

OZ



2/3 : Pen pals page

Sir,

Judge Curlew complains that he and others of the N.S.W. Youth Advisory Committee "appear to have wasted their time" because their report has not been hailed as a gospel of informative wisdom.

I suggest that, for the fruit of eighteen months' labour, the Report is inaccurate, incomplete, impertinent and egotistically pompous. I further suggest that the report could have been compiled, with far less fuss, by any single competent journalist.

The report's inaccuracy in places is distressing:

On page 27, eight films are quoted and three of them ("Anatomy Of A Murder", "The World of Suzie Wong", "Cimarron") are either mis-spelled or incorrectly titled.

I counted in the appropriate sections 23 inches of type devoted to the shortcomings of TV, 11½ inches to films, 5½ inches to paperback books, 7 inches to comics, 6½ inches to periodicals, 15½ inches to teenage music and cults, 8½ inches to newspapers, 8½ inches to Archbishop Gough's attack on the University and, of course, a drooling 3½ inches devoted to strip-tease.

Compared with this, a whole 1½ inches (!) dealt with alcohol, along with the remarkable observation that "there is no authentic information available in N.S.W." Had the committee visited a few pubs with a fraction of the diligence they displayed at the strip-tease they might have found ample evidence of under-age drinkers of both sexes.

The report is impertinent in its arrogant suggestion that the U.S. and U.K. Ambassadors should take action to prevent their respective nations exporting "naughty" paperbacks to our fair, fresh shores.

This implies that the citizens of these nations are debased in their reading habits as compared to our pure standards. It ignores the fact that we already have, in our Federal Customs and State Vice Squads, intolerable restrictions against individual literary liberty. In quoting brief, spicy extracts from books, quite out of context, the report is guilty of cheating in the cause of pious sensationalism.

The report, oddly enough, neglects the cigarette menace, effects of mass unemployment, fails to recognise the synthetic eroticism of contemporary pop music and chickens out of facing the fact that current female fashions for street wear are often more provocative than the near-nudity seen in the strip-tease joints.

A deplorable and nasty passage refers to Rev. Alan Walker's Teenage Cabaret: "The committee, is, however, unable to say what becomes of unaccompanied girls of 14 at the conclusion of the evening."

I would suggest that the report, like other sick, voyeuristic probes, has been a prime factor in the current (if exaggerated) teenage "riots" as the eighteen months of snooping and publicity by this committee among potentially unstable sections of youth has resulted in the receptive exhibitionism on the part of the Rockers and others.

Whilst I have never respected the

oddity which allows a Judge (Dovey) to be connected with the turf industry and yet hand out lectures on sexual morality in his court, I similarly point out that there are community figures such as Judge Curlew (surfing) and Justice Herron (swimming) who lend their names to the executive of amateur sport and then deem everything lily-pure within such fields.

Speaking from personal experience, gained in at least three natatorial clubs, I saw more hopeless drunkenness, obscene language, heterosexual promiscuity, uncomplicated homosexuality, pornographic photography and gambling associated with these sports than I would expect to find in any wind-bag Rocker group.

I do not say any of this in condemnation; I am just quoting the facts as I saw them and I will, within legal and prudent limits, elaborate these charges should Judge Curlew or any other Judge care to challenge them through your columns.

I make these facts known not to be churlish or sensational but merely to impress how little these wearisome committees know about the motivational drives of youth—emotions that are stronger than these ridiculous ideas about more clubhouses, constant sporting activity, keep-your-butterfly-collection-up-to-date and a bid to turn youth into a bunch of anti-sexual creeps.

As one girl said to me: "They can have their report so long as I can bang!" —**Tad**

Sir,

Before I saw OZ, I was a mundane type who subscribed only to more lewd publications like EROS and PLAYBOY. But OZ is different. Only OZ is worthy of placing alongside my other magazines. Only OZ. Lively, bouncy, hellishly funny OZ. Can you keep it up, Dear Sirs? I hope you can. READER'S DIGEST was getting bad, and you can't know how awful an old PEOPLE can be on a dull weekend. Therefore, I have decided to subscribe to OZ. Miserable though my enclosed cheque may be, I hope it helps keep OZ on the market.

**Denis Mercier,
Double Bay, N.S.W.**

Sir,

When I heard that you were planning to publish a satirical journal I was delighted, because a publication of this type is long overdue. Unfortunately, I find OZ disappointing. However, I do think its faults are corrigible, and that you may be stimulated by criticism.

The publication suffers from a great Australian defect: "Near enough is good enough". Well, it isn't. A journal which uses esoteric literary references as crossword clues should be more fussy about proof reading. A little less waffle from the Quad and more practical application seems indicated.

A more fundamental fault is the hit-or-miss editorial policy. To judge from your publicity, you are aiming at an audience wider than that of Honi Soit. It may be profitable to bear in mind that a great part of the public is rather blasé about time-worn student topics such as free love, abortion, etc.

And the less said about those tiresome Libertarians the better. They may have managed to shake off one taboo of our puritan culture, but they have retained all the drabness.

Scratch a Libertarian, and you'll find the Rev. Alan Walker underneath.

The tone of some of the articles seemed to be rather naive and pedantic. Isn't "Pro Bono Publico" a bit puritanical about the Show? I see nothing odd about the combination of solemnity and festivity.

However, I appreciate the general aim of satirical criticism, and endorse your attitude to censorship. But you must focus your criticism more accurately, and criticise yourselves as well. Barry Humphries is a wonderful satirist because he knows just what he is aiming at, and also because he hasn't cut himself off: he knows he is closely related to Mrs. E.

So are you, and I think OZ has some average defects.

**Claire Wagner,
Kirribilli, N.S.W.**

Sir,

Congratulations on 19 pages of drivel; namely, the May edition of OZ. I shall systematically avoid buying it whenever I see it on the newstands. But don't be disheartened, fellows, with a little perseverance you may get somebody on the editorial staff to read it—there is a born every day, you know.

**J. Bon
Cronulla, N**

P.S.: However, I may buy the edition to see if you print this.

Sir,

A couple of months ago ex-police chief, Colin Delaney, was quoted as saying "Homosexuality is the greatest menace facing Australia" (S.M.H., March 1). This is no exaggeration. Visitors I've met from overseas have often lamented our social shame and two years ago the State Government found it necessary to establish a committee to examine the problem.

This committee's report, recently tabled in Parliament, has recommended a complete re-orientation of our attitudes to homosexuality, which I, as a voice in the wilderness of our apparently diminishing heterosexual section of the community, would like to endorse fully.

Why should I go on a heterosexual crusade among these fellows—thus, incidentally, promoting active competition—when medical authorities seem to have more arguments against smoking and drinking than homosexuality. At least there is no problem of illegitimate children or female rape.

What is more, as I am about to show, homosexuality may well be harnessed for the good of the whole country.

Sir, there is no greater scandal in this country today—beside that to which I have already alluded—than the state of our national defence.

I wonder if the young lasses who turned up for the last night dance of the U.S.S. Coral Sea a few weeks ago realised that they were bouncing around on the flightdeck of a weapon of greater striking force than both our Navy and Air Force combined?

Admittedly, Australia has a limited budget. Yet the wretchedness of our Defence organisation stems from something more fundamental, a lack of "spirit", a lack of enthusiasm in the serviceman himself. Ultimately, a lack of courage.

Now it is in these qualities that the homosexual may well have the edge on the heterosexuals currently being recruited.

You are no doubt aware that in ordinary life a man is never seen at better advantage than when he has the opportunity to perform some deed before his mistress. Apparently the same principle holds true for a homosexual and his lover.

In fact, this principle has historical verification in the many successes of the now famous "Sacred Band of Thebes" recruited by the great Greek commander, Epaminondas. The "Sacred Band" consisted of three hundred soldiers—a hundred and fifty pairs of lovers. It was regarded as invincible.

The advantages of such a system are obvious.

Every soldier is in a much better state of mind for having the constant companionship of his loved one. Moreover, in every battle-manoeuvre he is called

upon to make he is absolutely on his mettle for fear of disgracing himself before the eyes of the object of his devotion.

Surely then here is our chance to utilise this great homosexual population of ours. The steps are simple enough:

Firstly, demobilise our current forces and call for "pairs of recruits". (Incidentally a parallel project would operate for the female units). These pairs would be carefully screened, sworn to fidelity, then "married".

An Official Marriage Bureau would be necessary to keep squabbles to a minimum. In the case of irreparable separations some system of re-shuffling and re-marriages would need to be devised.

A Department of Lonely Hearts is essential. A potential recruit, unable to procure a partner, would need its assistance. It could work on the lines of similar civilian clubs. The Department's ultimate aim would be to provide the services with as many stable couples as possible.

