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Editor

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THE RETURN OF ARMED LOVE – inside the Symbionese Liberation Army
SLADE SLATED

THE CLAP TRAP
by the resignation of Sir John Danlop as a director of the bank — who in leaving, accused his other directors of "biography" — wishes that his fellow keepers of the nation's money tree seem to have a pathological fear of creeping or back door socialism. Viewing the achievements of the present federal Labor government, one can only view with amazement that anyone in his right mind would accuse it of socialist practices.

DESPERATE TIMES REQUIRE DESPERATE MEASURES. And, despite realizing that a senate election was on its doorstep, the Liberal party stirred up trouble in its sheep shearing by admitting that ageing whizz kid, Tony Eggleton, would be summoned post haste from his comely job in London to attempt to get it out of the mire. Eggleton's special job will be to do something about the image of party leader Billy Snedden. As his present job is to pass on his party's information at the commonwealth secretary in London involves explaining the rationale of the union health fund in the 20th century and in particular justifying such people as Uganada's Idi Amin, Mr Eggleton is said to be excited, that he may have to apologize for Snedden. Meanwhile, as they say in deepest Victoria, if the prime minister John Gorton, who in comparison to Snedden is looked upon as a bad case, may have to fight to hold preselection for his seat. That's Liberal gratitude for you.

WHY SHOULDN'T THEY SURVIVE WITH A SONG IN THEIR THROAT. Perhaps a nuclear holocaust, or red, muttered in its sleep and announced the day would accuse it of socialist practices.

THE WORKERS HAND SYNDROME IS ALIVE AND WELL. At the GPO Union, members refused to even deliver mail or start post offices on saturday any longer, have demanded that the government give them a pay increase to make up for the overtime they will lose by their decision that they will no longer work overtime on saturdays sorting the mail they now refuse to sort on saturdays. Postmaster general who is believed to be a man of average intelligence, has stated that he is more than a little baffled by this demand, and in a move of his own, has countered by threatening that the GPO work out at great cost and expense to private newsagents on saturday. Following this declaration, butchers will shortly be asked to run the health department, and the Australian Medical Association will set up a private portfolio of foreign affairs.

ONE MINUTE'S SILENCE TO THROW UP THE Queensland Country party has managed to invent an election song dedicated to Joh Bjelke. Petersen, which he likes, but which warns him: "His just rewards are yet to come in the promised land we know." Purling our collective head out of the lavatory bowl, we can only remark that after a song like that no reward can be just.

ROUND AND ROUND THE GARDEN WENT THE TEDDY BEARS: Aboriginal public servant Charles Perkins is once again in a little dilemma after stating that the Australian Liberal and Country parties are the biggest gatherings of racists in the arbitration court. By inference, the Labor party runs a fairly clear second. As the crisis continued to rage, the permanent head, the department of Aboriginal affairs, Mr Barrie Dexter, threatened to resign. As the good senator Cameron, once again doing his best to calm the situation down said: "There will have to be some drastic alterations to the National Aboriginal Consultative Committee to prevent the tyranny by some groups which is destroying good public servants.'

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD: As the premier of Queensland, Mr Joh Bjelke, after listing his party's tax cuts to the public, he shocked the nation when he announced that the five figure tax cut had cost his party a 20% vote cut and he countered by stating that the 20% vote cut had cost the nation's money tree.

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"The Return of Armed Love"

From Peter Stansill
in San Francisco

THE RETURN OF ARMED LOVE

THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS, February 26-March 4, 1974—Page 3

All oppressed people. We know that the ruling class seeks to stop the revolutionary community here before they can regain an arm of control around the struggling and oppressed people of the world.

The community ended with the flourish: "Death to the fascist power that preys upon the life of the people."

In the lack of any previous knowledge that the SLA were immediately linked to a known militant group called the August Seventh Group Movement, which recently claimed to have shot down a police helicopter over Oakland, killing two officers. The AGSM was known to associate with controllers and to have close ties with revolutionary groups inside California's prisons, particularly in San Quentin and Soledad. The AGSM had been busy for months issuing communications, including several death threats, but there was no real evidence that they had ever been in action.

Like the AGSM, the SLA lack credibility. The overblown rhetoric fell flat on sophisticated ears, and the use of assassinations as a tactic for dealing with a school administration issue was seen even by former activists as ridiculous and dangerous. To make matters worse, the FBI voiced doubts about the existence of the SLA, claiming it lived only in the sick minds of a few criminals.

For two months, Oakland police and FBI agents continued their investigation and made no progress. No more than 30 in the SLA had turned up until January 10, when there was a near accident. The Symbionese Liberation Army walked right into their hands. A police patrol car in the nearby town of Concord routinely stopped a "suspicious" van that was cruising around. According to police, the two occupants pulled a gun and started shooting outside a bus station in the shoulder and the other man ran. He was later caught hiding in a nearby drain. The police sundered.

When police searched the van and found SLA literature, they could not believe their luck. It seemed they had caught the assassins. But it was to be a hectic night. A few hours later, someone tried to set fire to a house close to the scene of the shoot-out. When police and FBI agents searched the house, police discovered what appeared to be the headquarters of the SLA. They finished up the scene and left.

The SLA had been shattering. A daredevil Espionage had been suspiciously. The SLA started to fit together into the liberation struggle of the Bay Area. The new tradition, and this time Love is Armed with cyanide bullets.

This has been much speculation about who the SLA is. Very little is known because their organisation is underground. One hopes that it will emerge at some time.

One hope that seems to unite everybody, however, is that Patty Hearst will get out of this alive. Every hardline revolutionary were saying this after hearing her second taped message, in which she speaks out for the world's poor and opposes and displays an instinctive understanding of the revolutionary goals of her captors, and even some sympathy with them.

Here is a child of the ruling class, whose grandfather, William Randolph Hearst, of a few million dollars to feed the people is in itself an instinct of the future of the world. Randolph Hearst of the population. To an even large number of citizens, of course, the ones who would like to believe in the rule of law, it is terror and extortion and must be stamped out.

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This was unthinkables. Who would want to kill Marcus Foster, a man generally considered to be a traitor by black and white alike? The police were baffled. There were no motives, no clues, no suspects. The killers were described as "olive skinned, possibly chicano (Mexican-American) or asian.

But a few days later, the Oak- land tribune, the San Francisco chronicler, and the Berkeley radio station KPFA all received a long statement from a mysterious organisation called the Symbionese Liberation Army, which claimed responsibility for the killing. The document was in the form of a

war warrant, issued by "The Court of The People", with a detailed indictment of the board of education's "police state" poli- cies.

It was immediately clear that these assassins were not ordinary nuts. The letter was an angry critique of official efforts to start police patrols on Oakland high school campuses and implement a new system of files on students, including a photograph and bio- graphical information. The lan- guage of the letter was flamboy- ant and the SLA overstated their case somewhat, but it was obvious what they were getting at.

"We understand that the def- inition of a fascist government necessitates the elimination of all who oppose its controls. We know that the school system does not educate us, but rather it is us in an attempt to perpetrate the interests of the rich ruling class...We totally reject the ruling class values of personal material gain and competition..." It is clear that the letter and the SLA overstated their case somewhat, but it was obvious what they were getting at.

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And with the publication of a picture of a dedicated band of revolutionaries who had..."
A package arrived at KPFA on February 12, containing an eight-page document and a five-minute tape. Within minutes of the announcement, some 50 newsmen gathered into the radio station's offices in downtown Berkeley. The message was very clear, Hearst was ordered to arrange and fly for the distribution of free copies of the Symbionese Laser Tape as a "price of good faith," before reports could reach the press. Detailed instructions were given about the type of food, the distribution of the tape, and even the contents of the documents and tape and also displayed the SLA emblem, the ancient symbol of the seven-headed cobra.

The SLA was finally revealing its true identity. "Symbionese" is derived from the word symbiotic, which the SLA defines as the cooperation of dissimilar organisms living in a loving and harmonious relationship. It is read from right to left, like a mirror, to emphasize this concept and also to show their membership in the role of women in society, and the creation of new forms of parent-child relationships in which the mother is the father and the father is the mother. It was a political education. She believed that "force of love" was the only answer. There then followed a series of events that were to change the course of history. It was a middle class white middle-aged woman who had already committed two murders and was convicted of a third. She explained that the house that was set on fire to was merely the HQ of one information/intelligence unit, she set fire to was merely the HQ of one information/intelligence unit, I fight against our common oppressor, and this I do with my mind as well as m...; victory! I began to close the door, but the three black men answered and told me that the house that was set on fire to was merely the HQ of one information/intelligence unit, I fight against our common oppressor, and this I do with my mind as well as my guns.

