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I WOULDN'T DARE Drive my MING-MINOR without FIRST FILLING UP WITH FORMAL WEAR.

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(Craighall)
June 30: The Big Day for the conscripts

Unfortunately the departure of 380 N.S.W. recruits from Sydney Central Railway Station for Puckapunyal was marred somewhat by a skirmish in which policemen tore down posters and generally manhandled demonstrators from the Save Our Sons (S.O.S.) Movement and the Youth Campaign Against Conscription.

Of course, it was terribly thoughtful of the police — including “men from the C.I.B. Special Branch, two sections of the Army’s detective force, Commonwealth Security and Railway detectives” (SMH, July 1), all discreetly in plainclothes — to come along on their off-night and swell the numbers of “friends and relatives” at the platform; and to demonstrate what years of discipline and training had done for their strong right arms.

And, of course, it was a timely reminder for the row recounts of the kind of freedom of speech and of action they might ultimately be called upon to lay down their lives to save.

JULY 2: The N.S.W. State ALP Executive announced that it would not re-endorse two Sydney ALP Aldermen — Messrs. Foster and Moran — for the forthcoming Sydney City Council elections.

Ald. Foster had the temerity to vote on one occasion against a Caucus decision to allow parking in Moore Park during this year’s Royal Easter Show. Ald. Moran never actually joined Caucus but he did once speak against a decision to allow free admission to the Domain Baths.

Everyone knows the Libs. are not very liberty; but the Labor Party certainly makes them look that way.

JULY 4: External Affairs Minister, Paul Hasluck, returned from overseas to his native land (Australia). He told reporters: “We are supporting the South Vietnamese Government against aggression, not because we have been told, but on the basis of our own sober judgment of the situation. Very happily our decision coincides with the judgment of America—that it is the best way of helping world peace.”

Oh, these happy coincidences!

JULY 5: Big Transport Strike in Sydney: Very exciting.

The kind of break from the daily grind that everyone privately adores but publicly deplores (mainly as a topic of conversation between motorists and their pick-ups). The new N.S.W. Transport Minister, Morris (gimmick: he travels in public transport), created a favourable image and many inches of news-type by personally surveying (on foot) the chaos created by the selfish transport workers.

People providing a public utility should not be allowed to strike. Arbitration is good, or better still, they could follow the example of another occupational group providing a government utility — the doctors — and decide on their salaries amongst themselves.

JULY 6: Mr. G. P. Barton, Managing Director of Ipec-Air Pty. Ltd., had some strange words to say about the way in which the Commonwealth Government had amended its Civil Aviation law so as, in effect, to block Ipec’s appeal to the Privy Council.

Ipec commenced operations in Adelaide in 1954 with two small trucks. Today, it delivers more than 10,000 consignments every working day.

That’s initiative for you! But in our Free Enterprise System initiative is not the only quality required, is it, Reg?

Perhaps Ipec had better stop being so enterprising and learn how to pee in people’s pockets.

July 9: GMH announced that their 1964 budget—a mere £18.8 million—was down on last year’s figure (£19.2 million) but that a larger proportion (£9 million) was being sent back to America.

New Zealand’s Prime Minister, Holyoake, flew into Sydney to tell reporters: “New Zealand will not be pressured into sending additional troops to Vietnam. Nobody pressures New Zealand. We are an independent nation.”

That makes one of us.

JULY 11: Queen Anne-Marie of Greece gave birth at Corfu to a bouncing 9 lb. 9 oz. baby girl — her first — who becomes heir to the Greek throne. Corfu immediately embarked on 3 days of festivities, including torch light processions and dancing in the streets.

Less than a week later King Constantine — Queen Anne’s young husband — gave birth to a bouncing near-revolutionary clanger when he forced his Prime Minister to resign. Athens immediately embarked on 3 days of festivities, including demonstrations and protest meetings.

The little Greek baby may be heir but let’s hope daddy can hold onto his throne for her.

JULY 11: Fifteen N.S.W. clergyman of various religious denominations wrote to the Prime Minister expressing concern at his policy on Vietnam and his attitude to peace congresses:

“The Prime Minister has stated that all peace rallies held in Australia have been organised by Communists. As Christian ministers who have been actively planning and conducting peace gatherings we ask:

1. “Is the Prime Minister attempting to silence public debate and to regiment, by fear, the free people of Australia?
2. “Does the Prime Minister wish, as a leader of a democracy, to discourage discussion of the issues of foreign policy?”

In a word: yes.

JULY 12: Det.-Sergt. Harry Giles was dismissed from the N.S.W. Police Force for disobeying an order to return to work (he had previously been fined £10 for the same offence).

Two detectives are currently conducting a departmental inquiry into allegations that Giles recently set up a brothel in Kings Cross. If Giles had remained in the Police Force he would have been forced to answer any embarrassing questions they might have wanted to ask him. But now, alas, he is no longer obliged to answer anything.

JULY 13: The Big Ming get together with the Press.

Ipec newspapers sent along their most obsequious journalists and then raved about the way he handled their tricky questions about new boots for the troops and his opinion of Joan Sutherland.

The line Bob was peddling so successfully this time was that we are only in Vietnam at the invitation of the Saigon government (which, by a deft slight of his flabby hand, becomes instantly equatable with “at the invitation of the South Vietnamese people”).

July 14: Coca-Cola Bottlers (Melbourne) Pty. Ltd. were fined £20 in Flemington Court for having sold a bottle of drink whose sediment included one small mouse.

Your friendly Coke bottler has always boasted that his product “had that little something extra”. Once, this little something was cocaine and alcohol (see OZ 04 April 1965); now, apparently, it’s mice.

