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Editor

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WE ACCUSE

these people

H. HURLEY, general manager Phillip Morris (Aust.) Ltd. (Brands: Marlboro, Alpine, Viscount, Albany, Philip Morris, Virginia Slims, Park Drive, Peter Jackson . . .)


R.F. WATSON and R.K. MARTIN of Rothmans of Pall Mall (Aust.) Pty Ltd. (Brands: Rothmans King Size Filters, Peter Stuyvesant, Chesterfield, Cambridge, Winfield, Dunhill . . .)

And their admen: F.E. GRACE of Leo Burnett Pty Ltd; M.M. WALKER of Foote Cone & Belding Pty Ltd; R. HERTZ of Hertz Walpole Advertising Pty Ltd; H. PATON and A. ADAMSON of Noel Paton Pty Ltd.


of

MURDER!
The sinister secret of what's inside

EMILE ZOLA’S J’Accuse, an open letter to the president of France, was published in 1898. It accused the army, the church and the government of fraud over the Dreyfus affair. This week the boom is to the president of France, was published.

When the horrible Harry Gumbert heard of our intentions he inveigled the soon to be tabled in the house of reps.

And what else do we have this week? Saturday, a confused voting public, under pressure of a $10 fin, takes itself to the polling booth to write YES YES, NO NO, its usual column and in his usual way he will have to this approach in future.

THE LAST OF THE GREAT DECISIONMAKERS: Letting the entire education uproar pass him by, the leader of the federal country party, Mr. Doug Anthony, whose statement like quality and flashes of gaiety were the one thing that was no doubt a tribute to sorts of sorts to his education, at one of Australia’s most exclusive establishments, the Kings school, he cleared the hay out of his mouth and announced the party’s next move, it would be changed. The new name would be the National Country Party of Australia.

P I S S O F F W H I T E Y: Papua New Guinea last month abandon the world’s newest self-governing country. Due to a three day ban on the sale of beer, they achieved one of the highest almost total restraint and a sad record of bloody deaths, which managed to escape about a thousand and one expense account journalists went there at great cost and witnessed the revenge of bloodlust. While they waited hopefully for another Congo, the people of Papua New Guinea, to use the former prime minister Michael Somare, went about life much as before. “Some will fish, others will build roads, some will catch up on office work during the week,” they said that to Paris Match for $1000.

W E L L, W E A R E A S U N B U R N E D C O U N T R Y. Soviet poet Yevgeny Yevtushenko, said on leaving us that Australia was a “hot Siberia” and that there had been considerable ignorant questions about his homeland by so called Australian intellectuals. So now, he added the following information about the Soviet Union here by refusing to answer any political questions.

W I P I N G T H E S M I L E O F F O N E ’ S F A C E: Half-happy thoughts about the new Greek regime quickly disappeared after it was learned that one of the most powerful generals who took part in the coup was none other than our old friend colonel Dimitrios Ioannides, commander of the Greek military police which is noted and admired by courageous police forces throughout the world for his particularly brutal methods of obtaining voluntary statements. The only bright note is that the regime doesn’t like the United States much.

C O N T I N U I N G I N D I C A T I O N S T H A T T H E U N I T E D S T A T E S I S G O I N G D O W N T H E D R A I N: Alpert de Salvo, more generally known as the Boston Strangler, has been found stabbed to death in his prison cell and Californian governor Ronald Reagan has been sent to Australia on an American export drive.

B A R E Y O U R S I N S S H A L L F I N D Y O U OUT: In a biography of prime minister Gough Whitlam, author journalist Laurie Oakes (who obviously fancies our glorious leader) writes: “Adjectives such as ‘lovely’, and ‘sensitive’ are not often applied to the adult Whitlam. But they are inappropriate when one is seeking to describe the Whitlam child. Lovely he was in the dictionary sense. Tall, willowy with rosy cheeks, a clear complexion, wavy hair and large blue grey eyes.” Let the Australia’s Perfect Master win an election after that little boost.
Actually, we are all murderers. Because of the prevailing social values, we are all condemned to kill the things we love. The coward does it with a kiss; the businessman with oversell.

The front page is not a sanctimonious casting of the first stone by the stoned. All of us are guilty of complicity. But isn't it time for the Strassburg geese to throw up? Especially as the salesmen keep kicking down the doors of perception.

Instead of retreating in the face of overwhelming 'horror' evidence, the tobacco companies become more intrusive, insistent and callous. Instead of winding down with dignity, they advance like Dracula.

Cigarettes kill and sales soar more than ever. The government fights back with a six word sentence delivered with a limpness that would send most people to sleep, even if it was announcing the end of the world. Meanwhile, the smoke gets in our lungs. Perhaps we are all relying too heavily on the inept paternalism of governments to solve our problems. The admen and nicotine marketers are tampering with our libidos. As bruised consumers, let us hit back. Sure, sure, if people wanna smoke, let 'em. Some of us don't mind puffing away at that ole slow smoke, let 'em. While complete­ly capitulating to the oil squeeze, Nixon's crazy Mid East alert was considered bad manners. Within the Market, Britain and France ponce to the arabs while the Dutch queue up outside the house of Anne Frank to remind themselves of the last time they stood by the jews. While completely capitulating to the oil squeeze, Japan is also caught between the US-European crossfire; knowing whichever of the two she accepts "partnership" with there will be unrequited animosity from the other.

Amidst this diplomatic blizzard, comes Kahoutek, the cosmic christmas present from outa space. The comet that will stretch 42 full moons across the sky, an incandescent tail of unspecified plasticity; the space oddity which is already causing an epidemic of religious tub thumping. At the time of Niugini's independence, the cargo cult comes true. Comets are historically associated with the crashing of oriental dynasties and rarely leave the planet without a vivid memento of their visit. Bril.

While the world shudders through cold turkey, the speedometers of progress are being wound back. Typically, industry siphons off the bulk of available oil, while most people shiver. The dream factories must continue to churn out the candy, for before people and if consumption ebbs then the blood flows in Wall street. As usual, it is things before you and me. Which brings us back to cigarettes, to pollutants, motives and exploitation. And the whole deadly cycle of acquisition, status and what-are-we-searching-for. This society is highly punitive. People are imprisoned for vagrancy, self-deprecation, for fraud, shoplifting, drunkenness, burglary, prostitution and vandalising telephone boxes. Others, who do infinite damage to individuals, but acquire an impressive inventory of things, are adored, emulated and awarded prizes for selling glamorous lies. Contributing to the cancer toll is a highly paid profession.

Ten years ago, the provos of Holland called for the outlawing of cars and the free distribution of white bicycles. The vision has since come home to roost. Holland is being blissed out by the days off from pollutants...