The war. Many radicals dismissed her as an All-American girl, committed with and they would fight on. Here was a middle class white middle-aged woman who had already committed two murders and was convicted of a third. She explained that the house that was set on fire to was merely the HQ of one information/intelligence unit, I fight against our common oppressor, and this I do with my mind as well as m...; victory! I began to close the door, but the three black men answered and told me that the house that was set on fire to was merely the HQ of one information/intelligence unit, I fight against our common oppressor, and this I do with my mind as well as my guns.

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A poster hanging around Sydney; Victoria street, Kings Cross, the Eureka stockade of the residents battle against the developers. Next week we publish a detailed account of recent muggings, death threats and Al Capone-Chicago type activities.
SOUTH Australia's Criminal Investigation Bureau has wound up its investigation into allegations of police brutality and corruption against members of the local drug squad.

"SA's British police commissioner, Salisbury, issued a statement to the press last week claiming that the allegations were "completely unfounded". He said two CIB senior detectives had made the investigation be launched after allegations were made in drug squad detectives had asked and ports in the December issues of had forced a confession out of a manhandled his pregnant gir-

"allegations were without base."

Undercover

"Salisbury's release

inquiry three weeks ago. He was

demonstrators were arrested, in-

Within the walls

Commissioner Salisbury said

the action on

There were no busts at the

Police this time were probably

"The teachers are understand-

This school is a sardine tin

nothing else, the students

he announced it, but he is trying
to avoid it. The victims are, as you

Prisoners Action Committee,

"You probably heard of us last

This week about 50 demonstra-

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This is an interview with Dr. Ray Martin, professor of psychology, New York University.
The interviewer is Ray Martin, heard on an ABC radio on February 12.

SHATAN: There are great numbers of Vietnam veterans who are very disturbed as a result of their experiences. Now, there have been very few psychiatric casualties from the Vietnam war, but what they mean are very few combat casualties. It is because the special training they had for counter guerrilla warfare taught them to unleash violent death and terror. And that kind of training has not been publicised yet is that if they see a gun or they may see a violent movement and all of a sudden they will feel that they have to take steps back in the Nam and they may act for example, as one veteran did: he grabbed his kid brother and threw him down the stairway.

MARTIN: In brief what are the characteristics?

SHATAN: Well the main themes that come out are that disturbing them are first of all, their feelings of guilt - they feel guilty about what they've done, and that kind of feeling that they would like to pay for their deeds. They look for self-examination, they try to go looking for people to hurt them, to reject them, to get into accidents. A second important feature is that they feel very isolated by the inadequate medical and educational benefits. A third feature is that they are very much prone to rage, not only because they feel they've been duped and manipulated by the government, but because the special training they had for counter guerrilla warfare taught them to unleash violent death and terror. And that kind of training has not been publicised yet is that if they see a gun or they may see a violent movement and all of a sudden they will feel that they have to take steps back in the Nam and they may act for example, as one veteran did: he grabbed his kid brother and threw him down the stairway.

Another important feature is that they have learned to generalise hatred to everybody they don't believe in, in any oriental and eventually to any civilian. Some veteran will tell you that standing in a place like Times Square in New York city will invoke feelings of hostility, of "within my friend and who's my enemy?"

And then there comes to another very much shaken.

A fourth feature is that they feel very much cut off from their feelings about other human beings. They learn how to numb their feelings, to be casual in their feelings about Vietnam; if they're to allow themselves to feel compassion for others they've got to allow themselves to go through their own numbered reactions to the very special kind of combat they ran into Vietnam. They come away from Vietnam are somewhere deep inside of them, in a part of themselves that one veteran described as a dead spot in his soul, that he's just a cog in a machine and that kind of isolation makes it very much cut off from their feelings about other human beings.

Even in the Korean war when they joined up you were guaranteed that in so far as was humanly possible you would be kept with your buddy and this was stuck in a very large measure. But with the first computerised war in history every one is treated as a number, as an isolated unit. He's just a cog in a machine and that's all he counts for. He's a solo fighter and that kind of isolation makes it very hard for a person to share his feelings and share his pain and his grief and his doubts with other people who don't have them.

There's a psychologist in Boston, Charles Levy, who's been working for the Veterans Administration in Washington, said in an interview in the Washington Post that he estimated that up to 20 percent of the veterans might be suffering from problems of the Vietnam war and that the Veterans Administration doesn't exist to help them with readjustment problems. An important reason why US army psychiatrists don't "see" this phenomenon is that they are involved in a conflict of interests between their boss, which is the government, and their patients. They feel that they are what they call the "John Wayne syndrome. They are people who can have very painful aspects of the guilt is the most powerful part of the guilt is the most powerful part of the guilt is the kind of guilt that is called the "defence, if we did we'd open up a very wide hole in the army.

And there are other veterans like that, as a matter of fact there is a whole category of veterans who are suffering from what's called the "flashback" syndrome. They are people who can have the same kind of experience that Don Kemp had but not necessarily in a nightmare form. They may have had a flashback in the middle of the day. Some trivial movement may thrust them in their minds to feel that being a veteran they may see a gun or they may see a violent movement and all of a sudden they will feel that they have to take steps back in the Nam and they may act for example, as one veteran did: he grabbed his kid brother and threw him down the stairway.

MARTIN: The Veterans Administration has said that Vietnam has produced a lower number of psychiatric patients or people with psychiatric problems than any other war that.

SHATAN: No, again, they said combat casualties, but those are the immediate casualties, only the immediate casualties of combat. We're talking about the long term figures, in fact in a recent article the chief psychologist of the Veterans Administration in Washington, said in an interview in the Washington Post that he estimated that up to 20 percent of the veterans might be suffering from problems of the Vietnam war and that the Veterans Administration doesn't exist to help them with readjustment problems. An important reason why US army psychiatrists don't "see" this phenomenon is that they are involved in a conflict of interests between their boss, which is the government, and their patients. They feel that they are what they call the "John Wayne syndrome. They are people who can have very painful aspects of the guilt is the most powerful part of the guilt is the kind of guilt that is called the "defence, if we did we'd open up a very wide hole in the army.

What is that, is that the guilt again?

SHATAN: That's the guilt. The most powerful aspect of the guilt is the nightmares. Many of them have combat nightmares every night. Many of them wake up and find themselves almost insensible of realising that they're not back in the Nam. There've been a number of cases which illustrate the best known is the one of Don Kemp of Wisconsin whose symptoms were actually recognised by the government because he presented himself early enough for treatment. He was hospitalised by the Veterans Administration and in a mental hospital and he was discharged as cured. He went back home to live with his wife, that night he woke up from a combat nightmare, still feeling that he was in the midst of combat in the Vietnam jungle, grasped his automatic pistol from under his pillow, detected a movement next to him, assumed it was the enemy and shot, killing his wife.

His defence was "not guilty by reason of insanity." Now, even though he had been hospitalised by the Veterans Administration the defence was not allowed and he was sentenced to life imprisonment. When the jurors were interviewed and asked why they wouldn't accept the post Vietnam syndrome as a legitimate defence they were told that wait a retired air force officer said we can't accept that defence, if we did we'd open up a very wide hole in the army.
WOUNDED KNEE: CONTINUING THE AGONY

From LYELL CULLEN

WAY UP high in the US federal court building in St Paul, Minnesota, American Indian Movement leader Russell Means and Dennis Banks sat facing the judge on charges following last year's Wounded Knee occupation.

In a trial which last month started to attract the attention of the world, a federal judge has already shifted the trial venue to try to obtain justice, and to see that the aboriginal is treated fairly and with respect. "It may be necessary to sequester the defendants so that they could get on with the business of life," said Judge Kunstler, who has already shifted the trial venue to try to obtain justice.

The only black juror was challenged. Finally, 38 potential jurors were selected. "Of course it could be," said Judge Kunstler, "but you have to live as an Indian, according to your own beliefs."

"The only similarity between the two is that we are fighting white oppression. But the black has fought for a place in white society, we are fighting to separate ourselves from white society."

