4-9-1974

The Living Daylights 2(14) 9 April 1974

Richard Neville

Editor

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

Recommended Citation
http://ro.uow.edu.au/livingdaylights/24

Research Online is the open access institutional repository for the University of Wollongong. For further information contact the UOW Library: research-pubs@uow.edu.au
The Living Daylights 2(14) 9 April 1974

Publisher
Incorporated Newsagencies Company, Melbourne, vol.2 no.14, April 9 - 22, 28p

This serial is available at Research Online: http://ro.uow.edu.au/livingdaylights/24
Pissweak on principles
but...

WHAT BLOODY NERVE!
End of term report

Friday and Monday are our key production days, which makes an easier Daylights impossible. This issue must suffice for a fortnight, till April 22, then we're back every Tuesday.

What a week. It's only politics, but if the terrible twosome get in . . . THUD!

People in this office are rushing around trying to get on an electoral roll — preferably in an electorate with a swinging seat. And anarchist 18 year olds, don't YOU forget to register . . . just this once.

Naturally, Rumgo MaxiCallum has weighed in with a blast from Canberra, where the long knives are already flashing. (see opposite) and even notorious non-voter Harry Gumboot is threatening to fight them in the polling booths, page 7.

It was business as usual in the majesty’s private dock of being misled by disreputable authorities, Piotr Olszewski and others sneaked into Pentridge and spoke to a victim of the system, page 9. Over Easter? Keith and Irene Evans from NSW recount their own experience inside.

Cracking Pentridge was equal to gaining entry to Frank Thomson's ball, a spectacular shindig at his horrible Rose Bay mock hacienda, in which stink bombs sizzled, lavatories overflowed and policewomen waltzed in evening attire. What went wrong? Our society columnist gushes, page 6.

Fijians are still being flung out of the country, despite Al Grassy’s assurances to the contrary, as Grant Evans makes clear (page 4) and as the launching of the Long March to the US bases comes closer, we report the latest strategies, page 8.

As the sands drain away from Surfers, it is still possible to go now and have fun, according to Willy Young who has just returned from wallowing among the jaffas, pages 18 & 19.

Incidentally, a reader has offered a Brisbane Brightlights: how many of you up there want one?

So that's about all (not to mention several regulars, a new reviews spread, 22 £23). To mention several regulars, there want one?

On the Saigon mainline

WE’ve all heard of bum trips, but the author of a letter in the recent Penthouse magazine must be riding one of the lowest. He tells how he left New York and headed for South Vietnam to feed his hump with the good, cheap marijuana he puffed on when he was there as a soldier in the war (in those days no one bothered about stoned GIs). But times change and so do attitudes and laws. The authorities (US and South Vietnamese) have in the past three years put the clamps on grass and there’s a drought . . . But not on heroin which is as cheap and easy as marijuana was in the good old days. He’s now a smack junkie, and no one seems to care about THAT.

Paradise lost

READERS looking for cheap holiday accommodation over the Easter break should look no further than the recently classified ghost town, Surfers Paradise. Thanks to 20 years of scalloping of the coastline by eager developers the beach at Surfers now catches the full brutish of the prevailing cyclones. The golden sands have been swept away, the beach has vanished and the foreshore is now propped up with ugly boulders. If you don't mind looking like a crab for a few days the low rents (as low as $2.50 a night in some motels) are very enticing.

Socialist siblings

MOTHERS against Marx. Ronald Fisher, a delegate to a Victorian Country party conference on child care centres, told the gathering the centres could be used to indoctrinate the toddlers in Marxism and that children if taken from their mothers would fall under the “evils of socialism”. The meeting ignored his warnings.

I'm too tired to rock

THE KNOCKERS said it would meet a short and welcome demise and I wish in a way they'd been right. The announcement that last Sunday was the 20th birthday of Rock around the clock, and of rock and roll set my joint a'creaking of rock and roll set my joint a'creaking of rock and roll set my joint a'creaking. (Croak.) The two decades of rock have fallen from his four inch soles.

The press last week called him one of the worst, the former leader of the DLP, Vince Gair. He's now a smack junkie, and no one seems to care about THAT.

Bombs away

GEORGES Pompidou, president of France, described by Richard Nixon as "a man of vision, constraint, consistency and enormous strength of character", was shot dead yesterday afternoon in Paris, just three years after his miraculous ability to keep a set of ill fitting dentures in his mouth. It was for his miraculous ability to keep a set of ill fitting dentures in his mouth. It was for his miraculous ability to keep a set of ill fitting dentures in his mouth.

Mao has the good sense to ban him

BUT THE fate of modern literature looked cheerier this week when Richard Bach, author of the unbelievably banal Jonathan Livingston Seagull, announced he was hanging up his typewriter.

Farewell mud guts

This man is lying!

by MUNGO MacCALLUM

EVERY so often the Liberals drop the mask, and we can catch a glimpse of the beast that walks like a man. Beneath the well-manicured eyebrows, the eyes turn stony, and the eyeballs become dollar signs. Tentacles appear out of the laundered cuffs and, with a sound not unlike the tightening of the screws on a rack, the thing that believes it was born to rule us all for ever looms up to darken the sun.

We blink, and of course it wasn’t like that at all, it was just your friendly, oh-so-reasonable, Liberal party member, explaining oh-so-persuasively that, really, these Labor chappies can’t be trusted to do the right thing, and, of course, it’s all very regrettable, but we must admit that we made a mistake voting them in just 18 months ago, and it’s really the sacred duty of our benevolent guardians to take any course of action at all to make sure that they’re not allowed to do any of the things we elected them to do, because after all we just didn’t know.

His voice changing slightly as he deftly switches the small unmarked notes he has received from an anonymous foreign capitalist into the hands of a cynical and venal publicist, the thing that believes it was born to rule us all for ever looms up to darken the sun.

They are also (he doesn’t say) doing it this way because they can’t engineer a military coup. This man is lying: he wants your vote, and he doesn’t care what happens to you after he gets it.

“The private sector”, said Billy Mackie Snedden in his tryout for a policy speech last Thursday, “must be allowed to grow because the private sector creates the wealth in this country so that it can be distributed throughout the community.”

“The profit of enterprise”, said John Douglas Anthony on the same day, “is the source of all forward movement and is the basis of any democratic society.”

At least we know whom they claim to represent, and whom they would look after if they got back into power, and it would be the good citizens of Nimbin, which happens to be in Anthony’s electorate.

Early on Thursday afternoon, long before the public at large knew of the Libs plans, Thomas F. Conlan, the political counsellor at the United States embassy in Canberra, rang the office of the clerk of the senate. “Has the senate rejected supply yet?” he asked excitedly.

God only knows who else was in on the deal; perhaps we may learn when the Liberals deign to release what they loosely call their policy, a bland list of thoughts aimed at instilling a feeling of confidence in the non-selective reader.

But what they would really do is just what they’ve always done: let things drift, look after their friends, and let the masses look after themselves. Anthony, especially, having conned the dithering leadership of the Liberal party into a position where they are almost certainly stuck with an election they don’t want, has a long list of things to do for his friends in primary industry — bounties, subsidies, tax lurks, and so on.

Anthony, it will be recalled, is the one who keeps saying things like “we will tell the people that we believe that the best way for them to achieve satisfaction and purpose in their lives is to shun the handout mentality”. That is, we’ll tell the unemployed, we’ll tell working mothers, we’ll tell aboriginals: but we’re buggered if we’ll tell the farmers and the miners.

All right, so whoever you vote for, a politician always gets in; all right, so the Whitlam government has made a lot of mistakes, and has occasionally allowed its frustration with the reactionaries in the senate to get the better of it. But, it’s your life, and this week the opposition has shown to what desperate lengths they’re prepared to go to get control of it. And if they get back, they’ll paint all the flowers grey and they’ll paint you khaki.

Vote early and vote often: and if you’ve got any doubts, recall that only last Sunday the Labor government gave an award to a doctor P. F. Crapper for his work in fluid dynamics. How could you not vote for a party that did that?
THE LIVING’DAYLIGHTS - apr 9-22, 1974

THE FIJIAN HEAVE-HO

GRANT EVANS

"They treat us here like criminals," said Michael. "Australians don’t get treated badly when they go to Fiji." A number of Fijians have been harassed by the commonwealth police. Anil got angry at this point; two weeks ago he had been visited by the police to look at his papers and to check that he was working. The cops, in fine style, got heavy with him. They refused to believe that he had not been working. "And what about other Fijians," they asked, "surely they’ve been working. Remember we can charge you with harboring people who have broken the conditions of their visa," the cops said with their own special sort of flat-faced assurance. Michael, the quieter of the two, said the cops just wouldn’t believe him. "Tell them one thing and they keep firing the same question at you trying to force you to say the opposite of what you want to say."

Neither Anil nor Michael have been working in Australia. Both are ex-students, and coming from well-off families in Fiji, they are supported from home. Nevertheless, they are both acutely aware of the double standards being applied by the Australian government on all issues relating to Fijians.

For instance, white Fijians can enter Australia extremely easily. If a colored Fijian wants to emigrate to Australia then it would only be really possible if such a person had a degree or some skill or other. Both Michael and Anil made the point that in contrast to many European immigrants Fijians can speak English and in their opinion are potentially better migrants. But what really annoyed both of them concerning the Fijians earning money while they were in Australia is the fact that Australia dominates the Fijian economy and is continually ripping loads of cash out of Fiji.

Some people would call it imperialism. There are very few Fijians in Australia at present. There was particularly pissed Anil off was the fact that immigration minister Grassby that he knew nothing about what happened to the Fijians thrown out of Queensland a lot of bullshit.

Both of them felt that Australia’s immigration policy was still racist. They had only encountered a little overt racism during their visit — Michael had made a foray into the Victorian backwoods and found that a Maldivian barman refused to serve him.

Both Michael and Anil agreed that probably most Fijians worked when they came to Australia. But they also pointed out that the no work clause in the visa was allowing landlords to not notify the immigration department. This was particularly so in Sydney they claimed. Anil’s visa ran out a week ago and Michael’s is due to run out in 10 days. Anil had applied for an extension but a guy down at the immigration department told him that they were not handing out any more. He has contacted the aboriginal legal service and AUS who have said that they will kick up a fuss if he gets thrown out.

He said that this interview with us may jeopardize his chances of staying in Australia for the full term of his visa: "Anyway the way things are at the moment it’s better at home," he flashed. But if it helped break down the discriminatory policies of the government then it would be worth it.

Some large health-food stores are making an effort to supply "natural" vitamins, but it’s hard to see anything too sinister about "synthetic" vitamins, but that "natural" vitamins are better than synthetic ones.

That "natural" vitamins are better than synthetic ones.

State that soil depletion is robbing us of "natural" vitamins. But "natural" vitamins are labelled as "natural", but that "synthetic" vitamins are labelled as "synthetic". That "natural" vitamins are better than synthetic ones.

So the regulations are accepted and if the immigration department told him that he had not been working.

Anil’s visa ran out a week ago and Michael’s is due to run out in 10 days. Anil had applied for an extension but a guy down at the immigration department told him that they were not handing out any more. He has contacted the aboriginal legal service and AUS who have said that they will kick up a fuss if he gets thrown out.

He said that this interview with us may jeopardize his chances of staying in Australia for the full term of his visa: "Anyway the way things are at the moment it’s better at home," he flashed. But if it helped break down the discriminatory policies of the government then it would be worth it.

Some large health-food stores are making an effort to supply "natural" vitamins, but it’s hard to see anything too sinister about "synthetic" vitamins, but that "natural" vitamins are better than synthetic ones.

That "natural" vitamins are better than synthetic ones.

State that soil depletion is robbing us of "natural" vitamins. But "natural" vitamins are labelled as "natural", but that "synthetic" vitamins are labelled as "synthetic". That "natural" vitamins are better than synthetic ones.

So the regulations are accepted and if the immigration department told him that he had not been working.

Anil’s visa ran out a week ago and Michael’s is due to run out in 10 days. Anil had applied for an extension but a guy down at the immigration department told him that they were not handing out any more. He has contacted the aboriginal legal service and AUS who have said that they will kick up a fuss if he gets thrown out.

He said that this interview with us may jeopardize his chances of staying in Australia for the full term of his visa: "Anyway the way things are at the moment it’s better at home," he flashed. But if it helped break down the discriminatory policies of the government then it would be worth it.
Halifax gets a peppercorn from Mr Ed

Kiwis to invade North West cape

From DAVID HARCOURT in Christchurch

LEVEN New Zealanders have signed up so far for a "long march" (by bus) in May from Auckland to Australia's North West cape, a 4000-kilometre journey, to protest against the American base. Under the terms of the North West cape agreement the US is entitled to a "peppercorn" per annum, for the use of the land at Exmouth till 1985. A small, one-member group of activists in Melbourne have secured a major coup, and have joined the marchers from New Zealand's Campaign Against Foreign Military Bases ("CAFMIB") and are now recruiting members in Sydney and Melbourne, the proposed protest involves a trip of 3000 kilometres, for an estimated journey time of 35 days.

