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The Living Daylights 2(5) 5 February 1974

Richard Neville

Editor

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WORKERS CONTROL TRIUMPH:
It couldn't happen to a better bike
STOP PRESS: In solidarity with the victims of the Bophuthatswana military concentration, outside the Goodwill building, Chifley square, Sydney: Friday February 8, at 5 pm.

Richard Beckett beats up the week's news

THAT'll TEACH THEM NOT TO SHOW BUM MOVIES Bathurst jail was virtually burned to the ground and a baker's dozen of prison officers shot by their keeper after the inmates of the New South Wales penal colony fired on the building, which was being used as a picture theatre. This is a justice minister, Maddox expressed some surprise at the riot and added that in a humane move, the government has been allowed to talk to Bathurst's prisoners last year about their grievances and added that he meant to discuss their findings. After it was all boiled down, I found that very few of the complaints made by prisoners were relevant to Bathurst. Since Mr Maddox is an enthusiastic supporter of the new windswell maximum security boxes, now being built to house other sections of society, jail on jail conditions and standards are believed to be slightly at variance with those of the house. JUST FOR LAUGHS: THEY'RE GOING TO SEND HIM TO BATHURST. Ronald Biggs, escaped Great Britain's biggest robbery in 1963, long regarded by the media as the playboy of the western world, has been in Bathurst prison for the last week. Scotland Yard's finest bloodhound, Superintendent Jack Slipper, in the company of bountiful tales of the downfall of Britain's most famous crook, accompanied his capture it was breathlessly reported from the police. Mr Biggs, who was joined to London with his wife, and that she didn't really mind at all about his seedy Brazilian girlfriends, but that he was very happy to have LHoning Ron was two-timing her almost from the first day they met. Let Patrick White match it if he dares.

STILL STUMBLING AROUND ASIA The prime minister, Mr Whitlam, has been told for the ump-hump, this time, the weight of one no one to Australia's north is much more significant in a regional forum of Asian nations despite the Fiji premier saying the department of foreign affairs thinks that it's a rip-off of an idea. The Thai government official said his government would show a little more interest if it knew what on earth Whitlam was talking about. We don't know how this organisation he dreams about will end up, the official added. One is glad to see that Whitlam is obviously developing the same defects of speech enjoyed by his predecessor, William McMahon. DONT WORRY FOLKS, BILL SNEEDEN'S GOT THE ANSWERS: In one of his great lunatic pronouncements on fo'st porty of call, opposition leader Bill Snedden claimed the relationships between Australia and South East Asia had generally deteriorated because the Australian government had withdrawn a handful of cooks and bottlewashers from Singapore. Remembering how well the British cooks and bottlewashers stood up to the Japanese advance down the Malayian peninsula during the long departed days of world war two, one would assume that the southeast Asians were only too glad that the troops were withdrawn. After all, in the last retreat they hindered the escape of the local citizens and generally made bloody nuisances of themselves.

THEIR SKULLS AIN'T REALLY BUCKER YOU KNOW Suddenly realising his government had been bad after Bougainville Copper announced a receipt profit of $15.4 million for carrying away a little of New Guinea's loose earth — which just so happens to contain quite a bit of copper ore — the prime minister enter chief minister Michael Somare demanded that the whole agreement be instantly rewritten to enable his nation to get a fairer share of its own soil. He should be hired by the Australian government and sent to Western Australia where quite a few foreign firms seem to be doing the same thing without a murmur of protest from the locals.

CLOSE DOWN THE CITIES: Melbourne has to either limit its group or learn to live in an ever spreading spit pig, environmental minister Ian Carr said. The manifesto of Port Phillip bay he added, The deterioration of beaches at a rate of inadequate growth. The city provides one of the most savage illustrations of the environmental pressure created by population growth. What poor Dr Cass doesn't understand is that human pigs just love wallowing in their own filth.

AT LAST SOMEONE'S SAID IT Louis Mountbatten of Barma (he's the queen's uncle if that means anything to you) after spending a lifetime devoting to ending the lives of others admitted to you) after spending a lifetime devoted to ending the lives of others admitted to you) after spending a lifetime devoted to ending the lives of others admitted to you) after spending a lifetime devoted to ending the lives of others admitted to you) after spending a lifetime devoted to ending the lives of others admitted to you) after spending a lifetime devoted to ending the lives of others admitted to you) after spending a lifetime devoted to ending the lives of others admitted to you) after spending a lifetime devoted to ending the lives of others admitted to you) after spending a lifetime devoted to ending the lives of others admitted to you) after spending a lifetime devoted to ending the lives of others admitted to you) after spending a lifetime devoted to ending the lives of others admitted to you) 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of others admitted to you) after spending a lifetime devoted to ending the lives of others admitted to you) after spending a lifetime devoted to ending the lives of others admitted to you)
T HE aftermath of recent floods in the Namoi valley, the atmosphere is heavy with grumbles from the badly-done-by folk who dry out their gear and await their flood relief cheques. For the cotton fields however, the rains were a godsend - at last the incessant drone of crop dusters laden with herbicides and pesticides, which are not only ineffective but create imbalances that prevent ecological disaster. To them, the most serious pest is a little moth called Heliothis. It lays eggs in the cotton squares and the larvae nip and chew through these growth tips preventing the formation of bolls.

Not likely if you ask the fat city folk who dry out their gear and sell up quick as the disaster stage approaches. Some already have. But the floods could mean a reprieve to this traditional gloomy pattern. At least it is a good time to pause and look seriously at the ecological sound alternatives to pesticides which, as research shows, can aid cotton production and remove the danger to human and wildlife which ominously lurks in the area today.

About five years ago the Narrabri-WeeWaa region in northern NSW is at stage three as the moment... I don't have a clue when it will get to stage four." But you can bet that the growers know and will sell up quick as the disaster stage approaches. Some already have.

Integrated Pest Management is the logical balance that can help in the good production of cotton. Not likely if you ask the fat city farmers and yankee growers who have been enticed by government subsidy to rape the land for short term gains and to hell with the ecological consequences. To them, flood relief cheques will simply be traded in for more and more toxic poisons which, as research shows, are not only ineffective but create imbalances that allow cotton pests to flourish.

It sounds crazy, but ask a cotton immigrant from the polluted dust bowls of America and he'll say, "Why not, we're in the last stages of the 10 year rip-off so why waste time?" He should know for as David Mobray, a Sydney university biologist says: "Traditionally, throughout the world, cotton goes through four stages. You have a first period where you don't use much fertilizer or pesticides; an exploitative stage where you have a lot of irrigation, fertilizers and pesticides; a critical stage where their cost is large compared with the return; and a final disaster stage where the cost of pesticides and pest damage make it uneconomic to grow. The Narrabri-WeeWaa region in northern NSW is at stage three as the moment... I don't have a clue when it will get to stage four." But you can bet that the growers know and will sell up quick as the disaster stage approaches. Some already have.

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About five years ago the Namoi valley was opened for cotton production perhaps to compete with the Ord. With the handsome but short term subsidies going, it was logical for anyone interested in quick profit and tax perks to jump in.

But then the trouble started. With cotton came pests. How many or how serious a threat no one knew for in this quick rip-off game no one bothered to grow an uncontrolled crop to see what naturally occurring checks there were on cotton pests. For instance, the most serious pest is a little moth called Heliothis. It lays eggs in the cotton squares and the larvae nip and chew through these growth tips preventing the formation of bolls.

We know that inverterous birds eat moths, a peculiar wasp parasitizes larvae and a range of pathogens happily romp through the population. If allowed to do their work, these agents can provide that nice predator-prey relationship that is not only efficient but prevents ecological disaster. Man can help with inter row cultivation which disrupts the moths life cycle or use any number of safe tactics which agricul­

The alternative to such integrated Pest Management is the cheap and familiar response - to reach for the DDT. Here was the beginning of the end for as any enlightened farmer knows, once you decide on pesticide, like a drug addict, you are committed you can't stop. The broad spectrum of the stuff wipes out not only some of the pests but most of its predators. With ecological allies destroyed, man is left to wage a single handed battle with a pest which becomes resistant to his ammunition faster than he can reload.

During the course of the battle, cotton yields in the Namoi have continued to dwindle. But the real crime lies in the fact that never before on Australian soil has so much DDT and Endrin been dumped in such a short time. Crops in both the Namoi and the Ord are often sprayed every second day.

Nor has the DDT content in soil, rivers and tissues of fish, bird and man ever been higher. The stuff accumulates in food chains causing such imbalances in ecosystems that scientists are still hard pressed to figure it all out. In the meantime, of course, more and more innocent species are added to the list of those in danger of extinction.

Alarmed by the magnitude of poison clouds drifting over towns, homesteads and down the Namoi river, Jack Egan, a local grazier has valiantly lobbied all government bodies responsible and come up with answers that would even make the uninterested sick.

