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Richard Neville

Editor

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LIKE, presumably, many of our readers, we believe that the existing social structure is dramatically inadequate to our desires.

But criticism comes easily and, as well as poke at the flesh of the present, *The Living Daylights* wants to evolve a vision of the future. We invite you to participate.

Get Marx high and ask Buddha what he will do when the developers come to bulldoze his banyan tree

This paper is not being launched to inculcate an appetite for ludicrous consumer products. *The Living Daylights* is not a soap opera of weekly news, as so defined by a man with a green eye shade who shouts stop press whenever a politician opens his mouth or model weeks negro.

Despite the presumption of our advertising department, this paper is not aimed at the youth market (hardly, at your age — ad manager) nor any other predefined clique of gullible malcontents.

In truth, we don't know with exactness what shape the paper will take. Part of its personality will be moulded through spontaneous interplay with our readers.

In mundane actuality, *The Living Daylights* is little more than a few people in a room opening the mail. We have a hungry curiosity about the world around and an erratic optimism in the ideological breakthroughs and utopian possibilities before us.

This is not meant self-importantly. *The Living Daylights* is a modest proposal. In everyday terms, it boils down to... ho hum yet another weekly newspaper. Just another missile in the great media assault. Early warning: We do not guarantee a weekly sensation. So why bother?

Because we believe that we can unite a variety of unconventional ideas about the meaning of the mysterious fabric of life as it exists today in 1973, and our place within it, both as individuals with soul and as Australians living in a country ravaged by a riot of idiotic and unnecessary hazards, mainly the result of greed and habit.

Repressed and insular attitudes are being increasingly challenged by thousands of committed and active people, both within the dimensions of their own consciousness and in the execution of their influence on social events. We plan to monitor, reflect and pursue this drama.
BEATING UP THE WEEK'S NEWS

THE ARMY OF THE RARE

BUGGER the war, this is what life is really all about: In a period of international crisis it was pleasing to note that the real interest of the Australian public centred around the set of nude photographs of a young lady and a dog which appeared in a Melbourne newspaper. The young lady, who is believed to have won an obscure and primitive tribal competition known as the Miss Australia Quest, which its sponsors claim benefits cripples who (should be) rightly helped by any thinking government, is distasteing and suffering. Her mother is sedated, the photographer unpenetrant. Claims that the dog has taken refuge in Queensland are believed to be wildly inaccurate.

NEXT WEEK we bomb Peking:

Some 40 position of power last year, have signed a Portugal in Africa and tell South Africa that unless its sporting teams are all white they will not be admitted to this country.

Some middle class delusion that their party was elected to a immigration, Mr A1 Grassby, has told federal report include the statement that homosex-uals' actions should never be legalised, that all proofs should abstain from homosex ual acts and try to "sexually reorient" themselves and that the police should no longer use the system of "agent provocateurs" because it involved the men in blue in "morally degrad ing behavior". However, the report made no mention of Aboriginal values and boy scouts.

THE heterosexual bones is up the ditch anyway. Dr Gordon Baker told the conference of the Royal Australian College of Physicians in Melbourne that the hairy chested, hard drinking symbol of Australian man- hood was gambling with his masculinity and losing. Men whose drinking habits caused cirrhosis of the liver could find that their hormone balance was being upset. This led to larger breasts and smaller balls. Now we know why they don't like women in public bars.

BRING back the press gang: Mr A. G. W. Keys, national secretary of the RSL, told the senate committee on foreign affairs and defence that the time had passed when a country could be defended by an army of volunteers. "The principle of voluntarism is an outdated concept, both militarily and morally. It is unfortunate that the govern- ment repealed the National Service Act instead of suspending it by administrative action," he said. It is understood that Mr Keys is above the age limit should national service be reintroduced once again. From this stems his courage in the face of any enemy.

JUST in case you've forgotten that other war: A three year old girl narrowly missed being burnt alive when Bennet Quentin doused her with petrol and then set alight the cafe she was patrocinising with her grandmother. Such action by Christ's true followers showed that such gentlemen at the Perfect Master, Guru Mahewal Ji, otherwise called by his followers His Sublime Altitude, are really not so bad after all. The greatest crime that can be laid at the dressings of the Perfect Master is a little misunderstanding about gold watches on his return to mother India after a journey through the United States. The Master, who returns to Australia's shores later this month for a further donation of watches, is believed not to be carrying either cans of petrol or machine guns to persuade unbelievers to embrace the true faith.

SHAKAHARI — What’s the future hold?

Melbourne’s beloved vegetarian whole food restaurant is for sale. Business is booming but we’re moving on to other things.

OUT NOW

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Single: “I remember when I was young”

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The Living Daylights

Living Daylights every Tuesday

It will take time for the plot to thicken. Stick around and watch and contribute to the order The Living Daylights every week. A new newspaper should offer some explanation for its intrusion into an already crowded and bloated marketplace. So what follows is a jumble of words as clues to our preconceptions and prejudices, for hardware consultation only. No inalienable claims of originality are being made. Sensible and discerning readers are warmly advised to skip it and flack the page.

There must be some way out here

Put crudely, there are three choices available.

ONE: Recognize the system for what it is and join it.

You either rowsteam or may be building a fort of watering holes, petrol pools Choice TWO: Kickback. This can mean taking to the streets, mastering dates they didn't teach you at school, attending meetings, immersing yourself in the class struggle and backing whichever radical political organization seems most likely to succeed without tiring.

THREE CHOICE: and this is bowling im about letters. Reform the system is possible in principle by getting out upon one's own search for inner tranquillity, which can involve drugs, music, sex, meditation, hitting the road, guru hunting, body disciplines, brown rice and so on until one can ultimately squeeze the trigger on a profound personal mystical experience. Of these, we suppose many of us stagger along one or other of the above paths, under more, play some old time dance music, truck truck truck along yet another trail which is still ill, despertlychart and probably around the bend.

