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## 'The Funny Place': Australian Literature and the War in Vietnam.

Peter Pierce

Men who fought in the Australian and American forces in the Vietnam War were never persuaded for long of a good reason why they were there. Most, however, soon found others who experienced enough to tell them where they were. In *Nasho* (1984),<sup>1</sup> a novel by the Australian conscript Michael Frazer (who did not see service in Vietnam), it is quickly explained to the protagonist, Turner, a journalist with the supposed Army Information Corps, that,

It's not called the funny place because Bob Hope does a concert there every year. It's really a strange war. It's a politicians' war, not a soldiers' war. If the Americans declared war on the Antarctic penguins, Australia would have a battalion there.

The explanation of the *why*, of the causes of Australian and American involvement in the war, is nihilistic and despairing. This is a war that soldiers must fight but whose objectives are in no way under their control. Australians felt such impotence the more strongly, as the last sentence of Frazer's extract suggests, because American diplomatic and military initiatives apparently dictated and circumscribed their freedom of action.

For some Australian novelists, several of whom—including John Rowe, Rhys Pollard, William Nagle and 'David Alexander' (Lex McAulay)—had seen active service, the causes of the war may have been the righteously proclaimed ones of anti-communism and of the defence of (South) Vietnamese national self-determination. All of them certainly believed with a sardonicism which strayed towards bitterness that these ideological aims were fatally compromised by the strategic dependence of Australian troops upon an inferior American military command structure, by the unreliability of the South Vietnamese allies, by the difficulty of distinguishing friend from foe in the field and by the increasing hostility to the war on the home front. Australian novelists of the Vietnam War have tended to be unofficial if not unwitting spokesmen of the views of servicemen. In consequence they have depicted anti-war protestors unsympathetically. For a character in Pollard's *The Cream Machine* (1972)<sup>2</sup> they are "smug bastards". In Nagle's novel *The Odd Angry Shot* (1975)<sup>3</sup> they are "long-haired bastards". Such attitudes were not peculiar to Australia, nor was the sense of the abandonment of troops in Vietnam by authorities at home. Thus these serving men would be assisted in the characterisation of themselves, in Jeffrey Walsh's analysis,<sup>4</sup> as the latest of a series of lost generations of soldiers.

Abandoned, it might seem, by the society and culture from which they had come, and therefore to a degree estranged from the Anzac military tradition that had been a long agreed piety of Australian life,<sup>5</sup> Australian soldiers (as they spoke in memoirs, or were spoken for in fiction) made confused, prejudiced, partial efforts to discover what place it was that they had come to in Vietnam. This “funny place”, of whose existence there had been scant political, let alone public awareness when members of an Australian Army Training Team first went there in 1962,<sup>6</sup> has figured fitfully but significantly in Australian literature over the last two decades. The most important of its representations have been, in neither chronological nor hierarchical order: first, as the site of a war which although initially it appeared likely to replicate the jungle conflicts in which Australia had taken part in the Pacific during the Second World War, from early on refused to do so. Vietnam proved to be morally as well as militarily recalcitrant and ambiguous—a lost cause, for all the recent refurbishing of the historical record both by Australian politicians and by Vietnam veterans: groups who are in most other respects mutually antagonistic.

Second, Vietnam and the Vietnamese, however imperfectly understood by combatants or commentators, became the latest filter of the mingled fear and desire that has characterised Australian xenophobia, especially towards Asians, for a century and a half. This attitude has been evident since Chinese immigration to the New South Wales and Victorian goldfields in the 1850s. While focussed again on the Japanese in the 1930s and 1940s, it has been in most decades a generalised apprehensiveness towards “Asians”, especially when they could be called communists as well. The significant shift of bearing that occurred in some writing about the Vietnam War was that while the Viet Cong, the NVA and their civilian sympathisers joined the pantheon of enemies of Australia whom the culture has needed and thus identified,<sup>7</sup> some of the people of this scantily known Asian country were anxiously sought out as potential mentor figures for Australians.

