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*(thanks to the miracle of
modern plastic surgery)*

**HE IS
ALIVE
AND
LIVING
AT THE
LODGE**





The unforgettable death of whatsisname

THE clock in the Portsea surf life saving club showed half past eight (it had stopped again). Three miles away on Cheviot beach the Prime Minister was taking off his big flippers, putting on his sandshoes and practising up his dog-paddle.

In Washington it was 9 o'clock Saturday night and President Lyndon Baines Johnson was sitting at home working out how he could squeeze in a trip to the Pope before Christmas.

In the garden of his Narrabundah home, Senator John Grey Gorton was sowing some political seeds in a neglected corner. In Sydney the Treasurer was, as ever, by a phone awaiting the Call.

It was one minute to noon in Harold Holt's lotus land . . . it was a minute in which lives were changed, hopes shattered, ambitions stirred, newspapers sold.

It was the moment the Prime Minister of Australia walked into the sea . . . to his death.

At that moment a wind sprang up which blew across Cheviot, and from there across the world — to Washington, to Windsor Castle and to Canberra where a handpicked nucleus of Murdoch men were already spreading rumours that could be later used to lure the passing reader.

Today responsible people are beginning to call for a full, authoritative and official record of how Mr. Holt met his death. And others are calling for the names of those responsible people.

OZ did not anticipate this. Unlike every major newspaper, we were caught with nothing but native wit and an old pair of scissors.

We hoed our way through the Mirror/Melbourne Herald/Adelaide News account. We vainly attempted the Sydney Sun's counter-offensive and finally balked at the literary masochists who saw fit to reprint the whole official police report.

After reading these documents we are unhesitatingly convinced that a Royal Commission must immediately be established and three incompetents appointed under the chairmanship of Gerry Locke S.M.

After a decent interval, during which we reserve first reprint rights of "Rush to Judgment" by A. Jones, we shall in time also call for a second Commission.

NOW READ ON.

Facts the Nation was never told:

- The PM was wearing sandshoes when he entered the water. In other words, he was NOT going for a swim. The PM never went for a swim without his giant flippers and VIP surfplane.
- The PM was not a strong swimmer. He was a breast-stroke swimmer and dog-paddler because from the time he broke his collar bone he could not raise his right leg.



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**“ wherever the body is,
there will the eagles
be gathered together ”**

St Matthew, Chapter 14, verse 28

IT was 9.30 on a cold Washington night when L.B.J. began to take off his stars and strides. He faced the east, towards London where in the early dawn Harold Wilson was devaluing in his bathroom, facing west.

Symbolically, these two men were looking towards each other as the world would look to them when the news broke.

In Australia, a man entered the water. His name was Andrew McNulty and he adds nothing but human interest to our story.

Mr. McNulty slipped into his bath at Panania West just as L.B.J. undid his fly.

“If I had thought that I could do anything to prevent it happening, I don’t know what I wouldn’t have done,” says McNulty now. But hindsight is easy in the land of the blind.

At Chevrolet Beach the water was as murky as McNulty’s and there was a considerably higher wind blowing as the lone figure made his way over the rough surface toward the water. This man was . . . Alan Stewart.

And behind him strode . . . Mrs. Gillespie. Followed by Harold Holt.

THE Prime Minister had eaten well the night before, finishing his meal with a large helping of lemming meringue pie.

The darkening evening sky gave no hint of the tragedy to come, in spite of what the journalists say.

Mr. Holt retired early (and not a moment too soon, some would say) and rose again the next morning some 48 hours before time.

After his housekeeper, an old family retainer, had brought him breakfast, he left at 10.03 for Cheerio Beach.

The housekeeper remembers this time because his parting gift was an old family retainer of 30c. This was the Prime Minister’s last contribution to the Australian people.

As a member of the Mystere VIP jet-set, Harold had many friends in the Clariot Beach area.

One of them, Reg Ansett, remembers him as “a fund-type person from way back” and several more remember his name personally.

But our exclusive investigations have disclosed definitely that Harold was not acquainted with the treacherous “Portsea Rip” whose name and reputation was to become so well known.

**Wherever the
body is,
there will
the hawks
be gathered**

— LBJ

Pew 1, seat 5.

SHORTLY after noon, Andrew McNulty and Harold entered the water while his namesake began an early morning devaluation.



A sad reflection on every one concerned.



bafling mysteries of the whole episode.

Eyewitness accounts agree that he was not wearing spectacles but police have been unable to locate any feet-witnesses able to help in the inquiry.

Was he wearing feet at the time or not?

The fact that he did not wear his big flippers would seem to confirm this but there is a suggestion that Mr. Holt wore sandshoes.

If he did not have feet on, his feat of wearing sandshoes guarantees him a toehold in history if for that reason alone. Which may well be the case.

IFTER the search began, it continued and it went on unrelentingly until nothing was found.

At which time it was repeated for the next 19 days to ensure that nothing whatsoever would be discovered.

It was a remarkably successful search, if considered in the right perspective. Luckily, for the sake of public opinion, other newspapers considered it with no perspective at all. This approach was reflected in their rising sales.

The greater the lack of success, the more intensive the inquiry needed.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 164.

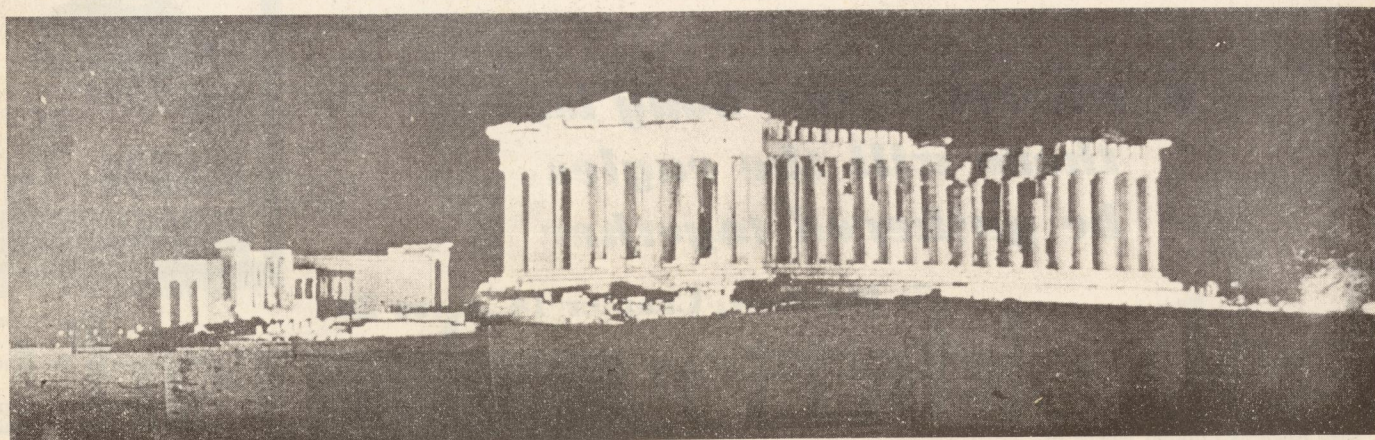
What happened out there will probably never be known, although we can at least conjecture as to what took place in McNulty’s bathroom.

The Prime Minister seemed to get out of his depth quickly. Everything was as usual.

But he never got his feet on the ground again and, of course, it is his feet which have proved one of the most

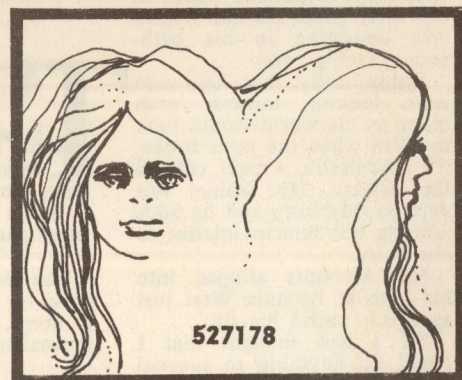
We wish to express our thanks to Mrs. Holt, Insp. Bloggs, Marcia Williams, Morgan (an impossible case for treatment), Andy, Sammy, Nicky and the girls for being such beautiful photographs and also because, by so doing, we give the impression that they endorse our tastelessness.

TOMORROW
Straw clutched



Europe begins in...

Greece!



Greece, cradle of Western civilisation! Greece, the ideological underbelly of Europe! See Spartan Athens! Go sightseeing in a tank, join continuous picturesque military pageants! Colourful ruins—Parliament House . . . newspaper offices . . . union headquarters. Watch enthralled as native strongman "Papadopoulos" lifts a curfew, with each hand while tearing a Constitution in two!

Visit the seat of Europe's oldest monarchy . . . in Rome. And the home of Greece's most popular politician . . . in Paris. Hear the "Regent" invite the colonels to form a government . . . it's funnier than Aristophanes, bawdier than the Duke of Edinburgh.

And don't forget the carefree Greek islands. Every day, more and more Greeks of all walks of life and all persuasions are persuaded to visit the islands. Like them, you'll be captivated.

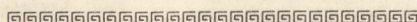
Come to Greece—where the Father of Modern Democracy commits incest daily with the Mother of Invention. It's a land of low prices where even life is cheap. You'll love our ageless myths such as "civil liberty" and we'll love your hard currency.



