



SHITTY WEATHER

No weather today
The weather bureau people were just too buggered to get up today, and I can't blame 'em: I'd much rather be in bed too.
No weather map; no weather.

The Advertiser

Incorporating "The Madvertiser,"

only \$1 for charity



Val Gar, No. 1 NSENSE

ADELAIDE, YESTERDAY, AUGUST 6, 1971

Phone: 8 0333 (ask for Jock) Classic

"Oh Calcutta" Action

The Chief Secretary Mr F. U. Kall, today declared that the nude musical revue "Oh Calcutta!" was an outrage against public decency and averred that such filth would not be seen in Adelaide while he was Chief Secretary.

technician. He had been refused that, too, he claimed.

After the special pre-Charity preview Mr. Kall was convinced that the intent of the promoters was to corrupt the morals of our community through presenting such unnatural acts on stage.

Mr. Kall was speaking after a preview of the revue, closed to the public, which was attended by eminent Adelaide press and government officials and personalities.



Geo. N. Stoney, M.D.

It was being staged by the promoters at the request of the Chief Secretary, who claimed that he was unable to afford the high prices being charged.

Admitting that he had a hard time trying to survive on \$10,000 (plus expenses and car) a year, Mr. Kall said that he had applied for a part in the revue as an actor, and when that had been refused, he had applied for a job as a stage

"There was actually one scene", he claimed, "where two people were in bed together: the same bed. And they actually had their clothes off. That such perversions could exist in

Adelaide was intolerable. Why, if we had people together in bed, they might possibly be enjoying themselves!" Mr. Kall pointed out as he headed for the nearest lavatory, hands in pockets.

Opinions varied amongst the other guests about the merit of the show.

Big Bob Rancid said, "Why don't they ship those long-haired poofas off to VietNam to see for themselves? That'd wake 'em up."

Lois Grant was more impressed. "I remember when sex was something that came after five. Ever since my sixth birthday I've been waiting for something like this. I really like it."

The Premier, Mr. Dungs-tn, said that he thought it was real marvy.

"I especially liked the little blond number."

Mr. Steele Ball, leader of the Opposition, gave a less balanced view. "I think it's disgusting, immoral, pornographic, lewd, obscene, offensive, corrupting, blaspheming, un-Christian, impolite, unbalanced, erotic, stimulating, and when it's the next performance?"

Perhaps the cleaning lady should have the last say.

As she scrubbed the damp floor of the Theatre, she murmured under her breaths, "Huh, when you've seen one sex orgy, you've seen 'em all!"

● Editorial, Page 2.
● Mallett omission criticised, Page 14.

Nixon's T.V. Plea And Promise VIETNAM WAR OVER - AGAIN

WASHINGTON, THURSDAY—President Richard ("Tricky-Dicky") Nixon announced today that the Vietnam War would officially close as soon as possible. "There have been too many failures and too many losses," he told the nation during a 2-minute television programme, which was flashed throughout the continent interrupting normal viewing schedules.

The War, is expected to come to an end within the next few decades.

The announcement came as no shock to the American people who were used to having their television interrupted with such news. It is the sixteenth time this month that the President has announced the end of the war. Presidential advisers are rumoured to have been reminding the President for some time now that the war would have to end when there was no more land left to fight on.

Latest reports from Saigon indicate that it will be only a matter of years before the entire country is destroyed, thereby making it impossible to fight a war in Vietnam.

"But do not despair," President Nixon added towards the end of his speech. "My super-duper team of advisers and war-chiefs promise you another equally spectacular, even more exciting war as soon as a suitable place can be found."

"There aren't too many good sites left," he joked. "The Vietnam war had been one of the world's longest-running shows, and had drawn rave reviews from critics around the world. Some critics indicated that the laughter was a bit drawn out and the blood scenes a bit too realistic, but generally they had been unanimous in their praise of the production."

It was obviously a show into which much planning and preparation had gone beforehand.

The Theatre of War was such a splendid place to have chosen to put the show on. It was well-placed so that the two major grandstands, East and West, had an equally good view of what was happening. There was also an almost-unending supply of actors in this densely-populated region of the world. "Cast of thousands" the posters read.

The principals were easily trained in the arts of deceit, corruption, and murder by their American directors, who themselves had been playing the same part in the Negro War in their home state.

Lighting was to be provided by air and sea, using the novel method of shelling, a technique yet to be seen in Australia.

Publicity was handled adequately by the TV reporters, and on the streets of this alone many millions were convinced of the worth of the show. Some of them even en-

joyed it so much that they wanted to participate as closely as possible, and entered the theatre. (Others didn't want to go, but because there was the need, they had no choices.)

As the show dragged on, however, more and more critics began to suggest that the show was losing a lot of its appeal. It just wasn't keeping up with the kind of wars people were wanting these days, and so interest in it just faded away.

But despite several changes in the management of the Show, both at the Board level (Ken-a-day, Johnsin, now Nixon) and at the Local Production level, the show dragged on. Audiences could no longer tolerate the old routines of "What-are-we-fighting-for? To-stop-the-Commos" and "But-the-Vietnamese-people-really-want-us-here," and stayed away in droves.

Besides, who'd pay to see "Oh Calcutta!" or "Hair" when they can see people fucking and sucking in the streets outside.

Worse still, some of them even picketed the theatre, and tried to get it closed down on the grounds of obscenity. They said that people were really dying there. And suffering.

The show just couldn't go on.

But the management were caught by union demands: after all, they were employing millions of people to keep the show going, and they weren't going to give up their jobs easily. Nixon's announcement of an attraction to replace the present tottering one is not entirely unexpected.

STOP PRESS WORLD ENDS TOMORROW

HEAVEN, This morning well as U.S. troops from Formosa, Japan, Europe, Britain, Africa and South America have been called home and placed at strategic points around the East and West coasts in readiness for victory for apathy, which they ward off attacks from Easter Island—the expected seat of heavenly affairs.

However, President Nixon not registered because we says that his government can't even apply—but we forestall eternity. The entire have got a licence to collect Indo-China commitment, as for charity

HUMAN BEINGS

- ① Laughing
- ② Communicating
- ③ Loving
- ④ Drink Water
- ⑤ Sunny Day
- ⑥ Etc.

How many of them do you recognise?
PRESS & LISTEN



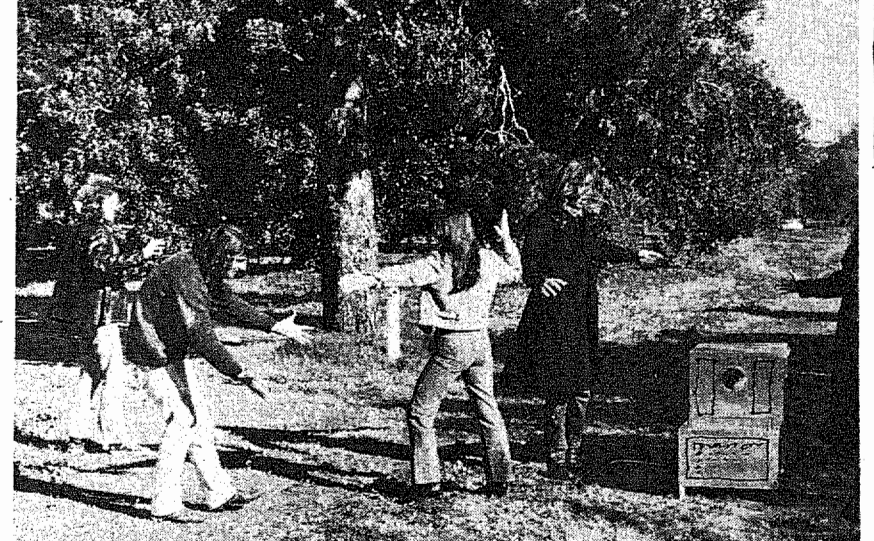
ACC ROBOTS INSTALLED

Following the success of the taped artificial bird-calls in the East Parklands, the Adelaide City Council has installed artificial human beings in its other parks.

The Lord Mayor, Mr. T. G. ("Money-bags") Talker, said yesterday that the artificial human beings was a natural next step.

"Because there were few real birds in the parks, we installed artificial ones; because there are very few real people left to enjoy the few real birds, it was a brilliant idea to install the robots," he said at the unveiling yesterday. "None of the companies of which I am director is really interested in pollution, and this seemed the best way to preserve human beings for posterity."

The figures are remarkably life-like, and were designed by a well-known Adelaide artist. The control board has a number of buttons which can be pressed by the observer, which activates the speaking mechanism.



Most of the comments heard in the parklands are those which have been made in the city. Adelaide, and it is thus thought that the robot-setting mechanism will be of real value to day were:

Right: the control panel for the new artificial people. Below: Some of the robots in the Parklands yesterday.

COME ON INSIDE

More sex
Actually there's really nothing of interest inside either. But just to make it seem as though you're actually buying a sex-filled porno-rag, we've put these little pointers to show how disappointed you'll be.

Some of the feeblest pictures that Adelaide has ever seen are published inside on page God-knows-what because we haven't decided-yet. Turn quickly to it and you might not realise anything's wrong.

"Oh Calcutta!" opens tomorrow with a bang. A gang bang. But that's nothing on the incredible bangs you could have with all the information contained on page 8 (at a rough guess). Try it and see.

TOMORROW's real Advertiser will contain more of this ridiculous news. You see, what we could have done was just printed an ordinary front page of an ordinary paper and you'd think it was real dirty. Because you read things where you want them. It's just your filthy minds, of course. Your's too, rude Mad Maxie. Hi!

SYDNEY, Today: Two Sydney factories made announcements of great significance today. They both suggest the direction of our society which investors (and people) would do well to ponder if they intend to survive the coming changes in consumer (and human) activity.

The first is an announcement from the Production Manager of the Consume-Consum Corporation (Pretty Limited) that the first batch of yellow, two-in-one, do-it-yourself, while-you-wait, super-improved, now-with-enzymes empty boxes had been manufactured at the Corporation's plant in Bankstown.

The Chairman of Consume-Consum, Mr. A. Moral, said that their advertising agency would discover a use for the boxes in a few days and then develop a nation-wide campaign to convince people that they were insecure, incomplete, unsuccessful and unpatriotic until they had

See prospect of healthy output, prices

bought an Empty Box. When they had their boxes, they would be insecure, incomplete, unsuccessful, unpatriotic and poorer, he added. "Then comes our next product: electric pumps to fill the empty boxes with air!" he revealed with a gleam in his pocket. "Then bigger pumps, bigger boxes, houses filled with empty-filled-with-air boxes: the possibilities are endless," he concluded.

The second event of significance is the disclosure from one of Australia's biggest automobile manufacturers, AF-Ford, that over the last month, production at its factories had increased 12.4% over the same period last year. "This increase has been accomplished," said Director, Mr. T. F. Greedy, "without any increase in personnel and

without any increase in use of materials."

When questioned about how this was possible, Mr. Greedy was evasive, but confided, "When you buy your next car, count the number of wheels (usually four), and check that there's an engine. Peddling off on his push-bike, Mr. Greedy added that he was sure there was no connection between the increased production at his factory and the 12.4% increase in vehicle accidents over the same period. "Vicious communist propaganda," he yelled, and rode into the smog humming (he had his gas mask on) "I can't get no."

2 S.A. VISITORS INJURED IN U.S.

NEW YORK, Thursday. Two South Australians visiting the United States have been injured in an accident in New York City, New York.

They are
● Mr. T. F. Bonythorn, 47, of Springfield and
● Mrs. Anthea Bonythorn, 25, his wife, of Medindie.

Although details are not yet clear, it appears that neither Mr. nor Mrs. Bonythorn was severely injured, but it is thought that they did dirty the clothes they were wearing. Mrs. Bonythorn was especially concerned that her velvet Dior ensemble would not dry clean.

and Mr. Bonythorn thought he would have to spend another quarter for a shoe shine.

The accident was caused by the accidental dropping of a nuclear warhead on the city of



Manhattan, due to a mistake in calculations by the Pentagon's advisers. President Nixon commented to newsmen when approached on the subject, "Him, yes; there do seem to have been quite a lot of mistakes over the last few years. But I assure you that they assure me that everything is quite in order. So it must be." Newsmen agreed.

First estimates of the toll range from 25 million to 50 million dead, with at least that number seriously injured and awaiting medical attention. Mr. and Mrs. Bonythorn were reported to be concerned that Adelaide would be fretting for their safety. We assure them that this is not the case. (You'd think the Pentagon would have got it right that time: we've sent them the Bonythorn itinerary months ago, with definite instructions. Oh well there's always Boston.)

"The Advertiser" is pleased to announce the setting up of a fund to aid the victims of the mis-hap, and starts the fund with a donation of \$500, which should go some of the way towards buying a new Dior for Mrs. Bonythorn. Readers are invited to make a contribution towards Mr. Bonythorn's shoe-cleaning expenses.

Accident

BROMPTON, Thursday—A two year old Valiant was badly damaged when it struck an old-aged pensioner on a pedestrian crossing last night. In the accident, which occurred in Third Street, Brompton, the Valiant suffered a broken head-light, a dented bumper-bar, and scratched mud-guard.

The driver of the Valiant wasted no time in reporting the accident to the police-station, returning only later to the crossing where the pensioner was still lying.

Calamity of the century (ssshh.) NEW YORK The worst disaster of the century with a death toll possibly exceeding 150m. This is how official and unofficial sources are describing the cyclone and tidal waves which yesterday smashed the US — But don't tell anyone.

Mad

ENGLAND, Oct. 10, 1969. Gwyn and Mary Thomas were pillars of their local community. For years he served as a member of the council where his wife worked as a clerk.

