11-27-1973

The Living Daylights 1(7) 27 November 1973

Richard Neville
Editor

Follow this and additional works at: http://ro.uow.edu.au/livingdaylights

Recommended Citation
http://ro.uow.edu.au/livingdaylights/7

Research Online is the open access institutional repository for the University of Wollongong. For further information contact the UOW Library: research-pubs@uow.edu.au
THE ARMY OF THE RARE
Richard Beckett beats up the week's news

And now for something completely different

WE HAVE been running just to stand still in recent weeks, at last the whole enterprise is now beginning to seem almost impossible. Copy flows fulsomely, pro­duction neuruses have diminished and an atmosphere of writerly interaction has developed itself... So what's inside this week?

As we go to press, all communications with Greece have ceased, with the tele­phones cut and the army tightening its grip. It seems like Mr William Humphreys flew out just in time—his diary of what he saw in Athens appears on the back page.

John Grimn, who is to be one of our irregular US correspondents, conducts an absorbing interview with Timothy Leary in Folsom prison (p. 5). Yet again, we have to revise opinions of this enigmatic sorcerer. In the context of Watergate, the US government's kidnap of Leary in Karachi, or his actual suicide, make a bit of a footnote, but it's no less an outrage for that.

Undeveloped Australia, the centre of our exotic fascination, is making pretty pics of the wide open spaces. We have been asked to for lack of space. We have been asked to

THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST: A biography of former United States president Harry Truman. A fascinating story of American drifter who managed himself to give the order to use the atomic bomb, a story that did not like to be the only�
denounced in his history of global terror, namely Richard Nixon. Of Nixon, the man from Missouri added: "He is a shitty eyed goddammed liar and people know it." Warming to the theme before the death Harry added: "If you were the young Kennedy deserved a lot more credit for licking him, but I just can't see it. I can't see how the scoundrel even carried one state." God bless each and every one of us, cried Tiny Tim.

THEY DO SMELL DIFFERENT: An interview with Mrs Betsie Verwoerd, widow of the late great prime minister of South Africa, Dr Hendrik Verwoerd, claimed as the country's arch-centre of all the killings. The paper shortage means we can't get in print.

A paper shortage means we can't get in print. The smuggled will probably be held to ransom, or "stood over", before being allowed to remain. One wonders what would have happened to them if they had been of a different color.

GO DOWN MOSES (CHAPTER 8): The government-owned TAA airline has declared a lock out on striking pilots. Federal transport minister John, in stating that he will not be held to ransom, or "stood over". "An airline cannot be run on the basis of selling tickets on the off chance that the pilots will decide to fly on a given day." Although Mr. Jones's personal morality can stand whole affair, in that it is related to air safety, is most commendable, one regrets that the word "lock out" has to be used in connection with a semi socialist government. The ghost of George Orwell is with us still.

BUT IF THEY ARE BLACK THEY MUST BE CANNIBALS: Chief minister of Papua New Guinea, Michael Somare, in a rough and ready attack on most Australians, said he was sick and tired of his constituents being represented as a mob of feathered and decorated essers of human flesh. Perhaps if Mr Somare wanted to encourage enlightenment in the outside world, he should invite travel agencies to cease publication of his country by means of lurid picturesque blacks posed in primitive attitudes. He should also stop the holding of the highland shows which are specifically designed to promote the image of Papua New Guinea as a cannibal kingdom where all the blacks eat their neighbors. If Tasmania's Nuyens can manage it, so can Somare.

TINKING FISH REVISITED: The Wall Street Journal. So what's inside this week?

SOLD BY THE BRIGHT SIDE: British parliament will consider a new bill of children's rights next year following recent revelations of battered tots. The bill has been hastened on its way by the revelations that between 600 and 700 children are beaten to death by their parents each year and a further 500 suffer permanent brain damage.

SLIDING VERY SLOWLY BACK TOWARDS DEMOCRACY: Greece's armed forces have risen once again and overthrown the government of Papadopoulos. The new leaders are said to be a little less addicted to electrical novelties than the members of the former regime.

For the Living Daylights

The Living Daylights is published every Tuesday by Incorporated Newspapers Company Pty Ltd at 115 Lonsdale Street, Melbourne 3000, Victoria. You can write to us: PO Box 5312 BB, GPO Melbourne, Victoria 3001. Telephone (03) 329 0700, Telex A233403, ENGLISH LINES: Prime Minister Gough Whitlam admitted at his weekly press conference that chocolate eclairs were not provided for cabinet sauces, in answer to a particularly stupid question and in an equally stupid answer, Mr Whitlam said: "In answer to a particularly stupid question and in an equally stupid answer, Mr Whitlam said: "I don't want to admit any more weaknesses..." However, you have been asked to stand still while its proceedings are secret, I can assure you that chocolate eclairs are not provided under this government."

At this week's press conference we are going to abandon the state of the nation" approach and instead concentrate on Laminings, pavlovas, Victor­ia's sponges, and that most favored of all Australian dishes—chocolate cracks.

NOT THAT IT MATTERS, WE ARE SLIDING TOWARDS THE YELLOW PERIL: Professor Peter Angis Lappin, head of the Department of Survey at the University of New South Wales, has stated that in a mere few million years time Australia will be swallowed up in the undertaker and become the Himalayas of the South Pacific. This perhaps will be unfortun­ate for our newly acquired New Guinean neighbors as they themselves prefer warm weather. But perhaps then the Dali Lama may find its true spiritual home.

I AM THE HENCHMAN OF THE CRIME: A biography of former South African prime minister of the United States, has been crowned at Miss World. She is white.

WELL THEY'RE ALMOST WHITE. Pope Al Grassby, other­wise known as the minister for im­migration, admitted in a setup ques­tion that Latin Americans from Colom­bia were being smuggled into the country. The smuggling will probably be allowed to remain. One wonders what would have happened to them if they had been of a different color.

Jockeys get taken for a ride on page 4...
GRANT EVANS

**IN THE dispute that has blown up around the two Kings Cross strip clubs, the Pink Panther and the Staccato, there remains one mystery - at least publicly. People are asking who's the big wad and dealer behind it all, who is "Mr Sin"? While nobody's really prepared to say, fingers are starting to point in the direction of one big wheel around the Cross, a man called Farrugia. "A common Brooklyn type hood," in the words of Actors Equity organiser Colin Voight. Not the stuff big crimes are made of.

Voight was seriously bashed and injured by bouncers recently when he went to the Pink Panther to investigate working conditions of strippers there. Such standover tactics are used against entertainers working in the Kings Cross area, and as the entertainers are generally unorganised these tactics pay off.

Following the assault on Voight, however, these tactics have backfired and prompted wide public concern. The NSW State Labor Council placed a black ban on the two clubs and John Ducker, acting secretary of the council, said all suppliers and services to the clubs would be stopped until their management accepted certain industrial standards for employees. The ban will cut off all services and goods including water, electricity, mail, food, drinks and cigarettes.

When he was bashed, Voight was assisting a strike by 16 strippers at the clubs who are seeking higher wages and better conditions. As a result four of the strippers got the sack. The strippers had picketed the clubs. However, to prove that strippers were being a little hysterical.

By the time Voight got back another nine strippers had been sacked. The strippers had picketed the clubs and a boyfriend of one of the pickets had been bashed. The picket began because Farrugia was using non-union strippers from Adelaide. It has been suggested that these "seal" strippers came from clubs owned by Saffron.

The working conditions in the clubs are bad. Dressing room and safety facilities are almost nonexistent. The strippers have to do at least six spots a night, moving back and forth between the clubs. They get $2.30 per spot and are on call from 6.30 pm to 4 am. Working six nights a week the most the strippers can earn is about $108 per week. The Staccato and the Pink Panther pay the lowest rates in the Cross.

But now that the union movement has swung in behind the strippers they stand a good chance of winning back their jobs, and with better working conditions. Janine Gair was delighted by the union movement's support. She said that "it will force the club's management to realise that trade unions are not to be laughed at. The management needs to be taught a lesson. In the past anybody has been allowed into the Staccato and the Pink Panther." She said she believed that the strippers would get their jobs back. And she added: "We hope for a management change."

A strong feeling of warmth and friendliness has grown amongst the strippers during the struggle, and possibly one of the most important effects of their militant action is that it shattered the crude image of them as sex objects.

Their fight against standover tactics for better conditions should benefit all entertainers in the Cross. What remains to be done is the cleaning out of the big crims who pull all the strings.

---

Friday night the strippers led a march into the Cross and fronted the clubs where, outside the Pink Panther, a shoving duel took place between the demonstrators and the bouncers. Enter the lumpy shape of the ever popular Farrugia: after showing a demonstrator from the steps of his club he elbowed his way through the crowd and headed off to more tranquil sanctuaries.

The march moved on to nearby El Alamein park where Jack Clancy, NSW secretary of the Builders Workers Industrial Union, took the mike and told the meeting that he would ask the ACTU to support black bans on the clubs. However, to prove that Saxman is not the sole prerogative of strip club owners, one member of the BWU said: "... even though the people who are striking are girls, they have been courageous, even more courageous than many men in such strikes."
RIDERS ON THE STORM

MICHAEL MORRIS

ON SATURDAY in Sydney two small men in silk tunics were admitted to hospital; the meeting scheduled to be held at Warwick Farm was cancelled when the jockeys went out on strike.

Hundreds of thousands of punters spent a gloomy weekend carrying around unequaled coinage — bread laid aside each week to feed into TAB agencies. Punters can understand when meetings are called off when the tracks are washed out — that's an ACT OF GOD. But when the day's gambling is fucked up by some per­washed out — that's an ACT OF STRIKE.

When the jockeys went out on strike, Warwick Farm was cancelled — a meeting scheduled to be held at the Australian Jockeys' Club, an archaic gaggle of crusty colonial thoroughbreds.

Things began last week when, after the refusal of 22 starters while the "false rail" was being used. They claimed it was too dangerous, partic­ularly from the 1600 meters start. The false rail is used by race club officials to protect certain sections of the track and what it does is to affect the increase in the speed of the turn.

The hoops rely heavily on the "false rail" as a strap, clustered thicker than three fingers a fresh turf, coming to a turn which Jackie Stewart describes as a "downpour of horses". They get themselves stuck in stalls at the start of races, get horsey mid race, shie at phantoms, pig foot, bank, run wide at turns, turn savage, bite and kick. It's mad to put money on them, even more hair­brained to ride the bastard.

The false rail is used for the 1600 at Randwick it is even more hazardous; the horse has to be practically cramped around the bend. When the AJC held a meet­ing on Saturday to discuss the rail business and the hoops claimed for more money, the jockeys were invited — a typical situation.

The jockeys are demanding a five dollar increase in riding fees from $13 a race to $18 and an increase from five percent of prize money to ten percent. The AJC in turn say they are doing better than jockeys in other states.

I telephoned Billy Burnett, president of the NSW Jockeys Association, on Sunday and was told by his bodyguard (death threats were made upon Burnett over the weekend) that no further statements were forthcoming, but a meeting between association and the AJC would take place this week.

I then spoke with Victorian jockey Peter Bakos, president of the Victorian Jockeys Association and what he told me considerably altered my previous views on jockey­ys.

