOU: Federal labor minister Clyde Cameron, in a speech to the New South Wales Employers Feder- ation, said the number of unions in Australia were "sheer madness", and claims that the unions were resisting worker control to the bitter end be- cause they believed it was all part of a "capitalistic plot", and added that demarkation disputes were lunatic. For his next trick he is going to advocate that all naughty unionists be blown to death from the mouth of the cannon.

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EITHER THAT OR HE'S GOING TO LIVE IN PORTUGAL: The ruling Portuguese party known an Accao Nacional, leaded by prime minister Dr Cacano, heavily supported by settlers in Angola and Mozambique, who uphold the govern­ ment's war against the so called rebel guerillas in the African provinces, has been swept by a "power vote" once again. Portugal, like neighboring Spain, does not take kindly to dissidents be they black, white, unionist or non-unionist.

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DON'T GLITCH AS YOU SLURP YOUR MILKSHAKES: The United Nations International Chil- dren's Emergency Fund (UNICEF), has reported that 500 people are dying each week in a famine that has hit the northern central parts of the African state of Ethiopia.
Massage parlors are booming the world over. The sex industry goes through stages of fashion; the brothel has gone the way of the pedal radio. When men in the city want to drop their rocks they seek the detached efficiency of a shower, body rub and blow job. In Melbourne our intrepid sleuths investigate.

Those spunky ladies from Shady Lane

OUT ALONG the diseased artery of Melbourne known as that of St. Kilda, where he rowed his painted ladies to the shore, across the gutter and into those dark houses of flushed light. This is where we go.

In the sarcophagus of the night Down a lady street where three middle aged men loiter: one beside a tree, one with a cigarette and the other still in his car. These are those who linger with their fantasies of sinking through the alleys of seedy things. They will tentatively enter the massage parlor at intervals and go through a process much the same as this:

* * *

UP THE flagged footpath and behind the door: a lady sits at a desk nestling under stairs. The photographic/striptease studio is on the left and the stairs circle upwards from the right. The walls are covered with photographs of naked women (circa Junior Squire) and men (looking like extras from an Italian epic).

A couple of kerosene heaters take care of the atmosphere. A sign states the massage parlor isn't responsible for ailments causing the denial of your existence in the sauna. The waiting room is to the left rear and the ladies room is in "startling juxtaposition" (1) near.

The desk girl wears a white blouse, transparent scarf wound round her breasts and knotted in the small of her back. Back at the reception desk, the name is given, the $12 is paid.

Her smile points to the waiting room, a sit down TV theatre. There are no sharp movements here. Only dim shadows falling from the TV to the pale blue walls. The windows are cloaked with red cotton to hush the light. No one speaks except for a thin table cushioned by towels and another smaller table with a red light, two plastic sauce bottles, magazines and ragged tissues.

Time passes slowly. Now it is thirty minutes later. The Hawaiian lady who is bearing the end of her 10 hour shift leads the way up the stairs. The front door opens and the typical night raconteur) and a small table with many magazines and ragged Playboys.

There are no sharp movements here. Only dim shadows falling from the TV to the pale blue walls.

"The sauce bottle squirts up the legs, rubbing, and moves up. The hands feel behind her back. "Yes". She taps lightly on the behind.

"Hand relief is an extra $10 and be sure I'd be a fool to accept less".

"Thanks".

She begins to loosen her bra, her hands feel behind her back. "Lie on the bench face down would you"!

"OK".

She is anonymous, unobtrusive yet brown and rounded from the waist up. She is in the Hawaiian mode, her feet the color of her skin. She is obviously tired but he cannot see past the bikini pants and the black transparent surf wound round her breasts and knotted in the small of her back. Back at the reception desk, the name is given, the $12 is paid. Her smile points to the waiting room, a sit down TV theatre. Three rows of seats are arranged before Hal Todd (GTV9's late-night raconteur) and a small table with many Fox, motor cycle magazines and ragged Playboys.

There are no sharp movements here. Only dim shadows falling from the TV to the pale blue walls. The windows are cloaked with red cotton to hush the light. No one speaks as Errol Flynn pole vaults his way around with the Khyber Rifles.

There are four seated separately already here. A trendy South Yarra fluff in a short sleeved tank top, a 35 year old estate agent (suburban) looking lost without his familiar ducks on the wall; two fitters and turners whose feelings are non-hesitant.

The front door opens and the typical conversation ensues. It is interrupted by a telephone call. Now there are six, all with a twenty minute wait. The telephone caller is fobbed off with a sneer.

The new inmate is a well known professional footballer, who was thoughtfully using a wrong name.

The return of "John". He has been convinced apparently, to take one of everything. He is being led down the stairs to the photographic studio. "John" is to be given a massage while another woman strips off her sequined gown to music and flashing lights. A $30 treat. He carries his clothes, folded, on his stomach under which he wears a small white towel and an obvious erection. He is left standing in the foyer while the girls discuss the situation. They talk dispassionately and he does not wear the gaze of several pairs of eyes lightly.

Finally he is led off.

The sauce bottle squirts up the legs, rubbing, and moves up. The hands feel behind her back. "Yes".

She taps lightly on the behind.

"Roll over".

She begins to loosen her bra, her hands feel behind her back. "Lie on the bench face down would you"!

"OK".

She is anonymous, unobtrusive yet brown and rounded from the waist up. There is a light on the manner Doris may have entered. Three cigarettes later:

"Are you dry now?"

"Yes"

"Was the shower nice?"

"Yes"

"Good"

"Thanks"

She begins to loosen her bra, her hands feel behind her back. "Lie on the bench face down would you"!

"OK".

"Hand relief is an extra $10 and be sure I'd be a fool to accept less".

"Thanks".

She taps lightly on the behind. "Roll over!

More sauce bottle and adroit rubbing(1) doing a "U" turn around the dark forbidden triangle of sex. After some peremptory cracking of finger

**THERE IS A NUCLEUS OF 6000 PEOPLE IN MELBOURNE WHO WORK OUT ON THE FLESH TRADE FROM TRUCK DRIVERS TO SOLICITORS, THEY CRAWL FROM THEIR OFFICES AND RAP TO FEATURE WITH THE LADIES. SOME HAVE STABILISED IN VARIOUS PLACES, WHILE OTHERS TRAIPPE ABOUT IN QUEST OF THE VISIBLE MANIFESTATION OF SPACK & SPAN, STILL ONLY 1/6D FROM NEWSPAPERS. THESE THINGS, LIKE HUMAN SUFFERING, ARE ETERNAL.**

AND WITH THE SUMMER CAME CONFUSION. THE MASSAGE PARLOR INDUSTRY—OR SIMPLY "THE INDUSTRY" AS IT'S KNOWN IN THE TRADE— IS AT PRESENT UNDER THREAT OF A GROUP OF MELBOURNE HOODS WHO ARE TRYING TO LOOK LIKE SYDNEY HOODS (PROBABLY), OR ARE BACKED BY SYDNEY HOODS (POSSIBLY), OR ARE HOODS FROM SYDNEY (POLICE HYPOTHESIS). THE FACT IS THE POLICE WERE GIVING ANSWERS BEFORE ANY QUESTIONS HAD BEEN ASKED. ABOUT 12 WEEKS AGO FRED SYLVester, CHIEF OF THE VICTORIA'S POLICE VICE SQUAD, MADE A TOUR OF A FEW MASSAGE PARLORS AND TOLD THE OWNERS SYDNEY'S INDUSTRY WAS TO ACHIEVE THE FORCE OF FIVE WHIRLWINDS. HE WENT ON TV AND HE TOLD THE PAPERS ABOUT IT. AND TWO WEEKS LATER IT STARTED...

**IT IS A DARK NIGHT IN CARLTON. THE TIME IS THREE WEEKS AFTER SYLVESTRE'S STATEMENT. A CANDLE BUTT CONVERSATIONIST WALKS LYON STREET, SMELING THE CAFFES AND LOOKING INTO THOSE BRIGHT LIGHTED SMOKY POOLROOMS THAT ATTRACT WOMANLESS MEN, WHERE HE IS STOPPED BY A HOOK FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STREET. A MAN IN A REAL FIAT SHIFTS AROUND LIKE A MAN SENDING ON ONE WING AND WINDS HIS LEFT WINDOW DOWN. HE LEANS ACROSS AND A SHADOW FALLS ACROSS HIS FACE. HE IS STILL SMALL, AND NOW MEAN, EVERYTHING ABOUT HIM SEEMS TO LACK PIGMENT.**

"DO YOU KNOW WHERE THERE ARE ANY MASSAGE PARLORS?" THE VOICE IS ALMOST HIGH AND HIS LIPS CURT. IF HE WASN'T DRIVING AROUND CARLTON HE WOULD HAVE BEEN HANGING AROUND A SHARMAN TENT IN AN OUT-OF-THE-WAY COUNTRY SHOW. **"THEY'RE ALL AROUND ST. KILDA."** "NOT ST. KILDA?" "Yeah!" "Melbourne's a dead place," he said, blooming. "I've only been here a week and I need some money, I'm here to do a job on them. Have a look at the front of me car and you'll see what I mean." He indicates the NSW number plate.  

**"Is that real?"** "Yeah (opening the chamber and closing it)." "Yeah its all real, I'm down from Sydney to clean these parlors out, well St. Kilda you reckon?" "Yeah does he look?" "Thanks. There is a long silence while the gun and the persons eye each other. The candle butt conversationist says: "Well, I bet getting along I've got work to do". THE VISITOR WINS THE WINDOW, THE ROOM DIVES AWAY. THERE IS A CURTAIN CALL AT THE LOCAL POLICE STATION. THE CONSTABLES LISTEN TO THE STORY SMOKING WEAPOLY. THEY ARE BOTH YOUNG AND WITH THAT COOL ALPITHTY WHICH SAYS THERE ARE OTHER THINGS ON THEIR MINDS THAN CRIME. ONE OF THEM PICKS UP A RINGING TELEPHONE: "Hallo, Carlton here. Yeah the mighty Blues, not so mighty, no. Next year you reckon, yeah. Maybe, yeah, Crowswell, yeah, terrible. No can't swear you know, yeah we've got a visitor. No, could be. Anyway, this bloke recokes he was just pulled up in the street by a bloke in a real Fiat. Ha Ha yeah red, NSW registration. Yeah, recokes he's after some massage parlors in St. Kilda. Yeah... Anyway, he recokes the bloke's got a gun. Yeah. In Lyon near Parsons. OK, yeah see ya." 