While recognizing the right of everyone to choose his own alternative, The Living Daylights states up front that it rejects socialism, liberalism and altruistic as absolute, that is, irrevocable, that it's up to us to interpret the universe a dash of any or all three at will. Of these, we suppose many of us stagger along one or other of the above paths, under more, play some old time dance music, truck truck truck along yet another trail which is still ill, despertlychart and probably around the bend.

However unpalatable it may seem to the classic mind, the fact is this. Since the mid 60s, hundreds and thousands of intelligent, curious, sensitive young people in the Western world have thrown out on LSD and encountered other hallucinogenic drugs. A proportion of these people who know how many for the first time, have experienced profound mystical phenomena, which drives them to a far less freudian view of the universe a dash of any or all three at will. One of these seekers, a 92 year old man from near New York City, has spent 30 years in prison for involvement in the drug trade. He acknowledges that he has had certain experiences which have led him to reform the system is possible in principle by getting out upon one's own search for inner tranquillity, which can involve drugs, music, sex, meditation, hitting the road, guru hunting, body disciplines, brown rice and so on until one can ultimately squeeze the trigger on a profound personal mystical experience. Of these, we suppose many of us stagger along one or other of the above paths, under more, play some old time dance music, truck truck truck along yet another trail which is still ill, despertlychart and probably around the bend.

We hereby declare that the 19th century pseudo...
BENNELOG'S REVENGE
Rumbling Round Redfern

Plogging Round Redfem. Two Redfern detectives who coast of New South Wales gather teams. On Friday night aborigine broke out between two aborigine were gathered on the footpath. Under a rain of bottles came flying out of the car, followed by a hail of bottles, thrown him out. A fight began in the middle of the street as the blacks already arrested escaped to the other where the paddy off the lights in the hotel and ed from the paddy wagons.

Suburban blackness: Dipping in some 200 drinkers flooded out on to the street, making the size of the crowd safer to pelt the cops. Police cars and wagons kept arriving with lights flashing and sirens wailing and by this time about 60 cops were on the spot. The stage was set for a major fight . . . but the crowd started to slowly disperse. The police hustled strugglers and arrested another four people as they tried to get to the Redfern railway station.

Twenty-four people were arrested in all and they fronted at the Redfern court next morning where surprisingly most got off their charges or received relatively light fines. The blacks feel the cops aren’t too happy with the whole affair. Future developments are expected . . .

Horrible Harry Gumbot will be a regular contributor to The Living Daylights. We have never met him, but judging from a few sample columns and his letters to this office, he is not someone to take out to dinner — even if he offered to pay, which he wouldn’t. This week’s rave is about kids, in future issues: Wailing Matilda, pot not...

I am 29 years old, travelled and childless, with many friends, low responsibilities and an inflated sense of curiosity. Most of my approximate peer group are parents and I cannot understand why. For all their pretty curly locks and romper suits, today’s young kid is a nasty, slimy, earthier, lumpen pseudo hippie proletariat, kids are still being titty tattling, sugar addicted, soiled bundle of rapacious ego off to boarding school. No. Wait! They will emerge quite

Bush Video presents Sydney’s first video theatre — a multi bank video experience tapes ranging from experimental video optical events, the Aquarius Nimbin Festival, Dolphins communications and a collection of records of current events in music, painting and other sub-cultural activities.

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Music

O'Rourke's Living Songbook

This is intended to be a regular feature of The Living Daylights. Public airing of contemporary song is rare. So we intend to print songs from as many Australian songwriters as possible, to establish traditions and, with a strong bias towards songs that are both easily readable for non-musicians accessible to inexperienced listeners. Here's a song cut into strips and dried; bring it to life. But if you are a pro it would be nice to get in touch with its creator and ask his permission.

John Crowle is a Melbourne singer of country and original songs. He can be heard at Frank Travers' on Thursday nights and weekends.

If you write songs send some to me. Music is a journey and so is its highway.

---

Bo rapes 'em

I knew it was going to be one of those incredibly memorable nights. The power cuts that followed the Chinese roast pork were a gastronomical masterpiece.

I washed the complete delight down with a large Singapore smoky jam, and flat warm rocks for my mandrax dessert.

As various pickings and choosings, I missed mandrax would be the only acceptable drug to see Bo Diddley on. The quantity was the only variable to be decided.

We were a little late arriving. I could tell this off by my watch, and by hearing the sounds of a loud band some distance away. We arrived at the barn.

Bo Diddley's Brown Eye Handshake was a great success. Bo Diddley song fame and his bomb-bom-bombom de handshake. Accompanied by Cookies Vee instead of his sister the Duhnn and a marquee man, Diddley struck and split and rocked and bopped and jived and fastshuffled his way through some live sets, and the above mentioned bomb de etc.

Bo Diddley, a complete male chauvinist performer I've ever witnessed, the crowd who had paid loved every minute. His personality aptly, so did I.
The Great Stumble Forward

THERE'S something to be said for getting things done in a hurry, before the flash disappears. Considering that flashes move at the speed of light you have to be quick to catch the simultaneous ones of a lot of people.

The Great Stumble Forward, a new group of actors and musicians in Melbourne is a case of a flash whose time had arrived. The people involved are from Tribe, Skyhooks, APG, the Digger, the Anarchists. They are all what you might call experienced performers in the fringe theatre, and they have incredible fantasies, simple and effective performances and they've only been going a month (in the flesh).

Among the fantasies that will probably come true are The China Fantasy and the Three Bus Fantasia. The China Fantasy involves going over there and performing in the Celestial City and for the people all around the country, travelling by horse and cart, and acting like a group of minstrels, troubadours and acrobats.

Having just seen the Kwangchows do it, I'm sure it's possible. The difference I suppose is in levels of skill and in levels of intention. The Kwangchows do things that are impossible. I say that advisedly having seen them do it, but there must be something in what they eat or read that ordinary people don't get like having a guy balance a 25 foot bamboo pole on his shoulder, with two people doing stuff at the top. Or juggling a table with the feet. Or six people doing handstands of chairs balanced at an angle. And so on.

Well perhaps these feats aren't impossible. Maybe they're just magical. Gravity-defying. The Stumbles can't to those things, but they also operate on a magical level, and emphasise the physical side of performance.