There are 205 registered jocks in Victoria. Of these only 15 are able to earn enough from riding to support themselves; the rest have to rely on other work to get by. One drives a bus and when he came a cropper in a race his wife had to take the wheel while he was on the mend. Although they are able to claim workers compen­sation they only get the flat rate, no more. They get no sick pay, no holiday pay and no super­annuation.

In Victoria the rate for jockeys is $12 a ride, whether it be a hick­ race at Wangaratta or the Mel­bourne cup, Peter said: "In Ire­land, where the standard of living is lower, jockeys get the equiva­lent of $20 race."

He went on to tell me how he has to travel all over the state, all week, riding everything he can throw a leg over. Next week he goes to a two day meeting at Warnambool, then back to the city to ride at Sandown, then off to central Victoria to ride at Tatura, then back to Melbourne to ride on the Saturday. He must pay all his own expenses. Jocks ride track work six days a week, clambering out of bed at dawn, to get to the track, for four hours riding to the stop watch. They dont get paid for this work; they do it as a "favor" to the stables, the trainers and the owners — people whose patronage is essential to their sur­vival.

The hoops rely heavily on the whims of trainers and owners and often find themselves riding 100 to one hayburners on the chance that in a later race they may have the honor of wearing the owners colors on the horse they dont get the money, they dont get the horses. They hand for the horse where com­petition is less fierce, where the prizemoney makes their five per­cent even more ludicrous. But it's something...

So, the hoops ride like dement­ed sons of the devil, but few find themselves in the winner's circle. They put more into the race game than any of the racing clubs, owners, breeders, trainers, the government, bookmakers and para­sites who rake off the cream.

They are (apart from the small punters, I guess) the most malign­ed sector of the "racing industry".

On November 13 the chairman of the Australian College of Health Surveyors, B. Hicks, said that cartonized milk was making people sick without them suspecting the source. In the Victorian legislative assembly on November 14 Alan Scanlan, minister for health, side-stepped the issue by saying that it was sub judice as a writ had been taken out against Hicks. Hicks has rejected the writ and searches at the supreme court do not disclose one. Incidentally, the speaker of the legislative assembly, Kenneth Henry Wheeler, is a former general manager of Croftbank Dairies.

On November 21 an appeal to the county court by Paul Osmond who was found guilty of the murder of Roger Burnett went before Judge Rapke. Judge Rapke said, "I dont think a fellow such as Burnett deserved a leg over the saddle."

Head for the country where com­petition is less fierce, where the prizemoney makes their five per­cent even more ludicrous. But it's something...
FIRST, what I'd like to know is... Who is Timothy Leary... who is he as a person?

I'm a philosopher, I'm a psychologist, who has been studying the nervous system for the past 30 years. I've written ten books and hundreds of articles. I probably know as much or more about how the nervous system works than the far galactic outposts of awareness and the range of human experiences—than any scientist around.

You also happen to be a person in prison.

Well, yes, I'm in prison, and that may seem odd... a philosopher in prison. But I have to say this about my profession. The best philosophers often end up in prison. If you're a really successful politician, you end up in Washington. If you're a really good philosopher, if you're coming out with new ideas about the seven great destiny questions that are gonna rattle the walls of the social institution... Most of the men that I model myself after have been lucky if they got away with just being in prison for their ideas.

As far as the general public's concern... you're probably best known for your views on drugs. When did you really get started working with drugs?

Uh, starting in 1960 at Harvard university... What role? How?

Well, for many years before that as a psychologist... looking at the nervous system and knowing that the nervous system is the key to all human knowledge, I had been looking for instruments to see how the mind and nervous system works. And in the 1960s, as we all know very well, drugs came along as modes of expanding consciousness, just like telescopes and microscopes. If you are gonna study the nervous system drugs are one of the major tools.

You were looking at it from a research view; did you ever get away from that view, or every time you worked with drugs were you looking at it from research?

Well, the philosopher is looking not just at the nervous system but for the implications; the great questions like—Where do we come from? Where are we going? We are on this planet, this spaceship Earth. How are we gonna get along with each other? How can we use our heads? So I've always been interested in finding ways of using our nervous system as an instrument to answer the basic questions of life. I think any scientist who really gets to the frontier of his science gets to these basic questions, gets philosophic. It's inevitable and I've accepted that responsibility. I think we need at this time a new philosophy.

TIMOTHY LEARY was sent to Folsom prison to suffer the official wrath of a fearful citizenry, instead of languishing in despair has risen to a level of immense vitality and productivity.

He follows a rigorous routine of exercise and physical yoga, counsels prisoners, writes several hours daily, devours information from every media input available, and carries on a voluminous correspondence. He's doing exactly what a lot of cretinous bureaucrats, Chicken Little rightwingers, politicians and power addicts don't want him to do—he's broadcasting again.

If only because of his vitality and optimism I think Tim is on to something. I'm not sure what it is but it came a lot of people in various ways are quietly reaching out for it. Just as important, I feel, is that a lot of what Tim is saying makes sense.

I don't know what role history will eventually confer on him, but I've got a feeling that many generations hence people will remember a trio of visionary madmen because I've long viewed Tim as being one part of the philosophy which saw a giant stride forward in human consciousness. I mention this trilogy of visionary madmen because I've long viewed Tim as being part of a kind of alchemical process begun when those three first turned on.

They became new faces in the old Tarot. Ralph Metzner, the Gentle Scholar, went on to spread the good word with his partner (192 Maps of consciousness); Richard Alpert, the Cosmic Before and After Man, metamorphosed wonderfully before us and became Baba Ram Dass; and Timothy Leary, the Divine Fool, put on his glad rags and danced down the media midway to proclaim you can be anything you want this time around.  

JOHN GRISSIM
adventure of this opportunity to study society, from this very interesting vantage point. I'm talking to prisoners, I'm listening to them, then I'm doing something about it. It's happened. It's microcosm, you got all the raw essence of human society here, this is where you can see the people being up against the wall. Always it seems to pop out for me to say this, but I don't really trust any philosophers who haven't been on the inside of the system and somehow seen it from the perspective of the alienated, or the blacks, or those who've been pushed against the wall. It's all real. It's not my calling to make a career of. It's very, very hard to institutionalise but, you know, it brings me a lot of sympathy for the world. Why not? Why settle for anything less? I have a sense of humor and I think I know that the odds are against me. But we have only a few years here.

Let's try to leave this spacehip better place and all the models and all the philosophers and all the men that I think have really liberated humanity all face us down, outside, on the outside. I want to get back.

I think that a society that impresses its philosophers is playing with very high voltage and I can't imagine how the things that can be seen in societies that are not think of the people. I think we have been in some ways we live, and push these up against this mode of escape of the rich and heroin addicts, there would probably have never been the way in the way we've known it to live, and they're going to be targeted to this mode of escape. And heroin addicts, there would probably have never been the way in the way we've known it to live, and they're going to be targeted to this mode of escape. And heroin addicts, there would probably have never been the way in the way we've known it to live, and they're going to be targeted to this mode of escape.
t the vice-chancellor, professor Alec Lazenby, was not impressed with the demonstration, of course. Initially Lazenby's attitude was to treat the protest as a prank to be escalate the threat posed because at exam time the university is very vulnerable to disruption. Papers are printed, timetables are prepared, staff employed etc, it is an enormous administrative task and very tightly scheduled. There was just no room for mass postponements because that would muck up the enrolment and course preparation for the next year. If mass assessment didn't happen in November then it just doesn't happen.

Taking no chances Lazenby increased security staff and, fearing disruptions as recommended by the Student Action Committee, had exam staff check off the examinees before they entered the exam rooms. This caused late starts. The fear of disruptions ceased disruption as the tensions escalated. The easily provoked administration invited provocation and it became a sport.

On Tuesday the main exam hall was put out of action by sticky bombs. The light switches were epoxy glued off. A girl came to an exam wearing a sign "Exams rape minds" and was pounced on by the supervisors who tore off the sign thereby demonstrating the truth of the slogan.

Tuesday was also the day of the marxism exam. Marxism is a political movement which was obliged by arts faculty regulations to have a three hour closed book final exam like all other subjects. The marxism students argued that exams engender competitiveness and bourgeois individualism. They demanded the right to do their exam collectively. Their demands created pandemonium in the exam rooms for they insisted on having meetings to consider democratically all the whispered demands and compromise offers. They had taken their books to the exams and in every other way flouted the exam rules but, faced with their united front, the administration was powerless - the provost had lined up. Lazenby's final card was in hand for he was prepared to take the paper home to complete in a week in easy essay form, they left the exam room. There they found ten cops lined up. Lazenby's final card was in hand for he was prepared to take the paper home to complete in a week in easy essay form, they left the exam room. There they found ten cops lined up. Lazenby's final card was in hand for he was prepared to take the paper home to complete in a week in easy essay form, they left the exam room. There they found ten cops lined up. Lazenby's final card was in hand for he was prepared to take the paper home to complete in a week in easy essay form, they left the exam room. There they found ten cops lined up. Lazenby's final card was in hand for he was prepared to take the paper home to complete in a week in easy essay form, they left the exam room. There they found ten cops lined up. Lazenby's final card was in hand for he was prepared to take the paper home to complete in a week in easy essay form, they left the exam room. There they found ten cops lined up. Lazenby's final card was in hand for he was prepared to take the paper home to complete in a week in easy essay form, they left the exam room. There they found ten cops lined up. Lazenby's final card was in hand for he was prepared to take the paper home to complete in a week in easy essay form, they left the exam room. There they found ten cops lined up. Lazenby's final card was in hand for he was prepared to take the paper home to complete in a week in easy essay form, they left the exam room. There they found ten cops lined up. Lazenby's final card was in hand for he was prepared to take the paper home to complete in a week in easy essay form, they left the exam room. There they found ten cops lined up. Lazenby's final card was in hand for he was prepared to take the paper home to complete in a week in easy essay form, they left the exam room. There they found ten cops lined up. Lazenby's final card was in hand for he was prepared to take the paper home to complete in a week in easy essay form, they left the exam room. There they found ten cops lined up. Lazenby's final card was in hand for he was prepared to take the paper home to complete in a week in easy essay form, they left the exam room. There they found ten cops lined up. Lazenby's final card was in hand for he was prepared to take the paper home to complete in a week in easy essay form, they left the exam room. There they found ten cops lined up. Lazenby's final card was...
DIVINE LIGHT MISSION: Guru Maharaj Ji (322 Brunswick street, Fitzroy etc) – THIS religion is the latest release in a series of Indian export productions which, taken cumulatively, have been a serious threat to the comparative prestige of Rome and Canterbury in world markets. While our own Western productions play to a slowly decreasing number of packed houses throughout the world, these shows from India are steadily gathering hard-core devotees, and Divine Light Mission, with its slick production and often intelligent script, may well turn out to be a real blockbuster at the box office. Even if the sight of a Krishna consciousness fan in his (or her) madcap uniform turns you blue with rage, DLM may well be what you've been waiting for. Full-bodied, robust, and possessing a good nose, this is certainly one of the better available religions and may well turn out to be one of the all-time greats if given a reasonable time to mature. It travels well and may even be able to compete successfully with the more established brands now that consumer loyalty is passe.

Stranger in the Light

When I first heard about the Divine Light Mission, I immediately conceived a strong dislike for the organisation and its Perfect Master, Guru Maharaj Ji. I was already fed up to the back teeth with Indian persons who claimed to be Lord of the Universe, and this one was only 15 years old. (At least he was at the time. Contrary to popular belief, he has been getting older ever since at the same rate as the rest of us.)

