

OZ

MARCH, No. 26 20c



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COMPETITION

Bigot jokes are sweeping America, which means pretty soon they'll be all the rage here. To help boost an indiginous joke-culture, OZ offers two years' free subscription for the best set of All Australian bigot jokes against Italians, Greeks, Asians and Aborigines.

Overseas samples:

What's the smallest book in the world?

The Polish Who's Who.

When does an Italian go to Church?

When he's Christened, married and electrocuted.

How do you change the oil in a Volkswagen?

Run over an Italian.

What's red, white, blue, yellow, pink, green and purple?

A Pole dressed up.

What's the smallest book in the world?

'Italian War Heroes.'

What do you call six Poles standing in a circle?

A dope ring.

What does an Italian housewife say to the garbage-man when he asks, "How much garbage today?"

I'll take three bags.

What do you call a Polish girl running away from her family?

A virgin.

How do you know when an Italian has drowned?

By the oil slick around the peer.

Why does it take five Italians to kidnap somebody?

One does the kidnapping, the other four write the ransom note.

Why do Italians always have garbage in their pockets?

For identification.

NO NEWS IS GOOD NEWS

Here is the National News from the A.B.C. read by Jim Dribble.

A Coup-De-Grass by certain members of the A.B.C. Melbourne staff against the loyalty deserved by Head Office in Sydney, was carried out today between the hours of one and two p.m. It lasted exactly 10 minutes before the Manager unexpectedly returned to retrieve his purse from the clutches of an overpaid staff who were in the throes of distributing its contents to that deserving charity organisation, the A.B.C. Staff Association. Upon discovery of the Coup, the three leaders were hauled

ALL ABOUT OZ EDITORS

HUGH GOUGH and GERRY LOCKE

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in arty parts NEIL BURLEY GARRY

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SYDNEY

before the Commission and promoted to high executive positions within the A.B.C. It is hoped that in time they will become highly confused with the Red Tape and thus lose their way forever in the maze of a Semi-Government Bureaucracy.

When asked to comment on the Coup, the Manager replied that, "certain members of the A.B.C. were developing an inferiority complex as no one ever bothered to stage violent demonstrations or take-overs on the steps of Broadcast House as some people did in other fun loving countries such as Pre-Soviet Russia, Indonesia, Ghana and the Congo". "These members," he added, "were merely endeavouring to rectify a deplorable situation." When asked had the A.B.C. bothered to check the political backgrounds of the leaders, the Manager replied, "I hardly think it's necessary now. Judging from their current actions its perfectly obvious that these people are supporters of the Liberal Government. If they weren't, they'd have taken the damn place over long ago."

This news comes to you from the Australian Broadcasting Coup-mission.

★ ★ ★
In Melbourne today, the Leader of the Opposition in Exile, Mr. Caldwell, denied all rumours of dissention and strife within the ranks of the Australian Labour Party. Standing before his loyal band of three followers, he told them that, "Unity within my party is at a unique level. Never before have we been able to present such a front to the people of Australia. I speak with great confidence when I state that I shall be the next Prime Minister of Australia." When asked to comment about Mr. Whitlam's challenge to his leadership, Mr. Caldwell replied, Gough is just a young lad letting off some pent up emotional steam. He'll eventually come to his senses. If only he'd reconcile himself to the fact that both of us cannot be the next Pope.

★ ★ ★
Meanwhile in Sydney Mr. Whitlam was still fighting it out with members of a fanatical Sect lead by a White Haired Old Man of 72, at the Mascot International Air Terminal. The trouble apparently began when Mr. Whitlam was trying to board his aircraft for Moscow. A demonstrator ran across the tarmac screaming, "Down with the Witless Gough Drop". Mr. Witless . . . I beg your pardon — I'll repeat that again. Mr. Whitdrop turned to the demonstrator and accused him of being a "deveasioniat and a revolutionary reaction-ary" He further told the demonstrator that he should return to his home in Haverback Avenue and learn to take retirement gracefully. Commonwealth Security Police intervened on behalf of Mr. Whitlam and the shooting began. Late tonight, reports indicated that although the casualties were high on both sides, there seemed little hope of an early settlement.

Mr. Whitlam told an A.B.C. reporter that he was seriously considering asking for American Aid. He also expressed concern at the ease with which the other side had managed to arm itself. "We suspect that some of our own arms are being smuggled to the enemy through the Ho Chi Ming trail at the back of the terminal building."

★ ★ ★
Melbourne police are still continuing their hunt for Australia's Prime Minister Mr. Harold Hunt. So far police have established the fact that Mr. Holt drove to Portsea Backbeach with a carload of young girls or "constituents" as he told observers. Police are anxious to interview a group of young ladies wearing bright coloured jumpers with "Los Angeles Thunderbirds" printed across them.

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I'm All Right, Jacky

Of course, I don't hold with any of this race prejudice business, John, any more than you do. I mean, you don't think your people — you wouldn't call 40,000 pure-bloods a **race**, would you — I don't think your people are any worse than mine. Or any better if it comes to that.

You agree, don't you; 'course you do. No, I don't think you're really **different** apart from, say, a natural sense of rhythm and ah . . . you can't hold your drink in quite the same **way** (not that it's a virtue) and you need less to eat. Then again, we don't hold the same values, Jacky. (I can call you Jacky, can't I? Good boy, Jacky, it comes easier than John.) You have these **marvellous** tribal values which we lack in our over-civilised city way, you know? Like sharing food and if you have any money, let's say you've been working . . . if you have any money then all the relatives can hop in for their bit, isn't that right?

Well, there's just not enough sharing in this old world, is there? Mind you — and I'm being frank here Jacky because you seem one of the brighter boys — mind you . . . I do draw the line at womenfolk. Sharing womenfolk just seems to me (just a **personal** thought, understand) well, this is a bit over the fence. I suppose a lubra feels differently about it than the average white missus but well . . .

Must admit though, you've made great strides. You've only got to see Jimmy Little (you all like him I guess) or Pastor Doug Nicholls or even that half-caste er, Charlie er, you know the one . . . Perkins. Yeah, that Charlie Perkins for a coloured boy he's pretty good. Aussies are good at sport and it's really good to see him fit in like that with the Aussie soccer teams, isn't it? Well — of course, your lot don't go much for education, do you, but that's understandable with the different values. A belly full of damper and the boss's tucker, wash it down with some plonk and that's as far ahead as most of you can think. Isn't it, eh? Well, what's wrong with that, I say, if that's all a black wants in life well I say that's O.K. with me. You agree, don't you; 'course you do.

Costs me less in taxes, Jacky, I don't mind saying. You wouldn't know much about tax, would you, not paying it — but take it from me, it's the white man's burden, Jacky, a real black curse to any businessman.

But before I go, I want to congratulate you all on your artistry, I really do. Namatjira was one of the greats, wasn't he? You paint at all? No? You should, you know, you'd make a killing if you were as good as him and I guess you all are. You could form the La Perouse school of artists (and those houses could do with a lick while we're at it) and make a small fortune! Buy bras for all the lubras and haircuts for the piccanninies, eh? God knows they need them, you can always tell abos from the Eyetalian women because they're so **sloppy**, Jacky, you know, big sloppy fronts? Don't suppose you notice the difference, though. Bet I wouldn't in your position and I'm not, am I. You agree, don't you. I'm not in your position and you can't be in mine, Jacky. That's just the way it is, son, the world isn't going to change overnight, eh?

Well, I've got to be off now so I'll have that one . . . no, the one with fish on it, yeah, and with the kangaroo all over the lubra, that's a beauty. No doubt about you lot, plummy dinkum stuff and it's all made right here. I've got to hand it to you; Jeess, who else would set up a boomerang factory in Redfern?

aren't YOU proud of me...? I'm Mr. DAVIS-HUGHES, your future MINISTER FOR CULTURE... I've just achieved the greatest personal SUCCESS of my political career... in MY eyes, and I'm SURE yours... I AM a GREAT MAN... a sort of ANTIPODEAN ANDRÉ MALRAUX... What a BRILLIANT move forcing that DANISH PRIMA-DONNA to resign, he'd want to sing his own BLOODY operas if we'd let him stay. We can finish that Bloody monstrosity own our own — THANK YOU! We have some of the WORLD'S GREATEST architects RIGHT HERE in Australia, WALTER BUNNING for example... Just look at the wonderful buildings he's done... I've even drawn up a few plans myself... BLOODY GOOD TOO... Heaven FORBID I'm no Architect... I'm not even a Bachelor of SCIENCE... NOW DON'T get me WRONG... I ADMIRE UTZON... GOD KNOWS I've supported the OPERA HOUSE for years now... buying Lottery tickets... NEVER WINNING... money out of me own pocket... I BET those piddling ARTY Architects never bought any... FANCY them trying to pull the merino over my pale blue deep-set, far-seeing eyes — carrying on pretending architecture is ART... JUST WHO ARE THEY TRYING TO FOOL? — I KNOW BETTER — it's just FANCY BUILDING... MR. FARMER WILL DO A WONDERFUL JOB, JUST YOU WAIT and SEE! FARMER... I like that name it reminds me of the BUSH... WHERE I BELONG...



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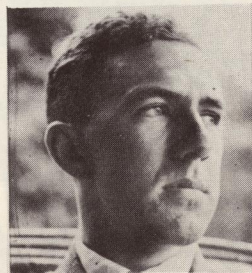
THE TREATMENT

The new "Sun"
column that gives the
treatment to every-
thing under the sun.

**DON'T BLAME ME,
BLAME THE SYSTEM,**
weeps **DAVID
McNICOLL**, the voice of
Sir Frank's Daily
Telegraph.

The views expressed in
this column are not neces-
sarily those of the writer.
The view expressed by the
Daily Telegraph are not
necessarily those of its read-
ers.

I've never believed any-
thing I've written. I've



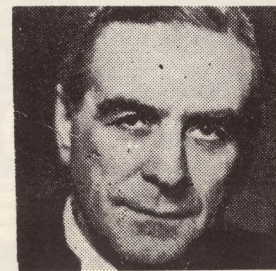
never been allowed to
write anything I believed.
I believe nothing. No one
reads what I write any-
way. Help me, I'm a hack.

**THE TRUTH IS
NON SECTARIAN**

genuflects
Arch-bishop Gough,
Greek Orthodox lay
Preacher.

The outline of contracep-
tives in the sinuously tight
jeans of these lovely Vic-
torian youths aroused
Rev. Gibson to passionately
admonish them with his
hand.

I don't often agree with
members of the opposite
church, but the spankings



in this case were surely
God ordained and no
doubt released the pent up
emotions of the Rever-
end. I'm God ordained
too.



OP FLOP UTZ OUT,

purrs **JOHN PRINGLE,**

editor of the Sydney
Morning Herald and
part-time liberal.

