OZ
37.20c
Registered at the G.P.O., Sydney for transmission by post as a periodical.
January 22: Bolte hoped that when he hanged Ryan, the “Executioner” label would drop just as fast as the body but it seems to be sticking. He is currently the crowd dis­pleaser of the year along with Mr. (by name and by nature) Piz­zey, Queensland’s new Premier.

Henry’s latest trick is a tax of one cent in every $10 which the Commonwealth thinks kills its taxing powers and refuses to pay him. Thus, federal public servants have to make out two tax returns—one for normal income tax and the other for Henry. But Victorians look on the bright side; the tax should just about pay for the increased staff needed to process all the tax returns.

January 23: Ainsley Gotto, 21, was appoint­ed personal secretary to the PM at which every Women’s Page editress rushed amazons off to snap Ainsley at work, at home with mum and vacantly twirling a dress ring on the third finger, left hand. With mystery, sex and power, she looks sure to be a power behind the throne. Soon, be­side the Ainslie Rex, will we see the emi­nence grise of the Ainsley Regia?

January 24: In Vietnam Gunner Newman was sentenced to five years after killing an officer (not one of Theirs) with a grenade. Evidence was in his artillery unit, spent much of its time trampling across the barbed wire perimeter fence to a Vietnamese beer stall nearby. Newman got his DA, R & R, CO and VC a bit mixed, blew a fuse and did a fast charge.

The court-martial thought it was a slack battery.

The star of “Tonight—with Morton Isaac­son” arrived back in Sydney to be greeted with fans, flowers and what he maintains was a plot­plant.

February 16: A disgruntled Catholic priest signing himself “Pastor Non Malus” wrote strongly against doctrine of celibacy; this re-opened the whole question which the Church had hopefully buried only a few weeks before.

For people who don’t know what day it is, GAY NOUVEAU CALENDARS in gleaming psychedelic colours. $2.00 each plus 20c handling fee ($1.50 for 1 doz. lots or more). Post to 6 Paddington Lane, Paddington, N.S.W. Home is not a house without one!

Pastor Non Malus
Discovered a phallus
Abandoned the chalice
For Alice or malice?
February 21: Visit by Mr. YoHo of the giant Toho entertainment agency. If Toho's plan to redevelop Sydney's Tivoli site as a dynamic Neo-Nippon Japanese Pleasure Box goes through, Mr. YoHo predicts that all previous patterns of Australian entertainment will be changed.

... and on 30th floor a levelling reconstruction of Camp on Blood Island, scripted by Russell Bladdon, YoHo enthused as he drew a samurai to deftly castrate the assembled dignitaries.

February 26: Just as the First Voyager Commission whitewashed Capt. Stevens, so the Second whitewashed Capt. Robertson. Since when has the man in command of a manoeuvre involving two ships not shared some of the responsibility for a collision between them?

Although the Second reversed eight specific findings of the First and uncovered a great deal of information known by witnesses at the time of the First, there was no criticism of the Commissioner, counsel or the general run of those loyal naval officers with patriotic amnesia.
After each war, Australia has to rehabilitate the heroes who fought. Aussies have been fighting since the First Fleet and the RSL has been talking about homes fit for heroes from then on. We've been in the Crimea, Boer, Sudan, First World, Second World, Malaya, Korea, Cyprus (well, some cops), Middle East and now Vietnam. We've never failed to do right by the boys and they've done all right, too.

The soldier settlement scheme for this current war is a bit different from the others but it's not really a war like the others, is it? Not really a war at all, come to that.

"Saigon Estate" will be a prestige satellite town in the battle-dress circle of status suburbs of each capital city. Here, the battle-fatigued veteran and his family (if his wife didn't desert him) will be able to re-adjust gradually to the tempo of Australian life and the customs that he has all but forgotten.

The Sydney "Saigon Estate" is to be found on the desirable southern coastline just north of Prince Henry's leperosarium and south of Long Bay. Crackling small arms fire from the nearby Rifle Range will lull the conscript to sleep while the sight of barbed wire and lepers will be a familiar, yet somehow different, daytime sight.

Warm westerlies bringing "smoke screens" and "gas attacks" from Bunrong power station are an added assistance to gradual rehabilitation in this spot which has been specially chosen for its similarity to Vietnam.

