The Great Society blows another MIND
MARCH 31: Dramatic speech by LBJ, in which he made three main points:
1. "Tonight, in the hope that this action will lead to early talks, I am taking the first steps to de-escalate the conflict. We are reducing—substantially reducing—the present level of hostilities. Tonight I have ordered our aircraft and naval vessels to make no attacks on North Vietnam except in the area north of the Demilitarised Zone."

Within four hours of his speech they were bombing 200 miles north of the Demilitarised Zone; in ten days' time they launched 'Operation Complete Victory.'

2. "Now, as in the past, the United States is ready to send its representatives to any forum, at any time, to discuss a means of bringing this war to an end."

We all know what happened to that promise.

3. "I shall not seek and will not accept the nomination of my party for another term as President."

Let's hope there was at least a third of the truth in what he said.

LETTERS

Dear Sir,
I think I can clear up one mystery which seems to be puzzling you, viz., why the excerpts you published in your last issue were omitted from Alan Dalziel's book.

My theory is very simple—judging from the standard of the English prose. I would say that the publishers could not be bothered rewriting the whole section.

One example: "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 other than suicide."

Of course, the whole article could be a put-on. If it is, I congratulate you. If it is not, I congratulate the publisher of the book.

As a writer, Mr. Dalziel is a great secretary.

SUSAN GEASON.

Dear Sir,
We have been consulted by Chandris Lines (Aust.) Pty. Limited with reference to the contents of page 4 of your issue in February.

We are instructed that the manner of the presentation of the information set out would indicate that our client endorses the political views expressed by you by innuendo, and would thus involve our client in political dispute contrary to its policy in this regard with detrimental effects to its business.

On the other hand your use of the phrase "Chandris Lines" with the Chandris flag interposed is a breach of our client's copyright in this regard.

We have been asked to request that you proceed forthwith to make it clear that the views expressed are your views and not those of Chandris Lines on publication of your next issue, displaying it with the same prominence as the material complained of, and that you undertake in future not to breach our client's copyright.

If you should fail to accede to our client's request our client will take such action as may be advised to protect its reputation.

Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR T. GEORGE & CO.

APRIL 1: PORT MORESBY. A wide search was begun for 113 lost absentee votes in Papua-New Guinea's general elections. The votes were from two electorates in which close finishes were expected. If they get any more politically sophisticated, we'll have to give them independence.

APRIL 2: LBJ was still basking in the world-wide praise for his "unusual act." On Wall Street share prices had risen more than 20 points and over 17 million were traded—an all-time record and a fitting testimony by the businessmen of America to LBJ's indispensability to America's well-being.

APRIL 3: The Victorian Vice Squad has awarded the film "Bonnie and Clyde" a "Jemmy," the police industry's equivalent of an Oscar. Their film critic, Det.-Sergt. G. Walters, sent to review the film at the special behest of Commissioner Arnold, summed up the total aesthetic appeal of the film rather neatly as: "It points out the futility and the uncertainty of living while engaged in crime."

APRIL 9: Paul Robeson's 70th birthday. In London, East Berlin and Moscow there were public tributes but not in America, where he is on an unofficial black list for his political views expressed by you. On Wall Street share prices were public tributes but not in America, where he is on an unofficial black list for his post-war speeches pro-Communist and condemning white racism. His name is missing from the American "Who's Who" but rates half a column in the British edition. His song recordings are not listed in standard U.S. catalogues and are only available at a few "liberal" music stores.

"You mean, Chief," retorted the adroit Burgess, "I mustn't make a pass at Paul Robeson."

APRIL 10: The day before, Henry Bolté had started work on the $42 million Lower Yarra Crossing with a great earth-drilling machine and a small silver-plated hatchet. All papers gleefully published photos of Hanging Henry Turned Hatchet-man. The "Age" captioned theirs, rather unflatteringly, "First sod of Lower Yarra."

APRIL 11: The national movement backing Rockefeller's run for the Presidency was launched. Rocky has been yessing and no-ing, backing and filling, waiting for drafts that never came for so long that some of his supporters must still be worried that at the eleventh hour he'll turn into a political pumpkin — kind of Cinderella Rockefeller.

APRIL 12: Senator Mulvihill revealed that processed pork from Red China was being smuggled into Australia under the beguiling nom de porc "Ma Ling pork luncheon." We wonder what thought there might be to defend the Great Thinker from his Peking politicians' criticism that he is feeding his enemy, Is the pig society of Pig Iron Bob to be rivalled by Pork Press Mao?

APRIL 13: "Capt. Robertson is a tall, erect, grey-haired man aged about 50. He would not tell me his exact age." (Melbourne "Age"). Captain Robertson of the Wahine, of course—but who'd feel safe travelling with a Robertson again?

APRIL 14: 17-year-old Sydney girl Janette McLeod was named Miss Teen International in Hollywood last night. Only a few hours earlier she had told a reporter: "I'm a bit too wholesome to win."

