

NOT REGISTERED
FOR TRANSMISSION
AT THE G.P.O.

*(the Bureaucratic Alfs have been
"pondering our application"
for 18 months now)*

No. 20, 1965: 2/-

0Z

CIRCULATION: 30,000.



**GIVE US YOUR
VIETNAM LINE
AGAIN, BOB**

THE BIG JOKE



WHAT? FOOTBALL IN TAILS? . . .

Yes, sir, and why not?

and we must always be well dressed at work or at play. After all, Rugby is the sport of gentlemen and chappies, it's so easy. Visit **Formal Wear**. Hire a tux or a dinner suit, top hat or tails. With the help of **FORMAL WEAR** your wardrobe will be versatile . . . your taste exquisite . . . and it will hardly cost you a bean.

Please indicate the type of Formal Wear you wish, and enclose a cheque, money order or postal note to cover the deposit and hiring cost. (Deposit will be returned.)

TUXEDO: Hiring cost, £2/2/-; Deposit, £5; Postage 6/-; TOTAL £7/8/-. DINNER SUIT: Hiring cost, £3; Deposit, £5; Postage, 6/-; TOTAL, £8/6/-. DINNER SUIT AND TUXEDO ACCESSORIES: Shirt, 10/- extra; Tie, 5/- extra; Gloves, 5/- extra; Dress Jewellery, 5/- extra. (Please state collar size.) DRESS SUIT:

Hiring cost, £5/5/-; Deposit, £5; Postage, 6/-; TOTAL, £10/11/-.

Hiring cost includes: Dress Shirt and Collar, white Vest, Studs and Cuff links, white Gloves and white Tie. (Please state collar size of shirt.)

LOUNGE SUIT: Hiring cost, £3; Deposit, £5; Postage 6/-; TOTAL, £8/6/-. And for the Fair Sex — DEBUTANTE GOWN: from £8-£10 dep.; WEDDING GOWN: from £10-£5 dep. BALL GOWN: from £5-£5 dep. FUR STOLE: from £2/2/- to £5 dep.

(Follow these directions)



CHEST
Round chest high under arms and over shoulder blades.



SLEEVE

Under arm seam measurement of any well-fitting suit or jacket.



LENGTH

Length of jacket from under back collar to skirt edge of jacket.



WAIST

Measure over the waistband without belt.



LENGTH

Down inside seam from crutch to bottom of cuff (inside trouser leg).

Shirt Size

Neck

FORMALwear

HIRE SERVICE

147a KING STREET, SYDNEY (at rear of lift) near Castlereagh St.

26-28 MARKET LANE, MELBOURNE

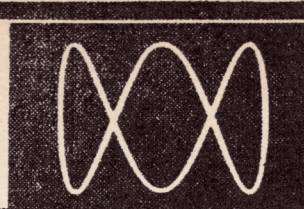
(off Bourke St opp. Southern Cross car park)

Ph: 28-0537

Ph: 32-4795

10% OFF

FOR ALL OZ READERS



A new series of that well-loved animal story for all the family:

MR. ED

— the talking horse

now to be known as

MR. ED CLARK IN CANBERRA

Did he know anything about South-East Asia?

"Very little. I've been to London, Paris, Italy and places like that but as a banker and lawyer I've had no reason to know any more about Australia or South-East Asia than the next man."

"Ed Clark wraps his 220lb-plus frame in loud checked suits and coats that would put Joseph's to shame."

"We've been waiting nine months for someone to take the job."

"She added that neither she nor her husband had ever visited Australia."

"His dress has also been called 'one of the modern wonders of the world.'"

"He raises a big laugh on the banquet circuit with one of his favorite sayings: 'We have how-died, but we ain't shook.'"

NEW YORK, Tues. — The first inkling Mr Edward Clark had that he might be Ambassador to Australia was when President Johnson phoned him last week.

"I've known Lyndon Johnson for 30 years. He's a particularly close friend and when he mentioned the Prime Minister of Australia, the wheels started turning in my head."

What would he think about being called "Your Excellency?"

"Well, I guess I'll have to get my cutaway out. I haven't worn that since my daughter's wedding, you know."

All the thrills and laughs of a circus as this wacky animal plays at being human. You'll scream the instant he opens his mouth. You'll rock with mirth as he enters an international conference. You'll roar as he opens the diplomatic chaff-bag, shriek at this hayseed Harriman, this alfalfa Foster Dulles. Don't miss those loud check horse-rugs and the alligator shoes! It's the biggest joke ever to reach Australia and he gallops from Texas to be with you SOON.

- Collapse as his 220lbs. of flesh are saved from the knackers' yard! You'll die when he is sent out to end his days in the Canberra pastures!
- Sob as the Russians attempt to geld him. Watch how they react after that hilarious track workout!
- Laugh yourself SICK when he poses as the Ambassador!

It's all Texas to a horseshoe that it's a real mare's nest when MR. ED comes to Canberra. It's only horse-sense to watch out for the BIG show of laughs. He's the outs of the town!

Don't miss

MR. ED

(by Patronage, out of Desperation. Owner and trainer: Lyndon B. Johnson)



Add inches to your bust
Eat regularly at



3 Jersey Road, Woollahra
Telephone 32 4815 for reservations

All About OZ

EDITORS: Richard Neville, Richard Walsh.

ASSISTANT EDITOR: Dean Letcher.

SECRETARY: Marsha Rowe.

ART DIRECTOR: Martin Sharp.

ARTISTS: Gary Shead, Peter Kingston, Mike Glasheen.

★ OZ is an independent magazine. It is published by OZ Publications Ink Limited, 16 Hunter Street, Sydney. 28-4197, 96-1448 (after hours).

★ OZ pays contributors. Articles should be typed. They do not necessarily have to be satirical. Send manuscripts or artwork to the above address.

★ OZ circulation is now 30,000.

Back copies are still available for 1/-. Nos. 1, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9 and 17 have sold out.

Sir,

It may sound daft from a 16-year-old, but you are far too pre-occupied with sex and particularly homosexuality. I have read a few numbers of the King's Cross Whisper and I think they're bloody funny. But they're not satire. And satire is what I want most of all to see. Not just double entendres—leave that to the Whisper.

Satire, and in particular political satire, is what I want to see. This is a general criticism that can be levelled at most current Australian satire. The jokes about politicians are generally about their clothes or their names and damn all about their policies.

I note with concern that nearly 30% of OZ is taken up with ads. How about charging more for each ad and less for each subscription?

I haven't wasted my time being rude about Australia's only attempt at satire. I hope my comments will be appreciated.

Yours really sincerely,

G. Lafitte,
Carnegie, VIC.

WHAT'S IN VOGUE



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IBING
TO

24/- for one year
45/- for TWO years.

NAME

ADDRESS

OZ 16 Hunter St.
SYDNEY



BALLS AT FALLS



KO-KI ALPINE LODGE

231A George Street, Sydney. Tel. 27-7582/Falls Creek, Victoria.
Tel. 27

To ski at Ko-Ki said the Yeti, as he switched off his ski-free, is a gas

T-bars, chair lift, Austrian Ski School — downhill type slopes — all weather roads — parking at Village Rustic-screams of the natives as they hurtle over Compound Fracture Ledge heading for Red Light Cornice — hidden local stone on the Ski Home Trail. Exploding pink stretch pants as the Snow Birds go for a Burton down Ruin-Me Raceway — then light up a leather tipped Slalom at Harolds Coffee House Falls (optional) Creek via Albury — per Plane, Train or Steam Car (loaded with steam) Evening brawls (sing-sing), Friendly Fondue and Coffee Cognac Club.

Honeymooners £28 per week / per person / twin singles / irrespective

Peasantry £24 (all in together) for vitamins, bed & red The Mountain also boasts powder snow, blinding snow storms, coloured views and a variety of slopes to loose yourself or unwanted friends

Even Mt. Kosciusko pales — temp. steady at 22 degrees — locally brewed Glüwine to combat frostbite and emotional fatigue

Are you in a little rut — we'll fix that — become snow-bound and be glad to come out alive We love the Alps — 'cos God Alps those who alp themselves Have a fall (oops — ball) — ski at Ko-Ki Be miserable and stiff, that's "U" for you.

SKI FOR RELIEF

PERSONAL BOOKINGS—SYDNEY 27 7582

Sir,
I enclose a cutting from "The Mercury", Hobart, Saturday, May 29.

WELL known as a student of Mandarin, Mr. Calwell has now bobbed up in an unexpected place — as author of a foreword to a book by former Tasmanian journalist John Lahey. The book is a collection of Australian folk songs.

I feel sure that Mr. Calwell's former attribute must be exceptionally helpful in his studies of, and dealings with, Old Ming.

John Coleman,
Burnie, TASMANIA.

Sir,

So you want a fatter, prettier OZ? By God you sure do! Just got your May edition and let me say: take a look at last year's May edition. A damn sight better than this one!

This one just makes me sick. Look, I'm not one of these bods who knock OZ as a dirty little schoolboy thing. I've been defending you. I sent money to help with your legal defence.

You know what I think you're doing? Protesting so hard about everything that you're no longer making sense. Oh sure, it's supposed to be satire. You're supposed to be very sophisticated and cynical. Well, you aren't succeeding.

There is nothing in your last edition that's worth reading. No important truths, no inspiration. I think you are wasting your time making unfunny noises about things that aren't big enough anyhow.

So you don't have any brilliant writers. Well, what a shame, maybe if you put the magazine out twice a year you'd do better.

I think that a lot of people that buy this magazine are looking for more in it than you are capable of producing. Aren't you supposed to be showing up stupidities in our Government? Don't you intend to make

the breakthrough for more freedom and intelligence in our morals? I thought you'd do a good job, lead an intelligence crusade against all the wrong and stupid things that people blindly accept.

Well, I was wrong wasn't I? Who the hell cares that Menzies wears double-breasted suits. Besides, everyone knows it by now—you've told them often enough before.

