

# 07

No 28

20 c.

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

**SEND ONE TO A  
SOLDIER**

**why did  
GOUGH  
GO  
OFF  
like  
that?**



"The Church must give a lead to the life of the community."—First sermon as Archbishop of Sydney.

"Their teachings can lead only to broken marriages, abortions and the throwing aside of all ideals."—Attack on lecturers at the University of Sydney (July, 1961).

"I challenge you to a life of real sacrifice and to let the youth of this diocese give an example to others so that this great city of Sydney will be known throughout the world as a really Christian city."—S.M.H., June 1, 1959.

"Boys and girls can be distracted by each other. Such distraction can lead to problems in the relationships."—Tele., Oct. 16, 1959.

"The present generation is wallowing in a mire of sexual morality."—Mirror, Aug. 4, 1964.

"I want to bridge the gap that separates the parson and the people."—S.M.H., Oct. 13, 1959.

"If there's any trouble, be sure there's a woman at the bottom of it."—Sun-Herald, August 23, 1959.

**a sample of Hugh's  
forthright  
moral precepts.**

# Whatever happened to

**D**R. HUGH GOUGH has not only resigned as Primate of Australia, he is unlikely ever to set foot on Australian soil again. A few people seem to know why but they just aren't telling.

The Standing Committee of the Church of England Diocese of Sydney, for example, presumably knows why. On the evening of the day on which the official announcement was made, May 25, they met and accepted his resignation "with regret."

It could not, after all, have been too much regret or they would have taken a little more time over their deliberations. Although Hugh thoughtfully sent them a medical certificate verifying his "low blood pressure" they obviously did not feel constrained to investigate his illness too closely nor to consider any other less momentous alternatives to his full resignation.

Presumably they must have been made aware of the real reasons for the Primate's lack of desire to grace our shores any longer with his presence.

Bishop Goodwin Hudson, former Dean of Sydney and a personal friend of the good doctor, seems also to be in the know. Asked whether he thought Hugh would remain in England, he

hesitated for a moment and then declared:

"I would think so. He has low blood pressure. He is run down generally. I think the principle of the story is he's being protected for his health's sake." (S.M.H., May 26).

The principle of the story really appears to be—and Goodwin Hudson almost said as much—that Hugh's mild ill-health is being used as camouflage behind which some stronger reason lurks.

Let us look for a moment at this "low blood pressure" business:

On March 26, as has officially been made public, Hugh sent Bishop Loane a letter of resignation but two days later he phoned from England to ask that it be withdrawn.

It has been claimed that this letter made no mention of ill-health at all but gave private and personal reasons for the resignation. Bishop Loane has denied this.

It has in fact been alleged that as early as February 20, the day he left Sydney, Hugh sent a resignation couched in similar terms but later retracted. Again this is denied by Bishop Loane.

If we are to believe Bishop Loane and pretend that the reason Hugh

gave for his resignation on March 26 was his "low blood pressure" then we are faced with the following questions:

- did some miraculous remission occur between March 26 and March 28 to allow the retraction of the resignation? If so, the good doctor could earn his academic title all over again by releasing details to the medical world.

- if Hugh's health was so bad on March 26 that he had to contemplate resignation, how is it that Loane so readily accepted two days later that he would be able to continue as Primate of Australia effectively? Surely Loane must have had sufficient interest in the welfare of the diocese to want to make absolutely sure that he was not allowing a "lame duck" occupy the Primacy.





**Hugh (centre) discusses his resignation with Richard Neville (right), OZ's European Religious Editor.**



# HUGH?

● if Hugh's blood pressure was so bad on March 26 why did he persist with plans to go to a conference at Jerusalem until much later?

● if this medical business makes any sense at all why did Bishop Goodwin Hudson on May 19, four days before the second resignation, state publicly that Hugh hoped to be back in Sydney by the end of June and that his health had steadily improved during his rest in the English countryside?

Goodwin Hudson told the press: "The rest has done Dr. Gough the world of good. He is nearly better, quite cheerful and is looking forward to coming home to Sydney."

Four days later Hugh declared he would never come back. But it is hard not to conclude that he must

have had much stronger reasons than his "blood pressure" that so effortlessly goes up and down at his personal convenience.

Amongst possible personal reasons for his resignation we may want to list:

- marital friction;
- financial problems;
- homesickness for England.

Fortunately the first of these is easily scotched.

Not by facts but by our knowledge of the man himself. Hugh has been for seven long years one of Sydney's leading exponents of Christian morality. It is unthinkable that such a man could allow his attention to wander from his lawfully wedded wife.

It is for this reason that the ignominious scandal currently being spread about His Eminence becomes totally inexplicable.

It is now being alleged in some quarters that the real reason Hugh is not coming back among us is that he has been threatened that if he does he will be cited in divorce proceedings.

It is claimed without a shred of evidence that when he left Australia on the "Oronsay" in February, Hugh had arranged for a liaison in Madrid with a certain lady who was waiting there but that Mrs. Gough forestalled these plans by flying to Genoa and intercepting the ship and its valuable cargo.

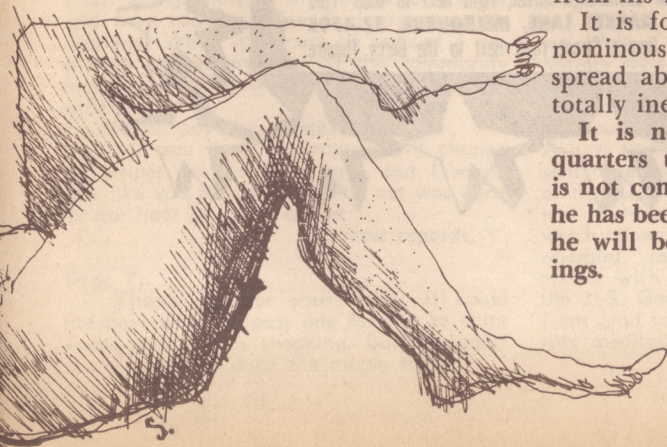
Such wild and patently ludicrous nonsense has not only been the talk of every pressroom in Australia but even of Fleet Street, though fortunately no one yet has dared put their fantasies down on paper.

Let OZ state quite categorically that it cannot believe such stories in view of Hugh's well-known and forthright public statements on the true morality.

Hugh was not a good Primate—some would even say he was a bad one—but surely he is not a hypocrite?

We do not for one moment entertain this fiction about ill-health, nor for that matter can we see any sign of financial problems or a deep-abiding homesickness, but surely some things are sacred.

We await with ill-concealed anticipation the true story of what happened to Hugh.





# GREAT SCOT!



WITH MY  
**X-RAY** VIS-  
-ION I SEE A  
RAGING TURN, OFF  
WITH THESE ALF TOGS  
AND INTO MY KRYPTON  
-ITE PROOF GEAR FROM  
**FORMAL WEAR**

147a KING STREET, SYDNEY. 28-0537  
Just near Castlereagh Street, right next to Biber Furs  
26-28 MARKET LANE, MELBOURNE. 32-4795  
Just off Bourke Street, right next to the Bercy Theatre



# A ROT OF MESSAGE

18-year-old Melbourne student Andrew Maxwell was charged with offensive behaviour and tampering with a car — to wit, deflating the P.M.'s tyres during a political meeting at Kew Town Hall.

He apologised in a letter to Harold Holt:

"Dear Sir,  
"At Kew Town Hall on Monday night I tried to let down one of the tyres on your car.  
"This was, I now realise, a stupid and foolish action. I would like to apologise sincerely for any inconvenience it caused you, and also for the disrespect shown.  
"I am being charged with offensive behaviour and tampering with a motor car, which I suppose I deserve.  
"I would just like you to know it was done in the heat of the moment and I am sincerely sorry for it."  
Mr Holt replied: "Dear Andrew Maxwell,  
"Thank you for your letter. It could not have been an easy letter for you to write and you have done the manly thing in apologising and expressing your regret.  
"The right to criticise and dissent is a precious feature of our democratic system.  
"When it becomes linked with violence and disorder the right itself is placed in jeopardy.  
"We are fortunate to live in a free country that enables us to express our views without restraints other than those provided under laws of our own making.  
"I am glad to learn that on cool reflection you have appreciated this.  
"Yours sincerely, Harold Holt."

Both the apology and self-righteous reply were read in court. One charge was dropped and Mr. Maxwell got off on a bond for the other.

What if others take their Kew from this interchange? Perhaps we can look forward to the following curious apology:

Dear Miss X,

On a vacant allotment out at Liverpool the other night me and me mates took turns at puncturing your innertube. This, as I realised when the Feds nabbed me, was a hasty and ill-conceived action.

I would like to apologise for any inconvenience or confinement it has caused you — also for any disrespect shown.

I am being charged with break and enter and they reckon Judge Curlew wants to flog me. Well, you must of noticed I am a most upright member of the community and so I look forward to paying my debt to society.

I will also pay the Judge back.

You will see that the leopard will change his stripes, as the Bible says, but I would just like you to know that me act was done in the heat of the moment.

Warmest regards, Y.

Dear Y,

Thank you for your letter. It could not have been an easy one for you to write — the grammar is shocking. But by apologising you have done the manly thing.

The right to inseminate is a vital part of our democratic system. But when linked with violence and disorder, that right itself becomes jeopardised.

We are fortunate to live in a free society which allows us to copulate without restraints other than those provided by every family chemist.

I am glad that on cool reflection you realise this. Will you date me when it's all over?

Yours affectionately, X.

Dear Arthur,

At the Caucus meeting the other week I tried to deflate your image. I now realise that there are forty-nine different reasons why this was a precipitous and foolhardy action.

