



02

No. 22. Sept., 65. - 2/-.

P.J. PROBY-

**ALF
OF THE
MONTH**

NOTICE SHARP EXHIBITION AT CLUNES POST OFFICE 100687
DUE TO RAIN NOW
DECEMBER, MARTIN'S SAYS

All about OZ

editors: Richard Neville, Richard Walsh.

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The Lyndonisation of History

President Johnson claims that to withdraw from Viet Nam would be "appeasement" like Munich.

The Communists are often accused of falsifying history, but it would be difficult to imagine a more fantastic falsification of history than this.

In actual fact American policy in Viet Nam is entirely consistent with Munich.

From the Wars of Intervention against Russia in 1919 to the landing of American Marines in the Dominican Republic in 1965 the policy of the Western Powers has undeviatingly appeased any dirty dictatorship whatsoever so long as it was anti-Communist. Either directly aiding if required or urging "non-intervention" according to circumstances. On the other hand they have consistently intervened against popular revolutions.

What did the Western Powers do when

Japan invaded Manchuria;
Germany re-occupied the Rhine-

AUGUST 3 After 58 years, the Australian Labor Party accidentally ended its traditional White Australia policy. (Mr. Calwell had previously stated that "people with different skin pigmentation cannot live happily in the same community"). Mr. C. T. Oliver (N.S.W. State Secretary) said he had no serious objection to eliminating the White Australia policy because so far as he knew "there was no great desire by Asian people to migrate to Australia". Watch him blush when OZ announces its "Bring out a Bung" campaign.

August 4th. Calwell announced to the world at large "I will remain leader during the lifetime of this Parliament. I will lead the Labor Party at the next election, God willing." You can bet that Whitlam had a few words to say to God that night.

August 8th. "How Linda McGill fouled the English Channel" (Extracts).

All the week I had been getting diarrhea and now it began again.

It was so bad I was stopping every few hundred yards.

"Come on," they yelled from the boat.

"Hurry up."
On a Channel swim they can't even wait for a girl to spend a penny.

SUNDAY TELEGRAPH, AUGUST 8

August 11th. The Federal Minister for Repatriation, Senator McKellar told the N.S.W. congress of the R.S.L.: "The thinking people in New Guinea don't want self-government. Left to themselves they are quite happy." Meaning, of course, the Aussie plantation owners.

In Chicago on the same day six nuns were sentenced to gaol for civil rights demonstrations after they were unable to pay the £27 fine. An observer, Mr. Maurie Scott was "touched by their plight" and proffered the money. Said Scott: "I know what they do to prisoners at the House of Correction. They strip them and they search them, and I didn't want the sisters subjected to that." Why — what was he afraid they'd find?

August 12th. During a heated debate dealing with communists at the R.S.L. Congress in Sydney, delegates used words such as "subversive", "scum", "worms" and a "festering sore". They also said a referendum to ban the Communist Party 13 years ago had failed, but "the results of a referendum today would be different." Yes. How about a referendum to ban the R.S.L.

AUGUST 13. A former solicitor claimed in Central Court that he had lost £40,000 at baccarat at two Sydney clubs. And you will never guess who has been subpoenaed as a witness — Perc Galea!

Some people have often wondered where Perc got all the money for his spectacular losses (e.g. £25,000 when Eskimo Prince lost the Stradbroke this year). Of course, he won £12,000 in the lottery ten years ago and has had spectacular winnings at times but these seem hardly able to balance

By the summer of 1918 the troops of no less than fourteen countries — including 8000 American, 7000 British and 70,000 Japanese — had invaded Siberia or were aiding White Russian forces on a number of fronts from Archangel to the Balck Sea.

"Were they at war with Russia?" wrote Winston Churchill in "The World Crisis". "Certainly not; they shot Soviet Russians at sight. They stood as invaders on Russian soil."

When the Polish invasion of Russia was thrown back to the gates of Warsaw only the threat of a general strike prevented Lloyd George from actually declaring war on Russia.

It is precisely the Men of Munich who support America in Viet Nam today. They use the same arguments. They support America for precisely the same reasons.

To turn the clock back has always been the aim of the Men of Munich. But the old order changed in Russia and the old order has changed in Asia.

The Lyndonisation of history is bunk.

BRUCE ANDERSON

COMING SOON: BARRY CHUNDERBIRD HUMPHRIES

DREARY DAY ♥!@!?! The Law is my K&K calling, Polit

the losses.

Surely it isn't possible that Perc runs the biggest baccarat school in Sydney? Not Honest Perc, who gave all the money he earned at the Mirror to charity, who takes up the plate at a Coogee church on Sundays, whose son, Clive, is a Sydney lawyer? It hardly seems possible that he is a crook

We wait excitedly for September 21 when Perc will appear in court and, we trust, dispel our doubts.

August 18. The Budget: taxes up 2½%, petrol up 3d a gallon, beer up 1d a glass, the little man up against it (again) and the economy right up itself.

The Press jostled amongst itself for the coveted "Biggest Budget Coverage" award with graphs and tables and endless analyses, which all added up to the fact that it wasn't as bad as might have been and anyway we all knew who was going to be hit ages ago. "Harshest since 1956," said Arthur (predictably), blithely ignoring the 1961 "Horror Budget".

Naturally Harold thought its mildness had set the seal on his PMship and Ming did nothing to disillusion him: "The Prime Minister, Sir Robert Menzies, strolled slowly across to the Federal treasurer at 9.07 p.m., gently ruffled Mr. Holt's silver hair and smiled." (The Aust.)

Poor Harold — nobody seems to have told him. Paul Hasluck has finally got the nod. However, as we hear it, McEwen might suc-

ceed Bob for a little while, just to tide the Coalition through that first post-Menzies election.

★ ★ ★
AUGUST 21. I Spry with my good right eye something beginning with "C" . . .

The Federal Executive of the Liberal Party decided to ask the Federal Govt. to publish a White Paper on all aspects of communist influence in Australia.

Guess when the Paper will be published. Surely not just before the elections?

★ ★ ★
AUGUST 23. A Walgett publican, Mr. A. White, claimed that he had been asked by local aborigines to draw up a petition objecting to the interference by university students in their affairs and stating that they were content with the treatment they were receiving.

Mr. White denied that those refusing to sign his petition would not be served in his hotel, where he maintains the following set-up:

"The way we run this hotel is that we have confined the rank and file dark population to a particular section of the hotel, not all, but the majority.

"We have others — we employ a number and others are members of the dart club — and they mix through the hotel . . .

"Don't think for a moment that the towns people are against the dark person." (SMH, Aug. 23).

We asked the dark person how he felt about it all and he confirmed Mr. White's opinion that he was "very contented". It seems all the dark person wants in life is one square meal to go round, a piece of corrugated iron over his head and, of course, the chance to lose the occasional game of darts against the White Folk of Walgett.

★ ★ ★
AUGUST 24. The Australian Bridge Championships began in Brisbane. The S.M.H. considered it all so Big Deal that they had their own Frank Cayley on the spot to report on the fortunes of the Sydney pack.

After Melbourne's king bridge team cracked under pressure, the competition went to their arch-enemies, Sydney. Congrats, Sydney!

★ ★ ★
August 27. Melbourne TV Channel O (Reg's Austorama Television Pty. Ltd.) has offered £10,000 as a prize for an Aussie Rules "world championship" between Melbourne's premier team and teams from W.A., S.A. and Tas. (a pretty small world!) They will fly the teams in (chancing it with Ansett, of course) and underwrite the costs. The V.F.L., which gets a bit shirty about allowing their beloved footy to be watched from the comfort of the living room, considered the proposal "in camera". Supplied by Channel O, of course.

★ ★ ★
AUGUST 30. The Great Sydney Transport Strike.

And runner-up in our Alf of the Month comp (to P. J. Proby, See cover) is Michael Darby, 19-yr.-old govt. transport consultant. Explaining his role to the Press, he said: "I just help people in distress — for no pay." No, but just a pinch of glamour.

★ ★ ★
September 1. La Stupenda gave her opening performance in Sydney. Her husband had

given his opening performance on the previous Saturday, when he smashed the camera of a press photographer who had gone along to Mascot to watch Mr. Bonyng & wife arrive. As an encore, Mr. B. later called the Sydney Press "a herd of orang-outangs" and "frankly stinking".

Some have talent and some have talent thrust upon them. We could forgive Mr. Bonyng (just) for being born without talent but we wish he'd learn how to handle the talent he has had thrust upon him in the form of Our Joan.

★ ★ ★
SEPTEMBER 2. The Sydney Press unearthed someone who did not realise that the Second World War had ended. Naturally we thought it was either Sir William Yeo or Eric Baume. It turned out to be a Formosan in a Sydney mental hospital.

We weren't so far out — wrong race, right spiritual home.

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NAME

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LATE NEWS

* CHANGE OF ADDRESS

The York Club is now
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NOT as on page 16.

* A limited supply of
our August poster
("God bless dear Daddy
who is fighting the
Viet Cong and send him
OZ") is available at
2/- each.

* ANNOUNCEMENT

The Editors of OZ are
offering a £5 prize
for the best 250-word
appreciation of one of
the poems on pages 9-
11.

* DID YOU KNOW

Packer is amalgamating
soon with Murdoch?

And Zell Rabin of the
Sydney Mirror is about
(to edit The Australian

BACK COPIES

Collector will pay good price for good
copies of OZ, Nos. 1, 6 and 8. Please
send offer to Lindsay Jameson, 67 Suther-
land Road, Jannali, N.S.W., naming
price required.

was an extremely
interesting
VERY
UNTIMELY

HO!

GO HOME, REV. BUSH!

As I saw him, he cares nothing about morality, little about religion, less about truth.

★ He was the complete egotist whose main concern is himself and Mirror circulation.

★ At 36, he is a by-product of 20th-century materialism and cheap, tawdry sexuality.

The merchant of hypocrisy

By P.J. PROBY

"This is a newspaper . . . it isn't a missionary tract," snarled Rev. Roger Bush yesterday in a moment of lucidity.

I spent ten minutes with the "Surfie Parson" yesterday — so that he could get a photo of us together. This would provide enough proof that we actually met to justify printing his absurdly sensational interview.

Dressed in his bizarre high-collar shirt and bright black shroud, Bush met me at the door of the hotel suite. A frankly sexual young woman he called his "secretary" hovered behind him while an effeminate "photographer" whispered in his ear.