Speed kills. The message of today's headlines is that it's time to slow down and look at the scenery. As the ads say: "It's better to be late than to arrive dead on time." Especially if you don't know where you are going.

Harry GuMboot.
“Light a Lucky
and you'll never miss sweets
that make you fat”

Constance Talmadge,
Charming Motion
Picture Star

instead of eating between meals... instead
of fattening sweets... beautiful women keep
youthful slenderness these days by smoking
Lucky. The smartest and loveliest women of
the modern stage take this means of keeping
slender... when others nibble fattening sweets,
they light a Lucky!

Lucky Strike is a delightful blend of the world's
finest tobaccos. These tobaccos are toasted—a
costly extra process which develops and im­
proves the flavor. That's why Lucky are a de­
lightful alternative for fattening sweets. That's
why there's real health in Lucky Strike. That's
why folks say: "It's good to smoke Lucky."!

For years this has been no secret to those men
who keep fit and trim. They know that Lucky
steady their nerves and do not harm their phys­
ical condition. They know that Lucky Strike is the
favorite cigarette of many prominent athletes,
who must keep in good shape. They respect the
opinions of 20,679 physicians who maintain
that Lucky are less irritating to the throat than
other cigarettes.

A reasonable proportion of sugar in the diet is
recommended, but the authorities are over­
whelming that too many fattening sweets are
harmful and that too many such are eaten by
the American people. So, for moderation's sake
we say:—

"REACH FOR A LUCKY
INSTEAD OF A SWEET."

“It's toasted”
No Throat Irritation - No Cough.

"Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet."
smoking is its evil consequences. So, anything that serves to increase that evil is good (for cigarette sales). Warm-up (Medical authorities warn . . . are in fact dangerous to the health of the community). This is the first 12 months after the same thing happened in the United States from a cigarette campaign, in 1925, such cigarettes were to be called "anti-smoking".

The signposts which pretend to be the same thing in the marketplace (NM, Prisoner).

Government circles at the moment have plans for a Freedom of Information Act: This act might allow the agencies to continue with being reversed (NM, Prisoner).

If filters were regarded on the basis of whether they increased or decreased lung cancer, they would be regarded as healthful. If filters were regarded on the basis of whether they increased or decreased lung cancer, they would be regarded as healthful. But...
THE OPTIONS available to those dissatisfied with the lifestyle demanded by this consumerist society seem to be limited.

The breakdown of communal groups is said to be a matter of experience rather than an indication of failure, since in most breakdowns are frequent and the nuclear family alternative is not an alternative at all, such an attitude is essential. Communal groups may collapse if they fail to satisfy the aspirations, expectations and ideals of members - a certain level of group goals and ideals are insufficiently articulated at the outset.

A group of Melbourne people have attempted to express these problems of communal living in the process of planning for their own kind of "expanded family". Implicit in their planning is a desire for a more enduring communal group and the approach they have taken broadly reflects this goal - they not only wish to find a satisfactory alternative to suit themselves, but also want others to benefit from this experience. They presented this idea to a seminar on Alternatives in Architecture at Melbourne University a few weeks ago.

The group consists of three nuclear families of eight individuals from the younger to the oldest 59. Colin Moore is a doctor, his wife Susie is a housewife. David Griffiths is a researcher for the University of Melbourne, a city welfare agency; his wife Sue is a housewife. The Moores have two children, the parents of Sue Griffiths complete the group. According to David, the group is concerned about the authoritarian society. Believing that children are individuals they wished to provide an environment where adults care and where children can grow as an integral part of their lives.

The project is not only notable as another attempt at alternative lifestyles. The group believes that basic needs such as food, shelter, clothing and transport have become the prerogative and province of experts. Experts perpetuate the myth that they know best, so that the individual is left with no alternative except to accept the solution of the experts. This does not belong to the people, but rather to the people themselves. They have the knowledge with anyone who chooses to use it.

Inquiries may be directed to Colin Moore (Melbourne 49.3350) or to David Griffiths (perth 30207).

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The group worked well together. David Griffiths said the process of decision making was as important as the decisions themselves in the competitive situation where one group seeks to dominate another. The group often found itself in a position to think in terms of area and space, rather than rooms and places. All participated in a continuous research process; the project required investigation into the desirable legal relationship between members of the client group, the use of building materials, the environmental effects of buying in independent energy systems such as solar power, wind power and methane gas. The team agreed that they managed to achieve a group-learning situation.

Those of the group that have completed their education have employed in the city wish to retain their positions for the time being. Accordingly they required a site within 25 miles of the city.

and are currently negotiating a purchase of 20 acres within that radius. They chose a semirural setting for the benefit of children and through their desire to be largely self-supporting in food and energy requirements.

For the children they seek a communal lifestyle as being most advantageous. Sue Moore felt that the group were prepared to relate to, both vertically in relation to grandparents, and laterally in relation to other adults and children in the extended family. The group want more options for the children, and possibly some schooling at all.

A third aspect of the project is a deliberate new approach to the problem of power supply, whereby the environmental impact of the generation and consumption of such power is lowered by the installation of independent energy sources. This approach involves such concepts as the recycling of waste and the use of natural energy sources.

The team discovered that to depend entirely upon solar energy would cost in the vicinity of $250 per kilowatt. The necessity of using a wind device will depend upon their ongoing study and the feasibility of such a device (once known as a windmill) would be increased by the development of a wind generator. To depend entirely upon solar energy may come the outset to have drawbacks. Another possibility considered seriously was the installation of a generator from the recycling of waste.

Examination of the latter option shows that the group's needs could be met by processing the effluent from such 600 pigs into methane gas. This gas could be used for household needs, farm needs and powering vehicles for transport. The group conducted an economic management study of pig-producing families, which in turn raised the problem of ultimate effluent disposal. There are problems here, including the possibility of positive soils to absorb large amounts of effluent without affecting underground streams.

The group are not discouraged by these problems; it is likely that a combination of systems will be effective. All of them will be looked at again in relation to the particular area of land finally purchased by the client group.

A final facet of this project is worth emphasising. That is, the willingness of the client group to share their experience and acquired knowledge with anyone who wishes to use it.

Their intention is to rationalise the experience in a kind of "kit" form: when the project is completed they will detail the entire process from the initial architectural inquiries may be directed to Colin (Melbourne 49.3350) or to David (30207).

THE APPROACH taken by this group may be open to criticism on several levels. Some may argue that the group is excessive. From scratch is elitist in its use of professional skills, or bourgeois in its rejection of the client's technology.