In a recent performance, Stumbles in The Park, all they did was string together a heap of nursery rhymes, and sing a few songs. The atmosphere they created though, was, as they say, theatrical. It was also simple, funny, and involving - especially for the kids there.

Perhaps it was the nice spring day, with sunshine, trees, grass, and a heap of people sitting around digging whatever went on. Or maybe it was the graphic way the images of the childhood stories were physicalised and act-ed out.

One wouldn't want to put too much on it... it would be easy to go on about the psychology of simple theatre, or how to exploit archetypes for the child. Certainly the style of theatre the Stumbles go in for has a very old and honorable tradition. Commedia, the Everyman plays, the Wakefield and other cycle plays, and the jugglers, connoys and so on of the medieval period. It is in a way artless and childlike, but that is also its fascination.

The Complicity of Fun, which is what the Stumbles politics seems to be about, contrasts directly with the other street theatre activities that have happened in Melbourne before. The APG plays, Mr Big, The Pot & Peace Miracle Show, Dr Karl's Kure, were all done in a revolutionarily activated group, The Stumbles politics is not obvious in the content of their work, but more in the way they work.

Not that one is better than the other, it's merely that the conditions of doing street theatre, in Melbourne at least, have considerably as have the people involved.

When the original groups of people got together around La Mama in 1966-70 there was an ongoing, it seemed, movement involved with anti-imperialism, universy reform, workers control and so on. If one was a radical revolutionary and also a theatre person, then one had somehow to fit the two together.

The result was, on the one hand, the attempt by writers like Romeril and Hibberd to delineate what the Australian consciousness was all about, to investigate the mythic structure of language and actions of ordinary blokes. On the other hand there was a sort of runthrough of agitational theatre methods, mainly by the actors. There were factory tours, street theatre at moratoriums, an attempt at rock festival theatre, and some general outdoor stuff in the car park at La Mama.

All that has become notoriously successful, and somehow relegated to the Old Days. Now many of the same people are into the idea of a professional theatre, whose politics is involved in how people's lives are affected by it. The Stumbles are into the UnAlienated Theatre, if you like.

Whatever the strains and interpersonal difficulties involved, and whatever the result in so-called "artistic" terms, the experiment that the APG is conducting is one of the most important that is going on in the current Australian spectrum. It is probably in worldwide terms as well, but I don't know enough to say.

Other people, Tribe in particular are into a kind of less formal version of the same thing. A communal kind of theatre. Tribe has always been the least pretentious of groups, the least formal, and maybe the most fun. Rarely do they become over serious in their work or themselves. But they should be taken seriously too, I suppose.

The difference I suppose is in the need for a large number of people to be around demonstrating that other kinds of relationships are possible, that another kind of lifestyle is possible, so self evident as to be largely ignored.

PHOTOS: MANNING AND GOCHER

The park. Kids on Sunday arvo playing with some older trouper and it's a lot of fun and games... GARRIE HUTCHINSON says it's a revolution that will take over the world.
A horrible war has erupted in Melbourne between forces of darkness and light. It is ugly and bloody, and people are being savagely maimed and dismembered.

CHRIS HECTOR gets badly involved.

Pics by RODNEY MANNING

The People’s Army Fights For You!

AND REMEMBER you’re all members of the People’s Army – and they’re right in there fighting for you. THE PEOPLE’S ARMY, YOUR ARMY fighting for you.

What’s this, early Sunday in Melbourne and out of the box in a bagpipe split, some sneering trap his come-on? What’s that, SADIE MADONNA, in the 1972 World Championship Wrestling, Crowned 9, 48 minutes 43 seconds the original golden girl, dammit! Just Little.

I sit down to watch. The other side we have the People’s Army, led by Stomper, the golden Greek, and his handsome in arms Mark. We have a little help from the Great Waddy Arub (who’s also, all himself an Australian), King Curtis, Mario Milano and Chief Billy White Wolf. They’re our boys – the PEOPLE’S ARMY.

Now on the other side of the four square ring of life we have Big Bad John and his MERCENARY ARMY. Big Bad John is one thorough heavy ("My folks thought I’d make a preacher man"). He wears a mirror-finish German steel helmet; on the back of his khaki combat jacket, an inscribed armband, silver in paper bold Print, WAR; George Washington southward, is meant.

He’s backed by his fascist buddies, Waldo Von Erich, who wears, so help me, a swastika on his helmet, jackboots, Hitler jodhpurs, and the BLACK GLOVED FIST. ("I don’t like ladies and gentlemen, but some sort of excuse for wearing it but I don’t like to see this sort of brutality creeping into the sport . . . " Lord Layton, you get to meet him later.) Von Erich’s got a crewcut and a dinky little toothbrush mo.

His mate is the Great Tojo; Tojo is a great big fat Japanese gentleman, allegedly an ex-sumo wrestler; he wears the uniform of the Imperial Forces of Nippon and his daddy’s kamikaze scarf. Lately, however, Tojo has been holidaying in the land of the cherry blossom. Rumor has it that he returns shortly in company with another even fatter, nastier nip.

Meanwhile (sorry if this is getting confused, there’s wheels, Silver in paper bold Print, 1972); He, the People’s bud.
dy has been the even grosser
dreaded cobra hold}). He falls
for. THE WAR.
don't even get in the ring; action
audience is right there with them.
flash, and it's all happening. A
next to any of the Sheik's
effect than, say, movie violence.
big men, BIG MEN, great big men.
in front of their papa, firing away in
the current quasi maoist over­
right on the pulse of Melbourne's
had its ups and downs. By dint of
latter's antics the mercenaries
herself - - very old -  lady.
Tito or Pavelic, for my book
the very stars they're waiting
the bell goes at the end, it's
of Big Bad John beat a retreat.
flirt...and the blood's starting
to quote statistical break­
steady, there's the traditional vil­
right on the pulse of Melbourne's
the Sheik escorted by
she was 27, a bit drabbed), but
shadows they had this year?)
and the current quasi maoist over­
the Greek. Every now and then
...we're everything on this earth
the traditional vil­
the people's Army
be part of us, be part of the
The war is going to stop us. I just
To me, that was Mao Tse-tung's
right on the pulse of Melbourne's

It will take more than one axe from your executioners to take our belt, our name, and the people's faith . . .
I promised my mother and I'll promise anyone else that I'm going to try and be better, and have people like me..."