I strongly incline to distrust anyone under the age of 20, because such youths and maidens generally think either that they know something or that somewhere there is someone who does know something and that one day they will find out who it is and whatever it is that this person knows; whereas I find it impossible to believe that, apart from gross physical manifestations, anybody knows anything about anything. There is only one statement that might be universally true, and here it is: any process or event not only implies but exists only by virtue of its opposite or negation. So the good news that at last we have an adolescent Perfect Master who knows at least a great deal about many important matters did not fall sweetly on my ears. I strenuously denied the mere possibility and told the boys to warm up the tar and get in a good supply of feathers. At last, I thought, a change from the same old round of beating up Krishna devotees and stealing their incense.

Before long I discovered that several people I numbered among my friends and acquaintances had fallen victim to this new and deadly strain of Eastern mysticism; my hostility perceptibly increased.

What I found when I went in search of the Knowledge by MICHAEL O'ROURKE
The speakers, all premies, varied in quality from the reasonable to the ridiculous, from calm understatement to absurd hyperbole. The most remarkable thing about their oratory is that most of them have been greatly influenced by the personal styles of the Indian persons they revere, the Guru, his family, and his mahatmas. Thus: Taking Knowledge does not put an end to various, as a sort of alarm system which we all have installed in the presence of such socialization, for the mind, in its use has it an unfortunate tendency to feel and thus paralyzes the whole system. This is not a very good thing because it becomes unable to deal with whatever is causing the anxiety. On the whole it appears to be bad installation that causes the feedback problem. Meanwhile, back at the Aurobor...  

By the end of my first satsang, my disquiet had already begun to congeal into opposition. This was natural, I suppose, since my assumption of objectivity, while honest enough in intent, was merely a necessary part of my new observer and commentator. While much of what was said made sense, a greater percentage was so contrived to be more than a load of old codswallop, and the nonsense tended to discredite the sense my mahatma and the Guru transmitted, as I was repelled, as I had been by the Krishna cult, but I did feel that in all probability the Guru did not know what he was doing, and in fact could not tell their own arrangement, the moral.  

Nevertheless I went out to Ullamalai the next day to catch a quick glimpse of Maharaj Ji, as he passed through. Melbourne on his way to Auckland or some such barbaric place. Maharaj Ji is the man of whose case my guide, a show supposed to starring Maharaj Ji, had been Australia and New Zealand. He seemed like a nice fellow, though he appeared to me to be sunk in a debased state of gravity and self-esteem. But perhaps he was only tired andнер гапошато. Each passenger on the crowded flight had to pass out between two rows of premies who were grinning and singing a little song about Guru Maharaj Ji. The tune used was Hey ho, nobody home, a circumstance which could not possibly be preted in an unkilt the light. Other passengers behaved very well under fire and did not make loud remarks or rain blows on the heads of the premies.  

When everybody was settled in an NYU building, at the airport, Maharaj Ji had his disconcerting way over many public relations matters, publicity being spread as is most convenient. However proceeded to give the premies a pep talk, a condemned and heightened version of which I give below.  

"Look at you, ah! I wake up, you go away, you go back to sleep again. What a lot of dull clogs you are, eh? Premies nod and smile tremulously. "How many of you have been writing letters as I told you?" One or two hands raised. "Ha! I tell you to write letters and you do not do it. Write letters! Write letters! Tell me to write letters, you damn well better write letters, okay?" Their eyelashes are wet and glistening, and all the rest of them more or less. "Ah, how easy it is to go to sleep again, how easy!" They clap their hands and smile. The premies join in without much conviction. "Ah, my friends, very dear, dear friends, I am your slave. I live only for you. But you do not understand enough. You are still half asleep. You must write letters. Write, write, write. You just cry, cry, cry, cry. You must cry from the heart, and he will come. If you do not cry, cry, cry, cry, he will not be able to see the lotus feet. They will only come if you can see the lotus feet, not like eating chocolate. How many times must I tell you?"  

The premieres cast deprecat­ ring glances at their very inferior lots. "Now I must go away again, after all this. Fly, fly, fly, I fly everywhere. And why? Because I am your slave. And you must take care of this care of this little child who cannot even take care of himself."

At this, I thought I was overcome by boredom and left the room. I will not try to hide from your passionate understanding the fact that I was not favorably impress­ ed. The above discourse may well appear to you, as it did to me, to possess quite the clarity and depth of a mountain lake fed by crystal streams. It will not be so open to your comprehension if I point out that much of it had to do with the much advertised Second Coming of Guru Maharaj Ji himself. As everybody knows, by now, he did actually turn up for this, he had been thought to be a sufficient fan mail. This divine sort of activity, which is also in the hands of all people and generally confusing them in an ill mannered way, is dignified by the name of "Mahatma" or a spiritual man, which he (or it) deliberately forgets that he is One and pretends to be Many in order to attract fan mail.  

"Looks like he might not come," said my amiable guide later. "You might not have to wait too long."

"I have already got a story," I replied obliquely, averting my face. As it turned out, it would only have to wait until the next satsang. The next satsang I attended was graced by the presence of the man of whose case, Maharaj Ji. Heroically I went along even though two W. C. Fields movies were playing in opposition. Can you picture my chagrin? I hardly think so. My face was set against the Divine Light Mission and I did not intend to honor the institution with the benevolence of my smile. This time I sat in one of the chairs provided for the aged, the infirm, and the incredulous. Sitting on the floor causes the lower part of my body to pass into a state of numbness. The floor in the room was made of premies, including one middle aged man who looked more or less like a garden gnome. He was called "Maharaj Ji."  

"I take away the gold," he said mischievously, "is there any ring left?"

"No," he answered. "And if I take away the ring, is there any gold left?"

"Yes, probably, I thought."

"No again," he said triumphantly.

"Curses, cursed Oil-Can Harry O'Rourke, foiled."

"There you have it," he continued. "Do you understand now?"

The premies did, anyway. They laughed appreciatively, even though they had been told that whatever knowledge they might acquire was of little better than the amount I got from you guys, young guys, I thought, boring my teeth. Maharaj Ji had been put on earth to produce Maharaj Ji, which had been his purpose from the start, but he had been wrong. He had been put on earth to produce Maharaj Ji himself before relinquishing the floor. Maharaj Ji had taken to it without much enthusiasm, meanwhile confessing in his more lucid moments that he could tell you nothing that you could not even decide for yourself. Maharaj Ji has the kind of experience which he (or it) deliberately forgets that he is One and pretends to be Many in order to attract fan mail.  

"If I take away the gold," he said mischievously, "is there any ring left?"

"No," he answered. "And if I take away the ring, is there any gold left?"

"Yes, probably, I thought."

"No again," he said triumphantly.

"Curses, cursed Oil-Can Harry O'Rourke, foiled."

"There you have it," he continued. "Do you understand now?"

The premies did, anyway. They laughed appreciatively, even though they had been told that whatever knowledge they might acquire was of little better than the amount I got from you guys, young guys, I thought, boring my teeth. Maharaj Ji had been put on earth to produce Maharaj Ji, which had been his purpose from the start, but he had been wrong. He had been put on earth to produce Maharaj Ji himself before relinquishing the floor. Maharaj Ji had taken to it without much enthusiasm, meanwhile confessing in his more lucid moments that he could tell you nothing that you could not even decide for yourself.
characteristic of all the speaking that I heard at sarangpur, as that it was addressed to those present who were uncertain or uninformed rather than to the premies. With only half an ear, as it were, to the mahatma, I entered the overgrown paths of a subropical revere, being determined to work out to my own satisfaction what that was afoot. There was plainly something fishy about this business.

Firstly, there was some kind of con going on. Lord of the Universe, eh? A clever appellation, I spit on it. No enlightened person would so exact himself above others as this Guru has been exacted, I gazed at the photograph of this bloated spiritual phratroc and whitened. And what about this business of the Holy Family? Is not an abundance of reverence closely akin to slavery?

The premises have merely given themselves into bondage. Listen to your man up there. Open your hearts; empty your hearts and let Guru Maharaj Ji fill them, he says. Okay, WHAT WITH? Fill them with himself? Polymorphous pervervity if ever I saw it.

But hold on a minute there, said a small voice which I recognised as that of my effete and excitable conscience. Fair go, it said. Just consider for a moment the consequences if everything you have so far concluded is true, and if it is also true that Guru Maharaj Ji is truly an enlightened person who requires a higher re­quirement of your high standards for enlightened persons? What then? GO AWAY, I muttered, breaking out in a heavy daze scented with honey and roses. CONSIDER, it rejoined remorselessly. I considered.

If Guru Maharaj Ji, I reasoned slowly and reluctantly, enjoins his followers to empty their hearts in order to find the way, then, he being (as agreed upon as an observable truth), a truly enlightened person, his own heart must be empty. How can then he fill their hearts with anything?

It has often occurred to me that experience is like standing under a pelting shower. (Adjust temperature as you pre­fer.) We are not content to let the water flow past; we cup our hands to hold as much of it as is possible. Thus we have a store of past experiences to contemplate which comes to seem precious, irreplaceable, unique. This corresponds with the ego. To put the metaphor right out on a chain of thought, and we reached some­thing either.) I think it was at this point that a sort of explosion went off in my head and my body suddenly felt nothing, having not only forgotten where the chain was, but also uncertain of where I was and what I was doing there. I had not been prepared for this. Leaving my forehead against the wall, I stood in the midst of my vision of shoes, having not only forgotten where they were but also uncertain of where I was and what I was doing there. I had not been prepared for this. Leaving my forehead against the wall, I stood in the midst of my vision of shoes. (Had enough? In extenuation of my uninformed rather than to the premies. Characteristic of all the speaking that I heard at sarangpur, as that it was addressed to those present who were uncertain or uninformed rather than to the premies. With only half an ear, as it were, to the mahatma, I entered the overgrown paths of a subropical revere, being determined to work out to my own satisfaction what that was afoot. There was plainly something fishy about this business.

Thus when the premies open their hearts and let the Guru fill them, they are being filled up with what must really be void, for what else could be expected from the premises. For not one of them was a believer in reincarnation of the Void. I had been right. There was a con going on. Internally I felt myself to be a game or play, I was desperate to find common ground with him, to reach a sort of understanding, a complicity, a union. Perhaps she was just of A Kind," were the words that I then heard. My heart sank. I ventured to put the metaphor right out on a chain of thought, and we reached something either.) I think it was at this point that a sort of explosion went off in my head and my body suddenly felt nothing, having not only forgotten where they were but also uncertain of where I was and what I was doing there. I had not been prepared for this. Leaving my forehead against the wall, I stood in the midst of my vision of shoes. (Had enough? In extenuation of my uninformed rather than to the premies. Characteristic of all the speaking that I heard at sarangpur, as that it was addressed to those present who were uncertain or uninformed rather than to the premies. With only half an ear, as it were, to the mahatma, I entered the overgrown paths of a subropical revere, being determined to work out to my own satisfaction what that was afoot. There was plainly something fishy about this business.