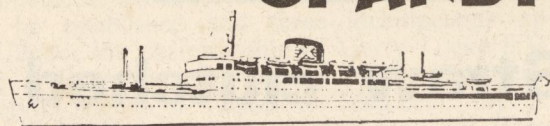
- cosmopolitan folk dance for sophisticates—from Lesbos.

HELP PROP UP A FASCIST REGIME

GO TO GREECE!



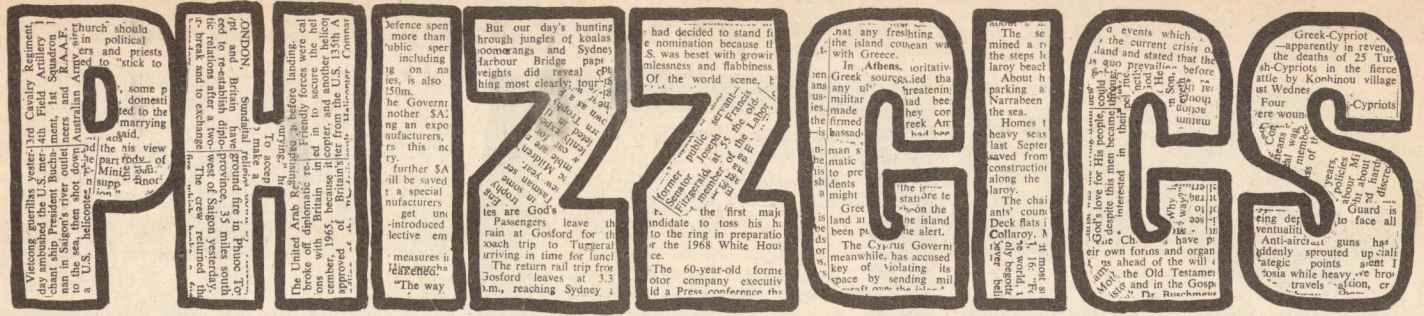
CHANDRIS LINES



WILL TAKE YOU THERE!

(but who will bring you back?)

THE NATIONAL TOURIST ORGANISATION? HUT 5, STADIU BARRACKS, ATHENS.



EARLY IN THE MOURNING

Harold Holt disappeared (drowned, suicided, assassinated, taken by a shark or a Russian submarine, depending on which pub you drink at) at about 1 p.m. on Sunday, December 17.

By that night, it was on. Even before the Daily Mirror had thought of launching its special investigation, or before the first and nastiest of the jokes started moving ("While millions are starving in Asia, Harold's out getting bloated this Christmas") the loyal Liberal Party machine was in action.

Who was to be LBJ's next valet? At least three Cabinet Ministers thought they knew. Gorton and Hasluck were on the phone before sunset. McMahon flew to Melbourne, having left certain instructions behind him. In the Journalists Club in Sydney, a Country Party minister's press secretary was buying drinks for anyone who would listen to him explain that Fairhall was the only man for the job.

Fairhall himself was not quite sure. His more sycophantic supporters, who claimed he would have flown in as deputy last time if he had only got off his ham radio set for long enough to stand, were looking to him to hold the coalition together. So, it was widely believed, was the Country Party. What everyone—and that means everyone but Sir Frank Packer—feared was that McMahon would call a quick election, and somehow get in. Nobody you saw intended to vote for him, but they all thought someone else might. Sir Frank was still hoping.

People overcame their natural grief for long enough to smile at the idea of Bury. Snedden was not even thought of as a runner.

At this stage it looked as though the election would be held pretty quickly—perhaps on the Wednesday. McEwen moved more quickly still. Before he was even sworn in (a simple ceremony attended only by his Country Party colleagues: "I didn't think to invite the Liberals," he said with engaging candour) the Country Party leader made his position clear. With appropriately agricultural phrasing, he leaked to the press: "I

will not serve under McMahon." Next day he repeated it publicly, for the benefit of those who had missed it the first time.

This effectively ruined his own chance of staying on as Prime Minister (which was in any case nil). It also put the last nail in McMahon's outstretched hands (and his chances were also nil).

But it gave the Treasurer a perfect out. After hastily postponing the election, he wandered round quietly, with a sad smile indicating his martyred status, and said he didn't really want to talk to anyone. This annoyed the press, but suited everybody else: his loyal Liberal colleagues were diving into lavatories in Parliament House rather than be seen in the same corridor with him.

McMahon made it quite clear he was not standing on the Friday, at the Holt Memorial Service in Melbourne. His wife turned up to the cathedral wearing a lime green mini skirt and shades, and after that no self-respecting Victorian would have voted for him if he'd been the reincarnation of Sir Robert Menzies.

Meanwhile, the election date had been announced as January 9, which gave everyone a chance to be tasteful for a few days. The mourners gathered in Melbourne with only Gorton as announced candidate. Having buried Holt in absentia, the lobbying got into high gear. On Saturday, on his way to Smiggins Holes, Bury announced publicly off the record he would stand. On Monday, over Christmas dinner, Silent Paul Hasluck said that he had been forced to announce he would stand because everyone else had. There had never been any real doubt, he added.

By midway through the next week, it was clear these three were the basis of it all. Fairhall was not publicly out, but no one really thought he would desert 2KB Newcastle. McEwen was history. Snedden had

in fact decided to stand, but was being coy about it till next week—he was to spend the next fortnight trying to convince people he wasn't joking, with very little success.

McMahon was the mystery. What exactly did McEwen have against him? There were some good stories around the pubs, but they were personal rather than political. The Basic Industries Group, becoming more sinister by the moment, did not help by combining a predictable attack on McEwen with the statement that they wouldn't know McMahon if they fell over him in the street. A remarkable number of other Liberal supporters were saying the same.

The press was giving all this a good run, and the candidates to their fury, found they were taking second place to the great McMahon enigma. They took strong measures. Gorton appeared on an open-line radio interview with Bob Dyer protege Barry Jones, and when he finally managed to get a word in edgewise informed the great listening public that he was slightly to the left of centre of the Liberal Party. He then flew to Sydney to spend the weekend with his old and dear friend, W. C. Wentworth, who was immediately tipped for a cabinet post.

Meanwhile Hasluck had gained unexpectedly damaging support from Arthur Calwell, who said unblushingly that silent Paul was the best man for the job, after himself. Gough Whitlam had gone to Kathmandu. The third candidate, Les Bury, made a gloomily accurate prediction: "The only vote I can count on is my own."

But now people were speculating as to whether McMahon would even stay on as Treasurer. There was talk of "camps", with Hasluck and Bury doing one deal and Gorton and McMahon another. The

Continued on page 10





December 14: After King Constantine the Flexible finally walked out on his favourite junta and started this decade's most inglorious counter-revolution, the good Papadapoulos needed a new titular head.

Determined not to waste any of his better talents on such an insignificant position he appointed a minor military figure, Lieut.-Gen. Zoitakis, as Regent.

In a short satirical sketch Papadapoulos reported triumphantly to foreign correspondents: "The Regent honoured me by asking me to form a new Government."

* * *

December 15: A solicitor was awarded \$10,000 damages against Parramatta Council and its Deputy Health Inspector for wrongful arrest and imprisonment. The inspector had demanded that the solicitor, who was well known to him, give him his name and when the solicitor refused—on the not unreasonable grounds that he knew it—an arrest was made.

"The only purpose," said the learned judge, "was to be officious and overbearing and to act in pretended execution of the act to demonstrate his power. It was an arbitrary and offensive misuse of assumed power."

Of course, such abuses sometimes happen to people lower than solicitors—but with less spectacular results.

* * *

December 16: In retrospect "The Australian's" Saturday front-page looks appallingly prophetic. Main picture is of a boat to be launched on the Sunday. On the left is "Holt hits out at feather-bedding" and on the right "Britain takes the plunge".

* * *

December 17: Harold Holt takes the plunge.

* * *

December 21: The Greek rulers announced that they had dropped their military titles and would in future be known as Mr.



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!

6 OZ, February, 1968

BERSERK

PHNOM PENH (Cambodia), Jan. 24.—Cambodia's Royal white elephant, the one that accepted bananas from Mrs. John F. Kennedy on her November visit to Cambodia, went berserk today, killing one person and injuring another before escaping.

—AAP.

AGE, January 25,

Fuhrer. Astute observers regarded this as indicative of an impending election for which they would be running as civilians (c.f. that other friend of the people, ex-Marshall Ky). Bang go all those old jokes about General Elections.

* * *

January 1: The New Year's Honours are beginning to read like an anthology of nobodies selected on a binge. The British list ended with the cook at Government House at Nassau in the Bahamas.

It was hard for Australia to come up with anything as inspired as that but we tried. Included were Dr. Darling (for not kicking up too much stink about being sacked from the ABC), Silent Billy Jack (for not minding about being a joke), Eric Langker (for some polite drawing), Dame Robert Helpmann (to compensate for having a balletophobe P.M.) and, of course, at the rear two Aborigines and two Papuans, to add a touch of colour to the absurdity of it all.

* * *

January 2: N.S.W. Liberal backbencher Les Irwin bitterly attacked the P.M. candidates for their disloyalty to Puffing Billy. He said he "would remain loyal to Mr. McMahon whatever happens".

The Party Whip is currently organising a stool to be placed behind the backbenches (picturesquely known as the Pariah's Chair) for Les to work out his loyalty priorities on.

* * *

January 2: Dr. Blaiberg's transplant operation, using a black heart.

