

OZ

39 JULY 20c
Registered at the G.P.O. Sydney for
transmission by post as a periodical.

OZ

Church

angry at 'nun' styles

NEW YORK, Thursday. — A
boiling new controversy
hit the American fashion world
with the unveiling of
styles adapted from

*Knees Up
Mother
Superior*

Roman

skirts
less

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mini-

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7

models parade
in "mini-medievals" modelled
on nuns' and monks' dress, de-
signed by 34-year-old Walter
Holmes for Paraphernalia.
The creations aroused an im-
mediate storm. Radiopicture.

AMAZING YEO- YEO OFFER!



NEWS ITEM: June 22. Sir William Yeo has approved the issue of the Vietnam Medal.

The medal portrays a naked Anzac, symbolising Australia's lack of defence-preparedness and

the latent homosexuality of the mateship ethos.

The naked Anzac is seen disappearing up Australia's international credibility gap.

day DIED ON 'He loved children'

MAY 20: CAIRO. Eight people were trampled to death here today in the stampede to see a "vision" of the "Virgin Mary" which was said to have appeared in one of Cairo's suburbs.

A spokesman for the Church said he couldn't be sure about the "vision" but it was certainly a miracle that more hadn't been killed. He hinted that this was "a sure sign that God's on our side." The Israeli Foreign Office declined to comment.

At last report, none of the victims appeared to have been resurrected.

★ ★ ★
MAY 23: Gorton left for the USA; Mrs. Gandhi prepared to leave Melbourne for Sydney. The Indian PM's courtesy continued; the Australian PM's discourtesy was evident.

★ ★ ★
MAY 29: The RSPCA decided that they would accept the Joe Borg fortune. "We can only speak from the animals' point of view," barked RSPCA assistant inspector, Mr. F. Powell, "and I don't think they will give a damn where the money comes from."

The RSPCA will use the money to construct a new section for stray girls.

★ ★ ★
John McEwen announced to Parliament that ASIO will have cost the nation \$3½ million this year and can be expected to cost \$4 million next year.

It is expected that the Commonwealth's contract for security work may be taken away from ASIO and given to Hector Crawford Productions, who in the past have been able to come up with a crime/solution ratio of one a week on a somewhat more modest budget.



★ ★ ★
JUNE 6: "Ruthless pruning": Menzies" (The Age). It was Sir Robert riding off on his universities' finance hobbyhorse—his last

by dreary day

THE JOB

chance to do something worthwhile for the country—but it might just as well have been his comment on the RFK assassination.

JUNE 7: The editor of the Melbourne "Jewish Herald", Mr. David Lederman, vowed to fight an ultimatum from the Victorian Board of Deputies to drop Sydney columnist, Mark Braham, or to face a boycott: "I don't make a living out of my Jewish advertisers. If I go down, I'll keep fighting to the end for the freedom of the Press."

Braham's column, which had recently criticised the intransigence of Israel's Foreign Policy, was later dropped—a very sad and serious reflection on the Jewish community's tolerance of a free discussion of the Middle East question.

JUNE 8: Arthur Rylah joined The Group, as did the Big Z. (who at least was witty enough to know it wasn't on her own merits, bless her) and Sir Denham Henty (nee Senator H.) for allowing Gorton take over the leadership of the Government in the Senate last year without too much fuss. Lionel Rose was MBEed for being an Aborigine (aren't we all at heart?) and Rolf Harris was also, for being a national caricature. There was also a whole host of eminently forgettable people and missing from the list some truly greats, which is as it should be.

Mrs. Mary Sirhan, mother of the son of the same name, sent a telegram to give condolence to the Kennedy family and, incidentally, to let her fellow-Americans know she existed. Cheques should be marked "Not negotiable" . . .

JUNE 9: The Kennedy Funeral. Two incidents suggest that even the First Family themselves are capable of tasteless maudlinry—the presence of Mrs. King at every turn and Jackie's homage to JFK straight after the burial. Funerals are for homage to the recent-dead, not for displays of widow-solidarity.

JUNE 10: One of the delegates at the Queensland Liberal Party Conference was

an Aborigine, Mr. Nev Bonner. Explaining his choice of party, Mr. Bonner explained that the Liberals had done much more than any other party for his people, which is strictly accurate if a little unfair. Well-known friend of the Gurinji, Sir Denham Henty, was unavailable to accept the accolade of the Party.

JUNE 10: DLP Deputy Leader McManus's revelation that there had been talks between his party and representatives of the ALP came just in time to cause the greatest impact in ALP circles—coincident with the Eastern State conferences. Whatever their religiosity, there can be little doubt of the DLP's lack of political faith.

JUNE 12: The Queen may visit Sydney in 1970 for the 200th Anniversary of the landing of the British in Australia. In the reenactment she will play the small cameo part of Captain Cook.



JUNE 13: What is it about the Call of the Services that makes Capt. Robertson prefer ignominy to besmirching the Navy? Or makes Capt. Rule, after his Army ordeal assert: "I have no intention of giving up the Army. What has happened is just one of those things?"

Announcing the dropping of all charges against Rule, Army Minister Lynch told the House that Rule had "emerged with no stain on his character or reputation." It's possible Lynch believed it—he's certainly stupid enough to.

JUNE 14: Simon Townsend finally won his exemption from National Service. After the decision he went to Eastern Command personnel depot, signed several forms and underwent a medical examination, the first military instructions he had obeyed voluntarily for a long time—sell-out!

JUNE 20: The SMH carried a small story about Sen. McCarthy's victory in New York. The next day they ran it again, bigger, next to Gorton's Press club speech. There must be an awful lot of those much-publicised "nuts" in New York.

At the Eleventh Hour, electoral canvassers for the vital South Australian seat of Millicent discovered a small cache of 70 voters, previously untouched, and rushed in to woo them. At this stage every vote seemed vital. One had visions of the rivers being dredged for election-winning voters.

JUNE 21: Police used tear gas against demonstrators at Washington's "Resurrection City" and also arrested large numbers. LBJ's much-vaunted Fight Against Poverty seems to be getting particularly vigorous.

JUNE 23: We promised them a weighted vote, mused SA's Steele Hall on the Millicent results. "There's no logic in the way electors vote", he muttered as he quietly redistributed his middle.

JUNE 23: Billy Wentworth staged an Aboriginal Bar-B-Q for the Federal and State Health Ministers (conferring at Darwin of all places) and their wives at Groote Eylandt—shark, stingray, python and other exotica.

While the Health Ministers were attuning their palates in preparation for any future threat from the North takeover, the local Aborigines were doing much the same thing, feasting on rice, curry, and chow mein.

"An Aboriginal named Nagaguma said as he pointed at his plate of curry and rice: 'This number one tucker. More better than bush tucker.'" (S.M.H.)

Federal Health Minister Forbes had the good sense to be in ill-health and declined to participate in this culinary dominoes.

JUNE 24: Robin Askin returned from overseas with the conviction that there was a great need for more such trips by other politicians.

Even before his careful analysis of the situation had been made public, most of his own Ministry were doing the international rounds 'on spec', as it were, that the Premier would consider it a good idea.

Askin explained that the main purpose of his trip was to return the visit to Australia of Italy's President Saragat. If that is true, the rate of exchange between Italian and Australian politicians must have recently suffered a sharp decline.



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- ☐ OZ is an independent magazine published by OZ Publications Ink Limited, Box H143, Australia Square Post Office, Sydney, N.S.W. 2000.
- ☐ OZ is printed by Amalgamated Offset Pty Ltd., Chippendale.
- ☐ OZ pays contributors. Articles should be typed. They do not necessarily have to be satirical. Only those including a stamped addressed envelope will be returned. Send all artwork and copy to The Editors, OZ Magazine, Box H143, OZtralia Square P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. 2000.

