

...we that are Left shall grow old.

20 C.





The ALP

BEST WE

Swinger of the Year: Ronald Ryan.

Best Prediction: "On the issue of conscription I will live or die politically." (A. A. Calwell).

Dawn Fraser Swimming Hope of '66: Mao Tse-tung.

Fallguy of '66 (as also of '65): **Sergt. Crawford**, the 20st. cop who plopped on William Stinivics in November '65. And for the best comment on this long-playing case so far: "One can only assume that this nine-stone defendant, with a defective arm, must be endowed with the strength of Hercules to have caused such a melee in this gathering." (N.S.W. Court of Appeal). After 14 months of law cases, Stinivics has still not received a cent in compensation for his hospital sojourn. Which way Natural Justice?

21 This Year, Never Been 21 Before: the Hiroshima A-blast (August 6, 1945).

Australian Myth up Queer Street: Ned Kelly.

Perverf of the Year (for showing an unnatural interest in the above-mentioned notorious poove): **Sid Nolan.**

Actor of the Year: Clive Evatt, Q.C., whose professional appearances were sponsored by leading dailies at enormous cost. His flair for comedy survived undaunted, even though favourite straight-man Veron was struck from the rolls by Actors' Equity. Pity that a man who lives by defending the dignity of others has so little of his own.

The Dr. Kinsella University Medal: Dr. Alex Carey, who told an audience of university freshers that chastity was only another form of malnutrition. Students responded by holding a Freedom from Hunger collection.

Wife of the Year: Dulcie Bodsworth.

The St. Nicholas Award to the Santa with an escape clause: Paul Hasluck, who arrived in Djakarta in August with the bright revelation: "I have not come here as Father Christmas."

Pop Hero on the Downgrade: Jesus Christ who, according to John Lennon, has slipped on the popularity charts behind the Beatles, who in turn have slipped behind most of the field.

Folk Heroes' Prediction for '67: Bambi and the Dishonourable Mark Tuckwell.

Colgate Palmolive Prize for a Fading Image: Jackie Kennedy.

Mother of the Year: Mathematics votary Mother Gorman, whose cryptic equation $X = \text{God}$ would not balance for the Catholic right wing. Did she really make a cardinal mistake or just suffering from a spot of cloisterphobia?

The Red Badge of Courage: the Sunday papers for running all those brilliant stories about Mr Sin (Abe Saffron) and Mr. Big (Lennie McPherson) without actually revealing who they were talking about.

Hamlet ("Ah, there's the rub") Award: (jointly) the massage parlors and the "Telegraph", which exposed them for what they are (brothels) but still continued to run their seamy little ads in their back pages.

Criminal of the Year: Josef Lesic, a blind, half-paralysed Croat who sat in his wheelchair outside Parliament House somehow clutching a banner. This single-handed siege was ended abruptly when he was arrested and convicted for loitering.

Whatever happened to:
Miss Prim
Mrs. Miller
Capt. John Robertson
Uli Schmetzer



Bonn Voyager (Downhill Division): Dr. Erhard.

FORGET

Why ever didn't it happen to:
ex-Det. Sgt. Harry Giles
Chuck Faulkner
Heatherbrae Maternity Centre

The "Once in a Lifetime but why did it have to be MY lifetime?"

Film: "**Weird Mob**"

Drama: "**Yuk**"

Musical: "**Robert & Elizabeth**"

Record: "**Emergency Ward**"

Worst Blind Date: Dolly Fricker.

Worst Idea: Perpetual Trustee's gold medallions for shrewd in vestors — Ming on one, Chur chill on the other.

The Won't You Come Home, Bill Bailey, Award for Expatriate Failures: George Blake, Normie Rowe.

Neville Chamberlain Prize for Senior Statesmanship: A. A. Calwell.

Houdini Plaque for Luckiest Escape: Normie Rowe.

Dutch Treat of 1966: Beatrix and Klaus von Amsberg.

Dutch Uncle Award: Judge Amsberg.

Non-romances: P. J. Proby-Dinah Lee; Bryan Davies-Jackie Weaver.

Rebel Satirist: Will Rushton, star of Don Lane, Bulletin, Sunday Telegraph and other anti-Establishment media.

The While-in-Sydney-do-as-the-Romans-do Award: Tun Lim for seeking consolation during his nights off at the Paradise Club and during his weeks off at a yet undisclosed rendezvous.

Tom Sawyer Whitewash Award: The "Telegraph" for its post hock cover-up story on Tun Lim's disappearance.

Shotgun Divorce: the VRC and Walter Hoysted.

1966's Deepest Bore: the Drought.

Earbasher of the Year: Ross Cullen, the very forward front-rower sent down from Oxford for making passes at an undergraduate prop. First time that footballer's ear has made a Wallaby stew.

Chamber of Commerce Export Action Award: the famous Eccles. (Consolation prize runners-up: Sharp & Neville.)

Emigre of the Year: Hugh Gough, whose archbishopric got him into an awkward spot. Was it really poor health which made Hugh gird up his loins and depart, or a clerical error in the laying on of hands?

Youth of the Year: Peter Raymond Kocan, who confessed that he shot at Calwell in order to gain notoriety by killing a public figure of great importance. He has since been declared insane.

Psychiatrist of the Year: Sir Leslie Herron, who in sentencing Kocan to life imprisonment, observed: "I agree to some extent you have a disordered personality, but you are not weak-minded."

