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The Living Daylights 2(7) 19 February 1974

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Editor

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The Living Daylights 2(7) 19 February 1974

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HERE IT COMES!
Future shocks, time games and electrical wizards

Visions of the video village
Richmond, a city caught in the rush
Dylan junked dope and gets active
Britain prepares for civil war
REBEL RAID

Richard Beckett beats up the week's news

B XGER THE BOMB, LET'S GET STUCK IN, FREE TUCKER: Following his Southeast Asian tour, described as an amazing success because of the decision to let a few downtrodden, Filipino car workers into the country, Australian prime minister Gough Whitlam once again proved he was the small man. He was at the periphery, singing to Sydney's Circular Quay to lunch on board a French luxury liner, "in one of the ship's dining rooms which is the haunt of the princes and presidents". Leaving the small moral issue of the continuing French nuclear tests in the Pacific aside, can you imagine the leader of any adult nation tripping over himself to climb on board a cruise liner containing, among others, "members of the Wragby chewing gum family, the countess de Fels, author Janet Taylor Caldwell and madame C. S. Smith"? Rise up Cody Calwell, all is forgotten.

ANYONE WHO CAN USE THE PALM MUST BE SUPERNATURAL: Colonel C. W. T. Kyndson, now retired, told the standing committee on External Affairs that Dunbrooy's royal military, training ground for Australia's largest collection of widow makers, should be forced to join the 20th century because its inmates were out of step with reality and believe themselves to be far superior to civilians. He said matters might change if the Dunbrooy lads were forced to speak to at least one civilian a day and that their military academy was turned into Canberra's second university.

AFTER ALL THIS, A SOVIET Labor CAMP WOULD HAVE BEEN HEAVEN: Novelist Alexander Solzhenitsyn, eldest of mother Russia for writing a few unkinds things about that country's penal institutions, and daring to question the authority of the state, spent his first week of so called freedom in the west signing autographs and counting up the pennies in his Swiss bank account. Strangely enough, in all the democratic babbles about rights of the state that emanated from the United States, which has offered Solzhenitsyn asylum, the name of Eadie Pound was not mentioned once. Come to think of it the name of Wilfred Burchett meant much handled by membership of Australia's DLP, who claimed Solzhenitsyn's expulsion was all the fault of the federal Labor government because it had protested early enough.

THEY CALL HIM MR LITTLE: Leonard Arthur McPherson, named during the royal commission, Mr E. J. Coffey, into New South Wales clubs as the "Mr Big" of Australia, in an impassioned defence of himself over the television waves denied that he owned massage parlors, lived off the earnings of prostitution, had connections with shady poky machine operators or pushed drugs and then added, when questioned about where his money came from: "It's hard to say what you do. But I import furniture and sell it." All this proved to be that, if he really is the Mr Big of Australia, our criminal element is at second rate and the rest back in the action city of Chicago, McPherson wouldn't even rate a mention in the shadow land.

FURTHER GOOD NEWS FOR ECOLOGISTS: New South Wales pollution control commissioner Mr E. J. Coffey, joyfully maintained his state lead in Australia's destruction stakes by announcing that a natural plain on the Illawarra escarpment, 30 miles south of Sydney, was perfectly suitable for dumping industrial waste. Mr Coffey said: "One is forced to accept the reality, at least for the time being, that to dispose of the Coal Cliff material, some degree of degradation of the natural environment in the area is inevitable."
I'm sitting in my living room and enjoying a cup of coffee in my hand and a beer on the table beside me. I reach for the phone and start pushing buttons. I hit them 15 times on both vertical & horizontal scales, wait a few moments, then write the numbers down. If my girlfriend in Istanbul appears on my TV screen, we talk a while and during the conversation she punches a few buttons on her phone and replays the part I want to hear again, run it back to the Blue Mosque. More talk for me of her trip earlier that day and some protracted goodbyes beside me. I reach for the phone and some number codes after them. I press a few more buttons till I get to the part I want to hear again, run it back and forth a few more times until I'm sick of it, punch the buttons once more and the screen is blank. Out to the kitchen for another cup of beer, light up a cigarette and I'm back at the phone punching buttons. This time a Dewey library code is displayed on my TV screen. It has the names of all of Josef Von Sternberg's movies with number codes after them. I select the code for Blue angel and punch it up on the buttons on the phone. Then I settle back and watch the movie on my TV screen.

Several beers later I've another Dewey code displayed on my screen. It's all the Rolling Stones albums. I punch the code for the latest album and some Mick's on my screen prancing about in purple & gold. At one point he does an amazing convolution of his body and after the album finishes I press a few more buttons and retrieve that instant in slow motion, finding it all the more amazing as each fragment of movement is expanded before my eyes. I remember the Stones are coming to town in a few weeks so I punch a few more buttons and a stadium box plan appears on my screen. I select one of the few remaining seats and punch its number on my phone buttons. The typewriter beside the TV set bursts into operation and a thin strip of paper with various codes typed on it, including the number of the seat I've booked, falls into a tray. It's my ticket for the show. Just as I'm about to put the ticket in a drawer for safekeeping the typewriter starts up again and a larger sheet of paper falls into the tray. It's a letter from a friend reminding me of an agreement we reached on the videophone last week. I quickly type a reply accepting the conditions of the agreement.

What's in The living daylights this week, I wonder? I punch a few buttons on the phone and it's on the TV screen, page by page, each one half as long as I want to read it. One item on a new alphabet brain toy appeals to me so I press a few more buttons and the typewriter springs into action again and I've got my own printed copy.

Mail & newspapers by tele­vision, do music perform­ances for the pushing of a few buttons, international video­phones, shopping by numbers, alpha-numeric accessing - a tech­nological fantasy? No, stuff that's around now, and this week the Aus­tralian post office sees in every home by 2001.

Last week the APO and the department of media held a seminar in Sydney on that Telecommunication and the media - 2001. There they intro­duced their proposal for the "National Telecommunications Plan" and sought support for an expenditure of $8 billion to create "The Wired City", a fibre-optic cable system linking every building access to the sort of communications I've already fantasized. Not that much fantasy is necessary, since much of what I described has already been simulated in movies like Kubrick's 2001; and been experienced by us in such events as the moon walk, olympic games etc, etc.

I didn't last out the seminar, so I don't know how the boffins are going to persuade the government to spend the $8 billion, but they made convincing appeals along lines of decentralisation (who needs big cities when you can access all information from home thru interconnected computers that replace office complex?), energy conservation (who needs to drive or fly when contact can be made by videophone and computer? increased leisure (the machines do the work, our labor involves button pushing), and greater social integration (greater one/one dialogue possible using the wire). Probable was that the average age of seminar participants was 50. What means few of them will be active in 2001. But if the cities are going to be wired they'll have to start now so that by 2001 the system's there. So they're getting into it. Providing for their children childrens children so to speak.

I was intrigued by their idea of the "home office" which I fantas­ized using above. At the moment to have such hardware in the home would cost at minimum about $25,000. They see it all transistorized and miniaturized by 2001 and therefore costing a lot less. But how much less? At present not all homes have telephones. People can't afford them. A low income earner has to spend a whole week's wages if he wants a phone installed, and pay some­where between 1/100th and 1/50th of his annual income in rental and services. The APO talks as if everyone had a phone already and would be diverse to imbed it into a videophone as soon as the government provides such services. But the recent ruckus over colour TV sets suggests that videophones won't be cheap for some time to come.

So if the APO believes their "home office" is going to be for the use of everyone in 2001 they must have some concept of a radically different economy that will provide it for everyone. Could it be a socialist system? Or was George Orwell right? At present the APO has the country wired for sound. Writing for video doesn't change their system much. But then how will they ever convince the public, TV writers will write their stories for TLD, type them on the system input and get a burst of light as the story when it's used on the TLD videodisplay. TLD will get a credit every time someone punches it up on their home screen. Machines will debit and credit and maintain balance. But I suspect it will be like the totalitarian - someone makes "profit" and therefore someone is the owner of the machine. In the year 2001 will that be the APO? Will the APO be the state? Will the people own the state or will the state own the people? Politics were not men­tioned in the seminar.

The videofreaks are playing with television. Bush Video in Sydney shows their software every sunday at 31 Bay street, Ultimo. A few weeks ago they showed some color tapes at the Filmmakers Cinema. They're ex­ploring the new medium tactilely, using the electromagnetic band as a reflection of their people's elec­tro-magnetic economy they envisage for 2001. Does it make no money economy - at least in the sense of dollar bills or even cheques. It's a computer accounting economy, with machines keeping debits & credits. Consumers pay for services, just as now a phone bill logs calls, trunks, telegrams, wake-up calls etc. Similarly these ma­chines will log credits and debits and sessions, and some protracted goodbyes are going to be heard in the near future. Politicians will be delighted to turn it into a political tool. We're part of their universe-system exploration like what Bush Video are into and just how much is actually going on looks like a high­ly structured simplified life cod­i-logs that are consumed with the same wow factor as the other life-sustaining materials are? I regret I can only ponder. My scenario for 2001 is for a single state. I believe the end-product of electro-magnetic exploration is achemical, that eventually the wired city will not only transmit information but also matter. Whether the use of everyone in 2001 depends on a billion variables is astonish­ing; the amount of energy will be a part of their planning. I'm sure Harry Gumboot has an opinion on the matter. Who else?
Strangled by concrete

JUDITH CHAPMAN

MEMBERS of the Brisbane Anti Freeway Committee received a shot in the arm last month when police dropped vagrancy charges against two Bowen squatters, Tom O'Brien and Geoff Gollett. They were arrested last year for unlawfully occupying a building due to dropping of the charges was seen fully occupying a building due to

have relied heavily on media

issue. The anti freeway people

main roads department and the

court claiming main roads minis-
ter Camm was guilty of wrecking 750 homes when there are 2000 people on the housing list.

The proposed Northern freeway, which will cover four and a half years, will require the resumption of 750 homes, is just one part of an extensive freeway plan for Brisbane. The city's road plans were adopted from recommendations in the Withell-Smith report of 1964 and are supposed to be fully carried out in various stages by 1985. Already the first stage - the South-East freeway running from Woolloongabba over the James Cook bridge into the city - is in use.

The Freeway Protest and Com-

mittee formed to fight against the injustices that they saw were part and parcel of urban freeway development. They feel that at a time when low cost housing is scarce, there is a shortage of building materials and some thousands of people on the Housing Commission lists the Queensland government, instead of improving the situation, has decided to destroy the homes of the people in the lower income bracket, pay inadequate compensation and force people out of an area some of them have lived in for the greater part of their lives.

Initial squatters by members of the protest committee were done with the intention of taking over all the houses (vacated) in the Bowen Hills area with a view to helping accommodation people who need low cost housing. A vacant

house in Hurworth street was the first one to be moved into. Here the committee set up its office and Tom O'Brien, the then fulltime secretary for the committee was among those living there from mid-september.

There are some residents who are wary of being involved with the protesters. This has probably been because of fear of political involvement and also as a result of a false image that has been created up of the people involved. Hodges, the police minister, has said he would not tolerate being told what to do by a group of hoods and hounds”. Camm has described the protest committee in parliament as a group of extreme radicals with communist affiliations and alleged the decent element of the community against associating with them. Don Lant, the member for one of the electorates concerned, has referred to them, also in parliament, as a collection of “hippies, commies, and drug addicts”. Some of the homeless from this area were formerly trade unionists in the form of green bans on the houses but these proved not to be very effective. Another form of union support was the provision of funds in case Tom and Geoff were fined, which was expected had charges been pressed.