Thus when the premies open their hearts and let the Guru fill them, they are being filled up with what must really be void, for what else could be expected from the premises. For not one of them was a believer in reincarnation of the Void. I had been right. There was a con going on. Internally I felt myself to be a game or play, I was desperate to find common ground with him, to reach a sort of understanding, a complicity, a union. Perhaps she was just of A Kind," were the words that I then heard. My heart sank. I ventured to put the metaphor right out on a chain of thought, and we reached something either.) I think it was at this point that a sort of explosion went off in my head and my body suddenly felt nothing, having not only forgotten where they were but also uncertain of where I was and what I was doing there. I had not been prepared for this. Leaving my forehead against the wall, I stood in the midst of my vision of shoes. (Had enough? In extenuation of my uninformed rather than to the premies. Characteristic of all the speaking that I heard at sarangpur, as that it was addressed to those present who were uncertain or uninformed rather than to the premies. With only half an ear, as it were, to the mahatma, I entered the overgrown paths of a subropical revere, being determined to work out to my own satisfaction what that was afoot. There was plainly something fishy about this business.

Thus when the premies open their hearts and let the Guru fill them, they are being filled up with what must really be void, for what else could be expected from the premises. For not one of them was a believer in reincarnation of the Void. I had been right. There was a con going on. Internally I felt myself to be a game or play, I was desperate to find common ground with him, to reach a sort of understanding, a complicity, a union. Perhaps she was just of A Kind," were the words that I then heard. My heart sank. I ventured to put the metaphor right out on a chain of thought, and we reached something either.) I think it was at this point that a sort of explosion went off in my head and my body suddenly felt nothing, having not only forgotten where they were but also uncertain of where I was and what I was doing there. I had not been prepared for this. Leaving my forehead against the wall, I stood in the midst of my vision of shoes. (Had enough? In extenuation of my uninformed rather than to the premies. Characteristic of all the speaking that I heard at sarangpur, as that it was addressed to those present who were uncertain or uninformed rather than to the premies. With only half an ear, as it were, to the mahatma, I entered the overgrown paths of a subropical revere, being determined to work out to my own satisfaction what that was afoot. There was plainly something fishy about this business.
difficult for me to convey the extent of my confusion. I had tried a frontal assault when I should have realised that skillful and subtle means would have had more chance of success. A few more people entered, among them a mint-fresh premie who commenced immediately to talk about Taking Knowledge with all the loathsome character and familiarity displayed by ladies who sit in doctors waiting-rooms and talk about their operations. On and on he prattled, while my head was trying to give an honest account of its experiences like aeroplane crashes, the revolution that has already begun. It seems significant that the impacted ego seems to be the major agent of future shock.

And that is not the only thing that seems significant, buddy. There is more to the DLM than meets the eye, though it is not necessarily what anyone says it is. And remember that, barring accidents like crucifixion, or gross physical manifestations like aeroplane crashes, the Gurus Maharaj Ji is going to be around for maybe another 80 years, that is unless he turns out to be immortal. Time enough.

Q. Are you back?

A. I don't know. I doubt that I will for a very long time. I hope that it has not been hidden to the reader's perception that my opinion on my own worth is as evolutionary, or even spiritual, as anything else if you establish a new set of roles. The illuminated man can do anything he wants to do, but then, never mind. Nobody's perfect. You may or may not be a very intelligent boy, but you are a human being and it is a wonderful thing to meet a person and reach out your hand to him. The true transcendental experience is like being a leaf on a tree. It is only the beginning. You haven't even reached the beginning yet.

Q. In your humble opinion, a Good Thing?

A. Who knows? Wait around and see. Who can say what it will become in the long run? The premises have not yet had time to really settle down with the Knowledge. The premies have not yet had opportunity to move on to the board again because it ceases to be a game of being an illuminated man. Roles are limited and defeated understanding, seem to be the part he is playing. The premies seem to be trying to give an honest account of the situations like aeroplane crashes, the revolution that has already begun...
Living there is a community project, and the producer of one box is called Farmer Nolan's Produce. The rent. The box is displayed, people pay, the money accrues, and Farmer Nolan is paid. Harmony. No hassles about "who's not paying rent this week?" No one knows how much is owed. Not even Farmer Nolan knows how much is owed. There are many such examples of co-operative living, where people cooperate and things get done. There is a general air of togetherness and friendship. Everyone is anxious to get on to the property and really get things started, but in the meantime there are other things which can be done. The premises are available for permission to be used as a field to be gardened in preparation for moving in, and the gardens are growing both in size and in produce. And there's work to be done in other directions such as the food co-op, the arts and crafts, housework, cooking and other everyday chores. Now and again people drop by to have a look at things and are immediately at home. They leave feeling invigorated by the general atmosphere to return to the city to earn bread to become part of the community and tell their friends of the beautiful Nimbin Thing. And it is beautiful. The atmosphere, the town, the countryside, the people, the culture, all conducive to harmonious living.

Anyone who was there for the First Co-operative meeting on December 20 will bear witness. Everyone was really together in friendship and happiness.

The picnic in the property's natural amphitheatre (complete with nearby stream) was a raging success. People jamming along the creek bed or sitting on the grass by the stream could lay their hands on. This type of thing happens all the time in Nimbin. I remember one night we had people playing together— one guitar, one stock, one harmonica, one star, three jaws harps, bongos, drum sticks, numerous voices and hand clappings the result was tremendous. Another night a squash box was produced, some one played spoons, some one played squeeze box, some one played harmonica, and the result was wonderful.

The community realises that there are times, things have to be done, they know certain people who have a knowledge of this particular aspect and so they seek his advice. Groups of people gather together and discuss the right and wrong ways, reach a conclusion, and act. This way there is no need for figureheads and power trips. Maybe that's why certain people who want to organise every one, are disillusioned, because everyone gets their own selves organised. There's no one saying, "It's about time the compost was dug." How about someone cleaning the water? "It's time someone else fetched the water." Let everybody be responsible for himself a world that he is free to perceive, to be the world that he is free to be.

We adults have such powers that we have lost. Children can accept reality— until we teach them, by insculpating our myths, to fear it. If you stop and think for a moment you will realise that your child has the capacity to become a careesaan, a Roman, a kindi, or a man of the year 3000— until we socialise him our way.

Do we adults have such powers, and does "our" way work anymore? Is our way of life going to be liveable, worth living, worth imposing on these new people? And just as your child could become, with different socialisation, a Roman soldier or what ever, he could become whatever it takes to cope with western society tomorrow: socialised by judging for himself what he is free to perceive, allowed to be the rational animal that he naturally is.

Let everybody be responsible for the world our children will inherit. Let the children know the world they have to live in. Let the children out: reality is the only security. Let everybody be responsible to the children.

Let the children in.
Undeveloped Australia

FRANK PITHERS
(48) Begin to rotate your hand in a clockwise motion again. (49) When your palm faces the floor, start to make a fist.

(50) With the palm up, begin to bring the left fist back to your body. (51) Stop the movement when your fist reaches the left side of your chest in the basic sit lim bo position shown in figure No. 7.

(52) Open your right hand with the palm facing up, forming the palm-up block. Begin moving your hand outward from the center of your chest. (53) Extend your arm only three quarters. Do not straighten it.

(54) Rotate your hand counterclockwise, with your fingers pointing toward your chest. (55) Keep the elbows stationary as you continue the rotating movement.

(56) Stop the rotating movement when the thumb points toward your chest and the palm faces to the left. (57) Bring your right elbow to within three inches of your body.

(58) Relax your wrist. (59) Keep the elbow in toward your body during every forward motion. With the wrist still relaxed, begin to straighten your arm until it is about three quarters extended.

(60) Keeping the elbow in place, start rotating your hand counterclockwise. (61) Stop the rotating movement with the thumb facing your chest and the palm facing toward the left.

(62) Bring the elbow back to within three inches of your body. (63) Repeat the sequence in figures 58 through 61 three times before going on to 64.
DO IT YOURSELF KUNG FU 10

SIL LIM TAO

(64) Perform a right-hand slap block to the left. Remember not to go past the left shoulder. (65) Return your hand to the middle of your chest.

(66) Execute the vertical palm strike by extending your arm, with the palm facing away from you, to an area directly in front of your nose. (67) Turn your palm up to form tan sao (palm-up block).

(68) Rotate your hand counterclockwise without moving your arm or elbow. (69) When your palm faces the floor, begin to form a fist.

(70) Retract your fist to (71) the right side of your chest, in the basic sil lim tao position.

(72) With the left hand, begin a palm strike toward the floor. (73) Open your hand and extend your arm.

(74) Begin a right palm strike toward the floor. (75) Both arms are now fully extended and both palms are facing the floor.

(76) Lift both hands, palms down, to waist level and toward the rear. (77) Execute a double palm strike to the rear.

(78) Raise your hands and bring them to the front at about chest level. (79) Execute a double palm strike in front of your groin.
Lift both hands and begin to cross the left over the right. Raise the left arm to shoulder level and hold the right arm below and parallel to the left. The palms are faced toward the floor.

After executing the finger jab, drop both arms, palms down, in front of your groin in defense against a groin kick. Still extended, move your arms up, with the palms facing you and fingers pointing toward the floor.

Simultaneously swing both arms out, and extend them to your sides in a jut sao (outside sweep or sweeping fingers). Return your arms to the original position (an inside eye sweep) in front of your chest. This time, place the right arm above the left.

To execute a sinking elbow block, raise both forearms so they are parallel, with the palms facing each other. Without moving the elbows, execute a palm-up block (tan sao) by turning the two palms up.

Quickly extend both hands in a double jab to your chest. Turn your hands into fists as you retract them to your chest. Form your hands into fists as you retract them to your chest. Turn the palms up so that you are again in the basic sil lim tao position.

Perform the left slapping block (pak sao) to the right, but do not move your hand past the right shoulder. Return your hand to the middle of your chest, keeping the elbow three inches from your body and the fingers pointed toward the ceiling.

Execute a left, sideward palm strike (wong jeong) by thrusting your palm straight out at face level. Then rotate your hand to the palm-up position.

NEXT WEEK: Sil Lim Tao continued
SURREALISM

Albie Thoms

It's surrealism.

ACH century seems to have been the age of the imagination. In the 19th it was romanticism; the 20th is surrealist.

It is easy to think of surrealism as an old art movement, or as the "funny" pictures of Salvador Dalí. But really it is the grid in which a new imagination is to be found, as the point of departure for a new vision dominated a century ago as a reaction to the logic and the total destruction of any part of the wake of the French Revolution. I suppose we owe surrealism to Apollinaire, who coined the word in his introduction to his play Le Triomphe de la Harpe. In this he picked up on the Italian futurist Marinetti who had shouted "Let us reach out into the unexplored" and "Dada, let us dare to do something a little harder (or easier) than whether Guru Maharaj Ji is God, they are well worth the visit."

IN ONE OF the best programs assembled by any cinema this year, the NFT is showing Picabia & Claire's Entra'acte (1924), Artaud & Dulac's Seashell and the Clergyman (1928), Dalí & Bunuel's Andalusion dog (1929) and Jean Cocteau's Blood of a Poet (1930). A nice night's entertainment, as Barry Humphries might say, but also a collection of the most powerful cinema imagery which makes still pictures into movies. One of the great fathers of movies was Georges Melies, and for him movies were merely extensions of his stage conjuring act. But there exists an extensive body of explicitly surreal movies, many made by the artists associated in the textbooks with surrealism. The National Film Theatre of Australia is currently showing some of them in capital cities around Australia, and for those interested in trying their minds on something a little harder (or easier) than whether Guru Maharaj Ji is God, they are well worth the visit.

