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Part of the two million strong crowd which gathered in People's Square to watch the Maoday Parade. The lucky person with his head circled wins a valuable book prize when he calls at our office if he can answer a simple quotation.

Yesterday's winner: M. T. Tung.

## CHAIRMAN'S REPORT HEARD THROUGHOUT CHINA

by Mao Tse-tung, our political correspondent

**Hi-pong. Tuesday 16, The Year of the Long Swansong:**—A new wind was felt by all loyal Chinese today as Chairman Mao reported to the nation.

His action was a direct counter to the black winds of revisionism and neo-socialism raging into China from across our Western borders from the decadent Kruschevite Soviet.

The Chairman's report hailed it as a Great was seen as evidence that Offensive. Many of them he had turned his back on these forces and turned carried placards to this his face to the Pacific effect.

Some of the guards had come on foot but others rode roughshod over their lackeys. He urged the loyal neo-anti-bourgeoisie of the People's Republic to eat only watercress, cabbage and radishes during the next week to conserve the food supplies and spur on the proletariat to a fiercer movement.

After hearing a six-hour address from the Peoples' Chairman entitled "Soviet Neo-progressionism", the Guards regrouped on the corner of the People's Revolution Forever and Perish Yankee Imperialism streets.

They decided to go to the provinces on a search-and-destroy expedition against itinerant revisionists, armed only with the thought of Chairman and the occasional blunt instrument.

Four million Red Guards assembled spontaneously in Long Live Chairman Mao Place and After purging five thousand peasants, rain stopped play.

## ADVERTISEMENTS

### MISSING FRIENDS

Chiang, please come home, all is forgiven.—M.

### CINEMA

At the Bijou-cha Theatre: "A Night at the Chinese Opera", starring the Marx Brothers, Karl and Onyor.

### STRIP CLUBS

Now showing at the Red Pussycat, having just returned from an extended season at Dallas, U.S.A., Mao's own "Yellow Rose of Texas". For one night only, Yellow Rose will do the UNPURGED VERSION.



## LEGAL NOTICES

In the Supreme Court of China—

Divorce — Mao v. Mao co-respondent Tung.

Bankruptcy — In re N. T. Tung ex parte Mao Industries.

Court of Appeal — Tse by his next friend Tung v. Mao.

# the 5th column

**A city-wide tse-tse eradication campaign was halted today after charges of neo-unpatriotism.**

★ ★ ★

**R**ED Guard marksmen competed today in the annual Green Bean Shoot. Hot favourite, Mao tung, of Peking, was troubled by the black winds of revisionism and could only just manage to make the second string team.

★ ★ ★

**D**OCTORS report that Siamese twins born yesterday to a 35-year-old peasant are both doing well. The mother attributes the miracle birth to her husband's nightly readings of the thought of Chairman Mao which encouraged him to redouble his efforts.

★ ★ ★

**C**ANTON'S province's education minister, M. tse-Tung, has announced that Cantonese school-children will have more homework set when they return to school next year. While stressing that he thought it would lead to an improvement in their characters, he added that it would eliminate any need for revision.

# THINK OR THWIM

A 78-year-old civil servant had a narrow escape from drowning in the Yangtse River today.

The man, M. T. Tung of Peking, drifted nine miles downstream in a strong current before being rescued. It is believed that a gang of youths forced him into the muddy river and threatened him when he attempted to swim ashore.

When interviewed in the Thousand Flowers Hospital last night, the elderly Mr. Tung said

that he had shouted for help many times but groups of peasants on the river bank had mistaken his cries for patriotic slogans and had only called back "As the river is mighty, so is Mao".

Mr. Tung will be released this morning from the hospital after treatment for immersion and over-exposure.

## How now, Brown Mao?

A Chinese worker has been charged with libel following a proletariat Write-Out in Soviet Scabs Square last week-end.

The charged is Peng Chan, green mayor in the Shanghai hornet's nest and a little, known Tally clerk. Peng is only four feet high and has gained world-wide publicity since his acknowledged disenchantment with Chairman Mao.

He has also been charged with striving under the influence of the revisionists.

Peng's alienation from the People's Party began one dark morning when he failed to find his voice for the ceremonial

singing of "The East is Red." He later announced his refusal to kow tow to the hoi polloi, an old Chinese ritual that is performed each day by the Party leaders.

After these events, he began to see the writing on the wall. He also began to contribute a little of his own, as did his followers.

Now the Chief Noodle in the Shanghai Potpourri has been withered by the thought of Chairman Mao. As he withered off to his political asylum, Peng had only one last thought of his own for his followers: "Ciaou, men."

And now...

## CHINA WATCHES

This morning, our Supreme Leader deified three more of his inventions before a milling throng of one million loudspeakers.

These were the dancing megaton, corkscrew bidet and musical truss. They are all part of the cultural revolution which is making some of China's best junk shops obsolescent.

Mao told the cheering public address systems that he had no doubt the bourgeoisie nations would steal these inventions as they had stolen his others including the Mao's trap, the Mao's organ and Mao's-to-Mao's resuscitation.

The imperialists were already employing Mao's famous guerilla warfare.

But, said Mao—and here the loudspeakers screamed triumphantly, many melting under the strain—China not only had the Peking man, but the Peking flea!

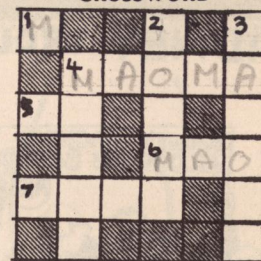
Here the Chairman reached under his armpit, and drew out the flea, holding it up to the adoring p.a. systems.

"Peking flea nibble Yankee monkey. Many hands make light work."

At this remark, the loudspeakers left, laughed and clapped in gleeful approval.

Next week Chairman Mao will invent a powder to relieve China of flea plague.

## CROSSWORD



## ACROSS

1. First letter of Hero of Long March.
2. First letter of High Priest at Peking Oracle.
3. First letter of Great Aloes of Cultural Purge.
4. --- --o, which art in Heaven.
5. Beginning of second name of inventor of abacus.
6. As Chairman Mao is to politics, so Grandma Moses is to ---.
7. Mr. Mao (Fr.).

## DOWN

1. First letter in Chinese alphabet.
2. Mr. Mao (Eng.).
3. First two words transmitted by radio.
4. Organisation for Spreading Chairman Mao's Thought (inits.).
7. Chief noodle in Chinese alphabet soup.

## NEW BOOKS

"Peking Tom" — in this new novel, Mao T. Tung delivers a telling commentary on Soviet revisionists who descend into political voyeurism.

"Great Moments in Sport" — skilfully described tile-by-tile replay of the '65 Mah Jong Grand Final in which Chairman Mao crushed home the easiest of winners.

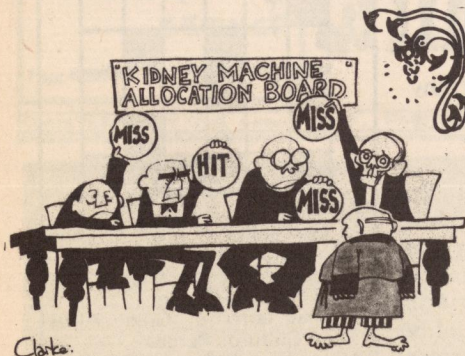
"Chinese Chequers" — Mao's great treatise on the birth control question. "Chinese Cooking"—M. T. Tung, in collaboration with 5,000 slogan-chanting cookery demonstrators, explains what gives the paraplegic section of the Liberation Army the energy to keep marching on its stomach. Also an interesting appendix on Yankee Noodles.