Despite the failure of any of the 35 dogs on which he had previously transplanted to live and the death of Washkansky. Dr. Barnard pushed ahead, so maintaining a kind of internal organs equivalent of the Arm Race against the U.S.

The willingness of South Africans to compromise their otherwise rigid apartheid principles when, as in this case, it suits them hardly makes them any more lovable. One sympathiser told *The Australian* with some authority (Letters to Editor, 8/1/68):

"The transplant of a heart, and all other organs except the brain, from a non-white to a white cannot possibly make any difference, racially, to the recipient of such an organ". Which gives them a good let-out until those "GRAFT IN HIGH PLACES" posters mean more than mere aldermanic skulduggery.

There is no denying that the Groote Schuur is a fully segregated hospital right down to its "whites only" ambulances

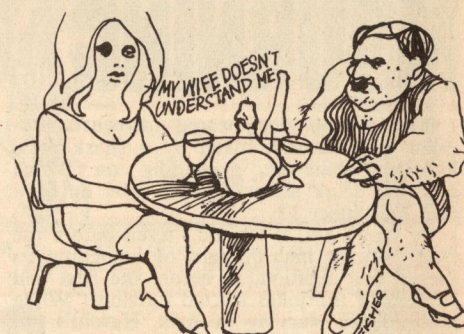
which have been known to prefer to return to base empty from a road accident than to take a non-white. (Sunday Telegraph, 14/1/68.)

SNEDDEN, announcing his candidature for high office, pronounced: "Those who have urged me to submit to the choice of my colleagues have said: 'Australia's national leadership needs at this time the vital energy of a man on the wavelength of his own era'."

Apparently by the time his colleagues had tuned in on Billy's youthful wavelength, they were turned off by some of his other less engaging characteristics.

* * *

January 5: Much amusement in Sydney, where a man dressed as a woman and a woman dressed as a man appeared in court to face a charge of being in possession of a restricted drug. The two transvestites appeared before Mr. Letts, S.M., who was dressed as a man. If they had wanted to appeal against their suspended sentence of three months, hard labour they would have appeared before a judge, who would have been dressed as a woman.



January 9: Gorton elected P.M.

Menzies was "British to the bootstraps"; Harold was "All the way with L.B.J."; the Japs were pushing Bill McMahon; Calwell was backing Hasluck; "The Australian" supported Bury (after McEwen, of course).

Gorton's was the triumph of the independent and the glamorous. He announced he was "Australian to my boot-heels". Not only a patriot but a man of his times, who has obviously given up wearing bootstraps!

* * *

January 10: The A.L.P. did not have time for a Caucus before they were asked to comment on Gorton's election, which was a pity.

Senator Murphy said the Libs. had selected the best man, a person of integrity, who was less conservative than the Liberal Party generally.

Whitlam said: "For the first time, the House of Representatives has been unable to provide the leader for a major Australian political party." He then sent off a congratulatory cable to Gorton: "Your colleagues have given me a formidable opponent."

And then Dr. Jim Cairns had his say: "Senator Gorton is the most natural right-winger in parliament and I foresee an era of class-based social policies and reactionary financial policies. Knowing Senator Gorton as I do, I think he will now start to show his real face." Ugh, anything but that.

* * *

January 12: 1968's award for the most ill-considered act of liberality goes already



to Billy Snedden for announcing the government will be encouraging Asian nurses and school teachers to emigrate here. The reason for the labour shortage in these two professions, of course, is the government's own persistent parsimony.

Unless Mr. Snedden is purposely wishing to raise the old bogey about our being swamped by cheap Asian labour, he could not have done a worse dis-service to the liberal sentiments to which he conspicuously pays lip-service.

January 13: The Australian Rugby League agreed to pay \$643 to cover the damage the Kangaroos had inflicted on their Ilkley Moor Habitat. Rumour has it that the lads are sending around yet another hat, this time to cover themselves properly.

January 14: The "Sunday Telegraph" did a nice little wrap-up on Gorton ("talented, homely-looking bloke"). Under the heading "M.A. but no culture vulture" (obviously intended to endear), they quoted part of a speech he made to the Senate in October, 1963:

"I am perfectly happy for those who want to look at 'Swan Lake', the Edinburgh Festival, or interviews with the Right Reverend Bishop of Bongo Bongo, to have a channel on which they can watch those programmes. But I want to have a chance to watch men walking down the streets of little western towns, reaching for their guns and saying: 'Ah wouldn't do that if ah wuz yew, Toledo' . . . If I want to watch that, why should I not be able to?"

The three dots in the middle of the quotation slurred over the following words: "I want to have a chance to watch a programme about a private eye who gets bashed over the head with beer bottles and telegraph poles, but two minutes later is perfectly capable of taking on anything that he may be required to take on."

Packer has already appointed himself Keeper of the Gorton Image and apparently struck out this small section in the belief that, unlike the rest of the article, it was damaging for readers to think that R.A.A.F. life had given the P.M. a taste for the Theatre of Cruelty.

THE GOVERNMENT is to build as a tourist attraction an elaborate working model of the new Tullamarine airport at a cost of half a million dollars. A similar one may be built at Mascot to bring the overall cost to the round million.

Air Minister Swartz explained: "The unit will explain simply and accurately the great care and expense to which the Government, through the Department of

Civil Aviation, goes to ensure safe, regular airline schedules."

It will also illustrate quite simply the extravagance the Government tolerates in some areas as an excuse for inactivity in vital fields, such as social services and education.

January 19: A report was sent to the London Stock Exchange, just after the Australian exchanges had closed for the weekend, announcing that Metals Exploration had struck 583 million tons of nickel. Actually, it was only 50 million tons and apparently there had been a "telegraphic mutilation".

One scab Morse Code operator has suddenly found himself in the enviable position of being able to retire to the Bahamas.

January 19: Our old friend Andrew Jones, M.H.R., is back again on page one with another of his great new ideas: why not have a ministry of youth?

"We would be the first country — a lucky country—with a minister for youth, and it would earn us tremendous prestige overseas".

Swallowing a few more ill-chosen clichés, the Hon. Andrew looked coy when talk got round to who would be the lucky appointee.

Just to emphasise his vital role in the future of the Liberal Party, he has for good measure established a "young marrieds section" of the South Australian Liberal Country League—for those too old for the Young Liberals but not old enough to be stuffed with A. Jones.

CELLARMAN Useful to train as
Bra Manager small City Hotel.
prefer single man, live in, some
experience necessary. Apply
Royal Standard Hotel, Cnr.
Bathurst and Castlereagh Sts.
Sydney.

January 20: The movie "Bonnie and Clyde" which has taken America by storm and the cover of "TIME" by force will be released here in about a month.

The film is the story of a young newspaper heir, Clyde Packer, and his sweetheart, Bonnie Barrow, who he wheels all over the state as they rob banks and take from the poor.

Ridiculous, didn't his dad always teach him to do Right?

January 21: Striking mail van drivers watched angrily as a pie truck swept into Redfern Mail Exchange with pies for the scabs inside. A union delegate immediately rang the pie manufacturer and threatened to declare all his pies black. At this threat the manufacturer blanched to a pasty colour and apologised. But what could he do, sell the scabs black-sausage rolls?

January 21: The Sunday Mirror, together with most other papers, carried the story that the U.S. claim that six psychedelics had been blinded (literally) by the sun was a hoax carried out in the heat of the current efforts to damn LSD with every ill-effect known to modern man.

The Sunday Mirror carried the hoax story on page 54. It carried the original story of the six junkies blinded on its hoardings. Whatever happened to the principle of equal time for both sides?

ALL ABOUT



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Only contributions with stamped addressed envelope will be returned.

January 22: The Telegraph wasn't very happy about Bob Moore's interview with the P.M. on Channel 2, though somehow their man came down safely through the flak.

"P.M. shines in lopsided interview", trumpeted their editorial: "Once again the ABC turned on an interview which appeared to many people to be lopsided in its approach and 'anti' in its selection of questions . . . No one wants an interview to be namby pamby or full of Dorothy Dix questions . . . It is good to hear the ABC is now planning to 'vet' its political talks and interviews. The sooner the better".

When the Telegraph provided the panel for TCN's "Meet the Press" it certainly knew what a hostile interview was and recognised its appeal. Again when TCN ran its look at the P.M. candidates there was nothing namby pamby about the questions it bowled up to Hasluck and Bury; then, to display their versatility no doubt, they showed what Dorothy Dix questions are like by allowing Gorton to use his time recounting a few good R.A.A.F. yarns.

The P.M. will have won more admirers for his courage in allowing a no-holds-barred interview of this type (unlike Harold, who vetted the questions in a similar interview with Moore) than the Telegraph could ever give him credit for.

January 23: The U.S.A. dropped four hydrogen bombs on Greenland. It was explained disarmingly that the bombs were "unarmed" and would be "kept on ice" for future reference.

It is some comfort to know our way of life is being constantly protected by plane-loads of "unarmed" hydrogen bombs piloted by incompetent U.S. airmen.



THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN UGLINESS



GETTING TO NO YO

Last year OZ reported that when a conference was held at the University of Chicago on the question "What knowledge is most worth having?" one student canvassed the solution that "Carnal knowledge is most worth having." The precise value of such erudition is uncertain but the efforts of police in conjunction with their birth registration departments in at least three eastern States is currently making a little carnal knowledge a very dangerous thing.