Things Go Better With Coke

Even Mice

“I’m back, Kipper. I’ve been to see the Prime Minister about the way the Press is being treated.”

“I don’t know, Reg, you’re not making much impression on anyone.”

“I try. I try, but it seems the Press is unmovable.”

July 15: A fire in one of Melbourne's largest bookstores, Macmillan & Co. Ltd., destroyed more than £50,000 worth of books. Police are still investigating a hatch that the book burning fire was started by the Victorian Vice Squad to celebrate the homecoming of Mr. Rylah a few days later (See July 19).

A news item from the "Sydney Morning Herald" for July 15:

**Melbourne.** Thursday.—The monument to Sir Robert Menzies in Jepari, his birthplace, will cost £2,000 — £500 to be contributed by the Shire of Dimboola.

It sounds as if the monument to Sir Robert will take the form of a caricature:

Tonight the Jepari Shire Council approved plans for a 60ft spire from an 8ft concrete base, topped by a 2ft brass thistle.

On July 18 the Sunday Mirror ran a story on the Kennedy myth.

We are told that Jacqueline Kennedy still gets 3,000 letters and scores of gifts each week from people who "can't forget". 50,000 people every week file past Kennedy's Arlington cemetery where at least 10 ceremonies are performed each day (30 at weekends).

There is hardly a town in America that doesn't have an airport, a school, an avenue or a hospital named after President Kennedy.

On July 15 it was announced that the first Australian awards from the £2.2 million Winston Churchill Memorial Fund will be made on November 29.

On the same day (July 15), a great man, by the name of Adlai Stevenson, died. It was not the main story in any Australian newspaper; there will be no Adlai Stevenson Memorial Fund, and his widow will not fare as well as the lovely Jackie.

He was a humanist of the first order, a great liberal, an intellectual and a wit. But he lacked the common touch, decisiveness of action and the ability to simplify issues to the layman.

When, during his 1992 presidential campaign, Stevenson was charged with being an egghad, he retorted: "Egghads unites! You have nothing to lose but your yolk."

Democratic Party organisers warned him that the President of the United States, in the public view, was not supposed to be funny. And they were right. He lost two presidential campaigns by an embarrassingly large margin to one of the worst Presidents the U.S. has ever had (Ike).

So much for democracy.

On July 22: A Police Inquiry Board hearing evidence from Melbourne CIB detectives supporting their claim for increased special allowances.

Suspects, they said, were becoming harder to interrogate because they were learning more about civil liberties, and police methods through television, and freely available literature.

It meant spending more time on them, and providing them with meals, cigarettes for humane reasons, and to gain their confidence.

Courts of recent times were also requiring more corroborating evidence than in the past, they claimed.

Mr. William Buckland may have been a "quiet millionaire" once, but now he's dead he's certainly causing a lot of noise. First his wife, then his son, and now his daughter, have claimed they didn't get a big enough cut from his £4 million estate, which was mainly left to charity. Apparently no longer can you be a sole judge of what your dependants are worth. The courts will have the final say.

Thy will be done, but the courts will decide if thy will be executed.

July 16: Reg Ansett told reporters in Perth (Australia) that Ipec's plan for an intersate air-freight service such as the one proposed by Mr. Ed. would not succeed, which seemed very true. He also forecast a big expansion in Australian air-freight services generally, although "while the present government policy remains," he saw no room for a third air-freight service such as the one proposed by Ipec, which might seem a fairly greedy attitude to those who did not know Reg better.

"This is not my fight," he said, "but Ipec is entitled to have a go." Ha, ha, ha.

July 17: Mariner IV at Mars (PICTURE!) And began that seemingly interminable rash of quite incomprehensible photographs of God knows what, but anyone was prepared to imagine.

July 19: France protested to the U.S.A. against a "spy flight" over the Pierre-Ratte nuclear plant, which will supply uranium for France's projected H-bombs and nuclear submarines.

The plane apparently made two flights over the plant and systematically took 175 photographs. But the Yanks claimed that it had been blown off-course because of a thunderstorm.

Mr. Arthur Rylah returned from his overseas survey of the Pornography Scene with the conclusion: "We have no censorship in Victoria, just laws against obscene publications."

While overseas, Arthur managed to read Henry Miller's "The Rosy Crucifixion": "I read it just to make sure that our policy is right."

All this close contact with obscenity seems to have had remarkably little effect on Mr. Rylah — he's still the same old sex maniac he's always been.

July 26: Pope Paul, in a private audience with the Japanese Foreign Minister, Mr. Tetsaburo Shima, praised Japanese work for peace and said such efforts were particularly needed in South East Asia "which gives us so much concern." It is believed that the Pontiff may go to the U.S. in October to issue a plea for world peace.

It seems to be taking a long time for the Pope's desire for peace in Vietnam to percolate through to the Australian Catholic hierarchy which has recently been up in arms at Morris West (a lay Catholic) for expressing a similar desire.

Apparently in this country the Pope is more infallible on oral contraception than politics.

July 21: Johnson has decided to appoint as representative to the United Nations, Judge Arthur Goldberg. The good judge is better known to his friends as "Galloping Goldberg." Makes him sound like a stable mate to our own "Mr. Ed."

Talking of Mr. Ed., the Sydney Morning Herald seems to have been so perturbed by his bad public image that they sent a reporter across to get the real Ed straight from the horse's mouth.

"Lest Australians believe Mr. Ed. to be flamboyant of shirt, brush of speech, and an object for satire, it is well to point out that he is not, caricature, but a shrewd and clever man." We'll see.