"An Anthology of 20th Century Comic Verse"—a selection of some of Chairman Mao's failed poetry.

"20th Century Pros" — Tse-tung's devastating diatribe against the brothels of Saigon.



## KIDNEY TROUBLE?



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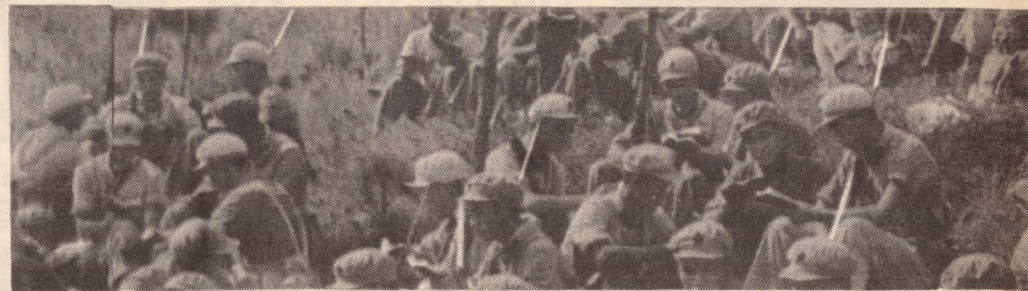
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**IT'S PEA-WEAK TOO!**



**JANUARY 25:** Dr. Marcus Loane, the new Archbishop of Sydney, wrote to his clergy urging the dog-collar upon them: "It helps men to avoid situations which sometimes result in temptations, or compromise or embarrassment, and it always makes clear what you represent in the community at large."

Archbishop Loane said it was tempting to adopt the words of the limerick:  
"There was a young clergyman who said:  
May I take off my collar in bed?  
The bishop said No  
Wherever you go,  
You must wear it until you are dead."

This obviously slighting reference to his predecessor, the unlamented Hugh, has caused wide comment in the Sydney archdiocese.

**FEBRUARY 6:** Sydney's Lord Mayor, John Armstrong, must be the only Mayor in the world who has consciously ridden to immortality on a load of garbage. As the guiding genius behind the well-conceived but ill-executed "Keep (Beautiful) Sydney Clean" campaign, naturally he was called upon to give out the prizes at a recent litter-jingle contest. The winner of the junior section for example was a delightful

little air entitled "Don't Throw Your Rubbish About", written by a 7-yr.-old.

The Honourable John's beaming face was splattered all over the papers in the centre of a litter of little litter-lyricists. And that gleam in his eye? Just the Twinkle, Twinkle of the Litter Star.

**FEBRUARY 9:** The Duke (of Edinburgh) was blasted by the British press for an address to 500 top industrialists in which he said: "I'm sick and tired of making excuses for this country."

The London "Mirror" retaliated with the view that there may be redundancy of labour in royal circles as well as without: "Some of the Duke's relatives must find the days drag slowly with so little to do."

British unionists have protested bitterly at the Duke's allusion to their "I'm all right, Jack" attitude; so far the Royal family has refrained from comment on the "Mirror's" slur on their sinecure but we can probably take it as read that they too are jacked, all right.

**FEBRUARY 10:** "180 GIRLS QUIT: GPO SCANDAL" (Sydney "Daily Mirror").

Unfortunately the allegations are being heard by a Public Service Board Tribunal but the "Mirror", which has a good ear for this kind of thing, heard whispers of



**editors:** Richard Walsh, Dean Letcher.

**artists:** Mike Glasheen,

Garry Shead, Peter Fisher

**foreign agents:** Richard Neville, Martin Sharp.

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MR498/4+2



# day by dreary day

"sexual advances", molesting and victimisation.

It appears that some of the supervisors at the GPO have been out for a bit of Postman's Knock, only the girls wouldn't be knocked. Somewhat more of a Postman's Knockback.

★ ★ ★

**February 14:** Daisy beat Mrs. Jones easily with a t.k.o. (in fact a **very** technical k.o. since the decision was based on the import figures on safflower oil, none of which concerns Marrickville, which uses only Australian raw materials).

The result: a severe upsurge of unsatiated fats (as predicted in OZ 31), at least until the next General Erections.

★ ★ ★

**FEBRUARY 15:** The bombing of North Vietnam recommenced. The *New Statesman's* Washington correspondent, Andrew Kopkind's, commentary on the American scene during the wretched Tet truce could just as well apply to Australia:

"The U.S. military is doing a massive snow-job on the public at home—and on the civilians in the administration, too. During the four-day Tet truce, correspondents were loaded down with reports of communist infractions and scare reports of massive North Vietnamese build-ups. It was all front-page stuff, and there was a sense of relief when the U.S. resumed the war with B-52 raids minutes after the truce ended. There was hardly a word about the even more impressive U.S. supply build-up (on the first day of the cease-fire, a one-day record of 2,762 tons was set for American cargo delivered by air to field units, according to a Chicago newsmen), or about the nature of the incidents (communist attacks on U.S. 'defensive patrols' and shootings of U.S. 'reconnaissance' aircraft)."

★ ★ ★

**February 16:** The Premiers are jubilant at wheedling \$13 million more out of the Commonwealth at their special Canberra conference. Most of this will be spent on feting next year's equivalents of LBJ and Marshal Ky so as to impress the Commonwealth with their loyal toadying so they can get the same kind of money next year to the same effect.

This is the local equivalent of "Diggers for Dollars" — "Tickertape for Treasury Handouts".

★ ★ ★

**February 18:** News item in *The Australian*: "The Prime Minister yesterday called for an end to rituals which were frightening many people off ordering wine in restaurants."

In an astonishing act of solidarity with their Prime Minister, representatives of the Pensioners' Association and the almost 90,000 unemployed issued a statement confirming the fact that their members were indeed ordering less wine in restaurants these days and supporting any measure that would reverse this trend.

**February 19:** It was announced that in the last week (yes, the one right after the four-day Tet truce when the V.C. were so busy reinforcing themselves) that the Viet Cong (or 'the Communists', as the Australian press insists on calling them) lost 1700 dead, their biggest toll this year, as against a light allied casualty list.

Which leads us to the following intriguing choice:

Either (a) the V.C. must be the lousiest cheats in military history; or (b) we just happen to be superior in this, as in every other, regard.

Either way, a few more truces like that and Johnny'll be marching home again.

★ ★ ★

**FEBRUARY 23:** The Queen is in bed with gastro. Serves her right, she's been giving them to everyone else for years.

## THEY'RE A WEIRD MOB

The legendary picture of the lone, lean, brown Aussie has been knocked a bit recently by people who point out that the typical Australian is a cityfied type who does not live much in the Great Outback.

These critics overlook the simple fact that the long, lean shape and brown colour come not from excursions into the Great Outback but from excursions up the back passages of the great powers. The lower bowel of a world power is in fact the Australian's Ecological Niche.

## THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN BUSH

For Michael Brown, criminal artist

Once poets wrote turgid epics about it  
And novelists led children out to die,  
"Cooee", the daytime voices shouted  
As the nightmare of being lost came true.  
Artists painted it on mystic mornings  
Innocent of mosquito, snake or fly,  
And then, made safe by Bushfire Warnings,  
It sheltered the tourist's kangaroo.

But now our painters have revealed  
The Australian bush is all around,  
Swishing in the streets, so long concealed,  
Rustling in lifts with leafy sound,  
And whipping off its nylon pants  
They expose its tendrils, mounts and gulleys,  
Winking from every gallery wall,  
And "Cooee" becomes a mating call  
From pools so female, trees so male,  
As, lost in the bush, stung mad by ants,  
A magistrate, quite self-defenceless  
Sends the Australian bush to gaol.