I found it hard to conceal my distaste for this fellow and his stooges. I did not try.

While I sipped a cordial, Bush coolly smoked a thin white cigarette (lit by his "photographer").

We began with the alleged obscenity of his act. Was he not, I asked, simply selling sexual thrills in the guise of religion? Bush fingered his garb ("my worst habit") uneasily.

"I don't think there is anything wrong with sex, so long as it is confined to newspapers, where it can be controlled and exploited," he drawled.

"People only go wrong when they take me too seriously. I just write to entertain. I only use religion as a crutch to help me over the stile of style." He smirked at his Biblical metaphor.

"If you look closely at my crutch, you'll see what a joke it is." But I didn't see his "secretary" laugh!

Did this priest see no special responsibilities in writing for a newspaper?

"Yes. I keep my sentences

short. Leave the sermons for the pulpit or Dita Cobb's show. I pride myself on my pithy style."

I asked him about the incident in which he split his infinitives but still continued writing.

No, he said, he had not split them on purpose. Nor did they reveal anything more than a bad style. "I showed no more than any other hack journalist," he boasted, slicking back his long greasy eyebrows.

CONFRONTATION OF TWO WORLDS

Dressed in his bizarre high-collar shirt and smoking a thin white cigarette . . . this is Roger Bush pictured yesterday with P. J. Proby. Nearby the pop idolater's stooges clowned.



Would not his child readers copy his poor example?

"They read me for the sin, not the syntax." (His "photographer" smirked.)

Did he have any reservations about appearing on television?

None at all, I'm available for any show. That's the advantage in being a free-lance cleric. I don't have obligations to anyone."

"The "secretary" gave him yet another of his long white

cigarettes and her body twisted in langorous venality as she moved. I felt unclean.

"How long," I asked finally "do you think you and your unhealthy gimmick will stay at the top?"

"For ever," the idolater leered, "for ever and ever and ever."

"Amen," said his "photographer".

—FRED AND LETCHER.

Sir

Pursued by a relentless reputation for secondary and tertiary academic brilliance (let's be cruel—there are thousands as brilliant), Peter Samuel is showing signs of being deeply bemused in "Why I Left the A.L.P."

Mr. Samuel left the A.L.P. because, like many others, he couldn't stand the thought that his strange panaceas were not immediately accepted. Loth to take the tough trek through the party, to party reform, he chickened out—right out. In doing so, he placed himself in good company—Billy Hughes, Joe Lyons, Frank McManus, and so on. They all did well. No doubt Pete will too, once he makes it to the boot-licking stage.

In the meantime, the battle-scarred troops of the A.L.P. will continue to fight alongside causes on which the good Peter is ambivalent—world peace, world poverty, the desperate trends of the affluent society—all that unacademic ofal.

And if "Why I Left the A.L.P." is a fair sample of the schizophrenic thinking among Labor's opponents, there is a light on the horizon already, and it won't be long before dawn breaks.

**Ian Lasry,
Brighton, Vic.**

SIR,

On the supposed impartiality of the Mavis Bramston Show:

1. On the Queen's visit to Germany, a sketch entitled "Don't say Sieg Heil to her Gracious", pictured Willi Brandt (one can only presume, since he made the announcement on which the sketch was based) as a Nazi, complete with swastika shirt, only waiting to show his true colours.

2. On Princess Beatrix's marriage, a sketch showed von Amsberg as a Nazi only waiting for his chance to reconquer Holland—included such gems as "have fun strolling on the meadows dyed with the blood of the Dutchmen murdered by your boyfriend's pals."

3. Wed., July 28, Sydney; Sat. 31, Melb.: Sketch showing Amer. missile expert "Dr. Werner von Trauma" as a Nazi only waiting his chance to (presumably) sabotage America's defence, complete with swastika flag to hand.

And these are only the last three shows I've seen. But it seems to me that somebody's (the central character in all these sketches has been G. Chater) prejudice is showing. The 2nd sketch I mentioned was followed immediately by one gibing at prejudice against aborigines.

Anne Cutler,
St. Hilda's College,
Parkville, Vict.

SIR

Your piece "Age Shall not Wither Him" (**July OZ**) would have been a fair commentary on my journalistic performance if I had written the whole of the item published under my name on the front page of **The Age** of June 9.

In fact I did not write the fatuous introductory passage on which you based your charge of creative news-writing.

That passage came from an agency despatch and was published under my by-line by mistake.

My own despatch began with the words "The first day of Sir Robert Menzies' Washington visit may have been a success—but it was not the sort of day the Prime Minister expected."

This was published as the single-column body of the June 9 item, and I stand by it as a fair and accurate account of the Prime Minister's encounter with the President, his dogs, his bodyguard and the press in the White House garden.

I hope you will agree that, when read in isolation, my despatch conveys an impression of the encounter — and of this correspondent — different from the one you formed when you read it in conjunction with the agency intro.

**John Bennetts,
The Press Gallery,
Parliament House, CANBERRA.**

Sirs

Diary of a Worker
won't be led like sheep." o

Monday: What a weekend; dozed off in the afternoon session but awoke just in time to vote for a rise in the wages of parliamentarians in proportion to a new basic wage in one of the States . . . Also voted in favour of abolishing strikes — these labourers want money for nothing—damn communism. “Man is a worker. If he is not this, he is nothing.” Conrad. Applause in House. Two lines, Sydney Morning Herald.

Tuesday: Sent Sir Robert a get well card (again) — poor old bloke. Lobbying to accompany him to Leeds for the next match. Meeting eighteen other Labor backbenchers (didn't think we had so many seats) in London en route Paris, Moscow, Malaysia, and joined next year's "Let's all visit Canberra" trip. Can't accept Indonesian invitation as wife and kids and self are visiting Kuala Lumpur.

Wednesday: Finally have the you-know-what list for teenage daughter so she can have something to read back at boarding school. Leafed through it: what kind of minds have writers? Can't they write about life without dragging in sex — seems unnatural to me as an Ordinary Australian. Still, it's well known that artists are all perverts . . . thank God, we haven't many in Australia — writers, that is.

Thursday: Editorial denounces us as spineless yes men. Arthur objects. Seeing my chance, leaped to my feet and roared: "Hear, Hear. The workers."

won't be led like sheep." One line, S.M.H. Asked opinion of left-wing influence in Party by Telegraph reporter — didn't understand. Asked secretary to check meaning of term. My "no comment" interpreted by Bulletin as "dangerous apathy in the back benches . . ."

Friday: Indignant protest letter: Bulletin settles out of court again. Deposit on new car. Drink with Treasurer for prestige; Trade Union boys for laughs. Read extracts from 'the List' — and they thought Lolita was hot. Lucky men like us keep this kind of thing from the public.

Saturday: Wrote letter to Editor urging banning of soccer as unAustralian and undermined by Nazi fanaticism. Quoted Plato (from Teach Yourself Philosophy) — present from my wife's mother last Christmas. Neighbours impressed by letter. Opened an art exhibition by some foreigner: not one landscape and nothing I'd call a portrait. Give me a drawing that looks nice and neat, anytime.

Sunday: Invited to a reception for the stars of the new TV show. Pictured in Press holding guitar. Mentioned in Mirror as "aggressive Australian — The type this paper will always support" for soccer article.

Monday: Back to the old grind: Canberra freezing. Must arrange Indonesian trip.

— **TIM PIGOTT**

Diary of a Doctor who tells

Dr Frank Knopfelmacher yesterday urged a spread of "anti-Communist clinics" to combat the Communist Party in Australia.

The clinics could advise people whose organisations or institutions were being penetrated by Communists.

Mon.

What a pleasant surprise when Lord and Lady Casey popped in for a check-up prior to accepting office. I couldn't detect the slightest trace of the fungus, of course, and was re-assured of His Excellency's robust capitalism when he glowingly disclosed his anticipated profit from the sinecure.

Tues.

I never expected Gary Shearston to consult me—his outspoken pacifism is a chronic indicator of his communist sympathies. But will-power is a wonderful thing and Gary is determined to alter his image . . . so there is some hope. I booked him on a tour of R.S.L. Clubs, arranged for him to record 'On the Road to Mandalay' and persuaded him to swap his Levi's for a smart pair of K.D.'s.

Wed.

A routine group visit by the editorial staff of 'The Bulletin'. They were all so fighting fit that it was boring.

Thurs.

Well, dear old Arthur Calwell is practically a hospital case. (He even offered to pay his consultation fee with Unity tickets.) The Knopfelmacher-Spectrum test revealed that his average range of conversation varied from pink (nuclear disarmament) to scarlet (Vietnam troops). I recommended a rest in a sanatorium. He said he was already attending one in Canberra.

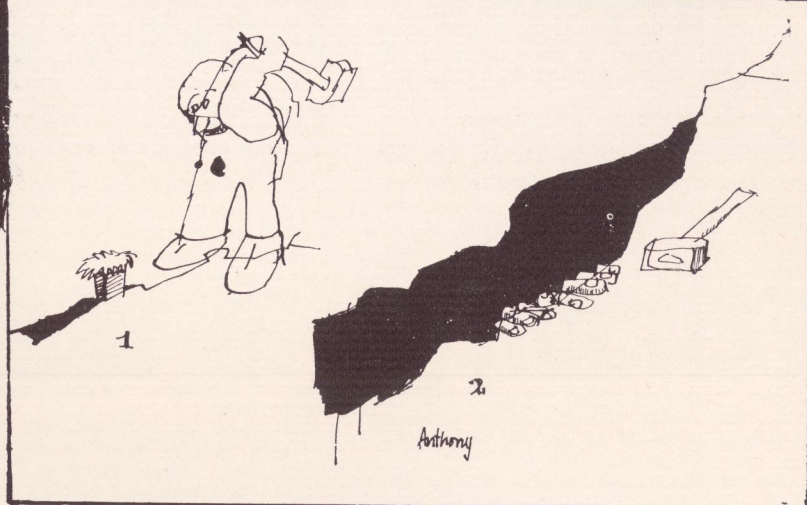
Fri.

Curious visit from a man-in-the-street. Said that he had lost his urge to hate and fear his kindly chubby Russian charlady and he even thought radio stars like Baume and Banks were "dreary bigots". I diagnosed it as a temporary relapse and, remembering that communism thrives on human misery and scarcity, ordered a complete luxury holiday at Hayman Island.

