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Breaking bodies at Long Bay

Blissed out at the Astrodome

Bugging kids at Blacktown

Boredom at the polling booth
THE ARMED FORCES OF THE RARE

CONTINUING THE SAGA OF THE LIVING LEGEND IN HIS OWN LIFETIME

Prime Minister Gough Whitlam entered an action packed week, involving drunks, insults and apprehension by donning the medium of steam radio to tell grateful listeners that some of his ministers talked too much and found it gratifying to give headlines for their remarks. Not surprisingly, not only did his remarks about his ministers make headlines, but he got his picture in the paper as well.

JOY THROUGH PAIN:
Having watched the New South Wales branch of the Australian Labor party go down like a sack of potatoes in that state's election, political commentators said the result represented a very strong psychological booster for the Labor party. Everyone within the movement expected Labor to lose by far more votes. Pat Hills, the leader of the luckless group, said petulantly it was all the fault of his federal colleagues, but a smiling Sir Robert Askin said it was all the fault of the workers. Now that he has won, one hopes that Sir Robert will resist the further temptation to good the workers into a series of annoyance strikes and that ordinary New South Welshmen can get on with the business of uninterrupted living for a while.

YOU DON'T SAY: Dr Boyes Naude, director of South Africa's Christian Institute, who has been accused of being a "tool of the communists" said prime minister Vorster was prejudiced against his organisation because it did not support the official doctrine of apartheid.

SEEING GOOD WHERE EVERYONE ELSE EXISTS: Federal treasurer Frank Crean stated that the latest monthly food price increase of 0.6 percent was a good thing because it was the smallest rise for some time. Doubters if the index ever falls the overjoyed Mr Crean will declare a holiday for all and distribute bags of foodstuffs from the steps of parliament house.

STRIKED BY THE SAME DISEASE: Britain's prime minister, Edward Heath, explaining why his country's bank rate now stands at 13 percent, its overdraft rate at 18 percent, why its trade deficit was almost $500 million and why it has been necessary for the government to assume emergency powers because of the worsening fuel crisis, said it was because the country had become too successful. In a wildly tongue in cheek statement, Mr Heath said: "We are more competitive than at any time since the end of the last war."

THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION IS AT LAST AT HAND:
Unmarried mothers should be allowed to enter the Miss Australia contest, the present holder of this wondrous fat cat award, one Ms Randy Baker. But she added that the unmarried mums who were thinking of entering should make sure that their children didn't suffer because of their stroll along the catwalk.

KEEPING THEM OUT: Mr Alan Cranston, minister for immigration, has released figures which showed that the proportion of colored migrants arriving here has not increased since last December, despite the Labor party's claim that White Australia doesn't exist. The figures show that out of 26,000 assisted passages over the period, only 14 were granted to people from Asian countries.

SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN: A government survey has revealed that many child dreads rag books contained concentrations of lead, meaning that they can be dangerous if eaten. However, as the world shortage of raw materials has now officially hit Santa's North Pole toy shop it would appear that the problem will not be with us for much longer.

GOOD AND THE CSR COVES THOSE WORSE TEETH FALL OUT: Prime minister Whitlam, the Queensland state Labor party and Northern Development minister Dr Patterson all sang the praises of sugar following unwarranted attacks on it by federal health minister Dr Everingham who some time ago described it as a "second rate food, a third rate drug and a third rate poison". Whitlam said that Everingham was more than a fool, Patterson said that rum, sugar and onion juice was good for one, the Queensland state Labor party said that it didn't want to know the man for attacking the life blood of the state. In the midst of all this uproar the fact that Dr Everingham was right about sugar was entirely overlooked by those who defended him.

UMP YOU SWINE: Teenagers want to commit suicide than young women when romance turned sour Mr K. M. Waller has pronounced. Commenting on the case of a young gentleman who found that life was too much for him, the good Mr Waller opined that young men tended to be slightly more overemotional about love than young girls, who it appears are made of far sterner stuff.

HIT THEM WHILE THEY'RE DOWN: Some political commentators held that the Royal Victorian Hospital in South Australia have been starved, drugged and placed in solitary confinement. If they are mistaken, the chairman of the citizens commission on human rights, Mr A. Youngman, claimed in Adelaide. They're shortly going to bring back open days on Sundays for mental illness then we'll all be able to have a happy Sunday poking the patients with sticks.

STING THEM WHILE THEY'RE DOWN: The Commonwealth Serum Laboratories plan to use human guinea pigs to test the efficacy claim vaccines developed for use against the venom of the sea wasp. Unfortunately a group of monkeys who were used in one of the early experiments suffered severely.

Subscriptions

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THE KENNEDY CURSE

2 — THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS, November 20-26, 1973
ON November 8, 9, 10, in between the Melbourne Cup and the royal wedding, the Divine Light Mission held a festival. Millennium 73, in Houston, Texas, as a platform for Guru Maharaj Ji's plans for world peace. Five hundred devotees turned up. The event was virtually ignored by the press.

Rennie Davis, field Marshal for the 60s peace movement and defendant at the Chicago trial, where youth, the Left, and the dreams of the new world stood before an inflexible and incorrigible order. Davis's speech to the bench, an impassioned plea to stop the Vietnam war, still rang in the ears of the thousands following the '68 Chicago riots of demonstrators who massed together in Washington in 1971 under his guidance in a concerted and successful effort to close down the nation.

Last year on a visit to Paris to meet Madame Binh, Paris Peace Talks negotiator, he met with devotees of the Guru Maharaj Ji and subsequently acquired the knowledge.

On the second day at the Astrodome (where rain falls when the air conditioning is turned off) Rennie sauntered into the press boxes. He was very relaxed, his face often lit by a beauteous smile or broad grin. Gone were all the hassles of the Chicago trial, the trips to Vietnam and the peace demonstrations. We sat down and by the time I had my tape rolling, about 30 reporters and photographers had gathered. He laughed. He was obviously enjoying himself. He answered all the questions slowly and carefully.

... AND THEN HE BLISSED ME

MICHAEL MCDONALD talks to
Rennie Davis in Houston

What is Guru Maharaj Ji doing at Millennium?
He's offering the greatest scoop in the world. He has not sold a single newspaper that has caught on.

What is the meaning of the '73 Paris Peace Talks?
The human mind cannot comprehend the unthinkable. It's interesting to me because reporters have a personal ethic about objectivity. There's a claim being made here, the authenticity of which is being observed objective by reporters as you directly observe of his or her experience. You go out and you see it as you can, you write it, and then you have your statement of fact. And we're making a big statement, the Lord is on the planet and Guru Maharaj Ji has brought with him the tools for altering human consciousness, to bring about a physiological as well as spiritual transformation. Anyone who would like to come and find out can easily come and find out.

A professional newsgman goes into an interview, He is not Democrat, Republican or Protestant. He doesn't have a family, he has nothing. He is totally empty and void, waiting to receive. So you have come in with your hat pulled quarter down. If you came in empty, open like a human being, you would go away with the greatest gift personally and the greatest piece of news ever.

He has to personally invent his emotions and his mind.

You invent your experience. A claim is being made here. The only way to know is by the evidence, that is, what is Guru Maharaj Ji saying? Guru Maharaj Ji is saying that the reason we have a crazy, crazy world is that they have no answer to "What is God?" If people knew God is omniscient, omnipotent, there would be no need for sherriffs and policemen, because people would understand each other, but they only believe, they don't know. So we go around in our confusion, saying I do this and I say that. The idea that there's that a force behind every action is hidden. But Guru Maharaj Ji says, would anybody like to know? And the immediate reaction is oh, it's another religion. It's not the God we know about God, and we all know about religions; they're just leaps of faith.

Guru Maharaj Ji says, no, I haven't come to establish a religion, my theory is that you shouldn't believe without proof. And that's right in line with a reporter, Guru Maharaj Ji says, I've got the proof, it's right inside. All I do is show you how to use it. Mr. Newman I've got a box here and there's a hole in the box. If you take a look in there you can see God. And you say, come along man, don't give me that, that's crazy. But eight million people came up, took a look and will tell, I saw God, and they include every crew, every nation, nationality, they include everything, all anti-religious, all the religions, and why don't you take a look? And that is precisely what is being said here: that God is in a human body.

Guru Maharaj Ji is basically saying, I can give you peace and we can bring peace to the world, and this is an opportunity for the press to help out. Any enterprising reporter can easily put together from the satsang of Guru Maharaj Ji, or the publications of the DLM a little synopsis of this century. The trouble with reporters is that we basically have our prayers, and we are basically ignorant. What we do is put people in categories and the category here is Guru, religion, a kind of in between one because he rents the Astrodome, he has a rock band, does a Rolls Royce and he gets an ulcer and he's supposed to be perfect. These things make interesting newscaps. He says we're not here to discuss the problems of Watergate, we're here to find solutions. Now what does that mean?

Guru Maharaj Ji is basically saying, what is the human condition? What is the nature of this outside world is the direct product of our minds, and now science is beginning to suggest that mind over matter is a law of cosmology. Guru Maharaj Ji says that our minds are actually connected and we, by our minds, create this planet, this environment that we live in, and consequently our minds are directly responsible for Watergate, for war, for human suffering, for misery.

He says that in order for there to be peace in the world we have to understand what it is that we need a solution that basically comes to grips with what is causing war and misery and difficulty in the world. The actual solution is to create minds that are peaceful, and if everyone had perfect minds then that would be the end of war. It is a law of nature that there would be peace outside and that everyone would actually disagree with this. This is like the kingdom of heaven on earth is the reality.

What we must do is to take our minds out of the ego, out of the arrogant idea that we are the masters of the universe, and instead into our souls - which is actually who we are, which is actually what creates the universe and this idea that we were before we were born and what we will be after we die. Guru Maharaj Ji says that generation of the 60s was proclaimed from the streets of this country, through searches into the minds, and now science is beginning to suggest that the fact that this earth is part of a much larger living organism.

