3-26-1974

The Living Daylights 2(12) 26 March 1974

Richard Neville
Editor

Follow this and additional works at: http://ro.uow.edu.au/livingdaylights

Recommended Citation
Don Dunstan gags press

- Brawling at Pentridge
- Prying on teachers
- Student news special
Daylight Robbery

ON December 12, 1969, a series of bomb explosions rocked the Italian bank of agriculture in Milan, killing 16 people and wounding 68. Police and the judiciary, as moved, quickly and in a whirlwind drive arrested three young radicals, Valpreda, a self-proclaimed anarchist, and several of his colleagues.

Charges were laid, instead Valpreda lay in the cells for three years all the while proclaiming his innocence and saying the bombings were part of a plan by fascists to stir up a right-wing backlash. Yeah, yeah, said the turnkeys.

Last week the case finally came to court in the cooler political climate out of town Catanzaro. After only one and a half hours the case was adjourned and dismissed. It seems that independent judicial investigations have been looking into the incident and have compiled a 425 page report which concludes that the bombings were the work of, yes, THREE NEO FASCISTS. What would Sacco and Vanzetti say?

STREAKING, a very boring pro-motion campaign by the makers of sandshoes, has been here . . . and Job and Godiva excepted. In 17th century England it was very much taboo and was practiced by young members of the Society of Friends who used their bodies as a "sign" to show that they were earnestly trying to prove there was something more to the world around them than the drivel that was going on or two or more could be called a "notorious assembly".

History records that when James Naylor - a kind quaker St Peter entered Britain. Friends cast their clothes before him, shouting "hoosannna". The ruling order later paid James the last of the high divers, HH, the last of the high divers, for Gram Parsons.

To our garbology story two weeks back, is Margaret MacLay this week listens to Josi Mitchell, whom she considers one of the most important forces in rock today. Stig published a letter of complaint from Jackon Browne's brilliant album Everyman, one of the best things that's happened to vinyl in a long time, Bob King delivers an edict for Gram Parsons.

Feedback: Susan Peacock, in response to our garbology story two weeks back, is now tossing out ORGANIC MATTER ON THE GOOD WORKS.

Next week: Dany Humphries interviews Thelma Forshaw. Last Saturday Forshaw to appear on the South Australian Arts Festival.

Feedback: Susan Peacock, in response to our garbology story two weeks back, is now tossing out ORGANIC MATTER ON THE GOOD WORKS.

The Living Daylights is published every Thursday by Incorporated Newspapers Company Pty Ltd at 115 Roslyn street, West Melbourne, Victoria. You can write to: PO Box 5312 BB, Melbourne, Victoria 3001. Telephone: (02)698.2652. PERFECT MISTRESS: Ms Heather. BUSINESS: Neville, Laurel Olszewski. CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: MUSIC, TREAKING, a very boring pro-motion campaign by the makers of sandshoes, has been here . . . and Job and Godiva excepted. In 17th century England it was very much taboo and was practiced by young members of the Society of Friends who used their bodies as a "sign" to show that they were earnestly trying to prove there was something more to the world around them than the drivel that was going on or two or more could be called a "notorious assembly".

History records that when James Naylor - a kind quaker St Peter entered Britain. Friends cast their clothes before him, shouting "hoosannna". The ruling order later paid James the last of the high divers, HH, the last of the high divers, for Gram Parsons.

To our garbology story two weeks back, is Margaret MacLay this week listens to Josi Mitchell, whom she considers one of the most important forces in rock today. Stig published a letter of complaint from Jackon Browne's brilliant album Everyman, one of the best things that's happened to vinyl in a long time, Bob King delivers an edict for Gram Parsons.

Feedback: Susan Peacock, in response to our garbology story two weeks back, is now tossing out ORGANIC MATTER ON THE GOOD WORKS.

Next week: Dany Humphries interviews Thelma Forshaw. Last Saturday Forshaw to appear on the South Australian Arts Festival.

Feedback: Susan Peacock, in response to our garbology story two weeks back, is now tossing out ORGANIC MATTER ON THE GOOD WORKS.

The Living Daylights is published every Thursday by Incorporated Newspapers Company Pty Ltd at 115 Roslyn street, West Melbourne, Victoria. You can write to: PO Box 5312 BB, Melbourne, Victoria 3001. Telephone: (02)698.2652. PERFECT MISTRESS: Ms Heather. BUSINESS: Neville, Laurel Olszewski. CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: MUSIC, TREAKING, a very boring pro-motion campaign by the makers of sandshoes, has been here . . . and Job and Godiva excepted. In 17th century England it was very much taboo and was practiced by young members of the Society of Friends who used their bodies as a "sign" to show that they were earnestly trying to prove there was something more to the world around them than the drivel that was going on or two or more could be called a "notorious assembly".

History records that when James Naylor - a kind quaker St Peter entered Britain. Friends cast their clothes before him, shouting "hoosannna". The ruling order later paid James the last of the high divers, HH, the last of the high divers, for Gram Parsons.

To our garbology story two weeks back, is Margaret MacLay this week listens to Josi Mitchell, whom she considers one of the most important forces in rock today. Stig published a letter of complaint from Jackon Browne's brilliant album Everyman, one of the best things that's happened to vinyl in a long time, Bob King delivers an edict for Gram Parsons.
The storm at the walls

PIOTR OLSZEWSKI and BRENDAN HENNESSY mix it with police outside Pentridge prison.

VICTORIAN police and social welfare authorities have stepped up their reactionary campaign to stop demonstrations outside Melbourne's Pentridge prison.

The campaign reached a peak on Sunday when two demonstrators were arrested and charged with loitering with intent to communicate with prisoners, assaulting police and unlawful assault.

Police then began sheepdog tactics – following the demonstrators, rushing in, grappling, then stepping back. Individual PAC members were grabbed, pushed up against trees, and warned that they were “inciting riots”.

When the demonstrators stopped and tried to point their loudspeakers over the prison walls, the cops barged in and broke the amplifier wires.

Police then began sheepdog tactics – following the demonstrators, rushing in, grappling, then stepping back. Individual PAC members were grabbed, pushed up against trees, and warned that they were “inciting riots”.

One demonstrator, Tom Brennan, who was speaking over the microphone, was dragged aside, dropped to the ground and arrested.

A young woman, Pam Dahlhelm, then began speaking. A cop grabbed her in a headlock from behind and started dragging her off.

Her child clung to her but was knocked aside by police during the melee. The crowd was enraged as the police dragged Dahlhelm to a van and arrested her.

Demonstrators yelled and clanked beer cans. The cops continued to harass them, but limited their action to scuffles.

Reaction to the PAC's activities – particularly their move to declare La Trobe University a haven for escaped prisoners – has been widespread.
I recently lost a NSW Teacher Education Scholarship. Of course, this was not the reason officially given which was that I am "mentally unsuitable" to be a teacher. The method used by the department of education was to arrange for me to see a psychiatrist at the Medical Examination Centre which is under the health commission.

I had seen the same psychiatrist in April 1973, part of an initial medical check-up. This came about because everyone was given a type of personality questionnaire to fill in with such questions as "Do you have vivid dreams at night?" and "Do you have your parents?". Apparent my answers were not entirely "normal" and so I had to talk to a doctor. She asked me what I'd been doing since I left school. This included playing trumpet, living in the bush, working in a secondhand furniture shop and looking after kids.

She also asked me why I wanted to teach and then assessed me being "more independent" of myself and others, "more aware of what was happening in society" and "more involved in the lives of most people". Her incredible conclusion was that I'd have to see a psychiatrist because I was a lesbian. Of course, this was not the reason that came about because everyone was going to behave this way in the future and said "if the children at a school where you were teaching found out you were a homosexual they'd all laugh at you".

She concluded by saying that "the department doesn't allow this sort of thing" and told me that I would lose my scholarship. I asked her if there was an appeal process and she said there was nothing I could do about it. "What kind of relationships are you having?" she asked, and then she asked whether I was having a relationship with anyone. I inquired whether she meant a monogamous heterosexual relationship and she said yes. I told her I was not.

"What kind of relationships are you having?" she then asked. "Why do you want to know?" I countered.

"Because if you're having a stable homossexual relationship. This turned out to be OK because she knew some bisexual people who were "nice". She wouldn't say that I was a homosexual in her report — she'd just say I was stable.

I then told her I was having a stable homosexual relationship. The department found out they wouldn't like it.

At the second interview, last year, the psychiatrist first asked me casually how I'd been getting on since I'd told her, she said "You haven't been keeping your homosexuality quiet have you?". She then produced a photostat copy of a page of Arena (the Macquarie uni student paper) on which I had written. The poem was about an experience of making love with another woman.

"What about this?" asked the psychiatrist. She told me she had also received a phone call about the fact that I'd been seen "carrying on" with an ex-partner on the front lawn at Macquarie uni!

A short discussion followed during which she asked me if I was going to behave this way in the future and said "if the children at a school where you were teaching found out you were a homosexual they'd all laugh at you".

The NSW department of education is dead as a doog! The individual needs of children are becoming less likely to be met in a system which is spawning ever more individualistic than the community and of the kids real life.

The NSW department of education is dead as a doog. The individual needs of children are becoming less likely to be met in a system which is spawning ever more individualistic than the community and of the kids real life.

The NSW department of education is dead as a doog. The individual needs of children are becoming less likely to be met in a system which is spawning ever more individualistic than the community and of the kids real life.

The NSW department of education is dead as a doog. The individual needs of children are becoming less likely to be met in a system which is spawning ever more individualistic than the community and of the kids real life.

The NSW department of education is dead as a doog. The individual needs of children are becoming less likely to be met in a system which is spawning ever more individualistic than the community and of the kids real life.

The NSW department of education is dead as a doog. The individual needs of children are becoming less likely to be met in a system which is spawning ever more individualistic than the community and of the kids real life.

The NSW department of education is dead as a doog. The individual needs of children are becoming less likely to be met in a system which is spawning ever more individualistic than the community and of the kids real life.

The NSW department of education is dead as a doog. The individual needs of children are becoming less likely to be met in a system which is spawning ever more individualistic than the community and of the kids real life.

The NSW department of education is dead as a doog. The individual needs of children are becoming less likely to be met in a system which is spawning ever more individualistic than the community and of the kids real life.

The NSW department of education is dead as a doog. The individual needs of children are becoming less likely to be met in a system which is spawning ever more individualistic than the community and of the kids real life.

The NSW department of education is dead as a doog. The individual needs of children are becoming less likely to be met in a system which is spawning ever more individualistic than the community and of the kids real life.

The NSW department of education is dead as a doog. The individual needs of children are becoming less likely to be met in a system which is spawning ever more individualistic than the community and of the kids real life.

The NSW department of education is dead as a doog. The individual needs of children are becoming less likely to be met in a system which is spawning ever more individualistic than the community and of the kids real life.

The NSW department of education is dead as a doog. The individual needs of children are becoming less likely to be met in a system which is spawning ever more individualistic than the community and of the kids real life.

The NSW department of education is dead as a doog. The individual needs of children are becoming less likely to be met in a system which is spawning ever more individualistic than the community and of the kids real life.

The NSW department of education is dead as a doog. The individual needs of children are becoming less likely to be met in a system which is spawning ever more individualistic than the community and of the kids real life.

The NSW department of education is dead as a doog. The individual needs of children are becoming less likely to be met in a system which is spawning ever more individualistic than the community and of the kids real life.

The NSW department of education is dead as a doog. The individual needs of children are becoming less likely to be met in a system which is spawning ever more individualistic than the community and of the kids real life.

The NSW department of education is dead as a doog. The individual needs of children are becoming less likely to be met in a system which is spawning ever more individualistic than the community and of the kids real life.

The NSW department of education is dead as a doog. The individual needs of children are becoming less likely to be met in a system which is spawning ever more individualistic than the community and of the kids real life.

The NSW department of education is dead as a doog. The individual needs of children are becoming less likely to be met in a system which is spawning ever more individualistic than the community and of the kids real life.

The NSW department of education is dead as a doog. The individual needs of children are becoming less likely to be met in a system which is spawning ever more individualistic than the community and of the kids real life.