But the client group rejects the notion that all technology is bad. And they regard their course of action as personally more valid (if they are to continue to press for change) than if they were to "opt out" of the manner of the Main school. The latter course of action, they say, is one that presents no satisfactory alternative if one wishes to come to terms with urban industrial socie-
MURPHY'S HUMAN RIGHTS BILL 1973

A LITTLE GIVE AND A LOT OF TAKE

Sydney barrister

DEAN LETCHER

looks at the document's small print

The bill sets out the classical freedoms of thought, conscience, religion, expression, assembly, travel, due process of law etc. But look at the new freedoms to bind conservative states - protecting the present state ideology, free from shock and change. How much the same way; that is, legal restrictions on the rights to hold opinions without interference, and the courts seem to have had no difficulty in proving that the limitations referred to in paragraph (3) (d).

There’s a commissioner to enforce the bill, but that’s not going to be much help. Paper will never make power, the suits can be endless, and a piece of paper won’t stop it. Frankly I can’t see the bill having a great immediate effect on the lives of your local queen, drunk, black, nazi, hangloose dropout or pregnant comptometer. Perhaps it is the hope that the Bill gives to the government under the bill, but that’s not going to be much help. The other freedoms are limited in other media of his choice [TOO MUCH]

The other freedoms are limited in other words subject to the current defamation laws, including the NSW Defamation Act passed largely to satisfy the present state ideology, [OZ]

reasonable or necessary.]

(5) Nothing in this section affects the operation of a law relating to defamation or limiting the right of a juvenile person to access to the press the kind referred to in paragraph (3) (d).

This touching concern for the tiny tots is already reflected in state laws - [This touching concern for the tiny tots is already reflected in state laws - the original London OZ convictions and the police anxiety to prove distribution of Thorunka are apparent to impressionable young minds.]

The other freedoms are limited in much the same way; that is, legal restrictions on the rights to hold opinions without interference, and the courts seem to have had no difficulty in proving that the limitations referred to in paragraph (3) (d).

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The World 's got me shouted jist a treat;
Crool Forchin's dirty left 's smote me soul;
An' all them joys of life I 'eld so sweet
Is up the pole.
Fer, as the poet sez, me 'eart 's got
The pib wiv yearning fer
I DUNNO WOT!
G.T. DENNIS "THE ISLACK"
RANG the doorbell of the fashionable solicitor's office in the West End of London. In mid-afternoon, it was already dark and misty. I wanted worried about how much it was going to cost me. The important thing was to see the man and get some help. However, I had been assured that the solicitor was very good and that a normal consultation fee was never more than ten pounds.

An electric buzzer screeched. But stop­pressed the bell again. This time the room full of sobbing women and a solicitor. Mr G greeted me urbanely. He wore an old Etonian tie by now was his only gold he displayed, apart from the silver chain he wore. Then I stationed myself on the last to confront me. And very bright marks. How had he got smallpox at Eton

I wondered. Could he have spent a first

works in the ministry to get me some No.

A wheedling reply came back saying I

A huge reply came back saying I

At HOME I licked my wounds. I wrote him a crisp letter terminating negotiations an asking for the return of my docu­ments. They were irreparable evidence I needed for the divorce case.

The God of the Old Testament was

eventually I wrote a painful old-school letter

denying all, implying that no one would

...an invitation to the bitch asking him to

He then settled in his chair, turned his

...his old rankling grievance had been cleansed

...I disapprove of this method, because

...and covers his hair in ashes and begs

...his mother, he all the same had to have

As a result of the recent IRA explosion

...one thing is certain, one cannot

...I watered it in fears

...his country ravished by plagues and

...his sword shall devour flesh” and to

...and frogs in the oven if you go a-whoring

...that was the first time I met Mr G in person.

...what I may we if we like denote a spiritual judgment...

...I was not married, so it will have to be

...his countryman, I was not married, so it will have to be

...the legal machine grinds extremely slow.

...thinking. The Greeks were very hot on

...to occasionally see reason. He was about

...and covers his hair in ashes and begs

...and covers his hair in ashes and begs

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...his meekness. We must not let guilt

...his mother, he all the same had to have

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A certain element of madness and false grandeur surrounds all acts of creation. This is severely heightened when that act of creation is the making of the film of Hermann Hesse's Steppenwolf. Things reach a state of absurd unreality when Mad Mel Fishman pulls the strings. This is the third and final (we think) episode of MICHAEL ZWERIN's account of the madness behind the scenes (see TLD 4&6).

The film is soon to be released; directed by Fred Haines, it stars Max von Sydow as Harry Heller, Dominique Sanda as Hermine and Pierre Clementi as Pablo. Fishman was producer.
involving a group of elderly extras standing around between takes, he suddenly beamed and laid his arm around a bent for those elderly extras."

I wish I could think of some-thing. I can't think of anything. I just feel that I am doing a little bit of a favor to those elderly extras."

"Oh, you know, you know more about it than me. I just play it. It's all the same to me."

HARRY

"It isn't all the same, is it? You can't put Mozart on the same level with the latest footot or whatever, can you?"

PABLO

"I don't put anything on anybody at all. I just play whatever comes to me."

DOMINIQUE Sanda, 22, the new Garbo some say. Star quality is a mysterious and fragile asset; one which, without experi- ence, training or confidence to go with it, can vanish fast. What is it that has worth a hundred thousand dollars a picture? There are so many others who have worked so hard and failed. Why not? Do I have any talent? Perhaps this time everyone will see through me. Who am I?"

Stardom was thrust on her, dropped at last. She was a suc- cessful model at 16 and Robert Evans, then chief of production for Paramount, knew her. He booked a private jet for her in mid-air and then sent her to Paris. She has not paid dues. She is not, one feels, pre- pared to. Everyday - every hour - she opens up and then retreats. She has a child out of wedlock.

She lives a secluded life with a painter in the countryside west of Paris. She wears a mink coat over jeans. She does not blossom in cities. Once she faces her eyes on you never forget it and there were times when she had me feeling like a puppy on a leash.

Harry Haller is convicted of "stabbing the reflection of a girl with the reflection of a knife. Steppehnoff is all reflections . . . ourselves, our times, our fantasies. Mirrors. Around the camera when we have come to expect some heavy eyegawl there was nothing but serious work. The creative wildness was to be found in that normally solid grey heat of date- noses. Production. Mirrors. Around the camera . . ."

The following appeared about Bobby Riggs in Time magazine at the time: " . . . Riggs is an extra- ordinary person . . . a ger- rulous, demonic elf, a promoter who has finally found a way to gratify his gargantuan appetites for both action and attention . . . Riggs is a person constantly re- inventing himself. It is arguable whether anybody has ever really known him . . . The article quoted Riggs: "What I live for is the matching of wits, the game." "Substitute "bulk" for "all" and you pretty much have Fishman, the key to this game, a gurulous hulk in perpetual reinvention who has made itself the legitimate function of the pro- duction."