Then their cosy little world collapsed around them. Both became ill and had to give up their jobs. They struggled along on a £15 a week pension and National Assistance. . . . Then this quiet middle-aged couple decided to go on a spree. They booked in at London's Hilton Hotel (cheapest double room 15 gns., without breakfast). They ran up a bill of £130 before moving on to the Cumberland and Savoy Hotels.

The bill for hire cars also amounted to £90. Mrs. Thomas opened an account at Harrods, the big store.

In five weeks they lived like lords and ran up bills of more than £700. Their behaviour was so inexplicable that Lord Justice Phillimore, in the Appeal Court, said it must have been the result of "some kind of midsummer madness. . . ."

Each was sentenced to nine months. (News of the World)

EXCLUSIVE

Fred Burp the 66 year-old sex maniac from Largs, has just had his 8,084,625th orgasm since his fiftieth birthday, and to celebrate the occasion Frigby's are publishing his memoirs.

Entitled "I'll Huff and I'll Puff and I'll Blow", the three volumes are something of a coup in publishing circles. They have been compared to the famous writings of Don Juan and Cassanova.

Each orgasm is listed in full, with all the biographical details one could ask for. Fred pulls no punches in his expose of the Adelaide scene.

"I've been off with the best, and I've been off with the worst," he boasted. "I've huffed here, poofed there and blown everywhere; and I've enjoyed every minute of it."

"I've only one regret," he replied when asked whether he'd do it over again if he had the chance. "And that is that I'm sure I could have had twice the number of orgasms if I hadn't been writing down all about them!"

Today the SAdvertiser begins its serialization of Fred Burp, with an extract from his writings, "Hold On, I'm Coming."

It is the first extract of many, which will continue through the week, and which appear exclusively in The Advertiser.

Cheaper truths

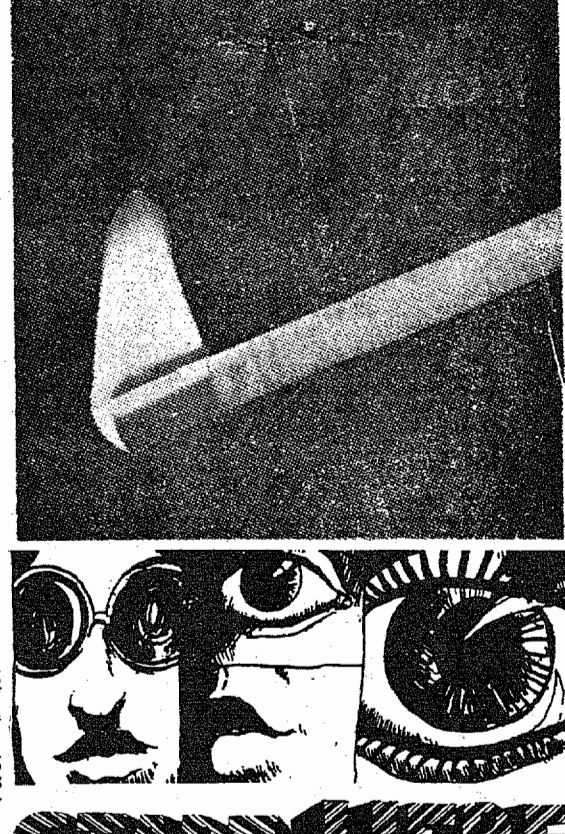
MELB, Today: The major pet food manufacturers announced today that they would add coloring to their products in an effort to prevent them being eaten by human beings.

Mr. Good-Oh (Managing Director of one of the firms) said that it seemed that pensioners were buying pet food for themselves, and that this must be stopped as soon as possible. We'd like to ask him why pensioners have to eat pet food. (Do they like it, or does our society really treat pensioners like animals? They have to be registered, like dogs and are often as lost and lonely in the big cities as stray cats.) Perhaps we need a RSPCP (Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to People). Are people more important than animals? Really?

Also, why isn't the money spent on pet-food coloring spent on getting rid of poverty, which is why people eat pet-food anyway. . . . If it's a dog's life, judging by the pet-food ads on TV, it's a damn better life than many people live!!!

AND THAT KIND of messes up your thinking about footy. (Adv't.)

LIGHT UP A Rothman's FILTER



Dr Gnome's Health Sandal

Beware of Imitations

There is only one 'Dr Gnome's Health Sandal', the unique footwear that keeps your feet in tip-top condition as well as prolonging active sex life.

You can tell the Gnome Sandal by its hand-tooled contours designed to caress the natural shape of the human foot. Look for the Dr G Symbol and the £20 price tag - sign of authenticity.

From all stockists

Mad

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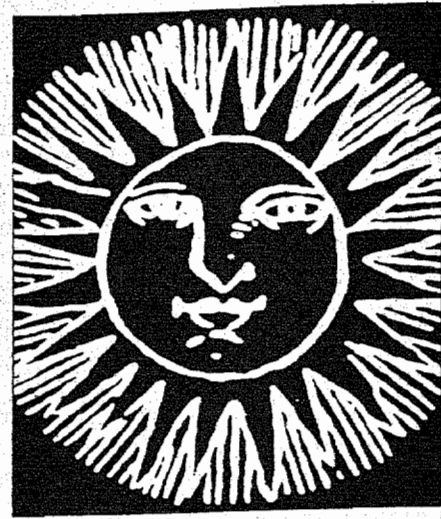
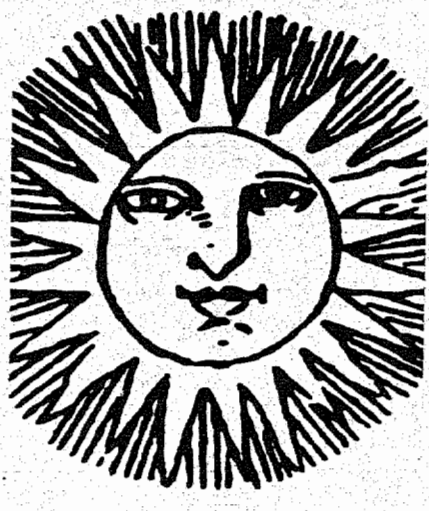
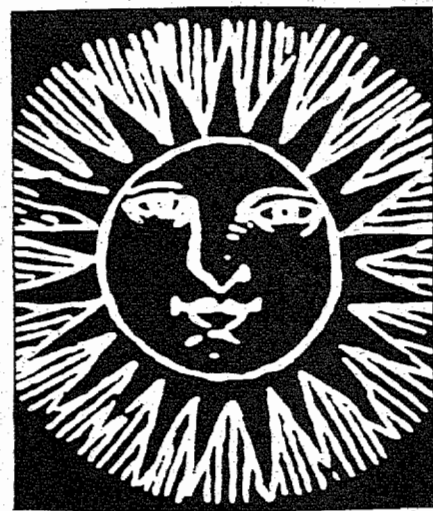
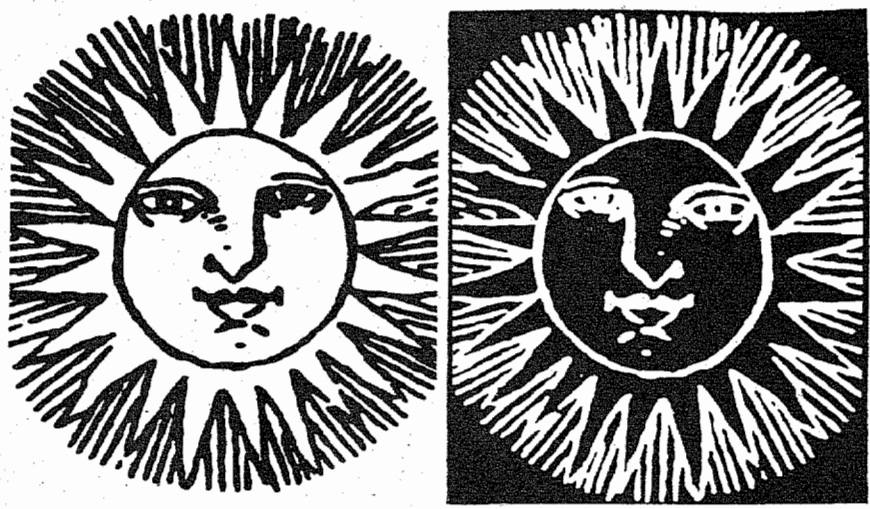
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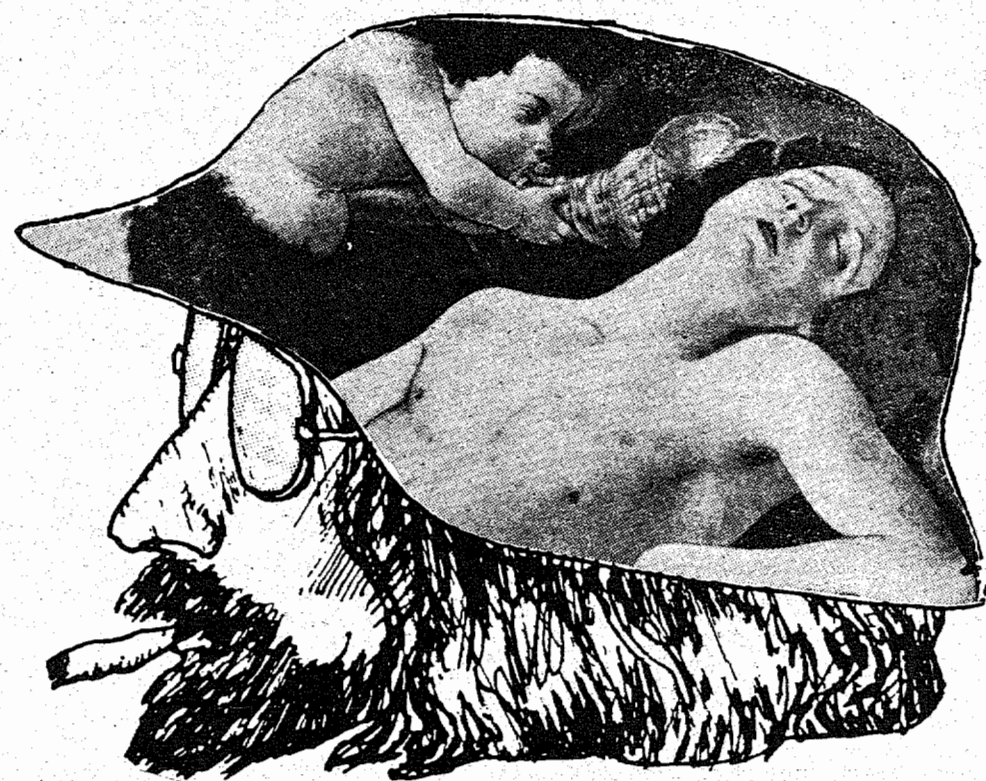
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LIGHT UP A Rothman's FILTER



fuck (fŭk) *v.* fucked, fucking, fucks. —*tr.* 1. *Vulgar.* To have sexual intercourse with. 2. *Vulgar Slang.* To deal with in an aggressive, unjust, or spiteful manner. 3. *Vulgar Slang.* To mishandle; bungle. Usually used with *up*. —*intr.* 1. *Vulgar.* To engage in sexual intercourse. 2. *Vulgar Slang.* To meddle; interfere. Used with *with*. —*n.* 1. *Vulgar.* An act or instance of sexual intercourse. 2. *Vulgar Slang.* A partner in sexual intercourse. [Middle English *fucken*; a Germanic verb originally meaning "to strike, move quickly, penetrate" (akin to or perhaps borrowed from Middle Dutch *fokken*, to strike, copulate with); details uncertain owing to lack of early attestations. See **peig-** in Appendix.*]

The American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language, Houghton Mifflin, 1969



Tenderness, mutual respect, freedom and tolerance: these are all words we should associate with sex and love. The act of making love can be a statement of profound tenderness and concern for another human being. In this world of different languages, religions, races, cultures and classes, sex is an in-commonality, something common to all. When we are unafraid and free from possessiveness it will make little difference what kind of social organisation we choose to live under, because we will be kind, open and generous. It is sexual frustration, sexual envy, sexual fear which permeates all our human relationships and perverts them. The sexually liberated, the sexually tolerant and the sexually generous individuals are open, tolerant and generous in all their activities. Let us therefore encourage sexual freedom, sexual tolerance and sexual generosity.

freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose...

Kris Kristofferson wrote the words. Janis Joplin sang the song. 'Me and Bobby McGee'. It's today's music. With lyrics that reflect today's moods and attitudes... hang-ups and hopes. Or maybe to you it's simply music to groove to, drive to, listen to... and love. Either way, it's all there on Poweradio 5AD. Along with some red hot tracks from brand new albums and a few nostalgic flash-backs to the hits of yesterday. Poweradio 5AD is music.