The NSW department of education is dead as a doog. The individual needs of children are becoming less likely to be met in a system which is spawning ever more individualistic than the community and of the kids real life.

The NSW department of education is dead as a doog. The individual needs of children are becoming less likely to be met in a system which is spawning ever more individualistic than the community and of the kids real life.
The storm at the walls

The NOTE of panic in international money circles is becoming increasingly strong. Economists advise that they are at a loss to see how global inflation is going to be avoided. News in its current issue devoted to the "global cure" cannot logically dispute the view," says one of its authoritative sources, "that the natural consequence of the present pressures is such price surges that all confidence to collapse, in production tools to shrink in favor of gold and the birth of a hideous world depression." No wonder everyone is girding them selves for full immersion in The Great Gatsby, clutching unconsciously at a goody past before the future runs them down.

But before you sell the BHP shares, stop! Your reasons for action are faulty. "A world wide depression is primarily a fabrication of journalist gold bugs, but there are other things that can happen. Sensationalists have had a miserable track record. In the past the word depression was used funny in the past tense, and one shared comments as to the credibility of the two schools of thought. (Depression or Solution.)"

(At this stage I wanted to plug the one reason why making a fortune is no good. Friedman, and then pictured all those people at the end of chilums doing off.)

** WHAT DO readers feel about the daily bulletin, without reference to trendy political parties, or psychosis or psychiatry? Uncertainty upon easy bed of comfort (itself on a bedrock of uncertainty - but of a more general sense?**

MUNGO MacCALLUM

YOU'LD think that the second session of the 28th parliament (whoops, Australia) could manage something simple, like announcing the date of the Senate etc. without everything getting bunched up. Well, no, I suppose you wouldn't, and you'd be right.

Shortly before 5 pm on Thursday last, a rush mob made its way ponderously to his feet in the house of representatives to tell the honorable members, no matter how much of them, to toe the line. (For reasons to do with the Federal Labor party, why they had used the intervening time to do so. Much for the purpose of legislation.)

** BUT AT LEAST it kept the other running battle out of the way, the Labor party's majority decided that Snedden was not to be allowed to pour shit on the referendums - in spite of the fact that both he and the Country party had been ejected, the member had been ejected, the Labor party's majority decided that Snedden was not to be allowed to pour shit on the referendums - in spite of the fact that both he and the Country party had been ejected, the member who had used the intervening time to do so. Much for the purpose of legislation.)

The resulting a b s - (the resulting anarchy) snappy breaking of its opponent's neck, and watch with delight as it clears the street of upper class heelshakes.

** WHEN IS NS...**

** Justice minister M addison is going to be locked in his own gruesome punishment cell? The indictment of the nine warders of Long Bay vindicates the critics, prisoners and action groups.**

**Music or song?**

The living is easy, the natural consequence on a bedrock of confidence, "I want to pour shit on the referendums - in spite of the fact that both he and the Country party had been ejected, the member who had used the intervening time to do so. Much for the purpose of legislation.)

**HO W...**

Wrong was I to assume (as some have charged) that the negative taxation would be without strings. Even since the announcement, federal labor minister, Mr. Cameron has been lashing out at layabouts. "I want to get rid of slackers who are on unemployment. We've had enough of them!" He is a staunch ally to The bulletin, which has been campaigning furiously against the "dole scandal" for years. But this time columnist, David McNicoll campaigns for a giant memorial to captain Bligh (").

Well, you slackers out there, hang on. You're a bum on a queue, a living stream of the gods. "If you don't want any recognition. Judge if you don't want any recognition. I don't want any recognition..." a new title of the song must be "Judge if you don't want any recognition."

Women's poetry is also becoming dead and unanswerable, fusilading brilliantly the personal in a language of foreign-looking words, as Robin Morgan, certainly today's major living poet, whose book Monster is out last week. Published last year in the US by Random House, Monster was immediately posthumously by the National Book of the "international patriarchy" and has received little recognition. It can probably be traced down to a back of the New York Times or in the weekly hassle of dole dole.

**THE LIVING DAILIES**... mal 24 April 1, 1976... Page 5

Canberra cackle... Snippets from Hansard...

"The uncertainty, we understand, but for people in their late 20s and early 30s, while there have been crises. The national government, Mr. Maddison has been lashing out at layabouts. But the compounding of the "dole scandal" has not been investigated, the "dole scandal" has not been investigated, the "dole scandal" has not been investigated..."
Chip, chip, chipping away ...

Has prince Philip become a radical? If not then why is he telling conservationists to disrupt a conference attended by respectable forester? TOM MAY reports

T HIS WEEK the forestry lobby's rally - the Foreword Conference - is being held in Canberra. Planned since 1969, the conference's full title is "The Forestry and Wood-based Industries Development Conference" and from it local and foreign timber production interests hope to set up what's called the Australian Production Forestry Plan.

The conference has been chiefly organised by the Australian Forestry Council, formally a group made up of fossils and federal ministers whose portfolios relate to forestry. (Now ministers come and go but public servants go on forever.) The real impetus is led by organised state and federal ministers whose portfolios are backed by forestry interests from local and foreign timber producers and recognises the forestry plan is now a collective effort to set up machinery which could lead to a situation in which the forestry lobby is not the only lobby in town.

However, recently the lobby has run into some snags. Prince Philip, president of the Australian Conservation Foundation, has urged a boycott and has gone as far as to advise Australian environmentalists to disrupt the conference. Also the National Parks Association of NSW, a community organisation nominally involved in organising the conference, has publicly opposed the rally.

What's all the fuss really about? For over 100 years foresters have taken saw logs from the country's timbered areas. Their logging was selective and as objective reporting. Such an approach saw the total eradication of the Australian cedar from the eastern seaboard. This tree has now virtually vanished.

Independent scientists are now realising that the forests simply dont know the real effects of what they are doing. Despite the denial of vested forestry interests serious erosion has resulted from the massive woodchip projects in several states. The nutrient losses are due to run-off in cleared areas which not only permanently reduces the fertility but pollutes water courses by over fertilising the streams.

Alto 20,000 acres of Western Australia jarrah forests are affected by the deadly "die-back" disease - a fungus called phytophthora cinnamomina. There is no known cure for this disease, other than killing the forests, fumigating the soil and trying to start again.

Unfortunately the disease can be carried on the wheels of vehicles, and also picked up on footwear. So as the woodchippers make inroads into virgin forest areas they carry the disease in with them. The other hazard of woodchip activities is such that 50 percent of an area can be compartmented and disturbed. What a great public transport system for the disease fungus! And what a fungus? If it gets sick of travelling by land it spreads by travelling in rainwater and in water courses.

Dr Dick Jones from the botany department of the University of Tasmania has a potted investigation committee that forests in his state could now be facing a serious threat - a startlingly effective forest destroyer.

Victoria has had a bad dose of the woodchip activity coming into the Eden woodchip area of NSW.

If you feel like an exercise in futility ask the NSW forestry commissioners to give you details of the extent of the outbreak and to tell you what research has been done.

Over the years the native trees that have fallen to the axe and the power saw are being replaced with softwoods, pine trees. Only the softwood is subsidised by your taxes. Fauna cannot live in pine forests, the needles that cover the forest's floor kills other plant life thus making it a graveyard. Add to this the destruction of our remaining tropical, sub tropical and temperate rain forests.

WOODCHIPS are shredded trees - small fragments of timber. They are an early stage in the conversion of wood to pulp for the manufacture of paper and cardboard.

Opponents of the forestry lobby by recognise that there is a good case to produce woodchips from plantations of eucalyptus for Australia's own needs and that also that softwood is needed for a sensible level of consumption of pulp products. What they really object to is the destruction of the remaining 87 million acres of native forests to supply the Japanese export market.

Still, the forestry lobby is not having it all its own way. Around Australia forest organisations agree with the present exploitative approach of their bosses are starting to revolt. Independent experts are researching the environmental and economic affects of current and planned activities and are stopping the destruction of our remaining 87 million acres of native forests to supply the Japanese export market.

Will Donny Dunstan get away with it?

T HERE is always a danger, even in so called democracies, that a government ruling with a large, secure majority will be tempted at times that would not be considered if its situation were more tenuous. Simply: a government which feels no danger of overthrow will try to get away with moves which may be questionable.

No one has ever called Don Dunstan a dictator, as such, though Steele Hall did call him arrogant last week, with good reason. It seems likely Dunstan has held office long enough and securely enough to try to impose his will on South Australia, something he thinks it should have.

Witness the Hackney highrise redevelopment, thrown out by local residents but only after a long fight; the trade and tourism office in Sydney, established with taxpayers money but with only Dunstan's say-so; the North Haven housing development, for which special legislation was passed - legislation allowing the developers of North Haven to leave less open space than allowable anywhere else in metropolitan Adelaide.

And now the subject of Steele Hall's remark: media control. Early in the week Dunstan announced he was planning to establish direct links to all Adelaide radio and television stations. To give the public the maximum chance of being informed of government measures, actions and policies, he said. Also, in the government offices, there would be monitoring devices so that Dunstan's lackeys could gauge how their information was being treated and adjudge from that what was the government's public image.

The state opposition, moving its collective ass for the first time in quite a while, protested that taxpayers money was to be used to set up machinery which could be used for party-political purposes.

To that, government press secretaries protested to Dunstan that his plan looked too much like media control and could kill objective reporting. Armed with these arguments, and, unfortunately, none of her own, TDT reporter Elizabeth Doyle questioned Dunstan on the matter. Could, for instance, the direct lines be used to advantage by the ALP at election times, she queried. For a while Dunstan dodged politely. But Doyle persisted bravely until the busy Mr D. could take it no more. He turned on the reporter, accused her of conducting a hostile interview and said she didn't have to take that kind of shit, or words to that effect.

Next night 7DT had him on again, this time talking with their state political man, Mike Drewer, who tried to defend his program (and employer). Dunstan protested that Mr Doyle had been rude and unfair, and unobjective. Then the famous thespian premier started to pull a face: "What is the point of Dunstan's accessibility has decreased the longer he's stayed in office. More and more do secretaries take responsibility for his comments, less and less does the great man throw the media a crumbs of his speech."

A day or so later Dunstan announced, through a secretary, that he was going on an eight week european tour, to include an inspection of tourist town developments in the south of France. The Australian, obviously having just a smear of fun, said he was off to do some work on the Riviera (ho, ho). That sort of attitude, but at least pointing out it was work. Then the same paper ran a brief but complimentary editorial under the rather unnecessary title "4 big perk". Dunstan, through a secretary, complained to the editor of the Australian that editor directed his Adelaide editorial under the rather unnecessary title "the big perk". Dunstan, through a secretary, complained to the editor of the Australian that editor directed his Adelaide editorial under the rather unnecessary title "the big perk". Dunstan, through a secretary, complained to the editor of the Australian that editor directed his Adelaide
Every two years at this time the streets of Adelaide are awash with culture, with poets in every doorway and all the city's halls filled with people posing the question — WHAT IS THE MEANING OF ART? Everyone, it seems, is at the Adelaide Festival of Arts, including COLIN TALBOT who found it a wearying affair indeed.

THEY WHO would fall to quoting are usually themselves unquotable. — Minnesota Fats, 1943.

THE SKY has been mostly blue in Adelaide this past week. Not the factory smoke blue of Sydney or Melbourne, more the color of what God would be, if he were, and blue at that. They say, or even it is said, that at night the stars of the heavens are visible over Adelaide, thus making it untrue that stars do not shine over cities.

Adelaide, what Moomba is to Melbourne. For instance the River Torrens is a real river and not a mud pool. For those weeks the river has been showered with artificial light and it glows for culture and freedom, and it is an image-conscious need to have. Moomba is more the burlesque side of culture, and the more popular side of it... race horses, variety show singers and shop girl beauty queens. People in the streets, or watching Brian Cadd on TV, fairy floss and big dipper rides. In Adelaide it is first night trippers, parties in the right places, Port and talk of Russian novelists and the Meaning of Art.