APRIL 15: Counsel's attempts to have the magistrate hearing of a "pack attack" case held in secret so that it might not later prejudice the jury trial was dismissed in Canberra by Mr. Dobson, S.M., who commented:

DECEMBER 18, 1955: "... with a little more training the Vietnam army will be the equal of any other army in its ability to combat the enemy."—Wilbur Brucker, U.S. Secretary of the Army.
So far as I am concerned, this hearing varies naught from any other. It is the freedom of the Press to publish these things."

However, he added: "I take strong exception to the term 'pack attack', whether it is used by the defence or prosecution. That appears to me more as newspaper language rather than judicial or semi-judicial. I refer to this type of thing as an alleged criminal assault by a number of defendants at about the same time or within a small amount of time."

APRIL 19: Seer, sage and "debaucher", A. A. Calwell found Whitlam's resignation "unexpected." He continued mysteriously: "I won't say anything more than that—but Mr. Whitlam knows what I mean. But I will say that I think things will develop by about Wednesday—don't ask me any more."

When A.A. finally falls out of the port side of the Caucus rocking boat, he hopes to take up astrology.*

APRIL 20: A long interview in the "S.M.H." between James Cunningham and Zara Holt. As well as dropping a million hints to prospective publishers about her writing ambitions, the Big Z. revealed that she had been doing a lot of reading: "I have finished 'The King Must Die' and 'The Bull from the Sea'," she said. Can't she ever forget Harold?

APRIL 23: Tom Uren, a "Cairns man", was dropped from the ALPs' foreign affairs and defence committee by the Federal Executive. Victoria's two "Left-wing" delegates, Messrs. Brown and Hartley, voted against Uren.

Even the Sydney " Telegraph" was acute enough to analyse this as a "rebuff to Dr. Cairns, whom, it is reported, does not have the backing of the entire Victorian State Executive."

However, fortunately this striking piece of illumination did not preclude any of the correspondents from simplifying the subsequent leadership struggle down to a Right V. Left battle.

APRIL 27: "Despite all his efforts to avoid it, the spotlight in Sydney's history-making transplant operation falls directly on 34-year-old Mr. Ainslie Sheil." (SMH).

 Apparently the spotlight must have fallen just a shade short because the surgeon in-against Uren.

The Apocryphal Creed
I believe more or less in God the abstracted non-anthropomorphic conceptualization, Maker in a metaphorical sense of Heaven (in a quasi-literal manner) and Earth, insofar as the Big Bang theory is not refuted, and in Jesus Christ His only mythical Son our Lord as necessarily in that order, and

I believe in the deletion of the Virgin Birth, Miracles and Visions in the Desert from the credo of a rational church.

I believe with difficulty in the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, in the Anglican Church in Australia, which is so preposterous that it would have to be invented if it hadn't been created.

And I believe in My Divine Right to belong (using the term loosely) to that Church even if I use its terms very loosely indeed.

And I believe in all the Saints, at least as key-ring medallions, the Resurrection, whatever that means, and in the Life Everlasting for ever and ever and ever until Archbishop Woods defrocks me.

AMEN.

JULY 7, 1956: "... the militant march of communism has been halted." — Richard Nixon.
My first clear proof of the existence and importance of the man we came to know as "Newton" was uncovered when I found his name among the papers of the defecting physicist Sir John Eccles.

For years this Eccles had received secret radio messages via an innocent-sounding "humour" session on the ABC and "The Famous Eccles", as he became known to all but the Australian Security Intelligence Organisation (ASIO) did untold damage to Australian security and morale.

After his hurried departure, I was selected by the head of ASIO to examine the contents of Eccles' house for clues. Although he had purchased a Qantas ticket to Washington, the Brigadier (Spry's nom-de-guerre) wished to know his real destination. His hurried departure left no doubt in my mind that he felt the hot pants of the pursuers on his legs. I determined to search the Cabinet.

Once inside, with the door shut, I sat on the pedestal and examined closely the walls, spare rolls and humorous ciphers on the back of the door. Then I saw it.

On the left-hand wall (when seated) was written in the Professor's careful script "NEWTON" and the formula \( V^2 = U^2 + 2AS \). It didn't take a genius to work that one out, which was lucky as ours had defected the year before. "Newton" had something big to do with the modification of German V2 rockets into U2 spy-planes by the use of two A's. But to what, or to whom, did the "two A's" refer? Eccles had never met left-winger A. A. Calwell and it was doubtful whether he attended Alcoholics Anonymous.

(For the explanation of the formula on the right-hand wall—"B4 I V R U/16"—the Organisation is indebted to the Brigadier's 13-year-old son. Well done, Simon!)

The "double-A mystery", as is came to be known, soon baffled the keenest minds that ASIO could muster. Inquiries reached as far as Washington and London but the best that the CIA could do was a signed autograph of LBJ and MI5's only reply was a cryptically-worded postcard showing Westminster Bridge. More than ever, Australia was on its own!

Finally, the Brigadier went to the Ministry. It was a chance remark by Deputy Prime Minister McEwen which gave us our first real lead. "Journalists," he explained, "are graded from D to A."

There was an angry interjection from Treasurer McMahon at this disclosure who appealed to the Ministry to close its ranks. He only managed to expose his flank and it didn't make a pretty picture.

