

EVOCATIONS OF DARCY WATERS IN THE 1950S

[We republish from Heraclitus (Nos 26, 27 and 31) some extracts from "Fictional Documentary: The Push In The 1950s" by S.M., which in the person of Ernie Lovelock evoke some of the characteristic attitudes and activities of Darcy Waters in the heyday of the Sydney Libertarian Push in the 1950s.]

Marratt's room was locked from the inside.

"Who's in there?"

"Go away!"

"Come on, open up! It's Syd Marratt here."

"Can't a man give some tuition in peace?" Lovelock's voice.

"I have a lecture to give and I need my notes."

"Are they in a yellow folder?"

"It says 'Hegel on The Cunning of Reason'."

A giggle and shuffles. Then the door opened momentarily, just wide enough for a hand to appear with folder.

When he came out after his lecture, Professor Wellington was approaching, engaged in one of his periodic walks in the course of which he scanned all the Quadrangle loungers and assayed, with disappointed eyes, their likely thought processes. Marratt joined him for a circuit and found he was disappointed with him too.

"It would be utopian," The Duke told him, "not to expect political and sexual confusions to be rife in some student circles."

Ah, brooding about the coming Inquiry Club meeting.

Ten minutes later, down in The Women's Union, Marratt wished Wellington was with him so that he could enjoy a world view of a different kind.

"What we need most," Lovelock was informing his student audience at the main window table, "is more communication, more sympathetic induction between uptown and downtown. Look how many of you are good at philosophy or psychology, and the same even goes for physiology and anatomy, but you're such babes in the Freudian woods most of you still hold hands at the pictures on Saturday nights."

He noticed Marratt's arrival. "Some people living on a diet of curried Hegel and rice might put it like this: What the Inquiry Club is fighting against is an absurd antithesis between Intellect and Emotion, between Logos and Eros. That's an antithesis that has to be overcome and replaced by a concrete existential synthesis. But I'm not a university lecturer, I don't get paid by the word, so I'll give you the benefit of plain speech. What you freshers and fresherettes need to hear, and plenty of it, is Mattress Music. As for the layabouts downtown, what the Club aims to do is to get them off the nest long enough to do some of the hard thinking The Duke stands for."

Now he was singling out a receptively earnest, rather pretty Science student for the benefits of plain speech... No, she wasn't the lucky (?) recipient of his recent tuition. "Is it true you've been at the University for six weeks and you haven't had a fuck yet? It's no use covering it up and pretending it doesn't exist - or that the thought of it doesn't excite you. You've got a quim whether you like it or not, and the quicker you start the quicker you'll find you do like it."

Then, when Lovelock went away, on assignation?, Roslyn in her clear, enthusiastic voice: "Ernie Lovelock is such a coarse fellow. And yet, my dear, you won't believe me - you wouldn't expect words of wisdom to come from someone as coarse as that - but he's right. I was a shy, frightened first year girl myself until I followed Ernie's advice; after that I had a simply gorgeous time."

No Hemlock Today

The Inquiry Club meeting strained relations with Professor Wellington but it was a good day. Everyone who could come along. Including Charlie, the University attendant, who had told Marratt, "I used to be in the same group as The Duke meeting in cellars in Glebe in his Trot days before the war. Of course we've all moved on since then, but I think he's moved further than I have."

Also there were the newly joined members of the working class from Central Railway. These were the Push men, including Blackwell, Dray and Rushcutter, who had decided to improve the struggle for existence by answering a call for casual cleaners at Central. Once there, they were quick to become admirers of the use made by the Railway of the economic principle of division of labour. This was when they observed that one official signed them on and off but another man in a different area, over near the electric

trains, directed them to their work for the day. So for the few weeks while it lasted they were around the University - in the pub or the coffee shop - all day long, until they rushed briefly away to sign off at five o'clock.

They were all happy to go to the Inquiry Club meeting and when they charged up from the University pub at one p.m. they provided a distraction for the restive crowd of people sitting in the elongated, ruminative, fusty Philosophy Room who, as they wait, have been amusing themselves in accordance with an ancient ritual. They examine the names, cut, carved, scratched or written on the benches in front of them of everyone who has ever gone through the University, and when they tire of that, gaze in wonder at the paintings on the front wall of Socrates, Descartes and other philosophers surprised in the act of thinking.

What is Socrates thinking? Surely that: I hope the gods have better brews than hemlock on the rocks.