What do your colleagues in the Chicago Seven trial feel about it?
We're the Chicago. Nine first of all, my two lawyers have been added to the defendants. Well their reaction is probably pretty much my own when I first heard about Guru Maharaj Ji. They were immediately hostile and pretty closed.

Looking back from this perspective, how do you view the trial and what led to it?
I have a view now of the 60s, and I also have a view of American history that I think we all come to share together. My view of the 60s is that it was a period of vision, a hope that was articulated sometimes from communes, from the streets of this country, thoughts that this was a time of the end of drugs.

There has been a lot of scepticism from the press today and other times. Guru Maharaj Ji is offering so much for so little.

You could say that about itself.

The mind has a lot of resistances, He
comes on last night — I'm trying to think from the point of view of an outsider, I'm just blown out by the whole thing. Here is Guru Maharaj Ji on top of a stage in the Houston Astrodome and saying it is time we brought peace to the world. I've never heard such a vision before. I can't get this vision out of my mind. It's just amazing. Last night I dreamed things were going to get a lot better and I felt a lot better, but today I've given up on this dream. I feel let down. I feel the dream has been let in on the secret yet.

1. And Guru Maharaj Ji, he mixes his leadership, and provides housing instead of automobiles and the problems of human beings.
2. And most people give up dope not because they have had this Knowledge, and are beginning to have some glimpse of what its possibilities mean. Consequently, if this Knowledge is given the chance to unfold, it will continue to be a guiding light for people in the world, how people can live through the experience of this Knowledge.

Page 4 — THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS, November 20-26, 1973

End of the world is due soon.

Be prepared.

FROM November 1973 through January 1974 a great comet will be visible in the sky. The next great comet will be Comet Kohoutek, after Herr Lubos Kohoutek of Hamburg Observatory who discovered the apparatus in back in 1973, it may well be the most spectacular natural phenomenon any of us will witness. The Sept/Oct issue of the Occult Gazette reports that the comet can be detected by the Virgin Solar Helium Fire which is present at the present time. The telescope at the Nucleus of the Fire, where the comet Kohoutek is going to be made known to one and all. Comet Kohoutek is now the prime scientific objective of SkyLab 4. Other spacecraft will also observe the comet: a Mariner vehicle through TV cameras; Pioneer 8 by transmitting radio signals through the comet's tail; Copernican satellite with spectroscopy to study the temperature of the comet's core, and providing clothing and building housing, hospitals and schools that will help to bring about the world. The ashram is really the spiritual gate and the economic crisis? Was it a natural phenomenon? Was it a man-made phenomenon? Was it an act of God? We would not know. After all, how does one know what kind of a God is God? We do not know.

I feel very deeply about them all. Is there any way to peace in poverty, that would be satisfactory?

I. In the 1960s, you were concerned with social class and race. How do you feel about issues like that now?

2. I have had my conferences to figure out what to do next?


4. In the 1960s, you were concerned with social class and race. How do you feel about issues like that now?

5. What is the correct analysis of what constitutes a counter-institution and institutions for dealing with that suffering? What is the correct organisation and leadership for dealing with that suffering?

6. And by correct I don't mean any leftwing term, but correct in a scientific or objective way. We're trying to suggest that Guru Maharaj Ji is putting forward a correct strategy and is offering a correct and perfect leadership.

Are you the political arm of Divine Light Mission?

No, I'm a devout person. Is there a political arm?

I. I am a father and the child is getting close to this. Is this the most fantastic place I've ever seen in my life. I think it will be a combination of building examples of how the world can be as well as doing work in the world through feeding people and providing clothing and building houses, hospitals and schools that will begin to show people what we're sincere, what we're about.

In the Movement we had the idea of counter-institutions and tried to build examples: our examples were always a little screwed up, they never quite came off as directly as we had hoped. The reason that the political left came to reject the idea of counter-institutions and political strategy was it didn't come to grips with the fundamental problem of power in the society. You could provide a beautiful city out here where everyone could be in peace and joy. But what if the military, what about the people who maintained their livelihood off the mass of war? We are very much out of touch, and that's a natural consequence of where we try to create the best kind of environment for the realisation of this Knowledge. This is truly is the spiritual centre for Divine Light Mission.

I believe the reason why there is collision with the government is that the government set aside certain things we are very confused about right now, in order to focus on the main thing, and as we come to realise the Knowledge then we will investigate what is the relationship of men and women.

Why do you give up dope?

Most people give up dope not because Guru Maharaj Ji says, simply because when we take this Knowledge and meditate on it, we find it difficult to do before drop away, quite naturally.

For example after I received Knowledge about the space project, in the United States, I was in a room and a pipe was going round, and I thought, well I should have been in space already. But I just tried a little bit and it became a lot easier. After doing this for a while I just found it to be and it's a better trip. Really it's the ultimate trip and people give up drugs because they want to do, they want to escape, otherwise they would have had this Knowledge, and are beginning to have some glimpse of what its possibilities mean. Consequently, if this Knowledge is given the chance to unfold, it will continue to be a guiding light for people in the world, how people can live through the experience of this Knowledge.

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IT TOOK the dynamic per-
formance of Harry Jago (a
warm hand), permanent smile, Pat Askin (the Hamer or-
derly) to let the voting public
know that it was indeed election
time in NSW.
Harry forgot to nominate for
his seat — the safest Liberal seat in the
state. "Harry never forgets a
face, or a name," his admirers used to
say.
Harry's forgetfulness means he
is out of parliament and as health
minister he rated about number
four or five in the Askin lineup of
henchmen. Harry, who looks like a
good Catholic priest, is a con-
scientious lay preacher, represented
the low Anglican-Presbyterian, rose
garden area of Gordon — enough
miles up to Sydney's north
shore that when money speaks
they still criticize its accent.
Just like most people in NSW,
where the reactionary conser-
vatism of the main political
parties is only marginally differ-
cent, Harry forgot about the
elections.
Harry found out about his
memory blank while having lunch,
an official lunch, representing the
NSW government, sitting next to Syd Einfeld who was representing
the opposition. Syd and Harry were
talking shop and Syd men-
tioned that the state had been
opposed in his seat of Waverley by
outstandinger, I think, the gay
Lib candidate, Martin Smith.
Harry asked Syd how he knew all
that and Syd replied that nominations
would stand for election had
closed that very day, just before
lunch.
Harry's mouth dropped, reveal-
ing a piece of meat only half
chewed. A quick gulp and he
rushed to the nearest phone, rang
his local electoral office and the
fact was confirmed. But true to
the end, Harry remained a politi-
cian, returned to his luncheon seat
and nodded confidantly to Syd:
"It's all ok now." Which of course
it wasn't and for the next couple
doctors he could barely speak, keeping
away from the usual political
quiet talk of publicity.
But Harry set the theme (Askin
produce) at the Askin Opera House,
and he was missed most by the press gallery
of NSW parliament who, like the
Green Chatau of Eurogates, got
onto the theme of Harry's view of his
own stylish presence in open-
table and sing to the
his seat — the safest Liberal seat in
the state. "Harry never forgets a
name that knows that certain
people are getting a rake-off and
that it might win a vote or two if
they played things right.
Pat Hills, almost unanimously
declared by his own party to be a
loser and who will be dropped
from his leadership of the ALP for
losing the election, started to
stretch himself a little earlier this
year and with other ALP members
started mumbleings about Mafia
influences in legal clubs — who
got the take from the illegal clubs
— and about general corruption in
government and of police com-
plexity.
Even though the whole brutal-
ty, bashings, standover tactics
and the rest go on and the law is
blatantly ignored, there was some
shift against Askin among the
voting populace.
Sir Robin began losing out
among the believers of the system
so he ordered a Royal Commiss-
in to investigate "ludicrous claims in
NSW clubs". The Royal Com-
in is still going and most people have forgotten about it.
Get the idea?
Norrie (who changed his name
to the more manly Bob)
when he gave himself a knight-
hood, has known that certain
gamblers and as a fan of the turf
(just like Henry Bolte) still likes
to make a mint out of photo sales.
Sir Robin has meantime got on to
the real big problems of people
already living in houses with
families and who have young
children. He offered a reward for a
vicious pet killer haunting the
city but the police are so muddled
again it was election time when
that happened.
And there was the rush to the
polls to void the $10 fine for not
voting, returning the same old
mob. It makes no real difference
anyway.

Feeding time at the
Macquarie St pig pen
YRKONE FOYLE fears for NSW

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The BLF's green ban, the
recent power strike and train
strikes are taken by Sir Robin to
mean industrial lawlessness and to
help prevent any such repeats he is
promising law to jail unionists
or strike-breakers who are deter-
mined to be disputes concerning
essential services.

This time any big demonstra-
tions shipping away at the corner-
stones and tearing away at facades
(no sense in establishment cliches
to worry about long-haired stu-
dents anymore) so its got to be the
unions and resident action
groups. The last time Sir Robin
pulled the strings and order he began
losing votes and he seems to have
forgotten once again that law and
any real to those people who are
not getting bashed by the cops,
robbed by the cops and not seeing
that there was yet bashed and robbed by other people.

He seems unaware that a lot of
people know of what really goes
on, or are willing to believe it does
— from freaks dealing with the
NSW drug squad to the pro-
prietors of strip clubs and gambling
clubs.

The industrial lawlessness
was perhaps just an appeal to the
electorate. Sir Robin expressed
hope a few added votes might
join in.

But the Big Issue to both the
Askin government and the ALP is
the price of land and the cost of
buying a house.

Things haven't changed — pri-
vately or publicly — between the
two parties. The individual
needs to make it, get married,
down and buy a house.

No, there's no thinking at the
state level of the political ma-
chines about there just not being
private ownership of land. Its still
the same bumb to the young
home-seekers: Get trapped in the
western plains of Sydney sub-
arb, 30 miles from the Bex
factory. Big-off real estate con-
tinues to smile, knowing it is still
in control.

