

OZ 37.20c

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DAY BY DREA

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Watch out for our 1 act play "Out of the Flying Pan" and revue "Canon Montefiori's Suggestion etc." (sic) and underground films.

January 22: Bolte hoped that when he hanged Ryan, the "Executioner" label would drop just as fast as the body but it seems to be sticking. He is currently the crowd displeaser of the year along with Mr. (by name and by nature) Pizzey, Queensland's new Premier.

Henry's latest trick is a tax of one cent in every \$10 which the Commonwealth thinks kills its taxing powers and refuses to pay him. Thus, federal public servants have to make out two tax returns—one for normal income tax and the other for Henry. But Victorians look on the bright side; the tax should just about pay for the increased staff needed to process all the tax returns.

January 23: Ainsley Gatto, 21, was appointed personal secretary to the PM at which every Women's Page editress rushed amazons off to snap Ainsley at work, at home with mum and vacantly twirling a dress ring on the third finger, left hand. With mystery, sex and power, she looks sure to be a power behind the throne. Soon, beside the Ainslie Rex, will we see the eminence grise of the Ainslie Regina?

January 24: In Vietnam Gunner Newman was sentenced to five years after killing an officer (not one of Theirs) with a grenade. Evidence was given his artillery unit spent much of its time trampling across the barbed wire perimeter fence to a Vietnamese beer stall nearby. Newman got his DA, R & R, CO and VC a bit mixed, blew a fuse and did a fast charge.

The court-martial thought it was a slack battery.

The star of "Tonight—with Morton Isaacson" arrived back in Sydney to be greeted with fans, flowers and what he maintains was a plotplant.

"It comes as a complete surprise to Don and he can only guess how it was there," his solicitor said. "He has been doing a lot of thinking about it and he is still doing plenty of guessing about it." The inspired guessing was general the next morning as Channel Nine's solicitors feverishly went through his new contract looking for a loophole and R.S.L. emcee's polished up "This was a lovely way to . . ."

Even if he beats the charge, where will Don Lane be as far as television is concerned? Would you believe, up Memory Isaacson . . .

January 25: Mia Farrow left Frank for a lovenest on the Ganges and the Maharishi. He may be all bull but the ratpack seemed to repel more than the sacred cows.

January 26: North Korea stepped off the straight and narrow of the 48th Parallel to seize the U.S.S. Pueblo innocently engaged in oceanographic studies. Like studies of Won San harbour, anti-aircraft defences, wharves, warehouses and airfields. The Pentagon Oceanographic Section seems to employ very shallow minds.

January 27: PM named the Seekers as "Australians of the Year." Their name summed up all that was best and most typical of Australia," he said and went off to conferences on foreign policy.

Two weeks later, Seekers Judy Durham complained that someone was sending her disturbing letters. "I just didn't understand them," she said, "but they had two meanings. Anything I don't understand I regard as a threat to my safety." Which seems best and most typical of Australia too.

January 29: Minister for Territories (still?) Mr. Barnes took a stab at being a political scientist again by detailing his New Guinea policy at a Canberra seminar. Independence was not necessarily the sole way for New Guinea to develop, he thought. He saw "partnership" as a step forward and then stepped back as the seminar leapt at him. He may have a straight policy line but it still looks like a Barnes dance.

FEBRUARY: Vietnamese Tet (New Year) and a bad attack of lockjaw for American spokesman as the VC Tet-anised Saigon. Bar-girls organised a "Tit-for-Tet" campaign and went on strike so far as the U.S. soldiers were concerned. And they were. Gorton announced that he'd send no more diggers to such an unsatisfactory (and unsatisfied) war, Gough came back to a Surfer's Paradise Labor-in-politics convention that didn't particularly want a Gough-in-Labor, Normie joined up to hoe his Rowe. Ming led the trend back to radio with his



For people who don't know what day it is, **GAY, NOUVEAU CALENDARS** in gleaming psychedelic colours. \$2.00 each plus 20c handling fee (\$1.50 for 1 doz. lots or more). Post to 6 Paddington Lane, Paddington, N.S.W. Home is not a house without one!

Balmain officials today refused to discuss the news that Yow Yeh is on bail on a charge of assaulting a woman.

His only blemish—his uncertain handling—has improved greatly since he joined Balmain two years ago.

MIRROR, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1968

TV series and Wilson attended a White House soiree to hear "I've got plenty of Nothin'" which he knew by heart and "The Road to Mandalay" which he closed. Our Boys re-took the capital of Phoc Tuy province which they have been earnestly pacifying for 5 years, Davis Hughes made an election statement on the Opera House to close the book but Utzons telegram arrived and the copybook looked terribly balloted . . .



I RANG THE BELL DIDN'T I ?

February 16: A disgruntled Catholic priest signing himself "Pastor Non Malus" wrote strongly against doctrine of celibacy; this re-opened the whole question which the Church had hopefully buried only a few weeks before.

Pastor Non Malus
Discovered a phallus
Abandoned the chalice
For Alice or malice?

February 21: Visit by Mr. YoHo of the giant Toho entertainment agency. If Toho's plan to redevelop Sydney's Tivoli site as a dynamic Neo-Nippon Japanese Pleasure Box goes through, Mr. YoHo predicts that all previous patterns of Australian entertainment will be changed.

"... and on 30th floor a levolving leconstluction of Camp on Blood Island, scrip't by Lussell Bladdon, YoHo enthused as he drew a samurai to deftly castrate the assembled dignitaries.



Mr Dixon a leading mathematician is an expert on manoeuvrable movements required for the smooth running of a large congress and his superb handling of this event, coupled with Dixon humor, was appreciated by all who attended.

A host of willing assistants and in particular Mrs Beverley Donald, the congress secret-

ary, made the whole operation seem effortless. A popular added feature was the reintroduction of an inter-cities match.

PRE CONGRESS OPEN PAIRS

Mr and Mrs Fitzgibbon (Vic) in the East-West position; and D. Lusk, C. Colgan (SA) in the North-South position.

THE AUSTRALIAN THE NATIONAL NEWSPAPER

February 26: Just as the First Voyager Commission whitewashed Capt. Stevens, so the Second whitewashed Capt. Robertson. Since when has the man in command of a manoeuvre involving two ships not shared some of the responsibility for a collision between them?

Although the Second reversed eight specific findings of the First and uncovered a great deal of information known by witnesses at the time of the First, there was no criticism of the Commissioner, counsel or the general run of those loyal naval officers with patriotic amnesia.



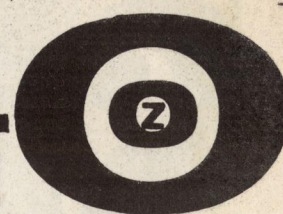
Police find bogged men

DARWIN, Wednesday.
—Two men who had been without food for three days after becoming bogged on the...



A ROSE BY ANY OTHER COLOUR WOULD SMELL AS SWEET

ALL ABOUT



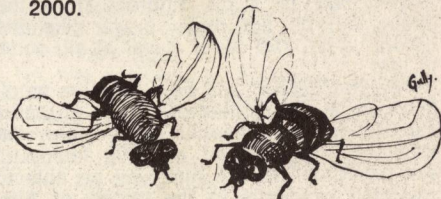
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Hey — your human is undone!

TERROR AUSTRALIS

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DEAN LETCHER
GARY McDONALD
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RICHARD PAPER
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JIM SHARMAN
GARY SHEAD
RICHARD WALSH
JENNIFER WEST

SAIGON ESTATES

AFTER each war, Australia has to rehabilitate the heroes who fought. Aussies have been fighting since the First Fleet and the RSL has been talking about homes fit for heroes from then on. We've been in the Crimea, Boer, Sudan, First World, Second World, Malaya, Korea, Cyprus (well, some cops), Middle East and now Vietnam.