Mr. William Buckland may have been a "quiet millionaire" once, but now he's dead he's certainly causing a lot of noise. First his wife, then his son, and now his daughter, have claimed they didn't get a big enough cut from his £4 million estate, which was mainly left to charity. Apparently no longer can you be a sole judge of what your dependants are worth. The courts will have the final say.

Thy will be done, but the courts will decide if thy will be executed.

July 22: A Police Inquiry Board hearing evidence from Melbourne CIB detectives supporting their claim for increased special allowances.
£10 is, after all, a lot to spend on an evening's entertainment, even to see Joan Sutherland's opening night. On the international entertainment market, that is roughly equivalent to twenty Continental movies.

So I bought instead five bob's worth of newspapers in the days before and after the great event and was able to so completely immerse myself in the electrifying atmosphere they communicated that I feel able to write almost as if I had been right there next to Lady Myer, whom the Sydney Mirror nominated as the leader of the final ovation for the opening "Lucia" performance on July 10.

If I had any doubts about what to expect, all the newspapers were eager to give me preview photographs of Sutherland caught in mid-histrionics. "Even in rehearsal," the SMH reassured, "it is there—the mystery, the madness and the opulence of Grand Opera.

The SMH was even kind enough to tell us exactly when we were expected to clap: "The opera will be punctuated or interrupted, if not stopped altogether, at two points: Joan Sutherland's first appearance in the second scene of Act I and her last in the first scene of Act III." After that, there seemed little chance for ugly pauses while the Diva hung around waiting for the audience to realise it was clapping time.

When the great evening at last arrived, I was at a loss to know where to take my seat: with The Australian's Martin Collins, somewhere backstage? (We realise The Australian is in difficulties but you'd think they'd be able to afford £10.) With most of the press and critics, front of house? Or with the Age's social reporter, who apparently spent all night in the foyer? It was hard to find a word to describe the atmosphere. It was considerably less difficult to find those willing to try. The Australian proclaimed it resplendent; Sutherland herself called it fantastic; the theatre's assistant general manager un-
The Sydney Sunday Mirror, in particular, always has a remarkable flair for putting its finger on just the right word in situations like this, which could tax the vocabulary of lesser lights: Joan’s appearance on stage was triumphant; outside the traffic smiled about the theatre; at least £250,000 worth of jewellery glittered on women in the audience.

For the Mirror, Shirley Gott wrote: “There were platoons of knights, squads of cabinet ministers and dignitaries, tycoons too numerous to count—and a real life princess in the Nice-Kerlog box.” Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone and mother-in-law of Sir Henry Abel-Smith, adding just a touch of class to the occasion, don’t you agree?

“And when the first act curtain fell they stood shoulder to shoulder with plain Mr. and Mrs. Melbourne and applauded La Sutherland non-stop for five delirious minutes while she took four curtain calls.” (So saw was in fact what happened.)

The lights did not go down, and the audience curiously reluctant to applaud. Someone shouted ‘Bravo’. And he earned some curious stares. It was a footman in 18th-Century costume.

But then Martin Collins, you will remember, was somewhere backstage. From this rather doubtful vantage point, he wrote: “The first scene went quietly, competently. The gauze curtains went up on scene two, stimulating—the gear-changes are still too obvious... She has as yet not rid herself altogether of the mannerisms of swooping portamento, gilding the emotional Lily, as it were.” (A pity someone doesn’t geld Felix’s gear-stick—it might do something for his emotional lilies, as it were.)

Only The Australian’s Kenneth Hince came close to honesty, in his reference to the “shattering ovation”—No doubt they would have done this however she sang. But I thought he went a little too far in his reference to “her slightly awkward posture” and “overdrawn gestures”. That’s almost telling.

After all, Sutherland is one of the world’s greatest living sopranos but who is brave enough to say that the much-vaunted sets of the Sutherland-Williamson production appear to have been inspired by the chocolate-box art-form, that Bonynge is a mediocre conductor clinging to his wife’s apron-strings and that La Sutherland, fine singer that she is, as an actress is a first-rate ham? Certainly no one in that bewelled, well-drilled audience of July 10.

R.W.

Who’ll come a-shooting

Police are still hunting for the man who has threatened to kill Sir Robert Menzies. News of the threat triggered off a public debate on the desirability of an assassination but no one seems to have argued against it as strongly as I might have hoped, if not expected.

Firstly, would his demise really solve the A.L.P.’s troubles? This party has eagerly awaited the “angel of death” before but it certainly didn’t help much. His violent death would presumably only prod the electors into sympathy Liberal landslide at the next election. And what then... does anyone want Harold Holt?

Secondly, the outrageous event might introduce to Australia the uniquely American tradition of assassination. I’m prepared to go out on a limb and say that this is one of the least desirable features of Americanization. If we resist no other facets of the American way of life (and we obviously won’t) then we would be wise to resist this one as long as possible.

Thirdly, his demise would make the Governor-General (temporarily) indispensable, thus providing a regrettable reason for not abolishing the office. (My mind flies to Sir Robert whispering with his last breath, “Apres moi, le De L’isle”! Quel dommage!)

Fourthly, such an assassination would be a clear break with Britain and its tradition of tolerating even disastrous leaders, e.g. Macmillan.

Fifthly, why murder a dying man? (I do not propose to examine all the arguments for this step.) Although his Asian policies will probably kill a lot of us in the next few years, he can’t kill us all in the short time he has left. The women, children, and conscientious objects, not to mention apprentices, will always be left behind. And remember, he has no overall world policy so there shouldn’t be any total annihilation.