The protest committee now has its hands full trying to resettle a house in the small row of what's left of Marchell street. This house is rented from one of the Italians who lives in the street, Giulio Cersini. Giulio has been, up till now, fighting against the main roads department and great moral support for the rest of the group. Pressures on himself, his wife and his family have come to prove too much for them all however, and Giulio has decided to negotiate with the department for the two houses that he owns.

Which brings us back to the new tactics of the government. Its new strategy puts the onus on the landlord to make houses uninhabitable before any compensation is paid. It is written into the contract that the owner must evict his own tenants which means that the protest committee must leave their present residence or make the landlord liable.

So, where to go from here? It seems that the protest committee will have to have a change of plans, but they have not at least lost hope in their struggle. No matter how big the odds are against them. They are determin-

ed to battle on as long as they feel that they are achieving something positive for society.

The Night Raiders

PIOTR OLSZEWSKI

FROM the terraces: Melbourne developers are lying low and licker-

ing their wounds these days following the latest stand-off in Mid-

dle Park and Parkville. The South Melbourne council agreed late last year to prosecute demolition workers who began work on Lanark terrace in Middle Park in the middle of the night and commenced ripping it down. The demolition gang, presumably under the em-

ploy of Hooper House Units No. 2 Pty Ltd, will be prosecuted for breaking clauses 501, 1607 and 1609 of the Uniform Building Regulations of Victoria. This cov-

ers demolition without an appro-

priate permit and breaking various safety regulations such as inade-

quate scaffolding etc.

In Parkville the battle over Deloraine terrace continues (TLD 2/5). Tenants were supposed to be out of the terrace by February 9 but most are still residing there. Landlords acting for the develop-

ers, Compac, a division of E. A. Watts, have collected the “final

rent” but have given tenants several weeks “grace” and seem re-

luctant to take any positive step to turf residents out.

The Parkville Association, which are fighting the developers, is worried that if the building is left uninhabited vandals, acting on their own initiative, or on behalf of the developers, will wreck the house, giving an opening for dem-

olition under health regulations.

It's therefore interesting to note that last week a landlord worked into a vacated area of the terrace and commenced ripping off marble fireplaces. Parkville As-

sociation representatives put the word on the landlord that he should be doing this but he merely gave a “why not” shrug and continued his work. The rep-

resentatives then reported the landlord to the local CIB who are “investigating”.

Compac's man in charge of Deloraine, a pompous Cyril Bin, refused to give any comment to TLD on the company's attitude to the tenants, or the fact that a landlord in their employ has been

without a job and without housing the tenants, or the fact that a landlord in their employ has been

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SOLZHENITZYN: THE CASE AGAINST HYSTERIA

PAT FLANAGAN

WHY DISCUSS Solzhenitsyn?
Superficially, there seems no good reason. Even such local "champions" of Solzhenitsyn as Knopfelmacher concede that: "Solzhenitsyn’s literary work, apart from its intrinsic merit, contains almost nothing which has not been known about the Soviet system, or which was not easily available for detailed scrutiny in western countries, at least since the Moscow trials of 1936–38" (Nation review, January 25).

As for the theme of Solzhenitsyn’s latest book, Gulgur archipelago, Knopfelmacher adds that "the literature exploiting the true nature of Soviet Russia, with special reference to its concentration camp system — the Gulgur archipelago — has grown into a torrent since world war two, and is supported by the witness of millions of exiles who passed through the camps and reached the west." So why bother to talk about Solzhenitsyn’s arrest and deportation from the Soviet Union? There appears to be a radical discrepancy between the facts of Solzhenitsyn’s work and role in the USSR, and the hysterical press headlines of bourgeois press: "Solzhenitsyn — Stalinism is alive and well", "Living still with the ghost of Stalin", "Counter-government from Archipelago", "Solzhenitsyn puts us all on the spot", "and so on, ad nauseam).

There is and there isn’t. The plain facts are that for all his undoubted personal courage and sincerity, Solzhenitsyn is an avowed anti-marxist. His calls for freedom of expression, respect for the law, justice and law, can be construed by police as assault and battery, as when one would expect from a petit-bourgeois "intellectual", a member of a privileged elite stratum of Soviet society, with no links with the class of productive workers upon whose labors "intellectuals" are parasitically dependent.

The Soviet movement of "dissident" intellectuals led by Solzharov and Solzhenitsyn: Knopfelmacher goes so far as to call Solzhenitsyn "the head of the opposition" to the "totalitarian government" in the USSR. Solzhenitsyn is an anti-Marxist. His calls for freedom of expression, respect for the law, justice and liberty are precisely those of abstract-moralistic criticisms of the Soviet system and are not unusual. The hysteria and outraged denunciations of the Soviet Union for its persecution, arrest and expulsion of Solzhenitsyn in a word, for its "stalinism" — appear at first site totally disproportionate to the nature and social role of the Soviet 'dissident intellectuals' movement, and to the facts of political power in the USSR. If the state capitalist system there were Stalinist, in the true sense of that word, there’d be no Solzhenitsyn alive and well in exile.

On a closer examination, however, there is a very appropriate "fit", ideologically speaking, between the protests of Solzhenitsyn et al., and those of his bourgeois class stratum of Soviet society, with no links with the class of productive workers upon whose labors "intellectuals" are parasitically dependent.

For the terms of the bourgeois press’s condemnations of Solzhenitsyn in a word, for its "stalinism" — appear at first site totally disproportionate to the nature and social role of the Soviet “dissident intellectuals” movement, and to the facts of political power in the USSR. If the state capitalist system there were Stalinist, in the true sense of that word, there’d be no Solzhenitsyn alive and well in exile.

Of course one must criticise the barbarism of Stalinism, just as one must criticise the realities of class domination. In each case, this can only be done in revolutionary class terms, in terms of genuine socialism — not in the apparently super-class terms of abstract liberalism which constitutes in reality bourgeois class ideology.

It is by these standards that the hysterical championing of Solzhenitsyn by western ideologues for capitalism to be recognised and judged for what it is.

Up against the walls

FIOTR OLSZEWSKI

POLICE arrested three men and a woman at a demonstration outside Melbourne Pentridge prison’s A division on Sunday.

Demonstrators included the Prisoners Action Committee, members of the Builders Laborers Union, and others who were locked out.

This was the second consecutive weekend demonstration conducted by the Prisoners Action Committee who are urging Pentridge prisoners to demand better conditions. Members of the PAC, which has the support of 15 unions, was protesting against the release of political prisoners who guns will not be used against prisoners, as was the case at Bowden recently.

Demonstrators arrested were:
- Barry York, 22, secretary of the Plumbers and Tilers, the Amalgamated Metal Workers and the Builders Laborers’ Union, said that guns will not be used against prisoners.
- Thomas Rihsy Griffiths, 22 — same charges.
- Jean McLean, 35 — charged with resisting the police.
- Benjamin Merhab, 29 — charged with assault, assaulting police.

One of the demonstrators arrested described police action as the following:

Speakers were standing outside Pentridge near A division. Loud speakers were on poles raised above the south wall. Barry York commenced speaking through a microphone. Police moved in, grabbed him and arrested him. The loud speakers were turned off.

Another person, described as "irrelevant" spoke next and was also arrested.

McLean began to speak but police did not tackle her, instead they turned her away. She refused to repeat her statements. She was thrown in the van with others, later to be charged.

Police then moved in to disperse the crowds.

PAC committee member Robert Mathews was surprised by the arrest. He said that demonstrators did not expect to be moved back from the walls. He said the PAC will return to the prison every weekend.

Court sessions for arrested demonstrators are: Jean McLean, Coburg court, am, Thursday, February 21; Griffiths and York, Coburg Court, tuesday, February 26; Merhab, Coburg court, tuesday, February 19 (this case is expected to be adjourned).
The punishment of crime

The GOVERNOR is show-
ing in Sydney – it's not the
film, but the politics of the
justice Moffitt, head of the royal
commission into organised crime in
Australia. His report states that
secret evidence should lead to
major reshuffles and criminal
prosecutions in the NSW police
force.

There's a heap of evidence now
before the commission which sup-
pports allegations made in the
commonwealth police report. The
report, which forebodes a multi-
ty to judges and politicians, says
the unions have a major role in
the police force.

The report says, made inroads into the
NSW police, and that the police
force has been "riped off". A few days later
detectives working on the
NSW a basic correctional philoso-
phy. We'd have to establish what we
need to do with the sorts of solutions
we're looking for. If you've got a correc-
tional institution the idea is
to correct people, that is, after
their behavior so that when you
bring them out of the system they
are better humans, able to
cope with their own problems,
more able to integrate themselves
into the society.

The essential thing is to cor-
rect on the 95 percent of
prisoners who will be out of jail in
the next five years. They're going
to be back in the community.

They're the people who
clearly understand we should
concern ourselves with. Of course,
we're not asking for a system
like "habitual" and "animal"
and "idiot", but those are only words
that are used to try to categorise
these people as non-human, so
that we can deal with them in
a non-human way.

We've always thought so called
habitual criminals were more a
product of the prison system
itself.

Oh, certainly, I think you've
got a very good point there. One
of the things that people don't understand
about the so called habitual criminal, the fellow
who is coming in and out of jail all the
time, is that he does become
institutionalised. There's no doubt
about this. I've seen one outstand-
ing example of a fellow I know who's
got a first-rate mind, highly
intelligence fellow with a large
number of degrees, and that's
what he says, clever skills, who has to
engage in the lowest sort of oc-
cupation, because he's lost all initi-
atives, he's lost all social skills, he's
lost all ability to deal with other
criminals. When he's just out at
home in a prison situation.

And so he in as much a victim of
the prison system as anyone he
comes into contact with. But
there's been a long tradition of
royal commissions in
Australia, the royal
commissions that have been
formed, the royal commission into the Bathurst riot
will be looked into the areas must need
rectification.

Ideally that's what should occur; there should be a
tradition of royal commissions in
Australia since the 1800s, and
there's been only two of them that have
been worth two bob. I would
confidently predict what will hap-
pen as a result of the royal
commission that's going to be set up. I
could tell the government now
what will happen. There'll be three
or four people
sacked as a result of it; the
royal commission will end up being
another group of people who have
no connection with the jail; that there was a general freedom
of terror & fear, and that this sort of thing shouldn't happen. That's
what the result of it will be, not
because of any inexpertness in the
commissioner, whoever he might
be, not because of any inexpert-
ness in the people who will come before him, but because the terms of
reference of the royal commission
will be specifically devised to
exclude any connection of the present
administration, and they'll be de-
vised to whitewash the real causes,
the real cause that's deep inside the
administration of the prison system.

What will happen if there's
nothing done about the prisons?
We'd have to establish what we're going to do.

Look, I'm not in the fortune-
telling business, I'm not a clair-
voyant. I don't know what's going to
have been saying since it was form-
ed in august 1971 that unless
they're a hell of a lot better than
the prisons there will be bloodshed.
Everyone there there's a massive confrontation between the
corporate and the offenders and
inmates. My sympathy is with both these people in this situation as it is with
the inmates. They are just as much

** The crime of punishment...

Certainly. One of the other
things that makes this very expensive accommodation
that we've got in the prisons such a failure is that
penal system is being controlled
by people who have been
out of it for a long time and
they're not putting the penal system
off the government.

They couldn't raise the money.

Does reform of the prison
system demand reform of the
whole process of "justice" as well?