But those seeking houses are
being "we will do better than
the other party and get you a
cheaper house". Sir Robin has
meantime got on to the real
tag problems of people
already living in houses with
families and who have young
children.

He offered a reward for a
vicious pet killer haunting the
city but the police are so muddled
again it was election time when
that happened.

And there was the rush to the
polls to void the $10 fine for not
voting, returning the same old
mob. It makes no real difference
anyway.
The Blacktown School of Hard Knocks

Drop in at the Drop In Centre

Dropping in at the Drop In Centre

The Blacktown Drop In Centre in the western suburbs of Sydney will be启用in December at the Blacktown Shopping Centre complex. The project is being run by the local council and the school authorities.

A theatre might be built on the site. A theatre on that site could be a centre for community activities and also provide a venue for school performances. The centre will provide a venue for community events and also provide a venue for school performances.

One of the night raiders sensed that the police were on to him. He left the scene and fled. The raiders then searched the area and found evidence of the raid.

The Blacktown Drop In Centre will be启用in December.

The Blacktown Drop In Centre will be启用in December.
WENDY BACON and LIZ FELL

WE REMEMBER being rather stunned two years ago when, at the height of the demand for an inquiry into the Bathurst jail batters, the Sydney Sun, at the request of NSW justice minister Maddison, published a series of photos MADE IN JAIL - DEADLY ARSENAL - these pictures show some of the weapons made in NSW jails. Only in tiny print was the information that all the weapons had in fact been made by one man who died in Maitland jail some time before. A crude public relations trick.

Green, one of the Bathurst cons who had been bashed (used to be a member of the Penal Reform Council but is now president of PAG - the Prisoners Action Group), was also stunned. "I actually thought he was playing fair - but then I saw that there's just as much deceit up here as there is in any jail. It's not just a matter of reform - it's a matter of getting rid of Maddison, McGeechan - the whole system."

By a series of manoeuvres progressing from outright denial ("nothing other than lies and misrepresentations...") to phony ex-planations (Mr. Maddison said he was satisfied force had been used against some prisoners after a riot at the jail in October, but this force had been necessary to disarm them of dangerous weapons") Maddison avoided any implication that all the weapons had in fact been got rid of by a Royal Commission could have brought not only the governor of Bathurst but also commissioner McGeechan and minister Maddison himself. No one, by the end of the campaign, doubted that in October 1970 two hundred cons in Bathurst jail had been spread-eagled naked against their cell walls and beaten senseless.

Minister Maddison's one concession was to set up a Corrective Services Advisory Council: "It will not conduct a witch hunt into what has happened in the past but will look to the future in the hope of a better system being provided."

The day the screws turned loose

A group of respectables recommended, in an informal debate, that the "S" block - in NSW jails. "The standard practice is reserved for accused and sentenced persons resistant to normal routine".

It is clear that the "S" block is just that, a prison holding cell, with cells devoid of natural light, cut off from all sound, with electronically controlled doors, where 40 inmates for 18 hours a day will be isolated in their cells never knowing when a screw is peering thru' one of the possible peepholes.

So keen was the mastermind of this project to prevent human contact, that he was not afraid to add the expense of providing a separate sewerage line for each cell, thus cutting off the traditional avenue of communication between cons - via the toilet bowl. Does the council really consider this to be a "humane" structure? Or consider this to be a "humane" structure? Or consider this to be a "human" structure? Or perhaps it didn't bother to look at the plans.

The block is not yet completed, and

the Builders Laborers Federation has announced that it will probably be further construction. (It is fortuitous that the BFL have been called in to do this work is done by cons on slave rates of pay.)

Of course, this "S" block is just that, for those who are not the "S" block in NSW jails. "The standard practice is reserved for accused and sentenced persons resistant to normal routine".

Furthermore, it was announced, that four cons in Long Bay - a concrete "S" block, built in 1970, two hundred cons in Bathurst jail had been spread-eagled naked against their cell walls and beaten senseless.

"No one, by the end of the campaign, doubted that in October 1970 two hundred cons in Bathurst jail had been spread-eagled naked against their cell walls and beaten senseless."
They ripped my clothes off... I was face down on the floor. I thought they were kicking me in the face... They ripped my clothes off. I was face down... They were kicking me in the face... water was thrown in my face... Pettit started whacking me in the face... I was just conscious. I crashed down on the floor and went out to it again...

"Two prison officers came in to ask me if I had made a statement about the escape... They said you'd better or we'd bash you again. I refused... They said if you do your time you get bashed even more...

"Orbach ran up and punched me on the jaw that was already poking out... I was put in the cells and a big leather belt was put around me and I was handcuffed to the belt... I was shocked it was being pulled apart... I was being kicked in the testicles... I was shocked it was so painful... I have felt pain like that before... I thought I was just going to die... I can't remember what happened..."

(Emmanuel, at the inquiry.)

"Did you recognise the officer who did that?"

"No."

"Didn't you turn around to look?"

"No, I wanted to get out of there as quickly as possible... there was a guy in front of me... the fat officer was standing near the door... I couldn't lift my legs up... then he banged my head against the top of the car after I collapsed against it... I was put in the car and from there I was taken from the state penitentiary to Parramatta."

(Emmanuel, at the inquiry.)

"I can't remember what happened..."

(Cont.)
As a child I never spoke, I was able but unwilling. I was to the world both bland and solemn, a silent boy whose face never cracked under the strain of emotion. Though vocally unobtrusive I had in no small dose the child's desire for parental attention, this satisfied by surrender to my insatiable urge to piss.

Being a small child who never spoke enabled me to pass invisibly between talking adults. My mother, who always forgot I was the one of her 29 sons that pissed, always ignored me as I glided silently to my point of operation, 15 inches from the heel, on the line through the toe of the person to whom she spoke.

Pointing my prick at the pants leg, here I would piddle until my target, warned by the grip of sodden trousers, or my mother, usually the first to sense my urine, said "Peter! Stop that!" and took to me with her fists, beating me around the body where it would not show.

My father, a jovial old soul who regarded all pissing as sport, invariably spoke out: "Don't punish Peter, Pauline, he'll grow out of it." It was times like this, as they both discussed me, that I felt wanted and loved, encouraged by their attention I would fly, laughing, from the room in an orgy of water, wetting from wall to wall of our white, panelled weather-board.

It was my secret game to piss in places where discovery would cause greatest surprise and discomfort. I preferred unmade beds, clean sheets or toilet seats, the pockets of raincoats or filling my mothers gumboots. I loved to line my mothers rubber gloves and I always added a drop or two to the dishwashing detergent.

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When not topping off the dogs dinnerplate I would make the pey on the clothes line spin with deadly accurate burns of my own incautious water pistol. I was both weapon and toy, my own monsoon.

As the years passed my mother, tired, wet and no longer caring, discouraged by my capacity to cop a beating, reach ed a grim acceptance of the inevitable me, she gave up the struggle to contain my water.

Saddened by her indifference I took to inexplicably drying up, not paying enough attention to my fluid intake. More and more I resorted to orthodox outlets. Though I still took to the clothes in my parents wardrobe there was no enthusiasm.

Throughout my early teens my form was at best erratic. Not until age 15, encouraged by beatings and abuse from my first girlfriend who disliked the little that I still did, did I rediscover my peak. My world was again wet, I was getting out more, away from home my bladder bulged, I was back to my best.

My years in limbo had left an uncommon dryness around the once marshy squelch that was my parents home. The area around the house grew dry and dangerous and not unexpectedly took to bursting spontaneously into flame. It was during my unforeseen, returning home fatigued from flooding the town that one of these sporadic outbursts occurred.

Unchecked it reached the now tinder dry house, it quickly burned to the ground. I watched as my parents, at one moment asleep in their rooms, now crawled across the blazing yard to my feet. As their clothes burned and the skin on their bodies blistered and cracked, they beseeched me in unison. "Piss on us son! Piss on us please!"

Quickly I whipped out my prick and pointed it to the flames engulfing my parents. Lining up the fire at the point of greatest intensity I smiled at the thought of again winning their attention. But suddenly my bladder tensed, as mum and dad burnt to a frazzle. I put my penis back in my pants. I turned determined and with new resolve.

"I must stop doing that," I thought. "For a boy my age it's such a dirty habit!"

G. DAVIS
The movie so far: after two years of torment, with director Fred Haines buried in prime source material in Basel, Switzerland, and with producer Mad Mel Fishman global rock hopping for finance, shooting has finally begun on the film, the impossible film — Hermann Hesse's Steppenwolf.

Michael Zwerin, himself deeply involved in the "process," records the story about the film of the story in journals, when he is not working for Steppenwolf's promotion.

Here we continue from Part One (TLD 4). Michael made notes in the journal on the casting for the role of Hesse's hero, Harry Heller; about how they wanted Timothy Leary to play the lead, but how after some trouble in the Alps the task finally went to Max Von Sydow.

I am a still photographer without a camera. These are my proofsheets. Into the second week of filming Steppenwolf, I got a cold which was still there into the third week. Sunday afternoon I tried to blow my head clear with a little acid, just a mote it would be.

Another illustration of Fishman's genius was casting Dr. Timothy Leary as Harry. This was a year before shooting was to begin and at the time there was something less than the certainty it ever would be.

Fishman was gambling at last straws and what straw better than a fugitive from almost every civilized country, plus a few not civilised, you can name. Tim Leary, wanted for leading the townie children towards the dumps, a heavy count in any language. A hounded wolf scrounging right there at home not on the steps but in the gaudy mountains of Switzerland — moreover right where LSD itself was discovered a few years after the book was written, who better to play the Steppenwolf?