May I apologise for the disrespect shown, and for any personal inconvenience to you as a result of the overwhelming number of newspapers and local branches which supported me.

I have been charged with treason, conspiracy and indecent exposure of you.

I would just like you to know that it was all done in the heat of a moment lasting several months, and my political ambitions are sincerely sorry for it.

Yours fraternally, Gough.

Dear Gough,

Thank you for your apology. It could not have been an easy letter to write, and you have done the diplomatic thing in expressing your regret.

The right to criticism and dissent is the most precious-guarded Labor tradition. Except, of course, when it is linked with violent and disorderly attacks on me, the executive-approved, rightfully anointed leader of the chosen party.

We are fortunate to belong to a party which allows us to express any view whatsoever that has been endorsed by our 12 good men and true.

I am glad to learn that, on reflection, you have seen my image staring back at you.

Yours eternally, Arthur.

Dear Major,

On Army parade at Bien Hoa some time ago I let down my battalion. I did not realise the pitfalls of my conduct and am now thoroughly mortified.

I am sorry this apology is not in time for your Court Martial. I was still in the Army then and my hands were tied, as it were.

And don't worry about that little "tight trousers" episode if you've heard about it up there. It was just that the old khaki shrinks a bit after being worn by any "man with an emission".

I would just like you to know that my act was done in the heat of a Saigon summer, and I hope it will not sever the bonds of friendship between us.

(You'll get) Yours sincerely,  
"Gunner" O'Neill.

Dear "Gunner",

Thank you for your letter. Although we blokes all used to think that your literary style and tapered trousers made you a bit of a queen, you have certainly done the manly thing in apologising and expressing your regret.

As you know, the right to criticise and dissent never has, and never will be, any part of the Australian military tradition. We are just fortunate to belong to a profession which allows us to express our views without restraint, especially if they accord completely with those of the C.O., R.S.L. and the U.S. Government.

I am glad to learn that after 90 days' solitary meditation you appreciate this.

Yours faithfully, Tedder.

Scenes from the Group Theatre's recent production of Ann Jellicoe's "Sport of My Mad Mother".



THE CAST (L. to r.): Cone (Charles Little), Fak (Ross Thompson), Dean (Alan Hardy), Pattie (Roberta Grant), Greta (Janie Stewart) with Dodo (Jenny Cullen).



watch for 'SAVED'  
by  
Edward Bond



# DAY BY DREARY SCK

★ HASN'T CARDINAL GILROY GOT A HIGH CAMP SMILE ★

May 20: John Oakland Ansell, whose IQ was estimated at 140—"near genius", as the psychiatrist accurately classified it; "a genius" as the Press inaccurately described it—was sentenced to life imprisonment.

Ansell's brain was described as in a perpetual state of drug-induced delirium; he had tried to suicide when he was 12 and had since then been in and out of numerous mental institutions; he had a long history of sexual aberrations in the form of transvestitism and homosexual tendencies. "You have a fine brain; probably a better one than mine," Mr. Justice Le Gay Brereton confided to him.

Before he went into the Army, Doug Walters was given the Golden Peanut Award for Sportsman of the Year (despite his belief that Bill Lawry should have got it). We are waiting for him to go away to officers' school and emerge a kernel.

May 31: The Army, according to mytn, fights to protect its country, not any particular government of the day. It is above politics.

Not the Australian Army.

Shortly before the airlift of the 1st Battalion from Vietnam back to Australia, its commanding officer, Col. A. V. Preece, told them to expect the worst on their return: "People will try to argue with you on Australia's presence in Vietnam. Pity their ignorance."

"There is a beatnik minority who will challenge you on Australia's presence in Vietnam."

Well-known local beatniks, Bishop Moyes and "Arty" Calwell, could not be lured away from their Bob Dylan records to comment.



June 1: Russ Tyson resigned from the ABC's breakfast session and Hospital Half Hour after 17 years' sterling service.

Anticipating the failure of Dr. K. to obtain the newly advertised Chair of Philosophy at the University of Tasmania, Russ seems certain of the post. With two popular (non-controversial) works behind him—"Philosopher's Note Book" and "Philosopher's Scrap Book"—he has been described as a pragmatic anti-hedonist with a dash of Oriental fundamentalism, for which he is indebted to the Chinese sage, Ah Too.

The "Hospital Half Hour" is now to be conducted by Sydney Sparkes Orr: "Emmanuel Kant, He say . . ."

Last of the Great Bigot Jokes.

Q: What do you call an uncircumcised Jew?

A: A Jewess.



I'VE COME FOR MY  
GRANDSTAND TICKETS

If your head is circled  
you may pick up two  
grandstand tickets from  
the Sporting Editor of  
"The Sun."

June 2: Whatever happened to Sergeant Harry Giles? We have been asking just that for three months' now, ever since the good Sergeant resigned from the N.S.W. Police Force. Somehow the report that was being prepared on his activities never saw the light of day.

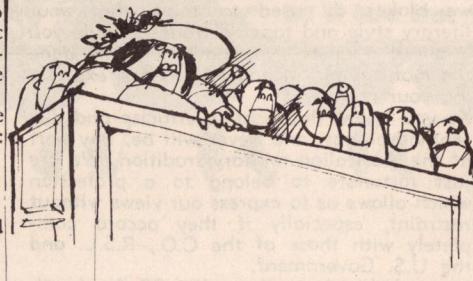
Last month he turned up in Central Court on two charges of false swearing. The charges were dismissed but we liked some of the evidence:

Barrister to "domestic": "You have conducted houses of ill-fame in Woolloomooloo? I have."

When Mr. Giles came to Darlinghurst his approach as a policeman was to stamp out these houses? Yes.

He was trying to put you out of business? I don't think so. At no time did he try to put me out of business.

Enough of the bangs, how about that report?



June 2: A real novelty item—Victoria actually had its first woman juror ever! Obviously a woman worthy of such a historical event, she asked 45 minutes' worth of questions, which were described by the learned Judge as "highly refreshing and relevant."

It's good to see Victorians experimenting with sex at last.

June 3: Mr. Davis Hughes, N.S.W. Minister for Public Works and part-time amateur designer, announced that after an examination of Utzon's plans he had ordered the complete re-designing of the major Opera House Hall.

Mr. Hall himself said he had no objection to being redesigned or to doing anything else so long as it met with Mr. Hughes' approval and he could have his name in lights over the finished product whatever that might turn out to be which he could not predict at this stage nor at what cost nor in how many years time.

Here's just an idea, Harold

Things may get tough this election. It would be wise to arrange NOW to have most of Australia's Army back home around November. Parade the boys up and down the streets to whip up a bit of military fervour in the doubting electorate; have the Big Brass snort "traitors" and "beatnik fringe" at the dissenters. At the worst you could station your loyal forces in swinging electorates and have them vote there.

We realise that up to now the prospect of using your Army as an electoral ploy would not have entered your head but no tactic should be beneath you—it never has been in the past.

June 6: How rare is rare?

Some weeks ago a Mr. Abberton died in Sydney's Royal Prince Alfred Hospital. His blood group—cdE-cdE—was described as rare. And so it was. In the whole world, only three donors could readily be found.

Then Eric Baume went into hospital and his blood group—B, Rh negative—was also described as rare. After a single appeal by the Red Cross, seven Sydney donors gave blood and six more offered in one day.

About 3% of the Australian population have this blood group. It is, in fact, about as rare as Eric's sincerity.

June 11: Tales of a Thousand and One Knights. The Queen's Birthday list was tatty going on for ragged.

Among the sixteen Australian knights we have:

- one clapped out politician—Queensland's Hiley

- one booze knight (Wilson, chairman of Toohey's);

- one knags knight (Grey-Smith, chairman of the Victorian Racing Club). What else does he do of public benefit?

- one raving jingoist (RSL President Lee), who also happens to be in the hotels (Lee's Hotels Ltd.) and racing business (part-owner of Comic Court). Some of the lower sects must be really jubilant at this public endorsement of the Great Australian Vices.

- two commercial knights (the chairmen of Woolies and ICI), who flog the public 364 days of the year and on the 365th are knighted "for services to the public."

- one artist (Dobel) too old (66) to create any more "causes celebres".

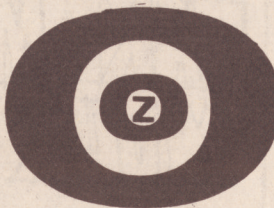
- one university Chancellor (Somerset of Tasmania). The only unknighthed Australian University Chancellor, hence somewhat predictable.

ISN'T THE NATIONAL ANTHEM JU



# EARNING HIGH CAMP DAY

**ALL ABOUT**



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## Change Of Sex

LOS ANGELES, July 21.  
—Lawrence Sex, 24, yesterday asked a Superior Court judge for permission to change his name to Lawrence Six. He explained that he planned to become an Evangelical Church missionary.—AAP.

• a miscellany of well-meaning nonentities.

The minor bauble-jostlers ranged from the senior specialist (surgery) of the Repatriation Dept. to the supervisor (tree surgery) of the Parks & Gardens Section, Dept. of the Interior. There was the former non-official postmaster at Jackadgery, a motor-driver with the Dept. of Supply, a former temporary stores manager with the Dept. of Works, a typist-in-charge at the Dept. of Immigration, a foreman grade 2 at the Royal Australian Navy Torpedo Establishment and a clerical assistant grade 3 with the Dept. of Navy.

All no doubt working just as devotedly as anybody else but somehow Queenie heard about the magnificent job they were doing for somebody terrible important who knew somebody who knew somebody who sends her reminder notes twice a year to inform her who her loyalist subjects are.