— Dr. K.

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The Photo That Never Was

Late last month, the Sydney press finally gave up hope of ever printing a photo they had dreamed about for years but had never taken: an emancipated Darcy Dugan arm-in-arm with his father outside the gates of one of Her Majesty's prisons. The Headline would read: "DARCY PAYS HIS DEBT".

Unfortunately, Dugan's 91-year-old father had just died. Although one of their persona was missing, the papers weren't to be deprived of their drama altogether. Their headlines screamed: "DUGAN OUT!" Two old ladies behind me in a bus immediately presumed he had escaped again—as perhaps the papers hoped they would.

"Spouse he wanted to have a last look at his old man."

"Wunnerful how he does it, ain't it Lil?"

On the front page of Thursday's Sun was a picture of Himself. That he looked older than he did fifteen years ago was not surprising. But the papers went to great lengths to make sure we were not deceived. Friday's Sun told us that prison life had changed his face "from that of a young lout to a man now graven with experience and etched with bitterness."

The funeral, which was over on Thursday, was not without comic relief. One woman who claimed to have been saved by Darcy twenty years ago from a fate worse than death, now took her first opportunity to thank him.

Dugan, surrounded by relatives, friends and police was perplexed.

He looked back for the last time at his father's grave.

"No," he smiled sadly. "I remember something about the attack, but I don't know your face".

(Daily Telegraph, 27/8/65)

The evening papers covered the story of the funeral on front and other pages. They must have sold well, because on Friday, the late final extra of the Sun carried another two pages. The front page story was called "The Man in the Freedom Suit."

His face still has the cockiness of the young criminal who has defied the world and will continue to defy it.

But there is something fateful about the picture. It is dated—like the young Dugan himself.

He has changed, slowly, as all men change. Men who have come out of Grafton have told of Dugan crying aloud for his mother.

The story may be untrue, for many criminals are emotional liars and sentimentalists into the bargain.

But the picture on the right shows whatever life has graven on the face and into the soul of Dugan, it is not sentimentality.

Prison wisdom? Yes; softness? No.

It was taken yesterday at the graveside of his father, and he is wearing the suit presented to him by friends, for the grand and longed for day on which he was to leave prison—the day his father did not live to see.

Dugan did not wear the suit to freedom, but to a graveside.

It's all there: the cheap, tear-jerking journalism that should be dead with *The Truth*. It was a corny, disgusting story, full of the worst kind of self-righteousness and condescension. No doubt it was intended to make suburbia feel cosy, safe and free from sin.

It was a phrase-mongers field day. Surely one of the chief regrets of the newspaper world was that Dugan's mother wasn't there to greet him at the foot of the grave and ask at their goading: "Darce, did you really cry out loud for me when you were inside?"

—R.B.

(Advertisement)

Mavis Smithers, a dreary suburban housewife of West Panania North, writes: "My husband was hopeless until he tried a course of Fred's food. Now every night is like a second honeymoon. I've given up fertility pills myself. It's lovely."



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—English Spy long Australian-wool Underwear. With getaway bottom.

—English hair for the back of the hands. Undetectable.

—Hideous replica, inflatable rubber, Dr. No. Which, when rolled backwards and forwards (on the floor) says "Yes, Yes" (and of course) "No!" Also Dr. No black medical bag.

—James Conned Bedside Book. 700 pages. Useful as a blunt instrument.

—James Conned rubber bladder. Sit your friends on it. Hours of fun for everyone.

—James Conned Dum-Dums are so spr-ea-d-able.

—Smersh-proof Watch.

—Gold-paint: quarter-pint only per customer.

—Genuine "J.C." three-hundred shot water pistol.

—His Special cigarette-lighter-camera: shooting-stick-whale harpoon-aerosol-three hundred yards rope with grapple—coffee/tea urn

—Encyclopedia - Britannica — three hundred gals. petrol — complete change from suit to sox—plus gentleman's unmentionables.

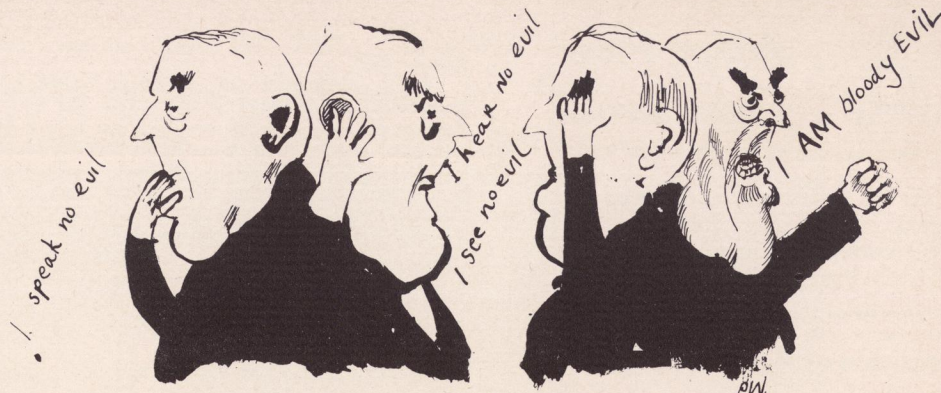
—ANGUS MILLER

BOYS FOR HIRE

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The Showmen

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WICKEDNESS

(A GUIDE TO EXTERNAL AFFAIRS)

Wickedness is what the others do, Wickedness is never me or you, Wickedness is such a foreign thing It's hard to understand how England's king Could, once upon a time, be wicked, too, Unless, that institution being new We should allow him so much extra scope And ask no more of him than of the Pope . . . Wickedness shows clearly in a face Belonging to some foreign (wicked) race; It does not need great intellect to see What plans those Asians have for you and me, Nor exceptional perspicacity to descry The oblique meaning in each slanted eye. Skins, of all things, are a give-away —Ours, being white, are honest as the day, While those which range from atebirin to black Are waiting the right moment to attack, Or, if not in this situation yet, Bide their time resentfully and sweat Hate through every thick illiterate pore (They scuffle in the dark outside our door). Wickedness is never ever tired, And basically Communist-inspired —There is a simple rule-of-thumb to pick The healthy Asian from the one who's sick: Does he see us as anything but kind Big-hearted boyos with an open mind, Lovers of gee-gees, lotteries and beer, Content with our thousand quid or so per year? If so—his mind has caught that dread disease From bearded chaps at universities, And only an enlightened taste for cricket Can save him from a place among the wicked!

Do you have a secret?
OZ will pay you for it.

Can you write?

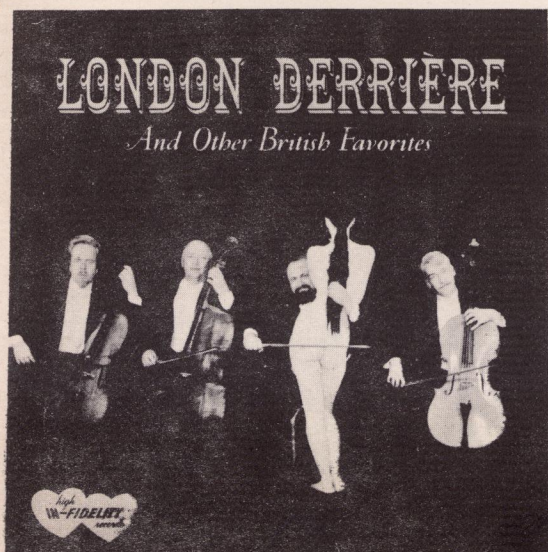
Or draw?

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Did you know we print contributions from people all over Australia whom we have never met?

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STRICTLY FOR LAUGHS . . . MARKS, 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.

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(This is just 1 of 12 popular gag covers)





for a good apartheit

After Five Lion Shoot

Men in South Africa need something strong in perspirants, and yet something not too strong to disturb the pride.

Dear OZ,

This is more or less a take-off at the men's toiletries on sale in Sydney. Some of the blurb — if you read these things, and I do — is truly hilarious. If you doubt me, have a look for yourself, say at Farmers or David Jones. I made up a few just as fun on the spot, and damn me, if reading the paper at night a little after, a certain fictional "Cartridge 302" didn't turn up as called "Gauge 22".

ANGUS MILLER.

Emergency Ward Ten



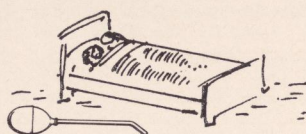
Come Heather

The smell of past, bitter history. The smell of heather over the highlands, the wisp of smoke from the thatched, granite stone cottage. The delightful smell of peat burning slowly under the little still.



Bedouin Attack

(Leave this to the imagination.)



VAGINAL ASPIRATOR

Gentlemen Farmer

A little bit horsy, a little bit doggy, plus a whiff of Bathurst.

Fertilise!

Chloroform

with Special
pancake
applicator...



BIRDSville TRACK

500 miles from nowhere and you meet Her.

She may not be expecting you. She may not be white.



(also 0007.8 or .5, or extra strong, 0007.00125)

Cold, ruthless and calculating



Biscay Bay Rum

All the rest have their heads over the rails.

The sea is choppy.

You are apart; standing aloof, calm, unaffected, debonair.

She sees you. You see her. You are both intoxicated.

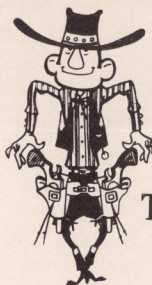
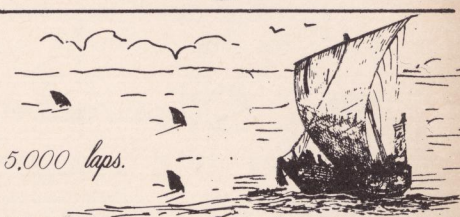
Shot Musk Ox

Just as the beast falls dead from the headlong charge, steaming its last hot breath in the cool, crisp air. Just that smell. You are there.

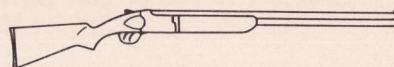


Chanel Swimmer

Scientifically brewed essence of the salty tang of 5,000 laps.



105th CAVALRY REGIMENT

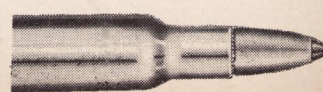


The smell of a famous horse unit dead for over 152 years.

