

THE
LAST
ISSUE

CENT

OZ is dead

LONG LIVE THE QUEEN

This is the last issue of OZ, a magazine which was first published six years ago next April.

The cause of our demise, *inter alia*, is lack of readers. Some would blame this on the quality of the magazine, although we prefer to think that the *character* of the magazine has changed, rather than its quality.

When the magazine began it nailed its colours to the mast of SATIRE, although it was in fact never more than 50% satire, even at its best. After us came the satirical deluge, including "Mavis Bramston", which originally boasted an "OZ NEWSROOM". Then there was the Court Case and boom days were with us — but an artificial boom depending on a false reputation for "obscurity" rather than satire.

It was inevitable that the boom would burst and we would tire of belting the same old targets: God, Queen and RSL. Martin Sharp and Richard Neville left for England, where they commenced the still successful London OZ — a departure from satire to hippiedom. We know of no other Australian magazine that has begun a London edition with so much success — we wait patiently, if a little forlornly, for our "Export Action Award".

In Australia we began an association with the young producer Jim Sharman and presented (in Sydney) the ON STAGE OZ, which had a jolly time being pushed from theatre to theatre, and "Sport of My Mad Mother" Culturally brilliant; financially disastrous. Our association with Jim Sharman sprang up again last year with the production of "Terror Australis" at the Old Tote, for which Patrick White attempted to defend us from indifferent reviews.

With the departure of Neville and Sharp, a more serious tone was injected into the magazine. Some people preferred this; others didn't. We became the first publication to reveal the cause of Archbishop Gough's untimely demise, just as we were the first to label that

great Ugly American, Mr Ed the Talking Horse. We walked into a \$300,000 libel suit from a gentleman whom the Sydney Press (with the notable exception of the Telegraph) have finally decided to expose.

But this was the beginning of the end. At this stage we did not have the money necessary to promote the new kind of magazine we were producing, which needed a new kind of reader. Advertising continued to elude us; Gordon & Gotch continued to refuse to distribute us; we continued to be crippled by minor interferences and major incompetence.

Australia has changed a good deal in the six years we have been in publication. We have passed from the arrogance of Menzies to the larrikinism of Gorton; from paternalism, through incompetence, to improvisation. The country has passed from a pathetic state of inferiority to a brutal kind of jingoism. We like the new mood and the new leadership no better than the old.

The Press has become no more responsible for giving the public a true grasp of reality. Even Murdoch has become more interested in buying up the worst big newspaper in the world than an honest editorial policy.

It has been decided that if OZ is a minority taste it will be run as a minority publication. For those interested, an OZ Newsletter will

continue to be published each month, commencing February, presenting our version of what is really happening, as opposed to what the papers tell.

Without any of the delays of printing and distribution we can present with more immediacy and frankness our point of view. It will be available only on subscription (\$2.40 a year) and will appear *regularly*. It will contain our political correspondent's column, plus various items, previously described as "Phizzgigs" or included in "Day By Dreary Day."

All subscriptions to Box H143, OZTRALIA SQUARE, SYDNEY.

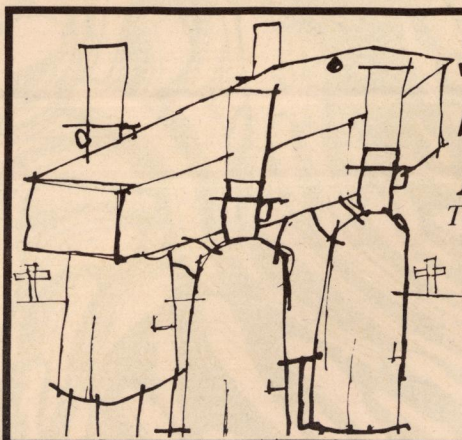
We are glad to have Martin Sharp back for a breather in what he laughingly calls "Down Under". We are grateful to those readers who have stuck by us through all kinds of natural and unnatural disaster.

Good Evening,
Richard Walsh.

Dramatis personæ

Co-editors: Richard Walsh, Dean Letcher
Immediate Past Co-editor: Richard Neville
Artists: Tony McGillick, Martin Sharp, Jim Weirick
Layout: Tony Kelly

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STRALIAN Telegraph Mirror

Gerald SUN

Our youth nights in Sydney and Melbourne were unbelievable — even if they did whistle all through 'Les Sylphides'.

It was hard to believe countries other than Japan would be interested in importing Australian wood chips.

"An example of this is that Australian dancers are considered among the best in the world, if not the best. Why? Because they are working all the time."

Apart from the stars, the cast will be Australian.

The Aussie Side did rather well yesterday at Somers Beach.

Jodhpurs, leather jerkin and boots, slouch hat . . . that's what our new Miss World had to wear as "national costume" at the Variety Club dinner for the contestants at London's Savoy Hotel

IF AUSTRALIA is soon to have a new national anthem, why not set a precedent for once and have two national anthems: one for known occasions (to be known officially as the national song) and one for formal events, suited also to rally and inspire the nation in times of mortal peril? — JOHN POMHEAD,

Australian Max Fuller was near the bottom of the field in the Hastings Chess Congress on Tuesday after recording a draw and a defeat in the day's matches.

THE Huns fight with grim determination, the Tommies fight by numbers, but the Aussies tear about like kids at a picnic, swearing and laughing the whole time.

AUSTRALIANS are not noted for their inventiveness but when they do initiate something it is usually unique.

Australian doctors have long ago shown that they are in the front line of all world developments in medicine. A constant stream goes overseas to study new techniques in special fields.



World's Softest Margarine
All Australian!
But could I get out again?
Burchett asks

If Australians in some film theatres in parts of Britain, they would be surprised to find themselves standing when "God Save The Queen" was played. We have done reasonably well in the past, but let us not be satisfied.

Mr Gorton.