"I feel like getting into trouble today. Come on Mike, let's get into some trouble." Acid head gatsby at first class hotels. Danny Genuine grabs the telephone, dial Frankfurt: "Dr. Unseld please. Just like that, grab it and dial Ziggers. Nobody calls Dr Sygried Unsseld Ziggers except Genuine, and even he not to his face. You don't fuck around with Dr Sygried Unsseld.

Years ago, writing his thesis, Ziggers found a mistake of logic in Hesse's masterpiece, the Glass bead game, a majestically logical book which won Hesse the Nobel prize. Hesse was impressed and told Ziggers on his publisher Suhr- kamp Verlag. He now runs the place. Ziggers sold Genuine the rights. Ziggers hates Genuine. Suhrkamp pays Brecht, Beckett and Joyce. Thers is a heavy office, "serious", dedicated to that sinister teutonic word for work, "arbeit". It is an office function. Mirrors. Around the camera . . ."

"Hi Dr. Unseld. This is Melvin Fishman calling from Basel . . . . Alas Danny Genuine. Lenny Bruce crossed with a Jerry Lewis swag and Timothy Leary syntax, delivered with a "like" and "wow" and "you know".

Boy! How Unseld hates Gen- uine: "Hello, Dr. Ziggers. We can I do for you today?"

"No, not today, Dr. Unseld. The ques- tion is what can I do for you? I am going to offer you one million Swiss francs to coron a movie for you, to Narzizus and Goldmund . . ."

"A million what?" Unseld knows per-minute. "Anything is anything hard is ridiculous for one of Hesse's minor novels. But he has been burned once. He plays for time.

"Uh . . . a million Deutsch marks . . . . A million Deutsch marks is more than a million Swiss francs. Who cares, a million what?"

"There is an answer. This is wrong with my hearing, Mr Fishman. I could have sworn you said a million Swiss francs. In any case, I already have an offer of a million dollars for Narcissus and Gold- mund." Dr Unseld laughs; that was a good one. But he is uneasy. He is on the phone and he must react again. Genuine has the initiative. He flashes on some nasty deja vu. The phone is out of nowhere asking the impos- sible, the right film to Steppenwolf which Hesse expressly forbade in his will. But through some ill-employed goonade Genuine granted them, an appalling error. No answer is necessary. It was confirmed by me. Dr. Sigfried Unseld bought a million francs. Who cares, a million what?"

"I feel like getting into trouble today. Come on Mike, let's get into some trouble." Acid head gatsby at first class hotels. Danny Genuine grabs the telephone, dial Frankfurt: "Dr. Unseld please. Just like that, grab it and dial Ziggers. Nobody calls Dr Sygried Unsseld Ziggers except Genuine, and even he not to his face. You don't fuck around with Dr Sygried Unsseld.

Years ago, writing his thesis, Ziggers found a mistake of logic in Hesse's masterpiece, the Glass bead game, a majestically logical book which won Hesse the Nobel prize. Hesse was impressed and told Ziggers on his publisher Suhr- kamp Verlag. He now runs the place. Ziggers sold Genuine the rights. Ziggers hates Genuine. Suhrkamp pays Brecht, Beckett and Joyce. Thers is a heavy office, "serious", dedicated to that sinister teutonic word for work, "arbeit". It is an office . . ."

"Hi Dr. Unseld. This is Melvin Fishman calling from Basel . . . . Alas Danny Genuine. Lenny Bruce crossed with a Jerry Lewis swag and Timothy Leary syntax, delivered with a "like" and "wow" and "you know".

Boy! How Unseld hates Gen- uine: "Hello, Dr. Ziggers. We can I do for you today?"

"No, not today, Dr. Unseld. The ques- question is what can I do for you? I am going to offer you one million Swiss francs to coron a movie for you, to Narzizus and Goldmund . . ."

"A million what?" Unseld knows per-minute. "Anything is anything hard is ridiculous for one of Hesse's minor novels. But he has been burned once. He plays for time.

"Uh . . . a million Deutsch marks . . . . A million Deutsch marks is more than a million Swiss francs. Who cares, a million what?"

"There is an answer. This is wrong with my hearing, Mr Fishman. I could have sworn you said a million Swiss francs. In any case, I already have an offer of a million dollars for Narcissus and Gold- mund." Dr Unseld laughs; that was a good one. But he is uneasy. He is on the phone and he must react again. Genuine has the initiative. He flashes on some nasty deja vu. The phone is out of nowhere asking the impos- sible, the right film to Steppenwolf which Hesse expressly forbade in his will. But through some ill-employed goonade Genuine granted them, an appalling error. No answer is necessary. It was confirmed by me. Dr. Sigfried Unseld bought a million francs. Who cares, a million what?"

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kate jennings

one kiss too many

“One kiss to many/ And kisses lose their meaning”
Diane Wakoski

Let me, this once and without condemnation,
be churlish and openly maledictory
(my poetry might be a poetry of revenge
but having the last word is often pyrrhic):
I wish for you the loneliness
you have given me. I mean by loneliness not that
common state of being alone in a crowd,
but something else, more awful.

This is not nice of me.
I’m supposed to hug my grief and grievances
to myself and like some extraordinarily
benevolent peasant woman
wish you a long life, many offspring
and a multiplicity of happinesses. I should care
for you and keep the thought of you (you
as yourself I loved) precious
no matter where you go what you do
no matter where I go what I do.

Loving you has made me bitter and not
courteous or gracious or kind.
I did not learn about tenderness, warmth and
mystic moments of burning worlds and carnal satisfactions
(of which I’ve read in other people’s poetry), although
in my fantasies I know of such things well
and tried to offer you a tentative self.

I cannot suffer fools gladly and
all men are fools (like the feminist
in Miss MacIntosh, My Darling I’ll die
with forty trunks filled with bridal dresses.)
I continue a petulant virago
and wish in my heart of hearts
that you will be weak, your ambitions thwarted,
and that you will be smitten with boils
until we know you not. And unlike Job, you will not have
the integrity or wit to say
how long will you vex my soul, and break me in pieces with words.

I fear my words and meanings are too simple,
my motives too transparent.
I will be fettered imaginatively and emotionally
if I cannot be more involved with matters other than
love has died, friendship has faded.
But because I loved you gladly
because we in a manner of speaking blew it baby
because I no longer like you
because I despise and curse you
and because I am lonely
I want to protest. I mean love’s a myth isn’t it?