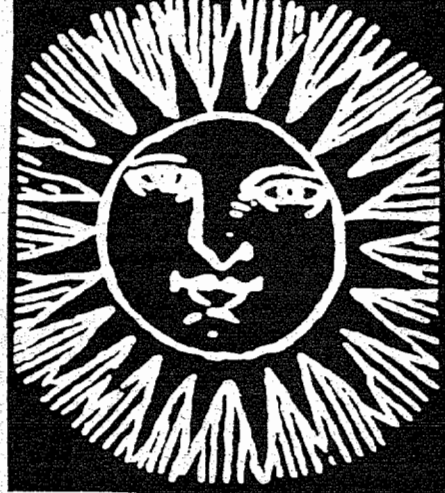
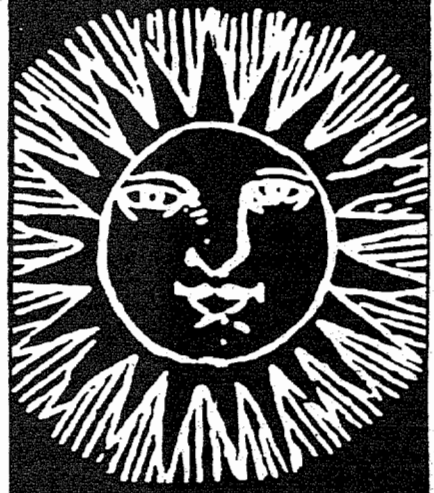
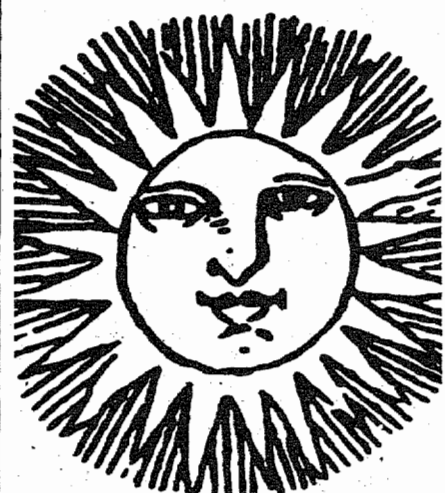
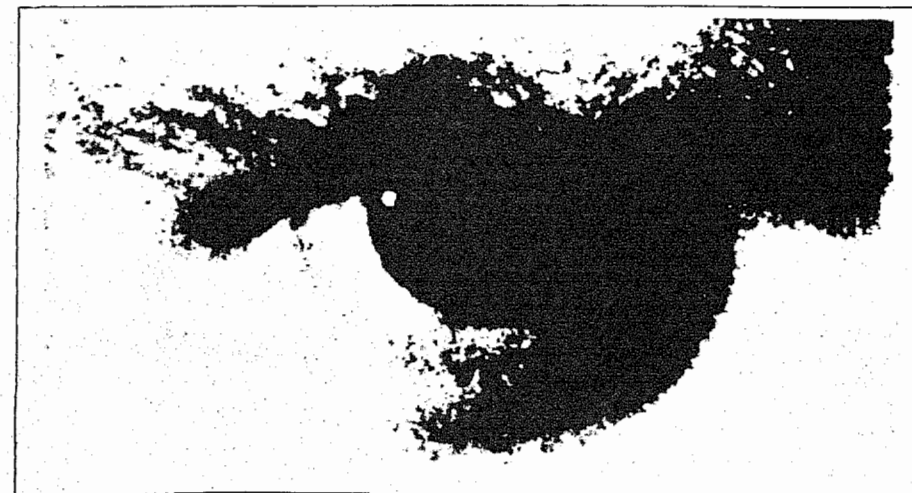
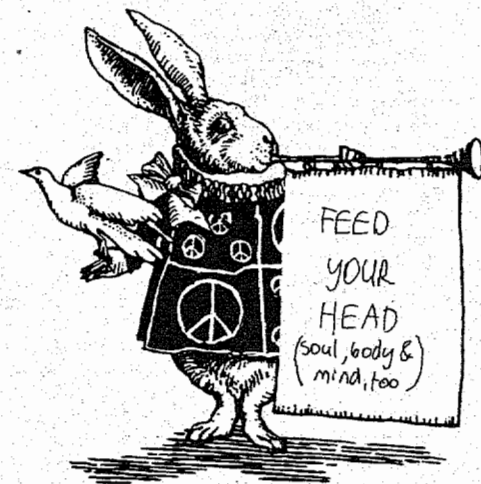
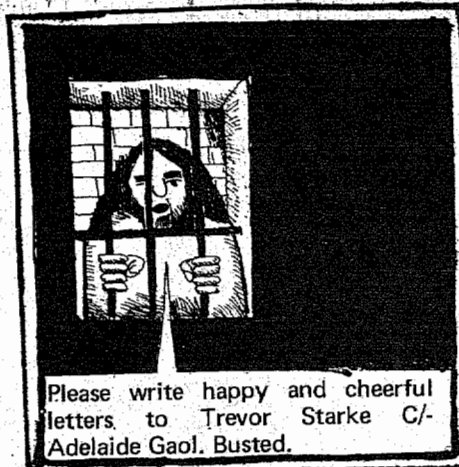
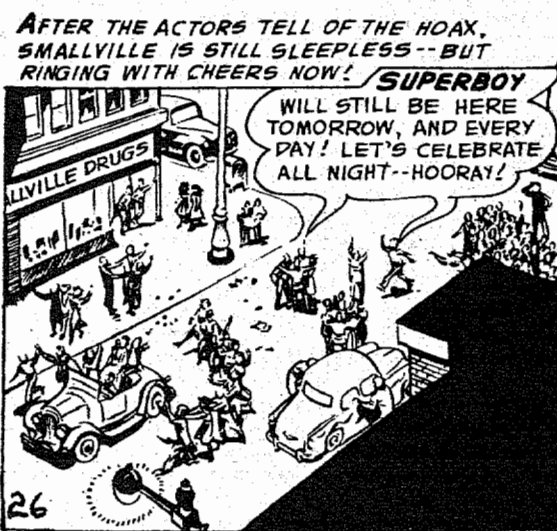
POWERADIO 5AD

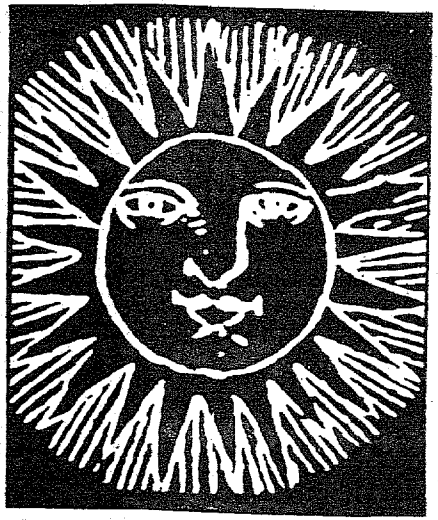
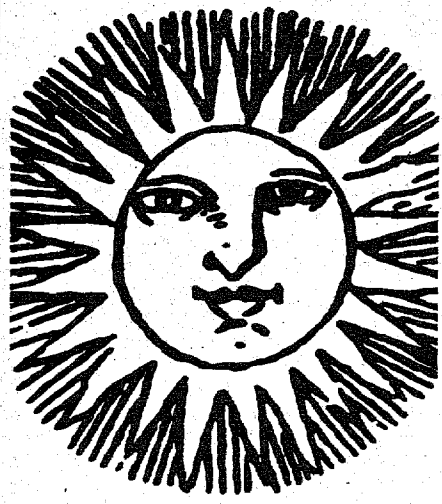
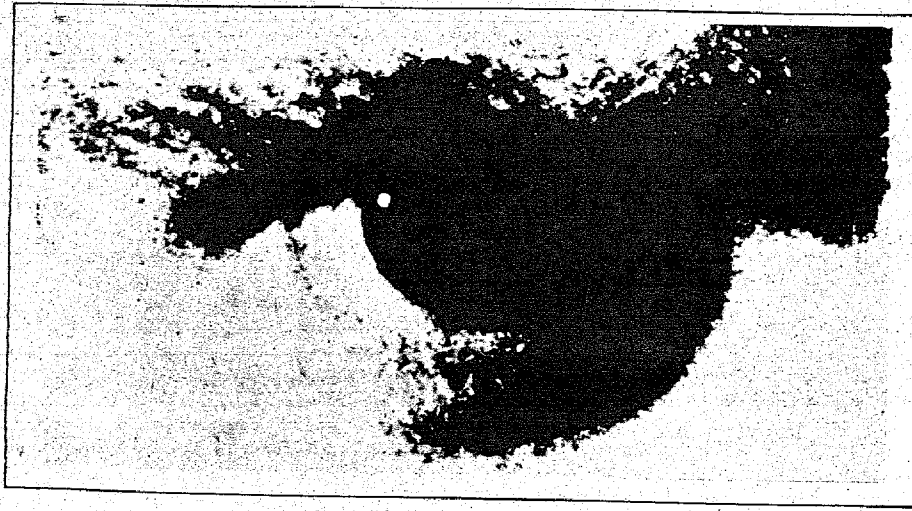
GERMANY DIDI SUCKS

Your question about what I would do with a cock for a day makes me feel funny, because the only normal thing to do is to go around town and visit your friends and love them because every girl wants to know eagerly how it is to go into somebody, instead of taking some one in. And I would really like to know the feeling of having an orgasm WITH A COCK! But 300 words are so much. I could think of day-dream fantasies in Singapore with hundreds of chicks around me, with all sizes of cunts and breasts! That would be the only possibility of getting everything out of this only one day and cock.

And it should be that every time you want a hard-on, you can really get one without getting sore. I would want to have a look at it first in erection before I get it.

And there should be different kinds! Half a day circumcised, and the other time, uncircumcised! I'm getting tired now and my back aches.





SHOPLIFT! We are not alone in this and the fact that so much stealing goes on and the supermarkets still bring in huge profits shows exactly how much overcharging has occurred in the first place. Supermarkets, like other businesses, refer

FREE IS THE REVOLUTION

There is an alternative to work, though it takes practice, imagination, a sense of humor and a touch of madness. You have to be cheeky and not be scared by authority, 'cause if you do, well then they are winning. So when you fuck the system do it with a smile on your face and a song in your heart. Here are some suggestions to give you ideas and you can expand on any others you have. Use your head.

FREE BOOKS (and literature)—In Post, Pix, etc., and many other magazines there are frequently coupons to send for a book club (i.e. complete works of Ned Kelly, etc.), and they send them to you and bill you later. If you change addresses frequently, or are about to, do it and ignore the bill, or join under false name and if enquiries ensue, say he left for Perth last month, etc. You also get lots of threatening letters which are free also. Remember if you don't sign your name there are no legal hassles.

This method can be extended to other "bill you later" introductory offers. Australian Record Club is a good one, you get 5 LP's for free (see Post, etc.), and this can work in a chain because you can join up other imaginary members (either yourself or friends) and you also get another free LP for joining him up. They have a wide range of good rock, jazz and blues records.

Now back to free literature again. Write to Radio China, Peking, China and ask for a few details on the cultural revolution. It will come by the ton, all in English, all free. Or write to Radio Berlin, GDR, for such epics as the 400 paged Brown Book on Nazis still in power. Or you can express interest in curbing insidious hordes of creepy Commo's in writing to your friendly U.S. Embassy in Canberra and you will be sent the monthly magazine "Problems of Communism" completely free (unusual for the U.S. embassy). There is also the public library which is free, and also you can read the latest novels a chapter at a time by drifting from one book store to another.

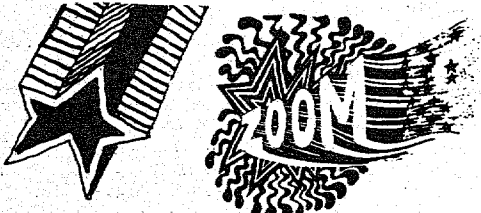
FREE DOGS—Available at Dogs Rescue Home, 115 Belair Road, Mitcham.

FREE DRINKS—Carry around a straw and a bottle opener for those machines which contain bottled soft drinks (mainly in service stations). You can take the caps off bottles while they're still in the machine and drink them dry without ever touching the bottle.

FREE FILMS—Many variations on this one but the best one is sneaking in at interval time where they have the usherettes serving at counter at interval time. Avoid full nights. Use your own experience, etc.

FREE FOOD—In fancy sit down restaurants, you can order a large meal and halfway through the main course, take a dead cockroach/piece of glass/metal, etc., from pocket and place it deftly on plate. Jump up astonished and summon the head waiter. "Never have I been so insulted. I could have been poisoned" you scream, slapping down the napkin. You can refuse to pay, and leave, or let the waiter talk you into having a brand new meal on the house for this terrible inconvenience.

In restaurants where you pay at the door just before leaving, there are a number of free-loading tricks that can be used. After you've eaten a full meal and gotten the check, go into the restroom. When you come out go to the counter or another section of the restaurant and order coffee and pie. Now you have two bills. Simply pay the cheaper one when you leave, or with a friend sit next to each other at counter. He should order a big meal and you a cup of coffee. Pretend you don't know each other. When he leaves he takes your check and leaves the one for the large meal on the counter. After he has paid the cashier and left the restaurant, you pick up the large check, and then go into the astonishment routine, complaining that someone took the wrong check. You end up only paying for your coffee. Later, meet your partner and reverse roles in another place. Another method is to take a pencil and rubber for those restaurants where they write the bill in pencil, and change it at will. You should try to avoid getting employees into trouble.



to shoplifting as "inventory shrinkage". It's as if we're helping Big Business reduce weight. So let's view our efforts as methods designed to trim the economy, and push forward with a positive attitude.

There are many ways to shoplift, too many to mention: use your head. It's best to work with a partner who can act as a lookout and shield you from the eyes of nosy employers, shoppers and other crooks trying to pick up pointers. While inside eat articles before you reach checkout, take a spoon and sample foods, i.e. yoghurt, pickles, relishes, etc. The cart full of items, used as a decoy, can be left in an aisle before you leave. Once you get into shoplifting in supermarkets, you'll really dig it. You'll be surprised to learn, the bigger the supermarket, the better the food tastes.

In town, if you are feeling a little peckish do the round of free samples; start at City Cross, go to Myers, then David Jones' Woolworth's and John Martin's who all usually have some kind of sampling displays. (Though they often finish when school gets out.) Go for a trip into the country mushroom picking: the least that could happen is a trip in the countryside.

FREE MONEY—Unemployment cheques, if you're 21 or over are worth \$10 per week, less if younger. You have to have a good story as to why you haven't got a job after several weeks. Say you are on some sort of waiting list for a job which you have applied for, etc.