The very existence of carnal knowledge in the Criminal Code is an historical excrescence which involves several anomalies. The elements of the crime itself are simple.

Section 71 of the N.S.W. Crimes Act states "Whosoever unlawfully and carnally knows any girl of or above the age of 10 years and under the age of 16 years shall be liable to penal servitude for 10 years." In Victoria the age limit is 18.

Section 62 shyly confides that "Carnal knowledge shall, in every case under the Act, be deemed complete upon proof of penetration only." If the girl is over 14, a prosecution must be launched within 12 months of the alleged act. Offenders may be placed on a bond as an alternative to gaol and in N.S.W. "in addition to any other punishment prescribed for such offence, sentenced to be once, twice or thrice privately whipped," each private whipping "not to exceed fifty strokes."

The girl involved in any proven case is presumed to be no longer *virgo intacta*. As such she is often committed to a home for delinquent girls under the section of the Child Welfare Act which allows females "exposed to moral danger" to be sent away in the secrecy of a closed court.

The crime has its roots in the old action of "seduction", whereby a father whose daughter had been "debauched and thereby rendered ill," could obtain compensation from her seducer for the loss of her services. The old man had to prove that his daughter had been a source of income, which her pregnancy or worry had dried up. The cunning rake who deflowered only idle or fragile blooms did so at no expense, the moral of the law being not to woo a working girl.

A parliament of landowners in the early 19th century corrected carnal knowledge into a crime so as to deter impoverished gold-diggers from eloping with their daughters. Finally in 1885 this relic of a time when children were mere parental chattels was put into the Crimes Act to set the high watermark of paternalistic Victorian morality.

Whatever the nineteenth century rationale for the new crime the law has accorded neatly with its romantic ideal of womanhood.

In a leading Australian case, the law was applauded by a Queensland Supreme Court judge as "designed for the protection of girls against themselves, and to act as a deterrent against taking advantage of the youth and simplicity of young girls and inducing them to do things which their inexperience and age prompt them to do, and which a wider experience and a greater age would prevent them from doing."

This argument, of course, enshrines the quaint proposition that the older a woman

becomes the less interested she is in sex. But its real flaw is in perpetuating an unreal sexual inequality. Nowadays, the boy is as often the seduced as the seducer. It ignores the common situation where teenagers blunder through sexual experiments with each other out of sheer curiosity. Nor does the law make any allowance for genuine affection between partners.

Millions sat rapturously glued to their "Sound of Music" seats as a seventeen-year-old Austrian telegram boy sang carnal praises of his "sixteen going on seventeen" girlfriend in a deserted greenhouse. Melbourne amongst them would no doubt have been shocked to learn that under their own law, had the two given way to their obvious passion, Rolf would be gaoled as a "serious criminal", while the girlfriend would most likely be committed to a home for delinquents.

The actual variation in the age of consent from state to state probably reflects the vicissitudes of turn-of-the-century politics. In 1896 an attempt was made to bring N.S.W. into line with Victoria by raising the age from 14, as it then was, to 18. This was foiled very largely through the efforts of "Truth" proprietor John Norton, whose bombast against the proposal was, according to Cyril Pearl's "Wild Men of Sydney", "not unmixed with apprehension, for in the past four years he had seduced two girls below the age of 18." In a gutsy editorial Norton lambasted "the prurient push of professional pietists, made up of male-women and female men . . . (who) want to put down public games, sports and legitimate sexual intercourse."

The argument was clinched with a heavy piece of antipodean jingoism ("deriving from zealous field-work," suggests Pearl):

"In 9 cases out of 10, a native-born Australian female at 14 is as much, if not more, of a woman at that age than an English or Scandinavian woman at 20".

Unfortunately by 1910 the Wild Men were older and more jaded, with carnal lore no longer at their finger-tips, and a compromise of 16 was decided.

But in several respects carnal knowledge fits uneasily within the framework of our law. "Rape" and "attempted rape" include all sex inflected on an unwilling female, whatever her age. "Carnal knowledge" is only brought against an act committed with the unequivocal consent of both parties.

"Rape" also serves where naive girls have been misled concerning the real nature of the act, or where they have consented through fraud. This was established when a church choir master in a famous English case, induced a gullible 16-year-old songbird to have intercourse with him under the

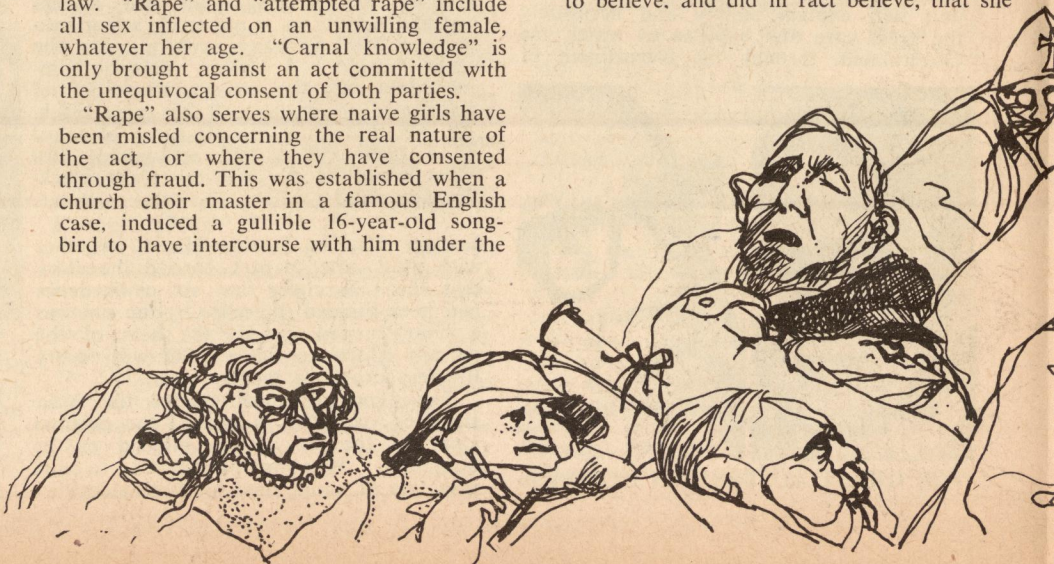
pretext that "he was opening up an air passage to improve her breathing." During this surgical necessity, to heighten the scientific atmosphere, he placed on her chest an aneroid barometer, which the judge meticulously noted "according to the evidence was not in working order." This was rape—consent by fraud.

The Crimes Acts deal severely with abuses of their privileged positions by young girls' guardians, school teachers and step-parents. And perish the lecher who induces his partner's consent by false representation or by drugs. Unwanted advances falling short of intercourse are dealt with under the head of "indecent assault."

In other words, virtually every situation in which the male shows "actual criminality" in making love to a teenage girl under the "age of consent" falls under one of these specific criminal charges. The all-inclusive dragnet crime of "carnal knowledge" is redundant in any enlightened criminal code.

Furthermore the existence of the offence is quite inconsistent with the law which allows girls over fourteen to marry with court approval. The appropriate court decree does not implicitly or explicitly override the Crimes Act so that a married girl presumably suffers carnal knowledge nightly until she arrives at the hour when criminal salacity is overnight transformed into legitimate marital passion. The leading N.S.W. authority "Hamilton & Addison on Crime" suggests an artificial escape from this dilemma by substituting definitions—the female is now a "married woman" and not a "girl" for the purposes of sections 71. But on this interpretation what happens to our under-age wife when she commits adultery? Does her partner escape a carnal knowledge charge by pleading that he had intercourse with a "married woman", and not an under-age "girl"?

The accused in any carnal knowledge case does have one thin line of defence. He can be acquitted where the girl is less than two years beneath the magic age by showing that his partner was either a "common prostitute" or that he had "reasonable cause to believe, and did in fact believe, that she



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was of or above the age of 16 years." This last loophole is, in practice, pretty narrow, in a generation where minis, lipstick and even diaphragms are worn by 12 year-olds.

Also, unlike the general rule of law that the prosecution must prove its case beyond a reasonable doubt, the burden of proving "reasonableness" rests squarely upon the accused.

Magistrates, aware of the absurdities of the law, often give the "criminal" the benefit of very wide doubts and discharge him after some cautionary moralising. But such acquittal can hardly erase the anguish of arrest for "sex crime" a police interrogation, family shame and the ordeal of repeating a ball-by-ball description of the whole thing in court under the prodding of a police prosecutor. There has been at least one recent case of suicide by a young man facing a carnal knowledge charge.

According to the 1965 Police Report (the most recent available) no less than 976 cases were tried in N.S.W. Petty Sessions that year and the number of offences is rising—from 653 in 1963 and 734 in 1964. A large number.

And who tips off the police—about these and the many more carnal climaxes which are not taken to court? The answer in N.S.W., Victoria and ACT alone of the Australian states is the Registrar of Births, Deaths and Marriages (or his equivalent). His department reports to the Police Department every unmarried mother who gives birth to a child when she is under sixteen years nine months (eighteen years nine months in Victoria).

This collaboration explains the high number of carnal knowledge convictions. Yet there is absolutely no legal basis for the Registrars' action and good policy reasons why it should stop.

Registration of births is compulsory. But there is a cherished principle of law that no one should be forced to incriminate himself. If the statistics of births are used to bring prosecutions then those girls who register are placing themselves in jeopardy of being charged with exposure to moral danger.