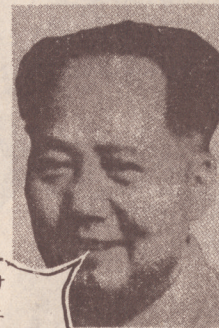


**JUNE 8: Jesus Saves Department.** Percival Alfred Dodds, 43, who described himself as the "Son of God", was charged with mutilation and rape.

In the restrained statement of the year, his counsel explained that, although a psychiatric report indicated that Dodds was legally sane, there was clearly something unusual in his make-up "particularly on the religious side."

Dodds was called into the wilderness of Long Bay for 14 years.

Sydney's Capitol Theatre is currently screening "How to Fill a Wild Bikini", a film that was known in America as "How to Stuff a Wild Bikini". It's a teenage film—obviously showing in a country with a teenage mentality.



航美術奨学金を受け  
に住い、現在はシドニ  
の各地で個展を催 ルズ政  
年に大賞受賞。  
学に学ぶ。

★ Is there a Chink in your intellectual armour?

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**The INNOCENTS ABROAD PART 2 BANGKOK?**

STAYING AT THE "THAI-SONG-GREET" HOTEL cum WHORE HOUSE and gathering place of hitch-hiking GLOBE TROTTERS. The Two Innocents are THRILLED TO MEET... IN PERSON, DIRECT FROM HIS TRIUMPHANT

AUSTRALIAN TOUR... THE GREAT CANADIAN ALF WHO... KICKED IN THE WINDOWS AT THE GAS LASH!



**ST TOO TOO DELICIOUS ★ INVI**

**ISNT THE WAR IN VIETNAM BRILL**





*Billy GRUNTER and his super Sonia.*

## TREASURER STILL GOOD FOR A POUND

In a land of post-menopausal politicians it is a small comfort that at least one of them has

cutting Billy McMahon, a sprightly, slightly balding youngster, has finally put his Sonia in the family way.

Smiling modestly for the Sunday papers, he seemed proud of his

happy despatch.

Meanwhile in Canberra, Frogman Holt and his lovely lady waited apprehensively for the latest Gallup to see how their ratings would be affected.

**MORAL:** One good pound yields more than a pennyworth of Imagery.

*Horny old Zara.*

*Harold is a FROGMAN... which explains everything.*



## TAKE ME TO YOUR LEDA

*Who so beset him round  
With dismal stories  
Do but the myth confound  
His fame the more is.  
No legend can him fright  
He'll with the greatest fight  
Till he has earned the right  
To dull his talents.*

Australia's most series painter, Sidney (yours for the Askin) Nolan, has made in the last few years so many repeat performances for the Australian public—each time this time for good—that he himself fits into a great and truly Australian tradition: that of Dame, no less, Nellie Melba (the likes of whom singing 'I Love a Sunburned Country' etc. we are not likely to hear repeated in our lifetimes, even by wee little bonny Dick Bonynge or his good lady). As with Garry the Springtime brings out the Shearston, he has set himself up in one folk trend mythiness (Company P/L Registered at the GPO Sydney for transmission by mail as an inferiodical).

It has been suggested by the more hostile critics that he and the Pentridge Artistic Educational Authorities prompted Ryan and Walker's escape which may yet and soon turn full circle and lead to a 'Support the Underdog' series painted on the wrong side of masonite—with an intro. and footnotes by Donald Horne (author of the highly successful satirical novel and sequel to his "Christmas Gift Book Number One", namely "How to Win Friends and Criticise People").

So far we've had series on Gallipoli, Swamps, Leda, Kelly, Convicts and some white bint who lived with the Aborigines etcetera and frankly it's all a bit of an overworked bore to everyone except gallery owners and second night socialites, not to mention CSR who make the hardboard. As the Alf joke about girls' op-art-style painted knees goes, "Where is all this painting going to end?"

All in all his faults are twofold—popularity and intrusion. He is no mystic but quite happy to be one and to have a finger in every mythical pie. And after all he is the one Australian painter BEST KNOWN OVERSEAS, bringing sterling into the country and all that. That's what matters most here—overseas recognition. It's so bloody petty. Nolan is a trademark—parent approved, quality high, checked by xyz and, worst of all, untouched by human hand. He is one of a group and the group is 'The Australians'. Hardly exalted company!

—C.

## THE THREE CUCKOLDS

BRILLIANT COMMEDIA DELL'  
ARTE PLAY AT JANE STREET  
THEATRE JUNE 22-25, 29 &  
30 JULY 26-9 • BOOK D. J. S.  
PALINGS NICHOLSONS U.N.S.W. (STUD. CONC.)  
DRAM SOC U.N.S.W.



# THE Christian soldiers' handbook





# PART I

## YOU ARE LIABLE FOR NATIONAL SERVICE.

You do not wish to die. How do you win your marbles game with the Army?

1. *Do not register.*  
This may necessitate a change of address, occupation, name, appearance and/or sex. Like most obvious schemes it has some disadvantages.
2. *Register—and burn your draft card.*  
Decide first whether you prefer prison to Vietnam. Remember that in gaol you have no chance to defect.
3. *Join up with the Communist Party first.*  
Preferably Ted Hills' Chinese wing (Or a Buddhist sect). Tell no one. Security will ferret out this incriminating fact. Help them by an anonymous letter. (Brig.-Gen. Spry, C/O. Aust. Security Org., Kirribilli, N.S.W.)
4. *Burn your draft card — but apply immediately for another.* Do this constantly. After the first dozen occasions the Army will be glad to forget you. Army men loathe the conscientious objector only slightly more than they hate the objectionable conscientious.

# PART II

## YOU HAVE BEEN CALLED UP.

5. *Fail your Army Aptitude Tests.*  
Like all modern employers, the Army uses psychological tests which are supposedly unfakeable.

- So,
1. *Seriously* try to give the answers that reveal a personality totally unfit for the Army (Suggested reading: "Catch 22", "Good Soldier Schweik", "Selected Letters", by P. O'Neill).
  2. *Nonsensically* try a sequence of all A's. Or a pattern ABBADABBA, etc. Add 2 to each answer:— 1 gives 3, 2 gives 4, etc. Intelligence tests are easy. Think young.
  6. *Fail your Initial Medical.*

This is a good hurdle at which to stumble back into Civvy Street.

1. Run all the way there — at least three miles and then assure the M.O. you are always like that.
2. Be unable to read the card for eye-sight beyond the first two lines.
3. Be colour blind — do not read any figures in the coloured dots.



4. A spot of egg-white (albumen) in a urine test is quite useful and you have privacy to do it.
5. A touch of glucose in the same will give the test a real chance to shine (One lump only).
6. A few drops of blood from a cut finger and there is nothing to carry — but only one or two drops please.

7. Hold your breath for a long period immediately prior to a run over with a stethoscope.
8. Smoke a whole pack of Camels in a phone box, then walk to the M.O. Take your Health Dept. request that you return for a second free chest X-ray. (You pasted small pieces of silver paper all over your chest for the first.)

# PART III

## YOU HAVE BEEN CONSCRIPTED.

Although you have no desire to be in the Army, that's where you are. But not for long. With constant application you may yet escape. With the following advice you will do so well that you even do yourself some good.

It's hard to convince the Army officer of anything — persuading them that you are a definite liability will not be easy but stick to it and you too may become known as an Inefficient Soldier.

Once one makes a decision for Inefficiency there are several paths open, but all lead to the one true goal. Which one suits you personally? Is it you? Ask yourself, then put your worst foot forward in the right direction and Johnny will soon be marching home again.

The army saying goes: Keep your mouth shut, bowels open and don't volunteer for anything. Do the opposite.

### 1. *Volunteering.*

A Good Soldier never volunteers willingly. Volunteer for anything and everything but make sure that you display no capacity whatsoever and soon you will be an Inefficient Soldier.

E.g. Question — "Who knows anything about music?" (This job should involve moving a piano).

Volunteer — and drop the piano.

Question — "Who can march the squad over to the mess?"

Volunteer — and try to lose the squad.

### 2. *Bowels Open.*

To experienced Army doctors the only healthy bowel is an open bowel. Live on Kao-magma. But bowels are just a part of the health picture.

Apart from the normal diseases which may attack there are sundry specialised diseases which may be induced.

1. *Periodic Pains:* Report "sick" with vague aches and pains anywhere. This is simplest but can only be recommended once per M.O. unless the M.O. is either very newly qualified or very keen.
2. Report sick with "pains" typical of any condition which you may fancy. But be quite prepared to follow through with the operation allegedly required. Recommended: Appendix, gall-bladder, gastric ulcers.
3. Report with the "pains" for an operation which has already been performed. This condition usually known as "adhesions" baffles the M.O.s and you will be referred to a specialist which means a few days away from camp. Be prepared for an investigatory operation.
4. Any severe pains in the back will justify a few days in bed with any M.O. If the double entendre gives you ideas you should ask the C.O. for an immediate dishonourable discharge (or assault).

5. *Dhobi Rash.* Do not rinse your underwear after it has been washed. The soap will induce a quite painful rash esp. Solvol. Change into clean rinsed underwear and report sick before the rash disappears.
6. *Chinese Foot Rot.* Wear one pair of socks for several weeks until feet become sore. Remove socks and store in a safe place, preferably sealed. When you wish to report sick wear these socks day and night for a few days until your feet begin to suppurate. Wash feet and report sick wearing clean socks. You should be excused duty, marching, and, with luck, Vietnam.

7. There are several ways of inducing acne, tinea, a raised temperature, etc. Don't be frightened of a little discomfort or else the performance lacks conviction. Go to a little trouble and know the signs and symptoms that you wish to display at least as well as your M.O. This is not too hard.

Remember, give no previous history unless you have had it before. Of course you can think of nothing that caused it.