Plato long ago in his "Symposium" predicted: "If, then, one could contrive that a state or an army should entirely consist of lovers and loved, a handful of such men fighting side by side would defeat practically the whole world."

Imagine Australia defended by such a force. Sir, we would be the envy of the whole world. Invincible Australia!

Think of the men's morale. Army camps would be sheer joy.

No more dreams of a girl in every port or demands for shore leave—who wants to leave a paradise even for a day?

"Army Camps for army camps" would be our slogan and "God Save the Queens" on every lip.

By so simple an expedient may the menace within be harnessed to protect us from the menace without.

"DIGGER",

CONCORD, N.S.W.

(Name and address supplied)

Sirs,

Did anyone else who attended the playreading by the University of N.S.W. Dramatic Society of Eric Baume's "And Their Eternal Home: A Comedy of Faith" (reviewed in OZ May) notice the similarity between this effort of Baume's and a play which Noel Coward wrote years ago called "Post Mortem"?

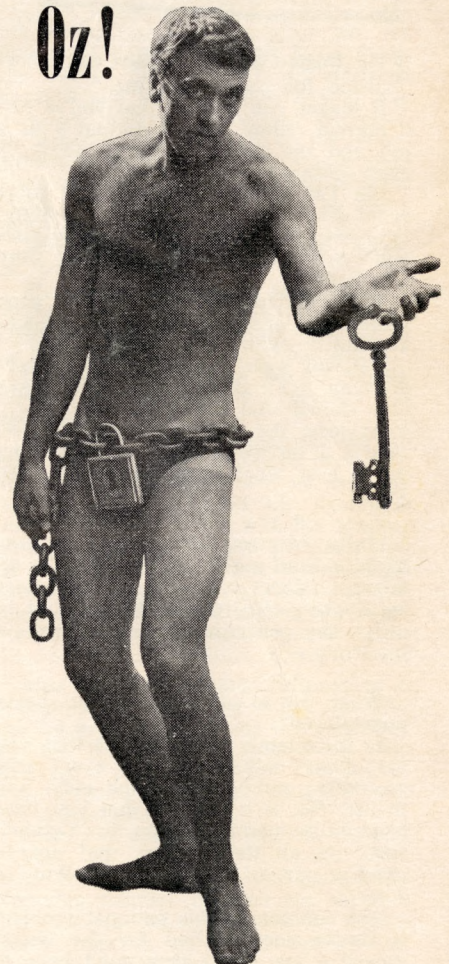
The similarity of theme and even the background scenes of battlefield and ancestral home in an English county are unmistakable to anyone who has read "Post Mortem".

One wonders whether "the picking of other people's brains" is a favourite hobby of Mr. Baume's, and while I'm the first to admit that "there's nothing new under the sun" I feel that Mr. Baume should not have underestimated the playreading habits or the perception of the public.

I regard as a piece of colossal cheek (if, indeed, this plagiarism was intentional) to assume that people would not be aware of the similarity of the two plays. He might at least have stated "with apologies to Noel Coward".

Miriam Davis,
Epping

You need Oz!



There's nothing like an OZ to brighten up the home . . . Scatter OZ's around the living-room, kitchen, bedroom. Line your cupboards, clean your windows, wrap up the rubbish . . . OZtentation is back in fashion. Make sure of your OZ each month. Fill the coupon below, rush to OZ, 4th Floor, 16 Hunter Street, Sydney.

NAME

ADDRESS

I enclose £ / / - as
payment for months
subscription to OZ. (10/- for 6
months, £1 per year).

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

OZ began as a small magazine with a limited circulation.

The first issue sold 7,000; the second 8,500. With OZ, JUNE, we have now ventured interstate.

All this has meant a great strain on our present small premises. So we have decided to move.

We are now situated in Hunter Street, Sydney's most progressive street. Just a few doors up from the Herald.

Our full address is:

OZ MAGAZINE
4th Floor,
16 Hunter Street,
SYDNEY

Our two telephone lines are:
BW 4197 and BW 7633.

Published by "**OZ Publications Ink Limited**", 4th Floor, 16 Hunter Street, Sydney. BW 4197.

Editors: Richard Neville and Richard Walsh.

Make-up: Bob Thompson.

Beautician: Martin Sharp.

Artists: Garry Shead, Peter Kingston, Mike Glasheen.

Editorial Assistants: Gina Eviston, Robyn Cooper, Lyn Murray, Mike Robertson, Alex Popov.

Secretary: Harry Bauer.

Assistant Secretary: Winifred.

THAT WAS ... MAY

THE Bogle-Chandler inquest was tailor-made for people like me.

It makes you so glad that you're just a normal fellow, with a normal 9 to 5 job and the family to come home to every evening.

But I'm a real sucker for that court room drama: the full galleries, the bullying barristers, the dumb cops, the goodies and the baddies (were there any goodies?).

In the last month I have literally gone through a small fortune in fivepences keeping up with the very latest.

But why wasn't there a TV coverage? With an AO classification it could have been shown after the late news.

At least the P.M.G. could have arranged a service where you could ring up to hear what latest beans had been spilt.

* * *

Daily Mirror, May 22: "An unsightly land-mark in the middle of Martin Place will soon be removed by Sydney City Council." Alas, it is only the entrance to the men's lavatory.

* * *

What is so irksome about being unemployed?

It is certainly not the fact that you are doing nothing — for every true Australian surely that is the main aim in life. No, it is the fact that you have to put a dash where it asks for "Occupation" on all those forms that are so much a part of the Australian Way of Life.

The solution to this national problem is simple enough: find for the unemployed a job where they don't have to do anything but which will give them the dignity of employment.

Now, of course, you realise why crafty **Bill McMahon** is so optimistic about the waterside situation.

The Government has come to a special agreement to have all the unemployed listed as wharfies. This is in return for a large monthly donation to the strike fund.

The unemployed will thus be able to hold their heads high without embarrassing the Government into finding them jobs where they do real work.

There may be some difficulty in deciding who is going to go on duty if the wharfies ever decide to do any work. But this contingency is too remote to worry clever **Bill McMahon**.

* * *

APPARENTLY there are two "Bull" Connors.

On May 12, the Sun-Herald's **Jim Gibbins** from New York turned in a story about a "Bull" Connor with a "honey-sweet purr" — "the voice, as he speaks, is at variance with the nickname 'Bull': it is soft and gentle, and he belongs to the Sunday-morning south of magnolias, mint-julips and buck-wheat

cakes."

On exactly the same day the Sunday Mirror's **Raymond Kerrison**, a "special reporter in race-torn Alabama", interviewed a "Bull" Connor who "boomed in his big, bull-frog voice" and "bellowed defiance".

Raymond quotes "Bull" as attributing his nickname to the fact that: "I used to be a baseball announcer and people would say 'Who's that bum shouting all that bull?'"

Jim informs us that "His nickname, incidentally, is derived from the 'bull-horn' — a megaphone — which he frequently uses to make his quiet voice carry."

Well who's got the bull by the horns?

* * *

Bore of the Month: Noel Coward.
Thank God, he finds himself so amusing.

* * *

Cyclone Relief Fund

This month OZ announces the commencement of its Cyclone Relief Fund. The proceeds will benefit the orphans widowed by the recent cyclone disaster in Central Australia.

Local Government authorities, Lord Mayors, policemen and men in the street have been quick to be prompted into heaping nauseous praise on our heads.

Unlike other newspapers venturing onto the charity-publicity band waggon, we frankly admit that by establishing this fund we are duplicating efforts already being made in this field. Nor will we deny that if we were as altruistic as we are publicity-conscious we would give every support to the pre-existing appeals rather than competing with our own.

The first contribution is £5 from **OZ Publications Ink Ltd.** We anticipate being able to shame others into donating.

* * *

We are the Lord's Vassalls.

* * *

THE report of the N.S.W. Youth Policy Advisory Committee (familarly known as the **Curlewis Report**), only recently made available to the general public, is a truly remarkable document.

For the sheer quantity of unsubstantiated conclusions it comes to it must set a world record.

This is the way Social Science works in N.S.W. in 1963:

A committee of prominent citizens, each safely mounted on his or her particular hobby horse, sits in judgment on the state of youth in N.S.W. Youth is apparently a genus of *Homo sapiens* somewhat younger and sillier than the members of the committee, thus having to suffer their patronage.

Youth's affinities with *Homo sapiens* are somewhat obscured by the fact that

the committee's report (partly by the simple expedient of using a capital "Y" throughout) is able to maintain a certain aura about this "bete noire". In the end one suspects that Youth is not very sapiens and a bit too Hetero for the committee's liking.

This not very impartial jury receives evidence from interested parties. "Evidence", as used by the committee, appears to have lost its usual meaning of "factual information" and is now synonymous with "unsupported opinions".

