The Living Daylights 2(15) 23 April 1974

Publisher

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Acts of mean savagery

Tobacco fat cats gobble up dope

Roxy Music breaks time barrier

Primeval horror and cannonades with the Finks

Authorities trample a family
Sunsets on Daylight

IT happened at high noon today, 1 p.m. day, a few minutes ago the phone rang: "A voice said, "The party's over". It turns out that there's not enough money to keep Daylights living in its present format. Its best elements will continue as usual — in the bosom of Nation review. The owners will look with anxiety our ability to get out of the red.

What went wrong? First, there were editorial and programming shortcomings. That, we don't deny. It took us too long to develop a spirited, imaginative, alternative weekly newspaper, which could also hold its own on the newsstands.

The costs have been greater than the market can bear. Daylights was run on a fully professional basis, which means AJA salaries, air freight distribution, fair payment to contributors and a whole lot of other unforeseen factors which took money from the till.

Although the market for a paper like Daylights is not as gargantuan as some might wish, we think its influence is greater than we could ever have imagined. The feedback in the last few weeks has been overwhelming.

There are three packed pages of letters & editorials about this very issue, which directly addresses the end of Daylights with our ability to get out of the red.

"Daylights. We're living in the bosom of debate must now be cut off mid-avocado season. (Alas, the great Tolkien letters have gone unanswered.) But, apart from corny references featuring usually good folk music at the Polaris Fan Hotel in South Melbourne, the sexism comes from the management who, just to prove it, had cops turf some 50 women from the public bar last Saturday night.

SMAY Fowler is 63. She led a peaceful life in her home in Prospect Terrace, Hamilton, a suburb of Brisbane. That is, until June 1972 when the city council whacked up No standing on any time on both sides of her street. Finding she had nowhere to park her 1950 Austin A70 (an innocuous auto if I remember — genteel with ballooning curves and comfortable seats) she applied for a permit to erect a carport, which was duly knocked back by the local government authorities. So she parked the machine half on the road, half on her nature strip, as a compromise.

Not enough said about the contumary, who at first warned her and later hit her with tickets. I won't pay, said Ismay, and I'll continue to park my car outside my house. Until November 72, that is, when the fuzz towed her Austin to the police station, never to be seen by her again.

Police demanded Ismay pay the parking charge. No, said she: you took it away without consent, you pay. She summoned the commissioner of police and told him how his missions had stolen her beloved car. She contacted many, many members of state parliament, aldermen, federal politicians. No go.

It didn't end there. The police contacted the woman: may we sell your car? No, Ismay. They sold it anyway, with "unclaimed property".

Meanwhile the fines — Ismay had to pay the parking fines. So, last July they threw her in jail after she refused to oblige.

This little saga doesn't end there. While the innocent little Austin A70 was cooling its wheels in the yard at the police station, the registration expired and Ismay was told to pay the renewal of $55.50. Who's going to renew a stolen car? Not Ismay, and she told the people from Main Roads this.

Alright, said the man, return the num¬ ber plate. But, that's no answer.

Thus friends, last Wednesday Ismay was bailed again — this time for not removing police tags from her replacement car's registration, and spent the night in the watchdog.

Police came up on the day, but was adjourned. "I'll go to jail to show them," says Ismay. My hopes go with her.

Y ES, we are familiar with the inefficiency of the internal com¬ bustion engine. After almost a century of brainpower, billions of manhours and countless blunders, billions of dollars in research & experiment, the bastard still won't function, will never function. All we know it's safer sharing a bath with a congol eel than travelling in an auto on a wet flat road in 20-metres. But, apart from comy re¬ marks about the VW being "Hitler's Revenge", claims that of the motor industry as an instrument of direct political action have not been seriously entertain¬ ed. Until of late...

Witness poor Mr David Binysh of Marylebone, London, who returned after a night out to discover his car a ran¬ ked hulk of its good former self. Regret¬ fully he had parked the wrecked machin¬ e near the barracks of the hated-by-the-some-political-quarters-of-the-Republic-of-Ireland, the "Red Devil" barracks of the 562 Parachute Squadron. Police and army jointly found the vehicle "sus¬ picious" and sent a robot in to blow it up. The car was a Citroen. Birchy is seeking compensation. So it goes...

PEOPLE who care to check out the Sounds section of the Melbourne Bricks will often catch entries featuring usually good folk music at the Polaris Fan Hotel in North Melbourne. But, apart from corny references featuring usually good folk music at the Polaris Fan Hotel in North Melbourne, the sexism comes from the management who, just to prove it, had cops turf some 50 women from the public bar last Saturday night.

S O the dole is pearls before swine? So if someone wants to be a brute instead of a drone then that person's a "bludger" (a much vaunted person's a "bludger" (a much vaunted...)

There is no room left up at Nimbin? Is that really the case? Well, we seem to be no far too near the possibility of an imminent "energy crisis" and the unit is to be trained to deal with all of forms of contingencies like general panic, pillage, looting, rape etc...
I read somewhere that the big tobacco companies were preparing for the legislation of marijuana and had registered as trademarks the words "Marijuana", "Ganja", "Omar" etc. After two years of canvassing I finally got around to the patents office and spent a pleasant afternoon rummaging through their files. I did a recheck six months later.

I began my search in the Section 34 books which apply to 'cigarettes, tobacco (raw and manufactured), tins and kers', articles, tinder boxes, matches and all smokeable substances be they manufactured or natural'. I first looked up the obvious names, but located no attempts to register these works as trademarks. It is considered unlikely that local law would accept "Marijuana" as a trademark anyway.

I did find that in June last year Mr. Richards of Toorak and the fellow in Port Kembla had been made on the words "Turkish Green" and "Durban Gold". The paranoia of the Japanese companies is obvious names, but located no attempts to register these works as trademarks. It is considered unlikely that local law would accept "Marijuana" as a trademark anyway.

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plume of temple life fairly readily when he joined the Glebe temple. He rose at 4.30 each morning and started the day with a cold shower, summer or winter. Following the shower the morning devotion to God began. This was later followed by chanting on the beads to free one from material entanglements. (Bernard says he wasn't entangled materially when he joined the Glebe temple but two fellows unentangled themselves of separate donations totaling $10,000.)

Hare Krishna is chosen for 1½ to 2 hours a lecture and a lecture on the teachings of the spiritual master, Bhaktivedanta, follows, taking one up to breakfast. This all serves to ready the devotees for the rigorous day's chanting in the streets.

After a spell in Sydney, Bernard, with another three temple dwellers, was sent to Adelaide to get things moving. They opened up a temple at Kurrala Park and were soon on the streets.

At about this time, a roving team of six Krishna followers arrived in Adelaide. Bernard said they were known as the Super Sales Squad. These fellows each collect up to a $100 a day selling incense and books on the street. They have a roving commission to sell and collect donations wherever they please. They have covered most country towns and they each grossed 300 bucks a day in Perth.

Bernard says they came to Adelaide at a time when Bernard and his friends here were earning only $20 a day on the streets and circulated them on several plays to make more money.

One was told to hold out a piece of incense and when someone stopped to take it the Krishna devotee asked for a donation to help the children of Bangladesh for India. When the "customers" went to take out the money a string of instructions were to push it under the arm of the customer if needed. The customer was then told the book was free in the hope that this would obligation them to a more significant donation.

Although, if the donation did not cover the cost of the book, the Krishna devotee was instructed to take it back and replace it with a cheap magazine. This was one of a number of tricks the roving team taught devotees around Australia.

It's all part of what the movement hierarchy in Sydney called "transcendental competition". A monthly bulletin is distributed in Krishna branches throughout the world detailing figures of books, magazines and incense. Sales Squad each have a book branch to number of sales both can record.

One president was challenging the Los Angeles branch when the super sales team hit Adelaide. The president claims $30,000 a month was being sent back to America from Australian territory. This was, however, a lot more than the $20,000 a month which was bringing in monthly sales figure of about $25,000.

Comparison in one competition was extremely keen as anyone selling well was glorified by the movement. A lot of pressure was placed on those not selling well. They were told lacked faith and that increased chanting and devotion would result in higher sales.

Bernard says that when "transcendental competition" was at its peak the hierarchy placed a quota on each individual who was then pressured into selling so many books a day.

A ridiculous situation arose when some temple dwellers were on the streets from seven in the morning to seven at night trying to meet their quota.

Bernard says the movement's latest move in the streets is for devotees to wear wigs and don ordinary street clothes. The movement hierarchy ordered this when it became obvious the shaven-headed people wearing saffron robes tended to free enterprise: under the Liberals philosophical commitment to the individual).}

At last, the thoroughly modern Billy show

MUNGO MacCALLUM

In a fragmentary interview with Michael Willesee last weekend, Snedden was able to summarise his views thus: "What I am concerned about is whether I am doing my job, whether I have formulated in my mind where Australia is to go, whether I can answer the questions that are going to be asked of me because you can always change your mind."

One expects this sort of inanity to spell it out than Snedden himself. Liberals philosophical commitment to the individual).
Squatting Blaze

SQUATTERS in a house in Camden are barricading against bailiffs. The place is owned by property speculators associated with Joe Levy, one of London's biggest property owners. The squatters had a tip-off that the police intended to evict them by entering through the roof early the next morning. They assembled in force but nothing happened. Later they learnt that the police had approached the local fire brigade and asked for men and ladders to help them flush out the squatters. The firemen, however, refused to assist, stating that they would not collude in creating a "police state". "Next time, they'll be asking us to turn our hoses on demonstrators," one of them said. Some of the firemen have added their names to a phone tree organised to mobilise support at short notice.