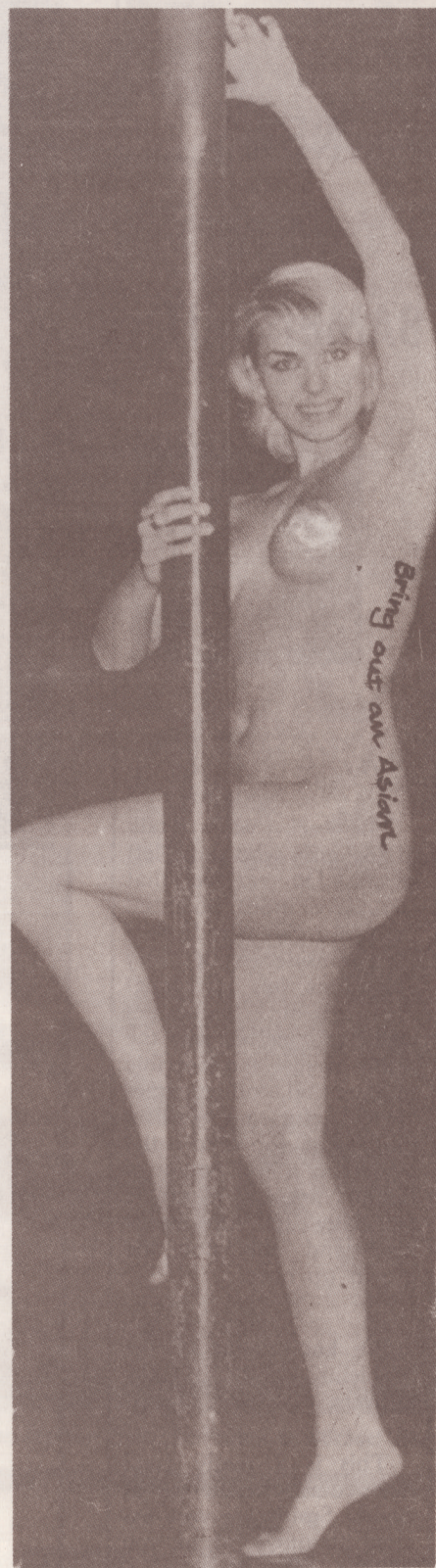
Born Loser: Ron Clarke.

The Mr. Whippy Humanitarian Prize: Judge Adrian Curlewis.

William Wordsworth Prize (to the Poet on the slide from verse to bad: **Kenneth Slessor** for his authorship of that amazing "Telegraph" editorial on Verwoerd's death.

Special Baden Powell "Be Prepared" Award: Charles Whitman, the man who killed 13 people from the clocktower of the University of Texas. "He was an outstanding Boy Scout leader in Austin. He had become an Eagle Scout when he was only 12." (Mr. Harry Ransom, Chancellor of the University of Texas.) Whitman was killed after firing 100 rounds but still had left another 100 rounds in pouches and belts, 6 boxes of rifle ammunition and 4 boxes of pistol bullets.

White Bride: Brigitte Bardot.



A special prize to

SANDY

for getting her tits into everything.

NEWS FROM BAMBI SMITH



Hi Girls,

This week I want to talk to the girls who have left school. Do you feel that you have more potential than your given credit for? Deep inside is a very glamorous you just longing to get out! Sometimes when you let her out the result is just too horrible to mention, other times "wow", for no reason, man! what you need is the new swing'n mini course of Bambi Smith's designed especially for the teenager and the not too grown up ones.

We know most of the problems, and all the answers.

This is a really great new course which we at Bambi Smith are very excited about, we think you will be, too.

See you,

Karl!

FLAIR, January, 1967 65



There are now 2 very desirable Pelaco Whites; your fashionable favourite — the standard white and the long-awaited Triplelife with the revolutionary, long-lasting collar.

Exhaustive tests by Australia's greatest shirtmaker —

"She is indeed a lovely skirt, sir"

Girls, here's your big opportunity to swing into the course originated by the girl who now Go-Gos with Royalty. Learn to put on graces and heirs — to the eighteenth degree. And all in a nice way, of course. You too can learn to be "au fait" (or "on the make", as Bambi says) for any social situation.

Lovely Bambi was once just the girl in the Pelaco shirt ads but now she is one of the most sought-after ex-models in London. Bambi writes: *When I first went overseas many people predicted nothing more for me than an unfortunate chemise but poise, confidence and that little extra something carried me through to the top.*

Whether it's a Glynebourne concert, press conference or constitutional crisis, knowing the correct pose to assume is always invaluable.

Be prepared to meet YOUR Prince Charming. Enrol now with the college whose founder has been acclaimed by Royalty.

Sunday Mirror

6d. July 4, 1965 No. 118

HITLER —MY HERO



ADOLF HITLER: Born 1889, in Austria. Family name Schicklgruber. Became Nazi Germany's self-proclaimed leader in 1934. Started World War II in 1939. Died (presumed suicide) in Berlin in 1945.

"PEOPLE ask me who my heroes are. I have only one—Hitler."

This remarkable statement was made in an interview by the man who has now become Prime Minister of South Vietnam, Air Vice Marshal Nguyen Cao Ky.

He is his country's 10th Premier in twenty months, a military dictator whose precarious regime owes its survival to the presence of 70,000 American troops and the support of nations such as Britain who are embroiled in the ceaseless fight against the Communists.

A country at war against ruthless enemies needs a strong man as its leader.

But is strength the only thing which counts?

Ky discussed his dangerous philosophy with Brian Moynahan, who reports today on Page 9.



South Vietnam's latest Premier, Nguyen Cao Ky—Picture by Michael Joseph.



**Nurse's
ordeal
in the
Congo**

—Centre Pages.



**STORM
GROWS
OVER
DUKE**

—Back Page.



**Maggie
Smith
beats
Bueno**

—See Page 34

THE KY FIG- URES



REV. MILES PURVIS

Rev. Miles Purvis

Former vicar of All Saints, Ashfield, but following his inspiring Napalm Sunday sermon now tends a flock at West Berowra.

Manages to attend every demo and is always in the thick of any incident.

As yet Miles has not been arrested but he is looking forward to a theological battle with the Marshal's Vietnamese bodyguards. "The Gestapo respected the cloth," he says, "but whether the Buddhists will is another matter."

Miles is not afraid of recriminations from the Church hierarchy ("What more can they do?") or from his few loyal parishioners. "I won't be a running dog-collar of Holt's," he exclaims. "God's on my side."

Mrs. Jack Larkin

Tea lady for the Association for International Co-operation & Disarmament and oldest member of the Eureka Youth League, though her rheumatism stops her walking, Mrs. Larkin now supervises Hiroshima Day sandwiches and plays Henry Lawson's mother on the BWIU May Day float. Has battled for Peace ever since it began.

Husband Jack Larkin sets her a fine example. Jack was crippled by a New Guard pick-handle at the Lane Cove Massacre but settled the score at the famous Kogarah Revenge and has continued fighting for peace. Now reduced to poster building and Medicong bandage rolling.



MRS. JACK LARKIN



PENNY WILSON

Penny Wilson

Leading light of small but vigorous Killara C.P. branch, Penny and her university friends were eager to show that opposition was spread through every class. It was Penny's white MGB you saw attempting to run down Holt at Kogarah Town Hall.

Led the well-remembered Abbotsleigh "black pyjama" squad at the College Street LBJ demo. Cut microphone leads at McMahon election meeting, ATN 7 teach-in and at least five Michael Darby rallies.