We've never failed to do right by the boys and they've done all right, too.

The soldier settlement scheme for this current war is a bit different from the others but its not really a war like the others, is it? Not really a war at all, come to that.

"Saigon Estate" will be a prestige satellite town in the battle-dress circle of status suburbs of each capital city. Here, the battle-fatigued veteran and his family (if his wife didn't desert him) will be able to re-adjust gradually to the tempo of Australian life and the customs that he has all but forgotten.

The Sydney "Saigon Estate" is to be found on the desirable southern coastline just north of Prince Henry's leprosarium and south of Long Bay. Crackling small arms fire from the nearby Rifle Range will lull the conscript to sleep while the sight of barbed wire and lepers will be a familiar, yet somehow different, daytime sight.

Warm westerlies bringing "smoke screens" and "gas attacks" from Bunnerong power station are an added assistance to gradual rehabilitation in this spot which has been specially chosen for its similarity to Vietnam.

In Melbourne, lovely Werribee, on the foreshores of Port Philip Bay, is the chosen spot. Mekong-like waters lap the grey sands and the sewage treatment plant is barely a grenade's throw away.



Although Melbournians have not tried, the flat Werribee plains may well make excellent paddyfields and it is planned to flood them before the boys return so that they may bring their acquired knowledge to bear. Lest the taxpayer reading this brochure have any qualms, we may assure him that the flooding will not entail further expense—it occurs naturally each high tide.

An added attraction of Werribee (which Army personnel were quick to note) were the Abbatoirs which diffuse a rich scent (and occasional sounds) unmistakable to any Vietnam campaigner.



Melbourne planners chuckled when they discovered this fact for, of course, rivalry was keen between the two cities and Sydney seemed to have more of the natural advantages that would go to make up a successful rehabilitation centre.

In due course, the other capitals will possess their own re-housing areas and suggestions are cordially invited as to positions for them. Letters to the editor of this publication will be acknowledged and your detailed exposition of the advantages of each site may be printed.

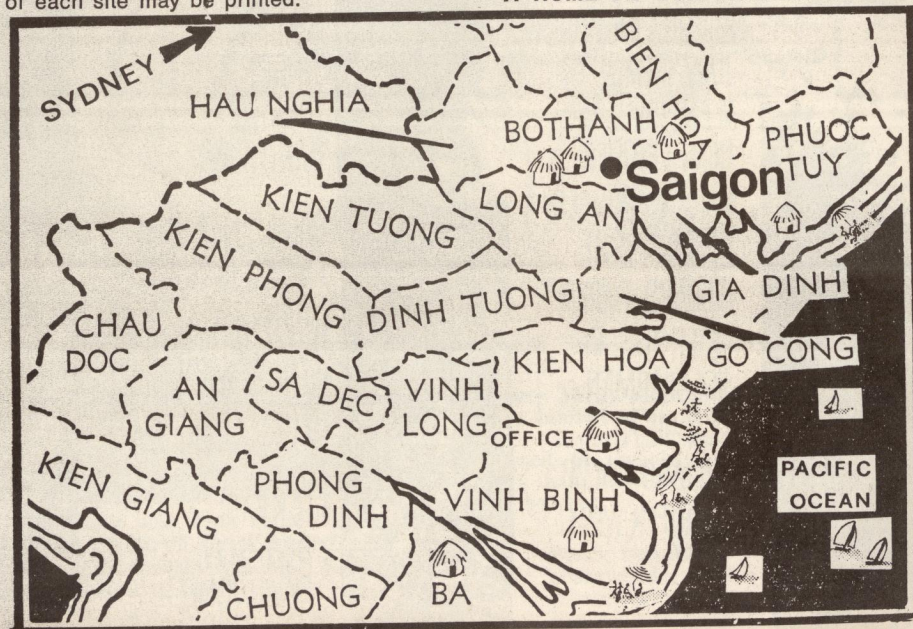
So come on, readers in Perth, Brisbane, Adelaide and Wellington—let's have your ideas for the Boys' Own! (Hobart has already nominated Pt. Arthur and the old Cascade Brewery).

If YOU have a loved one serving in Vietnam at the moment, you would be doing him a service to APPLY for one of the lovely allotments.

If he survives and has more than TWO (2) limbs intact then his name will be placed in the barrel on his return. Preference will be given to those men with more than TWO AND ONE HALF (2½) limbs intact although this can include two-half limbs and bonus points will be given for each joint remaining.

Won't you apply? Your home will be a permanent reminder to him of the days of companionship and the nights of emotion.

He deserves a place such as this!
A HOME FIT FOR HEROES.



Cottages for de-Phuoced conscripts — a draft plan



NAVE OF HEARTS

SEVENTY-ONE DAYS after the trial began, Rev. Neil Glover was convicted of "disgraceful conduct" by a Melbourne Anglican church tribunal. The offence was in disobeying his archbishop's order.

Dr. Woods, Archbishop of Melbourne, forbade Glover's remarriage while his first wife was still alive. He divorced her in 1958 and he still retains custody of the child although she has since remarried too. Glover married and lost his parish.

The unfortunate man is now seeking happiness outside his church as manager of a Methodist clothing store.

But back on the home front, there is still controversy about the legality and fairness of the Tribunal trial—as well as the desirability of a change in the law.

The main trouble with the trial was that there is no Anglican canon law against a clergyman re-marrying divorcees although there is a strong Anglican policy against its dating from the 1888 and 1908 Lambeth Conferences—but policy is not binding. In *Long v. Bishop of Cape Town* the Privy Council held that the oath of canonical obedience does not mean a clergyman will obey all the commands of the bishop against which there is no law, but that he will obey all such commands as the bishop by law is authorised to impose.

Glover was well within his rights to ignore the Archbishop's marriage instructions (distributed 1962) because the law did not support the bishop's instructions.

The offences for which an Australian Anglican clergyman can be charged are set out under eight headings in the Offences Canon (1962) of General Synod and many clergy are at a loss to see how any could be stretched to cover Glover's case. The fact is that one was.

The Archbishop showed himself to be curiously inflexible in the face of strong pressure. Glover had a child who would benefit by the remarriage, the Queen had recently approved the re-marriage of Lord Harewood (to Bambi Smith) and public opinion was running about 74% in favour of re-marriage after divorce.

One vicar appealed to Canterbury saying that he had a close knowledge of the facts and regarded Dr. Woods as an outstanding pastor. It would be a permanent disaster, he went on, if he were remembered as "the Archbishop who sacked a vicar for getting

married" as Cosmo Lang went down in history as "the Archbishop who cast the first stone" at the Abidication. A copy of a "Times" letter was enclosed.

The Archbishop of Canterbury's chaplain replied:

Dear Mr. Clergyman,

Thank you very much indeed for your letter of Nov. 30 which enclosed a copy of a letter you wrote to the Editor of the "Times." It is very kind and thoughtful of you to have sent it.

Yours sincerely

(Don't ring us, we'll ring you):

Our Melbourne religious correspondent writes:

"Glover and his lawyers are at the moment wavering about an appeal. What is stopping them is the conviction—on the part of experienced legal men—that the Tribunal was "stacked" (or rigged as I would put it), and that unless they receive certain very clear assurances about the composition of the Appellate Tribunal that, too, is likely to "receive instructions" before it sits.

This is an appalling comment on the Anglican Church's first use of its judicial powers under the 1961 Constitution."

RHODES SCHOLAR

He was skinny and angular, floppy-haired and very plummy, mid or late twenties and quite intense. Would have taken him for a Pom until he flaunted his colonialism and revealed his Rhodesian background. I'd drop his name but he might soon be looking for a job (and this mightn't help.)