And face it—you don't know whether Australia should fight now in Vietnam or maybe here, later, instead of Vietnam. So why don't you go ask somebody who does? And giving so much space to Elizabeth Shepherd when you could be talking about half a hundred more important things. You remind me of PIX magazine. And all that junk on pornography.

Look, your big mistake is under-rating the people who read this magazine.

I realise I'm no prototype of the Brisbane dentist. Can't you see that I've been for you the whole time and now I'm starting to wonder if I was right.

You've turned out good stuff before; you still can. Just stop being petty and publish something intelligent!

Lynne Broad.
Crafers, S.A.

Inside the briefs

In 1933 a Miss Otto sought a house for herself and her mother, who was "old and nervous and did not trust new houses". She yielded finally to a builder's hard sell and bought one after he assured her that the house was well built and that her mother had nothing to fear (but fear itself).

Some time after, a substantial portion of the house collapsed on nervous Mrs. Otto and she was severely injured. She sued the builder for his undoubted negligence—claiming damages for personal injuries.

The judge found that: "I can find in no case any suggestion that a builder selling a house after completion is, in his capacity as builder, under any obligation to take care towards a future purchaser, let alone other persons who may come to live in it."

With "great regret", probably equal to Mrs. Otto's, he decided that she could not claim damages.

M. Otto and E. Otto v. Bolton
and Norris (1936) 2 KB 46

Different facts but even greater regrets marked a recent Sydney case in which a night patrolman claimed Worker's Compensation for incapacity arising from a leg injury at work.

His lawyers somehow forgot to serve his employer with a copy of his application for compensation and also omitted to file another document.

For excellent technical reasons these blunders meant that the man's case could not be heard at Court. Judge Williams expressed regret.

"The applicant, most unfortunately, must be left to pursue his remedies as best he can," he said.

I wonder if his best will be good enough? (SMH, Thurs., June 10)

* * *

Of course, judges must stick to the law, even if it isn't justice. Otherwise the tributes after you die tend to be a little ambiguous. Take the late Judge Berne of Sydney.

Mr. G. S. Webb, QC, said:

"He was a very humane Judge which was the hallmark of his character. I think that frequently led him into error."

and gave an example:

"He once gave a man a bond for a bad case of bigamy. The Crown appealed and the man was given a sentence of 12 months' gaol.

"The next time he had a bigamy case he gave the man five years, knowing it would be upset on appeal."

'S.M. Herald'
June 10

But I have niggling thoughts of the man feeling a bit upset on conviction.

—BONO.

Circulatory trouble, too, Mr Widen said, is on the increase in men, with a specially high death rate for men loving in large cities and doing "commercial work."

Sans teeth, sans face, sans anything

I'm a labor politician, in terrible disgrace: I can't face up to problems for I haven't got a face. My conferences come to nix, and here's the reason why. The ayes can never have it, for I haven't got an eye. A contrary viewpoint, just never ever shows. The noes can never have it, for I haven't got a nose. Electoral debacles leave me immersed in tears. But I cannot hear the reasons, for I haven't any ears. Oh how can I express myself on questions of import. I have no face, so all of my expressions come to naught. Perhaps my strong bravado is bad for the clan. Oh, why is it that I am not a self-effacing man?

—david erskine



WHAT'S NEW FROM THE BIG 3



"At 60 m.p.h. the loudest noise you can hear on a Holden is the sound of the rust."

ON June 3rd the Sydney "Sun" carried a daring headline on page one: **"£1600 CAR A BOMB"**. A quick glance at the story and you didn't have to be Sherlock Holmes to see that they were talking about one of the Big 3.

The story was that a two-month-old Automatic car, which cost over £1600 to put on the road, had been "grounded" by the NRMA as unsafe to drive. The car, one of the biggest selling makes in Australia, was found to have its steering out of alignment, faulty brake drums, oil leakages in the steering box and differential housing and duco so bad that it should be entirely redone.

So what else is new? Like murder, this is happening every day. Why the big front-page news about this particular car? How come the "Daily Sun" was brave enough to actually carry a front-page story attacking one of the Big 3?

Well, **point 1:** Somebody bought the car with money won in the lottery and every editor knows that lottery wins are the best news stories of all. And, **point 2:** It's all right to attack the Big 3 as long as you give absolutely no clues as to which one it is. Then all the Holden dealers can tell their customers they have it on good authority that it was a Falcon or Valiant. Falcon and Valiant dealers can tell their customers that it was a Holden. This makes everybody happy.

What make of car was it?, you ask.

Well, let's go through the clues: Out-of-alignment-steering. Holdens don't normally have this feature as standard equipment. It's an extra-cost option usually apparent just after the warrantee period has expired.

Falcon delivered all their cars this way early in 1960 but soon gave up the practice when they had to replace all those front ends at their own expense.

Valiant? No, it can't be Valiant. Valiant ads say they are: "Built Faithfully".

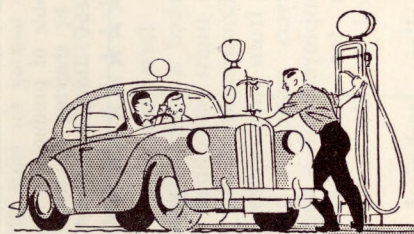
Let's take Faulty Brake Drums. No, no clue here—even at best, "faulty" is a good description of the brakes mounted on all these cars.

"Oil seepage from the steering box and differential housing"? This is not a fault. It's a built in "must" they all share.

Bad duco! Now there's a clue. Both Ford and Holden have learnt long ago that if the duco is good it holds off the rust for at least 12/12, whilst Chrysler who don't seem to share this problem with them get careless about duco.

We'll say it was a Valiant. And, you know something, we're right!—because we rang Mrs. Kelly and asked her.

The "Sun" report said that Mrs. Kelly has locked the car up in her garage. A wise move, Mrs. Kelly. A move that could well be followed by hundreds of thousands of your fellow-Australians.



ON December 18 last, a man was killed at Manly in a 1952 Holden. The car didn't kill him, excessive speed did.

However, at the Inquest the Coroner, Mr. Loomes, called for production of the car's Certificate of Road Worthiness after hearing an expert's evidence that cars like this were known as "rust buckets" because of the dangerous way their bodies rusted.

The expert, also an eye-witness to the accident, was Robert Davy of Narrabeen, a former vehicle inspection officer. Davy told Mr. Loomes there were few Holdens of 1952 vintage he would pass for inspection. "They were structurally unsound when built and are now death-traps," he said.

When asked by Sgt. Phelan whether he would refuse certificates for Holdens because of their age, Davy replied: "Not because of their age so much, but the majority of them in the Metropolitan area are so badly rusted in the cross members, frames, panels and floors that they are no longer a safe motor car to drive."

Mr. Loomes: "Do you say that in the trade the Holden motor cars from 1948 to 1953 are known as 'rust buckets'?"

Davy: "Not only that model—even FE models. I should have included 1954, 1955 and 1956. I also include the FC models which takes us up to 1959." All are notoriously bad for rust. They are so built that



rust can collect in various portions of these vehicles."

For a big finish, Mr. Davy also mentioned Ford Falcons as rust-prone cars.

Which brings us up to 1960 when the FB Holden was released, the most renowned for external signs of rust.

Has anything changed?

Holden and Falcon themselves aren't very reassuring on the subject. Their advertising for the last few years has carried the simple theme of "This Holden (or Falcon) is better than the last".

After all, there's not much more they can say. The cars this year are basically unchanged from previous years. They've had a face-lift. They've got even more power which their bodies and running gear are not equipped to handle. There are more new models to choose from and lots of new gimmicks to please the Alfs.

For 1965 you can sum up with a caption that suits all three: "Same old rubbish—new fin"

MAY 3rd, Ford received a visit from the Great White God—Henry Ford II, here to find out for himself why his Australian investment wasn't paying off the way it did in Grandpa's day.

The local Ford boys must have had a

lot of warning, for he arrived right in the midst of the greatest Ford advertising and publicity build-up ever. It seemed that this was: "The Best Year Yet to Go Ford". Newspapers, TV, radio carried both Ford ads and Ford publicity like they never had before, and the big gun in this great shebang was the "Ford Falcon 70,000 Mile Durability Run".

On face value it would seem that we were to believe that 5 Falcons were to do 70,000 miles in 9 days at an average speed of more than 70 MPH. But actually 6 Falcons did a total of 70,000 miles in 9 days and the average speed was calculated only for the time they were on the track. The 6th Falcon was a "spare" that filled-in every time one of the other cars was off the track for service or mechanical repairs.

One of the cars actually clocked 14,123 miles whilst the other 4 plus the "spare" did the extra 56,000 miles between them. Ford didn't release any figures on these cars for obvious reasons. You see, the mileage that the "spare" totalled up was a bit of an embarrassment. The second best mileage was some 1500 miles behind the best.

Ford made much of the new national records they set. And that's exactly what most of them were—NEW national records. No one had ever established any times previously for them to beat. Some achievement!

Half of the cars rolled over at least once and all of them went off the road too many times to count.

An interesting item was the bill for tyres —£6000! They used 100 tyres the first day. When it began to look as if the cars were going to spend more time in the pits than on the track they eased down a bit.

It was an interesting exercise. It proved that if you take 40 of the best drivers you can find; give them 6 Falcons; an unlimited supply of petrol; 600 tyres; a 2½-mile winding test track and drive like hell for 9 days, one car will last long enough to get through its warrantee period without breaking down. Well done, Ford!

Henry Ford II himself wrote our footnote. At the proving ground on the final day of the run he said: "Someone is doing a mighty job keeping these cars on the track".

by ARTHUR HANKIN

HOW DO YOU GET YOUR ★ SEX AND VIOLENCE ★?

TELEVISION

DRAMA

READING

ETC.