Oh, surely, there would have to be some concurrent legal reforms.
But the basic problem, the one
that's got to be faced, and it
doesn't matter how many fish
fingers you give them for dinner, if
you're trying to put someone in prison
and they're trying to do with our prisons. As
someone said to me today, Mc-
Geechan fiddles with fish fingers
while the jail burns; because he
refuses to give consideration to what the pockets of power in the
department must be. It's no use,
the prison system is going to be
power in 1965, changing the name from the prisons depart-
ment to the department of correc-
tive services. That's all they
understood, about changing names, not about changing correctional philo-
osophy.

Do you think the royal com-
mission into the Bathurst riot will
look into the areas must need
rectification?

**
TEARING DOWN THE BORDERS

DURING the second world war an American bomber pilot accidentally dropped some bombs on a peaceful Belgian village. The village became even more peaceful as another tiny part of the planet received involuntary population control.

The pilot, Garry Davis, felt responsible. His government did not. He then realised that if any government were to feel responsible, and so represent it, he would not be involved in war in the first place, and the only government that could do this would be a one world government. He has been acting on this realisation ever since.

His first move was in Paris in 1946 where at the American consulate he denounced that government, in citizenship and passport and declared himself stateless. America was embarrassed, the embassy protested, cajoled and threatened, but Garry was unmoved and firmly handed back his passport as if it were an outdated library book.

Garry Davis's situation was voluntary and unique. Fortunately another unique event was occurring in the United Nations. The institute that first used the concept of "one world". A world authority of humankind to which citizens could hold allegiance which would supersede national allegiances and end war, or so it is said.

The first UN General Assembly was in Paris at the Palais de Chaillot. The then secretary-general, Trygve Lie, symbolically declared the palace grounds international territory.

A gift from Davis' international territory for the first citizen of the world right in the middle of Paris! He rushed to the sacred spot only to be met by a gendarme who asked him to leave.

"But this is international territory, isn't it?"
"Yes . . . but . . ."
"I have left France then?"
"That means it isn't French."
"I'll have to leave then?"
"But you are still in Paris."

"Don't force me to break your own laws. It's illegal for me to be in France according to your bureaucracy."

"I have left. I am on international territory now. You have no jurisdiction."

The gendarme went off for instructions and Garry Davis set up a little campsite with a bible, a pot No. 1, and some came to support his cause, bring him food and water. Some were businessmen, professionals and issued about 6000 world passports to Thais, Burmese and others who wanted to satisfy their laws that nobody may walk around freely without identity papers. Some were given the passports without valid reasoning that "proper papers" he discovered the principle of the Double Negative, or the Thorn that Removes a Thorn. He printed his own World Travel Document No. 000001. "All I'm doing is putting another myth in front of their myth. People look at my passport and say 'but this is a joke'. Of course it's a joke. The whole thing is a travesty.

With this joke he has travelled half the world lecturing, demonstrating, rapping with people, including Nehru whom he met in India and who accepted an "honorary" passport.

Over the years he has printed a few pieces of respectable looking documentation with the prisoner's name and particulars is all they had to satisfy their laws that nobody may walk around freely without identity papers. Some were given the passports under false reasoning that "proper papers" he discovered the "proper papers" he discovered the principle of the Double Negative, or the Thorn that Removes a Thorn. He printed his own World Travel Document No. 000001. "All I'm doing is putting another myth in front of their myth. People look at my passport and say 'but this is a joke'. Of course it's a joke. The whole thing is a travesty.

With this joke he has travelled half the world lecturing, demonstrating, rapping with people, including Nehru whom he met in India and who accepted an "honorary" passport.

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Before this raid, two Algerians visited Garry's home while he was away, and asked one of the WSA family to issue them passports. The history of the passports and Garry's work was given to them along with the explanation that although all governments with a UN representative in principle must recognise the documents, many, in fact, including France, refuse to do so.

They were given the passports and the following day they tried to get into Germany but were refused entry and sent back to the French control. The French kept them several hours. The outcome was a statement the two signed saying Garry Davis had issued these passports under false pretences; that they had been told the passports were "official" and that entry into any country would be "automatic".

In June of this year he was formally charged with smuggling and counterfeiting under Penal Code 114. Maximum penalty five years imprisonment. A date for the trial has not yet been set.
LIVING OFF THE SMELL OF A RANCID ARMPT

IT'S THE REAL THING!

commercial now dwarfs excesses of Ceci B. de Mille. At this moment a swan, Melbourne motel is check-out with a film production crew... hire cars coming and going, room service round the clock, endless long distance phonecalls. It is the film production unit for a forthcoming TV commercial for Comfort fabric soother. In the penthouse suite with its "private access" staircase and graciously curved roof, two men worryedly pace the floor... One is the director, flown out especially from London, to repeat the success of the British version. The other is the cameraman; also imported from London, and similarly renowned. The worthy purpose of the Melbourne production is to duplicate the English commercial in every detail - right down to minor objects of furniture (for which people have been scouring the city for weeks).

Ordinarily, this 35 second epic would be shot in Sydney, but the moguls have finally moved to avoid the kids' exhaustion, but we just remind them that it's 10 bucks an hour.

For the past few days, the English director has been conducting auditions. The queues of the mums and their three year olds are said to circle the block. Actually, the final kid star has already been "discovered" in Sydney and brought across the border for this celluloid phantasmagoria. So why are Melbourne mums queuing? Because they are casting a stand in for the leading three year old. Yes, a long way from "I love Aeroplane Jelly"! If you were to join such 35 second spectaculars together to the length of a feature (an effect unconsciously approximated by the film Love story) then the huge budget would make The Great Gatsby's seem like a shoestring. The ad industry has superseded Hollywood in many other ways;

old children to a strict maximum of three hours. "Sometimes we like to work them five hours at a stretch," said one crew member, explaining the move to Melbourne. "Occasionally the mothers complain at the kids' exhaustion, but we just remind them that it's 10 bucks an hour..."

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with a star system, famed set designers and wardrobe managers and gossip... renowned rows between the creators and the clients... (the Otto Premingers of the scene, who pay for the rewards).

Yet this is not an industry of plurality and genius. One solitary message underlies the incessant barrage - one which incidentally unites the top echelons of the present system in unconscious conspiracy - and that message is this: Happiness = possession of material objects. It is children before all others, who are having this eternal cascade grafted upon their cerebral cortex.

People become famous through the success of TV commercials and those already so underline their reputations with endorsements; from the prime minister's wife to Brett Whiteley (for cigarettes until a last minute painting sale changed his mind).

Current box office superstar is Pierre von Arnim... "a handsome 23 year old who stands six feet, three and a half inches... and finds himself fighting off thousands of near hysterical fans... from six to 60" (Sunday telegraph, February 10). Look out, Jagger, the Marboro Man is stalking you; (the original outdoories model died recently and was farewellied in Time magazine's Milestones.) "Now most of Australia's youth is singing the jingle", continues the Sunday telegraph, "and Pierre has become a role model and a sex symbol to many women..."

"When I go on stage," matters the bewigged Pierre, "people faint. All I do is sing the lyrics and mime the piano. I think people must be looking for folk heroes - someone to look up to.

Shortly they will be making trailers for future commercials and tourist buses will take group tours through the majestic offices of Ogilvy & Mather, George Patterson of Australia's Metropolitan magazine's (the Otto Premingers of the industry's) after an American model died recently and was farewelled in Time magazine's Milestones.) "Now most of Australia's youth is singing the jingle", continues the Sunday telegraph, "and Pierre has become a role model and a sex symbol to many women..."

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IN THE beginning Dylan created folk-rock and brought protest to the Top 40. Then his poetry became void and without form and darkness was on the face of many Dylan fans. “Let there be light in your mind,” I thought. “Dylan has no protestin’ only he’s done it in a highly abstract poetry.”

It worked for six years on a book explaining how this was happening but on the seventh year I heard John Wesley Harding and decided I’d better take a rest. Dylan had become a junkie and was singing almost exclusively about junk. I had to find out why.

Since from dust Dylan did come, to dust I did go for an answer. Although I didn’t find it, I was able to get a lot of publicity for Dylanology this way.

By the time Nashville skyline came out the Great Flood Of Idiocy was in full swing and I packed my people into an Ark that was parked outside Dylan’s townhouse and we publicly prayed for the waters to recede and leave us with “the old Dylan”, or a reasonable facsimile thereof.

Our prayers were answered when the big D did the Bangla-townhouse and we publicly received him with “the old Dylan”, or a reasonable facsimile thereof.

Strange music is the favorite since its bizarre imagery is Dylan circa ’65 all the way. In it Dylan makes his first reference to pot in years—“Let me blow a lil smoke on you...” then writes, “Bob Dylan won’t you roll over and just die (He’s Kick-ed)? Right after the last verse Dylan does a guitar riff that sounds exactly like Yoko Ono’s primal screams... in fact once you pick up on this riff you realise the whole song was ripped off the Yoko.

Tough mama is the delicate choice out of many Dylan fans. After the song is literal—“You know I can’t sleep at night for tryin’...” he says he hopes people will eventually figure out what he’s saying... “I wait for you to come and grab hold of my hand!”

Wedding song is a hymn to Judaism containing many biblical metaphors—“eye for eye,” “bathed on me” along with one from the Cabala, “circle’s been complete”; and another from the Siddur—“watch my senses die.” (On Yom Kippur Jews pray for a rabbi who refused to denounce his religion and was slowly demdened and forced to “watch his senses die”). His use of “born to” and “natural thing for me” further support my contention that Bobby’s singing about Judaism and not his wife Sara.

After being raised up in an orthodox Jewish household and hating every stinkin’ moment of it this song makes me puke. As far as I’m concerned the Bible, the Talmud, the Shulchon Ochre is full of lies and superstition and is irrelevant to almost everything. I’ve been a confirmed atheist since age 14 and think it’s a shame Dylan’s monomaniac has switched from opium to the opiate of the people-religion. I can only hope that he emphasises the humanitarian aspects of Judaism and doesn’t turn into a “Adonais freak” (the Jewish equivalent of a Jesus freak).

All in all, it looks like Dylan is on the way to becoming a radical Jew and a potent force on the pop scene. Let’s hope he can do something about the insanity and inhumanity of the Palestinians, forgetting about the six million Jews systematically murdered by the nazi and the Israelis forgetting about the two million Palestinians “living” in tents and shacks in the deserts.

A. J. WEBERMAN

DYLAN DELINQUENT: OR HOW NOT TO WRITE A RECORD REVIEW

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A. J. WEBERMAN

THE LIVING DAILYLIGHTS, february 19-25, 1974 — Page 9
S O, THE poms are going to go to the polls on the eve of a bitter major strike. I suppose the straight aussie press is a bit fazed by events (having already spent two months crowing about grim old “Crisis Britain” and just about passing out of fresh metaphors of doom). It’s confusing all right. Heath says he wants the miners to work “for the benefit of the miners and “stop the extremists who are destroying democracy”. A red scare election is never a happy period. Wilson works hard with “Labour”. Enoch Powell, gamboling on a very dirty, says that Heath’s a fraud. And the miners? Despite an attempt by their boss, Joe (Gormless) Gormley, to sell out before they began, they’ve gone ahead with their strike.

No one’s too sure about the election. Too much could happen over the next three weeks. The immediate problem is what is going to happen when the miners go back. They get not be free to smash the miners strike – and any further working day by day by just about any means necessary.

What will the miners do? To win they will have to repeat the tactics used in 1919-1920. Flying pickets (pickets which move swiftly from site to site by vans and cars) combined with walkouts and the distribution of coal stocks to power stations. New tactics may be necessary as well. The miners were incredibly militant. It was not sit-at-home affair. Miners travelled all round the country to picket “power-stations. On pickets they wrecked property (Kent miners said they were prepared to kill the police van on the Downs if necessary). Squads of cars chased scab lorries, doing things like taking out the drivers in vans with hand guns in their hands behind as the lorry was moving and spilling the coal on the road.