ARRIVAL DAY. Feeling seedy, proceed from the airport at speed for the opening of writers week. There are signs up around the town saying things like Welcome to the festival city, even on the brewery, where they have a light show for those who can't make it to the real thing. Sunday trippers have parked their cars outside the brewery and are watching a series of cardboard cutouts of ballerinas, pop stars and actors revolve on a cardboard stage. Ho ho boys, what about the imagery? No, there are even sillier things yet to note, and they will be noted.

Such as the official opening. It's down in the grounds of the Adelaide university, where a bunch of organisers and official guests are on a rostrum in front of a lot of people who own lots of money or at least know the stuff intimately. On stage there are writers from South Africa, Thailand, Italy, Australia and other places too. Professor Colin Horne introduces them, saying he won't be able to pronounce the names of our asian neighbors. Professor Geoffrey Blainey, chairman of the literature board, talked, and told the audience that writers should be continued to be supported by the state. Immediately the hearts of the writers on grants soared like a bunch of eagles.

The opening drags on. Don Dunstan has appeared in a guru-white safari suit, and everybody wants to know his launderer. He strides across the lawn alone. There are ways to stride across a lawn alone, and he puts everything into it with such ease so that you know there is ultimately no other way to stride across such a lawn. And afterwards a party at a house donated to the National Trust. This consists of people with money getting to know writers and appearing interested. Of writers talking to people on the literature board without being offensive, or writers talking to publishers without being offensive, or publishers talking to writers and literature board members without being offensive and generally everybody being inoffensive and keeping all manner of options open, or at least undone.

After the state government/art festival? National Trust beer is turned off (they still know how to stop a party), some journey to view the work of the alternative festival. This, as I keep on reading through the week is a group of loosely knit artists known as the Raga Arts Co-op. Their manifesto says in precis the festival isn't for the people, so theirs is. There is to be a folk show at Norwood, a suburb, in a baptist hall. But it's not there. After a paper chase the venue is found. It has been changed because the baptist minister with sayso didn't like them. Not what they stood for... too decadent and so on.

The evening arranged by Raga director...
Phil Lap and Graham Kennedy and Angela Davis were missing. He has since found fame as the only man who didn't ask John Updike a question, which is better than no notice at all.

I suppose it's at this point, or even before, I could launch into a history of the festival. Started in 1960 or so, this is the biggest & greatest & largest & all that. I could have checked up from the festival statement, but I couldn't be bothered.

I know the taxi drivers as a rule think it's a load of shit because they keep telling me.

Because the festival is run by the works of Colin Theile.

It is an amazing how many nation review writers are in the audience. They ask questions which they're really unprepared for. The audience again is mainly women, and not young. Mungo's theory of what Mungo is doing is that there will be a stack of bums on the fence. He doesn't do 50/50 but letters to the editor writers in Adelaide say this is a load of writers and artists are imprisoned. South Africa. She says this is bad, especially for a country that is ranked one of the least likely to a load of writers and artists being delicate ethereal creatures. She says this is because of the world, not because of the audience applauds the stand of their member. Meanwhile the South Australian Writers Fellowship is having a show for visiting writers. It consists of women who write short stories for Womans day and the public service board magazine, and people who write the works of Colin Theile.

Well they had a film of it.

**THE NEXT day the Raga people were going to have a show for the next night, but for some reason the power has been cut off. Who knows why they do this? The Raga is a Jack Daniels bottle. Still, the vice squad is still running high. No

**THE NEXT day the Raga people were going to have a show for the next night, but for some reason the power has been cut off. Who knows why they do this? The Raga is a Jack Daniels bottle. Still, the vice squad is still running high. No

the act didn't have a scene. Should have been a Jack Daniels bottle. Still, the vice squad is still running high. No

Meanwhile the South Australian Writers Fellowship is having a show for visiting writers. It consists of women who write short stories for Womans day and the public service board magazine, and people who write the works of Colin Theile.

*What do you think of Colin Theile?*

What's a Colin Theile? You know, fun on my stubble?

*Is that an illness?*

**THE NEXT day the Raga people were going to have a show for the next night, but for some reason the power has been cut off. Who knows why they do this? The Raga is a Jack Daniels bottle. Still, the vice squad is still running high. No

**THE NEXT day the Raga people were going to have a show for the next night, but for some reason the power has been cut off. Who knows why they do this? The Raga is a Jack Daniels bottle. Still, the vice squad is still running high. No

**THE NEXT day the Raga people were going to have a show for the next night, but for some reason the power has been cut off. Who knows why they do this? The Raga is a Jack Daniels bottle. Still, the vice squad is still running high. No
I decided to hobnob with my fellow countrymen at the American embassy and USAID compound here in Vientiane. I had not been receiving very good service lately in the town and was fast gaining the opinion that farong, the Laotian name for foreigner, was being more literally translated as nigger by the local populace and I wanted to know why.

From the hotel, it is a ten minute walk through dirt streets and the cackling of chickens to the embassy. Litter and refuse are everywhere about and the unpainted, tin roofed houses and shops on both sides of the rutted streets are coated with a red dust that jumps into the air with the passing of each taxi cab and USAID vehicle.

Yet, this is not to say that the people of this beautiful country are living in poverty. Certainly the laughter of children playing dodgeball in the dirt of their school yard not two blocks away says nothing of poverty. That man holding his baby above his head in the sunlight and laughing with the love that breaks with the tickling of ribs from every face the world over, certainly this is not poverty.

But I did not come here looking for poverty, I came looking for Americans and I found them, too.

One can actually hear the power of the American embassy before the concrete walls of the surrounding fence swing into sight from around the Laotian house. The roar of diesel generators supplying electricity to this, the mightiest embassy...
There were those crazy communists, watering their gardens and pulling their weeds, actually believing that that is the way to win over the people when the simplest farmer can see that it is the television set and lipstick that makes a country like America great!
Zionists steamroll AUS Palestine policy

SIMON MARGINSON

A PARTY from Armidale, 200,000 personal letters, (where the controversy over the women's studies course involved several hundred people last year) most Australian campuses have been politically dead for some time.

The hardcore leftists — maoists, Trotskyites, a couple of anarchists — still exist but are ignored by everyone else; they have spent their time running round in ever decreasing circles or sitting in pubs lamenting student apathy and middle class complacency. Some are the endless round of meetings, demonstrations, occupations, demands to administrations and heroic revolutionary gestures.

Right now, it is impossible to say. We are going to forget fairly quickly. And while student bureaucrats — whether on campus SRCs or within the Australian Union of Students — like to be pointed at from around with various little projects and committees, their works and analyses are made up of it maturbacy and some of it valuable — is not usually the point. What matters to most students is not spending the campaign money on not spending the campaign money... Anyway, few students know they exist.

People point to the end of the campus turmoil in the US, the rise of religion (Divine Light, Hare Krishna, Children of God, Jesus Freaks, etc.), the ascension of the hardcore leftists — maoists, prisoners, etc.), the ascension of Krishna, Children of God, Jesus Freaks, etc.), the ascension of the hardcore leftists — maoists, prisoners, etc.).

AUS's main problem, though, stemmed from its opponents. The pro-terrorist Jewish student societies mounted a mighty resistance of their own backed by huge amounts of money from Jewish Boards of Deputies and the like.

Their stance was not without its problems, too, for there was a split over how much importance to concede to the Palestinians.

But there were problems. One was the wording of the motions, which were hastily drafted. The first seemed to be saying that AUS did not believe Israel was actually there, bringing back memories of the Liberal party's China policy; another said that "AUS supports the liberation forces of Palestine", a blanket support which includes the Black September movement. This was not originally intended at all, and AUS president Neil McLean was to spend part of the next few weeks trying to persuade voters to interpret the motion in a more limited fashion. He had little success, though it was a better approach than one speaker took almost a year later. McLean was to spend part of the next few weeks trying to persuade voters to interpret the motion in a more limited fashion.

I also hear Arnold Roth, the main jewish student spokesman, was quite happy with the result, though it was a dismal day at Monash where only 600 or so of the 1,800 people heard the campaign, not quite enough.

I attended the meeting at Melbourne university last thursday. Approximately 1600 people heard a faltering presentation of the "Yes" case that helped to confirm common expectations that the motions would be beaten.

If they do it will be interesting to see what they make of the current debate over Palestine. The AUS sponsored motions on the Middle East might be a real turning point — perhaps the start of a whole generation of campaigns — or they might be a one shot bummer that everyone (except maybe the Palestinians) is going to forget fairly quickly. Right now, it is impossible to say.

*  *  *  

A BIT of history might at this stage be useful. At its annual council in January, the AUS passed 11 motions on the Middle East. The main thrust of these was (i) to "not recognise the existence of the state of Israel and the NUIS (the Israeli students union), (ii) to recognise the GUPS (General Union of Palestine Students) and support the forces of Palestinian liberation, (iii) to open dialogue with Palestinian liberation with a view to disseminating their literature here and (iv) to call for the release of all imprisoned liberationists.

AUS council, consisting of representatives from most tertiary campuses, passed these motions quite clearly but it was deplored to send them to each university and CAE for ratification. The decision to take it to the people was impeccably democratic but it had pragmatic value as well. Such a controversial stance could not be taken without a clear mandate (or AUS, which always has communications problems anyway...
SYDNEY Economics Faculty is right into the mass produced minds being applied. Peculiarly, it is probably the one thing which will hold anything together, as dissatisfaction with the course increases.

SYDNEY Economics Faculty is under heavy fire. This improved in the last edition though this noticeably criticised for being "biased" and not much else.

SWOTRAGS looks at the student press each week. WOTRAGS looks at the student press each week. (For a department of economics to awarded to lecturers are pretty much)

Flinders uni has put out something similar called Countercourse, the innate description of the various courses while Melbourne uni has put out Counterhandbooks for most faculties. The outside cover is the same as the one used for the official bureau at Melbournian department which includes some brilliant graphics.

But probably the best service is the new book which has been made available, the "A/B" publication - a lift out, full of ideas. There are twenty one see certificate for doctor of medicine, complete with red seal and vice-chancellor's name. Who in six years... you only have to fill your name in on the dotted line. The "Tricky Dick Nixon Kick-off Raffle" – the chance to "kick a president when he’s down and some money at the same time"

national U, the AUS weekly, is currently under heavy fire. This can be brought. A new book which has been made available, the "A/B" publication - a lift out, full of ideas. There are twenty one see certificate for doctor of medicine, complete with red seal and vice-chancellor’s name. Who in six years... you only have to fill your name in on the dotted line. The "Tricky Dick Nixon Kick-off Raffle" – the chance to "kick a president when he’s down and some money at the same time"

national U, the AUS weekly, is currently under heavy fire. This can be brought. A new book which has been made available, the "A/B" publication - a lift out, full of ideas. There are twenty one see certificate for doctor of medicine, complete with red seal and vice-chancellor’s name. Who in six years... you only have to fill your name in on the dotted line. The "Tricky Dick Nixon Kick-off Raffle" – the chance to "kick a president when he’s down and some money at the same time"
**AHLADE:*** Make your own video tapes - see ALL WEEK or phone 332.4966 * National Theatre of the Deaf presents Optimism - or The Misadventures of Candide, see ALL WEEK * Gargoyles - a bawdy medieval revue, see ALL WEEK * The Joyless Street with Greta Garbo, see thursday, FILMS

**MELBOURNE:** Blonde Venus, Marlene Dietrich and Quality Street, Katharine Hepburn, see wednesday, FILMS * King Oedipus, music theatre adaptation, see sunday, CLASSICAL * Modern Chinese paintings, see ALL WEEK

**SYDNEY:** The Argyle Annual Celebrations, free piss-up, see saturday, ACTION * 2nd Runnymede Pop Festival - popular music and poems from the medieval period with The Renaissance Players, see thursday, ACTION * Eros and Thatahoses - a new Australian musical environment, see friday

---

**THEATRE**

**ADELAIDE:**

- **CLASSICAL MUSIC:*** Lunch Hour Concerts: instrumental ensembles, and organ recital in St. Peter's Cathedral. Fildes street, min to 11 pm, 50c.
- **PERFORMING ARTS:*** The Arts: orchestral, choirs, dance, union church, 12 Fildes street, free to let (except Thursday), 7:30.
- **OPERA:*** The Rebel: Melbourne English light opera. Academy theatre, 185 Goodwood road, 8:30, 9-10.50 pm, $5.70 to $3.20.
- **THEATRE:** Adelaide: Saturday, $3.50, $2.50, studs, half price. 8:15 pm, sat 5:00 pm and wed, thurs, sat, Brighton town hall from Fri, woodville town hall from Fri, 8-9.50 pm.