By the summer of 1972, Leary was more Steppenwolf than doctor of psychology. Although the Swiss were not particularly interested in allowing such a corpus of children to contaminate their own, their reputation as a traditional place of asylum for the rich and famous was at stake so they would not throw him out either. Being neither in nor out, Leary was everywhere, with houses at least access to them all over the sinister little playground, racing a yellow Porsche unpredictably from Canton to Canton awaiting one to welcome him officially. He had some official support. The Basel daily National Zeitung carried a piece:

Leary has highly restrained himself from making propaganda for drugs. From the beginning, his principal reason from prison he has strictly respected the terms of his release and has not openly spoken out against the USA, about Vietnam, or for drugs ... I therefore ask the council to extend to Leary the permit of residence ...”

Fishman fiscal it would be Basel. Le was discovered in Basel. What karma?

The vision went like this. Basel would grant asylum and Dr. Leary would arrive by train one misty morning carrying his bags just as Hermann Hesse and Harry Heller had arrived in Basel, and the cameras would be at the station to meet him and the film would begin.

This was not to be. Leary was uneasy in even a golden jail. With glorious insanity he walked through the Magic Theatre door reading: Escape! You can't always swallow. For a good ten minutes, he was a heavy count in any language. He was being immediately at Kabul airport, gateway to the dope capital of the world, by the long arm of what the people it belongs to call the law.

The genius of Leary, like that of Fishman — what sets them apart is the ability to take care of business when they feel like it. Yet the fact that they only chose to feel like it on their own terms, while infuriating sometimes, sets them apart from another category. They are apart.

Fishman can put on a suit and a tie for the bank and will show up on time. Leary arrived in Basel with his lines learned — more than learned, imprinted so that one only chose to feel like it on their own terms, while infuriating sometimes, sets them apart from another category. They are apart.

Fishman can be misunderstood. This was not to be. Leary was uneasy in even a golden jail. With glorious insanity he walked through the Magic Theatre door reading: Escape! You can't always swallow.

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least he maintained the bargaining fiction. It was the one weakness, however. He loves problems.

If you really want to do anything, you either have to start it yourself or find something with enough problems so that you can enter into a genuine decision-making role. For example: Design Research is a large, struggling chain and the first thing Sprague did after stepping into the situation was spend four or five days a week in Cambridge learning the retailing business. Now, still chairman, he's got a bunch of people running it better than he ever could. But he knows enough to know how well they are running it. He knows enough not to be surprised.

When he took over National Semicon ductor it was in receivership in Connecticut. When he merged it with a company in Chapter Eleven in California, there were 50,000 employees. Now there are 9000. During real trouble, he had to decide whether or not to sell ten percent of the company for some eight and a half million dollars. He decided to tough it out through and now ten percent is worth thirty million dollars.

When Fishman and co-producer Herland found Sprague they had an immediate hit. Here was their ticket away from the land of the tax loss. Promoting the impossible, he jump from financier who expect to lose on their investment to those who expect to win is an important one.

Fred Haines was more, Sprague saw that immediately. He got a feeling of the strength from Fred, of quiet determination. Fred is centered, regardless of what happens around him. Fred is always Fred. He projects a great feeling of considerable strength and Sprague realized Leary had never expressed himself with that kind of thing.

So it came down to making an important personal judgment. He was used to that kind of a thing.

But then he couldn't stop wondering why all those people were around and why nobody was with him. He started testing them, standing a foot or two from the curb to see if anyone would come over and save him. Nobody did.

He was getting worried. It got stronger and stronger. There was less and less control. He thought he might go over the edge.

He threw up and he could see he was throwing up blood. At the same time he knew he wasn't throwing up blood. He never lost that much control. He kept telling himself there was no reason to throw up blood, there was nothing physiologically happening, it just looks like blood. He thought of checking into a hospital. When he began to read a copy of Fortune magazine he knew he was in control again.

Leary called the next morning to see how Sprague had enjoyed the trip. Leary had dropped twice as much acid as Sprague. He said what a fantastic drive it had been, he had made passionate love with Joanna five o'clock in the morning in the Porche as the sun came up over the Alps.

Anatomically interesting as that may be, Mr. Big had lost whatever interest he ever had in financing Timothy Leary as the Steppenwolf.

Enter the ultimate professional Max Von Sydow.
When JAMES FENTON went in search of the Cambodian war he found a country of happy, peaceful people. But then the war found him and things became different.

age against the Thai businessmen nipping across the borders, who nowadays smuggle out nearly all the gems. The loss of revenue to the Cambodian government may be computed in millions of dollars. (Incidentally, not far away the Khmer Rouge have their own mine, said to be ten times larger than Pailin's. Here the Thai traders come in, trading gems for rubies.)

On October 9, Mr In Tam gave a reception in honor of the third anniversary of the republic, and the Palais du Gouvernement was filled with politicians, diplomats and journalists. A double column of soldiers from the prime-ministerial bodyguard provided our protection in the vast open-sided building, and as the drink flowed, the level of conversation reached an abyss.

Tiring of this, I wandered out onto the balcony, thinking naively that I might be able to offer one of the soldiers a drink. Naively, I say, because when I got there I found that most of the troops had a triple Scotch at their elbows, but cigarettes and refills were welcome and we began to talk.

Below us, on the grass, a group of children had penetrated the cordon and were stretching out their hands for food. Across the Mekong "my friendly bodayan replied: "They behave like that because there is a war on. In peacetime they never would get away with it."

This is true. Because there is a war on, you do not take off your shoes on entering the Pagoda - you sling your hammock there and eat your rice in the hollow space under the very statue of the Buddha.

For the first weeks it was scenes of that kind which typified the war for me. It lies in a plain of rice, and is at present surrounded by enemy troops and water. But there are still a couple of magnificent oaks in Cambodia where a man may go to forget.

Getting there is like going on a pilgrimage. Someone in Battambang has assembled the best of the Peugeot station wagon, which set out each morning in a convoy of lorries, buses and assorted curious vehicles, all under army supervision.

For the first part of the journey the road runs through a temperate zone. It is a progress along a reasonable road. Then it is off-road for some distance, the soldiers, the do not like going into dance on an empty stomach.

Afterwards the road is slow and potholed. I had been told that the soldiers escort protection money from the passengers alongside the road. But I saw rather was a system of tipping. One threw down a loaf or a handful of fish for one's protection, and the soldier, who was a friendly type, that is to say about a cent on the official exchange rate.

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people, the place and the novelty of this elusive war.

I cannot claim that I found it unreal — I knew what it was, and liked it. I never found the war, but in the end it found me, and now I feel slightly differently — bloodied, you might say, although I have only strained muscle to show for it, and not enough to justify an attractive limp.

Towards the end of the month the Khmer Rouge crossed the Tonle Sap River and occupied a stretch of road about 20 kilometres to the north of the capital. I was curious about the main view, since I knew that the river was wide and the road, with villages on either side, afforded a space of dry land about 100 yards wide most of the way.

Since the government has a monopoly of naval vessels, there would be no eastward escape by daylight across the river. To the west indeed lay Khmer Rouge territory, but to reach it you would have to cross several kilometres of floating reeds.

It must have been a very quiet infiltrat. Two days later, going with the travelling contingent down the road, we were ambushed. We passed the freshly dug position of our gun, but this could easily be rectified. I was not told of our danger. We rolled in, which we were based was well within the range of enemy mortars, and it was soon as well as the men on the escapers they would attempt to put us out of action. We lay flat, and shortly afterwards a mortar landed, seriously wounding a pregnant woman who had been sitting in the infirmary. The mortar had been aimed slightly wide of the position of our gun, but this could easily be rectified.

Next, that then I was told of our danger, and in the next short, we were unable to do anything to prevent us from falling out of action. We lay flat, but there was no explosion. We heard shouts and looked out. Behind the hut in which we were hidden, under a tree, a mortar was pulling up his trousers and gesturcating wildly. Six feet away from him the earth up to his fins and failed to go off. We had been having a shit at the time. Enough, as someone said later, to give you constipation for a week.

But this was not the blooding to which I have referred. The day before, further back down the road, I had witnessed the beginning of the enemy retreat. Since coming to Cambodia I had been expectat.ing something to happen which I would all was over, and a group of soldiers and civilians set out to go into the village. I went with them, and was shown the civilian dead. An old man lay on his bed. He must have been shot while sitting in the lotus position, and had simply toppled backwards, his legs still entwined and a polythene bag full of cigarettes at his side.

The soldiers moved from house to house, tying up the pigs and looting whatever they fancied. My first looting, I thought, and what a genteel phenomenon it is. When you loot your countryman’s house, you do not swig it from the bottle. You take out his small glasses, set out his table and chair on his veranda and drink it at a decent pace.

We passed the freshly dug position of the enemy front line, with the remains of their masonry laid out in the Mary Celeste. Then, as I was wandering ahead a little, the captain restrained me and said that beyond a certain fence things were not too safe. Wait ten minutes and we would proceed.

Ten minutes later the soldiers began to move past the fence where I had been standing, and immediately the firing began. We hid behind trees, with weak smiles. Then we crouched on the ground, looking serious. Then as the armored personnel carriers on the road began firing and the noise of the shooting began to fill every space around us, we made for the river bank and lay very low.

I felt a fool, not being able to tell what direction the shots were coming from and what the different noises were. Besides the heavier sounds, which I reckoned (wrongly) must be ours, was the sudden sharp sound which seemed to take place above one’s head, all around, like fireworks at a regatta? At least, I thought, I am not afraid. Prudent, but keeping my head.

I noticed my heartbeat — how at the beginning of each burst of gunfire it would go fast, and then regulate itself. It was exactly what I had learned in psychology — the whole organism, brain and reflexes, was coping admirably. It would anticipate heavy fire, something in the brain would attenuate the signal, and yet it would do so fast, and then regulate itself. It was exactly what I had learned in psychology — the whole organism, brain and reflexes, was coping admirably. It would anticipate heavy fire, something in the brain would attenuate the signal, and yet it would do so fast, and then regulate itself.

