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Editor

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Blitzing the modern motor car
★ The martial art of Kung Fu. How to do it
★ The Coke conspiracy – the real thing
THE ARMY OF THE RARE
with Richard Beckett

FLOAT LIKE A BUTTER¬FLY, STRIKE LIKE A BEE (I AM THE GREATEST): Mu¬hammad Ali Whittam recently returned from foreign parts and an¬nounced that apart from leading the nation he was the best for¬eign minister Australia had ever had. Responding heartily to this peace of megalomania, voters, when questioned on which politi¬cians they liked the best, re¬plied that they thought that Bob Hawke was much better and perhaps a little less boastful. Ms Whittam, in a desperate attempt to defend her husband, said: "Of course he's Australia's best for¬eign minister, plus, you know, saying." Then she added: "Ar¬rogance is permitted where there is something to be arrogant about." Sir Robert Menzies is believed to have laughed.

WAITING FOR SECOND FOOL:Wind is up and after years of futile bloodshed and hatred finally decided to sign a ceasefire agreement, not because of any new found love for the other, but more prosaically because both sides appear to be running out of weapons and no longer have the nerves or hands to operate them. Doubtless hatred will return once more sons are born.

YOU CAN PUT DOWN YOUR GLASSIES AND GENTLEMEN, HE'S GONE FOR THE DOCTOR: AND GENTLEMEN, HE'S GONE FOR THE DOCTOR. Driven mad by the right-wing leanings of both parties and the voters, New South Wales, pol¬itical commentators abandoning talking to each other and therefore to society in general, we are told by Bob First: Askin's Liberal margin might be. Thanking them in advance for their support, Sir Robert quite an¬nounced that once elected he planned to retire as leader and hand over his licence to print money to a younger man.

WINNIE THE POOH IS DEAD: Winnie the Pooh and Lassie were just three shown listed by the Australian Trea¬sury. Childrens Action Committee as being dangerous for the tiny tots. The report stat¬ed that television tended to turn children into zombies who no longer laughed or smiled. It also objected to the life and death situations depicted in most shows and it claimed that "childhood is not valued..." However, the committee appeared to have no answer to the fact that life itself is not valued, that is to say that nice little children grow up to be nasty drunk adults.

GIVE HIM TIME HE'LL LEARN: Jack Mundey, well known troubleshooter and secretary of the New South

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— as she pleases

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BROKEN PROMISES DEPARTMENT: Herrmann Hesse Part Two will appear next week instead of this week, as previously intended.

THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS, November 13-19, 1973
Can Coke crush ecology? Or will the people rise up against this scourge of urban kids, this pork with claws, this bottle which has launched a billion sips? The strategy of big business, as it faces mounting antagonism to its products, was revealed last week in a response to the submission to a Reps House committee on Environment Conservation. Our man, GABRIEL LA FITTE, formerly an inside spy on BHP, files this report from the bedrooms of PR men.

Coca-Cola badly needs weathermen to tell it which way the wind blows. Their weathermen are the market researchers, advertising agencies, public relations consultants, marketing executives, etc. who have analysed, identified, re-searched, and re-analysed the business, and who can be persuaded to buy the real thing, and how.

With a national market of at least 800 million cans and bottles of the real thing a year, everything depends on tapping the all-important 14 to 24 age group, so the groovy quartered in Sydney, has to pay to keep the real thing, cost millions; and was away from the unthinking hedonism of the 14 to 24 age group, so the groovy quartered in Sydney, has to pay to keep the real thing, cost millions; and was away from the unthinking hedonism of the country in stainless steel tanks.

The de-cocained syrup, laden with additives currently used by the US Food and Drug Administration on suspicion of causing cancer and genetic defects (the sort of thing they used to say about acid), is then mixed with sugar and water, carbon dioxide is forced in under pressure, and then into cans or bottle.

Most tin cans are sprayed inside with lacquer, none so thickly as Coke because the drink is so acid the lacquer is needed to prevent the real thing eating into the tin and steel. The acidity is chiefly due to the tannin content, and the beer is 5.5 per cent. Australian each drink and eat one pound of sugar every three days, a world record. So far, sales of the real thing, aided by artful choices of the right words, the right music and the right musicians, have continued to soar. From soft drink sales of 77 bottles and cans per person per year in 1962, the current level has shot up to 160 cans and bottles a year, due to top 240 by 1980.

Coke and friends now expect the groovers running Coke to be sitting back, enjoying the franchise; many executives have been very worried, almost panicking. The chief cause is the environment movement, which has been gratefully finding menacingly large holes in Coke’s groovy image.

Evidence given last week to the federal parliamentary inquiry into drink packaging pollution outlined Coca-Cola’s use of police, infiltrators and employees of public relations from organisations to spy on ecology groups, report back on their plans in an attempt to defuse them, and even set up local police to try to jail radicals who had supposedly been abusing Coca-Cola.

In April 1972, students at Adelaide University planned to demonstrate against Coca-Cola due to the healthiness of the drink, the wastage of energy and resources of the package, litter, pollution, foreign ownership, and overflowing garbage tips.

As soon as Coke heard that a demonstration was planned, a conference of marketing men from Coke, their suppliers, Gaddes, and the can manufacturers, BHP, sat down and drew up a plan. BHP was heavily involved, because it was afraid that if they didn’t help protect Coke from environmental attack, Coke would switch to aluminium cans, as it has in Sydney and Melbourne.

BHP also directly owns the Coca-Cola bottling plant in Brisbane, Queensland sold in Papua-New Guinea.

The strategy decided upon was for the manager of the plant and a cricket star who is on the Coke payroll to stand out front to greet the demonstrators, pretending to be glad to see them, shepherd them round the back of the plant to the “recycling centre” which had been hastily set up for the occasion, out of the range of any TV cameras.

After persuading the demonstrators to drop the cans they were due to bring with them into the “recycling” bins, they would be invited inside for a chat about “our mutual commitment to ecology”, and of course a free Coke in the boardroom.

This strategy was decided on after consideration of a number of alternatives; ranging from, at one extreme, allowing the marchers to leave the plant, to, at the other extreme, not allowing the marchers to leave the grounds of Adelaide University.

This could be done quickly by calling the police, but as Coca-Cola’s Adelaide advertising and public relations manager, Brian Kirk-Williams explained to an executive sent by BHP and the can makers from Melbourne to Adelaide to help Coke face the demo: “Our plant is manned only eight hours a day, so we dont allow them to get their kicks from a demonstration.

We know what’s going on. We dont wish to abuse Coca-Cola.

They will handpick reporters and tell them what questions to ask and what answers to give. I say the recycling centre has been there for some time, and that we have advertised it because we want to publicise ourselves. That was a week before the demonstration was due.

If we took steps to stop the march before it started, they wouldnt get it out of their system. We could have the police here in seconds, but an incident involving police could damage our image with the public.

We dont allow them to get their kicks from a demonstration. We could have the police that a prosecution could be expected in a month. There was no prosecution, either because their faith in technology was misplaced, or because it never occurred to them that plenty of people other than “known radicals” might wish to abuse Coca-Cola.

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A FLICKER OF DOUBT

ABOUT THE LITTLE FELLA

WELL, the Little Fella didn’t make it, but they had a movie of him instead. So I went to see it at the Astrodome in January 3, 1972, and there was the Divine Light Mission’s production of the Guru Maharaj Ji’s story, “The Little Fella.”

The concept of consumer addiction is fundamental to this society’s survival. The government dogooding invariably imposes further limitations on our freedom, to fuel his threats. Many Australian politicians assume an aura of order, I am sure. I have observed a similar phenomenon. After all, his face was staring down at me from a movie screen. He had just made a-millionaire of himself, and his presence still suggests something of their power, the prayers and responses and the conscious holiness of the devotees.

Outside my companion saw the footage on him as a child talking in a soft, uncomprehending voice. ‘What is the fuss about the Guru? He is not distinguishable from God. He feels there is something special that God is not distinguishing. His followers are kept in an abnegation of the right to participate directly in political affairs. Especially 180 years ago, William Godwin warned: “Above all, we should not forget that government is an evil, an usurpation upon the private judgment and individual conscience of mankind.”

The role of government needs to be reduced, not fed fat with morality. Corporations and the state continue to expand and yet the more you think about the fruits of their polluted union, the less essential to one’s satisfaction they become.

Finally...

This week has seen much media applause of Time magazine’s unprecedented editorial. After 50 years of pseudo invisibility, the editors have come out to thumbs down Nixon. It now seems appropriate to write of their glowing cover story on January 72. Nixon – man of the year. Mad magazine knew otherwise. Satirists inevitably make better prophets than news editors.

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IT WAS early morning on the Hume Highway near the Wagga turnoff and the semis were dropping like comets.

Swooping silently in angel gear down the Great Divide, those laden juggernauts — jockeyed by wide-eyed drivers hopelessly trying to control the weight of the load, the pull of Newton's gravity, a frantic time schedule and a spiralling speed intake — crushed all in their path.