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Late News

Recent public opinion polls show that Australian are:

- Against abortion for prostitutes
- For euthanasia for consenting homosexuals
- ARE EQUALLY DIVIDED on the question of increased pensions for deserted Asian war-brides.

The board of O'Connell Oil Explorations announced a new strike last night. The company holds prospecting leases over the Sydney Stock Exchange, the site of Australia's richest nickel mines and oil wells.

Also in the news today was Silver Speculators NL, whose shares jumped spectacularly last week. Companies Branch investigators reported a "good show of hydrocarbons" in the company's Melbourne office after it was discovered that the companies books had been burnt when the directors fled to Chile.

The Joseph Borg Lion Park, due to open near Sydney in August, is threatened by court action. Mr. Borg's widow will contest the will of her late husband who left most of his fortune for the establishment of "a lion show". It will be alleged that the will misrepresents her late husband's intentions and that he was never at any time interested in lions. The court will be asked to declare that there was a misprint in the will and that all the Borg fortune should be used to set up a 37-acre loin show.

Victorian police have issued 14 summonses against Monash University students involved in a mock Crucifixion ceremony. Acting on a reliable tip-off from a paid informer, charges of "offensive behaviour" were laid against Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Andrew, Thomas, Simon, Timothy, Paul, Mary, Pontius and Pilate.

Professional League footballer and TV idol, Mark Keynes was convicted today on charges of overstating his income and of lodging too many tax returns. Keynes, father of a thalidomide baby which also suffers from muscular distrophy, clasped the hand

of his paraplegic wife as he admitted that he had claimed nothing for family medical expenses.

"It was a stupid thing to do," he told Mr. Engles S.M. "I knew that someone would find out sooner or later but everyone says the Tax is fair game."

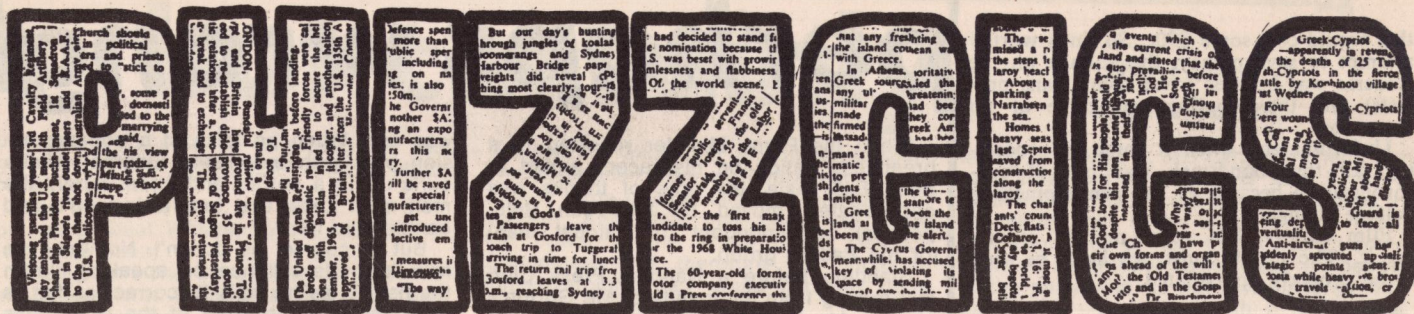
A man who pleaded guilty in Central Court yesterday to a charge of indecent exposure, appeared wearing a pink see-through voile suit with matching cerise wedgie shoes. The man, Sir William Gunn, claimed to be a "grazier and publicist". Police evidence established that the man had offered to expose his "pure natural fibres" to a woman in the next cubicle. The defendant said that he always dressed in an individual manner and upbraided the magistrate for being a double-breasted conservative as he was led away.

The "Cyclamatic controversy" took a new turn today when manufacturers of another artificial sweetener conceded that their product should be used "with caution and always under a doctor's supervision." The company concerned, Colonial Sugar Refining Co., was reacting to reports of holes in the teeth and hearts of young babies. "Cardiac caries" were first noted at Crown Street Women's Hospital and subsequent West German enquiries have caused international concern.

The Crown's chief witness in a pack rape trial admitted today that all the youths charged had known her by a nickname and that she had indulged in "jungle ceremonies" with them almost every weekend for several years. The girl, Susan "Akaela" Hale, denied that she had led the youths on by constantly addressing them as "pack" or as "wolf cubs".

Hale testified that she had been surprised by the attack as she had previously considered the youths to be "good scouts". She admitted that the youths and she had spent frequent weekends together in National Park.

All youths were acquitted.



Pack 'em in

Sydney's University Club usually restricts membership to university graduates. Doctors and lawyers comprise the bulk of members and it is known as one of the more exclusive of the city clubs.

However, a short time ago, Premier Robert Askin (who is not a graduate) let it be known that he'd love to join. There was a fierce debate and at least one threat to resign membership but the People's Choice was admitted in the end.

Perhaps emboldened by Askin's success, non-graduate, Sir Frank Packer was nominated last month. This displeased a number of members who thought he might be out of place in a club for professional men with little of his taste for political intrigue and flamboyant editorials. The club committee received several letters protesting against this invasion in no uncertain terms.

But again, victory went to the big battalions and the ailing mogul was admitted to pass his autumn years in those surroundings to which several members still wish he was not accustomed.

However, for the time being, fortunately, the University Club is being spared Sir Frank's presence by his sojourn in South Africa, where he is currently holidaying and getting all the gen. on how to shoot negroes, how good apartheid is and the like esoteric information.

a prude prying

Last month's OZ reported the High Court's considered judgment that a few weak jokes and flabby paps in "Censor" constituted "indecent", despite a strong judgment to the contrary by the highly regarded New South Wales Court of Appeal.

The most long-winded advocate of censorship in the High Court was Sir Victor Windeyer, who went so far as to cast aspersions on the moral fibre of his more liberal brethren in the Court below:

"To examine the photographs of young women one by one and to note in each what parts of their bodies were visible and to assess decency by reference to breasts and

buttocks seems to be a mingling of prying and prudery."

When the official report of Sir Victor's judgment was released in the Australian Law Journal, there was no sign of this particular passage.

Was Sir Victor censored by the A.L.J. editor, or did Chief Justice Barwick recall every copy of the transcript in order to delete the offending paragraph?

Whoever the culprit, we only hope the old soldier will have the courage to put up a legal battle against such a blatant abuse of his freedom to express prejudice. Perhaps a protest to the N.S.W. Court of Appeal?

snags at 7

Sydney's ATN7 has long been known as the Epping Sausage Factory.

The spicy savour of that long string of plastic-coated delicacies which has emerged from ATN since "Jonah" and "Autumn Affair" clings to every daytime viewer's palate. Devotees of the channels "drama" and "human interest" output receive a feast of such variety that it would be unbearable if it were not, in fact, just different slices from the same old sausage.

After a while, "Casebook", "People in Conflict", "Marriage Confidential", "Beauty and the Beast" and "Motel" all blend to-

gether and can be regarded as instalments in the one Big Daytime Show. Deja vu is greatly assisted by ATN's cut-throat budgets. The same sets appear with almost the same actors for different shows; whole lighting plots are borrowed and everything is almost identically under-rehearsed.

Forgetting the quality of the output, the quantity is staggering. In just one week, one ATN compere (Geoff Stone) worked on 23 shows.