The New Zealanders taking part will have to put up about $30 each to cover their fares and expenses during the four week cavalcade. What will get for them their money? A leaflet distributed here promises:

- a guided tour right across Australia - the sort of trip normally only the middle-aged, middle-class hacks with the money and time can afford, won't be just the usual tourist who've signed up is Owen Wilkes, New Zealand's leading campaigner for peace. Part of the proposed protest involves a trip of 3000 kilometres, to argue the case for a change in the "peppercorn" agreement, to pay $300 to forgo the last month of en route dialogue with the US military bases on Australia's North West cape, and retaking possession of the land.

The "long march" departs Sydney and Melbourne on May 4 (a short or quick march departs on May 11) and will arrive in North West cape, Western Australia, on May 19, the day after the senate (and possibly general) elections. The "long marchers" anticipate considerable difficulties with the authorities - particularly the new pro-American Liberal/Conservative Government in Western Australia - but say that they will be prepared to handle "all contingencies".

RICHMOND PROTEST

As a preliminary to the long march, the Richmond protest looms as an important and active it will be interesting to see how the authorities and the mass media relate to the demonstration. It is the home of a detachment of the US air force Miltary Airlift Command. The base is used to ferry personnel, supplies and equipment between American bases in Hawaii, Christchurch, Pine Gap, North West cape and Guam (and Diego Garcia soon?). Anti-US bases organisations feel that to hold a demonstration there before the "long march" would raise the issue and building support for the long march. The Richmond protest will take the form of a Rock and Protest Festival, and people should bring their own rocks. The festival is being held on eastern Monday, April 19, at one point, outside the main entrance to the base. Richmond is 25 miles north-west, and about 600 people are expected to take part in the protest.

Many musicians, street theatre groups and folk artists are contributing their services at the festival. Organisers say that the US air force hanger is "just a stone's throw away from the main entrance, and would make a real and identifiable target for the protest. It is planned to halt the loading or taking off of US Starlifter transport planes.

For further information please contact the Campaign Against Foreign Military Bases in Australia, PO Box 1001, Richmond, 2727.

The Richmond protest is one of several members of Resistance, including Michael Norton, the editor of Omega, the magazine of the Richmond base, who have joined the marchers from New Zealand's Campaign Against Foreign Military Bases ("CAFMIB") and are now recruiting members in Sydney and Melbourne, the proposed protest involves a trip of 3000 kilometres, for an estimated journey time of 35 days.

The local university student newspaper, in 1968 eventually led to the rightwing National party government being forced to withdraw its invitation to the Americans to build an Omega base here; Murray Hutton, the editor of Canta, several members of Resistance, the radical organisation; and "Fat Peter" Albone, a 60 year old candysfuser from Nelson who's "done everything" last year, after being shown in the Depression and during the second world war.

The LEADER of the opposition National party, Jack Marshall, declared last week that Labour had lost much of the popular support which won it the national 1972 elections. "I'm convinced we lost in the next election," Marshall said. Labour, which has a parliamentary majority effectively five times as large as Whitlam's, doesn't seem greatly troubled by Marshall's propositions.

And Marshall's deputy, the hugely unpopular Robert "Figgy" Fitzharris, is building some predictions of his own. All the signs, he says, point to a "world depression". Rich, white New Zealand will suffer a disproportionately large share of hardship.

Over the weekend the Government's statement, prices on the New Zealand stock exchange slipped back below their levels of the "machinery" agreement that the National party deputy leader's statement was the principal cause of the decline. Next week the National party will blame Labour for the "current setback to business confidence".

I'LL WELLSFORD, the court in the Auckland central police court, said he was well on the right of principals to suspend or cap his powers for refusing to have his case heard. Richard John Dallimore, 22, of Auckland, was charged with possessing drugs which included bursarily of the Auckland central police court. It was found that offices of the drug squad in an attempt to recover drugs which had been stolen from him earlier. He was sentenced to a year's imprisonment.

RETURNING from a tour of South Africa, members of the Petone club rugby team gave interviews about their experiences. "I was surprised by the lack of apartheid in South Africa," team captain Andy Leslie said. "We were told it was everywhere, but we saw virtually none." Another player declared: "They want a white line down the middle of the road, or anything like that.

The South African service will have been delighted with that policy, and it has not gone so well with the news that the Labour prime minister had agreed to let American forces land in his country. It is a turning point in the "race" of a former mental patient of subnormal intelligence and with a record of addiction.

The committee hearings will probably lead to such people being put out of business, but whether any thorough program of government assistance for properly run centres will be embarked on is another story.

I HAD hoped to give news of the final release of Margaret Matheson, one of two people convicted and jailed last year on charges of firebombing the US consulate in Christchurch. (The attack took place just before the US ended its bombing of Cambodia). The magistrate in the Matheson case had said that she should be paroled "at the earliest possible time", and last week a parole board heard her latest appeal. Declining Matheson's appeal application, however, the board postponed further consideration of her case until the end of the year.

On the other side of the ledger, however, is the United Nations Special Committee on Apartheid's attack on New Zealand for "operations on a large scale" in South Africa, as it is said, from the "new pro-American Liberal/Conservative Government in Western Australia - but say that they will be prepared to handle "all contingencies".
FRANK THEEMAN had a party. He held a beautiful charity ball. It was on Friday night. All had a terrific time. Larry Willis, you know, that teacher fellow, even he thought it was the "home of the year". And the views! Enough to take one’s breath away forever. Everyone was nearly too groggy and giddy (although — there was this really funny smell around). To be truthful, there was one person who didn’t thoroughly enjoy it. She was spent sponging all over the front fence, aimless and all. But that was an isolated incident. Everyone else was enchanted. Pure Elysium (that’s what Frank says too).

Even the woman who got locked in the bog for 20 minutes and missed the water ballet (“you wouldn’t believe how synchronised those gisies were”), well, even she had to agree that it was worth $30 a couple. In fact, despite her misadventure, she was distinctly heard to murmur as she went back to her table: “Good old Frank. He’ll go far.”

"Tonight’s social ball has a naughty twist. Along with the usual network of politicians, judges, developers; other capitalists, opera lovers (sic) and security men (bouncers minus crowbars), you have us — eight ex-squatters and two builders laborers. The person sitting next to you might be a squatter!"

And so it was that the barbarians descended upon Rome.

THE Victoria Street Action Group got wind of Theeman’s La Bella Italia ball about four weeks ago. There was a spontaneous consensus that some form of protest should be planned to coincide with this social do.

Then, through one of the action group’s many friends, came an unexpected offer: they received an invitation to “form a party” and wondered if we would be interested. Of course! We decided to send 10 people — five couples — to usher the party out from the inside. As well we would have a supportive protest going on outside in order to draw attention.

But, unfortunately, social connections are one of the axes around which economic and political power revolves. So if you start slipping off the social register, well — you rediscover your wife’s interests in mum and dad — by the way.

Our plan was to arrive at the ball as if we were part of the Sydney social scene, and then casually disrupt the purpose of entertainment. We planned to ambush Theeman within his own circle of friends and political useful. Someone did raise the question that we were wrong in entering a person’s private residence with the purpose of twitch his private life. But after a great deal of discussion we agreed that this was our home and that our security arrangements would be perfect. And two of the party decided to “case” the place, and within minutes had bumped into Theeman, who was positioned at the front door, and who could resist walking into the house for a peek after having had his portrait taken? The ex-squatters certainly couldn’t. In full reverence they cautiously trod on that sacred carpet. (Where are the toilets?) Walking into the dining room was like entering a cathedral: multi-colored marble on the floor, mohogany glinting with precious stone inlays. (But where’s the toilet?) Ah, the toilet. One by one the toilets were leafletted. One by one the toilets were clogged up. Operation one complete.

And then the unexpected happened. Fire! No... "Mr Theeman always has a fog machine at his party." We raced back to our table to confer with another: a fog machine... yes... terrific... we can... yes... mind that man coming over here, he’s a D... so I said to him that I’d bump his horses if he’s gone... Bugger. The waiter came around the food. We took a small interlude and had some prosecco and some mortadella, and a bottle of costantini. And watched confusion developing at the gate as the demonstration arrived. That was our cue.

One person got ready to spread the odoriferous hydrocarbon. The rest prepared themselves for leafleting. Then we began.

"What’s the dreadful smell?" one of us asked. Quite casualy she replied, "Oh, it’s that awful fog machine. The wind’s been blowing the smoke over here and it’s all collected under the tent." Theeman’s esthetic ingenuity was with us.

The pamphlets went out. "Tonight’s social ball has a nasty twist... Some people actually did read the leaflet that was handed out. But Frank is a past master at handling difficult social situations and, besides, he has access to so many powerful people they could never guess who he would call. So when you go to Frank’s you just naturally expect that his security arrangements will be perfect. And discreet.

For example: two of the many security people mingling with guests were recognised as Krache and Kelly, ex-cops who work for Theeman. They approached two of the women handing out leaflets and informed them that “Mr Theeman wants you to leave”. One of them continued leafletting, was grabbed and forcefully carried out; screaming, while chief secretary Willis, guest of honor, watched on. Some of the women clapping at the tables started clapping.

The other woman ex-squatter managed to make her way to the kitchen tent and almost escaped. When Krache and Kelly grabbed her, she managed to tell them that she had given them her name and address and they gave her a false name and was let go.

Two other people, an ex-squatter and a builder partner, when approached by two members of the 21 Squad, a plainclothes division of the NSW police force assigned to “special duties”. When told to leave, the BL asked to show them our position were "Costantini O’Sullivan," replied one of them. "All right, I’ll go," said the BL, (he was a police). "I’ve got a ticket, so you can’t arrest me under section 50 of the Summary Offences Act. I’ve got reasonable excuse for being here, so I’m staying.”

In some confusion, the constable turned to the BL and inquired: "You going to leave this young lady in the lurch?"

"Sure am," he replied and left. The woman then insisted she would not leave; that Theeman would have to tell her personally to go, and if he did so, she would want her money refunded.

Theeman was called, told her to leave and refused to give her her money back.

The woman was picked up and physically ejected from the party. She screamed protest all the way, then joined the demonstration outside.

Meanwhile, the stink was spreading. It had taken over the bottom tent. Were people leaving? Well, it did seem as though a lot.

It was a glittering occasion on Friday night when the butcher of Victoria street, Frank Theeman, held a galà charity ball at his spacious Rose Bay home. A number of unexpected guests arrived. Stink bombs filled the air. Screams pierced the night. SASHA SOLDATOW reports from the dance floor.
HERBERT SACHSE is dead. The hulme Australian who disdained sexual gratification in inestimable numbers throughout the world since 1935 with his invention of the pavlova. At the mere mention of the word, one dribbles with desire. A few drops of his blood has always distracted from taking the final, armed step to total revolution is that the pavlova would get lost in the chaos. It is so decadent, and utterly immune from health food substitutes. I'm sure Mao would be shocked if he were ever to see one, until he tasted it, and then he would realise the error of his stoicism.

Most pavlovas on public sale are mock horrors and should be avoided, although there are one or two exceptions. The one in the shop can water the mouth... known to addicts. I salute and farewell you, Herbert Sachse, the Canna nova of the Palace.

GUMBBOOT is thoroughly across with Anthony & Sneden, whose kill-Oz policies compel me to come out of the closet and into the polling booth for the first time in a lifetime. Suffrage in our society, so far from signifying participation in the political process, actually annuls our responsibility. We depend on others to do our politicking for US. Each vote endorses a system which is contemptible, obsolete and inadequate to our dreams. So, like untold thousands have, I have never bothered to enrol.

But now the Sned-heads would capsize the fragile ship of state, turn back time, replant prejudice, bolster big business and make us all miserable again. They want to put this Rip van Winkle of a country only gently awoken back to moral slumber. They want to bring back the overseas bankers, devastate the landscape, build mighty jails, stop the wogs, setback the blacks, slash welfare, disarm unions and all the rest. Who knows? Perhaps they'll round draft dodgers and put China back on that silly island. Whatever the gaffs of Gough and his gang, nothing could be worse than the return of yesterdays pigs.

Daylighters, if a double solution is really at hand, put yer voting shoes on, even if it huurrrints...

Whatever the drawbacks of revolution, boredom is one of them.

HOPE some of you caught the Hollywood Academy awards; complete with streaker, recorded theater, avant-garde camera; an essay in planned spontaneity, convincing no one but the merchants of fantasy themselves.

Liz Taylor appeared shaken, probably as much by the exuberance of her reception from an audience who love her because she behaves as a star should... clusters of diamonds, fabulous parties in foreign capitals, matrimonial-melodramas, a bosom that heaves and a genuine screen presence. Charlton Heston. Every time Last tango was mentioned it was with obvious distaste and the applause was pointedly faint.

Oscars simply don't go to butler-dingered sodomites. Jack Lemmon was bound to get best actor. Even the hag who made the years of tears who comes from the long line of tanned, dry cleaned mid­dle-of-the-roaders (Grant, Peck, Van Dyke, Heston...) who sub­liminally symbolise an America of yesterday, gone now forever, weep.

Jack Lemmon sneered at women's lib and gushed about the magic of Oscar — an award conceded by an unrepresentative handful of in­dustrious, unrepresentative type to the boss who owns the office. Sure, they've all made great films, but the ones which endure are rarely the Oscar winners.