**FILM:**

- **ALL WEEK:** FILMS: The Adventure of the Missing Mantle, Agatha Christie mystery, so check local newspapers. 6:00 pm, Fri to Sat 5:15 pm, 9:15 pm, Sun 2:30, 6:00, 9:15 pm.
- **ICE AGE:** by German playwright, Hans Fallada, see ALL WEEK, 1:00 pm, $1.50, studs. 75c.
- **ANGLADE:*** The Comedy of Errors: a bawdy medieval revue by Murray Copeland, see ALL WEEK, $2.60, or sit on stools in Trafalgar street, 2:30 pm, Fri to Sat, 5:15 pm, Sun 2:30, 6:15 pm.

- **OUT AT SEA AND THE RAFT OF THE MEDUSA:** byстанововета, 7:45 pm, Fri to Sat, 9:15 pm, Sun 10:15 pm, $2.50, 509.0555.

- **DREAMS, DEATHS AND THE AFTERLIFE:** by John R. Graves, see ALL WEEK, 8:30 pm, Fri to Sat, 11:00 pm, $2.00, studs, half price.

- **A LADY OF FASHION:** by Anthony Eden, see ALL WEEK, 8:30 pm, Fri to Sat, 11:00 pm, $2.00, studs, half price.

- **THE SHIFTING HEART:** by Richard Beynon, Kenwood Theatre Group, see ALL WEEK, 8:00 pm to 10:30 pm, $5.50, $4.50, 654.4000.

---

**ALL WEEK**

**FILMS:**

- **ALL WEEK:** FILMS: The Wild Geese, see ALL WEEK, 8:30 pm, Fri to Sat, 11:00 pm, $2.50, $1.20, studs.
- **THE GOFFCAPTAIN (R), till 4:00 pm only: Stardust Cinema, Parade st, Burdekin, 7:45 pm, Fri to Sat, 10:15 pm, $2.50, $1.25, studs.
- **SEVEN DEADLY SINS (M) - ALL DAY:** see ALL WEEK, 8:00 pm, Fri to Sat, 5:00 pm, $2.50, $1.25, studs.
- **PICTURE POSTCARD:** by Louis De Funes, see ALL WEEK, 8:00 pm, Fri to Sat, 5:00 pm, $2.50, $1.25, studs.
- **THE REMOVALIST:** by David Williamson, Russell Street theatre, city, mon, 8:15 pm. 11:30 pm. 2:00 pm. 4:30 pm, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatures, see Creatur...
TUESDAY

FILM
- *NFTA’s Ophelia-Putnam — Forbearance* (1913) at 7 p.m. at the AIDS Community Centre. $3.00. Donations to AIDS Hotline. Join at door.
- *Good Night, Mr. Brown* (1969) at 9:30 p.m. at the Mary Street Tavern. $3.00. Join at door.

THURSDAY

TUBE RADIO
- *The Magic Travel Box* (1954) on Channel 7, 7:30-10 p.m.
- *An Affair in Hollywood* (1917) on Channel 2, 7:30-10 p.m.
- *The Magic Box* (1954) on Channel 1, 7:30-10 p.m.

FRIDAY

POPLAR MUSIC
- *The Magic Travel Box* (1954) on Channel 1, 7:30-10 p.m.
- *The Magic Box* (1954) on Channel 2, 7:30-10 p.m.

SATURDAY

CLASSICS
- *A Mad House* (1934) on Channel 7, 7:30-10 p.m.
- *The Magic Box* (1954) on Channel 1, 7:30-10 p.m.
- *The Magic Box* (1954) on Channel 2, 7:30-10 p.m.

TUESDAY

FILM
- *NFTA’s Ophelia-Putnam — Forbearance* (1913) at 7 p.m. at the AIDS Community Centre. $3.00. Donations to AIDS Hotline. Join at door.
- *Good Night, Mr. Brown* (1969) at 9:30 p.m. at the Mary Street Tavern. $3.00. Join at door.

THURSDAY

TUBE RADIO
- *The Magic Travel Box* (1954) on Channel 7, 7:30-10 p.m.
- *An Affair in Hollywood* (1917) on Channel 2, 7:30-10 p.m.
- *The Magic Box* (1954) on Channel 1, 7:30-10 p.m.

FRIDAY

POPLAR MUSIC
- *The Magic Travel Box* (1954) on Channel 1, 7:30-10 p.m.
- *The Magic Box* (1954) on Channel 2, 7:30-10 p.m.

SATURDAY

CLASSICS
- *A Mad House* (1934) on Channel 7, 7:30-10 p.m.
- *The Magic Box* (1954) on Channel 1, 7:30-10 p.m.
- *The Magic Box* (1954) on Channel 2, 7:30-10 p.m.
TUESDAY

POPULAR MUSIC
FUPP: Crookton Park hotel, Preston.
Thursday: Melbourne House, 8.30 pm.

TUESDAY

THEATRE
Parole, Mary Ryan, Guild Hall, Meb. Ltd., $1, 8.30 pm.

TUESDAY

RADIO
The Primary Year, 7:15 pm.

SUNDAY

POPULAR MUSIC
FUPP: Crookton Park hotel, Preston.
Thursday: Melbourne House, 8.30 pm.

SUNDAY

THEATRE
Parole, Mary Ryan, Guild Hall, Meb. Ltd., $1, 8.30 pm.

SUNDAY

RADIO
The Primary Year, 7:15 pm.
A poster drawn for us by Helen Harwood of Nimbin
ANU: Aunty Jack renames Canberra

THE LEVEL of activity in Canberra is not decreasing due to the approach of winter. As temperatures dropped to an all time low, plans were afoot for new and varied undertakings.

On the radical scene, the issue that has divided the university, is the ANU policy concerning the recognition of the general union of Palestinian students as a legal student union of the area, now represented by the National Union of Islamic Students and naturally enough the expulsion of the above mentioned student union from the Asian Students Association. See Marginson's national story. On a lighter, if not more cultured note, we all watched with anticipation the ANU poetry group on campus besides the radical scene over the years. The problems of education have resulted in undertakings of a political nature, posing an alternative to the exam system.

The problems of education have resulted in undertakings of a political nature, posing an alternative to the exam system: the ANU poetry group on campus besides the radical scene over the years. The problems of education have resulted in undertakings of a political nature, posing an alternative to the exam system. The issues have been and will continue to be prominent as the university faces the challenges of academic reform, posing an alternative to the exam system. The university has just opened which has become a focal point for students who are for the first time now walking about with photos on their union cards.

The SRC had a policy of opposition to compulsory photos, but also tried every ploy imaginable to convince enroling students to have photos taken. The photos were made to seem a natural part of the process of enroling: a step one really had to take if they wanted to enrol.

MURDOCH: Light and hope at the new campus

WAY OUT here in Western Australia, they've got a very different way of doing things. The Liberal party, for example, claims to be "50 years behind the times" and "out of it". Politicians still try to win votes by supporting the destruction of the environment in the name of economic development. And the University of Western Australia is so much a part of this anti-environment project that late last year its administrators declared sociology to be a "non-subject".

Yet, paradoxically, in the midst of this climate, a new university has just opened which promises to be the most radical centre of higher learning in Australia. Murdoch university has appointed its first professors and has already accepted a handful of postgraduate students. The first undergraduates will be enrolled in 1975.

In practice, this will mean less reliance on formal examinations as a means of gaining admission; attention to the personal as well as academic development of students; a concerted effort to employ more adequate learning environments; courses which are not offered elsewhere (such as ornithology, mineral science, world literature); and the opportunity for students to design their own courses after first year.

First year courses will consist partly of three optional "trunk courses": Life systems and energy conversion, and the nature and objectives of scientific inquiry. Perception, symbol and myth will show us how we acquire knowledge of the world, how we represent it, and how we transmit it in the form of languages, codes and myths.

Finally, World in transition will examine the nature and interdependence of the various institutions our increasingly complex civilization has set up to cope with its problems and the likely impact of these problems in the years to come.

This is the sort of approach to higher learning which is the lifeblood of universities. Each year the SRC agreed to the compromise: a step one really had to take if they wanted to enrol.

Currently, the SRC has a policy of opposition to compulsory photos, but also tried every ploy imaginable to convince enroling students to have photos taken. The photos were made to seem a natural part of the process of enroling: a step one really had to take if they wanted to enrol.

MELBOURNE: Getting nearer to 1984

FIGHTYFOUR percent of Melbourne university students are for the first time now walking about with photos on their union cards. Why?

First, there were the ludicrous actions of the Melbourne Students Representative Council executive. The SRC had a policy of opposition to photos which was reaffirmed late last year. The policy stated that if an administration ever tried to introduce photos the SRC would be a strong campaign against them.

Instead of mounting such a campaign, the executive of the SRC agreed to the compromise: a campaign which, in the end, proved ridiculous.

It was agreed that photos would be introduced, but that they would be optional and students could decide for themselves. Stuffed chance. The administration not only failed to inform students adequately of the possibility of photos, but also tried every ploy imaginable to convince enroling students to have photos taken. The photos were made to seem a natural part of the process of enroling: a step one really had to take if they wanted to enrol.

Those, then, are the factors contributing to the situation where students have photos: SRC naivety, admin dupes.

So the matter was again raised at the most recent meeting of the SRC. After discussion, and once again (oh, shit), policy against photos and, secondly, expressing regret that the president and vice-president agreed to what proved to be a farcical compromise.

Attempts were made to dilute the first motion completely by a resolution seeking to compulsion only, thus justifying the proposal and avoiding the principal compromise.

These attempts, however, proved unsuccessful. As the motion eventually passed expressed opposition to compulsory and optional photos. The motions expressing regret was, forseeably, lost.

The matter was almost left at this, but a motion calling a general meeting of students to discuss the issue passed.

These actions arise, primarily, through a fear that the exceptionally high number of enroling students will be used as justification by the admin to have photos made compulsory. The reason: that the most singular lack of conviction, denies this. What needs to be put to the students, and what has been lost in the SRC debates on the matter, is the primary reason why photos were introduced in the first place. This is important, because the photos are one step, albeit a small one, in the administration's efforts to turn the university into a social institution.

The only reason the administration is trying so hard to make sure, more entirely than ever, that nasty non-students don't dare use university resources.

IMRE SALUSINSKY
"Therefore, If $y = 2x$ . . ."

"Mr Jones, staff, fellow pupils. During our six years at school, we have learnt much more than simply geography, history or mathematics. We have grown up together, all pulling our weight. We have learnt a lot about each other. Our personalities and our dreams. But most of all the school has prepared us for the outside world. It has given us an encouraging push, and now it is up to us to become decent, successful, and worthy members of the community. I thank you."
COURT AND SPARK
Joni Mitchell (WEA: Asylum 7E-1001)

Margaret MacIntyre

Court and spark is the sixth in a fine string of albums from Joni Mitchell. Like her last two albums it is not immediately accessible on first hearing, but Joni Mitchell albums are among the few things these days one can actually buy on trust. It takes time for the beautiful lyrics and intricate swooping and soaring melodies to come together in your mind but once they have you will find many songs from Court and spark as unforgettable as those from For the roses, her last LP.

The first song to jump off the album at you is the second track of side one, “Help me, with its familiar lyrics — Help me, Joni I’m fallin’ in love again. Familiar in the sense that since her first album in 1969, Song to a Seagull, Joni has been falling in and out of love on record, always searching for them. A bit of the title song, but Help me marks a real change, which we saw beginning on For the roses. Whereas on Clouds, released in 1969, love takes the form of the tender uncertainty of I don’t know where I stand.

Picked up a pencil and wrote “I love you” in my finest hand. Wanted to say it, but I don’t know where I stand and on Ladies of the canyon (1970) it is shown as a total commitment in Willie.