Of course, he will always follow the debate on the desirability of an assassin-
WHO do you consider the most successful politician in Australian history?
HOW has he achieved this distinction? (Choose from the following answers.)

a. Because the Opposition is currently:
   (i) split by a nasty sectarian splinter group.
   (ii) devoid of imaginative leadership.
   (iii) hampered by a cumbersome organisation.
b. Because he successfully took over some of the more appealing planks in the opposition platform and took credit for the few creative contributions to Australian welfare, such as the Immigration programme, the Australian National University and the Snowy Mountains Scheme, initiated by the previous Labor Government.
c. By encouraging the sale of Australian assets to overseas investors as an easy solution to the balance of payments problem and a convenient method of maintaining a hollow prosperity.
d. Because Australia has been extraordinarily fortunate in having an unusually long run of good seasons and enjoyed high international demand for her primary products.
e. Because of new discoveries of great natural resources, especially iron ore, uranium, bauxite and other minerals, which he has liberally handed over to foreign investors for short term gain.
f. Because of huge wheat sales to a country whose government he refuses to let live here.
g. Because he is a man of great singleness of purpose, the greatest advocate of his generation, capable of using every shabby trick in the barrister's brief case to further his gigantic conceit by remaining in power.
h. Because he refuses to recognise.

WHO was the man—
WHOSE promising military career was cut short by the outbreak of the first World War?
WHO pleaded for negotiation with Hitler right through the thirties? (The Argus 12/12/38, page 11): "... an effort should be made to appreciate the German viewpoint... I think there was a great deal to be said for Germany rearming..." 9/8/38: "Germany's intentions entirely defensive..." My recent visit to Germany was entirely illuminating. I cannot help feeling... that they do not understand the British attitude."
WHO (The Argus 17/9/37, page 2) in the course of arguing against accepting the inevitability of war with Germany in 1937 said, "It is fatalistic and disturbing policy to line up the world into two camps... both sides must be heard..."

I am not in favour of dictatorships, but what government another country chooses to adopt is a matter for that country, not for me... the world could not go to war through prejudices and passions?"
WHO (The Argus 30/4/37, page 2) in 1937 when Japan walked out of the League of Nations and had been carrying out a military invasion of China for some six years toasted the health of the Emperor of Japan on his birthday and said that he was convinced that Japan and Australia had the same desire for peace in the Pacific?
WHO fought the Waterside Workers when they refused to load scrap iron to help the Japanese militarists further their desire for peace?

WHICH Australian Prime Minister, like British Prime Minister Chamberlain, proved utterly incapable of prosecuting the war against Hitler and got tossed out when the heat was on?
WHOSE government was responsible for the air defences of Australia depending on Wirraways?
WHO, nevertheless, has the audacity to claim that his is the only patriotic party?

WHO solution to the Berlin problem was "to blast our way in"?
WHO returned from overseas in 1951 and advised us to prepare for war with Russia in three years time?

WHO, just prior to a General Election, bought the defection of a fat Russian renegade for £5,000 and used his wild allegations to smear the Opposition?

WHO completely failed to prove any of these allegations and prosecuted precisely no one?

WHO called Pat Mackie "a curious sort of chap, not even an Australian" but refuses to appoint an Australian as Governor-General?

WHO, when he saw that his policies were not going to work if the international money market dried up, sent his Treasurer to Washington and offered Diggers for Dollars?

WHO was the only Commonwealth Prime Minister to speak in favour of Dr. Verwoord, and the only one to speak against Nehru? (Millions wept when Nehru died, how many will weep at whose funeral?)

WHO has consistently opposed every progressive motion at UN meetings to smear the Opposition?

WHO, when he saw that his policies were not going to work, permitted to pass virtually unprotested?

WHO has fought the Waterside Workers when they refused to load scrap iron to help the Japanese militarists further their desire for peace?

WHICH Australian Prime Minister, like British Prime Minister Chamberlain, proved utterly incapable of prosecuting the war against Hitler and got tossed out when the heat was on?

WHAT sober reflection would you make on the state of public opinion in this country where his latest exercise, the committal of forces to fight in the last colonial war in Asia — contrived to wash in... offered Diggers for Dollars?

WHAT sober reflection would you make on the state of political life in the country which has allowed this man to stride its last twenty years like an inert colossus?

WHAT sober reflection would you make on the state of public opinion in this country where his latest exercise, the committal of forces to fight in the last colonial war in Asia — contrived with every specious and cynical phrase and all the monumental arrogance and alib wit of which only he is capable — has been permitted to pass virtually unprotested?

WHO is a traitor to every decent thing in this country?

WHO has the audacity to claim that his is the only patriotic party?

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WHO is a traitor to every decent thing in this country?
THE PRIVATE ODYSSEY
OF
J. ALFRED WALSH

Alf Walsh, armed to the teeth.
"I’ve won!" squealed Alf Walsh when news of his conscription arrived. He told an enthusiastic press that this was the first time he’d ever had any luck in a raffle and his mum ‘n’ dad were happy as he was to see him go.

A WHIFF of asthma meant Alf had to miss the celebrated conscript train. But here he is waiting for the next one. Mused Alf: "It was rotten luck missing the headlines." He later told the press he felt like he was going on some sort of honeymoon.

THE word soon flashed around Puckapunyal inspection. "That camp doctor called all Alf, "but I guess we’re still a novelty — first batch of raw recruits." Following inspection, immunised, crew-cut, outfitted, billeted, and

ALF’s first mock battle runs amok. An Army spokesman said Alf had misunderstood his briefing and strayed into the danger area. Quipped Alf from his hospital bed: "Smoke got in my eyes."

ALF's soon back on deck and saying "Goodbye Australia". With mates Bluey (Balls) Myer and Charlie, Alf is off to Vietnam as a replacement for Aussie casualties.