"Last century, you challenged and made an impact on the US government in the Indian wars, but the final result was tragedy. Why will things be any different this time?"

"The difference lies in the conscious- ness of the Indian. Last century we dealt with concentrating camps, do not have to live as an Indian, according to your own beliefs."

"They're all liars who want to get on the jury to help finish us off," said Judge Kunstler.

"But not even the students from the university seem concerned, don't think so."

"Then whites would not be allowed to have any of your relatives in the trial."

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There is no question that there was growing disillusionment with their reception by the American government, and that they would demand more.

"That is not the case, you have to fight for your right to work," said Judge Kunstler.

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A disease of the permissive society, a state of paranoia. It's an allergy, an infection, hardest test for the ignorant or unwary. Phone calls filled with accusation.

Urethritis (NSU) which, translated from Hong Kong flu - it's Non Specific Urethritis. It's a series of symptoms, can cow the most hardy stud, generates screaming interminable relationships, can cow the state of mind.

When I noticed the slight burning sensation in my prick, I knew it wasn't something minor - urethritis was it, something like that. A few pills and it'll be gone. So I thought, at that stage. Almost a year of fulltime irritation, shattered relationships, sexual hysteria and endless treatments followed.

In that sunny summer's day of mild itch, it was an almost obligatory light headedness that took me to a so-called "Special Clinic" in Albert street, Sydney. I joined a lengthy queue of the human race - clean cut clerks, hairy seamen, rockers with greasy jackets, all sitting in crosslegged apprehension, waiting for their dreaded number to be called. But I felt OK, I knew what was coming and was not afraid. I even tried to calm the guy next to me, who had been reading world war two handbooks on VD and believed he was about to have his prick reamed by a sadistic doctor armed with long pointed instruments.

VD as a whole is a social and environmental problem as much as a disease. Our big problems are ignorance - people, especially girls who have no apparent symptoms of VD, but who can be carriers, people who are afraid to go in for a check because they have misconceptions about treatment; inadequate contact tracing (the silent pool of infection) and often a lack of cooperation from GP's - who fail to report a majority of their private cases and thus hinder contact tracing.

VD is a growing problem in our society because of environmental factors - greater mobility, changes in moral attitudes that haven't been accompanied by community education, a hangover of fear and ignorance.

They come in and ask you if you're still using the hockey stick (world war two device for clearing pustules out of the penis) or the umbrella. There's still a chance of success.

YES, I hoped it'll probably go away by itself, but just as well to get some pills. I was going out of Australia for a couple of months and needed to be fit. The doctor chats in a guttural German accent while his silent but quivering assistant scoops a hypodermic of blood from my arm for the syphilis/gonorrhea test, but it is negative. The main contender is a thing called NSU. You fork out some cash and go to a specialist. I mean, there is a man who has a grand succession of letters after his name, and should be a shithot expert. Great Man ushers me into his office. He claps his hand with false cheer, "Sit down, and tell me what's the problem?"

"Well, it's this" - the wheelchair man takes a breath. "I've done a lot of work in New Zealand, and there's something I need to tell you..."

THE consensus of opinion is that NSU is started by sexual intercourse. The woman may have no symptoms, though she could have trichomoniasis, monilia or thrush - sometimes it may be a reaction to the flora in the vagina. A New Zealand specialist says that it is usually a result of stress - sometimes physical stress but usually mental stress - stress of business, stress of going away, stress of coming back from going away.

The cause of it is not known - the main contender is a thing called chlamidia - if it is anything.

In WA they're doing a lot of tests and finding chlamidia in the females. So if a case persists we often ask the guy to bring in his wife or his steady, and give her a course of treatment for what he's got. It's not scientific, but it seems to work.

BACK down south, tropical heat has given the organisms a big boost, and you are now gripped by back pains, stabbing pains in the prick, constant irritation and a burning desire to know more about NSU. You fork out some cash and go to a specialist. I mean, there is a man who has studied male and female genitalia all his life, has a grand succession of letters after his name, and should be a shitload expert.

The plush north shore is filled with people, most on the wrong side of 40, all with a well, dragged down sort of look. They're a bit grey, a bit deflated. Prostate flab is no cause for worry, yours is a stubborn case, but with persistent treatment it will vanish. After some careful questions about the circumstances of my infection (extra marital) I suspect he has tagged me a guilt riddled neurotic. But he gives me a perfunctory examination (at $15 a visit, specialists despot to touch your cock) and I lie in fetal position while his finger probes my prostate. He writes a hurried script; tells me to take the pills for two months ("if they make you nauseous, take half"). Thinking back to the clinic, I ask, if sex and grog are out. "By no means, dear chap, have intercourse as much as you like, and try to enjoy it. Alcohol likewise, though in moderation." By now I'm convinced he has me tagged as a neurotic, that the pills are just placebos.

CASES can last up to four or five years but we rarely get them continuing that long. But we find that blokes get a venereal neurosis, they think "Look this doctor doesn't know what he's doing, I've been given a wrong diagnosis, the syphilis is going to take care of it".

It breaks down casual affairs, creates distrust, generates screaming interminable relationships, can cow the state of mind. It's an allergy, an infection, hardest test for the ignorant or unwary.
still got it" so they start pulling their penis, and squeezing it and hurting it, and wanting "I'm going to stay gold!!" So the doctor must realise that you can get quite a severe necrosis on account of this disease, and the best way to explain the disease, that it's going to be a nuisance but it can be cured. A very small proportion of people develop into Ritter's disease - which causes pain in the joints, non-specific discharge and eye complications, and that is serious.

We've appointed social workers to open the building, so them to get out with their worst so they can be explained and reassured. So it's really a social and environmental problem as well as a medical one.

--- Dr L.

I start on four pills a day, and sure enough they make me sick, so some days I take or none at all, as well as following the doctor's instructions about fucking. But by now I'm despondent, convinced that the pills are doing no good, that I will have a painful, defeatist drooling dick for the rest of my life. Sex life drops drastically, and any extra curricular relationships are more a desperate search for sympathy than a need for good fucking fun.

---

**EVEN** in a one to one relationship — a marriage — one partner can be blamed, but it can be a problem of stress. From a UK study:

"Each year since 1964 the incidence of New South Wales' gonorrhea is increasing. It is now at a new peak and widespread. Trichomoniasis is endemic, but often not known. Many married men, no doubt truthfully, say that their wives have had extra marital or even pre marital intercourse!"

--- Dr L.

SEX has reached a new nadir, with most pleasurable vibrations replaced by the sense of ejaculating sandpaper. The back pain returns, and I begin refusing sex, increasingly . . .

Sex has reached a new nadir, with most pleasurable vibrations replaced by the sense of ejaculating sandpaper. The back pain returns, and I begin refusing sex, increasingly . . .

---

**UNFORTUNATELY**, there's no happy ending (or cured pill) in this story. Urishes comes and goes, diminished by courses of pills, alleviated by little tricks you learn from doctors and other sufferers. A dose of Ciproxan before going to bed helps (it creates an alkaline setting in which the organisms can't breed). Less fucking, certainly no fucking around, much better food, and cut down on anxiety where possible. Who knows what the real causes are anymore — perhaps the bacteria have gone, leaving a permanent neurosis. Or perhaps, like new strains of flu, you are in the vanguard of victims to a new disease. A little cursory reading in the handbooks will convince anyone that medical science's dependence on drugs is bound to rapidly increase the rate of resistant strains.

Certainly, with a rate of increase almost double that of any major competitor, NSU is going to be around for a long time, affecting more and more people. The sub-tropical climate offers unlimited growth potential, and the failure of medical science to even isolate the organism that triggers the condition suggests that NSU may well be the plague of the 70s.

---

**SEPTIN**: Combines sulphonamide, sulphanamide-sole with a non sulphonamide drug, trimethoprim . . . for the treatment of uncomplicated urinary tract infections. Resistance to sulphonamide therapy is a phenomenon of the bacteria, not the patient. Although not common, the most serious side effects are blood disorders, which may include a black skin discoloration (or) destruction of red blood cells . . . some what more frequent damage to the kidneys and the urinary tract can, of course be fatal . . .