Where is my child, he is my father, I would be his lady all my life, on For you the days, the weeks and the illusions have changed. All she is looking for now is Affection and respect, not including me. And you want stimulation — nothing more. That’s what I think. No longer is the lover the all-conquering master — in fact, in this case, he is quite clearly a slave and she has no qualms in telling him so. In Help me the emphasis has changed again. Joni is best falling in love again, but to the refrain of —

We love our loving
But not like we love our freedom.

Freedom is an important thread to this album, as the next song shows. Free man in Paris is written as reported speech, a form of presenting another’s case which Joni uses beautifully. In an early interview Joni Mitchell described her way of songwriting: “I step back and carry on a conversation with myself. It’s almost schizophrenia. You lay out a case and argue with yourself about it to no conclusion.” In Free man she tells the story of a man who spends his life —

Stoking the stamnker machine
Behind the popular song recall his days as a free man in Paris with I’d go back there tomorrow but for the work I’ve taken on. She presents the real question in one line: Lately I wonder what I do for a question which only the man himself can answer, an answer he feels is unattainable.

Joni Mitchell’s perception of observations get an airing in Peoples Parties, proving that parties are the same world over, from Laurel Canyon to Carlton. Not that it is quite your usual collection of guests for Carlton:

All the people at this party: They’re a lot of style. They’ve got stamps of many countries! They’ve got passport smiles, but the plot is the same: the cold, insecure, frightened people on the border of the party, all nursing their particular inhibitions in the stage, when however, they know about give and take, then they feel too vulnerable to give. It is Joni’s most self-critical song to date, and whereas she takes her lover to piece in Woman of heart and mind (from For the roses), she does a pretty good axe job on her social self here. Regretfully she wished. I had more sense of humor! Keeping the sadness alive.

I can’t find my goodness
I lost my heart
Oh sour grapes
Because I lost my heart.

Raised on robbery is a rocky country number, with some nice guitar from one of the all star session musicians used, Robbie Robertson. Trouble child is a song full of human frailties — Joni’s inability to communicate and the trouble child, who in turn is suffering in a world of her/his own.

You really can’t give love in this condition still I know how you need it.

To follow the gun in the winter and struggle for the crown, the sceptre and the line in the nation is a rocky one, written by anyone else to be certain that Joni Mitchell is either transcribed in MS pc recorded or written by anyone else to be certain that Joni Mitchell is able to write about her marriage breakup. I had a king in a beautifully real, but romantic terms. In those days of love, peace and happiness there was room for romance in everything, but now it seems that the “photo beauty” of the party is saying, laughing and crying? You know it’s the same release simply saddens Joni. The romance of all those early LPs dissipated with the times, and never has the words Joni sings of appeared so real as in For the roses and Court and spark.

The same situation deals with Joni’s Search for love! That don’t seem to cease, which was first brought to our notice in All I want from Blue (1971):

I am on a lonely road and I am travelling, travelling.
Looking for something, what can it be.

The three early LPs suggest that love is graspable, within reach, that in a sense it is just a matter of the male in question’s OK. Now she seems to question that OK, and compares the lover to a church, a cop, a mother, using the approval that she seeks against her. Yet she still prays for someone strong and somewhat sincere to release her from her search bringing her back to the same situation.

The title track, Court and Spark is, like California from Blue, a love song to her adopted home state, California. Joni refuses the spark from a future love who has seen through her niceties to her heart, to remain with L.A., City of fallen angels.

It’s that “spark” that she is waiting for in Car on the hill:
It always seems so righteous at the start.
When there’s so much laughter.

For the right and the glory in the morning.
Battles drove me into gold and steel
For the right of the nation.

The pastures are green where the gunshots lie.
The trees grow tall on a mornin’.

And fight for the crown.

It’s that strange, it is not, that a certain rhythm begins, guts and glory seems to creep into to spacy and wat songs! This song is for those of you who are feeling really patched up with just about anything, with a special dedication to those who did make it in the last new year honours list.

The Right of the Line
Words and music by
Dermot Reidy

Numbered Lines

Where are you going to, my dear friend?
With your blue jacket and our well come cards
Hiding the pain through the new years list.
For to fight for the right to the morning.

And fight for the crown.

Send your soul for the blessing of the day.
To follow the gun in the winter and struggle for the crown, the sceptre and the line in the nation is a rocky one, written by anyone else to be certain that Joni Mitchell is able to write about her marriage breakup. I had a king in a beautifully real, but romantic terms. In those days of love, peace and happiness there was room for romance in everything, but now it seems that the “photo beauty” of the party is saying, laughing and crying? You know it’s the same release simply saddens Joni. The romance of all those early LPs dissipated with the times, and never has the words Joni sings of appeared so real as in For the roses and Court and spark.

When there’s so much sweetness in the dark.
And it is that spark which she obviously has with her lover in Just like this train, one of the most beautiful tracks on the album. She sits and observes a train waiting for in the start. When there’s so much spark

At the beginning Joni Mitchell grow old gracefully.

Suffering in a world of his/her own.

The trees grow tall on a mornin’.
The pastures are green where the gunshots lie.

And fight for the crown.

Send your soul for the blessing of the day.
Let's do some living...

FOR EVERYMAN:
Jackson Browne
(Asylum SD 5067).

IN 1970 David Crosby told Rolling stone about 25-year-old songwriter called Jackson Browne, who was going to be “the best fucking songwriter in America today”. Crosby put his voice where his mouth was to sing harmony on the lad’s first album, one of the new Asylum label’s first releases.

Called “Jackson Browne”, the record surpassed everyone’s expectations. This pretty looking young punk with the thin voice laid them all out with his songwriting. Crosby put his voice to sing “where his mouth was to sing” 

where his mouth was to sing harmony on the lad’s first album, all the rest of similar quality. And you will, Under the falling sky

...so then we may die

GRIEVOUS ANGEL:
Gram Parsons. (Reprise)
ROB KING

THERE is much sadness in music, and many people listen to and enjoy sad music. There are otherworldly qualities in sadness which make it an appealing emotion. But when a writer of sad songs dies, perhaps of his own hand, then it is the worldly pain and suffering which surfaces. The immediacy of the suffering is in focus. Suddenly it seems not that pain engulfs man, but simply that it overcomes him. Such is the case with Gram Parsons.

It is difficult to escape the conclusion that Parsons lived an often tortured existence. There would perhaps be a moral to be drawn from discovering the reason why, but I doubt it. He was a romantic, whatever, in the 70s. Maybe he lived and died in the service of ideas which are illusions, to love without guile and to be true to oneself.

Grievous angel is the title of his last album, and it seems to embody an almost weary acceptance that he must follow his path until the end, no matter how desperate it might become.

He joined The Byrds for a short while in 1968. He had been trying to popularise country music among rockers, and The Byrds were the first group to understand him. When he left them, he took with him the impressionable Chris Hillman.

Browne brothers for style and flow

for all reasons, perhaps the ultimate suburban country composition. From the ravamp of the Eagles’ Take it easy written by Browne and Glenn Frey of the Eagles, to start, drifting into all Browne songs, calculating in the title track, the talent never stops. As a composite symphony of songs, acoustic guitar and mando-rodeo, the Byrds’ Notorious

Grateful Hands, a song about the infliction of suffering which surfaced. The impressionable Chris Hillman, then it is the worldly pain and suffering which makes it an appealing emotion. But when a writer of sad songs dies, perhaps of his own hand, then it is the worldly pain and suffering which surfaces. The immediacy of the suffering is in focus. Suddenly it seems not that pain engulfs man, but simply that it overcomes him. Such is the case with Gram Parsons.

It is difficult to escape the conclusion that Parsons lived an often tortured existence. There would perhaps be a moral to be drawn from discovering the reason why, but I doubt it. He was a romantic, whatever, in the 70s. Maybe he lived and died in the service of ideas which are illusions, to love without guile and to be true to oneself.

Grievous angel is the title of his last album, and it seems to embody an almost weary acceptance that he must follow his path until the end, no matter how desperate it might become.

He joined The Byrds for a short while in 1968. He had been trying to popularise country music among rockers, and The Byrds were the first group to understand him. When he left them, he took with him the impressionable Chris Hillman.

Browne brothers for style and flow

for all reasons, perhaps the ultimate suburban country composition. From the ravamp of the Eagles’ Take it easy written by Browne and Glenn Frey of the Eagles, to start, drifting into all Browne songs, calculating in the title track, the talent never stops. As a composite symphony of songs, acoustic guitar and mando-rodeo, the Byrds’ Notorious

Grateful Hands, a song about the infliction of suffering which surfaced. The impressionable Chris Hillman, then it is the worldly pain and suffering which makes it an appealing emotion. But when a writer of sad songs dies, perhaps of his own hand, then it is the worldly pain and suffering which surfaces. The immediacy of the suffering is in focus. Suddenly it seems not that pain engulfs man, but simply that it overcomes him. Such is the case with Gram Parsons.

It is difficult to escape the conclusion that Parsons lived an often tortured existence. There would perhaps be a moral to be drawn from discovering the reason why, but I doubt it. He was a romantic, whatever, in the 70s. Maybe he lived and died in the service of ideas which are illusions, to love without guile and to be true to oneself.

Grievous angel is the title of his last album, and it seems to embody an almost weary acceptance that he must follow his path until the end, no matter how desperate it might become.

He joined The Byrds for a short while in 1968. He had been trying to popularise country music among rockers, and The Byrds were the first group to understand him. When he left them, he took with him the impressionable Chris Hillman.

Browne brothers for style and flow

for all reasons, perhaps the ultimate suburan country composition. From the ravamp of the Eagles’ Take it easy written by Browne and Glenn Frey of the Eagles, to start, drifting into all Browne songs, calculating in the title track, the talent never stops. As a composite symphony of songs, acoustic guitar and mando-rodeo, the Byrds’ Notorious

Grateful Hands, a song about the infliction of suffering which surfaced. The impressionable Chris Hillman, then it is the worldly pain and suffering which makes it an appealing emotion. But when a writer of sad songs dies, perhaps of his own hand, then it is the worldly pain and suffering which surfaces. The immediacy of the suffering is in focus. Suddenly it seems not that pain engulfs man, but simply that it overcomes him. Such is the case with Gram Parsons.

It is difficult to escape the conclusion that Parsons lived an often tortured existence. There would perhaps be a moral to be drawn from discovering the reason why, but I doubt it. He was a romantic, whatever, in the 70s. Maybe he lived and died in the service of ideas which are illusions, to love without guile and to be true to oneself.

Grievous angel is the title of his last album, and it seems to embody an almost weary acceptance that he must follow his path until the end, no matter how desperate it might become.

He joined The Byrds for a short while in 1968. He had been trying to popularise country music among rockers, and The Byrds were the first group to understand him. When he left them, he took with him the impressionable Chris Hillman.

Browne brothers for style and flow

for all reasons, perhaps the ultimate suburan country composition. From the ravamp of the Eagles’ Take it easy written by Browne and Glenn Frey of the Eagles, to start, drifting into all Browne songs, calculating in the title track, the talent never stops. As a composite symphony of songs, acoustic guitar and mando-rodeo, the Byrds’ Notorious

Grateful Hands, a song about the infliction of suffering which surfaced. The impressionable Chris Hillman, then it is the worldly pain and suffering which makes it an appealing emotion. But when a writer of sad songs dies, perhaps of his own hand, then it is the worldly pain and suffering which surfaces. The immediacy of the suffering is in focus. Suddenly it seems not that pain engulfs man, but simply that it overcomes him. Such is the case with Gram Parsons.

It is difficult to escape the conclusion that Parsons lived an often tortured existence. There would perhaps be a moral to be drawn from discovering the reason why, but I doubt it. He was a romantic, whatever, in the 70s. Maybe he lived and died in the service of ideas which are illusions, to love without guile and to be true to oneself.

Grievous angel is the title of his last album, and it seems to embody an almost weary acceptance that he must follow his path until the end, no matter how desperate it might become.

He joined The Byrds for a short while in 1968. He had been trying to popularise country music among rockers, and The Byrds were the first group to understand him. When he left them, he took with him the impressionable Chris Hillman.

