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The Living Daylights 2(1) 8 January 1974

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Editor

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The Living Daylights 2(1) 8 January 1974

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BOUNCING THE TENANTS...
blitzkrieg at Victoria Street
The sound of secrets and silence...

AFTER the fortnight's dropout, we returned to a towering pile of copy and the slightly sanctimonious smiles of the ferret fanatics who labored all through the festivities. Those of us foolish enough to venture into society in the interim were assailed by lavish criticism of this paper, some of it well intentioned. Of our many failings we are aware, but each week we believe the mixture improves, the energy flow thickens and ideas begin to dance around the ceiling in wild profusion. People want bombshells, this paper prefers to marry iconoclasm to build a paper worthy of the kind of space to the spaced out... to work to grim realities of developer-piggery.

The VANKS STRIKE BACK:
Prime minister Gough Whitlam and his family have been placed under heavy security guard following renewed threats against our leader's life. Obviously the threats are coming from someone involved American High Command in Australia trying a build a little great power culture to a small and obscure Pacific nation.

CHAINING THE BIBLE TO THE CHURCH FONT: The revered Gordon Powell of Melbourne's Scotch post office has chained the old church font to the federal government of giving pornographers a helping hand by relaxing censorship laws of the country. The senator Lion Murphy's decision to allow adults to read whatever they like was made on health grounds. We are terrified of physical germs getting into Australia, but sick publications are also terrified to control this. It is believed that the good reverent Powell made his offer to the government the use a red hot poker to remove the eyes of those who read so call that and that, as a further inducement to remain on the path of righteousness, they will be given braille versions of their own texts to while away their sightless lives.

LET THEM BUILD CAKES: Labor minister Clyde Cameron in announcing that Australia's jobless figure had risen for the third month in succession, and was now up to 107,273 said that far greater employment potential lades in correcting the "structural imbalance within the work force". He then went on to claim that there was enormous scope for expansion in the "building and furniture industries and their ancillary". This method of placing the populace into gainful employment bears a remarkable similarity to that well known institution of the chair. The skilled doubts gazed at the hearts of employees throughout the land.

SINS OF THE IDLE RICH: The marketing manager of the wine-makers, Seppells, Mr I G. MacKley, has warned rich and foolish vintage port collectors that some wicked people are forging labels which deliberately misuse a little of vintage port now costs anything up to $200 it appears that the great game of putting rich fools from their money is continuing space.

STOP WORRYING ABOUT THE ENERGY CRISIS—LEARN TO LOVE THE BOMB: France's president George Pompidou, brought Pacific islands into focus last year ahead by announcing that France's nuclear tests would continue this year.

RUNNING AWAY FROM IT ALL: Reacting enthusiastically to the new independent Papua New Guinea regime, whites have started to leave the country in droves. Some 10,000 non racist Australians have now decamped from the land of the bird of paradise. Despite official explanations that they were leaving because they feared for their safety with coming of self-government, the real reason is understood to be closer to the home of the austere and respected chief minister Michael Somare has shown his tendentiousness in this free sale of booze during certain festivals. The last instance of this austerity commenced took place last week, there being beerless for five days.

RATTLE THE BONES: In a surprise decision, aboriginal tribal leaders in the New South Wales southern coastal port of Nowra, have disarmed the younger militant members of their clan not to steal the white man's skeletons from the local cemetery and hang it from a tree in the caravan park. The militants had decided upon this course of action after late council workers bulldozed an aboriginal burial ground and scattered the remains of five black bodies to build an amenity block for white campers.

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The ultimate answer to Canberrans' problems: Sick and tired of living next a farrago of New South Welshers, and WAlesians of Towne, Queenbeary deliberately allowed its sewage treatment pumps to be disarmed by the anti-nuclear Griffin with about a million gallons of sewage. Canberra's health authorities indicated that both Sydney and Melbournes were terrified of physical germs getting into the water when sailing, to shower... and generally making the state look untidy, by placing arsenic in their waterholes. In an official statement the board denied that it had similar plans to control the population of the city of Perh, although it is considered that both Sydney and Melbourne would benefit greatly from this population control approach to population control.

Why Australia should be declared a Republic: Sydney disc, (jockey, John Laws, was awarded a Samuel Alcock that means) in the new years honors list.
They huffed and they puffed and they blew doors down

WENDY BACON

LAST WEEK in Sydney a private army of thugs accompanied the NSW police force and evicted the Victoria street squatters - a frightening experience for those who were there. However, to exaggerate the importance of the use of thugs is to miss the point of what is happening in inner Sydney today.

Against the interests of profit and speculation, the resident action groups, backed by some unions, are fighting to retain the inner city as a place where ordinary people, not just a select few, can live. Against them, the developers and the state have a whole range of weapons - the law, the courts, the police, thugs, the media (at times), the PR men, and experts (the townplanners and establishment architects). Less successfully than most, Theeman of Victoria Point Pty Ltd has used all of them. With the squatters now on the streets, it remains to be seen if he is any better off than he was when they were in his buildings.

It is more than 10 years now since the development boom hit the community of Kings Cross. Everywhere, residential buildings have been demolished to make way for motels, businesses, and wider roads. The people who lived in them, a wide cross-section of key workers, artists, entertainers, seamen, students and pensioners have been shoved from one building to another. Many of them have been finally forced out of this lively area into the outer suburbs. With their departure many of the shops they used have been forced to close. More than ever the rip-off mentality of tourism has taken over the Cross. Those who stay find their rent constantly rising. Any protection they might have had against their landlords, was removed by the Liberal government's legislation of 1969.

One street that survived longer than most was Victoria street. A wide, tree lined street divided from the central business district by the now deserted 'Loo and the Domain, its large terraces became popular with bohemians and artists. In the 30s, it too has been occupied by the Communist party. There were threats that gas and electricity would be cut off. "Bribes" from $20 to $2000 were paid to tenants but only to those who showed signs of resisting. The last old lady to leave No. 115 told me that late one night two men appeared at her door and told her that if she didn't accept the flat they were about to show her she would be out on the street.

Against the interests of profit and development. CAGA, with Syd King of Home Unit Pty Ltd, a much older hand in the property game, had earlier seen what Frank was up to and snapped up a few key buildings - which they resold to Theeman for a cool million dollars profit a year later.

Once Theeman had acquired the buildings, Michael "Arthur" (Theeman's son) moved into one of the shops as the agent. From that time, the street began to deteriorate - damaged ceilings were no longer repaired; after a storm broke windows, the agent told a tenant to cover them with cardboard.

With a second plan (the first was knocked back by the state planning authority which described the street as the worst case of visual pollution it had ever seen) a 23 storey development was ready for approval by council and a blitz of eviction notices were sent out. Tenants were told to move out within a week. There were threats that gas and electricity would be cut off. "Bribes" from $20 to $2000 were paid to tenants but only to those who showed signs of resisting.

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Most of the residents left quickly: some of them used to a transient existence; others too old, sick, or frightened. Nearly all were ignorant of their legal rights. At this late stage, the Victoria Cross resident action group was formed. It started by informing tenants of their legal rights and by asking the BLF to place a green ban on the street, which it promptly did.

Most active of the residents was Arthur King. He rang up friends living in the Cross (including myself) and asked us to help. Twice in the first week he was visited by the police. Then he disappeared for three days. When he returned he wouldn't tell us where he had been... but immediately moved out.

But since 1965, the development companies including Paterson (Granster, Ryko and Boyer) and Spatial Holdings (Joseph and Sol Breender) have been buying up. The company that grabbed most of the houses was Victoria Point Pty Ltd, owned by Frank Theeman, a man making his first venture into property.

Frank, known by his business acquaintances as a textile genius but a mug in other areas, sank about $1.5 million into the buildings himself and borrowed another $5.5 million from CAGA, a finance company specialising in property and development. CAGA, with Syd King of Home Units Pty Ltd, a much older hand in the property game, had earlier seen what Frank was up to and snapped up a few key buildings - which they resold to Theeman for a cool million dollars profit a year later.

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By day, the street was spilling over with furniture and removal vans. By night, it was patrolled by men with bars.

Mick Fowler, a seaman, returned to find he had been moved out of his room. A left-wing unionist and political activist from the 50s, Mick was furious. With the help of the BLF and the RAG, he was moved back in.

From the onset the action group regarded the police in the buildings as being as crucial as the buildings themselves. In particular, it demanded the street remain a low rent area. The idea of it becoming a Cooperatives housing scheme was suggested. Despite these more radical aims, the tactic was to seek as much support as possible for the preservation of buildings. This was not difficult as Victoria street holds memories of a less respectable past for many now influential people. However this tactic caused many misunderstandings and was disastrous for the group.

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The state council of the Liberal party said it would support the National Trust if it would classify the street as being worthy of preservation. On may 2 last year, the Trust classified the street. We were heartened.

Theeman then announced that he would prepare yet another plan. Woolley, his architect, said that he would discuss the plans with the action group and the National Trust when they were ready. It soon became clear that while Woolley was intensively lobbying the National Trust he had no intention of talking to the residents. We were anxious to point out to the Trust that we were concerned with people as well as buildings, but they too, arrogrant as usual, refused to talk to us. We even occupied Woolley's office in an unsuccessful attempt to see the plans.

At a joint press conference, the National Trust and NewryBlacks confirmed the Trust's approval of the plan. The plan allows for the preservation of the facades of the houses with a stepped up development between the cliff face and the houses. The cliff, which had received a special mention in the Trust's original classification was now to be excavated for a car park. It is a mixed residential and commercial venture. In vain the BLF issued press statements expressing its opposition to the high rise buildings and the destruction of the social fabric of the street. Not a word appeared in the daily press.

The National Trust decision meant that we lost a lot of respectable support. Even the BLF felt that the decision of the National Trust left them in a tricky position. In many cases they had backed the Trust's decisions on the preservation of buildings. For some days the green ban was in doubt.