Rolypoly Pope John was one of the best loved men of our time and we consider it high time that he was made a saint. Like all the other 79 popes.

But he is two verified miracles away from sanctification and a strong devil's advocate has been drawn against him. So, now is the time to start recalling any miracles through the intercession of our late spiritual father which you witnessed.

Remember, a miracle is a marvellous event defying the laws of nature and involving some supernatural agency. Whitening qualities of detergents, spreadability of margarines and pecuniary gains on greyhounds cannot be considered. Please bear in mind that many Australian clarets taste watery, Birdseye fishfingers and Cobbitty

Bunnettes go a long way, penicillin is frequently successful in cases of leprosy and fireballs are quite common on the roads around Tarsus.

Tell us what Pope John did for your family. But don't be discouraged. If you or any Catholic friend had an acceptable vision then Rome needs you. Fill out the coupon below and rush to your nearest confessional box. Our papal representative will call.

YES, POPE JOHN WORKED FOR ME

My two favourite miracles are:

1.
2.

My name is

I can be interrogated at

(closest monastery)

I last confessed on Sunday the 196



THIRD WORLD BOOKSHOP

MASSIVE POSTER SALE!

Poster prices crash at Third World, Sydney's New Left Bookshop, 35-37 Goulburn St, Sydney.

Black and white life size Personality Posters, now only \$1. Over 200 stocked, including Jimi Hendrix, Bob Dylan, Raquel Welch, Mao Tse Tung, Malcolm X, Beethoven, Feet and many others.

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CHE GUEVARA LIVES!

Through the pages of his unforgettable **BOLIVIAN DIARY**.

Available Now (Ramparts edition) only \$1.00 (15c posted)

Also in stock now - *Vinceremos*. Collected works of Che Guevara - \$6.65; *Marxism in Latin America*. \$3.20; *Today's Latin America*. R. G. Alexander, \$1.20; *Red Flag* with Che's head superimposed, \$1.00; *Che Guevara Badges*, black on red or white backgrounds \$1.00

Recent Books of Interest

Herbert Marcuse *One Dimensional Man* (paper) \$1.15; *Reason and Revolution* (paper) \$2.35; *Soviet Marxism* \$5.40; Norman Mailer *Armies of the Night* \$6.10; *Miami and the Siege of Chicago* (just released) \$4.60. *The Perfumed Garden* (just off banned list) \$1.25

Wilhelm Reich *The Function of the Orgasm* \$1.45; Stokely Carmichael *Black Power* \$2.45; Paul Goodman *Compulsory Miseducation or the Community of Scholars* \$2.45; Patrick Seale *French Revolution 1968* \$1.00; Frantz Fanon *Black Skin White Masks* \$2.45.

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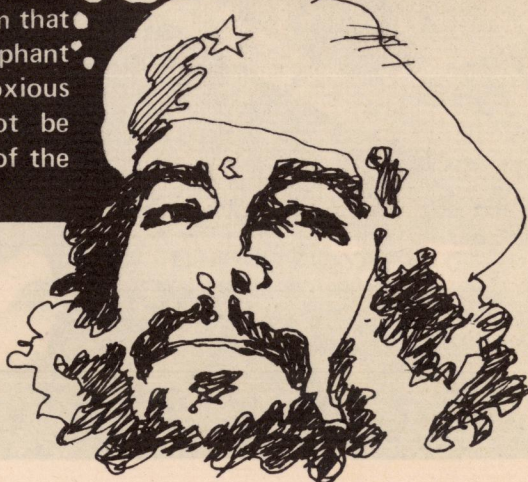
35-37 Goulburn St, Sydney, just off George Street.
Phone 211-3457

THIRD WORLD BOOKSHOP

Published in English for the first time last year, the diaries of Che Guevara must be accounted among the most important documents of this century. The diary, covering November 1966 to October 1967, ended hours before his death at the hands of a drunken Bolivian sergeant.

However the Yankee editors who published the diaries claim that several pages have been "lost". OZ refutes this with a triumphant publication of these pages, formerly suppressed by the obnoxious revisionists. These pages are copyright and they shall not be reproduced in any form whatsoever without the permission of the publishers.

Dear Diary...



ENERO

(4)

A tiresome day. We approached several villagers waving our rifles in welcome. They ran off quickly. I am afraid that that idea of Marcos was not so good. If we are to make friends here with the people we should not eat them.

(5)

We are forced to eat a low ranking officer. The morale of the men is low indeed. Marcos has upset me by referring to the sudden onrush of grey hair in my head. This is true; however it is more than compensated by my beard which is coming along nicely. I spared one villager his life when he took my photo. However I fear his camera was without film.

(9)

Another uneventful day. The mozzies were very bad. I shoot 4 mozzies.

MARZO

(14)

Pancho's birthday. After a day of marching around a rubber plant (we are surrounded at the moment and cannot move far) we fell down weary at dusk. We quietly feasted on black beans. But Pancho belched and was shot dead by a stray bullet. I will miss him.



The First International

OZ, Feb, 69

ABRIL

(4)

I had to speak to Moro. His crude jokes infuriate the men. When I asked him why he insisted on farting at inappropriate times he replied that he thought it was April Fool's day. — It shows how slowly the days pass here.

(5)

Pepe became hysterical at morning tea. I had to explain that our mission sometimes meant giving up things like sugar. He sulked for the rest of the afternoon. I was forced to speak to Moro again.

JUNIO

(9)

In an attempt to learn about the terrain of the district I took a peasant aside and questioned him. He was co-operative but frightened. Perhaps I should have combed my beard first.

(10)

A day of frolic and pork. Soon I will be 39. Already I feel the push coming from the younger fighters. I Indian wrestled a few. I think Paulo's arm will mend quickly.

JULIO

(4)

Last night I was visited by (text mutilated) who told me that it was in my best interest to make sure that (text mutilated) I will act on this information immediately. One of the daughters may well have goiter.

