

# OZ

SEND ONE TO A BANTU

**Daily Telegraph**SYDNEY, THURSDAY,  
SEPTEMBER 8, 1966.

Box 4088, G.P.O. 168 Castlereagh St.

**TODAY'S THOUGHT:** Faith that stands on authority  
is not faith.

## A crime that has shocked the world

**T**HE senseless killing of the South African Prime Minister, Dr. Verwoerd, has shocked and sickened the whole world.

Apart from the natural revulsion which the crime has caused, most people with a sense of decency will feel a similar distaste for those authorities who are apparently eager to make political capital out of murder.

Dr. Verwoerd was a man of great strength, who believed that his country should be kept for the white people who made it.

It is easy for armchair critics to deplore apartheid.

How would Australia's white inhabitants feel if they were outnumbered by aborigines and it was suggested that control of the country should pass to the aborigines merely because there were more of them?

### Survival

The white people of South Africa and of Rhodesia are facing a problem of survival.

They built their countries, they brought decent conditions and work to their native populations.

And it must be remembered that the bulk of the natives in both countries were not indigenous to the area, but migrated from other parts of Africa because conditions were better in Rhodesia and South Africa.

It was only to be expected that the various leaders of black Africa would try to make political profit out of Dr. Verwoerd's assassination.

South Africa and Rhodesia are fighting for their existence and for their independence.

Surely the fact that the people taking this stand are white does not debar them from fighting for their rights?



# THE GREAT LEAP VERWOERD



STRUTH ! ID NEVER'VE  
HAD THE GUTS TO FRONT A  
SHEILA LIKE SHELIA IF I DIDNT  
HIRE THIS EXTRA GROUSE  
PENGUIN CLOBBER FROM  
**FORMAL WEAR**  
147a "KING" ST. SYDNEY  
32-4795

STRUTH ! ID NEVER HAVE  
HAD THE NERVE TO GO  
OLD TIME DANCING WITH  
A TRENDY FASHION PLATE  
LIKE BAZZA M'KENZIE  
IF I HADNT HIRED THIS SUPER  
GOWIN FROM **FORMAL**  
**WEAR**, 26-28 MARKET  
LANE, MELBOURNE  
32-4795





# IT COULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED TO A NIGER GUY

Dr. Hendrik Verwoerd was one of Nature's gentlemen. At least that is the opinion of Bob Menzies and for almost twenty years Bob was the best judge of such matters that this country could find.

He and his lady wife knew Hendrik and Betsy Verwoerd well. Bob found them a superior kind of Boer — of which he was somewhat of a connoisseur.

They had similar interests. Bob disliked smut; Verwoerd disliked Smuts. They both liked the sounds of their own voices so much that they never quite realised that they were sounding off against different targets.

When Verwoerd got it in the neck, Bob was asked for his impressions. He deftly put the matter right into historical perspective with his description of it as "one of the most shocking things in history".

There are not very many people who would go so far as to put this assassination amongst their Top Ten most shocking things in history, or even their Top One Hundred. Bob obviously finds it more shocking than, say, the assassination of Jack Kennedy or Nigeria's Sir Abukakar (or the attempt on Arthur Calwell); or the murder of 250,000 Indonesian Communists or of six million Jews by one of Hendrik's heroes, Hitler, or the massacre of 67 Bantus under the orders of Dr. Verwoerd's very own police force.

Christians aren't actually incapable of wrong-doing but at least they bring to sin an enormous sense of **conviction**. One of Verwoerd's most quotable quotes is "I never have the nagging doubt that perhaps I am wrong" and it is common knowledge that he believed he was guided by Divine Providence and spared from death by Divine Intervention.

On September 7 God took His annual holidays and Dmitri Stafendis took the lunge.

Everyone agrees Dimitri's mother was Portuguese and someone thought his father may have been Greek. This has put the South African Greek community in a bit of a flap and there's an expatriate Greek gentleman flying hither and thither in ever-diminishing circles up around Pretoria, busily looking

up tables of genealogy in an attempt to prove that Dimitri's smouldering good looks are more of an Egyptian tan than a Greek olive.

South Africa is one of those happy-go-lucky places where such questions are of more than mere academic interest. One African woman confided to a reporter: "Thank God it wasn't one of our people who did it."