Her younger sister, Prue, spat at Holt (missed but hit Sgt. Longbottom of Security, so effort not wasted).

Humphrey Henson

Clerk aged 43. Mr. Henson emerged from the Martin

DEMO

Place gents late one Friday afternoon and, as he told the court, "everything went black and I just got carried away." During his turn, Mr. Henson not only joined the demo but also attacked three policemen, who carried him away.

A similar thing happened to Mr. Henson in 1939 when he emerged and became the hero of the War Bonds Committee by pledging £168,000, which he is still paying off in instalments.

Mr. Henson, now one of the anti-Viet stalwarts, can be relied upon to go into a trance at every demonstration.

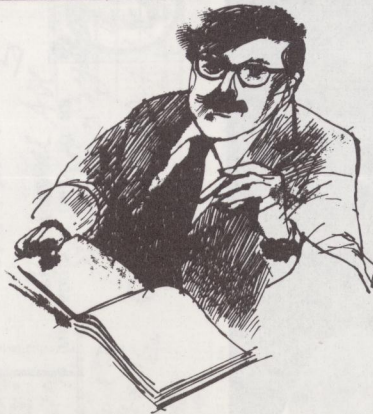
Dr. Dermott Ailesbury

British lecturer, once one of Bernard Russell's Council of 31. Could not take the demise of CND's sit-downs, so emigrated. Now a "back-room strategist" for AICD, YCAC, SOS, VAD and YMCA. Under cloud in his department for introducing anti-Ky sentiments into Romantic Poets lectures.

Derm's pamphlets include "Inside the Iron Triangle", "Ho Chi Minh — the Agony and the Ecstasy" and "Fascism in the Mekong".

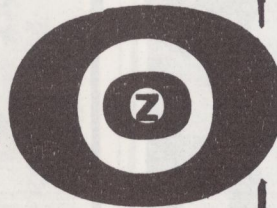


HUMPHREY HENSON



DR. DERMOTT AILESURY

ALL
ABOUT



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THE BRIDGE

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VIETNAM

SPECTROSCOPE

Although the leopard may not change its spots, the young lions of the 5th Battalion have decided to change their colours. Gone is the traditional deep bronze green — henceforth, according to Sydney Morning Herald Defence Correspondent, Noel Lindblon, an "olive drab" is to cover their fighting equipment. Here are a few more clashing colours expected to be seen through a field-glass darkly on the paddy fields this summer.

HAROLD HOLT FAWN: a dirty lacklustre tint, which spreads very thin. Particularly well enamelled, but tends to crack under pressure. Used mainly as camouflage with EXTERNAL AFFAIRS GLOSS. Mixes well with ED CLARKE CHESTNUT, another product that is definitely up to putty.

MARSHAL KY CHAMELEON: an interesting application which changes its colours with the political climate. Demands continual protection to prevent flaking. Decays easily and experts predict a sticky finish.

ANZAC BRONZE: colour of our own chocolate soldiers, by now thoroughly browned off with the whole operation. Just stir and apply—if possible with U.S. air-cover. Reputation only tarnished by Saigon Whorefrost (a Balm paints product), which merges well at first peeling but can later cause rusty joints.

WILLIAM LILY-WHITE: one colour that doesn't make it — the army found that this white was strictly beyond the pale. It remains lead-free.

—G.R.



© Lawson

69 DROOP MEWS S.W. 10.

SOUTHEND ON SEA

257

FOR CURRENCY

Hughes baby, English theatre is in
a ferment. What with the Theatre

LINEAR GARDEN



BRITISH
CARD
THE ADDRESS ON

THE ADDRESS ON

11 MAY 1967

POST
69 Droop News S.W. 10.

Dear Bill,

The whole of England
applauded your stand. (Or should I
say snort, really judging from the
pictures). All walks, or I should say
marches of life in England are against
Ruling & Consorting (except the police
& armists). Although some of the love's
Gaur' yahon push from the D.V.C.
recoiled you protest too much, the
English were truly idealistic like
us, believing protest "too much!"
Keep up the good fight (non-combatant)

Sincerely, Mick.

CARD.

THE ADDRESS ONLY TO BE
WRITTEN HERE

PLEASE FORWARD
Mr. William White
of Australian Army
Prison, Puckapunyal

AUSTRALIA





of Chaucer (the most famous English) & Theatre by the Absurd (Sound of Music 6th year) & the latest Theatre of Fact (Revised House of Lords) it's all happening. Private game play nights are held approximately, Gboard, Shikid, Feydau, Mad Simon & Eric Sykes. Vietnam live via Early Bird Satellite has hit the box office of Peter Brooks. US however otherwise all London. A stage. Friends of the Theatre hope it's a stage it'll pass through. Mickey

ENSEMBLE THEATRE
North Sydney
AUSTRALIA

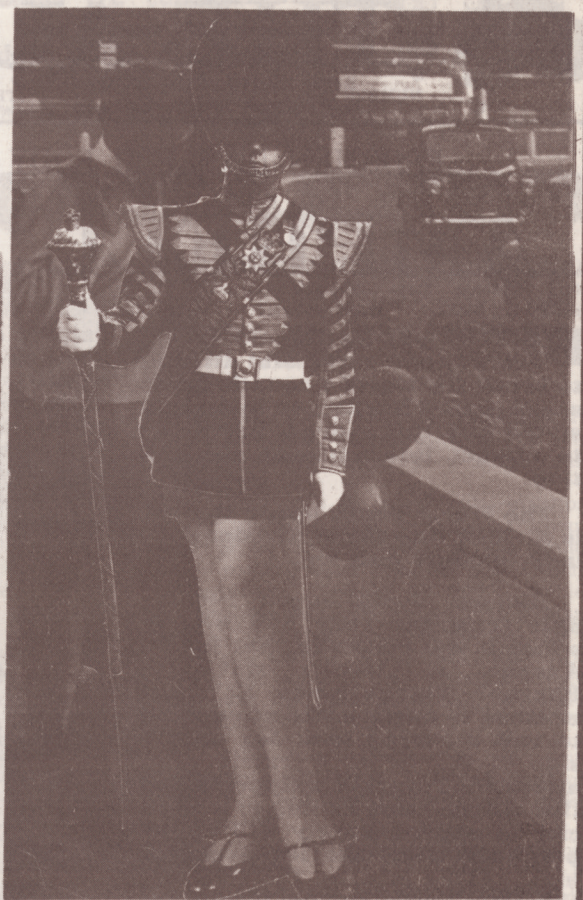


69 DROOP NEWS. 5.W. 10. Monday 27
Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II
Sa Majesté la Reine Elisabeth II
Ihre Majestät die Königin Elisabeth II
Dear Mum, in this time of crisis for the Old Country (and things and tad, the gods would give me a comic period) the Queen has been an inspiration to her subjects, out in front, leading them on, protocol completely dropped as Britain struggles to reduce her imbalances and get down to gritty productivity. And of Her Majesty gets pragmatically about doing her bit for the country, it's like you often said Mum, breeding shows.
Love, Michael.
P.S. Please take another 200 P.P.S. Don't tell the old man. Thanks.
L.D. 235
L6 BRITISH PHOTOGRAPHY PRINTED IN ITALY