Melbourne planners chuckled when they discovered this fact for, of course, rivalry was keen between the two cities and Sydney seemed to have more of the natural advantages that would go to make up a successful rehabilitation centre.

In Melbourne, lovely Werribee, on the foreshores of Port Philip Bay, is the chosen spot. Mekong-like waters lap the grey sands and the sewage treatment plant is barely a grenade's throw away.

Although Melbournians have not tried, the flat Werribee plains may well make excellent paddyfields and it is planned to flood them before the boys return so that they may bring their acquired knowledge to bear. Lest the taxpayer reading this brochure have any qualms, we may assure him that the flooding will not entail further expense—it occurs naturally each high tide.

An added attraction of Werribee (which Army personnel were quick to note) were the Abbatoirs which diffuse a rich scent (and occasional sounds) unmistakable to any Vietnam campaigner.

So come on, readers in Perth, Brisbane, Adelaide and Wellington—let's have your ideas for the Boys' Own! (Hobart has already nominated Pt. Arthur and the old Cascade Brewery).

If YOU have a loved one serving in Vietnam at the moment, you would be doing him a service to APPLY for one of the lovely allotments.

If he survives and has more than TWO (2) limbs intact then his name will be placed in the barrel on his return. Preference will be given to those men with more than TWO AND ONE HALF (2 1/2) limbs intact although this can include two-half limbs and bonus points will be given for each joint remaining.

Won't you apply? Your home will be a permanent reminder to him of the days of companionship and the nights of emotion. He deserves a place such as this!

A HOME FIT FOR HEROES.
SEVENTY-ONE DAYS after the trial began, Rev. Neil Glover was convicted of "disgraceful conduct" by a Melbourne Anglican church tribunal. The offence was in disobeying his archbishop's order when he allowed his former wife to marry and live with a clergyman re-marrying divorcees although she has since remarried —too.

But back on the home front, there is still piness outside his church as manager of a Methodist clothing store. But back on the home front, there is still pressure. Glover had a child who would benefit by the remarriage, the Queen had recently approved the re-marriage of Lord Long.

The 1961 Constitution of the Anglican Church makes it clear that an Anglican clergyman can be charged are set out under eight headings in the Offences Canon (1962) of General Synod and many clergy are at a loss to see how any could be more than "technicalities".

"We believe LeRoi Jones, not the Newark Police, that the poet carried no revolvers in his car, no revolvers in the car at all; that the police beat Jones up, and after their rage upon him found two guns that weren't there; that after the double whammy of beating and rabbit-in-hat guns, his trial before an all-white jury was triple-whammy. Lo and behold! This could well be the case, he confided. In fact right now he was awaiting the go ahead from Salisbury. The assignment? Groundwork for a survey of political attitudes and development in Papua and New Guinea.

What's the idea behind the job, I asked, as casually as possible.

"They're preparing a case to show that New Guinea just isn't ready for independence, and maybe never will be," he said.

Just the sort of confirmation and support that happy Mr. Barnes needs! —B. Wilson

LOOK BLACK IN ANGER

BLACK POWER poet and playwright LeRoi Jones is now out on bail after his conviction (by all-white jury) for possession of a gun at the height of the January Newark race riots.

He was sentenced to 2±3-years gaol plus $1,000 fine to a judge who took the unusual (meaning "prejudiced") step of reading to the court a poem by LeRoi Jones which had appeared in Partisan Review, substituting "blank" for obscenities.

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up in the ALP

When Gough Whitlam got back from his six-week Asian safari last month, no one was very impressed. "He's history," one veteran Labor man muttered after a four-hour wait at the airport for Gough's (symbolically?) late plane. "Anyone who goes on a junket like that and mutters after a four-hour wait at the airport for Gough's (symbolically?) late plane. Only had Gough signally failed to realise he should have been disporting himself in the Golden Hands Massage Parlor in Bangkok, or (according to the new guard) he should have been studying (wait for it) party reorganisation.

From Delhi, Tokyo and Kathmandu the telegram boys were running hot to ALP headquarters with more and more suggestions of how the labor parties of the Far East ran their business, and why Australia (as one of the nearest neighbours of wherever) should do the same. Gough's timing could hardly have been worse.

The backroom boys always look forward to the times Gough is overseas as a chance to do some constructive groundwork. Apart from the hard left (Jim Cairns and friends) and the Old Faithfuls (Doug McClelland and friends) the parliamentary party takes little interest in the day to day workings of the ALP. Thus with Gough, the focus of the noise and the discontent, securely out of the way for a few weeks, the backroom boys had hopes of setting up a reasonable atmosphere of compromise and even unity for him to work on when he got back.