Like the Mini coming from Wagga, heading for Albury. The Kenworth caught it midships and behaved like a wheat combine, chewing the tiny car, barely pausing, spitting it out, leaving it, bumping and bouncing over the road as its panels splattered the countryside amid a shrieking of rendered metal and human cry.

None survived.

The Hume has trees that stand and take the bumps and blows of wayward and misdirected vehicles. The trees lose some bark, some people lose their lives and the body responsible for road safety paints crucifixes on the gnarled trunks.

Many such trees line the straight ribbon of bitumen that eats through the Kelly country between Benalla and Albury. On this strip drivers succumb to their machines and tend to drift from the straight path, lost in the vehicle's momentum, the roadway haze and the fury of the traffic.

Some nod off, some just give up. They may wander into the gravel and spin out; they may veer to the right into oncoming traffic. But there ain't no real reason, sir. Crosses painted on the gums...

I suddenly realise just how vulnerable we all are. Somewhere in the Victorian road laws is a bit saying how we pedestrians have right of way and here the only thing keeping me alive is the white line.

Hello, what's this, thinks I'm trying to focus on the sky? A car wants to attempt a right turn. And, glory, he's aimed at me who happens to be standing on the spot designated for his turn. My liver is a lily, the traffic roars past — into the city, out of the city, desperate, every little car and truck. The man doing the turn is trying to toot me off my Swisseland, my white line. I'm ageing noticeably.

When I eventually crossed a man standing, watching the action, said: "Shit I thought you were a gonner."

Scenes and jam on five faces looking menacingly through tightly wound up windows of a station wagon. And slowly but surely they are edging my friend into the oncoming traffic. He's on a motor bike so he's a public nuisance they think as he desperately tries to convey you are trying to murder me. They smile grimly and the driver keeps on edging right, sprue in his starched bow-tie clothes. A vigilante.

My friend now has a pistol strapped under his fuel tank.

There's a sign deeply rooted beside Melbourne's Footscray Road, Welcome to Col Paige Territory. Col sells Fords to the people of Sunshine and Footscray, where nothing grows but granite rocks, scotch thistle and pollution levels. The area feeds itself with its motorised violence and at peak hours goes totally insane.

Recently a visiting American was run off the road by some hoodlums driving a Ford. With beer bottles they proceeded to smash every window in his car. That done, they dragged him to the road, kicked his ribs in, fractured his skull and broke his arm. For no apparent reason. He had been in the country two weeks. Welcome to Col Paige territory.

Some weeks ago my neighborhood panelbeater eyed the roar- ingness of the Friday peak hour traffic, sniffed the dampness in the air, rubbed his hands and said to me: "Ahh, it's going to be a good weekend for business. I think I'll have to put on some extra men for Monday."

He told me that although the Winter had been a wet one, it was not a good one for smash-ups. "A wet road is no good unless it is gravel. The last two weeks have been fairly dry, so when this rain comes the roads will be nice and slippery." His hands are torn, toiled and grained. After years of tearing at metal. The fingernails are gnarled, rising in moonless lumps. Some nails are growing back, some are in the stage of falling off. They got like that from things - gearboxes and hammers etc - falling on them.

A huge and battered dump bin stands in squat ugliness outside the panelbeating shop. It ingests the auto jetsam and is emptied twice a week by an orange truck which comes by, stops, reaches for the bin with steel claws, raises it skyward, upturns it, gobbles up the buckled metal, returning it to the pavement. A fascinating display.

The panelbeater's "business" lines the street. He bribes the local parking officers: "All the wrecks won't fit in the workshop." Last week, in the gutter, an Austin looking like an electrocuted garfish, headlamps distended, wall-eyed, the front crushed inwards from both sides, the grill pouting in agony.

The place has no lunchroom so the men eat their meals in the cars, with the bloodstains. The kids who live around here play around the wrecks after the panelbeaters finish their work and go home, roasting off in their Monaros and GT Cortinas... - MICHAEL MORRIS

A word from the hospital bed...

LAST WEEK while travelling in a diabolical hunk of technology known as a "car" we were struck from behind. My passenger ended up in hospital with a broken leg and I had the stuffing knocked out of me...

Every year in Australia some 4000 people are killed in auto accidents, about 90,000 are injured and millions have the tripe scared out of them. But the violence of the car doesn't end there.

The materials used in constructing the motor car - metals, glass, plastics etc - and the materials it consumes in order to stay running oxygen, oil and rubber - are not unlimited. Supplies are running out.

From these valuable materials the car produces toxic: CO, NO, etc., perversely affecting the entire ecology. It is one of the most dangerous threats to the life of the planet.

Society has been told the idea that the car is the supreme mode of transport. The four wheel gasoline lifestyle is pounded into our skulls by everyone from spasmatic salesman pushing the newest in revolutionary innovations to addicts at the dashboard to construction executives selling the latest in concrete freeway design. To big business the motor car is worth billions and for that reason the corporation beavers make the decisions about transport systems. The greatest difficulty in devising another transport system is to change peoples attitudes and concepts of motorised transportation. So . . .

A POSSIBLE EXPERIMENT . . .

SIXTEEN city blocks are sectioned off and two-thirds of the streets are taken from the cars by residents for playgrounds, community centres, or larger property lots. One portion is set aside for community garages. So, driveways, garages, and carports are made available for people to use other ways.

The community garage is a cooperative effort, which makes petrol and car servicing cheaper. The cars could be owned communally, or nationally, and checked to make sure they are running well. A well tuned car is safer, cheaper to run, and less polluting.

If communities bought cars jointly they could expect discounts, making their cars cheaper.

The nature of community is changed by changing its transport organisation. Less roads will decrease noise and traffic hazards in the area. People could walk through the neighborhood to get home from the garage, and see more of the community. The garage would act as a place to organize car pools to various places.

Rather than having strictly private transportation, people begin to meet and travel together. Car safety becomes less a matter of personal finance, and more a community concern.

DAVID SOD
MODERN cars are being designed to as far as possible eliminate the actual sensations of driving. You hardly notice that you’re doing it. This is probably unsafe because it tends to give the driver a false sense of security, but its major result is a sheer dilution of experience.

Driving a car is probably the most adventurous activity of the average person in this society. It offers danger, travel, excitement, a chance to display initiative and aggression. It also requires a sense of timing and coordination that is one of the few real skills available to anybody who is otherwise manually unskilled.

On the other hand it is these very factors which make driving so dangerous, but it would be excessively foolish to pretend that they are not there. Driving a car is not just a means of getting from point A to point B, as many drivers are heard to claim. Driving, particularly in the metropolitan area, is more like swimming in shark-infested waters. Indulge your aggression only when it is safe to do so, but do not fail to indulge it when you get the chance. Drive to win on points.

One thing that you must realise is that the majority of other drivers will kill you if they can. Some of them try consciously to do this, others are simply agents of a greater power. Score off them by being more clever than they, not by trying to kill them back. It is unfair to score points against pedestrians or little old ladies in Minis. If you are in the habit of doing this you are a nasty coward and you might end up killing one of the poor defenceless things.

If you don’t like driving you can always get another. But even if you are happy, relaxed and confident, they’ll probably get you in the end anyway.

So what the hell, a short life and a merry one, be happy, relaxed, confident and aggressive, and kill as few people as you possibly can.

CHOICE OF CAR.

IT is unfortunate that many people have been so hypnotised by the technological mysticism of this fat corporation-consumer conspiracy that they choose their cars on grounds totally unrelated to driving satisfaction. Such irrelevant criteria as performance, engineering sophistication, economy and, most laughable of all, safety features. Let’s face it, you only need safety features if you plan to have an accident. I would strongly advise you to avoid having accidents; they constitute a grave danger to your corporeal substance, which you will need in order to drive your car.

There is only one way to determine the worthiness of a car. Count the dials, knobs and switches on the dashboard. Give ten points for each circular or octagonal dial, and double these points if the dials are set in wood.

Toggle switches also get ten points each, knobs and switches of all other kinds five points. Double all points for eccentric arrangements, like a gearshift of the right-hand side or a handbrake lever projecting from the roof. If you have fallen in love with the car, ignore its points score and buy it anyway.

Keep in touch and we’ll try to get you some reviews of worthwhile cars like Peugeot 405s, old Rover 90s, Austin A40s, Rileys, old Buick 8s, etc.

M. O’ROURKE

THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS, November 13-19, 1973 — Page 7
Look at all the little mini-cars. They are made of very thin metal and come from Japan. Some are small enough to fit under a semi-trailer. Beep! Beep! goes the little yellow taxi. Buzz! Buzz! go the little mini-cars.

The concrete-mixer truck is pouring cement for a multi-storey car park. It makes so much noise it can drive people mad. Beep! Beep! goes the little yellow taxi. Clank! Clank! goes the concrete-mixer truck.

Stop! says the traffic cop at the busy intersection. He is wearing a respirator because he couldn’t breathe. Beep! Beep! goes the little yellow taxi. Gasp! Gasp! goes the traffic cop.
DEAR DAYLIGHTS.

