



38

Registered at the G.P.O., Sydney, for transmission
by post as a periodical.

20c



The Great Society blows another MIND



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

★ ★ ★

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

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,

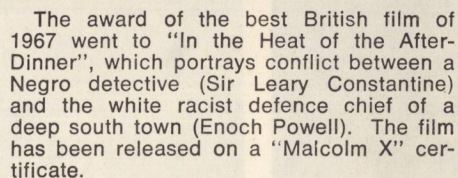
APRIL 3: The Victorian Vice Squad has awarded the film "Bonnie and Clyde" a "Jemmy", the police industry's equivalent of an Oscar. Their film critic, Det.-Sergt. K. Walters, sent to review the film at the special behest of Commissioner Arnold, summed up the total aesthetic appeal of the film rather neatly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

★ ★ ★

Further, we undertake in future not to breach the Chandris Lines' copyright on their name and insignia.

Which reminds us of the old story of the advice which Guy Burgess was given before he took up his diplomatic duties in the United States—that there were only three things he must avoid: fellow-travellers, the race questions and homosexual excursions. “You mean, Chief,” retorted the adroit Burgess, “I mustn’t make a pass at Paul Robeson.”

A simple line drawing of a hippopotamus, facing right. It has a large, rounded body, a small head, and a single visible eye. It is standing on a small, dark, irregular patch of ground.



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 notoriety of Pig Iron Bob to be rivalled by Pork Press Mao?

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.

THE PHILBY AUSSIE

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 and purpose for leaving.

I was chosen for my long experience in these matters. My ASIO career began shortly after dropping out of Economics (part-time) after a dispute with the university. I was approached by a man in a trenchcoat in a trench and agreed to step up in the world by finding a little Security.

After two years of examining wastepaper basket droppings I was promoted to Outdoors. As "cleaner" at the ablutions block of the Australian National University, I was made privy to many interesting indiscretions from the most unlikely sources.

My position allowed me to keep a finger on most of the important matters to be found there and it was as a direct result of the many illuminating reports emanating from my block that

the Brigadier sent for me to spearhead the probe into the effects and causes of the Eccles defection. Defection! The very word had a familiar ring.

I began with Eccles' personal effects. The scope of my search was limited because Eccles had taken them with him, but I was able to draw some fairly telling conclusions from the incriminating evidence that was obviously missing.

It was quite apparent that the spy had been tipped off by a source close to the Cabinet that he had been under my surveillance and the net was closing about him. 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 U R U/16"—the Organisation is indebted to the Brigadier's 13-year-old son. Well done, Simon!)



The "double-A mystery", as it 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 M15'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.

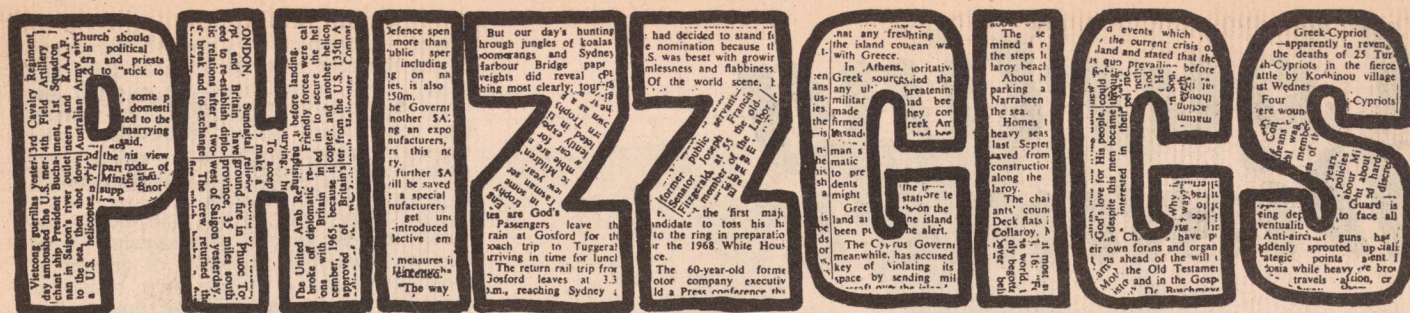
McEwen knew his right and continued: "When a journalist reaches a certain level, he may even get a **double-A** grading." He went on to elaborate on the requirements of this particular level and the effects of certain journalists on the reputation of their craft but that one remark was enough. Clearly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





Party pros & Harridans

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 credits him with overmuch intelligence, but neither suggests 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 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 Asquithian 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—intemperately, perhaps even paranoiacally, 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's old enemy 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 was 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 the 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 a consistent front: at a conference of the Federated Clerks' Union shortly after Whitlam and Barnard were elected Parliamentary leaders, Jim Riordan, the Federal Secretary, got up to 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 one 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 tame arsonist 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 blotchy 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 poses, the cartoons could pass without comment in daily newspapers while the reprinted chapter at "Fanny Hill" was lifted from the beginning of the story, at which stage the heroine is a determined virgin whose every thought is clouded in the circumlocution of maidenly modesty. Indeed, the only "indecent" actually singled out in the Court's judgments inhered to the "Playboy Advisor" (which answered the question "When's the best time to have sex—morning, noon or night?" with a caution to early risers that "you never know whom you might meet later in the day," and "Playboy's Party Jokes."