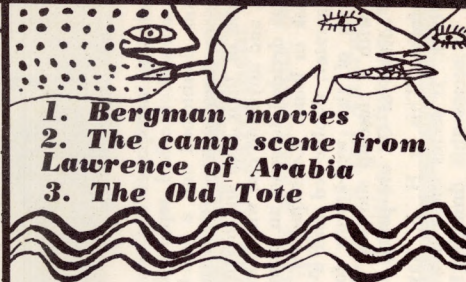
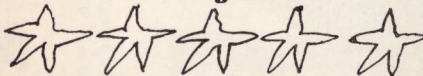
UPPER BROW

Sex

1. Documentaries on VD
2. Maigret, Z-Cars and other ABC AO's played after 10 o'clock

Violence

1. The news
2. Your Life in their Hands
3. The Avengers



1. Bergman movies
2. The camp scene from Lawrence of Arabia
3. The Old Tote

1. James Bond
2. Theatre of cruelty



have a piece

1. The Trial of Lady Chatterley
2. Candy
3. Constance Spry



1. Financial Review

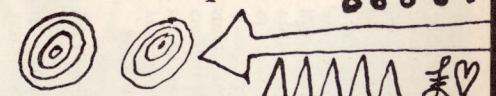


DAVID D. ABRAM

1. Wearing leather
2. Art classes



1. Vietnamese war torture photos
2. Credit squeezes



MIDDLE BROW

Sex

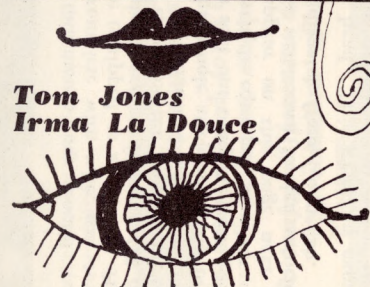
1. Mavis Bramston for its subtlety (e.g., PANSY)
2. Love Story
3. Climax
4. Test Pattern

Violence

1. Cartoon Carnival
2. Punch & Judy



1. Tom Jones
2. Irma La Douce



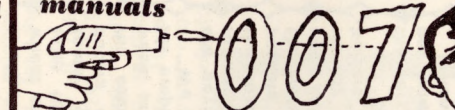
1. Hitchcock
2. Tom & Jerry cartoons
3. Neutral Bay Music Hall



1. Cavalier
2. OZ



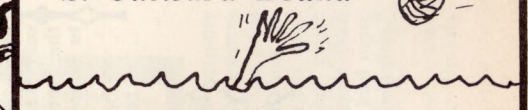
1. Fleming
2. Unarmed combat manuals



1. The Gas Lash
2. Fellowship outings
3. Yoga lessons



1. Soccer
2. Outward Bound



LOWER BROW

Sex

1. Peyton Place
2. Saturday Date
3. Bramston for its frankness (e.g., BUM)

Violence

1. Rugby
2. Wrestling
3. The Three Stooges



1. Carpetbaggers
2. The Tivoli



1. Cowboys & Indians
2. Religious epics

1. Kings Cross Whisper
2. Man magazine
3. Evening newspapers

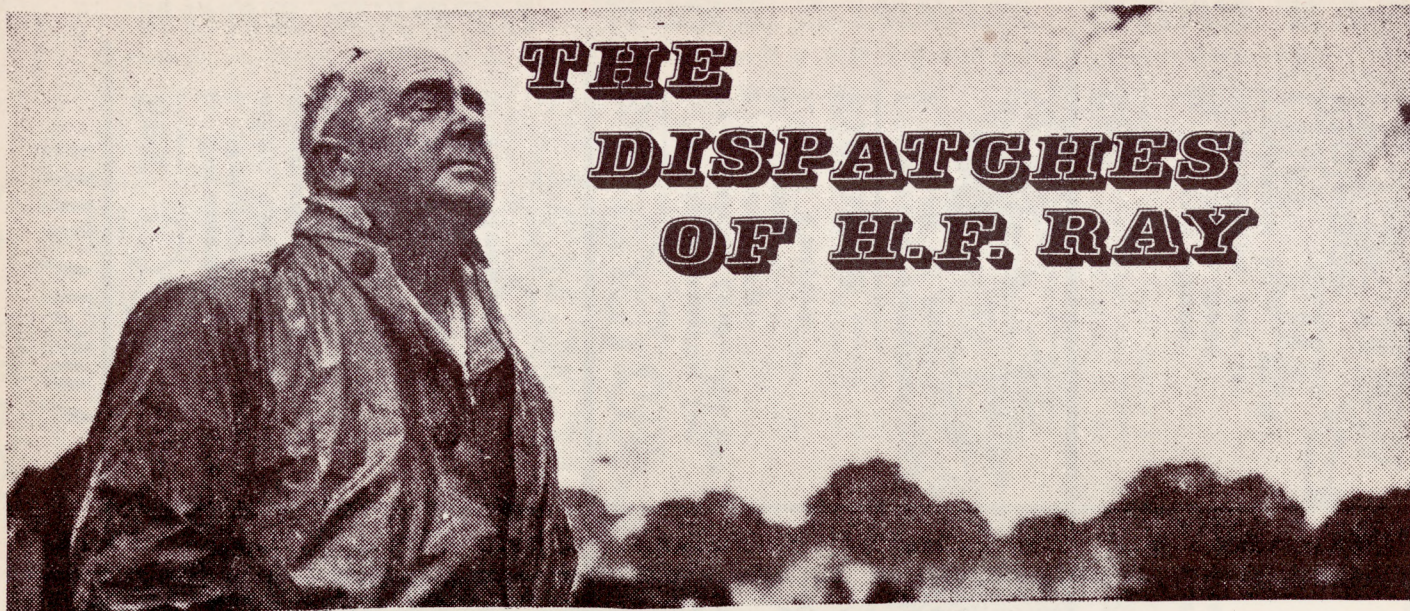


1. Ring magazine
2. Big Ben Bolt
3. Superman

1. Luna Park
2. Alan Walker's Teenage Cabaret



1. Queer bashing
2. Burning metho-drinkers
3. Visiting the Police Exhibition at the Show



THE DISPATCHES OF H.F. RAY

An evening newspaper has sent a journalist on a four-month tour around Australia to study outback life and report on it. He has gone complete with wife, gas stove, gas refrigerator, double-bed and a well-known foreign vehicle equipped as a caravan. His first missive from Gunnedah on the drought was so incredible that the editors of OZ decided to put one of their men in the field to report on the effects of the drought on country residents, and anything else which might catch his eye on an exhaustive tour of the outback.

It was decided to send an unmarried man so that his whole attention could be given to the task in hand. Consequently, H. F. RAY has been sent out complete with gas stove, gas refrigerator, double-bed and a well-known foreign vehicle equipped as a caravan. A photograph of this well-known foreign vehicle will appear on this page next month together with a close-up showing the name-plate on this well-known foreign vehicle.

The editors of OZ are proud to present Ray's first dispatch from Gunnedah.

Hello folks. This is H. F. Ray in the great outback. It seems there is a drought on here. It seems this drought has been caused by animals called sheep. These creatures grow wool and have teeth. With these teeth they eat grass. It seems they go on eating this grass night and day until eventually there isn't any grass. When there isn't any grass, the graziers complain that there is a drought. It seems that the best way to end the horror of drought in this great country of ours is to get rid of the sheep.

I spent some hours in the Regal and the Club-House discussing the prices of these animals known as sheep with the locals. It seems the offspring of the sheep is known either as a store lamb—i.e., one which is not fat, or a fat lamb, i.e., one which is fat. Now these lambs which are not fat, or thin lambs are selling at sixpence per head and those lambs which are fat are selling

at £7 per head. This seems an exorbitant profit. I mean, all a grazier has to do is to buy a thin lamb at 6d. and turn it into a fat lamb to collect £7. If he fattens only three of these lambs per day he is earning a sum far in excess of an A-grade journalist.

The farmers, too, are backward. It seems none of them yet have sown their wheat. In this age of great achievement, they persist with a wheat seed that requires rain to germinate it. I say, surely, even if they must still use this antiquated seed, all they have to do is sow the seed then hose the paddock to bring it up. But no, they prefer to do nothing. Their draught horses mope in bare paddocks and the blades of their mouldboard ploughs are rusting on the headlands.

One of the principal causes of this inertia, I believe, is the new New England television network. Television, that necessary accoutrement of city life, seems to be just too much for these simple-minded men. I called on one farmer at night. He came to the door rubbing his eyes. I said: "Excuse me sir, I'm looking for a human-interest story on this terrible drought." He said: "Drought? What drought, young fella? Come on in or go home. Pick-a-box is just about to start."

In future articles H. F. Ray will take you along the Birdsville track. He will undertake this dangerous journey unaccompanied except by a helicopter and a small supply plane. He will take you to Ayer's Rock. He will tread in the footsteps of that intrepid band of boy-scouts who visited this weird and gigantic, this aboriginal-haunted monolith several years ago and describe this little-described stone for you. He will take you on a crocodile safari in the Northern Territory—he will take you buffalo shooting—he will take you—he has taken a specially-built rifle for the purpose—he swears he will not return until he has shot a rhinoceros.

NEW STATE MOVEMENT

Speaking at a meeting of the New State Council for Secession yesterday, the President, Mr. E. J. Djankswilkija, said . . .

"It is obvious that a New State is the only answer to the unfair tax drain which is placed on half the population of New South Wales in order to subsidise the other half. It is time the Drift was halted. Country people must be kept in the country!

"Why should we pay excessive prices because of uneconomic marketing systems, high freight charges and the high cost of decentralisation?

"We are pouring our money into a bottomless pit. Already there are subsidies on wheat and superphosphate, tax concessions, sales tax concessions, cut rates on consumer goods through the primary producers' co-operatives and no laws requiring the country employer to give a 40-hour week, pension scheme or retirement plan to his employees.

"We are footing the bill for this; we are paying for the vast network of roads, railways and air services required to bring the comforts of civilisation to small dead pockets of population scattered throughout the State. We are paying for huge irrigation and conservation schemes necessary to remedy the damage done by country land-holders."

Mr. Djankswilkija went on to say that the only solution was the Secession of Sydney from the State of New South Wales.

When asked how the New State would obtain its food supplies, Mr. Djankswilkija said that with no country subsidies to pay the State of Sydney would find it cheaper to import everything from New Zealand.

—MARGARET MCGOWAN.