Instead of being appalled at the lack of factual data available to it, as lesser investigators might, the committee almost goes out of its way not to be influenced by facts. Dr. Doris Odium and Lady Barbara Wootten are quoted as saying: "Claims that television was harmful to children have not been substantiated."

Fortunately the committee, which can see every good reason for television corrupting the minds of Youth — although admittedly as yet without any evidence (in the old sense of the word) — is not to be so easily bluffed out of making unsubstantiated claims. The opinions of these two international authorities are accordingly dismissed as "too sweeping".

Thus carefully dismissing from its collective mind anything in the way of fact, the committee amasses a huge volume of "evidence" (in the new sense of the word). No attempt is made to assess the qualifications of the various bodies making the submissions. They are merely presented in summary form without comment.

But the most remarkable feat of the committee is its imaginative venture into the field of sampling. Section 3 of the report sets out to present us with the opinions of Youth itself. This consists of a summary of the views of forty-three Outward Bound boys and of eight Youths who wrote to the committee.

As an anthology of prejudices and unsupported opinions or as an example of how not to get a true picture of the influences on and needs of youth, perhaps the report has an old world charm.

As an oracle with which the State Government might conceivably try to justify future legislation it is a truly pernicious and disgraceful document.

* * *

IN Rome the Pope lies dying; in Sydney the vicissitudes of his health give a healthy boost to newspaper sales.

Ca va la vie; ca va la mort.

Perhaps he is already dead by the time this is printed.

Pope John was a great exponent of a virtue which is often called a "christian virtue", but is rare indeed amongst christians—tolerance.

He will be missed.

—nelson

Selling the A.L.P.

Political commentators agree that the Labour Party's excellent television advertising in the last Federal elections had a significant influence on the surprise swing to Labour. Next election, the campaign is being handled by the same advertising agency, Hansen Rubensohn—McCann Erickson. A key organiser in this campaign is Miss Joyce Belfrage.

To learn, Miss Belfrage, that such a Frebergish sounding ad agency as Hansen Rubensohn—McCann Erickson is handling the A.L.P.'s election campaign inspires macabre images: Calwell appearing on Bandstand, crooning political jingles and signing autographs for fans.

Perhaps that sort of thing occurs in minor American elections. But in Australia politics are a good deal more sober. I feel one should have a certain degree of responsibility to the public.

Well, I think you'll agree that the general aim of advertising is to differentiate one product from another by highlighting its "benefits" to the consumer. All types of gimmicks are used: meaningless adjectives, empty slogans. And, after all, it doesn't matter much if a housewife is tricked, by these methods, into buying Detergent X although Detergent Y could actually be more efficient. But when it comes to advertising a political party, is it ethical to employ similar devices to trick the voter?

There are no holds barred in political contests. There never have been. I suggest

you read Pickwick Papers. As long as the Law of the Land is obeyed it is legitimate for a politician to use every means at his disposal to sway voters.

Surely with such a powerful medium as television there is a danger of brainwashing the community into voting irrationally?

When a political candidate glues a postage-stamp sized poster on his back door stating "Vote Bliggs . . . Bliggs is better than Bloggs" it is probably seen solely by the milkman. If the same candidate saturates the city with mammoth displays then he is simply extending his medium of communication.

There's nothing novel about television. It is an extension of the normal means of communication, and probably the cheapest way to make the classic "Public Meeting" more public. Television advertising in politics is a difference in degree, not in kind.

That is not a fair example. An Agency is handling this political campaign. More subtle considerations are involved. For instance, it is well known that advertisers indulge in subliminal techniques to present a product. Will such devices operate in the campaign you're handling?

Although it has been proved that when a housewife advertises a brand of coffee using a sparkling modern kitchen as a backdrop, the ad will sell more than if the kitchen is scruffy and old fashioned,

this sort of thing is not relevant to politics. The facts of Foreign Policy and contentious issues, like the Common Market, are too cold and logical. Viewers will have to compare one argument with another.

I'll admit that irrationalities creep in. For instance, one theory advanced for Nixon's defeat in the U.S. elections was his refusal to wear make-up for his national TV appearance with Kennedy on the eve of the elections. He appeared haggard and weary. Kennedy, who was made-up, looked young and energetic. In Australia the attitude of the newspapers is important. Why accuse television of brainwashing? The anti-Menzies editorials of the Herald have an enormous effect.

Does the agency regard the A.L.P. as "just another product"?

Please don't regard me as an Agency spokesman. But I don't think it's morally right, on such an important issue to be so casual. I'm personally committed.

Is it just a coincidence that the Agency allowed you to promote a product you believe in?

No. I would not have accepted the job otherwise—I would not have been able to work in the way I will be expected to. You see, it is rather like fighting a war. One may disagree with the conduct of your homeland yet you are committed to absolute support. Overall considerations are what matter. Military propaganda can tell lies with the conviction that it is upholding a ultimate truth.

Miss Belfrage recently resigned as a TV producer from the A.B.C. to join the Agency. Originally she was employed by the B.B.C. Most notable of Miss Belfrage's productions for the A.B.C. were a sociological series, "Enquiry" and the documentary, "1973".

Were you dissatisfied with the A.B.C.?

Yes. In the A.B.C. there is always the wearying conflict between the creative staff and the administration. If a producer tries to be bold, then he is hampered by bureaucracy.

Do you think that recent accusations against the A.B.C. for its vicious censorship are justified?

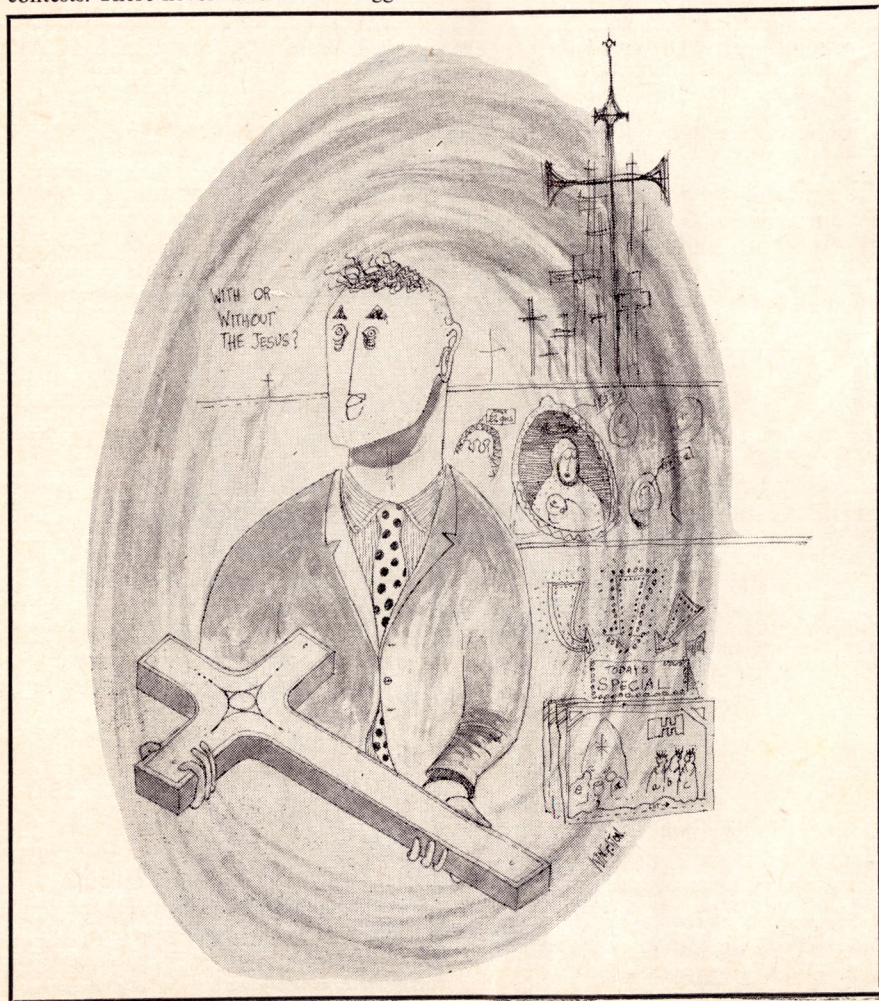
Yes. But the fault lies in the A.B.C.'s Constitution. Money from television licences goes to the Treasury. The A.B.C. annually approaches the Treasury with its estimate of funds required. It is an axiom of psychology that one must be sweet to the hand that feeds one. If the Treasury is unhappy with the A.B.C., their allowance may be cut. Hence the A.B.C. is over-sensitive to official, as well as public, opinion.

Did your own programme ever suffer because of this?