One half-hour "Motel" has to scramble on to the screen every day, "People in Conflict" gets little rehearsal but still takes time and while the housewife quickies are being pushed through, "Mavis Bramston", "McGooley" and "The Battlers" must somehow squeeze in.

As well, there are the experiments for new shows. Recently, several pilots were made for a new Carol Raye show scripted by Ann Deveson before everyone admitted it had been a disaster. Even "You Can't See Round Corners" was subject to experiment in its deaththroes.

Terrified that the studios would remain empty and profitless over the last summer "layoff", someone decided to make a feature film of "You Can't, etc.". After all, they had sets, technicians, colour film cameras and anyone can whip up a script.

The only trouble was that the studio cameras ran at 25 frames per second and cameras for external location work ran at 24 frames. Something had to be done. The simplest method was to replace a few cogs in the location cameras—but ATN (Australia's Tightest Network) found that

Sergeant, you are to drive divisiveness and violence from the hearts of men everywhere



this would cost some \$90. So, in a worthy attempt to save money, the voltage on the cameras was boosted (over technicians protests) and the shooting was done at no extra cost.

Unfortunately, when it came to processing, all the soundtrack was out of synchronisation because of the penny-pinching voltage change.

Film editors then spent months repairing it. The results must, we hear, be seen to be properly appreciated.

Loan or loss?

South Vietnam's chief of secret police, Loan, was the pin-up boy on the front cover of last *OZ*. He was pictured blowing another mind for the Great Society. The mind in that particular case belonged to a VC soldier captured during the Tet offensive in Saigon. Without question or pretence at a trial, Loan drew a gun and shot him in the head.

Several film crews and a dozen press photographers seem to have been on hand for the show. Within a day the photo was familiar right round the world. Not all the atrocities during the Tet were committed by the vicious Charlies.

Some days later, Loan was watching U.S. troops go into Cholon, the Chinese quarter of Saigon, to kill the last of the infiltrators. He was in an observation post with six other high-ranking Vietnamese officials when U.S. artillery opened up in support of the troops. It was very accurate shelling and then one dropped so astoundingly short that it collected the post, wounding Loan and killing most of the others.

Significantly, they were all supporters of Marshal Ky, whom the Americans are trying hard to displace. Thieu is the current choice for full power status but Ky will not accept defeat gracefully; Loan is one of his strongest supporters and, as chief of the secret police, he has enormous summary powers.

The suggestion is that the shell did not drop short—rather that it was dead on target.

Loan is so badly injured that he must go overseas very shortly for treatment. The logical place to go is America. But public reaction to the Tet murder—which received all the visual treatment that coast-to-coast colour TV networks can give—would turn any trip to America into a nightmare. Or another assassination.

So where? And so it looks as though good Ole Aussie will be nurse to one of the best-known wanton killers unhung.

Mind you, this comes only some months after the government refused permission for wounded Vietnamese refugee children to be brought here for treatment. On the grounds that it could be given faster and better in Vietnam. What is it about Loan that brings about an abrupt change of attitude? It is not as though the hospitals were full of Vietnamese patients... and we have no special expertise to justify the trip.

Perhaps Australia is just a bit more... placid?



perhaps wrongly

When the Prime Minister reported to a breathless nation on his recent junket to South-East Asia, the vote of thanks was appropriately moved by Mr. Alan Reid, political correspondent (or hatchet man) for the Packer group.

Standing before a National Press Club still reeling from the inanity of Mr. Gorton's speech, Mr. Reid mentioned with his usual sparkling originality that Australia was known as "The Lucky Country."

And by God, with Mr. Gorton as Prime Minister it's going to need to be.

The last few months have shown that Mr. Gorton's most severe critics have been abysmally wrong. He is not only going to be a bad Prime Minister, as most people were already convinced: he is not only going to be a worse Prime Minister than Harold Holt, which six months ago would have been straining credulity; he is not only going to be the worst Prime Minister in the world, which is a situation Australians are growing used to. He is going to be—in fact he already is—the worst Prime Minister this or any other country has ever had.

Next to Mr. Gorton, Sir Alec Douglas Home, Sir Anthony Eden and the peacetime Churchill were paragons of reason and restraint. Calvin Coolidge and General Eisenhower were models of thoughtful progressiveness.

The danger of Mr. Gorton is not that he can't think: this has never been tested, and anyway it's a failing common to politicians, including some very successful ones. The real problem is that he refuses to listen to people who can.

Since the first picture of him holding a shovel appeared in the Press shortly after he became Prime Minister (immediately before he drunkenly sang *Waltzing Matilda* in a Brisbane nightclub) the man has gone from worse to appalling. His loyal cabinet colleagues are not only disillusioned, they're downright scared. It is an open secret that most of the decision making in Cabinet is now carried out by McMahon, Fairhall and Hasluck, with Bury carrying the can, McEwen running interference (for both sides) and the junior ministers vainly trying to buttonhole the PM in corridors. One interesting sidelight to this is that the McEwen-McMahon fight has simmered down considerably; they are being forced to work together, because Mr. Gorton's sole concept of political power seems to be to think up an idea in the bath, and announce it at the worst possible time.

There has also rarely, if ever, been a Prime Minister who is so totally oblivious to the opinions of the permanent heads of the Commonwealth Departments—whom even Menzies allowed a say in the day-to-day making of policy, because he knew bloody well they knew more about it than he did. External Affairs and Defence, particularly, wait with pain and gloom for Mr. Gorton's next off-the-cuff statement on Australia's part in what he calls "the tantalising years".

The departments are indeed tantalised. When Mr. Gorton starts talking of "an Israeli-type defence force" Defence, Army, Navy and Air throw their hands up in despair; the work of decades is nullified. When he tells the American press that he's not sure whether the ANZUS treaty covers Malaysia and Singapore, External Affairs groans with frustrations: all he had to do

was ask. When he talks of a non-aggression pact with Indonesia, External Affairs curls up in a corner and cries: surely the man must know that Indonesia won't, and can't, be in it?

But of course, he doesn't. Nor does he ask first. His reliance on speaking "from the heart", as he calls it (correct as far as he admits the absence of the brain) has also caused grief to his press secretary, Tony Eggleton, who piloted Holt and Menzies through some of their more idiot gaffes. Take his remarks to the troops in Vietnam, that only "a few nuts" were worried about them being there. His attempt to explain this away in the National Press Club speech (the first he has actually prepared) was pitiful. By "nuts" he said, he did not mean the 90% of world population against the Vietnam war, or even the 42 per cent of Australians who are unhappy about our participation: he meant the people who carry placards instead of writing letters to newspapers which support him.

Again, he was asked: Was our defence policy marking time because he couldn't make up his tiny mind? Well, no, it wasn't that way at all. He had ordered a lot of hardware, including a submarine ("my submarine," he correct himself hastily). And then there were the F-111s...

Meanwhile, Mr. Lynch was sinking steadily deeper into the shit; Mr. McMahon defended the Vietnam policy by saying we'd do it all again and went on to join with Mr. Fairhall in shooting down Mr. Bury's plans for an alternative to military conscription; and Mr. Hasluck returned from the five power conference to tell Austria he could say "very little."

One can hardly blame him. On the state front, the Liberal Party in Queensland is tearing itself apart, the coalition is in real trouble in Victoria and Western Australia, and the infighting for the leadership of the N.S.W. Upper House is the dirtiest ever.

So what does the Prime Minister do to give a lead in this chaos? Asked about New Guinea, he replies: "I believe—perhaps wrongly, but certainly..." It is a



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Our Political
Correspondent

phrase that should be engraved on his gravestone, and probably on a lot of other people's as well.