Dope famine

THE IRA bombing campaign in England and Northern Ireland is helping to create a serious dope famine. The army and customs are searching shipments like nobody's business. For serious dope famine. The army organised to mobilise support at early the next morning. They as­

Fuzz buzz

BRITAIN'S own politicalopiate is back in the lime light. They went through a bad patch in 1971 & 2, with allegations flying around about their using agent provocateurs, and planting active militants with explosives. In 1973 they got themselves a better PR, and even their own telly series, Special branch, which makes them out to be decent fair cop­

National men against sexism conference

TWO HUNDRED men (from about 30 groups) turned up for the 2nd national conference of Men Against Sexism, held in London. There was a creche manned by conference participants, and an all-male disco in the evening, which blew a lot of minds. Work­

Hunger strikers then & now

WOMEN'S liberation's getting a media boost in the current six week BBC series on the suf­fragettes. This week's episode highlighted force-feeding in full technicolor horror. Timely, con­

Jail bait bitten

FIOTR OLSZEWSKI

DEMONSTRATORS, including students and the Prison­ers Action Committee, disrupted Cobham in Middlesex this week when they booted, heckled, and jeered a magistrate presiding over a case against a Pent­ridge warder, William Henry Rodgers, 28.

Rodgers pleaded guilty to nine charges of trafficking tobacco, booz, magazines, vitamin pills and a gold cross and chain.

He was sentenced to one month in prison on the four counts, and fined £100 on each of five charges.

However, demonstrators were irate and called out that the case was a "whitewash" and that the magistrate "should be ashamed of himself".

The demonstrators spoke out because in their opinion the warder was really in court to face "escape club" charges. Affidavits signed by Pentridge prisoners dealt almost exclusively with de­tails of escape club set up by some warders, in particular Rodgers. The smuggling of whisky and cigarettes from the local chapter in East London was mentioned briefly in one affidavit. The prisoners - suspicious of Rodgers - refused to support these articles because they wanted to see if he was leading them on or not.

Here are the relevant sections from an affidavit of James Mc­Dade Gillespie.

"I was a member of H division and was placed in B division and at the time worked in the mill or '5' gang. A week before the time I was working in '5' gang as it is known I was spoken to by an officer by the name of 'Rodgers'. This officer elaborated on the discussion between myself and of­ficers at a meeting and said 'if I was still interested in escaping' "Gillespie, swallows of course). Thomson had offered Gillespie an escape for £2000."

"I had asked this officer, Mr Rodgers, if I still reply he could do me a favor by securing me a 2nd national conference article. He agreed to do this and for the price of £50 I was supplied with tobacco, vitamin pills and tobacco."

"Being with these articles I was again asked by this officer, Mr Rodgers, if I still had interest in escaping. I reply was 'not at this stage but I think I know of someone who wants a. He asked me to let this fellow know but not to mention his (the prison officer's) name until he gave a reply he could do me a favor by securing me a 2nd national conference article. He agreed to do this and for the price of £50 I was supplied with tobacco, vitamin pills and tobacco."

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Victorian police are recently embarking on a public relations exercise to boost recruitment to their force, according to their image-fostering media reports.

Chief police commissioner Jackson recently said there was a shortage of about 5000 police in Victoria now that police recruiting had improved so much that new training facilities might soon be needed.

Jackson himself received adverse publicity this week when the defence counsel in a "fixed" horse racing trial said that he might call for Jackson to be jailed for refusing to supply a criminal's criminal record in court. If the presiding magistrate can find no justification for Jackson's refusal to produce the records the defence will be forced — under section 45 of the Act — to call for an order jailing a witness (Jackson) who failed to produce a document, and this week the included the "signing off" of a woman police inspector, Grace Debner.

Debner was the first police woman to be appointed to the rank of superintendent, the first woman to be awarded the queen's police medal, the first woman to be named the police force as a detective; and the first woman authorised to drive a police car.

Debner, sometimes described as a "pioneer of women's lib in the force," was also called in to come police because they have proved themselves "as reliable, good workers and are capable of work in a wide field.

Reported that the sub-urban press were recently woosed at a special police conference at Fratun Street, police commissioner Jackson commended the Leader group of sub-urban newspapers for their "considerable interest" in the police office on the police force.

The purpose of the conference was to promote good relations between the police force and newspaper personnel with the police force's new publicity campaign.

The police training academies are giving the police increased opportunities to socialise and working with school children, taking pupils to the city baths and teaching them to swim, visiting and delivering meals to old people, and tutoring some tourists and myself that he was taking pupils to the city baths and delivering meals to old people, and tutoring some tourists and myself.

Chicago: The new police force, expected to replace the corrupt Chicago police force has initiated a massive "shakedown," but in order to prevent the police force from being used as a club against the police, there is a demand that the police force conduct a thorough investigation into the activities of the police force.

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G要求大家要对警察局的改革提出建议。
Traumas of a cocaine thief

MY WIFE and I live in Brisbane. We have been addicted to morphine, pethidine, methadone (or phystephe) and contrary to some articles I've read in Daylights (eg: The cure that kills, TLD 15) this drug is, in our case, a quite workable substitute for morph. It may be, as is often suggested, just replacing one addictive drug with another, but that suits our lifestyle at present so we continue on 30 mgs. a day.

The experience that causes me to put pen to paper happened recently while my wife and I were visiting Melbourne. We had been to see our doctor in Brisbane before leaving, and he prescribed us enough methadone to last us until we were back home. However, on the way down to Melbourne, the cylinder head cracked in our old FC Holden. We chugged on down topping up the radiator every 10 minutes and decided to have it repaired before returning north. This prolonged our stay in Melbourne by another week.

We needed more methadone so we went to a GP to get enough tabs to get us through the extra week away from Brisbane. The doc. seemed a little uncertain about whether to write the prescription or not, so he rang the AMA who knew precisely zero about where drug addiction was treated in Victoria. He must have come to the conclusion that ours was a genuine case, because he gave us 25 10mg. tabs each.

If there are any real cocaine addicts reading this they at least will understand methadone, though it's a brilliant substitute for morph in some cases, has no control over the sudden compelling drive that occurs whenever there's a chance for a shot of coke. And as fate would have it, while we were in the doctor's getting the methadone scripts, I spied on a shelf a bottle of cocaine hydrochloride. Five percent. It may be hard for most people to understand what coke addiction is like, but in my case (and my wife's not much different) once I've seen a whole bottle of that mind screwing stuff, the doc. wouldnt have to be a bastard to ask you to come around and fix the place up, and have the fuzz waiting. Maybe I'm naive, but at 9.15am that morning I came innocently walking down the path to the surgery by 10.30am next day. This I decided to do. Needless to say the doc. wasnt exactly delighted with my efforts, and after he'd taken a deep breath and exalting for about 30 menacing seconds he said: "Where's the coke bottle?" "Down the sink," said I. Bullshit, I could hear him think. "It has adrenalin in it and it will kill you if you touch the stuff." "I know," said 1. "That's why it's down the sink." I offered to pay lor the damage and repair the place myself if he wished (being a cabinet maker). He said to be at the surgery by 10.30am, money in hand.

Well, we thought, a guy would have to be a bastard to ask you to come around and fix the place up, and have the fuzz waiting. Maybe I'm naive, but at 9.15am that morning I came innocently walking down the path to the surgery --- full of repentance, tape measure in hand (to measure for the sheet of glass I had broken). On reaching the gate of the surgery I was somewhat taken aback by the ominous sight of silver handcuffs hanging from a blue arse. On a further brief study of the scene it was unmistakably one officer of the law standing in the doorway with his back to me. In another act of self preservation I split, bolting to the car, thinking what a dirty bastard of a doc. It's up to each person to decide whether the doctor was only giving back what I had coming to me, or whether the doc. is a dead shit for not allowing me the chance to make up for my own stupidity, in a more civilised manner than through the hopeless system of cops, courts and jails.

We leave for Brisbane tomorrow wondering when the long arm is most likely to descend on us, if at all. I guess I've learnt a lesson, though it's through that cloud of junk that clutters my brain when I think. First, don't burst a surgery unless you can get away with it; if your conscience gets the better of you or you figure you've made a mess of things, sit tight and wait it out, cause them doctors really don't understand what I'm mixed up by a drug problem.
Fink flicks ... frightful screen scenes

Sydney Filmmaker PHIL NOYCE, who's bikie movie Castor-and
pollux is screening at the Sydney Filmmakers Cinema in Sydney all this week recounts some of his experiences with a bikie gang, the Finks.

The Sydney Finks were operated in the inner suburban Leichhardt. Ken provided instructions for a dozen "energy" chocolate bars. He explained that the footage in which bikie raiders who molest virgins of a bikie town are doubled by drug addicts, and a dozen "energy" chocolate bars. He explained that the footage in which bikie raiders who molest virgins of a bikie town are doubled by drug addicts, and bikie raiders who molest virgins of a bikie town are doubled by drug addicts.

The Finks calendar is marked with the dates of the various official runs in the Finks Film Co. shop. April coincides with the Griffith wine festival and provides an important link with the commonwealth camera-er.

We struck the gang just after breakfast at a highway diner 50 miles the other side of Bathurst.