Less often than in post-Vietnam War literature written in America, has “Vietnam” become for the characters imagined by Australian authors (as distinct, perhaps, from elements of the veteran population) a vague, all-encompassing, exculpatory metaphor for the subsequent mess made of their civilian lives. In Australian literature that treats, even tangentially, of the Vietnam War, there have yet been few returned servicemen (as Australian “veterans” were long styled before the American term began to be adopted in the late 1970s) among its protagonists. A sociopath called Graham turns up in David Williamson’s play *Jugglers Three* (1972);<sup>8</sup> “The Yanks had their grass and heroin, but we saw it through on Fosters”; Michael Hackett, a payroll robber and murderer (significantly seeking revenge against his plutocrat father) in C.J. Cairncross’ novel *The Unforgiven* (1977).<sup>9</sup> By analogy, the plight of the psychologically and physically damaged veterans was examined through

the reception of a Gallipoli veteran when he comes back to a country town in Australia in the film *Break of Day* (1976).

Frequently Vietnam was depicted by indirect means in the Australian poetry and fiction that has been written since the mid-1960s. A score of novels, including Christopher Koch's *Across the Sea Wall* (1965)<sup>10</sup> and *The Year of Living Dangerously* (1978);<sup>11</sup> Richard Beilby's *The Bitter Lotus* (1978);<sup>12</sup> Robert Drewe's *A Cry in the Jungle Bar* (1979);<sup>13</sup> Bruce Grant's *Cherry Bloom* (1980);<sup>14</sup> Blanche D'Alpuget's *Monkeys in the Dark* (1980)<sup>15</sup> and *Turtle Beach* (1981);<sup>16</sup> Ian Moffitt's *The Retreat of Radiance* (1982),<sup>17</sup> were set in Asian countries other than Vietnam. Australian protagonists of Sri Lanka, Singapore, the Philippines, Malaysia, Indonesia, were more peaceful, but no less mystifying, than that of their counterparts in the war fiction.

Beginning in the 1970s, a second wave of literature of the Great War, one that particularly focussed upon the Gallipoli landings of 1915, appeared in Australia. The divisions on the homefront during that war, notably over the issue of conscription for overseas service (referenda on this issue were defeated narrowly in 1916 and 1917), the moral ambivalence of "the war to end war" (a conflict whose war aims, as A.J.P. Taylor has suggested, had to be invented after the fact), the fissures which the war made in Australian society and its presumed, and mythic role in putting an end to national innocence, could all be made to appear as premonitions of Vietnam.

The Vietnam War also figures in Australian literature as a speedily forgotten place, beneficiary of an Australian propensity towards historical amnesia (though Gore Vidal has ironically saluted his country as "Amnesia the Beautiful").<sup>18</sup> Finally, "the funny place" is a site of various, though not essentially contesting Australian myths, none of which is new. All had earlier been shaped from the experience of other wars in which Australians had fought. Notable among them were the myth of a hostile homefront, the myth of incompetent allies (an old story this, that apparently stands endless retelling in bar-rooms and in books: witness *British Butchers and Bunglers of World War One* (1988),<sup>19</sup> a "study" of generalship by the expatriate Australian John Laffin), the myth of "the legend of Anzac upheld"—that phrase being the plaintively, defensively revealing sub-title of Lex McAulay's account of *The Battle of Long Tan* (1986).<sup>20</sup>

Army training films and still black and white photographs of Australian troops in Vietnam which were made and taken during the 1960s—admittedly in the early years of Australian involvement and therefore imbued with the expectation that victory would be the inevitable result of the job being done—concentrate on the beneficent interaction of the military with Vietnamese civilians. The kindly dentist is a ubiquitous presence. In addition these visual images often offer, consciously or not, a stereotypical profile and posture of the Australian Digger. Moving through a jungle landscape, leading with their clean-

shaven, craggy jaws, the Diggers are pictured so as nostalgically to recall the generation of their fathers who fought against the Japanese. The different enemy, the novel social and topographical contours of Vietnam, are wished away as the visual images return us to that Second World War whose occasion seemed blessedly unambiguous. That such throwbacks, fighters from an older war, could not continue to press on straightforwardly through the jungle to victory in Vietnam was one of the ugliest shocks that "the funny place" delivered. It ought not to have been, but lessons from Korea and the Malayan Emergency had not been well learned.

Some authors refused to concede that Vietnam might confound the glorious traditions of Australian soldiership, or saw betrayal of Anzac traditions from without as essential to the national military experience in Vietnam. Notable among them was Lex McAulay, who did three tours of duty in Vietnam, and who wrote his novel *When the Buffalo Fight* (1980),<sup>21</sup> set in 1966, a more sanguine time for America and its allies in the war, under the pseudonym 'David Alexander'. The book's title comes from what 'Alexander' describes, in terms that Edward Said would savour, as "an old Asian saying": "when the buffalo fight, the small animals are trampled".