Unfortunately the reorganisation telegrams got around, and the atmosphere was less than cordial when Gough reappeared. Apart from the office girls who were waiting for Graham Freudenberg, the press secretary (who did not take his wife with him) the reception committee comprised federal secretary Cyril Wyndham, in a pause between pacifying the right and the left; the deputy leader, Lance Barnard, in a pause between stumping round the south and the west; and N.S.W. senator Joe Fitzgerald, in a pause between drinks.

Gough got to work at once, giving out lists of all the places he'd visited and all the important people he'd talked to. It looked good on paper; but on analysis, there was some doubt as to what, if anything, he'd actually done. For a start, he did not mention Nepal as a country on the itinerary—a sin of omission. He also dwelt on Vietnam, and his meetings with the Minister for Revolutionary Affairs (either a mistaken pre-position or the quietest job in the world) and the Minister for Open Arms (welcoming committee?)—a sin of commission.

Next day he held a press conference. He showed definite signs of nerves, in spite of saying all the right things about almost everywhere. Reporters who had hoped to hear the most recent of the Sukarno jokes (a follow up from other political visits), were disappointed. Instead, they got a rather dull diatribe about the need for co-operating with everybody. Since Gorton had already knocked this line off a couple of days earlier, Whitlam men prepared for the worst.

They got it. Amid shouts of reform, the party moved to Surfer's Paradise, and the feathers flew. Jim Cairns predicted a real left wing Socialist party by 1975; including further Labor splits and the nationalisation of the banks. Backroom boys blanched beneath the healthy colour they were acquiring from crates of champagne. (The Labor conferences provide reporters with their only real money-making chance of the year, because editors accept bills for champagne, and worse, as a necessary part of mingling with the ALP).

Amid the secretary swapping, which explains some of the minor and more personal party splits, Gough's most recent reform proposals were tossed aside almost unnoticed.

Slightly disconsolate, he moved south to Higgins, and, being unhappy about a lot of things, took it all out on Arthur Calwell ("He debauched the Vietnam debate.")
INTERROGATION MARKS

GISELLE HALIMI is an advocate in the Paris Court of Appeal and also presides over the Commission of General Inquiry of the International War Crimes Tribunal (the Russell Tribunal). Although Bertrand Russell himself has been relatively silent for some time and the Tribunal has had difficulty in finding a city for its headquarters, the members have been active all over the world.

Mme Halimi has led two missions—one to Vietnam and the other to America. She was interested in the human components of the “U.S. War Machine” and the following extracts are from an article she wrote in "Le Monde" about the attitudes and experiences of American servicemen performing the worst of the war-time dirty work.

In short, the article is about torturers and wanton killers. And it is the "allies" who perform the atrocities; it is the men themselves who tell the stories.

Peter Martinsen:
Now a Berkeley psychology student, 23, from September, 1966, to June, 1967, he was an interrogator with the 44th Military Intelligence Corps. A veteran of several thousand interrogations, Martinsen said: "I know of no interrogation in Vietnam where, according to the definition in the Geneva Convention, a war crime has not been committed. It would be stupid and wrong to pretend that only the Vietnamese indulge in torture, I have never seen an interrogation conducted by South Vietnamese alone." His power over prisoners was "absolute . . . power of life or death."

"Someone," Martinsen stressed, "must point out that the Americans imagine they cannot commit war crimes simply because they are Americans. They must realise that one does not have to be a Nazi to commit war crimes . . . ."

"One realises that everyone is a potential torturer, that these people are normal. At first you strike a man to get something, then because you are angry and finally, for the pleasure."

Dave Tuck:

"In February 1966 at Camp Holloway, near the village of Pleiku, I saw a Vietcong tortured by South Vietnamese under the direction of the U.S. Forces. The man was tied spread-eagled on the ground. They drove a knife under his fingernails and into the soles of his feet. As this achieved no result they drove the point of the knife under his fingernails. He still refused to speak.

He was then put in a barbed wire cage only big enough for him to crouch on his hands and knees. As soon as he moved, the barbs dug into his flesh. They left him there for two days.

The torturers were South Vietnamese but there was an American officer—a captain—who gave the orders to a South Vietnamese interpreter . . . ."