Yes. In an "Enquiry" into Immigration, certain government departments were not anxious that they should be openly criticised, so they interfered.

You know, the overseas image of Australians as independent, egalitarians is false. There is a far greater degree of authoritarianism here than in England. Not only in the entertainment field but even in the universities—the Orr case is a typical example. A rather paradoxical state of affairs, considering this country's origins.

R.N.





What to do when the Indonesians come

NO doubt all of you are well aware that any day now we are expecting our little neighbours from the north to drop in on us. They may stay some time.

To help **you** help **them** adapt to the Australian way of life we have asked a Civil Defence leader to answer those questions most often asked:

Q: What is Indonesia?

A: Indonesia is a group of Pacific Islands, jocularly known as the "South Sea Bubble". Capital: Honolulu. Population: dense. Climate: wet and dry (in that order). Leader: President Soekarno (rhymes with "meccano"). Currency: none. Projected currency: the bung. Exports: hemp, jute, Dutch citizens, soya sauce and Manila folders.

Q: How will I know when the Indonesians have arrived?

A: Well, one day you will wake up and see the skies full of big Russian bombers. You will know they are not Russians because they will be colliding with each other and crashing into buildings and so on. You see our little neighbours are not very good at flying yet. Also the Harbour will be chock-a-block with native canoes. Incidentally, the main vantage points for this delightful historic landing will be North Head, Bradley's Head, Pylon Lookout and the Overseas Terminal, where, it is understood, the Immigration Minister will be on duty to expedite all landing procedures.

Q: What will they look like?

A: The Indonesian complexion is deep, deep olive. He wears dark glasses, a hula-hula skirt and a canvas Air Force cap.

CAUTION: You ex-concentration camp inmates must be careful not to confuse our lovely little Indonesian friends with our late Japanese enemies. Indonesians **don't** have slanting eyes and they aren't bandy-legged.

Q: How will they spend their first day?

A: After the rape and carnage, they will probably want to have a parade. Now is the time to produce those old Waratah Festival floats and join them in an effervescent celebration of **their** victory, **our** defeat.

Mock up a few "Sydney Opens Its Heart to Yellow Peril" banners and deck the streets with gay bunting. When the marching girls are on their feet again they may like to join the back of the procession.

Do not look nonplussed, Act cheerful and take it all in good part.

Above, all make them feel **wanted**.

Q: How can I do my bit to make them feel wanted?

A: Take one—or two or three or four—of them into your home—and into your heart.

Q: How can I make them feel at Home?

A: Select a small area of your garden. Erect a wigwam, igloo, pup-tent, beach-umbrella, etc. (If your kiddy already has a cubbyhouse this would be ideal.) Line the same with the grass (lawn?) effluent from your Victa mower. Equip with: 1 palliasse, 1 primus-stove, 1 teenage daughter (optional), 1 bed-pan.

CAUTION: The Indonesian is rarely toilet-trained. A sand-tray should therefore be provided. If he should accidentally slip indoors and soil the new Burgundy wall-to-wall use the age-old remedy—rub his nose in it.

Q: What will I feed them on?

A: The Indonesian is a thrice-daily rice man. Next month we will publish our special feature "A Hundred Ways to Serve Rice". Indonesians do eat other things . . .

CAUTION: It is best to keep indoors around dinner time.

Q: How can I make them feel they belong?

A: Knit your "adopted" Indonesian an all-Australian pure-wool suit for him to wear to his tribal meetings.

It is understood that Indonesians do not speak fluent Australian. Learn his language. (The W.E.A. will probably run extra classes.)

Editorial

AUSTRALIANS are recognised the world over as "good sports".

When we lose this battle, let us not also lose our dignity. Let us give the Indonesians such a welcome to our famed shores as will go down in the annals of Time.

Let us, for sure, make a token defence of our beautiful harbour (of which we are justly proud) but do not let us be turned from our abiding sympathy for the underdog.

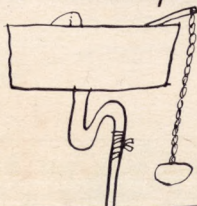
In the words of the great Grantland Rice:

Let the national bosom of us of the Downunder heave a welcome to the little men of Upover.

The Portrait of an Artist as a Young Man

BY MARTIN SHARP

FIRST ARTISTIC EFFORTS OF PROMISE ON LAVATORY WALL AT SCHOOL. These recieved acclaim from his fellow students - Became top decorator of all the schools lavatory walls



3 years later - a visiting gallery director giving an end of term service on the Australian Art-BOOM! discovered these passionate scribbles while relieving himself!



After a long search in all the Push hangouts The Art Dealer discovered our young painter in PLAYLAND playing the pinball machines.



After an extensive period of training in The Art Dealers course in Young Paintermanship our adolescent artist was ready for release.....



Down with the charm school - ya gotta be GUTSIE youthful exuberant smile - Olsen, Hering, Rapotec etc... are KING!

he attended exhibition openings at the IN Galleries and drank at the "Windsor Castle"



Pollock, Rothko, De Kooning, Appel, Duxey, Tapiers. They move me man They move me!

GUTSIE, MAN GUTSIE

..... WON SEVERAL ART PRIZES, donated by a Tomato Sauce Co. and the Foul Fertilizing Co.



It's called NED KELLY in the you beaut country and it'll cost yer 500 quid!

after suitable pre-publicity The Art Dealer decided his protege was ready for his first one man SHOW.....

..... with a most EXTRAVAGANT opening! ... Authentic aborigines were imported from La Perouse to play on didgeridoos to accompany Col Joyes opening speech, invitations were hand carved by Dawn Fraser on Fragments from Ayers Rock. Savoury wickety gruels and Seppelts Vinegar were distributed by stockmen from N.T. The show had sold out 3 days earlier.



THE CRITICS RAVED!

ville. Tuxtaposed guttily integrated metamorphosis of paradoxical forms smh

The real Australia is revealed by his brush. Like the surgeons scalpel reveal the GUTS ... NATION

visual maturity and an sincere understanding of the calligraphic integration of the guttily juxtaposed forms too guttily metamorphosed juxtaposed forms

BULLDOUST! Bulletin. SUN TELE. & SUN.

WON Travelling Scholarship - went to London! RAVE. RAVE, RAVE. "The Australian Renaissance in full bloom" WHAT GUTS! WHAT VISION! Sold out 7 shows in 3 weeks. Involved in brawl at "DOWN UNDER CLUB." Beat up Salvation Army Private and 3 Barmaids. Next show at Whitechapel Galleries - only one painting sold to Lady the Hon. Plain Smith - discovered 8 four letter words on back of canvas - critics decryed his Art as "repetitive and crude untrained homography". Vanished to the colonies. returned to Australia - not invited to any openings - not recognised at Windsor castle - old school repainted lavatory walls. Joined Jimmy Sharman's Boxing Troupe



Commencement of 1963

No-one's a genuine Big Game Hunter till they've been to South Africa; and now, more than ever, South Africa is the international centre for this exciting outdoor sport.

True, our famous herds of buffalos, elephants, tigers and so on have almost become extinct. But now we've re-stocked our game reserves with the most dangerous animals of all time—wild niggers.

Cunning, fleet-footed, voracious; they roam the countryside in giant packs or hide in secluded native villages.

To celebrate our first National Nigger Hunt we've organised safaris to depart

every hour, on the hour, from Capetown. They have all the glamour and tradition of the safaris grandad never stopped talking about. Here's your chance to thrill to the cry of wild game on the run, swell with pride when your bullet strikes home. And don't forget your skinning knives!

Our special excursion will take the camera enthusiast inside a nigger's den to see them mating.

For those hunters on a bigger budget, we've a special surprise in store. Helicopters, fitted with machine-guns, will fly you over lush game reserves. Just like war-movies! See how the nigger packs scatter—you can slaughter a thousand in an afternoon.

Ever been "nigger-sizzling"? This new craze is fast catching on. Our safari surrounds a sleepy nigger village in the dead of night; then the thatched huts are set to flames. See how they run screaming with their fuzzy heads all ablaze. Smell them, too.

The sportsman who likes to relax can take advantage of our cleverly designed Nigger Decoys: Set these life-sized, rubber inflatable negresses anywhere and they'll attract hordes of Buck Niggers. They come in two styles: Dorothy Daindridge and Carmen Jones. And anyone can imitate typical nigger blues

with our Belafonte nigger whistle — just blow, then load your rifle.

However, hunters should be warned:

- some niggers are armed with little rocks;
- a wounded nigger is a dangerous animal;
- don't be fooled by tame niggers — there's no such beast.