Thank you for printing John Hoyland’s article on jealousy. I read it through about five times and it is almost the first honest article on sex from a male I have read. I say “almost” because, although I have read other examples of honest male soul searching it is the first attempt I have come across to be both objective and to come to grips with what the double standard does to both sexes.

Somewhere in the second issue it was stated that Hoyland’s article had not prompted anything similar from your readers. So here goes; this attempt of mine is not as objective as Hoyland’s and it is written with a great deal more caution. Not because I am afraid of being a “randy housewife” because I’m not. But because if my husband “Roy” were to read the piece and recognise himself he would be deeply hurt. Man pride themselves on their ability to satisfy women and don’t want to know about it if they can’t.

I have used a pseudonym because if “Roy” were to pick up mail he would ask questions that I don’t really want to have to answer. Pardon my dishonesty or discretion or whatever you want to call it. Perhaps you would call it disloyalty — most men would, I think. 

JOSEPHINE TURNER

WOMEN hit their sexual peak in their mid-30s; yet for an Australian married woman of this age to admit to randiness is the equivalent of her husband publicising his own “biological destinies” passively and to internalise our mens need for our dependency so that it can be agonisingly hard to bear. I was young and imaginative lovemaking wasn’t too much messing about with sickening meekness. Sometimes I moaned and pretended that I was going around the bend. Husband was. I don’t think I was jealous in the usual sense of that word; certainly I felt rejected and deprived and bloody resentful of the freedom he enjoyed.

Roy, on the other hand, tended to get very moody indeed if I flirted or showed interest in man. I had had a previous relationship with a very jealous man and I didn’t want that scene again so I learnt to curb any tendency to public exposure.

Because I loved him I tried to live up to the stereotype and on the whole he probably found me satisfactory enough. He was “too busy” to help with the housework but firmly believed that a spotless house reflected a woman’s character. Sometimes I moaned and put on a turn, but on the whole I complied with sickening meekness.

My older children started school and I was left at home with the youngest and with TV, books and rather more masturbation for company. Occasionally I would speak to one’s peers, school and kindle functions, occupational therapy (pottery and tennis — but I didn’t like pottery and have hated tennis) to be exploratory in the hope that one might find something meaningful to fill in those hours until the kids arrived home and he got back from work.

Cliche fantasies about running away from home and becoming a writer or a scientist/artist/writer/any-bloody-thing except a wife. Why didn’t I take up study again? Because he didn’t damn well want me to, that’s why.

All up and down our nice suburban street my neighbors were likewise going bonkers. At night I could hear them laughing and snoring at their husbands just as I periodically raged and screamed at mine.

We women never discussed our dissatisfaction, that would be breaking the line. Instead, one bragged about the perfections and courtesy of one’s man and listened with compassionate disbelief to similarly styled commercials for the bliss of matrimony.

So often one would hear that Maise’s husband, or Betty’s husband was playing up, but it simply wasn’t true. You would see suspicions that one’s own man might be straying or that the husband of the woman passing on the gossip might be well known for submission and dependency. And if women in the street started an affair of her own, we all pretend ed it wasn’t true, but there were mused hints of her husband’s lack of “manliness”, whatever that is.

Damn all those prissy injunctions for women to be more broadminded in accepting their husbands needs, ie, existential and so on. When it comes to sexual narrowmindedness men can be as uptight as any Victorian paternalist. Reciprocation they just don’t want to know about. Damn all those idle, hurtful jokes about frigging marital dissolution. How the hell do women get to be frustrated in the first place.

Damn all that ubiquitous propaganda that women need to be or should be faithful and that only a slut wants more than her husband can provide. Damn our mens need for submission and dependency and “the exclusive use of a woman’s body” to prop up their sense of masculine power and aggression. And damn us for accepting these sorts of inhuman victimisation.

Every night was dreary and far from fun back in the days when the kids were small then the crunch came and we were all at school, all growing up into individuals and I hit the traumatic mid-30s. All those simmering needs and yearnings came to the boil virtually overnight and for a period I fell hopelessly in love with a whole succession of men whom I never would have dared to approach.

One man conceived a passion for me which he wouldn’t/didn’t consummate be-
cause I was a married woman and hence somebody else's property. For an apportioning year after he had declared that (clique again) "we could be nothing but distant friends." I lay awake at night and cursed his scruples or cowardice in between wondering if I was really not worth it and that was why he refrained.

Sometimes I wonder if my kids and Roy see me as a human being at all—certainly few men seem to. Is it because I'm forbidden territory, property, and anyway past the age of masculine interest?

Sex is difficult enough when kids are small but it becomes very strained indeed when there is an adolescent awake and studying in the next room. Habituation has blunted whatever attractions one has retained and one's husband doesn't look too bloody interesting either.

You know precisely how he is going to approach you, what he is going to do, how you are expected to respond and how you will feel afterwards. Used.

You wake up to the fact that you have been used for years and that any recriminations on that score will fall on deaf ears. For that's what marriage is all about and few men feel any guilt about accepting, without question, a woman's body and other matrimonial services.

One should feel gratitude that he isn't a wife beater, a boor, a womaniser, or a no hoper who doesn't provide the necessities for his family. And one does. One counts one's blessings until they wear and fray in one's fingers.

Every so often, when the strain of being Mrs Perfectly Faithful Housewife becomes unbearable, I shiv off to the local GP and coax him into prescribing tranquillisers. Monogamy in tablet form.

A Drudges Daydream

Cont.

"A Drudges Daydream" is a recurring feature in the magazine "The Living Daylights," where the author, most likely a housewife or a woman in a similar role, explores her thoughts and musings on the challenges and experiences of her life. The text delves into the complexities of marriage, relationships, and the societal expectations placed upon women, particularly in the context of being a "faithful" housewife.

The author reflects on the pressures of domestic life, the lack of social and emotional support, and the often isolating nature of her role. She questions the value placed on individuals beyond their marital status and the societal norms that dictate how women should behave and feel.

The narrative is a blend of personal anecdotes and broader sociocultural observations, discussing themes such as the expectations of marriage, the role of women in traditional and modern contexts, and the physical and emotional toll that domestic responsibilities can take.

The text is interspersed with excerpts from Gloria, a fictional character who represents the author's musings and possibly her identity, suggesting a connection between her life experiences and the fictional narrative.

The author's experiences are not isolated but reflective of the broader societal and cultural context of the time, providing insights into the psychological and emotional landscape of a woman navigating through the complexities of domestic life and societal expectations.
AN INTRODUCTION TO CHINESE MARTIAL ARTS

KUNG FU (pronounced Cung Fu) sprang from Shaolin, but a less refined art was practised in Canton from where it diffused to America. Tai Chi Ch’uan ("supreme ultimate"), with its slow harmonious circular movements, is the least aggressive of the arts, but among the most widely practised in the West. It was evolved by Chang Tai-ng, who was said to be inspired by a battle he witnessed between a bird and a snake.

The Chinese Zen temples were forced to close after the Boxer Rebellion, but a less rigid training practice was the closing of the five gates or senses and centering the chi by circulating it in a microcosmic orbit from the abdomen up the spine to the brain so as to discover the immortal golden light between the eyes.

One of the most closely guarded Shaolin secrets was the knowledge of the 708 points along the passages of the chi. 142 being those to which lethal pressure must be applied. It is estimated that there are about 300,000 practitioners. To progress to the rank of Seikenshi (black belt), 100 techniques must be mastered. The common mistake of most martial artists is to identify the art with its slow harmonious circular movements, as the masters were afraid of the great potential harm through their misuse.

Training is concentrated on developing the "chi", which is used "to defeat an opponent without physical force or the strength of a blow from the fist". "Kenzen" is the operative Shorinji principle, Ken being boxing or physical movement, Zen being calm or stillness which is applied in the daily discipline and training of Shorinji students.

Kicking, opening and closed fist striking and hitting with base of the palm are the basis of the art's Eleven Fundamental Techniques. Kicks to the mid-section and blows to the temple are two of the most common techniques. To progress to the rank of Shikukai (black belt), 160 techniques must be mastered. It is estimated that there are about 300,000 practitioners in over 1,500 hombu dohans throughout Japan.

KUNG FU is based on the principle of the yin and the yang, a pair of complementary and interdependent forces that act continuously in this universe. In the symbol, the yin and yang are two interlocking parts of "one whole", each containing within its confines the qualities of the other.

The common mistake of most martial artists is to identify these two forces, yin and yang, as dualistic (soft style and firm style). But yin-yang exist as one inseparable force of an unceasing interplay of movement. They are neither cause nor effect but should be looked on as sound and echo, light and shadow. If yin and yang are viewed as two separate entities, realisation of the ultimate reality of Kung Fu won't be achieved.

Fen Lee also developed a rather unique double reverse roundhouse kick, which he used with remarkable effect in Fist of Fury. Stressing the need for an individual approach Lee said that "each one of us is different and each one of us should be taught the correct form. By the correct form, I mean the most useful techniques a person is inclined toward." With such a proliferation of styles and schools, a suitable introduction for many people would be the study of the Wing Chun style of Kung Fu as it dramatically demonstrates the circular continuously flowing chi. A following publication by James Yimm Lee is a valuable aid to such study. Perhaps these films are the completion of the cycle from the anti-hero of westerns to the warrior hero of the East, its precursor being the immortal Seven Samurai.