If you go to David Jones' you can buy up to \$5 of goods if you say you are from interstate and have a charge account in Sydney and urgently need the goods but haven't got your card with you. For under \$5 they don't check up. This has worked but I haven't tried it lately. Also get a friend to lose his credit card—you use it, then he reports it lost and complains about the goods you booked up.

Open up a bank account with as much money as you can rake up: you could pool money with others. Then go to the



bank and say you've lost your book, and they'll give you another. You now have 2 books. Sometime later cancel account and you still have one book left. This book can be used against vagrancy busts, etc., and you can open up charge accounts with it if account is in false name (may need more id.; so register for national service under same name; you now have registration papers. Sit for learner's permit test and you have learner's permit.)

Use slugs for coin machines. Washers are the most popular types of slugs. You can go to any hardware store and match them up with various coins. Sometimes you might have to put a small piece of scotch tape over one side of the hole in the middle of the washer to make it more effective.

Each washer is identified by its material and size. When you get the ones you want you can buy thousands for next to nothing (especially at industrial supply stores) and pass them out to your friends.

You also get free postage if you know someone in an office job where they have their own stamping machines. If your friend is in the Public Service use OHMS envelopes which ensures diplomatic immunity, sort of. Those ridiculous free introductory offers or subscription letters you get "played" with in the mail often have a postage guaranteed return postcard for your convenience. The next one you get, paste it on a brick and drop it in a mailbox. The company is required by law to pay the postage. You can also get rid of your garbage like this.

FREE TOILETS—What kind of society is it when you have to pay for a shit anyhow? Anyone who uses pay toilets is just plain ignorant. Every building in Adelaide has toilets (free). The big new office blocks are the best as they are luxurious compared to pay toilets; you can swipe all the toilet paper you need for your own house. They are usually located near the stairs of the building.

FREE TRANSPORT—On MTT buses during rush hour you can bus hop your way around. Only get on a very crowded bus and get on at opposite end from conductor. As conductor gets dangerously close get off at next stop and repeat again with new bus. Or else carry \$20 note and say it's the only note you've got. The worst that could happen is that you pay for your bus fare which you deserve anyhow if you can afford \$20.

Another way is that if you don't pay, the conductor takes your name and address (we hope you have got a few spare ones in your head by now).

HITCHHIKE—This also promotes friendliness between strangers and is generally extremely easy. As more of the community start to hitchhike more people will get lifts as most people think that hitchhikers are a small lunatic minority group, and if people realize it's quite common and harmless, they'll stop for you. Cuts pollution, too!

FREE ZOO—on the left of the main gate is a gate for employees' use which is nearly always open and also leads into the zoo, or else walk around the outside fence of the zoo on stilts (incidentally, how about a stilts revival, folks) and still see lots of animals and have added joy of seeing lots of fenced in people.

- FREE ATROCITIES—Join the army.
- FREE MISERY—Get a job.
- FREE EDUCATION—Drop out!
- FREE FRIENDS—Be one!
- FREE LAUGHTER
- FREE TREES
- FREE PARKS
- FREE HILLS
- FREE BEACHES
- FREE COUNTRYSIDE
- FREE CLOUDS
- FREE SKY
- FREE WIND
- FREE RAIN
- FREE SUN
- FREE AIR
- FREE EARTH
- FREE FIRE
- FREE WATER (?)
- FREE REVOLUTION
- FREE COUNTRY (?)
- FREE ZEN
- FREE CHAS!
- FREE MADNESS

P.S. If anyone has any other ideas for free Adelaide send your suggestions in (and remember only con institutions and corporations who have been conning you ever since you were born and that it's not nice to steal from friends). If we get a good response we'll print a large glossy full colour book (more likely a pamphlet) to be distributed FREE around Adelaide at free concerts, etc.

Subscribe to PLAYGUE
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14 Sparkes St. Camperdown NSW
2050



CONTACT THE DRAFT RESISTORS UNION IF YOU ARE THINKING OF RESISTING THE DRAFT. DON'T WORRY IF YOU HAVE ALREADY REGISTERED.

- WE'LL HELP YOU NOT TO GO TO YOUR MEDICAL
- WE'LL HELP YOU NOT TO GO TO YOUR INDUCTION
- WE'LL HELP YOU TO DESERT
- WE'LL EVEN HIDE YOU FROM THE POLICE IF YOU DO ANY OF THE ABOVE.

HOWEVER THE BEST STAGE TO RESIST NATIONAL SERVICE IS NON-REGISTRATION. THE CHANCES OF PROSECUTION ARE LESS THAN THOSE OF BEING GAZETTED IN D.R.U. MEETS WED'S 8th QUAKERS HALL, WRITE TO ROYAL ST PETERS

BROWN RICE

BROWN RICE! (Alias natural unpolished rice alias good food)

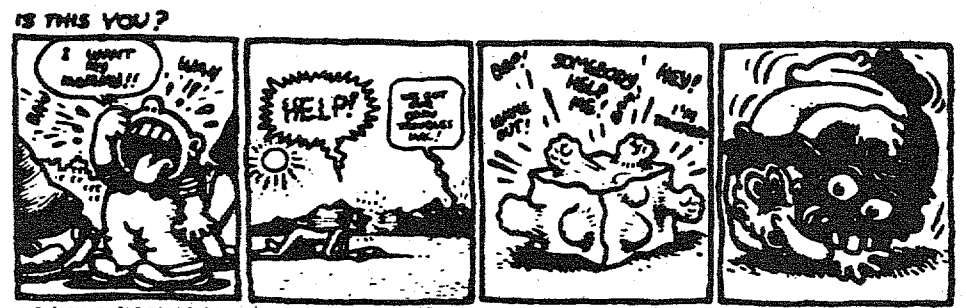
Tune in now folks to the only brown rice article in our paper. What can we do about the rising playgue of brown rice fiends? They have been found in lonely black railway tunnels smoking it. Recently the Adelaide Drug has had to deal with a new horror, poor unfortunates who have resorted to spiking it. Well the answer is simple, my friends, just abandon the creeping meatball, folks and eat it (the rice, that is).

Due to the author's limited mental capacity he has decided to include a song to relieve boredom.

(To the tune of "Tea for two")
Brown rice for breakfast
Brown rice for tea



Caught in the grips of
DESPAIR!?



DO YOU SOMETIMES FEEL LIKE A MINDLESS CHIMP? ... LOST IN THE DESERT? ... @CKED IN? ... ARE YOU ALWAYS GRAPPLING WITH THE DUALITIES OF LIFE?

TIMES ARE TOUGH, HUH, BUD?

Brown rice for you
Brown rice for me.
And so you see
Brown rice is free
As free you see
As rice can be.
(tap-dancing interlude)
And so you see
Brown rice is free
As free as free
As rice can be.
So try and see
Sez we for tea
Because you see
The rice is free.

Well, now that the boredom's passed we can get down to the nitty-gritty (O.K. you can stop singing now!)

"There have always been a few rice fanatics chewing away eating truth, while the rest dissipate their lives consuming violent bullshit (narcotics, meat, politics) and generally untruthing their lives away"—Ross Wilson.

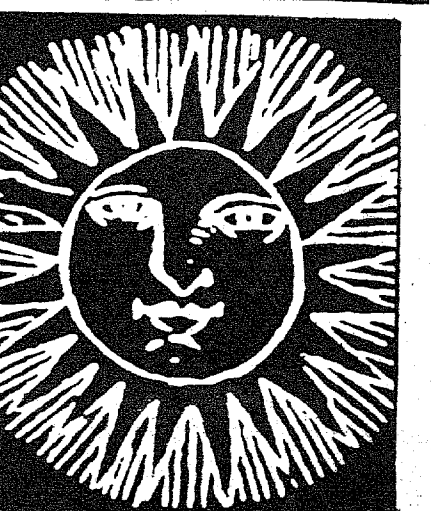
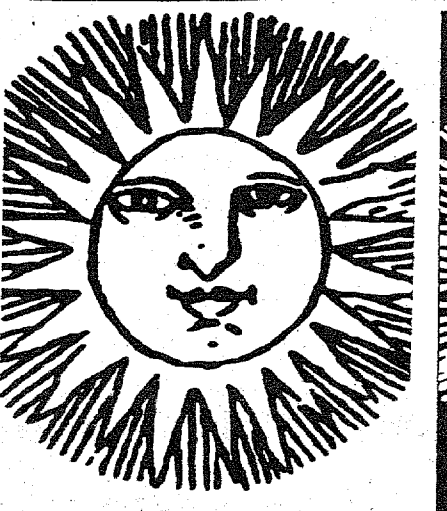
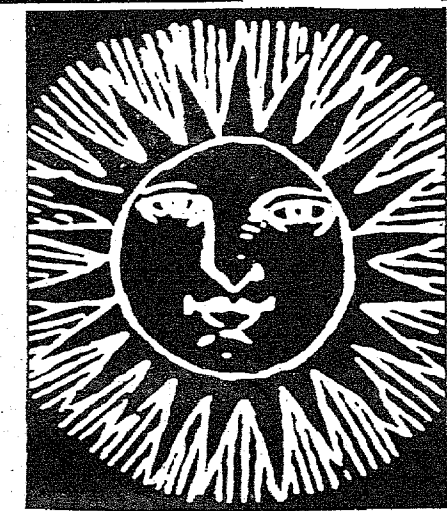
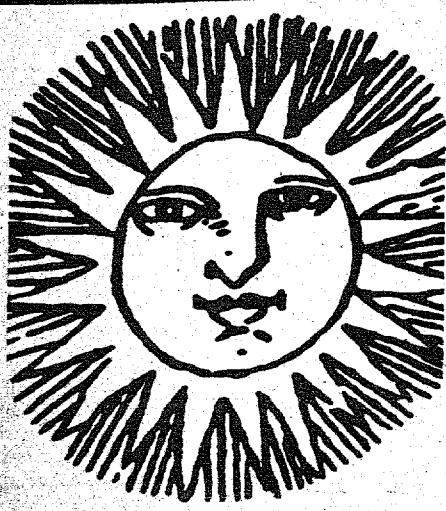
What is brown rice? For a start it's the

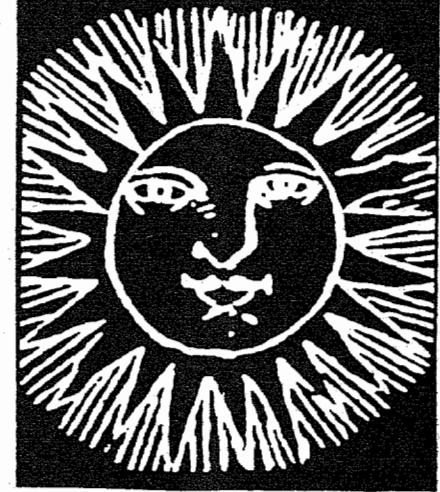
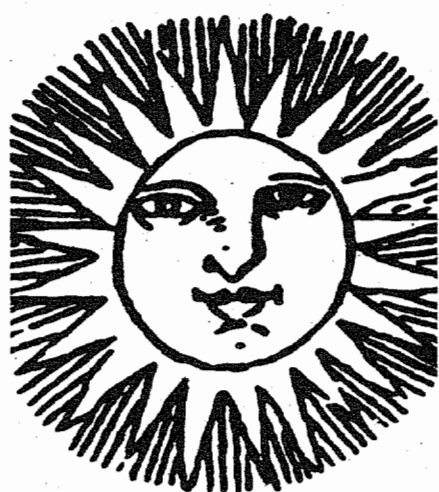
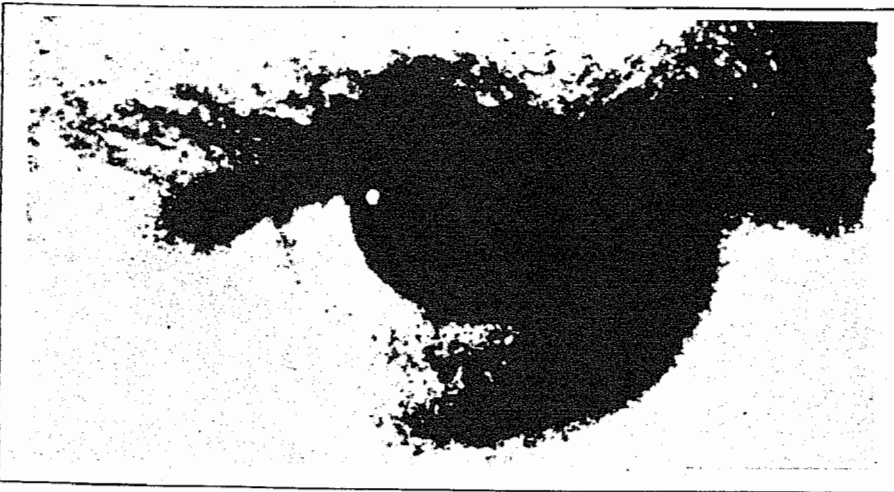
best schizophrenic food around. To me it is everything: We can help by saying what it isn't. It isn't McMahon, nor is it advertising billboards, nor is it Holdens and Falcons. Actually brown rice is fun (with practice). It's probably the most perfect food on its own. Many a penniless month has been wiled away by cooking and eating it. How does one cook it? Well, with practice you too can acquire the art. You boil it, and at about a time interval approximately in the vicinity of thirty minutes (half an hour) you stop boiling it. In that time you can sing the brown rice song, tap dance, play yo-yo's, blow your nose, polish your sneakers, etc. The conspiracy eats brown rice. The government doesn't.