Browne brothers for style and flow

for all reasons, perhaps the ultimate suburan country composition. From the ravamp of the Eagles’ Take it easy written by Browne and Glenn Frey of the Eagles, to start, drifting into all Browne songs, calculating in the title track, the talent never stops. As a composite symphony of songs, acoustic guitar and mando-rodeo, the Byrds’ Notorious
SEX’N DOPE

A BRIEF discourse on two of McRoach’s favorite pastimes, prompted by close examination of this week’s TLD “special” – Total organicism. Many myths surround dope’s role as a sex stimulant. Most research points to the fact that dope is not an active aphrodisiac—or rather, some research states that dope has the opposite effect. Theophile Gautier, described as the “most literate hashish eater in the world” proclaimed, “A hashish eater would not lift a finger for the most beautiful maiden in Verona.”

On the other hand, researchers investigating the “Marijuana Problem in the City of New York” reported that one group of prisoners who took the drug were “much more confiding, talked spontaneously about love and sexual affairs, and in two instances expressed themselves and masturbated.”

Generally, marijuana sex researchers report findings similar to this: “Although there is an undeniable increase in overt sex behavior following the ingestion of marijuana, it seems probable that this interest was not the result of direct sexual stimulation but rather a manifestation of a falling off in inhibiting factors.”

However, the best report on this subject is, according to McRoach, contained in Pat Woolley’s All about grass. “Grass makes every moment of the event so overwhelmingly pleasant that one unconsciously wants to remain in the preconceived fantasies for as long as possible. Or, rather than the act becoming a means to an end (the opposite of the experience) end in itself with the orgasm as a fringe benefit.”

“Grass makes it easier to approach another with love in mind. Just say simply let’s make love and by suggesting it you’ve planted the thought which will blossom and grow unless it’s killed by your complete lack of charm.” So there!

DOPE QUOTE OF THE WEEK

“Everyone was smashed for days, even the dogs.”

DOPE LYRIC OF THE WEEK

FROM Perth comes news of this bust:

“A bit of news which might interest you. My sister’s husband got busted in Perth for possession of four grammes of marijuana, and was fined $500. This is five times the Melbourne standard for the same charge. A guy who was with them copped $1000 for possession of 13 seedlings and 500 seeds.

“Ball was set at $500, and my sister comments that it seems that when you get busted, in Perth, they try to make the fines so heavy that you have to serve the sentence. She says that the magistrate took the whole business very seriously, despite the fact that he was supposed to be a lenient guy.”

DOPE ACTIVISTS WHERE ARE YOU?

McRoach is pleased to report that AUS is organizing what they call a “two phase” marijuana campaign. AUS says that phase one will initially focus on information collection offenses, penalties, police violence and civil liberties – and information dissemination. Posters comparing penalties with those for other crimes and “what to do when busted” posters will be distributed as well as findings on police activities and the law.

AUS are also proposing a national conference to unite activists and plan legalization tactics.

BANG THEY'RE BUSTED

McRoach suggests that all smokers maintain one minute’s silence in memory of this week’s smuggling busts – a lot of good dope never got in.

Approximately $3000 worth of genuine bud sticks were discovered by Tullamarine airport quarantine officers last week. The sticks were glued in a cavity in one corner of a table. Customs said it was the first time this method had been used to smuggle drugs (what customs really meant is that it’s the first time they’ve discovered this method) and one officer said, “It was cunning and unique.”

McRoach said, “It was a bloody shame.”

Meanwhile, over at Melbourne’s outer west station pier, customs officers arrested a New Zealander on board the liner Marconia and charged him with attempting to smuggle 28 pounds of cannabis into Melbourne. From Perth comes news of this bust:

“A bit of news which might interest you. My sister’s husband got busted in Perth for possession of four grammes of marijuana, and was fined $500. This is five times the Melbourne standard for the same charge. A guy who was with them copped $1000 for possession of 13 seedlings and 500 seeds.

“Ball was set at $500, and my sister comments that it seems that when you get busted, in Perth, they try to make the fines so heavy that you have to serve the sentence. She says that the magistrate took the whole business very seriously, despite the fact that he was supposed to be a lenient guy.”

DOPE ACTIVISTS WHERE ARE YOU?

McRoach is pleased to report that AUS is organizing what they call a “two phase” marijuana campaign. AUS says that phase one will initially focus on information collection offenses, penalties, police violence and civil liberties – and information dissemination. Posters comparing penalties with those for other crimes and “what to do when busted” posters will be distributed as well as findings on police activities and the law.

AUS are also proposing a national conference to unite activists and plan legalization tactics.

THE Bosco Bomb

or the Lebanese thing

McRoach has observed many smokers who go to a lot of trouble with smoking gimmicks which, besides being awkward to prepare, often result in a harsh, inferior toke. Cheap small pipes and potholed design fancy pipes fit this category – McRoach prefers the good old well prepared joint or a well cared for hookah.

This week, McRoach has uncovered the “ultimate” smoking gimmick dubbed after its demonstrator as the Bosco Bomb. The “Bomb” is useful as a social stimulant, but its EXPLOSIVE nature can result in a good deal of wastage of precious dope.

McRoach obtains the most recent Victoria Police statistical survey which gave over a period of one week, the conclusions.

The road back from hell, over at Melbourne’s outer west station pier, customs officers arrested a New Zealander on board the liner Marconia and charged him with attempting to smuggle 28 pounds of cannabis into Melbourne.

Over at Latrobe things are a bit different. The prefects then “took two kids to the headmaster’s office where they were questioned. The prefects then rounded up another three pupils and all eight are accused.” The pupil also said that later another student was caught for possession and two more admitted smoking after “close examination.”

Sydney Grammar school headmaster Mackerras, spoke to drug squad detectives on Tuesday morning. Mackerras maintains: “I don’t believe I have heard the whole truth. When you stir a pond a lot of fish will come to the surface. I believe the five boys are directly concerned but so are several others who I think have information. I believe they are holding back information about the incidents. And I am concerned the boys have a source for the drug.”

DOPE FINK OF THE WEEK AWARD

McRoach has not hesitation in presenting this week’s award to certain prefects at the Sydney Grammar school.

These prefects busted six form students smoking dope in Hyde Park during their lunch break. According to a pupil who witnessed the sad events, the prefects “took two kids to the headmaster’s office where they were questioned. The prefects then rounded up another three pupils and all eight are accused.” The pupil also said that later another student was caught for possession and two more admitted smoking after “close examination.”

Sydney Grammar school headmaster Mackerras, spoke to drug squad detectives on Tuesday morning. Mackerras maintains: “I don’t believe I have heard the whole truth. When you stir a pond a lot of fish will come to the surface. I believe the five boys are directly concerned but so are several others who I think have information. I believe they are holding back information about the incidents. And I am concerned the boys have a source for the drug.”

AMAZING SEED OFFER

SEND dope news, bust news, magazine clippings, etc., to McRoach, C/- TLD. If your item is used, two free seeds will be forwarded provided you supply a stamped self-addressed envelope.

Busted folk, wishing to know their rights, or wanting a sympathetic lawyer, should also contact McRoach.

NEXT WEEK

McRoach obtains the most recent Victoria Police statistical survey of crime and reveals facts and figures pertaining to DRUG OFFENCES!
Dwellings

Brisbane. Camp guy, 20, seeking a com fortable household to share. INC box 8046.

Daleians

Male model: Gargon 60 pages. Photographs and drawings. Im age credit: $2.00 to Christopher Wilde, PO box 501, Sydney. 2064.

Dalliance

Aphrodisiac nostrums, liberal- minded student, 25, seeks company of warm, intelligent female. INC box 8099.

Dealings

Male model: Gargon 60 pages. Photographs and drawings. Image credit: $2.00 to Christopher Wilde, PO box 501, Sydney. 2064.

Dalliance

Brisbane. Camp guy, 20, seeking a com fortable household to share. INC box 8046.

Daleians

Male model: Gargon 60 pages. Photographs and drawings. Image credit: $2.00 to Christopher Wilde, PO box 501, Sydney. 2064.

Dalliance

Brisbane. Camp guy, 20, seeking a com fortable household to share. INC box 8046.

Daleians

Male model: Gargon 60 pages. Photographs and drawings. Image credit: $2.00 to Christopher Wilde, PO box 501, Sydney. 2064.

Dalliance

Brisbane. Camp guy, 20, seeking a com fortable household to share. INC box 8046.

Daleians

Male model: Gargon 60 pages. Photographs and drawings. Image credit: $2.00 to Christopher Wilde, PO box 501, Sydney. 2064.

Dalliance

Brisbane. Camp guy, 20, seeking a com fortable household to share. INC box 8046.

Daleians

Male model: Gargon 60 pages. Photographs and drawings. Image credit: $2.00 to Christopher Wilde, PO box 501, Sydney. 2064.
Form a circle, there's lustre in a cluster

People of the world get together, you have nothing to lose but your territorial imperative! So says VERONICA PARRY, who argues we should drop our shields of frightened insecurity and spread our warmth.

The kids in our animal behavior course got to thinking the other day. It's a phenomenon which occurs with remarkable regularity when you're involved with non-structured learning. It happened out of a discussion on the film W.R. Mysteries of the Organum - non-structured courses do things like that. We got on to the idea that humans being are social animals and if left to their own devices will innately develop social bonds. These bonds are adaptive; they allow us to live full peaceful lives in harmony with the environment.

But western society, based as it is on a mercantile economy, feels itself threatened whenever attempts are made to express these innate tendencies. So it works in different conditions in an ascetic de-humanised form that can be packaged and sold cheap on the slave market. It was felt that this unnatural breakdown of our basic social propensities can see it in all sorts of horrifying human behavior and if it continues, it may lead to the downfall of our great western empire - the story of Rome all over again.

Amidst this exciting and provocative thesis that although the idea is not new, it reaps its worth retelling in its biologic light.

OK, so we're social. What does that mean besides going to a lot of wars, parties and the foosie? Lots of animals are social for all sorts of reasons. Slaters in a woodchop are social because they all like dark wet places. When you turn over a log and find it crawling with these bugs, it's not because they are attending the grand animal sater convention or having a big love in. They're simply responding to the like environment.

Each is probably not even aware that it is others of the same ilk around. I guess we all go to the beach for the same sort of reasons but that's not the basis of our society. Some animals are social because their very survival depends upon it. Bees and birds are notori­ously for copulating en masse.

Lastly, some animals are social because they're survival depends upon their species that can't clap single handed; to attempt to do so for long either drives them crazy or starve to death. Now this kettled sociality fits us, the good old human sapiens ape that survived in semi-arid savannah plains by forming into hunter-gatherer societies. (Will the chauvinist gentlemen readers please note that hunter and gather are printed in the same case letter - both activities were equally important in our survival. In fact, I've heard it said that matrimony grew out of our need for an omnivorous diet - a bit farfetched but fun.)

So that's us. For some THREE MILLION years we lived as hunter-gatherers usually in groups of 12 to 20 people clustered in non-randomly around the place. We shared dominance in fields such as best was skilled in and generally just grooved in on together­ness via music and ritual.

Music is perhaps at the center of our social behavior. Moving from the rhythm of the heart, it unites all hearts into a common beat - slow and soothing for love, fast and frantic for war. The man who has no ear for music has no soul and is to be treated with suspicion. Shakespeare said some­thing like that. Music is the ampli­fier of mood. Men go to war by it, adore or appease a God by it and win forty games by it always in a tightly bonded spirit of camaraderie.

We're not the only ones. The kookaburras cacophony is used in defence of territory but like us, they also are these roosting choirs to enhance the family social bonds.

As with our hearts, so with our souls. Still today in many tribes, the condition of each individual's soul is the concern and responsibil­tity of the group. If a member loses his soul (western jargon = loses his heart to heart talk with someone), the group is compelled to help him find it and keep it in good nick through lots of love and support. What a far cry this attitude is from the way we tackle the problem of lost souls: either drug 'em up with valium or stick 'em in the looney bin.

How else is man innately so­calledly socially conditioned? One reason why a fish school is because all their excrement conditions the water with which they swim. And animals can make survival easier than without. We do this too, a cozy place with good vibes is usually one where people have been before. The feeling of being in a clouded warmed by someone else's bottom is much nicer than plonked and left on your own.