But there is a time factor to fear. It influences the mind in the shape of a strong desire for something else. I wanted a shower (normally I hate showers). My shirt was filthy (something that rarely worries me). I would have to get back before the curfew (not true — and besides it was only three o’clock). I had run out of cigarettes and I wondered whether my driver was afraid. This was the first stage.

A decorative young man, in a white, broadbrimmed polystyrene hat came to the other side of the river, and I could see nothing there to mention attention, and this worried me.

We began to retreat, ducking through the undergrowth and wading through the shallows, and I began to feel my legs give way with fear. On the path, which we were studiously avoiding, a wounded soldier came limping by. He had taken off his trousers to apply a camouflaged compression bandage to the back of his leg, and as he passed me he fired an angry Parthian shot, a volley of automatic fire from his M16, into the water. I jumped. Had the whim taken him otherwise, or his aim failed, he might have directed the bullets at me. That was the third stage — a real, if momentary fright.

The pain was driving him wild and he was beginning to wander and stagger. So I did what under the circumstances was probably the least advisable thing for both of us — I hitched him up and carried him from the field of battle. He had given me the perfect opportunity to make my excuses and leave.

In the first advanced position I saw here, a transistor radio was playing Handel’s Music for the Royal Fireworks. The soldiers were smoking in hampocks or tucking into large meals. I thought — how relaxed and unfraid. Now I shall interpret things differently, having learnt that a sharp appetite may be a prelude to terror.

On the day after the initiation I have described, examining the enemy positions which had been vacated the night before, I came upon an enamel plate with the remains of a meal neatly set upon an iron plate.

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Continuing our exhausting introductory guide to the martial art of Kung Fu.

FOOTWORK

Advance

(1) Begin the advancing movement by assuming a right stance. (2) Without changing the position of your arms, take a full stride forward with your right foot, and (3) follow halfway with your left foot.

Retreat

(1) In the retreating movement just reverse the direction of the advance. From the right stance (2) slide your left foot backward, and (3) then bring your right foot back halfway.

Step to the Left

(1) Assume a right stance. (2) Slide your left foot toward the left on a straight line, and (3) follow halfway with your right foot.

Step to the Right

(1) Assume the right stance. (2) Slide your right foot toward the right on a straight line, and (3) follow halfway with your left foot.

Side Step Left

Remaining in Right stance

(1) In this maneuver you begin in a right stance but end in a left stance. (2) Slide your right foot forward and toward the right. (3) Stop the right foot and follow with your left foot. (4) Without stopping the movement, slide your left foot up to the right foot and (5) then forward and toward the left. This foot movement is used mainly for attacking to both the inside and outside gate.

Shift Horse

(1) First, assume the square stance with your right hand forward. (2) Shift to a right sitting horse by twisting your body to the right and putting most of your weight on the rear (right) foot. Drop your right hand, palm down, in front of your groin. (3) To attain the left sitting horse stance, shift your weight to your left foot and twist your body to the left. The positions in Photo Nos. 2 and 3 are used to block kicks to the groin area. (4) From the left sitting horse stance slide your right foot forward and toward the right. (5) Continue to move it forward into a right stance. (6) Bring your right foot back to the left foot, and (7) slide your right foot toward the right into a square stance. Place your left hand forward. The entire sequence of positions, 1 through 9, can be executed in a continuous motion as an exercise.
DO IT YOURSELF KUNG FU 6

SIL LIM TAO

Sil lim tao, the first form of wing chun, teaches correct elbow position, protection of centerline, and economy of movements in attack and defense.

Since sil lim tao is a stationary form, you will practice all of your defensive blocks and offensive attacking tools without taking a single step. The hand movements will later be put to good use in the practice of chi sao (sticking hands). Sil lim tao is also applied effectively in a combat situation.

Sil lim tao plays such an important part in wing chun training that you should start each practice session with this form before going on to more advanced techniques.

(1) Stand at attention with your feet together and hands at your sides.

(2) Keeping your body erect, raise your hands. Clench your fists as you turn your palms upward. (3) Stop the fists, palms facing upward, at the pectoral muscles (chest).

(4) Drop into a half-squat position with your knees together. (5) Simultaneously move the toes of your feet outward without changing the heel position.

(6) Transfer your weight to the toes and simultaneously move your heels outward. (7) You are now in the bent-knee, pigeon-toe stance (see figure yee jee kim yang mah). Maintain this stance throughout sil lim tao.

(8) Bring your hands downward, opening them as you turn the palms toward you. Cross your arms (left over right) at the wrists, in front of your groin, pointing your fingers toward the floor. (9) Without moving your upper arms, raise your hands.

(10) Point your fingers toward the ceiling, and begin to move your hands outward. (11) Again make a fist, bringing your hands to shoulder level. Your palms are still facing you.

(12) Bring your hands straight down to chest level, and turn your palms toward the ceiling. This position is identical to figure No. 7. (13) Begin a left vertical punch toward an imaginary target at nose level. Turn your fist clockwise so the palm is facing to your right. Keep your wrist straight and your elbow in. Intersect the centerline with the punch.

(14) At the conclusion of the punch, your arm should be fully extended and directly in front of your nose. (15) Keeping your arm straight, open your fist and turn your palm toward the ceiling to form a palm-up block (tan sao).

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Sil lim tao plays such an important part in wing chun training that you should start each practice session with this form before going on to more advanced techniques.
(16) Without moving your arm, turn your palm toward your chest, and rotate your hand clockwise to form the circling block (hieung sao). (17) Continue to rotate your hand clockwise until your palm faces the floor.

(18) Turn your palm back toward your right and begin to make a fist. (19) As you retract your fist to your chest, turn the palm toward the ceiling.

(20) Continue to retract your fist. (21) With both fists now at your chest, you are in the same position as in figure No. 7.

(22) Start to make a right vertical punch to an imaginary target at nose level. Turn your fist so the palm is facing toward your left. Keep your wrist straight and your elbow in. Intersect the centerline with the punch. (23) At the end of the punch, your arm should be fully extended and directly in front of your nose (jik chung).

(24) Keeping your arm straight, open your fist and turn your palm toward the ceiling to form a palm-up block (tan sao). (25) Without moving your arm, turn your palm toward your chest, and rotate your hand counterclockwise.

(26) Continue to rotate your hand until the fingers point toward the floor. (27) Keep your palm facing the floor as you straighten your fingers.

(28) Begin to form your hand into a fist. (29) Turn your palm toward the ceiling as you retract your fist to your chest.

(30) Continue to retract your fist to your chest. (31) With both fists at your chest, you are again in the basic sil lim tao position shown in figure No. 7.
Open your left hand with the palm facing up to form the palm-up block. Begin moving your hand outward from the center of your chest. Extend your arm only three quarters. Do not straighten it.

Turn your palm toward you with your fingers pointing toward your chest. Begin to rotate your hand clockwise. Stop the rotating movement when the thumb is pointing toward you and the palm is facing to the right. Pull your hand toward you, but don't touch your body with the left elbow.

Relax your wrist and point your fingers toward your chest. Keeping your elbow tucked in during the forward motion, extend your left arm. Rotate your hand clockwise. At the end of the rotating movement, your thumb should be toward your chest. Face your palm to the right. Retract your left arm until your elbow is about three inches from your body.

Relax your wrist, pointing your fingers toward your chest. In order to develop fook sao (the "elbow in" bent block), movements 38 through 42 should be repeated three times before going on to 43. Stop the movement of your wrist when the thumb faces toward you and the palm faces toward the right.

To execute the pak sao (left slap block), move your hand to the right—but not past the right shoulder—with your thumb toward you and your palm facing right. Return your hand to the middle of your chest.

Push your left hand outward to an area directly in front of your nose (yun jeong). Extend your arm completely, and turn your palm away from your chest, rotating it toward the ceiling to form tan sao (palm-up block).

NEXT WEEK: Sil Lim Tao continued
A good time for the Youngsters

The Birds

when the year in its turning brings in living Songbo
Maurier and a song is its Alfred
O'Rourke from writing his
ODESTY precludes
Young's aural aspirations of songs

sentimental output of material, Neil
Young has remained a somewhat
non musical projects, such as his prepared
to face a camera and
to give, but he is always aware of
the danger that he will become a
star. It was around this time that he established
what has become his definitive sound, a fundamental, almost
boogie style rhythm section over which is interwoven multiple
guitars and piano. He works with a set of simple, but tuneful mel­odies and this basic sound. He does not hesitate to rework songs
with new lyrics and minor varia­tions in melody. He has foregone
the grandiose aspirations of songs
like Broken Arrow and Country Girl, which he recorded with Buf­falo Springfield and C.S.N.&Y.

When Danny Whitten, Crazy Horse's guitarist to whom Young refers in The Needle and the Damage Done (Harvest), died of a
drug overdose Crazy Horse ceased to be Young's back up band. He put together an entirely new band which he called the Crazy
Gators. This was the band with which he recorded Harvest, and, for the first time, took control of the band which plays on Time
Fades Away.

The sound they achieve is not greatly different to that which he developed with Crazy Horse. The most significant change is the
replacement of a second lead guitar by a steel guitar played by Ben Keith.

However, few buy Young's album just to listen to the music. Rather, it is for the direct personal­
ization, to be with the rock freaks. To conserve supplies
and the songs are previously unrecorded,
and most are short and terse.
There is only one piece which could be termed a song even that is kept under a tight rein.
A large lyric sheet accompanies the album to the fans to whom do not already know that Young intends his words to be
taken as poetry. The stars do not seem greatly different to that which he
grew up in almost illegible scrawl.
Young is equally insistent that
they should not be treated as
poetry. The trick is to listen, and
then in doubt to consult the

The themes will be familiar to those who know his earlier work. Almost always they are a search for identity, and as in earlier songs
A Child, Helpless - this involves a re-examination of the past, of parental warnings, broken
dreams and lost love. There are several references to Canada, and the emergence of something like a sense of guilt towards the country
he deserted: Oh Canada, we played
all night! I really hate to leave you now! but to stay just wouldn't be right.