Tuck also found it was a race war. His unit commander once urged his boys on by saying: "I want you to hit these Vietnamese so hard that I can see this land swimming in Vietnamese blood."
Alan Dalziel was Dr. Evatt's private secretary for many years and is the author of "Evatt: the Enigma" recently published by Lansdowne. Some sections of the original manuscript were deleted against the author's wishes during publication—but this is every publisher's right.

No author can complain unless the publisher cuts destructively or for motives other than for the improvement of the book.

The two stories below are extracted with some alterations from the original manuscript. They do not appear in the book.

1. STREET

DURING what might be termed the Petrovian period the question of people who appeared in the Petrov papers was always one of constant discussion between Dr. Evatt and his associates. Those named were Australians who were supposed to have been sympathetic to the U.S.S.R. and who according to the documents handed over to the Security Service by Petrov, had been allotted code names by Moscow.

It was in this connection that the name of Lady Jessie Street was discussed by Dr. Evatt. I have known Lady Street for many years. She was always a friendly soul and had been a member of the A.L.P. up till the time she resigned when the Central Executive of the Party proscribed the Friendship With Russia Society—of which she was a leading member.

Dr. and Mrs. Evatt were also great friends of Jessie Street. It was Dr. Evatt who put Mrs. Street's name forward as Australia's first Minister to the Soviet Union when the U.S.S.R. and Australia first exchanged diplomatic representatives at the legation level in 1943.

Although Evatt, as Minister for External Affairs, placed her on the short list of names for Cabinet consideration, Slater, M.L.C., a Victorian Labor man, was appointed in the end.

However, Mrs. (later Lady Jessie) Street did go very close to becoming Australia's first diplomatic representative to the Soviet Union.

She made several visits to Russia, was chairman and actively engaged in the work of several societies designed to promote friendship with the Russians, and played a leading part in organising "sheepskins and medical aid" for Russia. This was during the darkest days of World War II when that country was our "glorious ally."

If the Moscow papers included names of Australians who held positions of influence and were of interest to the Kremlin authorities because of their known sympathy for the Soviet Union, then the name of Jessie Street would surely have been in a prominent position.

Yet, for some strange reason, throughout all the lengthy proceedings of the Petrov Commission Jessie Street was never called as a witness.

Scores of Australians, some with the most superficial relationship with anything inclined to the interests and understanding of the U.S.S.R., were listed and given code names by Moscow.

Even politicians of anti-labor vintage who had expressed at some Canberra cocktail party at the Soviet Embassy a mild interest in what was happening in the country of the commissars found themselves in the documents handed over by Petrov. They had received a code name and were mentioned as people worthy of study and further cultivation.

Then there were the die-hards, the strong core of Soviet devotees.

They were there, naturally with appropriate code names. But when the Commission unfolded the story that had come via the defecting Vladimir Petrov via Security, there was no mention of the name of Lady Jessie Street.

I argued again and again with Dr. Evatt the significance of this fact. Later, he agreed that there was something peculiar in the fact that Jessie Street was not named and called to give evidence.

Years after, in conversation with Lady Street, I mentioned this aspect to her. She was, she said, in London during the time of the evidence taken by the Petrov Commission and had written back stating that she was quite willing to return to Sydney to appear as a witness. But she was not asked to do so.

Thus, it is quite reasonable to assume that the Commission had decided not to call her
and her name was kept out of public proceedings for reasons known only to itself.

Lady Street, a woman of undoubted moral courage in public affairs, would not have hesitated for one moment to come forward and challenge or contest any situation which may have been created by her name having been included in any of the Petrov documents.

If the documents were all their claimed to be by Petrov and the examining authorities, then the only possible conclusion that made sense of her exclusion from the Petrov hearings was that her name was kept out for purposes not stated.

Lady Street, the wife of the then Chief Justice of N.S.W., Sir Kenneth Street, had never failed to give public witness to her radical political beliefs. She was always in the forefront of movements for peace and international understanding. Her attitudes were well known to most Australians and she had actually run Tory politician Eric Harrison to within a few hundred votes when he narrowly held the blue-ribbon conservative seat of Wentworth in the 1943 general elections. Jesse Street stood as the John Curtin Labor candidate.

I must give further point to this particular version of that Petrovian period: Later in the hearings, when I no longer had counsel to represent me, I was in the witness box for my third and final appearance before the Commission.