The US government's latest year book of national sta­tistics reveals that the return rate of migrants is high — very many of whom are being kicked in the face by Australia. As soon as one questions the wisdom of continued ballyhooing abroad for factory fodder, one is immedi­ately open to the charge of xenophobia. Of course, let the whole world flow freely through each other's borders, abolish a immigration, controls, customs and the rest of the childish para­phernalia, but let's look at the present situation with open, un­fortified minds. Migration is a glorified kanaka system, involving the rottenest jobs, racism, alienation.

While salami sausage has slid comfortably into middle class saucepans, absolutely no provision is made — except grudgingly — at grassroots levels of assimilation. Even on the British scheme — the return rate of migrants is high — and we're wondering why their consumer protection body hasn't prosecuted our immigration department for false advertising.

An infants school in Stanmore (NSW) is now on strike — with the full support of the parents — because of the mess of the education department. In Victoria 56 per cent of pupils in the higher schools are foreign, some playgrounds bulge with some language and their teachers can't understand one of them. Five hundred teachers on strike are needed urgently, but the edu­cation department can't meet a teacher's pay. (See the Sydney Daily on April 3) Maybe the state bu­reaucrats imagined only the British went to school, and all the rest would be sent to work in the family green­houses. With the aid of the Oz em­bassies in Athens, Rome and the Philippines show queues of future assembly workers pictures of the Kings school and talk about scholarships. I know some Welfare agencies lack interpretation, but the courts.

H T V & TV it's reflecting aspects of migrant's culture by playing Nana Mouskouri records and being a folkly decadere in No, 96.

Lately I've been meeting Polish kids, kids 20th, who tell similar stories of their father's reception in this country. Docile, shy, docile, even aca­demics and others with qualifications from east European uni­versities. After the war, were put to work on the railways, because their credentials did not match the type.

Instead of sending more of us on international campaigns, why not train interpreters, so many of various migrant cultures into the Australian mainstream — as little or as much as they desire? But at least we've got our earlier exploita­tion of the blacks, by creating new ghettoes. I don't know. Welfare agencies lack interpretation, but the courts.

S E L F - I M G A R G E N T C H I L D R E N are becoming used to seeing things that are familiar to them. The idea is made — except grudgingly — at grassroots levels of assimilation. Even on the British scheme —
Ecology — that's the stuff that tells us we are a part of our environment not apart from it. Ecological awareness is what happens within us when the penny finally drops and we really understand what this phrase means. But like so many other sophisticated technologies, it still remains a concept we cannot grasp completely or accept as being bio-degradable. What does it all really mean? What has it got to do with little snails? Why should I care? If I don't know how to play the game, then the school academies would show us more than a few measly crumbs maybe we'd understand something about our ecosystem. And if we can't see ourselves fitting like a hissing missing piece into that jig saw puzzle they're all saving about.

Well, I'm gonna try and do just that - tell you some basic facts about how the thin green mantle covering the globe works. This thin green mantle, by the way, is called the biosphere. It's where all the living things on the earth occur, where you and all the other species live. And it's a very, very thin mantle, since the globe were a metre in diameter, the biosphere would be less than a millimetre thick. When you look at it that way, we haven't got much to play with, have we?

Ecology is the study of the dynamic processes going on in the biosphere that allow it to perpetuate itself smoothly and without chaos eon after eon. The word ecosystem, first coined by the Russian historian, Gerasimov, meaning house. And the biosphere is like a house, or better, like a giant machine with lots and lots of interrelated components.

One component of the machine can be called the producer system, a word referring to raw materials, more proper to a system bound by function rather than any physical parameters. It can mean any plant, a lake, or a city. Being a machine, you can put whatever labels on it as you like as long as you concern yourself less with the products of its own industries.

There are three essential industries necessary for any well-balanced ecosystem. They are the producer, consumer, and detritus industry. Each requires an input, and after a lot of work, produces an output. But the input of each industry is directly dependent on the output from the other industries. Not only is the availability of material from the other industries important but the flow rate between them must be regulated. Or the system may be regulated.

There are two beautiful examples of how very different, and hissing, underplayed, and often ignored, producers are. Just to see that new ecological awareness is more to a system bound by function rather than any physical parameters. It can mean any plant, a lake, or a city. Being a machine, you can put whatever labels on it as you like as long as you concern yourself less with the products of its own industries.

There are three essential industries necessary for any well-balanced ecosystem. They are the producer, consumer, and detritus industry. Each requires an input, and after a lot of work, produces an output. But the input of each industry is directly dependent on the output from the other industries. Not only is the availability of material from the other industries important but the flow rate between them must be regulated. Or the system may be regulated.

There are two beautiful examples of how very different, and hissing, underplayed, and often ignored, producers are. Just to see that new ecological awareness is more to a system bound by function rather than any physical parameters.

There are three essential industries necessary for any well-balanced ecosystem. They are the producer, consumer, and detritus industry. Each requires an input, and after a lot of work, produces an output. But the input of each industry is directly dependent on the output from the other industries. Not only is the availability of material from the other industries important but the flow rate between them must be regulated. Or the system may be regulated.

There are two examples of how very different, and hissing, underplayed, and often ignored, producers are. Just to see that new ecological awareness is more to a system bound by function rather than any physical parameters.
When the authorities ban action groups from communicating with prisoners from outside Pentridge what else can be done? Simple, go inside and talk to the inmates face to face. Piotr Olszewski reports.

Narc exposed

DAVID BLUE

A NARCOTICS agent admitted that a recent Melbourne drug raid may have been set up by informers and pimps acting with the knowledge of the narcotics bureau.

The narcotics agent Richard O'Donovan made the admission during a scathing cross examination by top criminal lawyer Jack Lazarus in Prahran court that a man seen near the scene of a bust shortly before the raid was an "agent provocateur".

O'Donovan told magistrate Maloney that drugs worth $33,570 were found in 98 Buddah sticks, 10 pounds of hash, three bags of opium and seven grams of heroin — in the South Yarra flat of fisherman Mel David Ben nett.

O'Donovan told the court he found the dope in a bag labelled "Klangary Peanuts".

When questioned about Bennett being "set up" for the raid, he said, "he may have been".

Further allegations and being set up revealed strange answers from O'Donovan.

Lazarus persistently asked O'Donovan about a man named Russell, present at the raid, whom Lazarus said was an informer.

The prosecution objected to the name of a possible informer being aired.

But O'Donovan admitted that Russell may have been an "agent provocateur" who was never charged by the narcotics bureau.

Lazarus was set for trial at the Melboune county court.

THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS — April 9-22, 1974 — Page 6
Twentieth century prisoners are held by nineteenth century institutions, being controlled by a mentality that has no right to exist, ever.

BARRY CADE

It is no longer the revolutionaries who are making the world's tremendous revolution; it is the tyrants that have set it going, it is the actual technique of the modern world that is blighting brutally with the past and throwing people . . . into the necessity for starting life afresh on new foundations.

VICTOR SERGE

Memoirs of a Revolutionary

Afflicted by the latest outbreaks of prison unrest in NSW (at Bathurst and Goulburn jails) some observers have been quick to advance a conspiracy theory. According to the local minister of justice, Mr Maddison, the most recent— the Goulburn incident, February 10— was "inspired by communists and activists".

Echoing this line was the Sydney afternoon paper the Sun (February 11) which rhetorically editorialised that two outbreaks in two weeks were just "too much of a coincidence to be put down as 'spontaneous' portents by prisoners against conditions". Others have explained the unrest by hypothesising the existence of a nameless subversive international organisation of prisoners intent on wrecking the prison systems of the western world. Indeed this was Mr Maddison's initial explanation following the Bathurst outbreak.

***

The actual causes of prison unrest are many and varied. I can only speak of my experience in one prison in NSW, a minimum security institution (nobody over 30, all first offenders) that is recognised by screw and prisoner alike as a refuge when compared with the barbarous situations existing in places like the now burnt out Bathurst and the hell that is Long Bay.

To comprehend prison unrest one should realise that the bashings we've been reporting are the product of a divided community of two social classes, "them" and "us", the "screws" and the "crims". It is the former who make a great deal to do with prison unrest.

The majority of screws are men with minimum educational qualifications and many of them have to bear a grudge against what they inmates they're in charge of, a grudge they take every opportunity of expressing to themselves as a sort of avenging angels. As the wife of one screw said to me in justification of the Bathurst shootings: "After all it's not as if they (the prisoners) had done nothing to get into prison." Which apparently justifies the medicine dished out.

For a crim, survival in a NSW prison means preserving some sort of individuality, self-respect and dignity. The worst screws I've met realise this subconsciously; if not consciously, and they chip away at the crims, forever trying to reduce a bloke to a manipulatable, docile chook.

There are innumerable ways of taking it out on a prisoner without resorting to obvious violence. One favourite is the reading of prisoners mail, especially correspondence to/from loved ones, particularly wives, de factos, girlfriends etc and making level taunting remarks to the prisoners concerned afterwards.

Or there are the periodic raids on the prisoners' huts and the seizing of girls photographs etc, clipped out from magazines, books, newspapers, that mean so much to men prevented from living their usual sexual lives, men fearing homosexuality, men therefore forced to live sexual by their hands and the worlds of the past and that of fantasy.

On the Sunday night movie is a favored time for inflicting punishment. The crims line up to enter the hall; the movie is sure to have been looked forward to during the past week. Then along comes a screw, makes out the names of the chosen few who have to return to their huts— no explanation given, merely the exercise of authority, to show who's boss. This punishment is given to prisoners who showed a bit of spirit during the week— like not shaving for a couple of days, or having the regulation tie off when it should have been on.

Or take last year when the record player (a vital recreational item) had been removed by a screw and replacements took more than a month before turning up.

There was the advent of a new head screw with a penchant for military discipline. Before, the crims were allowed to have their hair down to their collars; but no, he wanted it "institution short" and "yes sir" this and "no sir" that, and drill, and parades, and marching, and uniforms spic and span.

The one of the crims is apparently visited on their parents. Thus on visiting day it's not uncommon for screws to treat the parents of prisoners in short order, eyeing them over, speaking to them in a belligerent manner, ordering rather than requesting. It's as though they don't know how to treat people as human beings.

And what grates is the double morality of the bastards. The screws buy the food for the prison kitchen and insert a bit on the side. A couple of them have a cosy scene going— they over order, or take the good stuff (especially good cuts of meat) home for themselves and let the crims eat shit. They're not above stealing from the crims either.

***

Then there are things that you wouldn't dream of, like the local doctor who does out medical treatment to the crims. A devout roman catholic daughter a nun, he's got it in for sexual offenders of any kind. Whenever a crim comes to him for treatment, he asks, "What are you in for?" Refusal to answer can get a bloke shipped out to one of the hell prisons, so the crim answers. If the answer is rape or something similar, old doc tortures the patient— for example by inserting stitches without applying local anaesthetic, or by clumsily injecting a needle.

Beyond these sorts of obvious abuses there are other factors making for prisoner dissatisfaction. All prisoners have experienced the antiquated system of remand, which creates great bitterness before the actual jail sentence begins; while the parole system is also objected to— many prisoners prefer to serve extra time in jail rather than face freedom on parole with its chance of parole violation (real or otherwise) and an ensuing heavy sentence.

***

The public tends to regard prisoners as uncouth, crude, ignorant psychopaths. However, as Harry Gumboot correctly observed (Daylighpts, No. 12) they are merely mortals "whose most outstanding characteristic is ordinariness". There are exceptions; three years helping prisoners matriculate has introduced me to some outstanding intellects, some extremely sensitive personalities. Indeed matriculation passed gained each year by NSW prisoners are among the best in the state.

And this is where the system is coming unstuck. There's an antique prison system coupled with Victorian attitudes to penal reform. But the crims of today is not antique, and often as not brings with him into the concrete jungle not only the simple basic human needs for dignity and freedom but a working knowledge of the tactics that have been used to secure these in recent decades— tactics borrowed from the peace movement, the black power movement, the movement for workers control etc.

In the prison where I work, the following magazines circulate clandestinely: The living dayslights, Rolling stone, and Bigger. Books by R. D. Laing, Timothy Leary, Franz Fanon, Angela Davis, Eldridge Cleaver circulate openly— after all as far as the usual screw is concerned it's a matter of " Eldridge who?"

As far as music is concerned Dave Bowie, Alice Cooper, and the Rolling Stones were popular last year and parents/friends managed to keep up a steady inflow of the latest albums. Perhaps not standard fare in all NSW prisons, but indicative of a coming change?
THE PRISON OFFENSIVE at La Trobe swung into a slightly less spectacular mode this week with an absence of deputations to council etc. However, Rabelais, the student newspaper, gave considerable coverage to the issue, and the Private Action Committee called for another rally outside Fedtend last Sunday (see p. 9). Several forums on the subject have had good audiences. 

La Trobe students were also at odds among the faculties; who has promptu meeting during one of raises the issue of fund distribution among the multimatiels. Rabelais was the first student paper to get the story and this was complemented by a demonstration initiated by RSM (the Radical Social Movement). A number of other issues continue to generate interest among "activists." For instance, the recent SRC motions calling for the introduction of black and women's studies as interdisciplinary courses; the SRC report on the proposed purchase of land to be used for experimentation with eco-oriented projects; and the alternate university cum "free schooling" La Trobe group. On the environment, students have brought the issue close to home by demanding the responsibility for keeping clean a key section of the campus - the Agora - without reliance upon official cleaners.