Broken Cartridges



The essence of 1,000
crushed cartridges
in every $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce.



OZ presents an authentic collection
of contributions to the Melbourne
University Literary Magazine by Sir
Robert Menzies during 1914-1915.



In Memoriam

Soldier Killed in Action, Gallipoli, July 1915.

*His was the call that came from far away—
An Empire's message flashing o'er the sea—
The call to arms! The blood of chivalry
Pulsed quicker in his veins; he could not stay!
Let others wait; for him the glorious day
Of tyrants humbled and a world set free
Had dawned in clouds and thunder; with a glee
Born not of insensate madness for the fray,
But rather of a spirit noble, brave,
And kindled by a heart that wept at wrong,
He went.*

—R.G.M.

To-

Oft have I purposed in my hours of thought
To take my pen and write some lines to thee —

Some snatch of song, some sylvan melody,
Some haunting strain that all my soul has sought.

Yet has my pen refused the grace unbought
That charms the listening heart to ecstasy.
Nor has the Heavenly Muse vouchsafed to me

The power to tell what joys the years have brought.

How oft we've seen it, lived among it all,
Gazed like lorn spirits raptured at the view,

While the vague whisperings of a loftier call
Were more to me, because full shared by you.

For this, the days that come, though dark as night,
Shall be for ever flushed with wondrous light.

'MUM' P. 49; 1915.

—R.G.M.

The Soul of Hope

A Reform Song

Out from the murk of the time that surrounds us,

Out from the dull, carking cures of today,
Into the future with distant hopes gleaming,
Glimpses of dreamland shall show us the way.

What though the world may laugh, pointing and jeering,

What though mankind may smile wisely and long;

We, with the thought that is burning within us,

Boldly will onward, our pathway a song!
Let the poor fools who delude them with folly,

Say that our cry is but lost in the air,
Let them assert, with their smug self-complacence,

Failure alone waits the men who will dare!
There is behind us a spirit that prompts us,
There is what tells us that dawn is ahead;
Time shall approve what we pace the lone path for,

Spaces to come shall resound to our tread!
So we march ever, our gaze still before us,
Catching a glimpse of the stars, it may be;
Dreaming the dream of a world that is better,
Seeing the vision of men that are free,
Yearning to find the great day of our triumph,

Lit with the glory of reaching our goal!
This is the prayer, and the life, and the hope of us,

This is our blazing, unquenchable Soul!

'MUM' P. 22; 1914.

—R.G.M.

"De

I plead for poet sort. As an Australian the day when Australia was a very high place all time. This rests by a cultivation of fostering of all the that abound in the True, Australian vogue; but I am accuracy of the poet.

We live in a sort at times it is — alone with Nature but telling wondrous but listen to the soul, obsessed with under its real one should stand across the rolling power and of eternal vague sense; the dullest wave is a harmony.

We live in a often careworn, but it is surely good time to search for that need only be the subtle appeal and its sweeping its inexpressible which weaves itself

'MUM' P. 85; 1914.

(Written in a So thou art And but a oriel to thee

We raised the to be

We knew not, and We saw but Hope' to si

With da. for men see

Grim Mars in majesty,

And weep to hear cry!

So to unveil the Bold would he today,

When a full thou And war-wolves their prey.

Yet, though the cl we raise

Another birthday t 'MUM' P. 18; 1915.



"Natura"

(Extracts)
 — poetry of the best
 I look forward, to
 literature will take
 among the treasures of
 It can only be achieved
 the best, and the careful
 buds of early promise,
 springtime of our land.
 poetry enjoys a certain
 inclined to question the
 ular taste . . .
 irring age, my masters,
 good for us to be alone
 e, inscrutable as of yore,
 tales to those who will
 is for the human
 petty cares, and smarting
 fancied troubles, that
 awhile and look out
 ocean, the symbol of
 nity. At such times a
 e m come upon the
 e 1 of wind and
 hat cleanses and elevates.
 world of work; a world
 ten sordid, often sad;
 od that we should take
 nother world — a world
 ought to be found; with
 of its foaming torrent
 tide; and, through all,
 ury, and the wonder
 about it!

—R.G.M.

Sonnet

Twentieth Birthday
 — by years gone by
 twelve month since last

irthday toast; what was
 cross the world's fair sky
 bright blue. Who dared
 odin. — but behold,
 dreadful blood-stained
 the death-gorged Eagle's
 future none may dare;
 be who spoke of peace
 and bugles loudly blare
 roam abroad to hunt
 uds have come, to thee
 ast—"To Happier Days!"
 —R.G.M.

"Melbourne University Rifles"

Recent casualty lists have contained the names of several officers and men of this corps, who went away in October, and whom we last saw as the long khaki column wound its way up Collins Street to the strains of martial music and the roll of the drum. On that occasion, we felt proud of those whom we had known and loved, as the lines went swaying past. And today we feel proud too, but our pride has in it an ever-present note of sorrow. Nearly every M.U.R. officer who left with the first force has been wounded, and two, Lieutenants Balfe and Basto, have been killed in action.

The Regimental Band, about which we used to hear so much, but of which we have heard so little, remains "in the air", but with the advent of so many recruits sufficient breath should be forthcoming to make some species of melodious noise possible.

The officers and some of the signallers have been engaged on their spare Wednesday afternoons in instructing the Rifle Club members, including several of the P.B. and G.S. (Ground Staff), in the elements of drill and signalling, and the keenness of these volunteer "foot-sloggers" has aroused favourable comment.

Musketry is to be gone into more thoroughly this year, and a four days of "musketry camp" will be held shortly. This will mean that instead of a few hurried shots with a borrowed rifle in a failing light, and with only the very haziest notion of which target to fire at, the science of shooting will now be on in a dignified manner. The recruit will be taught the elements, and it will be possible to give some of the theories of range practices a practical application.

'MUM' P. 70; 1915.

—R.G.M.

Minor Music

Sad is my muse, and melancholy strains
 of minor harmony
 My fingers strike from out the chords —
 refrains
 Of sad intensity.
 I do not see the sunshine or the flowers,
 I do not feel the breeze,
 For my soul's thrill is that of sad-sweet hours
 Like storm-tossed seas.
 Ah! can it be that but so shortly past
 Is that fair summer time?
 Our vision sprang to life, then faded fast
 Like echoes of a chime.
 No more the idle joyousness of ease,
 Dreaming life's path along.
 Shall charm, like gentle rustling of the trees,
 With whispered song.
 Yet this new music has its beauty, too —
 The joy we feel in pain,
 The star's bright splendour in the night's
 deep blue,
 The sun that shines through rain.
 And it may be that the deep stream of woe
 That surges on its way
 Will bring forth music nobler than we know
 Or sing today!

'MUM' P. 12; 1915.

—R.G.M.

"The Blue upon the Hills"

(An Extract)

It was on a hillside that we had halted, and the earth lay before us — a panorama of green fields, and a ribbon of deeper green stretching across it, where ran a river. And, in the distance, the eternal hills, clothed with all their splendour of blue.

There was pleasure in all. Was it not Hazlitt who said that on certain lone heaths he could laugh, and run, and leap, and sing for joy? The same spirit was with us, and, though it was not ours to laugh aloud, ours was that cheerful glow at the heart that spells content, and that delicious wonderment which comes of lying upon the green sward and breathing the pure air of the countryside.

And then there was the river! Who shall describe it, with its fringe of giant gums, the sentinels as it were, guarding the mysteries within. For to me a mystery ever clings about a river; the relic, perchance, of a childish idea that somewhere in the spray of a waterfall dwelt the fairies. And today, as I look upon such a river, I am tempted to ask, Is it not so? This mist, is it not a vast moving phantom. Deep in that water, where lie reflected the everlasting stars, is there not the land of Oberon and his subjects? The mystery of it all takes hold of one, and shuddering he turns, half expecting to see before him a fairy ring, with quaint pigmies dancing around it.

Touch, for there is a spirit in the woods!

We bask upon the plains of life; we catch an occasional glimpse of its mysteries; and at times its awe leaves us trembling as a frightened bird. But, when blackest days shall come upon me, and I am like to be swallowed up in the storm and reverberation of the struggles of the world, it is my fancy that for a moment the clouds will break, and afar I shall see the blue upon the hills, as I saw it then, and Hope shall return to me.

'MUM' P. 11; 1914.

—R.G.M.

"March"

As some lone minstrel, who, reluctantly,
 Passing from grief to joy, turns not away
 From those sad tunes which formed his
 doleful lay,
 But lingers with a broken melody,
 Ere yet his words may pour forth joyously—
 So is this month of March a month not gay,
 And yet not mournful, for the quivering
 day
 Of drought is o'er, but winter's yet to be.
 But cloud-flecked skies are here, and mutter-
 ings
 Of the storm time to come; some showers
 to tell
 Of the great winter rains; with winds that
 beat
 To herald in the time when mighty wings
 Of tempest sweep the earth, and say fare-
 well
 To all the sadness of the summer heat.

'MUM' P. 14; 1914.

—R.G.M.

a car as individual as you are

AFTER being told for close on 17 years that Holden is Australia's Own Car we were informed by way of a recent press advertisement that the Holden Premier is "First with the Imported Look"—Zippy do!

Now you can have your Holden with a Vinyl Covered Roof just like those exceptionally rare imported cars you've admired so much—or so the ad goes on to say.

It's a great gimmick. Best move yet we've seen in the planned obsolescence race. Guaranteed for a trade-in in six months—or as soon as it gets dirty and starts to peel. It's available in two colours: Black and White. With the black, the interior should reach about 180 degrees on a hot summer's day. The white will get so dirty you'll have to get the White Knight in every day. But, boy, do they look King on the showroom floor!

The advertisement continues:
"No other car offers this kind of distinction anywhere near this price."

From the ad this price is very hard to establish. The basic price is quoted as £1100 plus tax. The Morrokide black upholstery you get free, but the Vinyl Roof is extra.

"You'll see one from time to time. One of these glorious imported cars with the black vinyl-covered roof and rich all black interior ... something to stir the soul of anyone who loves cars of real distinction" ...

Yes! Yes! we know the one you mean—a fire engine red Ford Thunderbird with chrome wire wheels and a two-foot-high "S" iron back of the side windows. Now that's a "real" car in the truest Holden sense.

Perhaps General Motors will bring out plastic buffalo horns for the front of their station wagons? Now that would be a car of real distinction! But why, if you want a car of real distinction, buy a Holden?