And this is the man, you laugh, that they put up to beat Whitlam? Well, just take a look at Whitlam.

Even before the three State conferences in June, it was fairly clear the ALP was going to do itself more harm than good by public debate. Mr. Harradine, now fairly well established as the Man Who Burnt the Reichstag, had apologised for calling members of the Federal Executive "friends of the communists," and by doing so had knocked down any hope of a special federal conference to try and sort things out. The DLP was saying openly that it had been approached by certain members of the ALP with a view to reuniting. The stage was set for a massive split between left and right.

There was at least one attempt to forestall this, by a number of N.S.W. left wing union officials. Seven of them went to Mr. Whitlam, and made it fairly clear that if he could use his influence to gain a reasonable left wing representation on the N.S.W. State executive (say a third) they would try to use theirs to get some of his supporters on the Victorian executive.

It was not altogether an idle suggestion. The seven men were all federal secretaries of very large unions, and they had a lot of support. And while they could not break the power of the Trade Union Defence Committee—and therefore the Victorian left—overnight, they could certainly do a lot about bringing it to heel.

Mr. Whitlam listened to them with interest, and they came away with the impression that he would do his best. It is not known what he did, but it is quite certain that the N.S.W. right wing, run by the state president, Mr. Oliver and the state secretary, Mr. Colbourne, refused to give the left wing any say at all.

The situation in Victoria is no better. When Mr. Brown, scion of the left, attacked Whitlam, the conference stood and applauded; Mr. Holding, the parliamentary leader, looked round nervously and decided to stand too. Discretion, in a Labor conference, is the better part of valor—and the retention of power, however meaningless, is the best part of all.

This, and other equally depressing incidents in both states, were open to the press and to card-carrying members of the Labor Party—many of whom resigned after

taking a look at it. Mr. Cyril Wyndham, the party's federal secretary, is said to have contemplated it himself after a few goes at preaching unity to the unconvertible. There is no doubt at all now that it has all come down to a personal basis: there are people in the party who do not just disagree with each other—they hate with a hatred that transcends all reason. And as most of them hold some sort of power base, the chances of reconciliation within the party are nil, no matter how many unity pleas are made.

The most interesting of the dozens that were made in the two states came from Mr. Bourke, who, by virtue of being the oldest member present (61 years in the party) was given the privilege of winding the N.S.W. conference up. Mr. Bourke, of course, said that Labor would never get anywhere unless it was united, and he spoke of the enormous fines the unions were due to pay after the protracted strike campaign over awards in the metal trades. 'Wouldn't it be nice, he went on, if this sort of money could be made available for a Labor Party election fighting fund?

The union delegates jaws dropped, and then they roared with laughter. Put money on Whitlam to beat the worst Prime Minister in history? You must be kidding.

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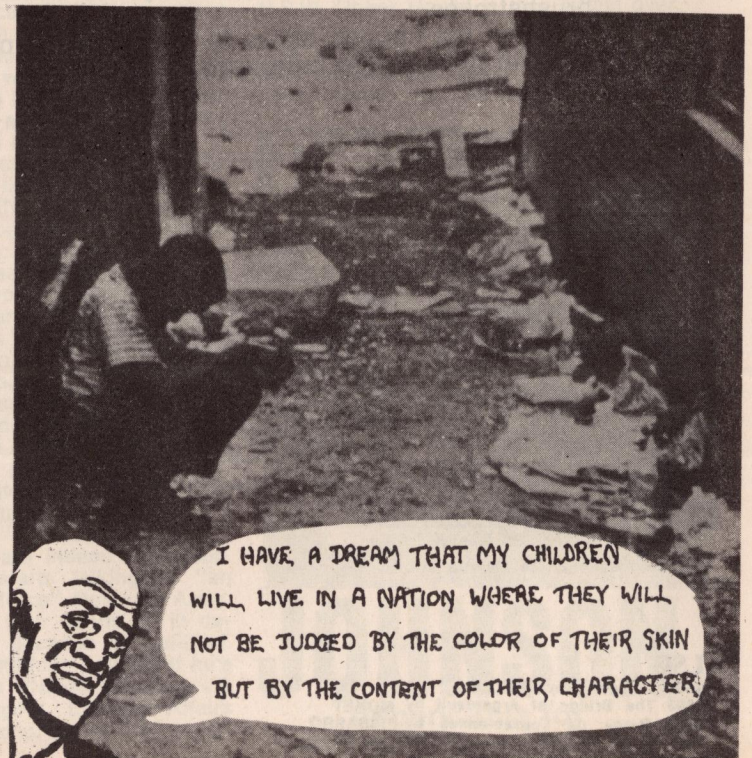
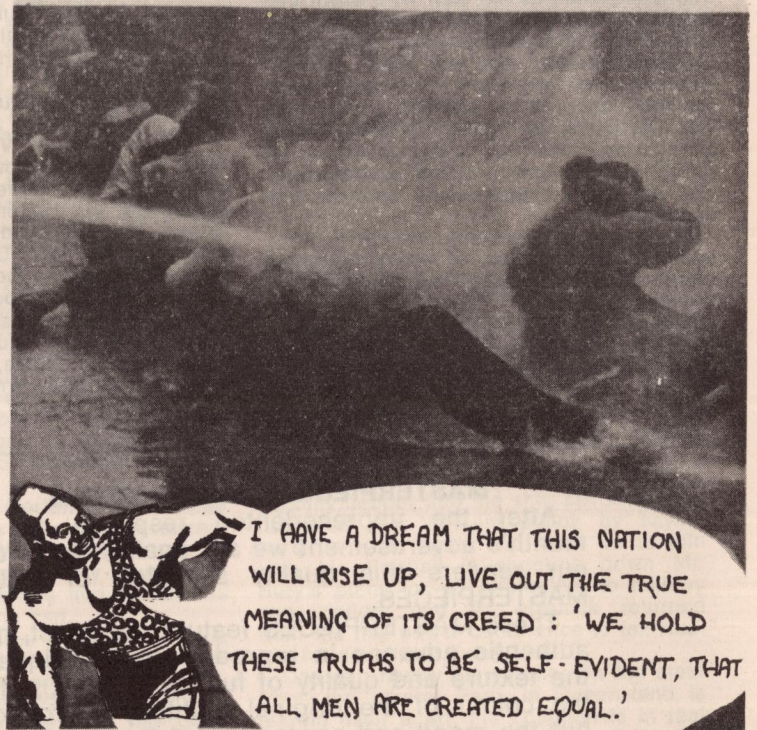
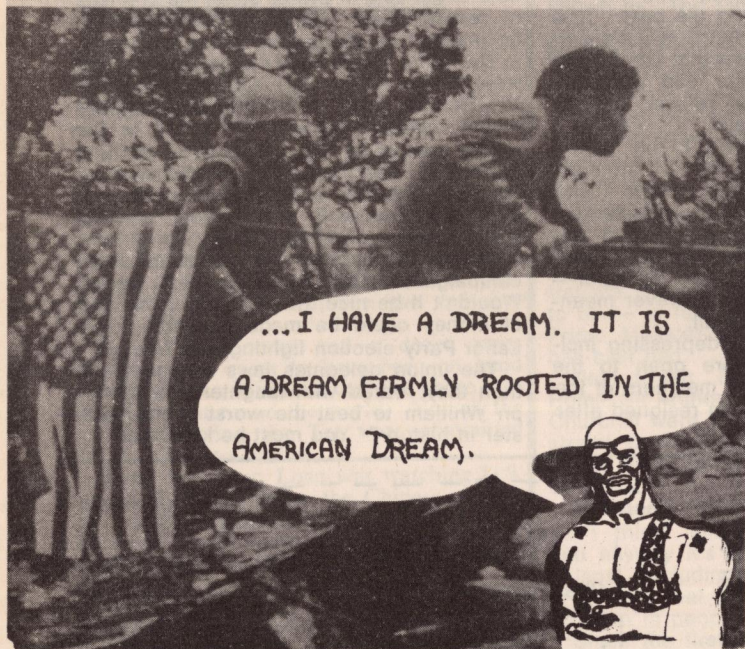
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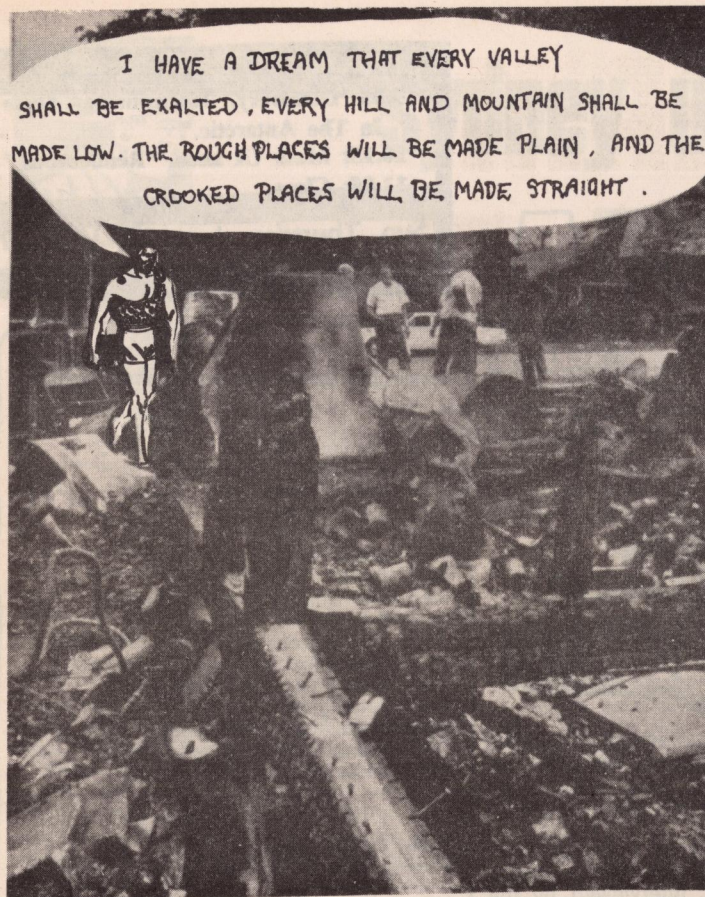
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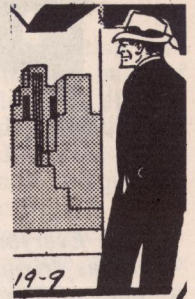
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sydney underworld revisited