Windeyer, Q.C., senior counsel assisting the Commission, was bumbling around in his usual desultory style of cross-examination, and asked me if I had been a signatory to a public petition calling on the Sydney City Council to allow the Red Dean (the Dean of Canterbury, Dr. Hewlett Johnson) the right to address a meeting in the Sydney Town Hall. It was such a minor incident and so long ago that I could hardly recall it.

However, I answered Windeyer by saying that I believed in the right of free speech and would have signed such a petition had someone asked me to do so.

Then it suddenly came back to me that it had been Jessie Street who had been a prime mover in getting the petition going and that she had come into our office collecting signatures and that I had added mine. So I said in my reply to Windeyer that I had signed at the request of a well-known and respected citizen. They told me to write the name on a piece of paper, which I did. It was the name of Jessie Street.

The slip of paper went from Windeyer to the three judges on the bench and when it reached the chairman, Mr. Justice Owen, of the Supreme Court of N.S.W., it was quickly torn up and I was told no more questions—"the witness may stand down."

Discussing in Rowe Street, Sydney, one day well after the Commission had ended, with a lady who had been named in the papers handed over by Petrov certain peculiar features of the whole affair, I said to her that she had been subjected to a pretty tough cross-examination. Now she had been a close aide of Jessie Street in her work during the war years.

I mentioned to her the way in which Lady Street's name had been kept out of proceedings. She confirmed that Jessie Street was always willing and available to be called if the Commission had so determined.

She went on to say how at one stage she was being rather severely "grilled" in the course of cross-examination about the Anglo Russian societies which I have mentioned. Inadvertently, she let the name of Jessie Street drop in connection with a point she was trying to make. Almost immediately, this person told me, "the heat was off" and she was told she could step down!

IN AN ENTIRELY different context is the story of former U.P.I. correspondent, Peter Gruening, son of Dr. Ernest Gruening, now U.S. Democrat Senator from Alaska.

Peter Gruening had told certain people that he was following leads that might break wide open the political conspiracy of the Petrov affair. As an American pressman he had come upon information that suggested something "sinister" in events leading up to Petrov's defection.

He was working on what he had gathered and hoped to make it public before he returned home to the U.S.A. But that was not to be. What Peter Gruening believed he was in the process of uncovering was never known.

He left his office one day to drive to Mascot aerodrome to meet a business associate arriving from another State. Peter Gruening never reached the aerodrome. He just disappeared.

The police were notified and days later his body was found in his car. He had driven to one of the new and outer Northern Suburbs of Sydney, pulled into a lonely spot, and was found gassed from carbon-monoxide fumes.

A piece of hose had been connected to the exhaust of his car and one end put through a window which, like the rest of the car windows, had been wound up. The engine had been left running till Peter Gruening was overcome by the poisonous fumes, sank into oblivion and was later found dead. A packet of sleeping tablets was found in the car. A subsequent coronial inquiry held that Gruening had committed suicide.

Much later, reports reached Dr. Gruening which gave rise in his mind to certain suspicions about his son's untimely death. There was no substantial evidence why Peter Gruening, with a promising career before him, should have wanted to end his own life.

Because of the stories which may have gained some credence in the mind of Senator Gruening and his wife, a letter came to Dr. Evatt from Mr. Justice William O. Douglas, of the U.S. Supreme Court. He wrote as a friend of the Gruening family. He knew Dr. Evatt as a fellow jurist and asked if Dr. Evatt could say if, in his opinion, there were any suspicious circumstances in Gruening's death.

Mr. Justice Douglas said that the Gruening family was anxious and distressed lest all the facts had not been thoroughly sifted. But Dr. Evatt felt he could shed no fresh light on the case.

He did make some inquiries through local police officials but the end result was that there was no reason why the tragedy should not be regarded as a case of suicide.

Dr. Evatt was now reaching the stage physically and mentally where he did not appear capable of making any strenuous efforts or serious onslaughts on the Petrov affair.

But the case is still open in many people's minds. Why did Peter Gruening die? He wasn't the man to commit suicide. Who stood to gain by his death?
SINCE THE EARLY 1950's the Commonwealth's secretary issued the following confidential letter to newspaper editors:

22nd September, 1967

Dear Sir,

As D notices have been in the U.K. news recently it may be opportune to remind editors and managers of newspapers and other media that the system is also operating in Australia through the Defence Press and Broadcasting Committee, a list of whose members is attached for your information.