(5)

She does indeed have goiter. This places an entirely different light on things. I counted four corpses and paid her handsomely. After I left I believe the corpses got up and went home. I feel I was cheated.

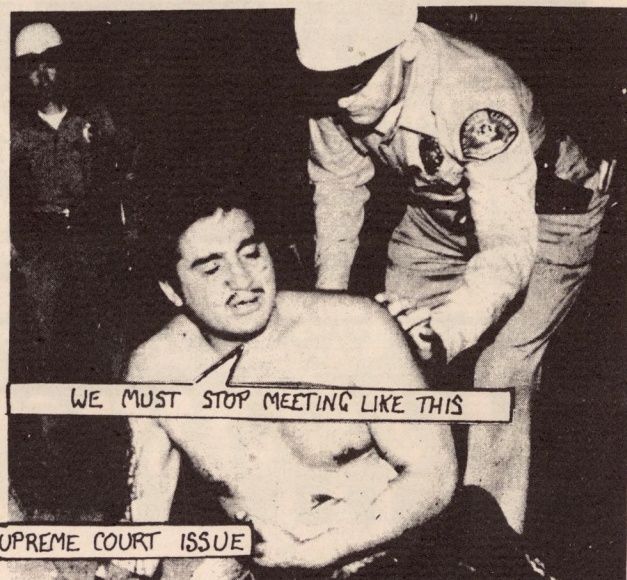
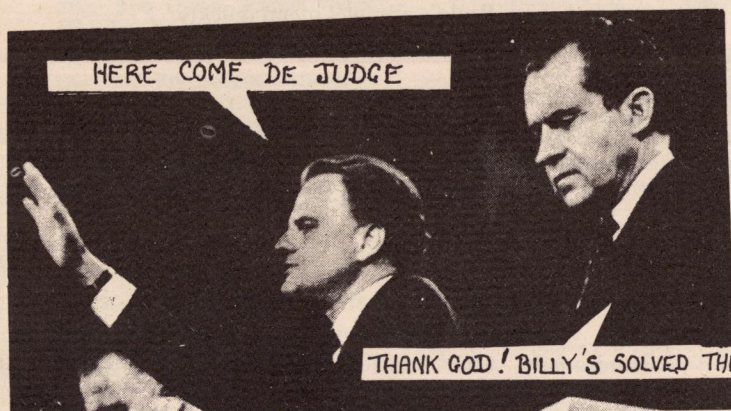


AND NOW! IT'S



JOHNSON
AND
NIXON

LAUGH



THE IN



YES! AND FOR LAUGH-IN'S "MOD-MOD WORLD", BEHOLD I GIVE YOU PEACE IN OUR TIME.



NOW FOLKS! IT'S "SOCK IT TO ME" TIME



HE STOPPED ALL THIS?



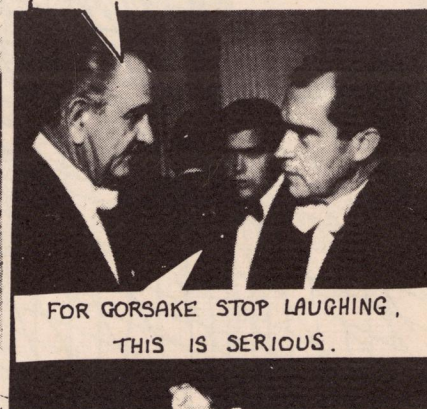
SOCK IT TO ME?