But, of course, she may yet be proved wrong and some now say Dimitri is neither Greek nor Egyptian but part-African, though how an off-white could possibly have the wit to be able to speak eight languages, to quote passages from the Bible and to worm his way into Parliamentary employment, only God and Dr. Verwoerd could know.



Of course, Hendrik's Bible tells him that the darkies are doomed as "hewers of wood"; perhaps Dimitri temporarily mistook him for an upturned log.

The critical notices offered on the event have ranged from Menzies' sombre sobriety through the ambiguous and non-committal to the downright distasteful with Nigerians deliriously capering in the streets.

A burly white Johannesburg bus conductor told the London **Daily Telegraph**: "They have killed our Prime Minister. Now I hope that Justice Minister, Mr. Vorster, takes over and shoots the communists, the liberals — all of them."

Dr. Vorster's election to the Prime Ministership was heiled all around the world. By way of explanation it should be mentioned that Vorster is a self-proclaimed Nazi who had to be imprisoned during World War II. As a former member of the Nationalist Ossewa Brandwag Movement he once declared: "We stand for Christian Nationalism which is an ally of National Socialism (Nazism)."

But then so was Verwoerd, who used his editorship of **Die Transvaler** to campaign successfully for a quota to limit the number of Jews granted South African asylum after fleeing from Hitler's regime. He also printed a draft constitution to be implemented when the Allies finally bowed to Hitler.

Vorster is described as an "iron man", who believes in **apartheid** (apartness) and **baaskap** (complete white domination). It is believed he will give the Bantus the dreaded **shootschrift**.

In a word, Verwoerd is dead but there's Vorster come.

The most discreet epitaph to Hendrik came from the deputy chairman of the new Ghanian government, who said: "Dr. Verwoerd was a human being. I am sorry he is dead."

Perhaps there is some exaggeration in calling "human" a man who could stand by and watch his Sharpeville police massacre 67 with such studied detachment that he complimented them afterwards on their marksmanship. But no doubt such hyperbole is justified by the shocking mode of death of such an utterly nice guy.





**subscribe to OZ**

Name.....

Address.....

State.....

OZ Magazine  
16 Hunter Street  
Sydney

**\$ 2:40 a year**

**SEND ONE TO  
AN ALF**

**editors:** Richard Walsh, Dean Letcher.

**production:** Neil Burley.

**artists:** John Allen, Mike Glasheen,

Garry Shead, Peter Fisher

Martin Sharp, Peter Kingston

**foreign agents:** Richard Neville,  
Martin Sharp.

**advertising:** Mike Yo

★ OZ is an independent magazine. It is published by OZ Publications Ink Limited, 4th Floor, 16 Hunter Street, Sydney. 28-4197.

★ OZ is printed by Amalgamated Offset Pty. Ltd., Chippendale.

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

Please enclose a stamped, addressed envelope if you desire return of rejected contributions.

4 OZ, October, 1966

**DAY BY DREARY DAY**

**AUGUST 15: The Chinese Communist Party's plenary issued a communique in which it accused the Russian leadership of, inter alia, "scabbing" on Communism. We thought Moscow had reached the nadir of respect, in Chinese eyes, months ago but apparently only now has it reached the acme of imperfection.**

**AUGUST 16: The Budget Speech.**

The Budget is really a hilarious act because none of the MP's understand one word of the Speech until they read the financial columns in the morning press or

make the necessarily laborious analysis themselves. Yet the Government brays and the Opposition jeers all in deadly earnest and at the end Harold gets up and ceremoniously pats McMahon on the back just the way Bob used to do to him back in the apprenticeship days.

The hilarity was climaxed by Gough Whitlam asking "Is this his first delivery?" at which Billy the Grunter looked across at the by now grossly expectant Super-Sonia, who was sitting in the gallery. She blushed but smiled back encouragingly.

Perhaps she was still hoping her Bill would increase Child Endowments. That seemed her last chance of his putting a bit of value back into his pound.

## Feeling Oedipal

**OBNOXIOUS or 'OSTILE?**

**THEN SEND CRAFT CARDS AT  
CHRISTMAS TO YOUR FATHER . . .  
YOUR FRIENDS . . . YOUR BOSS!**

You'll still feel oedipal, obnoxious or 'ostile, BUT your father will have disowned you, your friends shunned you, and your boss fired you. Come the New Year you could be on the dole, desperately lonely, and married to your mother!