Well O.K. kids, due to brain malfunction (on my part) I think I'll close the show, but if this article still doesn't mean anything to you, try eating nothing but brown rice (flavoured with soy sauce if you like) for a week and you'll soon know what I mean. (Is this the way to the so-called microbiological diet?)

**LET ME SAY,
AT THE RISK
OF SEEMING
RIDICULOUS,
THAT THE
TRUE
REVOLUTIONARY
IS GUIDED
BY GREAT
FEELINGS
OF LOVE**

che





WORK. Well, OK, so we all know that work is a drag. Really a drag. Deathly boring, time-wasting, sickening, repetitive, alienating. Just a drag, man.

Really. Just get talking with anyone you know. Ask him/her if he/she likes the kind of work he/she does. If they'd rather be doing something else, cos that's the way you tell if they like what they're doing.

And they'll tell you it's a drag.

You know, you see all these little people on the assembly line, and they're all so bored, man, all they want is to get out of that damned factory and get home or to the pub or to the football: anywhere just out of the factory. But they think that the best way to get out of the drag of work is to sweat their guts out so that they'll get promoted out of that bloody factory into an office.

And you know, man, all of those little bastards who sit on their constipated asses all day filling through papers and adding up figures and pushing buttons, you know what they want, man? They just wait for the time the clock gets around to closing time so that they can pack their little brief cases (carrying only their empty lunch-boxes) and get the hell out of that air-conditioned stuffy nauseating office and get home to the TV or to the pub or to the football. And you know how they think they'll get out of all that routine and fucking about? You know what their aim is?? To get to the top of their little business or organization or office or branch.

And what about all those bastards at the top?? You know about them already, man, if you've got an ounce of brain in that little head of yours: they're just waiting for the day when they can get out of the whole bloody mess, so that they can at last really relax. Even those occasional world-trips, or those weekends in the snow aren't any good. They've got too much shit covering them even there. They just long for the day when it'll all end. Like retire.

It's funny, you know. People sweat their lives out at a boring job, aiming to get one rung higher, thinking that that will bring some sort of happiness or contentment. Like they work over-time, even, thinking that that will show people that I'm really a goer. Anyhow, I need the money to pay off the new washing machine that I gave to the wife to show her how much I love her. (Funny, I always thought that when people were in love, they wanted to be with each other as much as possible.)

So really, people, have a bit of a look at your bloody job: sure it's a drag. Everyone's job is these days (well, pretty well...).

And what are your Unions demanding?? The Right to Work!!! Hell, I'd like the right not to work: the right to remain idle. Which really isn't that at all. It's the Right to Do the Things I Want To Do: the right to spend my time where I'd most like to.

Anyone who works in an office or a factory or delivering or in a shop will tell you that they work only about half the time anyhow, the rest of the time is spent doing ridiculous things that the boss says you shouldn't and trying to prevent the boss from catching you out doing them.

The Unions are demanding less and less hours per week at work. The companies say No. But their huge and getting-huger profits show they can afford it. In fact, if people weren't forced to spend 40 hours a week at work (1/2 of which they spend loafing anyway), they'd be just as likely to get the same amount of work done in 20 hours a week.

There was a time when people thought they had to work otherwise everything would stop: there'd be no more production. In the 20th century, however, there are computers and automatic machinery which can do the work which once had to be done by people. This leaves people FREE to do what they want. And who is opposing the introduction of machines (e.g. 1 man busses)? Unions, baby!

In the post-industrial age of man, what must eventually come is the era of the guaranteed income: every person will be given FREE a guaranteed income irrespective of anything else. Work can easily be done by machines, and people can be left to do the things that they really like doing. Like loving and singing and making love and making music and talking and laughing and discovering new things, and visiting relatives and friends and reading and learning about people and things and drawing and playing: generally living a life, instead of killing it, as happens now.

WHITEMAN



A STORY OF CIVILIZATION IN CAISIS

Well, OK: so that's what could be, perhaps... in a century or so. NO. That's what could be NOW. We have the scientific and technological knowledge to turn our lives into something much happier. We have machines which could take over your job tomorrow, and which could FREE you to do what you want.

But what happens instead?? Well, you know as well as I do. It's obvious in Adelaide what's happening with all the money needed to make this change. Look at the office blocks going up all over the place: buildings that people long to leave as soon as they enter them every morning at 9.00. In Canberra, the money being wasted could set a whole city free from work for ever. In Vietnam the money that has been, is and still will be wasted in a wretched war would be enough to provide annual income for a hell of a lot of people. The amount of money spent by Chrysler, Ford and GM-H (and all the other car, clothing, washing-machine, refrigerator, house and furniture manufacturers) in convincing us that the product we bought last year or the year before is no longer any good, that money can surely be better spent elsewhere.

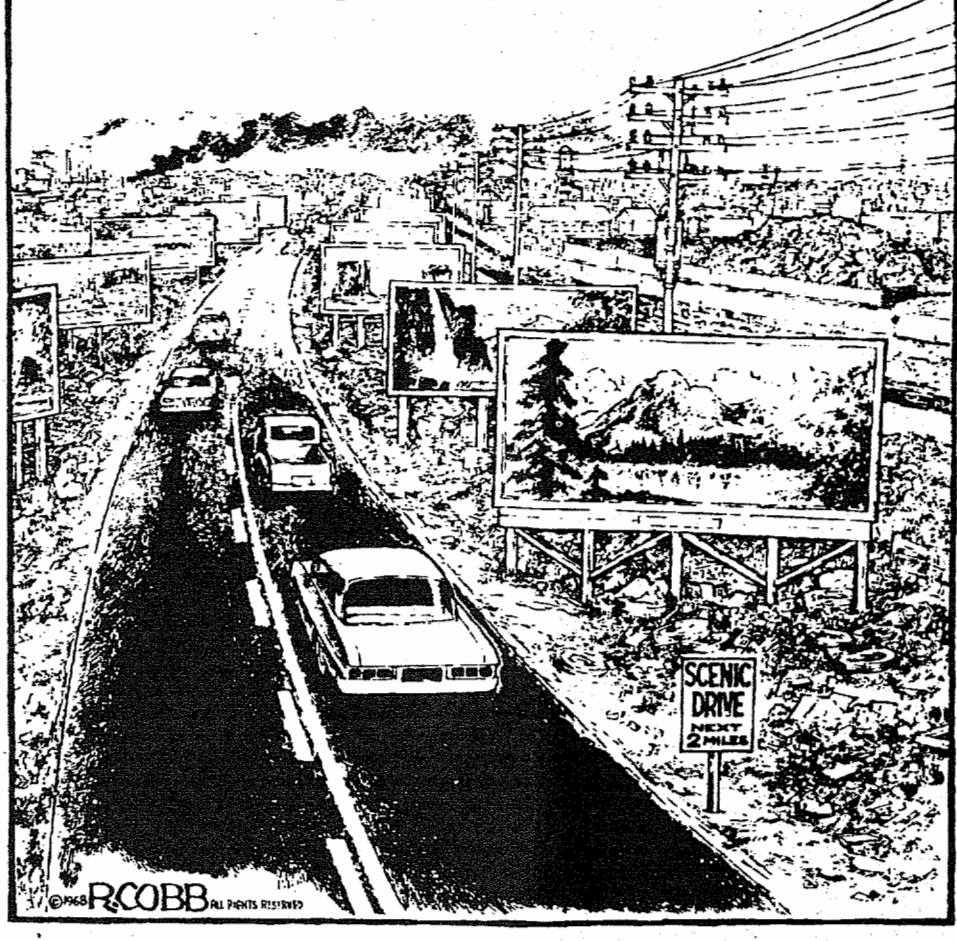
And the money that you pay to buy the latest model car/clothes/house/anything is what you're sweating your life away for. Strange merry-go-round. So strange, in fact, that it's almost a sad-go-round-and-round-and-round. And hell, man, that makes me giddy and sick and mad. That, man, is what I call a Bad Trip.

We're all caught up in the shit of all this madness: we're all part of it, and we're all being destroyed bit by bit by it all.

Instead of being concerned about our Gross National Product (money) let's be a bit more concerned about things like enjoyment and loving and being happy and singing and playing.

I reckon the time has come when we can afford it!

MARLBORO COUNTRY



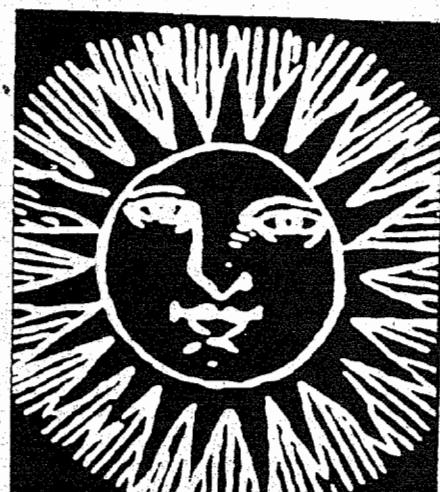
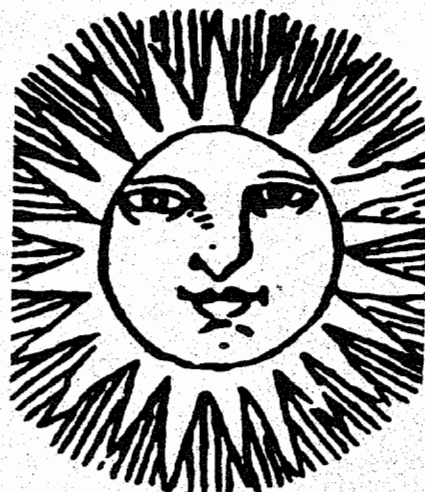
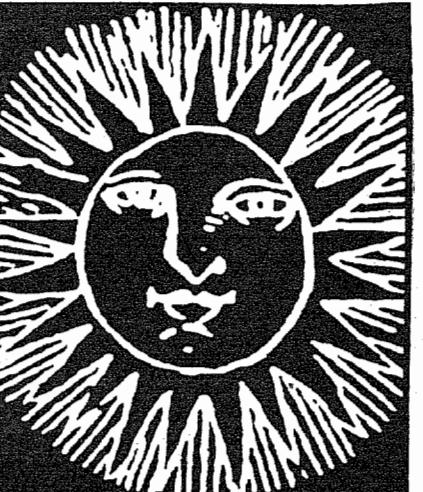
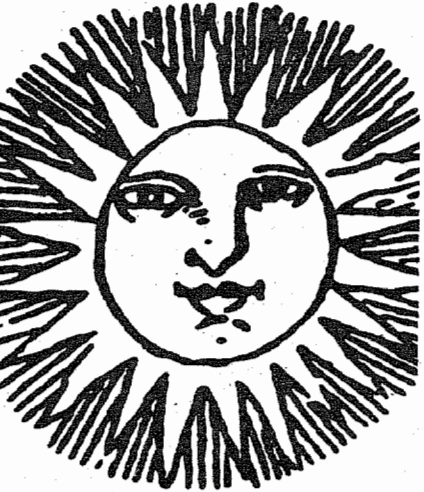
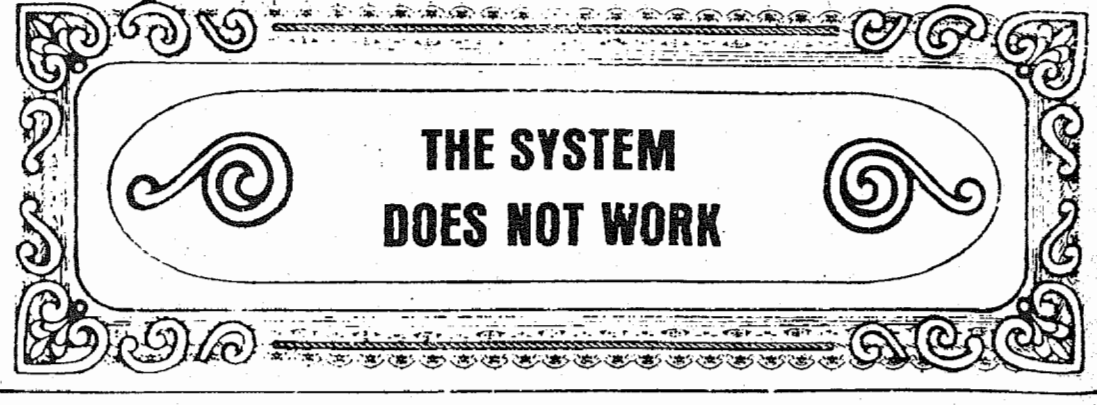
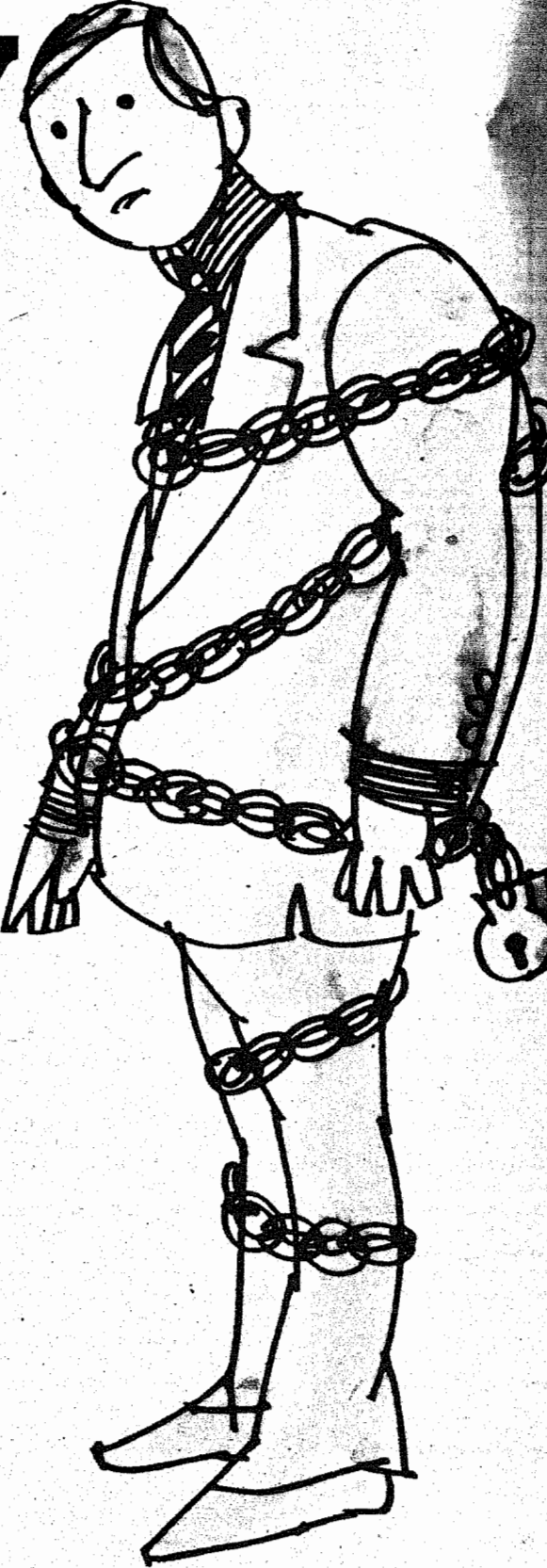
There are a lot of bad things around: there's war and hatred and fear and murder and deceit and force and power and all sorts of other mean and nasty things all around us here in Adelaide. There are corrupt people in Government, there are starving people in boarding houses, there are sad people everywhere, and there are suffering people everywhere.