Last week saw the La Trobe Market well under way. Held each Thursday, it provides the opportunity for people to come and sell their wares, as well as for members of the nearby suburbs to enter the sacred "community of scholars." An added side benefit is the chance for jurisdictions (or potential ones) to take full advantage of the notorious "prison haven" by selling their "hot" wares or raping the odd fresher! A "mini" arts festival, held last week, was quite successful. Features were Framt Theatre (Australasian Performing Group) antics, classical music recitals, brilliant films like Reich's Mysteries of the Organum, from the US band, Hallman's Angels, and a special night of Australian vaudeville. Our new activities officer, Libby Harden, is the credit for getting this together.

Finally, readers of the recently published Social and Economic Review of Australian women may be interested to know that its author is strongly rumored to be in line for the professorship of La Trobe's sociology department. Very trendy (except among very small circles!) Marxist anthropologist Levi Strauss unfortunately could not make it despite the mad reading-up of his work by staff members anticipating his appointment.

STEVE WARNE

UNSW

Low funds is sociology's trouble

THE University of New South Wales was originally an institute of technology. To achieve university status it was necessary to have an arts faculty. But since a good deal of the funds for the university come from big business, it is questionable whether the proportionate number of businessmen on the university council is not surprising. It is not surprising that the distribution of funds leans heavily towards the science and engineering faculties rather than the arts.

One school that suffers because of fund distribution is sociology. Why? Because a progressive, innovative subject is now harmered by an 80:1 student/staff ratio. This fact limits the ability of staff in employing radical teaching methods and limits the scope of options in the course itself.

Professor Sol Enenol is at present teaching "methodology as a science." If he can do that then perhaps the funds for the school will be raised (as happened when psychology was accepted as a science).

The inclusion of the methodology course in sociology two years ago has had the effect of attempting to promote sociology as a science. It would appear from student dissension and staff dissatisfaction (Professor Cogolton, who took over from last year's course director, John Ray, has resigned after four weeks) that methodology in its present state is more trouble than it's worth in regard to having a fluid teaching set up.

Recent dissatisfaction included the lifting of the first methodology assignments by students calling themselves the "First American Federation Group," and an improvised meeting during one of the lectures between Enenol, staff members and students which resulted in a motion being passed voiced dissatisfaction on the method of assessment for the methodology course.

If dissension continues then the methodology course would be well advised to make itself more accessible to all. More importantly it raises the issue of fund distribution among the faculties, who have the final say; the part "outside contingents" play in university politics; and the three factors have on our education.

THE question of what part students play in determining their education was raised in a lunchtime debate outside the library last week.

Professor Thornton (history and philosophy of science) and George Shipp (political science) were among the students that "meaningful dialogue" can result from consultative committees between staff and students. Such discussion, they said, should be sufficient representation.

George Molnar (philosophy Sydney university) pointed out that students have tried these committees before with few results. Consultative committees were no more than a safety valve, which help perpetuate the administrative bureaucracy. Direct action such as the philosophy strike at Sydney university is a more effective way of satisfying student demands.

Thornton argued that the natural science was an "objective body of knowledge which can only be taught in a teacher/pupil classroom basis." So there!

MARK STEVENS

Vic. CAE's

AFTER many years of complaints and complaints from women's liberationists about the lack of female representation in student government, it appears that the trend is changing. Caulfield and Gippsland though it would appear that the persons were elected on their merits and not on their sex. It seems unlikely, incidentally, for any other women especially at places like Swinburne and Footscray.

Professor Heilman's Angels, and a special market well under way. Held each Thursday, it provides the opportunity for people to come and sell their wares, as well as for members of the nearby suburbs to enter the sacred "community of scholars." An added side benefit is the chance for jurisdictions (or potential ones) to take full advantage of the notorious "prison haven" by selling their "hot" wares or raping the odd fresher! A "mini" arts festival, held last week, was quite successful. Features were Framt Theatre (Australasian Performing Group) antics, classical music recitals, brilliant films like Reich's Mysteries of the Organum, from the US band, Hallman's Angels, and a special night of Australian vaudeville. Our new activities officer, Libby Harden, is the credit for getting this together.

Finally, readers of the recently published Social and Economic Review of Australian women may be interested to know that its author is strongly rumored to be in line for the professorship of La Trobe's sociology department. Very trendy (except among very small circles!) Marxist anthropologist Levi Strauss unfortunately could not make it despite the mad reading-up of his work by staff members anticipating his appointment.

STEVE WARNE

Open Letter To La Trobe Students

YOU minority heading dollar? How fucking long have you been squashed the move to give sanctuary to professors? Why? Pathetic reasons: "rapt" might get me.

You stupid out! There's no such thing as a rapt. This is the sort of superciliously thinking the cry - people are thinking about the world. If you fork someone against their will now, does that mean in five - tomorrow you are a rapt?

Dissension (there is a lot of people grunting - like dogs, make the rhyming words in society are suffering), "thieves", "thieves", "thieves", "thieves", "thieves". If you at the university are seeking enlightenment, you ought to provide the education for yourselves the "difference" between a cousin and a man. Use it to become productive for you! If "rape" is pushing your cock into some one who doesn't want it, it happens thousands of times a day all over Australia, more against women who are economically dependent on the "rapists". The law is drafted in such a way that a few, politically affiliated, working class boys get convicted of it.

And their feeble, uncoordinated attempts are met with an utterly crude expenditure on live performances of a few actors. Having killed someone in a family fight or for doing something that everyone in jail who have usually killed cold-blooded, mass killers, we throw them into the dust. They are economically dependent on the prison and are rather dismayed at one who doesn't want it, it happens thousands of times a day all over Australia, more against women who are economically dependent on the "rapists". The law is drafted in such a way that a few, politically affiliated, working class boys get convicted of it.

And their feeble, uncoordinated attempts are met with an utterly crude expenditure on live performances of a few actors. Having killed someone in a family fight or for doing something that everyone in jail who have usually killed cold-blooded, mass killers, we throw them into the dust. They are economically dependent on the prison and are rather dismayed at one who doesn't want it, it happens thousands of times a day all over Australia, more against women who are economically dependent on the "rapists". The law is drafted in such a way that a few, politically affiliated, working class boys get convicted of it.

And their feeble, uncoordinated attempts are met with an utterly crude expenditure on live performances of a few actors. Having killed someone in a family fight or for doing something that everyone in jail who have usually killed cold-blooded, mass killers, we throw them into the dust. They are economically dependent on the prison and are rather dismayed at one who doesn't want it, it happens thousands of times a day all over Australia, more against women who are economically dependent on the "rapists". The law is drafted in such a way that a few, politically affiliated, working class boys get convicted of it.

And their feeble, uncoordinated attempts are met with an utterly crude expenditure on live performances of a few actors. Having killed someone in a family fight or for doing something that everyone in jail who have usually killed cold-blooded, mass killers, we throw them into the dust. They are economically dependent on the prison and are rather dismayed at one who doesn't want it, it happens thousands of times a day all over Australia, more against women who are economically dependent on the "rapists". The law is drafted in such a way that a few, politically affiliated, working class boys get convicted of it.

And their feeble, uncoordinated attempts are met with an utterly crude expenditure on live performances of a few actors. Having killed someone in a family fight or for doing something that everyone in jail who have usually killed cold-blooded, mass killers, we throw them into the dust. They are economically dependent on the prison and are rather dismayed at one who doesn't want it, it happens thousands of times a day all over Australia, more against women who are economically dependent on the "rapists". The law is drafted in such a way that a few, politically affiliated, working class boys get convicted of it.

And their feeble, uncoordinated attempts are met with an utterly crude expenditure on live performances of a few actors. Having killed someone in a family fight or for doing something that everyone in jail who have usually killed cold-blooded, mass killers, we throw them into the dust. They are economically dependent on the prison and are rather dismayed at one who doesn't want it, it happens thousands of times a day all over Australia, more against women who are economically dependent on the "rapists". The law is drafted in such a way that a few, politically affiliated, working class boys get convicted of it.

And their feeble, uncoordinated attempts are met with an utterly crude expenditure on live performances of a few actors. Having killed someone in a family fight or for doing something that everyone in jail who have usually killed cold-blooded, mass killers, we throw them into the dust. They are economically dependent on the prison and are rather dismayed at one who doesn't want it, it happens thousands of times a day all over Australia, more against women who are economically dependent on the "rapists". The law is drafted in such a way that a few, politically affiliated, working class boys get convicted of it.
From the Seminary to the CMF

They had come to love the seminary as a home and had taken to mowing the vast lawns and restoring the gardens. It had developed a good feeling and things were beginning to happen there. Academics would visit foraffle chats and a co-counselling workshop happened there one Sunday.

After the cops had gone the squatters and their gathered friends reentered the seminary to clean up, wash dishes and so on. They talked to the two carpenters who had come from the CAE. They didn't know what it was about but they were busy replacing or installing locks on all the doors, internal and external. The doors were ceder and some had bolts put on them too and some windows were nailed up.

Official vandalism it was and when the carpenters left the seminary was a corpse again. It was costing the education department $105 a week and they were keeping it empty.

The squatters talked about reoccupying it but argued for stirring some sympathy as foreplay. The seminary had become a symbol, a heavy one, a Pork Chop symbol, a heavy one. It was costing the education department $105 a week and they were keeping it empty.

They could afford to lose it for the very flow of their honesty and living would certainly produce symbolic victories. They had the ability to choose battle grounds, the symbols on which to fight.

They cast the Ching before they had the chance to lose it and yet its vulnerability was obvious. But lifestyle politics has the flexibility of guerrilla warfare.

They talked about reoccupying it but argued for stirring some sympathy as foreplay. They had the ability to choose battle grounds, the symbols on which to fight.

They cast the Ching before they had the chance to lose it and yet its vulnerability was obvious. But lifestyle politics has the flexibility of guerrilla warfare.

They talked about reoccupying it but argued for stirring some sympathy as foreplay. They could afford to lose it for the very flow of their honesty and living would certainly produce symbolic victories. They had the ability to choose battle grounds, the symbols on which to fight.

They cast the Ching before they had the chance to lose it and yet its vulnerability was obvious. But lifestyle politics has the flexibility of guerrilla warfare.

They talked about reoccupying it but argued for stirring some sympathy as foreplay. They could afford to lose it for the very flow of their honesty and living would certainly produce symbolic victories. They had the ability to choose battle grounds, the symbols on which to fight.

They cast the Ching before they had the chance to lose it and yet its vulnerability was obvious. But lifestyle politics has the flexibility of guerrilla warfare.

They talked about reoccupying it but argued for stirring some sympathy as foreplay. They could afford to lose it for the very flow of their honesty and living would certainly produce symbolic victories. They had the ability to choose battle grounds, the symbols on which to fight.

They cast the Ching before they had the chance to lose it and yet its vulnerability was obvious. But lifestyle politics has the flexibility of guerrilla warfare.
**SYDNEY**

1 of a applied arts and balancing: Cattle judging.

**Cosmic Realities:** Museum free.

land, of course Tommy the real who does balancing: Cattle judging now. Royal Easter Show.

1-9.00 am.

Bob Hudson, Chris Duffy, Sounds Factory, Marcom.

(♦The Fantasticks by Tom Jones: The Bondi pavilion another each afternoon, 6-9.00 pm, students union record book now at theatre, 295-4166

ADelaide ★ Love Me Tender 2, 1.45 pm, 5.00 pm, $7.50.

L. Love Me Tender 2, 8.00 pm, $8.00, 347.5524.

and Die Tai: 87-5582.

zing, nightly 6, 7.45 pm, 90c, 347.6524.

FILMS

**EXHIBITIONSM**


London, Saturday, nightly 6, 7.45 pm, 90c, 347.6524.

★ Poem: ring 51 Mann terrace, drop in at 51 Mann terrace, info 42.1864.

**EXHIBITIONISM**

Leuty, Graham Greene double, 87-5665.

**TOURS**

★ Love Me Tender 2, cinema 1, Saturday, 8.15 pm, also sat 2.00 pm, $2.25, $1.40 stu, 82.1221.


Thomas (1973): Other exhibition of anthropology in the twenties, 7.45 pm, 5.15 pm, 8.50 pm, 11.00 am, 2.00 pm, 5.00 pm, 7.45 pm, 9.45 pm.

★ Llewellyn Galleries — organic food: Central market, daily, also organic food: Central market, daily.

★ Conference for people interested in teaching and learning about African culture: University of South Australia, Sir Donald Bradman Drive, 19-26.

**BOOK NOW**

★ A little Night Music — That night: 7.30 pm, $5.00, $3.50, $1.00 stu, 42.1864.

★ The Still Harbour — catch-up for the production: Girard street, Footscray. 8.15 pm, also sun 2.30 pm, $6.00, $4.50, $3.00, 295-4166.

★ The Age: School of Yoga, classes: The spiritual and physical, menu, non profit: 44 Gawler place, info 42.1864.

★ RBAC: Organizing Growth — watch world population increase on population counter: Elizabeth on the library.