Mrs Marjorie MacEvoy
"White Sails"
Balmoral Ave.
St. Ives, Sydney.
AUSTRALIA

KODAK EKTACHROME FILM



NATURAL COLOUR SERIES
PHOTO
GREETINGS
GT BRITAIN

Changing the Guard at Buckingham Palace
London
69 DROOP NEWS 5.W. 10
Tuesday

Carol dear, not from Queen's (No! silly, the real one.) Just seen the Changing of the Guards And Troop! What with Larnaby St. & "le miniature" those groovy Guards sure are changing xx Michele xx
P.S. Love to Gordon

The Magnificent Carlotta,
~~of the Great Book,~~
Les Girls
Probyn Gardens
Kings Cross
AUSTRALIA

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THE AUSTRALIAN

NUMBER 784

THURSDAY JANUARY 5 1967

PRICE FIVE CENTS

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FROGMEN DIVE FOR BODY OF FASTEST MAN ON LAND AND WATER

CAMPBELL DIES AT 310 mph

BRITISH patriot Donald Campbell's recent successful attempt to break the world's aquatic death speed record has served to demonstrate how this sport is beginning to attract international recognition.

The World Death Speed Record is divided into three divisions — land, aquatic and air.

Modern death speed records date from the year 549 B.C. in which it was recorded that Danny Aarons, a Jewish slave to Pharaoh Tutankhamen XIV was crushed to death while attempting to roll a 3½-ton teak log up the side of the Great Pyramid. An attendant Egyptian whipper noted that Aarons was rolling at a velocity of approximately 479 Cubits per hour when the log overtook him. (This is also, incidentally the first entry in the World 3½-ton teak log speed record archives.)

While penny-farthings, paddle steamers and the Stephenson's Rocket had helped to keep the world death speed record rising at a respectable rate during the Nineteenth Century, it was the invention of the internal combustion engine which brought this popular sport to its present pitch of sophistication.

The air speed record (previously held by Jean-Baptiste Dubois at 43 metres per hour — recorded at the moment of

impact of his flaming helium balloon descent in North-West Province) was shattered with the first accurately measured aeroplane crash. Viscount William of Haversham, in a rare display of sporting courage, managed to demolish his Sopwith tri-plane against the four-foot thick

the competitor had survived his attempt. During the Second World War a special sub-section within the Airspeed section had to be declared for recorded instances of unopened parachute descents.

Team events — especially the mass airline crash — have attracted many competitors, and in this division additional recognition is awarded by the Society for the most successful airline company.

For sentimental reasons and also with a view to verifying doubtful cases, the Society is in regular contact with past record-holders. In its monthly newsletter "Velocity", special articles cabled direct from their Upper and Lower correspondents tell of the more bizarre historic successes. Ebenezer Prout, Overland Figured Bass (landspeed) record holder blazed his way to posterity when in 1927, his completely rebuilt Wurlitzer overheated at 7,000 bars per min., causing the diapason to become unstopped. The resultant gush of hot air smothered Prout and he perished at over 150 mph.

But now it is Britain who has once again stolen the death speed record limelight. For the Campbell family at least, Father seems to have known best. Wage freezing phooey! Britannia rules Davey Jones' Locker, if not the waves.



masonry wall of the Lower Putney Finishing School for Young Ladies.

It was at this time that the Societe Internationale des Morts Rapides was first constituted to help bring a standardised method of measurement and recording to the sport. From its Secretariat in Paris, the Society registered dates and results, ever on the lookout for bogus claims in which

HOT BOOKS!

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JOKE DIARY!

ZANY ADULT

PARTY GAMES!

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

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

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IN FULL COLOUR TO:

A. O. GIFTS
& NOVELTIES

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



LAST month Paddington artist and sometime OZ cartoonist, Mike Brown, was sentenced to three months' hard labour for displaying at Sydney's Gallery A some Pop paintings which featured a melange of private parts. He appeared before that well-known art critic and literateur, Gerry Locke S.M. and the following are extracts from the hearing.



GERRY and the PAGEMAKERS

THE first witness was Senior Constable Kitto who testified that he had seen the paintings hanging on the walls of Gallery A.

Horler: So then you would also agree I assume that the study of motivation is still a very new study,

Kitto: Yes.

Locke: Why do you say it is a new study?

Horler: I am assuming it, with respect.

★ ★ ★

Locke: As I understand the law, it is for the Court — and let's not mince words, that means me — to decide whether or not certain matter is indecent. It seems to me that it is quite irrelevant to the consideration of that question what this witness or anybody else thinks about whether a painting is indecent or not.

★ ★ ★

Locke: Again I can relieve you of some responsibility, Mr. Horler, by telling you that I am fully aware that the female form today is being exploited in a thousand different ways for gain. That is to say, on the back of magazines and various other things for the purpose of gain.

Horler: Your Worship is making a moral judgement . . .

Locke: I am. That is what I propose to do in this case because that is my task.

Horler: My case is to show that the standard of decency is ever changing.

Locke: Who sets the standard? The people who portray the human form for their sordid gain? Are these the people who set the standards in our community?

THE first witness for the defence was John Reed, a Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Laws from Cambridge, one of the founders of the Contemporary Arts Society of Victoria and of the Melbourne Museum of Modern Art, and an author on art criticism.

Locke: You see that piece of writing on the lower left hand section of it — "Liddel Bow Pip"?

Reed: Yes.

Locke: Are you aware of a modern literary form called "strine"?

Reed: Yes.

Locke: Do you recognise that as a piece of strine?

Reed: I hadn't thought of that.

Locke: So its literary merit has completely escaped you, or up until the present it had completely escaped you?

Reed: Yes.