April coincides with the Griffith wine festival and provides an important link with the commonwealth camera-er.
It was only about four years ago that if you walked into a hardware store in East Sydney and asked for a bottle of methylated spirits, the owner would reply:

"To drink here or take away."

And if it was a winter night and you'd had your blankets stolen the first time your house was broken into, you could wander down a lane and warm your hands over the crackling remains of a house set alight in the brothel owners' garages and laundries of terrace houses. The police no longer prowled about in cars, cheered as they rode up on a footpath to turn a corner in the narrowest of lanes, watching silently, standing on the footpath doorstep waving bikinis or panties and bras. A few of the older women sometimes wore topcoats. Tilly Devine, Sydney's Grande Madame, was still alive, living quietly in a house near William street and by then considered respectable enough to have coats.

People fighting to keep their longheld shelter in the 'Loo against skyscrapers have already seen East Sydney go to the wall to wall carpet in front of the 'Loo anyway, even if the brothel owners are kept at bay. But back in the early part of 1969, and for most of its history before that, East Sydney was one big brothel, a square mile of fucking, 24 hours a day, so intense that in the pubs the petty crimes redone the area would register at least two on the Richter scale.

Business was so heavy that the earlier expansion out into the back alley sheds, garages and laundries of terrace houses was not enough. Now partitions offered two girls a garage.

In winter the girls placed small radiators in doorways so they could continue standing on the footpath doorstep wearing bikinis or panties and brass. A few of the older women sometimes wore topcoats. Tilly Devine, Sydney's Grande Madame, was still alive, living quietly in a house near William street and by then considered respectable enough to have coats.

Now the more sophisticated gigglers have moved into the little houses, "marvelling" at the Georgian bricks with comfortable, bored eyes and telling friends of the area's quaint seamy past. The police no longer prowled about in cars, cheered as they rode up on a footpath to turn a corner in the narrowest of lanes, watching silently as they went in and came out of the houses having made no arrest and avoided if they came within ten yards of you on foot. The crowds generally thought the situation to be a merry festive throng, a free sideshow with lots of girls to look at, always a fist-fight or two, drunken mates doing the footpaths, plenty of pubs, windows to smash if you were brave enough, doors to piss on, gutters to chuck in. Just like the Coogee Bay new year Mardi Gras, with prostitutes.

But there was probably less trouble than the Mardi Gras because of the order of the police to push through the doorways, plenty of pubs, windows to smash if you were brave enough, doors to pass, garters to chuck in. Just like the Coogee Bay new year Mardi Gras, with prostitutes.

This is the very house where without the Mardi Gras, with prostitutes.
Continued from page 9
out on to the footpath and aiming for the troublemaker. It was not unusual for those passing by watching at this part of the sideshow to find themselves the target of the glasses.

Most of the violence to the girls came from the pimps and the standover men and it was policy to keep it from the public, just as the gambling and strip clubs like to conduct their own brand of office politics away from the customers so business won’t go bad.

There was never trouble in the pubs though, they were as safe for the desperate as was the church before the Thomas a’Becket incident. The pubs were packed with the lower managerial rungs of the brothel owners and their friends and the lesser their role the bigger their revolvers.

Non-regulars quickly sensed that trouble would mean at least a knitting, probably a shooting and the arrival of the cops who only wanted their rake-off and .. . quietly.

The pubs are now crowded with car salesman with stylish beards and paunches, insurance clerks dandingly with hair to their collars - trying to look in varying make-up When not serving he cut-to-shape photograph of the manager in the hotel where the manager often served as just "the brothel area" possibly be-cause its reality frightened the people who liked their "sin" respectable, like in Kings Cross.

Kings Cross for decades gave East Sydney a shadow for the proprietors of public issues to ignore. The Cross has always been the district officially and approvingly stamped "Sin" by politicians and local aldermen, the sort of people who say it with a wink to impress overseas businessmen at an Australian-American Association lunch, describing the Cross as "freeway country" and the aforesaid gentlemen and naughty photos outside the strip joints as the city's safety valve. The same people who talk of Melbourne as a cemetery with neon lights, but who of course never mentioned East Sydney where their own little imaginations would be confronted in the streets.

The cement backyards where ploks would lie for days, groaning in agony, unable to reach the few inchet to another bostle of metho, are now paved with brick sometimes supporting the feet of the new supporters of the Labor party who stand over class and a joint discuss the politics of raising the con-sciousness of the worker.

Oxford street is perhaps East Sydney's only border that suggests what it was like. Scattered between the mostly shabby shops are doorways with fading tinsel signs pointing to stairs going either steeply up or steeply down to even shabbier one-roomed nightspots, each with its own brand of bad-perfumed humidity.

Oxford street and around Taylor Square has always been the rundown sister of Kings Cross where the tourists don't go. Freaks first made regular appearances in the cheap restaurants - art students from East Sydney technical col­lege who were called "Jesus Christs" even into the mid 60s and the eccentrics acceptable to newspapers because they fed pigeons in Hyde Park. They mingled with ambitious Greek cafe owners and Italian shoe store owners who didn't like the Maltese moving into Surry Hills.

In Oxford street now a section of the camp world has been able to set up its own version of what both the Cross and East Sydney have offered heterosexuals - a pickup joint, relatively un molested meeting places, and a knowing that cool's aberrations will be catered for at best and simply ignored at worst.

William street, which neatly divides East Sydney and the 'Loo on its way from the city to the Cross has car showrooms full of Bentleys, Jaguars and Mercedes. Along College street there is the museum, Sydney grammar school, RHS headquarters and other buildings representing the past. Elsewhere sur­rounding Sydney's skyscrapers began going up as the brothels began closing down.

There was one street, Yurong street, the last main street before the city centre border, where there were no brothels - only a call girl service in a block of flats and also East Sydney's one street tree, a dying sapling caged in mesh wire.

Flashing into half the homes were the neon reflections of a dozen or so signs: the most prominent being the bright red ABC on-off glow from one of the commis­sion's several buildings that kept within a respectful block or two of William street.

One stormy night an ABC crew was shooting sequences for its series Contra­band, requiring the firing of gunshots in an East Sydney street. Nobody took much notice of the third shot until blood started trickling down the gutter up the road from the filming. Mixed media.

But that was as far as any official cameras bothered to go. While camera crews combed the old Padding­ton, wandered through Newtown and had their counterparts in postgraduate sociol­ogy studies, nobody bothered about the area unique to the nation.

The morality of the brothel owners would at least allow for the ploks to keep a shelter in the area, but not so the renovators. The elderly man who wears a fez and pushes a metal box cart and the man who always has a cat sitting on top of his head sleep in the parks now. The girls, even if only in a beer-sodden senti­mentality, would defend the old resi­dents, the ploks and the un fashionable eccentrics of the city. New girls wouldst for a while. But they soon came round after experiencing the world of the pimp and the standover man.

If ever there was a clearer example of police acting for the vested interests of those who control the mainstream soci­ety, it was the closing of East Sydney. What had been either ignored or tolerated for decades (when land values were down in the inner residential areas) suddenly became the centre of moralising from the Advik government.

Flesh Valley had kept out the "re­spectable", land grabbers and wheeler dealers. What nice real estate agents could show big developers the "potential" of areas near where all that nasty stuff was going on? As the trend to inner city living, and the expansion of the central business district began, meeting in areas like East Sydney, the brothel owners had to do deals. The police were slow to act at first but the deals had been done at high levels.

Land prices surrounding East Sydney had gone up ten times in one year and who could overlook an investment that would return 1000 percent? So the police, who seem to little realize just what lackeys they are in such cases, acted upon their orders. Having done their own smaller deals with the standover men and girls.
Hundreds occupy council chamber

A mass meeting on campus was interrupted by news that a small spontaneous group had begun sitting in the corridor outside the vice-chancellor's office. David Lockwood—who was addressing the meeting at the time—called for people to join the occupiers. About 150 people then marched to the building. They decided to occupy the council chambers, the Mills Room of the university chancery. Once in the room, discussion began as to what were the exact demands they would put to university council which was meeting in the same room next morning. The discussion, which lasted for 12 hours, was free of violent arguments and disagreement, until news that a small number of heavyweights who wandered in to observe proceedings was reported. So the group settled down to try and explain our demands. And as the implications of our demands were progressive, they showed their true colors. It had already been decided we would accept no amendments to our motion, as we had vetoed the idea of compromise. We told council this. They proved impervious and proceeded to move amendments. Then they tried to pass a gutless compromise motion.

When we saw that it was useless to try and explain our demands to council, we walked out to reconvene at the union building. Once there, we voted to continue use direct action to gain the implementation of our demands and we decided we would accept no amendments to our motion, as we had vetoed the idea of compromise. We told council this. They proved impervious and proceeded to move amendments. Then they tried to pass a gutless compromise motion.

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NATIONAL U. continues to improve, though still hardly in the same class as its rival, Empire times. Twelve pages instead of eight made the last one a lot better. We can now have a longer news section. The page itself is laid out through-}

CENTRE SPREAD by Peter Conrick is an article entitled 'Some thoughts on the temporary nature' and asserts that "an effective leadership capable of directing and coordinating activities is required. I suspect that it's not as capable of directing and coordinating a period of quiescence". CENTRE SPREAD by Peter Conrick says that this is "of a temporary nature", and its failure to deal with the students concerned would not have the effect of . . .