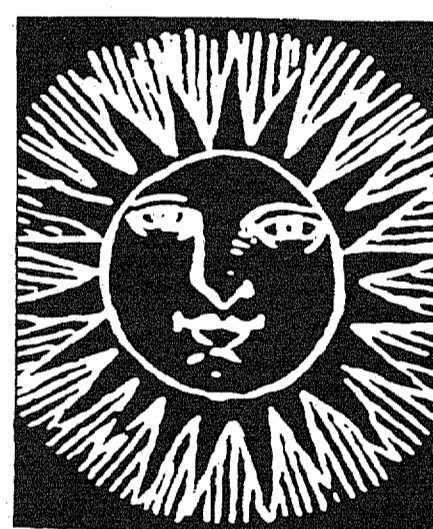
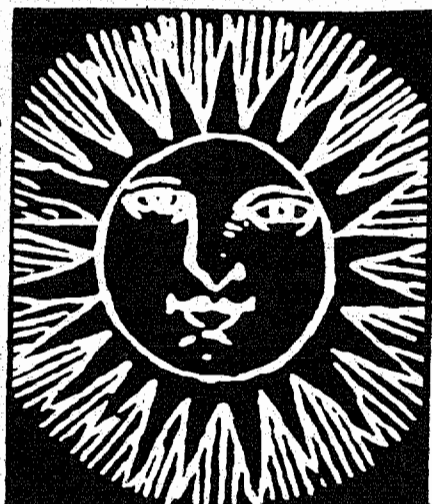
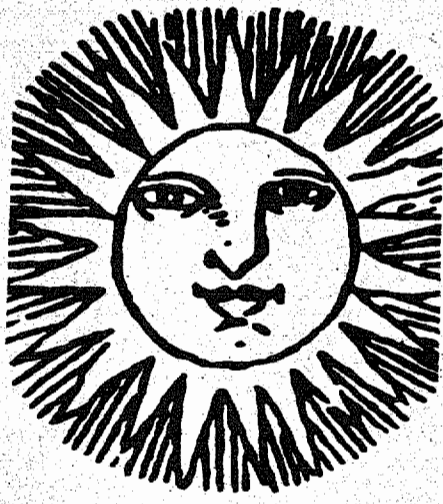
(You don't have to watch Vietnam newsreels to see suffering—just walk down Rundle Street during the day. Have a smile on your face when you start, and see how far you can keep it smiling. Very hard.)

You don't really have to be very bright to realize that something somewhere is wrong. The trouble is that most people think that it's just their problem. If you don't feel satisfied after smoking your Rothmans, if things don't go better with Coke, if your husband doesn't love you more after you used that new cake-mix, if your kids aren't eternally grateful for the new bikes you bought them, if your wife doesn't really go into raptures when you wear that new after-shave the ads have been telling you about, if doing wheelies in Rundle Street on Saturday night doesn't make you feel as good inside as you pretend it does, if the promise of things somehow is lost or not fulfilled when you actually experience them, well, then you reckon that you must somehow be wrong. So you go harder to succeed: just hoping that somewhere you might just be able to make it somewhere, sometime, with someone. But you don't.

And you still feel a failure. Hollow.

And you look around at all the other people who seem to be OK,





who seem to be satisfied by their Rothmans, their Monaros, their attractive wives, etc., and you just wish to hell you could make it like that; even just for a while.

And you don't understand that those people are shit-scared inside too. They're even more shit-scared of not making it because they seem to have made it. It's really bad.

And you know, it's not that you're wrong.

Hell, you're OK. You're just human. And that's OK. Difficult sometimes. But OK.

So then what's wrong??

Yeh, man, our society is what's wrong.

Things are just so bad, and it's not just you that feels it inside, and it's not just that you've somehow gone wrong and that everyone else is right and you've got to struggle to believe really and truly that you are satisfied with your Rothmans, your new fridge, your new Holden; that your husband does love you more after that new soap powder really did wash cleaner.

And, baby, it's just NOT BLOODY TRUE.

And you go all shit-up inside trying to pretend it is.

And you just know, you just know it's not.

And IT'S NOT YOU THAT'S WRONG.

SPLUTTER*STRUGGLE * SPARK

DO NOT ADJUST YOURSELF THE FAULT IS IN YOUR SOCIETY

Someone somewhere said recently that people have a much greater chance of being admitted to a mental institution than to a University in our society. (Sometimes you wonder if they're different places at all!!)

There are just so many people everywhere going "mad" and being put away. Many of the people that are put away like that are the most intelligent and sensitive people in our society. Somehow it's getting harder and harder to stay sane.

OK. And what makes it hard to stay sane??

The fact is that this society that we're all trapped in is an INSANE SOCIETY.

Yeh! I mean, just imagine what an inter-planetary visitor would see if he came here. He'd see a society that is, for the first time in man's history capable of destroying itself entirely through the Bomb and through germ warfare.

He'd see (through watering eyes) people producing fumes and gasses, slimes and slicks that daily threaten all healthy life.

He'd hear incredible loud noise, and people walking around in the middle of the noise as if there was no noise at all.

He'd see people living close together like ants in a colony or bees in a hive, always moving, always buzzing, always working, never spending a moment at rest or an instant to think what the work is for.

He'd see people fighting each other and killing each other.

He'd see fear and jealousy, hatred and suspicion.

He wouldn't see people being honest with each other.

He wouldn't see people smiling very often, or very truthfully.

He wouldn't hear people listening to and playing their own music.

He wouldn't see people in the countryside, resting.

Generally, he wouldn't see people enjoying themselves very much. No very happy people. (There wouldn't be many very sad people either; just average nothing-very-much-today-thank-you people.

So this is the world that is driving people insane. It's not really very surprising.

(In fact, it's probably just those people who are called insane who are really some of the sanest people around. Possibly. I don't know. Anyway, it's easy to understand how some people do go "insane".)

Things are getting worse, more insane all the time. Most people still think that "more" does mean "better", and they don't really know what's going on when sometimes they find out that it doesn't.

Happily, though, there are more and more people realizing that things are bad, and that they could be better.

I guess that is what students are on about.

Certainly they often do things the wrong way, and only succeed in convincing people that the only things wrong are the students themselves.

But they are really very concerned about the sort of society which is so wrong.

Some of them have tried to get their own society going, an alternative to the one that is so wrong.

The central thing about it is that it's a society of enjoyment. Of playing; because it is when people play that they are most themselves, most happy, most free.

This is what pop festivals are about, what rock music spells, what the permissive society means, what nudity is about, and all those other wonderful sexual pleasures that have either been forgotten or become secret bedroom rituals that no-one fully enjoys or even mentions.

Because one of the worst things that has happened to people is that they've lost an ecstatic, wonderful, total, joyous, exulting awareness of sexuality as a total thing.

Sure, we still have sex.

But it comes out in those Girlie magazines you see businessmen reading furtively at magazine stores; or in those True Romance magazines that almost every young girl perverts herself on; or in toilet wall drawings and messages; or in parents punishing their children for touching their "privates" (surely if any part of the body is made to be shared, not kept private, it is people's "privates"!!); or in spinster school teachers torturing their pupils with their own twisted minds (there's a headmistress in Adelaide who forbids her girls to wear patent

leather shoes because they might reflect something under a dress!!); or in calling a fuck a "naughty"; or in the unavailability of contracep-

tives to young girls who enjoy sex, but don't want children; of homosexuals and lesbians who have to hide their lives; of sexual outlets

THE HAVES AND THE HAVE NOTS



YOU CAN'T STOP US - YOU CAN JOIN US



like revving cars, chewing pens and pencils, massages, playing sport, religious fervour, etc. etc.

It's all unreal. There's so little enjoyment of the pleasures of sex: there's lots of two-dimensional sex, plenty of bottom pinching and lusting from afar. But there's very little happy fucking and playing sexually and sensuously.

That mad society I was talking about before is what messes things up. It tells you what you can do, who you can do it with, when and where you can do it, and how you should feel when you've done it. Like: men can fuck before marrying, but it should be done quietly and never admitted to; women can't.

Fucking should be done inside, at night, in a dark bedroom, quietly, smoothly, and with only one person (opposite sex) at a time. The partner should be roughly your social equal, and beautiful in the following way:

women: slim, large breasts, curving thighs, shapely legs, soft hair, and Hollywood-beautiful face; perfumed;
men: solid, muscular body, hairy chest (optional, according to taste), manly whiskers, suave manner, Hollywood-beautiful face;

(we forget so easily that beauty exists in every person as he/she is,

and we are so readily persuaded that what the advertisements and films show is what real beauty is; everyone is beautiful in his/her own way, and don't let 'em kid you, baby!!!); and the bloke must always be on top.

Hell, there are limitless ways that people can come together. We are limited in our sexual activity only by what our bodies can perform and by what our minds can devise... and, in practice, by what our society says is "normal" or "sane".

Which is pretty sick anyway.

And just hangs people up more. Tonight with your friend (now, if you like, and with an enemy, if you like) try what you like; anything, everything. You might enjoy it.

It's much nicer to do things than to read about them before you go to bed each night. Explore your own and other people's bodies for the full erotic possibilities. Let's make sex fun and play again.

Sodomy,
Fellatio,
Cunilingus,
Pederasty
Father, why do these words sound so nasty?

Masturbation can be fun!
Join the holy orgy.
Kama Sutra everyone!!

Because when people most enjoy themselves, they are most happy most free.

"Galley?"

He's as innocent as I am"



SPECIAL PROSH RAG CUT-OUTS-READY FOR YOU TO WHIP OUT YOUR EVER-LOVING SCISSORS, CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE, GRAB YOUR FLAG BOTTLES & GO TO WORK, CHILDREN!!!

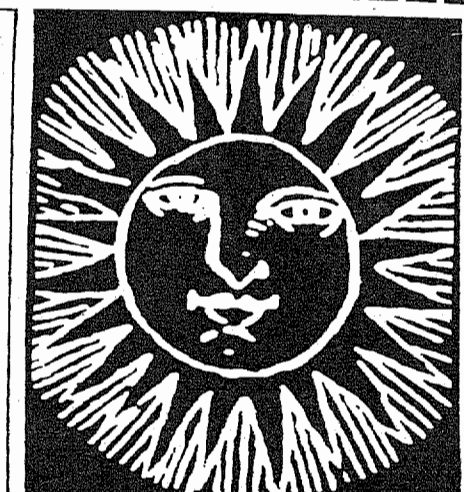
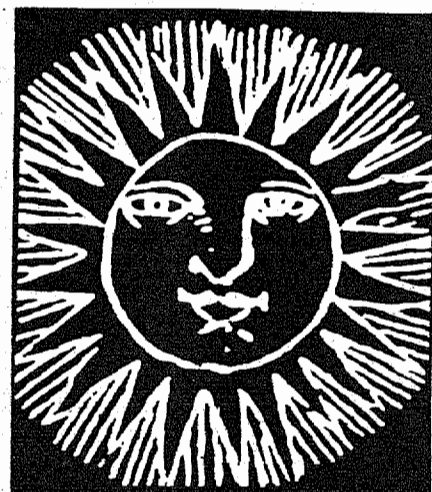
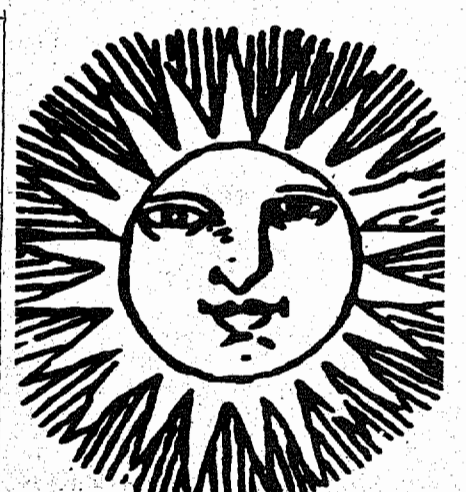
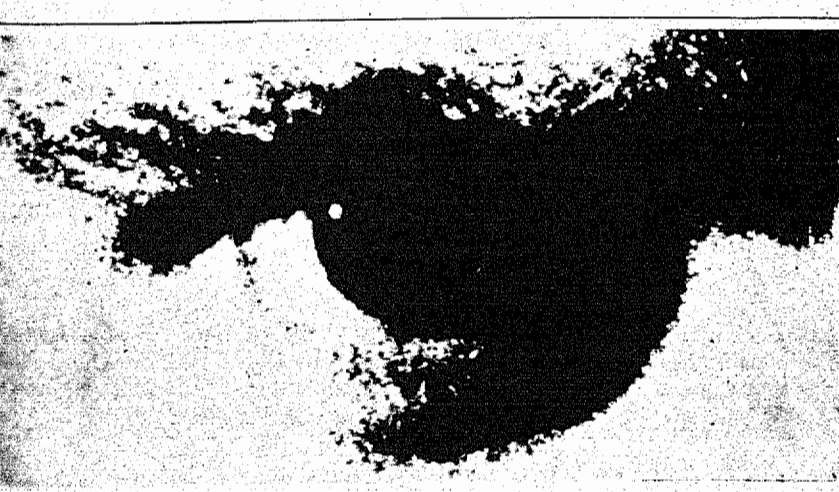
THIS EXPLOITS WOMEN
THIS EXPLOITS WOMEN
THIS EXPLOITS MEN
THIS EXPLOITS MEN
THIS EXPLOITS CHILDREN
THIS EXPLOITS CHILDREN
THIS MAKES ME SAD
THIS MAKES ME SAD
THIS FILM IS CENSORED
THIS FILM IS CENSORED
THIS EXPLOITS TEENAGERS
THIS EXPLOITS TEENAGERS
THIS MAKES ME HAPPY
THIS MAKES ME HAPPY
THIS SHOULD BE FREE
THIS SHOULD BE FREE