WELL, THIS IS BEAUTIFUL DOWNTOWN BURBANK

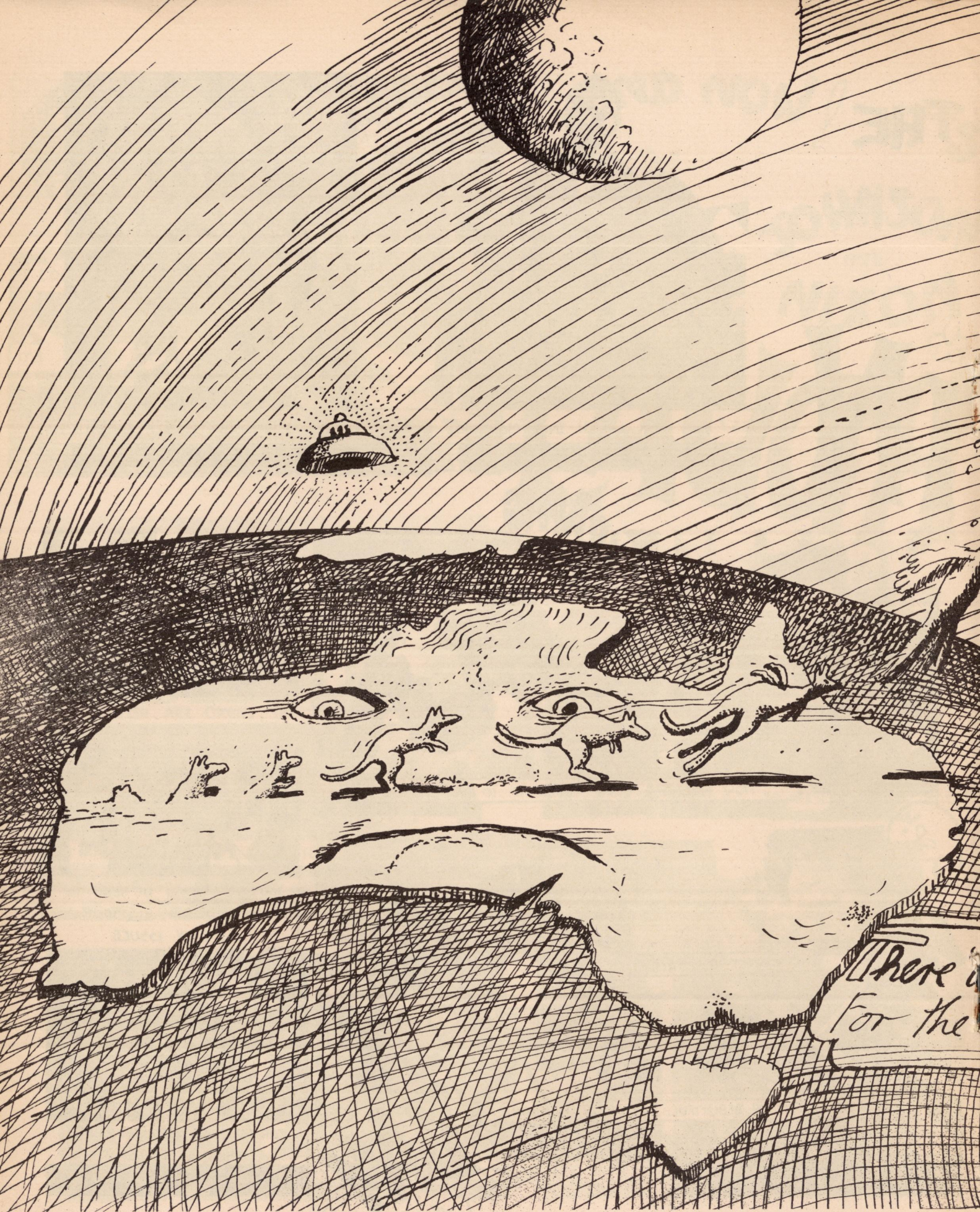
BAW



YOU KNOW DICK? WE SEEM TO HAVE SOLVED ALL YOUR ELECTION ISSUES



FOR GORSAKE STOP LAUGHING, THIS IS SERIOUS.





Martin Sharp: Expatriatism

Hansard 1968

Mr GORTON—It is ironical that, being a man of peace (Harold Holt) should have presided over one of the greatest build-ups of military power that Australia has found itself engaged in.

(12/3/68)

Mr ANDREW JONES—I did not begrudge him (Pte. Kerry Seerbohm) his right to hand out how-to-vote cards, but I did object to his wearing the Queen's uniform in so doing and in attempting to solicit votes on behalf of one party. I then did not order him but advised him to take off his uniform. I gave him 30 minutes to do so.

(13/3/68)

Mr LYNCH—The interrogator did no more than shout at the woman, bang the table and proceed to pour some water down the woman's throat.

(14/3/68)

Mr STEWART—The Minister for Defence (Fairhall) . . . is the man who described the F-111 as: 'A super bird, the greatest thing with wings since angels. It is the Cadillac of the Air'.

(5/6/68)

Mr IRWIN—I was taken up the hill by the honourable member for MacKellar (Wentworth). He said: "This is the place Les for the new Parliament. Old Bob wants it down on the lake, but you stick to the hill."

(15/8/68)

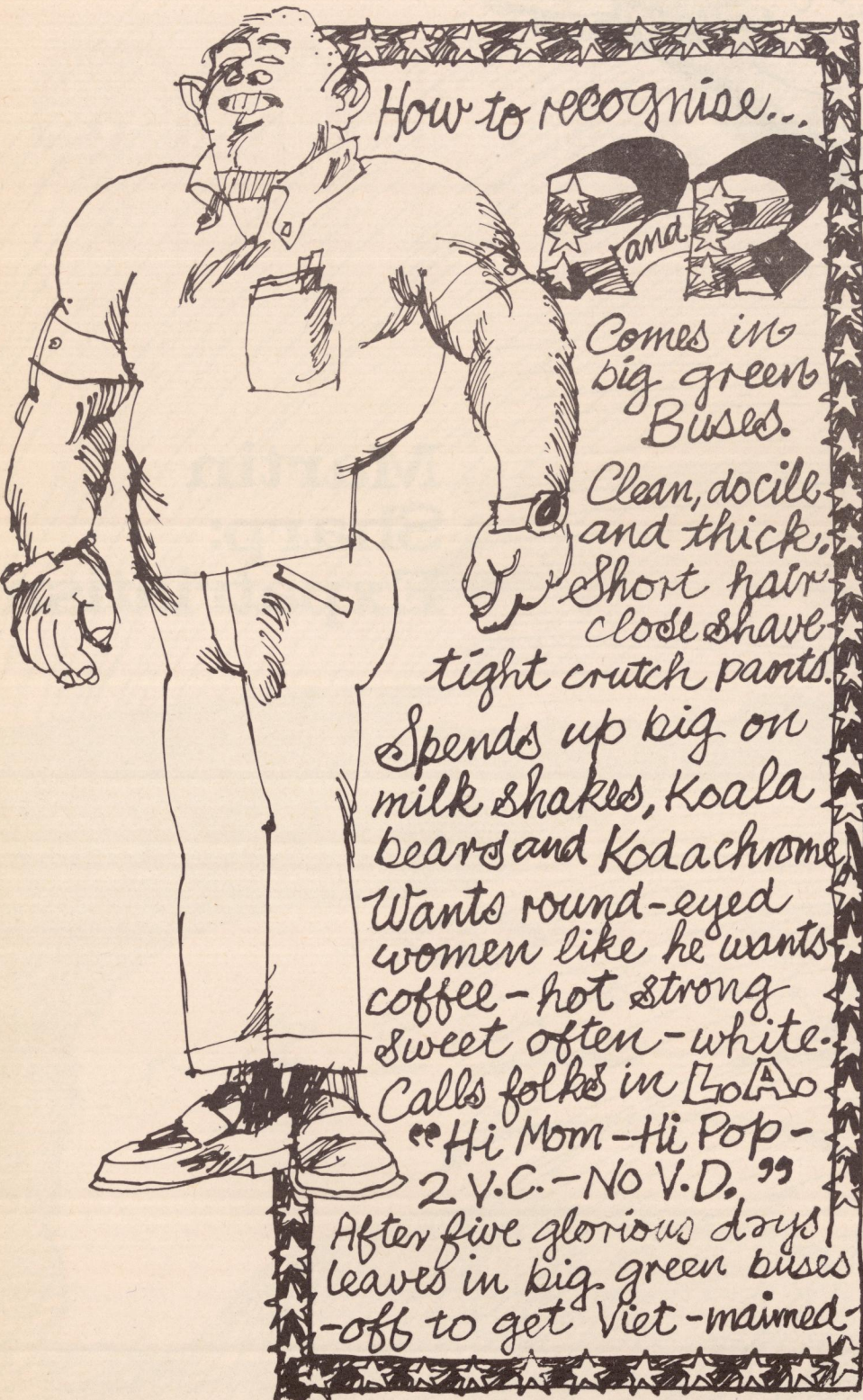
Mr JAMES—"Inside North Vietnam" . . . was produced by Felix Greene, who was born in Great Britain and lived the greater part of his life in the United States of America. A Roman Catholic by faith, I believe he is brother to Graham Greene, the Roman Catholic author.