He asked the owners of a neighboring property for assurance that their spraying would not jeopardise the birth of his family, stock or pastures. The
with the primary consideration of removing Heliocthis for which it was relatively unsuccessful. Re­plies from the department of ap­ricot boys to such a caper? “We know it’s embarrassing, but what can we do, we gotta live here.”

The end of this story involves the federal government and therein lies a glimmer of hope. In October 1972 a commonwealth advisory committee on the environment published a report on the use of DDT in Australia. Its six point summary strongly recommends the phasing out of the use of DDT, especially on cotton, to be completed no later than January 1978; or sooner, if alternatives can be found.

We have the alternatives, the good healthy ecological ones, plus some overwashed experience for their proper application. They may cost a bit but surely a country con­cerned with developing ecological awareness at the sake of short term rip-offs is willing to put those fat subsidies to better use. We also have the Namoi valley that is clearly washed and await­ing there alternatives. All we need now is a rational decision making process in the right governmental quarters. The one that hands out those fat subsidies to better use. We also have the Namoi valley, the 1973 season was relatively unsuccessful.”

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Black Ban in Royal Parade

MELBOURNE’S Parkville As­sociation last week through a show of strength convinced de­velopers to postpone plans to demolish the historic and quite beautiful Deloraine terrace in Royal parade, Parkville.

The developers, Compac, a di­vision of E. A. Watts Pty Ltd, tried to rush the demolition order through to forestall implications of the Historic Buildings Act, cur­rently before parliament. The de­velopers stated that they had a health department demolition order and served notice on the residents — some of who have lived in the terrace for 20 years — to leave by February 9. There is in fact only a small repair order on the terrace — some of who have left by February 9. There is in fact only a small repair order on the terrace.

The NSW builders laborers have already come forward to help and are raising funds through their members.

TWO money-raising concerts will be held this week. The first will be at an aboriginal concert on Thursday day at the Sydney Trade Union Club, 111 Foveaux street, Surry Hills. The artist will include Jimmy Little, Clayton Davis, Col Hardy and Freddy Little. En­trance fee is $5 for per person and it will go from 7 pm to 12 pm...

The second will be at the Sydney town hall from 1-5 pm on Sunday. The concert at this concert will include Jeanice Lewis, Don Andrews, Chris Du Parre, Bernard Zollan, Smaug, Bill Morgan, Bob Pomroy, Bob Hopeton, Deolin Atley, Shamus Gill, Derek Chap­lin, Swinging 42, and Dave De Hugard.

Come along.
of the world. Nothing exciting ever happens there and the townfolk have to make their own fun. But the garden city of the plains, as it's known to its public relations office, has been having a real fun time this fortnight past. The World Games. There hasn't been much excitement in Christchurch to report on the sidelines but barracking with the rest of them was the Chamber of Commerce which was very much in favor of sporting events and which would bring quantities of travellers cheques within reaching distance of their cash counters. To their dismay it hasn't quite worked out like that and, it's true it's the international companies that have made the ripoff.

More than money that's been made has come from the judicious marketing of the games emblem, although the designer hasn't seen much of it. A nationwide competition was held with much ballyhoo and the Queen was chosen as the emblem which would bring quantities of tourists cheques within reaching distance of their cash counters. The designer patted on the back, told them it was a ripoff and walked off with a few hundred dollars. The Chamber of Commerce, which now owns the emblem as locals are going to be forced to pay every time they buy something good on the cheap, the designer not seeing a penny of his share of the profits. Hotels are fully booked but are doing a starve. It's just too bad.

The good burghers of Christchurch weren't so lucky. An attempt by the catering companies to gouge the public by doubling prices for booze and other refreshments was swiftly nipped in the bud by the department store owners who were attempts to double hotel and motel tariffs for the duration of the games and even in the wake of the Olympics if hands across the sea was becoming hands in pockets across the street.

Another possible explanation, however, is a rather different one. At present Lee's most embarrassing problem is his monopoly of seats in parliament. Last year he spoke of creating special seats for the unions which could endanger the government's cynical explanation of the official statement was that perhaps the strategy is to ease the unions which could endanger the government's cynical explanation of the official statement was that perhaps the strategy is to ease the opposition no longer comes when it does so, Lee Kuan Yew knows exactly the same - that "under prevailing social and economic conditions in Singapore their capacity to cause damage had been considerably reduced".

Various people I have spoken to in Singapore who dare to discuss the matter have suggested that perhaps the strategy is to reactivate the opposition in order to bring "the rats out of their holes" and later to net even more dissidents than before.

From TONY SIMPSON in Christchurch

T HE CITY of Christchurch is close to being the arboretum of the world, with every tree ever having grown there, and the townfolk are complicit in its success. Nothing exciting ever happens there and the townfolk have to make their own fun.

But the garden city of the plains, as it's known to its public relations office, has been having a real fun time this fortnight past. The World Games. There hasn't been much excitement in Christchurch to report on the sidelines but barracking with the rest of them was the Chamber of Commerce which was very much in favor of sporting events and which would bring quantities of travellers cheques within reaching distance of their cash counters. To their dismay it hasn't quite worked out like that and, it's true it's the international companies that have made the ripoff.

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Goons, guns and gore

BRIAN JOHNSTONE

GOONS, guns and gore have all assisted in the fight to gain control of South Australia's AGWA (the Australian Government Workers Association).

A showdown of both factions at the union's AGWA offices in Franklin street, Adelaide, would be policed by about ten members of the union's 10,000 members but for a variety of reasons it was postponed a week without incidents, although members of the rightwing faction guards to accompany Lear and a number of other AGWA state members and the majority of the union's 10,000 members but for a variety of reasons this appears unlikely – the major reason being the fact that the left would probably win.

The union is a valuable prize to whoever eventually gains control. It holds a massive 12 percent of the vote in the policy making state council of South Australia's Labor Party, and with the other 57 percent divided equally between the right and left the AGWA usually holds sway.

The rightwing faction headed by Lear, the acting general secretary, W. Coombs, and assisted by Terry McRae, haven't really issued a clearcut statement on the issue apart from individual declarations of "communist infiltration of the association", and that other leftwing unions are trying to split the AGWA.

The left, led by Thomson, seven other councilors and probably the majority of the union's rank and file认为 the suspension and the ensuing assumption of control by the right at the union's offices is part of a state government-DLP attempt to put down militant leftwing unions in South Australia.

The bulk of evidence, although suppressed by Adelaide's daily press, would seem to support their claim. The clash had its beginnings last August when a communist, Jim Thomson was elected general secretary and therefore secretary of the whole union by a vote of 12 to 11, with the AGWA offices in Franklin street barricaded. (McRae also wanted Franklin as the next state council meeting. That meeting was held last August when a communist, W. Coombs, and assisted by Terry McRae, a rightwinger by Lear, the acting general secretary, W. Coombs, and assisted by Terry McRae, a rightwinger)

The McRae disloyalty case was not taken at a previous night's council meeting. The McRae disloyalty case was not taken at a previous night's council meeting.

A fortnight ago Mr. Johnstone Blyle brought down his ruling on the application for Evans. In layman's terms, Blyle held that Thomson was suspended only as an employee and therefore general secretary and therefore could attend state council meetings and vote. Mr. Blyle's decision was illegal under the rules Evans also charged with the same offense. He said Thomson was elected general secretary for five years and that the suspension was not taken at a meeting as required under the rules. Evans also charged with the same offense. He said Thomson was elected general secretary for five years and that the suspension was not taken at a meeting as required under the rules.

The industrial court hearing began before the president, Mr. Justice Blyle on December 14, with Blyle appearing for Lea, Coombs and 18 other named state councillors. However, following the start of the hearing, the appointment of 11 unions met the acting premier, Des Corcoran, to ask for the removal of Blyle from the case. The petitioners against Evans held his "office's presence in the internal affairs of AGWA and other unions.

By accounts, the deputation got a fair hearing, and as reported in the daily press the morning after the hearing, McRae appeared for Lea, Coombs and 18 other named state councillors. However, following the start of the hearing, the appointment of 11 unions met the acting premier, Des Corcoran, to ask for the removal of Blyle from the case. The petitioners against Evans held his "office's presence in the internal affairs of AGWA and other unions.

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The offences were alleged to be a victory for the right.
The men of Meriden make beautiful bikes

TRIUMPH motor bikes, as any oil scalded, bark knocked owner will tell you, are troublesome beasts. You can't ride 'em to the corner shop without a bulging saddle bag of tools to carry out running repairs. They rattle themselves into disintegration: oil oozes, spurs, geyser through the metal pores; they break down more times than F. Scott Fitzgerald: they spew more time on the blocks — torn into little pieces, parts strewn in wide circles — than they do actually going.