A couple of days after the announcement of the new plan one of the small terraces along the back was burnt out. This was the most damaging of a series of fires since the evictions began. On the same day, the police—a detective Ballard who had been one of those who visited Arthur King—discovered the beginnings of a fire in the gas meters under Mary Jane's flat. "She might have gone sky high", they informed us.

The few remaining tenants were now isolated and frightened. The buildings were in danger of being burnt down. The ban was in doubt. The emphasis on low rent housing had been lost. At a meeting we decided there was only one tactic left: we would squat.

There was one tenant left in No. 57. With his cooperation, we entered the building and changed the lock. The seven months squat had begun. As each house acquired its residents, we moved on to the next until, in two weeks, nine build­ings were occupied.

Contrary to our expectations, there was no immediate police action. Probably because of the bad publicity he had received over the evictions and the use of standbyover tactics, Theeman decided to work through the courts. Two people were summoned under the repressive summary offences act ("re­maining on premises with no reasonable cause").

During june and july, despite harassment, water being cut off, wires ripped out, visits by the police and continual rumors about raids, the squatting gained strength. The BLF confirmed the green ban. A new community began to emerge replacing the one destroyed by Theeman.

The legal moves continued. Theeman hired Kevin Murray, a florid faced barr­ister, colonel of the University Regiment for many years, to argue the case in court. His appeal to the district court was heard in October and Judge Henchman indicated he would not state a case to the court of criminal appeal.

While Cox's case remained sub judice, the squatters were relatively secure. We now expected that it would be at least three months, possibly many more before the case was completed.

So far the suing of Victoria street had been an exhausting and often frightening business—few of us having confronted the forces of profit and property in a headlong fashion before. For the first time now, we began to enjoy the environ­ment around us. I found myself growing attached to the open spaces and leafy pathways linking the front buildings with the row of buildings along the cliff top. Political allies with whom I had done little but discuss Victoria street now became neighbors and friends.

A communal play group began. The squatters, including those of us without children, took it in turns to look after the children. We set up a communal cinema, rec­reations, market and an eating place that was planned in No. 113. We planted a lawn and someone started growing corn. A pen with chooks appeared outside No. 115. Heaps of rubbish was cleared from inside the buildings and heaped along the street.

At frequent barbecues, discussions raged over sexism; who should come and who should go, over how to organise repairs and renovation, and whether it was essential to participate in the decisions.

Decisions were taken at informal and open weekly meetings. While there was a higher level of participation than any other political movement I have seen, it was also true that the articulate were at a clear advantage—their ability to speak for those who found it more difficult to express their views to stop coming to meetings.

In the 60s, there was much talk of a fine old house didn't matter because Theeman wants them down anyway.

Just like the early days of Ulster's troubles, police stood back, witnessing the civilian confrontation. In the 1960s, when the action started the police simply moved in to pick up the pieces left from the momentary mercenaries. The divided rule technique has kept many a group of civilians used to bash up than thugs in uniforms hired to bash you up.
student worker alliance. In my experience, it was never anything more than an alliance of low income residents. The more important political element in our scheme is that of resident control. The financial arrangements would involve long term payments by residents to CAGA or possibly the federal government.

Early in December the action group (believing that if lower income residents are to overcome the disadvantages they suffer at the hands of the landlords, the police and the courts, something more than low rent housing is required) almost stopped. It seemed that they were to overcome the disadvantages they suffer at the hands of the landlords, the police and the courts, something more than low rent housing is required. The crucial element in our scheme is that of resident control. The financial arrangements would involve long term payments by residents to CAGA or possibly the federal government.

In early December, Bill O'Donnell, the PR man, arranged a meeting with the squatters to organise a pow-wow with Theeman. The meeting with Theeman was set for Wednesday, December 12 in the "Stables". Almost at the same time Cox heard that the appeal was listed for the tenth. This was completely unexpected as the papers for the appeal had only been filed on November 28. On the tenth, Staples, Cox's barrister, arranged an adjournment until the thirteenth. Theeman cancelled the meeting claiming that he was unwell. On the very same day, I saw him in Darling Point surrounded by five large suited men. He seemed most embarrassed to see me.

On December 13, Staples informed the court of criminal appeal that he was not able to appear in the matter. Cox then asked for an adjournment so that he could be represented by a barrister of his choice. He presented a medical certificate showing that he was unfit to be in court. The court proceeded until the lunchtime adjournment when Cox left the court. That afternoon, the judges dismissed the appeal on the grounds that Cox was not present.

On Friday, December 21, Henchman confirmed Cox's conviction. The company gave John until the 27th to get out and gave Mrs Landsfield—the one of the remaining tenants—$1000 to get out on the same day. We learned that Theeman had gone to Maddison—the minister for justice—to request his release to take action against the rest of us. A less reliable source informed us that action would be taken after the new year, and no more was heard. The days of the squat were now numbered. Our planning and projects stopped. We knew that with the resources available there was no chance of keeping the police force out. However, resistance was more than a political gesture. We wanted to be evicted in full public view and so we prepared a "phone tree" and barricaded the buildings.

At least we began to barricade the buildings—but it seemed that the group harmony of earlier weeks was lacking. Some were ambivalent, believing or wanting to believe that "they won't come". Others wanted to leave it until the last moment finding the prospect of living in rooms darkened by heavy wooden planks, iron bars and grills to be depressing. We spent hours, too many hours, discussing what we would do when they would come—had fantasies about wearing father Christmas costumes, of covering our naked bodies with oil, of playing tapes of laughing, of growing dogs and Sheeplike through bathroom window behind the barricades. A few of the older people began to lose their minds. Some became depressed.

Watching all this happening made me sad and angry. The desire to resist became encompassing. I was resolved too that once the new year was over we would return to our projects, living as normally as possible. If we were thrown out, we talked of possibilities of future squatting in communal living.

Last Sunday, we heard a rumour that someone had been offered a job to "throw out a bunch of hippies on a developer's land at the Cross" on Tuesday, Wednesday or Thursday morning. On Wednesday, through the Builders Laborers, we heard that a cop in the western suburbs had been told was going to be told was going to Victoria street in the morning. Frank Theeman, holidaying in Surfers Paradise, told Joe Owens, secretary of the builders laborers that he'd be doing no demolishing and put down the phone. Mr Boylan, who said he was in charge while Theeman was away, said that he was prepared to give assurances that nothing would happen. Michael Theeman, who was in the street the following morning, told me that as far as he knew nothing was going to happen. We knew it could be another rumor but we had to prepare. Through the night with extra supporters in the buildings, we barricaded with wood and the little scaffold-folding available. A watch of three people prepared to alarm the street with a siren if anything should happen. Shortly after six in the morning, Vicki from the Darlinghurst Group called at No. 59 to say a large number of police were assembled at Darlinghurst.

At 7 am, into the peacefulness of the early morning came a Hertz truck carrying men armed with giant sledge hammers and axes. Call them thugs, bouncing "controllers" or what you will, this was a private army led by Joe Meiser, bounce and one or two years out of jail who held a position of power in the underworld. Joe Meiser, bounce and one or two years out of jail who held a position of power in the underworld, hired by Frank Theeman, was under the command of the police force by justice minister, Maddison.

Shortly the goons were joined by a line of uniformed police. Then having shaken hands with the police, the barrier of the barricades began. Not so much frightened of being hurt as paralysed by the relentless pound of the giant sledge hammer, we gathered downstairs. Half an hour later they were in. A long hired hand read us a statement from the company and after some "discussion" with the police, the 12 of us were loaded into a single van.

In the shabby isolation of the bottom of the street and away from most specta­ tors or more important observers indeed describe our actions. Further up the street Val and Eric found themselves advancing in a box from the ceiling and so applied some paint and a hose. In return caustic soda was poured on Eric.

Meanwhile in No. 113 and No. 115 the squatters were barricading and keeping the street quiet. In No. 115 and No. 113 they escaped to the rooftops. Con and Keith began their 16 hour squat on the chimney tops.

Four of the hirelings resigned from the job on Thursday. Some of the police too, expressed unwillingness. For instance, the young constable who took me from the court to the cells told me that "many of us really like what you're doing".

Returning to the street my initial reaction was dismay. The squatters, their supporters and their belongings were a strange sight to see. As the evening wore on the crowd continued to watch Keith and Con. They asked for a hero's welcome, as we began to sing. Our repertoire was slight but soon we began to invent our own words.

Waltzing Matilda.

Green bans forever, in Victoria street

Green bans forever, in Victoria street

Green bans forever, in Victoria street

Old McDonald's Farm.

Old Frank Theeman had a street.

And on that street he had some pip

Green bans forever, in Victoria street

...and they sang as they jumped from chimney pot to chimney pot.

GREEN BANS FOREVER, IN VICTORIA STREET
Grand justice at Warrnambool pub

By DAVID BLUE

The Gold Coast Council is under fire again from the members of health inspectors! The Australian (17/12) to arrest people Durras of the Gold Coast Council is under fire again from the members of health inspectors! The Australian (17/12) to arrest people

...stuck in the streets of Melbourne..."...stuck in the streets of Melbourne..."
The South Melbourne carve up
ROSS McPHERSON

THE peculiarity of recent public publicity about the future of South Melbourne's Family Care estate belies the tenuous basis for its continued preservation. The estate - 4.2 acres of mainly residential freehold in the centre of Emerald Hill - was temporarily spared redevelopment when a proposed auction was cancelled in early December.

Owners of the site, the Melbourne Family Care organisation, had emphasized the area's development potential in previous pre-auction advertising. The sale was averted at the last minute through the urging of federal treasurer Frank Crean and urban and regional planning minister Anthony Uren, after a lengthy campaign by local resident associations and the South Melbourne City Council.