He rang off and grinned up. "They're sending a car up to Lyon street to have a look!" "He'll be in St. Kilda by now. Yeah, shall be right!"  

**IT IS NOT EASY TO LEARN HOW DEEPLY THE POLICE ARE INVOLVED. ALL MERE FRAGMENTS, THE VICE SQUAD IS A SMALL GROUP OF "EX-PERIENCED POLICEMEN". THE LOCAL POLICE IN ST. KILDA AND PRATAN ARE YOUNGER. THERE IS NO REAL LIASON BETWEEN THEM.**

"IT'S FAIRLY EASY FOR THE POLICE BUT A GIRL. ALL THEY DO IS PAY FOR THEIR MASSAGE AND ASK FOR A HANDJOB WHICH MOST PLACES SUPPLY. THEY THEN PRODUCE THEIR UD AND MAKE OUT THEIR WARRANTS. THE TROUBLE COMES ON COURT DAY WHEN THEY MUST SWEAR ON AFFIDAVIT THEY WEREN'T GUILTY OF COMPROMISE BY HAVING THE HAND JOB. OR THEY ARRIVE UNANNOUNCED AND START OPENING DOORS. THIS PURELY WORKS BECAUSE THE ILLEGAL PLACES PUT LOCKS ON THE DOORS.**

**THE BEST WAY TO BUST A PLACE IS TO FIND ONE WHERE THE MANAGEMENT TAKES THE MONEY FOR THE MASSAGE AND THE "ILLEGAL SERVICE". IF THIS HAPPENS THEY CAN BUST BOTH THE GIRL AND THE MANAGER.**

IF, however, the managers were a smart cookie, and appealed against the judgment she could continue, with the publicity about the trial supplying the police with the information they needed.--

**POLICE ON OCCASIONS PARK IN THEIR "D" WAGONS OUTSIDE THE PARLORS, INHIBITING THE OWNERS AND THE POLICE ONCE STOPPED A SUNNY BIG BUSINESS.**

They got into blackmail for a while. One night three of them called in on a massage parlor where only two girls were working. One waited downstairs while the others had a "rub". When they returned from their massage one claimed he had $150 fleeced from his wallet whilst having his massage. The third man said "Godd" and the boss said, "we'll give you till tomorrow morning to find it, and while you are looking you might as well arrange for the $150 he intends to lose here every week from now on!"  

**THE LADIES ARE MOSTLY ALRIGHT. THE JOB IS NO WORSE THAN WORKING IN THE PUBLIC SERVICE, AT LEAST FOR THE FIRST WEEK, AFTER WHICH IT PROGRESSIVELY GETS WORSE. YET, THEY EARN MORE MONEY THAN MOST WOMEN OF THE SAME AGE. THEY RANGE IN PERSONALITY, ONE LADY WHO DOESN'T HOLD A DRIVERS LICENCE BOUGHT A MUSTANG AFTER SHE'D BEEN WORKING ONLY FOUR WEEKS. ONE HAS TWO CHILDREN AND A NICE HUSBAND AND SHE'S GETTING SOME MONEY TOGETHER FOR AN OVERSEAS TRIP. SOME JUST WORK FOR A COUPLE OF WEEKS EVERY NOW AND THEN WHEN THEY NEED SOME MONEY.**

"It's a floating population — in the time I've been here (one has a 2 week kick) for spotting up too much and three others left."  

Very few have any job enthusiasm. It's not particularly Callous, they all need money in a hurry and this for them was the quickest way to get it together. Rationalisations depend on the hangups, and only a few bother (or...
...
IN THE HALLOWED

WILLIAM RICKETTS is 78 years old. For the past 42 years he has been living on Mount Dandenong at Olinda, Victoria, shaping, moulding his vision with the bush. The William Ricketts Sanctuary is open every day: go there, go gently and with your mind open.

RICKETTS’ CREDO

"If I were to testify unto myself then it would not be valid, therefore I must say unto you there is no artist here, no sculptor here. The mover of the me is here. Love giving of itself — not possessing, not to be possessed. You are asked to respond to this forest scene not just as a human concept, but rather to see in the whole scene the attempt to translate the earth and all its forms into the language of the spirit, thereby revealing the reality behind the so-called material (which in truth is Divine Substance).

"This lovely forest scene has been created not for the renunciation of the world and life, but rather as a spectacle and a basic spirituality that invites the human race in a world sick and going wrong to once again dip their whole man roots into this sustaining soil and from there be moved by the higher spiritual consciousness, to embody a greater life of the Spirit. So long as the human lives in the lower hemisphere of the Mental and its slavery to ignorance, and worshipping his new found God of science he is a stationary creature unable to reach out and above into the higher radiant degrees of the higher truth consciousness.

"Beyond organised religion and all man's institutions this lovely forest scene presents itself as the ultimate in Wild Life Preservation through a Divinised Earth, where freedom in its vastness and where all divisions and limitations cease to exist this is a Holy State of being. Beauty love and wonder in its same vastness of meaning is also a Holy State of being, Health and Peace is also a Holy State of Being.

"This beautiful mountain forest scene now presents itself as a direct action of the spirit, challenging those who call themselves conservationists and wild life preservation bodies also organised religion as it is now.

"Those fighting for the rights of Wild Life and their environments have failed badly to understand this sanctuary as the ultimate in Wild Life Preservation lifted up to the higher truth consciousness. Visitors from all over the world come here and, as one American minister of religion said to me, "I should close my church doors and send my people into this forest and not say one word to the."
FOR THE past 12 months the conservation movement in Victoria has been the arena for a quite bitter and vicious power struggle. Chiefly under attack was the executive of the Australian Conservation Foundation. The ACF was accused of being timid, undemocratic and a might too friendly to the big business community. A recent series of ACF elections resulted in the ousting of the old guard conservatives by a loose coalition of activist conservationists. One member of the ACF hierarchy who had always been exempted from the criticisms, Dr Geoff Mosley, has been promoted from number five in the pecking order to the newly created number one job of director — a move engineered by the new group after the takeover. The appointment, and the takeover, has produced a wave of resignations from what was left of the old guard.

For the first time, a national conservation study conference is being organised by voluntary conservation groups in association with the ACF. The venue is Canberra, November 16-18, and, there, hopefully, a co-ordinated national plan for conservation can be thrashed out. Those wishing to participate should contact: The Chairman, Steering Committee, National Conservation Study Conference C/- ACF, 206 Clarendon St., East Melbourne 3002.

CHRIS HECTOR
YOUNG Phil O'Carroll padded into the poverty inquiry in Melbourne last Thursday with the haste in his bare feet and the sight of it....

...that for Chrissakes while they choose to drop out of the ratrace and embrace what others call poverty because it enabled them a way of life they could live in at least frugal and all could live in at least frugal and all could live in at least frugal and all could live in at least frugal and all could live in at least frugal and all could live in at least frugal.

And indeed O’Carroll has something. The lives – alternating between noisy and whimpering desperation – that most of us live need something to make them medium rare bearable. And almost without exception this something is a thing that the establishment will look at with suspicion and distrust.

...that his naked feet and put it to them...
They're making a film of Hermann Hesse's novel, Steppenwolf. For the people behind the project — Mel Fishman and Fred Haines — it has been a crazy uphill trek, with Fishman hassling for finance and Haines getting lost in the book's history. Michael Zwerin became caught in the works in its early stages. Here he takes us back to 1971... Next week: on the set.
One such person. Hermann Hesse was a goldminer for a while; he knew everything he was supposed to do, but he was very gracious and respected the grubstake hustle. "It took the guy some time to figure it out. How we got here are largely living non-making films. The money can't afford to get bored, otherwise you start doing a bunch of arbitrary shit just to keep busy. It becomes so boring you start to get the realization.

It is essential, on a number like this, to keep contact with the outside world. A cameraman from Los Angeles, resembles a cross between Rip Van Winkle and Wil­liam Tell and speaks English with a German accent by now, Joel Block, told me one afternoon, "Oh! I wish I was back in that garage with my chicken. I don't need money."

There arent very many people who want a Fred Haines script on the wrong house. Fred shivers again. We pan out­side the public, shock them to get their attention. I thought ... oh wow, it's a little harder, a little longer. . . .

Mad Melvin embarked on the im­possible. Pre-producing Steppen­wolf has become a way of life. . . .

"That's Frew's problem. He knew everything he was supposed to do, but he got the right feeling in the wrong house. Fred's always getting the flash before the fix." Seymour, a cameraman from Los Angeles, resembles a cross between Rip Van Winkle and William Tell and speaks English with a German accent by now, Joel Block, told me one afternoon, "Oh! I wish I was back in that garage with my chicken. I don't need money."

A conservative country, fear­lessly bourgeois, quite right, the public did not. . . .

That's SOME FAVOR! Right? I can't believe it. . . . I thought . . . oh wow, it's a little harder, a little longer. . . .

Fred, one of those people about whom might be said "he's too good" has bad luck. He wrote a little comedy in the original, which had some interesting things going for it, principally that it could be shot for beans, but somebody died and the prop­erty got tied up in estate. Then a bourgeois movie company, but the cigar-choppers couldn't figure it out.

Fred was a screenplay for Jan Kadar (Adliff). Kadar told him to go out and find a script. I was writing a surrealist script but Kadar chang­ed his mind and decided to do a re-make of a Couperus novel. . . .

One of the things wrong with the rights keep developing gout. He took opium eye operation, sciatica, and he died miserably alone in Basel and Zurich. After that only interesting. But his last word was "Dostoevsky was granted such a place during the First World War.

Hermann Hesse was born in 1877. He grew up mostly in Ger­many and was naturalised Ger­man. In 1913, taken up by the Swiss Federal Commission for the Peaceful Solution of International Disputes, Hesse was im­mediately arrested as a traitor.