McEwen knew his right and continued: "When a journalist reaches a certain level, he may even get a double-A grading." He went on to elaborate on the requirements of this particular level and the effects of certain journalists on the reputation of their craft but that one remark was enough. Clearly a journalist was the link.

It was then that it all fell into place. Who had been dubbed a "secret agent of a foreign power", who had worked against the interests of McEwen's Australia, who was a journalist of a certain standard?

Maxwell NEWTON!

As I say, it didn't take a genius to work that one out. And when the Department of Trade's dossier on Newton arrived it became even more transparent. After the arrival of the Treasury dossier it became a little more opaque. But inconsistencies are inevitable in these affairs.
There are two versions of why Mr. R. W. B. Harradine, ex-D.L.P. nonentity, became the ostensible cause of the A.L.P. losing whatever slim chance it might once have had of tossing the Libs in '69. Neither of them is very convincing. Harradine's behaviour exhibits him with overwhelming malice either. To good Labor men (if such things exist), Harradine is a slob, a dupe, and an idiot; but probably not a rat.

Not that it matters much; Harradine's place in history is as The Man Who Screwed The Labor Party is already assured. Anathema is perhaps a harsh fate for him: on his television appearances, his worst fault appears to be that he is a smug bore, after the model of recent Billy Graham converts. Still, there it is.

Harradine will stand with General Custer (if you believe that it was idiot pride) or with The Man Who Burnt The Reichstag (if you believe it was sheer gullibility).

The Custer's Last Stand theory, propounded in terms of equally patronising opportunism by those few A.L.P. men who sincerely support Whitlam and by the daily press, which sincerely supports capitalism, sees Harradine as good solid new-look Labor. He is honestly religious (a drop-out from the seminary) and politically-minded (a drop-out from the D.L.P., which even the daily press can't cop. But he gave it up to further the cause of the workers). He was unpopular in his home state, South Australia, and moved to Tasmania to avoid left-wing persecution.

Though still persecuted, he worked his way up through the right-wing Federated Clerks' Union to become secretary of the Tasmanian Labor Council, and a delegate to the Federal Executive. And he was all set to join the Gough crusade when he got wind of an anonymous circular, which maliciously and libellously claimed he was a plant from Santamaria's National Civic Council, and should therefore be arseholed.

Through other (anonymous) right-wingers, he learnt that this circular had been thought up by Sam Cohen, deputy A.L.P. leader in the Senate, and Arthur Calwell (Lab. Melbourne) and had been penned by Leo Brown, Tasmanian secretary of the Miscellaneous Workers' Union.

(At this stage proponents of the theory like to point out (1) that Arthur Calwell, on hearing of Whitlam's resignation, said: "It is not unexpected—Mr. Whitlam will know what I mean. I will now relapse into an Australian mood and wait and see"; and (2) that Brown, a left-winger, was probably next in line as a Tasmanian delegate for the Federal Executive if Harradine had been tossed out.)

Naturally Harradine was forced to reply intertemporarily, perhaps even paranormally, but you could understand he was upset. In his reply he said that the left-wing of the executive, which had now become "the friends of the Communists", would try and have him excluded from their deliberations. He added that the friends of the Communists were everywhere, especially among the 27 "scab" unions which did not agree with him.

by

Our Political Correspondent

So, come the meeting, the dreaded left (including, of course, Sam Cohen and Harradine) and enmity from South Australia (Martin Nicholls) ganged up on him. First they said he was an N.C.C. plant, and when they couldn't make that stick they demanded he apologise for his remarks. Whitlam and Barnard, anxious to avoid a showdown, spent a long night working on him to do just this; but Harradine refused to compromise. So the unspeakable left put him down, and the righteous right were left with no choice, and Whitlam had to resign, and so on and so on. And Custer fell, glorious in defeat, and it was a pity about the people who fell with him.

It all looked good in the Telegraph next day, particularly with a lot of loose talk about the left and their right (as if they were all either Liberals or Communists, with the A.L.P. nowhere).

But . . . why did Lionel Murphy, safely elected for six years, vote the way he did? If the left wanted to force a crisis, why pick a dodgy issue like this one? Why, during the pre-Caucus lobbying, did such people as Senator Keefe, the party's federal president and a notable left-winger, keep trying to insist that it wasn't Whitlam who was in question—it was Harradine?

The Man Who Burnt The Reichstag theory, which is held by the entire left and sadly agreed to by a fair section of the right is that in fact Harradine was an N.C.C. plant, and that he was sent by Santamaria to Tasmania to get into power. ('For heaven's sake," an exasperated and notably unsuccessful Labor candidate said when I questioned whether it was as easy as all that, "You're talking about Tasmania. If I went there, even I could be Premier in two years.")

His "conversion" to Labor was a complete front, according to this theory. It was not even consistent from a conference of the Federated Clerks' Union shortly after Whitlam and Barnard were elected Parliamentary leaders, Jim Riordan, the Federal Secretary, move a courtesy motion congratulating them both and pledging his union's support for the A.L.P. And which Tasmanian delegate do you think got up and spoke against it? That's right.