### 3. *Mouth Shut.*

Keep it open. Boast and then:

1. Never hit the target on range.
2. Keep your kit clean but dress sloppily.
3. Never be late on any parade — try to be the right marker.
4. Tread on the heels of the man in front — this upsets any column.

To sum up: Be the keenest man in your squad but far and away the worst.

### 4. *Education.*

The Army trains its own specialists so volunteer for a long course and fail it. To fail a course is not all that easy because much work is involved. You will have to learn it all so that you can guarantee being able to give all wrong answers.

In a driving test mere damage to the vehicle will not guarantee failure . . . the vehicle must be undrivable.

With conscientious application to the job even a cook's course may prove to be too much for an inefficient soldier.

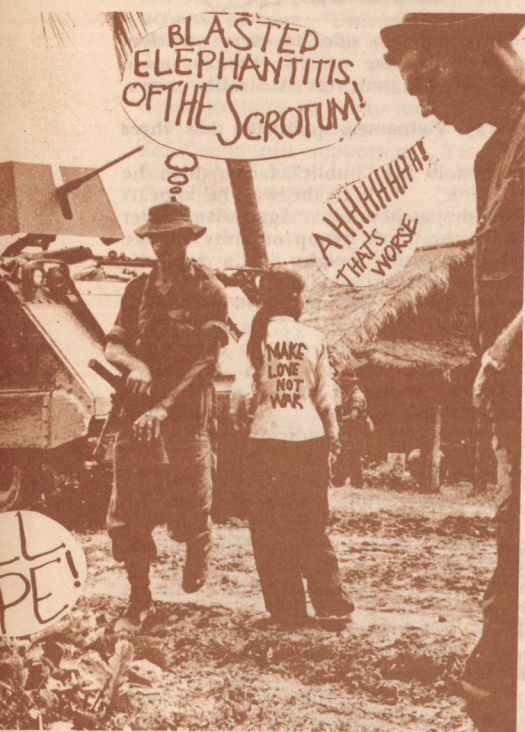


# THE CONSCRIPT'S PHRASE-BOOK

Now that we appear (at long last) to have got a decent war going, it seems fitting to run over some of the jargon that the boys will be using once again.

The Australian team in war consists of **REGULARS** and **CHOKOES**. **REGULARS** are those who joined voluntarily. They did this for one of three reasons:

- they were incapable of earning a living in civilian life;
- they needed a cheap housing loan;
- after Cadets, what more could life offer?



**CHOKOES** are those who were conscripted into the Army. The term is an example of the Regulars' scalpel-sharp wit. Chokoes are a tasteless N.S.W. type of marrow or squash. Like conscripts, they are green on the outside, yellow inside and two or more together are sure to give any good man the shits.



I have this information on the authority of a genuine Regular Army Showground cook. (Conscripts are known in Queensland as **PAW-PAWS** for exactly the same reasons).

**CHOKOES** are officially termed **NASHOS** to avoid chronic Regular diarrhoea and this ploy has proved sufficient to fool the Regulars so far. The present Regular troops never shit themselves—they are 100% toilet-trained, this being the only educational qualification for the Regular Army.

On the other hand, Regulars can be found chundering out the back of any Army pub or in selected lanes and cabs.



**CHOCKOES** (e.g., **CHOKOES**) are the CMF lads who soldier part-time between wars. The Regulars despise them with a hatred usually reserved for mercenaries. They are called **CHOCKOES** because they are chock full of that with which they cover themselves when they first see action. And I don't mean glory though it may be 'chocolate'.

(The Regulars' pre-occupation with bowel detritus is boring but not new. "An Army marches on its stomach," said Napoleon).

Once a man pulls his weight in the team he is called a **DIGGER**—because he DIGS war. He may be affectionately known as the "Poor-ole-dig-'oos-jus-'doin'-is-job" — b u t usually only to himself.

The Poor-ole-etc has no moral responsibility for anything he does under orders because 'e-is-jus-'doin'-is etc. This is in spite of all the English common law rulings on master and servant and the verdicts of the Neuremburg War Trials.

These decisions that a soldier has a legal obligation to examine the rights and wrongs of what he is ordered to do and disobey if the order is unjustifiable obviously apply only to the enemy.



If we followed them, there would be chaos and a decent war would be out of the question.

Once the **DIGGER** has been to war (i.e., **SEEN ACTION** or **KNOWS WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT**), he becomes either a **RETURNED SERVICEMAN**, **GLORIOUS DEAD** or a **WOUNDED IN ACTION**.

**RETURNED SERVICEMEN** are either **MILIPHOBES** or **MILIPHILES**.



**MILIPHILES**—loved war, gave him his only chance for self-expression. Identified by over-loud descriptions of how tough it was (he was one of the lucky ones) and how he hated it.

He loved Army life—especially being scolded by all those big huggy sergeants. His idea of heaven is an Anzac Day reunion in the RSL club with chokoes and their beatnik sons passing within chunder range.

After the war he attempts to forge a career in merchandising (button-selling), publishing (memoirs) or public relations (begging) but can usually give up and go into TPI (totally and permanently).

The second-class of Blooded Digger is a **GLORIOUS DEAD**.

**MILIPHOBES** — hated war, sometimes show inordinate tendency to try to forget and resume civilian life, don't apply for service medals. They tend to eschew old comrades reunions, footpath two-up, flaunting of wounds and Tattoos (military).

If they become too vocal about what the government does to get the next war under way it is quite okay to call them chokoes or **COMMS**.

To be one of these, it is necessary to suffer a glorious death.

The simplest measure of the gloriousness of a death is the **TV Test**—i.e. "Would it look good on TV?"

Various types of genuine glorious deaths are laid out in lavish detail at the Canberra National War Museum.

Essential features include:

1. **He was on Our Side** (not only when he died but also in all wars since).

2. **He was not a civilian**.

Non-service personnel who are bombed, burned or bayoneted to death cannot qualify because, firstly, they did not die while themselves in the act of killing.

Secondly, one should not stress the fact that in war the safest place to be is in the Army.

Thirdly, the sight of disembowelled children—models in the National Museum might produce unhealthy emotional reactions. Especially in children approaching the age of Choko-dom.

3. **He was charging the enemy**. High-velocity bullets usually go right through so this is not a hard test to pass.



Those who fail the test outright would include:

(a) Those going nuts and being shot as cowards or deserters by friendly forces.

(b) Anyone else accidentally shot by friendly forces.

(c) Those who die of, or shoot themselves because of, VD.

(d) Sundries who contract war neuroses and seem like living dead. (Colonels can be distinguished from these by shoulder pips).



**WOUNDED IN ACTION**s can usually arrange to spend the rest of their lives that way—inactive. Of course **WIAs** can be accommodated in the War Museum but here again the wound must be able to pass the **TV Test**.

Roughly-bandaged but not disfiguring head wounds, arm slings and/or crutch—all are good potential display pieces, not to mention talking-points.



Automatic exclusion: is applied in the case of third-degree facial burns (e.g., napalm or pointing the "thrower" incorrectly), wasted limbs (or too-obvious stumps) any injuries to genitals.

War is an institution that toughens and ennobles. Any suggestion that it may emasculate is to be avoided.

—Nicholas E. Jones.



# SAIGON CORRESPONDENTS

Now that Our Boys are really getting stuck into the VC, newspaper proprietors throughout the country have seen Vietnam's potential as one big human interest story. Readers, taking an almost inhuman interest in Our Boys, are hungry for on-the-spot reports of yet another latest outrage.

That's why every newspaper has its own Saigon Correspondent (SC) to provide several columns of death-lust prose after each search-and-destroy and Buddhist riot. In odd moments he interviews the ruling General of the day.

But, of course, it's not enough to just report these events, he must interpret them for the readers back home. This is where experience and phrase-making ability really count.

All Army personnel, whether Regulars, Chokocs or Chockocs, are eager to learn about the war before they go to it. So, to aid their fuller understanding of SC despatches, here is an explanation of some favourite SC phrases and gambits.

## PHRASES

**VUNG TAU, Tuesday.**—Australian troops have killed 11 Vietcong during the joint Australian-American operation "Hardihood" in central Phuoc Tuy Province.

**VUNG TAU:** what could sound more ethnic than that? Actually the story was written in the Caravelle Hotel, Saigon, where your SC will live out his stint (or die in the attempt).

**KILLED 11 VIETCONG:** one well-known unfair Comm. tactic has been for the VC to carry away their dead. (The democratic tactic is to fly them away to Australia.) This makes it difficult to count the bodies—so they must be 'estimated'. The devious VC also confuse matters by carrying off their wounded. It is difficult to estimate from the air (the accepted statistical method) which is which. The enthusiastic SC will ignore such a fine distinction. Eleven killed sounds good.

Of course, whether the eleven are true VC or just peasants who stopped bullets is a question the answering of which would only lead to confusion and low morale in combat forces.

**JOINT AUSTRALIAN-AMERICAN:** American SC's know this as a "joint American-Australian operation". Our SC's rule is that anything below a 5:1 ratio of Americans to Australians is Australian-American and anything above is an "Allied" operation. "Joint" means that the Australians were "integrated" or "split up among" American units and commanded by Americans.

**OPERATION** a generic term covering all military movements. Our Boys never fight battles, mount offensives, make counter-attacks or do any of the other things normally done in war. Instead, they go on "search-and-destroy" missions. (To search and destroy villages? or VC?)



**Brisbane's own boys march off to make mince-meat of the Vietcong.**

These missions can last two weeks and involve thousands of troops but they still sound comfortably like punitive forays or mopping-up jobs.