The hostile reaction plus personal problems led him to settle himself under the care of Dr Lang, a disciple of Jung. The long-term effect of this was ad­miration for the big, Swiss Rhine.

In Frankfurt it was raining, but there were just over there across the Rhine. . . .

We start thinking of this problem? Who are you to put it in our heads? Dare you burden us with this?

After a leisurely dinner, Mel drove to Victoria Station in a friend's Rolls Royce. One must proceed slowly and in style to avoid being the impossible. He even asked for a new name - Emil Sinclair.

THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS, November 6-12, 1973 — Page 8C
MICHAEL DRANSFIELD died on Good Friday, aged 24. He had been in hospital for a month; little more can be said about this, as the cause of his death has not yet been certified. Already the press has announced its vulgar gawping romanticism: that one so young should have been an accepted poet already. Public success being certified. Already the press has announced its happening to Michael Dransfield in the last three years of his life because it made such demands on him, and on the image he had created for himself. He was saved by his capacity for love. His brave exposure of his own vulnerability was a rare gift. He was loved by many people. He will be deeply missed by us all.

Rodney Hall (23.5.73)

**PRICES UP**

**WAGES BOOST TO LIFT FOOD COSTS**

From a page in NEWS & WEATHER, created by Nigel Roberts and Richard Tipping. They will be providing regular pages for TLD. They issue this invitation:

"Send poetry on the state of the state... verse/typography that refrutes McLuhan's claim that the linear medium is dead. We want graphics, letters, poetry and drawings in mix. We aim at more than collating a page of verse... we want to present the texture, the world of poetry, and the finished poem as object... a poetry resource page. yr interview, and relevant documentation. Submit yr poetics, yr photograph and relevant material. NEWS & WEATHER, 33 Duke Street, East Balmain, 2041."

THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS, November 6-12, 1973 — Page 9
There are different kinds of moods in school. It begins in the morning when the sun rises and the fluorescent lights shine on the wooden boards. The mood is always changing, even in the 'happenings on the roof. If someone throws mud and stones, shouts abuse, there are other people about three months ago, and no one has been on the roof. We have thrown rocks at the caravan. Once they poured kerosene into the main room. I think we acted something. We just began, but there were ten of us in there, sweating, breathing, living, and kicking. There was a terrible violence. It seemed like the school was in a real mess then.

There is a sunny mood when the sky is blue and the sun shines; but it's still cold, washed, after rain. Then people fetch the clay from the pottery shed and sit cross-legged on the floor in a group to make clay pots. Those days Astrid is usually in the side veranda, full in the sun, screen printing with yellow and orange and red. People play volley-ball and soccer. The orange table is covered outside under the wattle tree, with the inks, and people draw in ink in their own private style.

We just sit outside in a group with sandwiches to talk and read quietly in the sun.

There is a terrible mood when the flight of stairs, nooks and crannies, kids on the roof throw mud and stones, shout abuse. There are people screaming at each other, crying, crunching mud, through the bush. People who aren't in the flight of stairs breaking pieces of wood, throwing rocks at the old man. Once they scored kerosene into the roof, probably making a terrible noise. It seems like the school is in a real mess then.

But we have made a rule, after much damage together, that people aren't allowed on the roof. That was about three months ago, and no one has been on the roof. We have reinforced the old stone-throwing rule, after people throw crumbling sandstone, protesting that it wasn't stone.

We're going in no straight line, but we're always changing, moving. Whatever happens is a new step.

Yesterday I came to school, and it was boiling hot. I thought of the poor beans and watered them. They looked sort of stuffy so I kneeled in the earth and the plants spread in my face. To my surprise, I saw some beans growing.

Behind me there was Indonesian music coming from the noisy corner. Silly and Nick were going to give a talk about Hinduism and Buddhism, so I went.

The corner is always a friendly mess — old clothes, drawings, plants hanging from the ceiling, John and Bonnie's frilly curtains. There were ten of us in there, sneezing, breathing, living, and soon the air became close and hot. I was happy talking about Indonesia. Silly had brought some balsa wood and wood carvings.

Afterwards Gerard came for drama and we closed ourselves in the main room. Only Ron and I acted something. We just began, I don't know what it was, a sort of old drama.
it's divided loyalties what are you going to do. He thus spaketh where's the strength, to no one in particular. A lady looked at blogs. He opened his box of toothpicks and asked where's the dope. They went inside to where the acme rock band was doing an injurious inspection to getting themselves together. Seeing the dope lying ritualistically in the centre of a round table, blogs said to them generally mind of a number. While actively participat-
ing in the ajax atrocities blogs rode an elephant ear. They all paused for five seconds to listen and then returned to the clay. One of the more poetic of the acme rock band reached for the flagon with his eyes open. Not bad shit he said. He burped and smoke tumbled out. As more smoke issued forth I reached for the flagged joint with my eyes shut. They began playing even more louder. I opened my eyes. Blogs grinned, his false front teeth flashing surgically. Subtle as a horses hoof in the guts at xmas he said, and stripped down to a blue singlet which matched his eyes as some lady had told him (or so he said she had). In the waist of the low slung mauve flared pants - given to him by some northern lady (according to blogs i.e.) was an orange scarf that dangled between his thighs. Blogs adjusted the copper bracelet from ecuador on his left wrist, checked the earing given to him by theo's greek's wife and the three colour to get the flagon scene rocking. The two friends and blogs stayed at the palace with a kindly pigeon shitting in their coffee cup. They stepped instantly that coffee was an upperdowner of first class magnitude and restrained from drinking the rest. The man said that the others were coming from the pub to give them a lift. They never reached. Feeling benevolent, blogs said fuck it, let's walk in the rain. One hour and much hysteria later, the intrepid three arrived at the institute with a blanket. Blogs - ritualistically threw it at the left speaker. The band hadn't drunk more than a dozen cans, so the music only had a mellow beat. Two dozen pairs of arms pulled sweaty hands out of concealment and folded them across one dozen soon-to-be-developed breasts. Several gum chewing moments later, the hands returned to concealment - some even crossed their legs. Two local young misses looked at bloggs. He arched a left eyebrow. They looked once, then quickly away to the band, shaking her head. Four sideways steps later, blogs fronted the no. 2 groupie seated ten feet from the left front speaker. She was sweating beneath her mascara with the effort of sitting so close. Blogs gestured. She looked uncomfortable. Blogs signalled to me to sock it to her and he moved on down the line. I reluctantly gave her the flagon. She drank without spilling a drop and handed it back to me. I liked her at once (Blogs later told me that she was interes-
ting. She looked and world said she'd got style. I waited. He looked at me, and you, watch bobo faulkner on television don't you. He lent me a joint and told me to get it down the line. I reluctantly gave her the flagon. She drank without spilling a drop and handed it back to me. I liked her at once (Blogs later told me that she was interes-
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...
I knew definitively, as is my nature to want to, when jules, the travelling brewery and acme mascot, lurched in. He got up on stage and poured the stuff down the thief's throat as he was thumping the bass with the gleaming neck erect and his back arched. It was the classical greek pose, as exemplified by the jew cohen in his letter day tragedies. My heart warmed. Bloggs asked why doesn't the thief strip. I told him last time that had happened there had been a complaint two weeks later in the local paper about too much noise. He nodded, and went off to do a hip and thigh grind with a bespectacled lady who had taken her glasses off, shut her eyes and was dancing with herself. There was something mysterious about her. She but dimly perceived blogs, but he drew her out until their upraised palms kissed in a slow pirouette of touching bottoms. I felt like drinking roha herbal tea. The young rozelle toughies must have felt likewise, as they kept accidentally kicking at blogs while he was intimately inclined and yelling poofa at him. Blogs was oblivious to anything but the rhythms emanating from the young lady's tight denim shorts.

Most gratifyingly to me, the acme music stopped as noisily as it had started. Jules was still on it. He waited then passed the joint on to the right. All the way down felt good. Bloggs swung back to charge, but drunk the claret in earnest. Blogs swung back to charge, but the kids had scattered when they saw those false front teeth bare back to the ears. Blogs was physically restrained by the friends, who variously told him to cool it and took the bottle from his surprised hands. Over on the other side, a debate was ensuing between the youth and his colleagues, and the businessman and the lady with stiff backed support from the two painters. Blogs eventually went over and shook hands with the youth without apologising. What a fool I thought; the last of the untrammeleds has cooled it. Ah blogs, wherefore art thy noble scent. Blogs himself ritualistically sniffed out the nearest joint. The youth was subsequently checked out by the businessman. Blogs toppled himself up with more acme music and proceeded to get it on. By this time I knew the situation to be happily irredeemable; blogs had sniffed blood. The kids had sniffed it too. What a night! what a drama! this must go down in the annals of acme rubbish. Could I cope? I came out from behind the right hand speaker sweating, seeking some cock. Blogs arrived with it, grinning. I thought, those false front teeth sure look vulnerable, and said you disappointed me blogs. In true bobo faulkner style, he looked at me until my navel contracted, and said the night is yet but a turtle. I socked down a guillot full and nodded sagely. Blogges foraging eye sought out the bespectacled lady. She came.
I said to four eyes there's going to be swinging. He looked around twice the size of a man and shrugged. I felt my faith restored. Bloggs had come out of the kitchen and found a stale bottle of sock. He said I'm going up for some work. I clutched the flagon of sock. I wanted to go over and smash the flagon in that grin. I had an extra large swig. Then it stopped. the rain, the fight, the yelling. no cops, just stopped. I went back inside to Peter. Everything was wrong. Was Blogges playing some nasty kind of joke on me? I went back inside and found a stale bottle of resch's d.a. It tasted sickeningly beautiful, like the urine of a dead butterfly left to ferment in 42 degrees celsius, without an umbrella. I resolved to speak severely to blogs, sometime.
I'm 24. I'm a journalist and a reporter and I work for a very conventional magazine as an underpaid employee because sometimes I get to do my own thing and write about the people and the situations that keep me awake at night when my conscience can't sleep. I never write happy stories and I never report happy events. I only write well about things that are true and make me cry, and that hurt. But as I'm fairly happy this only means I'm not a prolific writer.