The anonymous circular, the extremists of this theory say, was not written by the left at all: it was written by the D.L.P., perhaps even by Harradine himself. As one piece of evidence for this, they point out how extremely hard it was to get hold of the circular; even dead-set left-wingers were ringing up their friends in search of a copy, as soon as Harradine made his reply.

The reply, of course, was sheer provocation: no, in their right mind would have let it pass, especially if they knew the man who wrote it was an N.C.C.-er.

Even a large section of the right was angry: the secretary of a state Labor Council has no business at all referring to "scab" unions. Did the executive know about Harradine? Of course. Did Whitlam know? Yes. But then surely he was leaving himself open to D.L.P. blackmail forever? At this stage the proponents of the theory roll their eyes at such naivety.

Whitlam's supporters, they explain gently, have been negotiating with the D.L.P. for the last six months. The D.L.P. is keen on the idea. Thus the parliamentary leader of the D.L.P., Senator Gair, on hearing of Whitlam's resignation: "This could form a basis for reconciliation."

So the Reichstag burnt down, and the Right forgot about its taper, arseholed and went about the real business of purging the Left. In which the Right shows every sign of being completely unsuccessful.

This theory has holes in it, too. Of course. But it has the great advantage of postulating a really nasty plot, a situation familiar with students of the Labor Party.

Watch this space next month for more news from the cesspool of politics.
Courting Disaster

"History shows that we should go to court more often if we want to minimise censorship" was Peter Coleman's glib conclusion in a chronological pot-pourri of obscenity litigation he cooked up for the second edition of "Censor." On March 8, 1968, a unanimous High Court used that same edition, and that same history, to forge the most freedom-destroying weapon yet placed in the hands of our censor-happy bureaucrats.

Ironically, the lone benefit of the "Censor" decision has been to shatter the fond delusion of wobbly civil libertarians like Coleman that liberalism increases with the stature of the legal tribunal. Even in the leading textbook on "Freedom in Australia," authors Campbell and Whitmore castigate litigation-shy publishers for failure to fight obscenity verdicts, with the complacent prediction that "there is a good chance that if the High Court were given a suitable opportunity, it would adopt a liberal view" (p152).

The view it did adopt, in restoring the conviction of publishers and purveyors of material "offensive to the sexual modesty of the ordinary man," turned out to be a disastrous piece of illiberalism which has already resulted in a severe curtailment of our freedom to read.

The issue of "Censor" magazine involved was a 16-page monument to plagiarism—a blothly jumble of newspaper cuttings dealing with censorship, a full-page reproduction of the United Nations charter, 6 pages of "Playboy" jokes and pin-ups, and 5 pages of "Fanny Hill." The nudes wore conventional maidenly modesty. Indeed, the only "indecent" was a 16-page monument to plagiarism—a random selection of unseemly material selected at random. This was Peter Coleman's glib conclusion in a chronological pot-pourri of obscenity litigation he cooked up for the second edition of "Censor." Yet the whole magazine was found "indecent" under S16(d) of the N.S.W. Obscene and Indecent Publications Act.

The story really started back in July, 1966, when a creative Chief Secretary (and protege Premier) Eric Wills, a Mr. John Crowe, "laid an information" against both the "Censor" editor and a bookseller selected at random. This honest and thoroughly contemptible tactic of involving an innocent bookseller in expensive litigation over a magazine he had probably not even read would, if upheld by the Court, give the Chief Secretary's Department an enormous power of censorship by intimidation. To justify it under an Act which allowed a six months' gaol sentence, the prosecution had to prove that the magazine was "indecent," and that both the editor and the bookseller had "published" it within the meaning of the Act.

The case was first argued before Lewer S.M., who accepted that "Indecent simply means something that offends the ordinary modesty of the average man." The way to an average man's modesty, he held, is through his drawing room—"although Playboy's Party Jokes might escape notice altogether in a Night Club or at a Smoko-Social, they would not and could not be told in a great number of drawing rooms in this country." To ask for the right time to have sex is also indecent. "I am of the opinion that it offends against propriety and taste is unseemly." Having found the magazine to be indecent, he went on to hold that it had been "published" (in the sense of "being issued to the public") by both editor and newsagent, whom he forthwith convicted.

The magistrate's decision was resoundingly overruled by the House of Lords, and the convictions could not stand. The prosecution had to prove that the magazine was "indecent" and that both the editor and the bookseller had "published" it within the meaning of the Act.

The Court went further, and clearly demonstrated the concept of "indecency" from that of "obscenity" in terms of degrees of naughtiness, e.g., "for a male bather to enter the water nude in the presence of the ladies would be indecent, but it would not necessarily be obscene. But if he directed his attention of a lady to a certain member of his body, his conduct would certainly be obscene." The judges held that in the concept of indecency there is lacking that element of lasciviousness and prurience which seems to us to be an essential element in the concept of obscenity." The law against obscenity impinges upon individual freedom, but the law against indecency protects the liberty of the individual by preventing embarrassing matter from being actively flaunted before him or pressed upon him. All-important is the "concept of affront or outrage... the law is intended to preserve the freedom of the community generally from having indecency thrust before them against their will."