Wellington himself now approaches along the Quadrangle shepherded by Trumble and Marratt. Or is it being hustled reluctantly to judgement? Well, a wise realist should be cautious about his fickle ex-followers, and over sandwiches in The Lecturers' Hut he has even had to be persuaded by Marratt (who now has these regrettable other contacts) to come to the meeting at all.

A slight hush as The Duke hurries at last down the side aisle of the room.

"The main business today is, as you know, to elect a new Committee and I call first for nominations for President."

"I nominate Professor Wellington," from Leonard, The Last Of The Wellingtonians.

There were no other nominations.

He took the opportunity to nominate, from the chair, his own nominator for the other key post of Secretary.

"Are there any other nominations?" in an unhopeful voice.

"I'd really rather make it Frankie Dray," Blackwell said to those around him. In a raised voice, "I nominate Ernie Lovelock."

Lovelock won the vote easily, but in a spirit of conciliation in the further votes a pluralistic Committee was permitted to be elected.

However, the reconstituted Inquiry Club had a precarious existence.

The Club Secretary, who got about mitigating his good looks with an air of unshaven menace, was favoured with as few words as possible by the Club President.

"He's a thug," Wellington informed Marratt, a hint of humour in his luminous eyes.

"But what about Roslyn Gardens? You can't deny she looks respectable and sweet and yet she has exactly the same views as Lovelock."

"She's a thuggess."

It was a time of much foment and other forms of fermentation. Those two indefatigable workers from Wellington's department, Trumble and Marratt, now had unimpeachably good business reasons for going for a midday drink. As intermediaries, they first conferred with Wellington and then went to talk to Lovelock down in the pub. There, fraternally assisted by Blackwell and his fellow railway workers, they were all sometimes well activated by mid-afternoon. Despite these efforts, however, the Inquiry Club itself was eventually deactivated to the point of paralysis. While differences about sexual theory were aired in papers given to the Club, a problem arose in the case of a political issue of the day. Although it was an exaggeration to say the Federal Government was nourishing 1984-Orwellian^{type} attitudes - after all, for instance, the Prime Minister had no intention of making public obeisances to royalty compulsory - it undeniably did have one particular aim. This was to get passed an Anti-Communist Referendum, the unadvertised small print provisions of which would curtail discussion, not only of Communist, but of Anarchist and even Futilitarian ideas as well. So Lovelock and the others proposed asking to speak on the subject a former leading Wellingtonian, now a doctor, who was noted for his uncompromising stand on freethought issues. But Wellington prevaricated, maintaining that the topic was not a suitable one for the Inquiry Club.

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... "Too true," Lovelock said. "Don't they get wild if they happen to run into any of us and we expose their common good bullshit about helping society or the economy or the people and tell them they're mainly serving the interests of themselves and the ruling class. Whereupon they round on you and say how would a no-hoper like you know and how would the country keep going if there weren't sensible people running it who deserve

to be paid more. And when you hit back with 'ad hominem' or 'greed ethic' if they had any wit they'd ask 'Are they starters for Randwick?', but no, they just go away shouting that they haven't lost their integrity."

"Ernie," Miriam said, "if only I could infiltrate you in to speak at Speech Day at the school!"

"His theory of the good!" Lovelock repeated sorrowfully. "That's the one theory that has always divided the Wellingtonians, and nowadays The Duke seems to be altering the theory for the worse." He looked around the room. "Some of you blokes look as if you know fuckall about The Duke's theories, but if you're friends of The Push Med. Student it's possible you do know something about horse-racing, so let me put it this way. In the old days when the Wellingtonian races were being held, the Good Handicap attracted some spectacular performers and was a very open race. Risk-Taking,

Courage and The Comic Spirit all won it, and at one time the fine mare Love. But then The Duke began to weight out horses right and left and these days even his old favourite, James Joyce's Art For Art's Sake, seems to have gone scrawny, so the grey gelding Inquiry bolts in every time."

Lovelock's Professions

Ernie Lovelock himself of course had to suffer being, in the appreciative eyes of all, reluctant number one entertainer in a long time serial. His ambivalence about this, it is true, did provoke some negative quotient assessments. Or, as the philosophy students preferred to say - to distance themselves from the dreaded suggestion of being merely Fringe-Push that hung over psychology students and their mathematical jargon - Lovelock's looks and style earned him many propositional attitudes including such morally loaded ones as envy on the part of the other men and disappointment on the part of some of the women. But even these complaints were less in blame than in sorrow at human natures inequalities and were leavened by some engaging aspects. When Lovelock happened to be living at the post Felapton's house out in the suburbs, his schoolteacher girlfriend was away teaching in the country on weekdays but his other girlfriend kept him company then. Thus it was that even Felapton, far from conventional in his outlook, flinched a little at the looks neighbours gave Lovelock on his way to the electric trains late each morning when, on weekdays he went down the street arm around a dark haired girl, and on weekends arm around a blonde one.