**SETS OF 8 CARDS —  
ALL DIFFERENT,  
PLAIN INSIDE,  
PLUS ENVELOPES.  
ACTUAL SIZE  
7½" x 5"**



"I don't like Santa Claus. He frightens me. Last year I hit him on the head with my little hammer. And hid him in the wood shed. I wonder where my daddy's gone? I like my daddy . . ."

### REMEMBER

IF IT'S A



IT MUST BE

**CRAFT CARDS, 29 THE AVENUE, BALMAIN, NSW.**

Please rush me in plain, sealed wrapper . . . sets of Craft Cards. I enclose \$2.00 plus 10c postage and handling for each set ordered, on the understanding that if I am not fully satisfied, my money will be returned.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....



**SEPTEMBER 1:** Captain Sam Benson, Victorian MP, was noisily put on the beach by the ALP when he refused to resign from the Defend Australia Committee. He doesn't deny rumours that he will stand as an Independent at the November elections. Here's one captain not planning on going down with his ship.

**SEPTEMBER 3:** Photographic model Louisa Baker insured herself with Lloyds of London against pregnancy. Photos indicate slight risk and she coyly admitted to being a virgin at every opportunity. However, she is worried that one day she may not be given the opportunity. "You never know," she said wistfully. "I could be taken by force."

Here's a promising opening for an up-and-coming young rapist. All the fun of the kill — and a half-share payoff as Workers' Compensation.

September 5: At last Martin Collins, The Australian's haven for ponderous wit and pondering mums, has found a writer. From London came a happy piece on Harold the Unheralded.

Harold's arrival in London, it ran, showed his mastery of the Diplomatic Coup known as the Unheralded Arrival. Nothing so vulgar as a Cabinet Minister waiting on the tarmac, a motor-bike escort pursued by TV crews or Vietniks stooging around outside Customs for our Harold. Obviously obeying his cunning directive, everyone entered into the spirit of the new technique.

So outstanding was his campaign that the second coming went Unheralded in no fewer than 10 of Britain's 12 national newspapers.

Of the two miscreants not to jump on the bandwagon, only the Daily Express really got nasty. Under the racy headline "Holt Arrives", it printed a whole inch on its front page. At least the other, London's irresponsible Times, had the decency to bury its ostentation on page ten.

Nothing after all is quite so passe as a floodlit cheek-kissing arms-sloping brouha. The last one to try it at the Conference was Nkrumah and, reminds Martin's man, we all know what happened to him.

**September 11:** Former Indonesian Central Bank Minister Yusuf Minda Dalam — it means "Joseph Young Inside", confided one report — was sentenced to death for embezzlement, subversion and treason. As well as these man-sized activities he indulged six wives and scores of mistresses.

In public, Dalam was one of Sukarno's Nationalists; in private life he was more of a popular front.

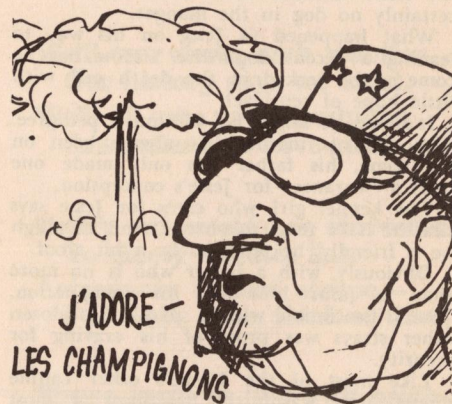
**SEPTEMBER 13:** Mr. Balthazar Vorster — new South African "iron man" — laid down what may be called, in South Africa at least, his policy.

"What do I believe in?" he asked rhetorically. "I believe in the Nationalist Party and its principles and the full implementation of them in every respect, whatever the consequences."

Obviously the ill wind of change blew nobody any good.



**SEPTEMBER 15:** The Anglican Church was in fine upheaval over proposed changes to the Lord's Prayer and its forms of service. Everyone, from Mrs. Jones of Marrickville to "Incensed" of Prahran, objected to the re-vamping. What can we expect next: "The Lord is my grazier" and "Onward Christian Nashos"?



**SEPTEMBER 15:** "C'est magnifique!" said De Gaulle as he watched his latest atom test. According to reports, he donned a boiler suit and flash goggles for the big event but lovers of the bizarre have been denied the sight by the General's coy refusal to release any photos.