McAulay endeavours to portray the ostensible enemy, the Viet Cong, as worthy opponents of the Australians, although he reduces their ideological position to cartoon: "Hoa has laid down his life for the Revolution", one cadre declares. The Vietnamese peasantry are nameless and innocent victims of the war, but the veritable losers that the novel depicts are the Australian servicemen and their families at home. The latter are preyed upon by night-slinking "creatures", that is, anti-war protestors. Serving men suffer from the ministrations of opportunistic Australian politicians, the military ineptitude of the Americans and the "indolent", "somnolent", "lounging" soldiers of the ARVN. As he locates enemies of Australian life and military honour all around, writes from a position of frustrated, raging embattlement, McAulay as 'Alexander' (the pseudonym drawn perhaps from a general who might have been ruthless enough to win the war) is true to the melodramatic temper of the national literature, especially when its precious, reassuring moral and mythic verities are jeopardised. Australian war literature in particular highlights a need for enemies, for conflict that will guarantee enlistment in history, together with a contradictory desire to be left in an unthreatened world of dream, or delusion.

Writing his battle history of Long Tan, McAulay even-handedly dedicated it to "the young men of both sides who fought that day". Trenchantly, he gave as his sub-title "The Legend of Anzac Upheld". Some of the admittedly few Australian novelists who'd come previously to write of the war in Vietnam were more uncertain of the place that it held in Australian military traditions. In *The Cream Machine*, Pollard's narrator seems uncertain of whether his stance towards such traditions is or should be ironic:

Looking along the row of slouch hats and rifles I grope for the supposed similarity between us and the traditional national image: where are all the tall bronzed Anzacs? the once-famed Diggers who stormed the ragged impossibility of Anzac Cove or died jeeringly in the mud beneath Mont St Quentin? Where is the morale and endurance of Tobruk or the Kokoda Trail, the dash and inevitability of Kapyong? Perhaps it lies in the unscripted element?

That is, in this conclusion, where it always used to be: in volunteer and regular armed forces. Certainly the young soldier is not contemptuous of “the tall bronzed” figures of Anzac legend. But where can they be found in Vietnam? What proper names will that war add to the Australian military honour roll?

Pollard’s novel fits a pattern of story that C.D.B. Bryan, a US veteran of Vietnam turned novelist, described as peculiar to this war: “The Generic Vietnam War Narrative”<sup>22</sup> Bryan summarises the predictable, devastating succession of incidents that such narratives treat, whether they are cast as novels or as memoirs: “There is the first patrol ... There is the atrocity scene, to demonstrate that My Lai was not an isolated incident ... There are dope scenes ... There is R and R in Saigon with Susie the bar-girl”. Bryan concludes that the generic narrative of the war “charts the gradual deterioration of order, the disintegration of idealism, the breakdown of character, the alienation from those at home, and finally, the loss of all sensibility save the will to survive”. It’s a somewhat unsympathetic aesthetic complaint made earlier the same year by Michiko Kakutani in the *New York Review of Books*: “In novel after novel, a variation of the following true to life sequence occurs . . .”.<sup>23</sup>

While he has traced a pattern that fits Australian as well as American Vietnam War narratives, Bryan is blind to his own intuition of how characters and their authors suffer entrapment. They can find no optimistic way in moral terms, or metaphorical way in literary terms out of these narratives, hence back to the relative and supposed simplicities of stories of the Second World War. Not for nothing is John Wayne—celluloid hero of many theatres of that conflict—a presiding, if sardonically regarded presence in “Generic Vietnam War Narrative”.

*The Cream Machine* conforms to the pattern that Bryan sketches. Commencing with the narrator’s departure from Australia, it introduces his comrades-in-arms; has intimations of the domestic life which he has left behind; continues with the ritual induction of the young man to war. He is posted to battalion, meets its men, hears its legends, learns the necessary acronyms. Some Australian novels of Vietnam, in common with many from America, come with glossaries. The first patrol, the first corpse, the first matter of conscience routinely follow. In *The Cream Machine*, the latter involves the arrest of an old Vietnamese woman,

while in the testimony of one of the "Australian Voices" which are gathered in Stuart Rintoul's collection of oral testimonies, almost all by grieving and damaged veterans, *Ashes of Vietnam* (1987)<sup>24</sup> it would be an accidental atrocity. The narrative design of Pollard's novel is substantially repeated in William Nagle's *The Odd Angry Shot*, which opens with embarkation for Vietnam and proceeds speedily with the conventional sequence of first things: Vietnamese corpses, an Australian casualty, the purchase of "Saigon tea". The indispensable moment in such sequences is the first sight of a combat victim, whose body is the talisman that unlocks the right to report.