AFTER accidentally straying into a field of Aussie land mines, Alf enjoys a brief spell on a stretcher. Alf was later loaded aboard Australia’s newly equipped hospital ship, SS South Steyne, to be returned home. "We’ll be sorry to see him go," laughed a captured Vietcong rebel.

THIS dramatic on-the-spot photo shows the sinking of the ship, accidental bombing by American planes. Sir Robert anxiously press that there "must always be a margin for mishaps of this nature" were to be expected. He said strengthened Aussie-American relations. Alf is seen here the China Sea.
MISTAKING him for a fellow conscript, Alf plays an innocent barrack prank on Lieutenant-Colonel Adams. But it's all in fun for the first few days and the Army can take it. Said Adams, smiling for press photographers, “we'll soon knock the lads into shape.”

TWO weeks’ training at Puckapunyal pays off! Shown here guarding an American-aid plantation just north of Saigon, Alf and mates — barely distinguishable from dense jungle — make an invincible foursome.

UNLUCKILY the lads were surprised, and were forced to panic. Alf fled into an enemy bunker, was then hideously mutilated by Vietcong guerillas and returned to Allies in exchange for fodder. Alf was modest about his ordeal but confided to the press that he really hated missing the Bob Hope troop concert.

ALF’S body was rescued by helicopter and transferred to H.M.A.S. Blumenal. Relatives and friends sorrowfully agreed to pay the £400 expenses so Alf could be given a Christian burial. H.M.A.S. Blumenal has berthed at No. 8 Wharf, Woolloomooloo. Alf’s body will be unloaded when striking wharfies return to work.

CREDITS
Photography: Michael Molloy.
Direction: Richard Neville.
Wardrobe: Bond Disposals, 250 George St., Sydney. Fair Deal Disposals, 246 George St., Sydney.

OBITUARY
Private A. Walsh (Second class), No. 338211. Wounded in action, killed by mishap. Posthumously awarded O.B.E. (Courtesy of official Army photo-wire service.)
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IN SEPTEMBER THE BAND OF THE ART WORLD MARIN SPER

BUY ME!
 Stranger than Fiction

These are genuine extracts from a pamphlet "Facts about the Woman's angle on Australia" published recently by the Department of Immigration, Australia House, Strand, London. The italics are ours.

Is Australia British in outlook?
Though British in its foundations and traditions, Australia is a nation in its own right (well, almost), with its own national character (Menzies). A score of influences have moulded the people, the background and the way of living into a pattern which is (unhappily) far from a replica of Britain.
Don't expect to find things in Australia exactly as they were at home. You may miss your old friends, you may miss the quiet beauty of the English countryside (you may miss civilised companionship and informed discussion), and you will never see a building that is even 200 years old.
But Australia has a great deal of its own to offer which is just as attractive in another way—(The effluent at Bondi, the 1965 tourist carvings on Ayer's Rock, the Abo. shanties at Bourke.)

What about the pay packet?
Nothing hard and fast can be said on wages and the cost of living. Generally your income is likely to be higher than in Britain, though your running expenses may also be higher—(VIZ: Meaning you're not any better off). Many wages for tradesmen (white) are substantially higher in Australia than in Britain.
Your living costs will vary according to the rent you pay and whether you grow fruit and vegetables yourself—(Yagoona is just bristling with backyard plantations of Monstera deliciosa.)

Are there many women in public life?
Australia was the first country to give the vote to women (and it will be last to grant equal pay) but you may find that women play a less prominent part in public life than they do in Britain. There is no reason in law, and none in established custom, why this state of affairs shouldn't be changed. (Why not open a brothel?)

What sort of meals do Australians eat?
Australian butchers may not cut the meat the way you have been used to, but there is no substantial difference. You will find the fish a new experience (especially our wood fish) . . .

What are the shops like?
According to where you live, you have to go rather a long way to the shops (D.J's is 400 miles from Bourke).

What about sporting facilities?
Sportswomen in Australia have won world acclaim for their performances in international contests. If you are a sportswoman of Olympic Games or of church club standard, you will find ample opportunities to enjoy your chosen sport (warning: don't swim competitively).

Is Australia a healthy place for children?
Australia's rate of infant mortality is one of the lowest in the world. With ample food available, and the plentiful sunshine, small children get a very good start in life in Australia. (It's only when their little minds start to develop that the rot sets in.)

Will my children settle down quickly?
Yes, your children will be happy, and they will revel in the open air life that a kindly climate makes so attractive.
The present generation of schoolchildren in Australia has seen so many thousands of children newly arrived from overseas that newcomers are accepted quite naturally and they are soon part of the team—(the opposition team).
What about School facilities?
(Next question.)

Is there any "class consciousness"?
The expressions "upper class, middle class and working class" don't convey much to Australians. True, there are suburbs consisting largely of expensive houses; there are also people with incomes far above the average. But the concept of class as a distinct category and pre-determined way of life is quite alien to Australians—(talking of aliens—you'll soon be lovingly labelled a "dirty Pommy bastard" and classed with the Dagos and Wops).

How should I pack?
As you have been told in other publications, there is a housing shortage in Australia, and you would be unusually lucky (unless you had substantial capital with you) to get a suitable house in a short time. So you should have your heavy effects packed so that they will stand up to storage in Australia (and, of course, the trip home again).

What clothes shall I take with me?
Take all the clothes you have, including overcoats and waterproofs. (This way you can establish yourself as a bloody Pom without even opening your mouth.)

Shall I take my TV set?
No, because Australian TV is operating on 625 lines, compared with the BBC's scanning of 405 lines. (No, because our programmes are lousy.)