Mr Andrew Jones—And a Communist!

(29/8/68)

Mr UREN—In Leningrad I attended a concert where 4,000 young people listened to music ranging from folk songs to songs of the Beatles. I felt a warmth radiating from the whole audience. I looked and I thought that there was some hope for the future.

(29/8/68)



Theatre Grants Surveyed in February MASQUE

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Ducking for cover

Australia's mysterious duck feather king, as he is described in his promotional literature, returned to Australia in time for Christmas and a big fat cheque from the Melbourne *Sun-Pictorial*.

The king is Mr Keith Hyland, who manufactures pillows in South East Asia: and the cheque was for allowing a reporter to write his first-person story of ten months' imprisonment by the Viet Cong.

The *Sun-Pic* let him off the hook for long enough to give a press conference when he arrived at Sydney Airport, and reporters were amazed to see how well he looked, and how disinterestedly — and vaguely — he spoke of his "ten months of terror".

In fact, there was only one moment when his composure broke: and that was at the end of the interview, when a reporter asked him to comment on stories that his factory in Cholon (the VC part of Saigon) could not have survived for so long unless he had been co-operating with the Viet Cong.

Mr Hyland, being nudged forward by the *Sun-Pic* man, replied: "Do you want to get me killed?"

It was an odd reply, but no odder than his earlier suave (and equally uninformative) answers to questions about why he, as a civilian, had been held for so long; why a guerilla band would want him in the first place;

why, after ten months, they had suddenly let him go for no return; why he had said he was "going into hiding"; why he felt it would be dangerous for him to comment on the war; why he felt it was unsafe to say whether Australian and American intelligence had questioned him; and why his wife and baby daughter, whom (according to the *Sun-Pic*) he had never seen, had stayed in Bangkok rather than coming back with him.

The basis of the question was, no doubt, the rumour that Mr Hyland's "duck feather pillows" were more use than normal pillows in a pillow fight; and that he had lots of buyers who find pillows quite awkward to tote through the jungle. And that something had gone wrong in his happy family business, and some of his customers were keen to ask him why.

No one had a chance to ask him about this scandalous, but interesting story: but there is no doubt he would come through any interview looking as well as he did after his press conference, or, indeed, his ten months of terror.

As one sweating and bleary reporter commented at the airport: "If that's what ten months with the VC can do for you, I'll go to Hue instead of the Gold Coast for my holidays."

Nick's knack

It is nice to find that, even 12,000 miles away, a politician's son can keep out of the papers.

In September, the golden girl of swimming, Linda McGill, got somewhat drunk with a friend and knocked off five road lamps in London (Earl's Court, naturally).

Both were seen and apprehended by

the local dogberry, one Sergeant Babidge, who told a West London magistrate, Mr Collins, that they had admitted doing it for a joke.

Miss McGill said: "It was just a silly prank. We really had no use for them."

Her friend said: "It was a terrible mistake."

Mr Collins fined them the grand total of \$8.75 each, and discharged them for a year. Before doing so he said: "I have no doubt you thought there was going to be something funny about it."

"You were going to hang the lamps outside someone's flat, or something like that."

"It sounds funny when drunk, but not so funny in the cold light of day."

He told our Linda: "I don't want to ruin your character but you are now, on your own confession, guilty of stealing. You are a self confessed thief."

Presumably he said much the same to her friend, who gave his name as Nicholas Michael Whitlock, 23.

We do not know whether Mr Collins felt it was OK to brand a swimmer in this way, and not a politician's son; or whether he accepted Nicky's plea without query.

But think what fun the *Daily Telegraph* would have had if they'd known that Whitlock is spelt Whitlam in Australia, and yes, it's *that* Whitlam.

Hulme & Grovel

About a year ago, Mr Alan Shawcross Hulme, went to open the ABC Staff Association's new headquarters (very nice, very plush).

His opening speech was somewhat

PHIZZGIGS CONT.

overshadowed by a much longer and better speech on the ills of the ABC by Mr Gough Whitlam: but Mr Hulme was only too happy to try and make up the leeway by informal talks with reporters and ABC types after the ceremony.

Indulging (as is his wont) in the odd glass, he got quite talkative about the ABC and the problems it held for an ordinary, Country Party member like himself. (Mr Hulme is alleged to be the origin of the joke: "What does Hulme do?" "He's a country member." "Sure I remember, but what's his job?")

On this occasion, Mr Hulme was unwise enough to talk about censorship, and made the following statement: "Look, there are these books. Now I'm a broad-minded man — I like to have a look at these things as much as the next bloke. I mean, you and I, we'd read them on the plane trip to Melbourne, say. But let's face it, you wouldn't want them lying round your lounge room, would you? And you wouldn't want to see them on the screen."