The latter was a column cracking such hoary funnies as: the doctor moralising over the puny test-tube babe with the proverb "spare the rod and spoil the child," and the sophisticated lady who didn't know whether

or not she smoked after sex, because she had never really looked to see. 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 creature of 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 dishonest 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 and 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 quashed by Justices Jacobs and Holmes in the Court of Appeal. In a memorable joint judgment, perhaps the most enlightened delivered yet in this country on a law designed to police morals, they argued that "Censor" was not indecent, and even if it was, had not



been "published" for the purposes of the Act. Drawing support from the history of the Statute and its internal structure, they demonstrated that "publish" as it appeared, in the relevant section of the Act, must "involve acts which may confront people with the indecent matter against their will." Mere printing, or stocking on a bookstand, is not

enough—there must be a positive "thrusting" of the indecent material upon an unwitting citizen. This argument would prevent the Chief Secretary's Department from obtaining convictions against booksellers who carried "indecent" literature unless they were forcing it to their customer's attentions by a determined hard sell.

The Court went further, and clearly demonstrated the concept of "indecent" 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



ladies would be indecent, but it would not necessarily be obscene. But if he directed the 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 unclothed 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.

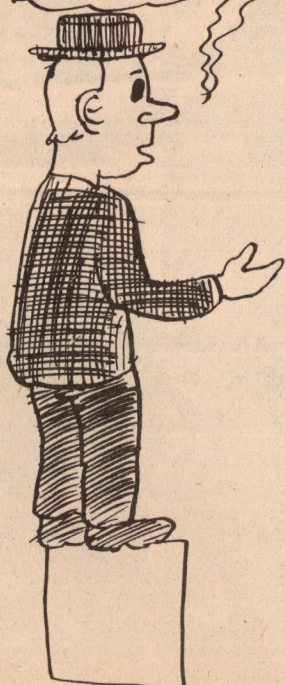
The third member of the Appeal Tribunal, Mr. Justice Wallace, had other ideas. He lamented that "If photographs of nude women in various postures are not indecent then I am at a complete loss." Unfortunately his emission was to be short-lived. It was firmly staunching by the High Court, which unanimously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

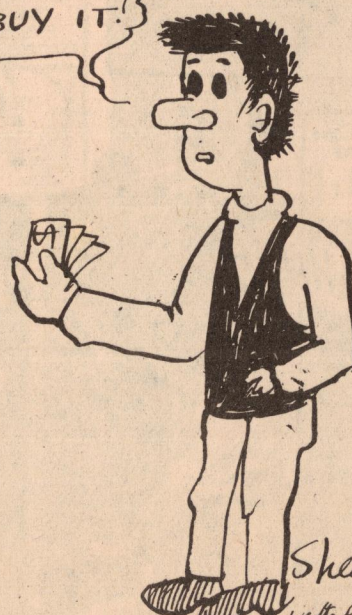
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This is the most famous painting ever done in Australia. It depicts Burke and Wills leaving Melbourne. It was painted by Sydney Nolan in 1935. I am offering it for sale to the Australian public for 35,000 dollars.