The roof musn't leak! The build-
ing must fulfil its function! Utzon is
a genius but can he keep the rain
out? His resignation is a sad but
wise decision.

Another sad but wise decision is
Holt's compliance with American

military strategy. It's a pity that 20-
year-olds must be sacrificed to help
support an unpopular, despotic tin
pot Government. But diplomacy
before morality, a few hundred
deaths before American disdain.



I NEED THE TREATMENT,

I promise to tell the truth, the
whole truth and the police tell every-
thing but the truth. So help me!
God, I don't know what's wrong with
the Victorian police. Maybe it's just
me. Maybe it's all the people like
me that drag the Force down and out
into the glare of publicity.

by **MR. X, 43**, official
police informer and
turncoat.

The quality of police informers is
abysmal. They are unreliable, psy-
chotic, dishonest and hungry for
publicity. I'm glad to give "THE
TREATMENT" to people like me
and I'm positive that the Force feels
exactly the same.

IT'S A YOUNG WORLD,
says **GOUGH
WHITLAM, 49,**
Member of Parliament.

Whatever anyone else
says (and they've said it
often enough to us, haven't
they?) I say that the future
is in the hands of you
young. We are the Wil-
sons, Kennedys and the
Calwells of the future.
(More specifically, I am.)
No matter what role in life
your past may have fitted
you for (and mine is a

long past) it is up to YOU
to make your own way and
push, push, push. You
may push into temporary
oblivion but don't worry,



the future is always ahead.
I know that I have a
great future ahead of ME
— somewhere, sometime,
somehow.

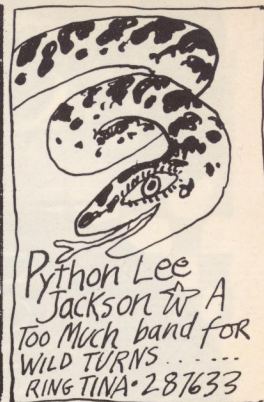
**TREATMENT'S
TREATER,**
by **BLANCHE
D'ALPUGET, 42,**
re-writer.

I begin with a short sen-
tence!

Yes, that's what I do.

And so do all the other
'Treatment' writers! Coin-
cidence? No. We all have
short sentences, gimmicky
punctuation and my lousy
jokes.

Do you know why...?
Guess! That's right, it's
because I re-write all that
the brilliant young minds
send in. Fancy... we
give them absolute carte
blanche. Carte Blanche
d'Alpuget, that is.





The only movement that is not hypocritical and a pointless attempt to recapture the past order is the cultural re-affiliation in Britain which has been said to form a "new class". This class is known by a number of giggle-inspiring names. Chief of them is the "With-it" Society. Its snob-values are those of Negro intellectuals slightly modified. Hip is in. Cool is in. Knowing smart places before the feature in the fashion mag. is in. Money is in. Worrying about it is out.

And yet this is not just another fad by which the younger generation protests its superiority to the one that went before it. The social heroes of the class are not a group but a collection of unconnected individuals, each pre-eminent in his sphere, which sphere in itself is camp, chic and most important, professional.

This collection, dubbed the "Switched-On Set" (the allusion is to pot not television) serves the same function of figurehead as the Royal Fam. does for the squares. Naturally there is little sentimentality in the adulation given them. Rather envy.

That's the dark side, of course; an artificial elite aiding manufacturers and the commercial machine; only symbolically possessing the glamour that makes them noteworthy. The better side exists. At least they were elected to their symbolic posts because of skills rather than birth. Even if the skill was only making money.

Beneath this tiny elite lies the comfortable mass of the New Middle Class — better educated, more cynical, more commercial even than the one before it. But smarter. Better dressed. More worldly. Sophisticated. Travelled. Rather impeccable. Able to hold his own with the German, the French, quite superior to the Swiss, laughing discreetly at the vulgarisms of

the American. And, of course, despising the group beneath, the New Proletariat.

From this group has come some of the best designed, most honest popular magazines in the world today. This is not remarkable per se; except when we think of the different levels of sophistication in Germany, Italy and Britain. And the British sophistication is often really fresh-cheeked: a tremendous breakthrough.

From this group too has come an audience and a managerial machine for a popular music industry of most robust proportions, both aesthetically and commercially.



It is a peculiar and magnificent aspect of the English character that it can often arrange satisfactory harnessings of divergent interests. The British commercial machine, bereft of colonial markets, had to turn somewhere to keep production up. Like America, it turned to its youth. Unlike America, it allowed the youth to first define the type of culture it wished to have.

The music of the Beatles and the Rolling Stones, the Animals and The Who is inspired by the cultural vigour of the urban folk music of the American Negro. It weds this vigour with British ideas of harmony,

texture and colour, to create a music that is both popular in the commercial sense, and of real musical interest. The best of it serves its functions: to suggest happiness, inspire dancing. Often outstanding tunes contain real drama or pathos.

Most recently both the Beatles and the Rolling Stones have begun to incorporate devices from other, older musical cultures — the use of the ancient, many-stringed Indian sitar, Hammond Organ effects, string quartets. These additions not only add textural and colour variety; combined with consistently creative song-writing, they amount to a music which satisfies all the requirements of a genuine folk music in its initial stage — today's folk being both urban, in the main, and in far greater control of their environment than ever before.

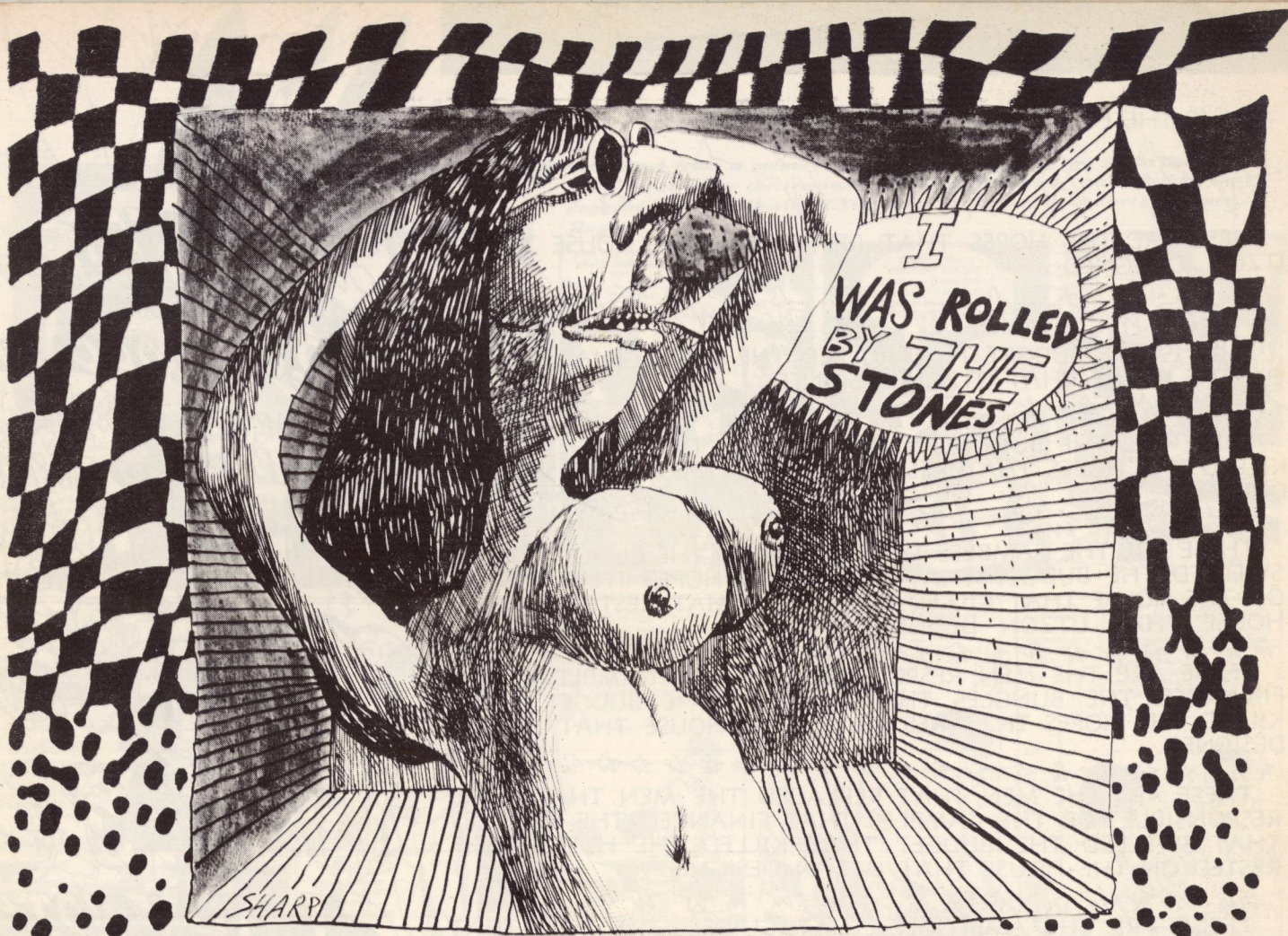
It is, by the way, the New Proletariat which causes psychologists to express grave doubts for the future.

This group, often as much as a decade or more younger than the members of the other strata, are different from early working generations only in their aping of the modes and attitudes of the middle class adolescent group.

They are still cannon fodder, regrettably; despised by their cultural heroes and made fun of by their social superiors. And yet in them, standing doe-eyed and instinctual before a world of heavy incomprehensible forms, lies perhaps the greatest threat to European civilisation.

On the good side, their dress, for all its excesses, externalises some aspects of individual sexual-role conflict and a large degree of sheer, brute rebellion against the world of parents and past.

This group traditionally solved role-problems by the development of the



hyper-male characteristics of brutality and hyper-female traits of connivance and tana-lisation. Today's gentler proles may place their incipient early adolescent conflicts in abeyance. But they do love. And I can see no better way to submerge the atrophied deviant urge than prolonged and continued heterosexual satisfaction.

This group is becoming less deprived economically — also culturally — and this is a healthy sign. That it must remain the victim of indiscriminate expansion of unnecessary and quickly redundant "luxury" goods is sad. It is not catastrophic. And yet this group is the most primitive of the new primitives.

defining cultural manifestations. And its sins. Money is its overt (and possibly real) god. While love is taken as a birthright.

It is the spirit of the Negro which inspired this radical shift in Anglo-Saxon cultural attitudes, precisely as it was the taboo-powerful art of Africa which inspired Picasso to paint the picture that metaphorically (and practically) destroyed the hold of the renaissance Classical ideal on European art.

The floodgates of instinct were open! For all to see! They had been opened 27 years earlier, however.

Mahler in 1880 wrote an Adagio move-

ment in his first symphony which he wished to call "Funeral March". It was a wild, rorty, vulgar, brilliant, cynical parody of the author's musical and social background, his own earlier love songs and the popular music of the day. It scandalised Brahms.