THE HUNTER'S ANTHEM

(Sing Along with Bull Connor)

*Ten little nigger boys marching in a line;
They marched to Alabama.
Now there are nine.*

*Nine little nigger boys left in the State;
Here comes a puppy dog.
Now there are eight.*

*Eight little nigger boys pray to go to heaven;
All the churches shut their doors.
Now there are seven.*

*Seven little nigger boys tried to inter-mix;
They tried in Mississippi.
Now there are six.*

*Six little nigger boys still left alive;
They went to South Africa.
Now there are five.*

*Five little nigger boys broke the Boer Law;
One sought legal aid.
Now there are four.*

*Four little nigger boys at long last set free;
One was locked up again.
Now there are three.*

*Three little nigger boys tried three wives to woo;
One didn't have a permit.
Now there are two.*

*Two little nigger boys playing in the sun;
One broke the curfew.
Now there is one.*

*One little nigger boy obviously alone;
Here comes a hunter.
Now there are none.*

*No little nigger boys left to molest;
Life is rather dull now,
So who'll we shoot up next?*

The American Gaslight Company offers its

CONGRATULATIONS

to Uncle Tom's Cabins on the commencement of the 1963 nigger hunting season.

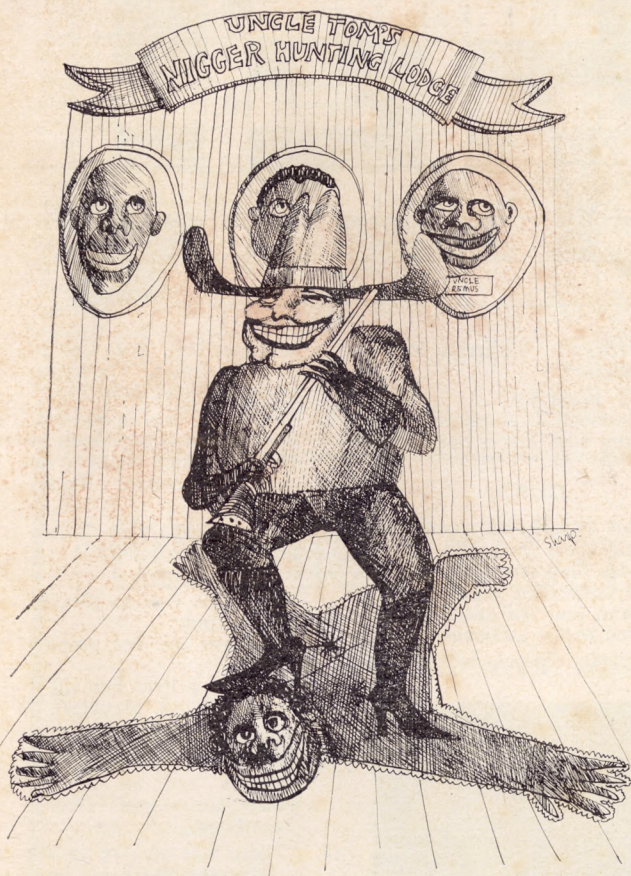
- For our latest booklet "Convert your old oven into a modern Gas Chamber", send to us, Box 44, Little Rock.

In South Africa niggers are a national pest. They eat the crops and drink the water supplies. So every head mounted above your fire-place is another blow for our national economy.

Remember, South Africa has been famous for centuries and we cherish our reputation. This is the holiday you have been waiting for.

See you on safari!

Nigger-hunting season



OVERSEAS SUBSCRIBERS PLEASE NOTE

The Federal Government has announced that this year again there will be no open aborigine hunting season in Australia.

This is in accordance with its policy of protecting and maintaining native fauna.

In making this announcement the Government has again reminded that it is illegal to keep aborigines as pets and that all aborigines being so kept must be returned to their native sanctuaries.

(In Australia aborigines are maintained as an historical curiosity and tourist attraction in special native sanctuaries. Here they are given a scientifically-prepared, alcohol-free diet.)

Have the westerns on TV made your trigger finger itchy? Well, partner, clean your Colt 45, load your Winchester and come to the Alabama nigger hunt. Sponsored by the same Klan that organised the memorable Meredith chase in Mississippi and the headline hitting hunt in Little Rock, this year's season will be bigger and better than ever.

We promise a full press coverage of every hunt.

There'll be no annoying delays in tracking down the prey. Niggers have flourished in our healthy southern climate and some sections of the townships are inhabited by them exclusively.

To assist hunters we've lookouts scattered all over the State — there's a ranger in every rectory. Hunting dogs too, have been added as a special attraction.

Perhaps the most successful gimmicks is the new game "Water Skittles". Fire hoses are supplied to each hunter, who competes for a valuable prize. The idea is

simply to knock as many niggers off their feet with each burst.

Still in vogue, of course, are the time-tested amusements of whipping, hanging and castrating.

A full range of grenades and bombs are available to the hunter. Hurling through the windows of nigger homes, these provide a colourful spectacle, especially at night.

Although originally imported from Central Africa, our niggers have been carefully bred and trained for the contest.

Hurry along to Uncle Tom's Cabins. It's a holiday you'll never forget!

Boneless TINNED NIGGER

"Guaranteed not to go white in the tin."

Just arrived! South Africa's new controversial taste sensation . . . specially selected, pre-fattened niggers deep-fried in their own juice.



● Ask for it by name—genuine South African boneless tinned nigger.

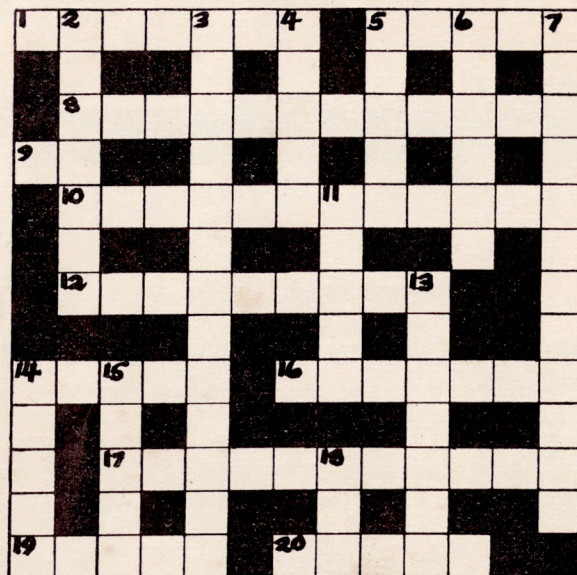
Ozword No. 3

by Grant Nichol

ACROSS

1. A new Sydney theatre that started off successfully with **Cherry Orchard**.
5. (Across and down). "Pomegranate! From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step. Pyjamas, let us say? Or stockingette gusseted knickers, closed? Or, put we the case, those complicated combinations, camiknickers?" **Whose** writing?
8. Methinks her column takes up a lot of good advertising space in the **Sunday Telegraph**.
9. Who was "moon-horned" in Oscar Wilde's poem **the Sphinx**?
10. "Good friend for Jesu's sake forbear . . . enclosed here, Blessed be he that spares these stones and curst be he that moves my bones." (Shakespeare's epitaph.)

12. "A moustache is essential. It finishes off a man's facial expression. It gives him a nice, loving, wilful, roguish, bogeyish, enterprising air." This I believe.
14. "Some circumstantial evidence is very strong, as when you find a . . . in the milk." (Thoreau).
16. The rodent friends of President John F. Kennedy.
17. Comic strip read by Woomera staff, Yuri Gagarin, space salesmen, electricians, Mac Raboy, people living between Pymble and Killara, and a hep entrepreneur.
19. "The Victorian Government is giving the couple (Princess Alexandra, Angus Ogilvy) a pair of kangaroo paws mounted on silver. Ugh! Knowing Mr. . . ., we really expected him to send a set of mulga wood



bookends" (editorial, **Daily Mirror**).

20. "I positively . . . Miss Dombey; I—I am perfectly sore with loving her."

DOWN

2. An Italian film recently at the Lido, with the inevitable Marcello Mastroianni. It concerned marital boredom and the ennui extended to the audience.
3. Home, Sweet Home for

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Campbell, Lancelot, Theodora, Little Nell and Baby Pip.

4. "An . . . has happened, upon which it is difficult to speak, and impossible to be silent." (Edmund Burke, 1789.)
6. Where did the Indian Mutiny begin in 1857?
7. "There is a lady . . . Was never face so pleased my mind; I did but see her passing by, And yet I love her till I die." (R. G. Menzies).
11. Negroid people of West Africa.
13. "You're not an . . ., you're an onion!" (Ibsen, **Peer Gynt**.)
14. "There was an Ape in the days that were earlier; Centuries passed, and his hair became curlier; Centuries more gave a . . . to his wrist— Then he was Man—and a Positivist." (Mortimer Collins.)
15. "With this slave's . . . Bloody, bawdy villain!" (**Hamlet**).
18. Half the World did not believe in Him; the rest did not believe in Oscar Wilde.