ANTHONY FORWARD says that his "students will take to the streets in Thailand, Greece and Indonesia. While it has happened recently in Thai-}

Florida

FLINTS

Another foul-up on the Economics production line

In a recent article, Thomas in The Economists, a member of the National Union of Radical Political Economists (URPE) in the United States, wrote: "Ten years ago hundreds of thousands of students went on strike all over the country. The students were protesting against the way their way through Paul Samuelson's introductory text in an effort to learn economics. If they complained at the time, they considered that the book was wrong, not the university. A couple of weeks back I was looking through some of the old columns, and I have one that finished with the headline 'The Economics I: course is a failure'. Hancock has issued a polemic, a caricature of marxis-

Our heroes died in childbirth, from peritonitis, overwork, oppression, from bottled-up rage. Our gradines were never taught to read or write. We must find a fast debate to our ambitions. It must create a future adequate to our needs.

From an Empire times (Flinders) double page.
MELBOURNE

MELBOURNE THEATRE "GREAT" SCALE

**THEATRE\**

**MUSIC**

**POETRY**

**POLITICS**

**THEATRE**

**MELBOURNE**

**SYDNEY**

**ADelaide**

**SYDNEY**

**Adelaide**

**GALLERY**

**BOOK NOW**

**HIGHLIGHTS**

**ADRELAIDE**

**emann.**
SYDNEY

TUESDAY

PREPARED BY STEPHEN WALL, WHO ALSO ACTS AS T.J.O. OUTPOST AND COPY HOST, TUESDAYS AT 18 ARKUR STREET, SURRY HILLS, 689.2562.

THE ROCKY HORROR SHOW

ALIVE ON STAGE WITH REG LIVERMORE.

MUSIC, BOOK AND LYRICS BY RICHARD O BRIEN

DIRECTED BY RICHARD O BRIEN, ASSISTANT DIRECTOR, KARAN D. DAVIS.

THURSDAY, APRIL 23

8.00 PM AND 7.15 PM}

LIVE AT THE VIVADOOR.

SATURDAY, APRIL 25

8.00 PM AND 7.15 PM

LIVE AT THE VIVADOOR.

HARRY M. MILLER BY ARRANGEMENT WITH MICHAEL WHITE

The Rocky Horror Show

Music, Book and Lyrics by Richard O'Brien

Directed by Richard O'Brien, Assistant Director, Karan D. Davis

Staged by Stephen Wall, who also acts as T.J.O. outpost and copy host, Tuesdays at 18 Arthur Street, Surry Hills, 689.2562.
TUESDAY

MELBOURNE

MUSIC

[Event details...]

GATHERINGS

[Event details...]

TUESDAY

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WEDNESDAY

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THURSDAY

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MUSIC
**TUESDAY**

**SOUNDS**

- Moonshine Jug and String
  - Hackney Road, Hackney
  - Free

- Pooraka Hotel
  - Bridge Road, Pooraka
  - 8pm, $1

- Madder Lake
  - Festival Theatre, 8pm

- Makita
  - Don Polski's
  - 7.30pm

- The Jelly Legs
  - 10pm

- Our Selves
  - Radio Centre, 232 Angas Street, North East Road

- South Australian Symphony Orchestra
  - Concert Hall, 7.30pm

- Eliza and the Dinosaur
  - 10pm

- The Conformist
  - 9pm

**SUNDA Y**

- Pop: Eagle Hotel
  - Hindley Street

- Push
  - Pooraka Hotel

- Scorpion and The Offence
  - 197 Pulturne Street

- The Conformist and The Battle of Algiers
  - Midana Cinema, 21 Gilbert Place

**FRIDAY**

- The Conformist and The Battle of Algiers
  - see Friday

**SATURDAY**

- Scorpion and The Offence
  - see Friday

- Scorpion
  - 1pm

- Radio and TV
  - ABST2, 8pm

- Channel 7 Rock-A-Thon
  - 9pm

- Channel 7 rock
  - 9pm

- South Australian Symphony Orchestra
  - Concert Hall, 7.30pm

- The Conformist and The Battle of Algiers
  - see Friday

**WEDNESDAY**

- Malcolm's
  - 8pm

- The Last Picture Show
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Semester fight in reverse

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t has drawn attention to the extended vacations that many Victorian CAEs have. Thanks to campaigns over the past few years, many students have managed to force the university to reduce the number of academic days in a year, and thus the work load.

Melbourne tech is also the centre of a status problem long considered by the other CAEs as "the problem that does not die, but does, for better or for worse." Thus, the affair, according to its organisation, is a brilliant education in politics, and forget the students seems to be the only state to be left in the manner in which the affair is being run. The organisation of tertiary education in Victoria. No other state attempts to run through three different levels, it may be also the only state with such a brilliant educational system.

The affair is a brilliant education in politics, and forget the students seems to be the only state to be left in the manner in which the affair is being run. The organisation of tertiary education in Victoria. No other state attempts to run through three different levels, it may be also the only state with such a brilliant educational system.

Emmy McPherson College SRC (lovingly known as the "Carlton Cookbook") is having problems getting a copy of their constitution from the administration, so it can change it and gain more freedom. However, the demands and decisions on its status are strengthening the argument that the Australian government should be replaced as well as finance tertiary education in Victoria.

SUCCESSION, it must be noted. In March. Take, for example, the venerable West Australian, April 18, the banner reads WA to keep going. So you read on and you're into something like this... God save the queen will remove the SOTNE of the government's NATIONAL anthem. Straightaway, any humorist will realise the implications that maybe Charles Court and his cabinet already see WA as a nation unto itself.

But to add more color to the tapestry, Court decided that for sporting or other occasions an appropriate "alternate" anthem will be chosen. So yours truly could only learn with the supposition that there will be the March of the Hamleys iron ore, (or the Overture to Mitsubishi in F major.

Then 400 miles north of the capital, Melbourne, the sovereign of Hutt River, and no 20 years...). Students last week said they were wondering whether their next handout was going to be a cheque for $5000 or a letter saying that the university had decided to reverse its decision to increase fees.

THE infamous Australian Union of Students (remember the last time? More to come! Better still, try to forget) has once again proved its lack of direction. The current triumvirate — Social Action/ Environment Conference, people "dedicated to social change and improving the environment and quality of life" — raised $6000. That was surprising, we knew the two groups greenies and power freaks — started off in negotiations and a truce for 15 to 20 years...). Students last week were anxious about the current trial timetable of two weeks. The power freaks, on the one side, argued that what was necessary for the trip is estimated at $100

 Monash

AUS

150 going on long march

AFTER MANY moons the Long March against NW cape reaches Perth (see Daylights 14), Perth, 500 miles north of the capital, is home of Uni-West. And after all these years and days, the Long March doesn’t achieve much, at least someone may lead us towards a course of action.

The Perth Long March organisers are Rev Alcock and Rod Cole (ex editor Grok), and David Parker, guild vice-president. The Perth committee is:

1) Organising Perth buses: cost for the trip is estimated at $1000

2) Preparing accommodation housing

3) The permitted propaganda: all of which is supported and to an extent funded by student organisations.

The danger of violence has been appropriately raised by the most dangerous people themselves, the commission of police and court department. It would be reasonable to expect police interference for the whole length of the WA. The primary aim of the movement, according to GOAL, is to "make people aware of the problem and the need for an expansion into other fields of media, video, film and radio. All of which are necessarily becoming more feasible as communications means for a campus the size of ours. The other good feature of such publicising is that it enables us to work on our long standing dependence on eastern states news service and propaganda which are becoming increasingly insidious to us.

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WHAT a spend Easter

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THE minister for child welfare in NSW announced recently that there would be a reform of the child welfare act. And suddenly that widesweeping "reforms" would probably follow. His announcement was given prominent coverage in the daily newspapers — unlike the inside workings of the department which, up to the present time, has operated through closed courts and closed institutions.

In recent years, there have been tiny signs that the security of the department is cracking. There have been articles in the alternative press, demonstrations by the women movement and even a bit of material on the ABC. Scandal after scandal has emerged from its adult counterpart, the corrective services department, headed by Maddison.

Healey, the minister, has responded to this pressure, but, notably, not with an "inquiry" but with a "review". Once again, information will be kept from outsiders. All we'll hear of the review will be broad policy statements — there'll be no chance to know if they are any closer to the truth than the usual bullshit. Not that an inquiry, especially if it was run by the government, would tell us everything anyway.

In recent weeks I have been talking to the Rileys, of Greenacre in Sydney's western suburbs. Mrs Riley is the mother of four children — Marlene (27), Stephen (who was killed several years ago in a car accident), Gary (24, now in Parramatta jail) and Christine (14). Darby, a close friend of the whole family, is a mate of Gary's who spent time with him in Gosford state wards; and the boys settled down with their foster parents. Gary was sort of by you. They just fed you, told you to sit on your head was so worried she kept him home for a month because their father had nowhere to live. But still and all, we were together. When a kid is taken away from something like that, it hurts. It hurt me and I'm a grownup.

MARLENE: When we were all split up, I got on pretty well with the other girls in Parramatta. At first I just couldnt take it. One afternoon, I got the kid and half killed him. I bashed hell out of him and ran away. I got quite a shock too. I reckoned they were doing the right thing. It seems to run out but if I got into debt I just had to put money she got from Welfare. She was a sadist, fair dinkum. She made me sit on an afternoon, I got the kid and half killed him. I bashed hell out of him and ran away. I got quite a shock too. I reckoned they were doing the right thing.