But what is there to report? No clear-cut ideological victory to complement the military one that never happened was available in Vietnam as it had seemed sometimes to be from the Second World War. Seemed, at least, in the accounts of their war by the fathers of Vietnam veterans, stories that are often derisively included, particularly in fiction by Americans. In that earlier conflict, the Japanese enemies portrayed in Australian fiction had occasioned no remorse of conscience. They were characterised as "apes with pants on" and "little, grinning, mustard-coloured Japanese" in Norman Bartlett's *Island Victory* (1955),<sup>25</sup> while for Ron Fisher, hero of 'David Forrest's' *The Last Blue Sea* (1959),<sup>26</sup> "From the dark ages they came". The "nigels", "nogs", "slope heads" routinely despised in *The Odd Angry Shot* indicate at least the characters' fealty to that Australian tradition of racial contempt and fear. Much other evidence is, however, contradictory and complicating.

For many Australian poets of the war, the true enemy was not Vietnamese at all. When Vietnamese people appeared they were almost always civilians, arrayed as the victims of Australian and American atrocities. Poets sought empathy with them. David Campbell, for instance, made a stagey entrance into the heart and mind of a peasant whose buffalo has been shot by Americans. The poem's focus at once shifted to blame the perpetrators, whose brutal, childish voices are overheard. Such a polemical positioning of himself against the war must have been more difficult for Campbell, who had served with distinction in the Royal Australian Air Force during the Second World War, than for the many well-intentioned, incapable protest poets whose work (along with that of established, skilled, and usually older poets) was gathered in such places as the anthology *We Took Their Orders and Are Dead* (1971),<sup>27</sup> edited by Shirley Cass and Michael Wilding. In the history of Australian poetry of and since the Vietnam period, Campbell's case was uncommon, for few other careers were as notably affected in Australia, especially by comparison with the changes wrought in the work of American poets such as Denise Levertov and Robert Bly.

Australian poetry of the Vietnam War, then, is marked by strident anti-Americanism and its corollary: a lament for Australian dependence. While poets often rushed to empathise with the Vietnamese, it was the people, rather than individuals, who were the targets of their

embrace. The desired relationship in some Australian novels was revealingly different. In *The Wine of God's Anger* (1968),<sup>28</sup> a portentously titled book by the competent journeyman Kenneth Cook, the protagonist who has volunteered to save the world from communism believes at first that his enemy is this alien ideology. In the climactic battle against the Viet Cong in the novel, he kills "the gentle little chance acquaintance who'd looked after me when I was drunk ... I had killed a man I knew". The theoretical enemy is belatedly recognised as the veritable friend. Even for this confused young man, who goes AWOL in Bangkok in the aftermath of the battle, another ideology—that of American imperialism—is well on its way to being perceived as the true enemy of Australia.

More numerous than the Australian novels which treat directly of the war in Vietnam, of which still no more than a dozen have been published, are those set in other Asian countries and written over the past quarter of a century. In these books, Vietnam receives at best a passing mention. Its implicit and—for want of a less ambiguous word—moral presence is signalled by the desire of numbers of the protagonists of these novels to seek out Asian mentors as teachers, perhaps as friends, although not often as lovers. Earnest endeavours by Australian governments since the 1960s to promote trade with Asian countries and by entrepreneurs to create what Paul Fussell has called tourist "bubbles"<sup>29</sup> there may have contributed to this shift of interest beyond the national borders. More profoundly affecting such a choice of subject and setting is in part the assuagement of guilt over the Australian military penetration of and involvement in Vietnam. Now, instead of that violent, metaphorically sexual assault upon that country, Australian novelists have often brought their characters humbly, almost sacrificially to places all over Asia in search of chastening enlightenment. This literature has, to an extent, been put to the covert work of discharging a burden of guilt that the writers have assumed concerning Australia's role in the Vietnam War. It may also come to be seen as another of the contemporary artistic expressions of a cultural death wish in Australia.