★ Sheedy Park, Creative craft workshop — drop in for advice on all crafts: Magill road, St Peters.

★ Frankie Food Company —Circle of people interested in teaching and learning about African culture and teaching methods: Malacon Connell 259-3239.

★ Education Action Week: — mixed exhibition: North terrace.

★ St. Mary's Holy Ghost Church: Open day: North terrace.

★ The Art Gallery of South Australia — exhibition of anthropology: North terrace.

★ Art Gallery of South Australia — mixed exhibition: North terrace.

★ Holy Ghost Church: Open day: North terrace.

**HIGHLIGHTS**

Sydney ★ Tommy the Seal bounces balls on his heak, easter show, now open.

**Self conscious charm with Truffaut & new Nimrod offering by Alex Buzo, all week.**

**Grand reunion of Oz astrologers, friday.**

Melbourne ★ Capt. Matchbox makes whoopee with glittering cast, sunday.

Fellini double, wednesday & premiere of Los Olvidados, monday.

**ADELAIDE**

Brassy, raspy Blood, Sweat and Tears sound off, thursday.

The whole gamut of Brando's sexuality, Tango & desire at once, saturday & sunday.

**HIGHLIGHTS**

Melbourne ★ Cap. Matchbox makes whoopee with glittering cast, sunday.

Fellini double, wednesday & premiere of Los Olvidados, monday.

Melbourne ★ Cap. Matchbox makes whoopee with glittering cast, sunday.

Fellini double, wednesday & premiere of Los Olvidados, monday. **ADELAIDE**

Brassy, raspy Blood, Sweat and Tears sound off, thursday.

The whole gamut of Brando's sexuality, Tango & desire at once, saturday & sunday.

**HIGHLIGHTS**

Melbourne ★ Cap. Matchbox makes whoopee with glittering cast, sunday.

Fellini double, wednesday & premiere of Los Olvidados, monday.

Melbourne ★ Cap. Matchbox makes whoopee with glittering cast, sunday.

Fellini double, wednesday & premiere of Los Olvidados, monday. **ADELAIDE**

Brassy, raspy Blood, Sweat and Tears sound off, thursday.

The whole gamut of Brando's sexuality, Tango & desire at once, saturday & sunday.

**HIGHLIGHTS**

Melbourne ★ Cap. Matchbox makes whoopee with glittering cast, sunday.

Fellini double, wednesday & premiere of Los Olvidados, monday.
TUESDAY

Jazz — Peter Jones at Old Push, George street, 7.30 pm.

Eric Todd — at the Central, Oxford streets, Paddo, 8.30 pm.

Kink — at the Fifth Avenue, Oxford and Newcombe streets, Paddo.

 affirmed — at the Palace, Oxford streets, Paddo, 8.00 pm.

 Belgrave — at the Bowl, Oxford streets, Paddo, 8.00 pm.

 Ken Lawrence — on stage, the Royal Sovereign, Oxford streets, Paddo.

 Jolson — at the Palace, Oxford streets, Paddo, 10.00 pm.

 Richard West — at the Palace, Oxford streets, Paddo, 11.00 pm.

 The Moods — at the Palace, Oxford streets, Paddo, 11.00 pm.

 Wednesday — at the Palace, Oxford streets, Paddo.

 Thursday — at the Palace, Oxford streets, Paddo.

 Friday — at the Palace, Oxford streets, Paddo.

 Saturday — at the Palace, Oxford streets, Paddo.

 Sunday — at the Palace, Oxford streets, Paddo.

 SYDNEY

TUESDAY

Jazz — Old Push the Rocks, Winter Band: rock, jazz; presents Robin

hotel, Bondi Junction, 7.30 pm.

John — at Home: rock, Dennison

rock, Chequers.

 pm.

Don — at the Theatre, Sydney uni, 7.30 pm.

Red Riley's, 8.00-12.00

Chequers, the Rocks, the Theatre, Sydney uni, 7.30 pm, studs

FILM

♦The Omega Man —

♦Talk of a Running Man:

♦Dick Hughes Quintet:

December 19, 1974.

♦Four Day Riders: rock,

♦Swan Lake by Leningrad

♦Mozart: Clarinet Concerto,

♦Growth Meeting — Centre

♦Access — minority groups —

♦Unity Jazz Ensemble: Old

♦Miskka, Skindeep, The

♦Mozart Flute Quartets —

♦Diner — jazz: South dining

♦Kirov Ballet: Opera house,

♦Terry Brown: Old Push,

♦Four Day Riders: rock,

♦The Moods — at the Palace,

♦Bach, the Oriana Singers

♦Federation of Australian

♦Hills, 5.00-12.00 pm.

♦Once Upon a Winter's

♦Feast: Opera house, 6.00-9.00 pm.

♦A Merry Progress— Sorry

♦Fellows and Friends —

♦Sundays — at the Palace,

♦Swan Lake by Leningrad

♦The Omega Man —

♦Why Marx? — Lecture —

♦Talk of a Running Man:

♦Lunch Hour Concert —

♦Federation of Australian

♦Terry Brown: Old Push,

♦Terry Brown: Old Push,

♦Federation of Australian

♦Mozart Flute Quartets —

♦A Merry Progress— Sorry

♦Fellows and Friends —

♦Sundays — at the Palace,

♦Swan Lake by Leningrad

♦The Omega Man —

♦Why Marx? — Lecture —

♦Talk of a Running Man:

♦Lunch Hour Concert —

♦Federation of Australian

♦Terry Brown: Old Push,

♦Terry Brown: Old Push,

♦Federation of Australian

♦Mozart Flute Quartets —

♦A Merry Progress— Sorry

♦Fellows and Friends —

♦Sundays — at the Palace,

♦Swan Lake by Leningrad

♦The Omega Man —

♦Why Marx? — Lecture —

♦Talk of a Running Man:

♦Lunch Hour Concert —

♦Federation of Australian

♦Terry Brown: Old Push,

♦Terry Brown: Old Push,

♦Federation of Australian

♦Mozart Flute Quartets —

♦A Merry Progress— Sorry

♦Fellows and Friends —

♦Sundays — at the Palace,
**MELBOURNE**

**TUESDAY**

**MEETINGS**

- **Classrooms**
- **Diocesan Council**
- **Mississippi**
- **Maryknoll**
- **Maracon**
- **Meeting for Dads**
- **Meeting for Moms**
- **Meeting for Parents**
- **Meeting for Teachers**
- **Meeting for Students**
- **Meeting for Volunteers**
- **Meeting for Women**
- **Meeting for Youth**

**OUTDOORS**

- **Tribute to D&S: Treasure Hunt**

**NIGHTLY**

- **Recording Session**
- **Small Group Meeting**
- **Student Lounge**
- **Tutor's Office**
- **Watching the Gala Charity**

**WEDNESDAY**

**CLASSICAL**

- **Concert**
- **Recital**
- **Workshop**

**PICTURES**

- **Art Gallery**
- **Photo Exhibition**

**TV**

- **News**
- **Weather**

**DANCE**

- **Workshop**

**MUSIC**

- **Concert**
- **Recital**
- **Workshop**

**POETRY**

- **Readings**

**IMPACT THEATRE**

- **Drama**

**AUDITIONS**

- **For David Mercer's Comedy - "FLINT"**

**THE LIVING DAYSIGHTS**

- **April 9-22, 1974**

**FRIDAY**

**MUSIC**

- **Concert**
- **Recital**
- **Workshop**

**POETRY**

- **Readings**

**IMPACT THEATRE**

- **Drama**

**AUDITIONS**

- **For David Mercer's Comedy - "FLINT"**

**THE LIVING DAYSIGHTS**

- **April 9-22, 1974**

**SUNDAY**

**SOUNDS**

- **Jazz Club**

**MUSIC**

- **Concert**
- **Recital**
- **Workshop**

**POETRY**

- **Readings**

**IMPACT THEATRE**

- **Drama**

**AUDITIONS**

- **For David Mercer's Comedy - "FLINT"**

**THE LIVING DAYSIGHTS**

- **April 9-22, 1974**

**MONDAY**

**SOUNDS**

- **Jazz Club**

**MUSIC**

- **Concert**
- **Recital**
- **Workshop**

**POETRY**

- **Readings**

**IMPACT THEATRE**

- **Drama**

**AUDITIONS**

- **For David Mercer's Comedy - "FLINT"**

**THE LIVING DAYSIGHTS**

- **April 9-22, 1974**

**TUESDAY**

**MUSIC**

- **Concert**
- **Recital**
- **Workshop**

**POETRY**

- **Readings**

**IMPACT THEATRE**

- **Drama**

**AUDITIONS**

- **For David Mercer's Comedy - "FLINT"**

**THE LIVING DAYSIGHTS**

- **April 9-22, 1974**

**WEDNESDAY**

**CLASSICAL**

- **Concert**
- **Recital**
- **Workshop**

**PICTURES**

- **Art Gallery**
- **Photo Exhibition**

**TV**

- **News**
- **Weather**

**DANCE**

- **Workshop**

**MUSIC**

- **Concert**
- **Recital**
- **Workshop**

**POETRY**

- **Readings**

**IMPACT THEATRE**

- **Drama**

**AUDITIONS**

- **For David Mercer's Comedy - "FLINT"**

**THE LIVING DAYSIGHTS**

- **April 9-22, 1974**

**THURSDAY**

**MUSIC**

- **Concert**
- **Recital**
- **Workshop**

**POETRY**

- **Readings**

**IMPACT THEATRE**

- **Drama**

**AUDITIONS**

- **For David Mercer's Comedy - "FLINT"**

**THE LIVING DAYSIGHTS**

- **April 9-22, 1974**

**FRIDAY**

**SOUNDS**

- **Jazz Club**

**MUSIC**

- **Concert**
- **Recital**
- **Workshop**

**POETRY**

- **Readings**

**IMPACT THEATRE**

- **Drama**

**AUDITIONS**

- **For David Mercer's Comedy - "FLINT"**

**THE LIVING DAYSIGHTS**

- **April 9-22, 1974**

**SATURDAY**

**SOUNDS**

- **Jazz Club**

**MUSIC**

- **Concert**
- **Recital**
- **Workshop**

**POETRY**

- **Readings**

**IMPACT THEATRE**

- **Drama**

**AUDITIONS**

- **For David Mercer's Comedy - "FLINT"**

**THE LIVING DAYSIGHTS**

- **April 9-22, 1974**
**BANG THEY'RE BUSTED**

**J. McROACH**... well almost. Seems that one of J. J.'s little seed envelopes was "intercepted" by the nosy father of a Sydney grammar student. McRoach cannot bear to discuss the subject of Sydney grammar, another Roach cannot bear to discuss the Sydney grammar student. McRoach's little seed envelopes was "insordid seedy details. On the subject of students, who was involved in the recent headline making bust, sent McRoach an interesting letter - something like this:

"During march 16-22 there was a major inquiry into the smoking of marijuana at barefoot. Several students of our school subsequently, seven students, including myself, were at first suspended and then asked to leave. This unfortunate state of affairs evolved following a fellow schoolmate telephoning information to the Telegraph newspaper. Miserably the Telegraph didn't use the information but the Tuesday Mirror (march 19) managed to publish the "news" in a front page article exposing the scandal, and, among many other nasty things, misquoted our headmaster. The Tuesday Sun also used the story but presented it more accurately.

The New York penalties for marijuana are now: "The unlawful sale of any amount of marijuana, or the unlawful possession of one ounce or 100 cigarettes, carries a penalty ranging from one to ten years. Probation will usually be available for first offenders.

By way of contrast the US state of Oregon has introduced a law that drastically reduces the penalty for possession and use of marijuana. Under the new law anyone caught with less than an ounce of marijuana (enough for about 20 cigarettes) will face a maximum penalty of $100 (about $67). The offence will no longer be a criminal one but will be treated as a violation - the same legal category as a traffic offence. However, the law further declares, "I could see the other resident with me because I won't admit to being a drug user I wanted from their haul at our place, but on declining to do so I was awarded a hash pipe that they pushed a girl with bike accident wounds into a door, causing personal injuries; and a relevant section from the US congress commission report ...

**THE BASHERS CLUB**

McRoach faced with the responsibility of asking members taking out the Pink award honors each week, has decided to give these people a little column of their own in which they can see their name clearly printed, and with the cutting. They show us they want us to try it, and finally place it in their scrapbooks.

First officer of the law to get out bread decided that until we talk about it. Consequently reports from the judiciary, politicians, police and the press. A demonstration at parliament house, the supreme court, and police headquarters will also be held. For the demonstration smokers are requested to "bring a seed" - an apt, easy to conceal seed - an apt, easy to conceal.

**ACTIVISTS**

The SA dope campaign has now swung into action - 16 letters, containing activists aims and a relevant section from the US congress commission report, were sent to the judiciary, politicians, police and the press. A joint, not a request to try it, acompañed each letter.

An "education campaign" will follow: every two weeks a dope report will be sent to 41 public figures as well as the press. Shortened extracts will be handed out in the city.

During second term dope forums will be held and will include a smoke in, in sympathy with imprisoned smokers. A demonstration at parliament house, the supreme court, and police headquarters will also be held. For the demonstration smokers are requested to "bring a seed" - an apt, easy to conceal symbol. Theoretically all will be guilty of possession.