In October, 1965, OZ ran a Guide to the Sydney Underworld. The response was amazing. Sydney's No. 1 crim. wrote us a long threatening letter and demanded a retraction of our allegations about him. His no. 1 enemy, Jacky Steele, bought up issues of OZ and sent them to a few friends. He was later shot from a moving car and only a miracle saved him. Steele was attacked because of his OZ postings—we know because we got hold of the relevant police minutes (published in OZ No. 26).

Three years later the underworld is still shooting at each other . . .

When Australia's High Commissioner to Malta, well known bike rider Hubert Opperman, received a knighthood in the Queen's Birthday Honors List, Sydney crime reporters were not surprised.

It seemed a fitting tribute to the man who is at present running our immigration campaign in the country that has produced more successful Australian businessmen than any other in the world.

The most publicised, of course, was gentle animal loving illiterate Joe (the Writer) Borg, various parts of whom were retrieved last month from around his utility truck, under which an acquaintance had left a gelignite bomb.

But, as stray dogs throughout Sydney rejoiced at finding themselves in possession of \$250,000 worth of cat houses, another successfully illiterate Maltese—also confusingly named Borg—and a woman named Joan Marshall started to look over their shoulders, and under their cars.

The live Borg, and Marshall (familiar to readers of Sunday newspapers as "the woman in red") are the two largest extant brothel owners in Sydney. They both have holdings in East Sydney—and they are both—according to both police and the underworld—having a little trouble keeping their businesses going in the free-enterprise way Mr. McMahon would wish.

But there are certain differences of opinion between the police and the underworld as to why this is so. The unofficial police version, leaked assiduously over the last few weeks, is that Joe Borg (and possibly the others too?) was being somewhat leant on by Sydney's best known standover man, whose name is quite familiar to those who read court reports, but can hardly be used in this context for fear of libel and loss of life.

As Mr. Borg would not play, the police explain with a smug shrug, he Got His. And, while it would be unfair to say there was rejoicing at the CIB, it would be a downright lie to suggest the entire police machine went into action to apprehend the person or persons allegedly quite well known.

The underworld takes a rather more cynical view of all this. Mr. Borg had nothing at all to fear from standover men, it is explained, because he was really only acting as a front man for a fairly well known policeman anyway. And it was his refusal to co-operate fully with this policeman that led to the RSPCA's unexpected windfall.

Whichever version is correct, no one is terribly sanguine about an early arrest—at least until whoever actually placed the

gelignite is at least as dead as Johnny Warren, whom police recently decided shot baccarat school owner Richard Reilly in Double Bay about a year ago.

Warren, as came out explicitly in the "Joe the Informer" hearing last month, shot himself after knocking off his part-time mistress and her part-time lover. (He had earlier shot other people besides Reilly, but this is beside the point). Police were glad they could finally charge someone (or rather two men who are most unlikely to survive their trial, either through outside help or sheer old age); but their natural pleasure was somewhat marred by the fact that, had Warren survived, he had planned to shoot Lennie McPherson, Stanley Smith, Johnny Reagan and Detective Sergeant Dave James (the last's survival is, of course, a source of disappointment to the underworld rather than the police.)

It would perhaps have been unfair to be very optimistic about Warren's chances of getting Lennie. People have tried before, the most recent being Ducky O'Connor, who was shot to death in the Latin Quarter in the presence of two detectives.

The man who shot him is at present in custody on a relatively minor charge—minor, that is compared with some of the things they should be charged with.

In fact several of the better known gangsters round town are at present doing time for such minor offences as rape and conspiracy. Stanley Smith—Lennie McPherson's bodyguard—is in Perth gaol; Johnny Reagan is in Long Bay; Johnny Stuart is now in Morrisette Mental Hospital. On the other hand there are others who are not doing time.

McPherson is still shackled up in a bulletproof mansion at Gladesville, with all the usual mod cons like alsatians and broken glass on the walls. The purpose of these, of course, is to keep away unwelcome guests such as Jackie Steel, a criminal who has been shot and beaten up

on more than one occasion. The police do not call, even since the retirement of a well-known detective with whom McPherson used to correspond.

McPherson is a retiring man, the more so as several of his former employees are now either dead or in gaol. But the grapevine says he has little trouble in hiring amateurs for a spot of well paid casual every now and then.

Many of these tradesmen can be found in a Palmer Street pub called The Tradesman's Arms, and—as is less well known—in a Balmain haven called Codock's Club. Codock's Club is something of a training ground for the young; it is a rare week when at least once piece of furniture doesn't vanish, and on one memorable occasion a member sent off two armchairs, the television set and a full poker machine.