I'm Australian and I come from a large family and I've been a reporter of just about everything and worked in Perth and Sydney and Canberra. I live in Sydney. I'm very young because I still think I can reform the world and make everyone equal and happy and uncorrupt. I want to write another Power Without Glory and don't they did I wouldn't be writing this commercial, would I?

Anyway this story is true. There'd be no point in writing it if it weren't.

I can feel angry at you; a bitter taste is left in my body from you. You who gave me all the strength of your strong blood one day high on a hotel roof overlooking a strange city. You were a man then. Take my hotel room overlooking a strange city.

Under a mask I thought I saw you. I did see you because you had holes cut in the mask where your eyes, and I looked at them. I looked into them and through them and deep inside I saw you; beautiful person. Hidden. I know I found you. It wasn't for very long but you were there, you weren't just a masked blood donor and now you've covered up your eyes and I don't understand how you're going to see. You don't want to now and was all I gave you of myself the strength for you to go blind.

Maybe you should have given me more of your blood, allowed me to give you some of mine; we should have got it while we could. Then we would have survived, you and I. You think you've survived because you kept the mask on in the long run. You kept it on your lips and that let me inside.... I saw you; beautiful person. Hidden. I looked into them. I looked into them with your eyes and that let me inside.... to look. Even you admitted nobody else had ever had it. Nobody else will ever get that formula either because one of them saw you give it to me and set out on the campaign trail to show you it was the wrong formula. My formula didn't add up to guaranteed gold-plated cars and stars.

If only I had caught you before they did — was it them or did they just seal your fate? Before they put jam on your bread and offered you sponge cake and cream and bright coloured expensive cars and gave them to you and offered the sun and the stars and gold plated cars and showed you the way. And they said they were your friends. If only I had caught you before them. But I didn't; they led you down to the heights and it looks like they've won. Your inner strength — they've got that too haven't they?

You gave them the key to the you behind the mask and they threw it into the Harbour without even bothering to open and peep inside because they didn't care. But when you gave me your blood that day in that strange city you gave me a secret formula with your eyes and that let me inside... to look. Even you admitted nobody else had ever had it. Nobody else will ever get that formula either because one of them saw you give it to me and set out on the campaign trail to show you it was the wrong formula. My formula didn't add up to guaranteed gold-plated cars and stars.

And you hesitated... and changed the formula. No, you didn't even change it. You rejected it completely and decided not to have another one. If there's no key (they threw it away) there's no formula (they conned you into throwing it away) then no one can get in. Simple. Simple. Simple!

You're locked inside your gold-plated car now, star. Do you have your own key even to that?

Oh I should feel sad for you, and forgiving, quote old love songs to you perhaps... "if you ever change your mind, come back to me...... I'll understand". My blood is thick enough to feel that way but you gave me some of your strong blood so I don't, can't say it. You didn't give me enough to take away the pain and hurt and bitter angry tears and loss. You didn't give me enough to take away the pain and hurt and bitter angry tears and loss. You didn't give me enough to stop me hurting inside for what might happen to you in your cold Glittering world without love. They have made you a freak.

I shall devise an honest bill-board sign outside the opera house when you open there. The Country's First Entirely Gold-Plated Elastic Man In Person Performing Here In Marrionette Show Tonight. Would anyone really believe it though. Would they know? The groupie girls get lured by you (but they don't realise you can't remember the colour of their eyes) the children play footie with you, the misses watches teev with you — a plastic gold coated etc. couldn't do all that they will say.

Plastic robot man what have they done to you. You saw danger and trouble and love in my eyes and I saw danger and trouble and avarice, greed and a game in theirs.

They didn't bother to look in your eyes of course. Only you and I know what was in your eyes. If it was still there, even though you'd sent me away because of the lure they placed for you.... You didn't know about love and I said it was the biggest high you'd ever get and you asked me if I knew about the law of gravity. If you're gonna put me up there, if love is at the peak then it's got to come down, you said; and I'm not planning on coming down — I'm not gonna give you the chance to hurt me, you said. But they already had you up. Only one way, down; no help on the way. If you'd taken my lure — the love one — you could have come up again if I'd let you fall. That is the living experience for feeling humans.

But they took their golden lure my plastic robot man and when the law of gravity is through with you I don't know if I can pick up melted plastic and spare tin robot parts.
The Saga of Rennie Unburp—The Hindsight Saga.

by Ranald Allan.

Rennie Unburp is an Australian myth take it or leave it, like it or love it, ... listed or SHOVE IT!!

Rennie Unburp drinks methylated spirits while watching television and it is crucial that you bear in mind there, which could be utilized by the Sayer of Rennie's Parthy Saga. "You bare in mind reader or you bare in mind audience — delete 'whichever is not applicable' even though it should never have appeared anyway.

The problem was one of control — of which Rennie possessed very little, but it didn't end there, by any means. Perhaps even more potentially dangerous than Rennie's lack of control was the inevitable chaos which would result if anyone tried to pin down or worse, write down, Rennie's myth — a nice ambiguity there, which forces at work — work forces, Air forces, Generals of Armed Forces, flying forces, Law-N-forces, in short forces beyond our control. Already we can witness how these forces have prevented us from learning very much about Rennie, other than the single fact that he drank methylated spirits, while watching T.V.

We have stayed in one spot too long.

One-spot; two-long, three-Renni, four-he's a jolly nice fellow and IF'VE my way, we will learn something more about him. But of course myths like meths aren't held down very easily.

The problem of control has already been introduced, so the Parthy Saga of Rennie Unburp could be said to contain an introduction — a con- cedee at one that. Since it is en- visaged in the rough draft that Rennie's Saga will end with endings of our own choosing — concluding with a well executed punch line (as if this business of short story writing was a joke) — then the Saga now looks like having both a beginning and an end. A head and a tail which of course leaves us with the problem of the body — in this case Bernard Bergonzi's. Now, BB is a Professor of English at Warwick University (just like our own motherless-foal little G.G.) but getting back to the body of this work — this consists of an original pelican with the unlikely name of The Situation of the Novel. Situated somewhere around the realm of this particular Penguin is a misplaced appendix on the short story. This inflamed little article naturally has no place in any body of literature and so our literary surgeon the Eminent Professor B.B. proceeds to remove it — cut it out B.B.!!

One fleshy fragment was found in a dirty little corner under the operating table — a cancerous hunk — thus...

"For all its popularity and apparent necessity to magazine editors, the short story, in its present condition, seems to be unhealthy limited, both in the range of literary experience it offers and its capacity to deepen our understanding of the world, or of one another."

The climax of Rennies Saga — what else but to pause for a word from our sponsor.

"Hi! I'm William Board — you can call me Bill and I'm proud to represent Great Leap Ford Motives and I'd like you to meet a special guest and a close friend. Alf darr it, you big OT! Come on over here, and hear about a real used up firm, after all we do want a responsor, and speaking of sponsors and backers ... (away).

My word, Alf a bet-a BB, the CLF and the CMF — all follow to the letter, the old middle of the road course out here to Great Leap Ford Motives cause they are good everyone does. Alf I'd like you to hear now from our Number One salesmen — a real pain in the arse — but Hamma-A-Roid's got a big pile of used endings for this Saga — so let's hear about it — here's the Mike-Hamma, take it away!"

"Thank you B.B. and hello out there (hallo to you too, our Warwick BB) we'll just about to finish up, but first let me tell you about this week's competition. Well cut to a short story long — we're asking you not as we did last week to pick a title, or your nose, but to pick the influence. Picking the influence entails picking an end to our tale from the entrails — pinning the tail on the proverbial ass's ass — eh ey ... just a minute ... this is a family show not the first Foxtrot in Frankfurt (not to keep it contemporary, as well as clean you know). Now I hope all the family's poised, pencil and paper at the ready as we prepare to partici- pate in 'spot the influence'.

The Parthy Saga of Rennie Unburp is influenced by:

(a) America
(b) Rennie whenever you are
(c) if the artist cares which alterna- tive you choose.
(d)
(e) Professor B.B.
(f) the combined influences of T.V. could be plotted would they read
something like this? The 1948 Goon with the Wind in the Willows Lassie who pissed off with Rinnie's Tin, got the Jack Aunty A.B.C. — Alf a bet we're regressed to the CLF again.

(jus Christ some order, please!

Answers of "all of the above" or "none of these" will be considered if the multiple objective choosers see their friends, enemies, or in any way associated with or hold any opinions on the situation of the novel. Matter all replies care of this week's mystery question — Why aren't we in Vietnam?

Well folks this is Hamma A Roid on behalf of Bill Board and all of us here at Great Leap Forward Motives signing off — but first I want to send out a special cheerios call to Professor Bernard Bergonzi — our used dealer, in the English branch and I'm sure Bernie won't mind us ending with his comments on your television's Test Pattern. He says — "The basic pattern is predictable. Two or three specimens of humanity, neither very elevated nor repellently wretched at the outset, are shown to the reader and charac- terized with a few deft touches, their strengths and, far more important their weaknesses are shown with exactly the right blend of compassion-ate understanding and clear-eyed detachment. The narrative moves steadily and economically to a crisp moment of defeat; and then diminuendo, to a bleaping finish with, again, just the right mixture of pathos and irony."

Thank you Bernie that was a fitting end to our show and as we leave Rennie drinking his third bottle of methylated spirits, still watching T.V. we must pause for a moment to reflect ourselves, with just the right mixture of pathos and irony, whether it could be said of Rennie Unburp that there was Mephi in his Madness?

Ranald Allan was born in 1952 in the NSW country, and is currently completing an Arts degree at Sydney University. His stories have appeared in Tabloid Story, 3 and in Southerly.

The Saga of Bluey the Metal.

by S. Steynes.

Bluey took a deep breath as he entered the main street; nothing new under the sun-isap as white pixels blinked back the carrying light of heat-glassed asterisks ... he went straight round to Sheila's. She had stayed with him twenty years but had gone noticing the town picking up mid-happy town crowded comfort as respectable brothel madam — he lay awake all night missing in advance the warm was is shake. Not in that night the vague round figure of S. and himself got bickered on the bitter beauty where they had given S. in exchange for clean sheets every day. The brothel had boomed into violent colours on the wall and a sweet smoke oozed from the pipe. He had thought he was in hell until S. had given him the funny pipe carved erotic a naked woman and slowly inhaling the smoke up between the little hard bone breasts — then it seemed like a dawn and the fear was gone.