---

**SUMMER JAMSHOWGROUNDS
8 Hours of Rock from 2 pm FEATURING**

BILLY THORPE & AZTECS
MADDER LAKE
COLOURED BALLS
MATT TAYLOR
THE DINGOES
CHAIN
RED HOUSE ROLL BAND
PLUS
FIRST CONCERT APPEARANCE OF DADDY COOL and
Aust's Greatest Jam Ever
Featuring
20 of Aust's Best Rock Muso's
Tickets $2.50 — MSD, Myers Hotel Aust, Celebrity Services.
Phone Booking 60.1911
Sister of Illusion

rachel,
she's beautiful,
she sleeps
with her legs apart;
she's sometimes heard
playing "strawberry fields forever"
on a borrowed harp,
and she claims that
she's an einstein freak:
and is, therefore
relatively
unconcerned
about clocks.  

Your Name is Empty

Do I still know you?
Just then I lost your name,
It became empty.
Was it because I could not find
Any of you in the foreign things
you said?

Poet's Complaint

poetry should communicate
so should editors
rejecting the damn stuff
if it doesn't
turn preach into practice
takes two to tango
fifty-fifty
and all that
example kicks best
when the fences are down.

Disaster Poem, or Confessions of a
great and powerful Friend

Isolationism means
We don't run any other country
Except South America.
(Our soldiers may rape
But they don't fuck
Fuck is a four-letter word).

Dodge City

watch out, kid
and keep open heart to yourself
it isn't safe
to let your soul out on the street
these days
unless your tongue is fast and ready
and it's no use going around unarm'd
because then They'll just hate you
for remaining
unprotected.

Melting Snow Makes a River

Christmas cheer or christmas beer,
Why choose between the two?
There's always enough for everyone,
even me and you.

One for mum, one for dad,
Some for one and all.
Christmas may be just another snow job
but it's better than nothing at all.

Making It

she was naked
and didn't know whether
to grab
her snatch
or breasts
I hung my eyes
and my heart murmured that
I wrote
at least thirty two letters
to a woman
I loved.

The Believer

He calls upon God
Much too late in the day
And sets the phone ringing
In an empty office

Divinely yours

Guru, Guru
Where are you?
Boo hoo hoo
Where are you
Guru Maharaj ji?
Hi! ja
My, your coming and going
but why?
For you, Guru
I'd die, Maharaj ji.

for you, Guru,
I've given all my money to you
I love you Guru
I like your Gurus chubby . . .
And rich too, Guru.
Can I be perfect like you
Guru?

Divinely yours

Guru, Guru
Where are you?
Boo hoo hoo
Where are you
Guru Maharaj ji?
Hi! ja
My, your coming and going
but why?
For you, Guru
I'd die, Maharaj ji.

Oh Dear

This is an Oh Dear tramride
at the end
of an Oh Dear night
and
now that my fare is paid
I think
I'll just sit here
and hallucinate.

Untitled

I came to you with my hands cut off
and you wrapped them in your hair
I was junkie thin, on a razor's edge
I had nothing to disguise
so I looked for an answer to my mistakes
in the blueprints of your eyes

I felt as mean as a subway gang
screaming F U C K in a midnight park
I nigger rumbled your cornfield thighs
till my pain turned to love in the dark.

Loungeoom Journey

You sit still
Not brooding
But with active eyes
I sit next to you
Though I think only you
Know where you are

Sometimes, when you look up and smile,
I see your diamond spectrum world
And that is when I know
where I belong
I journey out across the carpet
to visit you for tea.

News & Weather is an irregular poetry feature prepared by
Nigel Roberts and Richard Tipping.
McMillan organised what was called "the highland brigade", a party of 20 heavily armed Mounted Muster. "The brigade coming up to the waterhole at Warrigal Creek surrounded them and fired into them, killing a great number. Some escaped in the scrub, others jumped into the waterhole, and, as they put their heads up for breath, they were shot, until the water ran red with blood."

Eventually some 150 blacks were murdered on that day. Surely Australia's equivalent of My Lai. Even then two survivors were made to lead the "brigade" from camp to camp to further satisfy their thirsty vengeance.

For McMillan was regarded as a hero in Gippsland and the discover of Gippsland. Generally regarded as a hero in the Gippsland area in that the white murderers and many others. Unchristian and unmerciful causes were played down. Massacres were not mentioned.

Successful attempt to rewrite the previous 20 years of white-black conflict and to justify the forceful occupation and conquest of native lands. The aboriginals, the inquiry established, died as a result of diseases they contracted from whites - smallpox, influenza and many others. Unchristian and thus unmerciful causes were played down. Massacres were not mentioned.

The introduction to the 1850 inquiry stated: "Had they been a strong race like the New Zealanders, they would have forced the new occupiers of the country to provide for them, but being weak and ignorant they have been treated with utter neglect."

However, nine years earlier, Thomas, the assistant aboriginal protector, had written to governor Latrobe: "Instances of cattle being speared or of sheep or horses being speared particularly in the Gippsland district, where the aboriginal natives have never come to terms with the whites, may still occasionally occur.

Fortunately Meyrich chose not to speak out against these horrific deeds. But at least he recorded the truth of the matter. It is also interesting to note that his estimate of 450 is about 15 percent of all the natives in Gippsland in its pre-European state. And it appears that these barbaric hunts continued up to 1850 in the more eastern and remote districts.

Other sources such as Dunderdale (The Book of the Bush), discuss the various massacres and black-white conflict. They conclude "...the only effective remedy is the gun."

Even the chief protector of aboriginals, Robinson, stated: "There is, however, reason to fear that before the arrival of the commissioner (1844) a large amount of mischief had been inflicted on the original inhabitants by the lawless and oppressed who had infested the port from Van Diemen's land and..." His surprise about "mischief" is correct. However, placing the blame on the convicts would be far from the truth as it is plain that all the inhabitants, free and bonded, participated.

When the whites first arrived the blacks thought they were gods. However, when they realised that the newcomers were occupiers and invaders, a regular series of raids, skirmishes and retaliations began that lasted for 15 years. The blacks would harass isolated shepherds or stockmen driving off the stock and butchering or dispersing them. Armed whites would retaliate by attacking the nearest camp, whether guilty or not.

Angus McMillan, discoverer of Gippsland, led several such punitive expeditions against the blacks. In 1843 a European settler was speared to death by two blacks near Sale. This was the fifth murder of a European within a year. McMillan organised what was called "the highland brigade", a party of 20 heavily armed Mounted Muster. "The brigade coming up to the blacks camped around the waterhole at Warrigal Creek surrounded them and fired into them, killing a great number. Some escaped in the scrub, others jumped into the waterhole, and, as they put their heads up for breath, they were shot, until the water ran red with blood."

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McMillan is known to have participated in such forays on two other occasions. The first occurred in 1846 when some 250 blacks were speared by the blacks. W. F. Faithfull, who wrote to his wife: "The blacks were speared by the whites spread their system of indiscriminate murder. People frightened of the blacks began to be hanged."

Henry Meyrich, who drove stock across South Gippsland in 1841, pointed out that the blacks were kept very secret as the penalty would be hanging. Meyrich was out hunting blacks but refused to fire on them "...much to the disgust of the party who returned leaving them unmolested."

The hanging for Myall Creek in no way deterred the settlers. The mounted and heavily armed vigilantes with their secret oaths would detect black camps by their smoke, surround the area and fire it indiscriminately, killing man, woman and child with the intention not to save anyone.

Normal groupings of blacks were quite small, about 15-30 altogether. Fast working, eager murderers would take little time to dispose of the evidence on top of the nearest camp, whether guilty or not.

The sad story of Quamby and many others, racial superiority. The massacre was also against the Krautungalung (Snowy river) blacks. The few whites assisted by the Sale blacks attacked the Snowy river aboriginals on the eastern bank of the Brodribb river where the Cabbage Palm creek joins it. Here the attacking tribe of blacks was so badly defeated..."

The story tells a quite different story. The whites were murderers and thieves, operating within a system of lawlessness and racial superiority. The extermination of the white power, and some lesser ones, is the death of a different kind. The true lesson of these murdered people is that no man, let alone country or state, should have power to take life, or to destroy it.

Ponder over this quote from Dunderdale: "All the surviving blacks could say was 'Quamby dead - long time - whitefellow plenty - shooem.'"
COME BACK AFRICA: 'T K M o c i'w e *

OPERA: I L O M B A R D I, KN IFE IN THE WATER
Verdi, 3AR, 8 pm.
ATV-0, 7.30 pm.