Federal intervention became the final hope of the council, which was unsuccessful in its efforts to preserve the area but proved unable to raise the finance needed to compensate the owners for its possession. The government offered the owners compensation to postpone the auction date for a minimum of 10 weeks.

Meanwhile, negotiations have proved the only hope for federal money can be used to purchase the land and what form the resulting development would take. Talks with state housing commission officials have given the council some promise of power over the fate of Emerald Hill than the local government act would have provided.

Any federal money will probably come from budgetary allocations to the lands commission. The problem is how find funds used under this legislation can slot into the relevant state machinery; agreement here between the federal and state governments is the major hurdle.

Agreement in principle is established, then housing commission officials will consider the feasibility of becoming an interim authority under the com- mission's hopes will be thrown advantage of such an arrangement is said to be that the housing commission is an urban renewal authority.

If agreement in principle is established, then housing commission officials will consider the feasibility of becoming an interim authority under the commission's hopes will be thrown advantage of such an arrangement is said to be that the housing commission is an urban renewal authority.

Both the federal government and the council must then formally approve their participation in such a scheme. The council would therefore be most happy, its role will be to work with the housing commission as an urban renewal authority. Plans are already afoot to vastly increase the housing commission's open space; the area by widening what are now rear access lanes and alleys, and erecting four or five floors on roads. The resultant separation of pedestrian and vehicular traffic should be feasible, it is expected, and make the area an interesting enterprise, such an old, established area.

The council has not reached what the terms of federal financing will be. It may be putting the cart before the horse. In any case, since the Victoria's government fails to agree quickly with the plan the council's hopes will be thrown advantage of the auction of the estate as march 6.

The South Melbourne's Family Care estate will be sold to the South Melbourne City Council, and development will begin within months.
PETER STANSILL was a founding editor of **7**1, the British alternative newspaper. He now sits at the head of the newsdesk at Berkeley barb in California and will be monitoring movements along the West Coast for **Daylights**.

THE BATTLE of Wounded Knee, long since abandoned as good copy by the American news media, is now raging more just another militant media prank, of 1890 - has completely shrouded township on their reservation - bunch of Indians seizing this small US cavalry in the famed massacre ancient civilisation, it is simply genocide, government treachery White Father speaks with forked only two lifetimes ago are them selves discovering that their Great spring was characterised **quality, then**

involved in the struggle to kick out Chief Dick Wilson, the BIA appointee who controls Pine Ridge.

A total of 110 other Indians have been indicted on charges arising out of the Wounded Knee action, and the first 19 appear in court in Sioux Falls this month. Their rap includes interstate trans port and use of firearms, impeding federal officers during a civil disorder, burglary, larceny, and other substantive crimes and conspiracy to commit them. The latest word from the US Attorney in Sioux Falls is that another 200 people may yet be indicted.

It's hardly surprising that tem pers are getting frayed in the office of the Wounded Knee Legal Defence/Offense Committee in Sioux Falls. They have had to face harassment in the shape of yet another federal grand jury, in addition to the one that banded out the 116 original indictments.

The Justice Department sub piled a total of 30 AIM leaders, defense committee lawyers and various people who voiced support of the Indian cause, to appear before the jury - without ever specifying what the investiga tion was about. This tactic effec tively tied up the defense effort in more legal red tape and further exhausted their already overwork ed legal aid. In fact, as this was sprung on them, the defense com

Challenged.

If the occupation itself failed to provide a real springboard for AIM programs, then there's a very reliable assurance that the upcoming trials will.

The vocabulary with the Black struggle applies only in terms of how it is being confronted by the government. There were never slaves, nor do they live in any numbers in the thick of white culture. They have lived at one with the earth for thousands of years on the only land they have ever known, until a warlike white race, spurred by a mercantile and economic logic, forced them, isolated and defeated them and herded them into small isolated areas where they would hopefully be extirpated.

They didn't die out - their birth is increasing - and while white American consciousness is going through a shattering crisis of guilt, disillusionment and despair over its own excesses and hypocrisies, and there is real hope that the Indians throughout the country can emerge with some of the same power and control of their lives.

But this cannot happen until there is a settlement of the 1855 Treaty rights, their rights to land, water, and self-government, over which they have been continuously double-crossed.

No one could come home to rise this time around. For one thing, there's an empathy with the suffering of other oppressed people. It's no accident that thousands of young white kids are living in the hills and forests, hunting and growing their own food, building their own shelters, and forming well-organised groups of a society which has made them slaves of their own misguided lives. AIM is then a new warrior movement, a religious, a re-birth of the old religions of their tribes, a new knowledge, a new understanding of a society which has made them slaves of their own misguided lives. AIM is then a new warrior movement, a religious, a re-birth of the old religions of their tribes, a new knowledge, a new understanding of a society which has made them slaves of their own misguided lives. AIM is then a new warrior movement, a religious, a re-birth of the old religions of their tribes, a new knowledge, a new understanding of a society which has made them slaves of their own misguided lives.
THANKS FOR THESE BOMB TARGETS UNCLE SAM!

DEPUTY prime minister Lance ("Barnyard") Barnard is in Washington this week renegotiating the 25 year agreement that gave us the US military communications base at North West Cape — just one of a staggering 33 US military bases in Australia. Although ALP policy is for the complete removal of all foreign military bases, nothing concrete is expected to come from the talks with defence secretary, James Schlesinger, and the new hard line ambassador to Australia, Marshall Green.

Little is known about these bases and their function in the US nuclear weapons system. What the Australian government does know it is not telling us. Censorship in the form of D-notices covers the entire area. Technical complexity is another barrier between the truth and how you get hold of it. But for the past 18 months local radical groups have devoted long hours to researching this highly secret and complex subject. They now say they know more about the system than the Australian government.

These research groups provided the unauthorised, and hence illegal, material from which this report was drawn and we offer them our special thanks. Paranoid politics is not our usual bag but we considered this material to be both topical and of importance to our survival.

North West Cape provides a vital communications link for the Pentagon with its nuclear missile carrying Polaris submarines. The radio transmitter at the base is one of the largest in the world and if there had been a nuclear attack, North West Cape would have been a prime target for retaliation. As Y. Shvedkov wrote in the journal International affairs which was published in Moscow in 1964, "Naturally countries on whose territory the various installations associated with the use of nuclear missile weapons in general and submarine missile carriers in particular are being built, would draw nuclear retaliation on to their territory." The source may be doubtful but the thought is frightening.

PINE GAP

THESE photos are illegal. If caught the photographer stood to receive a seven year jail sentence. They show Pine Gap, America's installation near Alice Springs, a place where the desert hums with the underground activity of a nuclear power reactor. A vital link for "Spy in the Sky" satellites, Pine Gap was an essential information feeder to the B52 bombing of Cambodia, North Vietnam and Laos. It's playing a big part in a project, "Fractional Orbital Bombardment System", or, simply, "how to signal nuclear warheads from satellites".
It may come as a shock for many Australians to realise their country is a primary target in the event of a nuclear war outbreak, but it’s fortunate that we still have time to stop the proposed Omega station near Deniliquin, NSW and force the US to remove its other bases.

North West Cape was one of the US bases placed on a full nuclear war alert on October 21 when Nixon freaked over the Middle East crisis. He didn’t bother to tell Australia.

Barnard’s mission is to seek “joint control” of the base. That would entail the Australian government having access to the code system the Pentagon uses in communicating with the base and this seems highly unlikely.

Australian protest groups are preparing for a “Long March” to the North West Cape base in May. It will leave Melbourne on May 4 and drive through Sydney, Brisbane and Darwin to the base.

A “Short March” leaves Melbourne on May 14. It goes through Adelaide and Perth to the cape. Frei, the New Zealand protest yacht, will launch an amphibious landing on the base to coincide with the groups from the inland. An air assault on the base is also being considered. The demonstrators plan to take back possession of our land and remove the American flag. All are welcome.

Buses and other transport are being arranged and more details can be obtained from the Stop Omega Committee, box 215, Elsternwick, Victoria. 3185.

NORTH WEST CAPE

NORTH West Cape military communications base. At this base there are 13 1271 feet towers transmitting coded messages to Polaris nuclear missile carrying submarines. This base is vital to the US in any nuclear war. The bottom photo shows the series of towers and the other is a close up to give some indication of the size of these antennas. Unfortunately military guards hampered clearer shots.

Exmouth & North West Cape LOCATION MAP

LOCATION map of the North West Cape base. The areas marked black are prohibited and any person caught on them by US military guards is liable to seven years jail.
INSIDE Project Longbank at Woodbourne, New Zealand. Similar equipment buzzes and hums at Amberley, Queensland and Alice Springs. They say this equipment monitors nuclear explosions that may contravene test bans.

However, the real purpose of the bases is the classification, PAI — POST ATTACK INTELLIGENCE. Meaning, in the event of a nuclear attack by the US these bases tell them which missiles have exploded where and gives the seismic reading as effects of the strike can be gauged. They are essential for an immediate report on the accuracy of the particular missiles area. These bases also engage in GEOPHYSICAL WARFARE — the use of underground nuclear explosions to INTENTIONALLY trigger off earthquakes in other peoples territory!

INCINERATOR for top secret waste paper. The sieve on the chimney prevents half burnt secrets joining the smoke. Taken at the US installation at Woodbourne, New Zealand, and is standard for all military installations.