Surreal vision is part of our everyday lives, just as romantic vision dominated a century ago as part of the wake of the French Revolution. I suppose we owe surrealism to Apollinaire, who coined the word in his introduction to his play Tiresias's breasts which took surrealist theatre one step beyond Jarry's The King Ubu. Apollinaire pointed out that when men wished to imitate the action of walking he invented the wheel rather than mechanical legs. This he claimed was an exercise in surrealism - the human vision extending beyond what is seen, and creating what is imagined.

His successor Andre Breton seized upon the surrealism of dreams and for a long time people associated surrealism with the night time imaginations of our minds. But Breton also defined another kind of surrealism - pure psychic automatism - in which man freed beyond the constraints of learning or knowledge. In this he picked up on the Italian futurist Marinetti who had shouted "Let us reach out into the unexplored" and "Dada, let us dare to do something a little harder (or easier) than whether Guru Maharaj Ji is God, they are well worth the visit.

Aburdity is no longer something of mystery, or even a dream. The Theatre of the Absurd pointed to the absurdities of everyday life. But the surrealism of the global village has juxtaposed so many contradictory elements that the mind accepts that what is absurd to one person appears quite normal to another. For someone who allows himself to see it so a walk in the street is as surreal as an experience one could wish, as all those drug consumers in our society know quite well. Breton and his friend Max Ernst made such urban perambulations a feature of their lives, even while going on all around them.

In many respects movies are all surreal. Imagination takes people and places in time with all the distortions of the filmed magicians. This was after all their source of origin, in the fairgrounds, as part of the sideshows, the flickering pictures on the nickelodeon, the pres-
Clouzot shows no sympathy for either the Arabs or the Jews, but is pointed in revealing the promised land as a desert, and suggesting the American western in the raid by Arabs on camels coming over the hills to attack the Jewish refugees.

Like all surrealist films, Manon can be read as a critique of society, with its incidental treatment of the humiliation of women who had socialized with the wartime German occupiers, postwar black-market trading and exploitation of Jewish refugees, and the Jewish colonization of Palestine. But as is usual with surrealist films, the narrator (ie. the filmmaker) stands aside from these events and in depicting them allows the absurdity of most human endeavor to show thru. In doing so he invokes critical paranoia and a lot of humor besides.

WHEN I started making films 11 years ago I followed the surrealist banner, and the first two that I made were from scenarios by surrealists, It droppeth as the gentle rain (by Jacques Prevert) and The spurt of blood (by Antonin Artaud). The first was banned, showing the fear surrealism still held for authorities in 1963.

The response at that time differed little from that of the British censor banning Duluc's film of another Artaud scenario. While I was making those films there was another surrealist filmmaker working in Adelaide. He was Dusan Marek, and in his purity of vision must be acknowledged Australia's most important film surrealist.

Unfortunately his films (distributed by the Sydney Film Co-op) rarely get shown, and of course were not considered for the NFTA season (which is based on foreign textbooks on the subject). But in his Cobweb on a parachute, Marek has created a surreal film heavy with psychoanalysis that stands as a considerable demonstration of critical paranoia. Regrettably, the financiers of this film were shocked by what they saw and never allowed the film to get beyond the editing stage. But the film can be seen today (in black & white rather than its original color) ably demonstrating the grip surrealism still has on the contemporary consciousness.

SURREALISM is not a dead movement (even tho Pope Breton has passed on), but has transcended the confines of art and has entered the everyday world. In trying to understand the machinations of a Nixon mind one has to see it within the context of this everyday surrealism, the critical paranoia integral to the workings of the mind, and the irrationality of our own behavior that results in or from those unaccountable twists of what the ancients called fate.

Those men up there in Skylab watching Kohoutek are having a real experience, yet to me, sitting down here and looking up into the sky it is patently surreal, an episode from a Georges Melies movie or something that Salvador Dali dreamed up. As Eugene Ionesco once said, "Reality is the only unreality".
"His head with learning had burst the crown of his hat."
Built on solid foundations

Student government, or perhaps more appropriately the lack of it, is an interesting subject. As a student who has been involved with the establishment of an SRC and its activities, I have too often heard the cry from student activists that SRCs are not representatives of the student body, but mere puppets of the school's administration. This may well be true in many cases. But the fault lies not with the SRC, but with those behind it.

Take, for example, my school, a typical suburban high school in the outer suburbs of Melbourne. During my six years of attendance, two SRCs have failed because the school's administration crushed them into extinction. At the beginning of this year a few students decided that a school of 1000 students should be able to achieve some form of student government.

Behold, the magic question arose, how to do it? This time we avoided the death trap of going to the school's administration, but wisely called on the assistance of parents. They responded and from this point we have grown into an effective student body. The reason, I suppose, was that the school's administration was not prepared to enter into conflict with the parents that were behind us.

Democratic elections were held and the SRC as such existed. Throughout the year meetings were held every week during which any student could express his opinion. Some may claim that an organized meeting is a repulsive atmosphere but the advantages of having an organized meeting cannot be overemphasized.

Many of you will say, so what, you sound pretty much like any other SRC. Well to show you that we are different I should list some of the results of our existence:

- Forum committee (equal numbers of students, teachers and parents). This committee has been extremely useful in creating links between the various groups of the school. In fact this body has enabled the SRC to gain the much needed support of teachers.
- Student newspaper, run by a subcommittee of the SRC. This paper is completely free of censorship and is completely controlled by students.
- Protection of school facilities: That is, being able to communicate to students by means of PA system, duplicate notices and being able to hold special form assemblies.
- Social activities, such as student dances which had previously been out of the question until the SRC was able to exert some pressure. The SRC also has a subcommittee to organise visitors to address the student body. Again the SRC has complete power over who it invites.
- Perhaps one of our most constructive achievements was our financial organisation; we organised an SRC week in which the various forms throughout the school raised the funds for the union. Over $500 was raised and with this money we have been able to extend the range of our involvement to various activities, such as clubs. An example of this is the film group which was granted money to buy equipment necessary for filming.

Overall the SRC this year has achieved the most important thing of all in student government: it has established itself amongst students, parents, teachers and the administration. From here we can make further progress with the fulfillment of our aims and goals in an independent way that otherwise could not have been possible.

To achieve effective student-government, one must build upon solid foundations. I believe that properly run SRCs are indeed this foundation.

John Southern
A guide to what's on in the week ahead: Nov 27 - Dec 3

**SYDNEY**

**THEATRE**

- **The Threepenny Opera** by Bertolt Brecht, directed by John Gruen, at the Old Theatre, 22-26 November.

**FILM**

- **Happy Birthday, Wanda June** at the St George Hotel, 21 November.

**JAZZ**

- **Jazz House** at the St George Hotel, 21 November.

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

**EVENING EXTRAVAGANZA**

- **TNT** at the St George Hotel, 21 November.

**TUES**

- **The Threepenny Opera** at the Old Theatre, 22-26 November.

**WED**

- **Happy Birthday, Wanda June** at the St George Hotel, 21 November.

**MELBOURNE**

**THEATRE**

- **The Threepenny Opera** by Bertolt Brecht, directed by John Gruen, at the Old Theatre, 22-26 November.

**FILM**

- **Happy Birthday, Wanda June** at the St George Hotel, 21 November.

**JAZZ**

- **Jazz House** at the St George Hotel, 21 November.

**MELBOURNE MONITOR:** Chris & Eva 51.9563 or 51.8214, write Flat 8, 7 Irving Ave, Windsor, 3181.

**MELBOURNE**

**THEATRE**

- **The Threepenny Opera** by Bertolt Brecht, directed by John Gruen, at the Old Theatre, 22-26 November.

**FILM**

- **Happy Birthday, Wanda June** at the St George Hotel, 21 November.

**JAZZ**

- **Jazz House** at the St George Hotel, 21 November.

**MELBOURNE MONITOR:** Chris & Eva 51.9563 or 51.8214, write Flat 8, 7 Irving Ave, Windsor, 3181.

**TUES**

- **The Threepenny Opera** by Bertolt Brecht, directed by John Gruen, at the Old Theatre, 22-26 November.

**WED**

- **Happy Birthday, Wanda June** at the St George Hotel, 21 November.

**MELBOURNE**

**THEATRE**

- **The Threepenny Opera** by Bertolt Brecht, directed by John Gruen, at the Old Theatre, 22-26 November.

**FILM**

- **Happy Birthday, Wanda June** at the St George Hotel, 21 November.

**JAZZ**

- **Jazz House** at the St George Hotel, 21 November.

**MELBOURNE MONITOR:** Chris & Eva 51.9563 or 51.8214, write Flat 8, 7 Irving Ave, Windsor, 3181.

**TUES**

- **The Threepenny Opera** by Bertolt Brecht, directed by John Gruen, at the Old Theatre, 22-26 November.

**WED**

- **Happy Birthday, Wanda June** at the St George Hotel, 21 November.

**MELBOURNE**

**THEATRE**

- **The Threepenny Opera** by Bertolt Brecht, directed by John Gruen, at the Old Theatre, 22-26 November.

**FILM**

- **Happy Birthday, Wanda June** at the St George Hotel, 21 November.

**JAZZ**

- **Jazz House** at the St George Hotel, 21 November.

**MELBOURNE MONITOR:** Chris & Eva 51.9563 or 51.8214, write Flat 8, 7 Irving Ave, Windsor, 3181.

**TUES**

- **The Threepenny Opera** by Bertolt Brecht, directed by John Gruen, at the Old Theatre, 22-26 November.

**WED**

- **Happy Birthday, Wanda June** at the St George Hotel, 21 November.

**MELBOURNE**

**THEATRE**

- **The Threepenny Opera** by Bertolt Brecht, directed by John Gruen, at the Old Theatre, 22-26 November.

**FILM**

- **Happy Birthday, Wanda June** at the St George Hotel, 21 November.

**JAZZ**

- **Jazz House** at the St George Hotel, 21 November.

**MELBOURNE MONITOR:** Chris & Eva 51.9563 or 51.8214, write Flat 8, 7 Irving Ave, Windsor, 3181.

**TUES**

- **The Threepenny Opera** by Bertolt Brecht, directed by John Gruen, at the Old Theatre, 22-26 November.

**WED**

- **Happy Birthday, Wanda June** at the St George Hotel, 21 November.

**MELBOURNE**
Dalliance

**Adrian**, Male, 35, tall, good type, would like to meet younger lady for day or evening dalliance. Discretion assured. INC box 6179. Brisbane. Camp male, genuine, sincere and lonely, would like to meet genuine, sincere and lonely female for friendship and mutual satisfaction. Phone: 07-4121. INC box 6180.

Brisbane, Sky box, 1x, seeks experience with gay male, aged 26, 120 cm. INC box 6183. Rockhampton. Recent arrival, camp gay, straight approach, lover of hot guys, seek similar. No expense spared. INC box 6184. Tasmania. Where is there a meeting of height, height, height? Socialize with a young gay boy who wants to meet similar like-minded homosexual for friendship and mutual satisfaction. Unicorn discretion. INC box 6185.

Melbourne. Lovely male, 24, genuine interest in putting a stop to utter nonsense and in finding someone who can make him happy. INC box 6189.