"Indecency" they saw as a elastic concept, which narrowed as the community became more tolerant. The duty of the Court was to reflect accurately prevailing attitudes, and not to moralise or reform. The "Playboy" jokes were "weak but hardly indecent," "Fanny Hill," they concluded, a little disappointed, "had not lived up to her reputation—so little so that advance publicity had deluded the prosecution." The "Playboy" pin-ups were innocuous—we do not think that because a photograph is of an unclad female it is therefore open to be classified as indecent at the present day." They held that the magistrate could not reasonably have concluded that the magazine was indecent, even had it been "published" by the defendants, and the convictions could not stand.

The third member of the Appeal Tribunal, Mr. Justice Wallace, had other ideas. He lamented that "if photographs of nude women in various postures are not indecent then I am at a complete loss." Unfortunately his emission was to be short-lived. It was firmly staunched by the High Court, which unanimously restored the magistrate's original verdict.

Members of the Court, in severely technical judgments which deliberately eschewed the broad sociological approach of the Court of Appeal, wrote a blank cheque for N.S.W. wowsers. They held that "publish" means simply "to make available to the public," and is appropriate to describe "whenever a

JULY 25, 1962: "South Vietnam is beginning to hit the Vietcong insurgents where it hurts most... Our military assistance in Vietnam is paying off."—Robert McNamara.

continued p. 12
This is the most famous painting ever done in Australia. It depicts Burke and Wills leaving Melbourne. It was painted by Sidney Nolan in 1935. I am offering it for sale to the Australian public for 35,000 dollars.

I'll buy it!
YOU'LL DIE A PREMATURE DEATH, COMRADE/ UNLESS YOU SHOW / YOUR GUNS/TAKEN FROM NILE

A LONG BURST DID IT... AND THEN HE SQUEEZED OFF SHORT BURSTS FOR EACH OF THEM... TO MAKE SURE!

KEARNEY JUMPED UP BEHIND THE CONG OFFICER AND, SLIPPING THE SLING OF HIS M-16 AROUND THE COMMUNIST'S NECK, STARTED TO STRANGLE HIM.

SHE IS VERY FRIGHTENED. HOLD HER TIGHTLY, MARINE, AND COMFORT HER.
This is the MSR (main supply route to you FNG's) and there's a lot of ARVN (Army Viet Nam Republic) troop trucks going fast.

Trouble is the GOOD GUYS look just like the BAD GUYS out here... I can't tell which is which until I hear the guns go off!

The medic's probably cussin' me out... he wouldn't let me treat you rough like this but he's not here!

Sometimes these kids are hard to understand... imagine any marine wantin' to lay around and sleep... when he can hit a town like Saigon?

But Sarge, I got a girl back home... who cares? Just shut up and follow my lead!

A glass of water for the lady!
TORTURE!

The following account presents in summary form the evidence a London Amnesty International Delegation took from the 16 people they saw who reported they had been tortured, and from the 32 people still in prison about whose cases they received second-hand evidence which they found convincing, because it was in many cases corroborated.

Techniques of torture

A. Physical Torture

1. The standard initial torture reported from every Asphalia (Secret Police) station is the so-called falanga. The prisoner is tied to a bench and the soles of his feet are beaten with a stick or pipe. Between beatings the prisoner is usually made to run around the bench under a heavy rain of women, the torturers shove as many fingers as possible, or an object, into the vagina and twist and tear brutally. This is also done with the anus. A tube is inserted into the anus and water driven into the prisoner under very high pressure. In the case of men, beatings on the genitals with long, thin sand-bags have frequently been reported. One trade unionist was beaten so much that a testicle was driven up into his body.

3. Techniques of gagging are frequently reported. The throat is grasped in such a way that the windpipe is cut off, or a filthy rag (often soaked in urine) is shoved down the throat. Suffocation is prevented only at the last moment.

4. Beating on the head with sand-bags or beating the head against the wall or floor are standard procedure. Many cases of concussion have been reported.

5. Beating naked flesh with wires knotted together into a whip.

6. Prisoners have been hung up for long periods of time. Usually the wrists are tied behind the back and the prisoner is suspended from the wrists.


8. Tearing out the hair from the head and from the pubic region.

9. Rubbing pepper on sensitive areas of the body, such as the genitals, under arms, eyes, nose, etc.

10. Pulling out toe-nails and finger-nails.

11. Different methods of inflicting burns, including putting out cigarettes on parts of the body.

12. The use of electric shock. This is done, at Military Hospital 401 and unconfirmed reports state that it is done at the Asphalia Station at Bouboulinas.

Physical beatings by the army and police as a method of intimidation and interrogation are general. Physical beating can be classified as torture if it is done in a systematic way. One man of over sixty contacted by the Delegation was beaten at regular intervals for more than 12 hours. He suffered broken ribs but reported that young people were beaten steadily for periods of up to five days. Generally from four to six men beat a prisoner with their fists and kick with their booted feet, or use instruments such as planks, pipes, canes, etc. At the Dionysos camp, which houses Greece's elite soldiers, prisoners are made to run a gauntlet. A reliable second-hand report from this camp is that a man literally had his eye knocked out of his head. The Amnesty International Delegation spoke with others who had broken ribs, noses, eardrums, etc.