Locke: I suppose you recognise rightly or wrongly, that today strine is an accepted literary form. Indeed one of the chief exponents of it in this state is a very eminent professor of the university?

Reed: In a way, yes.

Locke: I suppose as such it has literary merit?

Reed: I wouldn't say so. Not without making a study of it. It seems to me completely irrelevant to what is in the painting.

Locke: So you are concerned with the totality, what it does to your eye?

Reed: That is the primary concern, yes.

★ ★ ★

Locke: What would you say if the artist had portrayed the anus of that man and nothing but the anus of that man, would you say that such a thing could have artistic merit?

Reed: If you present me with a painting of an anus and then ask me if it had artistic merit I would be able to answer.

Locke: So you mean it is possible for such a painting to have artistic merit?

Reed: I say you cannot say in abstract. Show me the painting and then I could give you an answer.

Locke: If you are prepared to exercise a judgement, it seems implied to me that such a painting could have artistic merit?

Reed: You're asking me a question which is very difficult. My real answer would have to be — show me the painting and I will tell you.

Locke: I believe you are evading the question, sir, you have said that whether or not a painting of the anus of that male person has artistic merit or not would depend upon your examining such a painting and deciding whether or not it had artistic merit. This is what you have said, isn't it?

Reed: Yes, I think I'll have to accept that.

Locke: So then that presupposes, does it not, that such a painting could be judged by you to have artistic merit?

Reed: If it was a work of art, yes.

Locke: I suppose that if a so-called artist were so depraved as to paint the inside of a sewer pipe, by the same process of reasoning, that could be judged to have artistic merit?

Reed: I couldn't answer when you use the words "so depraved".

Locke: Suppose an artist saw fit to paint the inside of a sewer pipe does it not follow that such a painting could be judged by you to have artistic merit?

Reed: Yes.

★ ★ ★

Horler (objecting): This witness has made his point very clear. If parts are being referred to individually then it is only a waste of the Court's time because the witness will again give the same answer, that he only considers these paintings in their totality.

Locke: There is perhaps, from one point of view, much to be said for this objection in view of the fact that this witness has repeatedly sworn that his primary interest in work of art is his own visual experience and his own response to the totality of the work and not to its detail. It has already become apparent — and I say this not in the least disdainfully of the witness — that the witness is quite unaware of some of the detail of some of these exhibits and the extraordinary thing is that the detail of which he is unaware is the first thing that would strike the ordinary unpractised viewer.

A NOTHER defence witness was Elwyn Lynn, art critic for "The Australian" and "The Bulletin", himself a painter and former winner of the Blake Prize.

Horler: As a question of contemporary aesthetics would you say there is any subject intrinsically barred as a subject for the painter?

Lynn: Now this is a difficult question because it deals with suppositions about paintings we haven't seen. If one could see the painting of an anus one might come to conclusions. I would say that it would be most shocking. I'd say that if a man persisted in doing paintings of this kind one might wonder about him. But then there is one kind of painting some people think have intrinsic merit and these are the innumerable crucifixions.

Locke: I ask you to desist from that type of gratuitous evidence. I have put my foot down: You will continue with your cross examination.

Horler: You are not even hearing me on the point.

Locke: I ask you to comply Mr. Horler. If you keep begging the question I will deal with you.

Horler: I am asking you to tell me why this witness cannot give an answer.

Locke: I ask you for the last time to pursue your examination if you have any. I direct you for the last time.

Police Prosecutor: Referring to different parts of the work, you see an elongated object on the bottom left corner in a mauve colour?

Lynn: Yes.

P.P.: Could you form an opinion as to what that represents?

Lynn: A penis-like, worm-like object.

P.P.: Would you form the view that it was meant to represent a penis?

Lynn: Partially.

P.P.: Did you have any difficulty in arriving at that conclusion?

Lynn: No, no difficulty.

P.P.: I refer you to the section in the bottom left hand corner and referring firstly to the figure in orange — do you agree that that purports to be the figure of a female?

Lynn: Yes.

P.P.: That the vaginal region is depicted most conspicuously?

Lynn: Yes.

P.P.: The breasts are also depicted most conspicuously?

Lynn: Well one is a bit like a pear and one is like an apple.

P.P.: Have you any doubt about what they are supposed to depict?

Lynn: I just simply say that they are obviously supposed to be breasts but one looks like a pear and the other like an apple.

D. DUCK — a reappraisal

Disney is dead but Donald Duck lives on. We would like to take this morbid event as an opportunity to reprint a review that first appeared in the second issue of OZ in May, 1963. It is a review of the comic, "The Best of Donald Duck".

SOMEDAY when you're old and crackly and wrinkled as autumn and shrivelled as prunes and your head hums with old hymns and ticks with the tick of a grand daddy clock, and your eyes are blooded with time, when your wrist curls back and your toes rot off and you can smell yourself a mile away, when your dandruff turns brown and your thumbnails yellow, when at last you care enough to remember, in pain, the days you cared not a jot, you may then, in the afterward-world, as I do now, in the meanwhile world, go out with a pain in your head and buy a copy or twain of "The Best of Donald Duck".

You may read awhile and snuckle, as of olden times, at Donald's hornswoggling devil-may-take-it-but-I'm-still — George Washington-to-the-true-blue-core as he palpitates and curses round the landscape like a cottonpuff meteor entering stiffer layers of atmosphere, but after a time you will get to be filled with a nameless dread. Your ripening Agnosticism blossoms into full-bosomed horror and disgust, by God, disgust.

Consider a few things, Donald is a drake who calls himself a duck. His neighbours are dogs. He associates with mice who wear eyelashes and rouge and trousers with tail-holes and white gloves and puffy little yellow booties and are ten times bigger than the biggest rat. The ducks are the same size as the dogs, who (with the exception of Pluto, who is not just a dog, he's a dogdog) in turn are not much bigger than the mice and much smaller than the cats (Black Pete, the Beagle Boys) and they all speak the same language and drive cars.

Everybody wears trousers except the ducks, who go naked in the world and are not ashamed. They wear the top half of sailor suits only. But (and mark this) if they ever take a bath, they invariably emerge with a towel around their bottom half, betraying a dormant modesty in spite of the pervading dogma that they have nothing to hide.

Donald is courting Daisy, who is his cousin. Gladstone is Donald's cousin and he is a goose. Huey, Dewey and Louie are Donald's nephews but their parents are never seen or even discussed. One presumes Donald found them as eggs on the doorstep and hatched them himself. Yet in one episode Gladstone and Donald pelt each other with eggs (think about that for a while if you can bear to) and in another they all eat barbecued chicken.