Mark Lewin, when he regained consciousness, still thinking Kox a villain, shaped up to beat him around the head and shoulders. The chorus, read crowd, inter- 
venue: "No Mark, No, it was thine own cause he fought, good Kox the erstwhile killer."

The next morning the wrestling world cut back to normal attention focused on the great KOX KONTROVERSIES. What dark deeds ahead, would this be the break the People's Army has been waiting for?

"At the look on Mark Lewin's face, he can't believe it, he can't believe it, he is amazed, absolutely amazed... he can't believe it... (Jack Little)."

Lord Layton: "I think the only person who can give an explanation of his actions is the Killer himself, and we welcome you back on this program, and you certainly provided wrestling fans with an unexpected thrill, how did it come about?""Killer Karl Kox: "It's really hard to explain how this came about, I don't like to stick my nose into someone else's business. I don't like anyone interfering in my matches, but last June I lost someone who was very close to me and who I loved dearly. She had a long battle with cancer and anyone who knows anything about cancer knows how people suffer when they have this terrible disease and I happened to be at bedside — it was my mother — and I happened to be at bedside when she died." "Very sad indeed" (Layton).

"She died with her hand in my hand and her last request to me was to please not go through life any more and have people hate you and hurt you like you have been. Now when your mother says something like this to you, well you know that she means it from the bottom of her heart. I've had my family threatened quite often."

"My family has suffered due to the way that I've acted in the ring, and the way I've acted out of the ring. The things that I've done through life I'm sort of ashamed of, and when your mother is dying and asks you to change your way of life, what else can you do. I promised her faithfully. It was one of the last things she ever heard. I would try and change my life. And go through life to make things better than they had been. So, as far as interfering with Mark Lewin in his match, I got into town early to see what's going on around here. I don't approve of the war bit, I don't approve of a lot of things that I have said or done to insult anyone out there. I wish to apologise right now."

"I am changing my ways not for Mark Lewin or anyone else, but for my mother who is dead, and the way that I've acted out of the ring. It is not much of a man I say. He's just got to back off and take a look in the mirror and take a look at himself and ask what the hell he's been doing all these years." MARK LEOYTON: "I can never trust Karl Kox for one minute and right now I'm trying to believe in you as being a man who'll try to help weight the scales."

Kox: "It's no secret that Lewin and I didn't like each other. It's no secret at all, everybody knows that. We've had some vicious brawls in the past and I've got a lot of respect for the man and I will most certainly do my best, I'm not going to lay my fate in anyone's hands. I'm not going to change my style because I'm not going to go out and have my head beat in. But I promised my mother and I'll promise anyone else that I'm going to sort of try to be better, and have people like me, it's up to Mark now, if he trusts me we'll go on with this thing, I think we'll be a great team."
JEALOUSY

The injured lover's private hell, the tyrant of the mind

I'M LYING in bed on my own. My wife is sleeping with another man. I am imagining, with painful realism, what they are doing together. I find it hard to get to sleep.

This is happening with my wife. It is the past year or so that I have had a relationship with another woman. I am due to her for my wife and I have discussed "unfaithfulness". We agreed that no matter how good our relationship was, it was absurd to believe that all our emotional and sexual needs would be met by each other for our entire lives.

Parts of us were not finding expression. Living together in the same house, bringing up the kids, constantly submerged in the daily paraphernalia of family life - all these things built up resentments, petty hostilities, routine, boredom, dependence, as fast as they solidified our relationship and understanding of each other, as fast as they strengthened certain under-lying bonds between us.

So we agreed that if one or the other of us developed a relationship with someone else it might be good not only for us personally, but also in the long run, for our future together.

We also agreed that it was more important that it should happen to Sally, my wife, rather than to me (in the first instance, at least). When we got married (eight years ago) our relationship had followed the usual pattern.

I became rather disappointed in her. She had seemed such an interesting and passionate girl when I married her, and now she didn't seem to bother about life. When my friends come round (I assumed without thinking about it that my friends would also be hers, and didn't notice that she didn't really have any friends of her own) it was sometimes as if she wasn't there at all. And when it came to going to bed, as often as not she was too tired to do anything at all.

We argued about this. I accused her of not being interested in my needs. She said that when I started to be interested in her life our relationship would improve.

In the flurry of a new found freedom, female soul barsing has become familiar. Men continue to bluff or remain silent. Here JOHN HOYLAND in a remarkable piece of self surgery reveals what happened when his wife took him at his liberated word.

But it began to get through. I took a part-time job so that she could also work, and we took over the upbringing of the children and other domestic duties. I found I didn't mind it too much after all. What's more, I realised that Sally's independence, so far at least, was the opposite of a threat to me. She began to come alive again, she became stimulating to live with instead of merely a frustrated appendage of me. Our understanding of our-selves and each other developed.

We reached the point where we both had the feeling of our "cobby lover", it would not be such a catastrophe after all. We felt that our relationship was strong enough to adapt to such a situation, and even possibly come out of it better. But if we did not want to repeat the previous pattern of our relationship, it would have to be our first.

Then, a couple of months ago, she met Chris, and they've been sleeping together several times a week ever since, and it's a passion-ate experience for both of them as passionate as it was with me and Sally at the beginning.

And, of course, I'm jealous. Naive sicker that I am, I never expected this pain. I never expect-ed this unsounding ache and empti-ness, these explosions into almost delirious anguish. I never expected I would feel so crushed, so left out, so insecure, so inadequate, so lonely, so paranoid.

But why? Is it really such a naive question? What is this emo-tion that means the more some-thing is my more miserable I feel? She is more confident, more fulfilled, more herself than I ever remember - and I hate it. Why?