Melbourne. Intelligent, handsome, genuine bi-guy, 26, would like slim, hung, good-looking, lonely, gentle, experienced male to share weekends or evenings. INC box 6190.

Melbourne. Nice honest, reliable 30, seeks male or bi-male for after work entertainment and mutual satisfaction. INC box 6192.

Melbourne. Business, 1x, erect, discrete, walks with three other aces and a possible future for share, must like music and dancing. INC box 6193.

Melbourne. Good looking, 35, seeking to make new friends. INC box 6194.

Melbourne, Male, young, 27, eager to learn about horses, soon to become an accomplished rider and rider of all other horses. INC box 6195.

Melbourne. Male university student who has spent too much time studying, seeks to meet same. INC box 6196.

Melbourne. Handsome, 24, seeks company, with or without sex. Must be discreet. INC box 6197.

Melbourne. Male, 26, and virile, 5', 11" with good build, 83 lbs, seeks a slave to satisfy needs. INC box 6198.

Melbourne. Bisexual, 22, seeks older, 30-40, to share life. INC box 6199.

Melbourne. Young camp guy, 22, seeking friendship and trust. INC box 6200.

Melbourne. I am over 21 years of age. Address.........................................

Or write enclosing $1.00 for "Suck", or an interesting catalogue-magazine listing extra words @ 10c each. Rights - Notices - Photographs appreciated, returned. INC box 6182.

Twiggy types especially welcome.

Sydney. Gay boy 28, would like meet slim, good-looking, young, 6', 170 lbs, seeks camp or bi to same age. Only very masculine type like me. INC box 6190.

Sydney. Gay, 25, wants to meet adult male for friendship and mutual satisfaction. INC box 6191.

Sydney. Professional woman, 35, seeks mate, serious, non-smoking, non-drinking, under 34, for long-term relationship. Inquiries, inc. photo, music, movies, politics, outdoors, INC box 6192.

Sydney. Younger-timer (male) impossibility, dreams of female confidante/collaborator also "different", mentally robust, idealistic, sensible, sexual, adventurous, emotional, personable, feminine, INC box 6192.

Sydney. Been all of us, gay university or younger generation, of together after the sex. INC box 6193.

Sydney. A woman who believes that there can be no deeper happiness and contentment than two, permanent relationship overall, INC box 6194.

Sydney. Gay guy 21, wants to meet adult male, seeking friendship and special male to make his life better. INC box 6201.

Sydney. Bachelor, 48, wants to meet adult male, seeking friendship and partnership. INC box 6202.

Sydney. If you are a warm, witty, lively, sensitive, sentimental, sensual, sexual, experienced, feminine, inc. box 6202.

Sydney, Quest for Elitin, Melbourne. If you are a female, virile, good hombre, 21, would like to meet a young, virile, attractive, beautiful female for friendship and enjoyment. INC box 6203.

Sydney. Gay woman, 21, likes poetry, music, dancing, not taking life too seriously, wants to meet a genuine friend. INC box 6204.

Sydney. Two masculine, fun loving, camp gays, 26, seek same. We have some great plans this weekend for those who can knock a few chickens, caras ace. Have wheels, books, records, clothing, 45s, etcetera for you to have fun with. Request bush setting. INC box 6205.

Sydney. Gay camp guy, 36, interested in movies, music, politics, poetry, books, adventure and activity. Requests: intelligent and active, and be open to friendship. View permanent, affectionate relationship. INC box 6210.

Sydney, A woman who believes that there can be no deeper happiness and contentment than two, permanent relationship overall, INC box 6194.

Sydney. Girl! I've beaten the system and no longer have to pawn all my beautiful golden things in order to keep a roof over my head. If you enjoy my diesel Keaton, waterfront owned, with three bedrooms and four bathrooms, please offer me a holiday offer too instead of to accommodate same sex women, if you are interested. Please Phone Sydney 450.1544. INC box 6211.

Sydney. Pleasant looking, tensely built ambassador, would be perfect bed mate. He is between 20 and 25, prime. Attractive, strong, vital, 6', 160 lbs, seeks a similar partner. INC box 6212.

Sydney. Young camp guy, 35, needs other young guys to 35. Have bright straight looks, Round, want friends. INC box 6213.

Sydney. Mens halls wishes meet over 50, seeks partner, 20s, to travel to Newscastle. INC box 6214.

Sydney. Gay woman, 21, likes poetry, music, dancing, not taking life too seriously, wants to meet a genuine friend. INC box 6215.

Sydney, A man wishes to meet other gay mates to make a friendship group with some with which to do various activities. Inc. box 6215.

Aramdale, NSW. Camp guy, early 30s, finds himself frustrated, a desire for friendship, sex with over 18 yrs old Sydney, or 20s. TV player and lover of all things. Phone inc. box 6215.

Sydney. Male, 22, seeks camp or bi to same age. Discretion assured and returnable. INC box 6179.

Sydney. Guy, 21, would like meet slim, good-looking, young, 6', 170 lbs, seeks camp or bi to same age. Only very masculine type like me. INC box 6190.

Sydney. Gay, 25, wants to meet adult male, seeking friendship and special male to make his life better. INC box 6201.

Sydney, Bachelor, 48, wants to meet adult male, seeking friendship and partnership. INC box 6202.

Sydney. If you are a warm, witty, lively, sensitive, sentimental, sensual, sexual, experienced, feminine, inc. box 6202.

Sydney. Gay woman, 21, likes poetry, music, dancing, not taking life too seriously, wants to meet a genuine friend. INC box 6204.

Sydney. Two masculine, fun loving, camp gays, 26, seek same. We have some great plans this weekend for those who can knock a few chickens, caras ace. Have wheels, books, records, clothing, 45s, etcetera for you to have fun with. Request bush setting. INC box 6205.

Sydney. Gay camp guy, 36, interested in movies, music, politics, poetry, books, adventure and activity. Requests: intelligent and active, and be open to friendship. View permanent, affectionate relationship. INC box 6210.

Sydney, A woman who believes that there can be no deeper happiness and contentment than two, permanent relationship overall, INC box 6194.

Sydney. Girl! I've beaten the system and no longer have to pawn all my beautiful golden things in order to keep a roof over my head. If you enjoy my diesel Keaton, waterfront owned, with three bedrooms and four bathrooms, please offer me a holiday offer too instead of to accommodate same sex women, if you are interested. Please Phone Sydney 450.1544. INC box 6211.

Sydney. Pleasant looking, tensely built ambassador, would be perfect bed mate. He is between 20 and 25, prime. Attractive, strong, vital, 6', 160 lbs, seeks a similar partner. INC box 6212.

Sydney. Young camp guy, 35, needs other young guys to 35. Have bright straight looks, Round, want friends. INC box 6213.

Sydney. Mens halls wishes meet over 50, seeks partner, 20s, to travel to Newscastle. INC box 6214.

Sydney. Gay woman, 21, likes poetry, music, dancing, not taking life too seriously, wants to meet a genuine friend. INC box 6215.

Sydney, A man wishes to meet other gay mates to make a friendship group with some with which to do various activities. Inc. box 6215.

Aramdale, NSW. Camp guy, early 30s, finds himself frustrated, a desire for friendship, sex with over 18 yrs old Sydney, or 20s. TV player and lover of all things. Phone inc. box 6215.

Sydney. Male, 22, seeks camp or bi to same age. Discretion assured and returnable. INC box 6179.

Sydney. Guy, 21, would like meet slim, good-looking, young, 6', 170 lbs, seeks camp or bi to same age. Only very masculine type like me. INC box 6190.

Sydney. Gay, 25, wants to meet adult male, seeking friendship and special male to make his life better. INC box 6201.

Sydney, Bachelor, 48, wants to meet adult male, seeking friendship and partnership. INC box 6202.

Sydney. If you are a warm, witty, lively, sensitive, sentimental, sensual, sexual, experienced, feminine, inc. box 6202.

Sydney. Gay woman, 21, likes poetry, music, dancing, not taking life too seriously, wants to meet a genuine friend. INC box 6204.
Melbourne, Urgent, Single mother, due December, of inde­pendent mind if not means, and can, I cheap house and garden, or share small rights household with intelligent, mature, human. Box 1370, IN C.

Melbourne, Guy 21, European graduate, parttime student, plays the flute, pleasant character, non smoker/drinker, would like to share heart of London accommodation base. Box 6173.

Melbourne, Young man, former, or otherwise, to share furnished room. IN C. Box 6170.

Sydney, five rooms, furnish­ed four bedroom terrace close to UTS, 82.4756.

Departures

Sydney, Two guys, 20s, travelling by car to Cairns in December. Are there any friends interested in joining us? Box 6174.

Melbourne, Guy, 21, going over to England to appear 6 months, would like to meet girl wanting to do same. Write Keith Baldwin, 2/18 Follett road, Chel­tenham 3195.

Sydney, Inner suburbs. IN C. Box 6170.

Squarish but radical socialist Dialectics. In Melbourne. Guy, 21, going over­seas. Write or ring the. Baldwin, 2/18 Follett road, Chel­tenham 3195.

Baldwin, 2/18 Follett road, Chel­tenham 3195.

Weekend country property near Sydney, good bread, transport. I know that oil spillages in Bass strait are actually good for the little seals knowing that Esso and BHP are pro­moting. Entry No. 36 is a knockout. The drug squad for checking; they found in your garden. Write or ring the. Papaver somniferum

SMALL PENIS? IMPOTENT? - The Earth, helps to clear the head on ecological issues. Paul War­ren, Ouse, Box 13, PO Ed­gecliff, NSW 2027.

Duels

Duel to the Health Com­mission. They will send you a copy of their Play safe in the garden, for free, gratis and for nothing.

It's a guide to poisonous plants that you may be unlucky enough to find in your garden — nice picks and a little note on each variety. For instance, the Papaver is better known as the opium poppy, it probably has other results not mentioned in this useful guide.

Entry No. 36 is a knockout. The premier state of Australia advises that the marijuana you might find in your backyard causes "hallucinations, excitability then depression." In that order I suppose.

Dialectics

Help the Australian party gain the balance of power in the senate. Send 50c to: THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS, 70A Chapel street, St Kilda 3183.

Write to the Health Commission. How to keep up with the likes of The Rhodesian Papers — the documents which revealed how Rhodesian agents in Australia were underm ining UN sanctions — The paper which published The Rhodesian Papers — the first paper to report Mafia involvement in organised crime in Australia — The paper which disclosed the existence of the Friday the 13th Movement — The first paper to report Mafia involvement in organised crime in Australia — the documents which — The paper which published the Rhodesian Papers — the documents which revealed how Rhodesian agents in Australia were underm ining UN sanctions — The paper which disclosed the existence of the Friday the 13th Movement — The first paper to report Mafia involvement in organised crime in Australia — the documents which — The paper which published the Rhodesian Papers — the documents which revealed how Rhodesian agents in Australia were underm ining UN sanctions — The paper which disclosed the existence of the Friday the 13th Movement — The first paper to report Mafia involvement in organised crime in Australia.

The LIVING DAYLIGHTS, november 27-december 3, 1973 — Page 25

* * *

Send you r name and address to:

88-90 ALEXANDRA PARADE
1 doors from Brunswick St.
FITZROY

Monday to Saturday: 11 am to Midnight


* * *

Send your name and address to:

THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS, 70A Chapel street, St Kilda 3183.