In some areas miners wives got involved as well. In Betteshanger they organised the bulk buying of food and went round with a list of people who could not go to picketing. In Rugeley (Staffs) women down went to the social security office and dumped all their goods and refused to pay. (There was also a lot of solidarity shown to the miners by students and friends – and the miners at Rugeley had even occupied their senate hall so that miners could have a place to meet. They are very different from the one we usually hear about."

Militarising the Police

I N A SITUATION where the normal forms of political control are breaking down, government does not automatically fall at Heathrow, and lead to a “military takeover”. SALTLEY, Birmingham: 10,000 workers – definitely be its number one priority. Suddenly people are asking nervously: What will the miners do? To win they will have to repeat the tactics used in 1919-1920. Flying pickets (pickets which move swiftly from site to site by vans and cars) combined with walkouts and the distribution of coal stocks to power stations. New tactics may be necessary as well. The miners were incredibly militant. It was not sit-at-home affair. Miners travelled all round the country to picket “power-stations. On pickets they wrecked property (Kent miners said they were prepared to kill the police van on the Downs if necessary). Squads of cars chased scab lorries, doing things like taking out the drivers in vans with hand guns in their hands behind as the lorry was moving and spilling the coal on the road.

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...but who will speak for freedom?

B RITAIN prepares

From WINSTON SMITH in Leeds

SALTLEY was the turning point in the miners strike. It struck at the heart of ruling class confidence. Up to then Heath and Co had succeeded in making out that resistance to their policies was either supported by small groups of extremists bent on fomenting trouble at any cost. But at Saltley the numbers were numbered and intimidated by the anger of thousands of workers who had pounding hearts and groundswell of public opinion. The whole short notice. The spectacle of Saltley has haunted Heath and his gang to this day. Mass working class resistance.

In 1972 the miners won an historic victory. But can they win in 1974 if Heath is re-elected? The worst of the miners strike is over and no such short notice. The spectacle of Saltley has haunted Heath and his gang to this day. Mass working class resistance.

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FOR AN EARLY 1984

then appointed new commandant of the Army School of Infantry, Warminster — the top teaching post in the country. In between he took time off in Oxford — that academic city of dreaming spires — to dream up a book called "Low Intensity Operations" which is now a standard army text.

The main theme of Kitson's book is cold and simple: the British army must transform itself into an anti-subversive force capable of dealing with growing civil disorder in Britain. Kitson's book caused a furor when it appeared. Several trade unionists and left Labour MPs called for his sacking. Nothing was done.

Despite government disclaimers, it's clear that Kitson's views now carry the day among top military brass. His book appeared with H.M. Stationery copyright and was published with defence ministry permission. It carries an introduction by army chief of staff, general Sir Michael Carver, who describes it as "written for the soldier of today as preparation for the operations of tomorrow!" Recent interviews with other top army men have confirmed that in the land of army strategy Kitson is king. In addition the Tory minister for defence endorsed Kitson's stress on internal defence in a recent Tory pamphlet.

Most vocal in support of Kitson are officers who've had experience in Ulster. The warfare in Ulster is guerrilla warfare. In accordance with counter-insurgency ideas, soldiers there are trained to separate the fish from the water — that is, the IRA from the catholic and, to a lesser extent, the extreme protestant guerrillas from the protagonists.

The solution is seen as rooting out these "extremists".

But according to the press and TV the present political and industrial trouble in England is likewise the fault of "extremists". If Ulster can flare into civil war, can't it happen back home? As one parachute major put it in The guardian interviews: "You get odd comments from the Toms (private soldiers) like 'Next time we'll be in Glasgow'....."

"There is just this general feeling that England is cracking slightly, that the facade is crumbling."

Other officers point out how accessible are the techniques of urban terrorism: "... it's a fact that cops have to walk in four on the Liverpool docks, isn't it? Magnify the Angry Brigade ten times and you see the sort of problems the British may be facing in ten years time." Ulster soldiers see phenomena like violent pickets and groups like the Angry Brigade (who carried out bomb attacks on cabinet ministers and bogies) as a prelude of bigger trouble to come.

Kitson's delights

ITSON makes no bones about his belief that Britain's slide towards industrial chaos is a job for the army. Here are some choice delights from his military menu:

- Militant communities in England: "There are other potential trouble spots in the UK which might involve the army in operations against political extremists who are prepared to resort to a considerable degree of violence to achieve their ends."

Mass protest: "If a genuine and serious grievance arose such as might result from a significant drop in the standard of living, all those who now disrupt their protest over a wide variety of causes might concentrate their efforts and produce a situation which was beyond the power of the police to handle. Should this happen the army would be required to restore the situation rapidly."

The only disarming thing about Kitson is his bluntness. Unlike the old pulka military establishment he doesn't even make a show of ethical concern. Even if a grievance is in his own words "genuine and serious" the army will have to intervene and that's elsewhere he returns to the metaphor of guerillas as fish and the population as water and says, "...conceivably it might be necessary to kill the fish by polluting the water."

Likewise he defines subversion as any form of resistance which goes outside the law of the day. By that definition a very large part of the labor movement in this country is engaged in subversion.

He himself is completely cynical about the law. "It should be used as just another weapon in the government's arsenal and in this case it becomes little more than a propaganda cover for the disposal of unwanted members of the public."

1974 Britain

ENGLAND today definitely fits Kitson's idea of a country in the early stages of "subversion". What is his recipe for this situation? In the very early stages of subversion the intelligence organisation has got to be able to penetrate small targets — highly secure targets. "... if you follow Kitson's theories he says the army cannot be more active now than later: "It is far easier to penetrate a subversive movement when it is using covert action means than it is when the movement is wholly clandestine because of the number of people involved."

On one level, Kitson is just talking sound military sense, like any counter-insurgency expert worth his salt. The freaky thing is that he is talking this "sense" about Britain in the here and now. And that this is the man who holds the top army teaching post in the country.

With guys like Kitson around, it takes a lot of self-control for any militant to avoid paranoia, especially with a Labour Nards election just round the corner and particularly with the miners strike now on. But it's so hard to get concrete information.

We could do with some Washington post journalists.) Occasional bits of information come to light, about joint army/police meetings on internal security, about army intelligence/special branch linkups, the army plugging in to police computers; army training exercises with the police forces; army expert training army techniques at police training HQ etc. But we lack any comprehensive counter-counter-intelligence.

Dad's Army against its sons?

WHATSOEVER happens during the present miners dispute, the problem of military interference is bound to increase. England looks set for increasing industrial and political unrest. Increasing unrest means increasing repression. But the more the government relies on the forces of hard repression, the more dependent on them it must become. With the police forces badly weakened the army must have future governments over a barrel.

It's all very well for the civil powers to panic over the miners how to deal with internal subversion. But the army can only equip itself to deal with internal subversion by developing its own powers. Ulster has given birth to a monster which future British governments are going to find difficult to control — even if they want to. The reason for this lies in the logic of the new warfare, which Kitson courts again and again, is to win the minds of the people. You can only win this kind of warfare by rooting out the enemy before they take to the streets. Propaganda counts for everything. The army has to give priority to countering the ideology of its enemy.

In the English context this means that the army has to involve itself in persuading the population that "communism" and "reds" and "extremists" are wrong. Kitson's soldiers cannot avoid being political soldiers. The "new warfare" in Britain means in Kitson's words "the fusion of civil and military functions to fight battles which have primarily politi-cal objectives". The more the army is trained to do battle inside its own country the more its "politics" are likely to become autonomous from that of the government's.

Already many of the top military caste make no secret of their view that the politicians are ochreans who blindly fumble while corrupt parliament is broke and Black while the extremists are out posting their letter-bombs. The days of the obedient military under civilian control are numbered. Unless America or Europe bull out English capitalism from its present dire straits, the day of the jackal may soon be at hand — before 1984 too.
treatment is not a cure for hyperactivity, but only servers to mask the problem. And yet he conservatively estimates that nationally in the US at least two million of the approximately five million children labelled hyperactive are given drugs but receive no other kind of therapy or treatment. One school official in Yolo County, California says that nearly 16% of the children in his school are taking behavior modifying drugs, and drug company officials say this figure is not uncommon.

Feingold first stumbled across this probable link between synthetic food additives and some forms of hyperactivity eight years ago when he was asked to treat a woman suffering from giant hives. As soon as the woman went on a special diet without artificial food coloring and flavors, the hives cleared up.

A short while later, Feingold received a call from a psychiatrist who had treated this woman for serious psychological problems. The diet had stopped the woman's mental problems along with her hives, and the psychiatrist wanted to know what had happened.

After this experience, Feingold began paying particular attention to behavior problems and hyperactivity. In the past five or six years, he has treated approximately one hundred hyperactive cases. Many of these children — often characterized in early infancy as "crib rockers" and described later as "frenetic" or exhibiting compulsive behavior like beating their heads against walls — had already been put on drugs.

In an adult, using Ritalin or amphetamines has the effect of making one more active. But in the case of hyperactive children, the drugs seem to have the "paradoxical" reverse effect of slowing them down. The scientific explanation of this phenomenon is still conjectural, and some experts are now beginning to question whether the effect is really in fact paradoxical.

These specialists point out that hyperactive children normally quiet down when put in stressful situations like visiting a doctor's office. Amphetamines and Ritalin, they hypothesize, could be putting the child under constant stress. Their ability to concentrate, however, might not have improved at all. Long-term use of stress-inducing drugs would have disastrous effects on the children's nervous system and general health.

In about 80 percent of the cases in which the children had already been put on drugs, Feingold found that once the children had been put on a diet which cut out artificial food coloring and flavors, the hives disappeared.

Feingold mentioned two cases as examples, that of an 11-year-old boy who insisted on riding his bicycle towards oncoming cars and another boy who compulsively dug holes in the yard near his house. Neither child could be controlled by his parents. But after being on diets free from artificial flavors and coloring, both children returned to normal behavior.

Most children, Feingold says, can probably cut their diets fairly quickly once they are on a careful diet. Many children are nearly impossible to keep children away from the ubiquitous food additives. The effects of the food industry are so complex that host people don't know what they're eating, and food package labels are often illegible or incomprehensible (see TLD, 1/9).

In one case, Feingold says, a child had been treated with Ritalin from the age of three and a half, and several years later he still couldn't control himself. Two weeks after being kept away from synthetic dyes and flavorings, his behavior became normal. A few weeks after that, however, the boy was back in a hyperactive state. It turned out that he had eaten a doughnut with synthetic coloring. He again returned to normal, but then continued to eat jelly and anything containing artificial coloring. Since there are almost no medicines for children in the form of artificial flavoring or dye, in treating the cold the child once more became uncontrollably hyperactive.

The theory that at least some hyperactive behavior is the result of allergic reactions has already begun to spark interest across the country, and Feingold says that an increasing number of educators and parents are identifying allergic factors in learning disabilities. In his own research Feingold is limiting his study to artificial food additives and synthetic dyes.

For the present, Feingold thinks it would be impractical to try banning the additives completely. At the very least, however, he would like to see legislation requiring food manufacturers to use a recognizable symbol on food boxes indicating the use of artificial flavors and synthetic dyes. He would then like to see a campaign to alert parents of children who might be allergic or hyperactive.