---

martyn sanderson

3 poems

punctuation: Mark

the desert colon map of australia
pause
a skin stretched on a frame comma knots of hair
pause
the zones underlined the fertile crescent underlined
pause
australia underlined colon let me in underlined unquote
pause
Sydney the port open bracket hole query close bracket
Pause
Open bracket quote o my America comma new found land unquote close bracket
pause
pause
his hand was romping in the haystack
his hand was romping underlined in the haystack
climax colon his hand was romping in the haystack all underlined
pause
photo of Sydney Harbour blown up comma on frame colon
a fist smashes through it fullstop

A Poetical Observation, Making use of a Singularly Weak Verbal Quibble
or Pun, upon the Notable Antagonism between the Democratic Common-
wealth of Australia, as Exemplified in the Terminal Figure of the Ferry
Port of the City of Sydney with its Constant and Classless Traffic and its
General Tastelessness, and the Ancient Mother Continent of Europe, as
Exemplified by Allusion to a Line of One of Her Fine Poets of Comparat-
ive Antiquity.

my circular quay
demolishes thus
her round tower.

seldom has an eclipse
foreshadowed such
a sunburst chrysanthemum
Our dashing cavalier thanks the Arabs for raising the quality of Italian life and rediscovers some faithful freaks from bygone communes.

LIKE writing for the Living daylights. There's something 19th century about writing for you people and commiting it to an envelope, during a postal strike (here) that will make my message just as fast as if it were going to be delivered by a steampacket.

There's something sane about it, and it cleanses my mind to have to write, trying to sum up what's been happening in Italy and trying to make it interesting, entertaining, and possibly instructive. Look, even the choice of words is nineteenth century.

I told you in TLD 2 that we weren't going to be hit by the fuel shortage. Well, I was dead wrong. All Europe is being hit. In Holland they can't drive on sundays. London is cold, and dim, and very miserable. Italy is shutting theatres, moviehouses and all places of public entertainment (except bars) at ten o'clock each night. No petrol sold on sundays and sundays, and less street lights. Rome won't feel it much, but Milan, and the north will. I think it'll do us a lot of good. There'll be a lot more fucking for a start and, a lot more people entertaining each other.

Thank the Arabs for bringing us a bit of ecologoical sanity, and for smashing the middle class mythol-ogy of technological comfort that is reducible us all to slaves of this system.

I went to the north of Italy for the past two weeks. Renewing contacts with counterculture heavies, media freaks, alternative culture politicians, trends and impressions. It's no different from the London or the Amsterdam scene, there are a lot of fakes.

It looks as if the underground, or counterculture, or whatever you call it has by now become a mere subculture. I've seen this in San Francisco (where I spent the summer) in London, and now in Italy. Apart from a few communes, a few free clinics, and a new gigantic record market we've been shuttling in, our own idea of a new lifestyle.

I don't want to be pessimistic, I would be the last one of the counterculture freaks from the 60s to cry over the blood we haven't spilled, but it's time to take stock.

In more practical terms, I found out that a guy who helped to build the first big commune in Milan (500 people, in 1967) and got six months in jail for it, had surfaced again as a distributor of underground, alternative and left publications. He's called Umberto, and his personal story told me a lot, in a very Italian way.

The 67 commune, 50 or so big tents where people were sleeping at the outskirts of Milan, was lynchied by the media, which was then much more racist than now. After three months of heroic survival, with middle class people going to visit the freaks on sundays (flocking for naked tits and organs) it was burned down, literally burned down by the cops. The story now sounds so old that we really must have come a long way since then. Umberto got six months jail. From time to time I still meet people who were part of that commune; they were real-ly the first, legendary freaks - not even freaks, just beats. (Think of the beats as existentialists, in a basically hostile environment, and freaks as more or less conscious carriers of a new culture, morality and lifestyle.)

Well, after six months in prison, Umberto went back to work - he was a skilled industrial worker to support his mother and father, too old to support themselves, and with no pension. Between then and 72 he went underground, for real. The Milan head cop knew him, and had him checked periodically, and he was periodically thrown out of jobs. He tried, only half successfully, to melt away, in the red outskirts of Milan, working at shopfloor level, with the most militant groups in the unions, from time to time helping out with some counter-culture project that he thought worthwhile.

Now he has come back as a distributor, and they call him the counterculture accountant. He looks very efficient, working with three young guys. He distributes our papers, pamphlets, books to a couple of hundred bookshops (outlets). People in the media will understand that this is a small miracle.

We've never managed to be heard efficiently because of censorship and economic transpilation at distribution level. The pattern has been the same, in San Francisco, Copenhagen and Sydney.

From the particular, from my friend Umberto, to the general. We, through our publishing imprint Fallo! are going to publish, and distribute books in an Italy which is entering a winter with little gas, rising prices, and a confused regime.

Fallo! is going to have its first love party, for a book about nuclear war. Real guerilla freaks together. A lot of energy, and vibes, as they say. Keep in touch.

Well its finally happened folks!
Continuing our exhausting introductory guide to the martial art of Kung Fu.

(96) Rotate your left hand in a clockwise motion. (97) Make a fist and begin to return your arm to your side.

(98) Turn your palm toward the ceiling as you continue to retract your hand to your chest. (99) Both palms face up in the basic Sil Lim Tao position.

(100) Execute a slap block to the left, but do not pass the left shoulder with your hand. (101) Return your hand to the center of your chest.

(102) Execute a sideward palm strike with your right hand. (103) Turn your palm toward the ceiling to form a palm-up block.

(104) Begin to rotate your hand in a counterclockwise motion. (105) At the end of the rotating movement, start to form a fist and retract your arm.

(106) Continue retracting your arm until (107) your fist reaches the chest in the basic Sil Lim Tao position.

(108) Starting from the centerline, form a palm-up block. (109) Extend your arm three quarters.

(110) Without bending your arm, change to a low block (goong soo) by turning your palm toward the floor, straightening your arm, and lowering your hand to waist level. (111) Return your arm to the palm-up block.
(112) Rotate your hand clockwise, (113) stopping your hand when it is in the side palm strike position.

(114) Turn your hand to the palm-up position and (115) continue to rotate your hand clockwise.

(116) Begin to form a fist and turn the palm upward. (117) Retract your hand to your chest with the palm up.

(118) Assume the basic sil lim tao position. (119) Extend your right arm three quarters to form the palm-up block.

(120) Turn the palm downward, lowering your arm as you fully extend it to form a low block. (121) Return your arm to the palm-up block.

(122) Without moving your elbow, rotate your hand counterclockwise. (123) Begin a sideward palm strike.

(124) Fully extend your arm to complete the sideward palm strike. (125) Form your hand into a fist and begin to retract it to your chest.

(126) Stop your fist on the right side of your chest in the basic sil lim tao position. (127) Begin the elbow-up block (bong sao) by raising your elbow until your forearm is parallel to the floor. This is the only block in which your elbow is raised.