—GEOFFREY DUTTON

## HOW ARE YOUR BACK-ISSUES?



Issue 32: Pelaco Girl Bambi Schmith; the Ky figures — anatomy of a demonstration; all the gen on the Qantas Strike.

Issue 31: 8-page lift-out interview with Prof. Tim Leary ("The L.S.D. of Love"); Why do they call N.S.W. Police Commissioner Norm Allen "The Mushroom"? (Because they keep him in the dark and feed him on bullshit); the worst of LBJ in Australia.

Issue 30: Assassination in South Africa ("The Great Leap Verwoerd"); Violence in Melbourne ("Sharpiesville Massacre"); Cardinal Errors in Sydney ("I was Gilroy's double"), plus all the gen on Harold Holt's schooldays.

Issue 29: How gravity helps the Comms; why Zara keeps her secretary stuffed up her muu muu; the Reader's Digest formula.

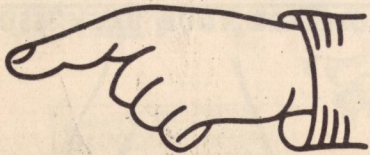
Issue 28: The Hugh Gough nonsense; how to fail your Army Medical and the death of Private Noack.

Of the vintage OZ's only Nos. 3, 7, 12 and 13 are available (2 and 14 have just become unavailable). Also from 18 on. So if you want back issues (10c. each) rush now to OZ before it's too late.

## CLASSIFIED ADS

The IN thing is to take out a classified in OZ. At a mere \$3 per column inch we can get your message across to our estimated 100,000 Australia-wide readership. Of course, this isn't the readership of a major newspaper but the odds are that most of our readers read us cover-to-cover (in a desperate effort to get their money's worth) and all of them are the kind of people interested in YOUR merchandise. Whether you want to sell or buy or hire or rent or just send a personal message at sub-telephone rates, we are the people to carry your message to the very people you want. Money, of course, must accompany all copy.





## IT'S ON FOR YOUNG, JUNG AND OLD!

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**COWBOY KATE**, after many miles of troubles, has arrived: She's a book, and a gal. 160 BIG pages, 14" x 11", 123 photos, some double-spread, and she'll go to your loving room for \$10.30 and stay as long as you like. (By the way, she has no clothes, but a horse, gun and saddle.) ON YOUR LOVING ROOM WALL YOU CAN HAVE IN GLORIOUS EASTMAN-CLOUR whackingly huge colour photos of charlies, shown through your projector.

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## THE SHIFTING STANDS OF 'TIME'

ON the eve of Ryan's hanging—life, after all, must go on—the Opinion-Leaders of Melbourne gathered at the Southern Cross to hear John Scott of *Time* Magazine talk on "the prospects for peace in Vietnam". John, the invitation assured us, was a "foreign correspondent, author and lecturer" who on his latest world trip "interviewed world leaders, economists, professors, politicians, artists and writers, and even hitchhikers — interviews often made more frank and precise by Scott's fluency in German, French and Russian". Just think of all those German-French and Russian-speaking Vietnamese hitchhikers he must have run across.

The dinner was bad but the grog plentiful. In good Rotarian style, representatives of all the right Businesses and Professions were present, seated around a large square formed by four long tables, with bored-looking waiters hovering behind us. On one side of me Architecture expounded the virtues of commuting to his holiday home in his own plane, while on the other Banking (two of them) agreed that there was no merit in keeping murderers alive. Art, at the top table, seemed slightly bored.

The chairman, a genial ex-Indian Army type from the South, introduced our hosts, all of whom bore good Dale Carnegie names like Clem and Ferg and held titles like Subscription Director for the Southern Pacific. We toasted the Queen and the President—where else in the world can you drink to both great and powerful allies?—and settled down to listen to John Scott, alas sadly aged since his last photograph.



THE ORIGINAL WASHINGTON SQUARE

"We will not capitulate to aggression" he said. Who the aggressors were seemed a little confused after we were told that 9 out of 10 of the ruling Saigon junta were Northerners while at least half the Vietcong were Southerners, but John wasn't to be thrown by a little detail like that. Why, he assured us, what was going on was just like the good old American Revolution, with the Constituent Assembly a replay of Philadelphia 1787. Of course things were a bit tough on the population: in the Iron Triangle we were "re-settling", that is forcibly evacuating villagers with what they could carry, and we had already defoliated 20,000 acres of rice—but it was, after all, war.

Grunts of approval from the knighthood, as the cigar box went round.

Hanoi, eventually, would be forced to negotiate. They would have by now were it not for those unpatriotic adolescent protesters back home. ("Not, of course, that I don't believe in freedom to dissent." William Fulbright will no doubt be delighted to hear himself described as charged with "adolescent hormones".) Eventually some kind of common market could exist in the whole Indo-Chinese peninsula, especially if we could get rid of a few recalcitrants like Sihanouk and Ho Chi Minh.

It wasn't that the United States *liked* being there. But who else could fill the necessary "order maintenance and economic development role"? (See *Time*: "Sociology".) It would hardly be fair to ask it of the British, poor dears. From the French we could expect only sabotage. Germany and Japan were possibilities but with obvious disadvantages. Australia didn't have the power—though we are very grateful for your support. (Murmurs of thanks from all those supporters present.) No prize given for guessing whom this process of elimination left holding the responsibility.

"Gentlemen," said the chairman, "We've all been given something to think about. Any questions?" Yes, there were questions. There were even some nasty ones — Journalism and Academia didn't agree with much of Scott's speech. Nasty noises from the audience. Did Mr. Scott agree with Fulbright, Schlesinger, U Thant, Ambassador Reischauer that continued bombing of North Vietnam was preventing peace? No, Mr. Scott was originally against bombing but now we were doing it we should continue—and mine Haiphong as well.

This remarkable logic was much liked by the audience. At the top table Building, a former Lord Mayor of Melbourne, told Academia to stop making a speech and proceeded to make one himself. As an Old Soldier he couldn't understand why the Americans didn't seal off the whole peninsula and win. Well, said Mr. Scott, this after all was not a war against the people of either South or North Vietnam (come to think of it, he never told us whom it was a war against). Law, recently knighted, wanted Mr. Scott to know that the majority of Australians agreed with him.

Political youth (Liberal) winked in sympathy at me across the table. Many more speeches like Scott's and even his faith might begin to waver.

—D.A.



*Direct from Portobello Road—*  
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Only OZ could take the Export Action Drive so seriously as to start up a London version, yes right in the heart of the Bigtime Magazine Circuit. Naturally we had the Australian press right behind us in our every move: nice little pars in "The Australian" explaining how sales weren't up to scratch and a beaut bit in the Sydney "Sunday Telegraph" exploding "Flop . . . hits Fleet street with hardly a whimper".

So much for the home side. However, amongst Fleet street's "hardly whimpers" was the verdict "sharp and lively" from that obscure little-known journal the London "Observer" and other unsolicited testimonials which modesty prevents . . .

Somehow the issue, far from flopping, sold out. To give our Australian readers some idea of why, we have undertaken to reprint on the next three pages and on pages 18-19 a few choice excerpts. We shall probably continue to "pick the brains" of our London colleagues but there is really only one way of getting the total flavour: a subscription (\$6.50 p.a. by sea; \$12.00 p.a. by air). Send to 70 Clarendon Road, W.11, London.











darling.....

I'd love to write the straight-talking McCarthy-Brophy rundown on the most intimate activities of the English male, but I can't, for the simple reason that I've never been to bed with one.