You see, "Triumphy" roadsters will tell you they actually like 'em that way! They don't want any of the yuh crappy Jap stuff that purrs, that glides, that eats up highway without so much as bursting out wasnt astray: Triumph Tridents was a mechanic's pain in the arse.

The pride in the Triumph was astray. Triumph Tridents filled five out of six places at last year's Isle of Man Classic. And they were all "privateers" — non-sponsored entries.

So last septembers when the chefs at Norton Villiers Triumph announced the closure of the Meriden plant because it was "un-economic" the workers wouldnt have it. Several hundred of them staged a lock-out, threw out the management and sat down in the factory playing hymn and music amongst the plant and machinery and the 2000 completed machines they refused to release. After all they reckoned the plant and the machines were theirs by rights.

They decided to buy the factory, Bill Lapworth, secretary of the Transport & General Workers Union and Labour MP, Leslie Huckfield, a sympathiser, were poundin the pavement down in London trying to raise three million quid to finance purchase of the plant for the workers. "We would have liked to raise the money entirely from the workers, but it is not practical..." said Lapworth. "(Most of the workers earn about 50 pounds a week.)" Financial backing may be sought on capitalist lines if necessary.

To the amazement of most, enough capital was raised for a deal to be made with Norton Villiers Triumph: the men of Meriden would build and supply the bikes and NVT would supply the parts and pay the overheads. The factory reopened late last month after being out of production for four months. The workers run it now — not high flying, low profile businessmen. The members of the collective earn less than 50 pounds a week. (Financial backing may be sought on capitalist lines if necessary.)

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HELEN GARNER

Men against men against sexism

SOME GAY men feel that in
sions against sexism (TLD, 2/3) the Gay Liberation Front
was depicted rather hastily as a side
skirt in men against sexism, as a movement whose
only enemy is the oppression of homosexuals. These gays want to
make it clear that the Gay Liberation
movement is unlikely to have any
historical effect if it concentrates
only on homosexual oppression;
they insist that gay men see
the part they play in overall male
supremacy.

I talked with five gay men in
Melbourne this week: Julian, Ray,
Bill, Mark and Terry.

For homosexual men, the trans-
formation from the male camp scene
into Gay Liberation is not an easy
one. "We women who support Gay Liberation!" an oldstyle
camp man once asked me, in genuine amazement.

"Most of the gay men con-
sciousness-raising groups in Mel-
bourne had folded by last Christ-
mas," says Julian. "It was the
women who had the solidarity, all
along. The men were always troubled by sexual tensions. In
the early stages of the gay move-
ment, the women found us,
taking the initiatives, using the tactics of straight men to
create conditions - shouting to get a hearing."

JULIAN: And every time it was
that the women pointed it out.
In any crisis, the women saved the
movement. For a while they were going to split - but that's
what's happened in Sydney.

BILL: It's really essential for gay
Culture to develop. We found
ourselves on the tip of a spear
for the men, that is, because men
have a habit of intellectualised
excess. This fact has broken
up a lot of groups. And the
women keep on pointing it out.
(The same problem plagues
straight men's political groups. A
feminist once described to me an
anarchist meeting she'd gone to.
The subject; to be discussed was
sexuality. The men, she said, set
the pace - fast, sharp and furious
and not one of them understood to
mention his own sexual experi-
ence.)

RAY: It's true that at the
moment not much is happening in
Gay Liberation here. We're at
square zero, as far as a movement
goes. But different individuals are
starting to talk about their aware-
ness of sexism.

BILL: Student politics type
cribuc say, we're not getting any
doing, but they want to
rect their ways. We want a
slower pace, and a deeper convic-
tion.

The men consider the school
visits of 1973, which blew up in
the daily press as a mild scandal
to be ominously investigated by edu-
cation department authorities.

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Page 8 — THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS, February 5-11, 1974

BILL: Paranoias in these matters
 pays off. People have to refuse to be
patronised or pandered to, in
small ways. Sexism is a cumulative
thing. Wherever I see a woman
walk first through a door that a
man is holding open for her, I
think, what's happening inside
that man's mind? It's just another
way a man against sexism
pay. They just think
— —

— —
WALKING UP Telegraph avenue in Berkeley, California, on a Saturday morning, you might well find yourself suddenly feeling that you are in a liberated scene which is safely in the hands of the Popular Revolutionary Army. Or, at the very least, that you are in a movie along those lines.

Then again, depending which way you look and feel it’s like being at a rock festival five years ago, or in the medina of Sidi-bel-Abbès, Algeria, in 1981.

You get swept into an exotic, vibrant stream, full of action and music and street life, full of action and music and street life, full of action and music and street life. Berkeley and California are here in force, but they do not cohere into a whole. They remain elements, cut lumps them all together under the collective euphemism of “the radical special interest groups”.

It’s true that Berkeley has come a long way since it got its star role in the radical soap opera ten years ago, when the Free Speech Movement erupted on campus to provide a radical momentum that has only recently been exhausted. Consequences have visibly been made to the bohemian lifestyle of what must be half the citizenry, though they are little more than casual stoners who have little left to lose.

Everywhere you look are posters and messages stick up on dozent of public notice boards framed in chip windows, in trees and storefront woodwork. All the current political and social causes, events and opportunities bombard the eye... and the tireless campaign against sexism and pacifism against sexism and pacifism against sexism.

There is a wealth of fine book stores, plenty of head shops, bars, coffee houses and hamburger joints, where people hang loose and socialise. And this is before we get to the main street of the avenue, covering almost a square mile, sits the monolithic University of California campus, a place that people Berkeley in the world map.

It is difficult to think in terms of “The Movement” any more. The only media left which attempt to hold it all together are the Berkeley barb and Pacifica radio station KPFA. The Barb, now the world’s longest surviving alternative newspaper, is a commercial station - its ads are mainly for clothes, records, waterbeds, and Pacifica radio.

The present national malaise does not seem abnormal in a place like Berkeley. If it seems a bit tiresome to the leftists, whose tireless campaign against sexism has penetrated almost every aspect of public and private life, City Hall usually lumps them all together under the collective euphemism of “the special interest groups”. But so often people use these causes to work out their identity crisis or to develop a radical chic image with the result that personalities often get in the way of good ideas.

Well thought of. As well as providing air time for any group that asks, they broadcast a news bulletin of a very high standard. However, they too suffer from internal fights over what some women workers see as sexist job discrimination.

Memories of yesteryear: the “radical soap opera”.

From PETER STANSILL

In Berkeley

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out in its way just as crucial, is the campaign to decriminalise marijuana in the state of California. There is a procedure whereby any interest group can formulate a piece of new legislation and have it placed on the ballot at the twice yearly elections. All they have to do is collect 326,000 signatures on a petition supporting the initiative. Then if more than 50 per cent of the votes in favor of the measure, it becomes law.

The dope issue was already put to the vote in this way in November 1972 but got only 35 per cent of the poll, and now the California Marijuana Initiative Coalition is again gathering signatures to get it on the November ballot this year. The story is the same here - indifference among the pot-smokers and in fighting within the Bay Area Committee of the CMIC. With only a few weeks left of the five-month signature gathering period, they don't even have half the number they need, and some of the local coalitions met three ended in fist fights between the White Panthers, who want to "revolutionise" the dope issue, and Amorpha (the Cannabis Co-op), who just want to make the stuff legal.

Another goal for the group is to get valid signatures to bring it to the polls, but whether they can stir up enough voters to support it is another matter. Of course, you can always apply the "communism theory" - currently enjoying widespread credibility in this country - which maintains that the organisers really have enough signatures but are conscientiously rejecting the petitions while putting out emergency appeals to panic-stoned freaks into signing. Manipulation of the people in their own interests, in other words. And somebody needs to have their interests at heart. Over 70,000 people were busted in 1972 in California, more than ever before, and several thousand were imprisoned.

These smalltime dramas on the left, however, are played out harmlessly on the fringes of the real power struggle, which unfolds, as ever, in Berkeley city hall. Even though there is a "progressive" majority on the council, including three radicals, and even though the councilors are black and women (appearances on paper anyway), the council members are still characterised by the usual bickering, wheeling-dealing, secretiveness and split loyalties. They are the people who, for a few hundred people they are supposed to represent.

Under the burden of their liberal image, they find it understandably difficult to cooperate with city officials. In the past two and a half years, three top jobs have been abandoned by frustrated men, the city attorney, the city manager and, a few weeks ago, the police chief.

The council finally decided on a new city manager this month after 22 months of searching and arguing. It was not just the month-long process that got in the way, there was also the fact that so few people wanted the job, even at $44,000 a year. John Scott, a Cal sociology professor, was recently quoted as saying: "If civil servants are a success in Berkeley who else is going to hire them? Suppose you were a successful city manager in Berkeley and you had the job, it would be fairly easy, everybody would be convinced you were a radical nut."

The new manager, John Taylor, who leaves his present post of city manager in Kansas city, Missouri, to come to Berkeley, is an apathetic stoned freak. Man could even be some day, the police chief.