No strippers, no folk singers,
no licence at



Just expensive food

3 Jersey Road, Woollahra
Telephone 32 4815 for reservations



The Age shall not wither Him

Hello, Melbourne, it's *From John Bennetts. of The Age*

here with you again. Good old From John, as they call me, reaches you every day in your Paper For People Who Think. And that story I did on Menzies in Washington really made you think.

It wasn't an easy assignment, of course, being away from both editor and *Age* phrase-book, but I think the story was successful. The editor cabled me the headline — "RED CARPET OUT FOR SIR ROBERT"—and then I had to justify it. (In view of the reception he *really* got, this was a tough test of my craft. Only a true-blue *Age* man could have come through.)

The technique I used for the Washington story is very simple. First, give all the facts in one great unconnected slab calculated to drown any reader's critical faculties. Then throw him a lifebelt by *interpreting* the facts, i.e. telling what it all means. It makes any reader feel good when I'm on the job—no ugly breaking of illusions, no upsetting insights, nothing but what he's always believed.

The true facts of Menzies in Washington can never be told (by me). He expected a "45-minute private meeting" with Johnson to be followed by a "working lunch with the President and some of his advisers".

Instead he arrived said a brief howdy and was then led politely, but firmly, out into the White House garden. Then, for 15 minutes, he faced "some 60 clamoring journalists and photographers" all eager to interview this great man of the hour (i.e. Johnson). So Sir Robert roamed the lawns in 90-degree sunshine and inspected Johnson's dogs in a truly statesmanlike manner. He made a good straight man for the President.

'Could even *From John* make all this justify his headline: RED CARPET OUT FOR SIR ROBERT", I hear you ask. Well, first, I decided that it wasn't just another sweaty walk around the White House grounds but "a perambulating press conference". And there was no insult involved:

But serious discussion must have been difficult, both because of the size of the luncheon party and the preoccupation of most guests with a television set tuned to the spectacular coverage of the Gemini "splashdown."

Sir Robert told correspondents later that the set had been kept on throughout the meal and the news of the recovery of the spaceship and crew had been greeted with "vigorous applause."

Then, so I could say that there actually had been a private meeting, "the President and Sir Robert went indoors while the press and secret service escort dispersed and an attendant took the dogs back to their kennels. So long as correspondents were aware the two leaders were alone for no more than a few minutes and could not have had more than 15 minutes for serious discussion." Worse was to come.

The 30 "working lunch guests didn't take their eyes off the TV set. As I brilliantly remarked:

Sir Robert was given what American officials and correspondents say is now the standard treatment which the publicity conscious President provides for his most honored guests.

So the Prime Minister was alone with the President for at least ten minutes and loud applause was directed towards him at the lunch. (He sat near the TV set.)

Because they had such a short time together, I was really scratching for the big outcome of this private summit. But here's what appeared:

Sir Robert's discussions produced agreement that:

No basis existed for Vietnam peace talks at present while the Communists stepped up their offensive.

No major differences existed between American and Australian appreciations of the military and political situation in Vietnam.

Of course, these two policy decisions amount to "yes" and "I quite agree" but who's to know?

You know, for us creative news writers, a job like that is harder than a whole novel. God only knows how I'll survive London!

GRUNTLE

GRUNTLE...

GRUNTLE

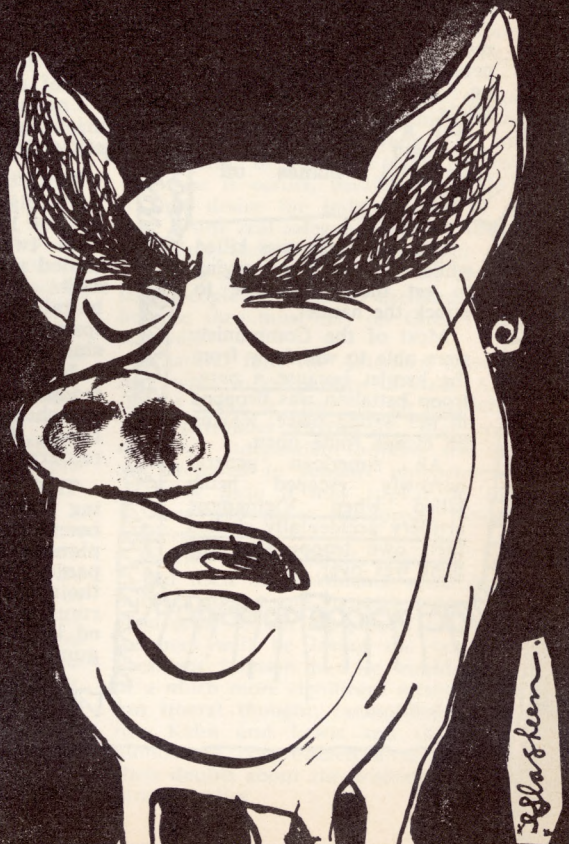
WASHINGTON, June 8 (A.A.P.-Reuter).—Sir Robert last night denied that he was "disgruntled" at being taken by President Johnson for a 10-minute walk round the White House grounds in 90-degree heat.

"Far from being 'disgruntled,' I was completely 'gruntled,'" he said.

During the walk, the President showed Sir Robert his beagle and collie dogs.

As they re-entered the White House the Prime Minister was mopping his perspiring brow.

Some American reporters thought he looked disgruntled.



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Dear Mum,

South Vietnam
June

having a lovely war and wish you and Dad and Norman and Dennis and Phyllis and Uncle John were here, Please stick these clippings in my scrap book, the colour slides will be coming in the next mail

SAIGON, May 16 (A.A.P.). — At least 26 people were killed when 10 Canberra bombers, fuelled and laden with bombs, blew up with a thunderous roar at the strategic Bien Hoa air base near Saigon today.

A U.S. military spokesman ruled out the possibility of sabotage by Vietcong guerillas.

SAIGON, FRIDAY
U.S. B-52 bombers flew 5200 miles from Guam in the Pacific to pound an area only 25 miles from Saigon today—and apparently killed only one communist guerrilla.

Recounting the sorry debacle, American advisers said the Government forces outnumbered the Communists 10 to one and were supported by planes, artillery and armour.

Yet an infantry battalion had flatly refused to advance on Ap Bac, held by 200 guerillas, though Vietnamese and American officers ordered and pleaded for hours.

"A US B-57 bomber streaked over our heads and let fly with a bomb—too soon.

"A Yank voice yelled "Duck!" and we hit the ground as the bomb exploded 50 yards away, showering us with dirt.

U.S. bombs which hit South Vietnam yesterday have almost certainly completed the ruin of a major Australian aid project.

Supervision of munitions handling was below standard at the Bien Hoa air base in Vietnam, where 27 Americans were killed last month in unexplained explosions.

Four American jets accidentally attacked a South Vietnamese military installation near the North Vietnam border today.

U.S. military spokesmen in Da Nang first presumed the planes to be North Vietnamese MiGs.

But a Saigon spokesman said later: "It was four U.S. planes off course."

One American was killed while out in front trying to get the Vietnamese to attack the hamlet.

Most of the Communists were able to withdraw from the hamlet because a paratroop battalion was dropped in the wrong place, leaving an escape route open.

An American general narrowly escaped being killed when Vietnamese artillery accidentally shelled their own troops after the fight was over.

It took seven Skyraiders 90 minutes to destroy one PT boat which, according to an American military spokesman, offered no opposition.

The aircraft, all from the Seventh Fleet carrier, the Midway, expended 12 250lb bombs, 15 Zuni rockets, one Bull Pup, and thousands of rounds from 20-mill. cannon during their furious attack.

The soldier was killed and another wounded when a grenade they were using for a booby trap accidentally exploded at Phuoc Vinh, 40 miles north of Saigon.

A U.S. marine was also killed when South Vietnamese militia fired on him as he went through a road block near Da Nang, 380 miles north of the capital.

An observer of yesterday's "mistake," when four U.S. jets strafed loyal Vietnamese troops at Gia Linh, four miles south of the demilitarised zone, commented:

"It's a good thing those Navy pilots are consistently off target. They might kill somebody one day."

Reports on the Hau Nghia fighting said a battery of 155 mm howitzers fired two rounds which landed accidentally in the midst of a Vietnamese battalion which had been sparring with guerrillas since Friday.

Just as the Vietnamese troops were shaking off the shock of the howitzer blasts, Government Sky-raidiers flew over.

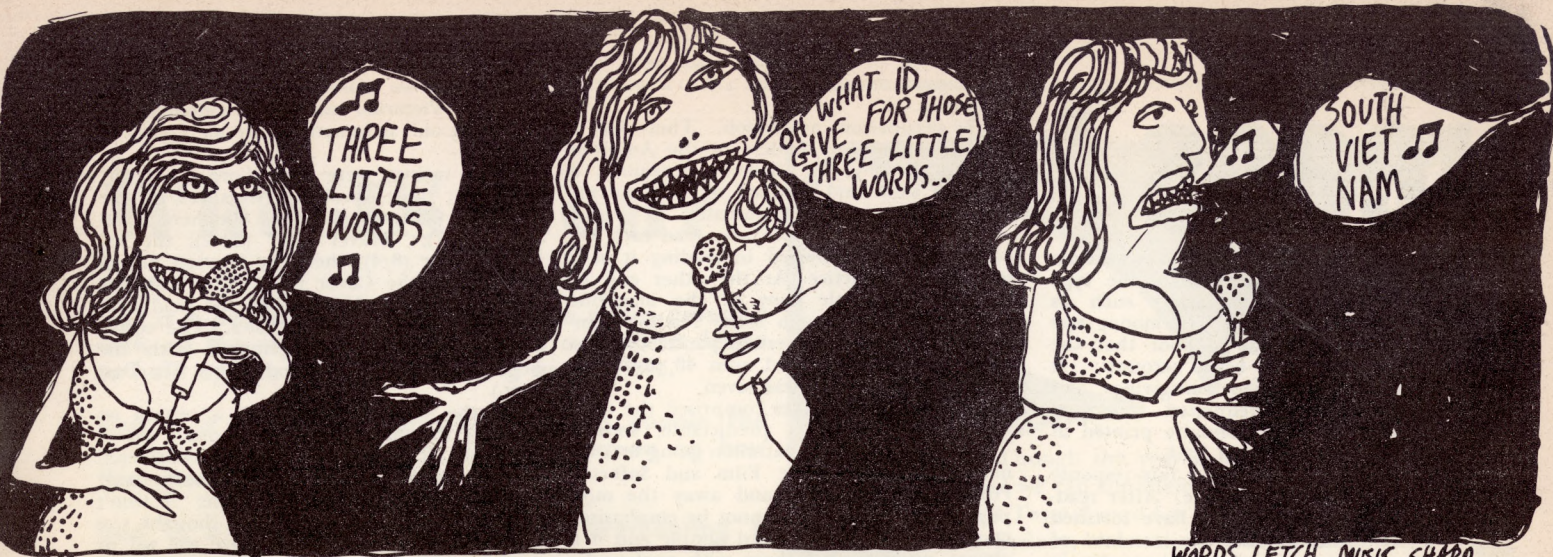
The troops, remembering they had accidentally been bombed by their own planes a month ago, panicked, threw down their weapons and began running into a field covered by Viet Cong machine gun fire.