NEW ZEALAND demonstrators closed down the US base at Woodbourne by holding a rock festival. Participants were asked to bring their own rocks.
Kohoutek, even to the point of went nova in about this years ago". He was denounced in newspaper edi­ tors say the last time our sun turned nova was 16 billion years ago. It was dawn. The sun began to rise. It was the bright­ est sky he had ever seen, but the sun was not visible. The LHS 11 glowed so bright it squirmed through the cloudless sky, sucking the fiery air into its intake, and blowing it out even finer, sucking and blowing, sucking and blowing. He looked at the ground. It was warm, wrinkled and cracked, like the skin of a potato roasted in a log fire. Nothing moved, nothing lived. It looked as if it had swept all humanity, all life off the face of the earth. The LHS 11 is digital clock counted the last sec­ onds of the novas fury off. As suddenly as it had started, it finished. The bright harsh light was gone. The stars opened their eyes again.

"Commander," said Jerry, "turn on the landing light." Jerry climbed on the plane to the tower. The commander switched off the motors, and, when their whining sound ceased to exist, the earth ceased to exist. All that remained was the darkness. The doors o f the tower opened. A line of light appeared. It was the general. They flew in the shadow o f the dark of space, and the lonely stars.

The commander switched off the motors, and, when their whining sound ceased to exist, the earth ceased to exist. All that remained was the darkness. The doors of the tower opened. A line of light appeared. It was the general. They flew in the shadow of the dark of space, and the lonely stars.
angels at th party
(for Mike)

here's yr hip
academic
disguised as a bum

pirate sweatshirt & all
speaking (sincerely)
of
JohN CAGE
in th living

of O'
speaking (sincerely)
pirate sweatshirt & all
disguised as a bum&
academic

across th bars of shadow

now
he's at th gipsy's side
like some old boarding party
his CLEAN HOOKS go
JOHN CAGE
in th living

Of O'

now
he's a dr. o f ancient literature thinking/
that were described as
on seas
from out WYETH'S books
STOCKHAUSEN
in th hall . . .

he says/ 'LOVE yr rings
eating water cress & celery
she
he's all
&
he's block'd out
& history
she says/ 'fuck yr bag & close
the mystery!
now
he's standing at th compulsory
stop
with th crippled lady
&
he's toying with her crutch
&
he's reading aloud from some
colonial history
sincerely/sincerely
like it ws some

compulsory stop
(for Nigel)

now
here's th mystery!
he's standing at th compulsory
stop
with th crippled lady
&
he's toying with her crutch
&
he's reading aloud from some
colonial history
sincerely/sincerely
like it ws some

holy creed
/its th mystery!
th mystery!

&
he's trying t'get it all
together
like
a/b/c/ & he's

trying to understand her
thinking/
‘there must be some blood
in her veins!’
later
much later/ he
sits pondering in th DEN
in th leather chair
with a cup of peppermint tea
working on his novel (again)
he writes
/ ‘that morning ARMSTRONG
got up late’

but he leaves it now
for a new idea/yeah a book on
sharon tate . . .

trouble is
he can't think of a thing t'say /
his wife comes in/ still in
her fucken PARTY DRESS/

she says
its already been done/ dogface
(she's been reading herman HESSE)
tell me something real/ REAL
he says/
she says OK/ th house
belong'd to DORIS DAY . . .

'why thank you pussy / he says
she says he . . .
she smiles . . .
he drinks his tea.

NEWS & WEATHER is edited/created by Nigel Roberts, Vyta Serelis & Richard Tipping. We solicit yr work; poetry graphics & intermedia, on the state of the state.

ALL THE MUSE THATS FIT TO PRINT.
The best poetry/resource book published on this continent is Kris Henmanes's THE EAR IN A WHEATFIELD. Poets send $2 for a continuing subscription to K.H. 10 Rushall Crescent Nth Fitzroy Victoria 3068 Australia.

 ok / so th poet's AT HOME
 there he is!
sitting under th tassled lampshade
chasing th acapulco moths
of gold
bending th same old dumb
circles
th times have made
beneath th parasols of bone . . .

he's quite alone
though
this
is
something he
will never quite condone.
regulations require that he fast
(ha cant)
particular attention shd be paid to
th denim
werksirt
&
th stubbled chin: note also
th heavy frown-
this denotes he's busy
yeah
taking himself in
&
putting himself down . . .

ok/so th poet's AT HOME
i seen him at it last night
sitting in th convict stone
room
at th deal table

one glass only before him
red wine/

ok/enough
th times are out of joint
& so is he!
its rough . . .

but on th floor th cigarette
packet bears th legend

GITANES

yeah, gipsies. & on th box
of his werlde/too/there is
this dark lady
dancing . . .
dont ask who/ cs he aint sure
who'll climb in th window
who'll break down the door . . .

friend
its only just begun
&
that's how it is done
under the sun

CD be some prophet
CD be some
visionary
like
abin'on seed

CD be a poodle
on a lead
but it aint

. . . its just another poet's
forgotten how t'bleed . . .

i have t'tell him
th heart of these facts
ws once blown with song
he sd -
botany bay's where you belong . . .
i have t'tell him
dead
things rot & stink
he sd
come over th LEAGUES
i need a drink . . .
i have t'tell him i think
he's wasting precious time
he sd-
it's mine! someone has
'tchart these fatigues . . .

he's sweating like th bridge
he wants t'be
under th horsemen!
/friend
what we need is a poem
that feeds itself
& leaves you starving/ its there!
it's in th rime! & next week
like always
may yet be / th holy time

over th LEAGUES
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(ha cant)
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&
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&
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who'll break down the door . . .

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&
that's how it is done
under the sun

CD be some romantic
indulging th deepest
need

CD be some prophet
pushing his strange
seed

CD be a poodle
on th plastick
lead . . .

but it aint /

. . . its just another poet's
studying t'bleed . . .

 Sydney now
Australia
August '72.

THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS, january 8-14, 1974 — Page 13
Wildlife of the world rejoice; the energy crisis may
Pull out the plug turn out the light there ain't no MORE but it's all right.

From MICHAEL ZWERIN in Villars, France.

Occupation is the imposition of rule by aliens. North American Indians are occupied. Australian aboriginals are occupied. Gypsies everywhere are occupied. Palestinian Arabs are occupied. Breton, Lapp and Welsh cultures have been occupied by European states for centuries. The list could take up this entire page. I have been occupied all my life.

I would like to have feelings other than claustrophobia or isolation for the place where I live. I would like for once to be governed by peers and to live in a community rather than some chance neighborhood.

For a while I thought my community was the “counter-culture” or “Consciousness Three” or “ Consciousness Two” or whatever one calls that movement of the 60’s... until it became clear that the length of hair has nothing necessarily to do with what goes on in the heads under it, and that marijuana, while not worse than wine, is certainly not much better.

I felt doubly alienated now - worse than wine, is certainly not anything more boring than searching with the search. A search for roots is searching for a “mean­thing” in life and I was doing that at the same time. The search was alienating me even further as I was changing and trying at least to make myself fit to live with, to work at, to control my aggression and to make myself fit to live with, to work at, to control my aggression and to work at.

Success goes in the other direction when the only success is survival. I feel doubly alienated now - alien from both city and country - from Ocitanie as well as French culture. Should I go back to the States? Try India perhaps? Africa? This was getting ludicrous.

I thought I might as well stay for a change and try at least to make myself fit to live with, to work at, and to control my aggression and to make myself fit to live with, to work at, and to control my aggression and to make myself fit to live with, to work at, and to control my aggression.

WHEN I moved to the south of France I was surprised to find myself in Occitania. Occitania is not a country from some Marx brothers movie. It was a flourishing culture until the Albigensian Crusades of the 12th and 13th centuries. The troubadours were Occitan. The Albigensian Crusade eventually turned Occitania into the southern third of France. What little Occitan culture remains is mainly folkloric, although two million people – mostly old mountain people – still speak Occitan (Langue d’Oc) but the language is dying. The area has been invaded by city slickers who buy second homes there, leaving them vacant for 10 months a year. Whole villages lie dormant and the fabric of Occitan life is threadbare, so much so that the citizens of Occitania think they live in the south of France.

Like farmers in the midwest of the United States, or sheepherders in Wales, they do not like people from Paris, New York or London. They call them “francs.”

“Franc” was Occitan theatre; written, performed and produced by young people in the Occitan language. Of course, there are no walls and bumper stickers all over the south of France and parents were notanti-French to their young children.

I started reading the newspapers with a new slant.

A delegation from the American Indian movement visited Lour-dac to declare their solidarity with 103 Occitan sheepherders who had been resisting the expansion of a French army camp over their land.

Basque priests went on hunger strikes in protest against the imposition of rule by an invading Spanish army. The American Indian was saying “no” to occupation in Wounded Knee.

The Welsh Language Society refused to pay local taxes because the tax forms were not in Welsh. A Scottish Nationalist was recently elected to the English parliament. Alan Siven became a French pop star singing in Breton, Jean Fau Verdier in Occitan. These last two, themselves more political, as political as the hippy angst of the 60’s, an expression of individualism and an increasingly conformist state. A young person speaking Occitan was in effect saying with every word: “Fuck you with your French state.”

I met a large number of young Occitans and Brittany who were for the first time in generations rejecting French cities, cities were no longer the light for them, they would rather be poor among their own kind than begin to recognize a homeland.

There were not exactly mass movements for the Baskans, they were not making front pages, but you could feel the pressures changing and,

Mike Zwerin once sat on the board of his father’s steel works. His passport photo — taken in days of executive big shotism — shows a dead man. One day he walked out, drifted through Greenwich Village, played a slinky saxophone and eventually became European correspondent for the Village Voice. (His most memorable story: the kidnap of Timothy Leary in Algiers by Elridge Cleaver). Since then he’s been researching a book on racial minorities and has been a drifting freelance. He will be reporting regularly from Europe...
living in the middle of it, I could see its significance at once. A reaction to what Erich Fromm recently described as “unrestrained industrialism, moral torpor and an absence of a shared ethical vision”.

***

WE HAVE all feared, riding the subway perhaps, that unrestrained industrialism could not go on forever. On October 6, 1973 these stopped being mere fears. Western society was no longer something that was going to fall apart some day. It was falling apart now. Life would never be the same again. October 6 – the start of the Yom Kippur war – changed the equation.