Like a number of other artists who, recently, have made their mark in the popular folk scene of today, Neil Young is ambivalent in the
domain of pop as he was in the context of rock. In the end he can see his own life, and his survival only as a series of resolved and un­
resolved dilemmas.

The Birds

when the weather in its turning brings in
living Songbo

Maurier and a song is its

Alfred O'Rourke
From writing his

ODESTY precludes
Young's aural aspirations of songs

just drank a lot of Southern
Comfort and cider. It was real
good. I got rid of 40 dozen bottles
in one afternoon.

Mr. Francisco's move to turn
the pub into a bourgeois paradise will be delayed for a few months
while he amasses the necessary
finance. The meantime, Stanley
freaks will have a brief reprieve—
we're all right. But they only
finishing the money machine
that will soon spit them out.

The Birds

when the year in its turning brings in
living Songbo

Maurier and a song is its

Alfred O'Rourke
From writing his

ODESTY precludes
Young's aural aspirations of songs

then we stand in the wind on the
hills and long for their wings
And our eyes go with the great migration

Send songs and other curiosities such as old Gibson mandolins to Mr. O'Rourke, c/- Living Daylights, P.O.
Box 5332 BR, GPO Melbourne, Vic. 3001. Manuscript preferred but send in a tape or a cassette if you can't
write music.

O'Rourke's Living Daylights

M O D E S T Y precludes
O'Rourke from writing his
own introduction for his song
The Birds. Music is a Daphne Du
Maurier and a song is its Alfred
Hitchcock.

THE BIRDS OR, EVOLUTION IS A HARD ROAD TO TRAVEL

When the weather in its turning brings in
living Songbo
Maurier and a song is its

Alfred O'Rourke
From writing his

ODESTY precludes
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IT DINT WORRY THEM. THEY DO NOT Care FOR "LONGHAIRES AND ROCK FREAKS"

Mr. Francisco wishes to establish a "decent joint" with the usual human decor and beer bar and wood panelling that's supposed to be a "comfortable collar to the businessmen." Cultural differences are not the only reason for this move. Mr. Francisco is pretty sure that businessmen drink more.

Albert Eliscu, guide through his rock patron was made evident by his behavior during the recent tour of the super bands. To conserve supplies for those who really appreciate the brew, he cut off beer to the rock freaks. "It didn't worry them. They

SPACE AGE BOOKS

THE GRAPHIC ART OF M. C. ESCHER $2.95 - THE ART OF SENSUAL MASSAGE $4.95 - SAPHO WAS A RIGHT-ON WOMAN $1.95 - GRAVITY'S RAINBOW $4.95 - STOOD IN THE GAP FROM ANOTHER STAR $3.95

Pynchon $2.50 - PSYCHIC DISCOVERIES BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN $3.50 - THE BOOK OF THE DAMNED $1.50 - POETRY SCENES OF THE POST BOMBER CREDITS $1.50 - THE VARIETIES OF PSYCHEDELIC EXPERIENCE $2.50 - IMPOSSIBLE POSSIBILITIES $4.00 - SOME SURPRISES $1.00 - THE ART OF WASHING HANDS $2.50 - SANE LIVING IN A MAD WORLD $1.00 - NEOLITHIC MAN $1.95 - THE J. P. TOLEMAIC CALENDAR FOR 1973 $2.00 - OTHER TIMES $2.50 per postage on each title and ask for a sample copy of our current Newsletter

317 SWANSTON STREET, MELBOURNE 3000 PH.663.1777

BULLFROG RECORDS PRESENT THEIR SECOND ANNUAL COUNTRY ROCK CONCERT - COUNTRY COMFORT + Z 1973

THE DINGO COWBOY, MIKE MCCLELLAN, PAUL PULATI, BRUMBY JIM JARVIS & SOME SURPRISES

PADDINGTON TOWN HALL FRIDAY 23RD NOVEMBER 7.45 PM

Tickets in advance from - Record Farms (Imperial Arcade) Ticket Sales Centre from - Record Farm (St. Andrew's Arcade) $2 + 20c booking Sound Advice (3rd Sydney) Models (Norfolk) someone should have a long chat to Mr Francisco.

PIOTR OLSZEWSKI

THE PUNK with no beard

PRAHRAN'S Station Hotel, otherwise known as Stanley's Stomp Inn, one of Melbourne's freest rock pubs

and scenes of many legendary good

times, will soon close its doors to
rock freaks. Reason?

New publican, Mr. Albert
Francisco, ex bootmaker, does not care for "longhairs and
rock freaks," Mr. Francisco wishes to establish a "decent joint" with the
usual human decor and beer bar and wood panelling that's supposed to be a "comfortable collar to the businessmen." Cultural differences are not the only reason for this move. Mr. Francisco is pretty sure that businessmen drink more.

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DO YOU remember School­
days? Johnny B. Goode, May­bellene? Well, here he is, the
king of rock and roll himself —
the great Mr Chuck Berry! An
adequate introduction. Chuck
Berry strode on stage to a band he
had never seen before, to an angry
impatient audience, and he made
a night of it.

To many rock and roll fans,
seeing Berry in itself was enough.
He could have simply stood still,
but he didn't — and he whipped
through favorite after favorite,
leaving many still unplayed for
the next night's show.

Chuck Berry is unique in rock
and roll. Unlike many of the rock
pioneers, Berry's career has kept
on going. It's had lapses, sure, but
he never had to depend on
sheer nostalgia to move a crowd,
in the way Bill Haley does. The
magic of Berry is more than in the
times, or the place, it is in his
talent.

Simplicity is the key to Berry's
songs. According to him, rock and
roll's appeal lies basically in its
musical simplicity and in the
lyrics which are used to draw a
response from the audience. They
certainly did in Melbourne.

Ring ring goes the bell,
The cook in the lunchroom's
ready to sell
...

The minute Berry sang those
words, every person in that audi­
ence was immediately 15 years
old again. Berry himself adopts a
persona on stage quite con­
sciously, becoming everybody of
that pre-fucking age, when:

She says she don't, but I know
she do
delivered with a cocky wink, is
the coolest thing a boy could say.

Berry's appeal spans many
years and many cults: at the
Melbourne concerts hippies of 30
sat alongside skinheads of 15 and
they all dug Berry for the same
reason . . . Because for some it
was Schooldays released in 1957
that had them first tapping their
feet in frantic agreement, while
for others it was Ding a Ling,
from the London Sessions LP of
1972. The age is irrelevant —
Berry hits the spot each time.

On Tuesday night, Berry, fed
up with the technical problems
which had marred the evening,
decided to give the audience
whatever they wished.

"You name it, we play it," and
they did, the local band practi­

THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS, November 20-26, 1973 — Page 21
Thanks a lot, Bonython

ON THE way down in the lift, Bill Bates, 12th floor of the Koala Motor Inn after Chuck Berry's press conference: Reporter: "Hope there's not too many in this thing and we don't go through the floor."

Bonython is a man I used to view with a certain respect and a degree of gratitude. He is the man responsible for bringing Berry here, and one of the tralla and he seemed to be a man whose financial hunger was tempered with a genuine concern for the tastes of an altruistic promoter? I should have known better.

The lift is a small audience (patchouli oil and dope) must have got the better of Bonython on the evolution of rock successful tour of Buddy Guy and Junior Wells, who made the dollar signs flash, and suddenly we have Chuck Berry arriving in Australia, prepared to put up a good and possibly big audience. No matter to Bonython — the concerts would have sold out by word of mouth alone.

Unfortunately, Bonython has no idea of how to promote a rock and roll concert. Berry was greeted at the airport on Tuesday by a handful of disinterested journalists from radio stations and rock magazines that had managed to find their own way out there, having heard of the promoter. Certainly it's nice to get coverage from the dailies, but what of Co-Set, Dipper or rock in your local paper?

They had received no notification of arrival or interview or the like, so they had to rely on the honest thing Bonython has heard of them.

The concert on Tuesday night was a disgrace and as usual it rubbed off on everybody but the promoter. Chuck Berry's equipment had been delayed in customs after its flight from New Zealand, and it was 10.00 in the morning of the first band began. Meanwhile a running battle broke out between the promoter and some of the audience which resulted in at least one kid ending up in hospital. Had not DJ Stan Rofe been present and had the guts to stand up for a very few of his audience and take their shit while he spoke to calm them down, there would have been a lot of fatalities and, whether its image or not, Bonython is responsible.

It is the duty of a promoter to ensure that such obvious things as equipment are there on time. Never mind if the NZ promoter has used Jands equipment the previous night. An agreement like that should be made, with as little time between concerts.

Bonython then had the audacity to stand up and put it in a word for some of his coming attractions. Luckily, due to great foresight from Stan Rofe who put his mike through a guitar amp, it was a very quiet word. But you never know, the local kids and their parents were warned: the Man is on to you. He knows Alice Cooper soaks crobs and gets it on with headless crocs. And what's more, He'll be damned if He lets anyone treat this dramatised up for blood as serious or entertaining.

And he is probably attacking the best educational value for around five bucks that a kid can buy today.

The Sun series, called Shocked Rock, was prepared by rock critic and columnist Mike Channell in Sydney from early May and had been written in London and New York.

This paragraph was designed to lead to the promotion's own rush on their own luck for horror: "It's ugly. Grottesque. Degrading. But it's the music world's way to arrive here."

Channell typicalaverage critic playing college kids for a buck. Lock up your daughters and leave the set on homicide tonight. The Sun has been a bit sentimental, to not be bluntly proud of, Mike Channell's ability to make the internationally isolated genre of rock music to the dimensionally isolated nine to fifteen in the trade legends and rumors.

As was common of the black artists who hit the fame spots from the 50's until a decade later, they were ripped off from every quarter with little recourse. Such well-founded concern was generated and still remains, that it's making money and it's coming from around five bucks that a kid can buy today.