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takeover of their town by guns, street vendors (what city hall calls a "downward spiral"). The deviation of the occupation is ... the same sort of haunting, transcendent themes that can keep you awake all night. (They are the provocateurs who are the shock forces in the latest action at the UC campus during the busy lunch hour. They stood in Sprout Plaza handing out little cards like official questionnaires for some camp�s proposal to run a candidate, complete with campaign poster" by university president Charles J. Hitch, in which he wrote: "The survey is intended to evaluate the present lack of political unrest among students, and to discover whether this state of affairs can be continued through appropriate administrative action."

The illusion of authority is maintained that the smallest few questions all phrased in stilt bureaucratic jargon, but then you spot the tongue in the cheek, the latter part of the lip. Question 13 asks: "Please check whether any of the following topics have been included in courses that you have taken:"

a) The war in Indochina
b) Civil rights
c) The drive to impeach the president
d) The energy crisis
e) The cooperative nature of unions and political parties
f) The increasing bureaucratisation of the university and modern society
g) The role of the teaching structure in the development of hierarchies of knowledge and domination of the commons
h) The reduction of sexual relationships to the marketing of commodities in the marketplace, they are simple
i) The possibility of generalised self-management and the end of oblige labor
j) The possibility of life as a festival

The questions become more startling and brutally lucid, and these... I was sitting out the questionnaire in all seriousness

It was all there in this spoof document. An integrated rationale for personal revolution against the crumbling roles and structures that dominate our lives and chasman human experience. The campus pamploned. A few students quickly filled out the questionnaire in all seriousness and handed it in at Window 5, Sprout Hall, just in time. The administration shrugged it off as a meaningless prank. The campus newspaper, the Daily cal, missed the point.

Atrophy now wears long hair and bat-

tered Levis, and is surrounded with the marketable remnants of an aborted histori-

cal task. When activism flouris up a species, it will probably be issue, it will prob-

ably be some cause or other that fills the usual American student requirements of sim-

clicity, nationalism and enthusiasm, and media potential. Whether this "acquisitive" generation of students will ever come to challenge their own role in the hierarchy, daily life is nothing more than a closed system of constraints.

I t was one of those ineffably magical moments, a seminal even in our cultural history relentlessly unfolding before our eyes. It was like handing Socrates the hemlock, or seeing Nelson lift the telescope to his blind eye, like being Baudelaire's cat, I hardly expected such a moment to be revealed by the television screen: tram suppliers of knowledge of the commons games and Super-Heny petriding peddies; Patrick White, Australian of the Year, accepting his award.

He announced beforehand that the speech would mark his last public utterance and his complete retirement from public life. "My philosophy is in my books" (mad comedy of the interviewer, obsessed, or perhaps offended, by White's dislike of personal publicity, and White's grim reaper face, his sparkling eyes, as he fends off the foot). Given such a context, his words were destined to cut deep.

White is undoubtedly aware of the irony in his sudden achievement of honor in his own land. His books, without ex-

ception, delineate a vision of Australian society as a place where the doctor describing an incurable disease, with a helpless, though unforgiving, compas-

sion for the people left behind, is turned over to the White-weapon now, who have de-

class the disbelieving politicians of the White-weapon hierarchy, daily life is nothing more than a closed system of constraints.

The livingroom, from the rock concert to the shallow sensibilities of his future, I felt invigorated, my determin-

ation, honing its deadly edge — it certain-

ly came to be the neatest and most brutal of all.

The alter ego of the image is the domin-

ant person: one who bears the faintest residue of quality but is listless and unfulfilled, too aware to be

credible, but..."

It was as if he did it to show himself possible to tell the truth and be applauded for it, but only if you are cunning, and don't care.

Taking a stand. The livingroom, from the rock concert to the shallow sensibilities of his future, I felt invigorated, my determination, honing its deadly edge — it certainly sounded like it. A great writer telling his country what he thinks of it.

It was a situation less grand in scale than Zola's public defence of Dreyfus, but with equal impact. Art taking a stand. The long exerpt on television started with drama: the greatest writer this coun-

try has ever produced, speaking out against the direction of society with all the freedom his unique position makes possible. He knew that his parting words are sure to be pondered over and analysed in academic and media circles for decades, as happened with his previous pronouncements on Australia, delivered when he returned from his European exile. He probably worked on his "wretched speech" with great deliber-

ation, honing its deadly edge — it certainly sounded like it.

It was all there in this spoof docu-

Australians who, to his mind, deserved recognition, were fastidiously chosen,

" I am protected by copyright, it was clearly white, and a curious letter: dad."

People who, to his mind, deserved recognition, were fastidiously chosen, for writing books they were

excepted conceptions, but "isn't distortion the prerogative of artists?"

The American student requirements of simplicity, nationalism and enthusiasm, and media potential. Whether this "acquisitive" generation of students will ever come to challenge their own role in the hierarchy, daily life is nothing more than a closed system of constraints.

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The lunch counter culture

Brendan Hennessy
**Tuesday**

**FOLK**

- **KATHERINE RINNIS**: Bangalow 217 Commonwealth-street, Surry Hills.
- **DON MORRISON**: Red Rifle, 7.30 pm.

**JAZZ**

- **JAZZ MUSICIAN** - Charlie Bird, Bandi Keel, Hotel Sydney: Sydney: 10.15 pm, $5.50, $6.30, $7.50.
- **DON PUGH**: Tambourine, Paddo, 10.30 pm.
- **BRANDON**: Lord Dudley, Paddington, 10.30 pm.
- **OVER THE EDGE**: New York: 9.15 pm, $5.00, $8.50, $11.00.

**DISTRACTIONS**

- **TOUR OF VICTORIA HALL** - See the changing of the guard, the changing of the guard and stained glass window of the historic jail: Oxford street, Paddo, 8.30 pm. Members only, $1.00.

**FILMS**

- **NFTA's Off Hollywood**: 211.3240.
- **ARTIST?**: Opera House, 1 pm, 7.30 pm, $2.00.
- **I'M NOT A CASHIER**: Old Push, 7.30-12.30. $1.70.
- **THE SECOND MAN**: Fiddlers Vine, 195A Cronulla: Chequers, 7.30 pm. $1.70.
- **THE PRIMARY YEARS**: Fairfield, 7.30 pm.

**CLASSICS**

- **TANNAUSHER** by Weg: Opera House, 7.00 pm, $6.50, $8.50, $10.50.
- **THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN**: ABC Radio 2, 8.00 pm.
- **EXPERIMENTAL RADIO** - ABC Radio 2, 8.00 pm.

**ROCK**

- **DOUGLAS**: Warrandyte Hotel, Kew.
- **SIT YOURSELF DOWN, JIM**: Dream Palace, Kew.

**POETRY**

- **BRUNSWICK POETRY NIGHT**: in Bacon hall, Bacon street, Kensington. 7.15 pm. $5.00.

**FILMS**

- **FILMMAKERS CINEMA**: 51.8214, write Flat 8, No 7 Oceanic Pub, 8.00 pm. (For those of you who missed it earlier: HSV-7, 9.00 pm.
- **FILMMAKERS CINEMA** - The Unions, Swanston street. North Carlton. 7.45 pm.

**FOLK**

- **COUNTRY MEETINGS**: ABC Radio 2, 7.15 pm.
- **FOLK COMMUNITY LODGE**: 500 Victoria street, Carlton: Yet another historical film: Filmigators Cinemas, Crown St, 7.30 pm.

**ROCK**

- **THE CIVILISATION**: ABC Radio 2, 7.15 pm. $1.20 (students only).

**POETRY**

- **KUNG FU** - a visual follow up of the most popular and interesting films: HSV-7, 9.00 pm.
- **ROCK AND ROLL**: the best of the age old story, did quite a number in Sydney: HSV-7, 9.00 pm.
- **YOU SET YOURSELF DOWN, JIM**: TamworthHotel, Kew.

**ROCK**

- **RED HOT ROCK** - Brooke: HSV-7, 9.00 pm.
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CROWLE, ERIC KOWAR
Polaris Inn, Carlton.

ROSE GARCIA
Hotel, Carlton, has CHARLIE BYRD, BAR
City.

"BUSHWHACKERS AND RONDELLS": George GARY WALFORD'S AYERS ROCK", and film: Collingwood "STOREYVILLE JAZZ TRIO": Mcllwain Hotel, Prahran.

"JULES ET JIM" (M) — with Gary Oldman, Brenda Blethyn, Karen Lynn Gorney.

THE LIVING DESERT: Opera House.

THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS, January 29-February 4, 1974 — Page 15
WHEN I left school 10 years ago, it didn't even occur to me that I needed a career. My family held strongly to a Christian work ethic, which was based on the idea of work as a way of helping less fortunate people than oneself.