A society whose only religion had been “MORE!” could not hold for long without the immediate prospect of indefinite growth. Without immediate “MORE!” to be English or French or American became less meaningful. A society with a torn fabric suddenly found itself running out of thread.

You could feel it slowing down. If not for the terrible economic prospects, it was a relief. A micro-economy. Less cars, less television, less airplanes. Nothing but pedestrians on the streets of Rome. You could look out and see the long run as the planet saving itself. But in the short run there was also less work and less profits and citizens were growing fearful. No more “MORE!”

So the conclusion here is that the “Movement” of the 70s will be towards a new look at provincialism, that “nationalism” will become radical and “internationalism” reactionary. Internationalism has proved to be only a euphemism for a society controlling its own destinies. Its industrialism could not go on forever. On October 6 these truths were unmasked.

Inevitably the pendulum of power swings back.

At the POINT OF REBELLION

I DO not want to work today. I wish never to work again.

I head out on this bus with the same people on the same bus, cog-teeth links to cog-teeth, candle end burning into candle end, to the end of our fucking days.

Big City: where, within the walls of its finance creating omnipath-in-dead-moving-constant motion, my electrode flickers with those values “above” me, and transistors “below” me, who flash and flicker together in the tomb of dark so that we may cream, from the tomb, sustenance.

Sustainability – but not too much else, we may find cream enough to be utilised in escaping the grave but not too little so that the illusion of well-being cross-mutates with the illusion of tea and biscuits and the illusion of ‘liking our job’, of being honorably involved in a pagent of ‘vocation’, the crumpled pagesheet laughing in a prison play.

I do not want to work today. I wish never to work again, not one millisecond of desire transmuted for a diatribe ever again. A cause dies in my heart, a non-cause, money’s cause. Can I not live again, again for the love of mankind that preceded My Punishment?

What we want to know, as we gave out of this bus – where crowded flock the enslaved of us – what we want to hear an answer to is ‘isn’t there some way out for me?’ Why must I, with “untested brain capacity”, work the life of a prison worker, the daily machine? I hate it, I hate it.

Can you believe that we hate it? All my life I have believed and have been encouraged to believe in the exploitable capacities of my talents as a writer, artist, thinker-philosopher of potential. Now, more than ever in my life, I want to BE these things and not have to THINK them ever again.

What I want to know is, should any man have to work one millisecond more for a thing which he neither likes doing nor supports wholly? Why do we ignore the suitable alternatives which will employ his talents? Nowhere where capital gain does not beguile them?

Such is the actual bastardry of the corporate government, the rule of technocratic capitalists, that you cannot deny that my talents will never be used to the full in this society.

Why? reasons go on and on. They are as extant and total as the planetside trip. One, the evil of miseducation. Because the masses are misinformed, I must learn a colloquial language form for my expression if I am to reach them. Because of my own distinct kind of ‘miseducation’, specialisation, I have been unable to get on in the dirty tricks world of business.

And they cannot know, they that have this mortifying effect upon me. For there is no rapport, no exchange between divisions.

Because of miseducation, these fellow riders on this bus continue to stress the importance of a society of thousand simulations, of artifice and after all, greed — the death of personal goals. Full to the brim with miseducation, the perpetuation of a diatribe dating back to royalist days, the wearing of uniforms, the breaking of uniform.

When the kings at the top of the pile stand back and look at all this torture of this many humans in a historic past preceding, and, then, beyond their lives — if they will catch that vision, if they will bear holding that vision for one minute in their minds, how can they continue to blindly incinerate flesh in perpetual misery when men could be happy? They could be happy beyond belief.

I love you, I hate you: you twist me, I want to untwist you, but I can’t. I just can’t, as far as I can see, find a way of developing the “coverage”, the charisma that would enable me to Messiah any change large or small. So that in the end, in the last, and before all, I too can become that which I have since boyhood intrinsically believed my birthright to become simply, a poet.

A poet, a poet, I love the thought of it. A poet unscarred by thoughts of “invalidity”. Unscarred to the point of bliss of total harmony. Able then to recycle this via invention, innovation, in many ways to the greater mind, Us.

Light, light, light – light me a fire so that I may light another fire, and another and another in the heart gloom of perceptual light: into darkness let me throw and cast a ray of love.

What I want to know is, can there be hope for us, the frustrated of this world, this bus hurtling toward another equilibrium? Will you find the right place for us? In Melbourne? In the country? Interstate? Some hollow, some paid place where we may burn on into our true state? In Melbourne? In the country? Interstate? Some hollow, some paid place where we may burn on into our true functions, our true ambition; may we find cream enough to be utilised from the tomb, sustenance, from their own weight. Internal colonial forces break away from the big governments just as overseas colonies broke away from empires. The pendulum is swinging towards larger political groupings for centuries has begun to swing back.

This thesis obviously requires substantiation. It raises many questions. It is not room to answer here. Won’t a regionalist trend towards smaller boundaries around “nations” only lead to more xenophobia? Isn’t xenophobia exclusive? Racists? Fascists ever? Hitler, after all, came to power as a “National Socialist”.

Do we really want to close ourselves off behind more borders? How would an Oceanian state treat its Algerian minority? Would independent small nations be economically viable, even under some sort of feudal structure? I could cite history, figures, facts, experts. There are experts – economist E F Schumacher (Small is beautiful) for one – who insist small nations are more viable economically as well as socially (to say nothing of less dangerous) than large states. They point to Switzerland and Denmark as examples.

***

LAST week two of the village kids who had tormented Flouc approached and after some stuttering apologised. They had not realised he would have to be done away with by a vicious dog they assured me. The following afternoon I taught them how to throw an American football on the village square. Yesterday one of them brought me an overflowing crate of freshly pickled red grapes saying his father had had a big harvest this year. Today I don’t feel quite so occupied.
The dialogue between Art and Technology

JIM MCKENZIE

If Chopin were alive he'd drive a hot rod & jam with Frank Zappa

The relation between technology and the arts. huh? Not very difficult. Chopin, now, could not have written the music he did if he'd lived at the same time in China. "That's because art must reflect society," offered Neil.

"Reflection, bullshit!" roared the old man. "Chopin couldn't have, simply because there were no bloody pianos. Use your head."

Yes," said Neil. "Art is determined by the society — including the technological resources of the society."

"Determine" is a causal word, boy. Do you know any causal laws about society? Jelly Roll Morton had the same musical technology, but he didn't write concertos like Chopin's."

"Well, he lived in a different society. America was..."

"Stick to the point, Neil. You've lost it. Technology and art is what we're talking about. The piano was a necessary condition for Chopin's work. That is, without the piano, his stuff would have been impossible. But it was not enough, not a sufficient condition. What the sufficient conditions for any work of art may be I don't know. I rather doubt that there are any. Why should everything be explicable? You only think things are explicable because you oversimplify. You never ask questions of detail. Explain why the brass parts of Berlioz's Symphony Fantastique sound peculiar. Go on! What's wrong with the trumpets?"

Neil was stumped. So, I don't mind admitting, was I. The doctor sighed wearily.

"They sound funny," he said, "because the trumpet parts are very simple, their range is only a few notes, but the cornets are skipping everywhere. And that is because it was written in 1830, before the valved trumpet, but after the cornet. Berlioz couldn't give the trumpets more notes, because the trumpets that there were couldn't play any more notes. The cornets could, though, and it happened to suit him to take advantage of that. As I said, technology is a necessary but not sufficient condition for a given work of art."

"The same thing obviously goes for the other arts, even literature. If you've got a purely oral tradition, the poems have to be very tightly structured, with lots of repetition, rhyming, strong rhythms, to make them easy to remember. Conventional epithets, too, to make the proper names fit into the metre. That's the source of "bright-eyed Athena" and "wine-dark sea". Once you have the poems written down, you can dispense with some of that. You don't need to rely so much on memory, so you only use those mnemonic things when doing so has some point."

"Writing as technology, eh? I thought you didn't like McLuhan," said Neil. "I was a mistake."

"I think" said the doctor severely, "that it is your round, Neil." He waited with ill-suppressed impatience until Neil returned.

"McLuhan," I reminded him. "Ah, yes," he said. "On that subject there is much to be said. Most c f it is rude." Plainly though, he was mollified. "For the moment, I will simply concede that the invention of printing, like the invention of writing before it, was a necessary condition for the production of new kinds of poetry. Paradise Lost, I think, assumes a reader rather than a listener. The meaning is too densely packed, the words too carefully chosen for their precise, their very precise, meanings and associations. You have to be able to read it, even the most attentive listener couldn't catch on to all that's going on there. But the sound is not so good as Homer's work, because the Iliad, though written down, was regularly sung.

"Coming closer to our own time, T. S. Eliot knew that sound was important, but he was reluctant to throw away the advantages of print and write purely oral poetry. He knew his audience would mostly be reading it. Can you imagine someone reciting The waste land outside a railway station? And Milton and Eliot are much better than most scribble-poets.
for oral qualities. You just couldn't write
his cigarette down the side of his boot as
instance, or Beethoven wanting a Brod-
wood piano because of the damp. Also,
you'd always have this oil and those long
nails and all that to get to you. Then you
ought to do Cornwell's shows. You could
keep an audience in the kerosene tin instead of the
traditional stuff that they play nowadays of a
sort.

"But we aren't in Niugni. Look at our
own society. Since 1945, our technology
has changed so much - like the size of a
computer. We'd be too put some microphones into guitars before the war. Compare that with the
computer! And yet music which is more
much more of a change than putting
valves on trumpets. Like that loud
chapp-
y,
Zappa, do you mean?" asked Neil
in amazement. "But you almost walked out of
the concert. Are you saying that an
artist now? Bit of a switch, isn't it?"