SAIGON, Sat.—Two Australian soldiers died when a hand grenade exploded accidentally at Bien Hoa airbase today.

XXXXXXXX 00600000

Mervyn.

P.S. There was a little naotiness in the back of the truck this morning. Please excuse the handwriting, am hooting my finger on to you.



As a measure of the sophistication of political discussion in Australia, the Vietnam Situation perhaps poses as much of a domestic as a foreign crisis.

The newspaper editors are very strong on that old line about "an informed public", but for all their efforts — with a few notable exceptions — the general public might as well not know that there is any division of opinion about Australia's foreign policy.

To be sure, the front pages give an adequate cannon-ball-by-ball description of the battles and now that the Aussies are there we are getting their home thoughts from abroad. But where is the political analysis?

Virtually to a man, Australia's newspaper editors have accepted the Menzies Dogma, which goes something like this:

1. If Communism gets beyond South Vietnam there is no way to stop it over-running Australia.

2. There is only one way to fight Communism and that is by force of arms. Therefore, America must fight.

And, if Australia wants to be a good buddy, it should fight too.

Although the situation fluctuates daily, it is surprising how few editorials are written on the Crisis at all. Only two newspapers—the "Canberra Times" and the "Sydney Morning Herald"—have made any attempt to make a systematic analysis in their editorials of the changing scene. "The Australian", to be sure, has printed news items and syndicated articles generally critical of the Government's policy — notably, about a month ago, a speech by Senator Morse, which had enormous impact — but somehow its nerve seems to fail it at editorial-writing time and we have to be content with generalised fatuities on the seriousness of the issues involved.

A quotation apiece from the Fairfax camp demonstrates the position its editors are adopting:

"For the moment public opinion, though clearly divided, supports the sending of a battalion to Vietnam and the declared object of American policy, which is to try and create a neutral, independent South Vietnam which would be guaranteed against Communism pressure. There may be doubts about the feasibility of this but there are no doubts that the object is one which is consistent both with international law and order and with Australia's own interests. No nation has more to lose from a Communist victory in South-East Asia." — Canberra "Times", May 28.

"It is perhaps a little dangerous to suggest

that, if South Vietnam falls, all is lost. A very formidable defence front could be created on a line from Japan, through the Philippines and Australia to India. But the task of holding the rest of South-East Asia would be infinitely harder and it would be extremely difficult to persuade the American people to take up once again the burden of defence. If we are to fight anywhere, then South Vietnam is the best place and now is the best time."—"S.M.H.", June 14.

Now despite the persuasiveness of this argument, there can be little doubt that our stand in Vietnam is basically immoral. Even if we could not guess that the locals are war-weary, their performance in the field is ample testimony to their lack of enthusiasm.

If we are to say in effect: "Bugger the natives, this is the best place and now is the best time", then we must be absolutely sure that the premises on which we are acting (see above) are correct.

Is the so-called "dominoes theory"—if one falls, they all will—really correct. Not even the "Herald" goes that far. The most informative answer to this question is contained in a two-part article by two professors of political government at Cornell—Messrs. Kahn and Lewis — published in NATION, May 29 and June 12. Their answer is emphatically: No. In fact, they make out a well-documented case that our action in Vietnam is bringing China and Russia into a forced accord and lowering US popularity in Asia to the extent that we are virtually helping the Communist cause by our obstinacy.

In any proper understanding of Asia—or Africa, for that matter—it is impossible to overestimate the strength of nationalism in the emerging countries. An aspiration such as the unification of Vietnam means more to these people than an ideological struggle between East and West and they are prepared to capitalise on the latter to obtain the former.

In the present controversy, there appears to be some confusion about who is the enemy: Communism or expansionism. Do we fear China because it is Communist or because it may one day want to invade Australia. Frankly, it is none of our business what form of government a country wishes to adopt—whether it is China or Vietnam. If they have expansionist dreams—such as Indonesia—then, whether they are Communist or not is immaterial: they are the enemy.

From their public utterances, the Ameri-

Thus, as I look around for Australia, I see the constant need for Australia to project itself to other nations, particularly its Asian and African neighbours, as an independent country, a country that is standing on its own feet, in its own right, under no foreign command, with its own particular and different way of life, its own and often different appreciation of many of the problems of the world, its own concept of its place and destiny in the world.

Sir Garfield Barwick in a recent address to the Australian Royal College of Surgeons.

cans appear to have adopted the line that if it turned out that the South Vietnamese genuinely desired a Communist government then they would leave the country. One suspects that this is not how they would really react under such hypothetical circumstances —although it is how they should act, both morally and tactically.

The Vietcong is basically a nationalist movement using the Communists to obtain what it wants, not vice versa. Our aim in Asia should be to foster such nationalism, wherever it occurs, because it brings with it that desire for independence of action that is our real safeguard against the threat of China, Indonesia or any other country.

By our stance in Vietnam we are forcing these people to surrender their independence because they must rely on China for their survival.

Whatever folly the American Government may wish to perpetrate in Asia, Australia should make it clear, as Sir Garfield Barwick persuades eloquently, that we ourselves are independent-thinking and that we are prepared to support independence, in whatever form it may appear, so long as it does not aspire to spread beyond its borders.

In this way Australia may yet be able to rid itself of dependence upon American military might and depend instead on the good sense of our diplomacy. In doing this we may well be losing the sympathy of President Johnson but we would gain that of a much more significant sector of American liberal thought, exemplified by Professors Kahn and Lewis and the increasing number of congressmen already expressing their doubts about the wisdom of American foreign policy.

Who

reads?

Once upon a time OZ ambitiously began a series of literary competition of the type popular with English magazines such as *Punch* and *Spectator*. The prizemoney was £5 but the response was so poor that the money never left our bank account. It was, therefore, with some misgivings and little hope that we requested interested readers to fill in a questionnaire printed in the last issue and to post it back.

About 120 people obliged, a fair response in view of the lack of incentive. After reading their replies, the editors have fortified their secret certainty that the standard of OZ is on the rise and come reluctantly to the conclusion that the quality of its readers is definitely on the decline.

If this sample is any guide, the readers of OZ are a bunch of frustrated satirists and amateur clowns. It was nothing short of revelation the number of people mesmerised by that question "Sex?" into replying "Occasionally" etc. We read that our pet cartoonist is "needle sharp"; that the Great Film "strined" our readers' intelligence; while the Miss Elizabeth Shepherd interview triggered off all those inevitable Maher jokes.

The average age was 26 with males outnumbering females 10 to 1. But perhaps this is more of a reflection of the literary extroversion of the male sex than the true

composition of our readers since news vendors reports that their sales are to a majority of women.

The occupations are legion. There was a candidate for Holy Orders in the Anglican Church; a 70-yr-old (female) pensioner; a "salaries clerk and scholar" of 39. Students and their teachers predominated.

The number of people who read each OZ varied. Only two owned to reading it as a solitary sex practice. At the other end of the scale a single copy of the magazine appears to go through some reading communities like the proverbial packet of salts, with some 20's, 30's and even 40 pluses recorded. The average was seven.

The likes and dislikes comprised the most interesting, if slightly predictable, section. The items on the 1st Battalion going to Vietnam, the Great Strine Film and Soft-core Pornography were far and away the most popular. Of course, it cannot be emphasised enough that this is a biased sample and it is always possible that those with profounder sensibilities felt less inclined to reply. It should be noted that where a person recorded more than one preference, each was counted as a full vote.

In the end the Army page ran (marched?) out the winner with very strong ground support from the under 20's and other pacifist elements. Twenty-five thought it was the Best and two the Worst (both, presumably, have now changed up to the "News Review").

The Great Strine Film got the most Bests (27) but there were 11 people who thought it was the Worst. One wrote that it was "a terrible libretto well cast" but others had difficulty apparently recognising all the faces on camera. Many Melbournites got

paranoid about "too many N.S.W. celebrities whom we don't know". The demand for more Victorian material, incidentally, is unceasing and is something we are trying to satisfy.

Other ratings were: Soft Core (Best 25/ Worst 6); those revolting Alves (14/4); the De L'Isle Obituary (8/7); the Shepherd interview (12/7); "Travel wise" (12/2); the hygiene poster (8/4); the Max Newton allegations (7/1); the Cover (7/1). The flashback to Dr. Darling in 1930 trailed the field with none for it and 6 Worst votes. (The editor responsible is consoling himself with the notion that few understood it was Dr. Darling.)

On the whole there seemed a certain reluctance by some readers to record a Worst vote at all, partly through ill-considered enthusiasm for our ideals but more likely for the reasons confided by one: "I won't make any comment on what I thought was the worst article as I don't have the wit or intelligence to absorb all the subtlety in the magazine to be the judge of that. When I don't think too much of a particular part of the magazine I think that it would be more a case of don't understand rather than don't like."