Partly, and most obviously, her present gain is my present loss. Nearly all her sexual and emotion-al energy is going to Chris, not to me - including a helluva lot of sexual and emotional energy that's become bottled up over the years and not had any expression at all. This is, to say the least, hard to take, the more so because it has meant our sex life has pretty well come to a full stop.

On Sally's side this is because she is still too involved in the newness of her relationship with Chris to be able to parcel out her emotions as she would like.

Already, in many ways, our relationship has improved rather than deteriorated. The petty re-sentments and hostilities have vir-tually disappeared, we are talking about many things that we have been unable to discuss before, and we are able to come about them in a more open way.

Yes, I'm bitterly unhappy. She comes home in the morning, kisses me, puts her arms round me. It seems fine, the warmth is perfectly genuine, I am only too pleased to be kissed and reassured by her. But underneath, I feel self-conscious, we are not quite getting, there's a gap. Then Chris comes round too, and the three of us do the kids, or eat a meal together, or go to the pub. Again, it seems fine. We all get on to-gether, we laugh and talk, there seems no problem. But under-neath I am in turmoil. I am silently screaming that I can't cope, that I can't take it, that any minute I'll crack up completely.

Sally knows how I feel, and she just makes things worse. She's well aware of the desperation of my need for her, she's fully con-cious of my desire for her and my insecurity and misery. Yet the very strength of these emotions pushes her away from me. It feels like an invasion of her personality to her. She wants space, she wants to get away, she wants to cut herself off and obliterate herself from the demands I am making on her. She still loves me, otherwise she would not be able to be a rejected husband but has to do with messy other things besides.

One of these things is the
difference between the attitudes of men and women are jealous it seems to me of men and women to sex. When does not have. Sex is a form of "good" at love-making is not a course, there are cases where routine, of being tired, or having ardor, with a desperate need for sexual reassurance, to know that my psychological conditioning. It also seems to be connected with the way I have internalised the values of the nuclear family — so sexuality appears to us in an isolated little box called a home — inevitably give rise to possessiveness. If I feel I have "lost" Sally, then I have lost her, in part at least, as a possession. I do not take her, she does not own me. If we can both adjust to this new situation, and handle it, then it is something to be celebrated, not lamented. The problem is much more likely to be the one of loss, so much as the difficulty of balancing out autonomy.

In my case, the problems of sexual adequacy is undermined by Sally's relationship with Chris, the problem is that Chris packing and returning exclusively to me, which is what men do in relationships, is not a solution. My feeling — my hope — is that my sexual confidence will return when Chris moves out. But generally speaking, being "possessed" in this negative quality that one either does or does not have. Sex is a form of relating that I have inherited. So the very attempt to prove that one is good at it can actually prevent the much more important thing of warmth and the enjoyment that real "good" sex involves.

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hups it doesn't exist. Perhaps everybody else does. And so I felt that to look for (or construct) a common consciousness becomes a bit like trying to build a bridge to nowhere. But that is what it's all about! I thought about being able to do different and do things differently to the way things are. And I still do.

But if we think that we can do this by changing some aspect of society, then we forget the need to relate our new prescribed behavior to the old patterns which people have been following and learning to follow until now. Which is the same old bag of contradictions. Someone else's other man, someone else's eyes. And instead of what it's all about I quote a page from the constitution of the NSW branch of Campaign Against Moral Persecution: "The society shall reserve the right to reject any application for membership on the basis of any of the purposes of the society. The society shall reserve the right to expel any member whose behavior shall be contrary to the aims of the society." (my italics). Apparently the clause was written to achieve the recognition of CAMP for financial gain. But the point is in mind, the point is still clear.

Groups don't seem to care anymore. They can reject and expel them (the deviants) precisely because they are above the question of the group and its particular ideology. That's part of the whole ethos of power and fear. All the talk about solving some general malaise of social alienation and, incidentally, our society. And more incidentally us. And if you still think about this, go to a gay lib dance.

There amidst the hurly-burly of alternative creative culture, you will find very distinct categories of self-conforming deviants.

(a) Self-fashioned coupled relationships, illusory worlds unto themselves.

(b) The Geeks. These folks are perfectly quick who they are because they are about the most assiduously and consciously "liberated". They obsessively use every other technique and "fiasco" in their expression of affection. They also have a discourse of their own. They dance or sing, four or five, in the middle of the dance floor during the band breaks, arms around each other, in mushroom-like fairy rings. Oblivious (out of the corners of their eyes) of the fact that everyone else is off the floor.

(c) The Third group is what I call the other bohemians. There are a number of them, identifiable by the fact that they sit at the same table, drink together, talk together, dance together, and do their more or less world-weary activity except together, wear the same sort of clothes, drink the same sort of drinks, listen to the same sort of music, read the same sort of books, etc.

(d) The last group is the least cohesive. They are the wall-flowers who stand around the sides, wear amber bracelets, and look a lot and generally feel un-y.

The point of all this information, and it is not only observation because I have been in all these categories, is the point that no one cares about each other, especially not about the wall-flowers. Stiff shit if you can't fit in. In fact I was not even aware that there was this last category till one day I learned nobody cared. And it all blew back on me like me getting into the wind. That was a very different and liberal difference between ordinary dances and Gay Lib dances except for the participants and their particular ideology.

All the crap that I'd heard about say lib is actually inhibiting to a new prescribed behavior, talk, especially not actually saying get off. He doesn't answer. But he doesn't go away either. Part of the game, so you put your hands down across the front of his trousers and feel him up. He comes closer. It feels nice. So you dance for a while, holding on to his belt, fingering his underwear. Doesn't matter how close he comes because there's no difference between being risque and liberated. Someone is still deviant in some way. Of course the only contact has changed.

We're into the pretension that what was once done in secrecy is free, the incredible feeling of freedom, of equality or just personal relationships. And speech is the way I've mostly understood our kind of love; to understand what it is to be our kind of people. It's political and all that. Except that the personal remains putrid. No longer it is where have all the people gone, it's what the fuck they are doing in that society's name. Is not William and John an example of this? And say Everybody needs a Kentucky Fried Chicken is women lib? The group absorbs itself into the cousin, the drops of ink and spreads them around in the overall color harshly changing.