In recording the deepest, sourest loathings of his soul in a manner at once witty and shocking Mahler was a hipster.

Picasso, in a blind passion of instinctual love and dark discovery was as much a hippie as the Mods. It had to be the British though. The Europeans were still too aware of the ambivalence of being to fall hook, line and sinker for the self-hate that creates such brilliant aesthetic artefacts or such total revolutions.

In their instinctualism, their lack of reason, their selfishness, the members of the "With-it" Society are "switched-on" to nothing more terrible than the pure life-instincts out of which the human imagination was slowly fashioned. If conservative England presented man as a Centaur's head, then the new society accepts man as a headless Centaur. Both are warped, of course, both are partial. Only, the latter is at the beginning of the regenerative cycle.

In the Technological Era urban folk culture will create the balance offsetting the human aridity of an automatic world of things. It will re-express the indefatigable human urge to create and enjoy in a new series of styles, dictated by the age. Ho! Hum! This has all happened before! Does it really matter whether the central spirit is Caucasian or Negroid or simply human? It will still follow the same path.

What WERE you saying about the End of the World?

Adrian Rawlins.

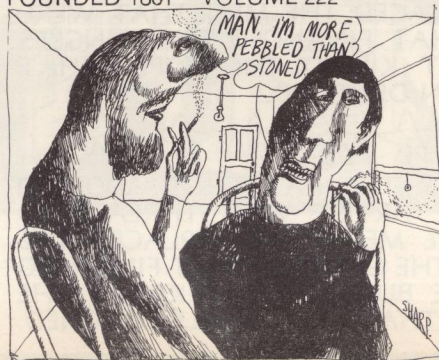
QUEEN



ENGLAND
SWINGS

LIKE
A
PENDULUM

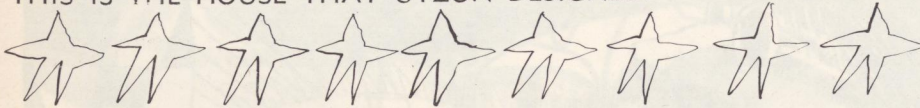
FOUNDED 1861 · VOLUME 222



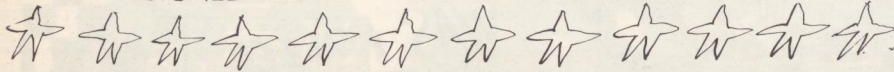
Lack of cultural communication invariably breeds hatreds, jealousies and social disruptions. Despite the spirit of synthesis which animates the music of the British pop-culture initiators, despite the breakdown of frigidity between sexes culturally and philosophically, there is still a caste system. Its differences utterly smash whatever health could accrue from the superficial homogeneity of teenage fashions. A bottom dog in tomorrow's world is heir to a long tradition of hate.

Affluence created this new social distribution and permitted its healthy self-

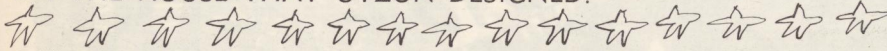
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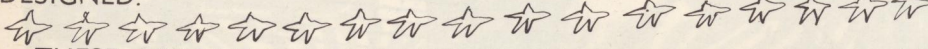
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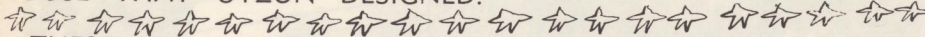
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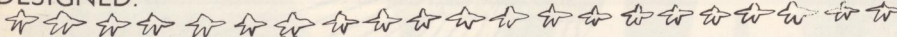
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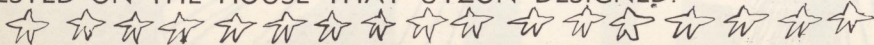
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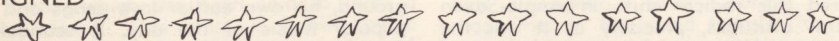
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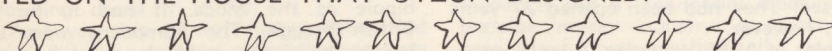
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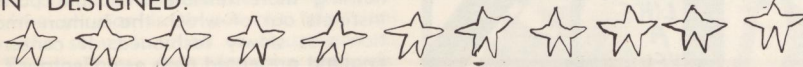
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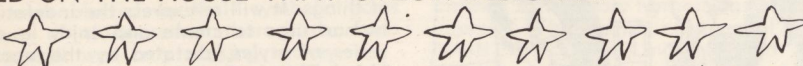
THIS IS THE ARTIST WHO THREATENED THE AMBITIONS THAT GUIDED THE MEN THAT REPLACED THE MEN THAT WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE GAMBLES THAT FINANCED THE BUNGLES THAT SWELLED THE BUDGET THAT KILLED THE HOPES THAT RESTED ON THE HOUSE THAT UTZON DESIGNED.



THESE ARE THE TACTICS USED AGAINST THE ARTISTS WHO THREATENED THE AMBITIONS THAT GUIDED THE MEN THAT REPLACED THE MEN THAT WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE GAMBLES THAT FINANCED THE BUNGLES THAT SWELLED THE BUDGET THAT KILLED THE HOPES THAT RESTED ON THE HOUSE THAT UTZON DESIGNED.



THIS IS THE RAT THAT ADOPTED THE TACTICS USED AGAINST THE ARTIST WHO THREATENED THE AMBITIONS THAT GUIDED THE MEN THAT REPLACED THE MEN THAT WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE GAMBLES THAT FINANCED THE BUNGLES THAT SWELLED THE BUDGET THAT KILLED THE HOPES THAT RESTED ON THE HOUSE THAT UTZON DESIGNED.



THIS IS THE HOUSE CREATED BY THE RAT THAT ADOPTED THE TACTICS USED AGAINST THE ARTIST WHO THREATENED THE AMBITIONS THAT GUIDED THE MEN THAT REPLACED THE MEN THAT WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE GAMBLES THAT FINANCED THE BUNGLES THAT SWELLED THE BUDGET THAT KILLED THE HOPES THAT RESTED ON THE HOUSE THAT UTZON HALF-DESIGNED.



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OFFICE



NO CO-OPERATION

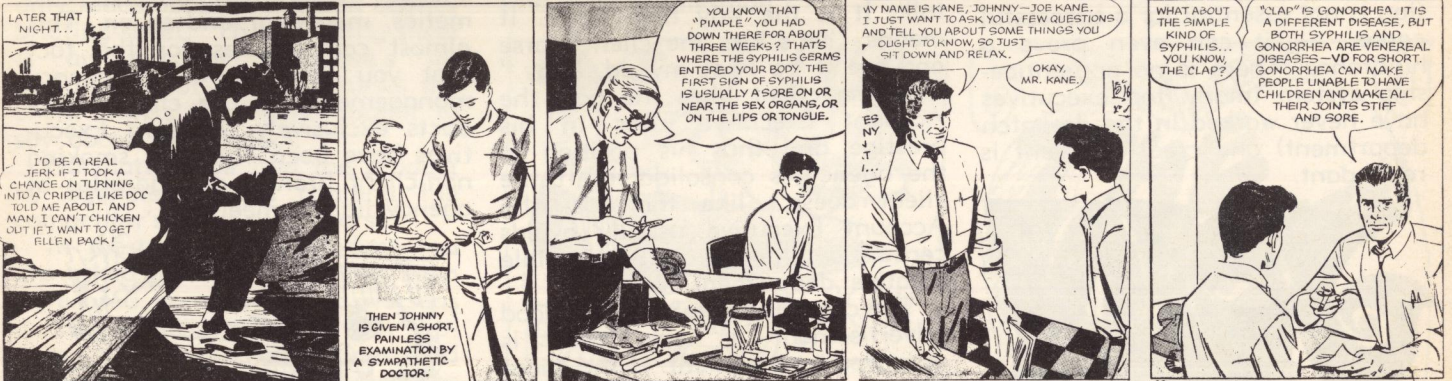
NO FEES



Condensed from a coloured comic book issued by the 'Department of Health centres for the treatment of venereal disease', published by the department of health, city of New York. Authorised by Robert F. Wagner, Mayor.

Johnny Gets the Word

JOHNNY TOOK A FOOLISH GAMBLE, AND HE LOST PLENTY—BUT AT LEAST HE LEARNED SOMETHING. HERE'S SOMETHING GOT THE WORD ABOUT A "GAME" IN WHICH THE ODDS ARE STACKED AGAINST EVERYBODY!



HOW TO GET A TOP PRICE For Your Soul

Join the advertising industry. Here unskilled workers can earn more money than doctors, politicians or nuclear scientists. Education is not essential for a successful career — it can even prove a hindrance. There is no apprenticeship system (many top executives have never worked in the despatch department) and creative talent is redundant.

JOIN JOIN

If you are an underpaid clerk, an overworked greengrocer, or on the dole, then you should consider the opportunities offered by a career with an advertising agency. You could be an Account Executive or a copywriter. There are other occupations within an agency, such as layout artists or media consultants, but these require semi skills.



Advertising is the art of selling. First, the aspiring Account Executive must learn to sell himself. His job is to mediate between the client and the creative department. A good Account Executive is liked by the former and tolerated by the latter.

He must seek client approval for the advertisements created by

the agency.

"Let's run it up the flag pole and see if the natives salute" is not the way Account Executives talk. It is the way they think. It means, "let's kiss the client's arse and see if he likes my ad, baby."

If the client likes the ads, the Account Executive rises in his prestige and thus his position in the agency is consolidated. If the client doesn't like the ads, the Account Executive usually avoids censure by blaming an irresponsible creative department.

The client is never wrong. A good advertisement is one that is approved by the client. If the client likes the advertisement but it fails to sell his product then the agency is at fault for its bad media strategy. If the client disapproves of an ad which is accidentally inserted and it is effective, then, although the ad is still bad, the product is fabulous. The Account Executive must learn to smile in the face of these interpretations.

He must also learn to smile in the face of his creative department when he is rejecting their suggestions.

NICE, VERY NICE

Though he will only do this mentally. Antagonistic copywriters and artists are of no use, so an A.E. must learn how to accept artwork and copy from them smilingly with one hand, and shove it in the dust bin with the other. Later he can tell his creative team that the client canned the ads.

In reality he could never afford to show clients ads that are risky, otherwise the agency might get canned. That's why even if an imaginative, original, well written and aesthetic ad is done, it is never shown to the client. Its novelty would offend him.

Don't be deterred by the seeming sneakiness of this occupation.

There are many perks. You can help select models for television and magazine ads, you will be able to take the clients to expensive and chic places on the agency expense accounts and you can ride taxis for free.

At Christmas time "fun" ads are often prepared for clients. You can pressure the agency's most used photographers to round-up some delectable young girls. The anxious models don't like co-operating but they need your business the following year.