Vietnam provided no heroes for Australian legend-mills though this is not surprising in a country whose martial triumphs have almost always been represented in corporate terms. For a number of Australian novelists and historians, the traditions of Anzac were treacherously tarnished on the homefront during Vietnam, and have only retrospectively and wishfully been refurbished. In compensation, perhaps, assiduous work at legend-making from other, older sources went on in Australian fiction, drama, history and film during the 1970s. The historical fortunes of eccentrics and outcasts were remembered and revised. Figures such as the bushranger Martin Cash and the politician King O'Malley featured in polemical musicals by Michael Boddy and Bob Ellis. The bush balladist cum Boer War soldier 'Breaker' Morant, executed by the British for shooting Boer prisoners, was the protagonist of Kenneth Ross's play of 1978 and later of a film. Historian Manning Clark went *In Search of*



Henry Lawson (1978).<sup>30</sup> These characters had been celebrated and then punished for being just such social renegades as the serving men in Vietnam had no opportunity to be and—on their return home—few chose to become.

From the same period, poetry and fiction and the unflagging industry of military history in Australia refought the Great War. Surrogate for Vietnam, it was represented as a crucial moral and historical watershed in the national life. Novels by Roger McDonald, *1915* (1979),<sup>31</sup> David Malouf, *Fly Away Peter* (1982)<sup>32</sup> and Geoff Page, *Benton's Conviction* (1985)<sup>33</sup> as well as poetry by Les A. Murray ("The Conscript", "Visiting Anzac in the Year of Metrication") and Chris Wallace-Crabbe ("The Shapes of Gallipoli") insist with a troubling unanimity on a division between the innocent, rurally-oriented (at least in terms of its proclaimed values), *ante-bellum* Australia of 1914 and the post-war society whose idealism had been misplaced, although its history had properly begun. The Great War was a domestically divisive conflict, as Vietnam was. Compulsory military service *overseas* was perhaps as important a factor in opposition to the latter war as were objections to American hegemony. Vietnam was a foreign war, as all Australia's wars have been: this is a country that has known no border disputes, no hereditary enemies, no invasion and which has never initiated a conflict. Australians at first rushed willingly to volunteer for the Great War and most supported it stridently for a time. The strong initial public endorsement of the country's involvement in Vietnam had begun to wane by the end of the 1960s. The parallels that can be drawn and imagined between the two conflicts suggest how writers who made a nostalgic return to the Great War implicitly argued that the innocence lost then, the dependence on greater powers willingly embraced, prepared at the remove of two generations for Vietnam.

Australian forces were involved in Vietnam from 1962 until 1972, that is for considerably longer than in any other war where Australians fought. Yet that military engagement was scantily registered in contemporary imaginative literature besides the ephemeral protest poetry and the handful of novels already discussed. Nor has there been much analytical commentary on why this was so.<sup>34</sup> Of those authors whose first book was a Vietnam book, whether they served there or not, few have managed to develop a writing career. Nagle shifted to collaborating in film scripts, notably of the Vietnam movie *Fire Base Gloria* (1989). Out of the army because of the controversy caused by his Vietnam novel *Count Your Dead* (1968),<sup>35</sup> John Rowe has written several thrillers of impending apocalypse. It's war between India and China in *The Warlords* (1978)<sup>36</sup> and goodbye to the Aswan Dam in *The Jewish Solution* (1979).<sup>37</sup> Of Frazer, Pollard, Carroll, little more has been heard. 'Alexander' became McAulay again to join the most sizeable band of Australian prose writers of the war: memoirists, authors of battalion histories and accounts of particular battles. These writers choose what may seem to

them to be an undisputed terrain, one which is authorised by their personal experiences.

If Vietnam was at various times a place where Australians thought they never were or never had been (in the years from 1962 until regular forces other than the Training Team were committed; then for much of the decade after the Australian withdrawal in 1972), it has recently been given polemical and mythical co-ordinates. Vietnam has become the site of and the vehicle for a betrayal story that can be told in several ways. Early remarked and perhaps longest resented is the supposed lack of support or sympathy back in Australia for the lots of individual soldiers, as distinct from the abstract causes in whose name the war was prosecuted. Vietnam has become the site of and the vehicle for a betrayal story that can be told in several ways. Back in Sydney, Harry and the narrator of Nagle's *The Odd Angry Shot* reflect upon the indifference with which they've been received:

Pitch your condescending change to the organ grinder's monkey dressed in his green. Well, green once. (The girl beside me at the bar is making gestures as if to advertise the fact that I stink.) And I will lick up the droplets of your pitying safety and clutch them to my inept self, and sniff the dogs-arse of your offerings, and let the wash of your pious love hang about my ears as the lace curtain of my military halo.