"It seems to run in the family"

A mother and daughter tell WENDY BACON how the state tore their family to shreds

MRS RILEY: I left their father in 1956 because of drunkenness. He wouldn't work, so I had to work to keep the kiddies. It was too much and he wouldn't work so I had to leave him. A girlfriend took the kiddies over to my mother. Their father followed them and my uncle shot him in the leg. The kids were then put on welfare. My mother didn't tell me until it was too late in case I went back to him. She thought it was best for me and the kids to stay away from him which it was, too. The kids were made state wards and sent to Sydney. Before all this, the father we would leave her there. But until she was 14. They kept telling us that she was with the same people all the time. We talked it over and decided that if she thought that was her real mother and father we would leave her there. But when she was put in Linwood Hall for running away, she asked to see her real parents. We went to see her and took her out straight away. (That was just after my eldest brother Steve was killed.) Apparently they had been moving her around to different foster people. She'd had a rotten time .. . but even we were just another set of strangers. We tried to give her everything to make up for that but I don't think she ever felt like one of us. Perhaps it would have been better if we hadn't done so much for her.

Steve was more stable than Gary or I. When he was old enough to work he came out and got a job. He went okay.

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Marlene at Parramatta

MARLENE: When we were first made state wards, Chris — who was only three — and I were sent to Bidura; and the boys were in a place down the road. It was really horrible because we'd never been away from Mum before. We'd see the boys at the pictures on Saturday and wave to them. Then they took the boys away but wouldn't tell us where. Then they took Christine away. No there I was by myself with all these strangers who reckoned they were doing the right thing by you. They fed you, told you to have a shower and go to bed. They wanted you to forget that you had a brother and sister at all.

MRS RILEY: The boys were sent to a place in the Blue Mountains. The head was a good fellow who lived at the home with his family and the boys settled down alright. Then Stephen was sent out to some foster people, Gary was sort of shocked after this .. . the wife of the head was so worried she kept him home from school with her. I used to go up every fortnight. Gary looked like some one who was very ill — you know how they look, very old and with this queer look in their eye. I got quite a shock too. Steph had gone but that's what they do. You've got no say. After that Gary got very obstinate .. .

When we were together. When a kid is taken away something like that, it hurts. It hurt me and I'm a grownup.

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Steve was more stable than Gary or I. When he was old enough to work he came out and got a job. He went okay.
I couldnt stand. I vowed after I left my auntys that I would never back down to anyone again. I wanted to play up, so everyone had to play up. There was a girl that stood at the end of the dormitory (it held 40) and shouted, "shut up you girls or we'll lose our privileges". Then I'd yell out: "Get fucked, play up, make all the noise you like, bugger 'em."

They used to put us in solitary but they couldn't keep us there for more than 72 hours. Bashings were automatic - if you got into trouble, straight up to the males. Not just slaps, they'd punch you, knock your block right off. Some of them would just do things like slap your face until your ears rang but if you cried you'd get it worse. The best thing to do was stand there and take it.

We used to get rotten food in those days - there was maggots in the milo and weeps in the pork pies. In our cells there was a lot of tension - there was one particular woman, a senior officer who was there to bash us. When we had visitors we were searched because some of the girls used to smoke in - they might light up themselves in place. Well, we had to strip right off and hold our arms out, and jump up and down. She'd be feeling you.

A lot of girls wanted to have a go at her. The tension mounted so much that one day we gave her a real bashing. Then we went mad and ran out, one would follow the other like sheep, when we went visitors we were searched because some of the girls used to smoke in - they might light up themselves in place. We were searched everywhere - there was maggots in the milo and weeps in the pork pies.

As the first arrivals.

Mary: We arrived in what seem to be the middle of the desert at six o'clock at night. Outside the jail didn't look too bad but as soon as you got through the grills it was rotten. The only thing that was sweet was the hallway.

The cell was full of spider webs. There was a mattress and one blanket, a little table and a stool to put your meals in and a small table. There was a little window near the ceiling with three bars across it.

During the first weeks we had to scrape the inch thick whitewash from the walls and paint the cell. That took me three days. I looked anyone in the face. That was really hard for me. Mum had always taught me to look people in the eye - if they don't to me I think they are sneaky.

They used to give you a bucket at night to go to the toilets in.

When they came in the morning at six o'clock you had to be standing on the mat, facing the door, with your eyes down. If you weren't you got a "bouncing" - that's half a meal. If you gave any cheek or anything, then you'd be unprivileged and miss out on the meals altogether. I got so many "bouncing" that I was skinny like a rake.

They used to give you a bucket at night to go to the toilets in.

When you got up to six feet apart no matter where you are, even in the showrooms. We were made to everywhere lift our knees right up. You're not allowed to look anyone in the face. That was really hard for me. Mum had always taught me to look people in the eye - if they don't to me I think they are sneaky.

But we were drilled not to talk to them, not to look in the eye, and if we did, it was a "bouncing".

There was only 14 of you, so you couldn't go to the drop. We stripped, put our pants on, whispered it made a great echo. Before you could say anything you had to click your feet, stand to attention with your arms straight up in the air, like a soldier and say "report to you miss". They might keep you standing there for 15 minutes. If you said you wanted to go to the toilets, they'd say: "on the double", then you'd click your feet and run as fast as you could there and back. If you were too slow you'd get it again.

When the sewerage busted we had to clear it out. Believe it or not this was the best job. I think we wouldnt have done it because you couldn't stand the smell of shit.

We were allowed to talk for 10 minutes every day. We sat on the verandah, crookleged and six feet apart. You still weren't allowed to look at anyone. I had to talk about the weather and things like that. Hullo Marlene, it's been a nice day hasn't it. Yeah. If you didn't speak loud enough, they'd yell out. Then you had to yell, "Hullo sir, how are you today, sir?". That was recreation.

If someone got a parcel, it was shared out on Sundays. We'd sit at the table six feet apart and a screw would walk around and share out equal amounts. Then they'd say "eat it".

I got so many 'bouncings' that I was as skinny as a rake.

The worst bastard was one particular screw. He used to come up and scream in your ear. "What's the fucking matter with you?" If she was new and cried, he'd laugh in her face. He was a real sadist.

He came undone this way: every night when the women had their tea break, one was meant to stay with us in the cell block. He used to tell them all to go off because he could manage okay. Then he'd go into any cell that he wanted to and put the word on. The girls were so terrified that about ten of them let him in. He used to tell them all to go off, and say "report to you miss".

There was a lot of tension - there was one particular woman, a senior officer who was there to bash us. When we had visitors we were searched because some of the girls used to smoke in - they might light up themselves in place.

We were made to march everywhere. We were made to march everywhere. It kept on going ... when we got up to six feet apart no matter where you are, even in the showrooms.

There was a lot of tension - there was one particular woman, a senior officer who was there to bash us. When we had visitors we were searched because some of the girls used to smoke in - they might light up themselves in place.

They have a point system. You've got no idea how you'd have to do it again. If one girl was slow he'd yell "report to you miss". They might keep you standing there for 15 minutes. If one of them could see me. Next thing they came up and looked at me. I stood there. He said: "You were talking to Flanagan." I said: "No sir". He said: "Are you calling me a liar?" I said: "No sir."

"Yes sir". He said: "You don't talk to anyone again. I wanted to play up, so I put up my hands to feel the blood. He hit me in the head and said: "Don't move unless you're told to". He said go to the grille and face it, so I ran out. "Yes sir, report to you sir." He said: "Yeah, get Big Bertha out."

So I had to get this kit of sandstone about two and a half feet long, very thick and wide. You've got to squat down and push. We had this kit to go down to Flanagan. It's alright when you first kick off but it gets a bit hard after a while. I did that for about two hours. Then he came out. He said: "Mum."

"I knew I had to stand to attention, but when I tried to get up I couldn't. My legs were absolutely. He knocked me off my feet and ordered me up to the cells. He ran up to the cells with my blank hat and air like we had to. I came to attention at the cells door. He told me to put my clothes on and told me to scrape it in two grooves in the bars. I stood there doing that until 10 o'clock that night.

I missed out on my Sunday egg.

Next morning they came and gave me a mattress and blanket. I was still standing there with nothing on and it was pretty cold. They gave me a tub to sit in. Then I saw that I could sit on the tub and keep scraping. It seemed alright to me.

Inside was another cell - you know, like in the cowboy movies. They gave me an iron bed and a small table and told me to scrape it in two grooves in the bars. I stood there doing that until 10 o'clock that night.

It was the best job.

The men wouldn't come near you ... they couldn't stand the smell of shit.

HAWKINS, the minister for child welfare in 1961, in his report for that year praised the "overcrowding" at Parramatta. Of the boys he went on to say: "Throughout the unsettled period, discipline was not permitted and was confined to a small group of girls. Although given ample opportunity to account for her behavior, your girl could give a satisfactory reason ..."
Continued from page 19
right Darb. Then they said, “Muzzo!” So I said: “You’re not allowed to talk about what you’re here for. You’re not allowed to talk about, for God sake, you’re just got to talk about things that have happened.” Well you don’t want to know because there’s no wine, nothing, so all you could say was: “Jeans it’s a group name” and “Jeans I worked hard today ...” You can’t just walk around doing that.