The "fun" ads you prepare will be of you (and in some cases the client) horsing around with the models, fingers on tits, arse, etc.

Often you will get discounts on the client's products. This can mean cheaper cigarettes, whisky, cosmetics, menswear and so on. This almost compensates for the fact that you are required by agency managements to use clients' products exclusively. Account Executives have been fired for smoking non-client brands, of cigarettes at agency liaison meetings.

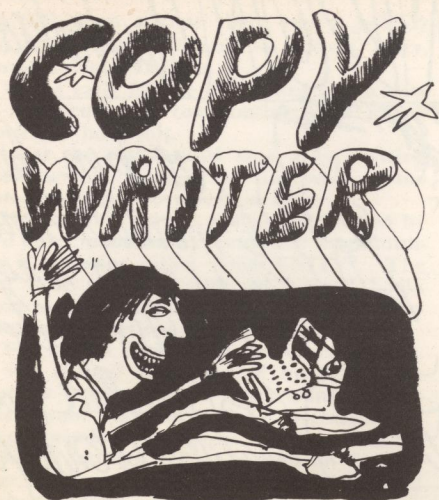


Just as the Account Executive has to ingratiate himself before the client, so there are many representatives from the press, radio and TV who will kiss **your** arse. These people want you to place ads for your clients in their media. They will give you presents at Christmas and remember your birthday. Treat them gently. One day they might become clients.

Despite the money (\$120-\$160 weekly) you might feel that the image of an A.E. is too mundane for you. After all, you might want to sport a gay beard (this is frowned heavily on by management. Some clients do not like beards), wear zippy suits and camp it up a bit.

You will have more freedom to develop a "with-it" personality in the creative department of an agency and in some circles you will have more prestige. Try being a copywriter.

THE



Usually a copywriter never sees the product he tries to sell. He only reads about it from an agency briefing-sheet. This briefing-sheet is an Account Executive's interpretation of what he thinks the client thinks the agency ought to say about his product.

No matter how bad the product is, agencies always contend the competitor's product is worse.

In most cases the product you are asked to write about has been advertised consistently in overseas media. Agencies abound with supplies of overseas magazines and have regular screenings of overseas TV and radio commercials. These are not difficult to adapt. Sometimes TV commercials are copied word for word and their treatments made identical to American counterparts. (Esso Tiger in Your Tank, Fab White Knight, Tab Soft Drinks, Malboro.)

If by chance you should test the product, don't be inhibited by its drawbacks. They can easily be disguised for the purposes of advertising. The only limit to a copywriter's imagination is the threshold of consumer believability. You can bullshit most of the people most of the time.

TV and magazine colour ads are faked. The foods shown in the "Women's Weekly" purporting to come from packets or tins are, in fact, exotic fresh foods prepared by agency kitchens. Unfortunately, foods straight from the tin reproduce in magazines looking like foods straight from the tin.

When the Persil-white shirt must contrast favourably against other "white" shirts for TV advertising, Charlie really does wear a "nice shade of grey".

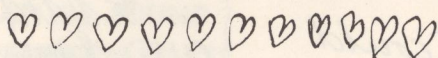
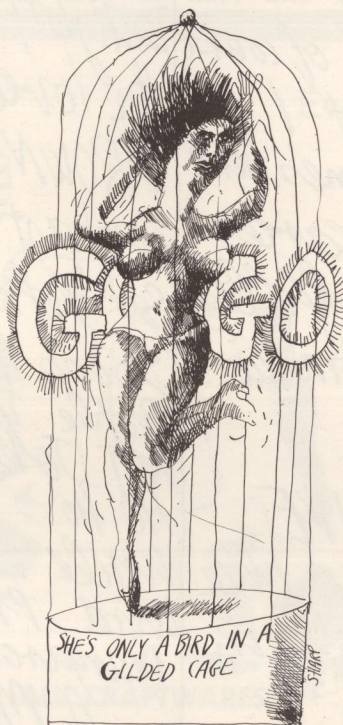
A conscience, if he has one, can sometimes prick a copywriter. Not because he is permanently inventing benefits for phoney product

differentiations (petrol, cigarettes, soap, dandruff lotions) but because he is sometimes required to promote products that might do a consumer actual harm (cigarettes, the army, either political party).

Don't worry. The gay social whirl of copywriting society soon insulates you from the realities of cancer statistics, war casualties and the incidence of heart disease amongst saturated fat (butter/cheese/milk) consumers.

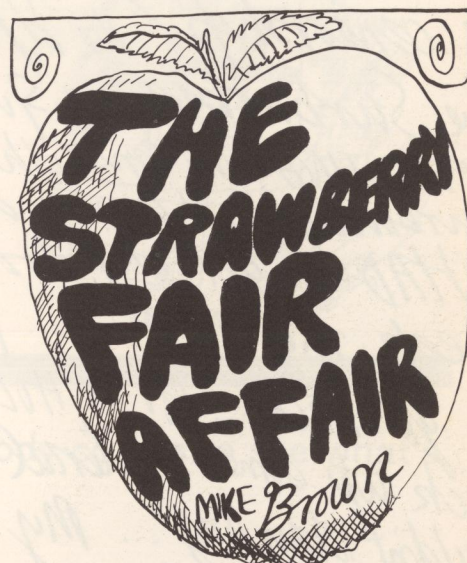
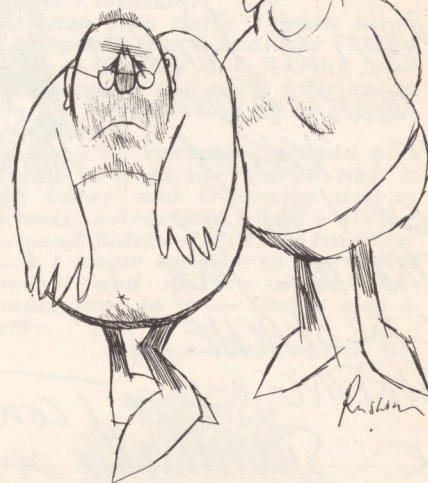
Scratch a copywriter and you'll find minor literary pretension underneath. Copywriters scratch themselves in pensive moments to expose ambitions of writing The Great Australian musical or Strine Film.

Scratch him again and you'll find a shoe-salesman.



Normie Normie
Answer for me
How can your image fade
With flashing cars
And big guitars
And pretty Rowe's all in a maid
Peter Best

COME ALONG NOW,
LARKFART,
PULL YOUR
SELF ALONE



As I was going to Strawberry Fair,
Rifol! Rifol! 8he840a Φ@ Met a girl named
Rosie Dare 48&%*)IBZ½Φ½ Seventeen times
I saw her on that road; then I never saw
her again. #£%&'()*£%—& " (****.

Not till Yesterday, at least. Rifol. Etc.
then there she was as large as life, totin her
Rifol. Folly-diddle-dee, follydiddledee. I said
to her O come with me, and bring your
Rifol, (follydiddlebee) £234567890**** She
said to me O Nosiree; not even for
£999986423509868964326789654/17/6½. Stupid
girl, says I, You'll see, what awful things
I'll do to thee. Shutup & go to hell, says
she, and so I did, just to please her, and
never spoke to her again.

Not till today, at least. "You rotten bitch",
I says, I'll give you £24265967349545/3/2½
and that's the limit. She tossed her golden
locks contemptuously. "I want at least
£99999999988887772770777666554360465/3/4
before I'll come with thee," she sneered.
"DONE," said I, and slapped a fat cheque
down. "Now come with me and bring your
Rifol, etc."

"Not till this Phoney-looking cheque is
cleared," she snarled, and raised her Rifol,
etc. "—And that takes seven working days,
and next Monday and Tuesday are Public
Holidays, so (and she smiled) I'll see you in
about ten days time . . . maybe . . ."

"You'd best be there," I toothy smiled.
"Or else I'll bring my own Rifol, etc."

And so I did, next time I saw her, and
shot her daid.

THE AUSTRALIAN LONDONER

The LONDON Australian

I've been in London for nearly 5 years now... Yes of course I miss AUSTRALIA... the SUN the BEACHES



The SURFING... But I couldn't survive there... Spiritually suffocating... The censorship... the apathy...

The Suburbia... Spiritually SUFFOCATING, The censorship. The Suburbia... I was in a furrow...

I HAD to get out, travel... seek my muse... Yes I'd like to go back... for a HOLIDAY of course, pick up some material, but I couldn't stay long... My home's here now... my friends... my career my life... here I'm fulfilled. I'm a success, in Australia

I was nothing... DEAD... here in LONDON I'm ALIVE... RECOGNISED... I've carved a place for myself... Here... in

London... in London... where else could you move 700 poker worked boomerangs a week.



I've bin here 6 months now and I must say I REALLY adore it Australia, a really wonderful

little country, Actually I'm looking for a job on a property, Overseas or something... Why YES I have some MARVELLOUS addresses... Had a wonderful SEASIDE holiday at PORTSEA... marvellous people TOORAK... the PARTIES... PALM BEACH is QUITE Delightful... you certainly have the loveliest gels in the WRLD... SO BROWN and RIVETING... A TREMENDOUS Contrast to LONDON... Surelay... Sure so Refreshingly naïve and FRIENDLY... SOOOO Hospitable... MARVELLOUS WARM People you Australians... REALLY I'm NOT Telling... Your Sense of Humour HO HO... Why as a matter of FACT my Uncle is a DUKE but DON'T BREATHE A Word... Prince Charles? a darling... Margaret? a swinger... The Deb season? A MAD MAD whirl... well Father I said if I didn't come here he'd CUT off my allowance... SOOOO I'm really looking forward to acquiring a GOOD position... your FATHER has A property? I'd LOVE to meet him... A COCKTAIL PARTY ON FRIDAY... I'd adore too... as a matter of fact I'm NOT staying anywhere tonight... I'd love too... YOU AUSTRALIANS are SOOOO HOSPITABLE

ONCE upon a time there was a nobody called David Duncan — oooops, sorry, David Douglas Duncan.

In the early 60's he established an identity as a nonentity by contributing some insane stories to honi soit.

Later, he disappeared into a type-setting machine and emerged at the peak of the anti-censorship movement in 1964.

He cashed-in on this (aided and abetted by two other notorious opportunists) by publishing a magazine called "OBSCENITY". The first issue swiped reviews of banned books from overseas magazines and reprinted Government regulations on "obscenity."

The second issue is no less unremarkable. It was created single-handedly by D.D.D. It reprints butchered and badly translated extracts from Marquis de Sade, Boccaccio and other "names." It swipes more overseas reviews. It accuses OZ of plagiarism on one page, then prints an atrociously illustrated derivation from a Sharp cartoon on another—crediting D.D.D. with authorship.