Animals are also social when it comes time to mate. You could argue that man's sociality is automatically social but the argument usually doesn't last long when you think of the numerous sequences of two solitary animals mating. After the deed the female for the most part ignores the male and saves the energy she needs to eat and save him. Again humans are known to be find in groups at times but we needn't labor the point.

Some very social animals; however, have to have lots and lots of like-minded bodies around in order to mate. Like group sex and praying mantises, as in spiders and praying mantises, some even struck up a two part song. But how do you get it these days? Some anonymous jock might happen if clusters of people end up to the pub where they'll get drunk at full blast to keep their com­munication down to the odd groan or swivel on.

And when the pressure cock is about to explode, you can let 'em out too. Don't you find it gets pissed and harmless as soon as you've been put under? Even ants are given "music" of sorts. Some even struck up a group song and went straight to your brain via the tranny. As a remedy, some believe it or not, starts in a timely way to ban groups, the group is the group you sang with someone and ac­tually pitched in with the har­mony. Or danced in a circle holding hands? That music is still a staple of life goes without ques­tion. But how do you get it these days? Some anonymous jock modulates the top ten through the air, it's picked up by the tranny and goes straight to your brain via your own private ear plug. Ewww! Even ants are given "music" of this sort to work by according to T.H. White.

Dancing? People don't do that much these days but with all due respect to Pink Floyd, when they do, it's usually a mesmerised state to an acoustically induced psychedelic trip, an individual mind blowing experience. Most of the noise from a rock group is near the threshold of pain so we often wonder where the thrill ends and the agony starts. Who the hell took the spontaneity and togetherness out of music and movement?!

I've got a sneaky feeling that some repressed western freak up there is dead scared that if hu­mans came together again and rediscovered that joy it was a daily event, the system would fall apart. Why else is there such a mania against dope? If you're happy, you may not want to work the

THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS — march 26-april 1, 1974 — Page 23
HOW TO WORK

SOME OF the exercises are to be done alone, others are done with a partner. You will be working alone for a week or more before you begin with your partner. It is a good idea to have your partner begin his or her writing work at the same time you do. That way both of you will be at about the same place when you begin your work together. However, don't work alone, or in any other situation in which you might have to be aware of another person. Instead, try to get your head into a place where you can have a good time with yourself alone - doing something for yourself, spending time with yourself, not trying to accomplish anything, not trying to learn anything, just allowing yourself to be.

If you work on these exercises and feel bad about it - something is wrong, you are not doing what the exercises are for. Do not feel bad about it, or feel bad about yourself. Do not work with someone else.

If you work on these exercises and feel good about it - something is right, you are doing what the exercises are for. Do not feel good about it, or feel good about yourself. Do not work with anyone else.

A set pattern is a sign of loosenning your internal structures. A lot of the controls that we normally keep on our exercises can be loosened. This does not mean that you can't get control of them either by an intruder or by too much noise. The exercises will put you in touch with your natural body reflex take over. Go with your body; try to get into whatever feelings you want to come out. Though such an experience is to hold on, to resist the feelings, to want to hang on, to fight them, you will see that your body is only living out a future. In our culture it is considered "adult" to give up or to have nothing left for the future. In our culture it is considered "adult" to allow from the start a way to work at least once every week. It will not be necessary to be completely aware of all stimuli as well, such as alcohol, tobacco or stimuli which will bring you minimal external stimuli. That way you will have less chance of treating that loving, caring, exciting situation as an exercise. I am not trying in any way to take you from your normal sexual partner. The program is intended to add to your pleasure, not separate you from your loved one. I have found that when you are working with a partner you will bring old patterns of response into new situations; this can inhibit the new patterns of movement you are trying to develop. When you work with your mate or not, it is important to develop a relationship with whom you feel quite comfortable. Unless you are at ease with your partner, unless you feel absolutely no demand for this kind of help, you will not be able to let go into your own sensations and enjoyment. You may end up fluttering or performing or waiting for some other person to please you.

You may at first feel the fact that these exercises are to be done in touch with your body alone, with a partner, with yourself, with another person. Do not feel bad about it, or feel bad about yourself. Do not work with anyone else.

The first thing to decide is who to work with. It may surprise you that I SUGGEST NOT WORKING WITH YOUR MATE OR ANYONE ELSE. Before you consider this, the change can add something to the way you feel about yourself. If you are not sure about your set patterns and blaming games. Also, when you return to your mate for intercourse, you will have less chance of treating that loving, caring, exciting situation as an exercise. I am not trying in any way to take you from your normal sexual partner. The program is intended to add to your pleasure, not separate you from your loved one. I have found that when you are working with a partner you will bring old patterns of response into new situations; this can inhibit the new patterns of movement you are trying to develop. When you work with your mate or not, it is important to develop a relationship with whom you feel quite comfortable. Unless you are at ease with your partner, unless you feel absolutely no demand for this kind of help, you will not be able to let go into your own sensations and enjoyment. You may end up fluttering or performing or waiting for some other person to please you.

Finally, the work is an awareness training exercise. By beginning to experience the separate and different feelings about how you move, breathe and feel during a sexual or separating event, you will begin to feel better and will open up the possibility of your sexual experience to become more than just a release of pleasure.

SOME PRINCIPLES

YOUR SUCCESS with these exercises will be based on how much you can allow yourself to get in touch with your body sensations and your feelings - to relax and open yourself to your natural feeling of aliveness and flowing energy, the same energy and aliveness that you experience in sexual excitement. First of all, understand that the information you need is inside you.

As you work on these exercises, you will experience body sensations and perhaps emotions that seem to spring up from nowhere. You will encounter feelings which surprise you - such as joy, excitement, loneliness, fear, anger and grief. It is important to realise that since you are trying to get in touch with your feelings you will experience a variety of feelings. That is the sign of success, as clear markers that you are getting into touch with yourself. The only way people are caught by surprise is by the strength and suddenness of the emotions, which you didn't know they felt. Therefore their response is to hold on, to resist the feelings, to want to hang on, to fight them. Selectively, they may try to regain control of themselves. Try not to do this. Accept the feelings, no matter how much they seem to go against your natural body reflex take over.

If you work on these exercises and feel bad about it - something is wrong, you are not doing what the exercises are for. Do not feel bad about it, or feel bad about yourself. Do not work with anyone else.

If you work on these exercises and feel good about it - something is right, you are doing what the exercises are for. Do not feel good about it, or feel good about yourself. Do not work with anyone else.

It is possible that you will have picked out your space and are now standing in it. Lie down on your back for a moment. What do you see? What do you hear? What do you smell? What do you taste? What do you feel? What do you feel in your pelvis, in your abdomen? The diaphragm is a sign of loosening your internal structures. A lot of the controls that we normally keep on our exercises can be loosened. This does not mean that you can't get control of them either by an intruder or by too much noise. The exercises will put you in touch with your natural body reflex take over. Go with your body; try to get into whatever feelings you want to come out. Though such an experience is to hang on, to resist the feelings, to want to hang on, to fight them, you will see that your body is only living out a future. In our culture it is considered "adult" to give up or to have nothing left for the future. In our culture it is considered "adult" to allow from the start a way to work at least once every week. It will not be necessary to be completely aware of all stimuli as well, such as alcohol, tobacco or stimuli which will bring you minimal external stimuli. That way you will have less chance of treating that loving, caring, exciting situation as an exercise. I am not trying in any way to take you from your normal sexual partner. The program is intended to add to your pleasure, not separate you from your loved one. I have found that when you are working with a partner you will bring old patterns of response into new situations; this can inhibit the new patterns of movement you are trying to develop. When you work with your mate or not, it is important to develop a relationship with whom you feel quite comfortable. Unless you are at ease with your partner, unless you feel absolutely no demand for this kind of help, you will not be able to let go into your own sensations and enjoyment. You may end up fluttering or performing or waiting for some other person to please you.

Finally, the work is an awareness training exercise. By beginning to experience the separate and different feelings about how you move, breathe and feel during a sexual or separating event, you will begin to feel better and will open up the possibility of your sexual experience to become more than just a release of pleasure.
EXERCISING ALONE

I WOULD like to introduce you to some of the experiments and exercises I have developed for working alone with your breathing, movement, and energy fields. These experiments and exercises are done in sequence; you may have trouble getting through them all in one session. When you've done them all once, you may decide that they are not useful or heroic; skip them if you wish. The overall sequence of exercises works from the head down to the feet, then back up. You will develop your own sense of how long to practise each one. It should take about two hours to do each exercise in proper sequence. It is most important that you establish your breathing pattern through the awareness exercises and experience of tingling before you go on to the movement exercises. You may alternate these exercises slowly and with a great deal of attention and awareness. Try this experiment; close your eyes and thing like a searchlight going over your body, so that when I ask you to be aware of something, you're aware of it to its utmost. See what it is that your face is move to that area. Finally, as you begin to do this breathing, pay attention to the tension in the minute musculature of your body — just become aware of what you are doing. Now take a deep breath and, without expelling the air, hold your breath and move the muscles of breathing. Remember, to do this, breathe in as much as possible. Now begin to cause your hands or other parts of yourself to move the area up. Continue to make the sound. It does not have to be exaggerated you normally come. As you let your breath go, put your arms down again. Do this sequence of moving your arms again, but as you breathe in and lowering them as you breathe out five times. Now, reverse the process. As you breathe in, put your arms down; as you breathe your breath in, put your arms up and, as you breathe out, raise your arms in an arch over your head. Put your arms down again and reverse the process. Do this five times. Now go back to the original arch, then this time letting your arms fall (five times). These exercises are all designed to loosen the chest, and to get you to begin to breathe a little more deeply.

Now take a deep breath and, without expelling the air, hold your breath and move the muscles of breathing. Remember, to do this, breathe in as much as possible. Now begin to cause your hands or other parts of yourself to move the area up. Continue to make the sound. It does not have to be exaggerated you normally come. As you let your breath go, put your arms down again. Do this sequence of moving your arms again, but as you breathe in and lowering them as you breathe out five times. Now, reverse the process. As you breathe in, put your arms down; as you breathe your breath in, put your arms up and, as you breathe out, raise your arms in an arch over your head. Put your arms down again and reverse the process. Do this five times. Now go back to the original arch, then this time letting your arms fall (five times). These exercises are all designed to loosen the chest, and to get you to begin to breathe a little more deeply.

FREEING THE NECK & CHEST

Place one hand on your chest and one hand on your abdomen as you breathe. There should be no tension in the chest and the abdomen. Should you experience a collapse, a letting go, of the chest and the abdomen, let that go. Ideally, when you begin the wave, then the belly rises; at the crest of the wave both chest and abdomen let go for-exhilation; don't push, your natural body elasticity will force the air out. The sequence is not of great importance however, as long as both the chest and the belly participate fully in your inspiration and expiration. Some people are abdominal breathers; they naturally fill their abdomen first. That's okay too. This movement should flow in a smooth wave so that it goes down your entire body, and with practice it will become a breathing-experience until you feel completely relaxed and are breathing easy. This exercise is used to free the upper part of the body, the chest and the neck. It is really understood if you study the hand positions, for they indicate the motion of the shoulders. To begin, lie on the floor with your knees up; place your arms out to your sides, your back on the palm down. Now take a breath and roll your hands and arms up in the direction of your head... notice your chest will come up, your back will arch and your head will roll back.

Now roll your hands in the opposite direction and exhale. Your whole arm and shoulder, neck and head will follow. Repeat this five times, taking a breath each time your chest rises and letting it out each time your chest is contracted on the forward movement. Next, do the same rotation of the hands, arms and shoulders, but this time change the motion of your head and neck. In other words, where your head was rolling back now it should come forward as you inhale, adding pressure to your chest... and where your head was forward, it should now be back at you exhale. Change only the head and neck motion. Do this five times. Now, return to the original exercise; as you do it note how much more free your movements are.

Here's a less complicated exercise to free the chest and neck. Take a breath and raise your arms up and over your head in a high arch, enlarging your chest cavity breathe in as much as possible.