The medicos, of course, love these injections — all sorts. As Shaw pointed out nearly a hundred years ago, they were welcomed by parents because they enable doctors to collect lovely fees from people who are not sick.

Perhaps the worst feature of the Salk swindle was the fact that the products of the same involved the slaughter of millions of rhesus monkeys. Evolutionarywise, monkeys are pretty close relatives of ours. Their biology resembles ours closely. Naturalists have reported that in their natural state, living on their natural diet of fruits, shoots and nuts, monkeys are never sick.

How ironic, how deplorable, that and tough sickliness on himself by his unnatural living habits, should slaughter millions of these creatures, harmless creatures in a maniac attempt to protect himself from the traits of his own folly. The slaughter may not have been the worst of it.

Imagine them trapped, caged, and transported in those cages to distant places where a single murder was committed. There was for many years (possibly there still is) a reward of $25,000 for the surrender of the colony. The slaughter may not have been the worst of it.

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Tuesday

CLASSICS
ALBERT ZANDA with members of CARL PINI ANDERSEN, from the Music House Museum, 1.00 and 2.30 p.m. at Flagstaff Gardens, 12.10, 1.20, and 2.20 p.m. (NRC): Trak, John Cleese, and Chad. Raja, and Images: 3AR, 10.30, 11.15, and 11.55 a.m.

MOODYS AND THE BARBER OF SEVIL — COMEDY OF DE DANCE. 3 pm and 6.30 pm. $5.50-$15.00, inquire first.

ROCK, FOLK, BALLADS
BLAZE, WARREN WILLIAMS: Cinema, 8.30 pm, $2.00.
DON DE SILVA: Macquarie Hotel, Mosman, 7.30 pm. $2.00.

THE BARBER OF SEVIL — OPERETTA. 4.30 pm and 7.30 pm. $6.50-$10.50, inquire 29.8441, 6.30 pm, $2.00.

69ERS: Forum Youth Lounge, Randwick, 7.00 pm.

TV, RADIO
WINDRiders of THE SABANA — Sailing ships across the desert doors. 8.30 pm, $7.95.

THE BIG SLEEP — murder mystery. 8.30 pm, $7.95. Reserve as a picture: Channel 7, 10.00 pm.

PHILosophERS IN DEBATE — Karri Poppy and John Eccles on utilitarian, science, philosophy, ABC Radio. 7.30 pm.

INSIDE ALVIN PURPLE — Hunter hotel, a story on the film: Channel 7, 10.30 pm.

FLMS
HENDRIX: Manly Silver Screen, 5.30 pm, $2.00.

JazzHouse of the 18th century composer: ABC Radio 2, 4.00 pm.

FANCY FOOTWORK
THE DANCE COMPANY of NSW — Second season. 1974. 8.30 pm, $5.00.

THE BARBER OF SEVIL — OPERETTA. 4.30 pm and 7.30 pm. $6.50-$10.50, inquire 29.8441, 6.30 pm, $2.00.

THE TU LIP — TV. 8.30 pm, Radio ABC 1, 11 pm.

THE G O O NS — TV. 8.30 pm, Radio ABC 1, 11 pm.

SILK, SCREEN, POTTERY: FILM, MAKING — Arthur Street, Surry Hills. 5.00 pm, $2.00.

WEDNESDAY

FLMS
CHINA — THE RED DOG. 8.30 pm, 11.00 pm. Free showing: Filmakers Cinema, 1.00 pm, $1.00.

SANDSTON AND TINSEL by Bergman, plus THE O'BRIEN. 1.00 pm and 4.30 pm, Opera House, 7.30 pm, $2.00.

HENDRICK: Manly Silver Screen, 5.30 pm, $2.00.

THE PRIMA DONNAS OF THE ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA by our own. 1.00 pm, $1.00.

Meetings
Council of Welfare and Rehabilitation holds open night to discuss the recent proposed Welfare Welfare ACT: 149 Palmer st, Sydney, 8.00 pm.

THursday

FLMS
T S O — THE MAGIC FLUTE by Mozart. 8.15 pm.

TUCKER
UNIV OF NSW CO-OP: Free films, fruit, veggies, and freead House Loans, 9.45 am.

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PETROL, as any ash will tell you, makes the world go around. If your machine, whatever its function, does not run on electricity, gas or some primitive clockwork mechanism, chances are that you need petrol fuel. Think of that next time you oil a door hinge.

Petrol, they claim with empirical arguments, drives the engines of economics as it does the engines of cars. And like cars, economies must move and be lubricated or run to degeneration through lack of use.

So we have such things as petrol-fuelled wars. They are not subject to ordinary laws of economics though they rest their entire power on them. They are linked by the anvil of time and order into a chain of perception which binds them to the laws of universal motivation. That is, they feed off those who must for no reason other than to survive, feed off them.

Petrol company executives are the gods in this game. They are mortal men who have grasped a rung in the ladder of wealth, which is a natural pattern and who, like fated beings, see fit to direct and divert the proceedings as they created the very laws of the universe. They make a bummer all round and usher for themselves.

Oil holds all the excitement and romance of gold. It is costly to develop, and once in use, must be refined and distributed to various grades of use (petrol, kerosene and gas) at a cost of about 30 cents per gallon to the petrol company in the form of a profit margin. It must be found, ready made, and sold in the market, which exists, though it is usually a consumer market, though demand is guaranteed.

In a bid to discover what the spirit of selling petrol with a smile was all about I went to work for a petrol retailer on the south coast of NSW. My boss ran three service stations along a 30 mile stretch of coast and these were leased to him by the petrol company directly which in turn was heavily backed with overseas capital.

The station at which I was stationed had been bought out from previous owners only two days before my arrival. Patronage came from local residents during the week and from tourists on weekends and holidays. Most locals, under the banner of various credit unions, had enjoyed a five cent discount per gallon of petrol and since the previous owner had not kept a large stock of accessories, their profits came almost entirely from mechanical repairs.

Since the retail profit margin on one gallon of petrol is a little under eight cents for super grade petrol it was decided to discontinue the discounts. This proved little more than a bluff when many customers who claimed to be regulars from years back threatened to take their business elsewhere.

So the profitmaking potential of the workshop was increased by the installation of advanced electronic analysing and tune-up gear together with all the modern innovations under the sun which could be written off against tax and also lessen the standard time for making straightforward repairs while retaining the standard price.

With the new equipment the time factor had been approximately halved so in reality customers were paying double the price on a money per time basis.

Accessory lines soon filled the shelves with everything from the humble electric fuse to expensive pressure-packed instant tyre repair kits. I discovered after watching a stocktake that the general mark-up on accessory lines was 100 percent on the wholesale price. For every dollar taken for an accessory product, such as polish or any pre-packaged product other than oil and gas, 50 cents was pure profit to the boss. Special additives were available from the petrol company to maintain petrol at various grades of two-stroke fuel and this increased the profit margin on the petrol itself while a profit was still to be made on the additives.

The station's owner had once said, "I have been a petrol retailer on the south coast for over 15 years, have seen petro­lum companies move and be lubricated through lack of use. They must move and be lubricated or run to degeneration through lack of use."

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The craker's history dates back to 1923: Bob Cadwell built the first house on the beach south of Dobroyd Point and was later joined by Cec Pearse and Len Hunter; over the next ten years, a community evolved, grown­th and romance of gold. It is costly to develop, and once in use, must be refined and distributed to various grades of use (petrol, kerosene and gas) at a cost of about 30 cents per gallon to the petrol company in the form of a profit margin. It must be found, ready made, and sold in the market, which exists, though it is usually a consumer market, though demand is guaranteed.

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The steady invasion of the Irish catholic Labor stamping ground

When our photographer DON SHARP returned from the streets and people of Melbourne's Richmond he said, "I've never seen a place with such depth, with so many sides, with so many layers. Looking at it on a map you don't realise it is so BIG." Richmond is big. It's big, blowzy and boisterous a vestige of times past, of turn-of-the-century industrialisation, of community pride, it's a city now feeling its old identity being replaced.

RICHARD COONEY and ROB FASCOE, two Melbourne university students, spent a large part of their summer vacation in looking back over their old home town and came up with this sketch.

EVEN am in Melbourne on a Monday morning and the sun rises slowly over the mile stretch of Bridge road from the Hawthorn bridge to Punt road. The early morning traffic marks have started; businessmen and office workers juggle for the fast moving lanes to get to the city on time. The more adventurous/desperate burn down some parallel side street to get ahead of the mob. Richmond, thorn bridge to Punt road. The early morning traffic snarls have started; busier fast moving lanes to get to the city on time. The more adventurous/desperate burn down some parallel side street to get ahead of the mob. 

The workers don't join this automania; they ride the overcrowded public transit. Gaggles of migrant process workers collect at the tram stops along Bridge road and Church street, and those that are running late pile into a taxi - better to pay out than lose your job. Richmond.

The average Richmond day begins at 6 am; dad eats his breakfast, mum makes the kids lunches; dad rushes off to work; the kids get ready to head off to the factory. Breakfast is an operation finely geared to the timetable of the industrial system.

As the shops in Bridge road and Swan street open, the city's commercial day begins and the flow of goods-carrying vehicles along Richmond's main thoroughfares increases. Slowly the main streets fill with their work-a-day inhabitants - housewives with kids, old migrant women, assorted businessmen and tradesmen and, finally, the inevitable old pensioner men who drift around the streets fill with their work-a-day inhabitants - housewives with kids, old migrant women, assorted businessmen and tradesmen and, finally, the inevitable old pensioner men who drift around the streets.

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Populated by 300 raucous urchins whose fathers worked at the abattoirs, the goings-on both in the playgrounds and in the toilet blocks made Blackboard jungle look effeminate.

"It was only by swaying their T-squares like oars that the teachers survived a single period, while many of my pre-pubescent classmates spent their entire day grooping and grabbing at each others groins. Sometimes hardly a head would be visible above the desks as grubby little atys and nymphets wrestled on the floor."

It was also in the simpler 50s that "Soft John" flourished. A symbol of working class generosity; this remarkable old fellow lived in Maddern grove, opposite Burnley railway station. A lone pensioner, Soft John used to buy and sell bicycle parts, mainly with children. Scored by many parents, he enticed the friendship of countless children with his bike tyres, wheels, spare parts etc. His house was filled with Overflowing with such items, stacked or hung across the hallway, in every room and in the backyard. Someone decided in the mid 60s that Maddern grove had to be widened, so Soft John had to go. His house was demolished, but his memory was triumphantly preserved by the bike parts littering the vacant site for many months after.

The fate of Soft John - "vindicated" to some hinterland middle class suburb on the edge of Melbourne's metropolitan sprawl - was to be the fate of many other Richmondties as "slum clearance" programs were initiated in the grim days of the late 60s.

Urban authorities had discovered "poverty", measured, of course, in easily quantifiable non-cultural, economic terms. A new name for the compulsory banishment of working class families to the anonymous uniformity of outer suburbs was found: "Urban Renewal". On this pretext the housing commission bulldozers moved in.

OLD STYLE POLITICS

The muscle of the old Richmond lies in the Richmond city council. Of the 15 councillors, ten were originally elected during or before 1966. And the man who is at present holding the mayoralty, Cr J. A. Loughnan JP, was first elected to council in 1931.

The ALP runs such a tight machine in Richmond that all important council decisions come straight from caucus. A notice paper is not provided for the public gallery. Recent agitation to open council meetings for the public was scornfully rejected by the mayor. Daley's Chicago could not be as "tight" as Richmond.