Most nights of the week you will see D.D.D. standing on a Kings Cross corner shoving his "Obscenity" into the bewildered faces of passers by. Flushed with success, Duncan's next adventure is to be "KEY-HOLE". He announced to "The Sydney Morning Herald" that he wasn't prosecuted for "Obscenity" and he didn't think he would be for "Keyhole".

This magazine will consist entirely of black and white reproductions of photo feature spreads appearing in past issues of "Playboy." D.D.D. realises that it will be impossible for "Playboy" to sue for breach of copyright.

The next move of this upscrupulous, profiteering, insensitive parasite will probably be to re-publish the rare first issue of OZ. That's the sort of idealist Duncan is.

The word flashed round Martin's Bar that...

The word flashed around Martin's Bar that there was a GAS turn down at Glenmore Road so we collected a few bottles of rather cheeky Hunter River red and sauntered down.

Can you imagine, the fellow who was having the turn in this rather pleasant terrace house, extremely tasteful iron lace, was an ALF. So Adrian made passionate love to him and in the confusion we all sauntered in.

And all the most marvellous people were there and simply gallons of the old dry red plus a fantastically English-looking band playing, so we really made ourselves at home.

There were a few wonderful blokes there but they were holding hands with these absolute sluts so Sylvia goosed them and we all got on to the blokes. Spotty was in his element and he and Adrian simply swept them off their feet.

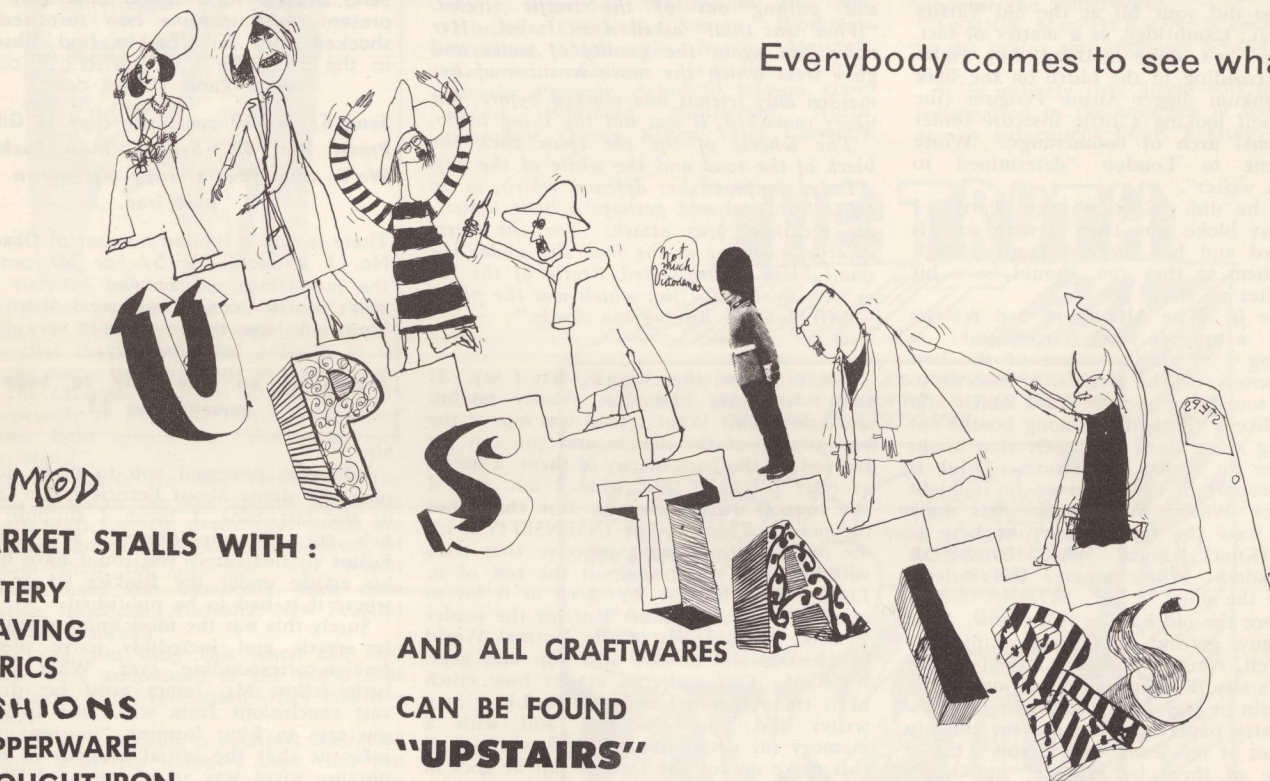
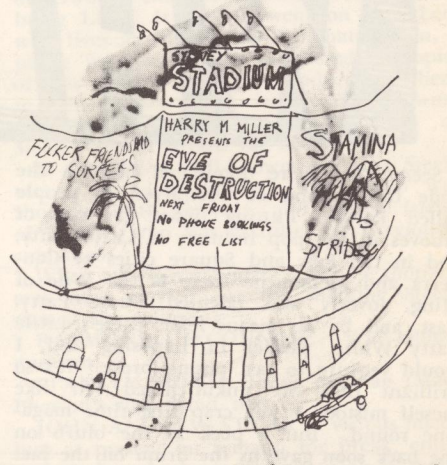
Spotty got one of them so hopeless that he passed out so we dragged him out into the dining-room and went through him like a packet of salts—divine! Then the slut living with the bloke who was having the turn said she'd ring the Admission Centre so Adrian made the most passionate love to her, and then

Spotty and Michael did this divine exhibition on the kitchen table and Spotty ran around the house in the altogether ripping the gear off all the blokes. God he's QUEEN.

And then this little Jewish bitch told Spotty to leave her bloke alone so Spotty got Adrian and Adrian made the most passionate love to her — and then Sylvia goosed her.

God they're versatile people and Adrian is a divine Queen and a king lover and it really was a fantastic soiree and I had a divine time and Sylvia who's the funniest butch I know set fire to the Olsen original and Adrian made passionate love to it — God it was a giggle.

dean letcher apres MS



Everybody comes to see what's

MARKET STALLS WITH :

POTTERY

WEAVING

FABRICS

FASHIONS

COPPERWARE

WROUGHT-IRON

JEWELLERY

"MOD" GEAR

OLD WARES

AND ALL CRAFTWARES

CAN BE FOUND

"UPSTAIRS"

52 PARRAMATTA ROAD, GLEBE

FRIDAYS, 5.30 p.m.-10.30 p.m.

SATURDAYS, 8.30 a.m.-5.00 p.m.

ENQUIRIES, 32-6558

LITTLE PATTY WHITE

Seems that we're dominated here in the wide brown land of Orstralyer by people called Patty. Putting down gas sets of grooves in the pop industry is Little Patty, and in the Fair and Square cities of Canberra and Melbourne there is the Wife of Ming, lovely and talented Dame Patty. Last, and by no means least, there's Little Patty White, pusher of imposing and, I would venture to say, posing prose. It's so brilliant that the unkultchered few like meself mistook it for crap first time magazine round. But a peek at the blurb on the back soon gave us the drum on the fact that this was great prose.

Of course, he should be good. So would you if you did your bit at the old Varsity King's Coll., Cambridge, as a matter of fact. And then he's done nothing but right. Write? According to the blurb on the back of my dinkum digger Aussie Penguin (the bird himself looking a little insecure under a triumphal arch of boomerangs). White then went to London "determined to become a writer".

Which he did. Good on you, Patty. I reckon any bloke who tries to write and is determined and has the old family dough behind them so they can, should be a bit of OK after all those years.

And he is. The Alf's Story had reviews like "... a tour de force (farce?) and ... electrifying ... and ... one of the best twenty novels of the decade". I seem to recollect something about "Voss" which said it stood like a "Cathedral among booths" or something along those lines. Or that might have been for Riders. Not sure. Think it was Davenport in the Observer, or it might have been Walter Allen—us satirists don't have to have the facts, we're just here to knock. (Knock, knock. Who's there? OZ. Knock, knock. Who's square? Its readers.) On with the show.

I can see the old hackles rising now. Who is this guy, getting up and knocking Our Boy? Well, readers, I dipped out of Eng. I at the Varsity (Farcity?) and that means I've got a brain or two or so and I bought a few Little Patty paperbacks to carry in the hip hip-pocket of me jeans, and I read a bit of a couple of them by mistake, and here's what I might have seen on the White scene: "Isabel was silent, because old. But Alf did not hear silences. Therefore he did not speak. The engine of the car was a gavotte in the morning, each note hanging in the stillness. Isabel turned each sound over,

gently, in her gloved hand. And was silent.

In the front seat sat Catherine. There was the youngness of the morning and her thoughts. These thoughts were reflected black and back in the old eyes of Aunt Isabel, watching in the world of the rear vision mirror the flowing and fluctuating world of reality which was a madness. Her thoughts transformed the thin metal skin of the speeding car to water, easily, so that the wind was flowing and furling to hurl around the whorls of her ears and falls of her fears. The thin metal, beaten out no doubt by sweaty armpitted workmen in some factory somewhere in Victoria.

Alf swore at a car ahead of them which was pulling out of the traffic stream. "What was that?" asked Aunt Isabel. Her voice had again the quality of water and gum trees which the more sensitive of her maiden lady friends had marked before, but never remarked, it was not the thing to do.

The wheels of the car spun back the black of the road and the white of the day.

Isabel prepared her defence, which, as on other historical and perhaps a little hysterical occasions, was attack. For she knew what was coming as the road slid under the small black hunchbacked Beatle of the car, as they neared the flat which was the plain. "Alf, you are driving too slowly."

But of course that wasn't what I say. It wasn't anything like that clumsy sendup and takedown. What I read was one of the best twenty of the decade and you can get the rest on the back of any of them. I mean, as copy it's good, but what I ask, now I ask you: Is It Reviewing? But that's not the point. Thing is I'm INSENSITIVE, it's me only fault. I can't conceive that trees will flow like water and all the rest of it. Little P can, because he's been at it for so long and trying so hard. But for the reader to come straight out of the Normal World of Heralds and adcopy and pop and gear, it's hard. Can craft, no matter how much of it there is and how sensitive LP is as a writer and how observant and with a memory for detail like an elephant, can all this make up for the forced crap he goes in for, no offence?

"There, it's out," said Albert OZ. And turned back to where the sky was falling and the cathedral trees on there columns of years were falling and palling appalling.

—PETER DRAFFIN

BANNED No. 2

Banned in Victoria! Banned in Queensland! Restricted by authorities in other States. **Obscenity** No. 2.

5/-, 50c

OBSCENITY

an australian survey

no. 2



BANNED EXTRACTS!

Contains volatile extracts from three banned books: from Marquis de Sade's **Juliette**, from **Kama Sutra** and **Decameron**. Contains two pages devoted to that four-letter word. Also reviews of other recently banned books, including **Powdered Eggs**, reviewed by Richard Neville; also about **Oz** and lots more dirt.