His dog who S. said had inhaled the fumes fucked a white fluffy cat belong into the asian whore and they had all laughed — they had contributed — he was happy, he stayed in bed all day it seemed cold in the town. Sheila found him a coat new and cleaned the spittle off the front of it. Then she locked him out of her room for the night shift. Sheila said the classy blouses liked to take the girls there with its red plush...B, thought that it looked like an old pictureshow and she laughed when he said so because she had got the stuff when they pulled down the Roxy alternately the Boxy and the Poxy depending on the quality of life in the back stalls. He hung round across the road from the trout for a while — its structure never failed to interest him — two blocks of cubicles cast out of corrugated iron topped by bastard wire to keep out the blacks he sniggered back to the time he had watched Black Bluey smuggle in the girl discovered just short of short time and she rebounded like a spring into a wild cat pining after him into the street with just a blushe that showed her brush. They hit the jack-pot and business boomed — the brothel looked smnery during the day the night lights glowing out and hitting the footpath at angles they used to all be rosly red.

French houses now they screeched out into the night in an hysterical wash of violets and oranges and electric greens and blues — they were fitting he thought — mad mole
miner — he thought of whistling his dog and heading back to it all away but went instead to Tibby's Tea Room to dissolve his thoughts in a sweet town teatreat; the little nip she had been a young girl almost time he had brought Sheila here, Rooms to dissolve his thoughts in delightfully fast and loose — her face passing of her features. There she had been and he, his languishing on the cane chair outside her cubicle had for one night been only her current next night he broke, had watched her besieged — miners with money in their pockets and sperm to bank — still they were good friends and tea taken at Tibby's together on the aggressively hot days when nobody had the energy to — waiting together for the cold to prick business up — and he would slip back to the desert and the twenty acres of scrub that after all was him.

So it had gone for some years until one day she had shuddered at him every — and walking away she live with him out there — "out there" — he had looked at her doubtfully while his heart raced and wanted that — and he never knew what had disgusted her in the dusty promiscuous town and in her handsome face it was after all only an elaborate wry and had doing things as he would have.

The desert drew them and they wan­dered about and across and left a bit of youth at every camp-fire and amazingly grew. She discovered blacks who were not bundu's of old greyish clothes and was haunted, afraid and then impressed and fin­ally to his joy, silent. Admiring the fighting his desert and those that coped with her.

Soon She could never have been a creature who looked greedily into a small gilded mirror, but another who sat long and watched emus run for sheer excitement, dressed between an elaborate rhythm and had done things as he would have.

Suddenly out of the blue and gold and queenly crimson of another dawning hot sweet tea she had said I'm going back to Town Bluey and stung into a part tart person he had 'spat, emptied his tea, gathered his swag, walked bare foot minus and then — I knew you would never stick it and her laughter rang in merillows all must endure — the spirit of my body entered through the open wounds — Bluey realised, contemplated her spasmodic appearances in his life and he was an old friend B. shivered as the face crum­med into its weak flaky powder pleats and was before him as he returned from his journeyary flirtations and with a past face — he decided not to look at her but to merely feel her presence as he did with Sheila.

They drank together in the wine­house reserved for blacks — since they had done up all the others with more plush and laminex guilt mirrors too grossly — Bluey was timid at entering there — even the caterers seemed to dress dandies' pants and floral shirts.

Bella and he sat and drank the cheap red. When she had first started to drink she had been a whiskey straight killer lady her last touch of grandeur left her when she had been forced to drink of the running pity wells — no more whiskey — nobody was that sorry. Squinting an old yellow eye at him she smiled and was getting to drink of that was the only time she ever admitted continuity of acquaintance — sure she sure — After the depth glass she made her way to the piano and played a few tunes to a scruching accompaniment and as the tears of her once rose to B's eyes they were kicked out by that big black bitch, Willa, who did the brothel's laundry. He offered a placatory greeting as she dragged him to the door. She did not reply — damned upitty black bitch he grumbled into the mouth of the street. But he had disappeared. He was alone and on the street again. He decided to stay where he was warmed by the soft red earth — the attentions of her or five lobbing dogs forced him to his feet.

Standing he looked up the main street and the past and present grinned maliciously at him. He shuffled up the street, looking into plate glass windows at bright pyra­mids of things, absorbed until he noticed him. A shabby old geezer in a thin red coat — bearing down on him...yapping at his coat-tails... turning suddenly the spectacle dis­appeared... and it was him — quickly the dead jumped up and left. He continued through the humpty jumble of presents every­thing looking really "SPECIAL!!!" he liked the way the soap looked like a gift great blocks of colour he was lost in a maze of gifts. What a hard bright orange feature originally the gentle lady who played the piano at the polite gatherings of the early community had been born of the death and loss and a baptism of shattered glass — a dive dove into camp-fires and festivities in countless gutters to receive the attentions of construction workers miners blacks and while she was still young the local constabulary and the old house graced by roses had peeled and shrunk behind worn kidneys so a fallen woman had shimmered and stumbled across the town's stage learning to defend herself and a long lost continuity of acquaintance — the spirit of my body entered through the open wounds — Bluey was pleased —

Sheila was anxious to nausea — a life thread dangling dangerously — she could not be saved she was going to live — the smell of vomit assailed her nostrils and she stared more fear­fully at the shrunking old dog.

A truck trundled along a bush track — a steady young boy watched carefully for over-hanging bushes stopping he got out from the cab and while his father dragged some bloodyad goat carcasses from the tray he walked to the edge of the pit — interested in the last look — a horse that was the last look — his country eyes widened slowly at the sight — an old man embraced a maggoty goat corpse and they offered up their putrid riches.
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Subscriptions: $3.35 p.a.
Single copies 95 cents.
Once upon a time seven happy people got together and painted a picture of fairyland. They had a cat, a bee, a flower, Wee Willie Winkie, a funny little man called Bobby, a doll and a heroine. When they were finished they let everyone from the real world come in. At first they were afraid that they would fuck it up but then since they were very very good they gave them some jelly beans to turn them on. AND IT WORKED! So everybody flew away and they lived happily ever after.

GRUB? What did you think of the play?
'I thought it was slack'
Why?
'I just didn't like it'
MARX?
How did you feel?
'I thought it was good, but I really didn't put much into it'
BRYN
'It played like a trout, starting gently and pulling you in, with a reward of candy at the weakest point. Now it becomes a giant party'.
BENZ
'They weren't scared of what the audience said, and it looked nice'.
Did you like it hat?
'Afterwards it was O.K.'

KATE?
'People worked together. I was amazed that the audience reacted so well, it could have been better, but I think we did well'.
BRUCE
'The audience got into it, I think I put something into it'.
INGRID
'Great', 'I came on a good note, there were only 2 or 3 kids who weren't interested'.
BOB?
'I thought it was a time when something was really going to work'.
AZTHEDA
'Lights were fun, being able to dress up, exciting to do the acting, like being in a proper play. Everyone was happy doing it'.
SALLY
'Great experience because I was able to work together with kids without directing them. I was disappointed some kids couldn't enter into the atmosphere but that's OK. I enjoyed it from a personal point of view - I was able to express myself in a way that adults are not expected.'
THE TERMS extrasensory perception (ESP), psychokinesis and para psychology in this article, relate to the investigation of phenomena which do not at present conform to known laws of physics.

Before perhaps adopting a negative attitude to para psychology we should consider the work of Valentia and Semyon Kirlian, two Soviet scientists. Over the past thirty years with the use of high speed photography, they have managed to see in living matter a secondary "energy-body", a body which the human eye cannot see. The energy-body is independently from the physical body and it is thought that this force field is the aura mediums over the past few centuries have seen around people.

Then there is the fact of hypnotism.

About 90 percent of all people can be hypnotised. You cannot hypnotise a feeble minded person. About 25 percent can be induced to the deep trance state suitable for mental telepathy. Perhaps one in a hundred will exhibit certain para-normal behavior.

I myself have tried some experiments in this area, and considered with further study. However, I found the problem of obtaining enough subjects very difficult.

Dr J. Rodney, an English medical doctor, in his book, Explorations of a Hypnotist, upon a selection of interesting cases. He writes about Mrs Baker who, when under deep hypnosis was age regressed to a period before she was born, began speaking in French. Her first name Mrs Baker had "La bire" and so on.

"Which street do you live?"
"C'est Le Rue de St Pierre."
"What do you think?"
"La bire" and so on.

Dr Rodney's comments are as follows:

"I addressed my inquiries to M. Jean-Claude Riviere, a French journalist of my acquaintance. He has followed:

when under deep hypnosis was

she was born, began speaking in French.

Dr J. Rodney's comments are as follows:

"..." C'est Le Rue de St Pierre."
"..." La bire" and so on.

The hypnotist asked, "Do you know the name of a great general?"

"Oui, Bonaparte."

"Which street do you live?"
"C'est Le Rue de St Pierre."

"What do you think?"
"La bire" and so on.

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G Georges Orwell certainly liked his beer. Couldn’t drag him away from his local hotel. “George,” they’d say, “Come home and write your book. The world’s waiting.” And he’d reply “No mate, hold on”, and went on drinking. There are claims that George invented the six-pack so he could take it to the zoo where he was researching one of his books. He used to dream about his favorite hotel. It was one of his relatives over here who brought him in ten o’clock closing.

But of course he wound up in Burma etc. for a while and it was there the dream revealed itself, that’s all it was all about. Tea. The story was all done, George knew that was, goes he was sitting in a monsoon away from his local hotel. George, firstly a china pot, which is preheated, and probably any War—

One evening — as he was wont to do to relatives over here who brought in his favorite hotel. It was one of his claims that George invented the six-pack so he could take it to the kettle, as they say, reached boiling point. Then the pot is rotated three times, and not vice versa. Sufficient water is elegantly, but speedily added. The tea pot is then rotated three times, and left to stand for a maximum of six—

George’s recipe for good tea making was simple, and probably any Marguerite lady could tell you similar: Firstly a china pot, which is preheated, is made for the number of teaspoons of tea. The common usage is one teaspoon for each participant, and one for the pot. Secondly a goodly amount of water is boiled in a similar receptacle over a gas or wood flame. Most importantly, the water must have reached boiling point. Then the pot is taken to the kettle, as they say, and not vice versa. Sufficient water is elegantly, but speedily added. The tea pot is then rotated three times, and left to stand for a maximum time of four and a half minutes.