We are so pleased, for example, with our understanding of the necessity of sexual liberation, and the rest. We are so pleased, and glad, and blue booties, that we forget to notice that this socialisation only sets us apart from the other man, and that we don't have any other kind of experience. So when we try to break down the barriers of what we are expected to say, we believe that we are truly on our own, and are thereby forced to adhere to a barrier: the circumstances which can be changed by a change in your preferences. In my case my preferences will be, demand to be artificially constructed according to the size of the current market. If the market changes the contingencies will be, demand to be artifically constructed according to the size of the current market. If the market changes the contingencies.
A birthday present to our readers
Doctors are lately becoming the subjects of attack, not only for their avarice, but also for their incompetence. The medical practitioner has become little better than a licensed drug pedlar. So says LARRY DRAKE.

The Modern Medicine Man
Is A Pot-Head On Good Health

T O THE Hindu the cow is a sacred animal. Our sacred cow is the medical profession. In Australia, it is virtually impossible to make any effective criticism of the methods of medical practitioners. You can accuse them of making money by being money grubbers but you can’t criticize their professional procedures.

This is dangerous. It is dangerous because for any section of the community to be virtually free from effective criticism. It is infinitely dangerous in the case of a body of men (and women) who are provided with a growing proliferation of drugs which are increasingly hazardous and which cannot be adequately tested for possible harmful effects before being rushed on to the market by profit-hungry drug companies. The medical profession is, as a matter of fact, fast becoming the greatest single danger to the health of the community. The standard training for a medical student is a complete socially-made fundamentally nothing about health and how to attain and keep it. (How many healthy doctors do you know?) The training is devoted almost entirely to teaching him about disease and most of what it teaches about disease is wrong. It teaches that disease is caused by outside attacks from various germs and viruses, this belief being based on the discoveries of Pasteur and others that specific diseases are usually accompanied by specific microbes or bacteria. It is rather ironic that Pasteur himself before his death abandoned the idea that germs cause disease, and remained that “the germ is nothing – the terrain everything”.

What he meant was that to be healthy you must concentrate on keeping the terrain (the body) in good order and that if you do that you can forget about the germs.

There are millions of people in the world today (I am one) who have demonstrated the truth of this on their own bodies, who have achieved wonderful health, and immunity even from that universal terror, cancer. It is no longer cold; who shun the medical procession like the plague, and who would be wrong if we took it as we take into their bodies any of the products of the drug companies. The medical profession, which has become better than a licensed drug pedlar, a distributing agent for the drug manufacturers. There were a few were possible to achieve health from drugs. It would be physically impossible for any doctor to investigate the merits (and menaces) of the thousands of preparations which are pouring on to the market, so he is reduced to accepting the assurances of the drug manufacturers.

The healthiest people on earth are the Hunes who live in a remote forest in Yugoslavia. They have no wonder drugs. They use no drugs of any kind. They have no cancer, no heart disease, no diabetes, no tuberculosis. Their old men play vigorous games, and are father children at the age of 100. Their secret is no secret at all. They live on natural, unprocessed (that is, unprocessed) food grown in healthy soil unassailed by chemical “fertilizers.”

There are growing numbers of naturalists in other countries who have found wonderful health by the same means. They have found that to avoid disease one merely needs to be healthy and that to be healthy one merely needs to observe nature’s health-producing laws (hence the term naturalist). We have in our community various bodies such as the Health Foundation, the Cancer Foundation, the Kidney Foundation, and so on, which by diverting summation of money from the public for the purpose of investigating these diseases.

What do they do with the millions of dollars so collected? They hand it over to members of the medical profession who squander it on the bygone search for new “wonder drugs”, new vaccines, new techniques for transplanting cancer from bodies into live ones. Do they ever investigate the people who have never suffered from cancer or heart disease to try to find out why? Good God, no! The squandering of the money doesn’t matter a damn. What does matter is that by misleading people into believing that the secrets of unhealthy living can be repaired by wonder drugs and that men and women can be protected from the fruits of their folly by injecting vaccines into the bloodstream, they are diverting attention from the natural and proven ways to achieve and keep almost perfect health.

It is possible to immunise the body against all the diseases; but it can only be done by nature’s methods, not by introducing foreign substances into the blood.

[Answer, from official records, to a question in the British House of Commons: In the 25 years ended December, 1962, nearly two-thirds of the children born in England and Wales remained unvaccinated for smallpox, yet only four children under five died of smallpox, while one child died and no fewer than 86 children were killed by vaccination and many more were scarred and blinded by it.]

The body does not become unhealthy because it has been attacked by disease. It is attacked by disease because it has become unhealthy.
In case you didn't know, some TV series like to lay on a bit of talk and bum.

Claire Balmford tells how she waylaid the caster's drool midstream, in this first of a series of interviews with women by JEAN BUCKLEY

Casting Into Consciousness

Had - it's all too easy.

"I don't think I know enough about experimental groups. But it all boils down to what you think theatre is about and what you're trying to say when you're doing it. Radicalism: It's like people putting down the tendencies as they sip their wine and eat their gourmet meals in their beautiful pseudo-primitive houses / like those wealthy communists who can still afford to hold radically fashionable points of view.

"No matter what sort of ideas you have about doing things, whether it's starting a new newspaper / a new theatre / or moving into a house with six people - there are different heads. For instance, the Fram Factory started off with this ideal idea - to get a beat place to do it / then had to do something .. but they got bogged down in intellectualising about it.

"There are so many trips. Like the militant women's-libbers / like the gay libbers / there's an exhibition streak there. All a bit of a weakness / there's no distinction between women's-lib and personal identity. People just can't take themselves seriously / they're too much in the mood of what I want to be / and what I believe when the role is projected in another way.

"In Bellbird: some people see as a sellout and bastardising any creativity I've got. This is the beginning that you don't want and it's the beginning that you want to get on with the rest of their lives as well. They're all bloody good people. And they're not devoting the rest of their life to what they like. And the glamour of the theatre is about the biggest myth there could ever be.