This remark, being off the record, was not reported. But it illustrates some of the problems Mr Hulme — surely the most unsuited man ever to occupy the sensitive post of PMG — faces.

As the old boys of the old boy network assail him for the programmes on the ABC — "YOUR ABC" as they unkindly describe it; as the postal unions scream with rage at his apparent inability to understand even the simplest of industrial disputes; as the Minister for Labour and National Service, Mr Bury, resignedly moves in to pull him out of his latest impasse — in the midst of all this, Mr Hulme goes happily home to his wife, three children and two hobbies (bowls and gardening, according to *Who's Who in Australia*.)

What hurts him most is to have his Establishment colleagues ask him questions about the ABC which imply that it's all his fault. Surely, no one would be less likely to watch "the voice of Hanoi," as one excitable parliamentarian described it recently: or indeed any programme on which "hippies and left wingers are given more of a say than responsible citizens," to use NSW Chief

Secretary Eric Willis's phrase about a programme on bushfires which he didn't see.

Mr Hulme, like everybody else, knows the ABC can be — and is — censored and influenced quietly and efficiently through the old boy network, and knows also that the ABC administrators will dump, disown and otherwise asshole staff at the slightest whisper of protest from the Australian Club, the RSL and the DLP, not to mention the personal friends of any commissioner. The only requirement is that the protest must be done quietly: it's no good getting it all in the papers before the corrections can be made.

Mr Hulme's background has always

Nugget shines

The ABC Guest of Honour program is traditionally a place where English visitors (preferably one who has left about three weeks previously) can reminisce jovially about his time in the lucky colony.

How surprising therefore to find the first program of 1969 occupied by Dr. H.C. Coombs wearing his hat of Chairman of the Council for Aboriginal Affairs and slating the government for its policy on the Gove peninsula bauxite project.

Dr. Coombs said explicitly that Mr. Paul Hasluck, when Minister for Territories, had lied about his intentions in the area; that the Government through Nabalco, the Swiss-controlled company, were pursuing a policy of 18th century colonialism; and that the process would virtually destroy the local aboriginal population.

Implicitly he made it clear that the government policy on aborigines added up to lying a little and losing nothing. This was surprising not only because Dr. Coombs is Chairman of a Government appointed committee (albeit without executive powers), but also because he managed to get it on to the ABC. Some observers saw the switch from the ABC's

been in the accounting field: he has been on a lot of parliamentary committees to cheese-pare budgets (he has also been vice consul in Australia for the Republic of Portugal, but that's another story). Thus he is not likely to resist moves by the backbenchers (so far unpublicised) to amend the act which guarantees the ABC, at least publicly, autonomy in its choice of programmes.

It looks depressingly likely that the old boy network, working through the enlightened opinions of men like Malcolm Mackay, Sir Wilfred Kent Hughes and Jim Killen (not to mention Senators Gair and McManus) will soon be able to do through Parliament what they can now only do through their clubs.

normal policy of gutlessness (or "balance", as they prefer to call it) purely in personal terms; Dr. Coombs is an old enemy of the ABC's General Manager, Talbot Duckmanton, and Mr. Duckmanton was only too happy to supply the rope for "Nugget" to hang himself.

But others pointed out that this would suggest a display of independence quite foreign to Duckmanton's normal way of thinking and insisted that there must have been at least tacit approval from at least one member of the ministry. Naturally they looked no further than Billy Wentworth, the Minister for Aboriginal Affairs. Mr. Wentworth is still smarting from the defeat (or betrayal as he calls it) he suffered over the Gurindji land rights issue; and a little public opinion on his side would not go badly next time.

Predictably his only comment on "Nugget's" outburst was "no comment" and regrettably it appears the crusade was more in terms of equal rights in the ministry for Billy Wentworth than equal rights in Australia for aborigines. Only two days later Mr. Wentworth told a Perth conference of student Christians that it was too early to introduce equal wages for aborigines and that it would be decades before they could take their places as full members of the full white community.

On leaving us I trust they have the words "Modbury High" enshrined in their memories if not, indeed, engraved upon their hearts.



From our Political Correspondent

With 1968, The Year of John Grey Gorton (the unluckiest year in the world) creaking to its end, bored political correspondents commenced eking out the silly season by banging their heads against a wall or interviewing the Prime Minister, according to taste.

The masochists who had taken the latter course had generally started by asking the man what he had done during the year: a question which invites a reply of two words totalling seven letters; and that, of course, is what they get out of the interview.

Thus his crassest statements are given some hidden meaning; his absurdist prevarications are called caution; his most embarrassing public outbursts are greeted with either sycophantic laughter or well-bred reserve, rather as one would treat a drunken spastic who starts drooling at the mouth but can't really help it.

His unilateral and misinformed decisions on oil policy and the MLC (which infuriated cabinet and led to the resignations of some of the few remaining intelligent advisors to the government) are called active and incisive; and when he hugs a member of the opposition during the meaningless ritual of a censure motion debate, decides *Waltzing Matilda* (his favorite night club number) is Australia's national song, or opens an obscure (though not as obscure as the Liberal

Party would wish) country show with the words:

*"It isn't raining on me
It's raining on the ground
And in every dimple drop
I see more fodder all around"*

the press pats him indulgently on the head, rather in the manner of a besotted owner giving his retarded dog a biscuit.