"An artist? And there are artists like a
genius. Extraordinary musical wit, too.
But he's just one. There's some wonderful
music being made, now more than ever.
I spend most of your free time listening to
it. My discomfort at the concert was due
to the fact that it was not that kind of music.
I was accustomed to the concert. Volume in large halls
was always a problem in the old days -
that was one of the reasons that the old music
was so labor-intensive - but I think
Zappa takes it a bit far.

"Could you really count rock music as art?" I asked. "I mean, like Mozart and things like that.

"Of course. Mozart wasn't recognised
as the greatest composer of his generation in
the way we are of someone today. He was
living through an artistic Renaissance of
time of man!

"I've got it!" cried the old man sudden-
ly. "It's those hideous education places. He has to have some, to make it fit
the process of understanding a work of
art?"

"That's the point, isn't it?" asked Neil.

"What the hell," said Neil, "are you
talking about?"

"For the old man was no longer merely
speaking, he was ranting. His eye flashed,
his nostrils flared. He had already
looked his glass from the table with one of his
eyes, probably because of the lack of
immediacy of contact between him and
his audience. Part of that last bit very carefully. Just remember exactly what he said. She looked at me
expectantly.

"I still say I'll believe it when I see it,"
repeated Neil obstinately.

"But in the musicians are actually
there..." began Neil.

"Or we might think of the way in
which every performance is affected by
audience's expectations. That sort of
going to be able to command a larger audience when
reciting to a simple stringed instrument
like a lyre or a lute than when they scribble it down on paper. There are
bards and troubadours in every coffee shop
here. In the old days, they must have
really believed that none of them are produced
by anything so complicated.

"It's a different sort of poetry, of
course - the new sort, or rather the
return to the old sort. The same sort of
medium, poetry, offers different oppor-
tunities, I don't have to imagine someone
describing a dog wagging its tail. 'The dog
was giving a good show,' he said. 'He was
crying in, artistically so as well. Or even Shelley: Tell them that they are
dull! And yet I can't help thinking it was
beautiful. You stand at the dawn of
a new age. Don't you see that?"

"It follows," I said. "Because of all the
new technology. So many things have just
become possible. I stopped, noticing the look of intense
concentration on the doctor's face.

"Very simply, that's what academic
driving. Does theoretical, some-
thing with the making of music? It's
the same problem about performance,
because it arises within its own
context. Recording sessions, the
musicians aren't theorists. They usually
don't have the time or the training for
labour-intensive music. Consequently they
don't theorise. They solve the problem with
the making of music? It's the same problem
that it doesn't even seem to be a problem.
You wouldn't dream of missing Bette Midler
at the concert. You'd play it again.

"But you're not going to tell us that
tell them that they are
and abstract for the sake of
art. They are overburdened with
market, too, because only someone with
discovered that Disney's
is absolutely obvious to me for 20 years: that
if a person had something to say, in
everything that they have to
the art school, the education department, the
conservery, the film club who've just
discovered that Disney's Fantasia is a great
to the development of art. They are overburdened with
theory, their training is inhibiting, in
this new age.

"If you listen to them, your work will
be averted, restricted, because of their lack
of imagination. There is a dead market, too, because only someone with
a flavour of abstraction to the theoretical problem, the theoretical solution, and
the process of understanding a work of
art. They are overburdened with
theory, their training is inhibiting, in
this new age.

"But even he was young and very
cheerful. He was sitting with a
woman called Dorothy Sayers wrote a
play, in the elizabethan times he wrote a play, in the
... before the war.

"If you listen to them, your work will
be averted, restricted, because of their lack
of imagination. There is a dead market, too, because only someone with
a flavour of abstraction to the theoretical problem, the theoretical solution, and
the process of understanding a work of
art. They are overburdened with
theory, their training is inhibiting, in
this new age.

"Or we might think of the way in
which every performance is affected by
audience's expectations. That sort of
going to be able to command a larger audience when
reciting to a simple stringed instrument
like a lyre or a lute than when they scribble it down on paper. There are
bards and troubadours in every coffee shop
here. In the old days, they must have
really believed that none of them are produced
by anything so complicated.
Communities involve work, work involves a decision-making and obligations, and priorities, and decision making involves conflict. Graeme Dunstan gets in volution in the problem....

...and is working on its solution.

T H A T S the problem defined. It is proposed to have a five-day live in workshop to conduce the community. When you arrive you will be separated from your vehicles, put upon the Mayflower and sailed across the ocean in a large isolated camp. Dumped there you will be like the pioneers who first came to the land. The community is to be made and you are to make it. The dates are February 15-20. So if you have got some time left in your holidays come along. We emphasize that it is a workshop and not a festival (I think there's a difference) and the hope is that you will send people in that is waiting for a context and are a season to germinate and release their energies, will be the participants. But there aint no way to tell a good seed till it flowers, so come it the idea moves you. The workshop after fee is six dollars per head to cover set up and publicity costs. We are not advertising widely or long because we reckon that, as with the Nimbin festival, the people that do come are the people that we intend. We are going to select the people the idea of the workshop reaches and with that we reckon the people are the people who will make it happen.

For more information write to the Alternative Living Foundation, PO Box 212, Uralla, 2358.

Communities involve work, work involves a decision-making and obligations, and priorities, and decision making involves conflict.
The music went round and round

ROB KING

N DITEEN seventeenth three con-
formed what has been be-
ing apparent for a number of years, that rock is deeply rooted in the period 1964-1968.

It was a year and aged

and ageing stars in which we saw an increasing distance separating the performers from their prominent

young audience. It was a

year without major stylistic in

novation, despite some successful synthesis of earlier developments.

Some musicians attempted to re-
turn to the source period, supply solace or inspiration. David Bowie and the Who produced commer-
cially successful albums in this

genre. As in '71 and '72, decadence was the word on everyone's lips. But the prospects of a full blown lade into decadence, gloom or other,

wise, were marred by the uneasiness, the tension which ac-
cumulated during the year to fi-
nally erupt in the Middle East and spread outwards in what has inap-

propriately been termed the ener-
gy crisis. Bands increasingly opted out of the question of lifestyle to settle into the much safer role of entertainer.

In Britain, Pink Floyd stayed close to the minds of their head

audience in Dark side of the moon, one of the few albums which came close to transcending the trivial. As England moves into the third three day week seeming

ly unaware of its predicament, a line from the Pink Floyd song, "Prospective"

prophetic: "Hanging on in quiet desperation is the English way."

Perhaps it is something to do with politics balling out as fast as musicians. For the first time since the war, millennia movements be-
gan to attract a mass following. Transcendentalism contributed to some fine music from Carlos Santana and John McLaughlin, their guru seemingly able to take

them out of 1973 into some
timeless place which so many musicians knew six years ago. Caravanserai, in its finely wrought yet awe-inspiring beauty seemed completely out of place, and for

that we can be grateful.

Other spiritually inclined musi-
cians, George Harrison and Pete Townshend, failed to rise beyond childlike baldness, which, perhaps, in more a charitable frame of mind, could be attributed to in-
nocence — if innocence can any longer be called a virtue.

Lou Reed made what has be-

come an annual emergence from obscurity to create Berlin, an al-
bum ambitiously promoted as the Sergeant Pepper's of the 70s. It is diffic-
ult to imagine an album more different to Sergeant Pepp-
er's than Berlin, yet it is very much a reflection of its times and a harbinger of developments to come. Stephen Davis in Rolling Stone magazine described it as "a distressed and degenerate demi-

morale of paranoia, schizophrenia, degradation, pill-induced violence and suicide".

The sound is largely the crea-
tion of Bob Earin, Alice Cooper's producer. Reed admits that it is not a nice record, but that this is not quite the point. Both he and Earin have proclaimed it to be the finess work, and it should also be added that it represents the greatest achievement of Jack

Bruce since Harmony Row.

Reed's compassion, and the deli-

cate and fragile balance between the instinct and civilisation which he sustains, enables him to create
dignity out of degradation, mirac-

ulously reversing the predominant trend in popular music.

In a similar vein, the Rolling Stones attempted, and pretty well succeeded, to create a worthy successor to Exile on Main street. In Goats head soup they moved even closer to a subliminal form of music, Mick Taylor's guitar solo at the end of one hundred years ago constituting a near perfect exam-
ple.

But while the Stones we saw the peril of attempting to renew the creation of anything new, Goats head soup was well and truly anticipated by Sticky fingers and even parts of Let it bleed.

Glitter, which came to mean soft core decadence, was in vogue for most of the year, its ex-
noments ranging from the enig-
matic David Bowie to Alvin Star-
dust. Bowie's Aladdin sane was an only slightly flawed masterpiece

with its daring vocal posturing and dramatic instrumental arrange-
ments. If mass society survives this Sullivan's intimacy and cor-
orate game communication will be of inestimable therapeutic value.

It is the city music of our
times, even if it does have a somewhat futuristic appeal in a country like Australia. At the other end of the spectrum, Gary Glitter started the year sounding like Elvis Presley and ended it sounding like John Lennon, some-

how establishing himself in be-

tween. But Glitter's superiority to the teeny-boppers — not a bad achievement for an ageing failure.

Yes and, in particular, Rick

Wakeman acquired a substantial following, especially among hip kids. Perhaps it is something to do with the commonwealth, but Aus-

tralians seem easily impressed by the classical pretensions of bands like Yes and King Crimson. The vocal style of Jon Anderson saves

Yes from complete mediocrity, but the music remains other-awful and abrasive.

The Six wives of Henry the

eighth was an ambitious attempt to synthesise the predominant musical styles of the past ten years. Brian Auger's All stars, the most famous of the passages, much of it came danger-
ously close to nuove. Mike Old-

ham's Wizzard had similar pretensions, and was remarkable for being the work of a young

musician. But although interest-

ing, it was an ethereal and one dimensional work.