**"HARDIHOOD":** picturesque operation names always add glamour. SC's suggestions are always welcomed at U.S.H.Q.

**CENTRAL PHUOC TUY PROVINCE:** does this mean that the fighting was in central Vietnam or in the centre of the Province—which could mean two miles from Saigon. Who knows? This sounds far away, yet exciting.

In this particular search-and-destroy, the Australians suffered "light casualties". The whimsical method of describing casualties is to consider them as a ratio of the entire force. So that if 50 were wiped out in an ambush, casualties were light because 5,000 troops were in the field. Only if the whole force were to fight a pitched battle would we get heavy casualties. Fortunately, and coincidentally, that is the last thing that the VC will do.

## GAMBITS

### 1. There are two sides to every question.

Actually there are usually three or more but two is the limit for Australian newspapers.

### 2. Every Vietnamese politician has three faces.

The first is his "public" face (which he hates to lose). This is the way he appears in news despatches, e.g. "Aggressive leader of the 'Young Turk' group of army leaders, General Ky, said tonight in a typically forthright statement that . . ."

The second or "private" face is reserved for feature articles, e.g. "... as I observed to General Ky. Pausing only to offer me a traditional rice cookie—which he baked himself—the young Ghandi of Vietnam patiently explained that . . ." It is different and if possible contradictory to his first face.

The politician's third face is seen only by his wife and/or mistress apart from his chauffeur to whom the SC's paper pays a large monthly bride, e.g. "... 'More, more!', he screamed through blood-flecked lips. I swung the heavy greenhide whip about my head once again and as it bit deep into 'Kinky' Ky's left buttock his sobbing moan of ecstasy drifted out towards the Delta where bright flashes of . . ."

Quite clearly, this stuff can be at once sensational, personal and spurious. It can also be quite profitable after the bribe is added to one's normal SC wage.

### 3. Over-rate the enemy.

No army can look good when fighting ragged guerilla bands. Especially when the guerillas win. However, once an army fights against overwhelming odds it is automatically composed of heroes. If, contrary to normal expectations, it then has fairly normal casualty rates, this can be explained by the soldiers' superb jungle-craft, natural aptitude and stamina.

### 4. "The Vietcong are a cunning foe."

This takes care of explaining any blunders Our Boys might make such as dropping hand grenades (booby-trap) or shooting each other (sniper). It also explains away the VC's apparent control of 73% of the country. He is a cunning illusion.

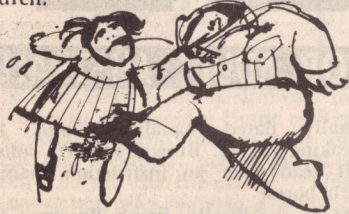
With these few phrases and elementary gambits SC's can make it all sound just so much better to their readers. The one drawback is that the readers don't realise quite what's going on.

Wonder whether the other side has Hanoi Correspondents doing the same? Sobering, isn't it?



*Dear Sir/Madam,*

I don't know what OZ's policy on Vietnam is in this modern day and age but I have just read a copy of OZ August number 21. And I don't mind telling you I thought it was a load of uninterlectual rubbish. I also thought this magazine was written by University students, our future leaders, as far as I could make out this magazine was written by seven year old children.



I doubt if anyone on the staff (?) of OZ know even yet why Australia is fighting in Vietnam. By your number 21 edition it is obvious that no one knew then and by the actions of our "University students" act these days it makes it obvious that they still don't know why we are there or on the other hand the Uni students involved in demonstrations etc, concerned with Vietnam and the Governments policy on Vietnam are Communist supporters. Yet they profess openly they are not Communists or Commie supporters.

I must say here I returned from Vietnam earlier this year with a shrapnel wound in my leg. Next week I return to Malaya for my second tour there. I would return to Vietnam at a moments notice to fight for Australia.

I might add here that the sooner your "oh - so - marvellous - know - all - know-nothing-Commie-Supporters" realise they are wasting everyones time and money with stupid, childish, entirely unnecessary demonstrations and utterly ridiculous pamphlets and writings, the better. I know why we are there and I don't, I repeat don't, know any soldiers who would refuse to lay down his life for this reason. I know for a start that I would not like any filthy commie to rape any of my sisters or my wife and this is what it would amount to if the bastards ever get to Australia and S. Vietnam would be one of their biggest stepping stones to achieving this.

Yes, when your intelligent beings at Uni learn all the facts they might shine a different light on this subject. When they do they should have the guts to make a public apology to the Government and the Army for the rubbish they have insulted in the past.

I cannot give you my name as I am not permitted to communicate with the Press because I am a soldier. If you do have the gumpston to print this in your magazine I would be very surprised.

Yours sincerely,  
Mal. M. AYR.

#### RELIGION IN THE CENSUS?

Those without religious affiliations are urged to answer the Census question "RELIGION" correctly by stating:  
"NO RELIGION"

Previously one million failed to answer this question and many more stated a nominal religion.

Official policies are often based on Census returns. The answer "No Religion" will result in recognition for the non-religious.

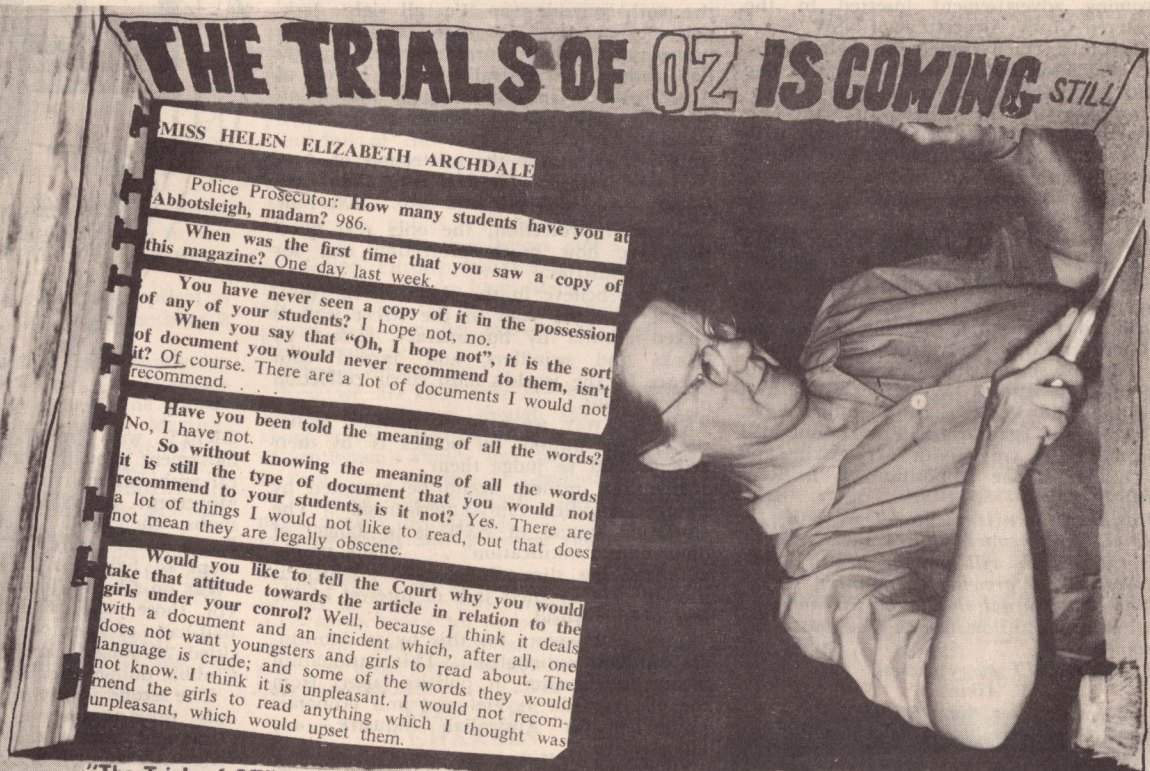
*Chateaubriand for two?  
Then don't come here -  
we don't serve such crap.  
For the tasty things of  
life*



*3 Jersey Road. Woollahra*

*32 4815*

*for reservations*



"The Trials of OZ" is an edited transcript of the evidence in the unsuccessful prosecution of the February, 1964, issue of OZ, in which the editors were originally sentenced to six months goal. It includes the conflicting judgments handed down in three N.S.W. Courts and a full reprint of the offending issue.



**Country Party  
split over  
margarine  
Page 8**

# ORBIT

THE WEEKLY NEWSPAPER FOR ADULT AUSTRALIANS

Frank Browne is one of those journalists taught in the school of hard knocks and educated by the university of life. He has always been one of the liveliest knockers in Australia.

Now Frank has produced a weekly newspaper harking back to those halcyon days when "Smith's Weekly" and the old "Bulletin" could truly boast a temper democratic, bias Australian.

Unfortunately, all that Frank's effort can muster is temper short and bias obvious.

ORBIT—The Weekly Newspaper For Adult Australians—first appeared on Friday, May 27, in a blaze of tasteless typography and ludicrous artwork. The first editorial described ORBIT as "a fighting weekly newspaper in the almost vanished Australian tradition of cheekiness and scepticism".

Sceptics were quick to notice that cheek by jowl with the editorial was an enormous welcoming advertisement inserted by the Registered Clubs' Association of NSW.

The Clubs, chiefly noted for their bizarre pleasure palaces bought with poker machine profits, nonetheless welcomed the iconoclastic paper in the belief "that there is great scope for an independent weekly with a vigorous Australian outlook, and [oops!] sympathy with the aims and aspirations of the Club Movement, and its 800,000 members".

It is no secret that Fearless Frank has a guaranteed circulation of 50,000—courtesy of the Clubs—which should enable it to stagger out every week with all bills paid in the old tradition of fighting journalism.