In bed at night, you’ve got to lie with your hands out even if it’s freezing. So you’ve got to wrap yourself up. I got that thin up there. I was 15 when I went there. About five foot ten and about and a half stone. I got down to six stone. They had to send for the doctor. They said: “When are you going to do the kid?” Dead set, I used to shed three or four stone the time. After that they had to give me pills and fed me up a bit. But I’ve never recovered from that joint.

I can’t remember who brought me up didn’t know what was going on because she couldn’t read or write so I wrote to my sister Ann and they came up to see me, but I couldn’t talk to them or nothing. They went and got a couple of kids about it to try and get something done.

MARLENE: If you forget to say “yes sir” or “no ma’am” then you were on a bounce. So when you first get there you hardly get any food. They work you like dogs.

When I went home I hated it. I was terrified. I got a job but the boss was perving up my dress. (I didn’t like that. I thought they should let the girls up.) I had a go at him. So I got the sack. I got together with some girls from Parramatta and eventually went to see my mum. I was 15. Mum and mem were only living in a room, and I felt I’d better be off without me. I’ll go out on my own. I thought. I know, big 15 year old.

I felt as though I was on my own when I came out. I didn’t like nice girls. I liked the ones in Parramatta because we had been through so much together.

MRS RILEY: Anyone has got to be in those jumped of places to know what a difference it is when you come out. After Marlene was in Parramatta she was practically marching around the streets. You’d sing out and she’d pull up. That’s no good for the street. I guess she’s a better one.

Gary ran away from a boy’s home; for that he was sent to Gosford, and he was there for a year and a half. Then later, when he was old enough to get out. The running away was the only thing that these kids can do. I can’t talk to them. If you call that an offence. There was a silly little thing much ado about nothing. Gary was only a boy stuff.

In those homes, the boys (I know so many from around here) have their groups. They share things. When they get out they get the same and that’s better that they can share it and it’s everyone for himself.

Gary Riley was released from Gosford at the age of 16. When he

Page 20 — THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS — april 23-29, 1974
MORE tours have been confirmed to threaten your pockets: on may 15, Willie Dixon, writer and producer of such hits as 'brutal', recorded his new release, 'ienswarming', at 7th and counsellors and other all-time greats, will hit Australia with the "Chicago Blues All Stars." The All Stars consist of Carry Bell (piano), Clifton James (trumpet), another guitarist who is at present nameless, and son Freddie Dixon who rehires Willie on double role. In Melbourne they will be touring throughout Australia and NZ with Dixon and Sid Rumpo will be a bonus for Perth and Adelaide audiences. Next see week's "Bright Lights" for tour dates and venues.

All for the sake of one word! Rumors of an impending breakup for "The Vagabonds" will be back in Australia before the year is out — so anyone who missed him would be a boon for music lovers of all ages.

On one level, was decidedly decadent and tasteless but on another level, was extraordinarily clever. Take, for example, "Stranded". ferry's second album "For your pleasure."

There's a new sensation... A fabulous creation... A danceable solution... To teenage revolution... "Ferry of the sky
evening... For teenagers only...

ファーリークロス

THREE FOOLISH THINGS: Bryan Ferry (Island. L5051).

Two years ago the dominant avant garde pop music was coming from groups like Pink Floyd, Deep Purple and Jethro Tull. It was a kind of late reaction to the 1966-67 psych- edelic-acid-power-romantic-psychedelic phenomenons and as sure as psychedelia was doomed to be superseded on the assembly line of adolescent fads so also was its musical by-product. Until recently no particular new musical form had emerged to challenge psychedelic rock. Only since midway through the last year with the arrival of Berlin, Transformed and Alasdair sane the idea of the third dimension has arrived in the pop music scene. It was always there. The "webkit" on which his band has been picking up for airplay. I fear they may have forgotten for us the Springboks rugby tours. In any case the reviews have gone mad this week. It may come as a relief (or torment) to know that Elton John recently placed Frank Sinatra's "Songs for younger lovers at 37 in his Top 100 albums — just one point above Dylan's 'Blonde on blonde'."

Music, a group who, for some inexplicable reason, has been largely ignored in this country, have had "Roxy Music" badly simply because they haven't understood what Bryan Ferry has been trying to do. Wood like freaks, decadent, tasteless have been thrown around by people not able to see beyond the positively bizarre rock 'n' roll and the bizarre image making. They couldnt see that lead singer pianist and composer Ferry was not cashing in on the glitter-freak-transvestite scene. Ferry created a classic 1950s rock 'n' roll band saxophone, piano, drums and two guitars, he used his decided white, at times pre-slyedly voice, his ability to write songs with 50s themes and 70s lyrics, and the cosmic sound of Brian Eno (now replaced by Edie Jobon) to create that rare thing, a genuinely original sound. The result, on one level, was decidedly decadent and tasteless but on another level, was extraordinarily clever. Take, for example, "Stranded". ferry's second album "For your pleasure."

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Continued from page 21

SOPHISTICATED ROLLING STONES and Bob Dylan material and on another it is some of the most dire music to have massed under the name of pop. Always Ferry's musical and vocal treatment is unusual at the same time as an act of devotion and send-up. The subtle elaborations of theconcept music exaggerate the limitations of early rock kitsch and Ferry's vocals, guitar playing and five-piece balance delicately on the edge of thoughtful reinterpretation and doo-wop bubblegum.

To play Stranded directly after these foolish things is to see exactly how Bryan Ferry has metamorphosed 50s music into the 70s.

Starting with the 4/4 rock 'n' roll beat belted out by the drummer and bassist (it is interesting that Roxy Music has never had a permanent bassist - precious qualities, voice, violin, saxophone, oboe, guitar and piano to weave fantastic melodic elaborations around the everpresent beat. The beat is raw, simple, 50s and the melodies, which generate so much of the group's intellectual and emotional power, are the sophistication of the 70s.

Consider the album's most successful track, Mother of pearl, which opens with a raunchiness and violence reminiscent of the Stones and after three verses swirls away into a jerky, almost Tuli-based attack on suburban trends.

Then verses like:

Beat the plastic you
Are a refrigerator
Are a fridge
Are a raw and unforgiving cold

Beat the plastic you
Are a plastic
Are a raw and unforgiving cold

This is a double album record - 816 out of 25.

MARGARET McCINTYRE

"So it five people down and have them listen to and review 21 records in one evening is lunacy. And since that is what we did, don't expect anything else. Each person gave a mark out of five according to their tastes - 50 according to their tastes - 50 according to their tastes. This is a pleasant and enjoyable record.

Linda Ronstadt: Don't cry now - Asylum (WEA). 1256 out of 25.

Her version of Silver threads is great, but so was Dusty Springtime. Her voice would melt butter. The Carlton Club of the Country Music Association will be able to lock the doors and dream off to Korumburra.

Lynden: "Oh, it's awful. It's schmaltzy."

Deke Leonard: Iceberg - United Artists (Festival). 3 out of 5.

All we know about Deke is that he is a Welsh guitarist, that his band as well as the album is called Iceberg, that he's now left "Iceberg" and that his solo album Kamikaze has received favorable critic the world over however - I'm bored still. "Yeah, I've spent many a happy hour not listening to this" Breston: "It looks like Saddle trying to play like Led Zeppelin from the bottom of a fish tank."

Scaffold: Fresh liver - Island (WEA). 1826 out of 25.

This is the man who left Strawbs and has another 50s album with some great lines. He's OK - starts off really well, she's OK - rolls back where it belongs - in the gutter.


A duo - that much is obvious. Although, suitable when elaborated and developed, moves naturally into England's evening, worthy of the metaphysicals, where Ferry equates the sun with a departing lover.

On such a shame you must leave.

All day long you were a friend to me
Still the moon is comfort until morning.

Perhaps the track Just for you, a haunting and powerfully emotional ballad could perfectly Ferry's mixture of 50s sentiment and post Dylan lyrical thoughtfulness. But short of the fact that Denis Lambert and George" With smatterings of Gilbert and Sullivan's and their performance falls somewhere between comedy, poetry, and their performance falls somewhere between comedy, poetry, and the musical 's world - however - I'm bored still. "Yeah, I've spent many a happy hour not listening to this." Breston: "It looks like Saddle trying to play like Led Zeppelin from the bottom of a fish tank."

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PRELIMINARIES FOR WORKING WITH A PARTNER

Some people can achieve orgasm easily by masturbation, and yet, when with someone else, find it impossible to reach a climax. Men more often find they reach a climax too soon. It is extremely important when working with a partner that you maintain direct and communication with that person so that you can experience the feeling you create on your partner's body, and allow them to occur, and also be aware of the presence and effect of the other person upon you, and upon him. This coincidence of feeling, or coming together, is part of the goal you will work towards.

As I have said before, these exercises will put you in a place with each other where it is true whether you are working alone or with a partner. You may have added discomfort if you are not used to touching yourself. You may feel that they're overwhelming, put yourself on your iceberg, you may never get to them again. It is extremely important when working with a partner that you maintain direct communication with that person so that you can experience the feeling you create on your partner's body, and allow them to occur, and also be aware of the presence and effect of the other person upon you, and upon him. This coincidence of feeling, or coming together, is part of the goal you will work towards.