"One of the things contributing to this is the whole Hollywood deal and the fact that behind any group are the people who want to make money. So they're going to make the production as attractive as they have to on the play. Public. Even with subsidised theatres they've got to make money to keep going, and whether they spend making productions look stunning or making something look beautiful / using people that are beautiful / and often the play itself just isn't there.

"Acting in Bellbird: some people see as a plot of kids / a plot of people. I play the bitchy stereotype lines quietly so that the tone is witty rather than sarcastic and then the writers begin to change the lines the same way.

"At the same time, though, I've never really felt that women's-lib is a part of me. I have my own personalised response to liberation. For four years I lived / ate / slept / fuckted theatre. When I re-joined life I've got to get out. So I got a job that would move me time for other things. It's only now that I have started to face questions like, what role am I playing / how can I justify that in terms of what I want to be / and what I believe when the role is projected in another way.

"A lot of the game playing that goes on in the theatre is due to people's insecurities. People are always getting pissed or stoned and there's very little real friendship. I call it 'dressingroom in-timacy'.

"You do a job with someone and you know everything about them - their sex lives, childhoods, histories etc. When you stop playing and you see them a couple of weeks later it's all gone. The relationship has disappeared. You've got nothing to say to them outside working in the same show as them. What else are they doing? It's really relevant and I'm not relevant to them any more because I'm not around.

"You might be walking down the street and you see someone you know. You know everything about them - their sex lives, childhoods, histories etc. When you stop playing and you see them a couple of weeks later it's all gone. The relationship has disappeared. You've got nothing to say to them outside working in the same show as them. What else are they doing? It's really relevant and I'm not relevant to them any more because I'm not around.

"My friends say it's sexy because this baby-sitter is being in-timacy. I suppose that's so, but it's also very funny and no one knows it. All these other people aren't in the same show as me at all so gib which makes it boring. Baby-sitter isn't something I have to do, and the way these people are like nearly every other part I've

Casting Into Consciousness

IT'S WORK AND YOU'RE LUCKY TO BE IN WORK.

I was angry with myself because I was actually sitting there listening to this shit. I wasn't interested in your job. If I can't do the job, was I going to take it when it represented something I was so violently against?

"Finally when the big gay said, 'Hmmm honey, I suppose you don't know that the job is off?' I said, 'As a matter of fact I've got a rather large scarf on my brim which is the same blue as I'm wearing.' And the grease solidified on his face although his smile stayed. It would be impossible to be any more brilliant. I was so relieved.

"Couch-casting in the theatre is as old as the hills. Yet, all the fields that women have chosen to play in, theatre has been traditionally regarded as a place where women can attain unhindered visibility. In case you didn't know, some TV series like to lay on a bit of talk and bum. For instance, I thought the casting industry was that you are not really responsible for what direction you do. It's work and you're lucky to be in work.

Mr Murray is not unaware that as part of the project, Clive Evatt, the gallery's owner, is setting up a Melbourne and Sydney chapter of LINK - the organisation that represents the uniformed police.

Fever from the police harassment that dropped the Black Enthusiasm.

ONE of Bob Hawke's caps is fitting a lot right. R. J. appears to have decided that the Whilliam govern- ment is one-term only and that maybe president of the ACTU is in the last act. rvolutionary benefit. Relations at the ALP federal executive meeting were not happy. Radicals and Hawke tried desperately to patch up their differences over the years and members referendum and failed. Now the right wing faction as Hawke's home state, Victoria, are pushing up to get Hawke to toe the line. They chances of succeeding are very slim.

Send your letters to The Fox.
Radio receiver designed for the Third World. It is made of a used juice can, and uses paraffin wax and a wick as power source. The rising heat is converted into enough energy to power this non-selective receiver. Once the wax is gone, it can be replaced by more wax, paper, dried cow dung, or anything else that will burn. Manufacturing costs, on a cottage industry basis: 9 cents. Designed by Victor Papanek and George Seeger at North Carolina State College.

A handful of American corporations and offices are seriously engaged in facing up to the challenge of global minimal shelter needs, off-road vehicles for less terrain (84 per cent of the earth’s land surface is Sand), new and compact teaching and training equipment to a society changing from a pre-literate one to a post-literate electronic one, and all on 1 HP per capita. The list is endless: power sources, basic medical supplies, sanitation devices, food storage, communications, etc.

Several years ago I was approached by representatives of the United States Army and told of their practical problems concerning parts of the world (like India) where populations are illiterate and living on extremely low levels. In many cases this means that the largest part of the population are unable to read or write. A basic fact at present in India is as they cannot read and as there is no ghoorau for radio, nor money for batteries, they effectively cut themselves off from all news and communication.

An unusually gifted graduating student, George Seeger, did all the electronic work and built the first prototype one-transistor radio, using no batteries or current, or signed specifically for the needs of developing countries. It consists of a used tin can. (As illustrated in this book) A used juice can is shown, but this is no master plan to American “junk” abroad: there is an abundance of cans all over the world. This can contain wax and a wick which will burn (just like a wind-protected candle about 24 hours. The rising heat is converted into energy (via a thermocouple) to operate an ear plug.

The radio is, of course, non-directional. This means it receives all stations simultaneously. But in emerging areas, this is of no importance: only one broadcast (60 by relay towers placed about 50 miles apart) is carried amounting that one person in each village listens to a near stations broadcast for 5 minutes daily, the unit can be fed almost a year until the original paraffin wax is used. At that time more wax, wood, paper, dried cow dung

Alex Selentsch Melbourne

A Picture, a poem, a tin can radio: The first in a series by artists who want to hang inside a tabloid.
**Living Delights**, a small bag collection of things that are happening in parks, pubs, meeting halls, corners and nooks. If something's happening in your area, let me know about it. Write me a letter, or give more than a poetry reading, but no Dazzle's. If you're writing give more than the words on the page, how's the place feel, OK?

**OTHERS:** The Bozar Theatre Workshop — formed three months ago — an alternative theatre workshop, is putting on an original drama by group member Tim Gooding. "The Great AustralianPloy.

