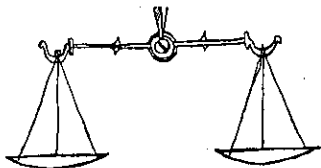


For each profession there are different letter-writing rules. For example, a dentist writing on the present fluoridation of water dispute could say, "As a dentist, my views are . . ." but he could not write, "As a dentist with 15 years of very successful practice . . ." Lawyers may do neither, unless they do not reveal their name. All they may do is if they sign their name is to deal with the matters raised without stating with what authority they speak. This, no matter what reasons the Bar Council or Incorporated Law Institute might think of, is plain silly. Much of the worth of such letters is the authority behind them. And the public deserves to know that authority so that it has some better basis of judgment.

Lawyers, particularly, have set up extraordinary rules for themselves on this score. In the recent Peter Clyne case, one of the Bar Council's arguments was that Clyne had participated in a public debate on divorce reform and that in the advertisements for the debate he was listed as a barrister. While many of the people who remembered Clyne as a first-rate debater at university would have gone to hear him no matter what his qualifications,



the fact remains that a large part of the value of his appearance was because of his close associations with the subject as a barrister. This is an example of the particularly narrow thinking of such professional bodies. Possibly the association's best interests may not be served by Clyne being advertised as a barrister (although anyone who reads the afternoon newspapers' court cases is well aware that Mr. Clyne is a barrister, and, judging from the frequency of his name in print, a fairly successful one), but the point is that the public interest in this instance was no greater than the association's. But once the Acts empower so many professional bodies to make their own rules even for non-members, public interest has no voice in their deliberations.

The whole Clyne case presents a lot of interesting questions of how a professional association should look after its ethics. It was professional misconduct, the association pleaded, for Clyne to include his private address on his letterhead, for example.

This sort of situation is not so serious here as there is a greater gap between the professional association and the statutory control of the profession, as in archi-

itecture. Here, things like price-cutting, sharing commissions, advertising and so on can get an architect thrown out of the Royal Australian Institute of Architecture and give him the disapprobation of members, but he is still a practising architect.

All this is not to deny that most of the rules of the professional associations are excellent and in the public interest. Certainly it is a good thing that doctors, dentists and veterinarians are prevented from having their names on medical propositions, and that doctors cannot be directors of private hospitals and funeral parlours (a grisly combination of this sort was recently exposed in Sydney). But there is no doubt that some are silly.

There are some professions that are not registered by statute at all, but still have very strict professional rules. Accountants, in States other than N.S.W. and Queensland, and stockbrokers are unhampered by statute but hog-tied by their own regulations. Stockbrokers, particularly, are bound by a mass of rules and interpretations. Most of them are soundly based and designed to protect the public, but many of them are aimed at protecting stockbrokers

from other stockbrokers. Regulations against client-stealing and staff-stealing, about advertising, rates of brokerages, and against the splitting of commissions are in this second category.

To a large degree, the Stock Exchanges' strictness against advertising (particularly in Sydney) is out of date, and a lot of brokers realise it. Only recently were Sydney brokers allowed to advertise in the Press at all, and that being limited to only a 1" deep by 4" wide maximum space. And this concession, like several others, was "forced on us by unfair competition from Melbourne," whose Exchange seems a little more realistic and more aware of modern business requirements. But because Sydney is still so old-maidish about the size of a broker's name when it appears as an underwriter in an advertised new issue, some funny things are seen. For example, the recent Chevron Sydney issue of debentures was underwritten by a Sydney and a Melbourne broker. In the advertisements for it, the Melbourne broker's name was in type about twice as big as the Sydney broker's, which rested next door to it in the discreet maximum allowed by the Sydney Stock Exchange.

Idealists or Ratbags ?

Life on the Fringe

By HENRY MAYER

ALTHOUGH our pre-occupation with bread-and-butter issues in politics leaves little room for minorities inspired by an idea or for the pedlars of lost causes, Australia still has its share of these minor political sects. All of them share three things: their ideology is borrowed from abroad; with the exception of the "New Left," they are dying out (they manage to vegetate on the fringes either of the major parties or the fringes of sanity); and they are marginal in every sense — without real hope, yet constantly having to delude themselves that soon, very soon, they will not only join but indeed be the stream of history.