"So here we are", they echo one another. The last spoken words of the novel are echoed as well: "Fuckin' terrific". Earlier, one of their compatriots, Bung, has wondered "if we'll stink when we get out of this place". His fear is that a man could still smell of Vietnam "for years to come, even when he's out of this arsehole country". The comment loses some of its ingenuousness, and takes on a macabre aspect given the subsequent reckoning of physical consequences of exposure to Agent Orange and other traumas of service in Vietnam.

"Embarrassed" is the word that a group of Vietnam veterans from Frazer's novel *Nasho*, gathered at an Anzac Day march, find for their feelings once back in Australia. Initial impressions had often been of outrage. "Shitwitted protestors", placard-carrying "mother-fuckers" (an American epithet imported into Australia during the Vietnam War) interrupted the welcome for T. Spriggs, as he recollected in *Desperate Praise* (1982),<sup>38</sup> edited by John Coe. In particular he remembered an Australian woman as the enemy: "this poxy excuse for a female, screeching and carrying a placard saying CHILD KILLERS". "Homecoming" is the title and subject of a poem that tries to make sombre peace out of this process. Bruce Dawe's threnody tells with grave tenderness of the return of the bodies of slain men to their Australian homes, "to cities in whose wide web of suburbs" in which "the spider web grief swings in his bitter geometry." Dawe laments, "they're bringing them home, now, too late, too early."<sup>39</sup>

The betrayal of fighting men by venal, self-serving politicians is a venerable theme of war literature, as old as Horace, if brutally reinforced in this century through the experiences of many wars. The incompetence of generals on one's own side has been a commonplace since the battles of the Western Front in the Great War, when Siegfried Sassoon's "The General" did for both Harry and Jack "with his plan of attack". Vietnam confirmed these predictable betrayals, but as never before Australian writers turned the blame for the defeat in process (which they saw as America's defeat anyway, rather than their own) towards the allies of the Australian armed forces. The events of the Vietnam War became a means of bitter protest against a renewal of Australian dependency upon a great power, which since the beginning of the war in the Pacific in 1941, had been the USA rather than Britain. Supposed reportage in Australian fiction of Vietnam: accounts of "the bloody big-time, interfering, busy-body bloody Yanks" as one Australian castigates them in Rowe's *Count Your Dead*, of their carelessness on patrol, their prodigality with soldiers' lives, are polemically driven. They are a mordant, sometimes near hysterical variation of the complaint of the slighted colleague, who is really a dependant. The South Vietnamese allies fare even worse, being despised (as typically they are in American literature of the Vietnam War as well) for treachery, cowardice, corruption. Old Asian stereotypes were confirmed for Australians,<sup>40</sup> at least from the witness of their prose writings of the war. Sadly, still another foreign war became a buttress for Australian parochial prejudices, as well as an occasion for the reassertion of the martial spirit that was presumed to enshrine the best of national traditions. The "funny place" which Vietnam became in the slang of Australian serving men could be accommodated to allow the parade of abiding national anxieties and insecurities. The literature has not yet been written in Australia that comprehends this failure of courage and of introspection.

<sup>1</sup> Michael Frazer. *Nasho*, Aries Imprint, Melbourne, 1984.

<sup>2</sup> Rhys Pollard. *The Cream Machine*, Angus & Robertson, Sydney, 1972.

<sup>3</sup> William Nagle. *The Odd Angry Shot*, Angus & Robertson, Sydney, 1975.

<sup>4</sup> Jeffrey Welsh. *American War Literature: 1914 to Vietnam*, Macmillan, London, 1982.

<sup>5</sup> Anzac is the acronym for the Australian New Zealand Army Corps whose landings at Gallipoli in April 1915 have been seen to inaugurate a martial and heroic tradition central to Australian mythology.

<sup>6</sup> Ian McNeill. *The Team*, Australian War Memorial, Canberra, 1984.

<sup>7</sup> Peter Pierce. "Perceptions of the Enemy in Australian War Literature", *Australian Literary Studies*, 12: 2, October 1985, pp. 166-181.