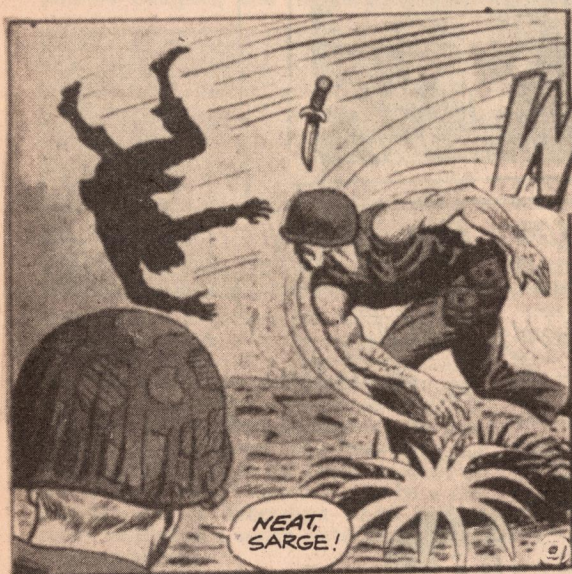
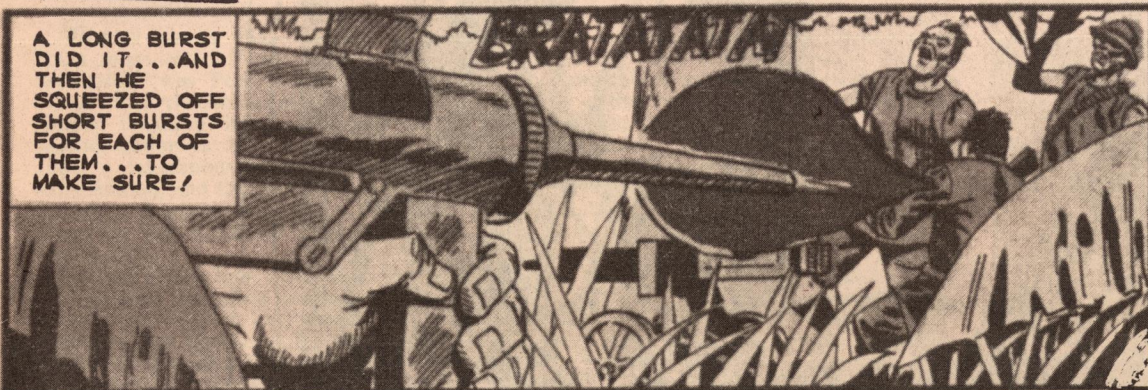
I'LL BUY IT!



Sheel
with photos to Walter Gairns
and R.B. Clark.

TORN FROM TODAY'S HEADLINES!
"AMBUSH IN VIET NAM!"
MARULLI AND MASTROPERA

YOU'LL DIE A PRE
 DEATH, COMRADE/
 UNLESS YOU SHOW
 YOUR G
 TAKEN
 FROM
 VIL



W
BR
 YOU DIE NOW, JOE

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



ITTY NASTY
THAT IS...
ME WHERE
MOONS HAVE
THE MEN
THIS
LAGE!



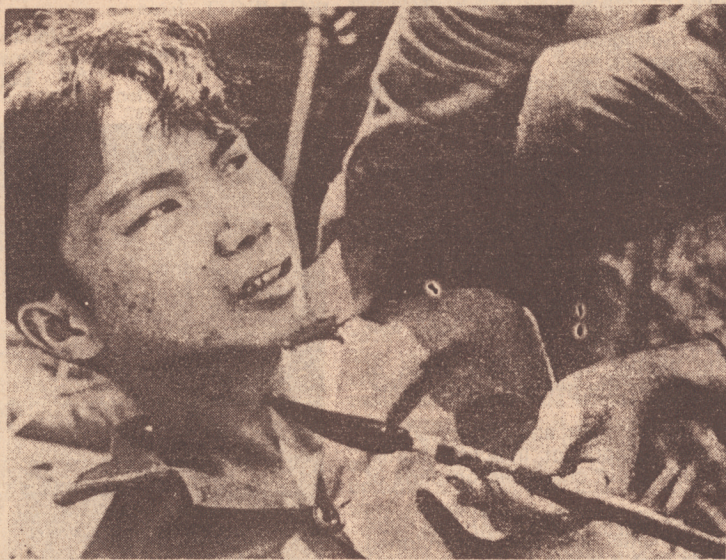
BRATATATA
HAM!
EEEE
ROOM
BLAM
BUDA BUDA
POK



A glass of water
for the lady!

THIS IS THE MSR (MAIN SUPPLY ROUTE TO YOU
F.N.G.'S) AND THERE'S A LOT OF ARVN (ARMY
VIET NAM REPUBLIC) TROOP TRUCKS GOING PAST.

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!



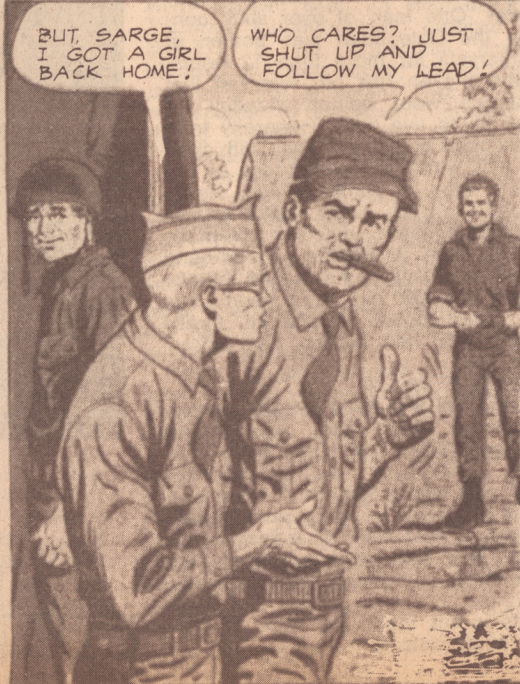
THE MEDIC'S
PROBABLY CUSSIN'
ME OUT...HE
WOULDN'T LET ME
TREAT YOU ROUGH
LIKE THIS BUT
HE'S NOT HERE!