Lovelock furthermore was much respected for his proper attitude to the wild claims sometimes made by activists who surfaced in Push circles. He naturally did not go in for such dangerous activities as shooting his shanghai at the police force or the army. These ill-constructed social Frankensteins might have small brains but they did have brute power and elephantine memories. Though to state the truth - which was much regretted - he was once almost caught trespassing on railway property when he was pasting up the Futilitarian election advice: "NO MATTER WHOM YOU VOTE FOR A POLITICIAN ALWAYS GETS IN."

Lovelock's realistic approach to the question, What can be done?, was thus much appreciated. As on the occasion the Balkan anarchists who had escaped from Fascism and Communism, having got to Sydney, made contact with the Futilitarian Society and a well attended meeting was held at the University. A comedy of terrors, especially when it emerged their spokesman had led a guerrilla band against the Germans during the war. He spoke in formidable terms, heightened by his broken accent, about "1848 again... the revolutionary cause ... barricades under the Southern Cross ..." Then Futilitarian spokesman Lovelock, looking like a brave, bronzed Anzac turned to a good cause and gazed at with shining eyes by the good-looking Bulgarian girl, gave an unrheterical speech in reply. "You're welcome to believe your own nonsense ... chances of the barricades up in Sydney about zero ... if they ever were up, so far as The Push is concerned - with one or two raving mad exceptions we'd find it much safer to go to the races instead." It wasn't what they expected and the good-looking girl spat "Coward!" at him as she left. But The Push did inherit one fine, bearded Bulgarian anarchist who liked their idea of "anarchism without ends".

As for everyday trifles, they were of course relegated to the bush races if they got a run at all. Food for example. Lamb and potatoes were always good enough at the Athenian ^{Not} were greater vexations, such as the tyranny of making a living, deserving of more than transient attention. If you wanted security - and servility - there were of course full-time public service jobs from which you might wangle time off to go to the University, but it would have to be preferable to sign on with a rich woman and the incessant work that entailed. How could you spend most of your time in the brain-numbing tedium of having

nothing whatever to do except think about how your superannuation entitlements were accruing at the rate of 0.1041 per cent per hour or, if that was more absorbing, at the rate of 0.00173 per cent per minute? Altogether it was so much more pleasant, not to speak of spiritually rewarding, to play poker and go to the course and experience intellectual pride at demonstrating how narrow and snobbishly oriented towards the rich was Thorstein Veblen's theory of the leisure class.

"The worst thing of all is a successful career," Lovelock told his window table hearers. The rain pouring down outside and the heavy, smoke-blurred air inside made it a good day for public reflections in the pub.

"No," he answered Roslyn's demurrals, "I'm not stepping into moral puddles, I'm not saying they 'ought' or 'ought not' to, I'm just saying what as a matter of fact they'll be like. I'm not even saying that I or the rest of you ought to try and earn a George Orwell Prize for Honesty and Integrity - though now that I think of it wouldn't that be a much better order of merit award than the ones the Nobel thickheads put on? I'm just taking account of facts and one of them is the fact that people on the make have a character ready made for it, or at least, or as well - and probably most important - they must have some spark or quirk that gets them really motivated." He raised his voice against the rain. "Think of the big-timers. Lenin all stirred up because they executed his brother. Napoleon probably because something like he was such a five foot nothing runt he couldn't make the school football team."

"And Hitler," Blackwell said thoughtfully, "all because they wouldn't even give him a tinpot art scholarship."

"Of course I've been talking more about how the big careers corrupt you," Lovelock went on looking at The Push Medical Student throwing down a wet newspaper from over his head. "Medicine's a little bit better - if you're a G.P. that is. The self-deception you have to fight against there's mainly merely that you're in it 'to help the patient' and not for the money, but it's not laid on too thick and even Leo never fell for that story. Still, I've decided I'd much rather make my mistakes at the races than on the operating table."