Apart from the brothels, protection, gambling, drugs, and call girls, Sydney is a relatively crime free city at present. The rackets are well organised, and seldom inconvenience the average citizen, in spite of the ballyhoo in the Sunday press. Those who used to organise armed robberies and safe cracking in a big way have more or less gone to ground; they have found there are simpler and less inconvenient ways of making money (see above).

Is gang warfare a possibility? Probably not on any larger scale than to date, according to both police and underworld. There will certainly be more criminals murdered, but often these murders are a result of personality clashes rather than organised takeover moves. The rackets overlap surprisingly little; the night club owner who looks after many of the call girls does not clash with either the Waverley woman who is the Sydney heroin specialist, or with Mr. Borg or Mrs. Marshall's interests in one-girl brothels.

However, the mortality rate remains fairly high and if all these people are as kinky about alsatians as the Writer, the RSPCA seems assured of a steady income for some years.

Final note to would be assassins: if your intended victim is standing in the corner of a pub—as Sydney's best known intended victim does—a frontal attack is unwise. He will probably have a friend on each wall ready to hit you with crossfire. If using gelignite, attempt not to emulate the example of boxer Graham Leslie Moffatt, who crossed the wrong pair of wires while setting up a car, and had to be scraped off the ceiling. Better still, hire someone else to do it for you; the going rate is \$2000 for a real pro, but amateurs can be obtained for as little as \$500.



PRANGO!

THE AIR ADVENTURES OF BUNGLES

by Capt. W. C. John (dec'd.)

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:

"Got you, you Hunnish swine!" The harsh familiar voice came from the bottom of the garden.

Bungles was playing "Hobarts" and "Sparrow rockets" with the Army Minister in Lynch's backyard pool when Algy arrived. Inside, the "Bungless", as the Chief affectionately called his American wife, was listening to her favourite "Fats" Domino records. The pair of them lived, ate and even danced to politics. Together with Algy, they had just returned from winging through Asia.

Algy flipped through the log-book, which lay open, to remind him of those whirlwind days.



SAIGON. They had arrived just in time for the shelling. At first Bungles had mistaken the noise: "Chinese New Year", he explained, immediately showing that grasp of local customs for which he is renowned.

"Chinese New Year all year round here", explained one of the local aides and he took it down carefully in his notebook for future speech-making.

There was a nice crowd lining the road into town — quite a lot of them soldiers and peasants chanting messages in a foreign tongue which Bungles assumed to be friendly. Banners in English had spontaneously been thrown across the street saying: "Welcome Aussie", "Greetings" and a small one almost out of sight, "Turn back, stupid".

SINGAPORE. On his arrival, Bungles called a Press Conference to prove he was still alive. They asked him about Australian troops in Singapore, what was the capital of Malaysia and other searching questions.

Adroitly running the gauntlet of the questions and missing the point of

others, he told reporters that he would "like to keep all his options open". From time to time he even allowed them gaps.

In the evening was a formal dinner and an excellent opportunity for one of his famous convoluted speeches. He spoke well but with a slight intellectual impediment.

Digressing from the prepared text, he told an interesting anecdote about the Bishop and the Chinese prostitute. A few people were seen to smile.

At the conclusion of his speech, Bungles decided to look into the future. Adjusting his Moshe Dayan "Israeli-style" eye-patch, he saw a region with a technical base, an educational capacity, an administrative "priesthood" and a White Australia.

It all seemed to go down terribly well with the natives, even if, as The Bungless explained later, the choice of the word "priesthood" had shown a slight cultural gap.

KUALA LUMPUR. Next day he arrived in Kuala Lumpur just in time to miss the vital Five-power Defence Talks.

At his Press Conference he was asked his impressions of possible threats to security in the area. He said it was always difficult to spell out future threats. Illustrating the point, he proceeded to leave the "a" out of the "threats".

To a Malay reporter who asked about Vietnam, he carefully explained: "The situation clearly is that fighting is continuing." There was much sage head-nodding at this example of Bungles' tough-minded, pragmatically Australian way of thinking.

INDONESIA. And so it was last stop Djakarta. As ever, the Chief got along very well and the Bungless made little speeches in Malay, which went down about as well as the Indonesian speeches he had made in Kuala Lumpur.

Bungles' blunt, bluff style seemed to meet the approval of this land of bluff politicians.



On leaving Indonesia, Bungles was presented with a Pact and when the Pact was opened it turned out to be of a cultural nature.

"Just what I wanted", exclaimed Bungles, swallowing his disappointment behind his crumpled smile. Then turning to Algy: "What's culture?"

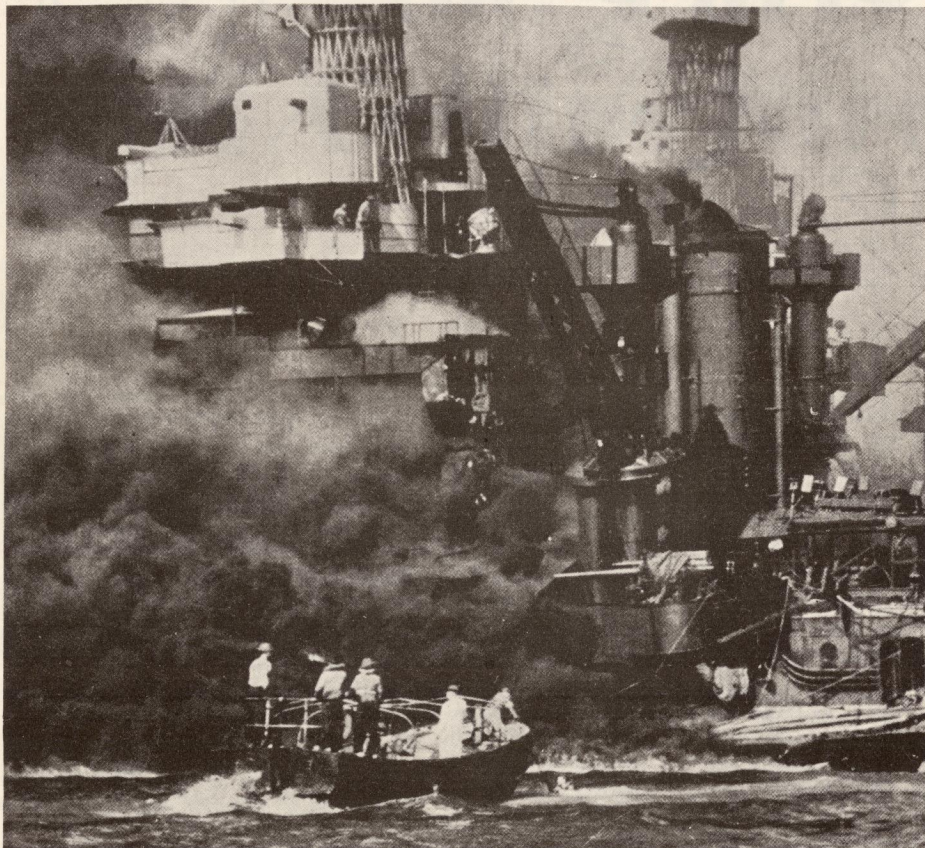
TO BE CONTINUED.



Next month:

THE BUNGLESS AIMS HIGH

PEARL HOBART



June 17, 1968—A date that will live in infamy. In the still hush of dawn, before any declaration of war, HMAS Hobart was devastated in a kamikaze raid by USAF suicide pilots.

Hobart was innocently masquerading as a fleet of VC helicopters at the time of the unprovoked attack. "We thought we'd just dress the ship up a bit", the Captain explained crawling across the cabban to his triple brandy, "seeing it's my birthday".