So far as compulsory commonwealth statistics and income tax returns are concerned, there is an absolute prohibition on their use in criminal cases. In this way the accuracy of the information is ensured.

It is not as though the Registrar is usually a mine of information for any ordinary idle enquirer. Any non-policeman requiring information about a birth certificate must make written application stating a good reason. Even then the Registrar has a wide discretion.

Last year a middle-aged N.S.W. woman wished to discover the names of her real parents. She had been born illegitimate and adopted by foster parents. However, the Registrar refused her application and her appeal to the Full Supreme Court was dismissed on the ground that the Registrar's refusal was not an unreasonable exercise of his discretion. The police have no such difficulties. In fact, they don't even have to ask.

In 1965, the N.S.W. Council for Civil Liberties raised the whole question with N.S.W. Minister for Justice Maddison. His reply confirmed "the existence of a long-standing practice which is justified on the grounds of public policy."

This public policy apparently is the fermenting out of such cases as "the incestuous relationship between father and daughter, or the relationship between a person in authority with a young female in his charge, where the girl concerned does not proceed against the offender because of the offend-

er's authoritarian relationship with her and because of fear of the consequences. The fact that cases such as this are brought to light fully justifies the existence of this practice, notwithstanding that instances do arise such as the particular case you mention" (a Victorian instance cited by the Council) "where the girl involved would prefer to erase the whole incident from her mind."

Either Mr. Maddison is prepared to burn the house to roast a very small pig or he is grossly misinformed. The 1964 police report itemises 844 "ordinary" carnal knowledge cases and a mere 7 "Other Sexual Offences" (which includes the Minister's guardians, teachers, etc., as well as those using drugs, fraud or barometers). Apparently current practice catches one hundred hapless teenagers for every one dirty old man.

Moreover the bureaucrats seem to be riding shotgun on morals in more than one way. A barrister who used to be a police prosecutor remembers a case at Maitland where the well-meaning sergeant in charge told him: "We like them to get married promptly." Only last month a Sydney solicitor contacted the Registrar on behalf of a 19-year-old boy. "Don't worry," the Registrar's man said. "Get them married and that'll end it." (Strictly this doesn't really get him out of the legal woods but in such cases the charges are always dropped).

The Registrar's men seemed well-informed about police attitudes: "If he's of good character, they don't usually prosecute—they just give him a lecture."

And of course if the kid cut up rough about a tough Irish cop lecturing him about all aspects of sex (except contraception) then, we suppose, he's proved his bad character. The whole atmosphere surrounding the detection and punishment of carnal knowledge reeks of heavy-footed moralising and the easy (if potentially disastrous) forced marriage as the way out.

Of the 976 court cases in 1965, 394 went to a jury trial and their fates are not recorded. Of the 582 appearing before magistrates—44 went to gaol, 329 were "otherwise dealt with" (i.e., a bond) and the large number of 209 had the charge withdrawn or were acquitted. (Did they know someone, sprint to the altar or go to a lecture?)

Interestingly, there were 775 reports of carnal knowledge of which 774 were cleared up (99.76%). This is a simply phenomenal figure compared with "break, enter, steal" at 34% and murder around 60% but it all depends where your interest lies (and where you get your reports). Without doubt, the carnal knowledge figure boosts police success figures and must do wonders for morale.

Although young girls may need protection, there is no place in an enlightened legal system for a dragnet charge which thrives on adolescent folly and brings catastrophe to the sufferer whose only crime may be an ignorance of contraception and/or abortion.

Other statutory crimes protect the young against the old but carnal knowledge seems designed mainly to protect the young against themselves and their friends. Surely no crime and no police force in the world can do this.

The police, aided by an official government phizzgig, appear to be indulging in an absurdly paternalistic campaign to maintain official morality at the expense of realism and those they profess to protect.



Power failure in Paris

What came first: artist or critic? Can one exist without the other? Answers vary with the landscape.

In New York, theatre critic Robert Brustein writes a brilliant coverage of a bankrupt Broadway filled with mannered Method actors, condemned to repeat themselves in the one play, remounted under different names.

In Australia, where there is only a confusion of styles in the theatre and managements ape London and Broadway, critic Harry Kippax is forced to give anxious encouragement to inferior ventures (like the Independent's *The Dance of Death*) for fear of killing off a "worthwhile project".

We seem intent on training critics and audiences to acclaim virtues which don't exist. Someone has decided that we should be tactful about our infant arts, our foolish emperor, and tell him fibs.

Where do standards in art begin: with the practitioners or their critics?

When the Power Bequest was announced at Sydney University, there was overjoyment at the thought of a Faculty of Fine Arts. It might well shake up those sprawling square miles near that morgue we call Broadway. It might lend some style to a place where style was being shored up by Italian craftsmen replacing raddled blocks of sandstone.

It would remind Australian artists that modern art survived the Twenties rather well.

Sir Herbert Read warned the guardians of the Bequest to beware "the dead hand of historians". The appointment of Dr. Bernard Smith as the Director of the Power Institute established the professorship of a man whose qualifications were unimpeachable. But he was a historian.

Last year, Prof. Smith announced that his department would be open to graduates alone. Realising that this would exclude most of Australia's practising painters, one could only doubt the good doctor's wisdom.

"High academic standards" he snapped back at his critics, "in art scholarship lead to improved standards of art criticism, more professionalism, a higher level of art patronage and connoisseurship, the improvement of taste, a better formed body of public opinion."

Dr. Smith also seems preoccupied with Paris as the status art city. He has purchased a house in Paris for Power artists to take up residence. Unfortunately, nothing is happening in Paris. Going to gay Páree for contemporary art is rather like tripping to the Blue Mountains for the surf—it was all over years ago.

Still, Paris might come alive again. So might Cuzco. But at the moment, New York houses some of the best contemporary work and it might have been a

better idea to buy a place there than in Paris, unless you feel that a wider benefit might have been achieved by installing overseas talent in temporary Sydney quarters.

The Power stipulation that money be set aside for "purchase of the most contemporary art of the world" brought a warming hope to the exiled un-degreed artists. But the hope evaporated when the actual amount was announced for the first purchases—\$20,000.

Now \$20,000 can buy a lot, but you won't get a third of a good Jackson Pollock. Outcry brought up the level another \$10,000. So when the deputy director of the Melbourne Gallery left with his shopping basket, we were all agog to see what he'd bring back.

The news is that he has bagged some 30 pieces. Even if he had no specific qualifications for buying contemporary art, he had scored a pretty good average.

The full list hasn't been handed down yet, but the crumbs from the table indicate some kind of feast. The French are certainly there. Kinetic sculptor Tinguely and Op painters Le Parc and Vasarely are there. Two Englishmen in the haul are Issac Witkin and Tim Scott.

So far, fine. But how about the Yanks? There is an uneasy feeling that Dr. Smith's passion for Paris may well have jaundiced the dinner.

MOURNING...

former member for Kooyong, Sir. Robert Menzies, was supporting Hasluck. McEwen was supporting Hasluck. And Calwell. And the Sydney Morning Herald. Gorton's supporters were getting more confident by the minute.

Some light relief was injected by the official entry of Billy Snedden, whose name two or three people recognised. Snedden had his own personal Calwell, a mother who said: "He's my baby and I'm proud of him." He flew to Sydney, where he had a clear field: the others were in Canberra, assuring the Americans that it was quite alright to stop giving us money and whoever the lucky winner was would come and lose his swimming trunks at Camp David whenever the President felt it was necessary. On the same day, Andrew Jones announced he would not stand.

Snedden gave a couple of press conferences, presumably having nothing else to do. Having optimistically put \$2 on himself at tens with an enterprising reporter, he returned to Melbourne.

On the Friday before the elections, it was almost a foregone conclusion. All four candidates had followed Gorton's lead and announced they were left of centre in the Liberal Party (which apparently left Cabinet without a right winger in it. Perhaps it was this that prompted Sir Wilfred Kent Hughes, veteran extremist, to suggest McEwen should stay on.) All had also said they would like nothing better than to use McMahon. But Gorton had got in first, and no one had any real doubt that he'd make it, with McMahon's tacit, martyred support.

Nevertheless, Australian painters are prepared to suspend judgment of the main course while they cheer over the side salad. Next May, the doyen of contemporary art criticism, Harold Greenburg, will lecture for the Power Institute in Sydney and Melbourne. Painters without degrees will be admitted.

—R.B

Locke Up

Gerry Locke, S.M. is one of those old-fashioned jurists who still believe that injustice must not only be done but must be seen to be done. His impressive record in this field of endeavour has recently seen another addition.

The accused, a Mr. Mahoney-Smith, had been charged with breaking into a pawnbroker's shop. The only telling evidence against him was a "confession" which he was alleged to have made while closeted in a lonely cell with several heavily-built policemen. Counsel for Mahoney-Smith claimed the "confession" had been extracted by the Force and began to cross-examine police witnesses. To his bewilderment, he was summarily and unlawfully cut off by an objecting Locke: "It has become fashion-

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In other words, McMahon was the key again. The Telegraph ran a slaveringly fulsome article about the Treasurer, rivalled only by a similar article about McEwen in The Australian (he's a great Australian, but he won't get in: therefore we should have Bury/Gorton/Hasluck, depending on which day of the week it is.)