In brief the system is that when particular classified matters affect Defence require special protection in the national interest a Draft D notice is submitted to the Defence Press and Broadcasting Committee which may accept it as it stands or seek some amendment. When the D Notice has been accepted by the Committee it is then issued on a Private and Confidential basis to editors and managers of newspapers, radio and TV stations in the name of the Committee with the request that they observe the restrictions contained in it.

Experience in this country is that the cooperation of the news media has been very good but we are always a little concerned that as D Notices are issued so infrequently they may be lost sight of in the intervening periods or overlooked when changes in management or editorial responsibilities take place.

It would assist us in ensuring that the cover provided by the D Notice is fully effective if addressees could inform us when there are changes in editorial and management responsibilities so that we can keep our list of addresses up to date. For your information I have attached a list of current D Notices and I will be glad to supply a copy of any D Notices which you do not have.

Indecipherable (Sgd.)
Secretary and Executive Officer
DEFENCE PRESS AND BROADCASTING COMMITTEE

CURRENT D NOTICES

D Notice No. 1: Naval Building Programme—Publication of Information.
D Notice No. 5: Technical Information Regarding Weapons and Equipment.
D Notice No. 6: Air Defence.
D Notice No. 7: Photographs taken from the Air—Restrictions on Publication.
D Notice No. 11: Secret Agents.
D Notice No. 12: Petrov Enquiry.
D Notice No. 14: Official Communications.
D Notice No. 16: Publication of certain Defence Radio and Radar Information.

The list of D Notices current in late 1967 and shown on this page makes it clear that the scope is wider than Defence. One can only wonder what No. 14 ‘Official Communications’ means but No. 12 ‘Petrov Inquiry’ is the most surprising.

How could mention of anything raised in the 1953 Petrov affair affect defence? Is it just an embarrassing episode that successive Liberal governments would prefer to keep under wraps? Has something happened since the close of the Inquiry?

The whole Petrov defection and Commission was a scandal which reflected little credit on any of those involved. OZ doesn't receive D Notices so we feel bound by no ‘undertaking’. Petrov was a seedy Russian bureaucrat with several nasty facets to his character.

Before defecting, he was involved in smuggling whisky into Australia as ‘embassy supplies’. A star Commission witness and he would then flog it around the parced Sydney nightclubs—sometimes in a diplomatic car.

He was an NKVD spy within the Russian Embassy where he was cordially hated. After Security found that he wanted to defect (for reasons never made clear), he was kept on ice for six months before being allowed by Security to actually make the leap. Was this delay to assist Ming in a tight election?

After defection, for which he was paid $10,000 down and probably still draws a pension, Security spirited him off to the Gold Coast.

There he distinguished himself by going on a binge and crashing a party minus trousers. He was arrested, gave a false name of John Olson (his one artistic touch) and had to be sprung by his guards.

Since then . . . nothing. The D Notice presumably stops newspaper speculation. Informed sources say he was on the Gold Coast for some time and then moved to central Victoria. There are also strong rumours that his wife (a much stronger personality) left him and that one or both have left the country.
it is necessary to use 'other methods'. . .

from the official point of view, if someone said
"you teach torture," we would reply
"no, we only teach what the others do."

So we taught how to crush the testicles,
how to put a bucket over a prisoner's head
and hit literally deafening blows from
above, how to hang him up by a rope or
a chain and twist his body; other techniques
like isolation, electric shock . . . among the
"other methods" without doubt you must
include attaching electric leads to the geni-
tals.

The point that was emphasised was never
to leave a trace on the victim's body."

Robin Moore:

A hawk, wrote "The Green Berets", be-
lieves the only solution is an assault into
China.

"Yes, it's true that pentothal has been
used in Vietnam, The first time I saw it
used was when a Special Forces captain
ordered the medic to administer it."

Moore told of assassination teams. "They are
formed to achieve a specific 'objective'—a
general term for an individual marked
out for killing. It's a guerrilla war method,
like medical team activities, to help stiffen
the morale of the local people.

If a man highly placed in the NLF causes
trouble, that's a motive for killing him."

"The teams were formed during the
Delta operation. In 1965 it was decided we
must break down the communal structure of
the villages. After encircling a village to
stop any outside intervention, the Revolu-
tionary Development Cadres (Saigon's cop-
y of the VC's political teams) educated
the people by psychology.