Send a copy to a friend or enemy as a present. Just imagine how surprised and shocked they will be to find **Obscenity** in the post! We'll include a gift card in your name, if you dare.

Send 5/- or 50 cents per copy to Gildrose Press, Box 87, Sydney Mail Exchange. We'll rush you a copy by return mail, post free.

There is also a limited number of **Obscenity** No. 1 available at 5/- or 50 cents. If the magazines are banned in your State, don't worry because we send them in a plain envelope, anyway. We're very discreet at **Obscenity**.

Magazines on sale only to bona fide persons over 21.

Sir,

Whatever possessed you to make such a song and dance about Francis James' article in the last issue. I mean I suppose since he's got his appointment as Religious Editor (!) but surely you could have hidden his article under the Binkies ad or somewhere if it had to be published.

Surely this was the most uninformed, wildly erratic and incredibly naive piece of foreign-corresponding ever. What a silly little fellow Mr. James must be; drawing vast conclusions from what one little person says to him; forming "impressions" so infantile that the initial humour of his ignorance gives way to an annoyed incredulity.

Please don't publish any more of his waddle. Anyone else but not Mr. J.

No one could be more easily impressionable and naive, anyone would be better in-

formed and certainly everyone would be much happier reading it.

God, even Hugh Gough isn't as bad.

ROBERT CARMICHAEL,
Cowper Street, Glebe.

Sir,

I have read your article, by Mr. James about his trip to North Vietnam.

The main fact that he is trying to establish is that the National Liberation Front represents the people of South Vietnam and that all foreign troops should leave. Correct?

Well, my reaction is to find that all that Mr. James has said is completely irrelevant to the true situation.

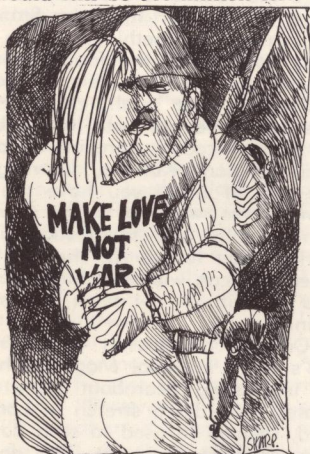
A few weeks ago I listened on short wave on the 31 metre band to Radio Peking.

The Red Chinese announcer speaking in good English (as they always do), read out an article from the official Chinese army newspaper. This is what he said:

"The aims of the Russian and Chinese people's Republics are the same, and that is to spread the revolution throughout the whole world.

"But whereas the Russian revisionists' policy is one of peaceful penetration; the Chinese believe that the most desirable way of spreading world revolution is by War."

Now, it's no use trying to tell me that I read this in a capitalist newspaper—I did not. I received this information first hand from the mouths of the Red Chinese themselves—they desire war, they made no bones about it—the announcer went on to say that the Chinese actually desired nuclear war—because Mao said that if 300 million Chinese were killed by hydrogen bombs, there would still be 300 million left.



Mr. James says that "he didn't see many Chinese in Hanoi"—as though this would prove that the Chinese had nothing to do with the war. Does he want to try to prove that the Chinese are fools, or that they are too cowardly to help the North Vietnamese in their fight against the "dirty American Imperialists?"

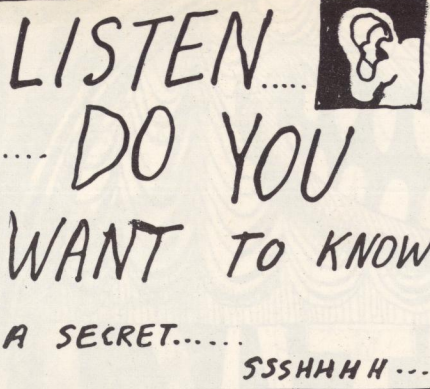
The true facts are that Vietnam is the present locale of the war against the West that the Red Chinese desire (the words are theirs, not mine). If America pulled out of Vietnam—then the desirable war would move to Laos and Cambodia, then onto Malaysia, Indonesia, Australia, New Zealand and South America.

How can you deny this when the Red Chinese have announced to the world that their aim is world revolution—they said it—I didn't.

Now I am enclosing a stamped addressed envelope with this letter—I hope that you will find the time to send me a few lines which will prove to me that the Red Chinese don't desire war—even though I have heard with my own ears them say that war is the most desirable way of spreading world revolution.

S. A. VALENTINE,

P.O. Box 17, Newport, N.S.W.



In the light of subsequent repercussions, the publication of the "OZ Guide to Sydney's Underworld" was not justified. For, according to police document, the Guide triggered off the vicious shooting of Robert Steele. Satire is supposed to reform, not exert grievous bodily harm.

Printed below is an extract from the Minutes of a meeting of N.S.W. Detective - Sergeants.

Much of the information contained in these minutes would be of undoubted value to criminals. It is thus a devastating indictment of the police that OZ obtained its copy from an underworld source.

Is the policeman on your block an underworld informer?

MINUTES OF MONTHLY MEETING OF DIVISIONAL DETECTIVE - SERGEANTS TO DISCUSS CRIME, HELD AT THE CRIMINAL INVESTIGATION BRANCH ON WEDNESDAY, 1st DECEMBER, 1965. PRESENT:

Det. Supts. Barnes; Det. Insp. Behrens, Kelly, Kennedy, Whitehouse; Det. Sgts. Hinchy, Cantwell, Souter, Workman, Worland, McDowell, North, Marcroft, Coleman, Collins, Williams, Green, Doener, Passmore, Schofield, Stinson, Hammond, Whitfield, Brotherson, North, Slocombe, Ownes, Killen, Yates, Carmody,

Gilchrist, Bradstreet, Fleming, Mitchell and Sgt. 1/c. Dingwell.

INFORMATION RE SHOOTING OF ROBERT LAWRENCE STEELE:

At about 8 p.m., on Friday, 26th November, 1965, ROBERT LAWRENCE STEELE, a well-known criminal-safe breaker was shot by a number of men in Wallis St., Woollahra, about 100 yards from Steele's home at 100 Wallis St., Woollahra. The assailants fired from a moving car at Steele who was on the footpath walking towards Nelson St. It was Steele's intention to go to the Nelson Hotel which is his usual habit.

Steele believes that the attack was carried out upon him by a gang organised by LEONARD ARTHUR MacPHERSON, a well-known gunman. The reason for this suspicion on Steele's behalf is that recently OZ Magazine published an article on Sydney's gunmen and named the top ten underworld characters. No. 2 on the list being LEN. It further went on that Len, who lives at Gladesville, is a hated man, a police informer. Steele purchased 20 copies of this edition and openly advertised them to MacPheron's associates well knowing that MacPheron would be informed of Steele's verbal attack on him.

It was also a well-known fact that Steele was a friend of Barney Ryan, who was shot to death recently, and also a friend of Moffitt, who was assaulted as previously explained.

When asked in confidence who he thought may have carried out the shooting Steele named the following:

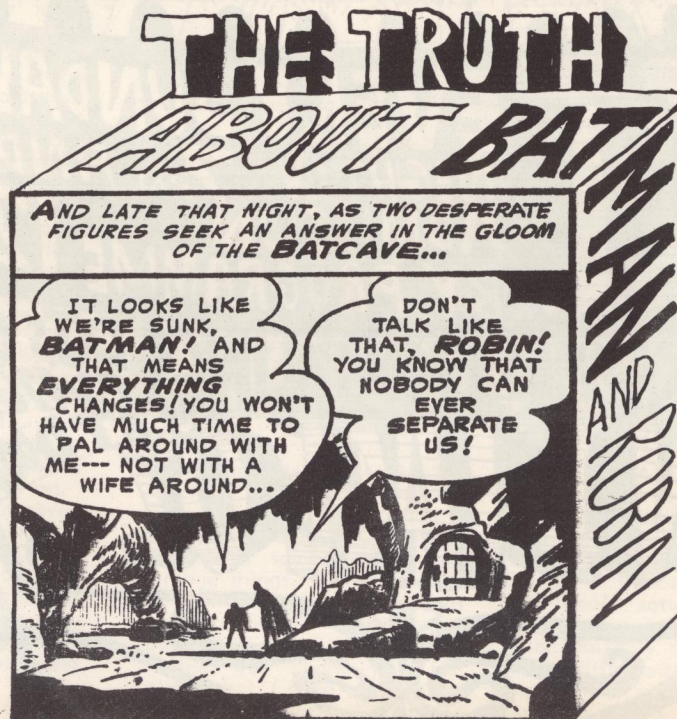
RAYMOND O'CONNOR: Well-known gunman.

STANLEY SMITH: Thief, gunman (MacPheron's right-hand man).

JOHN ANDREW STUART: vicious hoodlum at present on remand for break, enter and steal, and who is endeavouring to make a name for himself with Smith and O'Connor amongst the underworld.

LENNIE MacPHERSON: is considered to be the brains and organiser behind all these men.

It is unlikely that Steele will admit this information in the presence of witnesses or at any subsequent Court hearing.



KNOCK-KNOCK WHO'S SQUARE

First, privvy schooles. They're an old favourite of mine in the Long Tall Aunt Sally Department, so let's go.

Rikapoodly and a fanging fandoogily, swingers, I mean all you snobstruck jobs in Dad's firm fang in the family Jag shag in the jag old school Con Temporaries of mine, let's look back at the crappiest drears of our lives, I mean, behind the ivvied walls of the old Alma Mater, which is American for Olde School which is English for the better Schools, which is N. Shore-ese UP SCHOOL! which is King's School dialect as far as I'm concerned for right up to the elbow with the lot of them. The whole class education thing is yeah, sort of a load of old roobish, note John bitter-Lennon, the adult soft kink. And now I'll drum you in with some risque reminiscences.

We used to have chapel ten times a week, nine for noncommunicants, and there was a camp master (one was sacked last year, but they kept it pretty quiet), and I'd be the last person to say that boarding schools encourage homosexuality, I mean, look at me, but thing is, they discourage hetero relationships, so it's the same thing, only different. Ah well, at least they educate all the sons of old boys who get there. Well, sort of. At the one I went to, an Associated School, they're the ones who didn't make it to the GPS; well anyway, there the failure rate at the Leaving Certificate was higher than the State average. That's really something, and a real bargain, considering the four hundred dollars a term you pay, boarders. Of course, very coarse, for that small, exclusive all inclusive fee there are such fringe benefits as compulsory cadets, compulsory football, old time religion, Kultcha, learning. And at the end of it all you have the choice of joining, yes, wait for it, the Old Boys. You can actually pay them money, and that entitles you to buy it, the old school tie. Then you can wipe whichever bodily orifice you like with it — I mean, that's a personal opinion.