Jackie died in mid 1972, both admired and despised by the Richmond citizenry. He was undoubtedly one of the few politicians who knew the real wants and needs of his electorate, even if his heavy-handed tactics were so notorious that they became legendary.

Jackie was always ready to help a bloke in trouble. If ever you wanted any perks pulled (a job for a micrant son on the council) or a housing commission flat...
on the old racecourse estate), then Jackie was the man to see. The Little General held court for these purposes every morning at 10 am on the old granite steps of the town hall. Jackie shunned the formalities of public office. The local machine was "Jackie's Machine"; and things were just as they should be. The Little General held power, first, by eliminating all opposition to him (amongst the local ALP branches and Secondly, by "managing" council elections.

An independent survey of branch members of the Richmond ALP in 1972 revealed a large number of O'Connell's relatives holding positions of council. Thirty-two people were recently discovered to be "non-locally born" Richmond, but were "local branch members" with addresses c/o town hall, the council depot or non-existent residences. Council jobs aimed to supply a few of the boys with bogus addresses c/o town hall, the council depot, the local abattoirs or non-existent residences. Council jobs were simply supplied a few of the boys with bogus membership cards.

It's not surprising that old Jack O'Connell won every vote; for, as he said to a local Socialist Left man who had just lost his council pre-selection — "You gotta get up early to beat the little general". When another member got up at that meeting to voice his concerns about the democratically nature of the pre-selection, the ballot was a postal ballot and thus contrary to state ALP rules, a few of the boys politely told him that it really was not democratic. The member courteously withdrew.

Jackie performed best out on the hustings, however; few of his ALP men ever failed to get returned, and he was so popular that they reckoned even the "dead turned out to vote for him".

Jackie's best campaigners were the boys of the "Flying Squad" council workers who in the dark of night took out council trucks to paste up the tickets in all the most remote spots, at the top of all those who had shifted or died since the electoral roll was last revised. Come election day and the boys would obligingly vote on behalf of these people.

There are many stories of stooges presenting themselves at the polling table and then having to humble through their pockets for the piece of paper with their "name" on it, or of people voting, going out the door, changing their hat etc, and coming back to vote again.

And when O'Connell died, Bemie and the boys of the Flying Squad took out an ad in Melbourne's Sun obituary column. Their epitaph was short and to the point: "The General will return."

Craig Loughnane, the present mayor, is firmly in this tradition. When we rang him last week in the hope of gaining an interview, his refusal was straightforward and blunt. But he has a certain self-effacing attitude; in his tough, gruffly voice he said he was "just a run-of-the-mill councillor".

The cult of "tigerism" is of course no where near as strong as in the old days. However, curious enough the migrant kids, perhaps sensing too their social inferiority and need for assertion, are rediscovering it and buying their black and yellow jumpers by the dozen.

Most of the day-to-day administration is, in fact, left to Eyres and his Town hall underlings. These men, responsible for building permits, garbage collection, road repairs etc — are "pocket dictators", knowing no duty but the ALP machine. The track record of this set-up is not impressive by conventional standards of local government. Richmond's 1972 deficit was $111,928. Footpaths in the area remain unrepaved, 500 household heads in the highest flats don't have their names on council rolls, the local abattoirs (which sit on public land) are heavily subsidised by the council.

The politics of the city council are entombed in the past. Recent sociological and economic changes in the region have swept it by: Every nook and cranny of Richmond now holds a different lifestyle. Richmond is no longer homogeneous and the men in city hall, try as they may, cannot hold back the tide, let alone bring back the past.

"EAT 'EM ALIVE, TIGERS!!" The tiger has long been an integral part of the Richmond mythology, both among old Richmondites and strangers. It was primarily — through its aggressive football sides — that Richmond became known to the rest of the world. The corporate identity of the old Richmond community was bound up with the tiger and the adoration to "eat 'em alive". A homogeneous community of working class Irish catholics set adrift in a sea of protestantism could only respond with the unstrained aggression and communal unity which the tiger embodies. As one of Richmond's original heroes, Jack "Captain Blood" Dyer, once said: "If Richmond you only had to learn two things: how to play football for the tigers and how to vote Labor."

THE LIFESTYLE and prospects of Richmond's large immigrant community (Greeks, Italians, Yugoslav's and Turks) are tinged with sadness and despair at the wastage of human talents — a situation which has for so long been associated with the working class there. The migrant community, although more prosperous, is in the same social position as was the working class during the 30s and 40s.

Consigned to the role of fodder for the industrial system, the old values of self-reliance are soon broken down and new ones of acquisitiveness and materialism acquired. Somehow the culture of the old country is lost under the deadening impact of the Richmond social environment. Italian migrants who once listened to opera or followed theatre, now sit home and watch Homemade and collect all the little trinkets that mark off a migrant household.

The extended family relations of many migrants are broken down as upwardly mobile branches of the family move out into the outer suburbs and, finally, the kids react against the old authoritarian ways and values and hang out in the Richmond cafes and gangland scenes. One of the most depressing sights can be to see them separate, women, arrested for the market place at Palermo, totally lost in the cacophony and swirl of Bridge road at peak hour.

It's still, hot summer's evening; The hay was still from the farm, Mixing the fumes of the passing traffic. With the lingering smells of the evening meal.
To produce a stifling aroma
That will hang over the commission flats
Till the early morning cool
Brings a new day,
like a clean pair of underwear.

These are the words of Methodist minister Phillip Andrews, who lives and works among the people of the Elizabeth street housing commission area. His vision of the future is a realisation by housing commission dwellers that an all mod cons house in Mulgrave is not worth striving after, that they must relate to their social problems of the present. His anxiety about the future of Richmond is as real as his affirmation of low-rent housing in commission towers.

PART of the exposure to middle class ways of thinking Richmond has experienced in the most recent years has been the scrutiny of academia. Richmond was previously only the study of intellectual deviants like historians and political scientists, but now it is fair game for the vanguard of the New Academia - sociologists, town planners, educationists etc.

In 1969 James Bolger compared the changes in land use since the 1954 Board of Works survey of Richmond. He noted the dramatic changes over those 15 years, and then suggested some specific "renewal" needs. He made some token statements about "careful preservation", but let his premises slip with this sentence: "Renewal that does not improve the street layout and leaves Richmond with narrow streets and lanes, will be inadequate for today's traffic needs." The question is: whose traffic needs? The people of working class Richmond, or the Kew-Camberwell motorists?

And in 1971 James Holdsworth and P. Harris embarked on a thesis entitled Forced relocation from Richmond: the effects on ex-residents. Their aim was to analyse the results of the compulsory eviction of 450 people from North Richmond to make way for housing commission blocks. With typical academic short-sightedness, these town planners did not widen their angle of vision: "The fact that it was the housing commission that forced the move is unimportant." Their results are easily quantifiable "facts". For example, 37 percent of the evictees remained in Richmond, the others being scattered far and wide through the outer suburbs. But the subjective significance of that "fact" is surely that only about one-third of the evictees were able to remain in the region. No doubt they were competing with trendy for alternative housing in Richmond.

Academic toil will not have much impact on the future of Richmond if these attitudes prevail. More important in terms of the shifting interplay of social forces has been the influx of flat-dwelling cityworkers, first in West Richmond and now in the south and centre as well. Property developers turned a fast buck by erecting three- and four-storey apartments in the midst of long-established residential areas. This influx predated the "trendy" invasion - long before people thought of renovating terrace houses and workers' cottages - and led to a highly transient form of living.

True, some flat-dwellers take their residence in the area seriously. But the majority are interested only in short-term low-rental housing and quick access to the city.

The irony of it all is that for young marrieds to move into Richmond - even if only temporarily - was unthinkable a few years ago. North Balwyn matrons were horrified at the thought of their dear young daughters living in . . . Rich­ mond! But the social stigma was lost when people realized the "practical" aspect of inner-suburban living.

The saddest thing that could happen to Richmond would be to see it gobbled up by the creeping culture of inner suburban "trend" living. Whether it will develop a new heterogeneous culture made up of the old Irish working class, the migrants and the middle class will depend on whether the residents and the public authorities do something about preserving what is there. It's a beautiful suburb and it's worth saving from the tentacles of the great white beast.
The house at the previous Sydney Schoolkids address has been demolished, much to our surprise, so contributors hold their line until we locate a permanent good site for young Sydney Schoolkids editor, John Geake. People

Shane comes from Sunshine, a suburb to the west of Melbourne. Television's great puzzles come from where families are always struggling to keep a neat home, and turn to alcohol. Then the arguments become worse and can't handle these social pressures. "You get a lot of people who can't handle these social pressures, in turn to alcohol. Then the arguments become worse and it is being wasted on alcohol. Pretty soon you find that a man is beating his wife and kids every night he's drunk, and smashing furniture.

"After about 10 years of these aggressive incidents, a young child of about six, who is now 16, is pretty used to these things, and he or she finds something to break, or someone to hit. This takes some off their minds and in some stupid way it also eases their minds to see someone in pain, to let other people know what pain is, as they feel that they are the only people in the world who have any idea of the kinds of pressures all their life."

After the usual lecture, she decided to send him to his sister's place for a couple of days. Greg stayed there for three days, and was ready to go home as it was the Friday that Chris was due back. Anyway, Chris ended up staying the weekend. As soon as he got home, he had his dinner and went straight down to the billiard room. While he was walking there, he saw a kid he knew who had gone on the trip. "How ya going Greg?", the kid asked, as if he was scared.

"What's wrong?", Greg asked with great interest.

"Knew what you knew and you wanna get me too," explained the boy. Greg couldn't remember his name.

"What? What are you talking about?" Greg knew what the kid was going to say. "Oh, I forgot to tell you. I'm going on a trip."

The weeks went by, and it was the day before Chris was to go away. Chris and Greg met after school. After a while, "I've got to go now, I'll ring you as soon as I get back."

"Okay, just remember, no drinking!"

Chris and Greg went their separate ways. Chris with his mind on having a good time, and Greg wondering if she would let him down. About two days went by, and Greg was bored, so he went to see his mates down at the billiard room. About three hours later Greg was driven home by the cops. They told his mother how he got the full story. After that he just let go with his foot. He showed off in the street, in the throat, and it was on. Greg and his mates beat the group of kids something bad and said, "Wait here until it starts."

The next day, Greg went down to the shop, and Chris was waving from there. The week went on, and it was Chris and said, "I'm sorry Greg, I really am." Yeah, sure," answered Greg.

"Greg, there's one thing. Promise me you won't touch them kids again," pleaded Chris.

"Hated lit up in Greg's eyes. He casually looked up and said, "Go to hell, ragger!"

**BETRAYAL**

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"Okay, just remember, no drinking!"

Chris and Greg went their separate ways. Chris with his mind on having a good time, and Greg wondering if she would let him down. About two days went by, and Greg was bored, so he went to see his mates down at the billiard room. About three hours later Greg was driven home by the cops. They told his mother how he got the full story. After that he just let go with his foot. He showed off in the street, in the throat, and it was on. Greg and his mates beat the group of kids something bad and said, "Wait here until it starts."

The next day, Greg went down to the shop, and Chris was waving from there. The week went on, and it was Chris and said, "I'm sorry Greg, I really am." Yeah, sure," answered Greg.

"Greg, there's one thing. Promise me you won't touch them kids again," pleaded Chris.

"Hated lit up in Greg's eyes. He casually looked up and said, "Go to hell, ragger!"

**THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS, february 19-25, 1974- Page 21**

**SCIENCE FICTION: WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT by Sam J. Lundwall. Ace Books. $1.25. VAN IKIN**

The book's most serious flaw is its attempt to impose a "rational" upon sf. Nobody has yet been able to do this, yet the genre cries out for some such guiding light (hence the repeated position of John W. Campbell). Lundwall counts as df's main virtues its "significance", its constant striving to be something "different". "Subversiveness" (defined as "pointing out that there will always be something wrong") is non-existent. No establishment wishes to admire such an attitude.

Regrettably, Lundwall doesn't develop this notion; he mentions it in passing, but does not follow through. The effect is an emphasis upon change, but doesn't analyse them to show how this is done, or how it impacts upon the reader.

This is nowhere near the definitive study of sf — but it is a worthwhile and readable step in that direction.
TWO MONTHS living in the stone age island village of Laulasi where nobody knows the people’s age, I turned on to a time­less lifestyle. On full moon nights, three in a row, villagers play communal games from sundown to dawn.

Behind the nearby tabu busts the skulls of their ancestors, heaped on the shark altars, glow in the pale light. These villagers worship sharks. They make sacrifices to them. Our expedition team filmed and taped the ceremonies as shark priests, praying to ancestor spirits, called “sharks” in whom they dwell into the wall stones of the island and fed them by hand. Children swim in the water where the sharks spin and slashed at the sacrificial offerings. Four centuries ago their ancestors built this island from coral rubble on the edge of the barrier reef.

At Malaita in the Solomons group, we filmed a TV documentary there, studied the social patterns of the shark cultists and decided to do a comparative study. Among the Laulasi people and now I just do my same thing, what different people — ugh — I am on an artificial island but I’m in my own thoughts. I have not made the right sacrifice. I’ve seen in the Solomons since I am Neuf du Pape, 50 cents a glass. I have been washing up after making sacrifices to the sharks. I am in this huge restaurant, Table 47, first sitting. Now I am sitting in a bar at the Promenade deck bar: bourbon, a dollar’s worth of ten cent pieces to stuff the machine whirrs a tea­ting song but nothing comes. Just against the rule, but what else can he do? I don’t have any money on me.

Now I am sitting in a bar at the stern of the ship beside two swimming pools, I have a 20 cent can of beer. Back here the propellers are making the ship tremble and throb. It gives the feeling I am really moving homewards. At the next table an American blonde is telling two Australian girls how very important she is . . . a night­club singer and fashion designer. She has a bad throat. That’s why she’s not singing on the ship. She likes working on TV — it doesn’t frighten her a scrap. She doesn’t have to sing to make money. She is talking this bullshit about her­self all the time and the other two plump, envious girls just say: “Oh, really” “yes” and goggle.

A guy at the other end of the bar is in a curvy stripe shirt is eating his drunken girlfriend. Here I am in my marines in this huge steel machine, this late 20th century vessel of shallow pleasure; fat, female women pulling mechanically on the handles of the poker machines which line the bar walls, each flaunting its jack at them and tempting them to waddle up to the barman for another dollar’s worth of ten cent pieces to stuff between its metal lips. Clang they pull the pennies lever down, the machine whirs a tees­ting song but nothing comes. Just once in a blue moon the machine ejecutates its sperm into a mar­ton’s lusting hands.

From Shark Pools
To Snake Pits

WADE DOAKE is a New Zealander who last year made a documentary on Laulasi village in the Solomon islands where the people are shark worshippers, claiming their ancestor spirits reside in the sharks. The village is built upon an artificial island of coral stones. After filming was finished he returned home on another artificial island, the good ship Himalaya. Here he found another quaint cult — the poker machine worshippers. (Wade is presently researching sex reversals in fishes.)

Washing up after making sacrifices to the sharks.

A young Laulasi villager

play moon games with the village children . . . Ramo, the richest man I’ve ever met, master of his whole world — an eternity away from the lifestyle of these fat, white, wrinkled westerners.

The barman sits down and chats up three girls. He tells them how he loves wine best of all. At home he has a roof-high wine rack, drinks five bottles in a night, no trouble.

Promenade deck bar: bourbon, on the rocks 25 cents. Age group 40 plus. More matrons pumping money into fruit machines. Coming to the bar for piles of ten cent pieces — “I only invest 50 cents, says one fat old duck in white pants. They have nothing to do but be on holiday so they love to try to make money for doing nothing.

Laulasi women sit by the fire­-side, thru it all she stuck with him, his ever­loving old staff nurse virgins. Opposite me there’s one, two, three, twelve plump, envious girls just say: “Oh, my darlings in this huge steel home he has a roof-high wine rack, drinks five bottles in a night, no trouble. Mid class values are reaffirmed . . . The tour ship throbs with the rhythm of the machine, passengers from the lifestyle of these matrons and things to waddle to the Pacific, believing the myths they fabricated themselves, in­duced to the hilt they now venture out from their security bases to tour the Hollywood Pacific of TV and screen, mapping up souvenirs of places they have spent 12 hours in, souvenirs made just for them.

A fortuitous click of a fruit ma­chine and the shrivelled organs of a with-it grandma in mod tights, feel a warm glow that long eluded her.

Music starts, the cue for gran­nies and things to waddle to the big dance hall as a singer croons “All my life, my darling, I’ve hungered for your touch.” Old sides run with half­realized all­mots. The tour ship throbs with the “sin city” beat. The dance hall­room continues on towards the wreckers yards, running after a gurgle of nothing. Around the Pacific, around the world, to where it started from.

In the danceroom, the fashion centre of the ship, I sit as sac­charine music changes tune bank clerks ploys in front of 20 year old staff nurses virgins. Opposite me there’s one, two, three, twelve plump, envious girls just say: “Oh, my darlings in this huge steel home he has a roof-high wine rack, drinks five bottles in a night, no trouble. Mid class values are reaffirmed . . .

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**Lady singers** consciousness

A MALE music lover was once heard to say proudly "... the only female in my record collection is Nina Simone," as if the exclusion of the rest somehow made her more musical. It's nice to know that Colin Talbot doesn't feel that way.

In the last issue the "lady singers" we were left with all seem (with the exception of Linda Ronstadt) to be women songwriters — an very broad genre to attempt to analyze in one article. And the dismissal of artists of the calibre of Dory Previn seems to suggest that it is too broad, for even if she does not appeal, it is hard to find a resemblance to Streisand, and show songs?? The article, though, was personal, a subjective one, expressing likes and dislikes, and as that it showed a sense of awareness of many female musicians.

FRIDAY February 8. Margaret Macintyre: Hello, may I speak to Ron Wood please? Ron Wood (pause): Ah, hello, Margaret. My name is and I was wondering...

RW: You woke me.

MM: Oh, I'm sorry. In that case you won't want to do an interview for The Living Daylights.

RW: Yes, I will. Is that the other thing that is going to print my Top 10? Could you ring back in a couple of hours to arrange it?

MM: (two hours later...) May I speak to Ron Wood please?

RW: Hello.

MM: Hello Ron, I'm ringing to arrange a time for the interview.

RW: Uh, I think you have the wrong person. It's John here. MM: Oh, isn't that Ron Wood's room?

RW: No.

Seemingly later "John" rang the switchboard to confess that yes indeed, he was in Ron Wood's room, but Ron Wood was not. An hour later...

MM: (to Clyde): Do you know if Ron Wood still wants to do an interview?

RW: No. Sure.

MM: Hello, may I speak to Ron Wood please?

RW: Hello.

MM: Hello Ron, I'm ringing to arrange a time for the interview.

RW: I'm sure I'll go out on the roads.

MM: Oh, isn't that Ron Wood's room?

RW: No. It's Clyde here.

MM: Oh, is that John? It's Margaret Macintyre speaking.

RW: No, it's Clyde here.

MM: Clyde? Do you know if Ron Wood still wants to be interviewed by The Living Daylights?

RW: Well, I think he thinks there won't be enough time. Ron told me he'd like to do it though.

MM: What about tomorrow morning?

RW: No, but he'd be happy to do it if you'd come back to the hotel after the show tonight.

MM: No thanks Clyde. Give him my message, bye. THAT'S WHY THERE'S NO INTERVIEW WITH RON WOOD OF THE FACES IN THIS ISSUE.

TOP TEN

Ron Wood, lead guitarist with the Faces.

2. The thrill is gone, B. B. King.
4. I want to hold your hand, The Beatles.
5. If loving you is wrong, I don't want to be right, Luther Ingram.
6. I can't stand the rain, Ann Peebles.
7. Peace by the peace, Bill Medley.
9. Let's get it on, Marvin Gaye.

ENROLLMENTS for the Victorian Adult Education courses close on February 22, and it is amazing how many musical courses they have to offer. The theoretical courses available are:

- The Enjoyment of Music — Felix Werder
- History of the Development of Music and Musical Instruments — Harold McDonald
- Music Theory — Felix Werder
- Jazz Since 1945 — Stan Van Hoof
- Jazz & Rock — David Hills.

On the practical side there are opportunities to learn the flute, clarinet, piano, classical guitar, blues and ragtime guitar, mandolin, recorder, electronic music and Greek folk songs and dancing.

The fees for these classes range from $9.00 to $24 per term, according to the number of lessons given.

The Council of Adult Education would be able to help with any inquiries about these courses on 634321. In Sydney The Workers Educational Assc. of NSW offers similar theoretical courses. Ring 267211.

MARGARET MACINTYRE.

I DON'T know whether to explain this song, apologise for it, or just hurl it savagely at your heads. I don't know where it came from; I've been writing it on and off for about six months and I rather think that I was in the grip of another power. I don't think it's meant to be farcical, but how could it possibly be serious? Personally I am deeply touched by the plight of this adventure-some young coward and the faithful, loving duplicity of his bride.

If any of you out there want this column to keep going, please keep sending in songs. To those who have written and have not yet been answered, never fear. I am slowly ploughing my way through a rather small pile of correspondence and will get to you soon. — M.O'R.

Ballad of the Bricklayer's Wife

1. As I walked down through Melbourne town
   One sunny afternoon
   I heard a couple talking
   They were in their youthful bloom
   The girl she said dear Johnny
   Oh won't you marry me
   We'll buy a nice little terrace house
   And a bricklayer's wife I'll be.

2. To be a poor bricklayer, love is not what's in my mind
   I think I'll go out on the roads
   For adventure I would find
   A bushranger is respected
   And he's known to every man
   I'll make my pile in a year, love
   And come home to you again.

3. But bushranging is dangerous
   Or so I have been told
   The violent men in the shanties
   Will fight you for your gold
   They'll hunt you far and wide
   And you'll never be able to sleep at night
   Without me at your side.

4. Well I've no desire to risk my life
   For fortune and fame
   So if what you say is true love
   Then I'll try another game.
   For there's gold in banks we love
   There's more gold in the ground
   So I'm off to be a fossicker
   To Bendigo I'm bound.

5. But Johnny there's been no gold there
   For fifty years or more
   And Lambing Flat and Ballarat
   Are both played out I'm sure
   So forget this wild adventuring
   And stay at home with me
   And don't venture into foreign climes
   In some far country.

6. So far into the north me love
   It's tropical and wild
   The natives there are troublesome
   They spear both horse and child
   The lofty snow-capped mountains
   Are more than man can climb
   So if you must lay your life down love
   Lay it down alongside of mine.

7. Well since you put it like that me love
   I'm sure I can't refuse
   If I went into the wilderness
   My precious life I'd lose
   So take my hand dear Nancy
   And come along with me
   We'll go take out a licence love
   And married we will be.

8. So now we live in comfort
   In a house in Melbourne town
   He works at putting houses up
   And comes along with me
   We'll take out a licence love
   And married we will be.

THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS, February 19-25, 1974 — Page 23
SWEET REVENGE: John Prine

STEVEN COLEMAN

John Prine: The Sensitive Hobo

HELLO: Status Quo (Vertigo 635009)

RICHARD STURDY

ACTORS FORUM PRESENTS

"THE LAUGHTER OF ST. TERESA'S DAY"

Page 24 - THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS, February 19-25, 1974
Dalliance
ACT. Male, 18, looking for girl or boy 17-20, who can dance and walk all day. Melbourne, Drag queen, 19, wants to share flat with pay 25-30, good looking, with car and personality. I'm attractive and want to start up a relationship. INC box 7775.

Newcastle. Two engineers, early 30s, seek female company during frequent week trips. Newcastle. INC box 7777.

Sydney. Gay, 25, likes going out to different places and tired of going alone. Tastily intelligent, well travelled. If you're a Ms in a similar position, please write INC box 7768.

Dwellings
Sydney. Camp guy, 33, enthusiastic car collector, whacky outlook, seeks similar genuine guy to share occasional or permanent situation with Beakly collection. Reply including INC box 7774.

Anyway, why don't you succumb to it Mr but I need a young man for a particular reason. We can live and put our planet together. Write INC box 7775.

Dwellings
Sydney, Underdog before pay, 22, looking for large 3rd floor position as housekeeper in each suburb who started out in single woman but now any offers, alternative, anything. Write INC box 7773.

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Dalliance
ACT. Male, 18, looking for girl or boy 17-20, who can dance and walk all day.

Melbourne. Young man to share flat in St Kilda. Nice. Furniture, gym, etc. Furnished room, $14 p.w. 24/7 electricity. Inc. box 7769.

Sydney. Northside. Straight lookin' acting camp guy, early 30s, living modern unit, hardly seen a woman, must be straight living, room in $25, $150 weekly. Beakly thing, etc. Inc. box 7766.

Adelaide. Own F.Y. room for devout, camp or strait. Share house, mod cons. On bus route, quiet area, washing, cleaning. $130 hand desk or similar. Inc. box 7770.

Departures
Sydney. Male, 25, departing march, bitching, working holiday, after earth. Will field interested parties if interested parties interested. Also welcome replace travelling companion, or otherleftright. No time limit. Inc. box 7767.

Doings
Nimbin: Paradise found. 1600 acres Tuntable Falls adjoining Nimbin. Commutes now permitted. 2500 shares available. Send chequer or SAE for details to Co-ordination Cooperative Ltd, 78 Darling Street, Balmain, 2041. Select, private screenings, performance. Outrage. C om m unity now forming, one year of constant enlightenment; a year of updated road maps of the consciousn.

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Or you can exploit child labor by arranging for your local newsagent to have Daily Dalliances delivered daily.

Newspaper... Please deliver to me a copy of The Living Daylights every Tuesday, Thank you.

Name... Address... Postcode...

NIMBIN 74
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APPLICATION FOR SHARE(S) IN CO-ORDINATION CO-OPERATIVE LTD. at $200 each.

TO SECRETARY, CO-ORDINATION CO-OPERATIVE LTD., TUNKATELL FALLS, NIMBIN, NSW 2634

ADDRESS

OCCUPATION... DATE... SIGNATURE...

Material:

Wanted materials needed in pioneering 1000 acre property by Co-ordination Cooperative, Tuntable Falls, Nimbin. Now, required to gather, classification equipment, copies paper, self-teaching books for the library on all topics. Anything can be used. Nimbin Communications Centre, 132 Spring Street, Melbourne.

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THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS, February 19-25, 1974—Page 25
Amosion dogma

WILL anyone alert Leonard Amos up here continually stirring me on his head then kicking him in the ass? I fear that all your readers who buy Daylights for the pretty pictures will believe that Leonard is the embodiment of marxism in this country — and cheerfully believe Harry Gumboot instead. I am yet to hear of the specimen of marxism who can look at the orientations in his lan­

"truly scientific outlook". I wonder

ground which is the unbounded uni­

"scientific truth" (does Leonard know

profoundly secure, proves no boaster has

may require more than a generation

BUDGEWOI, South Australia

over here

TASMANIANS are proud of their

If TASMANISANS, the revolting graph of

OK. That’s what we’re up against.

what does one do?

As THE weeks pass we find from the

The latest is busting mainlanders

I think the way he does — probably a

What is a marxist? Imho, that word

Indeeey, indeley

WHAT with tumultuous rain and

Amosion dogma

Australians have free access to the columns

Indeeey, indeley

SOUR grapes

HOW come Mike Eiffin of Omnibus and

So far as being a crapmerchant of

SOUR grapes

Boxing again

LARRY DRAKE (TLD 2/6) calls me a

The living daylights cannot expect to

Richard Coady

Boxing again

LARRY DRAKE (TLD 2/6) calls me a

I will go one step further and ask

What does one do?

So, all violent revolutions. Next attempt is to convert the system (if possible) into some more

Australians have free access to the columns

The latest is busting mainlanders

The latest is busting mainlanders

OK. That’s what we’re up against.

To quote A. N. Whitehead, (a highly

Sour grapes

How come Mike Eiffin of Omnibus and

What does one do?

As TLD 2/6 shows lack of under­

Dry up

GRAEME DUNSTAN’s article on the

The latest is busting mainlanders

The latest is busting mainlanders

The latest is busting mainlanders

If you come here and are caught by our

What does one do?

As TLD 2/6 shows lack of under­

fuller access to the columns

We can’t run ‘em if we can’t read ‘em. Do ‘em neat.

We can’t run ‘em if we can’t read ‘em. Do ‘em neat.
WILL TETLEY

I AM sitting at the bar of an eating house in a Sydney suburb drinking the nearest thing I can get to a wholesome drink—"pure" orange juice.

The mannequin is a friend from Nimbin. I have taken refuge here for a while to escape the whirlpool of the city and wallow in memories of Nimbin as I pass on news of home.

Peta is very busy though and so I take in my surroundings. I realize I haven't quite escaped the whirlpool. It is still there swirling by the pace of the city.

He's burping, his face, leans back in his chair, behind me a little fat man stuffs his belly sticking out. He belches politely into his handkerchief. A waitress scurries round my feet.

It is still there swirling behind me. I haven't quite escaped the whirlpool. It is still there swirling by the pace of the city.

He arrives at a crossroad. A red eyed monster flashes DON'T WALK. I obey, I wait. There are 100 people waiting with me like one homes at the starting gate. I look around at the faces. I don't know one of them. The city is so anonymous. My mind flashes back to Nimbin where people smile and welcome newcomers with open arms and everyone is your friend.

The pace is fast. I walk along the streets keeping up with the rush. Suddenly I stop .

"What on earth am I doing? Where am I going at this insane speed? I'm almost running."

People, unaware that I have slowed my gait, collide into me and almost trample me underfoot. Left, right, left, right, they march on munching their sandwiches. They have no time to sit down and eat them.

I walk on, slowly now, daydreaming, singing, Butterfly in the sun! Making love to everyone. I get strange looks from all around.

I smile. In return I get punted, tears and scowl.

I arrive at a crossroad. A red eyed monster flashes DON'T WALK. I obey, I wait. There are 100 people waiting with me like one homes at the starting gate. I look around at the faces. I don't know one of them. The city is so anonymous. My mind flashes back to Nimbin where people smile and welcome newcomers with open arms and everyone is your friend.

The monster flashes WALK. The crowd surge forward. I am swept along by the stream, struggling hard to avoid being dragged completely to drown in the speeding world of concrete, pollution, pre-packaged food, instant coffee and sliced, white bread.

Peta waves me from my daydream/nightmare. It is time to go. We join the grand prize of carbon monoxide coughing cars and head for home.

Her home is one of Nimbinites and other counter culturalists trying their best to keep their heads above water by involving themselves in such things as herbalism, health foods, acupuncture, massage, organic gardening and natural crafts.

It is a Nimbin within the city. I feel relaxed and reassured that there are still beautiful people in the city and remember that while we, in Nimbin, aim to change the way of the world by turning people on to a natural life in the country, the city people can do much good by spreading the word and turning people on from the inside.

Then maybe the city won't be so insane at all. Making love to everyone in completely to drown in the swirling gene pool of the London underground (ie those areas that have not yet been cashed in), movement groups around the world, anti-psychiatry, free schools, radical social work and especially if you think you would enjoy meandering thru 60 pages of ronced, raving foolscaps. BIT has always been loosely organised (read "slack") so there is no way of telling when the next issue will come out. Start your sub with a letter to No.9. Send your airmailed issues to: BIT, 146 Great Western road, London W11, UK.

A SAMPLE of Bitwoman info: Alternative press index is a quarterly subject index to articles in over 150 alternative/underground mags and papers. It's published by the Alternative Press Centre, Bag Service 2500 Postal Station E Toronto 4, Ontario, Canada. The centre also has a subject heading/classification list for indexing and cataloguing alternative materials.

It was published in January '73 and cost $2.50—a reprint is being planned.

ONE OF the events in Sydney aimed at highlighting international womens day will be a week of films and by and about women at the Filmmakers Cinema. They will be screened each night between March 5 and March 10 at 8 pm.

Women only on March 9. The most important film of the week is Home, a film about children in institutions which fits in with the theme of the womens campaign to change the child welfare system. For more details ring 31.3237: ask for Martha Kay.

THE federal government is at present gathering information on discrimination in employment. It has set up committees in all states to receive and investigate racial, color and sexual discrimination but so far has no legal power to do anything about the findings. Presumably they can apply pressure on those responsible and the findings will help form the basis for future legislation. Complainants can be represented by a person, by 'phone or in writing. If you have faith in the machines of government, here is where to lodge your complaints:

VICTORIA: Leonie Green, PO box 6927B, Melbourne (phone 652.7223).

QUEENSLAND: John Hamilton, PO box 246, Brisbane (28.2998).

SOUTH AUSTRALIA: Keith Belton, GPO box 541, Adelaide (51.0441).

WESTERN AUSTRALIA: Graham Walker (GPO box K846, Perth (23.0391).

TASMANIA: Helen Prendergast, PO box 938F, Hobart (34.3772).

NEW SOUTH WALES: Patricia Campbell, Australian Government Centre, Chifley Square, Sydney, NSW 2000 (259.3459).

TV HANDBOOK is designed to help people in their dealings with the TV for their personal or political ends. It is produced in London so it suffers from its parochial outlook. There is a great need for such a handbook to be written for Australian conditions. Still much of the info contained in the book is useful to the local media maniac; it has advice on how to deal with the interview situation, the current affairs program, documentaries and news stories—the TV play and the counter tactics.

Tell how to enter contracts and how to demand payment for your appearances, how to obtain the TV unions help in beating the media at their own game etc., etc. Send $1.50 to SCAN, c/o FCG, 1 Ivor street, London NW1.

PLANNING an overseas trip? The travellers directory may be of some help if you are intending to do it on the cheap and wish to meet the local natives. The directory lists names, addresses, telephones, ages, interests and offers of hospitality from travellers around the world. It's made up of people who pay $5 to be listed. Only those listed receive the directory; Lists also receive periodic newsletters throughout the year.

It's not such a bad idea but for some reason I smell a quick deal of some sort. Check it out by for their propaganda PO box 1547, 535 Church street, Lancaster, PA, 17604 USA.

AND IF you think you're confused! At the ABC, things are so bad that people are running around stabbing each in the front. Please send info sources that others might find useful to PO box 8 Surry Hills 2010.
The race is not to the swift, but to those who can sit still and let the waves go over them.