Thrown together over a dry red at the bistro one lunch time we struggled for a topic of mutual interest. This finally turned out to be New Guinea. Having helped host Oala Rarua in Sydney last year, and having just returned from the Canberra Political Science Summer School on New Guinea, I felt that this was a subject on which I could now hold forth with great authority.

I had heard that our unnamed friend had done some work for the Rhodesian Ministry of Information in Melbourne, and I enquired if this useful connection could solve his temporary state of unemployment.

This could well be the case, he confided. In fact right now he was awaiting the go ahead from Salisbury. The assignment? Groundwork for a survey of political attitudes and development in Papua and New Guinea.

You must be joking, my old Territory mate said, they wouldn't let you in.

Oh yes they would, he said. He had a British passport issued prior to U.D.I. and no one could stop him.

What's the idea behind the job, I asked, as casually as possible.

"They're preparing a case to show that New Guinea just isn't ready for independence, and maybe never will be," he said.

Just the sort of confirmation and support that happy Mr. Barnes needs!

—B. Wilson

LOOK BLACK IN ANGER

BLACK POWER poet and playwright LeRoi Jones is now out on bail after his conviction (by all-white jury) for possession of a gun at the height of the January Newark race riots.

He was sentenced to 2½-3 years gaol plus \$1,000 fine by a judge who took the unusual (meaning "prejudiced") step of reading to the court a poem by LeRoi Jones which had appeared in *Partisan Review*, substituting "blank" for obscenities.

"... or those stoves and refrigerators, record players, shotguns, in Sears, Bambergers, Klein's, Hahnes', Chase, and the smaller joosh enterprises... You know how to get it, you can get it, no money down, no money never, money don't grow on trees no way, only whitey's got it, makes it with a machine to control you... The magic words are: Up against the wall mother (blank)er this is a stick-up... Run up and down Broad Street niggers, take the blank you want."

Pretty heady stuff for a jury, especially if there were any representatives from the "joosh" enterprises or any with a Broad Street address.

But right or wrong the old clan gathered. Gregory Corso, Allen Ginsberg, Peter Orlovsky and others came out for the purged poet with a manifesto as heated as the judges summing-up.

"We believe LeRoi Jones, not the Newark Police, that the poet carried no revolvers in his car, no revolvers in the car at all; that the police beat Jones up, and after their rage upon him found two guns that weren't there; that after the double whammy of beating and rabbit-in-hat guns, his trial before an all-white jury was triple-whammy. Lo and behold! fourth execrable whammy—his Judge addressed LeRoi's poem in a butchered version... and sentenced him to two and a half years for it.

"Mr. Jones's whitekind is that self-same demon we call tyranny, injustice, dictatorship. As poet he champions the black imagination; as revolutionary poet his revolution is fought with words. He scribes that the police carried the guns. Lyres tell the truth!" Watch this space for the appeal.

PHIZZGIGS cont.

up in the ALP

When Gough Whitlam got back from his six-week Asian safari last month, no one was very impressed.

"He's history," one veteran Labor man muttered after a four-hour wait at the airport for Gough's (symbolically?) late plane. "Anyone who goes on a junket like that and takes his wife with him doesn't deserve to be Prime Minister."

The backroom boys, still unable to believe their bad luck at the timing of Harold Holt's death, were even more unhappy. Not only had Gough signally failed to realise that he now had someone tougher than either Harold or Arthur Calwell to beat; he had barely recognised Gorton's existence, apart from one rather patronising telegram ("Your colleagues have given me a formidable opponent").

Instead, while (according to the old guard) he should have been disporting himself in the Golden Hands Massage Parlor in Bangkok, or (according to the new guard) he should have been deviously amassing evidence to smear the Gorton line, Gough had been studying (wait for it) party reorganisation.

From Delhi, Tokyo and Kathmandu the telegram boys were running hot to ALP headquarters with more and more suggestions of how the Labor parties of the Far East ran their business, and why Australia (as one of the nearest neighbours of wherever) should do the same. Gough's timing could hardly have been worse.

The backroom boys always look forward to the times Gough is overseas as a chance to do some constructive groundwork. Apart from the hard left (Jim Cairns and friends) and the Old Faithfuls (Doug McClelland and friends) the parliamentary party takes little interest in the day to day workings of the ALP. Thus with Gough, the focus of the noise and the discontent, securely out of the way for a few weeks, the backroom boys had hopes of setting up a reasonable atmosphere of compromise and even unity for him to work on when he got back.

Unfortunately the reorganisation telegrams got around, and the atmosphere was less than cordial when Gough reappeared. Apart from the office girls who were waiting for Graham Freudenberg, the press secretary (who did not take his wife with him) the reception committee comprised federal secretary Cyril Wyndham, in a pause between pacifying the right and the left; the deputy leader, Lance Barnard, in a pause between stumping round the south and the west; and N.S.W. senator Joe Fitzgerald, in a pause between drinks.

Gough got to work at once, giving out lists of all the places he'd visited and all the important people he'd talked to. It look-

ed good on paper; but on analysis, there was some doubt as to what, if anything, he'd actually done. For a start, he did not mention Nepal as a country on the itinerary—a sin of omission. He also dwelt on Vietnam, and his meetings with the Minister for Revolutionary Affairs (either a mistaken preposition or the quietest job in the world) and the Minister for Open Arms (welcoming committee?)—a sin of commission.

Next day he held a press conference. He showed definite signs of nerves, in spite of saying all the right things about almost everywhere. Reporters who had hoped to hear the most recent of the Sukarno jokes (a follow up from other political visits), were disappointed. Instead, they got a rather dull diatribe about the need for co-operating with everybody. Since Gorton had already knocked this line off a couple of days earlier, Whitlam men prepared for the worst.

They got it. Amid shouts of reform, the party moved to Surfer's Paradise, and the feathers flew. Jim Cairns predicted a real left wing Socialist party by 1975; including further Labor splits and the nationalisation of the banks. Backroom boys blanched beneath the healthy colour they were acquiring from crates of champagne. (The Labor conferences provide reporters with their only real money-making chance of the year, because editors accept bills for champagne, and worse, as a necessary part of mingling with the ALP).

Amid the secretary swapping, which explains some of the minor and more personal party splits, Gough's most recent reform proposals were tossed aside almost unnoticed.

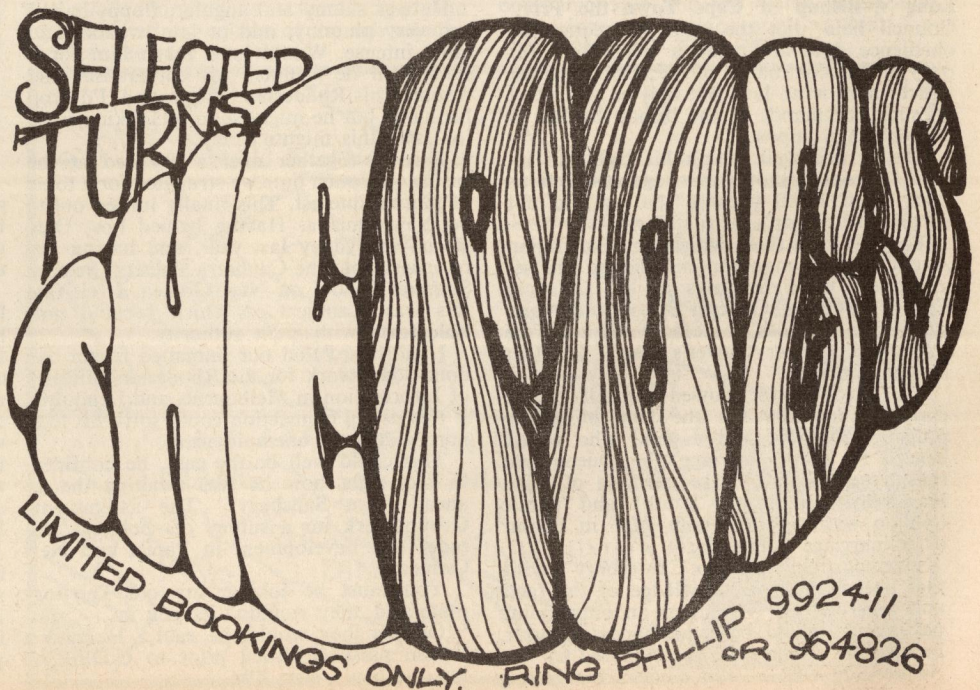
Slightly disconsolate, he moved south to Higgins, and, being unhappy about a lot of things, took it all out on Arthur Calwell ("He debauched the Vietnam debate.")