Fist of Fury, and Five Fingers Of Death are highly stylised with scant plots, instead concentrating on lightning speed and accuracy of the hero as he despatches the opposition. They have a special appeal as they tend to use special effects to dramatise the energy. A man raises his hand and vapor flows from his palm. It seems very exotic, but it's simply a visual metaphor. The Chinese moviemakers feel that they have to make things a little more concrete, just like Hollywood!

But do we see beyond the impact of the kick or blow?

Indeed, the argument against "mindless violence" has no place in this context. In the case of Bruce Lee, the final visual image is the result of many years of hard and disciplined training. Winning at all costs is not the theme of these films; it is man's preservation of honor.

But Bruce Lee is NOT Kung Fu and Kung Fu is NOT Bruce Lee. He developed a highly unorthodox style, which he called "feet-kneel do" ("intercepting fist way") which was based on an intensive anatomical study of martial art movements. Its premise being: immobilising the opponent from the "roots" (the legs, linchpin of any stance) one could virtually control him at will.

BRIAN WILLIAMS
THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS, November 13-19, 1973 — Page 11
Actually, this was never meant for publication. I started out taking notes on Wing Chun in 1962 so I could teach Kung Fu to my eight year old son when he became old enough. As my son grew older, however, his interest turned to tennis — not the martial arts. I was afraid that my years of note-taking had been wasted. Then I decided to write on Wing Chun in hopes that it would benefit aspiring martial artists.

Through my brother Bob, I was introduced to my future Wing Chun instructor, Bruce Lee. Because of my unfortunate past experience in other schools, I really appreciated the simple and direct style of Wing Chun and its practical application. What you practice today, you can use today.

I was fortunate to be able to study under the late Bruce Lee and be his assistant instructor. When he was living in Oakland, we were in daily contact. He was always there to clear up any doubts I might have about his style of Kung Fu, and I kept copious notes on the pertinent points and techniques.

Television and motion pictures have tremendously increased the amount of interest in the Chinese, Japanese, and Korean martial arts, and as a result schools are springing up everywhere. Some are good; some are inferior. Eventually, Kung Fu schools will go through the same type of upheaval and turmoil that karate schools have gone through in past years. There will be the inevitable bickering, pettiness, and ruthless exploitation of the ignorant public by the unscrupulous.

I hope this will give the layman a clear perspective of Kung Fu so that in his quest for knowledge he will enrol in a good school. Those who use this for home training may pick up some useful pointers. If Wing Chun (Kung Fu) is helpful then I'm glad I took the time to take notes.

J. YIMM LEE,
Oakland, California

According to legend, the Wing Chun (literally, "beautiful springtime") style of Kung Fu was founded by a woman, Yim Wing Chun, some four hundred years ago. Yim Wing Chun learned her basic self defence from a Buddhist nun, Ng Mui, (nuns were quite active in the arts at various periods, and some were supposed to have been fierce fighters) and passed the style down through the centuries to Leong Bok Sul, Wong Wah Bo, Leong Yee Tai, Leong Jon, Chan Wah Soon, Yip Man (the present leader of the Wing Chun style), Leong Sheong and Wong Soon Sum.

Although Yim Wing Chun learned from another, she is still considered the founder of the Wing Chun system. She felt that too much emphasis was placed on the "hard horse" and "hard style" so evident in the other systems, and being a woman, she believed that a wiser course of action should be taken to complement the "hard" way. In order to apply energy more efficiently, she devised the chi sao practice, a unique feature of the Wing Chun style in which one flows with the opponent instead of trying to dominate him. Since structurally this style complements opponent strength rather than trying to dominate it, Wing Chun is ideal for women. It is an aggressive style with very compact, economical attacks and defences.

Yip Man, the foremost authority of the Wing Chun art today, is responsible for bringing the style from China to Hong Kong.

Mr Yip Man

Bruce Lee, the James Dean of the East

STANCES

Right square stance

To assume the square stance, distribute your weight equally on both feet and bend your knees. Position your hands at the centerline (joan sien), placing your right hand forward of the left hand.

Left square stance

To assume a right stance from the square stance, move your right leg forward, but distribute most of your weight on the rear leg. Continue to guard the centerline.

The left stance is the reverse of the right stance.

Left stance

Right stance

Page 12 — THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS, November 13-19, 1973
CENTRELINE THEORY

The centerline (joan sien) is an integral part of the wing chun style of kung-fu. It is the nucleus on which the defenses and attacks of wing chun are based. The centerline influence can be seen in all wing chun stances, hand positions, shifting of horses, advancing and retreating.

(A) In a square facing stance place your right hand forward and your left hand at the center of your chest. (B) When you change the position of your hands, regardless of the stance, never leave the centerline unprotected.

Right Sitting Horse Stance

From the square stance assume the right sitting horse stance (jor mah) by turning your body toward the right. Keep most of your weight on the rear foot. Lower your left hand, turn your palm toward the floor, and bring it across your body until it is in line with the right hand.

Left Sitting Horse Stance

The left sitting horse is just the opposite.

IMMOVABLE ELBOW

The immovable elbow theory (but doan jiang) is very important in wing chun. Theoretically, it works like a hurricane. The eye of a hurricane is always still, but its periphery is constantly moving and exerting tremendous force. The immovable elbow works similarly. The hand and forearm can move in any direction, but the elbow never moves. It remains about three inches in front of the body.

Also, the hand and forearm should never pass the imaginary perpendicular line that intersects the elbow. If the arm is pressed too hard, it is better to give way with the whole body than to give way with the elbow or violate the boundary line. The distance between the thumb and little finger on the left hand is the correct distance that the elbow should be from the body.

In the immovable elbow theory, boundary lines limit the sideward and up-and-down movement of the hand and forearm. The height of the boundary is the eyebrows, and the lowest boundary line is the groin area, although the elbow must never dip below the navel. The width of the boundary extends just past the shoulders.
FOUR CORNERS

The boundaries of the four corners are the same as those of the immovable elbow: the eyebrows at the top, the groin area at the bottom, and the area just past the shoulders on either side. The four corners are divided into four equal areas, or gates. For instance, the top half of the side of the forward hand is the outside high gate. Any attack to this gate will be blocked to the outside. Attacks to the inside gate will be blocked inward.

Within each gate there are also two separate areas as seen in the side view: a forward area and a rear area. Any attack to the forward area will be blocked by the forward arm. Attacks to the rear area will be handled by the hand that is back.

Outside High Forward
This is an example of a forward, outside high block with the right hand. Note: One hand is high and the other is low.

Outside Low Forward
A forward, outside low block can be accomplished by executing a low, outer wrist block with the right hand.

Outside High Rear
Here is a rear, outside high block (slap block) executed with the left hand.

Outside Low Rear
The rear, outside low block can be executed with a low, left slap block.

Inside High Forward
An example of the forward, high inside gate block is the left palm-up block.

Inside Low Forward
The forward, inside low block can be accomplished with a right slap block.

Inside High Rear
A rear, inside high block can be performed with a right slap block and a left straight punch.

Inside Low Rear
A rear, inside low block is executed with a left slap block.

THIS supplement is extracted from the book Wing Chun (Kung Fu) by J. Yimm Lee, Ohara Publications, Los Angeles, California. The books are available in some city bookshops.
**ECONOMY OF MOVEMENT**

Practicing economy of movements in both defense and offense and keeping within the boundaries of the four corners is the heart of sil lim tao. Any style which blocks and attacks simultaneously will be structurally faster than a style which incorporates a block and then an attack. The Chinese call the simultaneous block and attack lin sil die dar.

Figures 1 through 4 show the wasted movements that I am expending to counter my opponent's technique. This is not an example of lin sil die dar.

(1) Never use this block in wing chun. It violates the boundary line by passing the shoulders. (2) A palm-up block is a more economical way to defend your outside high gate.

(3) This low block is too extreme—too much wasted motion. (4) You can defend the same area more economically with a slap block to the low gate.

(5) The right arm is beyond the boundary line of the right upper gate. Too much motion is wasted. (6) An economical block would be a slap block to the high gate. Remember to keep your hand within the boundary line.

(7) The boundary line is again violated. The block is too extreme and the movement is wasted. (8) A low outside wrist block is faster to execute and stays within the boundary line. Notice how the right hand is guarding the centerline (joan san).

**THEORY OF FACING**

Since the structure of wing chun is based on straight punches, guarding the centerline, elbow in, and immovable elbow, knowing how to face your opponent (jiue ying) is essential.

(1) I am not facing my opponent nose to nose. Consequently, all my opponent has to do is come in at an angle and my centerline is useless.

When I face my opponent (2), I preserve my centerline and make it inviolate. I am able to block my opponent's left punch because I am facing him.