SOLUTION TO No. 2

ACROSS

- 1., 6. Jayne Mansfield; 8. Camel's; 11. "Nevermore!"; 12. Heorot; 13. Error; 14. Clement Attlee (1954); 17. Rex; 18. Sue; 19. **Peter Grimes**.

DOWN

2. Anna Neagle; 3. Emil Nolde; 4. Ife; 5. Seymour Glass (about 1948 in the chronicles of the Glass family); 7. Dodecanese; 9. Set; 10. Keir Hardie (1903); 14. Crops (**the Song of the Mad Prince**); 15. Exits; 16. Norge.



Abolition of Transportation

THE colony of New South Wales was founded on a system of transportation.

To be eligible for an assisted passage to the colony under this system, not very arduous requirements had to be fulfilled and there was a certain period of bondage on arrival.

However, in the mid-nineteenth century the first phase of the Bring-out-a-Briton campaign concluded with the abolition of transportation by the British Government on the agitation of the colonial citizens.

In more recent times a new and more insidious form of public transportation has crept back into this State. Fortunately, however, on this occasion our State Government has proved itself to be of sufficient strength and initiative to purge the State of this curse of its own violation, despite the opposition of misguided public opinion.

As with such other social evils as drinking, smoking and gambling, the vast majority of the population will not be

persuaded that transportation is detrimental to our way of life.

A less disinterested government than our own would simply bow to the demands of the public. We can be thankful that our Government has set itself to rid this city of anything that could be described as a system of public transportation.

Before the Government's progress so far is examined, remember that this Government did not create the system; it was an unwanted legacy from previous administrations.

Opponents of the Government would have us believe that it has tried to extend transportation. Do not be misled by criticism for which there is not a shred of supporting evidence.

Public opinion being the force that it is, the Government has necessarily had to proceed cautiously. Imperceptibly the fares for trains, buses and trams have been gradually increased.

Nothing has more successfully turned people to the use of taxis and their own cars.

Nevertheless the public is slow to realise how concerned the Government is for its welfare and has always loudly opposed the fare increases.

So the Government has had to resort to other methods. It has increased the number of sections, reduced the number of services on each route, limited some routes to a peak hour service.

This last is a very clever device since, with no weekend services, the public is forced to buy a car or stay at home. Owning a car they no longer require public transport during the week.

The master stroke was the abolition of trams.

Well established, frequent tram services were replaced by buses, more difficult to get into (having less doors) and holding less people, with less frequent services and — piece de resistance — the bus routes can be altered as often as the Government feels it necessary to confuse the public.

Moreover, the removal of tram lines has made road surfaces better for those private means of transport which the Government is encouraging us all to adopt.

The Government has also resorted to methods of subtle frustration.

To a person who still believes that our public transport system is serving the public, nothing is more convincing than to find that most of the buses which career along our main roads have the destination "Special" or set down first at some unknown street or have only one door open.

Lastly, a sympathetic word for the transport workers — those thousands of patient, courteous conductors and drivers who maintain this dubious service to the public.

Nothing compares in difficulty to the task of assisting the Government make the public realise that transportation is something which can be, and should be, dispensed with. In this our transportation workers are performing sterling service.

Their greatest contribution is, of course, the strike.

Despite the continual exposure to criticism, they are prepared to withstand public opinion and every so often bring the whole transportation system to a standstill. In this way the public is brought to realise that it is possible to get to work without the normal services and that buses are completely dispensable.

Other methods of discouraging the public have been tried with varying success, such as having the rear destination board removed from buses, not waiting for passengers running for buses, inadvertently missing passengers waiting at stops, and so on.

No one can deny that the Government's measures, supported wholly and unselfishly by its employees, is succeeding. Only a remnant of the once thriving transport system now remains.

With a little more concerted effort in the right direction the abolition of transportation can become not only an historical but social reality.

—J. W. Collerson

Become An Oztronaut

First prize: 22 world trips ! !

OZ announces a special series of £100,000 lotteries to finance an **AUSTRALIAN OZTRONAUT**.

The **OZTRONAUT** will fly in a special austerity rocket featuring a small cylinder of scrap iron and an oxygen tank.

Throughout his 22 orbit flight he will be accompanied by an air conditioned, temperature-regulated, feather-bedded Press rocket which will transport the hundreds of TV cameras, radio microphones, plus cameramen and reporters.

The **OZTRONAUT**, if/when he returns will be expected to write his experiences for the World Press.

If there is time, he will also be given a brief medical examination.

OZ is looking for a **FAMILY MAN** ! !

He should have some experience in public relations, with a background of radio work and lay preaching. Entrants should have poised, pretty Daughters and an emotionless Wife.

The successful entrant will undergo a rigid two-year training course in speech-making, television acting, prayer writing and interviewing techniques.

Our **OZTRONAUT** will be a man who likes to travel, but who is not interested in meeting people. Some scientific training is helpful, but not essential.

Here's what you do . . .

Just send us your name and address, enclosing a recent photo of your family. Then complete the following sentence in not more than 50 words: "Russian rockets are good, but . . ."

Social Top Twenty

An authentic survey of Sydney's most popular socialities, compiled by an independent OZ reporter.

Position in the charts is based on a quantitative and qualitative analysis of appearances in the daily press

1. Mrs. K. Nash.
2. Anne van Bochove.
3. Mrs. C. R. McKerihan.
4. Mrs. Norman Jenkyn.
5. Lady Berryman.
6. Mrs. Elsa Jacoby.
7. Mrs. Katie Galbraith.
8. Gayl Galbraith.
9. Mrs. John Laszlo.
10. Mrs. Elyse Mansfield.
11. Nicholina Ralston.
12. Mrs. "Wiska" Listwan.
13. Mrs. Dick Pockley.
14. Mrs. Arthur Gollan.
15. Lady Plowman.
16. Mrs. Max Sturzen.
17. Mr. Leslie Walford.
18. Mrs. Eileen Copeland.
19. Dr. Cobber to You Morgan.
20. Mrs. Nola Dekyvere and Rev. Gordon Powell.

IN terms of social news Sydney is rather like a ghost town at present. This gave a rank outsider the chance to hit the top this month. Bouquets to **Mrs. Nash** for her clever use of social gimmicks. After throwing the party of the year last January, she set herself up as a fashion personality in her courtroom appearances. (Mirror 9/5/63). Bona fide socialists unite lest the plebs displace the debts!

LAST month I reported that **Anne van Bochove** and **Nicholina Ralston** were jockeying for top position. Well, Nicholina has really dropped out of the picture this month. She still has to learn that her marriage gimmick must be used sparingly if it's to keep its publicity value. On the other hand Anne's ingenuity and superb sense of timing ensure her a high rating. Who else would reveal their Freudian fantasies at an engagement party so blatantly? "Anne gave Max a six foot tiger snake called Sam as an engagement present, and — what's more — during the party they brought it out . . . I didn't think Max looked very relaxed." (S.T. 12/5/63). When Anne pulls stunts like this, what hope has poor Nicholina got?

IT'S really wonderful to see that grand old veteran of Sydney society **Mrs. Roy McKerihan** back in the social whirl again. Unfortunately her appearance, though brilliant, was brief, as she returned to Hong Kong on May 31. Her progress has been triumphal, her social mentions innumerable, but it is as the "fond grandmother" (S.T. 2/5/63) that she lives nearest and dearest in our hearts.

THE North Shore fans of **Mrs. Jenkyn** will be thrilled to read that their local favourite has really hit the big time this month. She has always been a popular performer in the "North Shore Times" and now she's been discovered by the down-town press. Her appeal has become truly cosmopolitan since she has got rid of her provincial mannerisms. In one busy evening she had to attend a cocktail party for the C.G. for the Netherlands and the Norwegian National Day Party (S.H. 19/5/63). Even her own little gatherings way up in Pymble have taken on an international flavour, with a dinner party for Sir Percy and Lady Spender (Nola's column 19/5/63) and a farewell luncheon party for Laura Williams. Among the guests at this latter "pace-setter" were "Countess Pietrasanta Sauvaigne, Theresa Alam, Phyllis Wang and Isabel Loutt" (S.H. 19/5/63). Who said Australians were racially prejudiced?

LADY BERRYMAN has made a comeback this month I'm happy to report. The giant flower filled horn of plenty in the foyer of Prince's was a foil to her brilliant, bugle-beaded gown. Either by luck or genius Lady B always

manages to dress appropriately. This time she was a bugle among the horns.