B. Non-Physical Torture

Many informants who have undergone torture consider that the non-physical methods were more difficult to bear.

1. Certain prisoners are intentionally moved to cells within earshot of other prisoners who are being violently interrogated. It was reported that Mikis Theodorakis, the composer, who was never physically tortured, suffered a nervous collapse under this method.

2. Threats to kill, maim and rape. People who had been tortured were often told that...
JANUARY 31, 1963: "The war in Vietnam is going well and will succeed."—Robert McNamara.

By Craig McGregor

The students are providing the first real opposition to what is still one of the world's most conservative and politically-economic Establishments, quoting Third World figures like Che Guevara and Ho Chi Minh against Krupp and Springer; the answer their leader, Rudi Dutschke, a refugee from East German authoritarianism, received from the authoritarianism of the West was the same which met Martin Luther King: a bullet in the mouth (who are the violent ones?).

In Poland, young people have been in the vanguard of the fight to liberalise the Communist regime after the false dawn of a few years ago petered out in neo-Stalinist reaction. In England, their political goals have ranged from nuclear disarmament to ousting Ian Smith to ending the war in Vietnam; many of them helped return to power a Labor government whose pious answer has been to build four Polaris submarines, tolerate Smith and endorse American policy in Vietnam. Yet all the Duke of Edinburgh and that arch-cynic Malcolm Muggeridge, who was aghast that students should have contraceptives (what an issue to resign his post over! was there nothing else in the world troubling his tender soul?), can do is berate the young for their "destructiveness".

It is not the destructiveness of the young which should be lamented, but their lack of power to destroy—especially in Australia, a nation run by old men in the service of the old corruptions of old ideas, where the lack of political consciousness among students has reinforced the suffocating conformism of most life outside universities. It is the entrenched power of the old society, its stubborn and brutal resistance to change or reform, and its terrifying readiness to escalate from water cannon to police truncheon to napalm to, eventually, nuclear genocide in defence of its interests which has forced young reformers all over the world to "opt out" of the struggle to change it and to create an alternative society of their own. The hippies in San Francisco, the Underground movement in England, the provos in Holland, the drops-outs of the world (UNITE!) have been... 

... turned away from the traditional struggle of the young to reform adult society—and it is the tragedy of that society, not of the drop-outs, that the one group could be forced to depend upon to renew and revitalise it and have turned their backs away in despair.

Of course the hippies, flower people, UFOs, yippies, call them what you will, are not so negative as either the Duke of Edinburgh or they themselves would have us believe. They have their own philosophers and their own philosophies to expand on which the badges and slogans; they argue that only by changing man, the individual, can you hope to change men, the world. The very act of putting up a poster, wearing a badge or participating in a love-in is an attempt at communication; and MAKE LOVE NOT WAR, for all its abbreviatedfundamentalism, propagandises the Christian doctrine of love better than all the horrified, blood-thirsty theology about "just wars" and the evil faces of the Archbishop of Sydney endorsing napalm for his neighbours in Vietnam.

Most important of all, by creating their own world they create the possibility of an alternative where the hate- and artifact-blinded eyes of the grey people. If they are successful in their attempt to
create a free, joyous, loving society of their own they will have achieved. By sheer example, the most devastating and constructive force, the young dissenters of the world will have to find political solutions to what confronts them: otherwise the Wipe-out Gang will win by default. The greatest betrayal of the youth of today has suffered its first blow from the Left towards non-political alternatives (hence beats). The greatest blow of the hippies' idealism may never be to shock and to create irrevocably, if it is a reaction of embarrassment, to the material, which is then presumed to have always been indecent. Although the argument amounts merely to stating "The material is indecent because a magistrate thinks it is indecent," the magistrate's mind is guided by the conviction that indecency is a concrete quality which is outwardly manifested by its ability to shock him.

Whatever may be the logical absurdities of this argument, its consequences mean a severe setback to our freedom to read. It means an end to the spirit of liberalism which prevailed for the few brief months in which the Court of Appeal judgment remained the law. During these months, three editors and writers—Playboy's, with contributions by G. Wodehouse, Robert Graves, John Kenneth Galbraith, Norman Mailer and Supreme Court Judge William Douglas—decorated the news-stands. Since the High Court Judgement, no further editions have appeared, nor are they likely to. Already a similar publication has been held to be indecent, and the Vice Squad have made seizures with impunity. The decision has provided a cruel dilemma for those who have based their fight for civil liberties upon respect for the law. With the recent English decision on "Last Exit from Brooklyn" casting doubt on the value of obscenity cases, and the High Court declaring open season on "unseemly" publications, the law at present offers little protection to freedom. In a recent appeal, the Privy Council, whose extreme deference to the High Court in recent years has ended with the announcement of the Government's intention to abolish the right of appeal. When the Lord Chief Justice is cut through the High Court's sterile formalities? The "Censor" case would probably provide the only opportunity for them to do so before abolition becomes effective. The legalities of asking a woman whether she smokes after sex must therefore be used to the material, which is then presumed to have always been indecent. Although the argument amounts merely to stating "The material is indecent because a magistrate thinks it is indecent," the magistrate's mind is guided by the conviction that indecency is a concrete quality which is outwardly manifested by its ability to shock him.
“JACK’S BACK,” THEY SAID AT MYSTIC PARK WHEN PM MADE A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

They called him “Jack” in the red brick pub at Mystic Park last night and Prime Minister John Gorton drank his seven-ounce glass with the relish of an ordinary farmer in this hot, northern citrus area.