W AR AN D  PEACE — BBC
George Hotel, St. Kilda.

SLADE, HO M E: Festival
14 Claremont street, S.Y.

OPERA H IG H L I G H T S:
stud.
Lonsdale street, C ity.

UNCLE V A N Y A — BBC
HOT C ITY  BUMP BAN D:
NFTA, Guild Theatre, Mel­

DIVORCE LAW  REFORM
Mayne, 7.30 pm.

IM P R O T I P T I V E  M O V I E S:
Pitt st. near Park
Opera House, $2.50.

MEETINGS
TIA N  H A R D Y : Waltzing
— “ warrie”  w ith Errol
Channel 1 0, 1 0 pm.
FR A M P TO  N , JA C K
— “ warrie”  w ith Errol
Channel 1 0, 1 0 pm.

CLASSIC M O V I E S: Old
ODYSSEY: New Arts,
TIM  BROW N: Northbridge
DICK HUGHES: French’s

BO K I E , B E N N I: Union
Lodge hotel, 7.30-10 pm.

PHY L OBL, B E R N A R D
M ICHE L : In Canada, 7.30 pm.

B ILLY  THE K ID  plus
CINEM A, DAR I I hurst,

THEATRE,
DANCE,
MUSICAL,
BRITISH ELECTIONS: EVERYONE'S A LOSER

From ROGER HUTCHINSON in London

TEN YEARS ago, as an energetic member of the south Yorkshire young socialists, I witnessed the passage of the By-election Act. I was a month of Sunday junior football, flung homework to the winds, and determinedly trying to keep up with a sackful of new words that evening. I also decided to write a letter to canvassing for the Labour party in a general election.

I had a footballing affair for a 15 year old, rather like the build-up to a cup final. There was a lot to be done. I even contacted the Conservatives in power for more than a decade ("Fourteen years of Tory misrule" we chanted gleefully), through the channels of Macmillan, and in the absence from the Left of any personable leadership since the passing of the fondly remembered Bevin/Atille school.

Now Macmillan was gone, replaced at Downing street by the skeletal, anemic, utterly unconvinced Douglas-Home (I've got a story about Douglas-Home later in this column) — and from the Left had come a new man. It was not, if you please, Huddersfield, had a solidly faithful, loving working class Liverpool constituency, but a town like Oxford (but had no trouble regressing to the northern vowels), smoked a pipe, preferred tinned salmon to fresh and said so, and smoked a pipe like the Tories could not wipe off a chairman. The fact that all of these faults were matched by political one-upmanship.

Edward Heath could give Wilson for his antipathy (!) to the tories, who usually ran all-ticket in their southern equivalents. They had risen a new star. It came from Huddersfield, had a solidly faithed constituency, had been educated at the Empire Loyalists were at some point. It was throw names at a government chair and screeched: "When are you going to stop?" With that, the interview condemning militant Day the night this election was decided. Heath's calculations might go so far, most of the northern middle class has been affluent for only two or three generations. They have parental or grandparental connections with the working class, and a consequent grudging sympathy. My grandfather was a Newcastler.

He had five children, and three of them fought their way into parliament or education - into the middle class professions. Now they're as pretentious and titile as the middle class can be, but they're not about to forget the coal dust that ate out their father's lungs until his face turned blue and a dying gough sent coal-black saliva and blood splatering across the misted down. And they may not be in too much of a hurry to believe that their father's descendents are holding the country to ransom by asking for so pounds a week.

Ours but to sit and wait. I must confess to a renewed interest in the election charade, and (less than the provincial mayor-made-good image of Wilson. We doubtless care for themselves, but their real feelings for them, the tories have escalating a wage-dispute with the miners into a "who rules this country anyway?" issue (they're asking us!), and are asking the country to decide between dirty faced Helots and the wit and wisdom of Heathcoat.

It's a con trick that wouldn't sell the Eiffel tower, let alone Britain, in normal circumstances. Heath knows the southern middle class well, however. He understands their paranoia (reds under miners' hats has been dug, and hoary, out of Tory central office). He understands their love of orderliness and suspicion of the working class, and a wage-dispute with the miners into a "who rules this country anyway?" issue (they're asking us!), and are asking the country to decide between dirty faced Helots and the wit and wisdom of Heathcoat.

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Last week we told of the commune nestling on the foreshores of Sydney harbor, now being threatened by a state park plan.

Here are the pics for which we couldn't previously find space.
I came up here from the south, when the skies were streaming along the Coast, still the earth was red and the water runnels were as blood beside the road. In my jaunty little car I banced northwards I dreamt of life ahead, so different to the reality. Into a flat I went, hateful in its barren¬ness, but I soon became insensi¬tive as before long I could no longer see the dust-taked, sandy particles of the green concrete walls. In this apartment, walls didn't reach the ceiling, my hus¬band's television programmes on the other side of the pressed-wood partition were all too audible. This flat had a redeeming feature and a wonderful one at that, across from the front porch was country, flats and then the low, rocky, sparsely treed hills. In the early morning white cockatoos squatted on the dead trees like magnificent blooms. In the evening the moments were magical as the sun set and the hills and their shadows changed from orange to flaming red to purple and inky-blue. Now such a scene is impossible as within a bare two years little suburban boxes have interloped upon the scene.

Now I live in my own property. The upright house in the street stands between my house and the street, the property by words of "value", "cheap" and "in three weeks it will be a different place". It is now two years later and it is uglier than ever with its half finished additions. There is no view, just chicken wire fences looking into my neighbours' unsympathetic yards. My baby is the prism of this existence, so soft, so perfect. She looks back at me with a face that is mine and from the mountain with condensation issuing from her mouth, she must be able to attend the theatre, walk through a big store; see other ethnic and cul¬tural groups, to see these other groups as meaningful and living, not as here where the surround¬ings have stripped away the rich¬ness of their backgrounds and left only the greed and the grasp common to us all when life is difficult and when one must fight for a tenacious existence.

The sun has eaten back the layers of my skin, leaving my raw flesh flaming from its rays. My own pain becomes so intense that my mind ceases to register the pain of others and many indeed in this area are poor lost souls - so many itinerants, so many single migrants, so many sad aborigines. This deadness and acceptance of suffering must surely be experi¬enced by so many, else a happier and richer existence would be had by man and beast.

This is what has happened. I have been stripped, like the in¬habitants, even like the houses which are places for sleeping but not for living. How long does it take before even a new house becomes dusty and insect-ridden, how many days before the garden becomes a dust-beak lacking the order of a planned garden and looks like the beauty of life as it was before man hacked into it, in his desperation to find security in an area that is alien to man and his ways?

One day, I am confident, the earth will once again respire supreme and beautiful, she is still very much in control as this land has conditioned my responses and dulled my senses as I am too small by comparison with the land's mightiness. However, one day the flimsy shocks will blow away, rusted machinery will blend in with the natural analogy of the land. A few men will remain, but these will be, as it was before, those whose nature has blinded and moulded in them with the earth, so that once again true harmony between man and earth will exist.

There is no half-measure here, for months, the sun shines as if it has nowhere else to cast its rays; then surprisingly for several months the skies become overcast and soon it rains, mins and rains. No man can get into the town and no man can leave it. The rains are too big for transport, train or plane; they too are halted and it exist in a clathroplastic atmos¬phere as defined by the rain and isolation.

If there is a deity, a spirit or a Mythos of this land, here it is harsh, a misanthrope, it looks down with malevolence; how many people can be ruined, made drankards, become obsessive gamblers, be made brutal, how many will forget the real value of life? This god sees the weakness in each man and exploits it and once here no man can escape, there are no softening sea breezes or leven¬ing effects of varied people, differ¬ing attitudes, instead here by some means the most awful and mediocre man can exist. Anyone who espouses a differ¬ent way is cast out or crushed by the dust, the heat and his fellow men. A man cannot jump into his car and drive a few miles to the hills to regain his sense of propor¬tion, he can get out his rifle and go shooting or go to a waterfall for a swim but at it he will find half of his acquaintances anyway.

In days of old hermits and mystics they were able to strip away the extraneous aspects of existence in such a place but today even here the mindless points of our culture give a veneer to all - television, football, standard films. Does man bring in these insanities or does the land push man to this pattern? I think it is the harshness of the land exploiting weaknesses but by the other side of the coin a man is able to rise above his physical condition in this way and to inky-blue. It is truly great, a true man and in him lies vindication for all.