My father had spent the past 30 years of his life working in a church home for children whose parents could not or would not care for them. My mother had tried her hardest to fulfil her responsibilities as housekeeper, giver of support, and drainer of her own self for her husband's sake — after all, he was the one doing the important job, wasn't he?

On my Leaving Certificate results, I won both commonwealth and teachers college scholarships. Everyone told me to take up the commonwealth scholarship because it would give me more freedom and flexibility, but all I wanted to do was to be a teacher. I was ideally suited to teaching. I was convinced that work could and should be satisfying, that I should use my intellectual gifts to bring enlightenment to the lives of others. The people I wanted to help were not as fortunate as I was; they needed someone with the right training and attitude to give them peace of mind so that they could fill the role prescribed for them by society as I was doing - pass exams, get a worthwhile job, marry a family, work through the "proper channels" to change what they didn't like.

At this time, I had started the move away from my old ideas about work towards my present thinking. I was still very much in the conventional way of life; doing what I thought would please my parents, trying hard to help people at work, saving money, getting married. But I was also getting into the head scene, getting involved with women's lib, spending less time at work.

My friends were going overseas or saving up to buy farms. I hated the way the world worked and made me try to fill a role that wasn't me, but I persisted because I hadn't solved the problem of how to be a worthwhile person and win love and approval. I was doing a good job of helping other people.

After all, if you weren't "a teacher", "a psychologist" or "a social worker" what were you? Nothing, nobody. I didn't see that you could just be you, a person in your own right.

After I left the welfare department, I worked for two years (mid 1971 - mid 1973) as a counsellor in a hospital setting. Getting this job revived all my old interest in work, in success. I desperately wanted to succeed, to really "help" people at last, to be seen to be doing a good job, to win approval from authority figures in the adult world (i.e., love from my parents), to be a competent woman doing a thoughtful, caring job, to be a "good person". Besides, I still wanted to "help" people.

Psychology satisfied intellectual, emotional and emotional requirements, so the following year I went back to university on the money I'd saved and did a postgraduate degree in psychology.

Getting a job was hard — it took me nine months of casual work, but finally I got one in a government welfare department, in mid 1970. By the time I was offered this job I would have taken almost anything. There was a great oversupply of psychology graduates at the time. I stayed in the welfare job for a year, my dissatisfaction growing almost daily. I was expected to fill a prescribed role, quietly perform the job, ask no questions, make no comments or criticism, just quietly go on balancing people's lives in the way the department decreed. There were the young women who thought they were social workers and psychology graduates doing the same work I was.

When I left, I made it 100 percent turnover for the year, and morale was at rock bottom. By then, they were taking history graduates to get the work done.

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Last week Harry Gumboot groaned about how work rots the brain and feeds the ego. Heather Hardie reached similar conclusions quite independently and contributes this account of how work stunted her emotional growth.
I had some money saved up. I didn't need to work. Money is what you want with, not happened that day was that I had finally lost my fear of freedom. I was no longer frightened of not knowing myself, of having time to spend doing what I wanted.

I felt that, unlike the times I'd almost resigned before, this time I was going towards something. I had something to do than work. Before, I had always felt that I would be leaving something I hated, but now to go out of a known. At last, I looked out of the window of my prison and saw the world outside.

I resigned. I even told my boss I was just going to bum around for a while. That was two months ago.

My father tried to talk to me about my "social responsibilities." I said I was doing other people more good by being myself, a person, than I ever was when I was trying so hard to help them. He said if I didn't go back to work, I'd get out of date and never get another job. I don't ever need a job that compromises me morally and drives me crazy at the same time.

My old values still emerge sometimes when I talk to others about myself. When people say "what do you do?" I sometimes answer "nothing." Other times, I can assert "I'm a lady of leisure," or "I feel like I!", "I do everything I really want to do!" Some people don't believe that I can just be me. "Well, did you really marry him?" "Where did you come from?" I'm a person, not a role player or status beast.

Now that I'm not working, I don't consume as compulsively as I used to. I was always fairly careful with money, but for years I just kept on consuming and didn't think about what I was putting into my bank. I just thought that I was buying more money and not meet anyone new. I have more time to spend with the people I like to spend time with - and that's pretty important to me. And I have time to be alone and get to know myself.

These days, I feel that I'm free to be - to do what I want and how I want. If I feel like sitting on my arm all day, that's what I do; if I want to run amok, then I can - no-one's going to fire me for it. I can be true to my own feelings with few restrictions.

Since I left work, I have been, and still am, more interested in going to the pub, and a much faster rate than ever before. Right now, I'm eating the need for some kind of involvement.

I think that, for some people, work does provide a sense of involvement - as well as many other things. If you work, you're more likely to find work interesting; it's not just a money earner or time filler, or an escape from emotions and situations you would rather not face.

Perhaps one day I'll find a job that can satisfy my need to be involved and caring. At the moment, I feel that my extended holiday could lead to multitudes. I have not changed much since the involvement now - political movements, voluntary work, creative expression, are some of the things开口. So I see this article is part of my exploration of these things.

If I start working again, I should be better at doing it. I should be better at working professionally - again, I know I'll be more confident and stronger than before, because now I feel that the whole thing is mine to be myself. I know that I feel this way only because I took time away from all the responsibilities and focused on myself. It may have taken me many working years, rather than six non-working months, to gain the strength to try to be emotionally and intellectually honest to lose the fear of being myself. Contended from 4000 words.
An interview with Jean Paul Sartre

Q You have been Director of La cause du peuple now for over two years. You have put the paper on the record by contributing militant articles to it. Now you are working on the new daily, Liberation. And you have taken part in the great number of the Maoists' meetings and actions. One gets the feeling from all this that you are closer to the Maoists, more committed to them, than you ever were to the French Communist Party or liberation movements like the Algerian NLF. How would you account for this? Was this commitment immediate or gradual?

A I agreed to become Director of La cause du peuple after the arrest of the previous editors in the spring of 1970. The Maoists felt at that time that their base was not strong enough to sustain the clandestine existence to which the government was seeking to confine them. Facing with trials and imprisonments, they came to me for help. This was a new attitude for them, incidentally. Up until then they had taken no interest in intellectuals or in the ways intellectuals might be useful. Now, despite their suspicions of intellectuals, they were calling, upon a well known intellectual to ward off the attacks of (interior minister) Marcellin. In fact they were trying to turn the whole notion of the celebrity back against the bourgeoisie. And they were right.

The fact is, in my opinion, that the writer as an individual has a double responsibility only — not political. All I did was lend my name as a way of helping the paper carry on publication and the group's militants carry on acting on it. It was, in the same way, with the same understanding, that I agreed to be Director of the Maoist paper Tout, and that I testified at the trial of the militants of Vive la revolution and of Roland Castro. Little by little, however, I became more sympathetic to the view of La cause du peuple.

So you were in disagreement with the strategy of the Gauche Proletarienne in 1970 — the idea that a new Resistance had to be launched against the boises (equated with two-nazis) and against the revisionists (or two-collaborators). I have never gone along with that analysis, and while there may still be traces of it at La cause du peuple they have themselves rejected it somewhat. For the last two years the main concern of the comrades at La cause du peuple has been a genuine adaptation of Maoist strategy to French conditions, not a literal-minded transposition of it. In China the cultural revolution got going only after the taking of power. In the situation we are living through now, it is impossible to copy the Chinese cultural revolution or get power from it directly. The Maoists speak readily of an "ideological revolution".

Q They talk in terms of dominating the working population's fear of capitalist formation, kidnapping potential collaborators, and then how to resist, how to confront repression, and to overcome the self-restraints included in the fear.

A At the outset I agreed with virtually nothing the Maoists said. I wasn't against them, just apart from them. But gradually they came to ask more from me than legal protection. I met with them many times and links were established. And slowly common ground emerged.

Q You have given us very little biographical information about your activity for the Maoists. In 1952, in rallying to the support of the Communists, you wrote: "The Communist and Peace, in 1956, taking your distance from a CP which supported Soviet intervention in Hungary, you published The ghost of Stalin. In the present period, however, you have been limiting yourself to militant articles, an open letter to the President of the Republic, and speeches at meetings. You have apparently broken definitively with the Communist way of thinking — to which you did subscribe by and large, despite your reservations, up to 1965 or 1966. Yet you haven't really ever said why, nor given your reasons for conversion.