But, even as the press bends over backwards to piss in John Grey's pocket (illustrators please note) there are indications that they are not altogether happy. The Melbourne *Age's* Canberra man, Allan Barnes, somehow missed out on the exclusive interview (half his luck) but did a review of the Year on Gorton. In it, he felt reluctantly compelled to report that there were a lot of scandalous and untrue rumours floating around about Gorton's personal life. Mr Barnes didn't say which rumours he meant:

- (1) that a female member of the Prime Minister's personal staff has had a nervous breakdown;
- (2) that a female reporter was dismissed from her job after a very late party hosted by Gorton wound up in the residence of the American ambassador;
- (3) that Lisa Minelli, a female singer who performed in Chequers recently, is writing a piece for the English magazine *Private Eye* on the time she met Gorton in her dressing room;

(4) that a couple of staff members from *Paris Match* are floating around Canberra gathering material for a piece tentatively titled "Les Amours de Jean Gris Gorton."

There are others still less likely, such as the cryptic inscription "Gorton sucks pigs", painted on a wall in Newtown. But, having indignantly denied that Mr Gorton's personal life is anything less than angelic, Mr Barnes went on to admit (in the *OZ* award for understatement of the year) that the Prime Minister has been known to have a drink after work.

However, assuming the Liberals are unhappy about John Grey and would like to replace him (assuming the sun might rise tomorrow) it will still be hard for them. The McMahon-McEwen feud is still bubbling behind the scenes: and even if the idea now being energetically canvassed in the Liberal pubs of making McEwen Governor-General and McMahon Ambassador to Washington were feasible (it isn't), the succession problem would be a hard one. The cut and thrust (not to mention stab and gouge) in the cabinet is as uninhibited as ever: and it is not helped by the fact that the man who seems to carry most weight with Gorton is not a Liberal at all, but the unretirable Mr McEwen.

The Labor party is in its usual state of total warfare, and as Whitlam murmurs happily about health and urban development, the Left and Right have quietly agreed that loyal old Lance Barnard is the man to step in after the next defeat.

Senator Gair, the Prime Minister in shadow, who (in spite of what Gorton said) was the man who stopped the early election, is becoming progressively (if one can use the word in his context) more powerful; and it would appear that 1969 (not to mention 1970, 1971, 1972, etc) should see us striding gaily backwards into the sunset.

As Mr Gorton said: "It isn't raining on me . . ." It isn't either. It's us it's raining on, and it's raining shit.

Soul Brother Hubbard

One of the problems facing those who want to ban Scientology is that, as no one knows quite what it is, no one knows quite what to ban.

Victoria took the easy way out and banned the cult in toto: Western Australia decided to preserve a veneer of open-mindedness as to whether it is a religion or not, and, in some of the most unlikely sounding legislation of the decade, has merely made it an offence to claim to diagnose emotional reactions by the use of an electric galvanometer — apparently an essential part of the young scientologist's progress towards becoming a Thetan. New South Wales and South Australia appear likely to take similar action, in spite of vigorous protests by such talented defenders of civil liberties as Don Dunstan and Professor Henry Mayer, both of whom apparently (and quite logically) see Scientology as neither more nor less of a sucker trap than any other organised cult or religion.

Asked to describe scientology in a simple sentence, the British Home Secretary, Mr Richard Crossman, told the House of Commons: "It's a fraud", and quickly sat down again. It undoubtedly is: but it's a fraud of Hitlerian magnitude.

In 1952 an American called Martin Gardner wrote an excellent book called *Fads and Fallacies*, in which, along with Pyramidologists, Homeopaths and Flat Earthers, he devoted a chapter to Dianetics — as the primitive version of Scientology was called. Most of the following information is taken from this book (reprinted by Dover in 1957).

Mr Gardner's documentation is impeccable, and will not be repeated. But one thing he apparently missed is the story of the start of Scientology, a story so cynically improbable that he may have decided to ignore it as another fad, or fallacy. This story goes that shortly after the war, a group of science fiction writers held a somewhat drunken gathering in California (where else?) in which

they ended up discussing ways of making money. Among those present was certainly John W. Campbell Junior, editor of *Astounding* (now editor of *Analog*), and early supporter of Dianetics; another probable guest was A.E. Van Vogt, a good, but mad, author.

The meeting ended with the decision that the best possible way to get rich quick would be to found a "scientific religion", and laughing, they dispersed. But from the back of the room a quiet, prolific (but unfortunately semi-literate) author walked out with the air of a man who has finally heard the call. He was, of course, Lafayette Ronald Hubbard.

His first book, *Dianetics: the Modern Science of Mental Healing*, appeared in 1950, with a big blurb by John Campbell (who described himself, quite inaccurately, as a nuclear physicist). Dianetics says all mental ills are caused by "engrams", which are misinterpreted or distorted memories of things that happened in youth, in utero, or in extreme cases before conception. Aided by a trained "auditor" the patient recalls these events, and is cured.

So far, so harmless, although this very rough and ready form of psychoanalysis seems unlikely to produce the superman (or "clear") Hubbard claims it will. (Hubbard, incidentally, is not himself a "clear"; he explained recently that he didn't have the time, preferring to spread the gospel instead.)

But, quite apart from the large amount of money the auditors managed to gouge out of their Trilby-like patients, there were signs that they used other, less harmless methods: blackmail was hinted at, various forms of mental — sometimes even physical — coercion. However, as no patient ever complained to the police, not much could be done to stop it, if in fact the rumours were true.

Meanwhile Hubbard continued to write, his books getting wilder and wilder. He dabbled in reincarnation and other forms of occultism, and in 1952

almost published *Excalibur*, which must be the most incredible book never printed.

Stories in science fiction magazines revealed that Hubbard gained the information for *Excalibur*, while dead for eight minutes during an operation. It contained the basic metaphysical secrets of the universe.

About another of his books, *Self Analysis*, Mr Hubbard was more modest: "Self Analysis cannot revive the dead," he wrote. "Self Analysis cannot empty insane asylums or stop wars. These are the tasks of the dianetic auditor and the group dianetic technician."