What have we gained from all this? The knowledge that we are appealing to a wide range of tastes, which is after all the only way to keep in business. The belief that many readers want more political satire and more for their money. One summed it up as: "The best thing in the issue was the cover; the worst was the price."

We are attempting to produce more of the political satire exemplified by last month's cover and COMING SOON: a bigger OZ.

—R.W.

SERENDIPITY

the majority
put a priority
on the superiority
and multiplicity
of Serendipity
(Singers)



Special university concessions. Present SRC vouchers for 29/- tickets at 19/- and 21/- tickets at 12/6 (Palings only).

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BRISBANE : TUESDAY JULY 13 MELBOURNE : FRIDAY JULY 16

Who IS God?

God is a pedestrian dawdling across a zebra crossing with all the right in the world and a sadistic desire to hold up the traffic for as long as possible.

God is a magistrate refusing a young couple the right to marry or a judge giving a sermon on how life should best be conducted.

God is a telephonist suspected of overhearing a conversation.

God is a politician galloping off on the soundwaves of the ABC to the four corners of the continent on his favourite hobby-horse.

God is a taxi driver who has been simultaneously flagged down at 3.30 a.m. by you and Another Person who looks like the last of the great spenders and happens to want to go in exactly the opposite direction.

God is any policeman with a working knowledge of the law and an irrational grudge.

God is the Minister for Customs.

God is the hack journalist ploughing through literally 10,000 entries to a jingle contest which will land the lovely winner a dinner date with Humbert Schmaltz.

God is a doctor in an emergency.

God is the N.R.M.A. man who changed your tyre that wet night of the Fancy Dress Ball when the two of you were caught in your Snugglepot and Cuddlepie outfits.

God is the Commissioner for Taxation and your accountant is the Holy Ghost.

God is the cleaner on the 4th Floor who happened to be your best friend at kindergarten.

God is the twelve-year-old deciding which five will share her Birthday Treat.

God is the President of the U.S.A., his advisers, his militia and any other man, genius or fool, who can get his hand on that button.

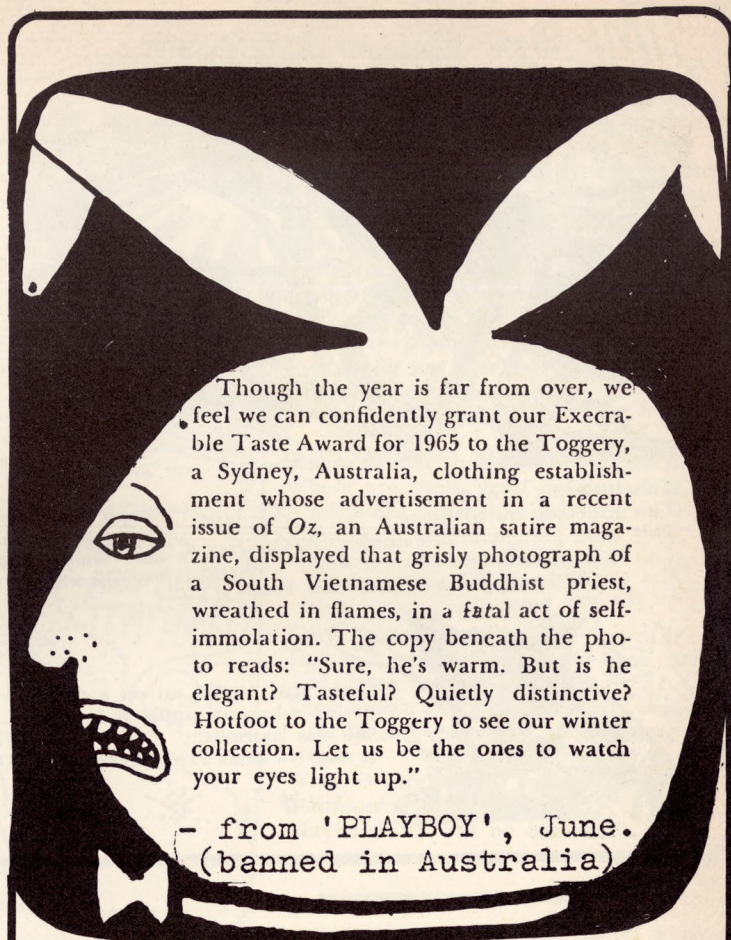
God is any lawyer in the wrong hands.

God is a blonde deciding where she will sit in the bus.

God is the man who draws the lottery. On the seventh day he rests or selects victims for the Army.

I am not God but put me in a position of trust or authority or one involving a bit of specialised knowledge and I am prepared to try anything once.

—R.W.



Though the year is far from over, we feel we can confidently grant our Execrable Taste Award for 1965 to the Toggery, a Sydney, Australia, clothing establishment whose advertisement in a recent issue of *Oz*, an Australian satire magazine, displayed that grisly photograph of a South Vietnamese Buddhist priest, wreathed in flames, in a fatal act of self-immolation. The copy beneath the photo reads: "Sure, he's warm. But is he elegant? Tasteful? Quietly distinctive? Hotfoot to the Toggery to see our winter collection. Let us be the ones to watch your eyes light up."

— from 'PLAYBOY', June.
(banned in Australia)

Hello, Village Toggery? Ken Morrison, please ... Ken, have you seen the big free plug in ... You have and did you ...

You didn't. And you're going to cancel. CANCEL!?!

Ken, buddy, do you realize what that plug is worth! Every time a Matson liner comes in those Yanks will be just *pouring* into the shop and all the tourists *leaping* off the PanAm jets for the gas gear and with all the Embassy staff on the way out and ... Ya *still* wanna cancel the ad!

You know, Morrison, you've got a face like an alpaca's rear end. Yeah. With just a hint of camel-hair round the eyeballs. If you had the mind of a Shetland sweater ...

And so another account was lost.

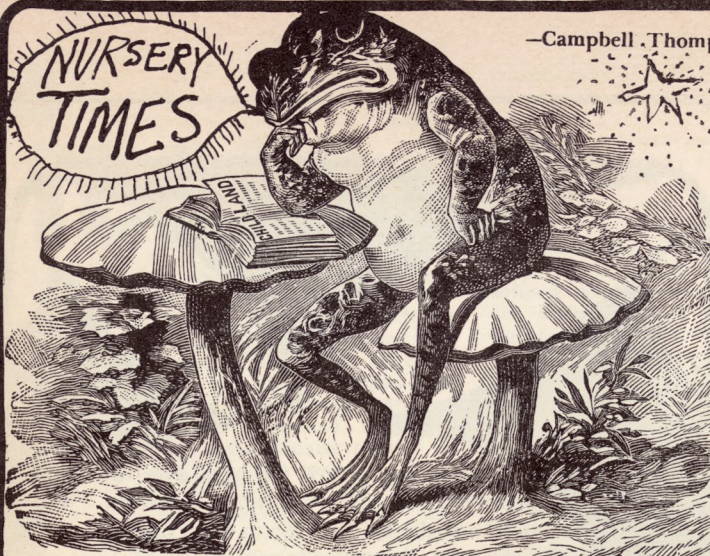
Said it hurt his image. Image!

Would you worry about your image if you owned a place stocking the best gear in Sydney, if you had the latest imports and local stuff (all in the greatest fabrics and good taste), if you could offer fabulous bargains? Would you worry about your image? Of course you wouldn't and neither does Ken Morrison.

KEN MORRISON'S

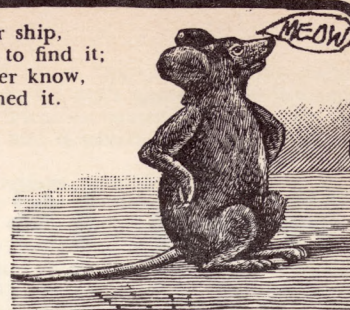
Village Toggery

336 new south head road, double bay — 36-4418



—Campbell Thompson.

Little Bo-Pip has lost her ship,
And doesn't know where to find it;
But Soekarna could let her know,
Because the bastard's mined it.



Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
... And tried to raise the
American flag ...
But the Berlin guards
Shot him.

Old Mother Hemlin
Went to the Kremlin
To find what she expected;
For when she got there
The building was bare,
And everyone had defected.

As I was going to St. Ives,
I met a polygamist.