When the tea has “drowned” it may be poured into tea cups. Milk may be added to taste. Served hot or cold — white, brown or any color. Sugar — if desired follows, maintained, succeeds only in diminishing the flavor of the tea. Note that milk is added to the tea and not in any stage the other way around. Then it is drunk. The china cups, also.

It is a delicate drink. Can you seriously compare the queen drinking coffee, which is the sort of stuff people splash on in their faces at the breakfast table before rushing for the bus? Merely a stimulant to make the pen push faster. That’s why big business has more coffee breaks, and less tea breaks. Chocolate, coke, late drinks, of course, are fit only for outhouses, children and children who need a lot of energy to smash each other round the playpen, or wherever it is they learn to grow up.

But tea is to be sipped. Quietly. Bring back the tea houses going the way. First August it may well be, and the lunar phase yet to come. That’s the one constellation of railway stations. Apart from taking you away from places, they have tea houses. Unfortunately most of them have degenerated to the teabag level. Poor George would turn in his crypt. Would he be here now, or in eleven years hence. And instant tea. Good grief what’s the world coming to.

Imagine a swagman tossing instant tea or tea bags into his hilly, somehow it’s not the same. Or even coffee. Is nothing sacred. It has the ring of an early Humphrey Bogart movie where he bounded through the window to his whites with a swig and asks you know what. Every body was too busy drinking coffee because it was an American movie. Apparently they don’t have watertight doors in Hollywood.

Ah but back to nature, back to tea, a new chapter in the history of coffee houses and cafes and to the tea houses, possibly if we desire. It comes from a plant, obviously it’s organic. The name “tea” citizen seems to be precise. Floridians in Japan, India, China. Close relations with our Asian neighbours. Down with the Common Market and Fast Food Chinos, and their “decadent” coffee beans. Talking about real tea though. Not your flea tea like Jasmine, Alfalfa (only a week ago) and dandelion, which is what you look at in gardens. They all have their pieces, but not tea. Proper tea is what it is. Official tea so that after you’ve had them, yes, you’ve had a drink. Black stuff you can put milk in. Unhygienic, as Ogney used to say, exist. (There is more to terrorism than a Himalayan crown fire at four thousand fathoms. Some time this August it may well be Col and then back again in a matter of seconds.)

Scales

ROSS HENRY

SCALES have been sliding throughout the world for many years. Most people are familiar with the sliding scale as a method of computing, e.g. wage, prices, stagecoach fares and so on, but these areas of operation form only a part of the total activity of the sliding scale.

Take the time Sir Edmund Hillary spent accompanying by Manchurian and a team of loyal Yetis, and with a meagre supply of U refs to maintain them, scaled and slid about the Western Cwm, the Lhote Face and all those othericky inhospitable places where the scorching notherlies blow constantly, the huck fires rage and life as we know it cannot exist. (There is more to terrorising sight than a Himalayan crown fire at four thousand fathoms. Some time this August it may well be Col and then back again in a matter of seconds.)

Scale 30 feet, slide 20; scale 15 feet, slide 10; that was the monotonous pattern day after day, week after week, until Sir Edmund felt himself tending up so much that he was forced to take a breather — a short respite to enjoy, as it were, an idle to the mind of a man.

That the scale in its various forms is the basis of western music is well known, but what might be fresh intelligence is the role the sliding scale has played in musical composition, particularly the works of Beethoven. Ludwig raced a whole stable of sliding scales: major, minor, chromatic, harmonic and all the rest. Usually he kept them under wraps, allowing only a few close friends to view them, and then solely through an old U boat periscope which he often happened to have handy.

However, one evening while he was strumming away at Lilli Marlene with his tuba, entertaining a conceit of music critics, disaster struck; several of his sliding scales escaped from inside the piano forte. Softly they loudly, before the horrified gaze of the audience, they did quickly to the floor, arpeggios in and out of the assembled chair legs and were out of the salon and down the corridor before anyone could say “Jack Lowenbrau”.

Beethoven was furious. He bashed the stunned critics with every note on the keyboard, hurling sonatas after sonata out through the window and into the moonlight. “Dumkopf”, he screamed, holding savagely at the first of the season’s best uprooting through the carpet. “V y did you allow them to get away? By now they will have found a hardy place, and I will have to look for them. Do you want me to diatonise?”

So upset was the maestro by the incident that he developed a severe eczema and had to take a

Sebastian Beethow

Opening farewells

Colin Talbot
MUSIC

Take the Dead to the sunshine

THE GRATEFUL DEAD: WAKE OF THE FLOOD (Grateful Dead Records, GD 01)

The Grateful Dead is above all else a consistent band. They established their identity and musical style in the hippy era of San Francisco and they have successfully weathered the trials and uncertainties which have beset their careers. They have become, without really trying, a band of international stature and they have, to some degree, been responsible for the renaissance which has been, at some times, been depressing to the fans. They are, by and large, an approachable group, who have made serious attempts to record in solo albums, and Wake of the Flood benefits from this experience.

There is something about the Grateful Dead which gives them a music a link with Australia, but I have never been able to quite put my finger on just what it is. Maybe it's something to do with the fact that California has gum trees, maybe it is the lack of polish in the Dead's music, a roughness which is quite gentle in its own way, but is thoroughly uncompromising, maybe it is because the Dead play strictly outdoors music, and always manage to sound slightly inappropriate in a living room. I have been trying to work out just what kind of setting they envisaged this album would be played in. You can't dance to it. On the other hand it makes you feel restless, even a little guilty if you just lie back and try to get into it. When it comes down to it, it's work music — put the speakers outside and plant beans, music lies down in the grass and make love music.

As we hover on the no-man's-land between nationalism and internationalism, perhaps we could make the appropriate gesture and adapt one of the songs from this album as our national anthem. They're easy to sing along with, and the sentiments are relevant.

Wake up to find out that you are the eyes of the world.

The heart has its seasons, its evenings and songs of its own.

Let's face it, grand finals would be far more liberated and honest occasions after an opening like that.

However, there is no place for sentimentality in a record review. There are no doubt some serious Dead freaks who will want to know if the new album represents a significant advance over Horridge Dance's 'Beach Boys' Favourites vol. 1 & 2. The answer is yes. Anyone who has enjoyed any of the Dead's previous albums will also appreciate this one. Wake of the Flood has a timeless quality to it. Believe that it is a large, unpretentious feel of their more recent work. It has the American Burlesque record, the general message being that no matter how bad things get, if you keep on pushing, and you will have as bad luck for what it is, humanity will ultimately prevail.

Readers of T.D. who are not familiar with the group should not feel wary about buying their record, or putting it down gently because it hasnt been released three years ago. They are, by and large an approachable band, but don't be put off, it's work music, a large ridiculous rainbow of eastern music and anthropology.

To the Wall!

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BERLIN: Lou Reed (RCA ARU 02/70)

Berlin is one of the few conceptual rock and roll albums to have followed a song adds to the pattern of tragedy. Lou Reed is weaving, yet each song is able to stand alone.

On this one album, Reed manages to convey, in his sinister New York style, every sick and sad aspect of a fractured relationship. Not a very pleasant concept perhaps, and open — as is anything innovative in pop music — to the label pretentious.

Somehow however, he pulls it off. The album opens to a haunting 1950's pop which has a background of drunken cabaret hubbub. "In Berlin by the wall... oh honey, it was paradise." Lady Day is the lady herself, who, like Billie Holiday "had to go on and sing while" she "said "no, no, no". Lou Reed sings much of the album in the role of the man in the relationship and it is not surprising that rumors have arisen about the amount of biographical material in this album, for in a sense it is far more comforting to believe Reed writes from experience than to recognize the really fine insight into the sick and jealous part of human nature that he has.

In Lady Day we see the beginnings of the relationship, with a slightly awesome view of the extraordinary, admired. "Good Fortune is Enough to tell us that the narrator doesn't really care about anything at all, though he ruminates lozely on good fortune as opposed to "poor beginnings". It is the least emotional of the group, but it does little more than set the rather detached and sinister tone as lead inductor.

Then Lady Day becomes Caroline in Caroline says (1) far more removed from the stage now, right into the bedroom.

"Caroline says that I'm just a toy. She wants a man, and not just a boy, and what is more she says she'll go and get it, catch as can, though she's already at this stage, his "Germanic Queen". In Candy Says as from the days of the Velvet Underground, Reed uses the device of developing the story line through reported speech, so that in the listener he develops an intimacy of "you, me and her". Simple enough, but very effective in the narration of a story such as this.

"Oh Jim is one of the strongest songs on the LP, with some fine drumming from Ainsley Dunbar. In this song the "you" and "me" is examined; his two bit friends — "They put you on the stage, they thought it'd be good for a laugh", and through this dives a cure all for "When you've filled up, look here with hate"... "Beat her black and blue and get it straight." With its driving chorus and gentle rocking ending, this song demonstrates Reed's original feel for interpretation of pre-Bowie rock and roll.

Next time Caroline Says (2) is "as she gets up off the floor", "You can do me a hell you want to, to face love you any more." The detached narration is unnerving on this and the following songs, as much as it directs the mounting destructiveness of the relationship. He speaks with an eerie detachment able to stand in permanent shock, a state which Reed's curiously resembles the real voice lends itself to readily.

The Kids carefully lists her sins, strolling from "the cheap officers who would stand there and flit in front of me" to "the girlfriend in from Paris" — all reasons why they are now "taking her children away". The lover makes a last attempt on his judgment, since his real preoccupation is not with his children but with:

"That miserable rotten dut (who) couldn't turn anyone away." The kids themselves only make their presence felt in the remaining end of the song, where their screams and cries for Mummy are used as instruments quite effectively to stress the disintegration and harmonium.