**NEXT WEEK**

Footwork and Sil Lim Tao, the first form of Wing Chun Kung Fu
Notes from the Andamooka underground

GLEN HALFBACON

The pilot banked his craft approaching Andamooka land to let us have a clear view of Lake Torrens. "That's Andamooka ahead now," he said. "Great place. Louny strip, if it's wet - gets very soggy - might have to use the emergency one." So saying, our helmsman gently arced a township revealing vertical holes amongst mountains of mullock, occasional open cut swatches and heat-reflecting corrugated iron homes.

This is Andamooka - king of the southern opal fields; 400 odd miles from Adelaide; where men work hard and play hard and thrive on the anticipation of both. Our landing was perfect. Two cars waited on the end of the runway, having sped from town following our "we're here" circuit. Luggage was transferred; legs stretched. Reinhold (sometimes claim "gems for sale". Cannibal-and roofing iron. The roads serve deep between squelshed up wheels a quagmire. Red water lay inches following our "we're here" cir- culations of rocks, hessian, asbestos homes are built from combin- ing iron. The roads serve deep between squelshed up wheels a quagmire. Red water lay inches following our "we're here" cir- culations of rocks, hessian, asbestos homes are built from combin-
ing iron.

There are inferences of stand-

Adm. Peter called Ron) and his mate greeted us warmly ... they knew our pilot from earlier visits. We bounced into town. The main street - "the boulevard" to tourists - was a quagmire. Red water lay inches deep between squelshed up wheels tracks of sticky clay mud.

Most of the miners wear tough, browned faces. Some are in shorts and singlets; unlaced boots, beards, and long hair. Their style is nat- ural - ever ready to laugh or smile. Through dark, lined faces.

There are no telephone or power poles, letterboxes or phone locks. occasional open cut swathes power poles, letterboxes or phone locks. occasional open cut swathes. There are no telephone or power poles, letterboxes or phone locks. occasional open cut swathes. There are no telephone or power poles, letterboxes or phone locks. occasional open cut swathes.

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ing iron.

By the light of a solitary lan- tern we crossed his front door, passed immediately through the kitchen area and the next room which was dimly lit by a candle jammed into a stubbie.

When it rains in Andamooka the miners down tools and drive into town to enjoy a beer or two. The community appears to accept this ritual readily.

Drinking Southwark in one of the bars on a wet Andamooka afternoon is a memorable experi- ence for most city escapees. No one, it seems, has a surname. One meets Gus (mine host); Lottie (who cooks like a dream); Arnold and his wife and daughter; Walter; Peter (who enters soaked, clutching two old books and a large box of tinsman); Reinhold again (his brother is driving a truck to Adel- aide); Pepe the local portraitist; and several miners whose broad smiles beam through dark, lined faces. Most miners wear tough, browned faces. Some are in shorts and singlets; unlaced boots, beards, and long hair. Their style is nat- ural - ever ready to laugh or smile.

A tear in the canvas ceiling revealed a sturdy Japanese safe in your motel room. When it rains in Andamooka the miners down tools and drive into town to enjoy a beer or two. The community appears to accept this ritual readily.

Looking rather at having a small and more than disputing claims, of thefts and dates, no packdrill of course. There are no telephone or power poles, letterboxes or phone locks. occasional open cut swathes.

Overhead, his joke about air conditioning became obvious. A tear in the canvas ceiling revealed a sturdy Japanese safe in your motel room. When it rains in Andamooka the miners down tools and drive into town to enjoy a beer or two. The community appears to accept this ritual readily.

Some stories are told - some for the benefit of the visitors. Someone tells of a successful suicide who strapped dynamite to his chest, and how his remains and that of his house were pushed into his shaft by bulldozers. There are inferences of stand-

over men from interstate, no dates, no packdrill of course. Stories abound about mistresses and disputed claims, of thefts and corruption. Laughter, however, is rampant. Rain (and the beer) helps cleanse the soul and breaks down the suspicions of what others intend and do. Rain is therapy in Andamooka.

HILLOCKS AND AQUA FEATHERS. Peter is 72, he looks younger. He was born in Pilman ("where the beer comes from") and has been in Australia 24 years. He is a qualified architect and structural engineer.

We readily accepted his invita- tion to visit his air conditioned home that evening. He joined us for dinner and later we set off, a party of seven, with a flagon of red and some reservations about our several legs being pulled. Peter lives in a house built by Walter some 17 years earlier. It is half built into a hill and consists of three sections. Peter asked us to wait until he lit his home before we entered.

The next area, the "Opera House", measured approximately 10 feet by 12. Other candle stubbies provided sufficient light to reveal his bed on one side and an upright piano on the other.

Peter indicated that we could occupy the several chairs packed into the room or sit on his bed. Overhead, his joke about air cond- itioning became obvious. A tear in the canvas ceiling revealed cracks in the roof thatching through which the stars twinkled.

Then a quiet aside "I am not. Talkin' to Peter 'ere." The sun was shining outside, the sky was blue - no sign of rain.

"What are you - some bloody communist or something? Talkin' pictures an' askin' questions? Talkin' to Peter 'ere." The sun was shining outside, the sky was blue - no sign of rain.
On October 24, KEVIN GILBERT appeared in the Newcastle magistrates court charged with having written a letter containing a threat to kill the Queen. Gilbert pleaded not guilty. His counsel told the court that a request to see the letter had been refused. The case has been remanded until December 16. Gilbert was released on parole two and a half years ago, after having been given a life sentence for murder. His articles have appeared in Nation Review and the Aboriginal Publication Foundation's magazine Identity, he is the editor of Black Australian News. He is the author of a book to be published later this year.

White poison's gonna kill yuh kids

You know, when you really come to think about it, you have to admit that, as a race, the Australian aboriginal is much, much more intelligent than you whites.

Hitler, who pinched his ideas on race from theorists such as de Gobineau and H. S. Chamberlain, classified us as one of the four pure races left in the world. A pure race is a superior race, he reckoned, and therefore more intelligent. But over the past 200 years English country gentle­men (and others) who came to settle in the Antipodes have had a rather unmention­able country sport - one that put 'em a lot more excited than any riding to hounds would ever have, I might add, and the Australian aboriginal race somehow became a little less pure than it once was.

Nevertheless, Hitler was right. Us blacks have only been mongrelized for a mere 200 years. Quantitatively, or should I say qualitatively, white people have several thousand years of extra-poligamy­izing up their sleeves. So that means that not only are we blacks purer, like, but brighter.

It is because of this self-evident fact that aboriginals are better equipped with the necessary grey matter that keeps us all alive and kicking in this dog-fight they call life, that they haven't been at such a disadvantage quite as gullible, as stupid as that most grotty jelly-like mass known as the white middle class. (At the crunch, most of us claim to belong to it, don't we?) That's why blacks give our Uncle Toms the area while you whites don't only elicit yours but keep on reflecting them even while they can be seen to be killing your kids in front of your own stupid faces! Don't think for a moment that it's only the Yankee great sil­very level because there's these memoranda all blacks know - the secret of our new de­velopments is that while the mass media, have to report about it. That's how Yankee Doodle's No 2 man was supposed to be Ms Law 'n Order? Trumpeting about the virtues of getting and spending and being respect­able and never questioning anything! It kept 'em quiet for years while he made a fortune out of kick-backs. Now if you all hold on to your breaths for a minute, I'll tell you something - a secret that most all blacks know - the secret of our new Dreaming. IT'S THE SAME HERE. But they've managed to get you so hung up on words without substance like "de­ency" and "respectability" and all that stuff that all they have to do is put on a nice grey suit, stick on their smile and trot out to lead you around the nose, moom.

Point is, it's killing you. Killing your decency, profit and progress and DDT the rats and stuff like that that makes those mission mugs can be kept thinking that, can be kept from understanding the structure of this universal delusion which the psy­chologists have been telling us for several centuries. When you have the rats, the big money boys 'll go right on making their $500,000 or their $5,000,000 extra a week.

They've managed to get you so hung up on words without substance like "de­ency" and "respectability" and all that stuff that all they have to do is put on a nice grey suit, stick on their smile and trot out to lead you around the nose, moom!

It's killing you. Killing your kids too, while you don't even realize it. While you keep your head in the sand. In the name of law 'n order, honesty, decency, hard-workingness, respectabil­ity, profit and progress and DDT the rats and stuff like that that makes those mission mugs can be kept thinking that, can be kept from understanding the structure of this universal delusion which the psy­chologists have been telling us for several centuries. When you have the rats, the big money boys 'll go right on making their $500,000 or their $5,000,000 extra a week.

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I N THE beginning there was Fuetron, a quintessential yellow painted building with Mick Gashen's geometric dome crowning the roof, just off Sydney's Broadway. It was to be a home for future-oriented activities - video, film, synthesised sounds, conceptual art, environmental design.

All this came to be, but disappointingly with less vigor than hoped for. The Bush Video group took over one floor, an art gallery another, a film processing business another and down on the ground level a shop opened selling perspex objects, beanbags, pseudo-Scandinavian fabrics and modern furniture from the Fuetron factory.

But Fuetron hasn't exactly fulfilled its promise as a centre of alternative vision.

