

When Page talks about the "animal", as he likes to, he isn't referring to the leopard. He means the combination of physical fitness and mental awareness which he particularly develops and which society generally, mostly through apathy, ignores. This "animal", he says, is our safeguard. "A lot of people alive today would be alive tomorrow if they developed their 'animal' and widened their levels of experience."

The moment your ship sinks in heavy seas two miles off shore, it's too late wishing you'd worked at becoming a stronger swimmer. When you're lost in the Blue Mountains, it's no use regretting you haven't taken an interest in orienteering. It's "goodbye Charlie" the split second you realise your reflexes aren't fast enough to prevent a fatal car smash.

Page's own moment of truth — and delayed extinction — came 500 metres

physical education at the University of Adelaide and, later, joining the Royal New South Wales Commandos. Now 40, his ego is no longer enchanted. There are millions of Joe Bloggs with potentially his same ability, Page says. Problem is, they don't have the right motivation.

"We've become what we are today by being very efficient animals," he says. "But today our society restricts us from developing as animals. Nobody can make money out of your 'animal'. It's uncommercial. So they sell us appliances that stop us using our brains and our bodies.

"Everyone talks about the brain being used at only 10 percent of its potential. But what about the body? In most cases, it's being used about 1 percent while we concentrate on improving our minds.

"Take the businessman, for instance, who has a sedentary job, works maybe 10 hours a day, six days a week and earns a lot of money. Because he's short of time, he spends that money on labor-saving devices like a very fast lawn mower. The end result is that his body isn't kept as active as his mind. And they should be cross-referenced.

"Next, he gets, or worries about getting, heart problems. So he goes to a gym and works out, half-heartedly, for

half an hour and feels proud of himself. Proud! We're awake for 16 hours a day so half an hour in a gym isn't that important.

"What's more important is wearing shoes that will allow you to move freely all day, get the spring back into your step. That hackneyed old John Wayne line 'Walk tall, walk proud' holds the key to fitness. You've gotta feel good, feel fit, feel like an animal 16 hours a day. On a success basis, it doesn't matter a damn how much money you make if your 'animal's' not working.

"So you should train your 'animal', extend the limitations imposed by your brain. Push limits little by little so you don't get hurt. Just as an athlete does, putting in a certain amount of effort to cover a mile. He'll soon cover a mile and a half in the same time using the same amount of effort.

"Remember the medieval archer whose dream was to fire an arrow onto the moon. He spent all day making better bows and better arrows and all night trying to fire those arrows onto the moon. In his whole lifetime he never sent one arrow to the moon. But you know something else? He still holds the world record for the highest arrow ever fired."

Page isn't just a preacher man. He continues to test the limits of his expertise at water, sand and snow ski-ing, sky and skin-diving, dune-buggy and car racing, rope and cliff climbing.

But, he insists, he is not a fitness fanatic.

"A fanatic concentrates on one particular field: I'm interested in the totality of mind and body, instincts, concentration, knowledge, alertness, everything. I'm fanatical about not being fanatical." □

## POLITICS

### How the WA plotters burnt themselves

By ROBERT DUFFIELD

PERTH is still reeling under the shock of the revelation that Lang Hancock was involved in an apparent plot to "take over" the National Country Party and so "neutralise" Sir Charles Court. If this sounds melodramatic, so did the Premier's reaction when he spoke of mafia tactics and said the WA Government was not up for sale. That evoked images of Godfather Hancock and his Enforcer, David "the Stroker" Oxer, making to unnamed politicians offers they could not refuse. But to some the whole affair has the ring not of Mario Puzo, but of Gilbert and Sullivan doing a send-up of a Shakespearian tragedy.

The National Country Party has been in trouble for years, first through its disastrous and short-lived electoral alliance with the DLP in 1973-74, and then through the Great Coalition Split of 1975. That was when Sir Charles Court refused to go along with Country Party produce marketing policies, and as a result the then CP leader and deputy Premier, Ray McPharlin, led his parliamentary colleagues out of the coalition.

National leader Doug Anthony came over to try to heal the rift, and before long the CP was back in the government — but at a cost. The party had to replace McPharlin as leader with Dick Old, and



A bearded Grant Page and Ireland in a scene from *Deathcheaters*, a movie made before *Mad Max*

up a cliff above Hong Kong. For a film fight sequence, Carter Wong was supposed to pretend to throw Page off the cliff. Wong didn't speak much English. The director didn't speak much Cantonese. There was a most unfortunate misunderstanding.

Wong whacked Page in the gut, picked him up and ran. One step from the cliff edge, Page's instincts reacted. Wong didn't realise he had to stop. As Wong threw him out over the cliff, Page grabbed the parapet to shorten his projection, dropped 30 feet and grabbed a ledge with all fingers, all toes — "Even m'teeth".

Grant Page has been developing his "animal" since the age of four. Insecurity motivated him to do things other kids didn't dare. At 12 he was an egomaniac, a dangerous condition he managed to control before studying