They keep forgetting they are merely poultry themselves, albeit civilised. On one occasion the antipathal-minded brats peer up at Unca and say—

"Yes and if"

"We had wings"

"We could fly."

Actually their pinions have mutated into little arms: but they have only three fingers on each hand. Some are more transmogrified than others: Gladstone has wavy hair, Scrooge has sideburns and sometimes teeth. Scrooge (who claims to be Donald's uncle, though his name is in fact McDuck, and is neither Gran'ma's brother nor her son) is highly civilised. He wears a top hat, specs, and shoes on the top of his feet, But no ears. Sideburns but no ears. His



specs sit on his broad duckbill and do not slide. Donald wears a sailor suit and never says why, or where, the bell-bottomed trousers got to. The boys never go to school, show interest in girls or even grow up. The age of everyone concerned is highly contentious. Scrooge (an old Klondike man and a naturalised Scot) is over ninety but spry. Gran'ma, who belongs to the generation before Scrooge (making her at least 110) still chandles corn. Donald is over thirty but still single. Daisy is like Della Street. She'll wait till the sea runs dry. But she's getting a mite desperate now. She's premeditating wedlock with a goose. All right, I suppose, but not the most conducive thing to compatibility and bliss.

It's plainly symbolic. It's got to be. It's a parable about man striving out of bestiality into divinity. He denies his bestiality and betrays his fellow beasts. Donald is Everyman: just a guy. Scrooge is Ambitious Man, the Artist. The boys are the Greek-chorus-cum-guardian-angels (with their junior woodchuck brand of modified magic). Gladstone is the Antichrist and Daisy the Virgin Mary.

Otherwise they got no excuse.

One day, later, when we bomb ourselves silly and get dug up by scholars with spades "The best of Donald Duck" will be the "Hamlet" of its day. Nothing that complicated can be that simple. It's got to have a Message, or we're lost.

It's worth buying anyway. Much better value than two helpings of Fulton Sheen on the pay-TV, or even five paddlepops (which now come in butterscotch, so this is praise indeed).

B.E.

No Holts Barred

1966 was the year of changeover: to decimal currency (C-day), to Harold (M-day); it was the year of card-burning (it's an ill draft that blows nobody any good), of mini-skirts (also mini-imaginings, mini-foresight, mini-statesmanship). It was the year of "No Holts Barred".

It was the end of the Ming Dynasty it was a year of designers (Gordon Andrews, Utzon, the House of Magg) but above all it was the Year of the Holt and the Maimed. In the end it was Harold and Vietnam that dominated.

"No Holts Barred" begins at Menzies and traces the last twelve months through a selection of the best political and social comment cartoons published in that period . . . cartoons by Petty, Molnar, Tanner, Sharp, Rigby, Weg, Benier, Collette, Eyre Jnr., Mercier, Glasheen and Serelis. Over 100 of them.

"No Holts Barred" is selected and with a text by Richard Walsh*. It sells at all booksellers at 90c.

**On January 23 Richard Walsh will be autographing copies of "No Holts Barred" from 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. at The Pocket Bookshop, 98 Pitt St., Sydney, where during the same week Thea Astley, Jan Smith and Ronald Anderson will be autographing their current Sun Books: "Slow Natives", "An Ornament of Grace" and "On the Sheep's Back".*



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Airmail copies of the first edition of London OZ will be available within the next fortnight. Send 40c. to OZ at 16 Hunter St., Sydney.

O.K.

The bus moved city-wards officially, stop-to-stop. The upstairs section was full except for one seat beside an aboriginal girl. He was instantly enlivened by the situation and inside, he felt an itch. He made a display of looking for another seat and then very seriously and very naturally sat beside her.

Pretending to see into the outside darkness with a few glances of overacted casualness, he spied on the girl. She was over made-up but her hair was straight, not frizzed, and cut short and mod. She wore a black sweater over up-emphasised breasts which swung slightly with a heavy physical movement. She wore black tights, gold-threaded slipper-shoes. Around her wrist was an imitation gold identification bracelet which slung down over her hand. Why was the way the bracelet fell, lascivious? She chewed gum. Social pressures made them dress like harlots — or like Sunday school girls.

He carefully did not touch her with his leg and checked and measured the respectable gap between them. He opened and did not read *Our Language*. She will see that I am at university he thought, shuffling his symbolic brief case around under his feet.

If I don't talk with her my membership of SAFA means nothing. I'd be nothing more than an armchair do-gooder. He furtively watched, and assessed, the one or two glances she gave him but they were disinterested and did not interrupt the rhythm of her gum. Girls like her are pawed at by every drunk and leered at by every rocker. We treat minorities as exploitable. If I talk with her it will be useful preparation for the September Freedom Ride. It could be misconstrued. She'll think I'm trying a pick-up. James Baldwin was right when he said that it is difficult for black and white to mix freely because both have their real responses smothered by preconceptions, inhibitions, and intellectual attitudes.

He looked into his book. Even having read Baldwin becomes an obstacle. It is yet another intellectual interference. The colour problem is hellishly complicated.

Furthermore he was uneasy about beginning the conversation because others in the bus would overhear and construe it as a pick-up. He would be hampered by this.

He felt defeated. I am unable to relate easily in strange situations. I am too concerned with what others think. I'm a social victim. He sat, frustrating. I am just unable to relate. I am socially inept.

He mustered his personality for another attempt. I will talk to her.