To The Shores Of Twentieth Century Fox

"It is a shame, Ernie," Roslyn placed a comforting arm on his shoulder. "The waste of your talents. And you may end up having regrets. When you're reduced to being Number One Rebel in the Alcoholic Haze Rest Home with Dray and Blackwell, and probably Marratt and Baden too, will you peer through the fog and remember that you might have been as good a vulture as the best of them? Looking after your old age - looking after all of us in our old age. A top public servant - or better still, Honest Ernie Lovelock, the cabinet minister you can trust, high in the bagman hierarchy and sharing out some of the loot with his faithful entourage ... or if that's too sordid, the heart-throb film star ... or at least the rich Eastern Suburbs housewives' gigolo."

"Ernie as film star," Roslyn told Marratt, "is, as you know, everybody's full of schoolers projection, but it did hit us like a downpour of truth one night at Miriam's place when we persuaded him to try on Dray's army uniform - complete with slouch hat and webbing. He really did look good enough to lead them through the waves at Iwo Jima - or, as we corrected when we got over our excitement, through the waves at Gallipoli given that uniform."

"Bloody patriots!" Lovelock said, "that's what you'd be like if war broke out. Chasing the uniforms like all the other women with not a thought but for what's under your skirts."

She paid no attention. "But Ernie's vivid imagination got to work and he was terrified at the immediacy of it all - the thought of actually being in battle dress at a battle!"

"What I did say, and quite rightly of course, was that it might have suited Dray's uncles but even the best Australian rum wouldn't have seen me charging up the heights of Gallipoli into the sights of Ataturk's riflemen."

"But - after you got over your fright - you saw there was something in what we were saying, which was that Ernie would make a fine celluloid soldier and if we fitted him into an American uniform and let him loose in Hollywood who knows what victories he would win."

"To come to the point Roslyn's titillating up to and get it over with, I admitted it did get me thinking. I had a look in the mirror and stropped my ego and thought, well, if I did have a shave and maybe a hair trim too, it might be worth the trouble to hitchhike down to Melbourne and try myself out when the time comes."

This was because his favourite film star - not for her acting - was reported to be going to Melbourne to make a film and he had come to an enterprising value-bet conclusion. If only he could get past the help and get to see her, it had to be at least six to four that she'd fancy him more than the insipid local roys they'd be bound to serve up to her.

But now that he'd got thinking more about it he was having reservations. "It's an undoubted fact that these Hollywood women have a name for being number hungry all nighters, not to speak of being uncommonly mean with money. And besides it would all take time and I don't know that I could stand concentrating on Melbourne tracks and form for long."

"In other words," Blackwell said with disgust, "it's Lovelock The Lax yet again. You're going to back out. Just as you're doing over being a quack!"

Lovelock was looking out the window where Dora and Baden could be seen coming fast across Phillip Street escorted by The Listener who was holding high a large family heirloom umbrella. "Have you ever noticed what's one more mark of a Push person - in wet weather other people rush home or don't come into town at all, whereas more Push people come into The War of the Roses than ever?"

"Deft as a politician in your reply," Blackwell said.

That was Lovelock's other recent project. Doing medicine as a grand design solution to the money problem. Expert aid ready to hand in the shape of Leo's lecture notes and The Listener's coaching, and Lovelock had furthermore thought out a plan to combine with a trusted fellow student so they could take turns and halve the class attendance and practical work. Blackwell was tempted - he liked the idea of working as a part-time locum when it was all over or perhaps he could get to work in the American Hospital in Paris - and he also became excited at the immediate prospect of improving his painting. "I checked on the bodies in the dissecting hall. Seeing them close up every day I reckon I'd soon learn to paint faces with just the amount of animation Cézanne's have ... But no, just when Ernie was promising to win chaff bags full to pay our way, he lost every penny."

"I studied form harder than I ever did before. But could I help it when all the crooked trainers and jockeys in town decided to work double time on my selections? ... Which reminds me, I wonder if Black Prince had anything in reserve when he won last start over the easy ten furlongs at Rosehill?"

Form Ratings For Sports Lovers

Lovelock himself never mixed his work with his drinking and he was always deeply hurt, anguished by the injustice of witless nature, when the drinkers won on the horses, especially if he himself lost. But the more casual Push racegoers were not troubled by moral and metaphysical scruples of that kind and they were even prepared to drink racecourse beer, and on this Saturday no less than sixteen irregulars decided to expose themselves to Randwick fresh air and sunshine, even though it was just a quiet meeting with the Flying Handicap and the last race Welter as the quality events.