There's a big finish:

... "Add this kind of luxurious new distinction to Premier's years ahead styling and spacious elegance ... specify options such as power disc brakes, power glide Automatic transmission, plus the fiery 140 HP twin carburettor X2 engine, and you've got a car as individual as you are ..."

Yeah! About as individual as a black suit at a Eucharistic Congress.

Who are they trying to kid? A lot of people. And you know something? They succeed. There will be thousands of dumb Alfs driving around in plastic coated Holdens, quite convinced that they are driving cars as individual as they are. And you know something? They're right too.

A FORD CORTINA will win the Armstrong 500—Australia's richest car race. It will be a racing car. After it has won, you will be told that the Ford Cortina that you buy off the showroom floor from £869 is the same car.

The rules of this race require that the car be of standard specification and at least 100 must have been assembled and sold in Australia.

So Ford have done just that. They made to standard specifications 100 cars that were built to win the Armstrong 500 and sold them at round about cost price to 100 Ford dealers and favoured Ford drivers.

"Standard Specification" in this case means the standard set by Harry Firth, Ford's top driver and winner of last year's Armstrong 500.

It will have 98 B.H.P. as against 55 and 65 B.H.P. of showroom Cortinas. It will be 3" lower and have its handling capabilities changed completely. Special fuel tanks will be fitted so that it doesn't have to stop so often and naturally all brake pads and linings will be of a vastly superior quality from the normal showroom type cars.

Best of all, it will have a very special gearbox designed perfectly to take care of a very special part of the Bathurst track called the "Cutting".

Ah yes, it's a fine sporting thing they're doing. And just to show there's no hard feelings, they have already named the car after the race—it's called the Cortina GT 500.

Holden have done the same with their X2 but oddly enough Holden don't take their cheating to the same lengths and will get beaten.

ON JULY 31 The AUSTRALIAN carried a front page picture of a Perth man burning his car—a 1961 model Falcon.

No mention of the car make, but it was reasonably obvious what it was.

The story went on to tell that the fellow

had had so much trouble with it since paying £1000 that he decided to vent all his pent-up hate by publicly burning it. He must have invited a newspaper photographer along to witness it.

The photograph shows the man gleefully throwing branches and logs on the blaze.

His is typical of many people's reactions to their feelings about these cars, though very few go so far. Well done, Sir! Oz has decided to make you a Life Member of the "Stamp Out Holdens (and the Like!)" Club.

Arthur Hankin

PEACE CAME FLYING INTO THE ROOM UNANNOUNCED TO BE GREETED WITH OPEN ARMS

Baptize her, said the priest.

Interview her, said the editor.

Audition her, said the A & R man.

Con her, said the Communist.

Vag her, said the cop.

Check her affiliations, said the security chief.

Ban her, said the professional patriot.

Rape her, said the Rover Boys.

Spray her, said the morals veterinarian.

Take a blood-smear, said the government analyst.

Shoot her, said the soldier.

Let's go, they all said

—And pretty soon there wasn't much left

Except a couple of feathers over near the door,

And a hell of a strong feeling that any day now there'd be WAR . .

—BRUCE DAWE



How do you recognise an atomic explosion?

An atomic explosion is recognised by several infallible signs: the blast, the light, the heat and the atoms.

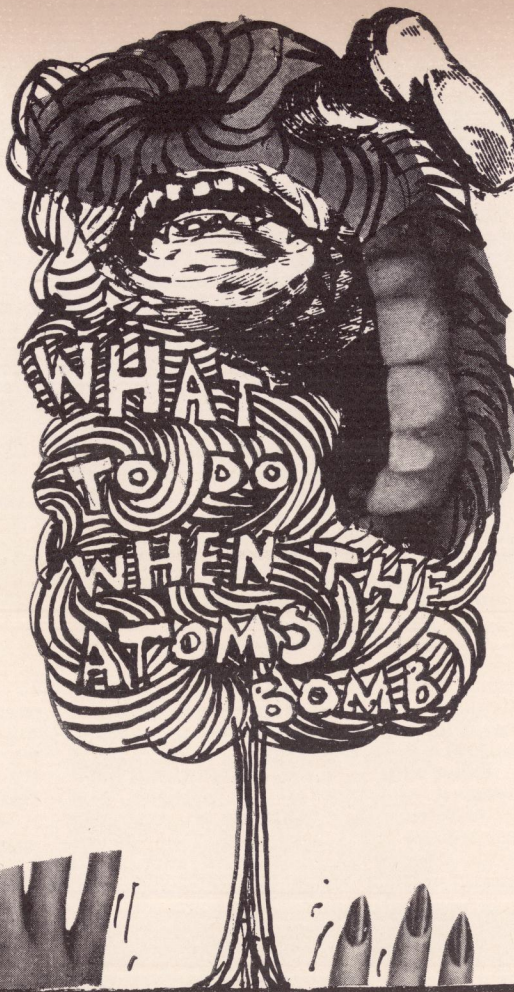
How does one recognise these infallible signs?

They can be identified by the following methods:

- The wet finger. Put your finger in your mouth and then hold it up in the air. If your finger drops to the ground, then it is over-ripe: atomic rays ripen fingers prematurely. Shake your hands to allow the others to drop off.
- The Geiger-counter. The Geiger-counter is a machine which detects atomic rays. If in doubt, hold the Geiger-counter in the hand and carefully observe its reactions. If the machine is transformed to a heap of ash, there has been an atomic blast. If it is thrown out of your hand, an ordinary bomb has probably just been exploded: which is still some cause for alarm but quite irrelevant in this context.

Where do you find fall-out shelters?

Unlike ordinary bombs, the atomic bomb does not require special or costly shelters. Nothing offers perfect protection: a ditch, a blade of grass, handkerchief knotted at each corner or a folded newspaper are more effective than concrete and cause less harm when they come crashing down over your head.



What to do after the explosion

Before anything else, count the survivors. The numbers don't matter. If you can still count, it means you are alive: which is a bloody miracle.

Particular cases

- If the bomb has not exploded, it is necessary to unprime it by hitting it hard on the sharp end with a hammer.
- If the bomb goes "Psss", it means the uranium is damp. Put the bomb in the stove for a few moments or take it to bed with you.
- If the bomb begins to go tick-tick-tick, wind it up and walk briskly in the opposite direction.

An atomic explosion could occur in the air, on the ground or under the sea. How do you know?

Very easily. You'll have a mouthful of earth, water or air.

When can one venture out of the shelter?

The heat soon becomes bearable. To make sure, send one of the youngsters out of the shelter, say to buy some sweets. If the child gives off a glow, it would be better to wait a while. Send out other children, they will become successively dazzling white, bright red, dark red, and so on until normal temperature is attained. It is evidently necessary to have a large number of children at your disposal. Statistics show that headmasters and Catholics have a chance of survival above the average.

Good luck!

WHAT NOT TO DO

WHAT TO DO

Don't piss on the bomb to put it out.

Instead, pick up the bomb and throw it in the garden next door.

Don't cry out "Aaah". (This can reassure the enemy that he is on target.)

Instead, call out: "Missed! Democracy lives!"

Don't protect your face with your hands. (What do looks matter when you're the only man in the world, literally.)

Instead, use your hands to protect your genitalia.

Don't put your finger up your nose. (If your nose is radioactive you will lose your finger.)

Instead, put cotton-wool in your ears to try not to hear the kids crying.

Don't spit in the direction of the explosion. (It will fly back in your face.)

Instead, take advantage of the nation's misfortune to use the W.C. while the train is in the station.

Don't open the door of the shelter for your wife who is waiting outside.

Instead, wait until your wife is entirely melted and then she will be able to slip in under the shelter door.

Return to Sender

Jesus H. Christ! I sure am glad that's over.
A new goddamn government every hour,
Disentry rampant after my deodorant
Stick ran out; some religious sect
Burning each other off like bonfires
And I'd still be there but for those bugged mikes
That caught me reading some Bertolt Brecht
To a popsie who wanted a German poem first.
They said I had a Commie in my bed.
Jesus how was I to know this Brecht guy was a Red?
After all I'm a quarter Kraut myself.
The whole assignment was hell: barbed wire around
My dinner, that food-taster who flaked after
His first ginger onslaught on my peas.
Outside, queues of stacked corpses

Were being sent back overseas
To subscribers at home who had patiently
Filled out the coupon below.

Make my son a patriot. I understand
You will send his body back gift wrapped
In stars and stripes, post-free.*
Name.....
Address..... State.....
* This offer applies only to the first 1,000.

I conquer a cup of tea.
Even the stench from those candy coloured packs
outside
Could not extinguish my cigar's glow.

Go Right Young Man

From the current issue of the *Australian International News Review*:

"A kind of softening-up has been going on in the U.S. since the turn of the century at least: at the modification of the educational system, and the inculcation of immorality, vice, and violence, now reaching a culmination.

"Who began the unhealthy cultivation and sale of sex-ridden gossip magazines?

"Who invented the 'sex queen' as a symbol for the young and spread the doctrine of easy morality by glamorising the lives of history's highest-paid harlots?"

Who started the Second World War?

Who runs our newspapers?

Who's poisoning our drinking water?

Who killed Cock Robin?

To answer these, among just a million other exciting possibilities, I decided to do myself a favour and re-read the first nine issues of the *AINR* which have so far appeared. And, before long, the answer emerged — it's the Comms. You name it and *AINR* will tell you who's behind it, presuming of course that you do not become bored with the monotony of the answer.

THE GREAT PLOT. To understand the Great Plot one must go right back to the most ignominious betrayal of everything we live by—President Roosevelt's signing of the Treaty of Yalta in 1945. In the world of *AINR*, Judas Iscariot and Lee Harvey Oswald shine as saints in comparison with that old-guard Bolshevik, FDR.

The second piece of dirty work for which Roosevelt was responsible was the establishment of the UN. One *AINR* reader reminds us that it is "the biggest fifth-column in the world" and that "Communists such as the traitor Alger Hiss, Abraham Fuller and Harry Dexter White (or Weiss) were the main architects of the UN" (No. 7, p. 7).

Again: "the essence of the United Nations

policy under any of the American presidents since Roosevelt.

"That policy appears to be, to merge eventually with the government of the USSR via the UN.