It's true that I have no lack of standards of comparison. I regard your request as a compliment to my energy and enterprise, not to mention the catholicity of my taste; under normal circumstances I should have plunged into exhaustive field work, but I can't even do that, because I have taken a vow never to bed with, or indeed have sexual traffic anywhere with, an Englishman.

Those who know how passionately I hold my convictions of complete lack of possessiveness and prejudice in sexual affairs, would be aghast at this uncharacteristic and illiberal action, which was not so much freely taken by me, as forced upon me by the circumstances.

In Cambridge, where I live, there are (reputedly) eight men to every woman. It seems the ideal spot for a devoted practitioner of the arts of love, for nearly all the men are in the full flower of their potency, being between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two. When I arrived I was elated at the vastness of the opportunity for proselytising.

For six months after I arrived there, the only sex I experienced directly, apart from endlessly repeated discussions in which I found it necessary to explain that there had been improvements on coitus interruptus as a contraceptive method, or about venereal disease of the order, "Sweetie, those are lice. You are not so much diseased as dirty," was the sight, one by one, of three grubby, scrawny men in their forties, who derived some wan satisfaction from exposing to me their genitals, pallid and bluish in the frosty air.

In those six months I altered my image violently and constantly, but no real change in my fortunes resulted. I settled down to being bottom-wiper and information service about contraception and venereal disease and matters of the heart generally, and transferred my sexual hopes to the metropolis.

I was sick to the gills of the usual sights provided for my delectation at undergraduate parties, where the girls arrived in spangled mininesses and shinned up the gilded youths like natives up a coconut palm, gluing themselves on by their lip-slicker and moondrops, while the boys signalled opitically to their mates, and waited only for the girls to drop off to ask them for a cigarette.

(The same girls who hie them southwards in summer and feed the egos of the lazier and vainer Latin Lovers.)

One evening I went down to stay with a smooth young architect whom I was ready to love distractedly, in his witty little flat near Fulham Road. He Michael Cain-ed all over the kitchen in his cunning barbecue apron, lit candles and plumped cushions, burnt incense and never even looked at me. In desperation I thought of stripping all'improvviso, but rejected it on several counts (principally my sensible St. Michael smells). Eventually it was bed-time.

He carefully prepared the spare bed, ran the bath, warmed the towels, lent me his bubble bath and other manly cosmetics packaged in leather and gun-metal, and said good-night. When I was warm in bed, scrubbed shiny and sleepy, he suddenly slid in beside me. "Ciao," he said, and lay there, all friendly and casual-like. I fell asleep. I took care never to see him again.

He is not always an architect. Sometimes he is a lawyer or a fledgling lawyer, or a baby stockbroker, or an accountant or in advertising. He is always very nice. He has an ideal of nice, gentle, restful, uncomplicated sex. He is legion.

My resolution to bed me an Englishman continued bloody but unbroken. I went into the country to sample the gentry.

I lolled and played tennis and rode a bit and went to the races with clear-eyed, heavy-limbed young gentlemen with a des-

perate tendency to bray down one's earhole the most malicious gossip heard anywhere, generally on the theme of the parvenu, or the designing female who seeks to marry into the death duties class. At a small party given by one such to others such, I noticed that at an oddly early hour the guests began to melt away while the liquor lasted, until I was suddenly tete a tete with my host and it was only eleven o'clock. I was the Victim of a Plot.

Host beamed gormlessly, and began to remove his old school shoes and socks, blaring some subtleties the while about being snug.

How the plot can have been expected to thicken without some attempt to gain my complicity I cannot imagine. I grasped the opportunity presented by his bare feet, and struck out, iron-jawed, across the lawns, through the hedge and across the cricket ground that separated the house where I was guest from his. My would-be ravisher came thumping after me, so I

plunged wildly on while the nettles stung me all up inside my wild silk.

On the actual pitch, gleaming ready in the moonlight for the morrow's play, he sprang. We threshed about desperately for a bit, and I bawled reproaches at him for his lack of loyalty to the cricket club and lost a fifteen guinea earring. Then I was up again and running across the outfield and through the rose-garden. The last I saw of him, he was remorsefully smoothing and patting the ravaged wicket.

There seemed to be nothing for it but the wilds of Bohemia, where everything comes right for Shakespeare, at any rate. Things were generally much more promising after I had ferreted out the operators from the drunks who can't, and the drugged who don't want to, and, of course, your classic pederasts. The first conquest brought brink of so greasy a pallet presided over by underpants of so implacably tertiary a colour that I excused myself hurriedly and left. I have tried to overcome my bourgeois aversion for old grime, but there the English have me defeated.

The second sally put me in a curious situation which has been paralleled many times since. Hardly had we arrived in the bedsitter than he was divesting himself of a yellow grey interlock and insisting that I pass my fingers lightly over his moon-scape back barely touching the skin. An hour later, stiff in both arms and still fully dressed, I slipped downstairs and hopped gratefully on the 49.

Other variants of this situation can be indicated thus:

"Would you mind leaving your boots on?" (On one occasion, "Would you mind leaving your hat on?")

"Sorry, I can only make it with flat-chested girls."

"What are you kinky for?" (Standard answer, "Lord Mountbatten.")

"Let's pretend you're dead."

"I adore squeezing black-heads."

"What a super scar!"

To save myself from further midnight flits along the clanging pavements, I took the vow and I've never regretted. Nor, I imagine, have the English.

Ask me about Italians, Persians, Arabs, West Indians, Jews from anywhere, Irishmen, Welshmen, Africans, men from anywhere else but England and you've got yourself an article, but about the English lover, as you see, I know nothing.





**From March 3 each year a ceaseless whirl of gaiety and abandon engulfs this happy city. Untroubled by the tragedies in surrounding States (hoodlum bashers, bushfires and a Labor government) Melburnians open their hearts and minds.**

**This month in Melbourne is Moomba Month. Melbourne, hometown of Normie, Ronnie Burns and swinging Ronnie Ryan.**

- For the hang-up of a lifetime, try Melbourne at the fall.
- For a ridiculously low price you can have a real gas—the natural way.
- For culture, there's the Melbourne Cultural Centre on St. Kilda Road to look forward to.
- For the flavour of Mardi Gras without the ordeal of French lavatories, try Moomba!

### PLACES TO SEE

1. Buses leave every half hour from outside Darrod's for the trip to Pentridge where tourists see a full re-enactment of the Ryan-Walker bid for freedom. There is a crashing finale as a warder tragically shoots his colleague. On the trip back, stops are made at the Waxworks, State Public Offices and Government House for a glimpse of the main characters in the drama "Ryan Death-masks" and decorative "Noose" keyrings are on sale. Family group reductions.
2. Sunday excursions to the Eltham Weirido Sanctuary are ever popular. The hermits have chosen to live apart from Society and have contact with the outside world only on weekends when they charge admission for trippers to inspect their quaint houses. Pottery ashtrays, finely machined nut-bowls and handwoven placemats are specialties of these nimble-fingered refugees from our commercial world.
3. For the architecturally inclined, a visit to the ICI Building, King Street Bridge and other architecturally inclined structures can be interesting. Also there's the City Square . . . to anticipate.