Arthur hit back, reporting Gough to the federal executive.

There is no doubt Gough will win the fight, but surely it's time he realised that Gorton—not Calwell—is the man he has to beat.

Phindlestinks? Gigglephinks?
Phizzlegys? Flozzlegrogs?
Phinkledinks? Twiddlesticks?
Wimpolestreets? Needlenicks?
Phyzzydrinks? Or whatever it is, this section of OZ needs people who thinks they either know or feel something more than we are accustomed to hearing from the established media. "Phizzgigs" is a magazine within a magazine, and like any damn magazine, it has to be written. Contributions are needed and any Phizz published will get cash for his tittle-tattling. Mail your scandal to OZ Magazine, Box H143, OZtralia Square Post Office, Sydney, N.S.W. 2000.

I won't tell.



INTERROGATION MARKS

GISELLE HALIMI is an advocate in the Paris Court of Appeal and also presides over the Commission of General Inquiry of the International War Crimes Tribunal (the Russell Tribunal). Although Bertrand Russell himself has been relatively silent for some time and the Tribunal has had difficulty in finding a city for its headquarters, the members have been active all over the world.

Mme Halimi has led two missions—one to Vietnam and the other to America. She was interested in the human components of the "U.S. War Machine" and the following extracts are from an article she wrote in "Le Monde" about the attitudes and experiences of American servicemen performing the worst of the war-time dirty work.

In short, the article is about torturers and wanton killers. And it is the "allies" who perform the atrocities; it is the men themselves who tell the stories.

Peter Martinsen:

Now a Berkeley psychology student, 23, from September, 1966, to June, 1967, he was an interrogator with the 44th Military Intelligence Corps.

A veteran of several thousand interrogations, Martinsen said: "I know of no interrogation in Vietnam where, according to the definition in the Geneva Convention, a war crime has not been committed. It would be stupid and wrong to pretend that only the Vietnamese indulge in torture. I have never seen an interrogation conducted by South Vietnamese alone." His power over prisoners was "absolute . . . power of life or death."

"Someone," Martinsen stressed, "must point out that the Americans imagine they cannot commit war crimes simply because they are Americans. They must realise that one does not have to be a Nazi to commit war crimes . . ."

"One realises that everyone is a potential torturer, that these people are normal. At first you strike a man to get something, then because you are angry and finally, for the pleasure."

Dave Tuck:

Now a night porter, Negro, 25, infantry from Jan, 1966 to Feb. 1967.

"In February 1966 at Camp Holloway, near the village of Pleiku, I saw a Vietcong tortured by South Vietnamese under the direction of the U.S. Forces. The man was tied spread-eagled on the ground. They drove a knife under his fingernails and into the soles of his feet. As this achieved no result they drove the point of the knife under his eyeballs. He still refused to speak.

He was then put in a barbed wire cage only big enough for him to crouch on his hands and knees. As soon as he moved, the barbs dug into his flesh. They left him there for two days.

The torturers were South Vietnamese but there was an American officer—a captain—who gave the orders to a South Vietnamese interpreter . . ."

Tuck also found it was a race war. His unit commander once urged his boys on by saying: "I want you to hit these Vietnamese so hard that I can see this land swimming in Vietnamese blood."

"We were all surprised because we thought that a distinction necessarily had to be made between the Vietnamese people and the Vietcong . . . But the officers called all Vietnamese "gooks" and told us that they were all dirty and the only good Viet was a dead one."

And what was worse, "numerous coloured G.I.'s and myself realised that we were considered here in the same way as the Vietnamese."

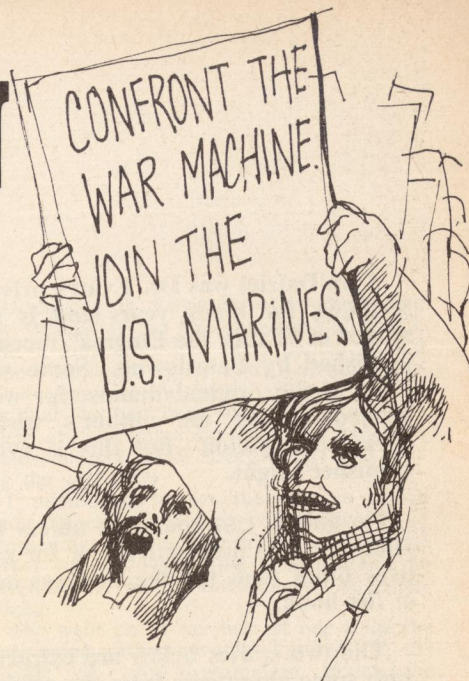
Tuck also lived "the mad minute" when he entered a village.

"Each time we were fired on from a village . . . for a minute in each case we could fire blindly with whatever weapon we had (tank, machine-gun or whatever). For us, until the contrary was proved, each Vietnamese was a Vietcong.

As for prisoners . . . "Following a battle—it was March 23rd, 1966, 50 miles north of Ban-Metu—several wounded North Vietnamese lay on the ground. We were raging because it was our first battle and we had lost several buddies.

A Japanese-American, Sergeant Kakahashi, took his bayonet and cut off the head of a soldier wounded in the chest . . . he was still alive. Having cut off the head, the sergeant took it and threw it up the hill to serve as an example to other North Vietnamese."

"Another day in November, 1966, I took my place in a helicopter at Hue. During the flight one of the North Vietnamese (prisoners) started to laugh. Hearing this,



the gunner told the pilot who immediately ordered: "Throw that son-of-a-bitch out!" The man, still tied, was hurled straight out in mid-air.

And if wounded prisoners were taken? "What I can say is that we never allowed the prisoners to die of their injuries. They were always killed. Several times I saw wounded prisoners waiting to be evacuated to a hospital. G.I.'s approached them and fired bullets into their heads to get rid of them.

Donald Duncan:

Instructor in interrogation methods to Special Forces, one of the planners of the 1965 Delta operation. He wrote an expose of the methods in "The New Legions."

"The way I taught left no doubt in my students' minds that there were times when

Continued on page 11



PETROV RE

Alan Dalziel was Dr. Evatt's private secretary for many years and is the author of "Evatt: the Enigma" recently published by Lansdowne. Some sections of the original manuscript were deleted against the author's wishes during publication—but this is every publisher's right.

No author can complain unless the publisher cuts destructively or for motives other than for the improvement of the book.

The two stories below are extracted with some alterations from the original manuscript. They do not appear in the book.

1. STREET

DURING what might be termed the Petrovian period the question of people who appeared in the Petrov papers was always one of constant discussion between Dr. Evatt and his associates. Those named were Australians who were supposed to have been sympathetic to the U.S.S.R. and who according to the documents handed over to the Security Service by Petrov, had been allotted code names by Moscow.

It was in this connection that the name of Lady Jessie Street was discussed by Dr. Evatt. I have known Lady Street for many years. She was always a friendly soul and had been a member of the A.L.P. up till the time she resigned when the Central Executive of the Party proscribed the Friendship With Russia Society—of which she was a leading member.