“G’day, Jack,” called out cheery local identity “Mick” Halliday before turning away in embarrassment when he realised it wasn’t McEwen after all.

Before he took off his coat to relax with close friends in the parlor bar of Mr. J. (Stumpy) O’Shea’s hotel, he spent several minutes talking with old friends in front of the hotel.

Mr. Gorton walked up to Mrs. R. J. Heggen, whom he had known since he was a 17-year-old youth. He kissed her on the left cheek and she said: “I’ll never wash my face again, Jack.”

He joined in the common laughter as he wiped the dust off his face and downed another glass.

In a hectic day that Saturday he made five speeches at five separate functions, recalling bygone days before he was called to the parliamentary bar. He spoke to what he laughingly called a “captive audience” at the J. G. Gorton Old Folks’ Home and unveiled the J. G. Gorton water fountain at Gorton Park.

The only distinct changes in the routine of the small settlement during the P.M.’s stay were the “hot-line” installed in the saloon lounge, the hot sort (Ainslie Giotto) installed in the lounge suite and a VIP plane on the ready in “Paddy” O’Halloran’s fallow field.

After successfully laying his parliamentary travel allowance on the winner of the J. G. Gorton Cup he returned to the hotel for a “one for the tarmac”

In the midst of the questioning, he called out: “There’s Harry,” and ran across the road to speak to Mystic Park’s oldest identity, Mr. Harold Scriven.

Mr. Scriven replied: “It’s good to see you, John — and it’s good to see you haven’t lost the common touch.”

Mr. Gorton lit a cigarette and replied: “How could I?

Then, laughingly, “What else have I got going for me?”

OCTOBER 1, 1963: “I feel we shall achieve victory in 1964.”
—Major General Tran Van Dong.

OZ APRIL/MAY 13
Once upon a time there was a Dorothy Dix columnist called Del Cartwright. The Daily Mirror had picked her up when she was dropped from a women's afternoon TV show and she conducted the column in the style of a female home consultant with a latter-day fire-&-brimstone morality.

The plotline for the world as Del saw it was: the baddies are called "boys", who "want only one thing"; the goodies are called "girls" and their main job in life is to keep their legs together and these boys out of their pants. The reason for this is that sex is all the boys are after and once they have got it they are quickly on the wing in search of more tantalising honeypots. A girl deflowered equals a girl without hope of catching a "nice boy" (the ones who keep their hands in their pockets) or in fact any boy at all except those too exhausted to fly away.

Here for example is Del Cartwright of January 1967:

Dear Del: I am 16 and I love a boy, 17, with whom I was intimate seven months ago. Since then he has not spoken to me.—Desperate, Liverpool. Dear Desperate: He set the trap and you were caught. Now he's setting other traps for equally foolish victims.

I love this boy very much, but he has told me he doesn't know if he loves me or not. When I go out I can just control my emotions. I am afraid I will lose this control of myself soon if I don't have some advice. Barbara, Green Valley. Dear Barbara: You know, as well as I, that if you succumb you'll lose him anyway. Sometimes the advice was so defeatist that the reader might have been forgiven for fearing a suicide response from the advice-seeker: I've been going steady with a boy for the past seven months. Last night he came down to my place and he said he didn't want to go steady any more.

We have been intimate. I permitted it because I love him so much... I want him back.—Unsure, Green Valley. Dear Unsure: Being intimate with this boy has dispelled any mystery about him. He wants to be free to look around—for a girl who is clever enough to hold his attention without giving everything too soon.

Then something funny happened: Del married.

She must have married someone nice because suddenly her column changed. Del now runs the randiest D.D. column in Australia. None of that old fuddy-duddy stuff about Man the Beast. Now sex is one of the five freedoms:

My father appears to have become involved with another woman... recently he took her away for a night... We (writer and her brother) attacked him and he says he will stop seeing her but he hasn't completely given her up yet. Should we attack him again or what should we do?—Worried, A.C.T. Dear Worried: If your father is free let him enjoy life.

Boys are no longer to be avoided—indeed they are to be encouraged:

There is a boy who catches the bus I take every day and I like him very much. He stares at me and I stare back at him, but the trouble is he never makes any advances to me at all.—Lovesick, Villawood. Dear Lovesick: He is waiting for a wink and that certain smile!

I work in a city hospital and I have fallen in love with a patient. What am I to do? If I don't make love with him soon, I will go out of my mind.—K.G., Paddington. Dear K.G.: Tell him how you feel, not me.

I am in love with this man but he is married. He is the only one I have ever been intimate with, but I don't regret it. Do you think I did wrong?—Joy, Pymble. Dear Joy: Almost certainly.