In each village there were people who
were nuisances and the teams were orga-
ised to get rid of them. They could use any
methods they chose. Training, transport and
equipment were all American."

The Russell Tribunal is persona non grata
in many countries and no doubt the govern-
ment would not be pleased to welcome a
mission to Australia. But does anyone doubt
that they would hear the same sort of
stories from the Australians now in Viet-
nam?

Living in London is like trying to set up home
on the pendulum of a clock telling the wrong
time. London life is about as exciting as the
Eurovision Song Contest . . . as regards
significant living experience the average glass
of water has got more to get you to death into.
The objects are right still: St Pancras
Library is still running its legendary book
amnesty, the old men still fly kites in Hyde
Park on Sundays, gold top milk is good as is
Benoir Bulka's game pate, there are still some
bookstands where you can't buy International
Times, there's a shop in Old Compton St.
where you can change your name to Mick
Jagger by deed of poll. There are still things
to stay around for: Penguin Classics, Dinky
Toys, The British Medical Journal, the
11 o'clock news on the Third, jumping up
and down on tightly coiled copies of the
"Observer" on Sundays, Cadbury's Fruit and
Nut advertisements.

But on the whole the place is horrible and this
is due to the people. There are far too many
Australians. The Incredible Love Generation
is completely wrapped up with glittering their
hair and getting nowhere. The tender sexy
people now gossiping about their trips but
ought to be bitter about them. Bitter like the
old 'Confidential' headlines, "Rubirosa was
fizzle in bed Latin Beauty says".

In fact, once upon a time there was a swinging
Britain—before this Golden Book of Reptiles.
The time when London was really zinging was
when the Bulge Babies were in school,
reading 'Tie Bits' in the back of the class with
NHS specs and Selloipape. 'Chalky' taught
us long division and to keep our bowels open
and our traps shut. We played Dan Dare on
the building sites where no one dared to
build, with the Mekon as green as a processed
pea. Rock Around the Clock was banned
throughout Warwickshire. Time and Life's
London Bureau didn't notice us then, in the
High Street billiards saloons with our duck's
arase haircut and Warner Bros. hip talk, always
planning world trips on unmuffled Harley
Davidsons. On Saturdays watching the birds
go past with layers of bouncy petticoats
meant to show like that and bouffant sticky
hair and everyone looking like a Giles
cartoon. The old man remembering El
Alamein, when really he spent his war
singing dirty songs in the shelters and making
lighters in the Spitfire factories and fortunes
on vacuum cleaner spares. Thank the Lord
for the lads flogging left-handed nylons on
bomb sites and smashing up cinema seats for
the lads flogging left-handed nylons on
bomb sites and smashing up cinema seats for
Bill Halev and bunching sports cars on the
bikes and rippled the roofs off. This was real,
in the abrasive world where people travel in
second-class trains to Slough and put cash in
the Coop Xmas Box and buy Batchelors
records and don't even know about the
Psychedelic Revolution.

It hasn't stopped because some American
journalist has discovered deb's kneecaps.
So Wipeout Gang you better start to build
bigger and better Borstals, you're going to
need them.
The Benefits of Art Education at East Sydney Tech

Once upon a time a young chap called Leonardo was desirous of becoming a painter. He displayed no mere talent in his post-pubescent scribblings and much against his father's wishes he set for the ENTERING EXAM for the Painting Diploma course at East Sydney Technical College.

He drew to his exam that which was placed before him; a violin, a beer bottle, a dead fish, all hopelessly arranged in a derogatory ON PEDESTAL OF HIM...

Humble but talented drawing the EXAMINER was dripping tears of joy from the DEPARTMENT of Fine Art. For the potential of one's family was hourly assessed. 

One of the DEPT Heads took Leonardo to the window and explained how the youth was going to make his fortune in the ART WORLD.

He was led to the window and explained how the youth was going to make his fortune in the ART WORLD.

Leonardo was not pleased and his first lesson was that he must draw his first picture of a DAISY. He was given ANTIQUE DRAWING of a DAISY which was 300 years old and a brand new PENCIL.

He was taught how to sharpen his PENCIL and how to draw a DAISY. His first picture, which was drawn on the first day of his course, was a DAISY. He was then taught how to draw on a DAISY.