"We've been practising this trick for years," gritted a US spokesman. "First of all those VC fishing sampans, then Russki ships at Haiphong, English merchantmen in the Saigon River and only the other week we got the police chief right in the city! Name an ally and we've hit them".

Back on board, Hobart's navigation officer doodled collision courses as he said: "We thought we were safe. Jervis Bay is miles away—and Melbourne's still in dry dock".

Despite the shock, Hobart's commander quickly ordered his guns into action shortly after all aircraft had left the area. The USAF flight leader later praised this as "the sort of give and take that can only strengthen the alliance". Washington observers were optimistic about the future of US-American co-operation and one stated that he was positive it would continue so long as Australia had ships and men.

the OZ organisation is expanding

Since April, 1963, OZ has been flashing its naughty look at the current scene—and receiving lots of attention in return. OZ isn't a student production and it sells many more copies off-campus than on. Subscribers read it in Saigon, London, Singapore and from New York to Vienna. At home, it goes coast-to-coast every month being sold by newsagents, railway bookstalls, department stores, bookshops and newsboys.

As Australia's first and only satirical magazine, OZ has lampooned the popular and popularised the unknown. We made national figures of:

- Mr. Ed (Clark) The Talking Horse.
- Phil—the kingest hamboner of them all.
- Alf—the scourge of suburbia.

Not to mention the court case which won important precedents for free speech, the OZ newsroom on Mavis Bramston, OZ Revue—and triumph in winning Playboy's 1965 Award for Bad Taste.

Our first Underworld Guide provoked threatening phone-calls, a gangland shooting and a letter from the gaoled gunnie. With that sort of attention, how can you go wrong?

Archbishop Gough's hurried emigration, cops, Pop, tall poppies, cowcockies, Ming don't go-go, Mona Lisa topless, new London OZ, how not to be a conscript, Holt from first flip to last, full Voyager rundown, annual awards for those whose best wasn't quite good enough and a host of unmemorable more.

NOW we need:

- business representatives in each State — for a watching eye on advertising, promotion and retail contact;
- new writers—whether refugees from advertising, disgruntled novelists or raw novices;
- cartoonists sick of drawing on walls;
- Sydney and Melbourne advertising space salesmen.

Don't wait for the OZ Doorknock Appeal, **write to us**. Don't offer money, warm clothes or blankets—because OZ pays you.

YES! I want to

- sell advertising space
- be a state business rep.
- draw
- write

for OZ

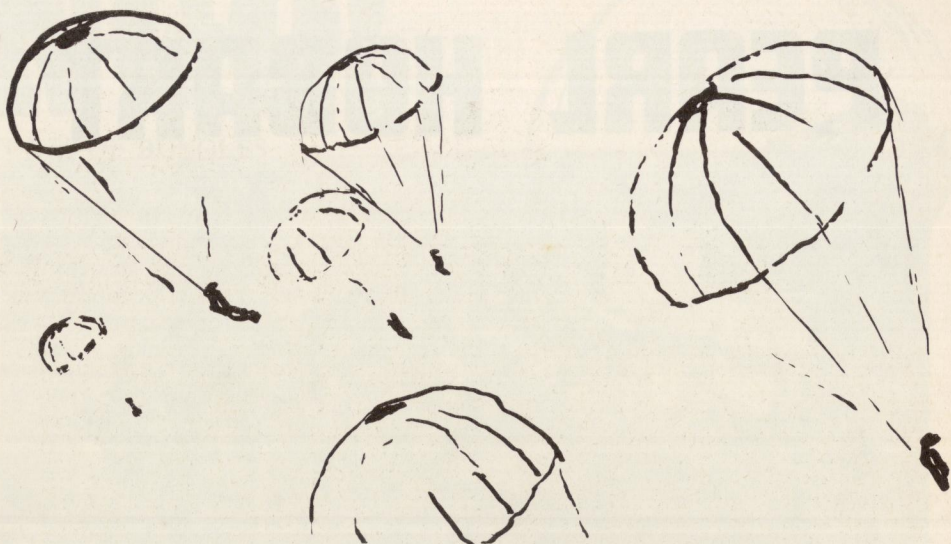
Cut out and RUSH to

OZ, Box H143,
P.O. OZtralia Square,
N.S.W. 2000.

Enclose copy, artwork, yourself. Or write a sober letter. Enclose no wrappers.

INS

&



Thomas Keneally is **IN**; Morris West is **OUT**. Ibos are **OUT**; Abos are **IN**. Anarchists are **IN**. Meditation is **OUT**; India is **OUT** (and forced to follow on). Brothel-keepers are **IN**; brothel-creepers are creeping back. Rape is **IN** (in large groups). The New Frontier is **OUT**; the Great Society never came **IN**. Alf Garnett's **OUT**; Hancock's **IN** (post-humously). Ikebana and bonzai are **OUT**; kamikaze is **IN**. Arson is **IN**; carnal knowledge and homosexuality are **OUT**. Drugs are **OUT**; magic is **IN**. Trips are **OUT**; caravans are **IN**. Body-painting is **OUT**; body-stockings are **IN**. Andy Warhol is **OUT** (and may be some time). Andrew, Barry, Susan and Mrs. Jones are **OUT**. Iris Murdoch is **IN** (for children). Len Deighton is **OUT**; Kingsley Amis is **WAY OUT** (under a different name). Student and Black Power are **IN**; Power Rinso and Bequest are **OUT**. Tin Pan Alley's **OUT**; Taraq Ali's **IN**. Speaking Indonesian is **IN**; speaking Italian is **OUT**. Posters are **OUT** (except in China). Censorship is **OUT**; prison reform is **IN**. Anti-fluoridation is **OUT**; anti-kangaroo shooting is **IN**. Drug-running is **OUT**; parrot-smuggling is **IN**. Christine Jorgenson is **OUT**; sex tests for athletics are **IN**. Max Harris is **OUT**; W. C. Wentworth is **IN**. Culottes are **OUT** but sansculottes are **IN**. The Mini is still **IN** in a small way; the Maxi never made it. Bonnie & Clyde are **OUT**; calling a spade a Sidney Poitier is **IN**. Mia Farrow is **OUT** (but not with Frank Sinatra). Divorce's **OUT**; bigamy's **IN**. The Pill is **OUT**; Interruptus is **IN**. The Roller Game is **OUT**; Indoor Bowling is so far **OUT** it's **IN**. Yoghurt and yoga are **IN**; yogi are **OUT**. Campbell's Soup is **IN**; gelato is **IN**; Ray Taylor and Coon Chese went **OUT** together. Psychedelicates-sens are **OUT**; Cabanossi is **IN**. "POW" is **OUT**; "PHFFFT" is **IN**. LSD is **OUT**; S.F. is **IN**; UBU is so far **IN** it's **OUT**. Nickel-fossicking is **IN**; Silver