### THINGS TO DO

1. **Moomba Book Fair, Town Hall.**  
Join the witty outspoken set of litterateurs—Oscar Mendelsohn, Frank Hardy, Kath Walker, Russ Tyson and Walter Murdoch—as they discuss and autograph their latest convention-breaking works.
2. **Moomba "Music For the People", Myer Music Bowl.**  
From the pen of Hector Crawford, whose pen also contains "Homicide", "Music For the People" is for people who do not often hear, or even like, music. The Bowl's acoustics keep it that way.
3. **Moomba Carnival, Alexandra Gardens.**  
Colourful trade union floats, the Four'n'-twenty stilt man and the Yallourn Yoni-ettes marching girls combine in this gay pageant accompanied by the Malvern Brass Band.  
A novel addition this year is a re-creation by peaceniks of their welcome to President Johnson—accompanied by the Police Band. Spectators are warned against joining the performers.
4. **See the Percy Grainger Museum, Melbourne University.**

In his bequest to the University, the great Australian composer of "Country Gardens" stipulated that all his creative accoutrements should be put on show in a museum. This little known but excitingly Melburnian feature of the University includes Percy's pointer and rejection slips.

# This Autumn, it's Swingin' MELBOURNE

And, of course, Uncle Tom had an appropriate thought for the day.

"Hundreds of men have said to me, 'The best thing that ever happened to me was coming in here—it has pulled me up with a jerk and made me think,'" he said.

But then, Ryan was a Catholic. Tailpiece:

The only woman the prisoners ever see in Pentridge is Mrs. Harvey, who has played the organ there every Sunday since her husband's appointment.

Wouldn't you love to meet this gusty, with-it man of the cloth? Write Dept D24, Russell Street, Melbourne.

2. **Mr. Stanley Korman**—architect of Chevron (Hotel and Island), the St. Kilda Eiffel Tower (under contemplation), Stanhill Consolidated (in liquidation) and his own future (in sub judice). Visits strictly by appointment only.

### THINGS TO DO

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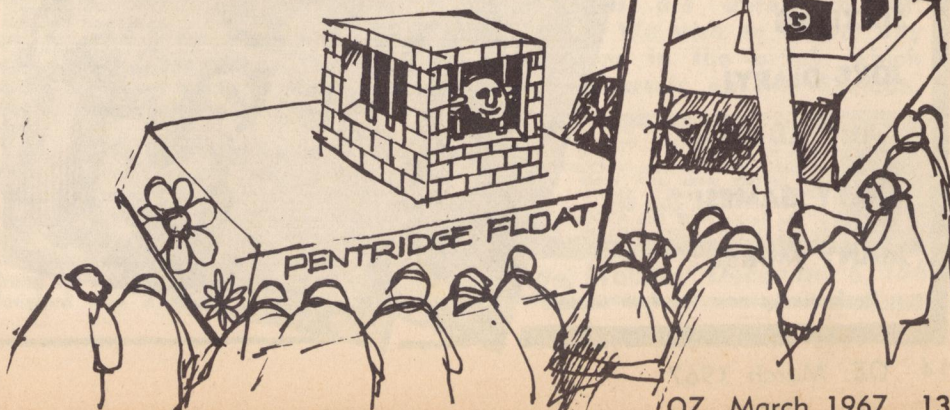
### PEOPLE TO MEET

1. **Genial Rev. "Uncle" Tom Harvey,** Protestant chaplain at Pentridge for ten years and always ready with a cheery word and pleasant thought.  
On the morning of Ronald Ryan's hanging, Uncle Tom also made the papers. He beamed out from the Age's Church Sectionex, next to a long story on his work.

**AMID the grey grimness of Pentridge is a man who loves his work in the gaol.**

"It is fascinating," he says.

He is the Rev. Tom Harvey, who has been chaplain at Pentridge and Victoria's 10 country prisons for the past 10 years, representing the OPD's (Other Protestant Denominations).





# Whitlam watchers:

WHY THE LEFT  
OBJECT TO  
WHITLAM

NOW that the newspaper Hosannahs over Whitlam's election are, mercifully, ended, it might be appropriate to ask what this Bonapartist has in store for all of us.

Whitlamism embodies a drive for a technocratic rather than a trade-union dominated A.L.P.; it makes a fetish of efficiency and neglects social inequalities and distorted social priorities; it is paternalistic rather than democratic; plagued by Cold

War hangovers, it supports pitiless American repression in Vietnam and misunderstands the problems of the under-developed, the Third World War, and finally, symptomatic of its inhumanity and reflecting the narrow personality of its author, it is stunted and unimaginative.

Whitlam wants a technocratic rather than a trade-union-dominated A.L.P. Believing that the A.L.P. should reflect the desires of all employees, he wants to end blue-collar union domination of the party and increase the influence of experts, professional men, administrators and technicians.

The trade unions are more than just outfits kicking for a few bob a week extra for their members; they embody a dissatisfaction with capitalism, a desire to change it, and a refusal by the working-class to become incorporated into bourgeois society on its own terms. Trade union domination of the A.L.P. has ensured that the A.L.P. remained to some degree separated from the Establishment and (potentially) a force for social change.

Whitlam has an obsession with economic and administrative efficiency to the exclusion of all else. As Craig MacGregor has observed, "He is not a social reformer . . . his preoccupation is not how fair society is, but how efficient."

Nor is Whitlam much worried by the atrophy of democracy in Australia. Bourgeois and parliamentary democracy is partial, occasional, ritualised, formal and abstract, and Whitlam either ignores this or thinks it unimportant.

When Whitlam talks admirably about making our cities liveable in, the tones of paternalism are unmistakable. It's a job for his experts; there is no place for popular participation. The stifling urban limbo is not to be transformed by the people who live in it and die in it.

Whitlam is conventionally disturbed at the poverty of the Third World. With incredible naivete and ignorance, he proposes to solve this commanding crisis by devoting one per cent. of the National Income of all advanced countries to technical and economic aid to these countries. (Cf. this 1 per cent. to the 5 per cent. Australia spends on "defence").

Finally Whitlam has no "cultural" policy. No concern for the quality of life. There is no more than a hint in his voluminous writings that he wants to create conditions allowing the fullest freedom of "producers" to create, guaranteeing wide circulation of their work etc.

Seemingly Whitlam will be leader for decades — the prospect of which further demoralises those left on the Left of the A.L.P. But History is full of the unexpected. —H.G.

Feeling dispirited?  
Sagging orchestras?  
Our food is still a cure-  
all for all maladies



3 Jersey Road. Woollahra  
32 4815  
for reservations

*The honourable member for Werriwa (Mr Whitlam) can only be described as an ambitious young lawyer who can tell his own story better than any other man. And it is a simple tale, as he tells it. He found the law interesting but tedious and unremunerative until he was appointed to a Royal Commission. It was at that point he toyed with the idea of seeking endorsement as a Liberal Party candidate. To quote his own words to me, "I am vain enough to believe that the Liberal Party would have accepted me." Unhappily, the Liberal Party is full of ambitious young lawyers and the Labour Party offered him much better prospects. It was as simple as that to the honourable member for Werriwa. He is a socialist but I do not think his socialism is very important, nor will it worry him very much. He is a most astute fellow. He, of all people, knows where he is going and that is more than the traditional socialist ever knew.*

—From a speech by the Hon. H. S. Robertson, former Country Party M.H.R. for the Riverina and Minister for Social Services, quoted in "Hansard" March 16, 1960.

**HOT BOOKS!**

**LIFE-SIZE**

**PIN-UPS**

**SIZZLING**

**JOKE DIARY!**

**ZANY ADULT**

**PARTY GAMES!**

**MANY MORE!**

Rush stamp now for free sample



## NAUGHTY RECORD COVERS

In saucy living colour, Risque illustrations on both sides plus hilarious suggestions for record enclosures on reverse side. Also includes dummy record with zany gift message.

Have just created havoc at some of Hollywood's most exclusive parties. Now causing riots in Australia — A fabulous gift for your best enemy — A Sure-Fire party livener.