Others who didn't advertise their welcome but perhaps should have were Marrickville Holding Ltd. and R. W. Miller while two politicians did but perhaps shouldn't have.

Good old egalitarian Frank obtained welcome notes from both Mr. Askin and the Leader of the Opposition, J. B. Renshaw.

*I believe there is plenty of room in the journalistic firmament for a newspaper of this type which will provide healthy competition in our growing community.*

*The new journal should be welcomed by the readership for which it has been designed.*

*I wish ORBIT every success.*

R. W. Askin,

Premier, New South Wales.



In other words, those who like that sort of thing will like this sort of.

The Renshaw welcome also had a quiet hint of ambiguity.

*It is very pleasing to see another news and information vehicle being launched in NSW.*

*[Sounds like a ship—R. W. Miller?]*

*In our democracy the wider the field of public expression and informed and reasonable criticism, the greater are our safeguards, over public life, be it political, commercial, social, or other activities.*

*It ORBIT lives up to these standards of publishing, we of the Australian Labor Party, not only welcome its appearance but feel sure it will fill a great need in our community.*

*We wish it well.*

J. B. Renshaw,

Leader of the Opposition.

(Especially if the criticism is informed and reasonable and ORBIT lives up to any standards at all.)

ORBIT's stated policy is:

"● We are interested only in Australia and those who live here. With the rest of the world pursuing an 'I'm all right, Jack' policy, we believe that there is room for a newspaper fervently pressing that Australians should run Australia for the benefit of Australians." (In other words, this is an "I'm all right, Jack" answer to a selfish world.)

"● We stand for the protection of Australian industry." (The last Australian free-trader died eighty years ago. Everyone believes in protection; the only real questions are how much protection and for which industries.)

"● We believe in the rights of the individual . . . the man in the street who is kicked around by bureaucracy, rooked by crooks and swindlers, and dazzled with science by the world's most costly collection of politicians.

"By the way, we have no political affiliations. Our outlook on polities is 'by their actions shall ye judge them'."

His Club readers would be attracted by Frank's mindless anti-Americanism ("The education system of NSW is in danger of immediate Yankification" . . . "Yank tycoon with the big slice of Australia") which is limited only by their lack of interest in the rest of the world.

They compensate for this by an inordinate mindless nationalism. This nationalism means isolationism in politics (apart from the odd crusade in Vietnam) and economic protection for Australian industry—any industry.

Of course, some of these protected industries may be worse for the average citizen than the foreign devils at bay beyond the tariff walls—but that's OK, they're Australian.

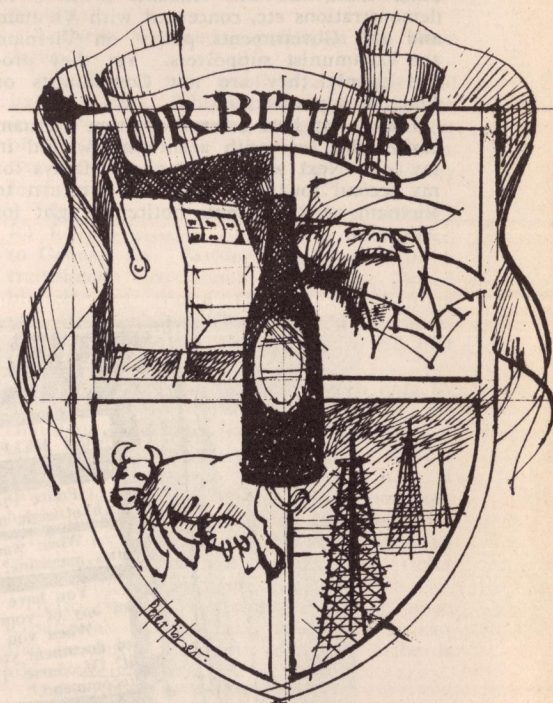
ORBIT's other features include "The Liars Club" for tall stories (ho-hum), "Bless 'em All" (for long Service stories), Forum and Agin'em (for Marian Dreyer's

equally dated banalities) and Frankly Speaking (a Mr. Browne's sports column).

It reads like an instruction manual for Club bores.

More specifically, Frank Browne's ORBIT is directed at Alf Clubbie. Seeing that the paper is virtually subsidised by the Clubs this is no surprise. What is surprising is that Frank has sold himself so completely to his financiers. It is so much for Alf Clubbie as to alienate almost anyone else.

In the first issue, Alf Clubbie found that



ORBIT was "solidly behind any mass movement providing a community in general with better living . . . such as the Club Movement in NSW" and that wowsers, snobs, the NSW Chief Secretary and Sir Frank Packer were forcing the Club Movement to fight for its existence with their "War on Clubs" (fought across a full page). For those who ploughed on, surprise!—a half-page of anecdotes about "Clublife" entitled "Clubland" and four inane stories on Clubbie doings and disputes.

The second issue was somewhat better with only three-quarters of a page devoted to "Clubland" and the two-page centre spread religiously hammering home the message of "3 MILLION THE CRITICS FORGET—HOW THE CLUBS AID THE COMMUNITY" while the third made up for this treasonous lack of publicity by a photo-spread on page one and patent absurdities gracing pages 2, 3, and 9—all establishing the clubs as the greatest force for good since the First Coming.



# FOREIGNERS EXPLOIT OUR OIL

Page 22

What a fall! Here is Frank Browne, the fearless journalist who faced a House of Representatives about to send him to gaol and denounced the members' action to their pasty faces, who ran the fire-eating "Things I Hear" newsletter, who founded a Republican Party and spoke for it amid ridicule—and now he gives birth to this malformed mental defective of a Clubbie Bulletin pandering to every whim of his backers!

Dear old Frank, he tried to carve himself a niche and only got backed into a corner.

In his corner, too, is every old-timer and hasbeen since the first Sydney Gazette, all ready to churn out the flaccid pap that is the limit of Alf Clubbie's imagination.

His writers and cartoonists, neglected with good reason for twenty years, have found a place in the worst weekly ever to crawl on to the streets.

"GET INTO ORBIT!" the third issue said "Tell ORBIT about it! ... If you think something is not on the level tell ORBIT about it!"

Well, here's one average citizen who's going to take his chance.

The Editor,  
ORBIT.

Dear Sir,

I think something is not on the level. A new weekly paper I bought recently is edited by someone who used to work as a public relations man for R. W. Miller when he was trying to bring tankers on to the Australian coastal run to ship oil at high rates.

This paper carried an article giving only the Miller version of this dispute from 1963 to date.

This was thinly disguised as a gripe against the Government's alleged favouritism to Victorians. Two pages further in there was a full page ad. for Miller's beer.

Being as naturally cheeky and sceptical as the next Australian I think that something is not on the level.

In the same issue, a story (again thinly disguised) put only the Marrickville Holdings version of the dispute over margarine quotas. If the editor wasn't employed by Marrickville, in the past, he should be right now.

Strangely enough, to my sceptical mind, there was no full page ad. for Marrickville in that issue. For some reason the Marrickville ad. was left till the next week.

In the third issue (which included another Marrickville full page) a page 5 full-page ad. appeared for "HALT-RUST—the revolutionary American under sealer."

Funny, I thought in my cheeky way, wasn't ORBIT against nasty Yanks and for protection of Australian industry?

Page 6 gave us the full news story: "RUST IN CARS SOLVED—New U.S. protection for Aust. ... Road Safety organisations emphasise that the greatest killer on the roads is not drink, or speed, but RUST."

This is an exciting new discovery but I still have that feeling that I am being rooked. I think you should know about it.

Yours in Orbit.  
Dean Letcher.



## Charlie's charley

What a shame!

Not long ago La Belle Dame Lady Hyphen-Smith organised a tour of Greater Britain and the Continong's pre-high-camp but still very socialite-deb world (cash on engagement, champers free). She escorted a group of Aussie-born maids of the mountains full of the luv-lee spirit of wattle—the southern hemispherical indecision; wattle we do if a lord's son asks us to? The whole tour was saved from 100% failure by noble Alf de Bandicoot, the Adonis of the Darling Downs, and a character Joseph Furphy would have loved, who repressed his libido long enough to follow his dearly beloved to London before proposing that they get married all over the daily newspapers.

What a shame!

Now we are told that the heir-apparent—Ponce Charles—is, though shy, knocking about correspondence-wise with a wacky bit of gentleman's choice and major's daughter to boot . . . . resident in London!

O double, double failure! His classmates must already be posting black-edged notes to elder sisters and of course the press has got hold of it.

The Press. Our girls given cold shoulder by lots of poms. Twice now! Of course the English are a lot of poofters and only marry for convenience and stuffed koalas really do make better bedfellows than teddy boys bare but still . . . . I mean I say . . . .

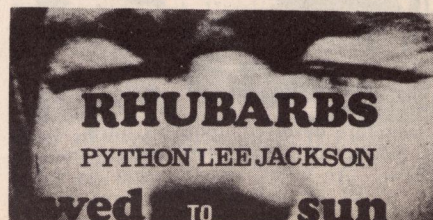
## THE GIRL CHARLES LEFT BEHIND

That's a bit too much to swallow. Just nobody wants Australian women except Australian men and packs of dagoes. And I mean it must be true, Sir Frank put it in the Sunday papers and as my Kandy Colored Streamline friend Tom Woolfe would say—What a Sunday Kind of Love!

## HEADLINES WE WANT TO SEE

- a monkey is being kept alive at Taronga with a human kidney
- a hitherto-unknown group of whites has just been discovered in New Guinea
- pagodas are being built large enough to accommodate army tanks in the basement
- the Mini engine has been changed from east-west to north-south out of deference to the local Moslem demand
- at modern jazz concerts they pass round the plate
- the next foreign language to be taught in Australian secondary schools is pidgin
- a Far East School has been established at Oodnadatta for those underprivileged Sydney kids who have never had a holiday by the desert
- they have at long last discovered a commercial method of converting fresh water to salt

—Douglas Terry.