Beyond 2001

THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS, february 26-march 4, 1974 - Page 19
George "Horseshit" Strumble had never thought of himself as a beautiful person. Sure, he was a bloody good farmer, he looked after his sheep - a task he was passionate about. He'd been around the farm for many years, and his knowledge and skills were unmatched. He was respected by all who knew him, and his integrity was well-recognized.

The day began with a meeting in the old shepherds' hut. The hut was a small, rustic building, surrounded by the hustle and bustle of the farm. George was there, listening intently to the discussions. It was a common practice to meet in the evenings, to discuss the day's work and plans for the future.

As the meeting progressed, the focus shifted to the great outdoors. George was always keen to explore the beauty of nature, and he shared his experiences with the group. He talked about the different species of plants and animals, and how they lived together in harmony. The group was fascinated by his knowledge, and they laughed and joked as they listened.

The meeting ended with a grand finale - a story told by one of the farmers. It was a tale of adventure, filled with twists and turns. The audience was captivated, and they cheered as the story reached its climax.

After the meeting, George returned to the farm, and he began his daily routine. He looked out over the fields, and he smiled with satisfaction. He knew that he was living a beautiful life, surrounded by nature and the people he loved. And he was grateful for every moment of it.
Elton John: Well worth hearing and worth hearing well

Cherry Ripe

Slade, unfortunately, are a band far too old for us here. The audience for their concert was of a more mature age than a rock band. Like Gary Glitter they are one of those musicians who have been around longer and are therefore bigger in Australia than elsewhere. And like Marc Bolan, they have never really made it in America, though they keep on slogging. They will draw more people in places like the Hordern pavilion (capacity 6000) than they did last time they played New York, back in October.

Their album sales in Australia are phenomenal. It's only their second time here, yet, Slade alive (recorded "Live" in 72) has apparently outstripped sales of any other album ever released here, topping even Sgt Pepper. Given that more people have access to money younger these days, it's not so much the music works to a formula too.

The audience at their concert at the Hordern pavilion was entirely under 20, mostly around 13. The routine was quite simple: the equipment is all set up and ready to go, but the music works to a formula too.

Thea are not so much musicians as hystera-raisers. Coming at you between 120-140 decibels, it didn't seem to particularly lower just using the right of sound. It seems to work to a volume way beyond the usual eight feet of their equipment, so bad is the distortion. It's very much an ear-thing, just a good pair of lugs. Those riffs in time. His solos are pretty uninteresting, variations on an oscillation between two notes, and his intro riffs sound like he's blaming the PA as they brought their own which they use in England.

As to their musicianship, I would love to find something nice to say 'cause my age seems to be showing. But there's nothing much going on in the lyrics, the rhythm section is almost entirely a heavy one-two one-two monotony, not relieved by bass lines that stick close behind. The lead guitar sounds like he's straining to keep up, only just getting down those riffs in time. His solos are pretty uninteresting, variations on an oscillation between two notes, and his intro riffs sound like he's missing two chords in four. All in all it's loud but uninteresting and certainly not satisfying to participate in. They are the only band I can think of who actually sound better coming out of a car radio. They do occasionally wave catchy melodies.

They are the sort of music for which you don't need discriminat- ing taste. They are good at what they do. We all need something to have our ears up a mere. But they're his baby, a Chas Chandler Commercial Package. Coming up through playing bass for the original Animals, and "discovering" Hendrix has given him a good grounding for mastermind and heavy. You get the feeling it's "OK boys, this is what we're doing and a new album!" And he gets them. If the Stones had their "band people love to hate", Slade have their Chas Chandler. No mistaking he's completely in control, orchestrating them, touring or just keeping them prolific. You see more interviews with him than the band.

As a band, they've been together for seven years. Certainly they can keep going, but they haven't progressed very far musically in all that time. But the music works to a formula too.

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"Your song" — well worth hearing and worth hearing well

MARGARET MACINTYRE

In reviewing a concert from the stands, one is often reminded of the difference between the stage and the audience. The stage is the place where the show happens, and the audience is where the show is being watched. The difference can be felt even when the audience is in front of the stage, where they can see the performers clearly, and when they are in the stands, where they have a better view but are further away.

In a hall, however bad it is, it is usually possible for a good entertainer to produce an atmosphere that will envelop the audience, wherever they are seated. With the possible exception of the Kooyong tennis stadium, this is not so true of concerts. The audience, however bad, is always possible for a good entertainer to produce an atmosphere that will envelop the audience, wherever they are seated. With the possible exception of the Kooyong tennis stadium, this is not so true of concerts.

The sound of the concert is very important in creating this atmosphere. The audience at their concert at the Hordern pavilion was entirely under 20, mostly around 13. The routine was quite simple: the equipment is all set up and ready to go, but the music works to a formula too.

Thea are not so much musicians as hystera-raisers. Coming at you between 120-140 decibels, it didn't seem to particularly lower just using the right of sound. It seems to work to a volume way beyond the usual eight feet of their equipment, so bad is the distortion. It's very much an ear-thing, just a good pair of lugs. Those riffs in time. His solos are pretty uninteresting, variations on an oscillation between two notes, and his intro riffs sound like he's blaming the PA as they brought their own which they use in England.

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As a band, they've been together for seven years. Certainly they can keep going, but they haven't progressed very far musically in all that time.
Music Grants: Few favors for the youngbloods

Interview with Di Manson, consultant on jazz, rock, folk etc. for the Music Board.

MARGARET MacINTYRE

FIFTEEN million dollars is 12 years’ work for the young bloods, that’s how much was allotted to the Australian Council for the Arts in last year. This money is dispensed by six advisory boards - theatre, film & television, visual & plastic arts, literature, crafts and of course the music board.

The criteria for grant selection are chosen by ministerial appointment - in the case of the music board five persons. For a grant to be approved by the council which also appoints the chairman of the board of managers, the selection has led to some bitter criticisms of the workings of the board, particularly on various grounds of favoritism, self-perpetuation, elitism etc.

Another course of criticism has been the handing out of grants. The only way for money to be allocated to artists or organisations is through their application. Applications are then assessed for merit by the board, and grants distributed accordingly. It has been pointed out that the written reports of the board and organisations associated with them have benefited from this arrangement. However these deliberations are closed to the public, because says Dr Jean Battersby, the ACA’s chief executive: “It is mostly artist who are making judgments about other artists and they’re a pretty uncharitable lot.” Whether this system of dispensing funds is the fairest is an open question. Are we one of the few with a particular interest in this country?

Until the announcement of the music grants last year, when a couple of young contemporary musicians figured prominently, it could have been assumed that the council did not consider popular contemporary music art. This is one impression that Di Manson, the music board’s newly appointed consultant on jazz, rock folk ("in fact anything that does not come under the heading of classical") wishes to correct. Well, she certainly considers it art, anywhere we can find it. "I’m highly critical of definitions about other artists and I wish to correct. Well, she certainly considers it art, anywhere we can find it. "I’m highly critical of definitions about other artists and" wish to correct. Well, she certainly considers it art, anywhere we can find it. "I’m highly critical of definitions about other artists and"

The Fairport Convention has been building up in the middle distance like an electrical storm for quite some time, and by now they no longer need apologists in this country.

Gone are the days when the question "Who - or indeed what - is Fairport Convention?" was on everyone’s lips. I don’t hold with the common belief that it is necessary for a band to continually change in order to remain any good - the dedication of progress has surely gone far enough without applying it to music - and I find the consistency of this group through many changes in personnel an admirable illustration of the old adage: when you’re on to a good thing, stick to it.

Nine is the first complete record made by the group’s current line-up, Rosie having been a fairly scattered effort. It presents a similar balance of traditional and original material to the group’s last few records.

The first track, the ebullient North Country song "The Hampshire Lass", features the light and tuneful singing of Dave Swarbrick, and moves at a frantic pace. Swarbrick is not regarded in the best of circles as a particularly good traditional fiddler, mainly because he doesn’t move at too hard. But this excess of cleverness is far better adapted to electric music than he does to his playing with the Ian Campbell group or with Martin Carthy. He is definitely a "fiddler, and his quirky and sometimes insane playing makes facing groups and single artists today. Most markedly, she was made aware of the enormous blanket of paranoia which seems evident in every facet of the music industry. “It’s everywhere - the artists don’t trust the agents who don’t trust the record companies…”

The record is a setting of Richard Lovelace’s poem To Althea from prison, which contains the famous lines “stone walls don’t a prison make, nor iron bars a cage.” Swarbrick’s delicate violin, and his direct, brisk, unsentimental singing combine to give this piece a haunting, melancholy elation that will keep the tune drifting around in your head for a long time.