Dr. and Mrs. Evatt were also great friends of Jessie Street. It was Dr. Evatt who put Mrs. Street's name forward as Australia's first Minister to the Soviet Union when the U.S.S.R. and Australia first exchanged diplomatic representatives at the legation level in 1943.

Although Evatt, as Minister for External Affairs, placed her on the short list of names for Cabinet consideration, Slater, M.L.C., a Victorian Labor man, was appointed in the end.

However, Mrs. (later Lady Jessie) Street did go very close to becoming Australia's first diplomatic representative to the Soviet Union.

She made several visits to Russia, was chairman and actively engaged in the work of several societies designed to promote friendship with the Russians, and played a leading part in organising "sheepskins and medical aid" for Russia. This was during

the darkest days of World War II when that country was our "glorious ally."

If the Moscow papers included names of Australians who held positions of influence and were of interest to the Kremlin authorities because of their known sympathy for the Soviet Union, then the name of Jessie Street would surely have been in a prominent position.

Yet, for some strange reason, throughout all the lengthy proceedings of the Petrov Commission Jessie Street was never called as a witness.

Scores of Australians, some with the most superficial relationship with anything inclined to the interests and understanding of the U.S.S.R., were listed and given code names by Moscow.

Even politicians of anti-labor vintage who had expressed at some Canberra cocktail party at the Soviet Embassy a mild interest in what was happening in the country of the commissars found themselves in the documents handed over by Petrov. They had received a code name and were mentioned as people worthy of study and further cultivation.

Then there were the die-hards, the strong core of Soviet devotees.

They were there, naturally with appropriate code names. But when the Commission unfolded the story that had come via the defecting Vladimir Petrov via Security, there was no mention of the name of Lady Jessie Street.

I argued again and again with Dr. Evatt the significance of this fact. Later, he agreed that there was something peculiar in the fact that Jessie Street was not named and called to give evidence.

Years after, in conversation with Lady Street, I mentioned this aspect to her. She was, she said, in London during the time of the evidence taken by the Petrov Commission and had written back stating that she was quite willing to return to Sydney to appear as a witness. But she was not asked to do so.

Thus, it is quite reasonable to assume that the Commission had decided not to call her



VISITED

and her name was kept out of public proceedings for reasons known only to itself.

Lady Street, a woman of undoubted moral courage in public affairs, would not have hesitated for one moment to come forward and challenge or contest any situation which may have been created by her name having been included in any of the Petrov documents.

If the documents were all their claimed to be by Petrov and the examining authorities, then the only possible conclusion that made sense of her exclusion from the Petrov hearings was that her name was kept out for purposes not stated.

Lady Street, the wife of the then Chief Justice of N.S.W., Sir Kenneth Street, had never failed to give public witness to her radical political beliefs. She was always in the forefront of movements for peace and international understanding. Her attitudes were well known to most Australians and she had actually run Tory politician Eric Harrison to within a few hundred votes when he narrowly held the blue-ribbon conservative seat of Wentworth in the 1943 general elections. Jessie Street stood as the John Curtin Labor candidate.

I must give further point to this particular version of that Petrovian period: Later in the hearings, when I no longer had counsel to represent me, I was in the witness box for my third and final appearance before the Commission.

Windeyer, Q.C., senior counsel assisting the Commission, was bumbling around in his usual desultory style of cross-examination, and asked me if I had been a signatory to a public petition calling on the Sydney City Council to allow the Red Dean (the

Dean of Canterbury, Dr. Hewlett Johnson) the right to address a meeting in the Sydney Town Hall. It was such a minor incident and so long ago that I could hardly recall it.

However, I answered Windeyer by saying that I believed in the right of free speech and would have signed such a petition had someone asked me to do so.

Then it suddenly came back to me that it had been Jessie Street who had been a prime mover in getting the petition going and that she had come into our office collecting signatures and that I had added mine. So I said in my reply to Windeyer that I had signed at the request of a well-known and respected citizen. They told me to write the name on a piece of paper, which I did. It was the name of Jessie Street.

The slip of paper went from Windeyer to the three judges on the bench and when it reached the chairman, Mr. Justice Owen, of the Supreme Court of N.S.W., it was quickly torn up and I was told no more questions—"the witness may stand down."

Discussing in Rowe Street, Sydney, one day well after the Commission had ended, with a lady who had been named in the papers handed over by Petrov certain peculiar features of the whole affair, I said to her that she had been subjected to a pretty tough cross-examination. Now she had been a close aide of Jessie Street in her work during the war years.

I mentioned to her the way in which Lady Street's name had been kept out of proceedings. She confirmed that Jessie Street was always willing and available to be called if the Commission had so determined.

She went on to say how at one stage she was being rather severely "grilled" in the course of cross-examination about the Anglo Russian societies which I have mentioned. Inadvertently, she let the name of Jessie Street drop in connection with a point she was trying to make. Almost immediately, this person told me, "the heat was off" and she was told she could step down!

2. GRUENING

IN AN ENTIRELY different context is the story of former U.P.I. correspondent, Peter Gruening, son of Dr. Ernest Gruening, now U.S. Democrat Senator from Alaska.

Peter Gruening had told certain people that he was following leads that might break wide open the political conspiracy of the Petrov affair. As an American pressman he had come upon information that suggested something "sinister" in events leading up to Petrov's defection.

He was working on what he had gathered and hoped to make it public before he returned home to the U.S.A. But that was not to be. What Peter Gruening believed he was in the process of uncovering was never known.

He left his office one day to drive to Mascot aerodrome to meet a business associate arriving from another State. Peter Gruening never reached the aerodrome. He just disappeared.

The police were notified and days later his body was found in his car. He had driven to one of the new and outer Northern Suburbs of Sydney, pulled into a lonely spot, and was found gassed from carbon-monoxide.

A piece of hose had been connected to the exhaust of his car and one end put through a window which, like the rest of the car windows, had been wound up. The engine had been left running till Peter Gruening was overcome by the poisonous fumes, sank into oblivion and was later found dead. A packet of sleeping tablets was found in the car. A subsequent coronial in-

quiry held that Gruening had committed suicide.

Much later, reports reached Dr. Gruening which gave rise in his mind to certain suspicions about his son's untimely death.

There was no substantial evidence why Peter Gruening, with a promising career before him, should have wanted to end his own life.

Because of the stories which may have gained some credence in the mind of Senator Gruening and his wife, a letter came to Dr. Evatt from Mr. Justice William O. Douglas, of the U.S. Supreme Court. He wrote as a friend of the Gruening family. He knew Dr. Evatt as a fellow jurist and asked if Dr. Evatt could say if, in his opinion, there were any suspicious circumstances in Gruening's death.

Mr. Justice Douglas said that the Gruening family was anxious and distressed lest all the facts had not been thoroughly sifted. But Dr. Evatt felt he could shed no fresh light on the case.

He did make some inquiries through local police officials but the end result was that there was no reason why the tragedy should not be regarded as other than suicide.

Dr. Evatt was now reaching the stage physically and mentally where he did not appear capable of making any strenuous efforts or serious onslaughts on the Petrov affair.

But the case is still open in many people's minds. Why did Peter Gruening die? He wasn't the man to commit suicide. Who stood to gain by his death?



D

SINCE THE EARLY 1950's the Commonwealth has operated a system of voluntary press censorship on "defence" matters by the use of D Notices. Very few people in or out of mass media know of the existence of the system.

A curious Defence, Press and Broadcasting Committee comprising representatives of defence departments, newspaper groups, radio and TV has been set up to issue the notices.

"A D Notice," Mr. Holt told parliament last year, "is a confidential request in the interests of national security not to make public specific matters referred to in the Notice . . . The number of D Notices currently in force is small and it is not in the national interest to disclose the precise number or the subjects to which they relate. (Whv? See the box on this page).

On Friday, June 30, "The Australian" promised an article uncovering "the methods used by the Australian security service to get copies of messages flashed between embassies in Canberra and their home countries".