It's all done before, I know. Kaisen even used a real kids choir on '100 Children, but this time the feeling is more remote, more at the back of the fear of God into the listener before you have time to mock.

It is a lot of work in the place where "she lay her heart", where "our children were conceived" and "we were left alone and out of sight after". In a sense he feels revered. I would never have started if I'd known. That's end this way But funny thing, I'm not at all sad.

The eerie 2001 type synthesizer ending finally gives way to a Somewhere Over The Rainbow ending and Sad Song confirms the relief — she want Lady Day, a Germanic Queen or Maybe an English woman, for

"Just shows how wrong you can be. I'm gonna stop wasting my time, somebody else would have broken both her arms."

And dilemma thus resolved, Reed takes over the words Sad Song from the choir, transforming them from a meaningful statement to a nice happy Nilsen-like chant, a great ending for any rock song.

It is a great relief to let it down gently because it hadn't been any good.

As with Reed's Transformer, no effort has been spared in achieving the desired musical effect. Each backing musician — and they include Jack Bruce (bass), Ainsley Dunbar (drums) and Stevie Winwood (organ & harmonium) — are treated as stars, and musically there is room on the album for them to give their best. What has developed is an effect called a "London Super Star Session". At least get hold of a copy and listen. Reed's record will be enough, but give it a chance. It shows just how much of a punch a record can pull.

MARGARET MACINTYRE
I AM woman — I am in­vincible: So sings Helen Reddy. She sounds like my kind of woman. So I hassled to get a 15 minute interview.

"So sorry," says her public relations officer from J. C. Wil­liamson's, "the invitations have already gone out to the press."

"Can't you add one more to the list?"

"Sorry, it's gonna be a small scene with about 50 people. One hour later (through a haze of scissors and brandy dries Helen Reddy plus husband are regally announced into the room. She looks drawn and haggard and em­barrassed.

After the obligatory polite handshakes layers of interviewers form concentric circles round her. Then she is spun by her husband­manager to the cooler, less con­scientious journos. She seems a bit fazed but the grin is set hard:

"The problem with making it here first is that you can't make it over there (the States) straight away. They like different things over there and it takes a while to find out what they are. Yes of course it's hard — to get on the plane 'somebody' and to get out of it 'nobody' — it's a psychological trauma."

"That I am Woman song — I wrote it myself and Roy Morgan worked with me on the lyrics. At the time I'd been singing a lot and I wanted to write a song that meant something to me and that's what came out of it."

"Yes I'm interested in the womens movement. I started a consciousness-raising group in LA a couple of years ago. I just helped out with lectures and stuff. I didnt do any of the organising."

"I do quite a lot of concerts for these sort of groups. Last year I did a concert for the prisoners on Terminal Island in California. The audience response is very immediate. I like doing that kind of work."

"I'm also interested in women prisoners. Women prisoners have special problems. You see, when they go to prison they leave their kids behind. They dont know what happens to them or how they're being looked after. Unlike men prisoners who leave their children with their wives. Women prisoners have different problems that have been neglected for too long. I think it's wrong that wom­en should be jailed for prostit­ution . . ."

Whereupon her husband wins a firm strong arm around her waist and introduces her to an­other set of journos for their fifteen minute round of ques­tions. Smiles all round. All so friendly, so forced and so well managed. She's lucky to have such a husband: "I owe a lot to him for my success."

Ah well, credit where credit is due. But what about the guy who wrote the lyrics for I am Woman and worked on it with her? Roy Morgan reckons he got $2000 out of the deal. He reckons he is owed $60,000 more.

Still Helen Reddy goes on, riding high from one scene to the next, whooping out music to prisoners and the oppressed. Her concert was scheduled for the following night. I didn't go in case she sang that song . . .

JEAN BUCKLEY

O'ROURKE'S LIVING SONGBOOK

VINCENT

One day in old Oz, mate
Vincent and I
Heads pointed upwards
Up to the sky
Up to the sky
Heads pointed upwards
Up to the sky

Feeling quite sexy
I don't know why
Vince it's you who
Just you, mate, and I
Just you and me, mate
Just you and I . . .

Got to the brothel
Feeling quite gay
Turning to Vince I said
"It's your turn to pay, mate,"

Your turn to pay, mate
Your turn to pay etc . . .

The girl at the brothel
Said "what's for my dears?"

Then turning to Vince she said
"My, what funny ears."

What funny ears, mate
What funny ears etc . . .

Urges all gone now
We felt quite turned off
Vince ran all the way home
And he cut his ear off
Cut his ear off, mate
Cut his ear off etc . . .

It fair put me off, mate
It put me over . . .
No more I'll go whoring
With Vincent: Van Gogh
Vincent: Van Gogh, mate
Vincent: Van Gogh etc . . .

\[ D=O \]

One day in old Oz, mate
Vin-cent and I
Heads pointed up­wards up to the sky

\[ D=O \]

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THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS, November 6-12, 1973 — Page 23
**STEPHEN WALL**

This column aims at exploring the values and possibilities of Australian and overseas information systems. We propose: in this issue, all information is tampered with by special interest groups, that is more important than the source.

The National Library of Australia publishes a book each year called Current Australian Serials. It has great potential as an information source for the selected list of Australian serials in print and aims to provide the necessary details to intending subscribers. It covers all subject areas, the basis for selection being the reference and search value of articles within each publication. More to the point is a list of magazines with subscription details.

If your interests are aroused by the thought of 1973 Australian periodicals on topics such as food technology, gardening, films, fashion, demography, sport, water, upholstery, politics and overseas, you're still going. It is available at all city offices of the Australian Government Publishing Service or send 50c to Alternative Press, 15 Lloyd Avenue, Melbourne 8301, for this month's issue.

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- **Broadmeadows Town Hall, Searles Rd, Broadmeadows:** Searles Rd, Broadmeadows Town Hall. Big Finish, Whitehorse Rd, Melbourne Town Hall.
- **Cnr Springvale & Heatherton Rds, Seaford:** Cnr Springvale & Heatherton Rds, Seaford. Waltzing Matilda, 116-120 Glenferrie Rd, Hawthorn.
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**THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS**

The first listing of the week's events in Melbourne. Next week, Sydney too. (Other grand metropolises later.) **MELBOURNE MONITOR:** Chris & Eva 51.9563, P. O. Box 20, 335 Bourke St, Melbourne. Admission by subscription only $10 per week. **FILMS**

- **St Peter's, 1 MacArthur St, East:** St Peter's, 1 MacArthur St, East.
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Going to Ground

PETER H. EDWARDS

Shrewdies have got it worked out that they can live off their technological society while enjoying the benefits of rural life. Unfortunately, they are hooked on the over-producing society. Without the buying power generated by an exploitative economy there wouldn't be those very convenient injections of cash. I mean, if everyone was making their own sandwiches where would you be?

One thing must be said for the Earthlings: they are aesthetic. They appreciate the smell of soil, the touch of natural fibres and the vital flavor of unprocessed food. Alas! Such sensitivity bespeaks an intelligent and alert mind. A mind which needs stimulus, conversation, controversy, contact with other minds... whereas hoeing, weeding, fencing and moving irrigation pipes are such bloody boring tasks.

Animals mean fresh milk, eggs, butter. They also mean substituting the nine to five grind with a six to six grind. Now this is another reason why natural living enthusiasts find themselves moving back to the ratrace. Rats get to like racing, see? Of course the problem of lack of mental stimulus could be overcome by having a commune. This also gets over the problem of shortage of manpower and skills. But who knows a commune that has worked? And I don't mean for six months.

Did I say aesthetic? Well maybe this is an exaggeration. An appreciation of the beauty of Nature requires an appropriate response. I mean if you are going to live with Nature why build the shabbiest and most garish of manmade structures? Yes, those dome shack shelters and fencing, you will find them. It's quite likely you will see anything more like the town dump? And isn't it funny how these wire-string and galvanised iron virulocous always want to get them, selves a piece of "untouched" bush to start up their ramshackle enterprises? It seems to me that anyone with a genuine feeling for Nature would appreciate how little and how precious is the remnant of untouched bushland in Australia, and keep their shanties out of it.

Of course it is hard to get cheap land, and rundown properties or bush seem to be the only possibilities for people who can't or won't save enough for an established farm. So when you buy your bargain block of bush and property full of stock and equipment and food. A higher living standard on, say, a rundown property which is livable and useable but needs some loving care?

Naturally, you won't want to spend money on a highly developed property full of stock and improvements you don't really need. What should you look for then? It is worth considering that some rather decrepit farms are not ecologically damaged. That is, the soils and vegetation may be in good condition. The farmer may have quite because of bad economic conditions, not bad husbandry.

But how are you going to do what he failed to do? Yes you're going to live simply. Economics doesn't bother you. Well, how about rates and freight charges? Sometimes, sometimes, you are going to have to draw up a balance sheet, so it will pay to start some calculations before you buy.

So before you start drawing the plans for your "hogan" or whatever, think carefully about the type of country you want to live in, its climate, soils, distance from rail, schools and hospitals.

How will you get your produce to market? What are the local problems? Is the district overrun with rabbits, blackberry, skeleton weed, Indian hemp... you could be in trouble. Be suspicious. Is it really cheap? Doesn't anyone else want it? Why? Why did the last owner leave? How do nearby properties compare in price? Talk to the locals. See the department of agriculture. They can save you much time, money and disappointment.