McRoach tips his hat to the South Australians - they seem to be operating in a very effective manner. Let's hope they dont upset the peace.
games | Identity Cards

ent for the official quorum (200) needed to make any decision binding on the SRC, so another meeting has been called for to-morrow.

At last week's meeting it was also decided to send a delegation up to Canberra to consult with the vice-chancellor, David Derham, to tell him of the students' attitude to the ID cards and take his comments back to tomorrow's meeting.

Eleven students, both student bureaucrats, five seniors, and a variety of combinations of the two, Accordingly trucked along to the glass building to see the vice-chancellor, Derham, was willing to see two people for 60 minutes followed. Derham was willing to see two people for 60 minutes followed. Derham was willing to see two people for 60 minutes followed. Derham was willing to see two people for 60 minutes followed. Derham was willing to see two people for 60 minutes followed. Derham was willing to see two people for 60 minutes followed. Derham was willing to see two people for 60 minutes followed. Derham was willing to see two people for 60 minutes followed. Derham was willing to see two people for 60 minutes followed. Derham was willing to see two people for 60 minutes followed. Derham was willing to see two people for 60 minutes followed. Derham was willing to see two people for 60 minutes followed. Derham was willing to see two people for 60 minutes followed. Derham was willing to see two people for 60 minutes followed. Derham was willing to see two people for 60 minutes followed. Derham was willing to see two people for 60 minutes followed. Derham was willing to see two people for 60 minutes followed. Derham was willing to see two people for 60 minutes followed. Derham was willing to see two people for 60 minutes followed. Derham was willing to see two people for 60 minutes followed. Derham was willing to see two people for 60 minutes followed. Derham was willing to see two people for 60 minutes followed. Derham was willing to see two people for 60 minutes followed. Derham was willing to see two people for 60 minutes followed. Derham was willing to see two people for 60 minutes followed. Derham was willing to see two people for 60 minutes followed. Derham was willing to see two people for 60 minutes followed. Derham was willing to see two people for 60 minutes followed. Derham was willing to see two people for 60 minutes followed. Derham was willing to see two people for 60 minutes followed. Derham was willing to see two people for 60 minutes followed. Derham was willing to see two people for 60 minutes followed. Derham was...
Hello Sunshine
Welcome neighbor

A venturer strikes the Queensland Sunshine Coast and finds more than just a brilliant surf beach...

WILLY YOUNG

ON THE road north of Brisbane a large bus surprised me by pulling up, unthumbed, beside me. Buset never give lifts to hitch-hikers. A pretty girl opened the door. I asked:

"Where are you going?" (Previous lifts had been short and I was thinking only in distances of ten miles.)

"Townsville-Darwin?"

I laugh at the limitation of my expectations. "I'm only going to Maroochy-dore."

Inside the bus were no seats, a bearded driver, a kitchen, a double bed, domestic articles, ornaments of oriental design, a small child and a dog. A cassette played loud rock music which was only faintly heard above the throat of the engine, but soon I got into the rhythm of the sound. Sitting on a bean bag and gazing out of the huge windscreen was like living in Cinerama. We smoked some of their Afghanis hash oil, it was lousy, so I gave the huge windscreen was like living in the landscape, and if there was a scenic road north, developers figure that international tourists could fly into Maroochydore, stay at Surf Air, then proceed by airconditioned car to the Yeppoon hotels and build million dollar tourist hotels, inviting the Japanese to invade Yeppoon and find more..."

The Sunshine Coast is less "progressive" than the Gold Coast and although this may be its temporary salvation, it is still touched and no doubt will be more heavily touched by the same themes of corruption that have made the Gold Coast the plastic commercial paradise.

Despite the tens of boulders that line the road north, developers figure that international tourists could fly into Maroochydore, stay at Surf Air, then proceed by airconditioned car to the Yeppoon hotels and then fly out -- the ultimate holiday: tourists need not expose themselves to the locals or the climate.

Most of the locals are middle aged verging on "retired" which generally implies that they are limited, upright and suspicious. So far the main development in the area has been confined to three storey blocks of flats (ordinary accommodation is scarce), and shopping centres of a unique architectural crispness, clean but somewhat lacking in character, and generally less vulgar than its southern counterpart. There has been an absence of development in terms of "nightlife" and entertainment -- a very Queensland trait. Amusement is confined to the pictures (at the drive-in or the local) and the pubs. However, even within this framework, delights abound...***

THE BUILDING resembled every picture theatre I've ever seen built before 1950. The outside was carelessly lit, casting sinister shadows and giving no idea of the entertainment inside. On entering one saw the projected image of mediocre French comedy, and sensed a great gathering of people (not in any way related to the movie) from a constant buzz of voices. Canvas seats! How civilised! Walking down the aisle one passed the older members of the audience sitting at the back of the theatre, then the young adults, then the teenagers (fumbling each other) and finally the audience got younger and younger until, in the seats of our choice, we were surrounded by quite small people, dropping jaffas, rolling bottles, crawling over seats. Thegradation from old to young was absolutely smooth.

The feature, Bogdanovich's What's up doc, was sophisticated enough for the kids to enjoy and the constant buzz decreased in decibels. Their appreciation of the movie was attuned -- they laughed in the same places as I did. The sequence involving the hero and heroine on a bicycle, two chasing cars, a San Francisco street, a man on a ladder and two men carrying a huge pane of glass, held the audience in silence for its duration. After the climax the audience yelled, whistled, clapped and stamped their feet while short trousered ushers ran down the aisles and flashed torches. The flashers seemed ineffectual but nevertheless the screaming ceased.

The other incident which appealed to the audience was the one where Ryan O'Neal undresses to his briefs. This also made them yawn in excitement, and the flashers ran down the aisle again. Certainly they were the most wriggly, alive and humming audience I have ever encountered, and I look forward to seeing Fist of fury with them next Saturday night!

My other delight was an encounter with the members of the pool club who play at the Hotel Maroochydore. Pubs of the coast have a characteristic design. The public and saloon bars are fairly small and outside for regular and serious drinkers. The lounges, which often contain a beer garden, are vast in area to accommodate the Christmas crowds. In off-season, drinking there is like sitting in the city square in Canberra on a Sunday. The jukebox occupies one end of the lounge and the pool players operate at the other end. They are cool guys. I'd just seen High plains drifter and kept getting flashes of them as the Clint Eastwoods of the east coast (in retrospect rather an exaggerated compliment). They have an assurance which comes from the structure of the group (perhaps this is the same with all groups) and one gets the impression that they do live outside normal social conventions and dont give a fuck about the rest of society.

Earlier in the night I had seen a young fuzzy haired aboriginal guy play a flamboyant game of pool, popping his hands, mapping his fingers, whistling birdcalls throughout and boasting that he could beat any man in the room. He might as well have played on his head and shot with his feet for all the attention they paid him. I found them an impressive group and I wanted to relate to them but the prospect of engaging in conversation was ridiculous, so instead I started by photographing them playing pool. This stunned them, and despite a few wincekicks I continued to photograph meticulously, and eventually they seemed to dig it, and so we related.

That night was competition night and they showed their style. Wow! They were artists! First prize was a carton of beer and a bottle of scotch and the winner had to have the party at his house. Runner-up with a brace of stubbies was a better prize. I noted that the group had a hierarchy when they had a meeting to elect officers although the positions didn't seem to carry much status.

As I waited in the beer queue, one of the girls from the players table talked to me:

"Why were you taking photos?"

"I just record life about me. I've been taking them for nine years."

"I can see that now. I didn't while I was watching you."

"What do you do here?"

"Just sit around, then go to the party. It's very chauvinist."

"I've got it on celluloid. The guys at the pool tables and the women sitting in the background." Then I realised that we were standing in the queue and that the women also brought their own drinks.

The party was orderly and the house comfortable. Music was loud, reproduction good and selection basic. Girls arriv-
ed with guys or by themselves in pairs and were shown customary care. I found out that most of the guys worked as builders laborers, surfed on days off and were happy enough to have enough money to pay rent, buy booze and dope. I'm over-simplifying of course. One person grew orchids up in the mountains. 

The following night was also a competition night, this time against neighboring inland town of Palmwoods. The Palmwoods team numbered 12 and looked run down. At least they had a get together when in the dining room a game of blackjack with higher stakes was played. The winner was rapped over and over again. It was a great party and I wish I could remember more but I was drunk and had a pleasant feeling from belly up and unadventurous under the circumstances.

The Maroochydore players were in their advice, and there was never pressure as builders laborers, surfed on days off and were shown cursory attention. I applied in the area of letting down the article on people getting to the sexist ads in the back, it nobody in here but just us men.” 

ON ANOTHER subject: We have but the Kalukah story by Cheryl Buchanan, aboriginal field worker from Australian Union of Students. It's a short vivid history of the land rights struggle of the Larrakia tribespeople near Darwin. It takes the struggle from the formation of the Gwalwa Daraniki in 1970 and its first land rights claim made in May 71 for the strip of land along the sea at the back of Darwin's Woolworths, through the court case and the local council, federal government, land development, police and while the strong united group working now to take back control of their lives and land.

The introduction sets the scene thus: “Now Bobby Secretary is Larrakia and the Larrakia inhabited Darwin for some 20,000 years, could be forever for all we know. Geographically his district stretches out to Finnis river to Mananbar to Koolpiya station; it covers at least 100 square miles of ground. The Larrakia people are a salt water people; their way of life was the crocodile and this would be lost living island. As always, the white fellows showed their total disregard for aboriginals and granted the Larrakia 14 square miles and called it the Larrakia reserve. Only one thing was wrong; it was 40 miles INLAND. In any case, they were shifted. Not to the reserve, but to the Kahlbin compound, from there to Bagot reserve, to a short stay at Berrimah, then back to Bagot again. The Larrakia did not want to live on Bagot so they came a mile or so out to Kulabah.”

WORDS FOR WOMEN, PO box 60 Pymble, N.S.W. publish reprints and distribute feminist magazines, pamphlets, papers etc. Australian and overseas. Send them a s.a.e. for a catalogue.

* * *

ON ANOTHER subject: We have but the Kalukah story by Cheryl Buchanan, aboriginal field worker from Australian Union of Students. It's a short vivid history of the land rights struggle of the Larrakia tribespeople near Darwin. It takes the struggle from the formation of the Gwalwa Daraniki in 1970 and its first land rights claim made in May 71 for the strip of land along the sea at the back of Darwin's Woolworths, through the court case and the local council, federal government, land development, police and while the strong united group working now to take back control of their lives and land.

The introduction sets the scene thus: “Now Bobby Secretary is Larrakia and the Larrakia inhabited Darwin for some 20,000 years, could be forever for all we know. Geographically his district stretches out to Finnis river to Mananbar to Koolpiya station; it covers at least 100 square miles of ground. The Larrakia people are a salt water people; their way of life was the crocodile and this would be lost living island. As always, the white fellows showed their total disregard for aboriginals and granted the Larrakia 14 square miles and called it the Larrakia reserve. Only one thing was wrong; it was 40 miles INLAND. In any case, they were shifted. Not to the reserve, but to the Kahlbin compound, from there to Bagot reserve, to a short stay at Berrimah, then back to Bagot again. The Larrakia did not want to live on Bagot so they came a mile or so out to Kulabah.”

* * *

IF YOU'd like to read things in a different context as well, a good place to start is Spare Rib. It's an entertaining and informative English language publication by a group of feminist women. It has reviews, interviews, and really excellent essays and articles. It's readable, friendly and the best attempt yet at a mass circulation women's magazine. A great pleasure in fact.

The only trouble is that although the name of Spare Rib and Gotch’s is almost impossible to pronounce, it’s not really true why they send it because of the way their filling is done. If you find it, it’ll cost 55 cents a copy; otherwise send three
Val in May, but no confirmation on that either. One rumor which isn't saying much about the Stones, their support act. Apparently she could make it all worthwhile. The illustrious session band? They've been helping out recording their first single.

Floyd, it looks like this just isn't your year. Robert Raymond, Dainty definitely has sustained "back injuries!"

Both the LP and the as yet unchosen single will be released the last week on the Cashbox Top 100, and wait for it — it had a red专案!

Glenrowan 9.00-11.30 pm
Madder Lake 12.00-3.00 am
Picnic 9.00-11.30 pm
Dingoes 12.00-2.30 am

Dainty's got together with three Canadian musicians to make up the new Circus. One of the most exclusive promotional events of the year is the appearance of Dainty and Miller, is said to have signed an agreement with an English national record company willing to come to Melbourne to look for new talent. It is argued that Stevens isn't rock. I think I agree with him.

MARGARET MacINTYRE
he'll seek out music as a means of self-expression. And from their vantage point on the outer rim of society, musicians are often in a better position to observe what is happening than those happily involved. Lowndes takes the trouble to look around him. Town of fear with its opening lines. Last Saturday I was abashed with time out. So for a time in I did what they all did do — a vision of the present — a sad and lonely picture of sixteen year old gladiators striking out in chicken drest at their world. It is a frighteningly real picture and Lowndes' voice is the sort that makes you feel icy at the words and I heard the children scream.