Chuck Berry last toured Australia in the late 50's and was incensed by the slurs of a racist 50's white Australian. He left never to return... Back to the USA on his plane home... an added comment on his visit to these fair shores. He marked his return concerts by repeatedly feigning rock antipathies and asking the crowd... is this really Melbourne? My you have got good times ahead."

The adoration he received second time around must have been some compensation. There were signs he still remembered the "tough" tasters, and that he had hurt deeply.

Berry produced in that region the hits "Maybellene" and "Rock and Roll Music" and later "Rock and Roll People"Gridlock, the Rockin' Beach Boys set their first success Surfin '1966. The music was the work of Roy Orbison and the Pretty Betsy's. Roy Orbison's "Little Sadie" is it. It is impossible to evaluate the influence he has exercised on the evolution of rock and roll today, needless to say it is vain. I doubt if any other songwriter has had the collection of standards.

The trade legends and rumors were circulating from radio stations and rock magazines that may be termed "euphemistic rock". It has taken two generation average critics and the audience to accept the term "rock" in its regular brand.

Berry's music is an extremely controversial style, that might even be termed universal for most rock musicians of this date. His audience is very large and can be seen in the same terms. Very few at the concert were of an age to have heard the originals, but have grown up with musical progeny... maybe they're at last catching up.

Chuck Berry is 47 and certainly has the certain responses, but never shit's style. His audience, laughing at times at the feel of the words, he handed his guitar to a roadie and took his shit while he spoke to calm them down, there would have been a lot of fatalities and, whether its image or not, Bonython is responsible.

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Chuck Berry has marked his return, and wrote Back to the USA in his haste to grab the Australian rights to the Sun series, called Shocked Rock, was prepared by rock critic and columnist Mike Channell in Sydney from early May and had been written in London and New York.

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MELBOURNE

MELBOURNE MONITOR: Chris & Eva 51.9563 or 51.8214, write Flat 8, No 7 Living Ave, Windsor, 3181.

Wednesday

ROCK

Live Music: Friday only at Quality Comedy Club, 215 William Street, 6.00pm.

THEATRE

Frank Tropey at Wombat Hotel.

FITZROY FESTIVAL

Kino Concert: Town Hall.

TV

Discussion on subtitling Town Hall. 5.30pm. Blood of the Comed, 129 A'Beckett Street, 7.30pm.

THEATRE

All In The Family: Fysh Hope, open 24 hours. Romance, Lnent Drive, Kings Cross, 6.00pm.

FILMS

The Spider's Strategy, Melbourne, Town House Theatre.

Thursday

ROCK

Madder Lake: St Albans, 6.00pm.

FILMS

The Spider's Strategy, Melbourne, Town House Theatre.

Friday

ROCK

Up at Patrick's: Melbourne Central Hotel, 8.00pm.

FITZROY FESTIVAL

Paul Noonan: Prospect Hill Hotel, night.

TV

The Gathering, Kush and the Ruppers, Prospect Hill Hotel, night.

THEATRE

The Spider's Strategy, Melbourne, Town House Theatre.

Saturday

ROCK

Paul Noonan: Prospect Hill Hotel, night.

FILMS

The Spider's Strategy, Melbourne, Town House Theatre.

THEATRE

Happy Birthday Wanda, Child Action Theatre.

Sunday

ROCK

Paul Noonan: Prospect Hill Hotel, night.

FILMS

The Spider's Strategy, Melbourne, Town House Theatre.

THEATRE

Happy Birthday Wanda, Child Action Theatre.

Monday

ROCK

Paul Noonan: Prospect Hill Hotel, night.

FILMS

The Spider's Strategy, Melbourne, Town House Theatre.

THEATRE

Other performances.

SYDNEY

SYDNEY MONITOR: Stephen Wall 698.2652, P. O. Box 23, Surry Hills.

Tuesday

ROCK

Sebastian Hard: Stagecoach.

FILM

New Mother with Renae Green: Rockfish, open 24 hours, 7.30pm. Al Pacino, Footscray, 8.00pm.

THEATRE

What If You Died Tomorrow: 20th Century Theatre, 5.30pm.

Wednesday

ROCK

Bratwurst Restaurant: Brighton Hotel Restaurant.

FILM

A.J. Ensminger, David Humphries, "Cassevera", 8.30pm. Footscray Grand, 7.30pm.

THEATRE

What If You Died Tomorrow: 20th Century Theatre, 5.30pm.

Thursday

ROCK

Billie Thurs: The Arabian Night Live, Melbourne, Opera House.

FILM

Australian country music: Mraz, Lachlan Mackay, Jim jury, 8.00pm. Footscray Grand, 7.30pm.

THEATRE

What If You Died Tomorrow: 20th Century Theatre, 5.30pm.

Friday

ROCK

Billie Thurs: The Arabian Night Live, Melbourne, Opera House.

FILM

Australian country music: Mraz, Lachlan Mackay, Jim Jury, 8.00pm. Footscray Grand, 7.30pm.

THEATRE

What If You Died Tomorrow: 20th Century Theatre, 5.30pm.

Saturday

ROCK

Billie Thurs: The Arabian Night Live, Melbourne, Opera House.

FILM

Australian country music: Mraz, Lachlan Mackay, Jim Jury, 8.00pm. Footscray Grand, 7.30pm.

THEATRE

What If You Died Tomorrow: 20th Century Theatre, 5.30pm.

Sunday

ROCK

Billie Thurs: The Arabian Night Live, Melbourne, Opera House.

FILM

The Summer House, see Tuesday.

MEETINGS

Dressed To Kill: White Horse, 9.00pm.

THEATRE

Dressed To Kill: White Horse, 9.00pm.

Additional information:

Influences - International art festival on the same day: Centre Place, 11.00pm.

Opening Night - Holy communion: St Mary's, 11.00pm.

Source: Channel 7, 11.00pm.

Saturday

ROCK

Wobers: Opera House Fringe.

FILM

Australian country music: Mraz, Lachlan Mackay, Jim Jury, 8.00pm. Footscray Grand, 7.30pm.

THEATRE

What If You Died Tomorrow: 20th Century Theatre, 5.30pm.

Monday

ROCK

Billie Thurs: The Arabian Night Live, Melbourne, Opera House.

FILM

Australian country music: Mraz, Lachlan Mackay, Jim Jury, 8.00pm. Footscray Grand, 7.30pm.

THEATRE

What If You Died Tomorrow: 20th Century Theatre, 5.30pm.

THEATRE

Children's Theatre: see Saturday.

FILMS

Bom (1936): Tuesday (Eur: 1938), Dames 50th anniversary.

Dance, Dance, Dance, Edinburgh Gate, see Tuesday.

THEATRE

Dressed To Kill: White Horse, 9.00pm.

Comments on: A Testing Man, play, 8.00pm.

ROCK

Latte, Bagels, Telly B, tour.

THEATRE

Latte, Bagels, Telly B, tour.

Dope debate, appeal with Dave, Maury and Co, back for the morning: Channel 7, 11.30pm.

MEETINGS

Drug Reform Club, 33 Craig St Melbourne, meeting of members.

THEATRE

Dressed To Kill: White Horse, 9.00pm.

ETheatre: see Tuesday.

 добела, суббота: 23.11.1973 — стр. 23
**ACCESS**

**STEVEN WALL**

I MAGINE you take out a three-year lease on a fish-o-

gold fish bowl. You ask the store-keeper to give you 27 gold fish for

It. When you get it home you put them all in the bowl and give

the fish a bath.

You go to know some of the characteristics of the gold fish, once

day, one of the gold fish has left out of

spring. Strange, or skimping are
talented gold fish but others are sche-

pors, others are timid tadpoles, gummy

sharks, aggressive frogs, sucking fish

and some you can't categorize. About

12 months into the lease not only do

you really not know who's who but

you simply can't find some of the fish

you have to be definitely in the bowl but
could be hiding under a rock.

That's Brunos. But there's hope;

the fish have got together in a moment

of co-operation and delegation and have
told us who's who. The AU­

STRA L IAN GOVERNMENT DIRECT­

ORY. 1973 lays it on you... you,

name, telephone numbers in Canberra

and smaller bowls in the state. Prose

secre­tary, director, committee heads.

No longer will you be unable to find

whom to talk to for a drink. A must

for every house. £3.40 for APS small

order, PO Box 84, Canberra 2600.

***

- Leaving for an overhaul trip to

Europe via Italy? Affair? No money?

Transport? No rushke? No idea of

what pubs to take with you? No visas?

No addresses? No winter clothes?

No summer clothes?

Will you settle for a trip to

Port Mead­head? No? If you can't save up for a

cheap cruise, try a converted

Lance Roe you had better give

a good story and

Write to BIT, a London based infor­

mation service. They have three travel offices.

First, Overseland through Africa —

for the hardy, daring type. Second, Overseland to Indi­

and Beyond is a bucket list for every inch of the
country from Turkey to Indonesia.

Thirdly, their Complete European Ad­

dress Guide, for the self-in­

dependent. It's

written by Wendy Bacon, Darcy Waters, Sasha

and in Sydney

**How to buy small ads in the THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS**

**The living daylights**

Small Ads

**$7.00**

We have an estimated reading

of 137,500 every week.

Yes folks only $7.00 per ad in this column.

The minimum size is a 8 pt which looks like this.

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**WHY NUTMEG-SNIFTERS HAVE THAT GLOW**

Many city-dwellers have heard of

EARTH GARDEN and GRASS

ROOTS, but I suspect that new settlers

and outback old timers haven't a clue

what they are.

Well, these two little quarterly maga­

azines are the products of individuals —

not corporations — that's why their
distribution is a little slack in the bush.

Both are aimed at the back to the soil

movement with an emphasis on craft,

farming and good living.