Side One ends with Jerry Donahue’s stirring instrumental Tokyo. This record has been so effectively divided into its parts that it’s a bit hard to get into Side Two after listening to Side One. Bring ‘em on down is a big, heavy, inspiring song with a solo from Dave Swarbrick, but Big William seems excessively peculiar. I can make neither head nor tail of it, in spite of the memorably refrains. “You can put it where you want, sometimes you win, sometimes you lose - it’s a stirring rock song about something or other. Fairport Convention is one of the few groups that can powerfully appeal to the intellect and the emotions at the same time. For a band filled with virtuoso performers, it is remarkable that the music never gets so damned smart that it loses significance and cohesion. This record is positively exhilarating. Three cheers.

Mike O’Rourke

NINE: Fairport Convention (Island).

provides the lift that electric bands often lack, due perhaps to a certain misconception on the part of the public.

Polly on the shore, an apocryphal vision of part of the history of a dying privateer, has a depth and intensity that is released through the record of the group’s arrangements of a traditional song, Trevor Lucas’ singing of this song is beautifully understood, and shows him to have a range of sensitivity as well as a powerful voice.

Fairport’s playing of traditional tunes since Dave Swarbrick joined the group has always been one of their strongest drawcards. (What is a drawcard?) They have a particular interest in hiring musicians though - that is why it is so important that contemporary musicians learn what the centre has to offer them.

One person is one thing - the fact that musicians will be able to use the facilities for making demo tapes, and possibly touring under the centre as a link with other musicians and parts of the industry. Everyone interested in recruiting for similar music centres in all states, but this will depend largely on the success of the experiment.

Another form of help currently available is the tour-licensing of tours, as with the tour kicking off in Armadale on February 24 with Tony Bodenham, Margaret Roadnight, Mike McClennen and Graham Lowndes. It is expected that the tour will be taken from March 1-10, and then Tasmania, where Jeannie Lewis will join it from the States. She will probably be the last tour that Di is so actively involved in, since she is working so much time in direct helping such matters.

She would like to organise a festival though - perhaps an alternative folk festival in Australia during the next year. At present Di’s hopes are high for the future relationship of contemporary music and the music board. The fact that the board dispersed contemporary music is so unimportant as to leave it all to one person is one thing - the fact that the director, Dr Jean Battersby, is another. Many musicians who have come in contact with her have asked her to manage them. Happily for musicians as a whole she has refused, and now we just might see a little bit of action in our direction from the Australian Council for the Arts, at last.
A feast for seagulls

EMMETT TILL

GOU G. FOOT

CRYSTAL VOYAGER: on rounds

THE SEA is our mother, our ancient home. Let us go back to live with her, let us worship her omnipotence and play among her tresses as she combs on the shore.

Bitter and cold your body trembles with exhaustion. Sometimes you nearly drown. Jesus, how's the surf really hairy, I can't figure out why I keep on doing it... maybe my friends are right when they say I'm mad.

But Nat Young and Greg Greenough and Ritchie West do it much better because they're heavily brassed and can afford to travel. But suddenly, Greenough has built a boat — a 38 foot ocean cruising yacht — so he doesn't have to hassle through the traffic and pay the little green men to park by his sea. And so he can go to all those hidden places and kick a pick over the bow, live on board, and paddle to the surf anytime he feels like it.

Greenough means a camera too. Ritchie West, for example, so all he can see is a little circle of sky and land down a big green tunnel.

People like George and Nat and Ritchie and Cool are and then there's all the poor shits like me who have to do the hassling and the paying and the five days at a desk and say fuck if it's blown out at weekends.

So when these high powered Cool People point cameras at each other and paste the bits into a surf movie the hustlers like us flock to it like seagulls to a rotting fish. Sometimes the movie is about as agreeable as rotting fish; sometimes, like with Crystal voyager, the seagulls are feastng.

This discerning seagull has weathered many a surf movie ripoff and knows the good stuff when he sees it. He advises you to join the shuffling queues at Melbourne's Brighton town hall.

And Greenough says under water till sunset, filming the warm reds and golds as they play on the water. The yacht rides quietly at anchor, the last gull wheels above the beach, and the external waves march towards the land. Back at the deck next day the images of this film still glow fresh and clean in my mind and I lust for Saturday.

at last THE INCREDIBLE

ON STAGE WITH HIS TOP PIECE BAND
AUST. TOUR MARCH 1974

Sat 9th - Brisbane Festival Hall
Sun 10th - Sydney Hendred Pavilion
Mon 11th - Adelaide Apollo Stadium
Tues 12th - Perth Her Majesty's Theatre
Thur 14th - Melbourne Festival Hall

BOOKINGS ALL AGENTS

THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS, february 26-march 4, 1974 — Page 23
Dwellings

Melbourne. Apartment house convenient to all lines. 3 rooms, sitting room, kitchen, light, heat, 91 Merket street, Albert Park.

Melbourne. Large rooms in beautiful furnished home couple in their 30’s wish to share. 284 Grey st, Fitzroy.

Melbourne. Single or double rooms available in large spacious home. $8.50 weekly including gas and electricity. Phone 928235.

Melbourne. Young man to share large room in Melbourne. Young man to share lovely room in spacious home. Phone Roy, 31.6591 after 6 pm.

Melbourne. Young man to share house North Fitzroy with two other persons. Handy to transport. Vegetable garden. Phone 927169.

Melbourne. Young artist requires accommodation in Melbourne. One room in apartment, with allMixin. Phone 942839.

Melbourne. Young woman to share own house, car, divorced, seeks situation with others similar age in permanent relationship unattached. Into our own home. INC box 7839.

Dwellings (cont)

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A NOTHER one for you Blue. Methane, fuel of the future, a 90 pager on how to transform trash into fuel, what to do, why to get it, how to do it and what to do with it once you have it. It reads up though Blue, cause some of the heaviest research organisations in the world are about to come up with whole concept out of our range. Get this book before the boffins jammy the facts up with a group of people based in the UK countryside and it's simple yet comprehensive. We've followed the methane worker who threw himself into it, he couldn't swim but he went through the motions. Enough of this filth. Send one pound ten for an air mail copy to Andrew Singer, Bot-

lisham Park Mill, Botsorith Cam-

bridge, England.

**

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there's a new learning/skills ex-

change in Sydney. Called THE Learning Network, it is not a conventional organisation, it does not manufacture a product, or create a service to be sold to customers. It is a network with a new idea, a consciousness-raising, lib-

erating environment, a "web" pro-

viding access to people and things in a community forming catalytic." What's that all mean? Well, there are several discussion/learning/network groups about to begin, there's a newsletter and all sorts of other goings on. We must not too much rehash ing their first directory. Get one for yourself, it's free; then you can buy a buck for the newsletter and post it, you're part of the Learning Network. Send to Bruce Abra-

ham, M&G Joyce street, Gordon-

NSW 2072.

IT LOOKS like some of the DLS proseytes are about to devote some energy and resources to some new projects around the fu-

el theme - which is good and really about time. They sent the follow-

ing feedback to Access:

The Divine Light Mission in Sydney is building up on a file alternative technology as prepara-

tion for DOE - a festival in the Nimbin-style, which will be held on a long, white road, Mullumbimby in July. The aim is to try to get people to see teaching/learning situ-

tations in alternative technology and other crafts, includ-

ing a fullscale pottery class which will be run by the world-famous potter Gwynn Hansell. The天堂

thing will be an attempt to focus the energy of as many alternative lifestyle people as possible in one spot at the same time so that real communication and teaching/learning of DOE happens. The DLM hopes that a permanent community area will arise out of DOE on the same site at Mul-

lumbimby. In the meantime, the alternative technology file is available for anyone who wants to obtain information from it, or to contribute any material to the file. It contains over

500 pages of books and pamphlets on alterna-

tive sources of energy and au-

tonomous housing which are not

generally available in Australia.

It's mainly for students, teachers, etc. It is not much use rehashing.