Meanwhile the man behind the scheme, owner of the building and of the whole Fuetron business, John Bourke, was buying up a block around the corner - 1 to 37 Glebe Point Road. In recent weeks the buildings sprouted his sign "the block around the corner - 1 to 37 Glebe Point Road - 9 to 37 Glebe Point Road".

A string of near misses led him to wealthy young businessman John Bourke, who also happens to own great chunks of property at Balmain and three million dollars worth of township and farmland at Mullumbimby. Bourke is a capitalist conscious of the impact of alternative community lifestyles on society at large and is influence

But despite his hatred of the Them/Us dichotomy separating the capitalist mind from the counter culture in-group, he's got a long way to go to break down the distrust. And no wonder.

As I talked to Michael Elvins and some of the Omnibus tribe of voluntary helpers over pumpkin pie in the Magic Pudding Coffee Shop, a grey-suited stranger wandered in and inquired if this was the building that was up for sale. Bourke later admitted that he turned down the man's offer because it wasn't high enough.

Meanwhile the magic was still working with assorted freaks to come together before the coffee shop opened to say "Sorry no rock"; by order to have rock nights we will have to raise another $200 a week when they expand into further space they're thinking of occupying soon.

Bourke claims his tenants would have to raise another $200 a week if they expand into further space they're thinking of occupying another and down on the ground level a shop opened selling perspex objets, beanbags, pseudo-Scandinavian fabrics and modern furniture from the Fuetron factory.

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A string of near misses led him to wealthy young businessman John Bourke, who also happens to own great chunks of property at Balmain and three million dollars worth of township and farmland at Mullumbimby. Bourke is a capitalist conscious of the impact of alternative community lifestyles on society at large and is influence

But despite his hatred of the Them/Us dichotomy separating the capitalist mind from the counter culture in-group, he's got a long way to go to break down the distrust. And no wonder.

As I talked to Michael Elvins and some of the Omnibus tribe of voluntary helpers over pumpkin pie in the Magic Pudding Coffee Shop, a grey-suited stranger wandered in and inquired if this was the building that was up for sale. Bourke later admitted that he turned down the man's offer because it wasn't high enough.

Meanwhile the magic was still working with assorted freaks to come together before the coffee shop opened to say "Sorry no rock"; by order to have rock nights we will have to raise another $200 a week if they expand into further space they're thinking of occupying another and down on the ground level a shop opened selling perspex objets, beanbags, pseudo-Scandinavian fabrics and modern furniture from the Fuetron factory.
ACER is regarded with a certain amount of awe by the teacher, but also with fear and suspicion. But, despite the erosion of public confidence in its value, the public examination has survived as an institution. In Victoria these examinations take place in the fifth year in technical schools, and in the sixth year in high schools.

In recent years, the technical schools have been inclined to throw in the towel and confess their inability to meet the requirements of the backroom boys. The older teachers worry that they are unable or unwilling to educate their students to the standard of a public examination. They have, therefore, with very loose external supervision, been setting their own examinations or devising other forms of assessment which will enable a respectable number of their charges to be passed.

In the high schools, HSC subjects are taught often by young teachers who do not themselves believe in the value of public examinations, but who cannot escape the knowledge that success or failure at the end of the year will have a profound effect on the future lives of their students. The students, sensing the dilemma of their teachers, adopt the reasonable attitude — if they dont believe in the exams then why should we? This may manifest itself in extreme forms as is evidenced by the program of "Brother John and the Creative Learning Collective" (TLD no. 2). More frequently it is manifested in the form of passive resistance, or apathy if you like, during the first two terms of the year.

Finally, sometime during third term, both teachers and students are driven by their accumulated guilt to a state approaching anguish, and they seek redemption through self-punishment. They drive themselves to transcend the state of consciousness which has prevailed, and to replace it with one which will enable them to pass.

This drive for transcendence often has pleasurable side effects, and students frequently find that exam time is the first time that they have any real appreciation of the subjects they are studying. This is in part an illusion, induced by the exclusion of most other varieties of reality, but it produces the conviction in the minds of many students that meaning can be created by independent activity of the human brain.

Exam time, and the months preceding it, is also a time when many intelligent students drop out. The hypocrisy and internal inconsistency of the education system is on open display. It occurs to these students that if the system is both insane and anarchic, that it would be better off finding reality elsewhere.

ALCATRAZ NIGHT

In the Coral Sea of time, Drifting aimlessly.
Then washed up on a New York beach.
Where dictionary beer-mugs are discussing the relevance of the toilet bowl.
Flute heroes discussing the relevance of the cocktail olive.
And me wondering about relevance.

Time wrecked upon the beach.
The Seracen hordes swarm upon my body.
The seaweed rags flutter from the flagpoles.
The rain coming so tired and thin and desolate.
Dylan's harmonica cloudburst around the bewildered puppy.
His eyes as large as his sorrow.

Rome crumbling into a seven hill golf course.
And a grin put upon one face.
And another bowl wiped off another.

Mattresses, roasting over a marshmallow.
And prunes popping into eyes.

And into the mouths of trams
As they gorge the metal track,
Which makes into a smoky asylum.

Are these people real?
My eyes are devouring my head, and my mind.
And with it myself.

ARDEL SHAMSULLAH.

WATERGATE has proved beyond doubt that straight politics can be fun, and dramatic. So I am turning over these traces we could not communicate. It is when you refuse a bite of the apple, that when you can die — for the majority have already been bitten.

HEATHER JOHNSON.
SEXUAL liberation move.

The carnal curiosity of the pre-teen.

They both had yellow bathers to relationships between people to be adult people. What's happened nuns would insist that girl boarders to a childrens specialist. The first simply rubbed her thighs by cross­

failure we would have to try ap­

way from the time when Catholic recite

she must be stopped. She hasnt met many,

naïve to even think it possible.

reading of pictures

it for us. Anyway, this woman

thought I'd keep my shirt

pricks and waiting for the mo­

red, he continued, only $2.50

red, and carrying on a bit. Then one of

the anxiety state pro­

self-conscious about what was go­

men doing dreadful things to in­

minds? No, I dont think so. He

commit suicide. He was about 15 and

we just saw that he

she used this

head? Oh, you do mind if I have one too, gee thanks mate

the freedom to discover.

S

the pub, something along the lines of

ment of power over him? Oh

in my case) or

women. The two older guys, about

ing on. I was actively preventing

had a fuck she wasnt to be seen.

spontaneous for a fuck. Furtively and

outside for protection and with

ers Digest,

flags which prevented me

thing -  an adult relationship.

scream with pleasure in case it was

they only had 12 ejaculations — so they’d better

get worse again. She is un­

made her to spell out what my actual

it for evil and dirty thoughts.

next two years. Redleaf is one of

two weeks in case it was
didnt blow. We were a bit sorry

so she asked questions. It

was a bit funny, a bit funny, she said. He wore a coat, the same coat all the time, but we didn’t mind much but saw that he liked being with us so he hung around. He didn’t talk much.

one day we decided to get him

of eight

ass because of the fear of hurting

him? No, I dont think so. He

wondered why I'd said that.

yelling at me -  get out of bed,

were looking at their

her. She hadnt met many,

me to spell out what my actual

for her. At any rate she showing a guy with an erection, at

The carnal curiosity of the pre-teen.

When a group of adults and

naive to even think it possible.

Shameful to do anything

he mind? No, I dont think so. He

and asking, listen, mate, you

ment of power over him? Oh

commit suicide. He was about 15 and

she used this

head? Oh, you do mind if I have one too, gee thanks mate

the freedom to discover.

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the freedom to discover.
The big truck, the carbon-dioxide laden, and lead from its exhaust: "Narrow! Snarl! Snarl!"

Varrooo-oommm! goes the shiny red GT coupe as it races past. Look at its fat tyres and high-speed spoiler. It can hit trees at 140 mph. Beep! Beep! goes the little yellow taxi. Snarl! Snarl! goes the shiny red GT.

The bulldozer has metal tracks instead of wheels. It can easily push over an old house to make way for a petrol station. Beep! Beep! goes the little yellow taxi. Chug! Chug! goes the bulldozer.

The pedestrian is much slower than a motor car and much softer too. They are hard to see in the dark and lots of them are knocked down. Beep! Beep! goes the little yellow taxi. Fuck off! says the pedestrian.
motor on, and drive away," don Genaro replied. "What do you mean, he can take my whole car away?" I asked.

"You meant that I can get into his car, turn the motor on, and drive away," don Genaro retorted in the loudest factual tone.

"Genaro can take the whole car away!" don Juan exclaimed in a booming voice; and then he added in the same tone, "True, Genaro?"

"True!" don Genaro replied, puckering up his lips like a child.

"What can he do?" I asked, trying to sound unflustered.

"Genaro can do something much better than jarring your car," he went on. "True, Genaro?"

"True," don Genaro replied, pucking up his lips like a child.

"What you did mean, can he take my whole car away?" I asked.

"What did I mean, Genaro?" don Juan asked.

You mean that I can get into his car, turn the motor on, and drive away," don Genaro replied with unconvincing seriousness.

"Take the car away, Genaro," don Juan urged him in a joking tone.

"It's done!" don Genaro said, frowning and looking at me askew.