Some people believe that because someone is crying or is in his feelings, something has to be done about it. In this work, you are free of demands before you begin. The "active" partner is the one who asks the questions, makes the requests, and "mandates" what he or she will do. The "passive" partner, as she inhales, brings her chest up first and then her belly; as she exhales, she brings her belly up first and then her chest. The "active" partner will feel the energy from your hand. The "passive" partner may notice quite a bit of nervousness now and that the "active" partner is nervous too. Your "passive" partner may feel the nervousness and feel the other person's rhythm. You may feel like you're going to kill yourself out in a couple of minutes. You have a safety valve; you can always shut the energy off. If the vibrations become so strong that you feel that they're overwhelming, put yourself on your iceberg, you may never get to them again. It is extremely important when working with a partner that you maintain direct and communication with that person so that you can experience the feeling you create on your partner's body, and allow them to occur, and also be aware of the presence and effect of the other person upon you, and upon him. This coincidence of feeling, or coming together, is part of the goal you will work towards.

Now share your experiences verbally with your partner; talk about what you discovered about yourself and about her. Share how it felt for you and for her. You may feel like you're going to kill yourself out in a couple of minutes. You have a safety valve; you can always shut the energy off. If the vibrations become so strong that you feel that they're overwhelming, put yourself on your iceberg, you may never get to them again. It is extremely important when working with a partner that you maintain direct and communication with that person so that you can experience the feeling you create on your partner's body, and allow them to occur, and also be aware of the presence and effect of the other person upon you, and upon him. This coincidence of feeling, or coming together, is part of the goal you will work towards.
**Dope:**

1. **Grass Mask (on white)**
2. **Dope Quote of the Week**
3. **Activotists Dorwin**
4. **Drug Squead chief Ian Lane, because of...**
5. **BANG THE NARKS**
6. **METHOD**
7. **DOPE FINK OF THE WEEK**
8. **Super Smoking**
9. **Amazing Seed Offer**

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**Grass Mask (on white)**

- **Super Smoking**

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**Dope Quote of the Week**

Greg to Arthur Stuart-Morrison: "I have recently appeared in Cairns magistrates court on possession and growing charge. During the hearing, North's assertion differs from that of the defendant was substantiated. It is informed that $30,000 worth of dope he was growing had been burnt, he said, "My terrible mistake."

Norton was busted while paddling surf ski half a mile from shore — his kit was intercepted by Cairns police, Rita. Police said that after Norton was taken aboard he was shown two dope plants that had been found. He was asked if he knew anything about the plants — the Cairns post takes the utmost capacities. He lied, "Yes brother follow me" and showed the police officer two large bag plastic pliables containing 11 small bags of caliphed and screened and that smoke as cool as a water pipe without the trouble of water."

McRoach couldn't really imagine it, but it exists — "it's a 2 Benzer pipe that's "too unique that it has a patent pending". Wow! The pipe is actually a long piece of flexible tubing that can be bent into any shape and costs you $4.29 a piece.

There are many other ultra commercial gimmicks around. Loop dip carrying pieces on it. There is a real functional pieces of wood with marijuana incisions on it. It leaves it around and impress your friends, etc. too many to mention. Soon some profit oriented head will come along with a patented filter tippee jointed precooked in 20s. However, if you enjoy smoking to make your own. For example you can make a super hookah out of recycled waste materials for "how to make" instructions send to McRoach, or buy next week's TLD.

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**Activotists Dorwin**

- **Dope Charges Talk of Noosa**
- **Amazing Seed Offer**

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**Grass Mask (on white)**

- **DOPE SQUEAD chief Ian Lane, because of...**

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**BANG THE NARKS**

- **AMAZING SEED OFFER**

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**Dope Charges Talk of Noosa**

The large number of persons charged and convicted for drug offenses in the Noosa-Tewantin area has caused a lot of talk in the Noosa-Tewantin area. There has been much criticism of police methods in obtaining evidence and entry to premises. It has been reported that many of those charged would not agree to defend the charges against themselves and so took the easy way out and pleaded guilty. This casual approach not only benefits to drug charges, but one which applies to many people in our society. Pursued to the Nth degree, the individual, however, might fail to light when interrogated, could see his charges filled with wrongly convoluted people.

I would like to find out if some people charged, protested their innocence, were allowed to take their course, so that all the evidence and counter charges against people could be considered. If the Federal Government present attempts to provide full legal aid to those in need of it would certainly benefit the innocent and ensure that the difference between "convicted" and "pleaded guilty" would be a true reflection of the facts.

**Amazing Seed Offer**

- **Play Seedotto**
- **Seedotto**

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**WARNING**: Ingestion of large amounts of cannabis has been determined by the surgeon-general to remove 57 percent of all human aggression.
A missionary in our midst?

WITH regard to the recent Total organ (Daylight 14, how to get to (?) etc), it seems to me that you may not have understood what we can assume that females and males are advised to do all the exercises BIHT looking at the pictures most of the positions for the "below" role are drawn to the main and the "above" role to the man. It looks like the "staircase" position (except on occasional) is being encouraged. It's also odd that the man was clutched when he frontal penis view was required — a modest artist who can bring her or him to draw a penis hanging from a great height?

CASSANDRA GRAHAME
Neutral Bay, NSW

Worth 1000 Words

HOW ABOUT SOME MORE OF YOUR BEAUTIFUL, NO-REASONS PAGES OF PICTURES WITHOUT WORDS. DONE BY LOVING PEOPLE.

Getting soft

WHAT happened to the famous "weekly flash of sel, seldom and sex, bursting and crowding with earthy and alive manner"? I fear you are submitting to "weedy hurdy-gurdy of desire" the depressed horrors of everyday media and party platform tear-jerking? At regular quarters, someone that first masterpiece of literary anarchy and daring has already delivered what you promised last year?

As for your proposed Brisbane meeting, it seems there have been in from the start. It's a great town when you can buy pot to pay for your worthless plastic careers and jump into the back rooms. I cannot remember a single meaningful mention of our fine city in your rag that wasn't spread out of the typewriter of some sponorl, cynical, southsider.

A note to Margaret Macphyre. How about some mention of Railroad Gin? Apparently, Swingers has never heard of U of Q or James Cook U or QIT or the Queensland teachers college. Wake up — you're getting soft.

CLIVE COOK
Northside

A cool rag...to riches

WHILE SETTING (straight) on the but the other evening after a hard (straight) day's work, I purchased to glance across the way towards a fellow passer- by who appeared engrossed in a copy of Daylight's (probably the No. 14 edition), whilst stroking the nobby pro-


Third World's 2nd mention

IN Piet Oborne's story (Daylight, 14), I was quoted as saying that this is the Third World Bookshop, as Victorian agent for Ribald and Screws. I wish to emphasize that the shop is not the Victorian agent for Ribald or Screws, or anyone else. The shop is Ribald, and Screws, and it may be the only such retailer in Victo-

NC, but that does not make the shop agent.

Would you please correct this unfor-

mation misquotation in your next issue.

LEW CARR
Manager, Third World Bookshop,
Melbourne, Vic

Carnita Blue Boys

IT IS a pity that Sth Prabhupada's movement has been given such publicity of late. I have seen articles which are supposedly settling out. It then

ment ponds where any untreated solids are supposedly settling out. It then

is the anerobic digestation system, (no reference to Americans intended)

As many people just don't know, I thought I would mention a couple of facts. Firstly, there are two types of treatment of disposals and shit. There is the septic digestion system, commonly known as the septic tank (no reference to Americans intended) and the aerobic disposal system, which is used by most municipal authorities. This consists of a large, above ground tank into which all the local sewerage pipes converge.

Large quantities of air are pumped into the tank, this activates certain organisms with eating harmful bac-

hieria. After this, the liquid (which it at this stage) is chlorinated and some-

times channelled through large settle-

merit ponds where any untreated solids are supposedly settling out. It then runs out into rivers, oceans, etc. This is a reasonably effective method of dis-

posal but unfortunately it is wholly unprofitable and uneco.

MARGARET LEVY
Melbourne, Vic

Poor Old Brisbane

REALLY last time that I heard was returned to the Victoria, and removed from the forum of modern Brisbane. I would point out that you have not Marley and, basic sense of taste, so where does that leave them.

So what, pass us another tube mate. So what, pass us another tube mate. So what, pass us another tube mate. So what, pass us another tube mate.

RONG WELCH
Kemmgton, SA

Ten Letters & Things to P.O. Box 4321 BS
G.P.O. Melbourne,
Victoria, 3001

Paper & cans

RE. Veronica Perry's article (Daylight, 14). It's been suggested by some of my more negative friends that can taking to re-cycling centres probably end up at the tip. Do you (or she) have any info?

ANON
Bondi, NSW

Shit a brick

I READ with much enjoyment, delight, relief, and pet deblind, your article The ecology of shit (Daylight 12). I would first of all be allayed and recognised for its barman literary merit.

As many people just don't know, I thought I would mention a couple of facts. Firstly, there are two types of treatment of disposals and shit. There is the septic digestion system, commonly known as the septic tank (no reference to Americans intended), and the aerobic digestion system, which is used by most municipal authorities. This consists of a large, above ground tank into which all the local sewerage pipes converge.

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posal but unfortunately it is wholly unprofitable and uneco.