**DON'T MISS A SINGLE ISSUE OF  
THESE EXCITING WAR STORIES OF OUR  
FIGHTING MEN IN ACTION!**

**M**AY 24 was a pretty tense day for Harold.

The Fifth Regiment was trickling into Vietnam; some of them were already in the field and of these a few were conscripts. Any day the first of them would be killed.

Harold had no power over who would be that first one—the one the papers would blow up all over the front page. It might be some poor bastard with six younger siblings and a widowed mother who up to this year was supported by his earnings at the local factory. Of course, it could just as easily have been Michael Darby or young Fairhall. Or Doug Walters—thank God, he's still safe at home.



He was tempted to order the formation of a suicide squad of carefully screened conscripts whose next-of-kin could be relied on to plug the right message. Parachute them into the wrong area and stop all this waiting. It was an idea...

**I'LL GET 'EM--  
I'LL KILL 'EM  
ALL!**



The next day Private Errol Wayne Noack died in time for the evening papers.

Noack was a South Australian boy, tall, fair, good-looking; he was 21 (enfranchised, no less), single and, just for good measure, a keen spear-fisherman. As the only child of an 18½-year-old divorcee, he lived with his uncle and aunt at Adelaide.



It therefore devolved upon his uncle, Mr. Herb Noack, to make the crucial family statement. As usual, exactly what he felt about it all depended entirely on what you read.



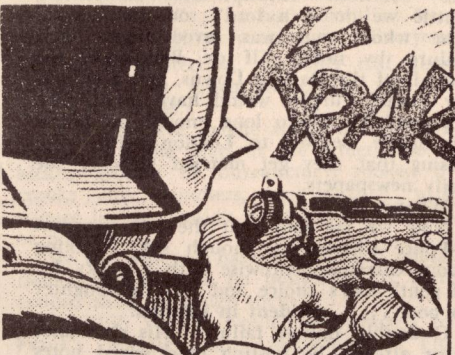
The press, realising the vital significance of these events for the Government, did not bother to make too fine a point of the few facts of the case. The Melbourne papers, for some extraordinary reason, had Pte. Noack's address as the Adelaide suburb of Gilberton, momentarily losing contact with the Adelaide Advertiser's authoritative statement that he resided at Barwell Ave., Marleston. The Sydney Sun talked knowledgeably about "Private R. Noack of Port Lincoln", a mere 400 miles off-beam.

With accurate information so clearly at their finger-tips, the newspapers were well prepared to publish a small press statement by the bereaved uncle:

*"To us Errol died in Vietnam for the good of Australia. None of us is happy about it—nobody could be. But I don't want any attack on the Government policy to be made out of this. It wouldn't be right, using the boy's life for propaganda."*

This was the version that appeared in the Adelaide Advertiser and brought comfort to Harold in Canberra. It was short, sensible and plausibly guarded; it succinctly stated our war aims and, of course, the sting was in the tail.

This statement soon found its way into most major newspapers, with some notable variations.



The Melbourne Age, for example, followed this statement word perfectly but, in its wisdom, felt the last sentence could be tightened a bit without unduly molesting the admirable sentiments expressed: *If there's one thing we don't want, it's any political propaganda being made out of Errol's death.*

The Sydney Telegraph is always magnificent in a situation even vaguely menacing to the Government: it was the only major paper not to spring the news of the critical death on its first page. With exemplary restraint it managed to bury it on page five under the remarkable title *Policy of Govt. "Will Save Lives"*, being mainly the text of Holt's official statement on Noack's death. This story only mentioned in passing the event which had prompted such devastating self-congratulation.

In a subordinate story, the Telegraph finally located the felicitous uncle of Pte Erroll Noack of Gilberton. They ran the same version as elsewhere but somehow, as always, they were able to elicit just a few more words than anyone else in order to slam the message home. Exclusively for Sir Frank Packer, Mr. Herb Noack was able to proclaim: *The use of conscripts is Government policy and we have to accept it. Man alive, we don't know what the Government knows. They know more than we do—ought to. We're just individuals.*

Of the Eastern States papers, only the Melbourne Herald claimed to have spoken directly to the uncle and they alone in the whole of Australia had him saying anything that bordered on criticism: *Our family has never been happy about this conscription business, but we do agree that it's a good plan for everyone to train for home defence. We don't want to cause any stir in high places. But my nephew's life is gone. He's certainly done his part for Australia.*

It is to the Herald alone that we owe the knowledge that Mr. Noack is opposed to the sending of conscripts overseas; without it this information, trivial as it may seem, would have been lost.

In fact the difference between each of the Press reports appears absurdly small—a few words give or take. Yet on the careful selection of words any possible embarrassment to the Government was averted.



Private Errol Noack was a pawn in an unfortunate game that he did not understand but his death notices were really something of a rook.

—R.W.





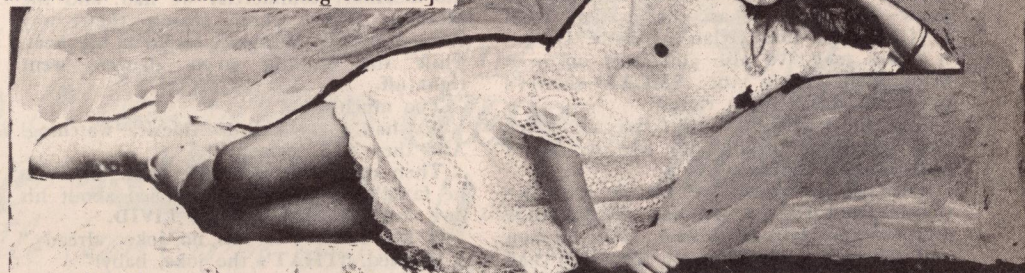
from "Wahroonga Lady in her Naked Lunch", catalogue note to Garry Shead's exhibition at Watters Gallery.

# WAHROONGA LADY IN HER NAKED LUNCH



Garry Shead is our first painter-celebrant of suburbia. We have had terrace house painters before, of course; but I have always thought that they were attracted more by the picturesqueness of those terraces, their suitability for formal, traditional composition, than by the life that was lived in them; Garry Shead is really more concerned with the people who have showers, eat and make love in those houses than with the buildings themselves. And anyhow he is celebrating a different kind of suburbia, the Wahroonga-Killara-Pymble wealthbelt. This is the whisky-and-soda, two-car, three-dachshund one-kid section of Sydney suburbia, with Church on Sundays, the *Herald* in the morning, lunch at the Bistrot, dinner at home, a snooze and a snort, don't forget the Scott-Thompsons on Saturday night dear, and the Liberal Party ladies' committee on Tuesday, with the nearest pub the Greengate (and God knows we try never to go there). It's surprising—or is it?—that so many of what Australian Vogue so charmingly calls our Youthquakers have come from such a background: Richard Walsh, Gordon and Barker; Richard Neville, Mosman and Knox; Martin Sharp, Bellevue Hill and Cranbrook; Garry Shead, Pymble and Shore. The upper-middle class explosion. They've all had something worth rebelling against; and Shead paints that backcloth, that liver brick stockbroker-belt between-wars bourgeoisdom, with appalling accuracy: those rows of bungalows with their blinded eye-holes of windows and castrated lawns and Wunderlich tiles, those North Shore Line hedges and red pebble paths and Old Country flowerbeds, those stolid double-story mansions with fake Roman arches and a maid in the pantry and electric lights burning in hallways of permanent gloom.

But he's done more than that. In front of all those blank-stare houses he's painted nude women, adorable creatures with wiry black pubic hair and posy pink nipples and Clydesdale flanks who lie flaunting their nakedness on respectable front lawns or flash bare bellies and bums from Khartoum Avenue footpaths. And even when there aren't any nudes mid-Victorian women with huge hats and hourglass figures saunter down the driveway or fake-front houses take on an almost Shakespearean grandeur ("I always feel that almost anything could hap-



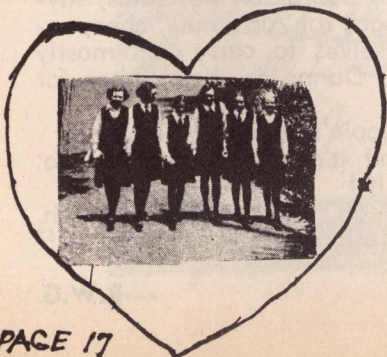
pen in those houses, that you could have a Hamlet there." Garry says). In one painting a striped nude sits squatly alone on an acre of well-cropped lawn; in another a pink-and-white couple writhe and copulate in naked sunshine beneath a bower of spring-ripened flowers, Arcadia in Pymble Park. These nudes are a standing (or lying) affront to suburbia, brazen bawds and haystack hussies outraging the sober citizenry with a lust of flesh and bounce of buttock. How dare they! If you lie there, lady, you'll get yourself shaven with a Victrola. Hullo, is that Chatswood Police Station? I want to report that something *very strange* is going on in our front garden...

And yet, of course, they are not just an affront. They are part of suburbia. This is the girl who lives next door, this is the girl who lives down the street, this is our daughter. These are the Abbotsleigh girls with lovely accents who fornicate freely on three-storey front lawns, get laid in the back of Minis, swallow sex with senior prefects and place aspirins in Mummy's Ovulen box. The school or the suburb doesn't make much difference: Ravenswood, Gordon, P.L.C., Scegg, one back seat's the same as another (though M.G.s are difficult and

uncomfortable, Sprites are impossible except the Italian way), you can go through on the lawn when the turn's over and on the settee if Mummy's away, and axminster pile is best of all (though it stains). Like upper-caste groups anywhere Sydney's North Shore is properly promiscuous, pill-freed from fear, and while the Scott-Thompsons enjoy their breakfast their daughter lies with legs apart to receive the horny benediction which they too once knew but forgot. More goes on behind those liver-brick walls, sweet Yorick, than Barry Humphries ever dreamt of.