A The posture of solidarity with the Communists that I in 1952 was adopted suddenly, as a response to American policy, to the submissiveness of the French government towards imperialism, and above all to the repression of the demonstration against "the Ridgeway Plague". Obviously I had to account for my attitude at that time. My current positions, however, have been reached much more gradually, as I just said. First of all, in may 1968, like most people, I did not fully grasp the meaning and scope of the movement. Nor did the Maoists, by the way they immediately attacked the universities for the factories. They did not take into account the significance of student revolt whose relevance is acknowledged by all; nor did it feel like an outsider: one day a star, the next a superannuated veteran. At the Sorbonne where we used to speak two or three times, my presence caused something of a stir and I got a rather nervous relation, even enthusiasm for a meeting on the situation in the universities, in late 1965 or early 1966. These gatherings were based on a response to the government's proposals on education. As I sat down at the speaker's table I found a note saying: "Sartre, make it short!" I took the point immediately, which was cut out of context. The other speakers started out from positions close to mine. But they were living the struggle themselves, instead of telling others how to make concrete proposals, whereas all I had to offer was a general analysis — which is still true.

With the ebb-tide of 1969, I felt even more out of things. But in 1970 everything changed. The government's persecution of La cause du peuple led me to declare myself and in fact to go much further than I had at any other time. I would. A revolutionary movement makes decisions and risks criticism, not merely some of which you reject. But in any case you are drawn along. Especially when the leaders are by the very nature of their criticism into account if they feel it is justified. The Maoists' theory is
embryonic, the movement remains largely empirical; one might almost say experimental. For while Liberation, we are trying to get the idea out of a democratic daily whose contributors will be both Maoist and non-Maoist, that is to say, the preponderance of such problems as sexuality, the condition of women, daily life - not to mention the transcendence of class and race. It means creating contradictions among the people. It is clear, for example, that the nature of the Maoist's view of the feelings and behavior of specific individuals is, still hostile to forms of certification of liberation to homo- sexuality. You may have heard of those few who have wore t-shirts of which some workers took one of their comrades who was a homosexual into a garage and beat him to death. But if you were not there, you may die later. Liberation intends to take a position on these questions in the hope of having a greater understanding of these attitudes. The paper is prepared to be unpolluted from time to time and it will risk pollution on violent political indifference.

We want the whole range of anarchism and libertarian ideas to find expression in the pages of Liberation. Today, in a confrontation in which the Maoist- experimental tendency will carry the day over the anarchist, we are ensuring that Liberation will become a melting-pot from which new revolutionary synthesis will emerge. We are not seeking to fight.

Take womens liberation, for example. Only yesterday we had representatives of the Confédération des Travailleurs Femmes in an editorial meeting of the paper. The MLF argues that the specifically female problem of the working-class, to be defined as we are to avert a classical pattern of events; even within their ranks there are divisions. Wearing a skirt is the one thing that everyone is sure of, and it is the socially specific construction of the working-class that this characterizes.

**Q** Is there any form of control over the workers, to maintain class solidarity? The isolated individual is meaningless, says your paper, outside the control nor guarantee. Here is my argument why he says so. I am voting for you, and therefore it may be your electoral promises, maybe not. It is not for me, my way to vote for you if I am voting for you if I am not convinced that the party of your choice is that of a minority group that is in power. If the party of your choice is not in power, then it is your responsibility to make sure that the party of your choice is in power. This is the right to vote.

**Q** What is your view on elections? Do you vote?

We are not voting. Universal suffrage is designed to separate the workers, to mean class solidarity. The isolated individual is meaningless, says your paper, outside the confines of which you have struggled for a good part of your life, has finally achieved without the NLF's elimination of the French army, and its imposition of its will to the detriment of other nations, or fascism.

**A** I am opposed, naturally, to any attempt to replace Messmer by Messmer...That would not do much good. Duration is the second crisis of the French revolution, and my books on Flaubert are concerned with the emergence of heroes capable of interceding to maintain order between the revolutionary forces and keep discussions free and open. This is the most penalty one can say, the most one can hope for.

**Q** Are you in favor of a political death penalty for those who oppose the revolution?

Yes. After a revolution, in a situation of power, the bourgeoisie who have been dislodged from power, bourgeois who foment riots or who plot the downfall of the revolution, are an absurdity. Not that I would feel any hatred towards such people. It is only natural that reactionaries should act out of fear of having died. But a revolution is not the place to get rid of a certain number of individuals who threaten it, and I can see no reason why the revolution should do so. For them to die, people can always get out of the revolution. The revolution was probably didn't kill enough - thus unintentionally hastening the return to order, to ultimately neocolonialism.

**Q** I would say just the opposite: that they killed too many people. No revolution has yet managed to draw a conclusion with respect to the repression of reaction very quickly becomes a pretense for killing those who challenge it. For a long time now, I have been asking the question: who are the most dangerous of all the revolutionaries with whom one is in conflict? And I would say: those who are always keeping in step with all the others. The Maoists have grasped this and I agree with them. I believe in the emergence of heroes capable of interceding to maintain order between the revolutionary forces and keep discussions free and open. This is the most penalty one can say, the most one can hope for.

**Q** Why does one have to come down so definitely on this? Can't we suspend judgment until the next revolution? I would say: suspension of judgment is the only possibility for us to come down so definitely on this. We have no time for hesitation.

**A** It's silliness. During a revolution everyone's actions are determined by the revolution itself. If the revolution politico-military is decided by the emergence of heroes capable of interceding to maintain order between the revolutionary forces and keep discussions free and open. This is the most penalty one can say, the most one can hope for.
WHILE some 25,000 souls celebrated Australia day in a rock orgy at Sunbury, about 1000 gathered for a country & western music event at Tamworth, the Nashville of NSW.

For me rock festivals are kaput, rock music is in a survival state. It is a music inextricably enmeshed with the consumer ethos of growth/waste capitalism. It's presentation is mass-minded (million seller records and worldwide audiences). Its true merit...its style is domination. Only the few with the microphone—rock's sceptre, its empire of power, the masses passive consume. Isolated by the volume of sound and blocked with the product it is an induced psychological state of abject consumption, the greedy hearts desire of every ad man.

Rock musicians were once, in the Chicago Seven trial for instance, portrayed as the paragon lifestyle of western youth. It was a myth of the 60s. Times mass-minded (million seller records and branded with the consumer ethos of growth/waste capitalism. It's acoustic and participatory; it's as the music of country people and not as the music of the city, the homesteads of the valleys of a mountain. Now it has a suburban sprawl, with power lines and take-away-food signs, lining the highway on the wide flat plains. The poor live on the plain, the rich on the mountain. Come and work for profit in Tamworth says the come-on blurb of the city fathers. The commercial radio. There had been a singsong competition among the singing cowboys. It was a plane charter from NZ for next year are travelled from all over for it and one New Zealander was a barbeque was organised by the urban drift brought the singing cowboy home town till it's top tune in the urban city.

The fans and performers live in the city, Dorset Gardens is suburban. Even the old hands of C&W circles like Reg Lindsay, Tex Morton and Ron Russell live in suburban centres. So do the fans which probably explains the Nashville emphasis on housewife blues.

We met some fans, Dan and Kath. They were at Tamworth, fancy shirts, neckerchiefs with bull horn claps, and street signs where they live in North Sydney; "A dead end street," said Dan. Has worked on the council in St Leonards, "A dead end street," said Ron. Dan once had an act under the name Happy Dan. "He can sing now," said Kath. "Kathy," said Ron. He told how he used to have satin shirts with "Happy Dan" embroidered on the front. He had sound volumes of autographed photos from 1950 onward. A poster for the whole Number one hit to Roy Rogers, Smokey Dawson, Gene Autry, the McKean Sisters, Slim Dusty, Tex Morton...a bound collection of tickets, programs and handbills from C&W shows.

Dan, being a totally unassuming but totally committed fan, used the photos to start up a conversation with Ron Russell, an old singer from the 50s cowboy boom who is now doing club work. Reminiscences. This fellow's died yer know, deconstructed confections, chokes, phones and so on.

Ron Russell is a committed Nashville fan and can't touch Australian stuff. The professionalism and the super technical acoustics of Nashville ain't him. He shifts on the backing music in the clubs who have no feeling for country and only follow a score. Yet last night at the concert, he tells us, the guitarist said "What key?" as he walked round empty stage. We observed they play the "sweetest country backing you ever heard!" Country music tells its story that way—country music is a feeling.

We met Eric Walsh who is writing a book on the subject. Eric would agree with Ron about the feeling, but says Nashville is driven. Country music is the music of country people and not as Nashville. He shits on the backing music in the clubs who have no feeling for country and only follow a score. Yet last night at the concert, he tells us, the guitarist said "What key?" as he walked round empty stage. We observed they play the "sweetest country backing you ever heard!" Country music tells its story that way—country music is a feeling.

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Make Mine Country Style

County Bluegrass Band for their Live at Tamworth recording.

The nominations were interesting for the inclusion of people like the Dingoes, Country Radio, Bluestone and John Graham. Country rock would appear to be on the threshold, but the C&W establishment aren't ready for it yet.

Malcolm Angus is the mildest country rock singer. Country rock would appear to be on the threshold, but he doesn't sing. They thunder along highways from city to city and sit in road houses zonked on diesel fumes, the roar of the engine still in their ears.