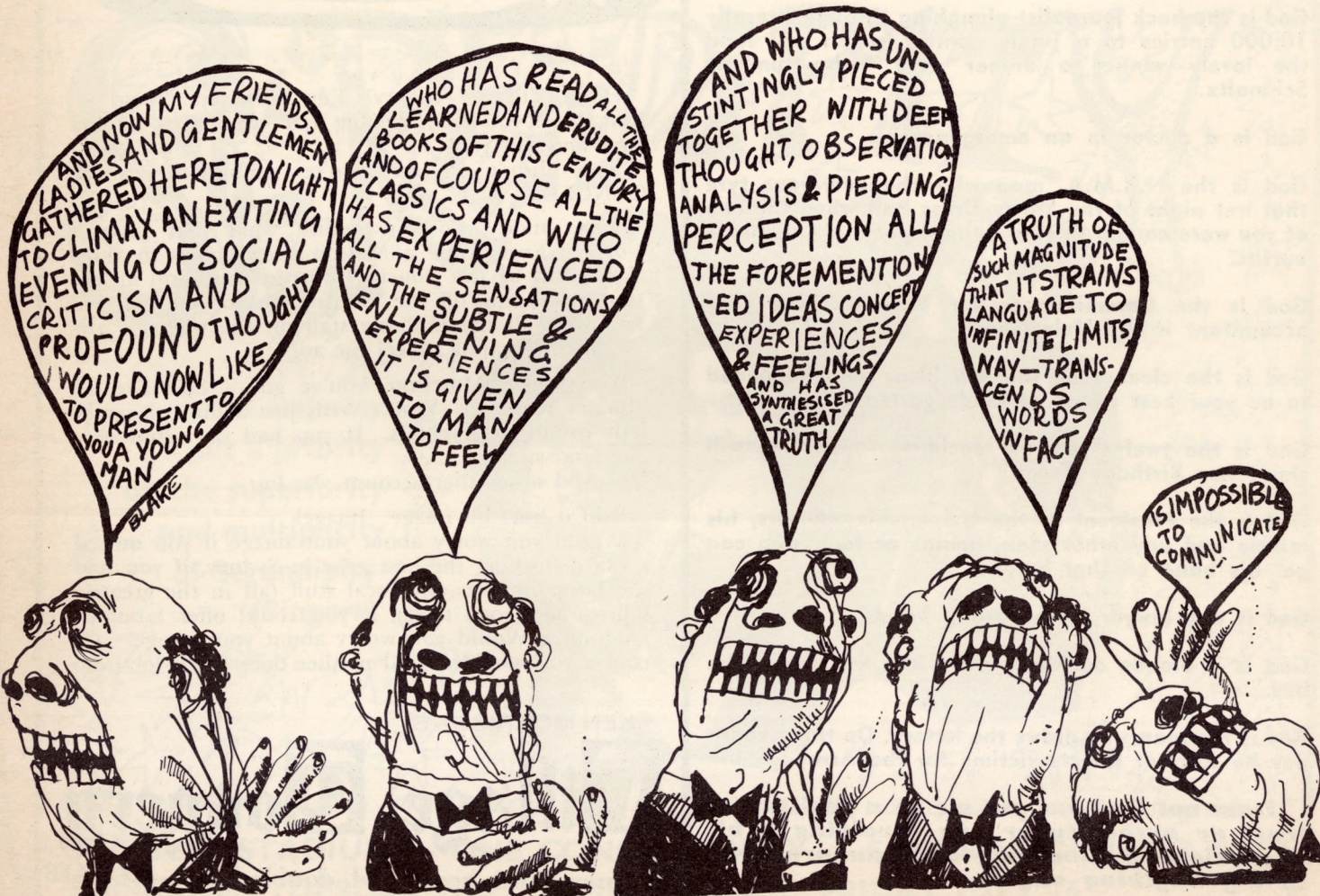
This little pig went to Russia:
This little pig stayed home:
This little pig got brainwashed:
This little pig stayed dumb:
And this little pig cried: "Free! Free! Free!"
All the way home

Simple Simon met a pieman
Going to the fair,
Said Simple Simon to the pieman:
"W-w-w-where's the f-f-fair?"



Little Miss Muffet sat on a chair
Eating a banana, apple and pear.
She was patriotic:
It was National Fruit Week.

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Living on foreign aid;
He said: On my oath, I get help from both.
Oh, what a smart neutral I've made.





Dear Madam,

Please find enclosed one KCMG.

I write, regretfully, madam, to inform you of my disgust at the awarding of MBEs to the Beatles.

I had always been under the impression that such awards were in genuine recognition of services to one's country.

The Beatles were never motivated by anything other than pure self-interest. They were only interested in lining their own pockets. Their artistic strivings have always been without merit, and could not be seriously considered by one who had any pretensions to intelligence and discrimination.

Sir Frank Packer

owner, "Everybody's Magazine",
"Daily Telegraph".

Madame,

Enclosed find one KCMG.

I have returned to you my hard fought and won award for services to the ex-services of this wide brown land, in the face of heavy opposition from the Communist forces of subversion.

It is bad enough that young cretins, without a smattering of intelligence—and with accents that are almost impossible to understand—should be given an award.

But it is worse that the award should go to those too young, immature and cowardly to have faced an enemy in the trenches, and known the rigours of battle patrols in the corridors of power.

I always imagined that the award really meant something to the free world of which we are so proud.

Sir William Yeo.

Where is he now?

Where are the Collins St photographers? Where are the studious young gentlemen in shirtsleeves who set up tripods and chromium plated exposure meters and gimick plated cameras on busy city footpaths and took carefully staged photographs of the buildings on the other side of the road, oblivious to passers-by?

They are gone.

Now, everybody has a shiny camera. Everybody has a tripod to put it on. Nobody stops and looks. As a pose, it's out.

Where are the shoe-shop X-ray machines? Where are those great juke-box-like machines through which you, your mummy, and the shoe-shop lady watched a green fluoroscope image of you wriggling your toes in a brand new pair of shoes?

They haven't gone.

They're rusting away in the back rooms of large stores.

They didn't kill you, but what was perfectly safe yesterday is a menace today.

What is safe today, will be a menace tomorrow.

Maybe shoes will be banned.

—VERN.

My Dear, Dear, Dear, Dear, should I say, Dear Queen?

Please find enclosed one KCMG.

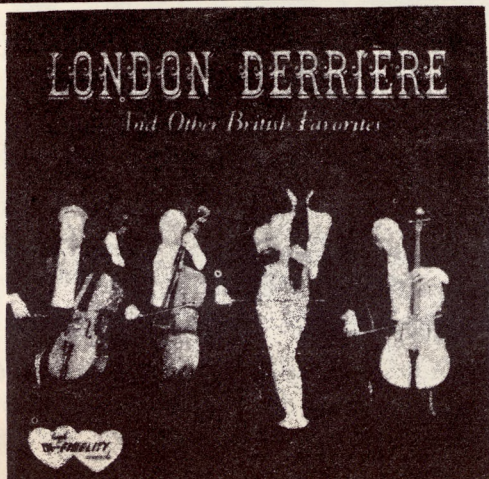
Your young chaps came, saw, passed by and won all of our—and my people's—hearts. They brought home to us here the wealth, depth and height of talent from which we have drawn our spring and inspiration for ages past.

MBEs, my dearest majesty, and yours, are not sufficient to reward a group whose charm and talent have overshadowed the barbaric customs of the artists of that other land across the sea.

These chaps have really showed the world that Britain above all and before the mast comes first, in all things.

Please pass on my Thistle to that Ringo Fellow with my heartiest congratulations.

Sir Robert Menzies.



FRONT COVER

STRICTLY FOR LAUGHS . . . NARKS, read no further! "PARTY" Novelty LP Album Covers — from the U.S.&A.

WAY-OUT Gamey Titles/Illustrations on the front (full colour) . . . Uproarious Suggestions for Record Enclosures on the back.

GUARANTEED to get any Party off to a Swinging start . . . mix among your own and friends record collections . . . for the wall in the Den, Bar, Rumpus Room . . . a real Gas of a Gift.

Send stamp for free details, no obligation; "Party Album Covers", Box 3702 G.P.O., Sydney.

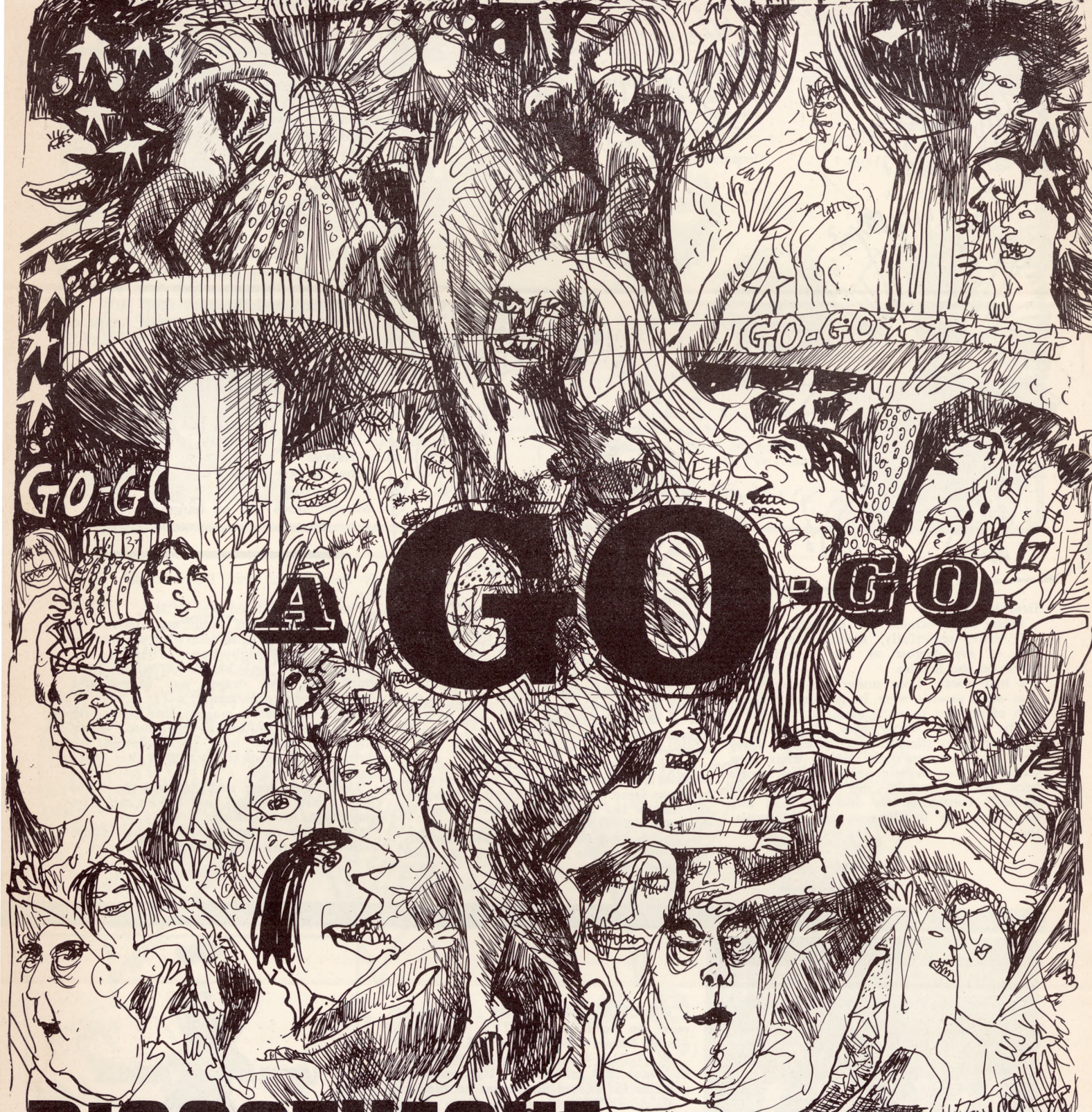
(This is just 1 of 12 popular gag covers)



BACK COVER

SAMMY LEE'S AND REG BOOM'S FABULOUS (COATS AND TIES COMPUSORY)

LATIN QUARTER



DISCOTHEQUE

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AD-MISS-ION. NON-STOP DANCING 6:30-3pm.
6 nights a week - dinner from 6:30
JIMMY SLOGGET COMBO - RICKY MAY
TO DISC OR LIVE MUSIC
LUVLY GO-GO GIRLS



FOLK SINGING

There's no doubt about that Bob Dylan bloke, he's a real swinger. Everyone says so. While ago there was this beaut deep article about him in the Uni. paper all about how he was a reformer and all. Of course, the stupid few had their say about how it was only deep on the surface but us Bob Dylan Fan Club swingers would like to thank Mike Leyden for his article anyway. Trouble is, no one really understands us folkies. Last year no one understood surfies, this year it's folkies. I mean, most people just never get with the social consciousness bit, do they. Not like our Bob does, anyway. Hardly anyone does like our Bob.