Among them was Otto Baden, who was not normally a racing man. Far from it. "It is easy to see it wasn't in my blood," he explained in the Double Bay beer garden. This was to Dora, Roslyn and Marratt as they sought reinvigoration after the small party at Baden's place. "During the war I was working with a labour battalion camped on Flemington racecourse. When the Melbourne Cup weekend came round - the Cup was run on Saturdays during the war - I was pleased to take the opportunity to hitchhike to Sydney for a couple of days." Despite the ambience of the beer garden, however, by one p.m. even he was saying "It's going to be a long day if we just stay here," and they agreed to drive over to see if Lovelock's Specials won - with the exception of Dora, that is. "Not me," she insisted. "I'll rest and you can tell me the day's bad news in The War of the Roses."

When they arrived in the Randwick Flat the first person they met was Verity. The betting quadrilateral was a poor man's Stock Exchange at closing time as the battle went on for the redistribution of surplus value. "Duststorm 7-4, Pythagoras 6-1, Frantic 25-1, Black Prince 7-2 ...," said their betting boards as nervy-eyed, hard-featured bookmakers, in evident need of the cosmetic protection of their large canvas umbrellas, stood on their stands busily active. Rows of them, making alterations to their share prices and issuing illegible instant scripts as old age pensioners proffered two shilling pieces and jostling hands waved ten shilling notes, pounds, fivers and tenners, in a more or less egalitarian scramble except that the sight of a tenner had a traumatic effect on bagmen: it turned them stone-blind to all other expectant hands.

"The cream's gone about Black Prince. It blew from threes to nine to two; I was looking for fives and got it up the back when the rush came."

As they walked towards the Push place for watching races they were joined by The Listener and four more. Then Lovelock came striding up with Miriam trailing behind. "Well, Verity, what's this I hear about your behaviour at the Union pictures last night?"

"What do you mean?"

"You know very well what I mean. You and that University Revue lady. Letting her leap on you after the Marx Brothers! I wondered why you wanted to go to the pictures instead of playing in the board game."

"I could rely on you to bring up that subject."

Natural Selections

When they reached the crowd-free, sparsely grassed area across from the rise in the straight, it was clear that Black Prince had indeed acquired the status of a Futillitarian Special for the day. Even The Listener had backed it - which must have triggered twinges of self-doubt in Lovelock, appalled as he was by The Listener's selection methods.

He had just become a regular punter. He had given up the practice of medicine but soon felt the need for an occupation of some kind, preferable in the open air. He did not study form as he regarded that as a useless waste of time, though he did take the precaution of betting on horses or dogs which were no worse than fourth favourites in the market. But within those limits he used whatever method pleased him.

"Of course in this race I also like 'Black Prince' because of its associations with the battles of Crecy and Poitiers. But I don't worry too much; if my selection loses I increase my bet on the next one, and with a bank of more than ten thousand pounds I can stand a long run of losses."

The Listener's bets created very little interest at Randwick - though he sometimes had the chore of going over to the Paddock to get set - but where he did gain unsought distinction was at greyhound meetings. There a bet of five hundred pounds caused a stir and in a very short time he had become a well-known figure. Ordinary punters trailed him around the ring at Harold Park and then, when he made his bet, there was a mad scramble to get on, the price of the dog plummeted, and people in the crowd could be heard expressing due respect for professional expertise:

"It must be a good thing. The Mad Doctor has gone for it tonight and he knows what he is doing."

"I only got nine to two about Black Prince," a Push man with racing connections said. "But that was because I was waiting for the money to come for him; I would have backed the favourite if the money hadn't come."

"That's a lot of nonsense!" Lovelock was scornful. "I would have backed him anyway - because of form - and I would have preferred it if he'd blown more in the betting. As for Duststorm, there you have a fine example of a false favourite. What's important is form and also value; you've got to get the right price - unlike The Listener here whom I saw taking threes about Black Prince when the bookmaker next door had him at four to one."

The Listener took no notice. Now that the race start was imminent he was sitting on the grass absorbed in reading his copy of Dostoevsky's The Possessed. He had absolutely no interest in talking about horses or watching races.

"They're off," said the course announcer. "Pythagoras was first to move, John Dory got away well and so did Black Prince, Duststorm was slow to move..."

"Frantic is a length clear," came the next call, "John Dory is making a forward move, Pythagoras is on the rails, Black Prince is well placed... Duststorm is being hurried up four deep..."

"The Butcher's doing the right thing by the favourite," Lovelock contentedly peered across the waste land at the horses.