If you are stuck — or in the dog's

staved of new inputs, either or both of

these mags will brighten your up­

morn (turn up the lamp wick, blue). You can expect to find ino on topics

like organic farming, leather craft, land

buying, goat raising, and living off

Paton's Curse in a hardworn.

Thirdly, their

mer's

the books. Buy one of Arthur From­


PITJOURI, 47 Lowndes Street, Sal­

land info sheet of the same name. It's

Send $2.60 for 12 issues, less for a

sample copy of

Midnight Rider, a political cum rock newspaper. It's free too.

That's it for this week. Send your img

and make sure your copy is

Big Planet, 274 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.

Just come and see! Jackie will dress you. Like nobody else.

THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS, November 20-26, 1973 — Page 25

**magazine from Brisbane called**

-TYCCULL, 47 Lowndes Street, Sal­

**34017.**

**IN SYDNEY there is a little weekly (more or less)

**small ads newsletter as a communication link between political and social action groups. It's put out by Wendy Bacon, Darcy Waters, Sarah Soldatow and Tessa Brennan. It's rare to see it in a bookshop, and I suspect that it's only available by subscription. They will print anything: strong on Resident Action and Tenant Rights. Send $2.60 for 12 issues, less for a

sample.

SCORCHING, Box N268 PO, Gor­


**The name of this column is not original, I ripped it from a New­

zealand daily of the same name. It's an irregular listing of movement groups in NZ, Aus, and overseas. If you are interested, send a 30 cent, no cover postage to Box 5508, PO, Dunedin, N.Z. (The editor will ask for a sample copy of Midnight Rider, a political cum rock newspaper. It's free too.

That's it for this week. Send your info nuggets and access gens to APS, PO box 8, Surry Hills 3010. Small publications especially welcome.

**WOMEN'S INTERNATIONAL REG. 1971. For adults seeking discreet swinger contact, Men/Boy in Port Moody, Burnaby, Syd­

ney, Lamport, British Col­

lace and will return to his beloved

people and EARTH GARDEN, PO box 111,

P.O. Box 229, Coogee 2034.

PHILLIPS, 249 sprint. Thirdly, their

australian Liberation and radical fem­

the ads all through it for florists,

and in Sydney

**In Melbourne**

phone Robert Burns on 329.0700

and in Sydney

Stan Locke on 212.3104

At this price we can't afford to have a typist make out an invoice on her book or need to pay at the time you lodge an ad.

**How to buy small ads in the THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS**

**The living daylights**

Small Ads

**$7.00**

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Abstractions

The ways continue Leonard Amos (TLD 5) pens the merit badge on our good friend Josef. Indeed? As I read Timmsman in my pungent cut, the suggestion that Josef was anything like a "mystic" is more capital's Stander — Marx would turn over in his grave if he knew. And I would ask Leonard how cooperative Josef was with contraband Man — one of the few true revolutionaries. In his pathetic defense of Stalin, he saw the word "babshuck" — short for " sollen wisselen — Dullor Of doing doesn't he know it.

Although I must agree that perhaps people like Richard Neville are a bit too comfortable in the "capitalist" system. The loosening of revolutionary one can be born, bred, and dependent on a capitalist society is a complex affair, and so far I haven't come across anyone with the intellect to deal with at least of all Leonard. No, the revolution doesn't end the ignorant hatred of Leonard Amos — that is exactly what we're fighting against.

And once again everyone falls into the trap of putting everything into neat little categories. Either one is blissed out or a materialist scientist. I wish people would stop using pleasant words, like sociologist, mystic, etc., because they're making an unreal assignment of what it is really going on. They simply don't correspond in any way to actual concepts and entities (e.g., capitalist, communist, fascist, etc.).

I believe it's entirely correct for a person to be non-committal on any issue, particularly when it comes to religion and family. It appears to me that such a position is defunct. Although I must agree that perhaps the leader has the elusive answer to all of their problems, whether real or supposed.

It's about time people started to think for themselves and to stop accepting what their parents think. I believe with some initiative, we can go free to do as we want ever. Immediate is a group of people think they have the answer and start to force, coerce, persuade others they're better to think for themselves and act.

The hypocrisy of socialists is easily illustrated when they don't hesitate to buy and use products made by "slave" workers. It is no surprise to some "capitalist" workers, who argue that cooperation is the reverse of more! This is assuming of course that unions are for the "workers" benefit, working with capital's owners, and their employer, are using conditions seemingly smack of "socialist" activities on our soil.

Nimbin Stir

GRAEME DONISTHOE's article caused a bit of a furore because he is a bachelor on page 26 — THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS, November 20-26, 1973

Get your knickers off

MONILIA is a disease which, like lice, has been exactly the same for centuries of existence. Madame Pompeen and her associates wear them without any consideration because 'bad times' are upon us, and in the same way, Timmsman was not able to change the time. Perhaps the corn was because of our 'upbringing'. You grimace and mutter inaudibly, "Never a bloody-get."
We've heard it all before. 'Sexual lib­
experiences are not in any way unique. 
Now aware of the ignorance with which 
we have treated each other, we don't ir­nentiate, or because they, unlike your 
friend, do not care to screw in front of 
relationship situations with kids-deny-

Having read your last 
rumors, misquotes and other sundries, 
here it is. Guru Maharaj Ji can show 
being screwed by 'uncle Bill' or the 
that is called God, pure energy, cosmic 
with me as, like all good books, it 
Resolutely blocked and instruments being used 
as a matter of routine in com­plicated deliveries. As it turned out, our doctor (who said 
and help friends on their way. 
PLS DAY 

The word byword now stands 
unveiled. The game has just begun and 
Dharma, Divine Light Mission, I feel obliged to reply. 

Dear Sir, 

please accept my letter in reply to 
the film he would have witnessed 
aisles dancing to the music of Satband, 
the murky depths of his mind to a 
year old Guru Maharaj Ji is the direc­

But...You know who I am 

The Lazy Man's Guide to ENLIGHTENMENT. 

THERE ARE few books around that simply, gen­uinely, and lovingly seek the mind. With all the 
amount of concern for medita­
tion, we find ourselves in the material plane, few writers emit 
the warmth of actually having 
with the book, you don't 
ignore your own life. After all, to consider this story: Lin was 
expected to become pregnant. 

She had had one child previ­
ously, but it was a very dif­

Sharp

CHRIS DAY

Bliss, Bliss, Bliss

Dear Sir, 

In reply to Albie Thomas' article 
"Flicker of Doubt about the Little 
Fella. Albie, you experienced bliss that 
night at the film program and your 
mind has refused to recognize it. 

On first contact with Guru Maharaj 
we all experience that internal knowl­
edge, at the deepest level of intuition. 
Uplifted mind is removed from all the 
troubles especially the Bhagavad Gita. Our 
true self wants them all to be 
recognized, but our mind cannot un­
derstand it, is not we can ever 
comprehension. 

Guru Maharaj Ji reveals our soul. 
He practically reveals the oneness in 
all humans. In fact we are all one. He 
has come to show us how to love; he has 
blasphemy is revealed in the "Knowledge" session. You see 
a pure light within you (similar to 
Chakras, Kundalini Shambh's Third Eye movie), 
and with much more of an all 
around understanding of self-quest. 
You hear celestial harmonies 
within you, you are shown how to 
discern. He has given all his life to 
Guru Maharaj Ji for He is the one who 
would no doubt admire many of the 
and encourage them to ask questions 
and become aware of the functions of 
"resourceful about sex, playing around 
with it in any way that interested " 
there is here to stay, and Divine Light 
Mission can only expand. It is un­der­
eeved that the power of Guru 
Maharaj Ji's Knowledge and put it into 
place. The entire book falls into 
this category. In the past we have seen 
all large scale attempts to bring it together 
by a man to be someone, or someone's 
got a stash, or someone's keeping women; anyway his

"Man's Guide to 

LIVING DAYLIGHTS, November 20-26, 1973 — Page 27
NO HOUSEHOLD CAN AFFORD TO BE WITHOUT ONE OR MORE OF THESE LOVELY ELECTRIC CAN OPENERS BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE MAKERS OF...

BLINK

EVEN LIGHT IN THE HOUSE WENT OUT!

THEY'RE OUT ALL OVER TOWN! IT MUST BE ONE OF THOSE POWER BLACKOUTS!

I'LL JUST LIGHT A MATCH...

NO SENSE WASTING A MATCH! I'LL USE IT TO LIGHT UP THIS JOINT!

EVERY LIGHT IN THE HOUSE WENT OUT!

OH MY GOSH! NO ELECTRICITY MEANS THE REFRIGERATOR IS OFF! ALL THAT FOOD IN THERE IS GOING TO SPOIL!

IT IS MY SOLEMN DUTY TO SAVE ALL THOSE PRECIOUS VICTUALS FROM RUIN!

PUFF PUFF MY MY, THAT WAS GOOD! BLACKOUTS AIN'T SO BAD, AFTER ALL!

OMG MY GOSH I NO ELECTRICITY MEANS THE REFRIGERATOR IS OFF! ALL THAT FOOD IN THERE IS GOING TO SPOIL!

IT IS MY SOLEMN DUTY TO SAVE ALL THOSE PRECIOUS VICTUALS FROM RUIN!

MUNCH CRUNCH CHOMP CHEW Gobble Slobber Swurp Snurk Eat Eat Eat Eat Eat Eat Eat...

BELCH!

(CONTINUED)

REVOLUTIONARY SCALES OF THE CREEPS. ONE REFUSES TO WAKE UP AND FEED ME!

HEY, YOU GUY! IF I DON'T GET ANY CAT FOOD SOON, I'M GONNA HAVE TO EAT ABOUT TWELVE MICE!

WHAT'S THAT TICKLING?

YEEEEE! THE BED IS FULL OF MICE!

WHILE I'M UP, I MIGHT AS WELL FEED THE CAT!

WHAT ARE YOU LAUGHING AT?

THE END