But truckies have trannies and can pick up 2TM at night. They are consumers of a tradition manufactured for them. Country rock is the mildest country rock singer. Country rock would appear to be on the threshold, but they don't sing. They thunder along highways from city to city and sit in road houses zonked on diesel fumes, the roar of the engine still in their ears.

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Mr. Wonder

This song is securely within the tradition of Australian ballad making. Though it deals with a subject which is politically and socially "sensitive" (insensitive would be nearer the mark) the song contains no oratory except for the obligatory moral in the last verse. The tune is one of the variants of the western plains, which can be sung either as a jovial drinking song or a stunning, harrowing catalogue of misery; and you've got very nearly the same range of possible interpretations with this song. It is the work of Sydney poet Denis Keavan and Builders Laborers organiser Seamus Gill, and came to us from Tony Lavin of The Ramblers, who will be singing this and other contemporary Australian ballads.

I'm a bit suspicious of my transcriptions because it looks all jerky and spotty. Don't take it for gospel, adjust the timing and even the tune to suit yourselves. Is anybody learning these songs? How about a bit of feedback? Lazy buggers.

MIKE O'ROURKE

Across the Western Suburbs

Oh me name it is Fred, in Sydney born and bred
And the inner-city used to be my home, boys
But it's caused me heart to grieve for I've had to take me leave,
Now across the Western Suburbs I must roam, boys.

CHORUS:
Under concrete and glass, Sydney's disappearing fast
It's all gone for profit and for plunder.
Though we really want to stay they keep driving us away
Now across the Western Suburbs we must wander.

Where is me house, me little terrace house,
It's all gone for profit and for plunder.
For the wreckers of the town just came up and knocked it down
Now across the Western Suburbs we must wander.

Before I even knew it, we were shifted to Mt Druitt
And the planners never gave me any say — it's true.
Now it really makes me weep, I am just at home to sleep
For it takes me hours to get to work each day, boys.

What's happened to the pub, our little local pub
Where we used to have a drink when we were dry, boys.
Now we can't get in the door for there's carpets on the floor
And you won't be served a beer without a tie, boys.
Now I'm living in a box in the West Suburban blocks
And the place is nearly driving me to tears, boys.
Poorly planned and badly built and it's mortgaged to the hilt
But they say it will be mine in forty years, boys.

Now before the city's wrecked these developers must be checked
For it's plain to see they don't give a bugger.
And we soon will see the day if these bandits have their way
We will all be driven out past Wagga Wagga.

"Alright, I want you all to modulate to D flat when I count four," he sings, and the 70s funk gives way to the old uptight, outasight outasight, as the black lady in front of me chanted all night...
Dwellings

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133, all inclusive. Tony, 59.5512.

ate or neurotics. For mutual Sydney. Brighton Beach, f/f, s/c late 20s, early 30s. No effem in-

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pher does all types photography, willing to learn and amenable to pupil for private tuition. Must be

is willing to enrol young lady

Sydney. Former UK schoolmaster

Dwellings
Sydney. Young creative photographers phone does all types photography, especially portrait and points in areas. B.0. Very reason- able rates. 10.1451 an hour.


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wonder whose FM it is now

The FM inquiry has been around for a while, and as yet there have been no submissions presented from the counterculture, alternative society, underground, dope smokers union or whatever.

Paul: the groovers know what those who have seen the inquiry in action suspect: this inquiry has as much to do with communication as the blokes who fit the decorations out in Farmers' windows.

But the cynics could be wrong. The least we can do for the inquiry is a fine example of the movie boffin. White-haired, with a sense of irony and mischievous eyes, sir Francis McLean has been a bigwig in BBC engineering since 1952, what with all his labelling and true wireless. His offi-der: a puffy economist who keeps asking "what about costs?", and the secret-etary of the show is a friendly (superannuated?) public servant left over from Weapons Research who often neglects to shave.

These three gentlemen are con-ducting a slightly informal investi-gation under an Act of 1950: the Commercial Broadcasting Control Board to commercial radio stations. This dec-on: the present situation as the inquiry has as much to do with communication as the blokes who fit the decorations out in Farmers' windows.

There are suggestions that some of the proceeds of this inquiry are to be devoted to the vested interests: the local manufacturers are being protected from competition manufacturers (no foreigners in their right mind would build TV receivers just for the Australian market), and the commercial radio stations were given a system so expensive that only they could afford to set up stations.

Along came senator Jim Mc-Clennan to muddy the waters. Now Jim is a bit disgruntled at not being minister for the media, (his brother Doug got the job), but as chairman of the sen­ate committee looking into broadcast­ing and television he is in a position to throw the odd spanner in the works. An interim report from his committee released in August last year seriously nubbed the control board's UFC recom­men-dations.

This was the last straw. Doug McClelland, who had already been subjected to a barrage of objec­tions from all sorts of media man­nips — including the Financial review, of all things — and he ordered yet another inquiry to settle the matter once and for all.

So what's it all about?

FM means two things: 1) better radio (and that includes stereo) and 2) more radio. The trouble is that the frequency space for radio stations — FM, AM or whatever — is rather rocky and shrill horse shit. Which is why the ABC opted for UHF, which is an undervauled part of the spectrum.

The proponents of the Inter­national Band (VHF) argue that by moving one or two TV stations (Channel 5, 3 or 4) we could save ourselves the trouble of invent­ing a high-falutin UHF system. They reckon it would be cheaper — in the short term and the long term — and better because we would not be stuck with this unique white elephant UHF bullhit.

The ABC argue UHF will give at least 20 stations in a large metropolitan area, and VHF only nine or so (the "so" can stretch to 16 depending on the channel spacing used). The strength of this argument is the more stations the better. It is a good argument but it fails somewhat when one begins to imagine what commercial interest would do with 25 radio sta­tions — Bob Rogers in stereo, or Your guide to local plumbers. But the cynics could be wrong. And with many dozens of names, UHF is a master plan.

Now in the ABCB report on FM the "on the hand" ABC, who are continually heavyhanded in their version of an underground news­paper. These stations have got to be heard to be believed (and even then it is hard). As there's Buck­ley's law that the government will legislate for such a station the pressure must be for as many stations as possible to be continually available to irregular media oper­ators. Such a station will not come from the ABC, the commer­cial stations, nor even a restructur­ing of ABC or Music Broadcasting Society.

It will not come from the Coalition of Resident Action Groups, nor the Eastern Suburbs Coalition of Resident Action Alliance, nor the Dante Publishing Group. They, come from the assorted cabbages who read The living daysihts, and the soon­est they get involved in the real­politik of FM broadcasting the more probable becomes an Aus­tralian KPF.

Enough is enough. You then hear poste's whistle. Aha you say, rushing out to the mail box. And what's waiting for you? The usual load of crap from Readers Digest, a blurth from the supermar­ket, and four bills and an eviction notice. It's a stone drag... But you can do something to lighten and brighten the load (once a week, anyhow). Yes, you can.

** People should demand that one channel be reserved for the kind of radio station New York's WBAI and Houston have got — the radio version of an underground news­paper. These stations have got to be heard to be believed (and even then it is hard). As there's Buck­ley's law that the government will legislate for such a station the pressure must be for as many stations as possible to be continually available to irregular media oper­ators. Such a station will not come from the ABC, the commer­cial stations, nor even a restructur­ing of ABC or Music Broadcasting Society.

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Birth pains

YOU'VE BLOWN it this time. For months now we have been reading TLD, and now you tell us there are birth pains and use your facilities and mind. We love the newspaper as we all expected. No luck. Every week the paper is a big downer — a waste of time.

The middle-page spreads have been used up. What are you devoting to portry. A Sunday at Silvan really took the cake. Dumb, erotic, but justifiable quality photos.

I think your subscription ads summed it up — A Rip-off. And it's not black humoros warling class wo­man — it's black honestol left-hand­ed working class woman.

ROBERT A CHERRY ADAMSON.

Be nice to taxis

A FEW comments from a long time driver — 37 years in the trade.

You don't have to be smart to show a privilege. In the cab industry or any other. I can think of ways that cab fares can circulate round, but why? Properly used, the cab fare is a service to the passenger (who pays), the driver (who gets more) and the economy (as taxi drivers, cab­ly loaded). People are wary enough of it now, why make it worse.

People often hand a driver blank accounts, I'm a fool, someone's a cop, I'm the only one out of a couple of bob for you "selves". Abuse a few times and there are a few less dollars in the till.

A tip is a way of thanking a driver for a good trip. Smiles, acknowledged and courteously work a hell of a lot better.

The idea suffers enough tax­tides and fudging, for buck's sake doesn't encourage it.

JOHN HARLAND, Cautfield, Vic.