There is a hierarchy even among the minnows. On one end of the scale you have, as in the "New Left," people who have just started, who are still optimists, who have new blood and regular contacts with others outside the group. On the other end, there are the Henry Georgeists, who are ageing men, droning on the single solution others refuse to see. They cling desperately to their seedy offices, their stocks of dusty old books, their lectures. A new face or a published letter to the editor is a major event. Their regular means of sustenance is the book of Press cuttings, and one of them recently

left over a dozen volumes of his scrapbooks to the Mitchell Library. But this is not the bottom: They have a paper and an office. They can look down on the Domain or Yarra Bank spruiker whom one sees shuffling out of the Public or Municipal library, his scraps of scribbled-on, lavatory paper clutched tightly, as if to warm himself.

On the surface, one can distinguish the fringeers who are rational and sedate (within the framework of their lost cause) from the real paranoiacs.

In the first category, the oldest, duller, and most respectable ones are the followers of Henry George, clinging to the tax on land values as the solution to all the problems of the universe. They are in the top drawer: they have at least two regular monthlies, *The Standard* and *Progress*; some sympathisers in the A.L.P. who at times can be persuaded to address a meeting; members in New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, a regular Senate team in Victoria, an occasional broadcast and small display advertisement, a "School of Social Science." Their preaching is mostly to the converted, though a couple of their members try to spread the gospel in the W.E.A.

The Social Crediters are already

much closer to paranoia. They are deeply split on the exact interpretation of the A plus B theorem. One branch runs a journal, *New Age*, in which one finds a mixture of Social Credit, anti-Semitism, and fads relating to foods, manuring methods, and fluoridation. There are links between them and such extreme right-wing organisations as "The League of Rights," which distributes the speeches of McCarthy and the Protocols of the Elders of Zion.

On the "left," there are a number of grouplets running all the way from purists to practicalists, from "old" left to "new" left. A few Trotskyites of the orthodox type issue a 4-page monthly, *The Socialist*. The Fabian Society seems to be dead in N.S.W. but lingers on in Victoria and W.A. The Socialist Labour Party, followers of Daniel De Leon's peculiar mixture of purism (no immediate demands) and syndicalism, which was of some importance in the days of the Industrial Workers of the World and the attempts

to form One Big Union in the early '20s, has been moribund for decades. A couple of years ago it was still vegetating in an old building in Bathurst Street. The man in the skull cap in the office was sure I had been sent by the Security Police when I tried to get some old pamphlets from him. He was entirely surrounded by Press cuttings which had not yet been pasted up, and there were eight pots of glue.

The group with the most pretentious name, the Socialist Party of Australia, is perhaps the smallest but certainly also the most intelligent of the "old" left. The S.P.A., with maybe 20 members, is a "sister party" to a group which has existed in England since 1904 without ever changing a word of its principles. This body, the Socialist Party of Great Britain (known as "small Party of Good Boys" to unkind souls), is unique. It is rationalism run riot: No immediate demands, because before you can get socialism, i.e., a classless, moneyless, leaderless, conflictless, society, the majority of people must really understand what it is all about. Their candidates never make any promises — and regularly lose their deposits. SPA'ers are young, pleasant, reliable, terribly serious, and about the only people in Australia who really know their Marx. Since they proclaimed from 1917 onwards that the Russian Revolution was not socialist, and since they always have opposed all other parties, they are buoyed up by being able to say "I told you so." But most of the time they have to say it to each other. In Melbourne, their few members tend to be active unionists; in Sydney, they are more intellectual and put their case in the Domain, at the former Socialist Forums, in debates with other small groups, and at W.E.A. lectures. Their spokesman (he would reject that title) manages two paperback bookshops with skill and an eye for the unusual. Just as virgins do not usually worry about alternative methods of birth control, the gentle SPA'er sticks to his purity of principle by re-defining politics so as to exclude compromise, power, choices between values, manipulation, irrationality. It is unfair to include them with the fringe political groups.

The "New Left," holding their second national conference this month, is by far the largest of these groups. It is held together by its journal, *Outlook*, edited by Helen Palmer, with a circulation of nearly 1000 a month, consists mostly of University people, has many supporters who left the Communist Party over Hungary. Since a monograph by Alan Barcan on it is shortly being published, I will not deal with it here.

Paranoiac movements and tendencies certainly seem to come out more clearly on the right. Professional Anti-Semites have been dealt with in *The Observer* in an earlier issue (19/9/59). They

have recently been joined by a Workers' National Party which, so far as I have been able to discover, consists of one or two men distributing a British Fascist publication, *Combat*.