In desperation, some turned to European bands, especially from Germany and Italy. But since these bands were themselves trying to sound like the current English Heads, this kind of ex-

periment was doomed to disap-

pointment. One can understand the frustration of a German band which discovers that the current save in England is trying to sound like Bach, but it just doesn't help to turn round and try to sound like Led Zeppelin.

In America, the scene was not much healthier. The west coast, long the most fertile breeding ground for bands, had another quiet year. The Grateful Dead finally extricated themselves from Warner Bros. and recorded an enjoyable but unexceptional al-
bum, Wake of the flood. Eagles second album, Desperado, con-

firmed them as the most imagina-
tive and stylistically aware of the new bands to arise from the ashes of the old.

For some, the most important

event of the year was the release of the original Byrds reunion al-
bum. The Byrds in their various forms have exerted an almost mystical grip on their devotees, of which this letter is one. The reconstitution of the original Byrds was an disap-

pointment, although the virtues of the record, extraordinary six and 12 string gut playing, and refi-

ned use of the moog synthesizer, were by no means apparent on first listening. Just about the present and former Byrds had a bath at solo work in one form or another. Yet the desire for the addition of the odd track, nothing out-

standing, continued.

Neil Young got down a good live album and Dylan showed genuine signs of resurfacing after many years of wallowing in uncertain-

ty. Death continued to be fashionable, with Gram Parsons assuming mythical importance and the Allman Brothers enjoying their best year yet. It was a distressing comment on the state of music in 1973, when the All-

man brothers, arguably one of the few bands of the 60s could come up with as "band of the year."

On the lunatic fringe, Zappa delivered an embarrassingly bad album and just about got away with it. Beef

heart continued in his heroic role. But although interest-

ing there was nothing quite to it that it is Zappa and not himself who is crazy. It is, perhaps fortunately, the genius of Zapp-

or his music, seriously.

In Australia the new national-

ism of the year 73 came into being and it became something close to a government policy.

A certain amount of rationalisa-
tion took place as it became obvi-

ous that this country does not have the population to support more than a dozen well equipped bands.

As in England and America the bands that were successful here were those that were on the cusp of a decline in the amount of sheer

endurance. A world short-

ing performance. Chain before the Sunday afternoon Rolling Stone magazine. Desperado, and Mighty Kong at a union night at Monash, retain a place in my memory. Both bands handled two lead instruments, but there was plenty of 'bass', and the vocal was on radio and television. No disaster area.

There was little reason for any-

one but groupies, hopeful and those caught up in the boy scout enthusiasm of the promotions set up, to buy Australian albums.

And the flourishing import shops enabled anyone with any sense to avoid local pressings of overseas records.

Nineteen seventythree may not have been an earth shattering year for music, but one thing is for sure that is that this year is going to be worse. A world short-

of FPC (the stuff records are made of) is likely to induce a play safe policy on the part of the record companies, and so even if some really innovative music is develop-

ed, the chances are against it being recorded.

Well established middle of the road bands or performers of the Neil Diamond ilk will be haggled to death, and under the new FPC regulations we will be subjected to increased quantities of locally produced music. If the shortages of bunkering oil continue the flow of records from England and America might even dry up.
RICHMOND STURDY
Bird lives by Ross Russell (Quill, New York, 1973, $10)

T HIS IS without doubt the best jazz book I have read; like Milton Mazzocco's Really the blues, it moves along at a pretty brisk pace, but though Mezz is very colorful he doesn't get you in like Russell. So if you hear footsteps down the street whistling Now is the time, it's five that time over ALP Man on a public relations gig, but a rep working his butt off.

While I was reading Bird lives I couldn't help but get out my old Parker LPs to play the tracks and take them, borrowing those that I didn't have and lustling after those bootleg tapes available to a lucky few.

I T'S HARD to believe now that a genius like Charlie "Bird" Parker was for most of his short life as well as in 1945 Downbeat magazine cabled Parker & Co. for Howells to write and refused to give it any merit stars. And as late as 1948 Leonard Feather, noted jazz writer and critic, seemed surprised by the fact that Parker was not just a jazz genius.

The jazz traditionalists didn't like the boppers and the feeling at times was mutual. As early as 1941, the clarinet band leader (who wrote I'm just wild about Harry) Hired Bird for a job and made him bring before he wrote what he believed he wanted. But at least he and others who were in music always knew that despite the probes Parker that "he knows how to play". Unfortunately the writers and critics were not as kind. But later all this slowly changed. Especially more fashionable thanks to the work of people like Billy Shaw (Shaw's Alley) and Mel Rauch (Dixieland to Dizzy) as some.

While Bird was out on the West Coast in 1947, people, it seems, tended to forget about him, until he returned to the Big Apple, where he paid a visit to a club at the Carnegie Hall where Dizzy at this point was recorded at an incredible pace. Bird left them all lying about that night. Then a few years later, in 1954, he was begging for gigs. He had been fired from the band, presumably for showing up drunk (he was noted Parker was the "driving force behind the reeds"). Charlie was made up his mind to cut the out the article and sent it to him.

By this stage Mingus' statement, "If Bird was a gunslinger, there would be a whole lot of dead copycats", was pretty true. He emerged from Billy Biggs's (a waiter at El Morocco and making a musical giant with "expulsion") and amazed LA. The "censor" weren't just imitators, they were trying to understand his style, leading Coote Williams to say: "He did more for the jazz than any one musician ... and hurt it more. The drums, the bass, the piano, every instrument in the band wanted to play like Charlie Parker." Some people, like Ben Venuti, couldn't make Benedetti sold his alto, bought a wire-stocking and proceeded to follow Parker all over America, recording his solos like sacred texts, not bothering with the music of lesser mortals like Diz and Charlie.

Unfortunately Russell in his book does not examine the way in which Parker's music was revolutionary. However, he does recommend the records, and possibly that's enough, it is interesting to know more about his attraction to contemporary composers like Hindemith and Stravinsky and how it fitted in with his music. But we show the young Parker learning in his own way how to play saxophone: his receptive memory, playing tunes in 12 keys, and the bad mistakes he made trying to play what was in his head before he could put it down on paper.

Bird suffered musical frustration from the beginning. Later on he confessed that he would have liked to compose on a grander scale, rather than just for saxophone. He recognised good musos as such and that white folk would not have to drink from the same cup. He bet people in his band wanted to play like Bird, he recognised like Eric Satie - a genius who never developed his ideas to the fullest extent, but kept them moving on to different pieces. However, Parker very well knew why he didn't have the musical education of Hindemith. He was a black American and he didn't expect that no one expected a black to me publicly as a jazz musician, as Art Blakey put it in the late 50s.

The author's interest in Bird was firstly that of a bop enthusiast. To Russell, Bird was "not a composer". He sold his store and started a record label, Dial, whose main object was to record Charlie Parker. This contract was not fulfilled because Parker was admitted to hospital for a collapse, where the doctors noted Parker "superior intelligence, sexual fantasies and insecurity and thought perhaps shock treatment would be necessary. But as one of the worst forms of shock treatment may have saved him but he didn't treat him to show how he could grow.

They recognised that his drug addiction was a symptom, rather than the disease. Most of the Dial sessions are available in Australia on:

- Bird, CV982.
- The happy bird, CV984.
- The crack, CV983.
- The New Yorker.
- The Wire.
- The crack, CV984.
- IFE is dead.
- Traveling Light, January 8-14, 1974.

MORRIS LURIE

LIFE is dead. Collier's is. The saddest thing is that it's hard to tell. Playboy goes on, of course, with Penthouse coming up on its heels. Collier's and Life covered new depths to the vagi

- I'm only going to tell you about the hardcore, where two the greatest are still in business, better than ever.
- CV982.
- CV984.
- The happy bird, CV984.
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Esquire - the only good thing to come of M

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All that's a quarter of what's in the october Esquire I'm not going to tell you about Faulkner, Robert Frost, C Wright, Dreiser or Orson Welles or Aldous Huxley or Damon Runyon or Sinclair Lewis.

Finally, let me draw to your attention (and it's easily overlooked) that this is where the ads are - a piece by Rust Hills. Rust Hills was fiction editor at Esquire for ten years, until living in New York got him down and he retreated to the country, for four or five months now he's been contributing a piece of fiction. Some times he chats with particular writers, and in this 40th anniversary issue, he tells the story about the short story, what is it and what it isn't. He knows where it's going and what'll happen, and he's still got something else in the magazine but Mr Hills, that's me.

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- The New Yorker.
- The Wire.
- The crack, CV984.
- IFE is dead.
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THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS, January 8-14, 1974 - Page 23
Dalliance

Brisbane-bound. Bi guy, 30, seeks times. D iscretion assured and extraordinary looks, basically mon­

踔 phone number for quicker reply. Passive guy, similar age. INC box 7398.

Lasting friendship. I live in eastern sub­

ciption appearances — —  and accom­

ulation appearances - -  and accom­

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A. JEFFERIES

P.O. Box 524, Gosford, 2250

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THE VACUUM ENLARGEMENT GUARANTEE

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HAYE FULL-PANCE HAND COLOR FILMS

(N.F) (F) FULL ACTION SLIDES, PRINTS

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Box 279, P.O. GRANVILLE, 2142

RELAXATION CENTRE

SAP_Part_3.qxp  26/2/04  13:09 Page 1
1. A jigsaw:
   (2) the bits between the pieces

2. (a)

3. the same as bricks (us etc.)

4. there's always one left over (us etc.)

5.
Our loss your gain

Please note that "Australia", a poem I wrote last Christmas and which has been translated into Urdu and published there, has been taken by Poetry australia.

GRAHAM JACKSON,
Larwin, NSW.