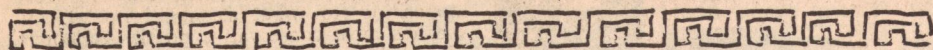


SOMETIMES THESE KIDS ARE HARD TO
UNDERSTAND. IMAGINE ANY MARINE
WANTIN' TO LAY AROUND AND SLEEP...
WHEN HE CAN HIT A TOWN LIKE SAIGON?

BUT, SARGE,
I GOT A GIRL
BACK HOME!

WHO CARES? JUST
SHUT UP AND
FOLLOW MY LEAD!





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



This is
Inspector Lambrou.
He maims people.

blows. We examined the feet of person who suffered this treatment four months before and his sole was covered with thick scar tissue. One prisoner now in Averoff prison had his foot broken under this torture. As he went without medical attention, the bones have not set properly and he is crippled. The next step in this method is to strike the prisoner on the sternum. Prisoners vomiting blood from the lungs have generally undergone this treatment. **Falanga** is almost always accompanied by other inflictions of pain on the prisoner. In general five or six men are engaged in the torture of one prisoner. Common methods accompanying **falanga** are: pouring water down the mouth and nose while the prisoner is screaming from pain; putting "Tide" soap in the eyes, mouth and nose; banging the head on a bench or on the floor; beating on other parts of the body, etc.

2. Numerous incidents of sexually-oriented torture were reported. In the case 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.

7. Jumping on the stomach.

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

it would be repeated at a certain hour in the night, and were kept in constant terror by threats that they would have to undergo again what they had just experienced.

3. Stripping prisoners naked is particularly effective in Greece, where the association of nakedness with shame is very strong in the culture.

4. Mock executions were frequently reported. The prisoner faces a firing squad, is blind-folded and the rifles are fired.

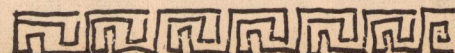
The Security Police (Asphalia) are unrestricted today in Greece. Since, in Mr. Pattakos's words "the laws sleep", the police may arrest anyone, in any place, at any time, with no obligation to charge him or inform anyone of his arrest. Believing that their own position is threatened by opposition to the Government, they have reacted brutally to those engaged in opposition. Those who have particularly suffered at the hands of the security forces are the young people, those who are not known abroad, and those believed to be of the left.

January 27, 1968.

Amnesty International, Turnagain Lane,
London, E.C.4.



ANOTHER
GREEK
ATROCITY



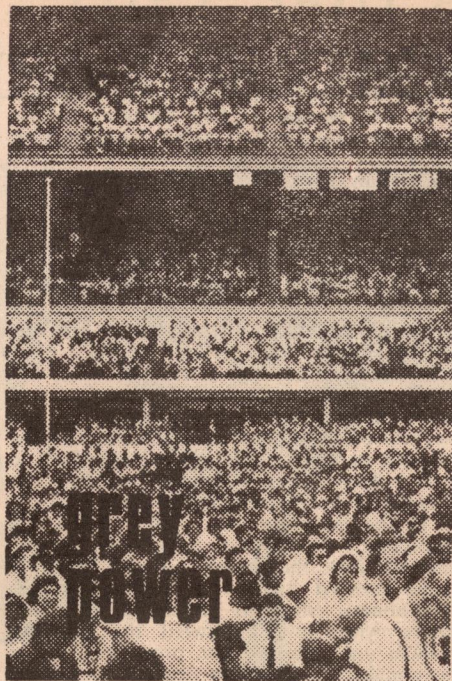
see that no less a personage than the Duke of Edinburgh is the latest to trot out that hoary old cliché about the young people of today being "destructive" rather than constructive in their criticism of the world around them. "What worries me," says the Duke (he's worried? I'm desperate, man), "is that those who opt out won't even try to change things and that those who rebel often want to destroy without putting something better back."