An old-established body is the "People's Union," which advertises most Fridays in the Press to reveal to the world at large the latest Communist plot and to show how and why it fits in with Lenin's master plan, which, properly interpreted, is the clue to world history since 1917. In comparison with this meaty stuff, the Sane Democracy League is pretty colourless, contenting itself with exposing the A.L.P. Labour supporters see these two groups and others of a more sporadic kind as financed by the Liberal Party, and doing work which is "too dirty" for it, especially at elections and referenda. In fact, the Liberals find this sort of stuff rather embarrassing.

All these bodies are the very essence of rationality compared with those who believe in the Great Catholic Conspiracy. It is here that one gets closest to a dinky-di Australian flavour. The anti-Catholics are weak in organisation today. Instead of running a fat weekly newspaper, *The Watchman*, as it did in the first decades of the century, the Loyal Orange Lodge has to content itself with an annual demonstration to mark the Battle of the Boyne. *The Rock*, which used to be a weekly, has become a thin monthly. The old headlines ("Beastly Brother in Bed with Boy") have lost their punch. In Victoria, there is still a Victorian Protestant Federation, but its monthly, *The Vigilant*, is anaemic in comparison with what used to circulate in the '20s. In New South Wales, the extreme Protestant fringe is organised in a council, but doesn't seem to do much else beyond attacking immigration policy and Mr. Santamaria in Letters to the Editor. Some years ago there was a "Protestant People's Party" in N.S.W. which polled, from memory, a couple of hundred thousand votes in the Senate elections: It had No. 1 position on the ballot paper.

To revive the days of Dill Mackay and the Australian Protestant Defence Association, one has to turn to an occasional book. One, by a gentleman who is an expert in this field, has just been published. (H. W. Crittenden: *Behind the Black Curtain: A Book of Unholy Revelations*. Humanist Press, Sydney. 25s.) Here is the real thing: "This is a book of startling, even shocking revelations. It tells of the grossest treasons, in high places and low, in peace and war; of corruptions in every department of the Australian way of life; of incredibly successful nationwide organisation in secret, on military lines of decentralised discipline and control. Soon the black curtain is lifted: The Vatican is the cause of two world wars, the secret third force which prevents a settlement of the Cold



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WC138D

Observer's Diary

Dr. Evatt and "The
Sydney Morning Herald."

Tom Truman
reviewed

ANALYSTS of the behaviour of *The Sydney Morning Herald* may have been puzzled by the fact that (except for the Molnar cartoons) it has avoided discussion — almost to the extent of censorship — on whether Dr. Evatt should be appointed Chief Justice of N.S.W. His appointment to this position has been taken as a foregone conclusion ever since the first kite was flown some months ago. The *Herald's* reason for keeping quiet is not the belief that there should not be discussion of appointments to the judiciary; one can imagine the fuss they would kick up if Mr. Menzies were to be appointed Chief Justice. In fact, there is a long record of discussion in both Australia and the United Kingdom whenever a politician has been mooted as a Chief Justice.

What has got under the *Herald's* skin is nothing less than the itch to see a reunited and strong Labour Party which will give Mr. Menzies a run for his money. This is a practical application of their editorial line in the last Federal election, when they wanted enough people to vote Labour to give the Government a fright and shake belief in Mr. Menzies — but they did not want too many people to vote for Labour in case it got back in. This was carrying social engineering to an unusually high degree of precision.

Mr. Angus Maude, the former British Conservative M.P. who is now editor of the *Herald*, appears to be taking some personal part in this subtle manoeuvre. He has most enthusiastically joined the anti-Menzies camp — even to the extent of ticking off Lord Bruce for saying that Australia was in the grip of inflation. The argument runs that Lord Bruce took the pension that was offered him by the Richardson report and that there was a clear casual connection between the Richardson report, the margins decision, etc., inflation, etc., etc.

The idea that if Dr. Evatt goes, Labour will again be united is naive; the D.L.P. vote is not going to vote for Mr. Calwell — or anyone else at present in the Parliamentary Labour Party. The 1954 split was not a superficial phase: it represented the implacable "irrationality" of politics, and fiddling around with the leadership will make no difference. The idea that Labour should be bolstered up to provide an effective opposition is also naive; parties move up or down and if they are moving up the movement tends to accelerate. The collapse of the Australian Labour Party is only part of the general nervous exhaustion of socialist parties everywhere.