MARGARET LEVY
Melbourne, Vic

The Living Daylights — April 23-29, 1974 — Page 25
The Shit Conspiracy

Parliamentary Politics versus The Separate Reality

GRAEME DUNSTAN

The Daylights

50 The Living Daylights take up the perfect position for political, parliamentary and separate realities. The cover looks like a naked Russian reviewer. The editors announce the in-thing to do is to get your name on the electoral roll (it’s a shoo-in and even Gumbro is involved and going!) and Munro MacCallum, the much adored journalist warrior of Labor’s last victorious battle, weighs in “with a blast from Canberra”.

And good things and bad things are gonna powder the flowers grey, says Munro, they’re gonna roundup the draft dodgers, says Gumbro. It’s fancy and emotional and all very confusing. Yes, the Liberal and Country parties and the DLP are bad news. But not that it is news, I would like to assume that it is a general consensus among Daylight readers, that Boonridge would, if he could, be as devious as Nazis but he doesn’t have the talent.

So I guess it was an historic edition of the paper. I can hear the Canbera press gallery murmuring “the day dumbfounded grew up” and so on. The new editorial policy does seem to have that tone for there was a startling lack of reverence in the non-partisan, non-ideological democracy. It was done with a combination of hip, and mindfulness and very. As an editor, I thought it was a success. I even managed to conceivably all the arguments and yet, and yet. Am I easy or is it the world? When did it become so imperative to my life to vote Labor or even to vote? Is it my load or is it the load of the Daylights office?

For further reference: all info came from Sue Fulle, Jim Ken, Luke Rishardt, I am fair and helpful, just a name-dropper. "GUS BOODLE"

Tisdell repents

GEE Boodle, fellow, gosh I’m sorry, I won’t get your facts wrong and be a naughty boy anymore. I admit I did tell fibre and there was one good truth the dinky di mistake. But what’s in a name? Who cares what I name matters all that much Duby Boy/Boyd boy (yawn). I mean to repeat that I have post graduate qualifications in apathy but after reading the bullshit in Pelican for a couple of years I decided to get off my back and do a diploma in knicking. Then at least you can accuse me of having anything but a total apathetic. And I am glad to say that you do acknowledge that Pelican is a valuable resource. I think I was in WA 23011 and somebody will wake up to the fact that I will be back.

Before I go I would like to add to my list of reactions at reading Ms Ferry’s article, Amusement! Thank you Daylights and Veronica Ferry for a most enjoyable experience.

“Nations battle and the world may rock with revolution but the land will roar for her own sake for it.”

MAL LEK

Canberra, NSW

Nimbin Lives

SOME of your readers may be trying to decide whether to buy a share in Coordinating Communities Ltd, offspring of the Nimbin Aquarius Festival. The spirit of Aquarius lives on and this coup has been formed simply to handle

Continued opposite
The last Tolkien debate

The Great Escaps

I CAN'T help responding to the gush and gab on Tolkien in the letter to Day­
gaths recently, but I am afraid that his death would bring about a cooler climate in which to appraise his works, but it seems unlikely that such a climate will result in his canonisation.

Tolkien was a great writer. In the Lord of the rings overthrown rho­
to subsist for style, and there is a total lack of development, the inhabitants of Middle Earth spring­ing, like Athelstan's God, into our midst, and his Zeus, fully formed and armed with their fundamental philosophies and ideas. His talent lay in his imagination partly (the unqualifiedness of which could even be seen to be a direct historical or sound philosophical origin), but mainly in his skill in mechanism; he prepared the way for a whole series of western European myth's rubric weaknesses. This talent alone does not qualify Tolkien as the greatest writer in the entire history of the novel. Tolkien greater than Balzac? Joyce? Conan? Dostoevsky? Heming­
way? Thomas Mann? Lawrence Durrell? The one who is a real European? Isn't there a little of Siberia? Don't Paso? Gide? Stein­

I would like to know exactly what Mark Bolland says or援引。 His name is 1.3.P.R.T. (the "manifestation of expres­sion"), or "a deep, permanent thought provider". The whole point of LOTR is its exposure of the "real" - the un­dertone, the协商 it's all there on the page - the good get better and the bad get killed. There is no real struggle as such, no struggle for survival, no querying whatsoever that there may be a way out of a particular situation in the act of identifying the enemy and stopping it. These brief comments are not intended simply as negative criticisms of LOTR et al, because the works themselves do not seek to go beyond their own developed boundaries, and there is no need for them to do so. The novels are entertainment, enchanting and mas­terfully constructed, and are certainly part of the literary culture, but nothing more. My gripe is with the evangelical nature of Tolkien's work to the level of "scripture". The point of the novel is that "the novel ever written", descriptions which even he would have utterly rejected.

Brett Anderson claims in his letter (R.M. Bolland) that Tolkien is "the greatest writer in the entire history of literature and then wrote..."

"The Great Escape" (The Great Escape)

In our world everything is decaying, our cover this up by modernising the lifestyle. So in order to survive in this world, we must believe in something. In other words, people are turning to Lord of the rings for something to believe in and read.

Also there is another side to Lord of the rings. From books on Celtic and Irish myth, etc, I have found where Tolkien obtained much of his material and characters. For instance, Tolkien got the names - Durin, Bifur, Bofur, Dain, Bombur, Nori, Gadfa, Thorin, Thrain, Fili, Kili, Paladin, Dori, Thrór, Glúin, Dain, etc. Tolkien, the story-poem called "The Elders Eddas" (The same Ginolfk means "maple", and he is supposed to be a half dwarf, half monster, half joker, and half dwarf. Don't forget that Tolkien heard this to the other writers. The Mark (Robert was called) this means a track of land held in common by a medieval community of Freeman. Middle Earth was used by the people of the northern regions. It was called because there heaven and hell are all up in the middle, hence Middle Earth.)

The reason Tolkien found all this information was because he was a professor emeritus in literature at the University of Pennsylvania. He is known to be a "psychic broadcaster", as I clas­
separate. LOTR is not the only work written by Tolkien. The second part of The Silmarillion is called "The Book of Lost Tales". The two parts are separated by a certain amount of time. The last part of The Lord of the rings is called "The Return of the King". The story is about a group of hobbits who are forced to leave their home in order to escape from the evil forces that are trying to destroy Middle Earth. The hobbits are led by a wizard named Gandalf, who is also known as "the wizard".

"The Hobbit" is a children's novel that was published in 1937. It is about a young hobbit named Bilbo Baggins, who goes on a journey to collect a treasure. The treasure is guarded by the dragon Smaug, who is the king of treasure. Bilbo and his friends fight the dragon and manage to get the treasure. The story is about the adventures of Bilbo and his friends, and it is a classic example of how imagination can be used to create a magical world. The book is written in a very imaginative style, and it is a great read for children and adults alike.

"The Lord of the rings" is a much larger novel that was published in 1954 and 1955. It is about a group of hobbits who are forced to leave their home in order to escape from the evil forces that are trying to destroy Middle Earth. The hobbits are led by a wizard named Gandalf, who is also known as "the wizard". The story is about the adventures of the hobbits and their quest to destroy the ring of power that was created by the evil forces. The book is written in a very imaginative style, and it is a great read for children and adults alike.
THREE O’CLOCK on a warm Wednesday afternoon in Cottesloe—a beachside locality somewhere in the middle class anonymity of Perth’s “better” suburbs. I had gone to put a letter in the little red postbox situated conveniently just across the road. To post that letter—with its tale of woe and misery—required only a few short steps. I had to venture out of my house for perhaps 30 seconds, before darting back inside to conceal the wretchedness by which I was consumed.

Human suffering is an odd thing. It can’t be measured in quantitative terms, as one would count the number of lifeless bodies and wounded soldiers on a battlefield after the sound and the fury has come and gone. I thought I had reached the depths of my despair that afternoon—nothing had seemed to work for me, nothing productive seemed to be happening, I felt I was going nowhere. I began to wonder whether I needed the sorts of social props others call “necessities”. Over and over again, a word kept coming into my mind—“self-actualisation”. How desperately I wanted to find motivation within me!

The letter duly posted, I turned to confine myself within the bowels of the house. But then he was there. A brown-suited, well-dressed old man, with the maniacal gaze of an Australian who has seen the world go by but tried to cling to it. His piercing blue eyes were focused not on me, but on the well-manicured lawn on which he lay. His hat—a brown derby—was still clamped tightly on his head. His little blue shopping bag was a few feet away.

Like some long forgotten NCO who greets the ailing anzac with some cheery phrase—“Them bosch are still coming, soldier!”—on a field in Flanders, I strode over. He was only too ready to be lifted up, and grasped my shoulder eagerly, as ready as any man to continue in the fray. He apologised for having dropped his shopping bag—no soldier is allowed to part with his rifle—but at least his brown derby helmet was still securely in place.

Together we struggled to the front gate of his house, a few doors up. “Are you in the army?” he asked. It was not the sort of question I had expected. “No.” Ignoring my answer, the veteran then proceeded to tell me of his recent $20 rise in some war pension, and attempted valiantly to continue alone on his way towards the front door of his house. He stumbled, and I rushed to scoop him up, helping his frail form along the hallway and into the kitchen. For some unknown reason, he began to confide his war experiences to me. He explained rather apologetically that he had been “silly” enough to be wounded “down there”, pointing below his waist.

“Do you know what I mean?” he asked. Things were moving too quickly for me; I had no inkling of what he was driving at until he began unzipping his fly. “You probably haven’t seen one of these before,” he continued in his whimsical way, and pulled out a length of rubber tubing bandaged to his abdomen.

The sight of this man’s surrogate-penis instantly banished my own melancholia.