Quite a bit doesn't get printed in the OB's notes in Skool Mag, but here's a bit of interesting gearabout some of me old mates. One did a stretch in Long Bay I'm told, seemed to used to strip down daddy's cars and sell the parts. The daddy wasn't his either, and he called the constables. I remember that he used to shoplift from school when he was a nipper in short pants. Another 'bloke I met after years of sad separation (he left under a cloud) turned up in a push pub, all the kit, purple ski pants, knee boots, and he told me he was gainfully employed as a male prostitute, fiver a go and a big bum, but of course that was before the dollars came in.

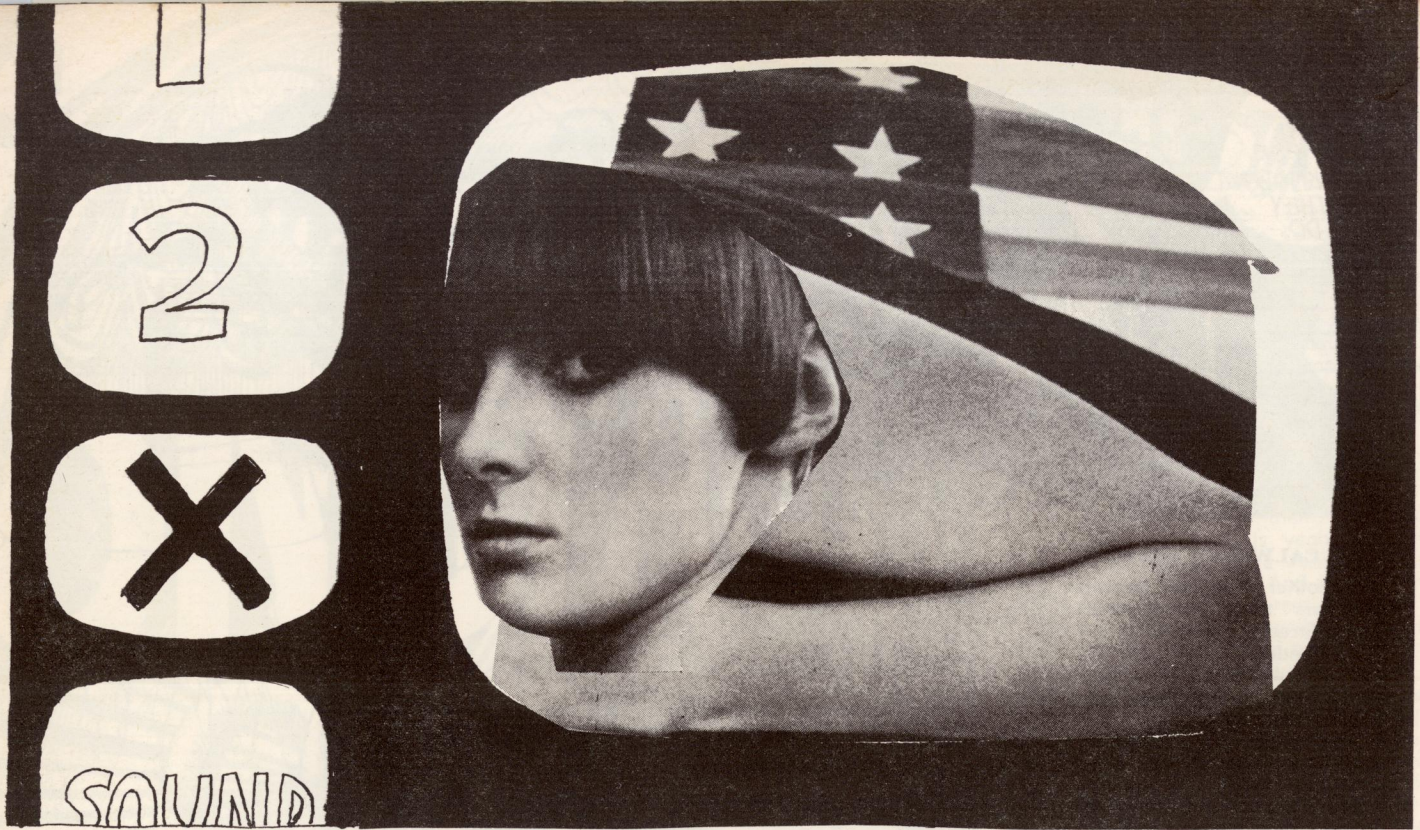
This is all too sordid, I won't continue, I mean, I don't want to sond n-gratefool for the Advantages it gave me.

PETER DRAFFIN

Those who have heard the voice of Wayne Newton—and mistaken it perhaps for that of a big-throated girl—should not be misled.

AUSTRALIAN INTERNATIONAL NEWS REVIEW





OPENING SHOT: The American Eagle symbol. It's "E. Pluribus Unum" motto fades into the title of this screenplay.

CUT TO: A bed. MOM and DAD carry on a dialogue for us to hear while the camera shows them from all possible angles in a parody of the beginning of *Hiroshima Mon Amour*.

MOM: Honey?

DAD: Yes, dear?

MOM: Could I ask you something?

DAD: Of course.

MOM: Well — it's just that — you don't seem to have your heart in your foreplay tonight.

DAD: Well, you heard what the President said on television. That we should all of us not go to bed any night without asking whether we have done everything we could do that day to win the struggle in Vietnam.

MOM: I'm sure he didn't mean that literally, dear.

DAD: Well, I take it literally, I can't help it. I want to do something.

MOM: They already are doing something.

DAD: It's always **they**. Never **we**. I want to feel **involved** in the world situation.

MOM: I'm going to tell you something, sweetheart, and I want you to listen carefully. I'm getting sick and tired of a marital relationship that has to serve as a barometer of international tension.

DAD: Oh, come, now, it can't be as bad as all that.

SON — are having breakfast. DAD is reading the newspaper. SON is trying to get his attention.

SON: Say, Dad?

DAD: (Camera behind him shows him underlining with a pen certain lines in an editorial.) Just a minute, Son. (He writes, "That's so true!" in the margin.) Yes, what is it?

SON: I was thinking about what the President said on television last night about Vietnam —

DAD: And you felt you wanted to participate in some way?

SON: No, I don't want to kill any Vietnamese.

MOM: And you certainly don't want any Vietnamese to kill **you**.

DAD: Look, you don't have to kill anybody **directly**. I have a friend of a friend in the Defence Department. What with your ROTC credits, I think we might be able to get you into their special Military Adviser training programme.

SON: Dad, what I'm trying to say is that, as far as participation goes, I mean where I — **me** — where I could really do something concrete . . . well, what I was thinking of was the horrible danger lurking only ninety miles from our **own** shore.

MOM: You mean Cuba?

SON: No, Mississippi . . . I'd like to go there this summer.

DAD: But, son, it's **dangerous** down there.

SON: I know that, but I've been doing a lot of soul-searching, and, Dad . . . Mom . . . I — I've decided to become a voter registration worker in the South.

MOM: Oh, God, how have we failed!

DAD: Now you listen to me, you have no business going to Mississippi —

SON: But, Dad —

MOM: Oh, God, where did we go wrong!

DAD: Don't but-Dad me. If you were really concerned about voting rights, you'd **want** to go to Vietnam and do something about ensuring free elections **there**. . .



DAD: You mean it's not going to be a meaningful experience **again**?

MOM: It's **never** a meaningful experience any more. It's just a **ritual** we go through each time.

DAD: I'm sorry, but — do you realise how heavily committed we are?

MOM: Darling, that's what marriage is all about. Total commitment.

DAD: No, no, no — I'm talking about how heavily committed we are in **Vietnam**.

MOM: Oh, all you ever care about is what's going on in the **world**. Don't you ever care about **my** feelings?

DAD: Are you aware that we now have 750,000 troops over there?

MOM: I don't care if the whole American Army is over there.

MOM: Oh, yes it can. The day they built the Berlin Wall, a barrier went up between us.

DAD: I couldn't help it. I was suffering from universal guilt.

MOM: Nonsense. You were suffering from a severe case of unrequited nationalism.

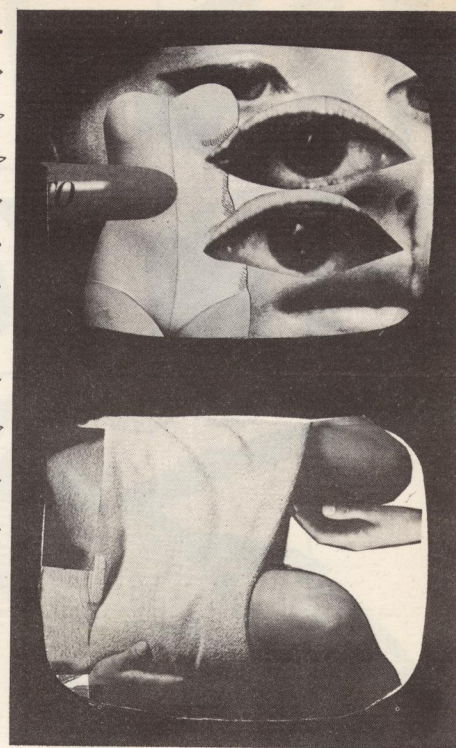
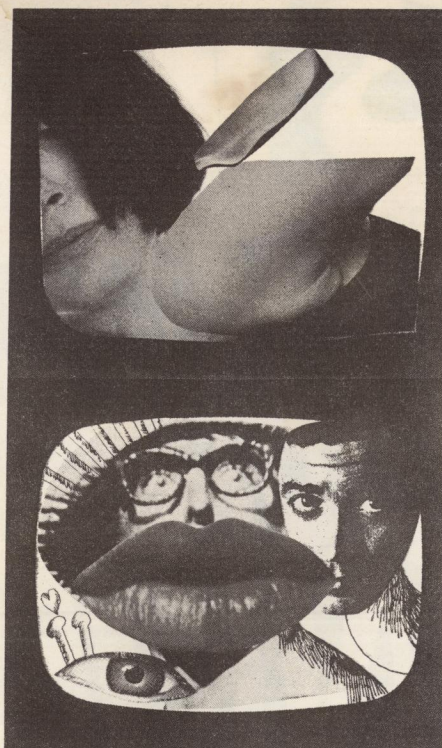
DAD: Sometimes you talk like a Commie sympathiser.

MOM: And then there was Korea. The day **they** crossed the 38th Parallel, **you** became impotent.

DAD: It was only temporary. I regained my virility.

CUT TO: Close-up of a toaster. Immediately following the words "my virility" in previous scene, two slices of toast pop up.

MOM's hand reaches for them. The family — MOM, DAD and college-age



MOM: All right, that's enough — please, no arguments this morning. (To Dad) Anyway, you've got to get to the office. (To Son) And if you don't hurry you'll be late for classes.

SON: And what are **your** plans, Mom?