**Rush stamp for free sample  
IN FULL COLOUR TO:**

**A. O. GIFTS  
& NOVELTIES**

**P.O. Box 69  
KINGS CROSS, N.S.W.**



## A black and white caricature of a man with a large nose and a wide, toothy grin. He is wearing a t-shirt with the text "MAKE WAR NOT LOVE" and shorts. He is standing on a small, flat object, possibly a shoe or a piece of paper, with his feet visible.

A black and white illustration of a necktie with diagonal stripes. The words "THE OLD SCHOOL TIE" are printed in a bold, sans-serif font across the center of the tie. The tie is shown from a side-on perspective, with the knot on the left and the end on the right.

[illegible]

OZ, March 1967 15



Monday, February 13

The Sun launched its whipping up campaign with the follow-up story on an interview with Manchester, which had conveniently turned up on local television.

# THE SUN TV STORY JACKIE KENNEDY "BOILING"

SPECIAL  
LOTTERY  
1446

The Daily Mirror begins publication tomorrow of the story of the murder of President John F. Kennedy. DON'T BE FOOLED by later accounts!"

Wednesday, February 15

"Don't Be Fooled" ran a front-page story on the morning's Telegraph: "Each day you have read claims and counter claims that the afternoon papers are to publish the official, true version of President Kennedy's assassination and the events which went before and after. But don't be fooled!"

"The balanced, true picture of what happened that day in Dallas will appear in the Daily Telegraph starting tomorrow".

The Herald also entered the fray by beginning a series of back-up support stories for the Sun.

But it was Murdoch's day for he alone produced his first instalment a full day before the others.

The Sun replied with a genuine tearjerker:

# THE SUN JACKIE'S



# ANGUISH

SPECIAL  
LOTTERY  
1447

And a front-page editorial: "Let's Get the Facts Straight—There is no substitute: This is the only authentic version negotiations bought the ex... Not even the official elusive rights to 'Death of inquiry—the Warren Com-a President'. This was a mission—was able to probe great scoop. It has upset as deeply as Manchester". our competitors.

But its rival countered "We are not surprised with: "First in the Mirror: that the Mirror, in an

attempt to match our scoop, is ballyhooing a re-hash of the Warren report. It had to do something. But the report was fully dealt with 2½ years ago when it was issued.

"And we're not really surprised that the Daily Telegraph is now tagging along and has announced its own Kennedy series.

"Imitation is sincere flattery but don't be misled."

The Mirror's second edition replied with a placard obviously designed to score off the Sun.

# Mirror KENNEDY



# BEGINS TODAY

As an added attraction, Murdoch began to mark all his Kennedy publicity with an "OFFICIAL" stamp.

# THE SUN DEATH

SPECIAL  
LOTTERY  
1447



# SECRETS

# DEATH OF A

Never has non-news been forced down the public's throat so relentlessly. Placards screamed across the road at each other and front pages read like trailers for a Hollywood spectacular re-play. Important news from Vietnam, Britain and even the Premiers' Conference was ruthlessly forced onto the inside pages.

As far as the two Sydney evening papers were concerned, there was no news worth the posters (let alone the front page) for well over a week in mid-February. The "news" which did make the posters of the Sun and the Mirror was something that had happened over three years ago — the assassination of President Kennedy.

The Sun was by this time beginning to realise that Murdoch had outfoxed them again, and decided to resort to more traditional sensationalist tactics. "DEATH SECRETS" screamed the second edition poster, with more to follow.

# THE SUN KENNEDY

# THE REAL STORY

SPECIAL  
LOTTERY  
167

Thursday, February 16

Thursday saw the battle reach fever pitch. The Sun began to run its (Manchester's) story, the first edition poster proclaiming "Kennedy—the REAL story".

# Mirror KENNEDY



# FREE LIFT-OUT

JACKPOT LOTTERY RESULT No. 167

The Mirror began the day with a "Free Lift-Out" (didn't I pay 5 cents for the paper?) and a picture of Jackie (OFFICIAL).

The Sun's second edition poster swung the interest onto Jackie also, implying that there must be something irresistible about a book that has been taken to court.

# THE SUN THE BOOK JACKIE

167  
5822

# TOOK TO COURT

By 2 o'clock on Thursday, Murdoch's strategy became clear. By doggedly sticking to almost identical, dreary posters, he aimed to make readers sick and tired of the whole business.

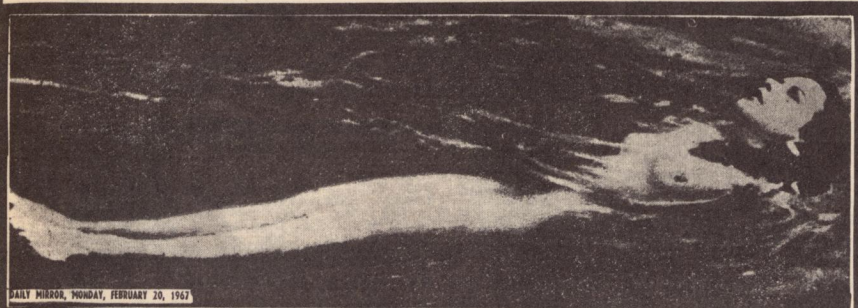
# Mirror KENNEDY MURDER

# OFFICIAL

# FREE LIFT-OUT

SPECIAL LOTTERY RESULT No. 1448

The Sun, however, was not to give in so easily. Their late edition poster seemed to give that impression, but tomorrow is another day.

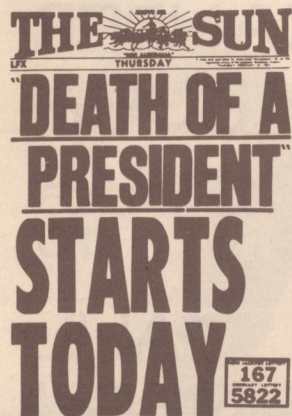




# NEWS STORY

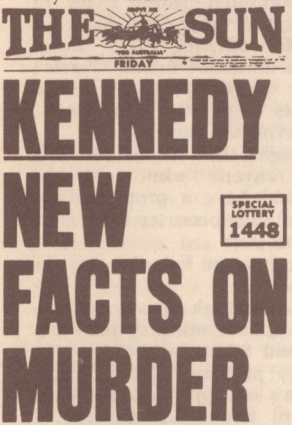
and even the Premiers' Conference was ruthlessly forced onto the inside pages.

The whole cloying affair began shortly after the Manchester "Look" versus Jaqueline Kennedy abortive court case. John Fairfax and Co. announced in the Sun that they had purchased the rights to a serialisation of Manchester's book. Rupert Murdoch's Mirror, feeling at ease after the recent official announcement of their circulation lead over the Sun, nevertheless felt it only wise to do the usual thing and blanket the competition's frantic pre-publicity. A precis of the Warren Report was prepared for this purpose.



Friday, February 17

The first edition poster for the Sun began on entirely new tack.



"New Facts on Murder" shifted the focus onto the history of the situation rather than its personalities, an unwise move considering that the Mirror was confining itself to the "facts" of the Warren Report.

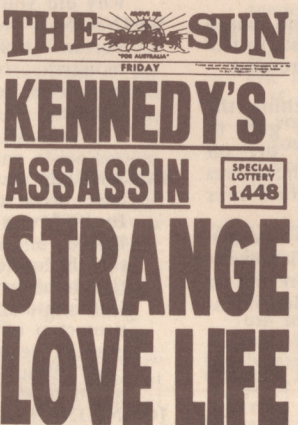
Murdoch countered with the same dreary posters throughout the day. His "bore them stiff" policy was obviously effective.

"What made him assassin" (what made him grammar) plus a picture of Oswald for the Sun's second

edition poster represented a furious back-peddling into sensational personality interest.