IT is interesting to note the reactions of Roman Catholic magazines to Tom Truman's *Catholic and Politics*. Most, of course, his identification of the Church's policy with Mr. Santamaria and some have a Roman Catholic pointing out Mr. Truman. Otherwise the reactions vary. *Social Survey* has not it, but has remarked that, although it "does contain a number of misconceptions," it is whole reasonably fair and paid. In the *Catholic Worker* M. J. worth claims that Mr. Truman's account of the "Maffra" affair is almost completely correct, that his general view of the Church's position on the "freedom" is completely wrong. In the *Weekly* an anonymous reviewer says: "Mr. Truman's last chapter goes back to the temperance oratorical 1890s period with appropriate 'Lodge' overtones," and Father in *The Advocate* says: "His presentation is demonstrably false and therefore date his final conclusions." Mr. Truman's own paper, *Newsweek* concludes: "Since the book lacks organisation and objectivity, grounds for hope that, after a period of discussion, its influence will not be great. There is room for a book on the subject."

The "better book" of course, written by Mr. Santamaria last year. Meanwhile his own reaction book will appear next month with Mr. Truman's reply in *News*, edited by Henry May.

Reports

From Tibor Meray

ON page 22 Tibor Meray has an article on the death of Camus — the first of the articles now being written regularly for *Observer* from Paris about European developments. He was in Australia late last year, when he wrote the Melbourne "Peace" Conference formed a Tibor Dery Committee to release of imprisoned Hungarians. While here he also collected for his next novel, which is set in a country town on the South Coast of N.S.W. and deals with a group of Australians and their reaction to a member of the group who is strangely like Hitler. Looking forward he is also planning a novel on the case.

War. It, and the Pope, are run by the Jesuits. It has "power to destroy the entire human race," it manipulates the United Nations, the British Foreign Office, the U.S. Department of State, Mr. Menzies, the Press, all our leaders, Nehru, the Middle East, the Muslims, the World Council of Churches, and de Gaulle, to mention but a few. After all this, his fantasies about Australia are pallid. Mr. Santamaria, The Rev. Alan Walker, Dr. Mannix, the omission of "Defender of the Faith" from the Australian florin — these seem a little weak in the context of the world-wide conspiracy.

There are a few finer webs which he does disentangle: His proof of John Curtin as in the pay of Santamaria, and aiming at a Catholic Action dictatorship under Japanese control is dramatic, though my favourite among the disclosures is that the Movement is storing arms in Monasteries while the Catholic Church gets its money from the green belt racket!

Here is a man who sees connections those of us who are corrupted "by fear or guile" miss. Nothing escapes his net: The playing of hymns at Christmas department stores, the design of the new Christmas stamp — all are but further proof of a dastardly plot. The task of exposing it is almost hopeless, for there are only "a few thousand" who know and care. Already they have to be very cautious, for the police, the Civil Service, the judges — all are in the plot. "Even in the street two people in conversation will furtively look around before lowering their voices to whisper a comment upon (Menzies') sectarianism, or upon his villainous Axis friend, Dr. Mannix."

Can all this really be the work of merely terrestrial, human powers? Clearly it cannot, and before long we have the final clue: The Jesuits are not the end, after all — they are agents of Satan.

It is only when we get to the last chapter, which tells the story of Mr. Crittenden's petition in 1950, to disbar a Catholic MP from sitting in Parliament since he owed "adherence, obedience and/or allegiance to a foreign power" that we get a clue to the personal story. When it was dismissed as vexatious, his chief and lasting impression "was one of almost overwhelming loneliness, utter and complete."

The "lonely ones" come in all shapes and sizes. They are lonely, rootless, and empty. Their void can be filled by religion, hatred, belief in a rational utopia, or any other drug of the mind. The one thing needful on their quest is certainty. The more they are on the fringe, the bigger the dose of certainty they need. The truly forsaken are few and easily identified as "ratbags."

But is their entourage really so very small?

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used to be a weekly, in monthly. The old Brother in Bed with their punch. In Victorian Protestants its monthly, *The* in comparison with the '20s. In the extreme Protestants in a council, to do much else but migration policy and in Letters to the 18 years ago there was a Party in N.S.W. memory, a couple of votes in the Senate position on the

ays of Dill Mackay Protestant Defence as to turn to an one, by a gentleman in this field, has just H. W. Crittenden: *A Book of* Humanist Press, is the real thing: artling, even shock-ells of the grossest places and low, in orruptions in every Australian way of successful nation-secrct, on military ed discipline and black curtain is is the cause of secrct third force lement of the Cold