"All that remains is the construction of a crisis that requires an 'accord' between the US and the USSR to disarm in favour of the Communist UN, in the interests of 'world peace' before the threat of an unthinkable nuclear war." (9, p. 25).

Faced with an intricate and subtle international conspiracy of such enormity, it is little wonder that *AINR* on the Australian home-front has a basic distrust of intellectuals, whether they propose big things like peace or little things like The Pill.



is not in the debating sections. They are a smokescreen . . . The essence is the secretariat, and this is overwhelmingly staffed by communists in key positions." (9, p.25).

But the rot goes much deeper than Traitor Roosevelt and his stooge UN. In fact, under the guidance of a carefully nurtured intelligentsia, the USA Govt. ever since 1933 has been moving relentlessly to the position where it can make public its latent communist sympathies:

"This is the group which in March 1933, took over the government of the US on the inauguration of Franklin Roosevelt as president.

"As a group, with the substitutions made necessary by deaths, it has remained the government of the US ever since. There has been no basic variation in American

In the original Statement of Policy its editors claimed to be "concerned to combat more subtle enemies, those who fight to control the minds of Australia's youth and who attempt to soften the moral fibre to make their moral conquest more certain."

Oddly enough, the full vindictiveness of their vitriol is not directed against the Australian Communist Party, nor even the Labor Party, which presumably lack sufficient "subtlety". No, the real baddies are such well-known Communist dupes and lackeys as the Catholic Church, the Anglican bishops, academics, President de Gaulle, the United Nations, the Country Party of Australia, and last but not least, President Roosevelt.

FASCISM. Of course, dialectics must be met full face with counter-dialectics. Hence



What Is Wrong With Our Universities?

AINR has developed a vocabulary of abuse—"lackey", "dupe", "imperialist", "fascist" etc.—with which it can spar with the best-trained Comm. It may come as a slight surprise to find a Right-wing journal hurling the word "fascist" around but the basis for this semantic volte-face was laid in the very first Editorial:

"Those of us who can grow a full beard without strain, but prefer not to in a hot climate, can easily recall the time when a fascist was a person who supported Mussolini and Hitler, preferably not in the front line . . . So it came as a shock to hear "fascism" being trumpeted full-throatedly by Dr. Cairns . . . Checking it out, we found that all left-wingers and pseudo-intellectuals use the word this way. To them, everyone in Australia who is not of their way of thinking is wickedly Right Wing . . . Lust for power is your true fascism, whether it hides under the workshirt of Labor—or flaunts the red shirt of communism."

On the basis of this definition, there are black fascists (1939 and all that) and red fascists (an epithet reserved for *AINR*'s most notorious bogeys, vide supra). For example: "Apparently the West had forgotten that the only reason the Russians were our allies at all was because the black fascist Hitler had chosen to ignore the agreement signed with the red fascists."

NAZISM: In their use of the word "Nazism" they are somewhat more tentative. *AINR* has printed letters of congratulation from two readers who were subsequently alleged to be Nazi-sympathisers. They have recorded their assessment of the Australian Nazi Party as "a joke".

Yet the Great Fred Schwartz, the president of the Christian Anti-communist Crusade, has pointed out that the revival of Nazism in Australia and abroad is just a Communist ruse and "diversionary tactic": "The recent revival of trials of 1939-45 war criminals, when they can be found, may serve the ends of belated justice, but it also confuses the issue and also serves as a dust-cloud for those who want to divert attention from the present danger of communism." (7, p.11).

Thus the opening of the play "The Representative" in Sydney shows that "the current world campaign about the 'naughty nazis' extends even to the theatre."

Yet if the editors of *AINR* are sincere in their opposition to Nazism they have a quaint way of demonstrating it. On the one hand, they allow in their current issue one reader furnish the address of the US Nazi leader, George Rockwell, to assist readers "now anxious to obtain authentic neo-nazi literature" and then they add an editorial footnote that "Rockwell is probably the

Communists' most publicised agent provocateur in the US. His chief job is to maintain the smokescreen of a renescent nazism and so divert attention from the red fascists."

Apart from this, AINR has a strong following among certain migrant groups often alleged to be partial to Nazism and sometimes seems to titter on the verge of anti-Semitism. Hence in the course of nine issues they have managed to remind us three times that ALP Federal Secretary Cyril Wyndham was born Cyril Isaacs. Their desire to put a racial stamp on people sometimes gives ludicrous results as in this conundrum of an editorial on Knopfmacher, with whom (surprisingly) they are not in agreement ("We hold no brief for the troublesome Dr. K."): "We checked and found that he had been the victim of a whispering campaign. It labelled him Nazi, fascist and anti-communist. Since Dr. K. is a Jew whose family was killed by the Nazis, we thought it unlikely that he was a fascist. On his own say so, as it turned out, he was a Marxist socialist. It seems today that this kind of belief makes him anti-Communist. We scored him for consistency, because Marx was Jewish and so is Dr. K."

THE CHURCH. If AINR is not anti-Jewish, at least overtly, it is decisively less oblique in its hostility to the Roman Catholic Church. It is strongly anti-State Aid, a fact which dampens any enthusiasm it might otherwise have had for either Federal or NSW Liberal Governments. But its antagonism appears to be mainly derived from articles reprinted from America, where a large body of the Church has more closely associated itself with the mainstream of liberal Western thought.

Liberalisation or "aggiornamento" at the Vatican is seen as a betrayal by Pope John of the great principles adhered to by Pius XII. It is an active connivance with the Left to surrender the West to Communism: "So the aggiornamento party advances, hoping to meet its brothers of the world revolution halfway in common worship of the UN and totalitarian world government." (2, p.27).

However, if the Catholics are marching relentlessly along the Moscow line, the Protestants are not far behind them. In a special article, MP Dr. Malcolm Mackay, himself a Churchman, sternly warned: "Christianity is losing ground to the leftists because some of its leaders have gone over to the enemy. Australia needs Christian leaders who will bring the people back to God and right (Right?) living." (6, p.23).

BIG BOGEYS. Apart from the theme of the Communist Conspiracy, AINR has a number of sub-themes which are driven home with monotonous regularity:

- anti-Press. A reader suggests: "I would like to draw your attention to certain dailies in NSW. They give comfort to our enemies by over emphasising and repeating the number of casualties sustained by our allies."

I'VE GOT NOTHING AGAINST
LESBIANS BUT I WOULDN'T
LIKE ONE TO MARRY MY SISTER



(6, p.5). Of course, we all know "the Press got their atrocity pictures from the red fascist side." (4, p.6)

- anti-fluoride: "a minority today is again trying to force the majority to drink itself to extinction." (7, p.25)

- starving millions. Despite what you might otherwise think, "evidence that half the world is suffering from malnutrition just is not there . . . And, even if a sincere attempt were made to do so, the distribution of greatly increased amounts of American and European agricultural surpluses to poorer countries would raise insoluble diplomatic, political and administrative problems." (4, p.24)

- anti-Pill: "the Western peoples, who fathered today's civilisation, are bent on wiping themselves out with The Pill" (7, p.25)

- New State Movement. Ulrich Ellis, Secretary of the New States Movement, every few issues gets ample room to spread his propaganda.

- the Country Party, of course, is beyond the pale for its support of wheat to Red

Our Leaders

By Lake Burley Griffin's shores
Let the honest Australians weep,
While one half of the nation snores
And the other half counts sheep.

Our leaders, those ancient monuments,
Cast gross shadows across his head,
Confident that to all intents
He must be reactionary or red.
When self-esteem is cast in bronze
What matter how the patina grows;
Age gives wisdom, if not to dons,
And youth can go and blow its nose.

Both out of date as Zeppelins,
One dips his jowls before the Queen;
The other counts the faceless grins
Of a clapped-out party hack machine.

British first, and then Australian,
One's paunch is garnished with a thistle,
But he has to ask an American
Where to point his little missile.

The other is as dinkum as tea
Boiled in billies in espresso bars,
Hating the Yanks so bitterly
He'd send our men to fight their wars.

A pommy and a Papal knight,
Each with chauffeur-driven charger,
Their Saracens are all non-white,
Banker, professor, coolie or raja.

One loves to patronise the globe
But never Peking or Tokyo,
(He is, of course, black-Afrophobe),
And neither ever helped an abo.

Their white Australia being a matter
Of keeping black or yellow out,
While those dark skins at Oodnadatta
Can go perpetual walkabout.

The Knight Commander buttons all
Good liberals in his double-breaster,
Save the odd intellectual
Who has no license, even as jester;
The Carlton cavaliere shies
Officially away from those
Who know he can think if he tries,
And not only on the worker's woes;
Youth, of course, has no discretion,
Even if neither clever nor arty,
For no one who missed the Great Depression
Can ever hope to lead this party.

Oh for some nuclear submarine
To heave its snout from Lake Griffin's waves
And blast both thistle and machine,
Before we sleep into our graves.

—GEOFFREY DUTTON.

China. Sir William Gunn is pinpointed as one of the principal advocates of this—and we all know about the Wool Scheme. The CP is also guilty of harbouring within its ranks Mr. Barnes, who might conceivably one day give New Guinea independence.

- the Liberal Party, even, is being "red-anted": "as Messrs. Wentworth, Jess and Killen pointed out, the danger today was not communism in its old Marxist guise, but the spread of the same kind of thinkers in the disguise of brave new world planners, liberal Liberals and intellectual socialists. The Liberal Party itself had moved so far to the left they wondered—did it fall or was it pushed?" (4, p.9)

FINAL ASSESSMENT. What exactly is this magazine trying to do? Well if one was as paranoid as most of its correspondents one could almost suspect that it is a Right wing plot to use anti-Communist hysteria to divert attention from the renaissance of fascism in Australia and abroad.

However, far-fetched this may seem, one piece of perspicacity must be conceded. Unlike "The Bulletin", which can never leave the ALP alone, AINR's treatment of Labor is really quite soft.

Their main target is the growing liberal section of the community and the coalition government. AINR may well be foreshadowing the day when, with the total eclipse of the ALP, the Liberal-CP coalition may split between small-L liberals and big-F Fascists.

IS'NT IT BRILLIANT
I GOT IT AT TEMPE TIP FOR 3/6



ANOTHER SIDE OF

BOB DYLAN



The following is a genuine transcript of Bob Dylan's first press conference conducted on the eve of Dylan's fifth LP release in New York. Published by arrangement with "The Village Voice" newspaper.