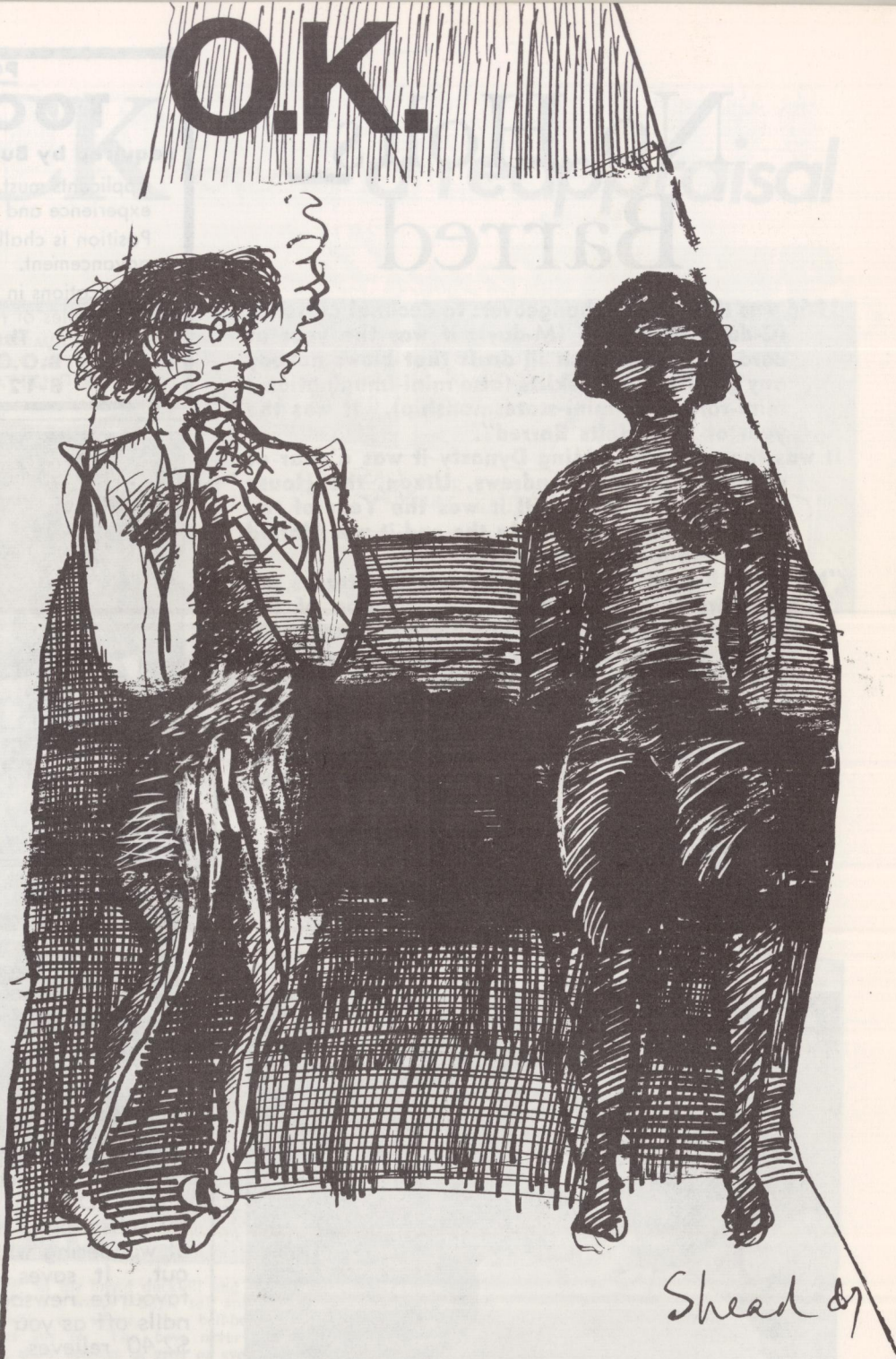
At the next stop, he thought, at the next stop.

The bus was emptying. That was at least to his advantage.

He would talk with her about SAFA. About the lecture they'd had from Professor Elkin. About Baldwin.

Then she stood up. He looked up politely and moved his brief case compressing his legs against the seat. She passed him, smelling of perfume — too much, he thought, but for some it would be erotic. With both relief and disappointment he acknowledged that the opportunity had been lost and he demobilised his personality.

But she did not leave the bus. Startled,



O.K.

BY FRANK MOOREHOUSE

he saw her sit in an emptied seat.

My God, they'll think I touched her or something. He reddened and looked into his book.

Every man must try it on them. She must have moved to avoid me — as a precaution. But I was discreet. I don't look like a bum. It was plain that I was from university. I am not actually the lecherous type. Perhaps she wanted to be picked up. Perhaps she's sitting in an empty seat to attract a pick-up. His mind galloped around the idea. No, that was unfair. Perhaps she just wanted more room. I wasn't crowding her. He checked the space he occupied on the seat. A dainty half.

She's frightened of whites. We treat minorities as exploitable. We are a majority. Majority equals power. Power permits exploitation. Smith's racial formula.

He peered at her now and then, up from his book. In the city she moved to leave the bus two stops before his. Impulsively he decided to alight too. He stood back, with a friendly smile, to allow her to pass. She missed the smile. I am doing this out of curiosity. I'm doing it because I failed to make a human contact, to reach out, because I failed as a human being. Alright, I was a little offended too because she moved. She's my age. I could take her places. To meetings. Give her opportunities. We have to break their depressed living patterns.

He stumbled off the bus. Hell.

"Excuse me," he said, "I was going to talk to you before you moved."

She chewed gum at him.

"I'm from SAFA — Student Action for Aborigines — at the university — I guess you know all about it?"

She might have shook her head. She might have nodded. She stood there, fat lipped.

She began to move away.

"Please — don't get me wrong — please. Would you like coffee or something? We could talk. About conditions. I was intrigued when you moved to another seat."

"I wanted-a-seat-on-my-own", she said in a blurred sentence which passed him like a swift bird.

"Oh I thought all sorts of things," he laughed, "You had me worried," he laughed.

He walked beside her laughing as she moved.

"I thought we could have a talk — now that the ice is broken," he smiled.

She looked at him, slowing down her chewing to a derisive rotation.

"Piss off," she said through her gum and then walked away. She crossed the street and went into a hotel.

Well, he thought, I balled that up.

He stood embarrassed.

OK, OK, so I did want to screw her. He felt some ease from this recognition. He sensed the pleasure of self-criticism. OK, so all contact with coloured people is sexual. He jumped onto the thought and rode it.

You only meet them in a deep simmering hope that you'll get to meet their wives, daughters, or sisters and be admitted to their dark, sinister, mysterious sexual rites. All contact with coloured people is sexual, even if you do some Good to get it. We're hopelessly socially conditioned. He hurdled the ideas with a clear freedom. I don't mind coloured girls being over-scented — I wouldn't like Julie to wear any.

OK, OK so I'm prejudiced and I wanted to screw her. So we're all prejudiced and we all want to screw them.

CLIPPER TOO FAST FOR BIRTH girl overboard !!!

The fast steam clipper chartered by Jack Kernohan The Bookman, the arrival of which was reported in the last issue of OZ, met with disaster. Arriving in a great wave, with the Captain rowing furiously, the Mate on the steam and in bed with a Gin & two blankets, the old fashioned Shearer's Cocktail, the ship went past the pier, and has only just beached. "Cowboy Kate" was lost overboard, riding a sea-horse to the end.