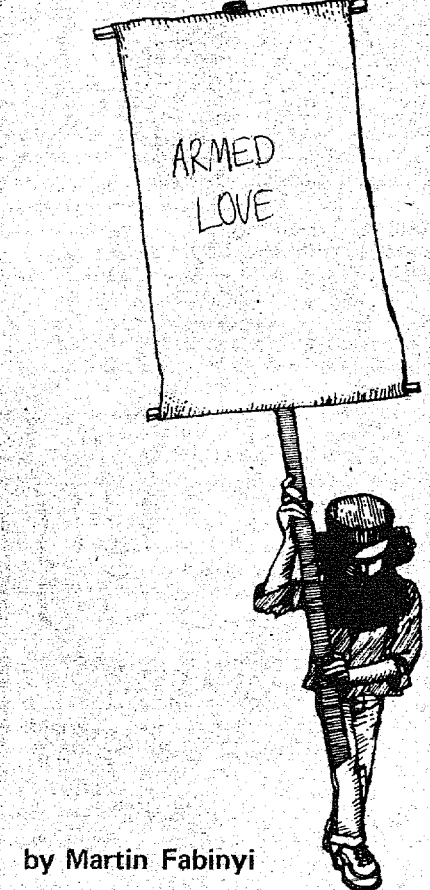
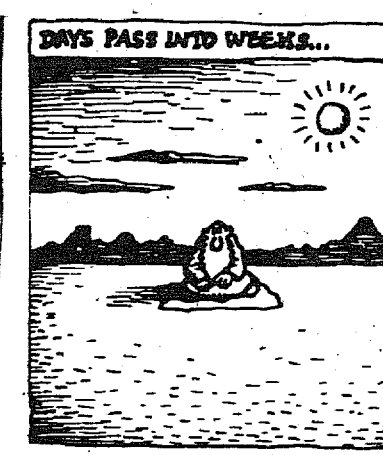
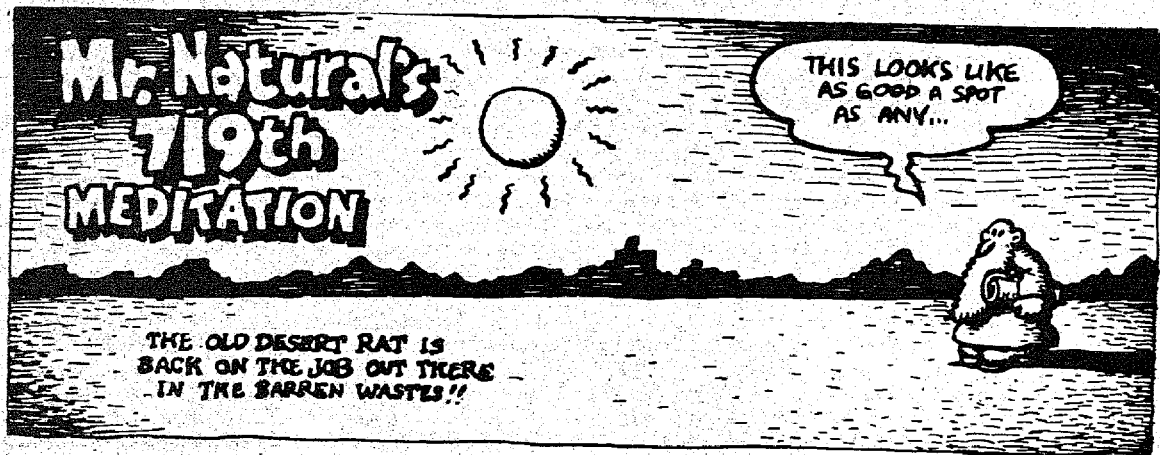
LIGHT UP YOUR BALLS WITH THE SEXIEST COLOUR ORGAN IN TOWN

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The 70 editors think this Rag is Groovy - nuth like a groovy Rag





by Martin Fabinyi

It was organized loosely, being no spokesman, no leader. Everyone spoke at once, at the same volume and without a pause. As Grant, communications expert and university lecturer explained: "It's pure McLuhanism, man." Nothing was ever decided. Nobody ever did anything except drop and screw. "It's all in the mind, man," one of them whispered. The noise died away suddenly and shallow breathing filled the damp, rat-infested cellar. Everybody dropped what they were doing, which must have provided several severe cases of hepatitis and at least one stomach tumor. Modos turned slowly towards the group and spoke simply and concisely "Kill," he said. No-one spoke. "Kill," he repeated. Two draft resistors fainted. "Kill," he spoke softly at first, then louder and louder. "Kill!" A brain erupted and dripped quietly from the ceiling. "Kill!" Cocks and

clits sank with every pause, only to spring to attention whenever Modos spoke. "Kill! Kill! Kill!" He was shouting now, and the rising and falling of mixed genitalia, together with the expanding of pupils and the lolling of tongues became more and more intense, more and more intense, more and more frenzied. "Kill! Kill! Kill! Kill! Kill! Kill!" The room exploded, loose eyes and tongues spurted in all directions, ricocheting off the shaking walls in multi-coloured bursts of screaming ecstasy. When the noise had died away and the last ball had bounced into an appropriate pocket Modos rose from below the convenient transvestite he had been sheltering under and wiped himself down with the nearest handful of hair. He surveyed the tattered cellar with satisfaction. He was the raw material to help him in his search for self-awareness. At last he knew he could reach fulfillment, become one with eternity, infinity and life. His journey was nearly completed.

Modos, of course, was quick to realize the weaknesses in his fellow companions. Their lust for power and prestige were difficult to eradicate, the only effective method being to threaten the removal of the possibility of suicide attempts, a ritual practised daily by some of the more liberated elements. The use of paralyzing drugs, of course proved virtually impossible to stamp out until Modos took to cutting their horse-feed with rat-poison a process which considerably depleted the ranks for quite awhile. This was unimportant as new initiates were constantly arriving, however Modos was forced to discontinue this system when he realized that the deceased were regarded with some envy by those looking for the ultimate Flash, this being confirmed by the necromancers of the group. When his entire supply of poison was stolen and he found a black-market for it arising Modos resorted

to the few phials of polio culture he had left over from his germ warfare days. Of course the presence of rotting corpses was a help with indoctrination and in the extremely rare cases when females were not eager to be used in experiments, this meat was also a great inspiration for Modos' tireless, constant meditation. They progressed well, and after an intensive session of flagellation (which produced enough skin to equip the entire group with studded leather knuckle-clusters) Modos felt they were almost ready. He then spiked the brown rice diet with enough speed to kill a junkie, which it ultimately did. Those who survived the meal metamorphosed into permanent speed freaks, which proved highly economical with food and bedding. Modos, now on a 40-day silence trip, realized time was short. He decided to test the ingenuity and training of his band in a simple realistic exercise and with impeccable skill imprinted the scheme (in braille) onto the eyeballs of his compatriots, aided by the blowtorch which was by now his constant companion.

As the paper streets fluttered in cold pre-dawn, the tiny group struggled from their hibernation and one by one disappeared into the grey. Due to the difference in atmospheric conditions, one or two figures who had been born underground and never ascended before began to leak profusely through their varied needle marks and simply drained away down the road. One actually dissolved, the skin between the holes being too thin to hold him together. Modos, quickly conducting a pre-dawn worship ritual, led the remainder. He knew that he had only moments to work with, sunrise would be the orgasmic propulsion to wrench the few remaining brain-cells from the lining of the collective mind. When this happened what followed would be crucial to his master plan. Slowly light shadowed the horizon and the tattered group moved from street to street, smashing chemist shops and molesting early workers. Finally the sun began to eat its way in and the figures gradually stopped their activities and stared fixedly at the apparition, stretching their few hands towards the light with a chant of "OM". Modos sprang into the full lotus position in mid-air and landed neatly on the soft stomach he had wisely provided. A low ominous hum started to flow the city, cutting pedestrians off below the knee and deflating tyres. Suddenly, the sun rose, raising his bowler hat and colouring the sky with hollow laughter. The group began to perform incredible feats, scaling buildings like monkeys with laser eyes and fire pouring from their mouths, twisting drain-pipes and cracking windows. A cruising police-car, sent to investigate the disturbance was caught in a valley of liquid vibes. As the car melted, the occupants scrambled out and tried desperately to extinguish their clothing. A half dozen ravaged figures rushed up and tore their uniforms away, charring their skin with every breath. But there was to be no easy escape for the two policemen. Held to the ground they were fucked over and over by every piece of equipment handy until they were huge gaping caverns of torn, bleeding flesh. The females, after satisfying their basic lusts, performed ultimate fellatio on the two men. When the guerrillas had decorated their belts and hats with ornaments from the scene, and bathed, they began to spread through the streets, seeking even greater thrills. But sunrise does not last all morning and slowly the numbed survivors crawled back to their secret underground.

Modos, levitating gently, was satisfied. He felt the experiment had been a success. Now it was time for the supreme achievement, the completion of his Great Work.

Editor's note. Sections of the story had to be deleted due to hassles with the typesetters. Our apologies to anyone who is affected by this inconvenience, particularly Martin.

WE WOULD LIKE TO THANK Balfours, Tip-Top, Cola-Cola AND OTHER GENEROUS ALIENS WHO HELPED WITH DONATIONS, HELP, SUGGESTIONS AND SO ON. WE THANK YOU AGAIN.

WE DEDICATE THESE SOUNDS COLOURS RHYTHM TO THOSE ON WHOSE SOIL WE TREAD BUT WHOM WE DO NOT KNOW

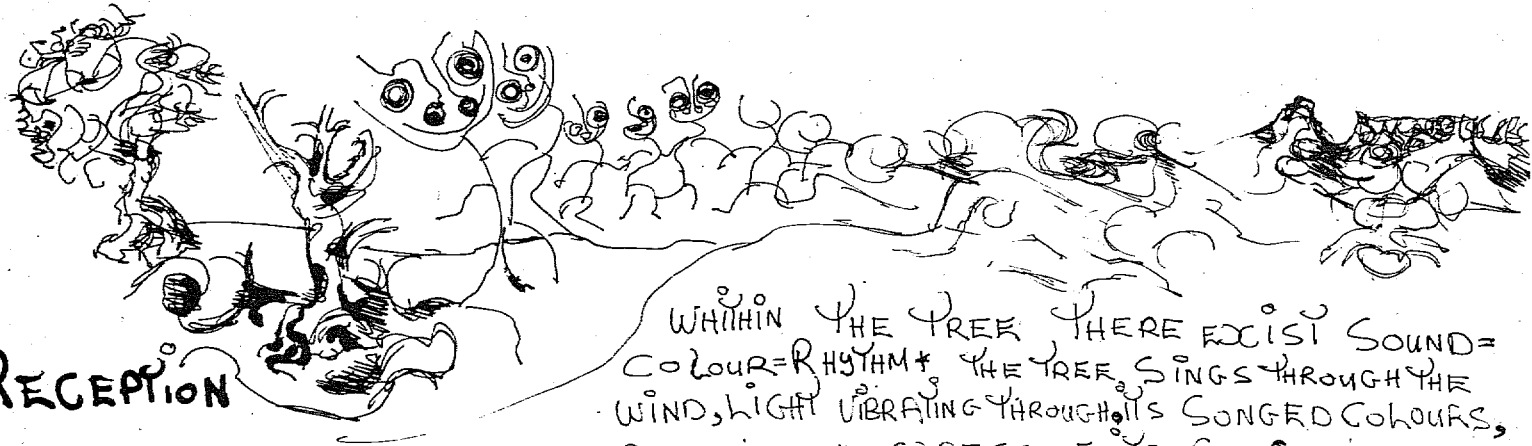
SOURCE THANKS BE TO THE ALLMIGHTY FOR ALL INSPIRATION COMES FROM HIM

THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS ONE WE KNOW ONLY THE ONE-NESS THE SMALLEST & BIGGEST UNIT IS THREE