In a last effort to axe the McMahon-Gorton axis, The Australian ran a piece saying that the reason McEwen wouldn't cop McMahon was that McMahon had "an association" with an ex-editor of The Australian, one Max Newton, "the paid representative of a foreign power." The foreign power, the Japs, said plaintively that they only bought his newsletters and that these were no good anyway; and Newton wrote an angry letter The Australian didn't publish. (He also sent a telegram to the present editor, congratulating him on his fearlessly independent editorial policy.) McEwen obediently agreed with The Australian.

But it was all too late. Gorton flew home, with McMahon nestling firmly under his right wing. The losers promised their loyalty, and settled down to wait till next time. Photographs of Gorton leaning on a shovel were published in most papers, leading to a lot of rather tasteless jokes about grave digging.

McMahon said: "I'm glad it's over." He did not indicate his position if, just if, the Libs go down in 1969 and the party starts looking for a new leader. But observers are confident that he will be available, then, or at any time, whether he is required or not.

able to reflect on the probity and reliability of the Police . . . This will never become fashionable in a court where I preside." He thereupon forbade the defence counsel from pursuing this "fashionable" line of questioning, to which the barrister replied by flinging down his books and stalking from the courtroom.

But this was only the beginning. Not content with preventing the defendant from defending himself, Locke went further and denied him bail, committing him to prison until a jury trial could begin. On what grounds? The man had been convicted only once in his life, more than ten years before, when he was fined \$20 for a minor breach of the peace. He had already been remanded on bail twice in the preceding month pending his hearing, and had appeared promptly each time. The police prosecutor saw no reason to oppose bail, stating that he entertained no fears that the applicant would abscond, or interfere with Crown witnesses, or commit further offences while awaiting trial.

The prisoner petitioned a higher court to be allowed bail, which was readily granted. Mr. Justice O'Brien had no hesitation in concluding that he had been "improperly impeded" from defending himself, and that the "trial" had neither "the appearance or the attainment of fairness and impartiality". He stated further:

"The manner in which counsel's endeavour in this case to conduct his cross-examination was interrupted, and the remarks which fell from the bench in relation thereto seem to me to have been unfortunate. It was, I think, even more unfortunate that, after preventing further investigation into the matters of defence, which counsel for the applicant sought to investigate, the learned (*sic*) magistrate should have seen fit to make a pronouncement upon what he suggested had become fashionable and upon which, upon his own concession, he was unaware had any application to those who were appearing before him."

This case, coming so soon after Mr. Justice Holmes' description of oppression "of the poor, sick and friendless" (see last OZ) has served to remind the Powers That

Be (again) that something will have to be done.

The case was reported in Butterworth's sedate *New South Wales Law Reports*, which broke its long-standing rule that, in reporting an appeal from a magisterial decision, the name of the S.M. must never be mentioned. In this report, the name G. A. Locke, S.M. appeared most conspicuously.

We presume it was not mere name-dropping.

1st Lady

January 2's "Australian" carried the story that Harold Wilson has taken out another libel suit — this time against the international edition of the "Herald-Tribune", which is printed in Paris.

It reported that the action arose out of a report on October 12 last year of Wilson's efforts to settle out of court his action against "The Move" for its Nude Harold greeting card.

As so often happens with the "Australian"'s cables, it was in error. In fact, the new libel action involves an article in the "Herald-Tribune" on that day about "The Other Woman in the Life of Harold Wilson".

Malicious gossip about the sex life of politicians, of course, is as old as the hills. In recent years, back-chat about, in turn, Menzies, J.F.K. and Holt have found their way into bar-room gossip. This particular article in the "Herald-Tribune", in fact, stops short of such allegations.

The article begins: "She is said, by admirers and critics alike, to be the one person in his immediate entourage to whom Harold Wilson listens, the only one who speaks her mind to him regardless of what she thinks he'd like to hear."

"Some insiders call her the most powerful woman in Britain. But everybody who knows how Downing Street works agrees that the surest way to Harold Wilson's ear is through Marcia Williams.

"Mrs. Williams is Mr. Wilson's political secretary and has been since the Prime Minister was a young Labour Party starlet, promising but far from fulfilled. It is not her job but the way she has come to fill it that gives her a quite special role in the Labour Government.

"This is no secret in London though the public has never been told. The British newspapers have a subtle system of saying things to people who already know all about it in a way that no one else can understand. The gossip about Marcia, the cracks about Marcia, the rumours about Marcia are all over London.

"When it comes to print, however, 'The Times' delicately refers to 'alleged reports about the Prime Minister's alleged private life'."

Mrs. Williams is a pleasant though not pretty woman in her late thirties who began work for Harold Wilson as his typist in Transport House. She is a divorcee and there was a good deal of small talk about a juicy political scandal during the 1964 election campaign, with every sign that it was invented by the Tory party.

During the 1963 Profumo scandal the Tories' mercurial Quentin Hogg (nee Hailsham) nearly brought the House down when he tried to defend floundering Prime Minister Macmillan by saying that he didn't understand the fuss about Profumo's private life "since there are adulterers on the opposite front bench".

In view of Hogg's persistent harping on this theme, it was no doubt a shrewd move by Wilson that when he took out the libel action against "The Move" he chose Hogg as his barrister.

Cast in the role of professional advocate, Hogg did not even blush when he informed the High Court at the libel hearing that the nude cartoon had "made use of false rumours spread about Mr. Wilson's personal character for some years".

When the "Herald-Tribune" case comes before the courts perhaps we can expect Ted Heath to defend the honour of his Prime Minister — and of Mrs. Marcia Williams.

20 feet

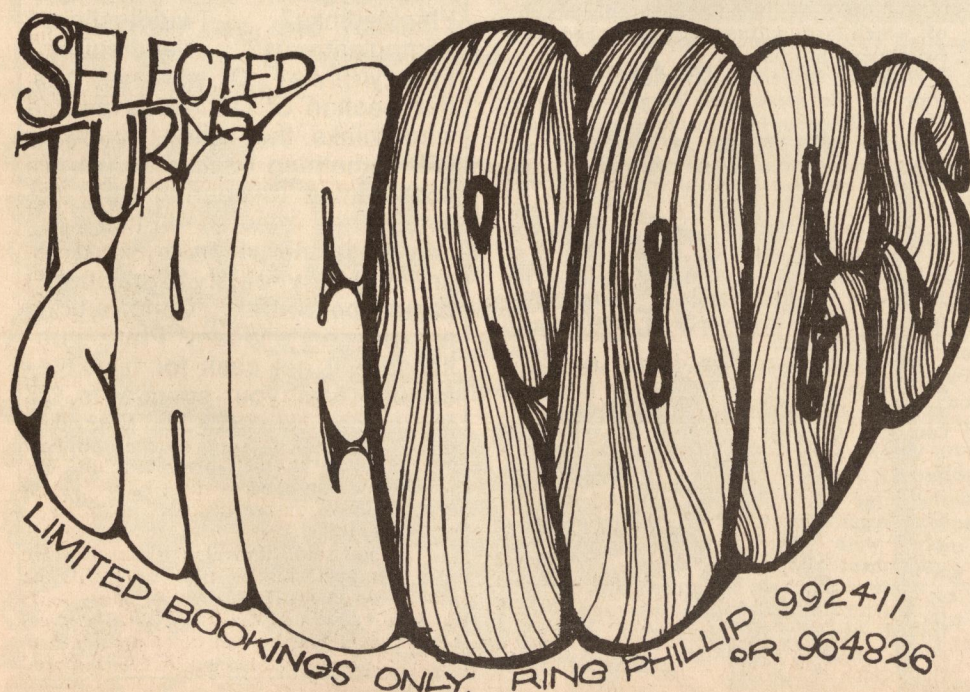
How do you feel at election time? Disillusioned? cynical? uninspired? Me, too. That is why, at the Senate elections, I decided to hand out How to Vote cards for the Australian Reform Movement.

The Liberal Party was represented most of the day by a bluff man of about 50, who looked very much like Host Holbrook. In the morning he was helped by a kilt-wearing schoolgirl daughter. Under his guidance she looked askance at the rest of us, and tipped him off when the little old lady from the A.L.P. went too close to the doorway.

Apparently she was infringing the Twenty Feet rule. Host Holbrook reported her to the attendant policeman, and for a time she moved back. But she inched towards the door again, and who knows, she looked so nice and respectable and elderly that a few Libs. may have voted her way in error.

Several voters arrived supporting a lame or blind grandmother. They looked at the slips offered by me and the A.L.P. man as if there were no more despicable act than to offer an old woman a noh-

(over)



Liberal How to Vote card. Indeed, many people would be much happier with a totalitarian state.

The D.L.P. was represented by a sweet-faced girl with long fair hair. "Such a pity," the A.L.P. man kept saying. "She looks as if she deserves a better fate."

Towards 8 p.m. it rained. The wet asphalt was littered with thousands of rejected How to Vote cards, and two council workers arrived with great straw brooms. When fellow party workers relieved us we went off to the pub and the fish-&-chips shop.

A boy from the local Labor club asked me to a party. I was amused that he was sufficiently idealistic not to invite the far prettier girl from the D.L.P. For by that stage all political distinctions had blurred for me. It was a case of all of us with the pamphlets against the rest of the electorate.

— Penelope Nelson.