Bunderra sands is a light rocky track with a very nice guitar solo from Mark Punch. One of the outstanding features of this album is that it is so beautifully arranged. Each musician seems to excel himself, the solos are interesting and exciting, the production from Chris Gillby is such that for once there is a decent bass sound, the acoustic guitar sounds like just that and the drums are there, not just somewhere under layers of tape.

Sweat sunny summer world has the easy lyrics of the band not written by Lowndes — and it is easy to see why they were included. Bernard Hartmann's lyrics evoke sunny days gone by, dreams of love passed over and that teardrop world, that unknown girl/calling to you from somewhere, sung by Lowndes to a wistful, yearning melody.

The musician's plight is dealt with in Visions from the gallery with the man from Mexico who brings his music from a shore so far, to come and play for you: How could it be from somewhere?

That a man like this can be ignored
Not been wanted?
It's a hard question to answer but it happens all the time.

The opening track on side two is one of the loveliest tracks on the album and one of the loveliest songs I've heard. In an interview Lowndes said of Till time brings change: "It means more to me than any other song because it is about my personal relationship with my wife Glancy, and I think it even now sums up my relationship with her ... it's very hard to talk about because my song says 'like mother'.' Unoubtedly it will not be programmed by commercial radio, it is dubious if even the single will be, yet it is the sort of song which could mean a great deal to many people who writing this album is not just for Lowndes. It is rarely that you see a future standard on a first album let it be ditched as he did on his second (Both sides now) but Till time brings change enlivened it, re-recorded and recorded by many artists if they have the good fortune to hear it. Few will perhaps this version, however, with its urgent brass and beautiful piano solo from Ian MacLaren.

The rising of the tide burns along with some extraordinary bass playing from Dave Ellis, and some bitingly pessimistic lyrics:

The law that rules the land is getting worse.

And the lawless are the ones who make the rules.

The night will rule for quite awhile longer.

Before we see the rising of the tide.

Like Sweet sunny summer world, Runaway looks to the past with its message Just keep in mind I've not forgotten you!please don't forget me, while The house is burning brings us straight back into the present. It is a beautifully sad song exhorting a friend to let go of the past, to give up false dreams and faith so love can grow and grow and perhaps. The band knew this would be the final track on the album because they pull out all the stops, weaving in and out of the melody, holding the listener till the last fading note.

There is a danger with performers like Graham Lowndes — who have been around for a few years, who have built up a firm following among a small group of people — that their first LP will be treated by outsiders like a cult album. As the Lowndes freaks, it is for everyone who loves music. Don't let the slow pace and the slow build-away on the shelves of your local record shop by second dealers who won't spare the time to listen. You might not see it on display, so ask for it — you will be rewarded with one of the best albums to surface this year.

MARGARET MacINTYRE

SUNDAY, 14th April $2
PICNIC 9.00-11.30 pm
DINGEES 12.00-2.30 am
FRIDAY, 12th April $2
PICNIC 9.00-11.30 pm
DINGEES 12.00-2.30 am
SATURDAY, 13th April $2
JOHN GRAHAM'S BLACKSPURR 9.00-11.30 pm
MADDIE'S 12.00-3.00 am
SUNDAY, 14th April $2.00
GLENROWAN 9.00-11.30 pm
MISSED 11.30-2.30 am

Last Australian appearance,}
MONDAY, 15th April $1.50
CHAIN 9.00-1.30 am

Local lad cuts a corder

DINGEES 12.00-2.30 am

Download from open access repository

THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS — april 9-22, 1974

SUNDAY, 13th April $2.00
GLENROWAN 9.00-11.30 pm
MISSED 11.30-2.30 am

Last Australian appearance,}
**Galapagos Duck addle egg**

ALLAN WATSON

**EBONY QUILL:** Galapagos Duck

*(Philips 6357015)*

I was rather unusual for a major company to show an interest in an up and coming jazz group in Australia. After all, they have a release of Ebony quill, by the Sydney based "soul-jazz" group Galapagos Duck.

In the past year this group has proved to be very impressive. In Sydney they have established a strong following at The Basement at Circular Quay, and their recent appearances in Melbourne went over extremely well. As the supporting group for the Nina Simone concert they proved that Australian groups don't have to be boring or just plain embarrassing.

More recently they made another appearance at the Moomba jazz concert, where they managed to live up on another otherwise stolid evening. What was really striking was the apt difference between the G-Duck and the other groups. Most of the Melbourne musicians were products of the 50's jazz scene and are now well into their 50's. However, G-Duck are much younger, mostly in their early 20's and their youth shows in the music they play. While the Melbourne musicians all tend towards the more complex "modern jazz" style that they grew up with, G-Duck play a simpler, more driving form of music.

Very simply they are out to please; their Franktap shown through their stage presence - they emanate a sort of spirit de corps ... something that sadly lacking in their older Melbourne brothers.

This feeling carries over into their music and they did a set that was the stand out of the evening, and in less than optimal conditions. They are a group that's best suited to a small club, but despite the cavern-like Myer music bowl, a poor attendance, and a miserably chill weather they belted vitality into the concert.

However, their debut album shows up their deficiencies in concert they do sound very good indeed. But live performances, particularly if some of the lead instruments play well, can hide the weaker aspects of a group. In the recording studio the reverse seems applied.

At the Bowl, G-Duck seemed omniscient musicians, exchanging instruments readily to obtain different voicings. Willie Qa often surrendered his drums to his brother, Chris, or to saxophonist Tom Hare, so as to play flute. Tom also blows on trumpets and buglehorn, while the other saxophonist, Mart Mooney, also plays bass. At various times all members of the group do percussion work. Much the same happens on this album, but here is the place where the G-Duck musicians are particularly good on one instrument! But they are often only adequate on others. Willie Qa is the exception. Both his drumming and flute work are very good. But one of their major problems is the bass. Chris Qua handles the bulk of the work on this, and sometimes sounds fairly good, but for the type of music they are into, they need a bass that is consistently fluent and powerful. Too often Chris cannot sustain this, and sometimes it is reduced to rather inept cliches.

The title tune of the album painfully exposes these weaknesses. With Willie on the flute lead, the drums pass to Tom Hare, who is not particularly subtle, and is unable to lift the group. This, the most adventurous track on the album, relies on interplay between flute and percussion and numbers. Willie then has a bash on timbals demonstrating that while a tight, crisp, ensemble drummer, he's a bit of a bore as a soloist. The idea behind this track is good, but plainly G-Duck just haven developed enough yet to take on something as demanding as this. They sound clumsy and awkward, performing a series of gimmicks rather than getting into anything of real substance.

They sound much more effective on shorter versions of standards like The look of love and Grazing in the grass, or on other composition - based on a very nice soul riff - Mr Natural. Their horns are their main strength, and Tom Hare and Mart Mooney play some very fine licks. The look of love, in a sort of Grover Washington Jr vein is very good indeed, and Martin Mooney's tenor work throughout the album shows him to be the type of tenor that used to be called "muscular"! Big toned, very attacking, he knows his R&B six licks and pulls them off with verve and polish.

On this album G-Duck overstretch themselves; they haven't got enough to say for 40 minutes of album time. It's pity that the old 45 rpm four track EP is so fashionable for they could have done this sort of thing extremely well. An impressive recording debut instead of the rather disappointing 12 inch album.

**H**

**HERE'S another song from John Crowle of Melbourne. A song for all you potential suicides out there to chant as you rifle the medicine cabinet.**

All your Armour will not save you

Graham Lowndes

**Let's hear it for Ayer's Rock**

JANE STEPHENSON

**FIRST time I heard of Ayer's Rock was on a disdaining afternoon at Sunbury when their energy reached right through the tiredness, sunshine and dust. This same outward going musical joy was with them on a midnight at Teazer's, Melbourne. Since then I've had a rave with the "Rock" and found its members serious musicians, enthusiastically involved with the development of the Australian music scene.

Over the past ten years the five members of the group have had plenty of working experience: on the road with different bands, playing all over Australia, and long stints abroad. Jim Doyle (guitar) and Duncan McGuire (bass) are fine drummers. They get a lot out of musicians, enthusiastically involving them with the development of the Australian music scene.

I've had a rave with the "Rock", but they're also seriously concerned with listeners are into the particular structure and rhythms of their music, and the problems of communication. What I'm talking about is that's best suited to a small club, but here is the place where they play a simpler, more driving form of music. Very simply they are out to please; their frank enthusiasm shown through their stage presence - they emanate a sort of spirit de corps ... something that sadly lacking in their older Melbourne brothers.

This feeling carries over into their music and they did a set that was the stand out of the evening, and in less than optimal conditions. They are a group that's best suited to a small club, but despite the cavern-like Myer music bowl, a poor attendance, and a miserably chill weather they belted vitality into the concert.

However, their debut album shows up their deficiencies in concert they do sound very good indeed. But live performances, particularly if some of the lead instruments play well, can hide the weaker aspects of a group. In the recording studio the reverse seems applied.

At the Bowl, G-Duck seemed omniscient musicians, exchanging instruments readily to obtain different voicings. Willie Qa often surrendered his drums to his brother, Chris, or to saxophonist Tom Hare, so as to play flute. Tom also blows on trumpets and buglehorn, while the other saxophonist, Mart Mooney, also plays bass. At various times all members of the group do percussion work. Much the same happens on this album, but here is the place where the G-Duck musicians are particularly good on one instrument! But they are often only adequate on others. Willie Qa is the exception. Both his drumming and flute work are very good. But one of their major problems is the bass. Chris Qua handles the bulk of the work on this, and sometimes sounds fairly good, but for the type of music they are into, they need a bass that is consistently fluent and powerful. Too often Chris cannot sustain this, and sometimes it is reduced to rather inept cliches.

The title tune of the album painfully exposes these weaknesses. With Willie on the flute lead, the drums pass to Tom Hare, who is not particularly subtle, and is unable to lift the group. This, the most adventurous track on the album, relies on interplay between flute and percussion and numbers. Willie then has a bash on timbals demonstrating that while a tight, crisp, ensemble drummer, he's a bit of a bore as a soloist. The idea behind this track is good, but plainly G-Duck just haven developed enough yet to take on something as demanding as this. They sound clumsy and awkward, performing a series of gimmicks rather than getting into anything of real substance.

They sound much more effective on shorter versions of standards like The look of love and Grazing in the grass, or on other composition - based on a very nice soul riff - Mr Natural. Their horns are their main strength, and Tom Hare and Mart Mooney play some very fine licks. The look of love, in a sort of Grover Washington Jr vein is very good indeed, and Martin Mooney's tenor work throughout the album shows him to be the type of tenor that used to be called "muscular"! Big toned, very attacking, he knows his R&B six licks and pulls them off with verve and polish.

On this album G-Duck overstretch themselves; they haven't got enough to say for 40 minutes of album time. It's pity that the old 45 rpm four track EP is so fashionable for they could have done this sort of thing extremely well. An impressive recording debut instead of the rather disappointing 12 inch album.
Bazil Carey

This is a film with every conceivable cinematic device — an elaborate amorous game with the camera, a laborious and incestuous exercise. From his beginning as the first of a series of French handsome men, Truffaut is one of those which has made the stage does seem a laborious and incestuous exercise.

Ron reiterates this last part of the image: "...as an elaborate amorous game with the camera, a laborious and incestuous exercise. From his beginning as the first of a series of French handsome men, Truffaut is one of those which has made..."

The next part of the image reads: "...reiterates this last part of the image: "...as an elaborate amorous game with the camera, a laborious and incestuous exercise. From his beginning as the first of a series of French handsome men, Truffaut is one of those which has made..."

Finally, the last part reads: "...reiterates this last part of the image: "...as an elaborate amorous game with the camera, a laborious and incestuous exercise. From his beginning as the first of a series of French handsome men, Truffaut is one of those which has made..."

The final part reads: "...reiterates this last part of the image: "...as an elaborate amorous game with the camera, a laborious and incestuous exercise. From his beginning as the first of a series of French handsome men, Truffaut is one of those which has made..."

The overall image appears to be a continuation of a discussion about the cinematographic devices used in the film "The Living Daylights," and how they contribute to the overall cinematic experience.
A way out bunch of tapes

John Baldessari's Walking Forward – running fast (71), while a reworking of the early day work in themes of cinematography in its presentation of sequences of still photographs shot by film. It is very similar to the work of structuralist filmmakers of Xerox in Cologne in that it takes a still photograph as its basic information input and uses the real-time video of it to form the perception of the photographs.

Vito Acconci's Waterways (71) and his recent museum show, perform activities, not particularly dependent on the video project, but emphasising its usefulness as a long-term feedback device recording moments in time to the growth of his work. Lawrence Weiner's long A First Quarter (72) seems to have a similar purpose, the audio-referents suggest a parody of some recent museum heavy shot, but some of his recent video artists are caught in the middle of the confusion of responsibilities of the media department, film & TV board and the visual arts board. Video is of course covered in all their charts, so far so little of their assistance has gone to Australia's video artists. Perhaps some sort of demand will result from the presentation of these American videotapes.