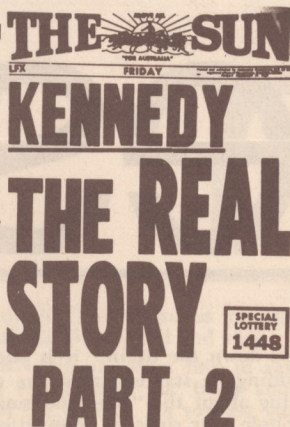


The third edition climaxed this last ditch stand for public response.

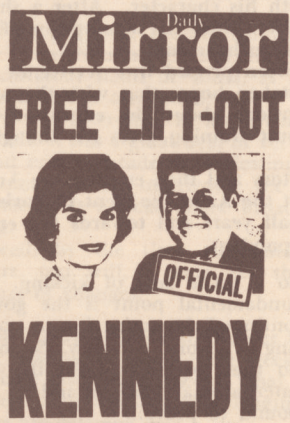


If "Strange Love Life" in 5 inch type didn't get them in, nothing would.

Nothing did. By the late edition, the Sun was forced back onto its stock "Real Story" poster and ludicrous claims that Thursday's edition had sold out to such an extent that extra copies were being printed.



Throughout Friday, Murdoch had simply alternated the two standard "OFFICIAL" posters.



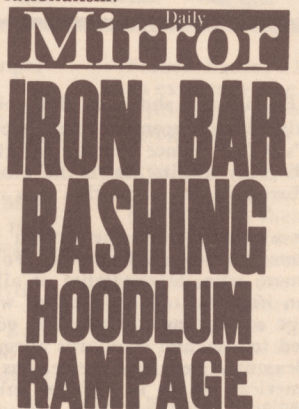
**SPECIAL LOTTERY RESULT No. 1448**  
Weekend Regrouping  
Over the weekend a gentleman's truce was declared and in true agitating fashion Packer (Daily Telegraph) stuck his nose in. A front page editorial on Saturday under the heading "Snide and stupid" quietly smeared Murdoch and supported the Sun while also plugging their Kennedy serialisation — "an account drawn from five different sources, which we believe presents a balanced picture for those people who have read the evening paper versions".

While Packer's envy of the evening newspapers is well known, his policy of ganging up with Fairfax on a united anti-Murdoch front only appears on rare occasions. (This "honour among thieves" understanding is handy when the staff of either the Herald or the Telegraph go on strike).

Monday, February 20

By Monday it was all over. Despite frantic attempts by Fairfax to keep the issue alive through a page three spread in the Sunday Sun-Herald, Murdoch had succeeded in cloying the public mind with dull, heavy-handed Kennedy non-news.

Like a flag of victory, Monday's Mirror poster returned to the late Zel Rabin's style of violent sensationalism.



Beaten into its own corner; the Sun had no option but to continue and take the thing to its faded end.

Tuesday, February 21

Counter attack! Tuesday's Mirror moved swiftly onto the offensive by beginning a serialisation of Hedy Lamarr's autographography, "Ecstasy and Me". Not content to rely on Miss Lamarr's drawing power as a Hollywood has-been, Murdoch ran a full-page width photograph of the '30s star swimming in the nude. As this was only the second time

that breasts with nipples have featured in the evening

**Mirror**

**HEDY: MY LOVE LIFE**



papers (we won't count the African Ballet), we can safely assume that the Mirror felt this a vital opportunity to grab and hold new readers.

The Sun's reply — yet another hillbilly-to-quiz-king history of bouncing Bob Dyer — was pretty poor competition. After all, no-one is really interested in nude pin-ups of a balding, walking talking advertise-



**SECRETS** 1449 5823

ment for BP petrol. Where has all the news gone, long time passing?

**T**HE readers of Sydney's afternoon papers have every justification for feeling confused.

This week they have had presented to them two accounts of the Kennedy assassination and the events preceding and following it.

The account in the Sun is the much-publicised William Manchester story.

The account in the Mirror — which was labelled "official" — is a re-write of the Warren Commission report on the assassination.

The Daily Telegraph has also been carrying a Kennedy story — an account drawn from five different sources, which we believe presents a balanced picture for those people who have read the evening paper versions.

The bitter competi-

tion between the Sun and the Mirror over the Kennedy story bears examination. First of all, there is only one Manchester story — and the Sun owns the rights.

We know this only too well — we were the under-bidder, and would have liked to have had the story.

The Manchester book is a startling document, and has caused more discussion internationally than any other book this century.

It brings out hitherto unknown facts about the Kennedy assassination and about the people round the late President.

The Mirror did not like the Sun's tremendous scoop in obtain-

ing this book — so they decided to cloud the issue by making it appear that they had a better, and more official, story on the subject.

The Mirror's promotion was brilliant, and it is not to be wondered at that many people were deceived.

The attempt by Mr. Rupert Murdoch, managing director of the Mirror to mislead and confuse, reflects greatly on his business morals, and will undoubtedly mis-fire.

The Manchester story was bought and paid for by the Sun, and the Sun is entitled to the fruits, good or bad, of its enterprise, without snide efforts by a rival to confuse the public.

SATURDAY, DAILY TELEGRAPH FEBRUARY 18, 1967



# Editor of NEW Statesman

WHEN you hear an Englishman shouting "It's going down the drain," it is odds on that he is referring to the British economy; but, providing he stands somewhere to the left of Enoch Powell, there's a fair chance that he is talking about the "New Statesman." This publication has been allegedly seeping down the plug-hole ever since its foundation in 1913. Notwithstanding the obsequies, its circulation has risen to above 90,000, its readership to 450,000.

Its editor must be a sanctuary of the British progressive tradition. For many years Kingsley Martin performed this role admirably. Following his retirement the position was assumed by John Freeman, who, to the relief of all shortly left to become High Commissioner in New Delhi, an imperial task in keeping with his character. After a short pause, Paul Johnson, at the age of 36, was confirmed as editor. Since his assumption of office the circulation has continued to rise, and standards alleged to have sunk.

Johnson's prose, pleasantly clear and fierce, has been pressed into service in admirable vituperation against American action in Vietnam, mistaken hopes that with the wage freeze Labour blundered into Socialism, and stern admonitions about the education oil, as he would term him, the future Monarch. His early Jesuit training gives his thought a logic sometimes more acceptable than its premises.

From 1946 to 1950 he was at Magdalen doing History and then entered the Army, winding up at Gibraltar defending the rock. When he left the Army, he went to Paris as Assistant Executive Editor of "Realite" for three and a half years and towards the end of that period became the "New Statesman's" Paris correspondent.

**COCKBURN:** What do you imagine the purpose of the New Statesman to be?

**JOHNSON:** Broadly speaking what it was when it was founded. It was started in 1913 by the Webbs and George Bernard Shaw as a sort of Fabian socialist influence paper, aimed primarily at a small elite of people, cabinet ministers, leaders of the opposition, M.P.'s, senior civil servants, a certain number of enlightened businessmen, to influence them along progressive lines.

Of course, as the Labour Party gradually established itself as the chief progressive party in the country, it has tended to aim more at that and it has been loosely associated with the Labour Party, but it has never been a party magazine.

It is written by intellectuals, for intellectuals, trying to influence people in authority.

**COCKBURN:** Do you feel there is a limit to the criticisms you can make of the government, a point beyond which you might lose whatever influence you may think you have on them?

**JOHNSON:** This is precisely the tricky thing. We have to achieve the right balance between giving broad support, and, on the other hand, criticising what one thinks is wrong.

It's a razor-edged cliff that one is on, and I don't maintain I've always got the balance right.