Maybe the strain of it all was too much for Hubbard; shortly after it was published his third wife, Sara Northrup Hubbard, successfully sued for divorce, claiming Hubbard was a paranoid schizophrenic, that he had tortured her during pregnancy, and in the opinion of doctors was hopelessly insane.

If he was, he gibbered all the way to the bank. After a short break, Dianetics was reborn as Scientology, and Hubbard, having awarded himself a doctorate of Scientology, was back to tell the suckers that each of them had a "theta being" that had been around for 74 trillion years, and that the revival of the dead by the use of dianetics was just around the corner. A.E. Van Vogt called this "the first scientifically acceptable investigation of the idea of the human soul."

As can be seen from all this, it is not easy to frame laws against Scientology which do not set a rather nasty precedent. If you believe—as most "liberals" do — that everyone is entitled to hold whatever zany beliefs he wishes, as long as they don't hurt anyone else, it is very hard to nail Scientology. You may be convinced that it is nonsense, at best a fraud and at worst a vicious confidence trick: but there are many who don't. And there are a lot of people who would say the same about, say, the tithing system of the Roman Catholic Church.

Certainly, salvation through dianetics is no more (or less) insane an idea than the not so old-fashioned idea of salvation through buying an indulgence, or, for that matter, the very modern idea of salvation through ANZUS. And it isn't anything like as destructive, or expensive, as the latter.

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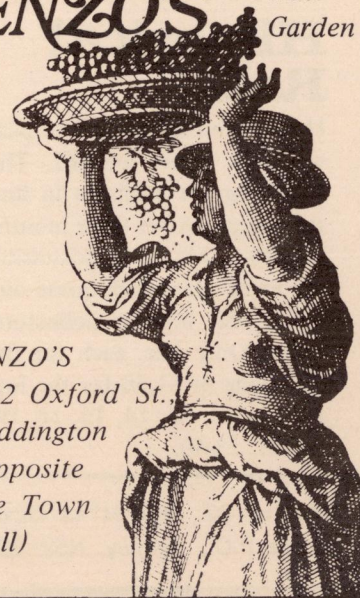
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MEDIA/TEDIA

APOLOGY

In the "Media Tedia" of last issue we predicted, in error, the demise of the magazine *People*. *People* is in fact very much alive and living on Broadway (Sydney). Perhaps we were confusing it with *Life*, which folded at that time. Oh Life, Oh People — how you confuse us!

When a compositor on the *Sydney Sun* recently threw in his resignation, he was asked to put it in writing. He did — in the stop press column of the early afternoon edition. It was removed thereafter.

Four weeks before it all happened, the *Sydney Morning Herald* booked a reporter and photographer into a Springwood hotel to await the bushfires they knew would come. One trusts they never became so bored as to go out with blazing eyes and matches and get the bloody thing over and done with.

Peter Clifton's latest little enterprise is to tack his name on to a recut film length collection of the *Now Time* TV series. He's flogging it to the cinema circuits under the title of *The Beat*

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Goes On. After that he can always turn it into a radio serial.

Lee Robinson's Fauna Films are bounding to the bank with Skippy the Kangaroo. Although Skippy is dragging in big money from the States, the film alone accounts for only a third of the gross. The rest is made from commercial endorsements. In some areas, only the backing of Kelloggs is getting the series on air.

No one is begrudging Robinson a comfortable old age; after all, his earlier adventure movies with Chips Rafferty lost. But Skippy's success could well lead to a rash of tap-dancing ant-eaters and yodelling wombats

The Living Theatre Group recently displayed its varied talents at the Yale Drama School with a quartet of noisy electronic hokum. The closing piece — *Paradise Now* — involved audience abuse, interpolated with graphic sex scenes. After a particularly vociferous anti-capitalist money-burning scene, one patron remarked "These people keep saying money means nothing, but I notice they charged me four dollars to get in."

Admitted free were the New Haven cops who arrested the Group's husband and wife directors, Julian Beck and Judith Malina.

Commenting on his decision, Police Chief Aherne said "All the rest of the world may be a stage, but not the corner of York and Chapel."

Whatever happened to Muhammad Ali? A full page ad. in *Variety*, American show biz mag, announces that the former Cassius Clay is now available for lectures, nation wide training tour, personal appearances, theatre, country fairs, arenas, colleges and one-nighters.

A few months ago, three Greek writers were arrested for contributing

to a Greek camp magazine *Eikonos*. In it they described Demosthenes, Aeschylus and Sophocles as queers and explained that pederasty was not held to be immoral in the classical era.

When they were suddenly released from trial, it was found that the writers intended to quote from the present Greek Minister for Education's article in the 1935 Greek Encyclopaedia in which he praised classical homosexuality.

A few days after their release, the writers were summoned to the office of Mr. Lavas, the General Secretary of the Ministry of Public Order and whipped about the face with the butt of the Minister's revolver.

"We are dealing," wrote Kenneth Tynan, "in the present Greek context, with pigs."

Two notes from the publishing world:

MacMillan's, who, it will surprise no one to learn, are publishing the autobiography of their chairman, Harold Supermac, are waiting agog to find out what the third volume will be called.

The first was *Winds of Change*, the second *Storm Over Suez*. Betting at the firm favours a continuation of the meteorological motif in *Hurricane Christine*.

In Australia, Lansdowne are gritting their teeth in preparation for the release of another book of autobiographical memoirs — by none other than Arthur Calwell.

We are told Arthur regards it as a complete answer to a book called *Afternoon Light* by the former member for Kooyong.

One story is that Arthur is determined to one up *Afternoon Light* in every respect, even the frontispiece, and is at present desperately searching for a picture of himself with a greater celebrity than the late Sir Winston Churchill (pictured with Sir Robert in *Afternoon Light*).

But whatever the outcome of this latest confrontation between our retired figureheads, Arthur must take points for the title. His book — or at least Volume One of it — is to be called *Going Down Fighting*.