Even for the Duke that's pretty wan and wanton stuff. What the hell are all those Negro protest marchers in the United States wearing FREEDOM NOW badges for? If MAKE LOVE NOT WAR is not a profoundly constructive statement, what is? One can just about evoke a complete philosophy from the badges which for young dissenters today have taken the place of Zeno's paradoxes and Heraclitus's epigrams, from Leary's seminal TUNE IN TURN ON DROP OUT to specifically political slogans like END VIETNAM MURDER and BAN APARTHEID to more idiosyncratically personal statements like LOVE ME and SIXTY NINE IS LONELY. The choice of heroes for beatification on poster and plastic is significant too: Allen Ginsberg, Che Guevara, Aubrey Beardsley, Bob Dylan ("you know something is happening . . .").

Yet it is surprising just how often the Duke's words are echoed by other adults, that legion of "grey" people (as the English Underground call them) who belong to the generations which gave the world Passchendaele, Auschwitz, Hiroshima, the Bomb and Vietnam and now wonder why their children are so disenchanted with the society which has made all these possible. A lot of nonsense is talked about the "generation gap" which, after all, has been with us for a long time in one form or another; but the gap does seem more pronounced now than at any time for the last two decades (why else should it be talked about so often?), and the world-wide upheavals which have brought young people into the streets of cities from West Berlin to Warsaw to New York in the last few weeks are clearly linked.

At the back of the disparagement of these protest movements there seems to be a tacit assumption that this is only a phase which all young people go through and which they will desert as they mature (for "mature" read "sell out"). After all, they've never had it so good, have they?—even though it's the 20-year-olds who fight the old men's wars for them, and when a busload of conscripts bound for Vietnam hurries through the streets of Sydney you have to look twice to make sure they aren't school cadets playing at being soldiers.

But still, not many dare defend the ancien regime as smugly or openly as that. Perhaps all those bloody corpses and mutilated South Vietnamese civilians telecast into Sandy Stone's and Edna Everage's burgundy-carpeted bung, 60 cities in flames across the United States and a machine-gun nest on the steps of the Capitol, have raised the faintest ripple of doubt; so these days the defence of the status quo usually takes the form of admitting that society is indeed less than perfect but lambasting its critics as being merely destructive (hence the Duke's "I would sympathise with the young rebels . . . if I felt they had some-



By

Craig McGregor

thing better to put in the place of what they are trying to pull down").

It is a phony ploy, because the whole constructive/destructive dichotomy is phony. All criticism is constructive; there is no such thing as purely destructive criticism. The very act of criticism is one of the most creative activities man can indulge in; to examine, analyse and decide *what is wrong* with something, be it a society or a theory of the solar system, is often the most difficult and yet the most crucial of all tasks, because it is the sine qua non for any forward movement at all.

Not only that, but it is the nature of the criticism which is made that often determines the nature of the alternative theory which follows. In our criticisms are implied our solutions. It is nonsense to say that the nuclear disarmament proclaiming BAN THE BOMB or the humanist proclaiming END APARTHEID (or even the macabre Victorian humourist who scribbled HANG BOLTE on his anti-capital punishment placard) are being merely destructive; their stances imply a whole range of attitudes and specifically constructive policies which should satisfy even the most pedantic. The politicians in Canberra object to protest movements precisely because they oppose what those movements so clearly advocate. Thus, the Australian Capital Territory (whose residents do not even have full voting rights!) still has the death penalty and the Federal Government, it would seem, is even now preparing to haggle over the draft treaty to stop the proliferation of nuclear weapons.

Indeed, if one examines the issues which have brought young people and students throughout the world into open and violent clash with the authorities in the last few months it is quite clear what the "something better" is in each case that the protesters want to substitute for the old corrupt order. America is in flames because of the refusal of the white population, after a Civil War and three centuries of overt and covert slavery, to grant equality to 20 million Negroes. In West Germany

the students are providing the first real opposition to what is still one of the world's most conservative politico-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 dusty 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 old corruptions of old ideals, where the lack of political consciousness among students has reinforced the stultifying conformism of most life outside the 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 drop-outs of the world (UNITE!) have been forced to abandon 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 it should be able to depend upon to renew and revitalise it should have turned their backs away in despair.

Of course the hippies, flower people, UFOs, yippees, 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 and intellectualise the badge-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 abbreviated fundamentalism, propagandises the Christian doctrine of love better than all that tortuous Catholic theology about "just wars" and the evil farce of the Archbishop of Sydney endorsing napalm for his neighbours in Vietnam.

Most important of all, by creating their own way of life they thrust the possibility of an alternative before the hate- and artifact-blinded eyes of the grey people. If they are successful in their attempt to

continued

grey power (CONT)

create a free, joyous, loving society of their own they will have achieved; by sheer example, the most devastating and constructive criticism of adult society we have experienced in our lifetime. For a world built upon materialism, exploitation and race hatred it could provide the sort of shock therapy which is so desperately needed. If they fail, the disinherited and dissenting among us are likely to turn more and more to such deeply pessimistic philosophies as Black Power—pessimistic because they have abandoned all hope of change except through violence, and have spurned the possibility of ever achieving a society where black and white can be equal.