Peasants revolt

NICK BOOTH, paid university adminis-
tration official, claims to present the
action committee against examin-
ations as any other exam-
ing for varying lengths of time.

The university was not in turmoil and that
students had not "deliberately misled
the Chancellor to allow students demands
against a threat of exams " did nothing but
disrupt the uncommitted." If a uni-
versity in a confrontation situation, it doesn't
regains its composure, changes history
and can hardly be seen as a threat.

"The real test of students concern
is whether they have genuine
disillusion with the present society and its
values or not. They only let you do what they can't
exploit the weaknesses of others."

WENDY BREncHley's article on "The
alternative to anti-" in TLD 9 is
enthusiasm to anyone who
whether they think it or not. The
therapeutic effects of fasting should be clearly
listed, and the use of fasting in the treatment
of mental illness should be encouraged.

The University of Sydney, N.S.W.

A doctor a day......

The living eon

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whether they think it or not. The
therapeutic effects of fasting should be clearly
listed, and the use of fasting in the treatment
of mental illness should be encouraged.

The University of Sydney, N.S.W.

Food for thought

PETER ANDREW's letter re veget-
tarianism shows a remarkable amount of
perspective and subjectivity. As to whether vegetarianism is a fad when man has only comparatively recently be-
come a carnivore is probably absurd.

Man has a long intestinal tract
suitably adapted to the long period needed
to digest plant food. Natural carnivores have short intestines adapted to
the task of separating meat from bone. Vegetarianism is a revolt against the
establishment of man in the gastro-intestinal tract. It is a revolt against the
meat-eating habits of the present society.

WENDY BREncHley's article on "The
alternative to anti-" in TLD 9 is
enthusiasm to anyone who
whether they think it or not. The
therapeutic effects of fasting should be clearly
"swasties" will move out. A

To cause people to regard medical
practitioners as the "good guys".

Ivan Illich. This talk was also relevant
to micro-chipping the human being.

IN YOUR interesting anarchy issue
article (from "The Clock-
works Report") was quoted. I was,
not a subject that has an over
abundance of public awareness here in
Australia so I am hoping this article
stimulates a number of people into
action to research out any unacknowledged
growth of this destructive, anti-life
practice.

Vain hope I suppose — but still
what's life? "We can't have any hopes from beginning to end. If noth-
ing else the level of unawaresness will be
cut down and that certainly makes it
worthwhile.

BIL1 GRAHAM,
Woodstock Anarchist Party,
Launceston, Tas.

Sex for sale

I AM a spastic reader of Nation review which I enjoy in small doses. For the first time I bought a copy of The living daylights on december 6, 1973. In some ways I was pleasantly surprised to see that there was no reference to sex for sale. It is pity that the broadcast of sex and its agents are not more widely viewed by society.

I wonder if the parallel with the advertisement for the Woodstock Anarchist Party may not be available from a non-commercial organisation starting the Family Life Movement and working from there to perhaps women lib and gay lib and beyond.

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I cannot accept that those who
people to regard medical
practitioners as the "good guys".

Ivan Illich. This talk was also relevant
to micro-chipping the human being.

IN YOUR interesting anarchy issue
article (from "The Clock-
works Report") was quoted. I was,
not a subject that has an over
abundance of public awareness here in
Australia so I am hoping this article
stimulates a number of people into
action to research out any unacknowledged
growth of this destructive, anti-life
practice.

Vain hope I suppose — but still
what's life? "We can't have any hopes from beginning to end. If noth-
ing else the level of unawaresness will be
cut down and that certainly makes it
worthwhile.

BIL1 GRAHAM,
Advance Australia where?

WELL if Dick Beckett reckons Australian I read what he drinks.

right! lia doesn't have a Hunter S. Thompson keep up, cos it's the same dead shits running year after year. Dr Thompson other snakes for years before he wrote Fear and other books getting here slow and being irrelevant you know those toonists that draws with blood clots? booming cheers for Syd Balhome and out of you.

WHAT you need is a good kick up the footwork. Remember the Dead's and dying could be avoided. But there is no one else wants to make a sp of it in a common sort of scene. I reckon Nimbin's the only place to go.

A reflection on Nimbin

OH, BABIES, who's happened at Nimbin? Ya think that's new? Oh, honey, the' was happened San Fran in '66. 'Only that was IN TOWN, and you you're doing everything the wrong away. Even if there was gonna be any hope, you got ta do it in the country. As LOVED Nimbin. 'Cause you're doing everything the wrong way 'round, paintin' the buildings before you buy a car, and you're more on to it than the straight in this topsy-turvy world. So go in, keep on TRUCKIN'!

I spent sometime looking for places to settle, round Cafes Harbour, Byron Bay, Mullumbimby, Bangalow, Murwillumbah, then I went now to Nimbin. Nimbin was the only place I had an easy time. All the other places were really hard. If any one else wants to make a sp of it in a common sort of scene. I reckon Nimbin's the only place to go.

Just hitching

PHIL O'CARROLL

HITCHHICKING is an enlightening way of life. It is good for the economy/ecology because it means more people per car. It is good for community because it means more strangers meeting.

It is good for yourself practically because it means you don't need to buy and maintain a car. It is good for yourself spiritually because it keeps you in touch with social reality. If you always live by your "own" devices, you will never know just how humane is the human race.

Hitching (for short) teaches you many things. It teaches you, for example, that Christianity or any other humanitarian code is less than one percent active in present society.

Respectable people rejet that hitching provides a fair test of their charity because it involves risks: for example, that the hitcher may turn out violent. But anybody who has tried to love his neighbor knows that it entails risk from the word go. That's what getting involved in a condition humaine means!

Hitching teaches you, for another example, that fewer women than men will relate to strangers — whether the stranger be male or female. Fewer women hitch and fewer women give rides. Fewer woman seem to feel that their brother/sister's plight is any of their business. They complain of the danger of rape etc. A quick solution here would be for women to at least give rides to women!

Hitching demands a special kind of patience. You have to wait, not just for a set time long or short, but for an unknown time.

Modern technoh and is terrified of unpredictability. But when this peculiar kind of patience is mastered, the mind is opened to the world of dynamic beauty whose essence is unpredictability.

Most of all, hitching is an experiment in ego. The hardest part of hitching is the Ego. Your pride. You feel stupid, standing by the roadside where no one belongs, begging for something free from strangers.

They drive past. They turn up their noses. Or laugh. Or glare in horror as if you had leprosy. You feel rejected, outcast, ridiculed, rebuffed. Again and again.

You try to make your pick-me-up sign inconspicuous. Self-defeatingly. You feel like sticking through the grave.

This is a perfect example of the classic human fear of exposing oneself to another's handling. This is a fantastic exercise in self-knowledge. It's hard to take at first, but try again. Set yourself up as a regular hitcher. Get rid of your car so you have to thumb rides. But maybe you'll never get a ride? No worries. SOMEONE ALWAYS PICKS YOU UP. No matter how terrifying you look. Just follow these simple rules.

(1) Stand where drivers can see you in time to stop and have room to stop.

(2) Thumb everywhere, openly and unmistakably.

(3) Wait.

On most routes you'll be picked up within the hour. Even if 1000 cars pass you by, don't worry, you only need one. Why is it that someone always picks you up eventually? I don't know. But I indulge a little faith in something or other in the light

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BUSTING my balls to get back to the surf. With a wife and kids, not so easy anymore. Can't move as you please. All boys, thank Christ, they'll give me a regular excuse in a few years. But still the hunger burns in your gut, watching the young blokes head out in their panel vans—they're youngsters to me, I was surfing before most of them went into long pants. And the boards. Had to get them off the front verandah to make room for the toys, pedal cars and so on. My wife was glad; the were a soundless reminder to her of every time she went or... They're behind the shed now and spiders climb between them.

Sometimes a sou'westerly chops up a rideable surf on the bay and I join in at Brighton beach, near the baths. Sometimes the oldest by a good 15 years, but I can handle the old yellow sled as well as most of them. It's a holy feeling, when the quick thrust of the wave picks you up and starts to drive you. Slip quickly to two feet, twist, slam off the bottom and tuck into the curve of the wall until it explodes around you. And laugh with sheer joy.

Remember the trips, the beaches, the faces. Jan Juc 7 am in winter, a fire roaring near the steps. Grey sky, grey, glassy sea, peeling off in sweet little tubes. You could just hide in them if you crouched right down, winter ice cracking off your back. No wetsuits then, and your flesh went pink-blue. Had a day like it at Duranbah, a magic spot up north, but there the water, warm, tinkled happily on your shoulders and the sun sang down. You didn't care much that you'd heard it was a shark pit.

Or that day at Outside Reef with Claw, a six foot left tubing mightily and running like a train. Never been like that since. You drop; that too-fast-lift feeling in your stomach, toes only touching the board, then sweep hard and fast off the bottom, G forces crushing you into a crouch. Hear the wicked hiss of the wave shivering to pieces behind you, but dare not look; know only that the spinning green cavern will remorselessly run you down, suck you within itself, try to destroy you.

Look overhead as you seethe and swoop, as the sun shatters in rainbows in the feathering tip of the wave, hear the tube rushing up behind, but dare not look. In a moment you will be in there, all motion will slow as it does in a car smash, and you see everything with extreme clarity. Green streaked water on one side, a slow cascade of jewels on the other. The world is straight ahead. Tip the nose of the board down and be reborn. Flee Mother Ocean's womb trap before it springs. Turn, exhilarated, and paddle back to await another.

I look at my eldest. Six now, and learning to swim. I do not interfere in this. It is good that he learns by himself, and gets the full satisfaction of it. He loves the sea, loves me to take a board to the beach so he may paddle around. Another year, maybe two, and he'll start harassing his mother to let me take him to the real ocean. Harassing her as a son can and a husband, in fairness, cannot.

Then we shall share the clean days, my sons and I.