Should I take my books?
Books are a personal matter. Australian book stores offer a wide range of books and publications of all types, including latest novels published overseas, but you may have some old favourites you would like to take with you (warning: don't declare them).

Will I be happy in Australia?
If you realise quite clearly that you are starting a new life in a new country of immense distances and are prepared for some difficulties at the outset, you and your family have every chance of happiness (some time after you arrive we will explain how it is your family missed this chance). Thousands before you have found happiness, prosperity and a bright future for their children in Australia (none of these, of course, have been British). They still remember Britain with affection. But Australia is their chosen home—as we hope it will be yours (actually we know it will be yours because you can't afford a Return ticket anyway).

P: (the straight man): "Well, here we are again."

S: (the comic): "In OZ magazine."

P: "Do you think people who buy OZ would be very interested in the houses we build?"

S: "Do you imagine the people who read our ads have ever been interested in buying houses?"

P: "Still, we're a very funny pair."

S: "Oh, yes, we are an incredibly funny pair, WE're sure of that."

Pettit & Sevitt: "We may not sell very many houses but at an extraordinarily reasonable price we have established ourselves as Australia's No. 1 exhibitionists."

Pettit, Sevitt & Partners, Full-time Clowns and Part-time Merchant Builders.
Sir,
I am enclosing a cutting from the Public Notices columns of the Melbourne Sun.

PUBLIC NOTICES

FIRING PRACTICES
PUCKAPUNyal AREA
Ref. Mag. PUCKAPUNyal Territory
THE PUBLIC is hereby warned that FIRING PRACTICES will be carried out in the PUCKAPUNyal MILITARY PARK on
Members of the public must keep clear of the area defined below at all times.

West Boundary
North along Donkey Creek from
the junction of Spring and
Compton's Creek, thence East
along the SEYMOUR-HEATHCOTE road
and then along Back Creek to a
point where Back Creek crosses
the road running generally West to
East from Young's Hill to MacArthur's Hill, thence East to road
bend 600 yards East of MacAr-
thur's Hill, thence North to creek
crossing 200 yards downstream
from the junction of Spring and
Compton's Creek, thence
NORTH BOUNDARY.

South along the SEYMOUR-
HEATHCOTE Road to Donkey
Creek.

EAST BOUNDARY
East along MITCHELLSTOWN-
SPRING CREEK road, thence along
South boundary of road to head
of Major's Creek, thence East
along Major's Creek to its junction with
Mcully Creek, thence
EAST BOUNDARY.

South along the road to
Northwood Hill, thence in a line
South West to Gehrke Hill, thence
due South to the SEYMOUR-
HEATHCOTE Road, thence
SOUTH BOUNDARY.

West along the SEYMOUR-
HEATHCOTE Road to Donkey
Creek.

This notice was inserted by our conscientious Army for the public's safety, for all the world to see, on Page 50. With the help of a surveyor and geographical expert, a careful citizen would be assured of complete safety, thanks to this notice.

Anyone who has his brains blown out while passing the areas set out in this ad. would only have himself to blame, wouldn't he?

L. Nuttall,
Swan Hill, VICT.

Sir,

I think the last copy of OZ is more like what the public expects from OZ. I particularly liked the cover and the articles on Vietnam and God. P'raps my attitude is slightly "Alf" but I think most — unfortunately, not all—people buy your magazine to read something intelligent, so I was especially pleased at the absence of articles for low-brows to masturbate by. Leave that to the Whisper and other such rubbish. It is my hope that OZ continues along the lines it has now started on (pardon the revolting cliche).

Mark Burton,
St. Kilda, VICT.

BACK COPIES

Collector will pay good price for good copies of OZ, Nos. 1 and 6. Please send offer to Box 5037, G.P.O., Melbourne, naming price required.

"Look! Up in the dock! Is it a perv? Is it a nut?" NO! It's SUPEROZ, strange visitor from another set of values, who, disguised as mild-mannered satirist Neville Walsharp, fights a never-ending battle for truth, justice, individual freedom, sex, tolerance and the democratic way.

—DAVID DALE

Why These Men Produced a New Daily Newspaper

1. This is Guy Morrison, at present still on the layout staff but rumoured to have been offered a job at the Sydney "Herald".
2. Hank Bateson, now Mr. Fixit for News Ltd., Adelaide.
3. Solly Chandler, now with the Melbourne "Truth".
5. Jules Zanetti, who is currently head of the London Bureau of the Sydney "Daily Mirror". 6. When we first published this photo we suggested that John Stevens was so far away from the main focus of action, he might as well run along and make the tea. He was then the Chief Sub-Editor and still is... Ho Hum.
WHY I LEFT THE A.L.P.

BY PETER SAMUEL

IT WASN’T—as someone said to me—a matter of “getting out of politics”. The Labor Party, at least in the six years during which I held a party ticket, just wasn’t politics. And it’s getting steadily less politics. Unless, of course, you describe the rather pathetic struggles for control over the dreary question of whether the local trades union branches or the Labor Party’s state organization are to be in charge of the Party. Not that it’s not real enough to write in a letter to me that publication of the reply was refused because it might cause embarrassment to members of the Executive who are also active in the Peace Congress.

Magnificent proof of my point. So much for the Party. Labor. Short of bungling economic policy and throwing the economy into recession, cutting back Mr. Everidge’s overtime and embarrassing him, the HI payments, the Labor Party Government looks very unlikely to be nudged in the immediate future. This Government’s greatest crime is dreariness and inertia. This Government has the virtue of not going in any way to make some people unhappy (like most of the world’s governments do). It cannot be expected to make people happy; but it could give more people the opportunity to be happy.