SYDNEY'S society is talking about what **Katie Galbraith** did last month. She left Gayl high and dry on the sixth rung while she got high on the fifth; imbibing in Douglas Lamb's cellar. "I've always been interested in wines," she said. "And I find that you can sell best the things you enjoy yourself". (Sun 8/5/63). But perhaps their split up is a good thing. I've heard somewhere that the family that drinks together sinks together.

THE perpetual sunshine of her smile guarantees **Mrs. Laszlo** a position somewhere on the Social Top Twenty. Can one smile and smile and smile and be a villain?

THE thoughtfulness of **Nola Dekyvere**'s two poodles in giving her a little pot of lily-of-the-valley as a Mother's Day present wins her my vote for "Mother of the Month" (S.T. 19/5/63). Mums everywhere will know just how to take such a touching gesture!

SYDNEY UNIVERSITY PLAYERS PRESENT

A double bill

"CECILE" by Jean Anouilh

"THE BESPOKE OVERCOAT" by Mankowitz

June 13, 14, 15, 20, 21, 22: 8 p.m.

Union Theatre

Starring Rosemary Gerrett & Stefan Gryff

A funny thing happened to me on the way to the White House



Was MY face red . . .

Governor Rockefeller has really goofed it.

Politicians in Yankeeland have got to be ultra-cagey about their family life or they'll get swept under the mat. The wife of Rocky's choice is plainly not the ideal wife of the voters' choice, ergo Rocky has had the "Richard". The Gov. quite plainly should have divorced his missus last year and fed young Winthrop, or whatever his name was, to the crocodiles in 1964, in time for the polls.

Now, God help us, we got nowt to look forward to but Barry Goldwater, who looks to his grandads for advice, or Jack Kennedy, who looks to his children. Caroline may yet be the first teenage prezzy of the U.S. of A. if they keep letting those lard-headed, square-eyed ninnongs vote.

Rocky was either a masochist who wanted to be a Nearly President or else a realist who figured he never could be anyway so what the hell. Or maybe he calculated that his public looked on him as a bloody capitalist and divorcing the femme like that gave them something in common.

But anyway the nub is he done it all wrong. Yank voters are sort of self-righteous somehow, and if they can't expunge their analities and oedipalities and things on the lecherous Negroes or the profligate Semites they turn it on to their candidates instead. A candidate has got to be Impeccable and love his wife like mad, because if he ain't then all the non-impeccable wife-beaters will develop a conscience.

The Voter is a poor little bottlenose nerk with polka-dot underpants and a million inhibitions which swarm over him like wood beetles. So he builds himself a prejudice to hang the beetles on. That way he feels more comfy.

But this Bottlenose by definition is a non-inventive cove and his prejudices don't come easy. He's got to be spoonfed. Most of them are just plain headline fodder. Wherefore Bottlenoses Inc. re-

jected Al Smith, who was a Catholic, and accepted Dwight Eisenhower, who was a Jehovah's Witness.

This brings us to the sordid business of Binky—Binky was a bug-bitten pomeranian bitch of exotic parentage that was presented to Dick Nixon in 1952 by one of his adoring supporters.

Now cast your mind back. Dick Nixon, an ex-axeman Congressman blue-jowled whippersnapper bloke, was running for Vice-President under Ike. Ike liked him because Dick won a debating competition in 1946 and if there was anything the General needed it was an orator. Okay, Splendid. Everything was hunky-dory, until July, when the headline-mongers got in.

Nixon, they howled, with teeth dripping blood, had taken a bribe from a big business concern: seventy thousand bucks. It was true too, by God. Absolute proof. Well: the Republicans got piles. They bleated frantically to Ike that Richard the Blue Jowled had done the dirty and should be dropped like a mess of pottage. A dark pall fell over the scenario. But Dick saved the team. What he did was this:

He got an hour of prime time on telly on Saturday night, on all stations, and, as a stroke of genius, he brought Binky.

Binky woofed.

"We have many supporters," said Dick, as the nation sat with lolling teaspoons and Mouse-ears held tight about their heads, "and many have sent us gifts. This is one of them."

"Woof!"

"This is Binky. Sit up Binky. That's it. Now my people, my electorate, I ask you, should I send this money back? Should I? For if I do this, I should also SEND BINKY BACK! Should I do that, my people? Should I send back Binky?"

"Woof?"

Well what if he does take bribes? said the voters. He certainly likes animals. Adlai Stevenson lost the elections. He was divorced.

Private life, you see, has got to be carefully tinkered, or you've had the purple bowel. Consider J. Kennedy.

Now there are libel laws in this country, to protect the innocent and comfort the wealthy. So I'd better just state facts. Like a catechism, sort of.

Jack Kennedy is a Catholic. He is also a Democrat. Jackie Kennedy is his wife. She used to be a Republican Catholic but she's not any more. But both of them are Catholics still.

Jack and Jackie got married in 1952. They were very happy. The Saturday Evening Post had just named Jack the most eligible bachelor on Capitol Hill. This was good publicity. The big laugh was on the Post, and everyone thought it was very funny. It was.

Then Jackie got pregnant. It was 1956. Jack was trying to be vice president that year. But he lost. And Jackie lost the baby too. His name was going to be John Junior.

In 1957 Jack was trying very hard to be President. He tried very hard for the next three years. Then in 1960 he came

very close and Jackie got pregnant again. The people admired Jackie because she was pregnant and brave and they voted for Jack and made him boss. She had the baby this time. His name was John Junior.

Jack and Jackie are both Catholics. Catholics do not believe in birth control.

They are also Liberal Democrats. Perhaps they are Liberal Catholics.

Perhaps they are stingy Catholics.

Sometimes your image is so top hole, you can get away with murder. Teddy Kennedy got chucked out of Harvard for cheating. Wendell Wilkie (the Republican nomination for President in 1940) was a Democrat. Teddy came off best though.

Teddy admitted it cheerfully. "Sure I cheated," he said, "but I can do more for Massachussets." He got a gold-plated cherry-tree for the most sickening act of truthfulness of the fiscal year. And rode his surname to the senate house. In his turn Wilkie said, "Sure I was a Democrat. But I've had a change of heart." "You're a card, W.W.," they said, and nominated him.

He lost by the longest neck since Robespierre.

Maybe the voters suspected he had B.O.

Harry Truman owned a department store in 1940 and got nominated for the Senate because he took orders and said yes with a smile. In 1944 they made him Vice-President because he took orders and said yes with a smile, and his horn-rims offset F.D.R.'s pince-nez so nicely. Between them they beat the socks off Tom Dewey, who had a moustache. In 1945, Roosevelt died and Harry was suddenly Boss Man. Which was pretty embarrassing because what he did for a living was manage a department store in Independence, Missouri.

Harry made a mess of things till the next leap year and Tom Dewey got the nomination and ran against him again. Well, the Gallup Poll figured that Harry didn't have a marshmallow's chance in hell. Bookies were laying 14 to 1 against him.

Dewey was very happy on poll night and had a glittering shivoo. Truman was very sad and had a glass of hot milk before bed, at seven p.m. At midnight Dewey got up and said to the revellers: "Ah . . . a slight hitch." But the revellers drank on. Harry awoke with the dawn and bells were ringing.

Nobody knew what had happened, least of all George Gallup, who got the sack as Royal Seer. George was deeply hurt and did a pile of research. Finally, he found out the reason. Truman didn't win: Dewey lost. The reason why Dewey lost was:

"Well, I could never trust a man who wore a moustache."

Only in America, as the man said, "Was Dick Nixon Sabotaged By the Make-up Girl?" cried the headlines, once, long ago. Oh dear!

Maybe Rocky did the right thing. To be elected by prawns is to regard oneself as a king prawn. And think of all the money he can make now, writing gardening hints for the Women's Weekly, like the Duke of Windsor.

by **BOB ELLIS**

Sydney by night

LEGITIMATE THEATRE

(Asterisk denotes that it has been reviewed previously)

1. **The Season at Sarsaparilla:** Patrick White's play is an outstanding success. No 'new truths' are discovered but suburban life is revealed in all its phony pathos. The quality of acting and production is exceptional.

2. **Old Tote:** "Bald Prima Donna" and "Fire Raisers" prove worthy successors to "Cherry Orchard".*

3. **Orpheus in the Underworld:** Inevitably the cast for the return season does not quite match the original. But Offenbach's operetta is still the gayest romp in Sydney now or for quite some time.

4. **Philip Theatre Revue:** "Do You Mind" is right back among the best of the old Philip Street. The scripts have found their sting at last. The cast is in top form and, of course, there's Gordon Chater.

5. **Sydney University Revue:** "Drums Along the Tank Stream" was a strange mixture of brilliant and banal scripts. The brightest Uni. revue in the last few years, it had pace, variety and actors of exceptional versatility.