"And at the distance," came the final call, Frantic is in front closely pressed by Pythagoras, and here comes Black Prince making a run on the inside, then comes John Dory dropping back. And now Pythagoras hits the front, but is quickly challenged by Black Prince, who gets his head in front. As they near the post Pythagoras is coming again. This is going to be close. As they hit the line Pythagoras may have just won..."

"Pythagoras wasn't coming again," Lovelock said, "it was Black Prince who was weakening. It's just as well," he went on, "Twelfth Night's a put in take out proposition in the next."

"Maybe I'll get my money back," Miriam said.

"How's that?"

"I backed Black Prince each way on the tote."

"What! Betting on the billygoat! You'll enjoy the services we're going to give mug punters when we take power. Tote betting only and the Minister for Racing tips the winners each day; you'll get your money back less ten per cent for 'administration'."

"They'll win every time," Marratt added, "except when the Minister for Racing is being purged."

"Poor old Ernie," Miriam sympathised.

"I'd deserve it today. I should have known he'd be a squib over the Randwick mile. He's no Black Prince out of the Middle Ages, he's just a bloody locust."

"Do you mean," The Listener asked, "just a bloody cicada?"

"Enough of this pedantry, Brisbane calls."

Lovelock dived under the rail and made a dash for the far fence where, sounding across from the Leger enclosure, the broadcast of a Brisbane race could be heard. Two minutes later he returned.

"Rosella Bay," he said in disgust. "What were you on?" Marratt asked.

"The favourite." "What happened to it?" "Lost his hoop."

"Did I hear you say Rosella Bay won?" The Listener asked. A curt nod. "Good," closing his book and relishing Lovelock's indignation. Almost a smile. "I can collect and go; I've won my hundred for the day."

They walked back, a losing phalanx except for The Listener, until they came to the betting area. There they paused to admire The Push's favourite bookmaker, who fielded in the interstate ring. He was seeking quick promotion into the Paddock - which depended on having a big betting turnover - and he completely dominated his area.

"I remember him when he was at the University," The Listener said, "he actually took Wellington's first year course. I think he had to sit twice to pass it - but you can imagine how far he must be ahead of all the other bookmakers."

They watched him laying a Melbourne favourite at five to two. As all the other bookmakers had the horse at two to one or worse, he was surrounded by hundreds of punters all trying to get on. When the last one was set and there was not a fare home left to invest on the horse, the bookmaker with a fine flourish increased its odds to three to one. Then, during the race broadcast, came the information: "The favourite met with a bad check at the turn and has dropped back to last." Smiling modestly, the bookmaker drew on his cigarette and blew a large smoke ring at the crowd.

"You've got to hand it to him," said Lovelock, "he's got style. But that's enough of Melbourne; I've got to get the cream about Twelfth Night."

They watched him, tenner in his hand and Sportsman in his hip pocket, charge into the Sydney ring. "You can see," Roslyn said, "why women, children and old age pensioners fear for their lives when Ernie's in search of a price."

Twelfth Night won but later selections did not - except for one Baden put ten shillings on at twenty to one. "Centurion," he had said emerging from the bar, "that sounds like a reliable horse." "Drunk's luck," Lovelock said bitterly. "Barrier fifteen and it jumps well for the only time in its life." "I'd better play it safe, then," Baden said, leading Marratt, Miriam and Roslyn back into the bar.

When they reappeared it was the same story. Lovelock's value bets, Verity's track work insights, the racing connection man's money horses, all went down. The last race called for an act of desperation. Lovelock came up with a twelve to one shot with some form. "Amber Ale's a chance, but it's a front runner and nothing else. If anything heads it we've lost our money."

"With a name like that we're with you," Baden said.

Amber Ale jumped well and led clearly until it began to be challenged in the last two furlongs. Trepidation was rife all along the straight until the horse reached the winning post slightly in front. The Push could live to eat, and more especially drink, another day.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

That Other Bar Is Filling Up

Frank Fowler, longtime "spirit" or "soul" of the realist/freethought movement who died on 5th March, did not want a public funeral or a wake. However, eventually a well attended "celebration of Frank's life" was put on by his brother-in-law Alfred Adey at the Darling Mills Restaurant in Glebe on 21st April.

Darcy Waters, the "spirit" or "soul" of the Sydney Libertarian movement, died on the 30th April (an obituary appears on page 16). There was a well attended funeral at the Botany Crematorium on 8th May and a well attended wake at the Harold Park Hotel on what would have been Darcy's 69th birthday on 14th May.

ADMINISTRATION

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