They think themselves rebels, these ladies. But they are all part of the play. They, too, will come to live in those tile-and-hedge houses, sleep in rooms with wedding photographs in frames (and Shead paintings on the wall to show they're different), eat, shave, quarrel, copulate, act out their de Sade desires and Hamlet fears, grow old, get shocked when they find their own children doing at 12 what they waited a respectable 15 for. The Northern Suburbs Crematorium, with its million brass plaques and oil-fired chimney smoke, awaits them. I love them all, even their houses. If I could wish them eternal life, I would. But Garry Shead has already done that for them.

CRAIG MCGREGOR





# Flix 4 Kix



... Really, baby, it was too much. Y'see, we all had been off the lot for over a week ("sponsor's cutback" . . . you know) when Andy dropped by. Andy Warhol, of course, baby; who else?

Well, as you know, Andy was the big boy-hipster those days: the Pop-pop, the shitstorm on wheels. Well, baby, ole Andy always had the Word in those days, and, sho' nuff, old self-truly was finally to be With It.

I jest not: they wanted the right to my old series . . . which? Oh, wait, man! . . . Andy baby wanted . . . it'll kill you . . . old jetset B & R. You know, hipswinging Christobol (Agin-it) Robin and Winnie (The Batman) Pooh, highcamp hipster extraordinaryordinary. I died, I kid you not!

Of course old Andy helped to film it: anything beats watching skyscrapers.

Well, we got these walk-on villains; you know—Bette Davis as The Man from UNCLE, and Bob Dylan as Bette Davis—it killed me! We also got Andy on in a brief scene using the YMCA's shower's peephole. Very (high) camp!

And the parties! With Grace and Meg always running through the sets, we had a ball. But to the story . . .

After a few weeks we had a sponsor—Consolidated Halva. We had the premiere and we were set. In a week, The Batman and Christobol Robin were IN; Pop had WON. The heroes of Gotham City were TIMEcover-camp—too much for me, man.

But hipswing Bee-man and R. were al-right on their own—everyone likes a real hipster, a racket-busting, cop-hating swinger—but when Tarzan came back, it became a bit more difficult. Y'see, Andy had been

offered the role of Jane and had had a NEW VISION!@%@! of Pop in drag. I tell you, we were SHAT, already!

But the bankers, man! They sent the Word: Up periscope and Pop the shop. So what could we do?

We got Disney to play Captain Bligh; we set the scene as Disneyland-on-sea, the Gotham City waterfront; we got the Animals to play the police force; we got the Rolling Stones to play the Animals; we hired a scriptwriter; we hired Andy's Whip Dancers and—baby, we went right off—we made a show.

The night came. The Batman and Christobol came hip-swinging down a rope, hip-as-hell! They swung into action, fighting D. Duck and Napoleon Solo. Surrounded by a herd of water buffalo, they hip-swung into a commercial, only to return in a fade in into the middle of a swarm of mating scorpions, set to Muzak.

By the next scene, where the CAMPbell Soup labels threaten the American Way and get the full support, baby, of our heroes, (Pop is IN, man, I kid you not), the rat-ings were on heat.

Then they went RIGHT OFF at the finale!

Y'see, the whole pop-ulace of Golem is in this running gunbattle on the Big Dipper, when B&R hipswing into ACTION, shooting everyone. Then, as the janitors come on to clean up, Disney calls out, "Abast, MR. Christobol!" and leers into closeup.

There's DEAD silence (except for the Stones doing the love-death bit in "Isolde"), until all the kids are watching. Then D. bows to B&R and asks the kids to grovel. By then the special effects boys had the halo ready and B&R rose to the top of the set, where a golden throne was waiting.

Then the whole cast came on, singing the mortuary commercial we had, and the Mormon Tab. Choir swung their way through "Rock of Ages", set to a big beat, while the Shindig go-go-dancers went right off.

Too much!

We had every kid in America watching! And they ALL grovelled!

Then of course old Andy came in. Was he fazed! He was pretty worried about his own ratings. Baby, he was LIVID.

It killed me! "It was no joke, already," I laughed, "THAT's the joke, baby!"

He went grey, then brightened. We both laughed like hell.

"Well I'll be damned!" he said softly.

And he was! Y'see, POP was IN.

It killed me.

Or almost.

perry gee.



## CHARACTERS

**NUT:** A local advertising executive.

**ALF:** A darkie peanut seller.

**Alf:** So I came to youse for advice.

**Nut:** Sandwich boards are hep.

**Alf:** Man, dat's old stuff.

**Nut:** (Thinks: Ya looks like a guinea pig.) Say, I has a new idea.

**Alf:** Give.

**Nut:** Howdya like sandwich carriers all over town? Dozens, mebbe hun-'reds.

**Alf:** Nix. Wages.

**Nut:** For free. Don't pay 'em.

**Alf:** Yer crackers?

**Nut:** Pay some of 'em.

**Alf:** Which ones?

**Nut:** Yer don't tell 'em. Keep 'em guessing for weeks.

**Alf:** Never work.

**Nut:** Wanna bet? Big promises. Big deal to carry a board.

**Alf:** Our people got self respect.

**Nut:** Subtle boards. Say, neat little stickers.

**Alf:** Message?

**Nut:** "Buy Alf's nuts. Supa doopa, extra brighter, always new."

**Alf:** They's not dumb.

**Nut:** You bet they are. Never notice the drill. Eyes on big money. Only, all but a couple never sees it.

**Alf:** Big money?

**Nut:** Yes, wages. But ya calls it prizes.

**Alf:** Could figure.

**Nut:** People's dumb. We live on it. All suckers.

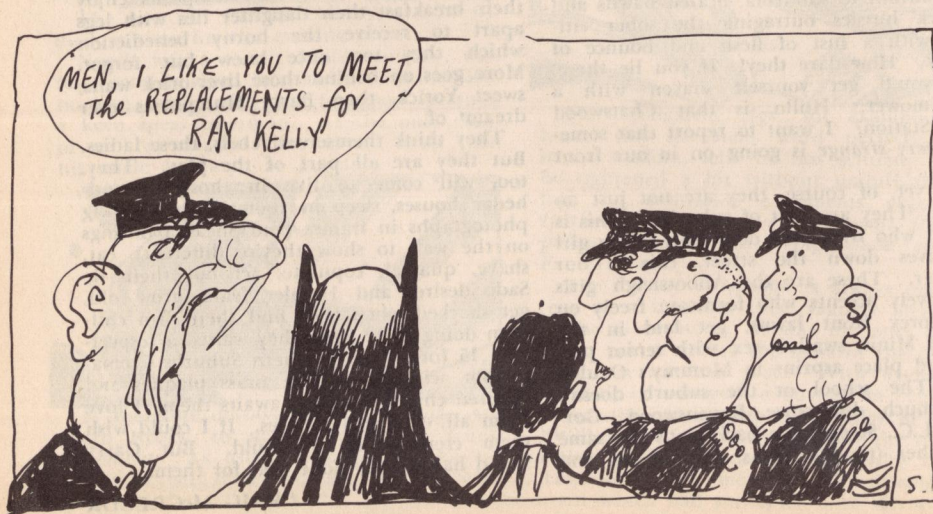
**Alf:** So these people ass around wit' sandwich boards on dey tales, saying big gas for Alf's nuts, cheapening deyselves to carry 'em mostly for free? Dunno dey been taken for suckers?

**Nut:** People's dumb.

**Alf:** And it's big business. Seeya. (Exit Alf.)


**Nut:** Yeah man. Come in, seh. Radio station? Listeners fallin' off? Lessee now.

—R.W.G.





# DARLING!

DID YOU SEE  BATMAN at THE CAPITOL  
WASNT IT JUST TOO HIGH CAMP for Phrases  
I'VE seen IT 10 TIMES and adored EVERYBRILLIANT  
frame **ITS SO POP** AND DID YOU SEE  
WALLY and THE MAJOR in the **SUN HERALD** Wally  
is Soooo HIGH CAMP and and **AND PRINCE**  
**Valiant**.... I could **HARDLY** believe my Corège glasses.  
That **HAIR**... Sooooo BRIAN JONES, and the "YOUR  
**HOME** section in the Sun. Tele.... Soooo High Camp....  
(I'm having Leslie WALFORD in to copy it word for word) **WAS-**  
**NT** that AD. for **MOTHERS CHOICE** in **WOMENS**  
**WEEKLY TOO BRILLIANT**... I almost **SHRIEKED**  
When my little Green Grocer skipped in WITH the **MOST**  
**DELICIOUS** Peril packets, **SO WARHOL**...  
**SO POP** I've never knew **MODERN** Art could  
be so **SUPERB**... and **MAN-**  
**DRAKE** and **LOTHAR**, what  
a High Camp comment on Racialism  
and **SUPERMAN** on  
**BROADWAY**.... I could see  
it all coming for YEARS... I've been  
reading those COMICS since I  
was a **MERE** child....



SHARP



**THE COWLED  
CRUSADER STRIKES  
AGAIN BUT!**

**TAKE THAT!  
YOU DREARY  
ALF!**

**POW!**

**UGH!**

**I CANT GO  
ON ALONE...  
... ROBINS LEFT ME  
FOR A BINKIE  
BURGER**