What worries me, as it worries others, is that the hippies' idealism may never be allowed to work its magic. They have funkyed the problem of power; one can hardly blame them, given the frightening conclusions to which the 20th century power game has led (29 million dead and wounded in the First World War, six million Jews gassed and incinerated in the second, God knows how many millions purged and incarcerated in slave labour camps in Russia, a quarter-long century Holy War in Vietnam). But as Ian Turner says in the latest issue of *Meanjin*:

"The grey people will not be converted to love. The danger is that they will inherit a world in which the loving ones have abandoned—the world of power; that the flower-world will be confined and perhaps destroyed."

Sooner or later, and no matter how much they dislike the idea, 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 the youth of today has suffered occurred not in Memphis a fortnight ago, nor in West Berlin last week, nor in Dallas in 1963, but in Stalinist Russia thirty years ago, because it turned a whole generation of young intellectuals away from the Left towards non-political alternatives (hence beats, bo's, Zen and the other progenitors of the hippie movement). The task facing young people today—and it is not an easy one—is to retain their radicalism, their willingness to change society, without being scared into defeatism by the sordid and cruel failures of idealism in the past.

There are always those who haven't the courage to make the attempt, and who hope against hope that the conservative spectrum will throw up a maverick who will initiate changes; how else explain the extraordinary optimism which, for instance, accompanied Gorton's accession to power, or the recurring frenzy with which Americans, bereft of any Labor Party, elect Presidents who hold out even the faintest promise of reform? (Only in a society as desperately sick as America has since proved itself to be could a middle-of-the-road opportunist like J.F.K. be welcomed with such adulation.) But mere individuals are prisoners of their environment, as both Kennedy's and Gorton's disillusioned supporters soon discovered. Changes are wrought by movements, not individuals, and in modern Western society the only consistent tradition of change has been the radical one.

That is why it is interesting to see that the students in West Germany and elsewhere are overtly political. The fact that their folk heroes are Che Guevara (whose vague pronouncements about Socialist Man were, like the egalitarian optimism of the Australian poets of the 'nineties, more a tribute to his idealism than his intelligence) and Ho Chi Minh (whose remedies for peasant evils are hardly applicable to Galbraith's corporation-dominated State) is a sad commentary on the vitality of Left theoreticism; but at least the students are involved in policies. In England and the United States, two of the world's most advanced technocracies, the New Left has begun rethinking the socialist doctrines and power misjudgments of the past. On the success of the radical tradition, and on the success in general of political solutions to social dilemmas, our future—including our chance of having one at all—depends.

In the meantime one should praise, not denigrate, those who have seen deeply enough into the society around them to have rejected it; they are acting out the preliminary ritual to all change. So are those who have embraced the principle which, some Easters ago, propelled another love-maker to a violent death. As Underground writer David Widgery says, "Where else can we run from the Wipe-out Gang but into each other's arms?" There is no better place (despite the Duke and Hamlet) to be.

courting disaster (CONT)

person parts with indecent or obscene matter in such circumstances as to show an intention thereby to cause it to be available to be looked at . . . by a person or persons other than himself." Thus a doctor or barber who leaves a copy of "Censor" amongst a pile of magazines in his waiting room becomes liable to a gaol sentence for "publishing indecent matter!"

Sir Garfield Barwick, who had hitherto been credited with having a broader mind than most, found evidence of indecency because "several matters were referred to in a way which might pass muster in a taproom or smoke concert but which, displayed in print to the reader of the magazine, could, in my opinion, be held to offend the modesty of the ordinary man". (If this is meant to imply that the "ordinary man" never drinks or smokes in company, the test becomes so divorced from reality as to be absurd). Old soldier Sir Victor Windeyer was prepared to credit modern mercenaries with a degree of extra-ordinariness when confronted with "Playboy" nudes which "might be found pinned up to decorate the wall of a barrack room," but which suddenly became "indecent" when they waved their mammaries at an "ordinary man" from the pages of a "salacious" magazine.

In essence, the High Court views "indecency" as an objective characteristic of certain publications. An Act of Parliament provides sanctions for this characteristic, which attach to purveyors of the material. To legally identify the noxious characteristic, we simply apply the test that the statute decrees—namely, the reaction of a single magistrate. Unless this reaction is palpably abnormal in all the circumstances, it at-

FUN AND EXCITEMENT TIME

The radio between the senses regained
I tell 'ee vision's phoney reign
By the prophet motif ended
And by pop-wave submerged and drained
An electro-magnetic sea change.
Pure Titan, white prints of wales
I'll be no party to a mass medea.
Hedon like a thief in the night
Crept in and with his gay receivers
Abused the thousand eyes of the argonauts
Took the wax from their ears in record time
United and from the dixonary unchained
They embraced the sirens capital charms
Their broadcast seeds springing fully armed
Keynley consuming their offspring
Thus ensuring the resurrection mystery cycle.