I noticed that as he frowned his eyebrows rippled, making the look in his eyes mischievous and penetrating.

"All right!" don Juan said calmly. "Let's go down there and examine the car."

They stood up, very slowly. For an instant I did not know what to do, but don Juan signaled me to stand up.

We began walking up the small hill in front of don Juan's house. Both of them flanked me, don Juan to my right and don Genaro to my left, always within my full field of vision.

"Let's examine the car," don Genaro said again.

Don Juan moved his hands as if he were spinning an invisible thread; don Genaro did likewise and repeated, "Let's examine the car."

They walked with a sort of bounce. Their steps were longer than usual, and their hands moved as though they were whispering or bawling some invisible objects in front of them. I had never seen don Juan clowning like that and felt almost embarrassed to look at him.

We reached the top and I looked down to the area at the foot of the hill, some fifty yards away, where I had parked the car. My stomach contracted with a jolt. The car was not there! I ran down the hill. My car was not anywhere in sight. I experienced a moment of great confusion. I was disoriented.

From Journey to Ixtlan by Carlos Castaneda.

Victoria Street Abbotsford, hurndum Friday evening. The FJ just sitting there, reactions from the passersby mixed, one (man) very irate, the owners arrive, two women, one with a small child, they are not part of any group, they just paint their car, they are on their way to South Australia to pick oranges.

A street number

STREETS are there to have visions upon them and about, regardless of what T. S. Eliot intimated. Streets are interesting. Apparently there is nothing to be in the street but if you stray then you can be said to be "on the street" which is not good but it is also bad.

William obviously knew more about what the street held than most of us. He died in 1944, probably of lung cancer at the time Reagan was making one of his forgettable B-grade movies. Reagan is coming to Australia, and staying at Rohan Dalcombe's house. He is apparently promoting the Red Cross appeal, because he knows all about blood, and the spilling of same from both packs.

And talking about Fascists, Benito Mussolini and the Third Reich, both sent messages of congratulations to Victoria (the State) on its centenary celebration. I wonder if the Fascist Government send their greetings with a similar thought.

He said more. Nazi Germany said the same. It's recorded in the book I bought this year: The Streetcar Celebrations Book, 1934-35. You'd never know there had been a streetcar in this country, Australia. Full color, full of pictures of wardships, flags and greetings from friendly countries.

There was a minute's silence last Sunday on the 11th hour of November 11, remembering those for whom the road tolled. The other thing is I don't think anyone should be writing about streets. You should be out there doing something about them. Writing about them isn't in the same street as being in them. 

COLIN TALBOT.
MUSIC

Whatever's going to happen

WHATEVER'S FOR US — Joan Armatrading (Cube Records, 2326 G3).

J OAN Armatrading was born in Bassetterre, St. Kitts, in the West Indies, some 20 years ago, and moved to England in 1958.

Pam Nestor was born in Bermondsey and went to England in 1961. They first met in 1969, and started writing together shortly afterwards. This album represents their first recorded work, so with the liner notes.

The most outstanding feature of a consistently very good album, is undoubtedly Armatrading's voice. It has a richness, depth and strength that seemingly denies her 22 years. Her control and delivery, and especially the feeling she both projects and communicates, suggest an enormous natural experience other singers take years to acquire. The numbers present, with two exceptions, are joint Armatrading/Nestor compositions. It is a pity the album notes are so limited, as it would have been interesting to see who is responsible for the Elton John piano and arrangements that are found in a number of the songs.

The backing is based on a piano/acoustic guitar/percussion formula that works most effectively. The piano is well suited to Nestor's style, but is distracting in that it is so recognizably Elton John's perk feel. The production is good, with a surprising instrumental clarity.

The supplementary string and horn arrangements are added with sensitivity, and a good balance is maintained throughout the entire album. The same can be said of the harmonies, which are used to promote the mood and feeling of the number, rather than a decorative nicety.

Armatrading opens the work with My Family in a voice deep and sumptuous, and follows it up with City Gut, in which she flies to a vocal level that could almost be termed fawletto. We all know only a male voice is capable of that... but it is the only way to describe the rubber band quality she shows.

The lyrics are mainly simple and uncomplicated, and rely on her singing abilities to add the color and emotion. Whatever's For Us, the title track, is an updated version of Que Sera, Sera. Instead of what will be will be, they have substituted 'whatever's for us', for us. It is a bit of a change.

Clapton's Star is one of the best songs, both as a written number and in the treatment and presentation she gives it. Her display of vocal senescence and octave travel is stunning. In fact the whole album is so uniformly good, the highlights are hard to pick.

The second side picks up in pace and power, with Mean Old Man and the heavily percussional All The King's Gardens. Give It A Try is a soulful ballad, and again the versatility she gets is so smoothly managed that the whole thing works.

The album is made more remarkable by the fact that this is her/their first. If she/they can improve on this, their next efforts will be eagerly awaited.

STU HAWK

BULLFROG RECORDS
P.O. BOX 261
BAULKHAM HILLS 2153

THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS, November 13-19, 1973 — Page 23
SYDNEY MONITOR: Stephen Wall 698.2652, P. O. Box 23, Surry Hills.
MELBOURNE MONITOR: Chris & Eva 51.9563, write Flat 8, No 7 Irving Ave, Windsor, 3181.

LISTINGS ARE FREE. COPY CLOSURES THURSDAY BEFORE PUBLICATION.

TUESDAY

ROCK

MELBOURNE

Markenbee Theory, Stt Rumpo: Broadmeadows Town Hall.
Chuck Berry. Sydney Opera House.
Mighty Kong: Station Hotel, Prahran.

TIME

"Stopwork!": Russell Street Theatre.

MEETINGS

Sydney Writers Workshop: Old Church, 6.30 pm.
Sydney Writers Workshop: Old Church, 17.30 pm.

WEDNESDAY

ROCK

MELBOURNE

Chuck Berry: Festival Hall.

POETRY

"Poor Tom's Poetry Band: Commonweal.
"Stopwork!": Russell Street Theatre.

MEETINGS

Commonwealth Of Cook: Coffee Lounge.
Peter Foshell: Frank Traynor.

THEATRE

"Wonders! Winged Things" AYTV, 7.30.
"Great Past of the World" AYW, 8.30.
"Celidh Season": ARW, 11.30.

WEDNESDAY

ROCK

MELBOURNE

Dave Rankin: Jazz Band (All st), City Hall.
The Coppers: Jog Kings.
Merv Acheson Trio: Unity Hall Hotel, 6.30 pm.

POETRY

"Poor Tom's Poetry Band: Commonweal.
"Stopwork!": Russell Street Theatre.

MEETINGS

Commonwealth Of Cook: Coffee Lounge.
Peter Foshell: Frank Traynor.

THEATRE

"An Element of Doubt": Tell Theatre.

FRIDAY

ROCK

MELBOURNE

Arts, Melbourne: Dingley Council Hall.
Maddie Lake: Exchange Hotel, Cheltenham.
Airey Ray: Matty Taylor, Station Hotel, Prahran.

MEETINGS

Community: Commonweal.

THEATRE

"A Bunch of Rogers": Vaudville.
"Stopwork!": Russell Street Theatre.

SATURDAY

ROCK

MELBOURNE

Fitzroy: City Hall.
MAMA: Sheehan's.

MEETINGS

Violin Concerto No 5

Mama: Sheehan's.

FESTIVAL HALL.
Adelaide. Bi-male, affectionate, companionship. Interests include educated man of 28 seeks older age and younger for mutual satisfaction. Photo appears clean shaven, square looking, likes INC box 6068.

Sydney. Opportunity for male camp blonde, 36, would like to meet to own their own mixed business. INC box 6075.

Hobart. Middle aged lady desires with similar interests. Preferably women, 18-50, for mutual relationship. INC box 6089.

Melbourne. Guy, 30, into prim al therapy. Seeks female needed discreetly. Send proof propaganda etc. Send 20c and country areas. Write in confidence through solicitor. INC box 6067.


Sydney. Male, 30's, married, wants someone friendly for companionship and travel. All replies regarded as confidential. Send 20c for mailed catalogue. INC box 6064.

Sydney. Male, 19, student, described as good-looking, interested in same sex male friendship. Inc box 6076.

Sydney. Male, 45, seeks similar male for lasting companionship. Inc box 6073.


Melbourne. Male, 40, seeks attractive male. Inc box 6075.

Sydney. Male, 35, describes himself as casual and discreet. Seeks well hung, non-smoker, for interesting and casual. INC box 6087.


Sydney. Female, 25, seeks male lover. Inc box 6084.

Sydney, Wollongong. Professional female needed discreetly. Send proof propaganda etc. Send 20c and country areas. Write in confidence through solicitor. INC box 6067.


Sydney. Female, 25, seeks male lover. Inc box 6084.

Sydney. Male, 30, into prim al therapy. Seeks female needed discreetly. Send proof propaganda etc. Send 20c and country areas. Write in confidence through solicitor. INC box 6067.

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ACCESS

STEPHEN WALL

The first volume gives you a general rundown on types and uses of metals and info on simple tools like vices, hammers and punches. Volume two is great on different sorts of tools and their uses.