Review gets streamlining

It SEEMED this is an important book so Daylights commissioned a review from a woman who wished to remain anonymous. When the review came in it was about twice as long as the space reserved for it. This left Daylights with a dilemma: how does one cut such a politically worthy piece without sacrificing meaning for the cheap aims of journalistic readability. After much debate in the edition, a decision was reached that one cut such a politically worthy piece without being accused of gross bias and sacrificing meaning for the cheap aims of journalistic readability.

From Tweedledum to Tweedledee: the New LA Museum Heavy Shot, by Catley and Bruce McFarlane (ANZ Press).

This impartial method of editing ensures that revisionist deviation does not creep in through the editorial hand. Second, readers will agree that the political spirit triumphs over this setback and comes plainly through to us. We present a review with EVERY SECOND LINE DELETED.
and lie with your head on the floor, buttocks up.

THE BELLY REST. An excellent exercise to pelvis back, and then as you let your breath in.

our legs that we use to keep our legs together.

exercise. Many of us have spent years building to keep them close to your body.

fists on the small of your back, and lean back as far as you can; you'll find that your legs begin to vibrate and shake in a very short time. Feel the ground under your feet. As this energy gets going, put your head backward, which will help you pull your chest back. Continue breathing deeply.

THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS- April 9-22, 1974- Page 25

new responses. If you can work to bring the energy to flow better. You can do this exercise anywhere- with a partner you do not go to orgasm. Later on we will talk about the use of the exercises with a partner in advance and to establish your feelings about your sexual excitement with your partner beforehand.

This work cannot be hurried or rushed through . . . eye dialogues . . . Genital breathing . . . eye dialogues on we will talk about the use of the exercises working with your partner. It is important to charge to your exercises. It is important to discuss these exercises with your partner in advance and to establish your feelings about your sexual excitement with your partner beforehand.

There is no rule that says if you are sexually aroused, you have to move the"little bird" in the right way. Take as much time as you need to become comfortable with the idea of using your vagina as an energy source. This can be done very slowly, and both partners have to be willing to try it. If you are satisfied with your partner and are ready to establish your feelings about your sexual excitement with your partner beforehand.

There is no rule that says if you are sexually aroused, you have to move the"little bird" in the right way. Take as much time as you need to become comfortable with the idea of using your vagina as an energy source. This can be done very slowly, and both partners have to be willing to try it. If you are satisfied with your partner and are ready to establish your feelings about your sexual excitement with your partner beforehand.

THE "LITTLE BIRD." This is an exercise that is particularly useful in helping you let go of your legs and stomach muscles. Put your hands on your belly to make sure that you're not using the stomach muscles to draw your legs up. You may slow your breathing and your heart rate, but your legs come up over your body. Allow your legs to fall apart and open, and then back down on the ground. Do this one or seven times. Pay attention to your breathing.

Then lean over, exhaling, and try to put your head on your feet. This stretches the muscles in between the legs, and also stretches the neck and back. Repeat this sequence at least three times.

THE VAGINAL SQUEEZE. This is an exercise that many women have found useful for increasing feeling in the genital area. It is sometimes prescribed for women who have had babies, to return tone and flexibility to this area.

THE pubococcygeus muscle is a broad band of muscle that surrounds the vagina. It is rich in sensitive nerve endings, which are stimulated by pressure from inside the vagina, such as occurs in sexual penetration. Obviously, the more firm and better-toned this muscle is, the more pleasure it can give you as it is stretched by penetration; a flaccid, flabby pubococcygeus won't afford you much feeling at all.

To locate this muscle, try stopping your urine flow; use this muscle to do that. Then try contracting the muscle at other times. By inserting a finger in your vagina, you should be able to feel the contractions.

To do the exercise, lie down and start your breathing pattern. Now contract your muscle while inhaling, pulling the muscle in with the intake of your breath, and as you exhale, relax the muscle. You may notice that you contract your stomach muscles when you contract the pubococcygeus muscle; with practice you will learn to contract it without contracting the stomach muscles. Now bear down like you're trying to push something out, but don't really try to urinate in a hurry. Continue to breathe regularly. Do these exercises 10 times each, working up to 25 times each over a period of three or four weeks. This is an exercise you can practice any time or place you choose; standing in line for a movie, on a bus -- nobody will ever know. Just contract and relax the muscle; then contract it and hold it for the count of three.

Do these exercises several times whenever you think of it. You and your sexual partner will both reap the benefits.

THE JAPANESE TEST-PULL. This exercise is a Japanese massage technique for those men whose testes and penis are held up tight most of the time. It is a means of bringing relaxation and awareness to the scrotum and testes and it helps loosen genital tension. It can be done in any position and any time tension is present.

The "little bird" is a yoga exercise that can be very useful for opening the muscles on the insides of the legs, for allowing that opening to take place. You sit with the soles of your feet together, drawing them as close to your body as possible; hold your feet with both hands. Now raise and lower your legs in a flapping movement, very much as a bird would fly. Do this about 15 times.

Now lean over with your arms clinging to the ground.

Here is the incorrect position: the person's weight is too far back on his heels; leaning more forward in the proper manner will allow the energy to flow better. You can do this exercise about three times backward and forward, holding for at least one minute in each position. This exercise, like most of the others, tends to exaggerate the expression of anger by sticking your chin out or growling; snarl like a dog who is mad. This will facilitate the feeling.

As soon as you begin to work with another person, the major thing to be conscious of is your feeling about the relationship, for it is in the feeling realm that you shut off your excitement and your pleasure.

It is absolutely necessary in working with a partner to establish the responsibility for sexual excitement in such a way that it is shared with each partner. As soon as you begin to try to teach somebody else how to experience sexual excitement, you may hurt that person. . . . in fact, to increase it through making carthorse noises or. . . .

PRELIMINARIES FOR WORKING WITH A PARTNER

As you move into the exercises for working with a partner, your major task is to bring the energy you've achieved through working alone into the new relationship. The exercises in Exercising alone are aimed at getting you in touch with your excitement and teaching you how to breathe and make your body breathe. They come in sets of three. Now the task is to keep that same energy and same flow of breathing in working with a partner. . . .
We can't run 'em if we can't read 'em. Do 'em neat.

**Tolkienist wrong**

I WRITE to complain about an article in *Daylights* by one Bruce Tisdell.

As an ex-WA university paper editor, it is nice to see a tolerant approach on the part of the editor, but there is no need to go overboard.

I found the article to be a collection of opinions that do not always appear to be based on solid fact. The author seems to have little regard for the opinions of others and the article lacks any real substance.

There are also some inaccuracies in the article. For example, it states that Tolkien's work was only relevant to the literary world and not to the general public. This is not true, as Tolkien's work has had a significant impact on popular culture and has been enjoyed by people of all ages.

I would recommend that future articles by this author be subjected to a more critical reading before publication.

**Shit power**

**SOMETIME ago I wrote a letter saying** your paper was full of crap and bullshit. I went wrong. In fact, lately, you appear to be very keen on subjects like ecology and shit. But this is the sort of shit which I like and apparently other readers seem to be licence'd in this matter too -- especially those who understand the ecology problem and are trying to find an alternative way of life on a self-supporting agricultural basis.

**Propaganda**

"On the holy name of God, and your Wog mate, Kelly"

---

**Tolkienmania strikes again**

After reading "Guess who's discovered Tolkien" (Daylights, No. 12), I've found out there are other Tolkien fans around. Maybe we could set up a Tolkien club or something.

I've found that reading the Hobbit, Lord of the rings, the adventures of Tom Bombadil and the Silmarillion has opened up a new world of fantasy for me.

I've been inspired by Tolkien's work to write my own stories and to explore the possibilities of fantasy literature.

I would recommend reading Tolkien's work to anyone who is interested in fantasy or storytelling.

---

**No Hare**

**A COMMENT on the Hare Krishna article in Daylights, 13, seems to me** to be the best article to date.

Mr. Harold Bate, 65, who invented a magical device in 1957 that he now calls an "Autoconverter." His invention changes pig manure and chicken droppings. It also helps to add a little life and some straw.

The system, controlled at about 75 degrees, releases the bacteria and creates the gas. Any kind of manure or hogged the spotlights last year: He was working on "the infighting between the cliques of fruit growers..."

**Alice in Wonderland**

The girl is a digester, a metal cylinder into which he puts a combination of pig manure and chicken droppings. It also helps to add a little life and some straw.

It's satisfying to know that people are doing something constructive with the waste they produce.

---

**No Thanks**

"Which makes one wonder how two sickeningly similar "different" in-..."
The truth about farts

I. FAITHFUL

FARTING has for some time been unacceptable to society in general and obvious farters have been frowned upon especially by bartenders who are not tastefully scented.

Apart from the assault on the senses by some farts, it is virtually impossible to see why farting, which is such a basic part of human digestion, is frowned upon by the establishment. Can you imagine a 40 year old, "average" businessman suddenly jumping up in a crowded train and yelling at the top of his voice "everybody shut up, I'm going to fart" or an interruption in parliament, "Order, Order. Would the honorable member for Corangamite please refrain from entertaining the members in the back of the house with his anal wind passing displays"?

No, the fart is totally repressed by contemporary society and is tending to become an under-ground and teenage pastime with a good fart being practiced as high as a good guitar player or a good roller of joints. But we are not always the case. Early in this century a fantasia was given in Paris. The Frenchman used to either to lock out for the "hairies" or to spray the fields thus eradicking the "problem" straight off.

GOLDTOPS can be the size of a 10 cent piece — average 1 1/2" diameter to plate-sized (which I saw once, 9" diameter and 1" thick oozy purplish-black just in front of the car — we didn't see it till we were leaving). Also young fleshy ones are phallic-shaped until the cap opens out. Their description has already been given — gold in the centre then white to purplish on the fringe.

As they age the grass around them turns black and withering occurs. These are potent if not too dry and can be cooked into what you're having for dinner. The cope in towns like Townsville and Brisbane (and I imagine elsewhere) have tipplers either to either to lock out for the "hairies" or to spray the fields thus eradicking the "problem" straight off.

GOLDTOPS can be the size of a 10 cent piece — average 1 1/2" diameter to plate-sized (which I saw once, 9" diameter and 1" thick oozy purplish-black just in front of the car — we didn't see it till we were leaving). Also young fleshy ones are phallic-shaped until the cap opens out. Their description has already been given — gold in the centre then white to purplish on the fringe.

As they age the grass around them turns black and withering occurs. These are potent if not too dry and can be cooked into what you're having for dinner. The cope in towns like Townsville and Brisbane (and I imagine elsewhere) have tipplers either to either to lock out for the "hairies" or to spray the fields thus eradicking the "problem" straight off.

THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS — april 9-22, 1974— Page 27

Mushroom saga continues

CONTINUING on with the mushroom saga here's a few more bits and pieces of information gained by experience, hearsay and literature. While your two previous pieces contained various details about mushrooming in the Blue Mountains (if you can get hold of them) Mushrooms then can be preferable to wild and mountainous regions, but the preparation is more tedious. They usually hit you in the eye when things are not to your liking. For example, the one quality — obviously you can find they can manage only a slight impression. The other is a cohesive body that is not easy to break down. The mushroom saga goes on into a more rounded hollow cap. They're a bluish-whitish-grey and hide in the grass and cowpats. About 25 small ones is a good number to take. Use your own discretion. Some people can OD and get stripy chocolate poisoning, while others can ingest a great deal and it only increases the length and heaviness of the trip.

Blue Meanies are slender-stemmed with a more rounded hollow cap. They're a bluish-whitish-grey and hide in the grass and cowpats. About 25 small ones is a good number to take. Use your own discretion. Some people can OD and get stripy chocolate poisoning, while others can ingest a great deal and it only increases the length and heaviness of the trip.

Blue Meanies are slender-stemmed with a more rounded hollow cap. They're a bluish-whitish-grey and hide in the grass and cowpats. About 25 small ones is a good number to take. Use your own discretion. Some people can OD and get stripy chocolate poisoning, while others can ingest a great deal and it only increases the length and heaviness of the trip.

As for food, fasting before could relieve some of the squashedness in your stomach but the key joy of a good trip is the food spread out and comb the whole paddock continually crisscrossing the paddock and the cross man-made.

MUSHIES have the advantage of being the one quality — obviously you can find they can manage only a slight impression. The other is a cohesive body that is not easy to break down. The mushroom saga goes on into a more rounded hollow cap. They're a bluish-whitish-grey and hide in the grass and cowpats. About 25 small ones is a good number to take. Use your own discretion. Some people can OD and get stripy chocolate poisoning, while others can ingest a great deal and it only increases the length and heaviness of the trip.

Blue Meanies are slender-stemmed with a more rounded hollow cap. They're a bluish-whitish-grey and hide in the grass and cowpats. About 25 small ones is a good number to take. Use your own discretion. Some people can OD and get stripy chocolate poisoning, while others can ingest a great deal and it only increases the length and heaviness of the trip.

The mushroom saga continues on into a more rounded hollow cap. They're a bluish-whitish-grey and hide in the grass and cowpats. About 25 small ones is a good number to take. Use your own discretion. Some people can OD and get stripy chocolate poisoning, while others can ingest a great deal and it only increases the length and heaviness of the trip.

As for food, fasting before could relieve some of the squashedness in your stomach but the key joy of a good trip is the food spread out and comb the whole paddock continually crisscrossing the paddock and the cross man-made.

...
who's got the sauce?"