IAN CHANNELL

taches 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 saying "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 editions of "Playboy"—with contributions by P. G. Wodehouse, Robert Graves, John Kenneth Galbraith, Norman Mailer and Supreme Court Judge William Douglas—decorated the news-stands. Since the High Court Judgment, 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 jury trials of obscenity cases and the High Court declaring open season on "unseemly" publications, the law at present offers little protection to freedom. The only way to change it is by Appeal to 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. Would their Lordships, in a last legal fling, cut through the High Court's sterile technicalities? 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 ultimately tested—and quickly—before Her Majesty's Privy Counsellors.

MAY 8, 1963: "The corner has definitely been turned toward victory in South Vietnam."—Arthur Sylvester, US Assistant Secty, of Defence.

"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, 76.

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?"

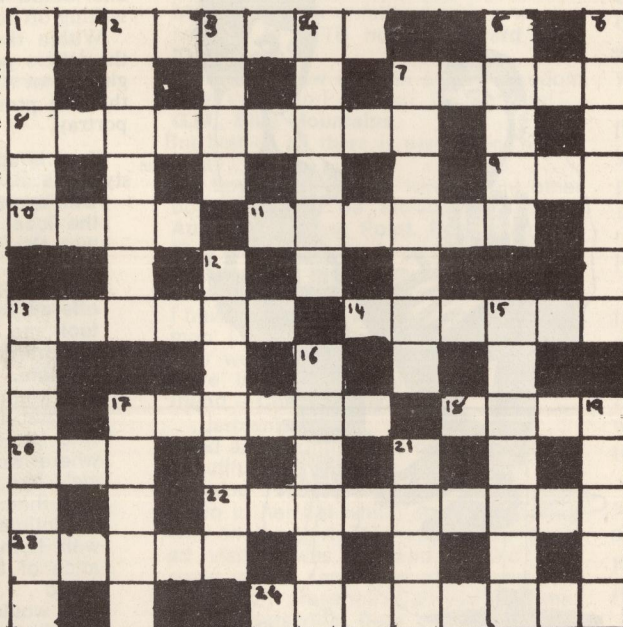
OZWORD 3

ACROSS

1. Graduates late for bar-sinister. (8)
7. The double tax-man cometh; possibly a blot to the East. (5)
- 8, 13 DOWN. Mating call of the hawk? (3, 3, 3, 4, 3)
9. Us asleep.
- 10, 11. Vayishanata says they're a pair! (4, 6)
13. Louse between points to go rounds. (6)
14. Moves slowly forward to be found within chest. (6)
17. Say a thousand before a rant perhaps as zen prologue to monologue. (6)
8. Painter turning to the Civil Service is cut off by chords. (4)
20. Coloriferous city. (3)
22. Automatic raise for 8 across, 13 down? (9)
23. Stink to the sappers is a drag. (5)
24. Could they possibly evict Ngo from 20 across? (8)

DOWN

1. Bird-like glance for a hippy. (5)
2. Yes, Bernstein as an Anglican would be golden. (7)
3. Currently a man — but it hurts (4)
4. Proper treatment of a beer. (4, 2)
5. Molly, undeflowered. (5)
6. He went in spite of all our efforts. (7)
7. Let them be what they are — a lost sundry! (7)
12. Dives at the races. (7)
13. See 8 ACROSS.



15. The fault, dear hornblower. (7)
16. Diarist of Adam's black sheep? (6)
17. Encounter the Queen around and about a yard away. (5)
19. Indifferent dismissal. (5)
21. Still healthy enough around fifty to migrate. (4)

Readers are cordially invited to submit OZWORDS for publication (paid at normal contribution rates).

Ding Dong Del



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 you. 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.



How would you like to make a really meaningful protest against middle class morality?

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 Monaro Mall 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 telephonist—provide 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 put great store by Del's advice and do not want any personal communications because their oldies read all their correspondence and would belt them if they caught them writing off to Del.