In fact The Bob Dylan Fan Club is thinking seriously of changing its name to the Donovan F.C. After all, he sings Bob's songs. And even if he does sound all schmaltzy and sweet and you can't hear the words, at least he isn't as hard to take as Bob.

But, despite Donovan, Bob seems to keep on making money and he's moving with the times. His latest record has 'lectric guitar backing. Pretty ethnic, huh? And when he was in London the MBEatles went to one of his concerts. That proves something, doesn't it? And of course, John wears a Bob cap. Or does Bob wear a John cap?

Another thing about our Barb is that he's a regular poet as well as a beaut singer. There's this constant committal and involvement and the stuff in lines with funny spelling on the back of his record covers. (There's even some of the back of a Baez cover. And a PP&M, so it's spreading. It must be good.) Everyone says he's a poet. You just cannot find in all Australia one single solitary sole person to admit he's not a poet. I mean, who likes being different?

Even Gary Shearston says he's a poet. Read his article in Folk View. Gary should know, being a bit of a poet in his own write. And if anyone doubts that Gary's a bit of a poet, just listen to his swingin' song about the "Voyager". That'll prove that Gary's a bit of a poet.

If you want to prove Bob's a poet, you should quote "Hard Rains". Everyone else does. Now I hate to be a wet blanket and the last thing I want to do is to be so square as to knock a sacred cow (everyone's satirical until proved innocent) but . . . well, let's face it. It don't rhyme. It don't scan. Maybe the images are vital and original. And I guess if corso an ginsberg an ferlighetti can get into penguin modern poets (this June, it's cummings out all over), I don't figure I should knock Bob unduly. If they can be published without rhyme or reason, why not our boy, too?

The folkie group (and the dj's too) reckon he'll be hitting Sydney soon. The ramlin' poet amblin' in on his PanAm jet with maybe a manager or two along as well.

It might be a good time to write a new song for the boy. Like express all our hopes, fears, love of brother and individual pride the way he does and see if he thinks it'll sell.

So here goes with an old evergreen. The words are a bit different but that's the folk process, I guess. Into the old St. Vinc. de Paul shirts, make like a real Wayside Chapel swinger and the scene is now! (Before you start to flat-pick and claw-hammer that steel string guitar, plug it in. And sing real nasal. It's the mood that's important, not the meaning.)

"The Strines They Are A-changing'"

*Come gather around poseurs where'er you may roam,
And admit that the old Windsor Castle's your home
And take off your collar and let down your hair
And no one will guess that you're really a square.
(Electric mouth-organ optional at this point.)*

*If you're a failure, depressed and blue,
Here's a solution, here's what you can do,
Go to Tempe Tip and wear what you find
And even if you're square, no one will mind.
(After all, clothes make the man.)*

*If nobody notices, nobody stares
Go to the Castle and shock all the squares
And if you can't find a party to crash,
Get good and pissed and go to the 'Lash.*

—Alfred

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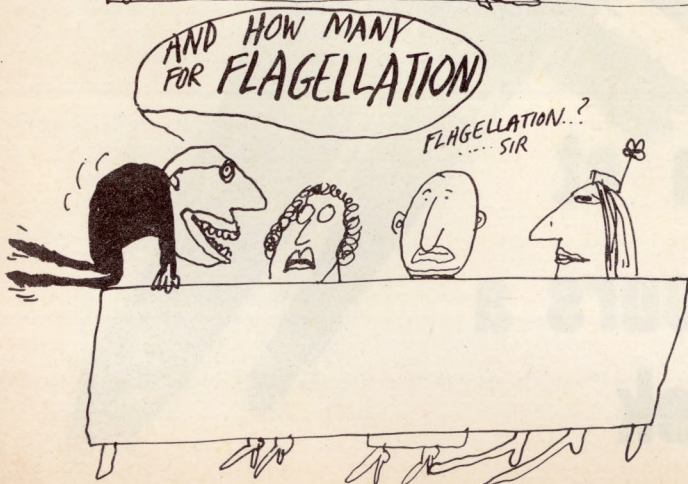
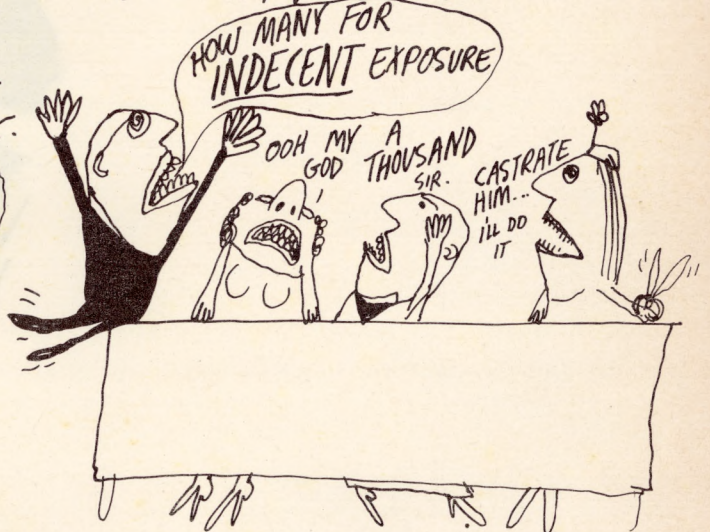
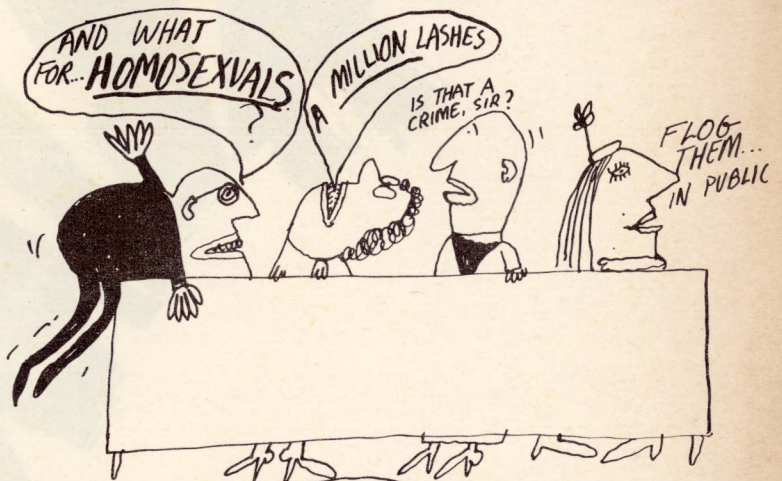
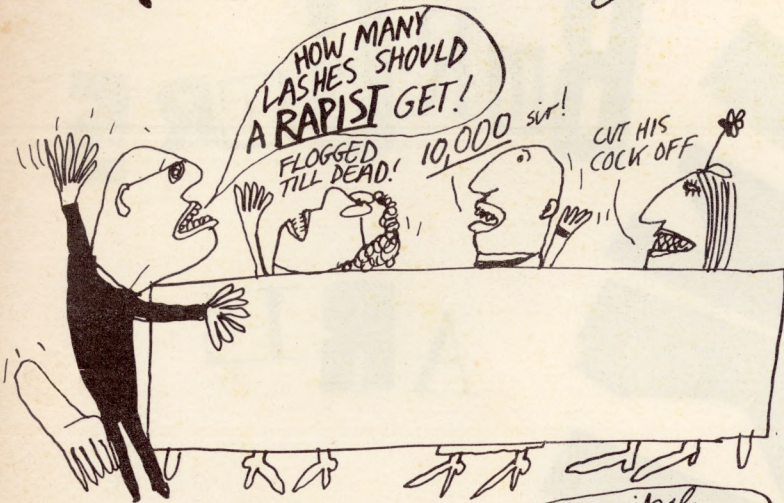
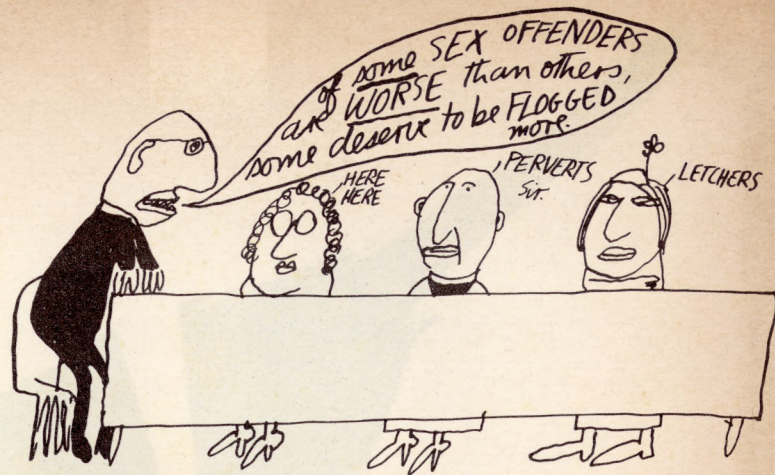
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