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This is the third edition of NMH10. The first two exist only on stencil. John Foyster saw the first, and he'll tell you it was dead boring. One day I intend to print every discarded stencil I have, and destroy forever the myth that, drunk or sober, I can compose brilliant stuff straight on stencil any old time I like. The fact is that the sober stuff is dead boring. Ask John. He was here for a few days towards the end of last month, and out of respect for the greatest Australian fan of all time (John mentioned his name but I've forgotten it already) I remained pretty close to sober the whole weekend. I maintain still that this was both thoughtful, considerate and courteous (three for the price of two, folks!), but unfortunately it led to John's discovering that when I'm sober I'm dead boring. Maybe he suspected it before anyway. No matter.

The first edition, dated 16 May, went into boring detail about the general election to be held on the 18th. I predicted a narrow majority for Labour in both houses, and a no vote in all four referendums. In the second edition, dated 28 May, I was still predicting that. It was an incredible election: ten days after it no-one knew for sure who had won in the House of Representatives (on the eleventh day Gough went on telly and said he'd won - prompting Bill Snedden to announce that the anti-Labour coalition hadn't really lost the election: it was just that Labour had got more votes and seats, that's all), and as I write (3 June) the Senate vote is still being counted. Since it is Labour's typically socialistic/decadent practice to elect its ministers (as distinct from the Liberals' practice of having the prime minister appoint his ministers), and since ministers come from the Senate as well as the Reps, it could be a little while before we know exactly who is going to mismanage the country.

As a servant of the Parliament, and a dedicated one at that (at what? you ask) (use your imagination, I reply), it irks me not to be at my desk playing my humble part in the affairs<sup>o</sup>f this great nation. It irks me especially to be at my desk playing a humble part in something that has nothing to do with Parliament, when I could be at home fretting or something. For the last week or so (and for the next four weeks, if they stick to their announced schedule) I have worked on the

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