Write to The Health Commission. They will send you a copy of their Play safe in the garden, for free, gratis and for nothing.

It's a guide to poisonous plants that you may be unlucky enough to find in your garden — nice picks and a little note on each variety. For instance, the Papaver is better known as the opium poppy, it probably has other results not mentioned in this useful guide.

Entry No. 36 is a knockout. The premier state of Australia advises that the marijuana you might find in your backyard causes "hallucinations, excitability then depression." In that order I suppose.

Dialectics

Help the Australian party gain the balance of power in the senate. Send 50c to: THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS, 70A Chapel street, St Kilda 3183.

Write to the Health Commission. How to keep up with the likes of The Rhodesian Papers — the documents which revealed how Rhodesian agents in Australia were underm ining UN sanctions — The paper which published The Rhodesian Papers — the first paper to report Mafia involvement in organised crime in Australia — the documents which — The paper which disclosed the existence of the Friday the 13th Movement — The first paper to report Mafia involvement in organised crime in Australia — the documents which — The paper which published the Rhodesian Papers — the documents which revealed how Rhodesian agents in Australia were underm ining UN sanctions — The paper which disclosed the existence of the Friday the 13th Movement — The first paper to report Mafia involvement in organised crime in Australia.

The LIVING DAYLIGHTS, november 27-december 3, 1973 — Page 25

* * *

Send you r name and address to:

88-90 ALEXANDRA PARADE
1 doors from Brunswick St.
FITZROY

Monday to Saturday: 11 am to Midnight


* * *

Send your name and address to:

THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS, 70A Chapel street, St Kilda 3183.

Write to The Health Commission. They will send you a copy of their Play safe in the garden, for free, gratis and for nothing.

It's a guide to poisonous plants that you may be unlucky enough to find in your garden — nice picks and a little note on each variety. For instance, the Papaver is better known as the opium poppy, it probably has other results not mentioned in this useful guide.

Entry No. 36 is a knockout. The premier state of Australia advises that the marijuana you might find in your backyard causes "hallucinations, excitability then depression." In that order I suppose.

Dialectics

Help the Australian party gain the balance of power in the senate. Send 50c to: THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS, 70A Chapel street, St Kilda 3183.
Come back Syd Barrett

I WOULD like to draw your attention to the Syd Barrett International Appreciation Society. The Society's aim is to promote Syd's music and his ideas, and to disseminate the story of his life to all the tapes of Syd they have, whether recorded solo or with Pink Floyd.

Syd Barrett and I first met in 1967 and left in 1968. Since then, two solo albums have been released, and a new wave of covers has made Barrett a household name.

Syd Barrett will join the society by writing to: F. Cook, 25 Arundel Street, Bondi Junction, NSW.

Sour Berry

O NCE could be forgiven for expecting that a writer allocated as much space in your November 23 issue as Margaret MacInyre would have at least checked the basic facts prior to launching himself against me. It is, as he says, about everything possible wrong in his story and the "X Factor" Berry concert.

It is true that I expressed a reaffirmation that jazz men are easier to handle. For one thing — they have integrity — and they certainly do not believe in going on stage with musicians whom they had no right to call their own. The local boys did a great job and were completely lucky with the third concert. Berry advised, two weeks prior to his departure from the USA, that he had to change his schedule and his "X Factor" Berry concert.

He held his promoters to ransom for advance the time and the place. My PR girl, Jo Spencer, chose to work against the "X Factor" Berry concert and was not impressed with what I had already occurred before they were introduced.

On the question of the use of technology, with its incredible investments in intensive cardiac care units and "wonder drugs" the article stated that an English research project, in 1971, found the proportion of recovery rates, deaths and other results were almost identical for home treatment and expensive hospital intensive care. The conventional medical therapy is not new and has been used for many years.

Robert Bowen, Keelham, NSW.

References

Rational bacteriology, 1940, Venen, Wein, Watkins, USA. National times, November 12.

Right on Kevin

THANKS for Kevin Gilbert’s White Noise gone all pink article. It was (to me) angry, hot, brutal, authentic, honest, honest, and a bit of a shock play we see more such articles.

On the back of an apparent lack of any change or course proceeding to court at all, with there being no evidence against. To sum, he has lost us the outcome of our decade. The little lady of justice was also quick. Do you use full page graphs to fill space? Sometimes it appears so.

Sharon, Eastwood, NSW.

Celluloid condescension

Among the many things I find depressing about our trite non-treating journal (more aptly described as a fascist throwback, perhaps) is not the least is the insulting treatment you have handled my article "Warty Men".

The article which pooled its nasty substance back to the line (TLD 5) in which one Robert King takes the opportunity to display his powers of superficial observation, hinted at a temporary anthropology (VUKI) in fact, sympotmatized by the condescending attitude to embodied in any of its forms. Your choice of articles over the few lines can only be branded as tokenism.

Alain McGregor, Eglehawk, Vic.

Not what it seems

Dear Daylights,

It is true that I expressed a reaffirmation that jazz men are easier to handle. For one thing — they have integrity — and they certainly do not believe in going on stage with musicians whom they had no right to call their own. The local boys did a great job and were completely lucky with the third concert. Berry advised, two weeks prior to his departure from the USA, that he had to change his schedule and his "X Factor" Berry concert.

He held his promoters to ransom for advance the time and the place. My PR girl, Jo Spencer, chose to work against the "X Factor" Berry concert and was not impressed with what I had already occurred before they were introduced.

On the question of the use of technology, with its incredible investments in intensive cardiac care units and "wonder drugs" the article stated that an English research project, in 1971, found the proportion of recovery rates, deaths and other results were almost identical for home treatment and expensive hospital intensive care. The conventional medical therapy is not new and has been used for many years.

Robert Bowen, Keelham, NSW.

References

Rational bacteriology, 1940, Venen, Wein, Watkins, USA. National times, November 12.

Right on Kevin

THANKS for Kevin Gilbert’s White Noise gone all pink article. It was (to me) angry, hot, brutal, authentic, honest, honest, and a bit of a shock play we see more such articles.

On the back of an apparent lack of any change or course proceeding to court at all, with there being no evidence against. To sum, he has lost us the outcome of our decade. The little lady of justice was also quick. Do you use full page graphs to fill space? Sometimes it appears so.

Sharon, Eastwood, NSW.

Celluloid condescension

Among the many things I find depressing about our trite non-treating journal (more aptly described as a fascist throwback, perhaps) is not the least is the insulting treatment you have handled my article "Warty Men".

The article which pooled its nasty substance back to the line (TLD 5) in which one Robert King takes the opportunity to display his powers of superficial observation, hinted at a temporary anthropology (VUKI) in fact, sympotmatized by the condescending attitude to embodied in any of its forms. Your choice of articles over the few lines can only be branded as tokenism.

Alain McGregor, Eglehawk, Vic.

Not what it seems

Dear Daylights,

It is true that I expressed a reaffirmation that jazz men are easier to handle. For one thing — they have integrity — and they certainly do not believe in going on stage with musicians whom they had no right to call their own. The local boys did a great job and were completely lucky with the third concert. Berry advised, two weeks prior to his departure from the USA, that he had to change his schedule and his "X Factor" Berry concert.

He held his promoters to ransom for advance the time and the place. My PR girl, Jo Spencer, chose to work against the "X Factor" Berry concert and was not impressed with what I had already occurred before they were introduced.

On the question of the use of technology, with its incredible investments in intensive cardiac care units and "wonder drugs" the article stated that an English research project, in 1971, found the proportion of recovery rates, deaths and other results were almost identical for home treatment and expensive hospital intensive care. The conventional medical therapy is not new and has been used for many years.

Robert Bowen, Keelham, NSW.

References

Rational bacteriology, 1940, Venen, Wein, Watkins, USA. National times, November 12.

Right on Kevin

THANKS for Kevin Gilbert’s White Noise gone all pink article. It was (to me) angry, hot, brutal, authentic, honest, honest, and a bit of a shock play we see more such articles.

On the back of an apparent lack of any change or course proceeding to court at all, with there being no evidence against. To sum, he has lost us the outcome of our decade. The little lady of justice was also quick. Do you use full page graphs to fill space? Sometimes it appears so.

Sharon, Eastwood, NSW.

Celluloid condescension

Among the many things I find depressing about our trite non-treating journal (more aptly described as a fascist throwback, perhaps) is not the least is the insulting treatment you have handled my article "Warty Men".

The article which pooled its nasty substance back to the line (TLD 5) in which one Robert King takes the opportunity to display his powers of superficial observation, hinted at a temporary anthropology (VUKI) in fact, sympotmatized by the condescending attitude to embodied in any of its forms. Your choice of articles over the few lines can only be branded as tokenism.

Alain McGregor, Eglehawk, Vic.

Not what it seems

Dear Daylights,

It is true that I expressed a reaffirmation that jazz men are easier to handle. For one thing — they have integrity — and they certainly do not believe in going on stage with musicians whom they had no right to call their own. The local boys did a great job and were completely lucky with the third concert. Berry advised, two weeks prior to his departure from the USA, that he had to change his schedule and his "X Factor" Berry concert.

He held his promoters to ransom for advance the time and the place. My PR girl, Jo Spencer, chose to work against the "X Factor" Berry concert and was not impressed with what I had already occurred before they were introduced.

On the question of the use of technology, with its incredible investments in intensive cardiac care units and "wonder drugs" the article stated that an English research project, in 1971, found the proportion of recovery rates, deaths and other results were almost identical for home treatment and expensive hospital intensive care. The conventional medical therapy is not new and has been used for many years.

Robert Bowen, Keelham, NSW.

References

Rational bacteriology, 1940, Venen, Wein, Watkins, USA. National times, November 12.

Right on Kevin

THANKS for Kevin Gilbert’s White Noise gone all pink article. It was (to me) angry, hot, brutal, authentic, honest, honest, and a bit of a shock play we see more such articles.

On the back of an apparent lack of any change or course proceeding to court at all, with there being no evidence against. To sum, he has lost us the outcome of our decade. The little lady of justice was also quick. Do you use full page graphs to fill space? Sometimes it appears so.

Sharon, Eastwood, NSW.

Celluloid condescension

Among the many things I find depressing about our trite non-treating journal (more aptly described as a fascist throwback, perhaps) is not the least is the insulting treatment you have handled my article "Warty Men".

The article which pooled its nasty substance back to the line (TLD 5) in which one Robert King takes the opportunity to display his powers of superficial observation, hinted at a temporary anthropology (VUKI) in fact, sympotmatized by the condescending attitude to embodied in any of its forms. Your choice of articles over the few lines can only be branded as tokenism.

Alain McGregor, Eglehawk, Vic.

Not what it seems

Dear Daylights,

It is true that I expressed a reaffirmation that jazz men are easier to handle. For one thing — they have integrity — and they certainly do not believe in going on stage with musicians whom they had no right to call their own. The local boys did a great job and were completely lucky with the third concert. Berry advised, two weeks prior to his departure from the USA, that he had to change his schedule and his "X Factor" Berry concert.

He held his promoters to ransom for advance the time and the place. My PR girl, Jo Spencer, chose to work against the "X Factor" Berry concert and was not impressed with what I had already occurred before they were introduced.

On the question of the use of technology, with its incredible investments in intensive cardiac care units and "wonder drugs" the article stated that an English research project, in 1971, found the proportion of recovery rates, deaths and other results were almost identical for home treatment and expensive hospital intensive care. The conventional medical therapy is not new and has been used for many years.