Malice in Blunder- land

Meanwhile, in Australia, libel is becoming more and more popular as a way of earning handy pin-money amongst the maligned. In Sydney, Consolidated Press alone is facing 11 major suits:

- Tom Uren. After about four years of litigation, which has gone all the way to the Privy Council, the good Tom is still battling to get a cent out of Packer. His original \$60,000 award was at the last hearing reduced to \$15,000 but appeals are pending.
- Lionel Murphy for allegations about his loyalty to the Party.
- The Bridges case. At the last hearing the jury was divided over the damages due to an election candidate whose only motivation in standing (according to the Tele.) was to confuse the electors because he shared the same surname as a leading (unsuccessful) candidate.
- Pat Mackie: for biased reportage during the Mt. Isa dispute.
- Sir William Gunn: for some impertinent remarks about the Wool Reserve Scheme. Knowing Sir William's impetuosity, he is evens for coming out of this suit the moral loser.
- Lana Cantrell: against the Bulletin, for intimating that she could not take criticism. This is part of a general counter-attack by Miss Cantrell against the Sydney press for its concerted efforts to invade her private life while she was back in Sydney. Apparently the Press thought her private life more intrinsically interesting than she did.
- Athol Mulley: for racing misreportage.
- Morris West: for the fiction about his being asked to enter politics (very damaging to a man of letters).
- James Christian Lang: for allegations about building society malpractices.

- Gordon Barton: tipped to be the most spectacular of the cases currently coming on. Barton has the money and will to take the Telegraph for the long haul it has inflicted on others (e.g., Uren). Other newspaper companies besides Conpress also have a good collection of pending suits which began to pile up a few years ago when Clive Evatt, Q.C., was able to obtain inflated awards from impressionable juries.

Unfortunately, the Grand Old Man of Libel is not today quite the vigorous advocate of yesteryear and there is some polite jostling currently in progress along Phillip Street amongst those keen to take up his mantle with so much business lying around.

* * *

The most spectacular case on the Sydney Morning Herald's books at present involves the series of suits issued by the financier Shapiloff against Tom Fitzgerald, the Herald's Financial Editor, for his allegations of malpractices in several Shapiloff companies.

Before he takes up this money-making venture, Shapiloff has just one hurdle to jump: a criminal charge against him, taken out by the Crown as a result of Fitzgerald's articles.

The criminal proceedings are being pushed along at a great rate. One of Shapiloff's ex-directors is N.S.W. Minister for Justice, Maddison.

Although he is not implicated in any way, at least one Minister (whose path too often cuts across Maddison's) believes it will damage his career and is keen to get the case underway as soon as possible.

Barnes storm

Trouble is brewing in New Guinea between Indonesia and Australia.

Its root cause lies in the dissatisfaction of the Highlands people of West Irian with the Indonesian administration and in particular the heavy taxation, the only benefits of which are military posts packed with swaggering militia.

Highland leaders, confronted for the first time by the ideological bargaining power of an Indonesian-held machine gun, quietly collected their people in late 1966 and began to move towards the Land of the Free or Australian New Guinea, as we know it.

Upwards of 20,000 people were involved in this walkabout.

Unfortunately for them, the Land of the Free was not the Land of the Brave, a fact they soon discovered as they entered the border region.

Here border patrols from the Mt. Hagen detachment of the Pacific Islands Regiment sent by the Administration actively encouraged them to turn back.

When, however, refugees began to reappear during January and February bearing large puncture holes, the Administration began quietly to accept the refugees who were shuttled after screening to internment camps.

A news blackout on Australia's decision to shelter these refugees was rigidly enforced because of fears that disclosure could harm the state of Australo-Indonesian relations.

However, as the early 1967 border situation deteriorated, Australian Army holding forces were sent out in helicopter sweeps over the region to seek out refugees entering Papua illegally and to induce them to return home.

By mid-November the Indonesian administration was faced with guerilla warfare by both coastal and highland natives. The crisis developed in late October with the enforcement and extraction of even higher taxes by punitive Indonesian military parties.

For the junta in Djakarta it was an explosive situation and, after village parleys with administration officials had failed, air strikes were called in and two Indonesian frigates were moved from Djakarta to Sukarnopura to beef up the gunboat flotilla based there.

Along the coast shelling of villages commenced in late November.

Villages were deserted en masse once the raids increased in intensity. However, engagements so far have been minor and the natives so far captured have been transported to Sukarnopura for corrective enlightenment.

For the Australian New Guinea administration the whole situation poses grave problems. The blanket of news coverage is partly typical Liberal paternalism, partly to hide any policy mistakes that may be made and partly to keep up the image of Suharto as a brave anti-Communist whom we should all admire.

Since "Newsweek" was the first major news source to publicise the fact that Australian planes are being used to bomb guerilla hide-outs in Laos and Thailand, Australians can look forward to reading about all its major foreign policy activities in overseas publications. Just like the Russians do.

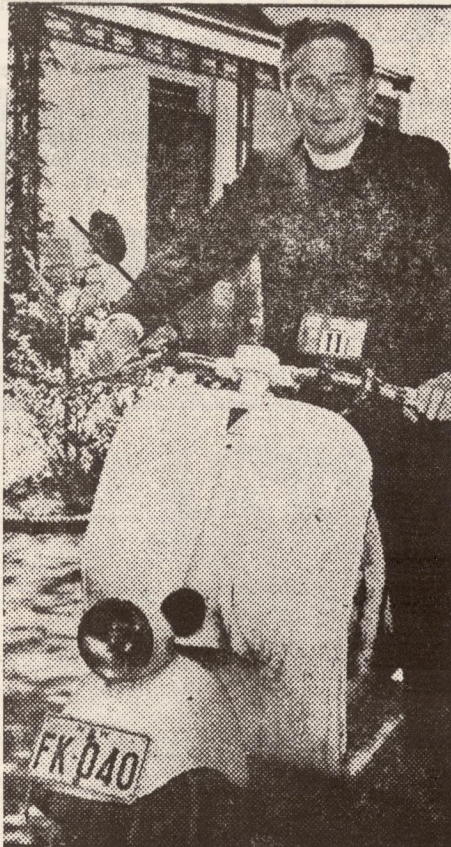
—from our Post Moresby phizzgig.

Phindlestinks? Gigglyphinks?
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I won't tell.

THE CROSS TURNS OVER



THE Rev. Ted Noffs donned a leather cap and jacket and climbed on to a high-powered motor bike this week.



The Rev. Bernard Gook "I don't believe people can do what they like."

A new parson is hard at work in Sydney's Kings Cross. He's luring young people away from the Wayward Chapel, the infamous pad of Rev. Ned Noffs (well known to Sunday newspapers as Our Man in Nirvana).

He is the Rev. Bernard "Gobbledy" Gook, one of those quaint old-fashioned christians who still believes that the Church should demand more from its followers than a tick in the appropriate square on the census form.

The whole Cross area is agog at the cut-throat competition. "We still have 20 cut-throats on our books," boasted Rev. Ned, looking daggers at the rival manse. "Let that tame cat parson lure just one more of them away and I'll sick my Enforcer on to him!" His Kool Katechists grunted assent.

The trouble between these two militants of the church began when "Gobbledy" offered transfer fees for drug addicts to enrol in his Narcotics Anonymous. Several young women are known to have "come across".

Noffs countered by opening his Transcendental Massage Parlour — instead of rubbing alcohol into the client's skin, he used a novel "trans-substantiation" wine for which he claimed amazing powers. He also poached two eggheads from Gook's seminars on Christ and the Single Sexfiend. But then his brother of the cloth struck back with the formation of Heaven's Angels—"the hardy Davids of the Harley Davidson".

But this didn't throw Ned. At one of his popular "Sermon on the Fanny Hill" lectures Ned wished his adversary all the best of evangelical luck. "Go forth and multiply," he said to Gobbledy . . . or words to that effect.

At Gobbledy's H.Q., the Gookery Nook, a faint air of authoritarianism still prevails: no dancing on the alter, "No Spitting in the Chalice" notices and no folk-massing in public. To preserve a trace of religion, there is half an hour of prayer and meditation at 6 p.m. At 6.30 the hoods arrive and the real work begins. However, like Rev. Ned, we doubt that such piety could have the true spirit of "with-ity" and the kind of raw sex appeal that the Church needs today.

GO-SET
THE TEENS & TWENTIES' PAPER
INTRODUCES
KALIDOSCOPE
GUYS & DOLLS
FASHION PAGE

Mr. Turnbull (Country Party, Victoria) told the House that

"While on this subject I might mention that I watched a television programme the other night which was called "The Frost Report". I was attracted to it by a strange coincidence. As honourable members know, I represent 78% of the dried fruit pack of Australia. People in my area are troubled with frosts. When I saw the title of this television programme I thought that it was about frosts. However, I was soon disillusioned. I soon found out that the programme was by a man named Frost who makes a report. I am surprised that the Australian Broadcasting Commission would put a programme on like this. It went as far as to ridicule the Ten Commandments. Once this happens I think a programme should be put off the air.