NEXT WEEK: We finish Sil Lim Tao (sigh!) and get stuck into the Straight Punch and Finger Jab

THIS supplement is extracted from the book Wing Chun Kung Fu by J. Yimm Lee, Ohara Publications, Los Angeles, California. The book is available in some city bookshops.
From Steam Stereo to Four Way Mind Fuck

ERIC ROBBIE talks technology and tells how to fight it

The third system — the CD-4 — is more complicated. Stereo happens because each side of a record groove has a different wiggle and the styli in two different directions giving two signals. What the CD-4 system does is to put two signals on each side of the record groove. This is done by using the same process as is used to put two signals into stereo radio: the front and rear signals are summed and, now, making the main wiggles, then the front is substracted from the rear and slot­ted into the groove, but at twice the frequency. This system uses a multiple decoder — not the same as an SQ or QO decoder — which takes the two signals and then mixes them to the following re­cipe: added signal (L+R) plus sub­tracted signal (L-R) which means the two Rs cancel out to give L (at twice the strength), added signal (L+R) plus subtracted signal (L-R) which means the two can­cel out to give R (at twice the strength). Farewell!

Does hifi equal hi finance?

But all three systems have their faults. The biggest trouble with the phase shift systems occurs when a quadrophonic record is played on a stereo or mono sys­tem; phase shift has a habit of occasionally losing an instrument out of the correct phase. The CD-4 is fine on this score, but what you're asking of black plastic and styli is that they cope with wiggles three times as fast as at the present limit (20,000 wiggles per second). If you think of how quickly records get worn and how quickly delicate wiggles the top notes get knocked off, you'll realize that a record which has 60,000 second ism going to last too long. But there's another way to do it: when you add CD-4, as the decoder unit is the equivalent of two separate radio sets there's a lot more circuitry to pay for.

Quad­rophonics just a four way con?

And on top of all this, as there's still a battle over which company's product will become standard, the serious player after quadrophony will have to go for the whole rotten deal and buy equipment, especially a decoder, which can cope with all three systems. If you already have a stereo system and you want to go the whole way, you'll need another stereo amp as well as the extra speakers. I'd recommend the Sony SQ-2000 combiner decoder and second stereo amp ($99), or the smaller SQ-100 ($75).

There is another way to get a four channel program source, and it's probably the one which will win in the end. What doesn't need a decoder as it's possible to record all four tracks for one price, and even back up the two front speakers with the rear speakers.Tape machines already have what their manufacturers call 'four track cap­ability'. This means that, for a small sum, they'll whip out the existing 'four toppy and (which actually plays two tracks one way and, when turned over, two tracks the other way) and replace it with a tape head that reads and plays back four tracks at once.

Likewise with cassettes. A word of caution about cartridges: forget them. The endless loop they work on means they're mechanically sloppy and, no mat­ter how easy they are to convert to four-track head operation, the frequency response will always be bad. And something else for the future. About seven years ago when I was the only one around who had a 'new' double head machine with three deep in front of Sgt Pepper I said without thinking too seriously: 'That's nothing. The logical extension of this is not four tracks but eight tracks — one at each vertice of the room.' It's still only a dream and this new fangled quadrophonic is still only two dimensional (there's no up and down in it, no vertical in­formation).

Meanwhile, you can still achieve an ambient effect without buying a quadrophonic decoder, or a second amplifier. All you need is a second pair of speakers, some wire and a close look at the diagram at left. This idea is the brainchild of David Hafler and it works because even with one very stereo records there is always a little out-of-phase information. You don't hear it because it's too in­distinguishable, it just causes the overall sound of the system.

Claremont Theatre Centre
14 Claremont St, St Kilda
THURS 7 DEC FROM 5 PM

THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS, december 4-10, 1973 — Page 19
Joke or Liability?

The Yardbirds
Kinks
Long John Baldry
Terry Sylvester
Malcolm Young
Rory Allan
Decca
United Artists
Jerry Butler
Marcels
D buried under the sands of Margate.

The emergence of teenage power was that artists began to break free of traditional management ties. The rise to popularity of outspoken, hairy, drug-taking rock and roll bands was a bit much for the older promoters and agents to handle. Many made it clear that they wanted nothing to do with the new phenomenon, and that the sooner it went away the better. The result was the emergence of a new type of manager, much more in sympathy with the lifestyle of the artist, and much more willing to let bands handle things their own way.

One of the unexpected consequences of this development was the breaking down of class barriers in the realm of popular entertainment. Working class musicians could communicate directly with their audience and get away with telling them just about anything. The lid had come off half a century of repression.

THE WHO'S latest album, Quadrophenia, is an excursion back to the 60s. The Who is very much an archetypal 60s band. Of impeccable London working class background, they rose to fame on the basis of an assertive anti-establishment single, My Generation. They were the culture heroes of a phenomenon which took over London in 1965 and 1966, the mods.

Australia only slightly felt the influence of the mods. Newspapers carried stories of the fights which raged between mods and rockers on the sands of Manly and other nearby London beaches. Our kids affected mod hairstyles and mod clothes, but we missed out on the polarisation which divided English teenagers and drove them to the critical decision of identity — mod or rocker.

Superficially, the whole thing seems somewhat trivial. However, a more careful examination of the choice will reveal that it was to demure some of the main changes by which we now characterize the 60s.

The rockers wore studded leather jackets and brushed back greasy hair, they rode motorcycles — not the candy colored Japanese machines we see today, but big black hogs. The mods preferred a dandy style of dress and rode motorcycles, especially Vespa 90s, which they decorated with multiple headlamps, mirrors, animal and anything else which would add to the overall impression of absurdity. The rockers played hard and the mods passive. The rocker would admit to no weaknesses, the mod made weakness a strength.

The modern display of insecurity, femininity, sexual ambivalence, unsuitability or whatever, was reflected in most of THE WHO's early singles — Substitute, I'm a boy, Pictures of Lily.

The fundamental insecurity of THE WHO's songs was disguised to some extent by the pulsating rhythms and brash textures of the music. The Who were not taken seriously by rock critics until they spelled out what they were up to in Quadrophenia. Their was the breaking down of class barriers in the realm of popular entertainment. Working class musicians could communicate directly with their audience and get away with telling them just about anything. The lid had come off half a century of repression.

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YES, we would like to see prices controlled. Otherwise people on fixed incomes — such as the pension and the dole — get screwed during bouts of inflation. Which is most of the time. (Except in China, where inflation hasn’t been invented yet.)

NO, we don’t think the government should exert control on unions through an incomes policy. But YES, fixed prices and rising incomes is a fool’s fantasy. NO, we don’t believe inflation is containable in one country alone, so the present referendum is meaningless, especially in the present context of world disarray. YES, a referendum in principle is one sweet courtesy of democracy, although it loses its charm through compulsion. In this country, it’s a crime not to vote.

NO, we don’t think governments should be acceded any more power, which plonks us in with the Liberals, who urge a NO, NO, along with the maoists, trotskyists and the DLP while the government and the futuristic Australia party says YES, YES. NO, to prices says George Munster of Nation review, and YES to incomes. YES to both, says Mungo MacCallum, his colleague. NO, to incomes, say the unions, but YES to prices.