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A Day in the NEVER-NEVER

—by a Vestey's Vagrant

Him Vestey he say you git. You git no more bully no more tea, jam, flour no luxury no more. He say you like this bloke Olive Twiss you ask for more you cheeky feller. You no plurry git more. You git.

We git. We walkabout forty fifty mile. Missus hungry. Kids hungry. Missus say when you gonna get dinner. Where kangaroo. I say kangaroo he all in tin.

We travel. See bloody bigfeller goanna. Sneak up bloody quick with nulla nulla. Then would you believe along come pioneer bus. Bloody goanna him near die of fright he go like hell.

Him pioneer bus he no stop but him throw plenty feller minties. Bloody good.

We walkabout more. Missus hungry. Kids hungry. Me bloody hungry. Then him kid, him eldest number one son him yell out. Him bloody clever bastard. Him found dinner. Him trod on bloody taipan snake.

We all full now. That bloody snake him good tucker. And him number one son, him have to work for bloody Vestey's no more.

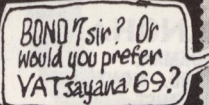
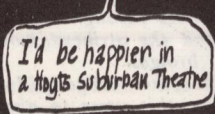
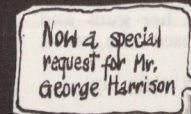
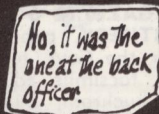
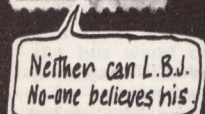
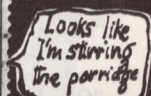
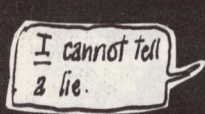
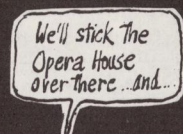
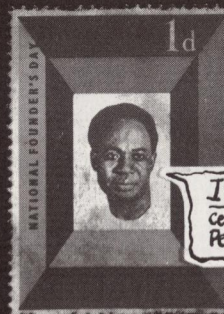


Black Banners

*Oh! the word was round the station
That the sand-blight of frustration
Had ended and the men were here at last
To awake their dusky brothers,
Fathers, uncles, aunts and mothers,
So as lazy loafers they would not be classed.
"Pay! Prosperity for Ever!",
Echoes through the Never-Never
And the strikers' words would even startle
brolgas.
But their wage will rise in time,
For this verse to almost rhyme,
And send poetic justice up the mulgas.*

a la Kath Walker

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The Qantas strike lasted 28 days and cost Qantas — and indirectly the country — \$10 million. It is an axiom that when someone loses, someone else must have at least a chance of gaining. Let us ask a few questions to decide who this might have been.

1. Sir Roland Wilson is chairman of Qantas, and took a fairly conciliatory line on the strike. Formerly he was secretary to the treasury under the Menzies government.

- (a) Who was his boss then?
- (b) What position does this man hold now?

2. Several days before the strike ballot was taken among the pilots Mr. Leslie Bury, the Minister for Labour and National Service, suggested to Mr. William McMahon, the deputy leader of the Liberal Party, that the planned trip to Japan in which Mr. Bury was going to deputise for Mr. McMahon might be unwise. I might be needed here, Mr. Bury said with massive understatement.

Mr. McMahon replied: Nonsense, old boy. You go to Japan and I will look after everything here. And take three weeks there, not the one you've planned.

Mr. Bury left, and still before the strike ballot was taken, Mr. McMahon rang Sir Roland Wilson. Your pilots are likely to go on strike, he told Sir Roland, with the uncanny prescience that has made his name a byword. But don't you do anything about it, he warned, as if Sir Roland could have. The government, in the person of myself, will fix everything.

When the pilots did go on strike, Mr. McMahon issued an inflammatory statement which stressed his own importance and prolonged the strike unnecessarily for at least a fortnight.

- (a) What job does Mr. McMahon want?
- (b) Why has he been canvassing support in the Liberal Party to get rid of Harold Holt?
- (c) What important triennial event took place on the fourth day of the strike, November 26?

3. Captain Richard Holt (no relation to Harold) is the strongly militant leader of the Pilots' Federation. His intransigence in negotiations and open enmity to the Qantas management also prolonged the strike unnecessarily.

Captain Holt is not a Qantas pilot. In fact, for some time he has not even held a commercial pilot's licence.

- (a) By which commercial airline operator is he employed?
- (b) Why has Reg Ansett been conducting a survey on the cost of running an overseas airline?

4. Sir Frank Packer insisted that either he himself or the editor of the Daily Telegraph, Mr. David McNicholl, personally inspect everything written by his reporters on the strike before it appeared. Even for the Daily Telegraph, the demand for a hard government line and the borderline libel pieces about the pilots appeared extreme. End the strike at any cost, was the cry.

- (a) Why does Sir Frank Packer want Mr. McMahon as prime minister?
- (b) Why does Sir Frank Packer hate Reg Ansett? Can it really only be because Mr. Ansett's television stations are subsidised while Sir Frank's are not?

5. Mr. Leslie Bury was the man who eventually broke the strike, despite Mr. McMahon's helpful advice ("put them all in gaol, Leslie. They'll back down, like the wharfies did for me . . ."). The Minister for Civil Aviation, Mr. Swartz, was not much help either.

- (a) How do these three get on together?
- (b) Which of them does Harold Holt like best?

6. The chief executive of Qantas is Mr. C. O. Turner, whom the pilots hate. Mr. Turner thinks he should have been chairman of Qantas. But Harold Holt and Sir Robert Menzies thought Sir Roland Wilson should be chairman of Qantas, despite the fact that Sir Roland knows little if anything about running an airline.

- (a) which of these two men has more actual power in Qantas?
- (b) Why did Mr. Turner spend so much time during the negotiations trying to make Sir Roland look foolish in front of the pilots?
- (c) Why did Mr. Turner take a very hard line during negotiations?
- (d) How do Reg Ansett, Mr. McMahon and Mr. Turner get on together?

7. Who stood to profit if, during the strike:

- (a) The government, and through it the Prime Minister was discredited;
- (b) The management of Qantas, and through it the chairman, was discredited;
- (c) Qantas was damaged?

8. What proportion of the pilots and general public were able to answer these questions during the strike?

WHAT IS A BINKIE?



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