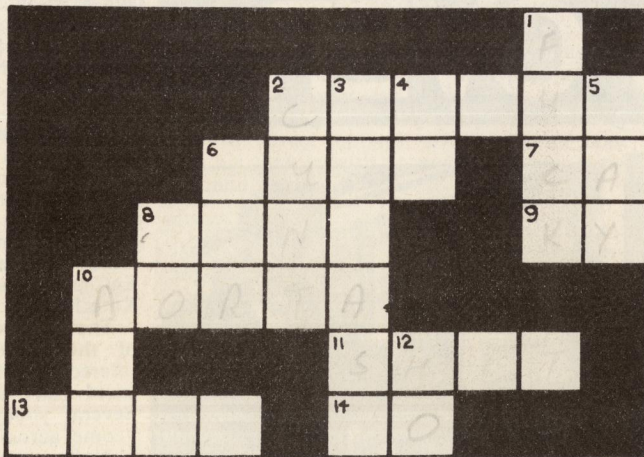
OZWORD 2

ACROSS

2. Me in bed with you and me both—and what that might lead to.
6. A despicable guy is not falling between two stools—he's just one or the other.
7. What knowledge is worth having? (inits.).
8. Retort by the gang turns out to be 1 down.
9. Marshal the dictator!
10. If A then B makes C and the lady conceives, who should marry her? Would you believe a blood vessel?
11. Norm Allen is fed this mess.
13. Winnie is the end-result of Public Enema, No. 2.
14. Waiter — —. (Strine).

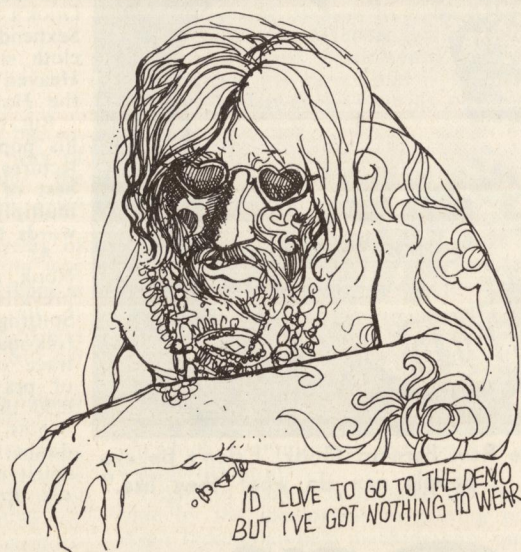
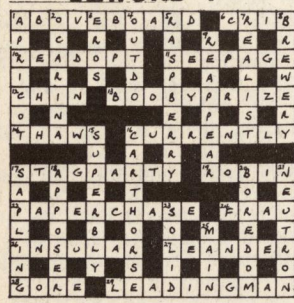
DOWN

1. "Go teach your grandmother how to — — eggf." (J. Milton: "Four Letters to a Deaf Prostitute".)
2. Baldwin's another, without the leaderless Tory or the box-seat.
3. What starts as an orgy and ends in muscular contraction, without a muddled foreign agent?
4. Our Wizard's altered ego.
5. 9 across's brother Sam is the limit!
6. Jack of Spade's brush.
8. A peep at the gander should never be told to the goose.
10. An 8 down goes bung.
12. Laughter of Public Enemy No. 1.



Readers are cordially invited to submit OZWORDS for publication (paid at normal contribution rates). The solution to OZWORD No. 1 is printed herewith. The solution to OZWORD No. 2 will not be printed, for reasons that will become obvious to its essayists.

OZWORD 1



Johnny Raper, the Dragon lock forward, has been breathing fire all over the back page of the *Mirror* recently as he "lifts the lid" off the Kangaroo Rugby League tour. Despite his valiant (if hamfisted) efforts, or perhaps because of them, the cauldron is bubbling louder than ever with rumours of general thuggery abroad.

One ugly story he was quick to squash was about Australian players heckling the president of the French League during his speech at a farewell dinner and even firing a champagne cork at him.

But our Johnny sets the record straight on the Frogs. Even after using biased Frog referees and beating the Kangas, the perfidious Frogs weren't content. They threw a boring dinner at which the president spoke in, get this . . . FRENCH!

As Johnny says:

We couldn't understand him and I'll bet there's no group of red-blooded men on earth who could observe high echelon etiquette in such boring circumstances.

And who can blame them? Trust the Frogs to rub salt (and garlic) into the wounds. But at least the Kangas lived up to their honourable Digger fighting traditions.

From the odd bits we understood or had interpreted for us, it was clear Mr Garrouste wasn't being very complimentary to the Australian team, so a few of us started to razz him.

We had a few drinks, talked and joked among ourselves and, near the end of his oration, we were letting him know it was time he shut up.

And what did some Frog League man do? You'd think he'd forgotten we were there at the Somme and Dunkirk!

He went crook at us for talking and laughing and later he stormed over to Reg Gasnier and gave him a verbal blast in French.

I'm not going to buy into the argument over what he actually said, but I'll go along, more or less, with accounts that quoted him as telling Reg we were all a pack of wild animals who should be locked up in cages.

He has since denied having said that but, from looking at him, it was easy to see he was giving us a real going over.

Jees, that really took the bloody gâteau (Johnny got Fr.(o) at the Inter so he knew what was on alright.)

ALWAYS SUCCEEDING, NEVER SUCCESSFUL

Senator McKellar on his return from Vietnam has stated that the war was going very well in favour of the Allies and could be over in two years.

This is the longest tunnel in the world — that wink of daylight at its farther end bemused more generals than you'd ever care to think (Salan, Navarre, Harkins, Westmoreland) — they were all hopeful in their various ways, their strategies were working out as planned, huile-de-tache, set-piece battle, steadily statistics piled up, kill-ratios rose until only the wilfully blind could fail to see the blue sky widening at the tunnel's end —, only the blind,

and cynics who'd settle for less after some contemplation of that land choked by such superabundance of success . . .

BRUCE DAWE

PRANGO!

THE AIR ADVENTURES OF BUNGLES

by Capt. W. E. John

Everyone knows about the air adventures of Bigglesworth ("Biggles" to his friends) but few have failed to be equally stirred by the famous tales of Sen. J. G. Gorton (known as "Bungles" to everyone) who brought down a couple of good planes (his own) during an all too short flying spell with the RAAF during World War II. Since then he has been limited to VIP flights BUT READ ON:

"Jumping gerrymanders," gritted Bungles as he surveyed the scene.

The Molonglo mist hung low over the tarmac as his jaunty step swung him on to the tarmac.

"There's algae in the air," quipped Algy, glancing at the murky skies. "Like a goldfish bowl."

The reference was not lost on his quick-witted chum, who chortled appreciatively. Together they swung the prop of the old Sopwith Bi-Cameral and it stuttered into life.

"Have to get that upper chamber cleaned out."

"Leave that to me," said the determined Bungles.

With the steel-grey eyes of rival wing-CO "Black Jack" on their every move, the duo taxi-ed out and swept skywards into the clear blue of their hunting-ground. They would need every ounce of courage and every lesson of their long training in the bitter sessions ahead.

Soon they reached enemy territory. Every nerve was tense as they watched for the first sign of von Whitlam.

"The Pink Baron", as von Whitlam was known, had dominated the skies too long. Now that "Bungles" Gorton and his cheery cohorts were back in the air they hoped to Liberalise the area from his ever-present threat.

The intercom, crackled occasionally as Bungles cleared his throat but all

was silent for the steady drone of his voice.

Suddenly the enemy swept down on the left, Bungles' favourite side, and the dogfight began. Following the cunning Wyndham Plan, von Whitlam's crew snarled to the attack in a desperate effort to split the coalition . . . TO BE CONTINUED.





No. 1: LOUIS WASHKANSKY



No. 4: MIKE KASPERAK



No. 3: PHILIP BLAIBERG



1 OUT OF 4 HEART TRANSPLANTS SUBSRIBES

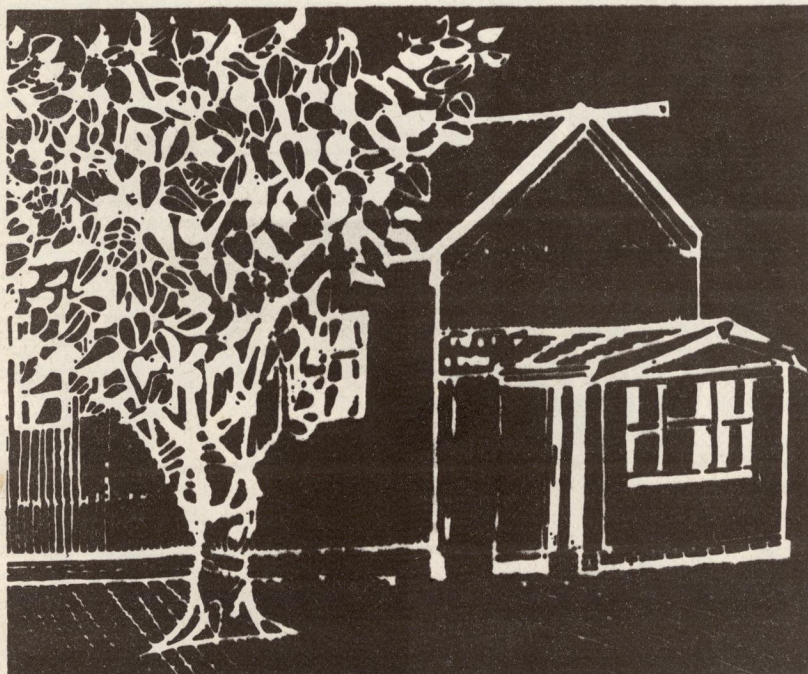
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