But, on Saturday no article appeared and "The Australian" staff was remarkably tightlipped about it. The acting editor would tell NATION'S Richard Farmer nothing because he had given "an undertaking that I wouldn't say anything about it". Something like a D Notice on D Notices.

It was left to Rupert Murdoch to say that the story was dropped after Defence pointed out that a D Notice (on "Official Communications") had been overlooked. The story was killed immediately.

The worrying point is that D stands for Defence and Australian governments have never been slow to include "security" in defence and politics in security. "The interests of national security" is a term as vague as the user intends. Information on VIP flights operated by 34 Squadron RAAF could surely be the subject of a D Notice.

In England a similar system exists but there are many English defence correspondents with access to classified information and the intelligence to make inspired guessing a threat to genuine defence secrets.

Perhaps D Notices can be justified in that setting but in Australia the situation is very different and the risk of damaging information appearing is minimal. In any case, the Crimes Act has stringent provisions.

But D Notices are a convenient cloak for political censorship. In January 1963, the English nearly issued a Notice on Christine Keeler's memoirs. More recently, the Observer and Sunday Times stories on Kim Philby were printed in defiance of D's and the idea for the D'd "Australian" story came from a London Telegraph piece alleging that all overseas cables were read by British security—printed in spite of a D Notice.

After the "Australian" affair, the Commonwealth Committee's secretary issued the

following confidential letter to newspaper editors:

22nd September, 1967

Dear Sir,

As D notices have been in the U.K. news recently it may be opportune to remind editors and managers of newspapers and other media that the system is also operating in Australia through the Defence Press and Broadcasting Committee, a list of whose members is attached for your information.

In brief the system is that when particular classified matters affect Defence require special protection in the national interest a Draft D notice is submitted to the Defence Press and Broadcasting Committee which may accept it as it stands or seek some amendment. When the D Notice has been accepted by the Committee it is then issued on a Private and Confidential basis to editors and managers of newspapers, radio and TV stations in the name of the Committee with the request that they observe the restrictions contained in it.

Experience in this country is that the co-operation of the news media has been very good but we are always a little concerned that as D Notices are issued so infrequently they may be lost sight of in the intervening periods or overlooked when changes in management or editorial responsibilities take place.

It would assist us in ensuring that the cover provided by the D Notice is fully effective if addressees could inform us when there are changes in editorial and management responsibilities so that we can keep our list of addressees up to date. For your information I have attached a list of current D Notices and I will be glad to supply a copy of any D Notices which you do not have.

Indecipherable (Sgd.)

Secretary and
Executive Officer

The list of D Notices current in late 1967 and shown on this page makes it clear that the scope is wider than Defence. One can

only wonder what No. 14 "Official Communications" means but No. 12 "Petrov Inquiry" is the most surprising.

How could mention of *anything* raised in the 1953 Petrov affair affect defence? Is it just an embarrassing episode that successive Liberal governments would prefer to keep under wraps? Has something happened since the close of the Inquiry?

The whole Petrov defection and Commission was a scandal which reflected little credit on any of those involved. OZ doesn't receive D Notices so we feel bound by no "undertaking". Petrov was a seedy Russian bureaucrat with several nasty facets to his character.

Before defecting, he was involved in smuggling whisky into Australia as "embassy supplies". A star Commission witness and he would then flog it around the parched Sydney nightclubs—sometimes in a diplomatic car.

He was an NKVD spy *within* the Russian Embassy where he was cordially hated. After Security found that he wanted to defect (for reasons never made clear), he was kept on ice for six months before being allowed by Security to actually make the leap. Was this delay to assist Ming in a tight election?

After defection, for which he was paid \$10,000 down and probably still draws a pension, Security spirited him off to the Gold Coast.

There he distinguished himself by going on a binge and crashing a party minus trousers. He was arrested, gave a false name of John Olson (his one artistic touch) and had to be sprung by his guards.

Since then . . . nothing. The D Notice presumably stops newspaper speculation. Informed sources say he was on the Gold Coast for some time and then moved to central Victoria. There are also strong rumours that his wife (a much stronger personality) left him and that one or both have left the country.

DEFENCE PRESS AND BROADCASTING COMMITTEE CURRENT D NOTICES

- D Notice No. 1: Naval Building Programme—Publication of Information.
- D Notice No. 5: Technical Information Regarding Weapons and Equipment.
- D Notice No. 6: Air Defence.
- D Notice No. 7: Photographs taken from the Air—Restrictions on Publication.
- D Notice No. 11: Secret Agents.
- D Notice No. 12: Petrov Enquiry.
- D Notice No. 14: Official Communications.
- D Notice No. 16: Publication of certain Defence Radio and Radar Information.



it is necessary to use 'other methods' . . . from the official point of view, if someone said "you teach torture," we could reply "no, we only teach what the others do."

So we taught how to crush the testicles, how to put a bucket over a prisoner's head and hit literally deafening blows from above, how to hang him up by a rope or a chain and twist his body; other techniques like isolation, electric shock . . . among the 'other methods' without doubt you must include attaching electric leads to the genitals.

The point that was emphasised was never to leave a trace on the victim's body."

Robin Moore:

A hawk, wrote "The Green Berets", believes the only solution is an assault into China.

"Yes, it's true that pentothal has been used in Vietnam. The first time I saw it used was when a Special Forces captain ordered the medic to administer it."

Moore told of assassination teams. "They are formed to achieve a specific 'objective'—a general term for an individual marked out for killing. It's a guerilla war method, like medical team activities, to help stiffen the morale of the local people.

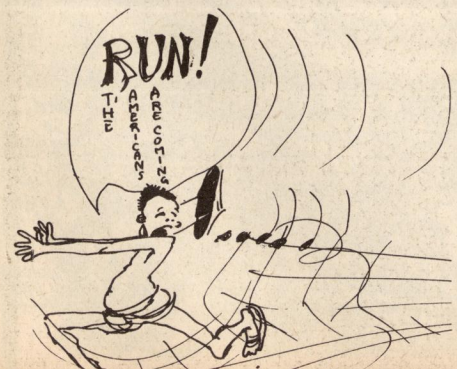
If a man highly placed in the NLF causes trouble, that's a motive for killing him."

"The teams were formed during the Delta operation. In 1965 it was decided we must break down the communal structure of the villages. After encircling a village to stop any outside intervention, the Revolutionary Development Cadres (Saigon's copy of the VC's political teams) educated the people by psychology.

In each village there were people who were nuisances and the teams were organised to get rid of them. They could use any methods they chose. Training, transport and equipment were all American."

* * *

The Russell Tribunal is *persona non grata* in many countries and no doubt the government would not be pleased to welcome a mission to Australia. But does anyone doubt that they would hear the same sort of stories from the Australians now in Vietnam?



No, Sir, when a man is tired of London, he is tired of

LIFE

DAVID WIDGERY

Living in London is like trying to set up home on the pendulum of a clock telling the wrong time. London life is about as exciting as the Eurovision Song Contest . . . as regards significant living experience the average glass of water has got more to get your teeth into. The objects are all right still; St Pancras Library is still running its legendary book amnesty, the old men still fly kites in Hyde Park on Sundays, gold top milk is good as is Benoir Bulka's game pate, there are still some bookstands where you can't buy International Times, there's a shop in Old Compton St. where you can change your name to Mick Jagger by deed of poll. There are still *things* to stay around for: Penguin Classics, Dinky Toys, The British Medical Journal, the 11 o'clock news on the Third, jumping up and down on tightly coiled copies of the 'Observer' on Sundays, Cadbury's Fruit and Nut advertisements.