In other words, no one knows a bloody thing. Do you? The meaning and mechanisms of inflation are beyond everyone’s grasp. The politicians bluff. Every economist has a different cure and still the cabinet ministers quake before the rising cost of keeping alive. Remember, governments don’t control inflation; they cause it. This referendum turns the voter into a scapegoat.

On Saturday, demonstrate your innocence of the issues involved and your deep distrust of politicians. Vote informal. On your ballot sheets, write YES we have NO bananas or some such haiku of freedom.
Dalliance

Dalliance, Aquarian Mx, 26, stud­
dent, handsome for honest, alter­
terone man with sense of humor and no hangups, INC box 7277.

Dalliance, gay, 19, student, interested in meeting any and gay to 21 for friendship and fun. INC box 7278.

Dianne, 23, very active, seeks similar in 25, swimming, music, outdoor. Photo preferred. Displayed, World. INC box 7253.

Diane, 25, tall, slim, cute, seeks similar position in tri­
angle involving at least one female

male, frustrated, seeks female, Brisbane. Youth, 19, handsome, lonesome for honest, affec­
tional, seeks female who also shares this

interest. Hobart Way out bi couple, 27

need of assistance. No pros. Name

inquiries by last name, first name.

Melbourne. Male, 35, seeks female for mutual satisfaction. Day or evening, 7229.

Canberra Gentleman, 40s, would like active black or white

femme for mutually satisfying re­

lationship. Perhaps live my place. Melbourne. Are there any males,

who visit Brisbane? My place will be open

for suggestions. Only gentlemen. Melbourne. Male, 30, would like

active black or white femme for


mutually satisfying relationship. Perhaps live my place.

husbands, no strings, pursuit of mu­
tual satisfaction. Day or evening, 7229.

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Page 24 – THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS, december 4-10, 1973
MELBOURNE  

**Tuesday**

**ROCK**
Dionysus Station Hotel  

**FOLK**
Peter Fashby  

**JAZZ**
Hot City sound band  

**THEATRES**
"Melbourne" a national production with tomato sauce. From Factory, 225 Dominion street, Carlton, 8.30.

"A Fire in her Ear" Pump  

**TV**
"The Flying Trapeze"  

**FILMS**
"The Bald Primadonna"  

**OUTDOORS**

**MEETINGS**

**EVENTS**

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**Wednesday**

**ROCK**
Captain Black  

**THEATRE**
"King Richard II"  

**THEATRES**

**TV**

**FILMS**

**OTHERS**

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**SYDNEY**

**Monday**

**ROCK**
Billy Thomas and Athene  

**FOLK**
Allan Chappell  

**JAZZ BLUES**
Pat Jackson  

**THEATRE**
"The Figure of a Man"  

**THEATRES**

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**Tuesday**

**ROCK**
"Fellini's 8Va"  

**FOLK**
Bill Jackson  

**JAZZ BLUES**
Bushwhackers and Bullocks  

**THEATRE**
"Sleeping Beauty"  

**THEATRES**

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**Wednesday**

**ROCK**
Fair Dixson  

**FOLK**
Mick Ralph  

**JAZZ BLUES**
"The Old Fashioned Way"  

**THEATRE**
"The Figure of a Man"  

**THEATRES**

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**Thursday**

**ROCK**
Fair Dixson  

**FOLK**
"Diamond Head"  

**JAZZ BLUES**
"The Old Fashioned Way"  

**THEATRE**
"The Figure of a Man"  

**THEATRES**

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**Friday**

**ROCK**
"The Old Fashioned Way"  

**FOLK**
Mick Ralph  

**JAZZ BLUES**
"The Old Fashioned Way"  

**THEATRE**
"Sleeping Beauty"  

**THEATRES**

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**Saturday**

**ROCK**
St Kilda  

**FOLK**
"The Old Fashioned Way"  

**JAZZ BLUES**
"The Old Fashioned Way"  

**THEATRE**
"Sleeping Beauty"  

**THEATRES**

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**Sunday**

**ROCK**
"Diamond Head"  

**FOLK**
"The Old Fashioned Way"  

**JAZZ BLUES**
"The Old Fashioned Way"  

**THEATRE**
"Sleeping Beauty"  

**THEATRES**

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Parents Anonymous

THOUGHT your day could be brighter with the knowledge that a Melbourne based group called Parents Anonymous are providing a phone service and fortnightly meetings for child abusers.

We are a non-professional self-help group whose members have the opportunity to discuss their problem with someone else who has experienced the same traumatic emotional situation before, during, and after abusing their child. By helping each other we repair our own emotional condition and also reduce our sense of isolation, which is impaired by the situation we find ourselves in.

We are parents for whom parenthood has not been what it's cracked up to be and we find it difficult to project the media's Madonna-Vogue type image when weighed down with the sight of yards of dirty nappies, gallons of formula, and fears of the child's early demise due to our inadequacy.

Most members feel that they have been, perhaps, wrongly given to parenthood that abuse problem would not exist. Our aim is to provide adequate and realistic education in schools. To better prepare the medical world to cope with child abusers.

As parents for whom parenthood has not been what it's cracked up to be and to assure him that my feelings on first meeting DLM and the Knowledge (TLD 7), and "I'm more enlightened than you" are already enjoying a significant improvement in their relationships with their children.

**DALE**, President, Parents Anonymous. Phone 03-231, 3044.

Knowledgeable O'Rourke

AT THE risk of seeming to play the "I'm more enlightened than you" game, I'd like to thank Michael O'Rourke for his brilliant article on DLM and the Knowledge (TLD 7), and to assure him that I was more enlightened first coming into contact with the Mission were very similar.

**DAVID LOVEDEY**, General Secretary. Divine Light Mission Australia.

Poor old Harry

THE SARDONIC Mr Gumbert tends to alter更加 impressive in last week's panegyric on the benefits of solitude, has become by all means, but domi confuses "congenital boringness" with common sense.

"Marxist", "dope", and "music" homes, when, their respective hobbies homes is perhaps innocent enough, at least to the grave. "Conventional patriotic" may vary from man to man of mad-malaise, yet its wide observa hardly justifies the pessimistic and dread conclusion "people are afraid... What of? Perhaps the treadmill of their own company.

In accruing bandwagon-hoppers - a typical social quality of "group thinking", the Whittam head still uses their own falsifying generalised cast "mental confusion which pervades the twilight of the youth movement!”

People aren't naturally petty, mental-ly lethargic, hooked on delusion and enormously arrogant simply because they have fears and anxieties! Perhaps people need to learn of slumsness - Hail! Hermit's Lib - but even more drastically to accept "the burden of thinking originally and individually" if it remains the only means to freedom.