At LUNCH BREA - he was bullied by 17 Battery students.

CLASS FOLLOWED CLASS... and only 2 hours CLASS ROOMS CHANGED and SUBJECTS CHANGED and the secrets of painting unfolded in a glorifying andage of KNOWLEDGE.

Leonardo was thrilled with his progress towards absolute conformity to the College Standards. He was only too proud to paint out, but he had not changed for over 50 years.

In 5 years had dragged by and Leonardo had succeeded completely in suppressing the dangerous and vicious gymnastic he had demonstrated as a callow youth. He could now draw a perfect miniature copy of the famous 5th year student of the famous 5th year student of the 5th year before copy of the copy.

And Leonardo was duly presented with a certificate green diploma.

Diploma

This piece of paper is to certify that Leonardo has satisfied the Department of Technical Education. That he will never again touch a paintbrush that he will become a decent artist and he will become a decent normal member of society.

Once more the Department of Technical Education has triumphed over talent and sensitivity, yet another potential artist has been thwarted and a talent wasted in the arts.

The signatures have been signed by the mandamuses and the signature of the President is in the sealed envelope of E.S. Tech.
On the Transplantation

Australia's first heart transplant is scheduled for next year.

All we want now is a special Cardiac Annexe attached to the Department of Native Affairs so that when our own government-sponsored heart-specialists get cracking there will be a whole sub-human species ready-to-hand that we can raise by way of the operating table to our own level of civilisation (from Woomera to Woomera). Starting with the tribal elders who have nothing to lose but their folkways, and we will move on to the younger generation whose hearts by then should be either acceptably defective or indistinguishable from our own, and there will be instant assimilation with no longer any danger of rejection on the part of the patient's organism, once we have overcome the initial difficulty of finding 30,000 white (dying) donors.

BRUCE DAWE

What's all this?

It's a swap advert with Masque so that Masque and OZ can fill out all the rest of that crap. See if the crap in Masque interests you by looking for a copy now.

Sir Charles said that in Scouting there was an endeavour to develop character in boys.

"And there is the encouragement I get from meeting a spastic boy who has learnt in six months from a boy his own age how to tie a reef knot with the toes of one foot."
LONDON FASHION SCENE
Today, Mary Q'unt, trendy designer of up-tight clothes for hard-up people staged her latest show. Models wearing only see-through shirts over see-through trousers revealed a collection of trendy new hair-pieces specially dyed and cut to complement her new range of kiss-proof organic cosmetics in trendy fluorescent shades. To be marketed under the name Q'unstuck.

If you look really hard you can just see the vision splendid.

1 OUT OF 4 DROP-OUTS
SUBSCRIBE
Be on the inside looking down!
SUBSCRIBE, Join the Party or swing a friend's vote.
12 live issues for only $2-40....

Television star Don Lane
MR HOWSON
MR CHIPP

OZ Magazine, Box H143, OZtralla Square Post Office, Sydney, N.S.W. 2000r (with love)

Name
Address
Post Code
State
Yaah man Gareth's got this business by the balls. We'll clean up in this kick down... man.
Chance is so bloody good. It's the best thing being. And it's getting better. We've got the best people working here.

Gareth used to be with the A.B.C. until Gareth spotted us, now they working for us.
Our office is like a big family man. We work like niggers for nothing at the moment man. But if we make it we'll all be kings man. I reckon we'll make a fortune. Gareth's a brilliant organiser and Gareth's got such a gas name everywhere.

He made his dough from the carpet Boppers and Fanny Hill. He's got real literary appreciation. We get birds to model for chicken feed. We get 'em for 50 bucks. Playboy pays thousands, but we're smart.

Australia's such a kick place we get anyone we want for a couple of dollars. They jump at the Chance! ha ha ha ha heh heh.... did you get it man?

No, you couldn't. We're too smart for you dums.
FORMAL WEAR HIRE SERVICE PAISLEY JACKETS 10% OFF FOR STUDENTS

FORMAL WEAR WILL ALSO TURN ON DINNER JACKETS, MORNING SUITS, LOUNGE SUITS AND ACCESSORIES.
FOR BIRDS: LATEST BALL AND PARTY GOWNS, WIGS, FEATHER BOAS AND WEDDING GOWNS.

FORMAL WEAR
147A, King St., Sydney. (Next to Biber Furs). 28-0537, 28-2881.