But on the whole the place is horrible and this is due to the people. There are far too many Australians. The Incredible Love Generation is completely wrapped up with glittering their beautiful eyes at each other to show how great the cold unpleasant Round House really is—spend far too much time getting high and getting nowhere. The tender sexy warm new things don't even notice the vast pyramid of crap we are heaping on ourselves in aid of self liberation or adult movies or something. God help the new thing if it's IT and the Friday night strobes . . . they make me think of the oesophagus of a man who has lived all his life on 10c. hamburgers and pasteurised milk.

The rich old hippies are substantially worse though. There's always been an overfed, overblown appendix of society who lapse into semi-permanent excess. But this lot expect you to take boutique society as an art form as well and between one pull of the forelock and the next, we are supposed to draw brief inspiration from their antics. The incredible pace of Sybilla society is really about as interesting as an 'Evening Standard' lunchtime leader. It's the 'who's for tennis' people now gossiping about their trips but still with the servant problem and the bad-tempered sports car and their mothers' drugs. They're all as dead as Tara Browne. The women have hearts as hard as pecan crunch bars and gossip in the clubs like a seaside sales conference. They are like an Autumn Tints Coach Tour, all yellow and falling down. All their parties are the same one, built out of the same pieces of Meccano. Inside them the same handy units, pretty boys punching their stomachs and eating floor polish, everywhere the Stones and pointless flared-up eyes. The pecan girl is high now, hears nougat voices on the roof; it's only the hat burglars stealing overcoats. Then if it's an upper class of party someone overdoses a 'head' from Golden Beach . . . kicks in the record player and

everyone goes off for a gas oven, waking up in different rooms to the same formica morning. *This* is the Wipeout Gang operating their Insanity Factory.

What's worse—the Factory is the people sent by 'Time' and 'Life' to look for it. American boys trying to grow out of their haircut, always reading the menu from outside and telling the identical story about a pant; raid or a trip or something that was broken up by the House Sister. There are wistful, girls in almanacks and gaberdine hair who walk around Old Compton Street in threes wanting to be picked up. They are as sexy as Chapter 3 of The Group and as unhappy as doctored cats (who are very happy). Everyone is cheated. French men shaking their fists at Dollys from the outside. Italian ladies being fiddled on the change. Americans from places like Ohio in Renta Cars picking up bleached boys outside of Piccadilly Underground station, who when they come through want money for their prescriptions. Danish girls secretly being sold herbal cigarettes. London's a big hoax, luv. We have got acclimatised to the lies, but you ought to be bitter about them. Bitter like the old 'Confidential' headlines, "Rubirosa was fizzle in bed Latin Beauty says".

In fact, once upon a time there was a swinging Britain—before this Golden Book of Reptiles. The time when London was really zinging was when the Bulge Babies were in school, reading 'Tit Bits' in the back of the class with NHS specs and Sellotape. 'Chalky' taught us long division and to keep our bowels open and our traps shut. We played Dan Dare on the building sites where no one dared to build, with the Mekon as green as a processed pea. Rock Around the Clock was banned throughout Warwickshire. Time and Life's London Bureau didn't notice us then, in the High Street billiards saloons with our duck's arse haircut and Warner Bros. hip talk, always planning world trips on unmuffled Harley Davidsons. On Saturdays watching the birds go past with layers of bouncy petticoats meant to show like that and bouffant sticky hair and everyone looking like a Giles cartoon. The old man remembering El Alamein, when really he spent his war singing dirty songs in the shelters and making lighters in the Spitfire factories and fortunes on vacuum cleaner spares. Thank the Lord for the lads flogging left-handed nylons on bomb sites and smashing up cinema seats for Bill Haley and bunching sports cars on the bikes and ripping the roofs off. This was real, in the abrasive world where people travel in second-class trains to Slough and put cash in the Coop Xmas Box and buy Batchelors records and don't even know about the Psychedelic Revolution.

It hasn't stopped because some American journalist has discovered debts kneecaps. So Wipeout Gang you better start to build bigger and better Borstals, you're going to need them.

The Benefits of ART EDUCATION AT EAST SYDNEY TECH



Once upon a time a young chap called Leonardo was desirous of becoming a PAINTER, he displayed no mean talent in his post-pubescent scrawlings and much against his fathers wishes he sat for the ENTRANCE EXAM for the Painting Diploma course at EAST SYDNEY TECHNICAL COLLEGE

he drew for his exam that which was placed before his visionary young eyes, a beer bottle and 32 plaster apples tastefully arranged on a marble drape.



humble but talented drawing the examiners from the DEPARTMENT detected that here was a potential painter of Great Promise.

WE of the Dept. all know these ARTY types...

I'VE BEEN TO THE WAR YOU KNOW

PEOPLE AS THE LIVES OF THIS YOUNG CHAFFIE CONSIDER LACK THE INITIATIVE TO GAIN THEIR L.C. BY LEARN A TRADE THEN ELSE WOULD HE BE WHY DESIROUS OF LEARNING ART.

ON THE PERSONAL OF his...



The Devil finds work for idle hands

HE MUST BE KEPT OFF THE Streets!

WHAT ELSE CAN WE DO GENTLEMEN, WE HAVE NO OPTION BUT TO ACCEPT HIM.

AND SO LEONARDO DULY ENTERED THE HALLOWED WALLS OF THE STS. HIS YOUNG HEAD FULL OF THOUGHTS OF



His first lesson was the drawing - or more precisely the RENDERING in pencil that of a plaster foot - this was called ANTIQUE DRAWING -



his classmates were 300 girls and a blind boy

AT LUNCH BREAK He who doted up by 17 Brithery Students.

CLASS FOLLOWED CLASS... and every 2 hours CLASSROOMS CHANGED and TEACHERS changed and SUBJECTS changed and the secrets of Painting unfolded in an EXHILARATING KALEIDOSCOPE of KNOWLEDGE. PERSPECTIVE, PLANT DRAWING, SHARPENING, QUICK sketching, Chair drawing, Skull drawing, 3-D. DRAPERY... Teacher who were etchers taught painting (DULL, VERY STILL LIFE) Sculptors taught plant drawing, it didn't seem as the young Leonardo had imagined it... but who was he to question the mighty Dept. of TECHNICAL EDUCATION... though once he asked a question about Picassos

influence on the Surrealists and who asked to leave the class and wash his mouth out with TURPS. Leonardo began to realise that if he wished to become a painter he must SUFFER, suffer the drudgery and boredom, the seemingly pointless and repetitive lessons before the BLINDING WHITE LIGHT OF

INSPIRATION struck him... and so devotedly And SELF SACRIFICINGLY he STUDIED ON, Drawing the Skeleton, drawing the Figure, painting the Figure, studying the tendons and bones, sketching the Figure until he became as good as A CAMERA, only not nearly as Fast (he often quipped "I am a camera")

HIS teachers were THRILLED with his progress toward absolute CONFIRMITY to the College STANDARDS - STANDARDS which the Dept. was only too proud to point out, hadn't changed for over 50 years.

5 years had DRAGGED by and Leonardo had succeeded completely in suppressing the dangerous and reckless spontaneity he had demonstrated as a callow youth. He could now paint a perfect muddy copy of the previous 5th year student's copy of the year before's copy of the year before's copy of the copy.

HIS WORK had become undetectable from any other student of the E.S. Tech.

I HAVE WONDERFUL NEWS FOR YOU LAD. YOU'LL NEVER BE A painter

HOW ABSOLUTELY MARVELLOUS DELICIOUS



And Leonardo was duly presented with a viridian green Diploma.