SOURCE = ACTIVITY = RECEPTION

ACTIVITY SOUND = COLOUR = RHYTHM #

THROUGH BANZHAN B.S. LAWNS IF WELADY SIMON HALL EXHIBITION WELADY SIMON HALL AFRICAN DRAWINGST 2ND AUG TO 6TH 10AM TO 9PM daily



IT IS AT ONE WITH ALL

WE ARE BUT TREES SINGING COLOURED DANCES AS TREES BEND WITHIN SUBMISSION TO ITS WIND WE BEND WITH FEELING INTOGETHERNESS OUR WIND TO WHOM WE BEND ALONG CAME THE LABELER (DON'T FEEL THINK FIRST YOU HAVE EVERYTHING TO LOVE WANT CAMOUFLAGE)

CHILDREN OF ALL HAVE SONG COLOUR RHYTHM FLOWING THROUGH ONLY WHEN WE ACCEPT TO BE CHANNLED TO OTHER THAN BEING THROUGH OUR SOUND COLOUR RHYTHM DO WE BECOME AS THE WEAR ROSTED TREE BREARING IN THE WIND TO ONLY ENRICH THE SOIL & GROW ONCE MORE

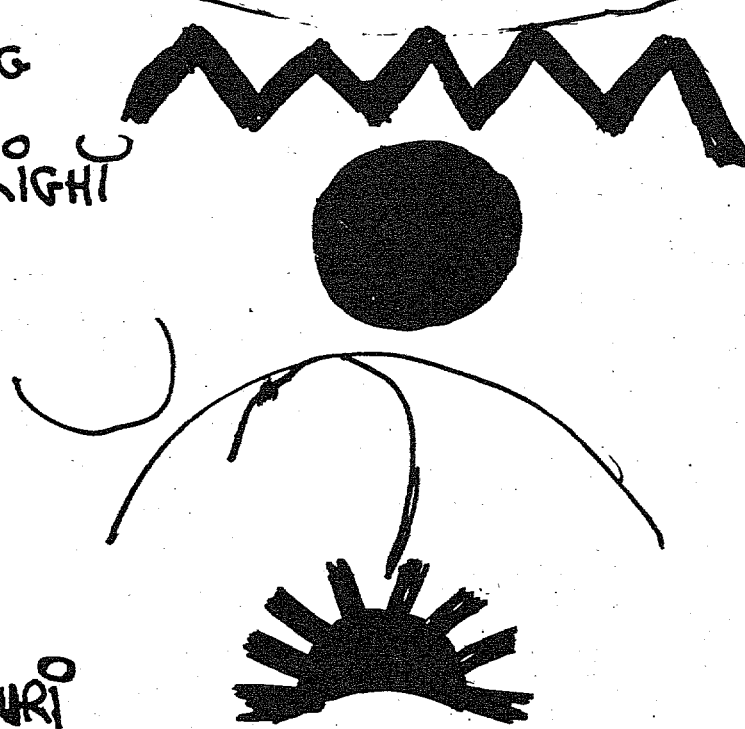
THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS ARI IN AFRICA IT IS PURELY A FUNCTION OUTSIDE IN THE ENVIREMENT SOUND = COLOUR = RHYTHM TO GETHER THEY WILL ALLWAYS - ALL WAYS BE

BEHOLD THE NIGHT & DAY GENTLY THEY GIVE WAY TO EACH OTHER

DEAR ROYER CAHURI

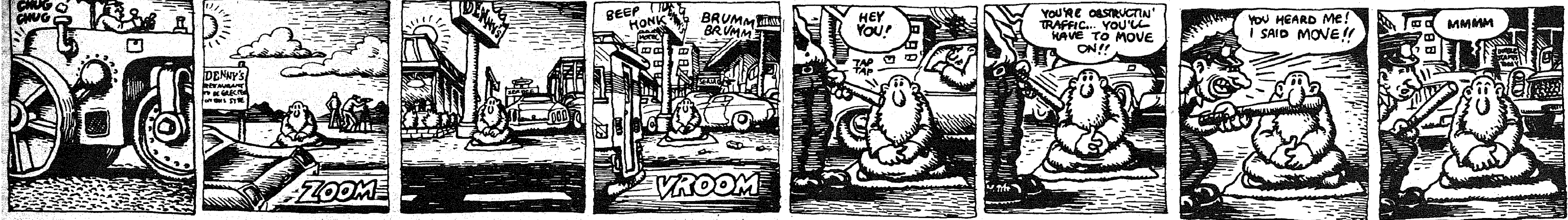
I SAW A BIRD DYING FLYING IS THIS THE END OF FLIGHT? BEHOLD HERE COMES THE NIGHT

IF IT TAKES YOU TO THE LIGHT ITS ALL RIGHT CAHURI

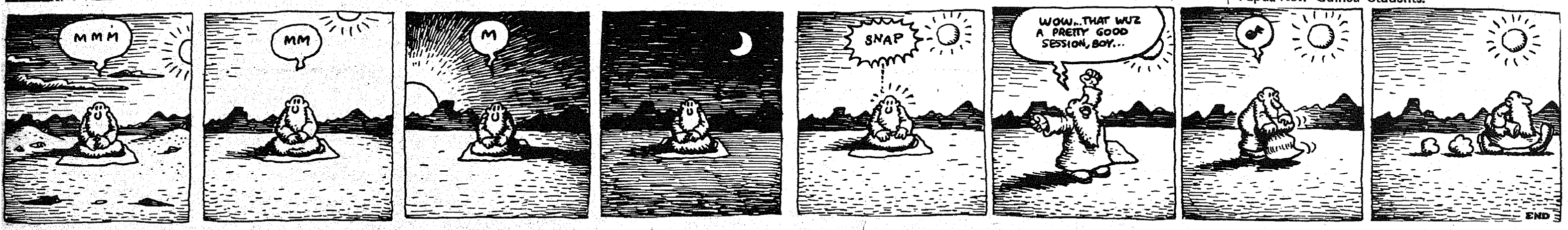
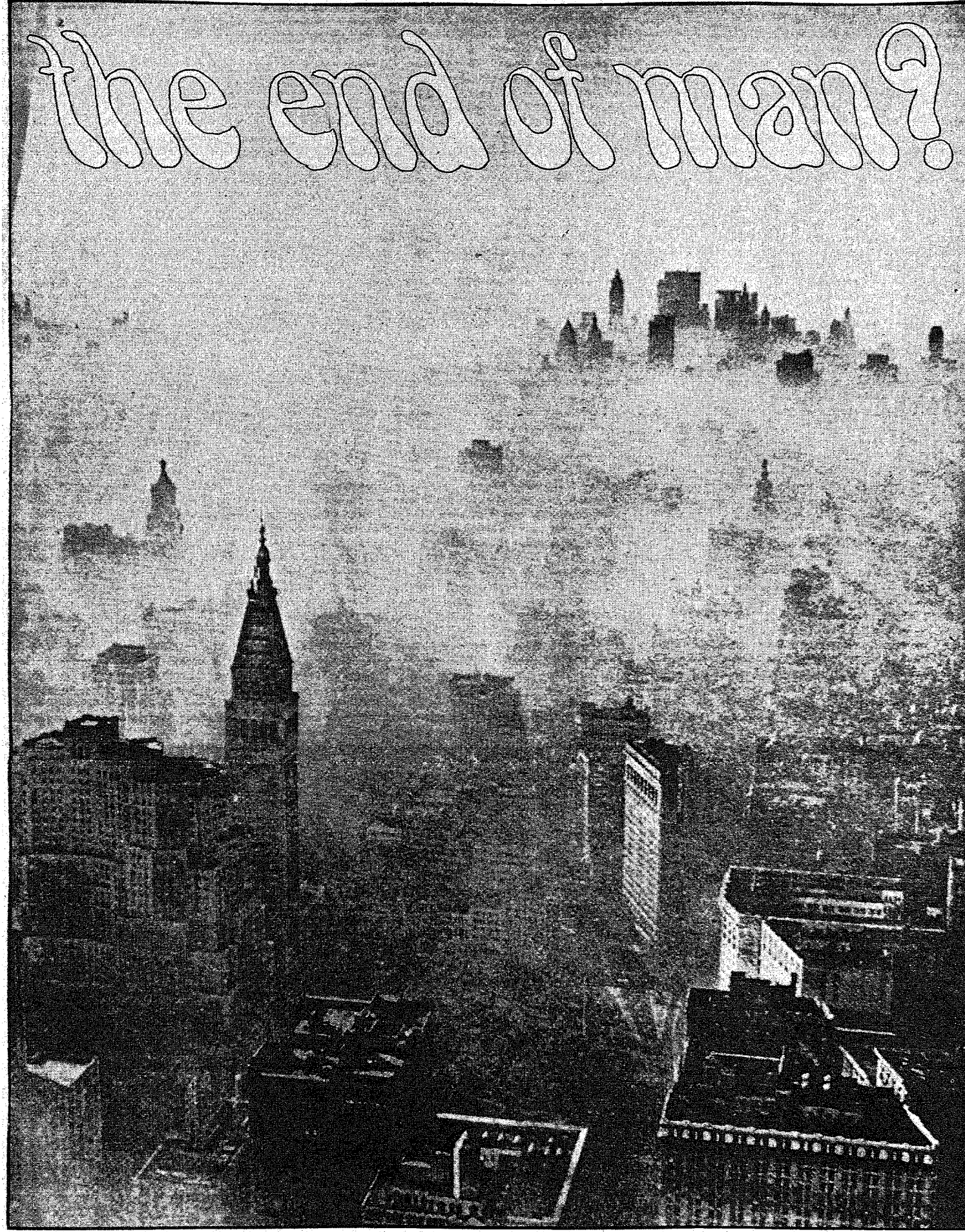


WORDS COUNT FOR NOTHING. WHAT YOU BELIEVE IS UNIMPORTANT. HOW YOU LIVE, WHAT YOU EXPERIENCE, HOW WELL YOU LOVE; THESE ARE THE ONLY MEANINGFUL THINGS.





FILTHY PICTURES



ECO-TACTICS

"We have met the enemy, and he is us." Pogo

Quite playing "super-consumer." Recycle. Be funky, frugal, second-hand-Rose and use your Good Will.

Get a list of the Big Polluters in your area. Shame them, defame them, and above all, boycott them.

Walk, ride, bus or car-pool. Become a friendly hitchhiker and unfreeze people.

Consumption of paper is increasing 3 times faster than population:

- Use Libraries;
- Take a basket to market (don't buy a throw-away one there);
- Remove all excess packaging at counter;
- Mail back all those ridiculous pre-paid envelopes of advertising crap, telling them not to waste paper;
- Write on the unused side of used stationery;
- Share a newspaper with a friend;
- Lick your fingers;
- Buy bottled milk;
- Boycott one-way bottles, especially on beaches in summer.
- Use 100% bio-degradable products.

Build compost heaps: they are resurrection. Eternally.

Put a brick in your toilet cistern: we flush too much.

Shower with a friend; or bath with several.

Refuse to pay taxes that go do death: a very large percentage of the Federal Budget is going for past, present and future wars.

Do not buy pesticides, Shell "Pest Strips", flea collars.

Get a live Christmas tree this year, and plant it in an area reclaimed from the automobile.

Bury your remains in a paper-mache coffin.

Yes, Chicken Little, the sky is falling!!

Keep lookout! They're taking the Moon (Reflected Light); Be careful. They might take the sun.

Thanks much indeed to all those kind (etc) people who have helped with the production of this paper: BauXuan, George, Ted, Neil, Dave, Angela, Michael, Julie, Martin, John & Gerald, Pauline, Chris, Elizabeth (sorry E!!), Martin & Steve, Gilbert, Pat, Pat (they're not the same), Chris, The Movement, & thousands of others, both here & absent. (especially Peter) - Paul & Remas (eds.)

HELP BUILD A BETTER ADELAIDE!!

NOW, YOU DON'T NEED A "SHRINK" TO FLUSH OUT KARMIC CONJESTION!

GET STONED! a Modern Miracle!

Here's How! SMOKE AT LEAST TWO OF THESE EVERY DAY FOR ONE YEAR! THIS METHOD CAN'T FAIL!!

FIRST, TAKE A GOOD LONG "DRAG" ON YOUR "JOINT" OR "MUGGLE".

PULL ALL THAT GOOD SMOKE DOWN INTO YOUR LUNGS. DO NOT EXHALE!!

HOLD THE SMOKE DOWN THERE IN YOUR LUNGS, USING THE PROCESS KNOWN AS HYPERVENTILATION.

EXHALE VERY SLOWLY THROUGH THE NOSE, MAKING SURE THE "STUFF" IS GOING TO THE HEAD!

AS YOU BEGIN TO RELAX AND BREATHE NORMALLY AGAIN, THE PROCESS WILL BEGIN TO TAKE EFFECT.

WHEN THE MIRACLE MOLECULES HIT THE CENTER OF THE BRAIN, YOU WILL FIND YOURSELF IN A NEW WORLD.

ADELAIDE—The Sexual City

By Pat Feanus

Intercourse is but a figment of your masturbation like the Victoria Square fountain—the ultimate ejaculation of our society's sterilization.

Democracy is the touchstone of the nation and the racial mountain swells as our indigenous people's society collapses and its people scattered—our social desemenation moratorium is the blatancy of the communication of our individual castration by the instant media explanation of establishment's organization—

What Adelaide needs is a regular mental menstruation

CALLEY FREED

Manson sentenced to death

I should have joined the Army

CHARITIES

The charities that will benefit from the sale of the prosh rag are: The War Veterans Home, Pakistan Refugee Fund, Abschol, Association for Children Requiring Special Education, Townsend House, Autistic Children, Community Aid Abroad, Papua-New Guinea Students.