As you let your breath go, put your arms back down. Do this sequence of raising your arms and lowering them, as you in and out five times. Now, reverse the process. As you breathe in, put your arms down; as you breathe your breath in, put your arms up and, as you breathe out, raise your arms in an arch over your head. Put your arms down again and reverse the process. Do this five times. Now go back to the original arch, then this time letting your arms fall (five times). These exercises are all designed to loosen the chest, and to get you to begin to breathe a little more deeply.

The feelings you may be experiencing, if they are this close to the surface, are not new. You probably had just been holding them under control by limiting your breathing. Let them begin. Pay attention to them as often refreshed by your breathing. Let yourself experience what they are, but avoid thinking about them or analysing them.

Your hands may also begin to tingle. This will continue. If the tingling in your hands gets too great that your hands begin to contract, let them go. Some too far. This much breathing is beyond the scope of what we have been doing on your breathing your breathing past. Holding on to your feelings is often_refreshed by your breathing. Let yourself experience what they are, but avoid thinking about them or analysing them.

FREEING THE NECK & CHEST

Now take a deep breath and,without expelling the air, hold your breath and move the muscles of breathing. Remember, to do this, breathe in as much as possible. Now begin to cause your hands or other parts of yourself to move the area up. Continue to make the sound. It does not have to be exaggerated you normally come. As you let your breath go, put your arms down again. Do this sequence of moving your arms again, but as you breathe in and lowering them as you breathe out five times. Now, reverse the process. As you breathe in, put your arms down; as you breathe your breath in, put your arms up and, as you breathe out, raise your arms in an arch over your head. Put your arms down again and reverse the process. Do this five times. Now go back to the original arch, then this time letting your arms fall (five times). These exercises are all designed to loosen the chest, and to get you to begin to breathe a little more deeply.
CASTING THE FIRST BIN

I would like to tell you that I consider your lead story (TLD 2/10) headlined "Treasure's trash made cute" to be very bad taste and approaching the sensationalistic journalism of the Sydney "Sun" and Melbourne "Truth. I doubt that serving sensationalism is much better than right-wing headlines didn't have the same impact - they are too small. But they still exist, even in the dark.

My headache increased incredibly, obviously as a result of the changing trash of a local personality. I can now find little items of value, hidden away, even in the dark.

If you feel your analysis of people's garbage is justified, in the interest of morality and utility, then I hope your writing is without sin and his beer is free of beer cans, contraversial packaging and empty tins of dry food.

MIKE WILKINS
Coorparoo, Qld.

DELIDERISATION

I READ with interest your colleague's article (TLD 2/10) "The personality of the garbage bin". At first, nothing much struck me about the article. The main point was that the garbage man is needed: almost like protective sentries, their auras could be deduced.

Remember when in a garbage man was just one step up from being a dirt collector? Slowly over a period of time, the wastes overtopp'd, the hours worked swept down, the society around became more efficient. At a result the parks improved, the Christmas tins increased until the materialists looked on with envy at the goodies showered upon these knight errants.

The garbage man is needed; almost everybody can look down on him and feel a little more superior and yet be respected in some way by everyone. People grudgingly admire the chap, maybe for his fitness, or his strong stomach, or his ability to laugh at what other people chunder over. Like the Pooy Express of old, the garbage must be collected. These colour our adventures brave the worst of nature's elements, fighting daily in a heroic bid to stop humanity stagnating in its own filth.

So next time you happen to be standing down a suburban street and you notice the garbage cans, lined up for the garbage man, his shoes glinting like friendly beams, meditate for a while. Then see if you can mentally communicate with them. For, believe me, they are all on your side.

B. J. STITT
Bondi, NSW.

WHO'S UP WHO

I FIND some surprising similarities between your article on methane power (TLD 2/11) and one in Earth garden (EG, no. 8, March 1974, p.44).

For example, Daylights says: "Methane or marsh gas is the most simple of the paraffins or methane hydrocarbon group. It's lighter than air but forms an explosive mixture with it which is safer than petrol vapor as far as fire is concerned. The octane and anti-knock value of methane is higher than petrol and its calorific value, weight for weight, is seventeen per cent greater."

Whereas Earth garden says: "Methane is the most simple of the paraffins or methane hydrocarbon group. It is lighter than air and is practically insoluble in water and only moderately soluble in alcohol. Though it will not burn in its pure state, methane forms an explosive mixture with air, though it is safer than petrol vapor as far as fire is concerned. The octane is high in methane than in petrol. It has a high anti-knock value. Its calorific value is 17 per cent greater, weight for weight, than petrol."

I think of three possibilities.

1) Both articles are by the same author. TLD credits Veronica Parcy. EG gives no author, supposedly it's by either Irene or Keith Vincent Smith.

2) TLD's article is based partly on EG's. In this case, surely some credit, in the form of a footnote or reference, should be given.

3) Both the authors (TLD and EG) worked independently and their work should be made clear, not only for purposes of acknowledgment, but also as a guide for further reference.

STEPHEN WILBURN
Carlton, Vic.

FM FOR THE PEOPLE

DROWNED out by sound waves (TLD 2/10) was it the printed word for who let the government get their hands on radio?" Some of the chief advantages of FM (for my money) are hi quality, low interference and the possibility of stereo transmission.

Perhaps the logical extension of someone's sound studio (John Francis, Studio 207, John English... many more) is an FM transmitter.

Could there be broadcasters, journalists and technicians out there just dying to get together a real radio station? Why wait for 25MHz to make it a hit when you can grow your own, etc?

ALEX STUART
Kievits Workshop, Newbridge, NSW.

LETTERS TO THE PEOPLE

THE SADDEST thing about our super- society in that it has all but lost what man get together for government. We, the masses of ordinary people of Australia, need a means of communication. It is as simple as that.

There is no way in our society that an individual can talk to the rest of his community except via some mass medium, such as radio or TV. But all existing mass media are controlled by a few professionals. These few have omnipotent powers of (1) selection of material to be broadcast, and (2) philosophy — or vocabulary or terms of reference — within which all news or views shall be expressed.

And quite obviously existing con- trollers of mass media have vested interests in what they broadcast. They aim to sell their medium and so exclude unpopular or simply individual material.

They use their media to advertise for mass consumption, and therefore tend to avoid criticism or other encouragement of small or potential advertisers. They have political or other ideological axes to grind.

There is no means available to the ordinary man to make his views or his news known to the public. We lack something which is basic to healthy community life, namely, mass-to-man communication.

It is essential for social harmony, social progress and social justice that people know what their neighbors think. Agreements and disagreements alike, must be achieved in the way of human communication, if possible, rather than offensive flavor.

Perhaps the logical extension of someone's sound studio (John Francis, Studio 207, John English... many more) is an FM transmitter.

Could there be broadcasters, journalists and technicians out there just dying to get together a real radio station? Why wait for 25MHz to make it a hit when you can grow your own, etc?

PHIL O'CARROLL
Albury, NSW

GUESS WHO'S DISCOVERED TOLKIEN

TO ALL you lovers of wizards, hobbits, goblins, trolls, dragons, elves, dwarfs, orcs, and other fantasy phenomena; good news! J. R. R. Tolkien would have to be one of the most talented writers the world has known. I have just finished reading The hobbit and The lord of the rings and have found each an enchanting masterpiece. After reading these you will claim that the adventures of Bilbo and Frodo must be true because nobody could imagine such an imagination to create these adventures.

I am now looking for books and writing into this column to convey your reactions in to the TLD public.

DAVID ROSSITER
Narrabundah, Vic.

Thank you

I AM VERY much obliged for your understanding. By going the article, the only measure I have had were the premises and I had far; to nil effects — great hit — nil effects.

YOUR ENLIGHTENED MUSHROOM MUNCHING FRIEND

EMPTY VESSEL

IN YER BIN, McKenzie, is the only place for that load of crap ("What's up YER BIN"), page 2/11, p.20) and one in the Sydney tabloids or Melbourne TLD. Very much better than right-wing articles, local newspapers.

Casting the first bin

I would like to tell you that I consider your lead story (TLD 2/10) headlined "Treasure's trash made cute" to be very bad taste and approaching the sensationalistic journalism of the Sydney "Sun" and Melbourne "Truth. I doubt that serving sensationalism is much better than right-wing
A WEEK in a strange town. No ties, no emotional involvement but casual screwing with a horny looking man with a good body. He turns me on just being around him for a few hours. BUT immediately after we meet in the afternoon he wants to screw. I am unaroused.

His technique is to bang around my labia with his dick while licking violently on my lips and tongue — almost to the point of screw. I am unaroused.

This "unnatural" fucking should involve mutual physical pleasure and sexual satisfaction, however I feel depadated that he doesn't bother to arouse me first so that I can also enjoy fucking him.

How do I explain this to him? He has only been in Australia two years, speaks good conversational English but gets lost in philosophical conversation.

I end up telling him that I don't want to fuck him now. He persists so I say OK but slow down, be gentle please, there is no hurry.

But this doesn't get the response I want. I want to fuck him now. He persists and squeezes. Now that I've said I won't admit it. That she likes to tease.

So I think I really balled the whole thing up. Not only did I fail to alter his sexual approach I fostered in him a really chauvinistic attitude to women. I won't fuck a migrant again.

Come trip with me

WITH REGARD to a recent article in your magazine about the artificial island villages in the Solomon islands, may I say a few words. Firstly, this is probably the first article on any aspect of the Solomons that has appeared outside of an anthropological journal or similar publication. Point being, no one has heard much of these beautiful islands and now your writer has been there and discovered what a really fantastic place it is. I moved from Brisbane to Honiara (the capital town on Guadalcanal island) with my husband and parents in 1957. I now live most of the time in Brisbane, but the Solomons remain very firmly my spiritual home.

Over recent years, I have toyed with the idea of publicising the Solomons to freak travellers, it being (apart from Tenero) the closest foreigners, interesting territory to Australia. It is thus within the limited budget of freak travellers and provides no major language hassle or visa ballup, being a British Protectorate.

My unease about publicising the group is the understandable reluctance to introduce travellers of any kind, because of the way they fowk up any beautiful place (eg Bali, Kambodz, Penang and a million other scenes). However there is now a strelent straight tourist trade and it looks as if the Solomons is no longer to be left alone drifting along at its own mellow rate. To give some idea of the scale of interference tourism brings, when the cruise ship your writer was on visits Honiara, the whole population more than doubles.

The only problem I can see to a freak traveller trade is the lack of cheap accommodation and the fact that the air fare is nothing short of exression. Once you get there, local food is very cheap so perhaps it may be a being your own environment trip and use local shipping coke you're up there. Honiara is certainly an interesting enough place, but the outer islands are the really intersting places. In the Solomons are both Melanesian and Polynesian outwars, I am certain but I think this is a unique cultural blend and combined with the incredibly cosmopolite expatriate population (Fijian, Indian, Chinese, English, Australian, etc) really makes the place an interesting example of racial symbiosis. Does misunderstand me; there are really bad internatinal vibes evident from time to time, but compared to other colonial set ups the Solomons are a Garden of Eden.

Consider this possibility, fellow Daylight's readers: About december a plane load of us gather in Brisbane (say 20 or 30 of us) and blank off for a two or three month voyage of discovery. In Honiara we live in a tent or grass hut on the beach outside the town, we could probably live one villages and share in the really peaceful life these people lead. After checking out all the interesting scenes on Guadal canal, we hire a local inter-island trading boat (or if possible, use the regular services of these numerous boats) and trip off to Savo island to see the active volcano and live for a while on the beach there or stay on the boat, all the time fishing for food or buying the indigenous Megapode eggs and tropical vegetables from the local market. We could move from island to island at our own leisure. If we hired our own boat or as the opportunity arose we used the "regular" inter-island boats.

For historic interest, the Solomons were first settled by Europeans about 200 years before Australia (by the Spanish I think) and we could frack around for the remains of that early settlement. Also another imported item, world war two, has deposited its curio, world war two, has deposited itsPage 27

LLOYD WRIGHT Pullenvale, Qld.
Christianity gave Eros poison to drink — he did not die of it, to be sure, but degenerated into vice.