Twelve months ago there would have been no doubts about that certainty. In the meantime the letters have just been getting wilder and wilder:

I am a boy of 16 and I have quite a problem. I am going steady with three girls now. One of them is 14 and pregnant. Another one says she is madly in love with me, but I am not really in love with her at all. The third one I met at Walter Mart last Friday night. She tells me she has fallen in love with me.—Desperate, Brabham, A.C.T.

I am working in a firm with five girls with whom I have been intimate. Now after six months I feel like an old man.—Inner Turmoil, Smithfield.

Before school resumed this year, I was introduced to one of the new teachers at a party. For a joke I told her I was a Uni student as I didn't know she was a teacher. She found me physically attractive and our relationship that night ended rather intimately. As she is now in trouble and wants me to marry her, what will I do when she finds out I am only at school?—Dutchie, Glen Innes.

Glen Innes is to rural New South Wales what Green Valley is to the metropolitan area—a real hotbed of sexual intrigue: I am a boy of 17 and have a very worrying problem. While at a recent church fellowship dance I seduced my best friend's girlfriend. Now I have his girl in trouble, although he thinks it is his fault. I have great faith in your advice about this ever-increasing problem.—G., Glen Innes.

Glen Innes and Green Valley—like a certain Sydney glass factory where half the male employees have written in asking instructions in how to lay their red-headed telephonists provided a thread of continuity through the picture of life that emerges each evening. There is also continuity in style. All sexual intercourse is "intimacy"; invariably the letter-writers are constant readers who would write the fine prose of the journalists could ever portray.

Here is an insight into seduction bikies-style:

One evening I sneaked out and went to the local haunt of the bikies. At first I was shy and scared because it was the first time I'd been out alone. One of the boys bought me a coke and another offered me a cigarette. Then another took me for a ride on his bike, and afterwards to a park where we were intimate.

Here a glimpse of two girls "growing up":

We met these two boys from Parramatta who came to play football (at Lithgow where we live), and they asked us if we'd like to go for a drive. After being with them for a while, they asked us to be intimate. We told them we would walk home if they kept making a nuisance of themselves, and they said we could... We have changed since then and would like to see them again, as we like them.—S.S., Australia. Dear S.S.: Stay as sweet as you were.

An interesting question on the etiquette of illegitimacy, with another one of Del's typically "bright" replies:

OCTOBER 31, 1963: "I can safely say the end of the war is in sight."—General Paul D. Harkins, U.S. Commander in South Vietnam.
Dear Del: I am 23 and my girlfriend recently had a baby. . . Suddenly my girlfriend said she thought it would be better if we didn’t see each other for a few months.

These past weeks have been hell for me, and to my delight, I received a note from her parents saying she had missed me too. I’ve been invited to call and see her. How should I greet her? Should I just smile or should I kiss her warmly?—Tentative, Castle Hill.

Dear Tentative: I hope you are not going to start that all over again.

This year, folks, instead of the customary nativity play. . .

There is tragedy:

I have a sister of 16 who is going steady with a boy. He seemed likeable. She went to a party with him and, while they were there, she discovered she was pregnant. She was shocked to find they had been going steady for four months.

The temptation is so close at hand.—J.S., Hurstville.

Many of our readers are in the same dilemma as you, J.S. Here are some suggestions:

- Have a conversation with your boyfriend about his sexual history. Find out if he has been faithful.
- Consider having a medical examination to determine the cause of your pregnancy unexplained.
- Seek support from friends and family who can provide emotional and practical assistance.
- Consider seeking professional help from a counselor or therapist to navigate this challenging situation.

Dear Confused: I am not sure about the connotation or what you intended by your message. Can you help me understand it?

Dear Confused: Your message was unclear to me. Could you please provide more details or rephrase your request?

Dear Confused: I hope you are not going to start that all over again. She’s gone a long way, our Del, in one year of marriage.

Land of the Falling Sons

Mrs. Madge Thompson, mother of Digger Jim Thompson, today ended her pilgrimage to the spot where her son died in 1944.

One of the men responsible for his death met the frail Toongabbie housewife and presented her with a souvenir of the war. Together, she and ex-commandant Togo of Jim’s old prison camp inspected the actual spot on Mr. Togo’s samurai sword where Jim died.

Her eyes misted with the effort of finding which particular stain represented her only son’s contribution to peace. But at last her decision was made and she turned to happier topics over a cup of tea in Mr. Togo’s luxurious office.

But memories could not be stilled for the office is in the export division of Mitsubishi Cars site of the labor camp that was Jim’s home for over two years. And happy years they were, too . . . as Mr. Togo was able to tell the gallant widow.

Her tears fell freely as she emptied a glass can of ceremonial Foster’s and murmured a suitable in Memorium poem over the mass grave in which most of Jim lay.

Then, after sprinkling a small handful of dried hydrangea petals over the spot, Mrs. Thompson was escorted to a waiting Toyota (sponsors of the trip for the sake of old customs) and sped off to her waiting JAL flight.
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16 OZ APRIL/MAY

"Militarily we have never been in a better relative position."
—Gen. Westmoreland, April 8, 1968