6. **The Visit:** Friedrich Durrenmatt's modern morality in the Grand Guignol tradition. The superb drama interweaves the humour of small town characters with the magnificence of tragedy. The producer, Peter Summerton, would do well to conceal the inadequacies of the Independent stage to do justice to the play. It seems to lack the profundity to intensify the climaxes which become stilted and immemorable.

The production fails the conception.

7. **Fairy Tales of New York:** Donleavy's workshop play ridiculing excerpts of modern life in N.Y.*

8. **Emma:** In this heavy-handed production only three characters captured the Austenian spirit: Mary Pusey as Emma, Edward Lansdowne as Mr. Knightley and Terry Madden as Mr. Woodhouse. The others tended towards caricature, sacrificing irony for laughs. Costumes and sets lacked the necessary gracefulness.

In a word, unaustentatious.

BASTARD CINEMA

1. **The Man in the Green Carnation:** Playing second fiddle to the Alexandra Wedding on its return run, it remains an outstanding film. While no great depths of either psychology or characterisation are achieved the total effect is

profound. As the Wilde one, Peter Finch is brilliant.

2. **The Miracle Worker:** The intriguing factual story of the struggle between Anne Sullivan and Helen Keller. Anne Bancroft's accomplished performance as the teacher is, at times, unfortunately cluttered by indistinct dream sequences. Patsy Duke's Helen Keller is remarkably convincing. For once the Oscar awards are deserved.

3. **Mondo Cane:** Not half as clever as its publicity but a film of extraordinary fascination. It vacillates between its condemnation of, and attraction to, sadism. Lacking complete cohesion of conception it tends to tail off towards the end.

4. **The Longest Day:** Darryl Zanuck's D-day.*

5. **West Side Story:** An immortal musical gets the full treatment.*

6. **Guns of Navarone:** High calibre adventure story.*

7. **How the West Was Won:** A bad re-telling of American history in brilliant Cinerama.*

8. **Mutiny on the Bounty:** A must for the seafaring sadist.*

9. **Fanny:** A songless "Gigi", set on the waterfront of Marseilles. It has a soggy French appeal, authenticised by the presence of Maurice Chevalier. The story? Sentimentally macabre.

10. **Sodom and Gomorrah:** Plainman's guide to the fleshpots of the Old Testament.*

In Melbourne in May

In May, Melbourne saw the opening of Noel Coward's musical, **Sail Away**, an occasion graced by the author himself. St. Martin's Theatre cashed in with Coward's **Look After Lulu**. Peggy Caine's Australian comedy **Who'll Come a Waltzing?** made its brave debut at the Comedy. Evie Hayes hammed her way through the melodrama **Mata Hari** at the Bowl Music Hall. Patrons of the Tivoli farewelled **The Black and White Minstrel Show** which had been the longest running production for years, and welcomed **Show Boat**. Sydney University's **Revue of the Absurd** became **Season of the Absurd** at the Union Theatre.

The King and I continued to draw crowds at the Princess, while Frank Thring packed them in at the Russell Street Theatre as **The Man Who Came to Dinner**.

Cinematically, **The Longest Day**, **The Guns of Navarone** and **Mutiny on the Bounty** are long running, while the culture film houses have been having success with **Jules et Jim** and **Der Rosenkavalier**.

*The King asked
The Queen, and
The Queen asked
The Dairymaid:
"Could we have some butter
for
The Royal slice of bread?"
Nobody, my darling, could call
me
A fussy man
BUT
I do like a little bit of butter
to my bread."*

*"Your Highness,"
said the Queen,
blushing as she did so,
"If it's tasty food you want.
Let us hurry to the Bistro."
"But my darling,"
said the King,
"The treasury is bankrupt,
how can we afford an expensive
Royal banquet?"*

*"Sire,"
quoth the Dairymaid,
"please pardon me for
speaking
BUT
even Sydney students choose
the Bistro for their eating."*

You, too can enjoy French cooking, reasonable prices, and gobleted wine at the **BISTRO** — 54b Pitt Street, Sydney, BW 5324.

Easy to find —it's on the Left Bank of the Tank Stream!



Will we ne'er come back again?



Mr Robert and Dame Pattie (obscured) Menzies farewell the Queen and Duke of Edinburgh at the completion of their 1963 Australian tour.

CONGRATULATIONS to Dr. Gough, who, with one glorious flourish of his imaginative powers, has atoned for all past indiscretions!

Writing to the London "Times" under the easily detectable pseudonym of "Hugh Sydney" he has suggested that the Queen should live in a "Buckingham Palace" in Australia for a couple of months each year or every two years.

"Here in Australia," he wrote, "we do not want to regard our Queen as a visitor but as Queen of Australia, 'one of us'."

How the Primate's words echo the sentiments of every other English visitor in this country, even if some of them suspect that the good doctor is still trying to find a tenant for Bishops court.

Australia already has its own resident ballet and opera companies, so why not a resident Royalty company? And what more appropriate than under the auspices of Her Majesty's own Australian Elizabethan Trust?

The cost of the recent tour (split almost evenly between Australia and the U.K.) has been estimated at about £300,000. However, the cost is not prohibitive.

The Australian Broadcasting Commission booking department could easily map out an Australian circuit and discreetly sell tickets to all major functions.

Season tickets have proved such a boon to the A.B.C.'s coffers of late that this system could easily be extended. A season ticket, would cover perhaps one gala premiere, one foundation laying,

one garden party and one opening of parliament.

Princess Alexandra, Prince Andrew, etc., could supplement the year's programme as Guest Artists.

If the recent Royal tour is any indication of the likely rush for tickets, anti-scalping legislation would have to be contemplated.

With the Queen on tour all the time a "Buckingham Palace" in Canberra would be out of the question. However, if the Russians could only be sent back home again, their Embassy would suit admirably as a Canberra office.

The most practicable suggestion is to convert the Mothball Fleet into a permanent royal flotilla.

As to the length of time spent in Australia each year, a couple of months is quite inadequate. It would take twelve months each year for every member of our sprawling population to have ample opportunity to see the show.

Australia's attachment to the Crown is legendary. Not even Great Britain takes Royalty as seriously as we do.

Recently a poll showed that nine out of every ten Britishers favoured the discontinuance of the playing of the National Anthem at cinemas and theatres. It would be hard to find one Australian so radical.

In our Prime Minister we have the greatest monarchist living today.

Surely it would be far more apt for the Queen to take up permanent residence on the Mothball Fleet, making occasional royal tours to the United Kingdom.

This would have the extra advantage of alleviating Britain of the burdensome expense of maintaining royalty. With the money thus made available they could initiate a Feed the Workers' Fund or conscript the unemployed into an army to invade Ireland.

Here in Australia royalty would not be a drain on the economy. With the combined and proven efficiency of both the Australian Elizabethan Trust and the Australian Broadcasting Commission, royalty would be made a "going concern".

As well as gaining proceeds from ticket sales, her Majesty would lend her name to the Buy Australia drive. What a scoop for Qantas to have "Our Queen" replace "Our Tania"!

In fact, a profit could be expected within five years of the changeover. As well as which, there would no longer be the heavy cost of royal tours.

"Two things only the people anxiously desire," wrote Juvenal, "—bread and circuses."

Happy Australia if it could have both all the year round!

—Dot

HOOR OF RISING

Mr. Norman Sykes, a Huddersfield gentleman with a wife and five children, has just gone to gaol for six months because he persistently failed to support himself and his family.

He explained that he found he was too tired in the morning to get out of bed.

"Estrangement from the Duke has not prevented the Duchess living the life she has always led." (Sunday Tel., May 12.)

"With willing helpers — from the North Rocks School for the Blind—I help to clean the Dekyvere silverware."

Nola D., Sunday Tele., May 12.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES— MAY 2nd, 1963

DEBATE ON SUPPLY (Grievance Day)

Mr. MINOGUE (West Sydney).—The matter that I now propose to raise has left me almost at the end of my tether. It concerns a constituent of mine whose case I have referred to many times previously. This man had been working for about nine months in a Sydney club when unfortunately he met with an unusual accident in which he injured his privates. He was taken to hospital on two occasions. On the first occasion he lost one of them and on the second he lost the other. If he had lost two fingers or two toes he would have received £600 or £700 compensation but the Government has wiped him, the insurance companies have wiped him and everyone else has wiped him. All he has left are two bills from two hospitals for over £100 each. His claim for compensation was rejected and now he has to meet a bill from his solicitor. He is in the unfortunate position of having no money with which to appeal against the decision which has been made. If they had money his wife could reasonably expect to fight a case on the ground of seeking restitution of conjugal rights, but there is not even enough money to enable her to approach the court.

Mr. DEPUTY SPEAKER.—Order! The honorable member's time has expired.

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