Valley and Mary Kathleen are **OUT**. The wharfies are still **OUT**. Communists are **OUT**; Rough Reds are in. Smooth leather is **OUT**; corduroy is **IN**. Alpine underwear is **OUT**. Nylon shirts are no more **OUT** than they ever were. Ivy League is coming back **IN**. Beatles are **OUT**; ballads are **IN**. Reg Lindsay and Chad Morgan are coming **IN** for a short spell. The Naked Ape is **OUT**; The Body is **IN** (another body). Cholesterol and chlorophyll are **OUT**; geriatrics and pediatrics are **OUT**. Cancer's **OUT**; autism's **IN** and diphtheria's on the way. The dogs are **IN**; the Trotskyists are **OUT**. Peter Westerway and Australian Reform are **OUT**. Ainsley Gotto and the DLP are **IN**. Robert Helpmann's **OUT**; Betty Pounder's **IN**. Barry Humphries is **OUT** but not as far as Will Rushton. Texans are **OUT**; Baptists are **IN**. Don Lane's **OUT**; Joe Borg's **OUT**; Sir William's **IN** (the Gunn). Simon Townsend's **OUT**; John Percy's **IN**. Svetlana's **OUT** but Philby's still **IN**. Hertz Rent-a-Tank is **IN**; mail order rifles are **OUT**. E.I.R., F-111 and A.I.D. are **OUT**. Beepaphone is **OUT**; F.M. is **IN**. Tax evasion is **IN**; speculation is **OUT**. The Navy's **IN** (deeper than ever); CMF's **OUT**. Another Captain Robertson's **OUT**; earthquakes are **IN**. Mercy dashes are **OUT**; mercy killings are **IN**. Fijians and Nauruans are **IN**; Lebanese are still **OUT**. Brave Arabs are **OUT**; unicorns are **IN**. Japanese Westerns are **IN**; dubbing is **OUT**. Open tennis is **OUT**; closed minds are **IN**. Charles De Gaulle's **IN** (by a nose); 10 million French workers are still **OUT**. Stripping is **OUT**; Sandra Nelson's further **OUT** than most. Sexis **OUT**; dancing is **IN** (only the straight up-and-down stuff). Prostate glands are **IN**; monkey glands are **OUT**. Skiing is **OUT**, apres-skiing is further **OUT** again; skating is **IN**. Monaco's **OUT**; Biafra's **IN**. Single-handed circumnavigaton is **OUT** and so is circumcision.



OUTS

From the Paris end of Collins Street

It began in the normal way. Five hundred Monash University students, protesting at the University's attempt to discipline students for smoking pot, staged a sit-in at the Administration Building. After having sat in the lobby for several hours, an impasse developed because the Vice-Chancellor wanted to go home. The University's parking attendants were summoned, and after a pitched battle three were sent home badly injured and seven students taken to the University's medical centre.

"Carnage at 'Varsity", read *Truth* the following morning, and related, in orgiastic detail, how several girls had lost their skirts in the fight.

The following day three Liberal backbenchers introduced a Bill to compulsorily draft all student demonstrators. Eight hundred students sat-in at Monash, and two Melbourne Professors, who had defended the Administration, were picketed. Dr. Knopfelmacher pointed out that all this was following a classic pattern of Communist take-overs, as first practised in Bavaria in 1919.

Over the week-end twenty-three unions threatened a general stoppage if four-year-old claims for wage increases were not met. The Premier, opening the latest Esso-B.H.P. complex, said that the community could not tolerate economic blackmail. The Catholic bishops called for a day of prayer, and two Anglican ministers told their congregations that as God was dead it was a waste of time to come to church and they should be out demonstrating.

On Monday morning three thousand students and unionists, four clergymen, an unspecified number of Communist agitators and a dog marched on Parliament House. The dog was run over by a police car. At Parliament House they were addressed by the leader of the Free Students' Commune at Monash, the Melbourne Committee for Democratic Reconstruction, and a visitor from Sydney. All of the speakers, as the Premier stressed in the House, had beards.

At Yallourn electricity workers went out on strike, leading to severe power restrictions. On the stroke of midday tram-drivers parked their trams at all major intersections and walked off. The watersiders ended their twelve-day stoppage over the quality of waterproof clothing so as to be able to go out again in support of the electricity workers.

The Premier, now foaming slightly at the mouth, called for new anti-strike legislation.

The following day most university classes were cancelled and the Physical Education Centre at Melbourne was taken over by students, who proceeded to wrangle over whether to raise a red or a black flag above it. Pandemonium was created at Myers' when all shop assistants walked off the job and set up barricades in the bargain basement. Four hundred shoppers were trapped on the top floors when lifts and

escalators stopped running.

By the afternoon, sixteen unions had supported the strike, and Mr. Whitlam had flown to Darwin to explain his relations with the Victorian Labor Party. The Premier, arriving at Parliament House to present his anti-strike measures, sat in his car for ten minutes until he realised his driver would not open the door for him. The President of the R.S.L. called for the establishment of Committees of Public Safety. There being no train, tram or bus services, many city workers began a sleep-in in furniture stores. The leader of the National Mutual Insurance Co. Workers' Commune announced that although locked in their building, morale was fine and they could last out for three days.

That evening three movie theatres were taken over by patrons. At one South Yarra cinema two girls, watching the resulting orgy, were heard to wonder disconsolately why no one was attacking *them*. The *Herald* editorialised on its front page that this was a time for firm measures and that all patriotic Victorians would rally behind the Premier.

The A.B.C. presented an hour-long panel discussions on the troubles in which the participants (two Emeritus Professors, one headmistress and a bookseller) agreed that the situation was grave. Two football teams threatened a kick-in on the Melbourne Cricket Ground. The Governor cancelled a reception for City Councillors.

By the following day eighteen factories, three banks and the Richmond Abattoirs were under the control of the rebels. The Premier ordered the police in, but the breakdown of public transport had so choked the roads that they couldn't move from Russell Street. One local council declared itself independent. The Prime Minister said that he was watching the situation with care, but it was basically a State matter.

On Thursday the students and union leaders announced a rival government, and established headquarters in a Carlton house. The Premier ordered in the Army, Navy, Air Force, National Guard, Red Cross and Parking Meter attendants, but as the G.P.O. was closed down he had no way of communicating his orders. Three Catholic priests joined the rebels, and promptly denied their vows of celibacy by getting themselves married by a defrocked Baptist minister. The Archbishop declared them excommunicated, and called for respect for law and order. The head of the Vice Squad announced that Victoria's morality was more threatened than at any time since *The Group* was sold openly in Melbourne.

The entire Cabinet, being unable to leave Parliament House, called for Federal assistance, but the Prime Minister and the Minister for Trade were both leaving for overseas conferences and felt unable to help. Employees at the Southern Cross Hotel declared it confiscated, and asked the rebels to establish headquarters there. R.S.L. vigilantes fought back demonstrators making

a concerted drive for their base in the eastern suburbs.

By the week-end most of Melbourne had come under rebel control, and allied groups seized control of Bendigo, Yallourn, Morwell and Numerkah. The Premier, noticeably thinner, appeared on the balcony of Parliament House and begged for amnesty. Five thousand demonstrators called for his head, before remembering that they opposed capital punishment. The Cabinet decided to resign and communicated their desire to the Governor by carrier-pigeon. Meanwhile the Lord Mayor, the Chancellor of Monash University and the President of the Stock Exchange were being held hostage in the Trades Hall.

On Tuesday morning the Governor announced he would summon the leaders of the Student and Unionists' Committee to take over the State Government provided they immediately held fresh elections. There was a temporary emergency as none of the leaders could find an appropriate suit to wear to meet him, but eventually the leaders of the rebellion were appropriately clad and commissioned.

The new Government has since taken a number of revolutionary steps, none of them of any consequence.

D.P.A.



I'VE HIT THE
ROAD, JACK



BOBBY
FOR
HAMLET

SHOT IN THE KITCHEN! CANT
WE RESTAGE IT IN A MOTORCADE



GEE WHILLIKERS BOBBY,
PRIDE COMES BEFORE A FALL



I AM THE ONLY CANDIDATE
OPPOSED BY BOTH BIG-
BUSINESS AND ARABS.



... I MISSED THE
FUNERAL TRAIN.



BUT THE DYNASTY LINGERS ON.....