**COCKBURN:** Blunders apart, do you think the government presents any prospects of advance to socialism?

**JOHNSON:** I think this government will go where it is kicked. And we intend to

do a great deal of kicking. The most fundamental point is the government's continued determination to uphold Sterling as a world currency. So long as they do that, pressures from the city, from international bankers and so forth, are bound to prevail.

I don't think this government has a long-term future as a socialist instrument so long as sterling is sacrosanct.

**COCKBURN:** But do you really think the government will ever have the guts to do anything about Sterling, or, on another front, to disassociate themselves more strongly from the Americans over Vietnam?

**JOHNSON:** They are all tied up together, you see. So long as you sacrifice everything to defend Sterling, you are not in a position to have an independent foreign policy.

**COCKBURN:** You recently said the Vietnam war was the foulest in history . . .

**JOHNSON:** I think it has become so. The range and odiousness of the weapons now being deployed are so horrible, used day by day, to a great extent on a civilian population which has had over twenty years of war. The spectacle of the the largest and strongest power in history hurling itself with all the resources of scientific technology on this small country, is so repulsive as to be almost beyond description.

And incidentally, I don't think criticism of the government for its position is useless: it's arguable that if there had not been such pressure from the left, we would be more firmly committed to

## ALEXANDER COCKBURN

### TALKS TO

## PAUL JOHNSON

American policy than we now are: for all I know, British troops would be at present serving in Vietnam.

**COCKBURN:** On another front, a lot of people were rather surprised by your lengthy article advising the Royal Family what to do about Prince Charles's education—the suggested course seemed almost at times to parallel your own—why did you write the piece?

**JOHNSON:** I thought that it was very important that anyone who runs the monarchy should have a proper education. They've always been terribly badly educated in the past.

I worked it out on balance that he

**COCKBURN:** But you don't always seem to have been so against military presence. In 1963 you told Statesman readers: "A British military presence is the Malaysian Federation's only protection against the totalitarian, imperialist powers of China and Indonesia . . . British military protection offers the best chance for the gradual development of the rule of the law." Would you express the same sentiments now?

**JOHNSON:** I don't think I would quite. The fact is, one makes mistakes and misjudgments. I went back a few years ago over all that I had written in the paper, and I roughly calculated that I had been right 40%, wrong 30% and the other 30% was arguable.

Any editor who tries to maintain that he's always been right is either a fool or a crook. But I would be prepared to argue about those points you quoted. I'm not against a British military presence overseas in all circumstances. I don't have any moral repugnance about that, provided the people want us there, and provided we can afford it.



# man



would get the best education at somewhere like Oxford or Cambridge. If he went to one of the provincial universities he would be looked on as such a freak that the whole experiment would be a failure. Oxford and Cambridge are much more used to absorbing curious characters. Anyway, I think it was good journalism to raise the point just before his eighteenth birthday.

It did arouse a lot of interest, and one hopes that these things are influential: I've no doubt it was read in certain quarters. As a matter of fact the Statesman has always taken a great interest in the Royal Family.

We keep a close eye on these people, and articles we publish on them always arouse enormous interest in our readers. We accept the fact that the Monarchy is going to be with us for quite some time, and that being the case, we think it is only right that the Monarch should be properly advised to do the right thing.

**COCKBURN:** The Statesman seems to have gone in for a jauntier, more personal style recently. Is this part of a general policy?

**JOHNSON:** This kind of impression arises from the fact that I started the Centre-piece column. This was an attempt to revive the short essay form in which people like Jack Priestley can expound their views: secondly it allows a kind of personalised view of events, underlying trends in our society.

**COCKBURN:** But when you have Levin and Alan Brien bickering in the pages of the same paper, don't you think that is getting a little incestuous?

**JOHNSON:** I think it's something that has got to be done with great skill and not

very often. This business of over-personalisation is very bad and silly.

**COCKBURN:** People often talk in very differing terms about the front and back half of the paper. Do you see any contradiction between the two?

**JOHNSON:** It's awfully difficult to tell. Most people, to judge from the surveys, read between 80% and 90% of the paper. You can't really say people buy it for the front or the back. This is an old myth.

**COCKBURN:** Did your literary editor, Karl Miller's, resignation have anything to do with different plans of yours, as far as the back half is concerned?

**JOHNSON:** I'm interested in improving the back half. It has a great deal of very skilful and erudite academic reviewing, but I'm interested in improving the back half, seeing it appeals more broadly to people.

Indeed, by the time this interview appears, you will, I hope, see the beginnings of changes.

**COCKBURN:** Now you are the father figure of the Statesman, discoursing weekly in the diary and other pieces, what kind of image of yourself do you imagine the readers are getting?

**JOHNSON:** God knows. That's not for me to say. Writing a weekly diary is an exercise in egotism. It's bound to be.

If you don't reveal a certain amount of yourself then the thing is dull. And, if you do reveal bits of yourself, then to some extent you hold yourself up to ridicule.

**COCKBURN:** Yes, you recently described how you had a tussle with the police after some Suez demonstration and then went along to the Ritz and had a button sewn on by a waiter. Did it surprise you that people thought this funny?

**JOHNSON:** It was meant to be funny. I knew they'd think it was funny. It was true. I thought it was quite comic, though I'm bound to say I thought it was a perfectly sensible thing to do, because in those days the Ritz gave you a jolly good tea for 4s. 6d., a good Socialist tea.

I get a lot of that.

**COCKBURN:** Again, you've attacked the Beatles, Francis Bacon, got quite worked up, indeed . . .

**JOHNSON:** I just write the diary in the way I would ordinarily write a diary. I think the whole pop music thing is deplorable and I said so, and I got into frightful trouble for saying so. I still get a lot of trouble from it. As for

Francis Bacon, I like him and think he's an extremely nice man and very talented. I just happen not to like his paintings, along with a lot of other people.

**COCKBURN:** You thought you were going to be prime minister when you were twelve. Were there any other transitional ambitions, before the climax, as editor of the New Statesman?

**JOHNSON:** At one time I wanted to be a don. At another I wanted to be an art critic. In fact I wouldn't mind ending my days as an art critic, it's always seemed a marvellous occupation . . .

**COCKBURN:** Voicing opposition to Francis Bacon, no doubt.

**JOHNSON:** Not necessarily, but putting a different point of view, maybe, to the one generally held today. I think it's possible I might still go into politics. I don't know. I can't see myself editing the Statesman indefinitely, and I don't think anyone would want me to do so. After one's been doing it a maximum of ten years, one ought to go, provided one has trained a good successor.

**COCKBURN:** So you're safe till 1974 . . .

**JOHNSON:** I don't want to lay down any deadlines, otherwise people might hold me to them. Of course I'm getting a bit old for politics really, by present-day standards, and I'm not sure I'd make a good M.P. Unless you're a strong extrovert with a good dash of personal vanity, it's a difficult life to enjoy.

**COCKBURN:** So it looks like out to pasture as an art critic.

**JOHNSON:** Yes, though, on the other hand, if one feels one can do it, it would be rather a dereliction of duty if one didn't try ministerial office, if one felt one had some particular contribution to make.

**COCKBURN:** What would you regard as your great virtue?

**JOHNSON:** Well, I think I'm very conscientious and responsible-minded, probably overmuch, because I worry too much about things.

**COCKBURN:** And your vice?

**JOHNSON:** I'm impatient, terribly impatient.

**COCKBURN:** Yes, I asked someone who had met you once, what question she would like to ask you, and she said "Ask him why he's so bloody unpleasant. Do you feel you have this effect on people?"

**JOHNSON:** Well, I think I do on people I meet very briefly, occasionally, but much less so than I used to.



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