Q. Bob, when you first started writing songs, did you write like Woody Guthrie?

A. Like I'm from Minnesota. Did you ever grow up in Minnesota, or hear Woody Guthrie? I didn't hear him until I was around a college.

Who did you write songs like that before? Ever hear of Gene Vincent? Buddy Holly? Then you had a rock and roll band in high school.

I had a banana band in high school. So then you heard of Guthrie and he changed your life?

I heard of Odetta first . . . Then you heard of Guthrie and he changed your life?

Then I heard of Josh White . . . Then you heard of Guthrie . . .

Then I heard about those riots in San Francisco . . .

The HUAC riots? An' I missed out on meeting James Dean so I decided to go meet Woody Guthrie.

Was he your greatest influence? I don't know that I'd say that, but for a spell the idea of him affected me quite much.

What about Brecht? Read much of him? No. But I've read him. Rimbaud? I've read his little tiny book, "Evil Flowers."

You're thinking of Baudelaire. Yes, I've read his tiny little book, too.

How about Hank Williams? Do you consider him an influence?

Hey, look, I consider Hank Williams, Captain Marvel, Marlon Brando, The Tennessee Stud, Clark Kent, Walter Cronkite, and J. Carrol Naish all influences. Now what is it—please—what is it exactly you people want to know?

Tell us about your movie. It's gonna be in black and white.

Will it be in the Andy Warhol style?

Who's Andy Warhol? Listen, my movie will be—I can say definitely—it will be in the style of the early Puerto Rican films.

Who's writing it? Allen Ginsberg. I'm going to rewrite it.

Who will you play in the film? The hero.

Who is that going to be? My mother.

Will it have significance? That is, some hidden philosophical meaning or message?

Say, like Albee's play, "Tiny Alice"? "Tiny Alice"? Is that what you said?

No, "Tiny Alice." Let's drop—Bob, do you have any philosophy about life and death? About death?

How do I know, I haven't died yet. Hey, you're insulting me all to shit—

What goes on between you and Joan Baez that doesn't meet the eye?

She's my fortune teller.

Bob, what about the situation of American poets. Kenneth Rexroth has estimated that since 1900 about 30 American poets have committed suicide.

Thirty poets! What about American housewives, mailmen, street cleaners, miners? Jesus Christ, what's so special about 30 people that are called poets? I've known some very good people that have committed suicide. One didn't do nothing but work in a gas station all his life. Nobody referred to him as a poet, but if you're gonna call people like Robert Frost a poet, then I got to say this gas station boy was a poet, too.

Bob, to sum up—don't you have any important philosophy for the world?

I don't drink hard liquor if that's what you mean.

No. The world in general. You and the world.

Are you kidding?

We were saying here at Oz
P'raps the *Whisper* found its basis
In the thought that satire was
A short form of satyriasis.
The serious types tend to flounce
At our lack of satirical pounce;
These we can neglect
For who can expect
Much heavyweight stuff in an *Oz*?

—David Erskine.

Vatican Roulette

In nineteen hundred and sixty-one
We laid the keel of number one —
Our Catholic family was begun;
Hooray for Father Squeezum!

Chorus: Philimieye me ooraiy, do you
know the date today?
If you want to get in
the family way
Just listen to Father Squeezum.

In nineteen hundred and sixty-two
One afternoon we'd nothing to do —
I don't know how, but a stork
got through;
First blood to Father Squeezum!

In nineteen hundred and sixty-three
We thought we'd scored a victory,
But devil a bit — we'd a pregnancy
Through heeding Father Squeezum.

In nineteen hundred and sixty-four
We all were skint and my wife
was sore,
We vowed and swore we'd have no more
But were feared for Father Squeezum.

In nineteen hundred and sixty-five
The kids continued to arrive,
It wasn't a house but a bleeding hive —
Bad luck to Father Squeezum.

In nineteen hundred and sixty-six
We tried all manner of subtle tricks
But sex and piety just don't mix —
One nil to Father Squeezum.

In nineteen hundred and sixty-seven
Upon the tomb of Aneurin Bevan
We got the pill and wrote off Heaven —
To hell with Father Squeezum!

In nineteen hundred and sixty-eight
The Church climbed down seven
years too late,
But by now we'd ceased to copulate
Any more than Father Squeezum.

ALEX COMFORT

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the
YORK club
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81 YORK St 2nd Flr.

nightly at eight!

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YOU become your own target in the fascinating sport of boomerang throwing! Sounds silly but it's fun. Aerodynamically correct, flight tested, returning boomerangs only £1 each, instructions included, post paid anywhere. Specify if left handed. Commercial and private inquiry equally welcome. HAWES BOOMERANGS, P.O. Box 5, MUDGEERABA, QUEENSLAND.

ARCO PRESENTS

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ANOTHER NICE NIGHT'S
ENTERTAINMENT



At the Strand Theatre
1965-6

So! The grand old man of "satire" has condescended to return. Probably as an assisted migrant too, he's been away long enough. He's just the same as the rest of his crowd, my word he is . . . takes a good education in pleasant surrounds from his parents without a word of thanks (which they can ill afford, mind you) and then off on the first boat to sneer at his parents and his parents' friends from across the world. They never did him any harm — on the contrary. But he seems to forget all those little kindnesses that he was once only too glad to accept, he just turns up his nose at the family and even the whole suburb. You'd think he'd never played in the streets or gone to the same school, the way HE goes on.

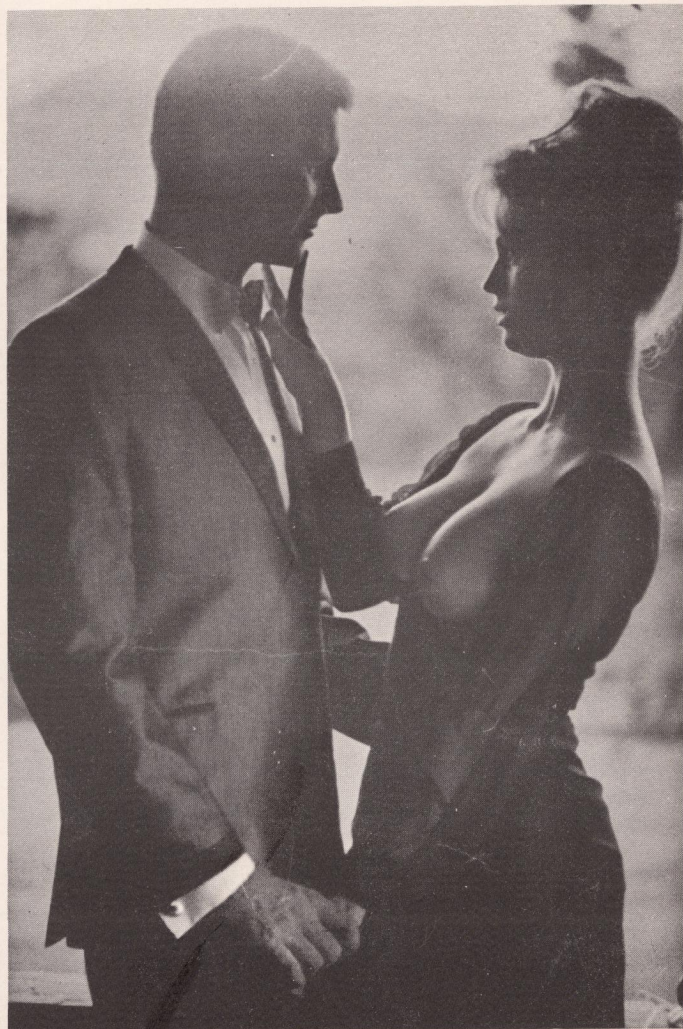
I remember giving him his first Meccano, it was probably the only constructive thing he ever did. All he does now is make parodies of what I say. And you'd think he might at least leave the gentle sex out of it. But no, he treats them just the same as men.

Well, I can tell you, I'M not going to see him perform. I'M not going to pay good money to hear him recite what he heard from me and I hope no one else will. (None of OUR street are going.)

I'm not paying to hear his twisted mind, he's sick and should be treated like a sick person. Locked up, locked up fast before he attacks someone. If he acts like a mad dog, then treat him like one and then see how he likes it, see if he still thinks it's funny. That'll make him and his lot smile on the other side of their intellectual little faces.

GO HOME BARRY HUMPHRIES.

Men dressed by
Village Toggery
stand out
in the crowd



KEN MORRISON'S

Village Toggery

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

INJUSTICES OF THE PEACE

The jurisdiction of a Victorian Justice of the Peace is probably the most extensive and certainly among the most powerful of any in the world.

"Untrained, unpaid and at times quite ignorant of the law, a Victorian JP can try with consent a man for larceny and embezzlement up to £500, commit him to trial on most indictable offences from rape to drunk driving and hear a host of summary offensives from offensive behaviour to illegal parking." (The Australian, August 12.)

OZ Legal Correspondent, BONO, looks at the JP in Victoria and N.S.W. . . .

In Ballarat on June 5, a man was sentenced to six months goal for breaking a lav. window valued at 24/6. His case was heard by Mr. M. Calnin, J.P., a superannuated railwayman. After two months in prison the man appealed to a magistrate who discovered that the case was "shocking" and released him immediately. Mr. Calnin refused to comment.

Victorian Chief-Secretary Rylah maintained that it would be "most unreasonable" to assume that the J.P. was at fault but still called for reports of the case. After reading these, he changed his tune and conceded that something had gone wrong. (Victorians call this a *bolle face*.)

In fact, the J.P. had sentenced the man to a term just twice as long as the maximum he was allowed to impose. Mr. Rylah has always championed the cheap and nasty system of J.P. justice. When it produces this fine blend of injustice and incompetence, who can help but admire his courage?

The New South Wales authorities must be a craven lot because their J.P.'s don't hold court nearly as much. When they do, they are hemmed in by enough petty restrictions to make Mr. Calnin weep.

Yet, although the courts are almost a closed shop run by professionals, the amateurs still make strong efforts to get back into the game.

125 Sydney J.P.'s recently formed a vigilante squad to cut the alarming road toll. The idea was to have a roving band of plainclothes J.P.'s out on patrol to book motorists for driving offences. Unfortunately, the scheme collided with a wall of opposition and appears to have been successfully killed.