MOM: I think today I'm going to report some obscene mail to the postmaster. (DOORBELL rings. Mom answers door. It's the mailman. He gives her mail. She looks through the mail.) Ah, yes, here's some more of it now. (Looks at what appears to be photos.) **Uchh**, disgusting!

SON: Can I see them, Mom?

MOM: Certainly not, they're obscene photographs. (Heads for telephone.) I'd better make an appointment right now. (Begins dialling.)

CUT TO: A telephone ringing. The postmaster picks it up, brings it to his mouth. As he speaks, camera moves back to show him sitting at desk.

POSTMASTER: Postmaster speaking . . . yes, ma'am, yes . . . two o'clock this afternoon would be fine . . . oh, Ma'am? . . . please be sure to bring the obscene mail with you . . . swell . . . I'll see you then . . . thank **you** . . . goodbye. (Hangs up. Then licks his chops and rubs his hands together.)

CUT TO: Attractive, college-age GIRL, talking to SON, on campus.

GIRL: I just don't wanna get involved.

SON: Look, I'm not asking you to **marry** me . . . I'm not even asking you to go steady . . . all I want you to do is go on **one** lousy picket line with me.

CUT TO: DAD's office. He presses buzzer of intercom. Secretary's voice says "Yes, sir?"

DAD: After you finish typing out those sales orders, I'd like you to do a little research for me. I want you to check into the height of the average Viet Cong . . .

CUT TO: POSTMASTER'S office . . . MOM enters . . . He has the window-shades down . . . candlelight . . . soft music on phonograph.

POSTMASTER: Did you bring the obscene mail?

MOM: Yes.

POSTMASTER: You show me yours and I'll show you mine. . . .

CUT TO: GIRL: I just don't wanna get involved, that's all.

CUT TO: DAD: You say the average height of a Viet Cong gook is four feet seven inches . . . are you **sure**?

CUT TO: MOM and POSTMASTER dancing.

CUT TO: GIRL: Can't I just meet you at the movies **after** the demonstration?

CUT TO: DAD: I have a sneaking suspicion that some of these so-called Viet Cong I've seen on the news are actually Red Chinese soldiers. . . .

CUT TO: POSTMASTER: You wanna play Post Office?

CUT TO: GIRL: Look, I'll print your placard for you, but that's as far as I go.

CUT TO: DAD: They must be smuggling them in through Hanoi.

CUT TO: POSTMASTER and MOM necking furiously on his desk.

CUT TO: GIRL: I **told** you, I don't go all the way.

CUT TO: Close-up of a strange man's face. He is a RAPIST. He is talking to his VICTIM.

RAPIST: I'm going to rape you.

VICTIM (a sweet little old lady): You just want me for my body.

CUT TO: POSTMASTER'S office. He begins to undress MOM. She speaks in a teasing way.

MOM: I'm going to report you to the Postmaster **General**.

CUT TO: SON, nuzzling girl's ear and mumbling into it at the same time.

SON: Please, you don't even have to carry a sign or anything. I just want you to be with me.

CUT TO: RAPIST: Promise me you won't scream.

VICTIM: Oh, yes, I will. (screams.) Help—criminal assault, criminal assault—help, help, I'm being criminally assaulted—help! (She keeps this up, a parody of That Scene in **The Knack**, and a crowd gathers around them, being careful not to interfere.)

RAPIST: I love you.

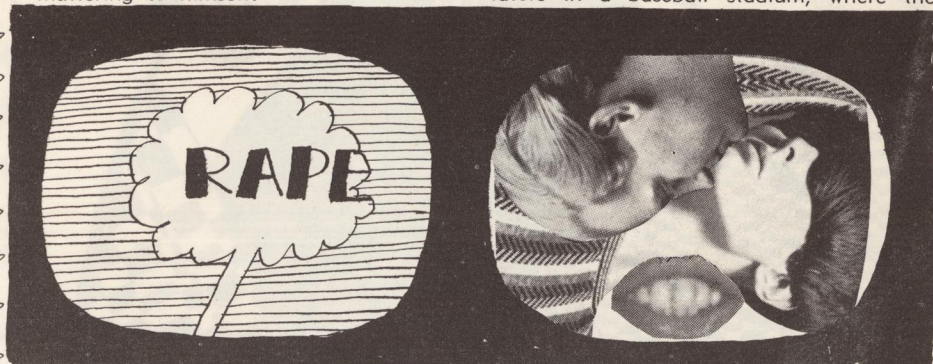
VICTIM: Years from now . . . when you talk about this . . .

CUT TO: Dad, walking along the street, muttering to himself.

and DAD's reaction, over which we hear his inner voice each time we return to the scene of the rape, his strain clearly visible).

DAD'S Voice: Why is everybody just standing around and **watching**? . . . This is different from Vietnam — there's a perfect chance for **personal** involvement here . . . Nobody **else** is doing anything about it, why don't **you**? . . . You've been waiting all your **life** for an opportunity like this . . . Go **ahead** . . . Go on . . . **go on** . . . Now!

(DAD surges through the crowd and pounces on the VICTIM, pummelling her madly, and ripping at her underthings. The crowd applauds and yells its encouragement to him. The crowd suddenly turns into chattering spectators in a baseball stadium, where the



DAD: We're too soft on Communism, too soft, too soft.

CUT TO: POSTMASTER (teasing): You're giving me a hard time. . . .

CUT TO: GIRL: You can do whatever you want (she says to SON), I won't protest.

SON: I know you've demonstrated with **other** guys.

CUT TO: VICTIM. Her dress has been torn off, and she is wearing old-fashioned pantaloons, etc. DAD walks by and joins the crowd watching. He speaks to a MAN in the crowd.

DAD: Excuse me, what's going on here? MAN: Rape in progress.

(We now have a **Psycho**-like series of quick cuts . . . back and forth, between POSTMASTER and MOM; between SON and

GIRL; between RAPIST and VICTIM . . .

attack is now taking place at approximately Second Base. The noise of the onlookers gets louder and louder, reaches a fantastic pitch, and then. . . .)

CUT TO: Close-up of MOM, in the kitchen. MOM: Dinner's ready.

(Dad goes into the bathroom, and washes his hands. As he is about to dry them, we see two towels on the rack. One is inscribed **WE** and the other is inscribed **THEY**. At this point the SON appears in the doorway. Before we see which towel DAD reaches for, the picture freezes, as at the end of **The 400 Blows**. During this whole non-dialogue scene, we hear music — the theme to which POSTMASTER and MOM had been dancing — we hear it faintly at first, but it rises to a crescendo at the freeze. We never find out which towel. . . .)

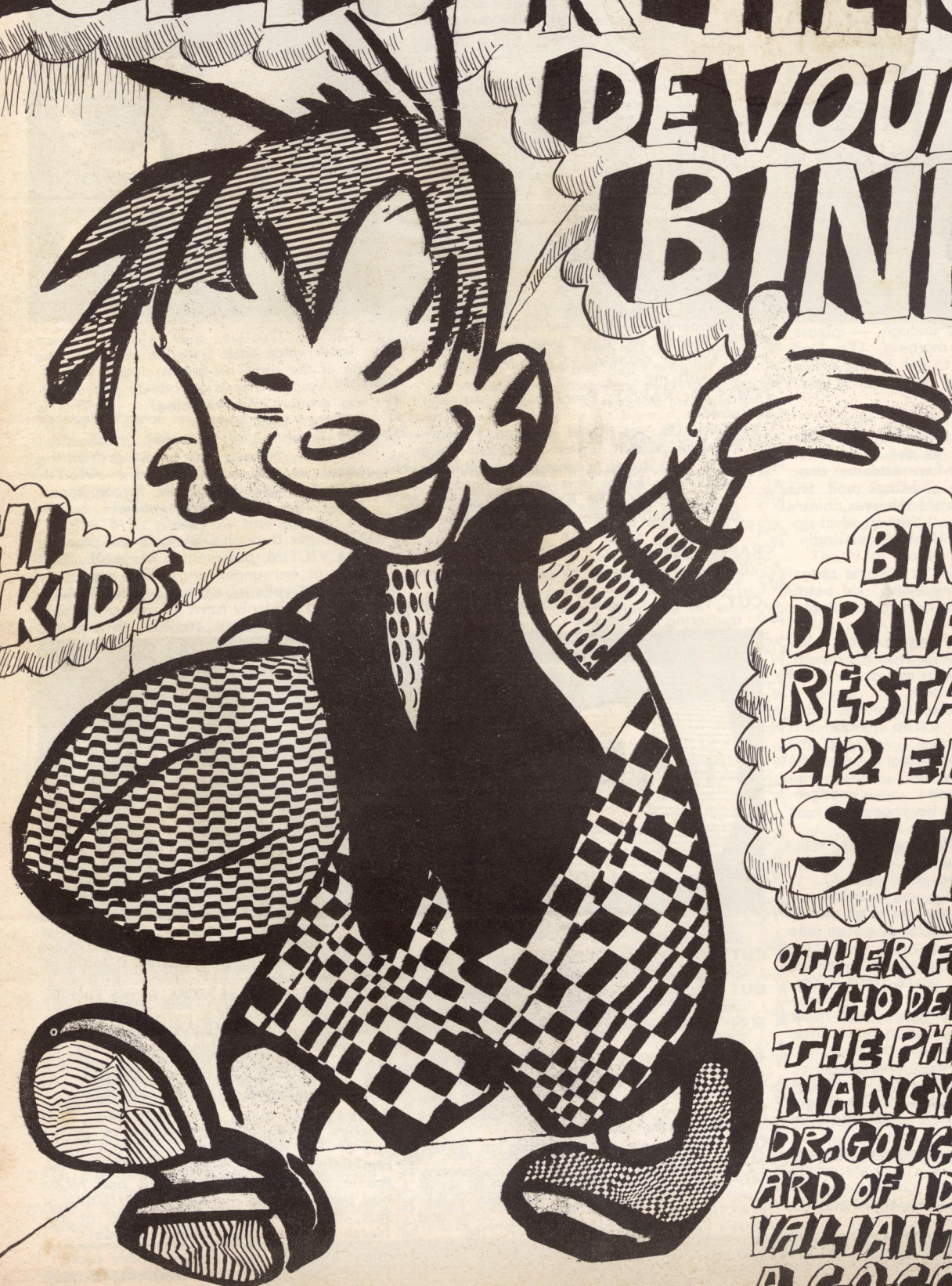
By arrangement with "The Realist"

ALL THE BEST POP FOLK HEROES

DEVOUR

BINKIES

HI
KIDS



BINKIES
DRIVE-IN
RESTAURANT
212 ELIZABETH
STREET

OTHER FOLK HEROES
WHO DEVOUR AT BINKIES
THE PHANTOM &
NANCY MANDRAKE
DR. GOUGH THE WIZ-
ARD OF ID. PRINCE
VALIANT CHARLIE
A GO GO