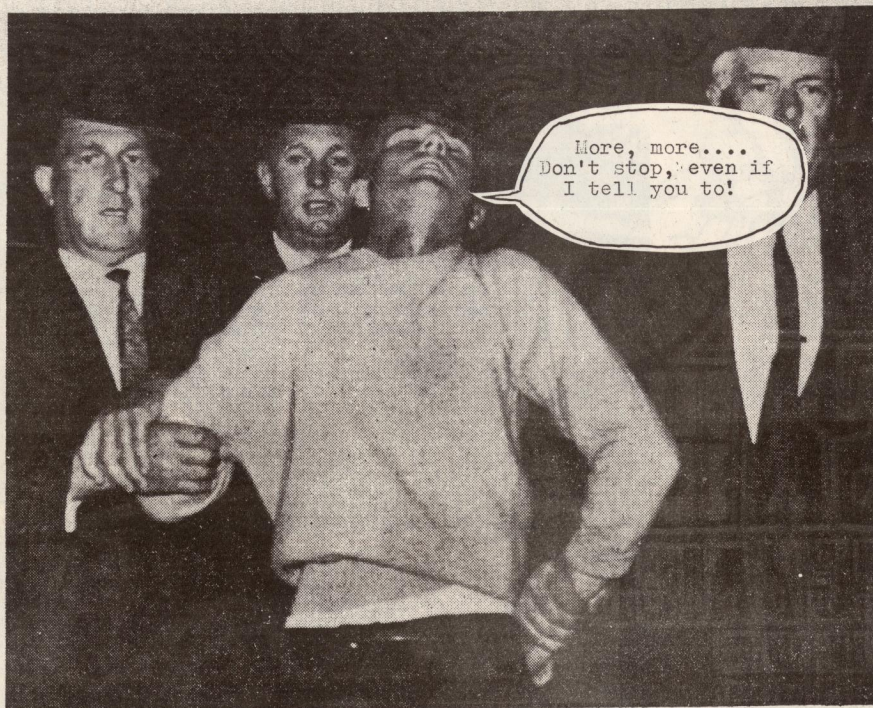
MOST STUDENTS NEVER REACH THE DIPLOMA YEAR AS THE DEPT... WITH ITS USUAL TREMENDOUS EFFICIENCY, HAS SUCCEEDED IN MAKING THEM REALISE THAT PAINTING IS AN UNDESIRABLE CAREER, SO THEY LEAVE TO ENROL IN A SECRETARIAL COURSE TO THE GREATER BENEFIT OF SOCIETY.

Diploma
This piece of paper is to certify that Leonardo has satisfied the Department of Technical Education, that he will never again touch a paintbrush, that he will become a decent normal member of society, and not embarrass the college by burning a Travelling Scholarship for Painting (like Landley)

Once more the Department of TECHNICAL EDUCATION HAS TRIUMPHED over Talent and SESITIVITY, yet another potential ARTIST has been THWARTED another spirit nipped in the bud, another young mind has spent its most dangerous years safely within the walls of E.S.T.C.

GRADUATE Leonard Says... "I'm SO PLEASED, I GOT PAINTING OUT OF MY SYSTEM EVEN THOUGH IT TOOK FIVE YEARS, NOW I CAN FILL A USEFUL RUT IN SOCIETY I AM INDEBTED TO THE DEPT."





On the Transplantation

Australia's first heart transplant is scheduled for next year.

All we want now is a special Cardiac Annexe attached to the Department of Native Affairs so that when our own government-sponsored heart-specialists get cracking there will be a whole sub-human species ready-to-hand that we can raise by way of the operating table to our own level of civilisation (from Woomera to Woomera). Starting with the tribal elders who have nothing to lose but their folkways, and we will move on to the younger generation whose hearts by then should be either acceptably defective or indistinguishable from our own, and there will be instant assimilation with no longer any danger of rejection on the part of the patient's organism, once we have overcome the initial difficulty of finding 30,000 white (dying) donors.

BRUCE DAWE

GO-SET

THE TEENS & TWENTIES' PAPER

INTRODUCES

KALIDOSCOPE



GUYS & DOLLS' FASHION PAGE



What's all this?

It's a swap advert with Masque so that Masque and OZ can fill out all the rest of that crap. See if the crap in Masque interests you by looking for a copy now.

Sir Charles said that in Scouting there was an endeavour to develop character in boys.

"And there is the encouragement I get from meeting a spastic boy who has learnt in six months from a boy his own age how to tie a reef knot with the toes of one foot."

ON UBU FILMS

WILL ENHANCE YOUR HAPPENING WITH THEIR CELEBRATED FILMS, LIGHTS, SLIDES and MUSICS

ENVIRONMENTS CREATED AT PARTIES, PROMOTIONS, ETC.

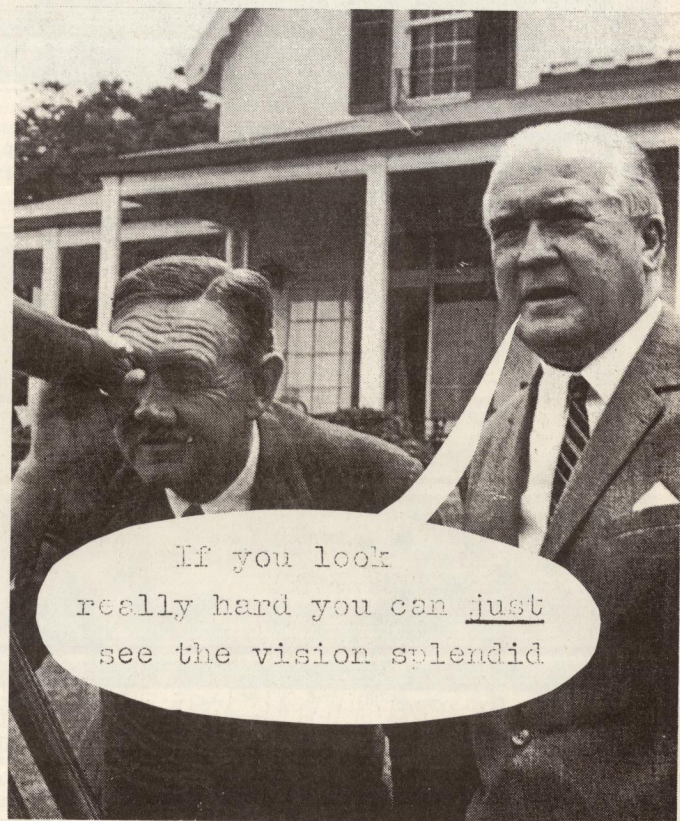
CONTACT UBU FILMS AT 54 GEORGE ST., REDFERN. 696489





LONDON FASHION SCENE

Today, Mary Q'unt, trendy designer of up-tight clothes for hard-up people staged her latest show. Models wearing only see-through shirts over see-through trousers revealed a collection of trendy new hair-pieces specially dyed and cut to complement her new range of kiss-proof organic cosmetics in trendy fluorescent shades. To be marketed under the name Q'unt-stick



If you look
really hard you can just
see the vision splendid



Television star Don Lane



MR HOWSON



MR CHIPP

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Yaah man Gareth's got this business by the balls we'll clean up in this hick town ... man. Chance is so bloody good it's the best thing being done. And it's getting better. We've got the best people working here.

used to be with the A.B.C. until Gareth spotted them. Now they working for us. Our office is like a big family man. We work like niggers for nothing at the moment man but if we make it we'll all be Kings man. I reckon we'll make a fortune Gareth's a brilliant organiser. and Gareth's got such a gas name everywhere.

He made his dough from the carpet Baggies and Fanny Hill he's got real literary appreciation. We get birds to model for chicken feed. We get 'em for 50 bucks. Playboy pays thousands. But we're smart.

Australia's such a hick place we get anyone we want for a couple of dollars. They jump at the Chance! ha ha hoh hoh heh..... did you get it men?.... No.... You couldn't. We're too smart for you bums.

head 68

I LOVE CHANCE

I LOVE JACK

I LOVE GARETH

I LOVE YOU

ONLY ONE DOLLAR

chance

INTERNATIONAL

I LOVE GARETH



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