Within the bounds of these conventions the letters pour in and with them a better glimpse of Australian Morality 1968 than all 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 told me she had enjoyed sex with him on various occasions. But last week-end she went to a party with him and, while returning with her boyfriend and three mates, she was forced to submit to all four of the boys at a lonely park.—**Worried Big Sister, Caringbah.**

There is the pathos of teenagers aware of their own inadequacies:

I read your column every day. My problem is my body. I have no muscles. I have a hearing aid and glasses and I don't have any girlfriends. They do not like me because of my body. I don't have many friends. I will be 14 this month.—**Fred, Cooma.**

How do I meet a nice boy of my own age? I'm a Catholic and not very nice looking.—**Pat, Greenacre.**

The drama of lust ready to bust:

I wonder how I can get this boy to have sex with me. I know it is bad and I really do want to stay a virgin until I am married. But I just can't help thinking about him and what it would be like. The temptation is so close at hand.—**Desirous, Bexley.**

FEBRUARY 19, 1964: "The U.S. still hopes to withdraw most of its troops from South Vietnam before the end of 1965."—Robert McNamara.

The comedy of despair in an affluent society:

My love is not a film-star—he sells hot dogs. I have noticed other, more glamorous girls seem to be attracted to him also. What can I do to make him realise how he affects me? Money is no object.—**V.M., Kings Cross.**

There is sweet naivety:

My boyfriend is very considerate and knows what is right and wrong, even though we sleep together a lot. I'm 14½.—**Toni, Waterloo.**

I am 16 and have been going steady for nine months with this boy who treats me like a lady. . . The only thing wrong with him is he thinks the only way to show me how much he loves me is to give me sex.—**Confused, Eastwood.**

Dear Confused: I am not sure about the connotation or what you regard as being treated like a lady.

There is ignorance:

On a recent date with a girl of 17 I came across an uncommon occurrence. When kissing she holds her mouth in a wide open position. — **Bewildered, Country.**

Then there are all the usual cliché-situations. It's a comfort to know that fiction does happen in fact:

I'm a girl of 16. For about four months I've been going out with two boys, on and off. I have now found out that I'm pregnant to one of them, but to which I do not know. I have told both of them I'm pregnant, but they both threaten to leave me.—**Worried, Sydney.**

I am engaged to a business man who often has to go overseas. While he was away on his firm's business last year, I went out with his office manager. Now I'm expecting his baby.—**Frantic, Watson's Bay.**

Recently when my husband had to go away on business, my step-son took me out for dinner and we had a marvellous time. We went out frequently and I soon discovered I was in love with my step-son and he with me.—**B.S. Pymble.**

My husband is unfaithful with a woman he met in a TB hospital.—**Hard Hit, Kingsgrove.**

I want to know if I can get my freedom from this man I married. He is carnal.—**G.M., Blue Mountains.**

But best of all there is perversion: homosexuality . . .

My boyfriend is good looking but other boys seem to be attracted to him—**Annoyed, Darling Point.** **Dear Annoyed: This often happens to young good-looking men. But if he does not respond you have nothing to worry about.**

I have a problem which is not very common. I have a mate called Steve. Whenever we go out together, I seem to be more interested in him than my girlfriend.—**Cheesy, City.**

. . . lesbianism . . .

I had an uncontrollable desire to meet a beautiful girl who was on the train very morning . . . On Christmas Eve, I went down to her flat which she was sharing with another girl. This was an unexpected visit. I was shocked to find they sleep in the same bed and seemed to resent my presence. Can you help me.—**J.S., Hurstville.** **Dear J.S.: No.**

. . . and fathers of dubious intent:

My father has a problem with which my mother and I cannot cope at all. He gets mad and makes us take off all our clothes. He spansks us with his hand, a heavy strap or cane. A week ago I had

two of my girlfriends over for the week-end . . . he sent us to the main bedroom to take off our clothes. He came in after five minutes and spanked my mother over his knee for about five minutes and then he got me. I hadn't taken off my clothes so he ripped them off and spanked me on my bare bottom for ten minutes. He then started on my two girlfriends and spanked them on their bare bottoms, too. I am a girl of 15.—**Spanked, Parramatta.**

Every time I go out with my boyfriend—once every two weeks—my father, who is a doctor, gives me a medical check to see if I have had sex with my boyfriend. My boyfriend has asked me for sex and when I told him about my father he didn't believe me and said I was just trying to get out of it.—**18, Sydney.** **Dear 18: Is your father or your boyfriend your problem? Write 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 the decision was made and they 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 labour 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 Memoriam poem over the mass grave in which most of Jim lay.

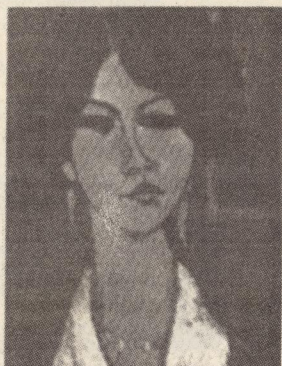
Then, after sprinkling a small handful of dried hydrangea petals over the spot, Mrs. Thompson was escorted to a waiting Toyota (sponsors of the trip for the sake of old customs) and sped off to her waiting JAL flight.

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