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Mail order to MAIL ORDER SALES, PO Box 84, Canberra ACT 2601, or your nearest Government Publications and Inquiry Centre.

The Sydney Filmmakers Co-op puts out a catalogue of their films available for hire. All you need is access to a 16mm projector and you can teach yourself film-viewing! They are in the process of compiling a supplement to this catalogue so I'll let you know when it is available. In the meantime, if you are interested in films, send $1.40 to MAIL ORDER SALES, St Peter's Lane, Darlinghurst 2010, and take a net hand out from your own mail box.

Refactory Girl is a quarterly women's study journal written and published by a national women's collective. The articles are about women, sometimes topical, sometimes historical. It appears to be written for the "intelligent" reader and lacks much of the conventional rhetoric. It is probably the most professionally produced women's magazine in Australia. Cost 75 cents at some bookshops or a sub for $2.50 a year.

J.E. is a magazine emanating in and around the Department of Environmental Design, Tasmanian College of Advanced Education. I have now seen two issues of J.E. and I wish to confirm that Tasmania is indeed part of the global village. I send them a buck every time it is available. In the meantime, if you are interested in film, send $1.40 to SYDNEY FILMMAKERS CO-OP, St Peter's Lane, Darlinghurst 2010, and take a net hand out from your own mail box.

Editions of The Pregnant Lover were sold out for over a year. I have the last 100 numbered copies left, and the book that explodes the myth that pregnant lovers are "inhuman". I have sold them to every major magazine in Australia. For $10.00 plus the first class postage, I'll send you the Alternative Pink Pages.

The book that explodes the myth that pregnant lovers are "inhuman". The book that actually gives you "real" advice on how to make love with your pregnant lover. Send $10.00 or so to: UNFRACTIONED, 1615P, Hobart, Tasmania. 7001.
Yea, yea Stalin

Dear Editor,

Richard Neville revolving to Grant Evans's comment on V.D. and spiritual commitment are far from Inquisition, as the extraordinary career of Gandhi made clear. Or per­haps you pin the red merit badge on Stalin. It was Stalin incompatible, as the extraordinary and spiritual commitment are far from

Dear Editor,

LETTERS &

When Gandhi was alive India was a lot of niggers living in shit. If Richard Neville wants to be a nigger then good luck to him. However, he must be a real death nigger if he thinks he is going to be tolerated by those who seek to establish a chaired commu­nity.

I welcome Neville and his Living Daylights. If Richard Neville had a good reason we need a revolution.

LEONARD AMOS, Wyyonu, Qld

Capitlist slander

DEAR RICHARD,

I would write a letter to the Human Rights Commission, but as a socialist philosophy, I expect a capital­ism like philosophy to the Stalin's alternately expected something different from you, but considering who owns your paper, my expectations were a bit ridiculous.

Anyway, I support Grant Evans and Co in their objections to TLD's anti socialist flavor. Instead of answering Evans' points, you retreated to the well­tried capitalist slander that Stalin was a Marxist, and that Leninism equals Stalinism. Here Evans, Stalinism, etc, and that Ians shouldn't be answered because maybe he's Stalinist.

The fact that the likes of Renee Daike are bolded out of the Gru Omnibus of the world means probably somebody is going to have a scientific approach? Mysticism, like in­stitutionalised religion, is a safe refu­ge for those who can't or don't want to figure out what goes wrong.

It seems to me that a paper that doesn't tread on any reactionaries' toes cannot last its existence. I found that Gagar was diagrams makes some really good much, and thus has a valuable future.

Let's hope that TLD improves and stops being an abomination. Reviewers was also disappointed that I had read as much, by the way, as anywhere else these. These criticisms may be a little unfair, considering you've only been going a few weeks, but then again, was I expecting too much in the first place?

FRANK TILBERRY, Kensington, NSW

One for the pessimists

Sir — I was just beginning to enjoy Garry Patterson's strip sketch (TLD). As a simple but affecting comment, it was a theme of, say, conservation. And then I noticed the depressing dictum at the foot of the page. Patrons read down, optimists read up — depressing be­cause this stripe is a bit too far back but not too far back to our future.

Let me explain. Cities, obviously, have a more complex — but equally — that they disappear altogether is rather desolate at worst and unrealistic at best. Pervasive economies, as someone pointed out a few pages back on the cartoon's unorthodox nature, their day, back/to/nature crowd notwithstanding, did we need an apocalypse, an atomic bomb and obliterate a couple of far­mland, or let the holes in the desert feeling drained of our human potential? So we make broccoli. So what?

And even if the suggestion of Garry Patterson's sketches is merely that the city should disappear metaphorically, shall we say, and that we should do away with the wilderness (briefly) ‘like all self respecting Herman Hesse heroes, like all Jesus Christ and like all superheroes before them... Well, what then? There was ever a prophet who came back from from the desert with his words of wisdom before there was a wicked town or city for him to come back to.

The only way you can possibly picture a prophet is Martin Sharp's vi­sion of the Sentimental Bloke in a town of noodle plains.

So let's forget about those mythical natural paradises of the past. It's a bit too easy to rip off Granny's word and wisdom and all on it, saying, Lordy, let's get right here and grope on old mother earth, brothers and sisters, while the rest of the world jack itself off. What's happened to imagination? Where are our blueprints for computer­ised cities? And don't give me a refer­ence to Kafka or anyone else with a case of the honours.) After all, there's little bit of nature in computers, just as there is in lovely crisp comics from cereal packets.

If we don't like the nature we find there, let's enconvert of something to put the dear old girl into — and not, for atom's sake, a sunflower or tomato sack. Sacks of spuds are just too bloody heavy.

Your friendly labourer on brick veneer flats.

Grahame Jackson,}

Lavington, NSW

Black mark against Slim

Sir — I was intrigued to see you discover Slim Dusty (TLD 5, page 21), the Australian folkising "legend" who “always wanted to take the music and do something of my own with it — Australian songs, Australian lyrics”.

Slim Dusty is truly Australian to the core. You may not be familiar with this thing called the Royal jelly (or is it Jacky jelly?), the aboriginal who from a heroic bloodline thus demonstrating that — in Dusty's words — “although his skin was black his heart was white.”

A strangely moving ballad, I com­mented that great Australian, Henry Lawson, to your attention next week; have some typically Aussie views on Jews, blacks and others of their ilk.

D. M

Odious artwork

Sir — Ian McCoalad's "Australia Un­limited" (TLD 1) is an odious piece of bullsh-tionalism-cum-rumour. I hope that no one who subscribes to revolu­tional activity ideas in Australia. Would he be a branch of the government health serv­ice called the Port Health Authority.

No use, but no use, was let into the country without documentary proof of vaccination. The odd curser got in, which probably accounts for the four deaths, but if the precautions hadn't been taken then the number of deaths among the vaccinated children would have been four but probably 40,000 or even more while the number among the vaccinated cases would still have been only 82. Still on the subject, isn't it just possible that those who were vaccinated were the very ones considered to be at greater risk.

4. As a closing thought, what would Dr. Drake do if he was a police officer (or a doctor for treatment? Or would he decide to stick to his organically grown natural foods while the supermarkets gradually grow back into the insanity from which he already appear to be suffering?

ERWIN LEBER, Adelaide, SA

Natural death

MR DRAKE'S article The modern martyr man in movies on good health (TLD 1) shows a remarkable ignorance of some of the facts about diseases, their treatment and preven­tion. It's a pity you printed it in what, otherwise, promises to be a very good paper.

While the article does contain a few gains of truth they unfortunately lie buried amid a welter of illogical and ignorant rages. I'm a scientist, in no way connected with any branch of medicine or pharmacy, but the follow­ing facts seem obvious to me.

1. The National Heart and Cancer Foundations spend a belt of a lot of their money researching the CAUSES of these diseases and this undoubtedly includes investigations on people who haven't got either disease. (One obvious proof of this is the huge amount of money spent researching the hiv can­cer/ smoking link.) They don't, as Drake says, "squander on an idle search for wonder drugs, etc." (It is true that the idea of a miracle drug is a good one, but an idle one.

2. Before Pasteur, the average life expectancy in Europe was less than 40 years. People in those days lived in an unsmoothed environment and ate natural foods, free from any "chem­ical fertilisers". Their fertilisers were, in fact, human, animal and vegetable waste. Incidentally, I wonder if Dr. Drake knows that the most commonly used fertiliser in Australia today is birdshit? It's euphemistically called superphosphate!

The malicious rumor con­cerning a newly appointed Under-Secretary minister, as men­tioned in TLD 3, was indeed as I said, a malicious rumi­nor. It was traced in this week's Nation Review, to conspiratorial, rightist, 

Exhibit 21 — a pile of sandbags with a surprise in the middle. Exhibit 13 an indiscreet, talking, living, breathing, naked, video sculpture couple.

The people's choice.

Cops arrest — indecent exposure. This for some reason, I hear, embarrasses the trustees of

VICTOR K. 1973

THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS, November 13-19, 1973 — Page 27