Greater flexibility

It remains in power because of its greater flexibility than the Labor Party and its willingness to let its parliamentarians—who are usually some sort of touch with public opinion—exercise most of the control and policymaking. The Labor Party on the other hand is run by trade union officials who are more interested in turning the Labor Party into a Labour Government than into a Labour Party. The Labor Party shows no real interest in the rather pathetic struggles for control over the dominant cabal in the Labor Party and is prepared to lose elections on it.

The Labor Party, together with the Australian Nati Party (15 members?) and the League of Rights (100?) clings to the illusion of people who get a kick out of posing as saints, who have a compulsive and never satisfied desire to find principles to make sacrifices for—absolute principles which do not allow for a weighing or balancing to attain the best results.

In organisation the party makes no effort to break down the restrictive federal system at the parliamentary level, it retains it in an extreme form within the party. (Tasmania has as many votes at the final decision-making level as N.S.W.)

Money flows in, from delegates to policymaking conferences and for many of its executives depends on the diminishing manual trades. Within the unions it allows control to fall to a small band of communists who only have to cry “Santamaria” to get ALP men to fall in line. Through tolerating communist control of unions affiliated to the ALP, it ensures communist influence within the Labor Party.

Thus, a man like Mr. Bill Brown, President of the Victorian branch of the Labor Party can in his inaugural address say that the Vietnam war is the “biggest issue of the community wants and is not being promised by any political party.”

1. Less government, a dose of liberalism, libertarianism, call it what you like: an end to the petty tyrannies of the people who censor ideas, who fix shopping and drinking hours, who screw-up transport, who inhibit progress.

2. More government where there are social problems. Automation and a more productive and technologically based economy is obviously to be welcomed because it widens the range of choice which people have in their lives. The ALP’s services in the distinctions between work and leisure to be blurred, it allows society to support an unprecedented flood of hedonistic drones. But it is already involved in making policy with the education, the training and retraining, and of finding means to fulfillment—which require government action on a new scale.

Mass ownership of cars, the heritage of an inadequate and disorganised placement of housing, factories, transport and so on create dilemmas which are unlikely to be solved by governments which, at the council level, pass the buck to the state level which pass it to the Commonwealth which in turn passes it right back down again.

3. More fraternity and equality, the old virtues. Internally this involves sweeping extensions of taxation to reduce the sources of inequality—the most lasting of which is bequests of fortunes by rich men to their children—confiscatory death duties, the closing of loopholes, such as capital gains in the income tax laws. The converse of this is an extension of internal services to provide an income guarantee for those who are judged at present to be poor—the aged, widows, students, etc. Action on aborigines.

Internationally it means support for freer operations of chance and trade. Destruction of racial discrimination, support for moves towards world government, support for those who resist takeover by systems of a new militarism and nastiness towards their people.

This requires a bold preparedness to be involved in other people’s affairs, to abandon the old “Asia,” “Europe” and so on. If the world is indivisible and all men equal, then there is no room for isolationism, leaving “them” to sort out their own problems and so on.

Putting all purifist rhetoric aside—values can be threatened and a corollary of wanting them is being prepared to defend them.

If these sorts of lines were to be pushed politically there would be a fair chance of them fulfilling desires and articulating the feelings of young voters.

But how is this to be done?

Only inertia

Given time and effort, there are no insurmountable obstacles to immovable forces. There is no conspiracy against progress, only inertia.

Time will at last kill off the old men who believe in hard cash. White Australia. Beyond that the solutions are complex and difficult, like the problems. Are protest marches, banner demonstrations worthwhile? Yes, on issues which appeal very directly to human values, issues which are relatively uncomplicated and in which there is an obvious inhumanity.

Racial issues—the deportation of a man because his skin color does not suit the taste of an official, a pub refusing an Abo, a drink—these, I think, peculiarly suitable and appropriate issues for gesticulatory protest.

Peace congresses are all very fine in theory but in practice they tend to create a sort of revivalist, prayer-meeting type atmosphere in which it is impossible for the more complex issues to be discussed coolly and rationally. In Australia they have a record of being manipulatively organisationally by crazy, mixed-up people—those who see China and Russia as the sole repositories of love, peace, brotherhood, justice. They make use of guilt-ridden masochists who are psychologically fitted out to accept any evidence that “our side” is evil.

Most issues are complex and have to be tackled with persuasiveness, imagination, teamwork, research.

The best conclusion I can think of is a passage from a brilliant book published last year:

“Politics, like sexuality, is an activity which is not a matter of either-sex: one does not create it or decide to join in — one simply becomes more and more aware that one is involved in it as part of the human condition. One can only force, or do without it by doing oneself (which can easily be done — on the highest principles) unnatural injury. To renounce or destroy or employ it or disregard it, which gives order to the pluralism and variety of civilised society, the thing which enables us to enjoy variety without suffering either the one or the other. These truths which become the desperate salvation from anarchy — just as misogamy and celibacy are forms of salvation for the overly passionate mind.” (Bernard Crick, “In Defence of Politics”, Penguin 1964.)
Whilst openings in the country are not quite so wide as in the city, it behoves the country parent to have them all at his fingertips and to make sure that his son/daughter is shoved through one of them as soon as possible. The following brief list of careers available to the country youth may be of some use. It is assumed of course that any country youth with a modicum of intelligence has gone to the city long ago. However, some useful employment can usually be found for the feeble in mind or spirit who remain:

**RT:** For the really backward member of the family this has taken over from the Church. Some motor ability is necessary (e.g. your child should be able to hold a brush). But the work is easy, lucrative and requires no special skills. In fact the more backward the child, the more "primitive" (and therefore expensive) his work.