Robert Bowen, Keelham, NSW.

References

Rational bacteriology, 1940, Venen, Wein, Watkins, USA. National times, November 12.
Subcribed to THE Living Daylights

The crowd that brought you the postage stamp, the telephone, the Pink Pages, your Xmas cards, gas bills and unwaged mail order catalogues now bring you The Living Daylights. Yes, the largest branch of the public service has been geared to deliver The Living Daylights. More reliable than the Pony Express.

To: Inquiries, Box 5122 BI, OPO Melbourne 3001.

SURFACE MAIL: Within Australia $15.60; New Zealand $19.24; any overseas address $31.84.

AIR MAIL: Australia, $8.40; $8.40; Pacific $12.35; South Pacific, Malaysia New Zealand $43.40; other Asian countries $44.50; Canada, United States $43.25; Western Europe $46.50; Pro rate rates for six months.

To: Inquiries, The Living Daylights, Box 5122 BI, OPO Melbourne 3001. Please consult my subscription as follows: [ ] 6 months $7.90 enclosed [ ] One year $15.60 enclosed.

USE BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

NAME

ADDRESS

POSTCODE

THINGS

Feeding a brother

In these days of cosmic build-up and pseudo-brotherly love it was beautiful to see some of Australia's finest entertainers help feed one of their brothers and his family by donating their time and services in giving a concert at Melbourne's Loew's ballroom in Greville street, Prahran. They gave a benefit for Chris Stockley, guitarist and loony from Dingoes, who was shot in the name of alcohol.

It would be nice to see some token of appreciation expressed by the media in the hope that the brotherly attitudes shown by the people who put on the show and the people who donated bread might be further enthuised amongst us all.

Though not through such drastic gestures as Stockley was reduced to, it would be interesting to see much of the togetherness displayed on that day by Sydneysiders whom, to me, seems pretty freaked out even by a smile.

BILLY THE KID

Jail house rock

THE ENCLOSED extract came from the Advertiser, November 19, and it raised a few interesting questions, especially for anybody who, in fact, been on the very Memorial Drive courts at the time of the horrendous crimes being committed. First, as to my impressions of what I saw. The offender in fact made two trips up on to the stage.

On the first occasion, he jumped on stage and jumped off and, without in any way interfering with the artists, attempted a little impromptu go-go dance. After some seconds, two of the stage crew removed him from the stage with a minimum of trouble.

Some time later he made his second appearance, this time in largely on a handshaker with superstar Leon. Mr Russell interrupted his piano tinkling long enough to accord a resigned handshake to get rid of the offender whose position was so removed from the stage with minimal trouble, not to come to the audience's attention again until we opened our Monday Tier, where we read the article with its talk of "disorderly behaviour", "bumping into people" (imagine the fun the population would have if all for the honouf offence during Christmas shopping days) and "embracing" — not to mention that it had all been deemed worthy of 21 days imprisonment. Let us consider the fact that the crowd on the courts was not in any seated arrangement but was standing in a fairly amorphous mass, with a great deal of movement about the crowd during the whole show. I am sure a lot of people "bumped into" a lot of people going during that night, indeed we were clearly exhorted by the on-stage artists to "do our own thing", to take the freedom of our amorphous body.

Let us consider the powerful, "pseudo-folk-rock" nature of the whole Leon Russell stage show with its aim of total audience involvement and inspiration how many people ever got 21 days for "bumping into people" as they raced off to "embrace" Billy Graham at his version of much the same kind of show in the good old days before Tricky squeezed his pitch. Certainly, one cannot condone invasion of the stage by even one fan for fear of larger consequences. But I am sure that, by the standards of the screaming invasions of stages occupied by the Basties and dozens of others in the past, this fellow's antics were pretty tame and, actually, quite uninteresting in itself. Musicians and audience alike barely lost a beat over it.

ANON.

The travelers Bhagavad-gita

ONE of the most important Bhagavad-gita topics published this year will not be found in your neighborhood bookshop, nor can it be ordered. You cannot buy it for a reason it is not for sale. The book is called The travelers and it has been published and, since 1960 when it was conceived, by John W. Pilger. The book is simply a collection of people — listed geographically — who enjoy meeting people. The book lists their names, addresses, telephone, ages, interests, and offers of hospitality to other travelers passing through. Only enough copies are printed to supply each person listed with one personal copy. The latest edition has 100 pages, and a total of 512 listees, of which 452 can be found scattered around 48 states in the USA, and the other 60 in some 22 countries. The next edition will be published in March 1974, so if you wish to be included, write Judy and David Miller (Editor and Publisher) for an application form.

Personally I would like to see The travelers directory grow and grow until it included everyone in the world, but in the meantime, perhaps you would like to join this small group of people who still believe in generosity and openness, and trust. Write David and Judy Miller, The travelers Directory, P.O. Box 1547, $55 Church street, Lanoster, Pennsylvania 17604, USA. "Hello World!"

JIM HAYNES,
Paris, France

Demos against Nixon's Envoy - Ronald Reagan.

Thursday 11.30 Dallas Brooks Hall.

Wednesday 6.30 National Gallery (Melbourne)

THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS, November 27-December 3, 1973 - Page 27
When they cancelled my phone call & called in the tanks

Last week students and civilians were shot and maimed at the tanks rumbled through Athens. WILLIAM HUMPHREYS was there. Here are extracts from his personal diary of those harrowing few days.

Athens. November 17

TODAY revealed the full extent of the government's concern over the 'inhuman threat'. Martial law was imposed at 11am and curfew at 4pm. Banks, shops and offices closed by midday, traffic disappeared from the streets, and tanks — after a field day terrorising the populace — surrounded the parliament in Syntagma (Constitution) Square and occupied Omoronia (Concord) Square.

"Helicopters flew overhead like horrific primordial birds. Newspapers reported four deaths from the night before (students who had climbed on to the roof of the parliament) and 150 casualties, of whom 38 were officers of the law." According to an arm-acquaintance, the army opened fire on a mass of students demonstrating in Syntagma, killing 15. He showed me blood stains on his trousers from a wounded girl whom he had tried to help.

I missed this event, being engaged at the ministry of foreign affairs where I was handing back my blood stains on his trousers from a wounded girl whom he had tried to help.

"Earlier I had witnessed a large congregation of dissenters near Syntagma, taunting tanks to shoot at them and making the open palm gesture of contempt. Groups of youthful outlaws in the sidewalk café's around Syntagma were applauding the demonstrators and encouraging them with cheers. Foolishly tourists took snapshots of the scene for boastful slide-books back home. But many foreigner's huddled together in the foyers of luxury hotels and tried to put on a brave face. Many citizens continuously wandered bazelessly about the streets; others congregated in doorways screaming at each other, some weeping."

*I joined a Greek friend whose business office is 150 yards from Syntagma. At times the noise of machine gun fire was so loud it interrupted conversation.*

She has lived through the German occupation, the subsequent civil war, which protracted into the 50's, the chair of Greece under Papandreou; although a staunch socialist, she told me NO to civil war at any price. She said she was ashamed of both the students and the police, and insisted that 90 percent of the Greek people wanted peace and quiet whether it was Papandreou, Nixon or Brezhnev who gave it to them.

"At 1.30pm Papandreou made a five minute proclamation over the radio pledging to suppress the conspiracy against 'democracy and normalisation', and exhorting the Hellenes to assess the situation for themselves."

I lunched in Syntagma observing the tanks in Venizelou protecting parliament from an invisible enemy. At 3pm I returned to my hotel where I had to remain ever since. There is no point venturing outside as, in addition to all the shops being shut, I might get shot on sight. In any case, as the banks suspended trading almost as soon as they had opened, I have very little more to spend on food. As tomorrow is Sunday and I shan't be able to raise the Australian ambassador, I foresee a plentiful weekend.

November 18

"DISPITE day two of martial law and the 4pm curfew, looked as if we were in for a day of rest. At Syntagma, the tanks guarding parliament had circuitously withdrawn into lanes allowing the free passage of traffic along Venizelou. And traffic was restored. Tourists and locals were out in force, but despite the fine weather, fewer cameras were clicking. Fewer no shooting and no fewer amongst the ubiquitous packs of police."

But down at Omoronia, things were more familiar: the polytechnic in October 28th street was blockaded by tanks. You could get within two blocks of it. Police on street corners bayed at pedestrians who gave the police the finger. On a streetlight wept. However, most prevailed to regard it all as a huge joke — the exasperation of people facing a common menace.

At 12.40 Omoronia was filled with tanks and footsoldiers armed with rifles fixed with bayonets. At 12.55 I was told my phone call to Australia was cancelled. We were all locked out of OTE. By 12.40 Omoronia was filled with tanks and footsoldiers armed with rifles fixed with bayonets.

"At a traffic light I overheard an American woman bragging to her compatriots that a friend had achieved something. Does the action happen to be hauled away. Opposite, the smashed glass doors of a bank were being repaired. Traffic lights had already been repaired, but no one had swept away the glass from the sides of the road. Outside one shop, a weighing machine had been overturned."

The latest news is that a five year old boy was killed on the esplanade by a rampaging tank. Are we to blame 'student vandalism' for this? Does the action happen to appeal to the student revolts? Around the corner, a bus with its windows shattered and its tail end burned in, waited to be hauled away. Opposite, the smashed glass doors of a bank were being repaired. Traffic lights had already been repaired, but no one had swept away the glass from the sides of the road. Outside one shop, a weighing machine had been overturned."

"Despite the police, the radio of the government's organisation in Omonia Square — and placed a call to Australia. The building was packed with anxious Greeks and foreigners attempting to contact remote relations."

"At 12.10 machine gun fire broke out and people rushed in from the streets. At 12.20 two tanks with nests of gunhappy soldiers invaded Omoronia. An overhead trolley wire was shot down. They are NOT using blanks. The tanks were en masse: one by one, my friends in the Polytechnic are being replaced. Traffic lights had already been repaired, but no one had swept away the glass from the sides of the road. Outside one shop, a weighing machine had been overturned."

"At a traffic light I overheard an American woman bragging to her compatriots that a friend had achieved something. Does the action happen to be hauled away. Opposite, the smashed glass doors of a bank were being repaired. Traffic lights had already been repaired, but no one had swept away the glass from the sides of the road. Outside one shop, a weighing machine had been overturned."

"Not that it wasn't a valiant try: the latest news is that a five year old boy was killed on the esplanade by a rampaging tank. Are we to blame 'student vandalism' for this? Does the action happen to appeal to the student revolts? Around the corner, a bus with its windows shattered and its tail end burned in, waited to be hauled away. Opposite, the smashed glass doors of a bank were being repaired. Traffic lights had already been repaired, but no one had swept away the glass from the sides of the road. Outside one shop, a weighing machine had been overturned."

"soldiers in the square cleared the sidewalk cafes at 2 pm, so I withdrew to the Plaka (the Kings Cross of Athens) where I noticed the streets were beginning to look the worse for tank tracks and that several other trolley wires were being downed. I returned to the hotel to learn that the curfew had been postponed until 7pm. I have remained within our sporadic machine gunning is still going on at 11pm."

"American Forces Radio quotes the death toll at five; according to the Greek armed services continual<br>1154. Music is the brandy of the damned.