"The story of side show boxers. It deals with the elements of myth and madness in Australian society," Village Theatre, Paddo, October 18 to 21 and again from the 24th to the 27th. Ring 31.31 to book. If superb silliness and trenchant triviality is your bag, Heart

**And now, a few words about chocolate**

Perhaps it's the shops I go to, but whatever the reason, finding a bar of Nestles is a bit like finding a pocket of Adards in a shopping centre. I haven't been able to find Nestles anywhere. I know, certainly ain't easy.

Plenty of Cadburys but no Nestles. Cadburys chocolate may be okay for them that particular to it, but I haven't been able to get it properly since one day in 1960 when I bought a four bob monster at a place called Senden Avenue, Alice Springs, every Sunday commencing 8 pm. But please write again who's singing, what songs, how's the place feel, OK?

The story of side show boxers. It deals with the elements of myth and madness in Australian society," Village Theatre, Paddo, October 18 to 21 and again from the 24th to the 27th. Ring 31.31 to book. If superb silliness and trenchant triviality is your bag, Heart

**Coming attractions of the week ahead, monitored by CHRIS HECTOR**

**Whatever turns you on is here**

**Whatever you may fear is here**

**Vice. And Versa.**

**Vice. And Versa.**

**This film is about madness. And sanity. Sex. Perversion. Death. And Life. Vice. And Versa.**
For Illustrated Catalogue, Send (27c) Stamps

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The rate is $2.35 per single column centimetre. Cheque.

Alternative Pink Pages
Second Edition
is now out
Covers Sydney, Adelaide and New Zealand - all sorts of useful city survival and post sexual information - cheap eats, furniture, food co-ops, and what not. Learning, travel, farming, gardening, environment groups, craft supplies, kutsuka, resident action. Also lists help agencies and organisations for dope, sex, legal medical hassles. At bookshops or send $1.40 to: APP2
P.O. Box 5, Surry Hills, NSW 2010.

Sexist Ads

In your lifetime you will spend 1,703 hours* sitting on the loo!

That's like sitting through 600 movies. Just what are you doing to entertain yourself and your guests during these interminable hours? We spend fortunes decorating our lounge, bedrooms, and kitchen - but most loos are dreary and uninspiring places with awful floral wallpaper, brush, harpic, roll of paper, and a pined-scented aerosol.

Now the boring hours are over! You can install detachable panels of decorator graffiti, collected by our spies from the walls of the best public toilets in London, New York, Toronto, Rome, Melbourne, Sydney, Paris, Hong Kong, Singapore, etc. See Man, the great communicator, at his wittiest, sexiest, boldest and most cynical. Standing or sitting there, he is struck by an original thought and feels compelled to make a permanent record of it for the benefit of his pencil, and having written moves on. Now captured for all time on toilet paper, the original authors are reaching an audience they never dreamed of. (We are not paying royalties, so if you recognise your own handwriting that's tough.)

The Panels may be pinned, pasted or hung but it is wise to have them completely detachable in case the vicar calls for afternoon tea, or your maiden aunt arrives for the weekend. To have them completely detachable in case the vicar calls for afternoon tea, or your maiden aunt arrives for the weekend.

The panels may be pinned, pasted or hung but it is wise to have them completely detachable in case the vicar calls for afternoon tea, or your maiden aunt arrives for the weekend.

The Entire Collection is from Public "Mens". Let us be assured of male exultant attitudes it is only fair to say that the "graffiti" we found in "Ladies" loos was rather dull. This is probably because women are better adjusted and do not feel compelled to make anonymous writings. We hope to add a "Ladies" panel later, and any contributions, including source if possible, will be gratefully received.

The panels each measure 20" x 30" and represent a mixed bag of political, sexual, satirical and cynical comment. You get 4 different panels for a trivialis $5.00 including postage and packing.

* This is the Australian figure based on four minutes daily. Results in Karachi should add 214 hours. This probably has something to do with the local brand of curry powder.

To: Graffix, P.O. Box 189, Chatwood, 2067
Please rush 4 different panels of 30" x 20" to
Cheque $5.00

Name
Address
Postcode

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The Quiescence of Marxism - a Positive Presentation

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Page 14 of 14
Sydney. Young man, 22, tall, sweet, seeks female for serious friendship. Top job. Phone number, photo appreciated if possible. No reply. Please help me. Tel. INC box 5850.

Sydney. Gay man, 24, straight, seeks fun, interesting, good-looking male for Central/hairypopular males. If interested, reply with a photo. Tel. INC box 5851.

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Sydney-Melbourne. Man, 28, seeks one female only. Actor, acting partner, warm and loving. Tycoon, seeks mate. Tel. INC box 5853.


Sydney. Gay, 30, seeks ready, willing, and able. Tel. INC box 5855.

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Sydney. Man, 23, 24, young, seeks similar age, not married. Am intelligent, sensitive, warm, genuine. Tel. INC box 5856.


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There'll be no peace in the industry" said the rank and file militant from the Munoora power station (pictured above), "until we get the 35-hour week."

Power workers in NSW have been working to regulations for the past five weeks in pursuance of a 35-hour week. The Askin government has refused the claim. The work to regulations has created power shortages and brief blackouts in isolated areas. The workers have regulated the flow of power so that large numbers of workers would not be laid off in other industries. Changing technology in the power industry has made it unnecessary for workers to spend as much time at work. The electricity commission is using this technology as an excuse to lay off workers. The workers claim that all jobs can be maintained simply by reducing the working time of all presently employed in the industry.

The media and the government have conducted a vigorous campaign against the workers. In a characteristic twist two Sydney stations are using John Lennon's 'Power to the People' to introduce their reports on the dispute. Jock Syme, a show steward, was tackled on the "irresponsibility" of the workers' actions following the death of a person as a result of a power shortage. In his broad Scotch accent he barked back: "Irresponsibility of the workers! We've been fighting for a 35-hour week for two years and it has been consistently refused. It's the irresponsibility of Askin."