<sup>8</sup> David Williamson. *Jugglers Three*, Currency Press, Sydney, 1974 (first performed in 1972).

<sup>9</sup> C.J. Cairncross. *The Unforgiven*, Sun Books, Melbourne, 1977.

<sup>10</sup> C.J. Koch. *Across the Sea Wall*, Heinemann, London, 1965.

<sup>11</sup> C.J. Koch. *The Year of Living Dangerously*, Nelson, Melbourne, 1978.

- <sup>12</sup> Richard Beilby. *The Bitter Lotus*, Angus & Robertson, Sydney, 1978.
- <sup>13</sup> Robert Drewe. *A Cry in the Jungle Bar*, Collins, Sydney, 1979.
- <sup>14</sup> Bruce Grant. *Cherry Bloom*, Aurora Press, Sydney & London, 1980.
- <sup>15</sup> Blanche D'Alpuget. *Monkeys in the Dark*, Aurora Press, Sydney & London, 1980.
- <sup>16</sup> Blanche D'Alpuget. *Turtle Beach*, Penguin, Ringwood, 1981.
- <sup>17</sup> Ian Moffitt. *The Retreat of Radiance*, Collins, Sydney and London, 1982.
- <sup>18</sup> Gore Vidal. *Armageddon?*, Andre Deutsch, London, 1987.
- <sup>19</sup> John Laffin. *British Butchers and Bunglers of World War One*, Alan Sutton, Gloucester, 1988.
- <sup>20</sup> Lex McAulay. *The Battle of Long Tan*, Hutchinson, Melbourne, 1984.
- <sup>21</sup> David Alexander'. *When the Buffalo Fight*, Hutchinson, Melbourne, 1980.
- <sup>22</sup> C.D.B. Bryan. "Barely Suppressed Screams", *Harper's*, June 1984.
- <sup>23</sup> Michiko Kakutani. "Novelists and Vietnam: The War Goes On", *New York Review of Books*, 15 April 1984.
- <sup>24</sup> Stuart Rintoul (ed). *Ashes of Vietnam*, William Heinemann Australia, Melbourne, 1987.
- <sup>25</sup> Norman Bartlett. *Island Victory*, Angus & Robertson, Sydney, 1955.
- <sup>26</sup> David Forrest'. *The Last Blue Sea*, Australasian Book Society, Melbourne, 1959.
- <sup>27</sup> Shirley Cass, Michael Wilding, *et al* (eds). *We Took Their Orders and Are Dead*, Ure Smith, Sydney, 1971.
- <sup>28</sup> Kenneth Cook. *The Wine of God's Anger*, Cheshire-Lansdowne, Melbourne, 1968.
- <sup>29</sup> Paul Fussell. *Abroad*, Oxford University Press, Oxford, 1980.
- <sup>30</sup> Manning Clark. *In Search of Henry Lawson*, Macmillan, Melbourne, 1978.
- <sup>31</sup> Roger McDonald. *1915*, University of Queensland Press, St. Lucia, 1979.
- <sup>32</sup> David Malouf. *Fly Away Peter*, Chatto & Windus, London, 1979.
- <sup>33</sup> Geoff Page. *Benton's Conviction*, Angus & Robertson, Sydney, 1985.
- <sup>34</sup> But note the study of the cultural impact of the Vietnam War on Australia by Peter Pierce, *et al*, (eds). *Vietnam Days*, Penguin, Ringwood, 1991, and in particular the chapters by Robin Gerster. "Occidental tourists: The ugly Australian in Vietnam War narrative", and Peter Pierce. "Australian and American Literature of the Vietnam War".
- <sup>35</sup> John Rowe. *Count Your Dead*. Angus & Robertson, Sydney, 1968.
- <sup>36</sup> John Rowe. *The Warlords*, Angus & Robertson, Sydney, 1978.
- <sup>37</sup> John Rowe. *The Jewish Solution*, Holt, Rinehart & Winston Sydney, 1979.
- <sup>38</sup> John Coe (ed). *Desperate Praise*, Artlook, Perth, 1982.
- <sup>39</sup> Bruce Dawe. "Homecoming", in *Condolences of the Season*, Cheshire, Melbourne, 1971.
- <sup>40</sup> Annette Hamilton. "Fear and Desire: Aborigines, Asians and the National Imaginary", *Australian Perceptions of Asia*, *Australian Cultural History*, 9, 1990.