Nevertheless, the N.S.W. J.P.'s continue trying to improve their status, thus keeping the amateur league alive. They form associations.

The N.S.W. Justices' Association even

publishes a magazine. In the June issue, it continued the hard-fought *Oldest J.P. Still Functioning Contest*.

A George Joseph Churches was created a J.P. in 1939 and still goes strong—in spite of being a totally and permanently incapacitated veteran. Another one is 75 but still clutching the reins of office.

The June winner fairly romped it in. The laurel tribute went to Mr. Harry W. W. Sawkins, J.P., with 27 years of J.P. ship, 52 years in the Public Service, 2 sons and 84½ years of age.

Mr. Sawkins records that his is "still mentally active as President of the Citizens' Non-Party League for the Abolition of the Means Test"

Although he and most other J.P.'s may do nothing more than witness documents and sign pieces of paper at incredible speed, should an 84½-year-old still be holding a position so closely connected with justice and administration of the law? Most old men prefer peace to justice.

The N.S.W. Justices' Association has a rival—the Independent Justices' Group. The Group has no magazine but does post out an enthralling letter, rooned on blue summons-like foolscap with an imposing crest rubber-stamped top and bottom. It goes to new J.P.'s even before they have been officially notified of their appointment:

"Dear Fellow J.P.," it begins "Congratulations on your appointment as a JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, the above organisation (badge shown as above) invites you to become a MEMBER. This organisation is the most modern up to date organisation of its kind in Australia. Like most modern organisations we do away with the dull old fashion meetings and recommend the modern J.P. to study the FREE TEXT BOOK ALL OUR MEMBERS RECEIVE ON JOINING. This text book is the most modern up to date and only text book for the J.P. . . ." Like most modern up to date organisations

this one does away with dull old grammar and syntax. But whom care? Remember the free text book!

"NO JOINING FEES . . ." it continues, ". . . NO YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS . . . REMEMBER YOU ONLY PAY £4/4/- FOR LIFE . . ."

As well as the book, new members receive:

"ONE BADGE . . . ONE CERTIFICATE, suitable for home or office—10 in. x 8 in. I/D CARD . . . LEATHER OR PLASTIC BOUND" (presumably to flash at the odd hit-run driver as you pull him over).

The Independent Justices' Group, at first sight, appears to have official backing because the last paragraph of the letter runs: "Should you care to verify your appointment, ring Sydney 2-0516, Chief Secretary's Dept., J.P. section . . . THERE IS NO NEED TO DELAY AS WE HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED OF YOUR APPOINTMENT . . ."

A call to the Department roused the clerk to violent denials of any link between his Department and the Group.

"We don't recognise them," he said, "I don't know anything about it." In the end he advised his caller to "throw the letter in the wastepaper basket and don't go near them".

The offending letter was sent by "W. (Bill) HARRIS" for the N.S.W. Director, who remains modestly anonymous.

It must be tempting for the novice J.P. who knows nothing of law, legal procedure or the courts to send his 4 guineas for the most modern up to date book, the wall certificate and the identity card. Mind you, the Law Book Company publishes "An outline of the powers and duties of justices of the peace in New South Wales" written by a judge and priced 18/6, but this hardly gives you a feeling of belonging, of being wanted by the peer group . . . and you don't get a wall certificate!

two questions at law

The N.S.W. Bar Council has currently published a booklet entitled "Your Right to a Jury Trial", intended to defend their opposition to the N.S.W. State Government plans to abolish juries in personal injuries cases arising from car accidents.

The booklet points out quite succinctly why a jury is more capable than a judge of arriving at a balanced decision in such civil causes:

JURIES "have the negative advantage of neutralising any prejudice to which individual members might be prone . . . the positive advantage that comes from the necessity for group consultation and decision" (p. 5). "The law requires that each case should be decided upon its merits. A jury has the very best opportunity of satisfying the requirements of the law in this respect . . . No feeling of tedium or familiarity will prevent it from giving its full and fresh consideration to the circumstances proved . . . Finally, the four laymen will bring to bear on the problems of the case a flexible approach which is often foreign to the legally trained mind." (p. 8).

JUDGES, it appears, have as many disadvantages as juries have advantages:

i) training. Their training "makes them specially fitted to decide questions of law. It does not necessarily fit them to decide questions of fact." (p. 31).

ii) callouses in the mind: "Judges handicapped both by their legal training and by a long exposure to a multiplicity of cases of a superficially similar kind, cannot have a fresh approach to each case." (32). Thus they may develop an "insensitivity in the mind which enables them to resist evidence and argument in particular questions".

iii) the judge's form: "Every barrister can furnish illustrations based on his own experience of callouses in the mind of the most high-minded judges. It does not matter whether they are called callouses, blindspots or merely strong views. The result is that on the particular question no amount of evidence or argument is likely to produce a change of mind . . . Trial before a judge puts a high premium on understanding the 'form' of the particular judge and a lower premium on the understanding of men. The presentation of the case must be angled to attract preferences and avoid prejudices. If the judge doesn't like police witnesses or speeding drivers or working wives or Catholics, these questions are to be emphasised or muted according to the side of the prejudices on which the advocate stands." (34).

Now the point we would like to make is this:

1. Everybody—including the NSW Bar Association—agrees that a man's freedom is more important than the question of how much compensation he is given as the result of personal injury.
2. At the present moment we have a curious criminal system by which the jury decides whether a man is guilty or not but the judge decides what punishment he is to incur. In the case of a jury finding someone guilty of murder, the range of this decision may be from life imprisonment to release on a bond. Even though the law does set out the considerations upon which this judgment is to be made, it is quite clear that the judge has enormous powers of discretion to exert.
3. So, if we are to be told that jury is preferable to a judge in assessing the damages in an injury case, is it not also true that a jury is preferable in the assessment of what punishment is right for a particular crime?

Where more so than in a criminal trial is it necessary for the verdict to be as a result of an unprejudiced, flexible, fresh and full consideration of the facts judged entirely on their own merits?

Judges, as the Bar Association rightly points out, are trained purely as interpreters of the law and they are elevated for their ability in this field and for this alone. Yet somehow, once they have attained the Bench, they suddenly become transformed overnight from mere lawyers to professional psychologists and sociologists, who know exactly how to stamp out crime in society and/or in the individual before them.

The blindspots and prejudices of individual judges—some of whom may harbour a pathological attitude to rapists or homosexuals, etc.; some of whom may hold a fixed belief in the Boy Scouts or solitary confinement as a sociological cure-all—never seem to raise much comment in the Press, although they may be notorious to the barristers that appear before them. Yet such judges—together with the lowlier and equally susceptible SM's and JP's—are allowed daily to decide the future of often sick citizens, for whom common humanity demands a better justice than this.

Therefore, fortified by the Bar Association's confirmation that the judge is not without inherent failings and their belief that on non-legal questions the jury is capable of a more balanced decision, we ask:

1. **Why will the Bar Association not extend its argument and suggest that verdicts in criminal cases be taken out of the hands of judges and put either in the hands of juries or a trained tribunal?**
2. **Why has the revelation of the shortcomings of judges taken so long to be confirmed by the Bar Association and is now only made known at a time when the Bar is open to the suggestion that it suits the interests of a powerful group within their membership to enlighten the public?**

—R.W.

A FEATURE OF THE SYDNEY TRADE FAIR

PAGEANT OF ASIA

SPECTACULAR

This year the International Sydney Trade Fair goes spectacular and Asian all at once. Stefan Haag of the Elizabethan Trust will personally produce a PAGEANT OF ASIA SPECTACULAR on the Sydney Showground arena. This phantasmagoria is to boost trade with, understanding of, and friendship towards, the Trade Fair because the programme has no visible relevance to Asia.

The details of the production appear below but we've added our suggestions which could help to introduce at least a soupcon of the modern Asia we all know.

This once-in-a-lifetime production will bring you dazzling performances and pageantry from 15 countries, including:

- **CEYLON**— The delightful virtuosity of the world-renowned Kandy Dancers as they bring you the dance of the Flaming Torches.

- **INDIA**— A grand Festival Parade with King Elephant in all his brocaded and jewelled ceremonial finery.

The Elephant to be played by Mr. Shastri. The entertainment includes richly embroidered Kashmir tales and a display of plunder from Pakistan. This will be auctioned at the conclusion (younger children excepted).

- **NORTHERN TERRITORY**— Aborigines, traditionally and vividly painted, in the dramatic Ring of Fire Corroboree.

It is believed that the Ring of Fire will be played by the nearest available white woman. (Integration always begins at the personal level.)

- **MALAYSIA**— Intriguing displays of shadow puppetry, the skills of kite flying, disc throwing and the art of self defence in "Malaysia at Play".

Shadow puppets from Brunei and Sarawak, a lightning-fast display of ally-gathering and an exhibition of old Malay techniques in building a house of cards will be included in Part II, "Malaysia at War".

Part III is a performance of the last act of a long-run traditional comedy—the separation scene features a foreign star, Lee Kuan Yew, as Little Nell.

- **NEW GUINEA**— Electrifying, wild primitive rhythms and tribal

rites performed by 50 warlike warriors wearing the magnificent plumage of the Bird of Paradise.

There are several additions to this section: "Independence Stomp", "Let's Have a Party" and the well-loved "Barnes Dance".

- **REPUBLIC OF CHINA**— The unique artistry of the Classical Theatre of China.

The players act out a traditional Formosan myth known to all citizens of the Republic. The time is the present stretching into the remotely foreseeable future. A senile megalomaniac, dominated by his wife, is exiled to an island. There he peoples the barren scene with figments of his imagination. A ragged peasant becomes his "army", gay kites form his "air force" and his "policy" is the Seventh Fleet.

One afternoon he is bathing in his money when a sudden wind arises and he is smothered. The play ends after his moving final words which are not translatable.

NOTE: At the conclusion of this performance the Republic's national anthem will be played. (Number 25 on the printed programme—"The Star Spangled Banner".)

- **PAKISTAN**— Daredevil exploits by the famed tent peggers of Pakistan on fast-galloping horses, brandishing flashing sabres in a superb exhibition of skill and precision.

Two Indian heads roll at each unbelievable stroke. Fascinating exhibition of hand-amputation and disembowelling by master swordsman Chief Justice Cornelius.

Gay traditional dances follow—"Neutralist Two Step" and "Peking Side".

BINKIES BURGERS



BY APPOINTMENT