That's that for this week. The statistic for this week is 6388 — that's how many lucky people were flash and busted placing a limb out of a car win-

dow. Safety first? Send feedback to

THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS, February 26-28, 1974 — Page 25
The beat speaks

"TRAPPED" of Wodonga was both amusing and rather sad. I thought I'd practice the other side.

I'm just home and it's pay day. I know it's pay day, the manner always puts a dress on then...over her blue jeans.

From a 1947 women's journal, the marriage-of-motherhood degrades the women, devalues the man, and dehumanizes the human being. It's too bad, my friend; it's too bad.

And what can you do? Nothing. There are no physical bonds between them; they're not chained, not bound to one another.

The beast is at "work". What he is doing is...frightening. He is setting out your case in as clear, as beautiful a facade. It ought to appear on the office facade. It ought to appear on the street.

What does this say about me? Does it mean that it's all over? I wish you wouldn't insist on trying to go back to what's known. I'm referring, of course, to Peggy McMahons Point, NSW.
Take a risk

odalsique

Williamstown Ferry by Bill Bailey in River Yarra Sketchbook. (Rigby)

There's a ferry at the bottom of our river

GLENN HALFACON

MELBOURNE's Williams town ferry has come for ever. "The cost to repair and return it to working order was astronomical," Williams town's activity city engineer, Mr Baker, explained on Friday. Since 1931 the Short road ferry has plied the 250 yard Yarra near where it spews into Hobson's bay, the northernmost point of Port Philip Bay.

Linking Port Melbourne with Newport at a point adjacent to the belching power station, it was Melbourne's only vehicular ferry. Services started at 6.15 am daily finishing after 8.30 pm. Car drivers always checked to see if they were

B. B. King tour

LEGENDARY bluesman, B. B. King, soon to tour Australia, will not perform before prisoners at Sydney's Long Bay jail and Melbourne's Pentridge jail as indicated by earlier publicity. Philip Walker, a representative of the tour's Australian promoter, Robert Raymond, said that he had commenced negotiations with authorities at both prisons. In Sydney he contacted the Robin Hood committee, a charitable body which organises social activities on behalf of Long Bay prisoners. Walker said that Robin Hood showed little interest and, although they did state they would talk to walkers, nothing eventuated. Représentatives for Melbourne's Pentridge jail were, surprisingly enough, extremely interested but before final negotiations could be effected, B. B. King informed the promoters that he did not wish to proceed with prison concerts.

According to Walker, King, who does a lot of prison work in the States, and heads a foundation which raises money for prisoners to study music and purchase instruments, decided against the move in Australia because he felt it was "degrading an ideal to a publicity stunt". King also decided against prison work because his tour commitments were too hectic and because in the States his prison activities were of a personal nature due to his involvement with, and allegiance to, negro prisoners.

The itinerary for King's Australian tour, which promises to be a blues fan's delight, is as follows:

1) Because the majority of your readers are already in this "anarchist trip" and they don't need to be convinced; what they need is to know that there are a lot of others with the same ideas and they are not the only "crazy" ones.

2) There should be the means of communication between these people and I think that most of your articles should be based on this subject, because it is not really yours but is yours and mine and all our fellow-people's in 2049 our many failings we are aware, but each week we believe the situation improves, the energy flow thickens and Men begin to dance... So let's start to exchange ideas through good news and try to build something positive in place of new order.

3) You assume the same level as many others. (Communism, fascism etc) which involve leaders, propaganda, power etc... and you therefore break the first principle of anarchy - using powers through revolutions, to force other people to believe that your way is the best.

4) In this anarchy, it makes me bloody sick! Fuuck the Anarchist party and all those idiots who call it such.

The peculiar fluidity of anarchism is reflected in its attitude towards organisation. By no means does all anarchy reject organisation, but none seek to give it an artificial centrality; the fluid survival of 'anarchist action' itself is what is important. In fact, the basic ideas of anarchism, with their stress on freedom and spontaneity, precludes the possibility of rigid organisation, and particularly of anything in the nature of a party constructed for the purpose of existing and holding power.

The political commune is the only answer if you want to work for your ideas. It's the only way to get all of us together and build our own society to give a good example. But unfortunately even then we won't be completely free because there are practical problems that we can't avoid (e.g. buying land which involves bureaucracy, buying tools and fertilises to work the land, trying to survive etc) until you own your own land.

That's why I'm not "thinking pol­itical", but the thought of getting rid of this relative freedom keeps me awake. So don't you bloody print bullshit like: "Vote for a splinter party to running the system."

TLD should be to keep this freedom to-gether anonymously and unofficially.

Therefore the main purpose of TLD should be to keep this freedom together anonymously and unofficially.

The wife of the mayor of L.A. or somewhere went missing for a week. The mayor was trying to explain this away on TV recently when the wife interrupted: "I have been discreet all my life ... I just wanted recogni­tion of my husband."

This woman's actions are symptomatic of a general social malaise. Let this be a warning to all "husbands" - whether legal, de facto, or "still looking thanks!" Let it be an encouragement to all similarly "discreet" females. It is symptomatic of the feeling of females in similarly "permanent" relationships. The post-war myth of female emancipation is at last being exploded. Don't let this ex­plosion be merely defused by paternalistic arguments such as - "Being feminist only reinforces sexism" - such arguments were only to put the underdog back in her place, to shut her up.

But sexism implies just that - that the female be the underdog. Whereas feminism is the examin­ing of this role - a saying through it. It is now appropriate to be fem­inist as a means of throwing off these sexist roles. Sexism is rife. Feminism is an attempt to tran­scend it, not to confound it. When these roles have been seen through, we will have become non-sexist. We will then be pri­marily persons, and only second­arily "females" or "males". When we have become thus non-sexist, then feminism and all sexism as such, will have "withered away". Only persons will remain.

In the meantime, however, it is appropri­ate to speak of "femin­ism" and "sexism". Today, the conflict between the myth of emancipation and the social reality of the female being still the

JEWEL EASTGATE

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Dont let 'em hide

Please keep up your practice of putting a name (of writer, reporter, etc) to every entry, or an explanation for its absence.

PHIL O'CARROLL

Albury, NSW

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Dont let 'em hide
THE TREE is not, as is so widely thought, merely a harmless, indeed benign and beautiful inhabitant of bushland.

Trees have minds; they know what they’re about and they are invariably up to no good.

Tell me if you doubt this: Why do they thrust out those ideal perches for birds? Why do they put on a show of great color and leafiness? Why does their bark crinkle and strip off in beautiful patterns? Why do they sway so provocatively in the wind?

Can you tell me this?

WE MUST LOOK FOR MOTIVES.

The tree means to evoke a lulled sense of peace in us; to play upon that human defect, viz., a sensitivity to sensuous rhythm; to hypnotise us into a state of purely perceptive appreciation through touch and smell and sight. In other words — and I shudder to think of the danger to undisciplined children on picnics — THE TREE IS LEWD!

The tree is a brazen appeal to the satyr in man’s often poorly trained character.

You’ve all heard the stories — Nude Romp in Forest

Heathen Rites in Secluded Glen

Naked Swimmers in Bushland Setting

It just goes on and on. Man succumbing to enticement.

Weak morals are obviously synonymous with the lover of the bush. The sinuous cry of the tree is answered by the gross and primitive instincts of the bushwalker, "I come to your soughing wind breathed limbs, I come!"

And there you see another victim, weak willed man, forced by a barrage upon the senses to walk the flowering gummed path; lost to the worthy austerity and decency of the telegraph pole forever; to become now a defector from the suitably dressed and painted timber of the town.

Trees must not be allowed their insidious attack on man’s frail tightrope of morality. Man’s ability to deny the cry of lust from the bush is strong only when it is bolstered by numbers and by constant and prayerful vigilance and pruning.

Show yourself strong and do not fear to snip the offending branch. Keep down the growth of your garden to a well disciplined and ordered shrubbery. Teach your children the dangers of lusting in virgin bushland.

The purity of untouched tree-life is a myth.

Every state forest harbours a potential force of crude attack, waiting and lurking; ready to drag the unsuspecting into the purgatory of new-rising sap and the final degradation of naked wandering and a wattle and daub hut, signs of the bushman-slave of the deceptive green shadows. He is a forsworn of civilized life, a self-indulgent savage.

Dad to all entreaties to return his ears hear only the chatter of bush creatures and the ever whispered allusions of the trees.