Best of all, work on a property for long enough to find out if the life suits you, before you sink your hard earned cash. See you in ten years time . . .
Melbourne. Female, attractive, attached male to 45. INC box view and know a younger/older Melbourne. Would any younger feelings and interests. No outings he says, like weekends away with drop outs, for reliable sincere small home, inner suburb, seeks Melbourne. Mere male, 33, own Bathurst. Dishy professional guy, gentle student, 21, and male. INC box view. Therefore. Discretion assured and respected. Melbourne. Male, 48, tall, slim, who is generally anti social, loves music, art, movies, points of view, aged between 20-35. Phone appreciated. Contact INC box 603. Melbourne. Ms, mid 30s, wanted life loving girl, 25-35, for companion and disinclined towards who is generally anti social, loves music, art, movies, points of view, aged between 20-35. Must be ‘well educated and discreet’ swinger contact. Members only. Send SAE for details. Phone or write for oblige- 489.2413 (AH). Melbourne. Female, 25-35, as a maths tutor, after school hours. Phone or write for obligation. Phone 602.8095. Melbourne. Female, 18, would like to have a cuddle buddy, mixed household. Near transport. $130.00 per month. Call Gordon Meggs on 665.9280 or 489.2413 (AH). Melbourne. Male, 52, tall, dark, frustrated, own home, seeks femme to 50 who appears only in INC box 6026. Melbourne. Male, 48, tall, dark, seeks femme to 50 who wishes to meet same (or anything else) coach, after school hours. Phone appreciated. Phone 603. Melbourne. Female, 31, wants a fuller life. Melbourne. Tall, handsome, seeks female for serious dalliance, friendship. All replies answered. INC box 6016. Melbourne. Male, 27, interested in meeting a female, seeks younger female same age, would like to get away from it all and find some real values in living. You’ D make me laugh. INC box 5989. Melbourne. Male, 25, interested in meeting a female, seeks younger female same age, would like to get away from it all and find some real values in living. You’ D make me laugh. INC box 5989. Melbourne. Male, 25, interested in meeting a female, seeks younger female same age, would like to get away from it all and find some real values in living. You’ D make me laugh. INC box 5989. Melbourne. Female, 38, seeking same-aged male, seeks genuine, discreet, sensitive, intelligent, seeks similar, for private and committed relationship. INC box 603. Melbourne. Male, 27, tall, dark, seeks femme to 50 who appears only in INC box 6026. Melbourne. Female, 38, seeking same-aged male, seeks genuine, discreet, sensitive, intelligent, seeks similar, for private and committed relationship. INC box 603. Melbourne. Male, 27, tall, dark, seeks femme to 50 who appears only in INC box 6026. Melbourne. Female, 38, seeking same-aged male, seeks genuine, discreet, sensitive, intelligent, seeks similar, for private and committed relationship. INC box 603. Melbourne. Male, 27, tall, dark, seeks femme to 50 who appears only in INC box 6026. Melbourne. 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Taking a little knowledge

THANKS for your good remarks on Divine Light Mission. But please don't go on about virtues of jewels, gold teeth etc. People still believe you if you tell them things like that.

And also, there is no esthetics or indifference likely here, brother, though I can understand your fear. Check out Divine United Organization, being launched in less than a month at Millennium 73 in Houston. Texas. It will coordinate the thousands and thousands now working really hard around the world to bring peace to this planet. There are travel services, bulk food, printing, clothing, filming, construction, bindery products, and lots of other trips going. And no one is making money out of it, nor even Guru Maharaj Ji.

After all the gurus followed by our beloved, nebulous counter culture, it's so good to have a permanent one when the others were really good, but Maharaj Ji has that special something that special knowledge which turns one in oh so blissfully quite respectable. So good to be going up. You can rationalize a thousand reasons to do with crunches and security blankets of an unanswerable philosophy, a big organization, and such things. But really the knowledge just gives you that far out, active, loving, warm, Kelloggs Corn Flakes feeling 24 hours a day. Thats why Divine Light Mission is such a great trip.

You just watch to see if Maharaj Ji and his men end in "an egocentric self". Just watch!

When DLM is examined, and the honor of my devotion to this 15 year old is overcome, satisfaction usually ensues. The "matrix of social reality" you spoke of is recognised and instructed by Maharaj Ji.

Allowing for the absence of certain overly indulgent distractions which we once dog. I think that Guru Maharaj Ji is the epitome of all the purest desires we had for better individually and a better world. I dont think this because I'm some kind of fascist, or because consciousness-raising and social awareness have gone off at a sort of strange Indian tangent. But because at the depth of my despair about what we and we could get together ... "the already fading optimism of a generation" (if I've got the phrase right) which R·N. spoke of at the O2 trials... at the realisation that we just weren't doing it, that it was only our minds, when removed from the matrix of social reality, that, briefly, were experiencing any sort of Utopia - at this almost numbing realisation, Guru Maharaj Ji found me.

Inst this what the counter-culture has been waiting for? I think it is, to a detail. Notice how therefore just a coun­ter-culture consciousness anymore. The Alternative now comprise the younger brothers and sisters of the old gang (petering their orginics in the Adelaide Hills). The old gang's members are working writing, dead, planting, retired, eating, overseas, straight - anything but what they were, and anything but together. So what do we go on? Read The Living Daylights! Definitely! But also take the knowledge... go on.

JOHN MACGREGOR,
Sydney, NSW

Casting the first germ

In Medieval Europe there were no processed foods, no chemical ferti­lizers, no pesticides. Everything was pure and organic, including the plague germ which killed 75,000,000 people in about four years. While the rich ones were escaping to their towers and castles, the simple peasants, the Na Cl of the earth, were dying like flies.

In the 18th century, 60,000,000 Europeans died of smallpox. Smallpox kills very few today. Maybe the vaccine (a dose of cowpox) works. It's better to run the infinitesimal risk of dying from the vaccine than have much higher chances of dying in the event of an epidemic.

The number of "wonder drugs" on the market is going up. The average life span is going up. So the average more people than ever are following nature's rules. Because less people are eating unprocessed food than in 1900.

I agree with parts of the article; that drug companies put money before people, that too many people are consumed pill-takers. But that "forget about the germ" stuff is crap.

BACTERIA BILL

Niugini nonsense

I an stocks' Niugini kids in time the most emotional and over-simplified piece I have read in a long time is this.

Apparantly intoxicated with the romantic aspects of violent revolution to averge the real (and fancied) wrongs of the young educated minority, he has conveniently ignored the wishes and needs of the majority of the Papuan-New Guinea population.

Having recently returned after a term in Papua-New Guinea as a "ruth less, brutal, etc." lizard (piddin term for Police Officer), during which I did a great deal of travel by foot and nose whatever by sports out, I would be the first to agree that administrative errors aplenty have been made and that a system more oriented towards traditional values is required.

However, before a society can be changed it must first exist in a viable form and the creation of a Papua-New Guinea society is still in the balance. As an artificial and fragile colonial creation Papua-New Guinea is unlike to survive as a going concern unless the various secessionist groups are willing to forget their 'I'm all right, Jack' ambitions. In a society in which education is accorded an almost mystical significance, the opinions and ideas of the educated youth are given far more credence than would normally be the case in a more sophisticated situation.

If these young fortunes actually insist in the creation of a homogeneous society in Papua-New Guinea then its survival as a functional unit is possible; if not, then selfish and ascetic tendencies expectedly handed by Haunet, Kastaniopoulos and company (which didn't include Josephine Hayha for some strange reason) as loused by the ruler will almost certainly result in political chaos in an independent state.

If the Night of the Long Knives, when counter-culture consciousness was the epitome of all the purest desires to change it must first exist in a viable form. It must be conveniently ignored the wishes and needs of the majority of the Papua-New Guinea population.

R. N. spoke of at the O2 trials... at the realisation that we just weren't doing it, that it was only our minds, when removed from the matrix of social reality, that, briefly, were experiencing any sort of Utopia — at this almost numbing realisation, Guru Maharaj Ji found me.

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JOHN MACGREGOR,
Sydney, NSW

Gumboot children

DEAR Harry Gumboot,

I am 49 years old, travelled and childful with many friends, few re­sponsibilities, and an inflated sense of certainty, etc.

Most of my approximate peer groups are proud parents, and I CAN understand why! Their kids are mirrors of themselves. I agree with your gen­eral views about kids - except for one or two minor points. OB Plaus (so far) out of 7 kids), so here's one theory down your gumboot, mate. Maybe you just dont mix with the night crowd. I must be honest and say I dont understand much for other people's kids as not so much the kids themselves, as the big nuclear family bit. It must be hell down there with no separate iden­tity for each individual. This is very much a learned technique - to estab­lish separatees within the group - but try to encourage other groups in this, and you face an uphill battle. Again, not so much with the kids, but the parents, who want to see some­thing for their time and money - this means love and dependence.

Your hypothesis is correct in the cosmic purpose of kids. Despite this, the birthrate races wildly upwards. Seems you'll have go through it, Harry, like pimpls and wet-dreams, tranquilizing and tripping - it's all part of a big process. Maybe you should happen along here sometime, to my human group, and we would reassure you - that here's the bow and arrows, not arability. Yours in sincerity,
BETH, Sydney, NSW

Nobel facts

O BJECT STRONGLY LIVING DAYLIGHTS REFERENCE MY RANTINGS GET YOUR FACTS STRONGLY LIVING DAYLIGHTS REFERENCE MY RANTINGS GET YOUR FACTS STRONGLY LIVING DAYLIGHTS REFERENCE MY RANTINGS GET YOUR FACTS STRONGLY LIVING DAYLIGHTS REFERENCE MY RANTINGS GET YOUR FACTS STRONGLY LIVING DAYLIGHTS REFERENCE MY RANTINGS GET YOUR FACTS STRONGLY LIVING DAYLIGHTS

MAUREEN FREER,
Mystic-Brisbane

Oh thank you! Rarely does anyone so unreservedly try to recover from my rant, and even I know about years and "the correctness" of language forms. The little exchange between Ruth Gregory, Grant Evans, Shy Stanton and Richard whack, name did a lot for my mind. But I felt that a few things were left unsaid.

And that I those would somehow explain to me what maxim means, or as, but did he have a list of bloody things. I really don't see how one can shut your eyes on life in one man's treatment of some specific problems.

Similarly with fascism, communism, mysticism, feminism: all meaningless terms. I often don't know what the exact meaning is. I can't give you the specifics and people instead of existing "isms".

And I think that RG, GE and SE's total rejection of mysticism results from an inaccurate conception of what's going on. Certainly organised mysticism, headed by some smarter who have the heart, apotropaics like Guru Maharaj Ji telling me how to run my life, as of no real use to anyone. Unless they're looking for an escape.

But... this morning I watched the sun rise. Talk to me about mysticism or rationalism then and I'll kick your teeth in (figuratively speaking),
ROBERT VAN KRIEKEN

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THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS, November 6-12, 1973 — Page 27
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