**GING:** No training required; country people are born to it. Always job openings as fencer, well-sinker, lecturer, etc.

**RUUCHING:** Only skills required are good eyesight and ability to recognise rear from front end of sheep. The young man who takes up crutching has opportunities for travel, widening horizons and constant exposure to some of the richest scenery in Rural Australia. Only danger is that he may become too circumscribed in his outlook. This could be detrimental to his work.

**AIRYING:** The Last Resort. Occupational hazards are T.B. tests and flies. A reputable repellant is necessary. Long usage will make the odour unnoticeable. If your child takes up dairying he should have a head start in this direction anyway.

**DITOR:** Drank his way off every city daily. Now controls the fortunes of "Coonamble Crutcher", "Omeo Homogeniser" (receiver appointed) or "Reticulators' Daily" (published weekly). Follows the country editor's Golden Rule — mention each reader's name at least once per year. All editorials prove that Wool Is Here To Stay. Editorial policy has two main points: Get the wool prices wrong and get

**RCHARDIST:** Requires large capital outlay, suitable area, year-round work involving pruning, planting, dusting, spraying, thinning, propping, cultivating, rabbit and weed control, picking, grading, packing etc. Good for the boy who likes hard work and outdoor life. Major part of crop is usually dumped as costs of selling via Sydney Markets exorbitant. This is called Producing for Home Consumption.

**ICKING** (fruit, vegetables etc.): Depressed minorities only need apply. Whilst work in progress living conditions are adequate. At end of season, civic-mindness ferments and pickers are burnt out, bulldozed in or moved on. Road maps not required — police will keep heading you in the right direction from one crop to another.

**UEENS:** In the country are invariably female; found only at Festivals, Shows and sometimes Balls.

**ABBITS:** Only permissible way to make a living from rabbits is to do it the hard way by shooting, trapping, poisoning, gassing and myxo.

**HEERER:** Good money while it is on, conditions range from filthy to vile. Contractors and publicans end up with most of the money. Why not be a Contractor or Publican?

**ELEGRAM BOY:** May be necessary to ride a bicycle. A good lad can go far.
the footy scores right. Too much education is unhelpful for this occupation. The paper must be written at the level of its readers.

FOOTBALL: The Prestige Profession of the country. If your son has a strong toe and knee and weighs in the vicinity of 15 stone, this is the job for him. Knowledge of karate, gutter-fighting and commando tactics useful.

GOVERNMENT: Inefficiency essential for a good Government career. Unlike private industry, promotion depends on desperation — if your child can effectively block all action at his level, he will undoubtedly be promoted. If he should succeed in gaining Parliamentary Status, you can begin to worry. He can be kicked no higher and may be forced to retire on a pension.

EDONISM: Absolutely no opportunities available. See “City Careers”.

MIGRANT: This is a life-long career, open to all not pulled out by the local midwife. You recognise immigrants by the normal shape of their skulls and the refusal of locals to speak to them. They are accepted when they die, after which they are known as pioneers.

ACKEROO: G.P.S. Education minimum standard. Ag. College degree sometimes acceptable if lad is of ample proportions and can sit on the tractor attachments.

IBBUTZER: Wrong country; socially suicidal religion.

ARCENY: Pickings sparse; extensive travelling required. RSL Clubs provide best hunting grounds. Favourites are Blowing the Safe, Blowing the Poker Machines, or Buttering up the War Hero and Passing a Dud Cheque.

ENIAL LABOUR: The only (recognised) profession open to daughters of the poor. Wages are usually in the vicinity of 30/- to £3 for a 70 hour week. Board and meals sometimes provided. Occupational hazards include every male within a 30 mile radius who can still walk. Comprehensive knowledge of jiu-jitsu and/or contraception a necessity.

EPOTISM: Starting point of any really successful country career. Of more value financially than literacy, sanity, tact or Persil Whiteness.

NIVERSITY GRADUATE: Tert. educ. is of little practical use to the child unless he can be left there permanently (e.g. tutor, laboratory assistant, cleaner), but of very real Social Value to the parents who can claim to be Putting Their Son/Daughter Through A Higher Education. If Graduate is foolish enough to return to place of birth he will feel a deep inward urge to go quietly mad. Only hope is to migrate to Canberra where this tendency will not be so noticeable.

ETERINARIAN: All right if you like cows (See Dairying), but from other side i.e., inside. Bulk of practice is Difficult Deliveries, Spaying, Castration and allied skills. Most property owners prefer to use their own methods, the main one of which is Get the Animal On Its Feet. Knowledge of mining methods and pit propping could be useful. Why not consider Crutching instead?

OOL CLASSER: Restricted almost entirely to sons of property owners who go on payroll at twice usual wages.

-FACTOR: The degree to which all herein listed professions are affected by the important things of life in the country. Ability to Drink huge quantities of alcohol; standing with RSL; Golf or Bowls score; Football loyalties; Religion or Lodge; and Who’s Your Old Man. All applied in varying degrees to aspirants for country success (with exception of football players).

OIK or YAHOO: Indispensable to any sylvan setting. Being a type of boondocks bodgie, the yoik prises “179” flags off every tourist Holden, owns the only Sten gun in town, proves it early Sunday morning and is invariably the eldest recognised offspring of the wealthiest squatter. This is a respected profession but by its nature is not highly remunerative. Yoiks often hold a second job e.g. policeman, mayor, wealthiest squatter.

BINKIES BURGERS

This Ad has been awarded the "ALL THE WAY WITH L.B.J." Award for extreme nationalistic naivety.

SEND the Diggers a Food Parcel of BINKIES!
EAT UP FOR WORLD WAR III

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THE HEALTHY FOOD OF A NATION