Cut the crap

WHO GIVES a s**t what the Concise Oxford Dictionary, Lexicon, or Anarchist Ethos (TLD, 2/1) assume it to be Anarchism. The only thing the common person knows are people who care very much about things, and who take it upon themselves to offer a respectable theory of human nature to back up their ideological preferences in turn happen to be the only "creeplessly" crap shall we?

As for Leonard Amor — two things (i) if he reads The greening of America by W. Reich, he will find (among other useful ideas on maturality and such) that the concept of evolution can apply to the development of mass con­sciousness too; (ii) what makes survival for its own sake such a big deal? If there was none whatever, what are we to believe and feel?

ERIC CROWESELL.

Incorporally, Qld

Delightful

LIVING DELIGHTS a good name too existing extension of Daylights, and obviously real. Food for thought honestly arising from the use of well­known words and picture­signs. Who can look without reading, feel without experience and hear without listening?

Thus lower town is not lost — remember. It's not all music, it's not all voice. And voices. That's all I say for now.

The only concern of the writer of these words to the factory of room opening the eyes of people letting in color, read, where the best, most, the big, daylight, lights in sight. Amusement without taxation, taxation without laughter. Who out of all endurance allowed occasional clouds to cross the sun and rain?

K. LEE, Adelaide, SA.

Box Brownie stinks

IT IS with some repugnation that I part from this account, obviously real. Food for thought honestly arising from the use of well­known words and picture­signs. Who can look without reading, feel without experience and hear without listening?

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R. A. LEONARD, Tocumwal, Vic.

Suggestions

I READ you but I can't write you. Why is that? I enjoy almost everything you do but I wonder what some of it is doing there. That exor­bitant cost of cash drivers and driv­ing Insurance. I was gonna write be­fore. Several times, but I didn't continue to buy it. But let me assure you that large chunks of it (like the Old Box Brownie­s) are absolutely shithouse!

F. J. LYONS, Mount, Qld.

No Toms here

I'VE JUST returned to this country after spending a few months overseas. Nothing much has changed. It's still the same picture show here. With one important different. The publication of the "living daylights" appears to be devoted to using it how it is.

Refurbishing devoid of the arch cliches, of some of the other so­called "liberal" minded newspapers. This sort of smart arse, trendy approach characteristic of the Nation review.

Has this been the only way to get through in Australia? To adopt this flip­approach? Making I would say, a considerable feeling of despair. The non­inclusion of a few lights and out­lines here and there in the Nation review does other thing than depress this reader. The living daylights breath­contrast uses fuck and cunt when words apply. Where are they the right­ fathers in right.

I enjoyed the article Men against sexism and its tone extremely moderate given the sexual chauvinism of all the Australian Bryoh. There is no reality or debate in this "newspaper" of ideas. No people, would people seem to have closed minds. They cling smugly to precon­ceived ideas and concepts. Above all, in your author of the article on sexism points out — they met themselves up as communists. I think this is a very perceptive observation in relation to the national psyche.

There are encouraging signs though: More and more people I'm sure are beginning to wonder. To be a prey to, even doubt, even doubtful.

Wondering where they are going. Having a few second thoughts about our "violence free society". And so on, etc. At least there is The living daylights. And I'm sure there isn't an Uncle Tom on your staff.

Keep up the good fight. Mr. London. A garbo life for me. A spectator. Watching it all from afar. At least you get a few more laughs over there. This mob take themselves too bloody seriously for me. Good. Good. Good.

ANONYMOUS WELL WISHER.

What a lot of questions

ARE WE to believe our prophets, not political philosophers, our social theorists, prophets without honor in our midst?

When we watch our television screens, is that what is this? Is that what are we to believe and feel?

Are we ever to steep ourselves in thoughts of revolutions because we know that change must occur, knowing that all others continue as it is there will be utter chaos?

Are we to fill our hearts with hopes of the various good types we might wish for. How many of our hopes in revolution still knowing that change is ending truly is upon us?

In the through the media the chances that the emotional more that even an outlandish notion, it is ridiculous, a continuing struggle towards eventual but distant victory, or an end in a terrible final?

Editors, I ask to offer you the pages of TLD to your readers minds and hearts. Perhaps an extended Letters­ section. A competition. A poll. Where does the literature and the hope,

JON.

More to come

KORDYKUS did it as we meant, and indeed did all it could. If after all you can't expect to climb to the moon on a potato.

So Khowitse! It!, and with our figures of the poetical and the brave.

More to come

Name calling

A FEW words on the chant of chants, I chant, therefore I am in biloxi — the proof is in the pudding. The sound that I speak of comes not from this world nor the imitation. It comes down from the spiritual world. As it moves from mouth to ear it occurs upon the heart beaking the soul. To those ears tuned to the mundane tunes and non tunes it bears the sound of the Name Divine! Purify the heart. Make all things new.

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I F T H E E C O N O M I C environment crunch comes (all with a bang but with a Wimpy burger?) the life support systems that service the average house in the suburbs will either be cut off or heavily disrupted. One alternative to being totally hooked up to water, sewerage and electric conduit is total independence or autonomy. So what — well, it might be time to have a look at some of the alternatives for your own dome sweet dome.

The Architecture Faculty of Cambridge University is busily churning out working papers and publications on Autonomous housing. Areas covered include refuse, recycling and consumption; local solar, wind and methane power alternatives, wood working tools are only some machinery, drills, welding gear, hand tools, metal working equipment. Has all truly amazing and highly useful Scroope terrace, Cambridge, CB2 1PX UK. It's free.

McPhersons Ltd puts out a catalogue, 65 Ashmore street, Alexandria, NSW (51.0433), or 546-566 Collins street, Melbourne (63.0301).

A US magazine called Computers and People, 815 George Wallace revenue began to fail. Now add Watergate articles and try to imagine where the big boy's ad money went. It's fairly easy, so try and get your local/library to order it. If really keen, send $A12 to Computers and People, 815 Washington street, R12 Newtonville, Mass, 02160 USA.

A GROUP of people in Perth are getting an alternative information/referral service together for WA. At the moment they need people, information and ideas. If you are interested, contact Anne on 81.4849 or Mick at 217 High street, Fremantle.

AS ANY Nation review reader will tell you, the Steel Can People are a bunch of undercover people. Basically they are a PR front for a segment of the packaging industry. When the federal government held an open inquiry into the possibilities of enforcing the beverage industry to stop flogging "No Deposit, No Return" but "Lots of Lettuce for us" drink containers, the Steel Can People made one of the submissions.

Fortunately so did a group called "People Fighting Packaging Pollution", which balanced out some of the rubbish the Steel Can Companies, sorry, People layed on the inquiry. You can get hold of the transcript of the inquiry by writing to Canberra. It makes really interesting reading.

Write to the Standing Committee on Environment and Conservation, (November 5 hearings), Parliament House, Canberra. It's a ripper for a Stephen Wall anarchist, sci-fi fanzines, cult papers, Jesus papers, craft and lifestyle rags and the like — there would be no end to the list of people and ideas that this idea would benefit. A mention of subscription rates, period of publication and whether or not free copies will be sent on request would be a boon. And what a one-off spread or four page liftoff it would make.

Second, would you kindly reissue the original TLD masthead as in Vol. 1, No. 1, or weekly variations thereof. I would then be more inclined to pick up the Daylights each week if page one was geared with something that doesn't look like it was designed for a new Kellogg's or Helena Rubinstein product.

Third yes, third — I too am an optimist for arts sake, lacking the color and posters of your outstanding debut. If you are only interested in the people can have a copy for free. Write to McPhersons Industrial Catalogue, 65 Ashmore street, Alexandria, NSW (51.0433), or 546-566 Collins street, Melbourne (63.0301).

A US magazine called Computers and People is crammed with 750 pages, its 750 pages are crammed with the color and posters of your outstanding debut. If you are only interested in the people can have a copy for free.
**BOWELS OF THE BAY**

...Come on in the water's shitty

### How they rate

Here is the EPA's grading of Port Philip's 30 most popular beaches over the holiday period.

The left hand column lists the E. coli counts from November 22 to January 16, as published last week. The right hand column lists the E. coli counts at the peak of the Christmas holidays:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Beach</th>
<th>Count</th>
<th>Grade</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Dromana</td>
<td>510</td>
<td>D</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. Billa</td>
<td>270</td>
<td>D</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sandridge</td>
<td>320</td>
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<td>Middle Park</td>
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<td>Baxter</td>
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<td>Menton</td>
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<tr>
<td>Point Lonsdale</td>
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<td>Brighton</td>
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<td>Seaford</td>
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<td>Cowper</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mornington</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>A</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mr. Martha</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>A</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Published by Richard Neville at 174 Peel Street, North Melbourne for Incorporated Newsagencies Company Pty Ltd, the publisher and distributor, 113 Roslyn Street, West Melbourne. Who said this? Curiously enough, actual revolutions are made by robots; living people never make revolutions; they can't. Life means too much to them.