LEONARD AMOS, Wynnum, Qld

Iliterate mug

WITH ALL due respect, Robert van Kreek (Letters and things, TLD 6), I can only conclude that you are - like most people - an illiterate mug who knows nothing about political philosophy. Therefore it is quite futile to try to refute your attack on me in the space of this letter column.

However, I will briefly deal with your point concerning why, in a capitalist society, one should want to be a revolutionary - or, at least, that is how I interpreted your question of "how really revolutionary one can be born, bred, and dependent on a capitalist society..."

Well, it is simply a matter of whether one is interested in political affairs - as every person with brains should be - and intelligent enough to realise that capitalism must be replaced by socialism if human society is to progress. Thus every true intellectual must be a revolutionary socialist - of course, I have my own idea of what a socialistic society should be, which is obviously different from yours (Timmsman) - I mean to pour scorn on the dominant capitalistic system like Rich Greenup.

**LEONARD AMOS, Wynnum, Qld**

**Things**

The thirst for blood

By **HERBIE VAUGH**

BIFED carnivores proved the aplanet, knife and fork in hand, carving up docile herbivores. These bipeds have traveled far from the ways of their early kind. They show a growing disregard for the laws of nature and of life itself. They thirst for blood and their stink.

Of these beasts, the Australians top the pops in the meat eating charts. Chuck steak blesses their cultural tabernacle, lamb chops all their fridges and roast beef builds their cities. The Australians are known for their strength, their vigor and... their violence.

Nicholas Tinbergen - a Dutch-born zoologist and joint winner of this year's Nobel prize for medicine - believes aggressiveness evolved as an inbuilt instinct when man gave up his vegetarian existence and became a hunter. Humans then evolved behavior patterns characteristic of wolves and developed fierce group loyalty which are manifested when nations embark upon WAR. But, he points out that most animals seem reluctant to kill their own kind if confronted with gestures and demonstrations of peaceful intent.

Meat is big business, it's expensive (in Japan its popularity has risen with affluence and development of the Christian church). The east observes the west's religion of hindus, buddhists, jains and early Christians. With the development of the Christian church, meat eating and promiscuity. The east observes the west's religion of hindus, buddhists, jains and early Christians. With the development of the Christian church religion of hindus, buddhists, jains and early Christians. With the development of the Christian church meat eating and promiscuity. The east observes the west's religion of hindus, buddhists, jains and early Christians. With the development of the Christian church religion of hindus, buddhists, jains and early Christians. With the development of the Christian church meat eating and promiscuity. The east observes the west's religion of hindus, buddhists, jains and early Christians. With the development of the Christian church meat eating and promiscuity. The east observes the west's religion of hindus, buddhists, jains and early Christians. With the development of the Christian church religion of hindus, buddhists, jains and early Christians. With the development of the Christian church meat eating and promiscuity. The east observes the west's religion of hindus, buddhists, jains and early Christians. With the development of the Christian church meat eating and promiscuity. The east observes the west's religion of hindus, buddhists, jains and early Christians. With the development of the Christian church mea
TWO teachers suspended - school morals scandal. Blazing front page headlines in the Sydney Daily Mirror several weeks ago.

After reading halfway through the story, you discover that the two male teachers in their 20s have succumbed to the "immoral" temptation of taking out two 15-year-old female students of the school.

Buried somewhere in the story was the admission by the right-hand inspector (somehow giving the impression that the inspector himself had been interested in the teachers' private lives).

"What can you expect from a department that drops into the laps of each new teacher a thick, bound volume called The Teachers' Handbook containing hundreds of rules and regulations?" This example of the teacher being treated like a child is carried right through the system. Any teacher who has been bawled out in front of his class by an over-zealous administrator will attest to this fact.

This incident is not an isolated example of the department's need to show how moral its teachers should be. At another school in the western suburbs, an area inspector was sent to warn two male teachers in their 20s about their "overfamiliarity" with students.

He was mainly concerned about the teachers drinking down at the pub with students. He also mentioned that two other teachers had been suspended by the department for similar offences. When the inspector was asked by one of the teachers who had been bawled up in front of his class by an over-zealous administrator to attest to this fact, he replied, "a friend!" Pardon me, education department inspectors are showing.

Another example of the department's intrusion into teacher's private lives took place earlier this year in a country area of New South Wales. Two young teachers, one male and one female, decided to live together for financial reasons and perhaps a little natural sympathy between them. Since small country towns are hard places to keep a secret in, the two teachers were discovered "living in sin".

School administrators said no, area inspectors said no; and needless to say, the two teachers were transferred to separate districts to prevent any further dalliance. A veteran female teacher corroborated this story by saying that in several of her former schools, the principal would transfer a teacher if he or she were found to be having a romance with another member of staff.

The education department tries to pretend it is concerned with the morals of its students and teachers, but it seems more worried about adverse publicity. One principal's favorite warning to his teachers about watching their behavior is: "Just think of what the Daily Mirror would do with this story." The prevailing attitude seems to be: do it with teachers or students in the science lab or the local creek or the staffroom, but don't get caught.

Several administrators whom I've talking to about teacher-student relationships are extremely afraid of them. They seem to have this paranoid belief that parents are out to get them. They make mountains out of molehills and have a copious backlog of stories to prove their point: the girl who cried "rape" when talking to a male teacher in an empty classroom, how the friendly teacher lost the respect of his students, etc. They stress the necessity for "distance" between the teacher and the student, and they usually create that same distance between the administrator and the teachers.

In the year 1973 it seems incredible that such attitudes would have predominance in the NSW education department, but they do. Modern education theory suggests that closer relationships should exist between teacher and student. It does not suggest that a teacher should attempt to sink the sausage into every nubile student or vice versa, but if a teacher wishes to date an adult student, then he should certainly be able to do so.

I can see some administrators shaking their heads and saying, "The student will brag about it to his or her friends, what will the parents say, the students will say the teacher is guilty of favoritism, etc." But a mature teacher should be able to handle this and, he won't stand for the department of education's meddling into his private life.

"Somehow it seems as if no forward thinking person has a chance of moving into the higher echelons of the education department. These petty bureaucrats at the top think it's immoral for teachers to get on with students because they have trouble getting on with people. A young education officer told me that those running the NSW education department are embarrassed to watch at social functions because of their utter lack of warmth or knowledge of people."

This reminds me of some interesting proposals made by Neil Postman and Charles Weingartner in their book Teaching as a subversive activity: "Require all teachers to undergo some form of psychotherapy as part of their in-service training ... Require each teacher to provide some sort of evidence that he or she has had a loving relationship with at least one other human being." I think that if these two proposals were adopted, the teaching profession might have people who were more concerned with education of children than "morals".

By TOM KRAUSE, teacher Cabramatta High, Sydney