That's probably because they are all to be used for his first feature film — "Hiroshima Mon Amour".





# Letters

Sir,

The departure of Richard Neville and Martin Sharp for pastures foreign was cause for alarm among the idiot minority, including myself, who "like" reading satire. The already ailing powers of a magazine which had once been an ultra-daring cause celebre, a persecuted censor-mangled martyr, which has now become a popular "success" could these powers last the distance? There was, after all, a similar case-history with "Private Eye", of which Kenneth Tynan aptly remarked that he wished those responsible would develop a point of view.

For some months now we have had to put up with a feeble attempt at political satire through the auspices of a column known as "Mrs. Calwell's Diary". The advent of Walsh and Letcher could have provided an opportunity for the jettisoning of the most unfunny regular feature it has ever been my misfortune to read.

But no, in the last issue, Messrs. Walsh and Letcher have reached an all-time low in trying to squeeze some humour out of the attempt on Calwell's life. Perhaps had that

## Dog of the Week

### Jesse, Joy of Man's Desiring

by P\*t\*r Spooner

*P\*t\*r Spooner is the Sun-Herald's resident dog-fancier and (to use a Spoonerism) a shining wit. This month we have enticed him to dash off some of his vigorous doggerel-prose and give us this week's luckless fancy (to use another):*

At the King Edward VII Dogs' Home, Moore Park, all his keepers worship one dog, Jesse. He's safe for now in their hands but soon he must die.

I don't think Jesse would understand why this must happen; it's hard enough for me. Jesse is very friendly, loves invalids, lets all the little children come unto him and is certainly no dog in the manger.

What happened to Jesse on his way to leading a decent dog's life? How has he come to be locked in the death cell with little hope of reprieve?

It's true he might be without a pedigree. Although his mother has always been on the scene, his father has only made one brief appearance—for Jesse's conception.

The kennel girl who cares for Jesse says that he is "a real cross-breed" and although he is friendly, he tends to be a bit aloof.

Obviously, with a father who is no more than a faint blur on his imagination, Jesse's association with a pack of a dozen other strays was proof of his craving for security.

Like most of the Home's other canine guests, Jesse wasn't the healthiest or most obedient of dogs when he arrived. He had messy habits, turning water into urine, and a debilitating digestive condition which made his day into just a loaf and little faeces. But now he's a changed dog.

His previous keeper, an Italian serviceman, couldn't handle Jesse and so washed his hands of a lovable companion. But surely in the whole of this city there is one person who will take Jesse into his life. Can you help him? Perhaps there is another serviceman who will be "a soldier for Jesse"?

If you can help then phone Lifeline 31-0971. Unless some saviour comes forward now, Jesse will soon be no more than a ghost of a memory.

★ ★ ★

attempt succeeded, they could have had some funny sympathy cards printed and circulated these amongst the ALP and the Calwell family. I cannot imagine anything more hilarious than a wreath designed by Garry Shead turning up at the funeral.

The truth is that Calwell has so little intrinsically funny about him that he has the "satirists" searching — he lacks the Ming eyebrows, thistle and cinquepoets, the Holt speargun and Zara, the Johnson Texas gunfighter manner and the Ed Clark equine nomenclature. Two things OZ has, in its wisdom, managed to dredge up: a jutting chin (ha ha) and Mr. Calwell's age.

Since the fall of Ming, OZ has really nobody else to turn to in pressing home its youthfulness-snobbery (I'm younger than the editors in case you're wondering): one cannot call Gough or Harold really old yet, so let's take a bash at Arthur. Roll out the coffin! In fifty years' time there is going to be one thing a heiluva lot funnier than ageing politicians, that is, ageing satirists.

As an eye-witness to the shooting, I may be a little bit close to the truth to find page three of the July OZ other than feeble and revolting (and I would say the same of the cover). The two pages on Vietnam show what OZ can do, and, as a supporter of

OZ in its legal struggle and a buyer of every available issue, I claim a right to chastise as well as to praise.

How can a line such as "I'll have a lovely bunch of Kocan-uts", applied to such a mild person as Arthur Calwell, possibly make valid satire, which must always have at least some basis in truth, apart from the dreadfulness of the pun. But it seems that anything goes in that dreary regular column "Mrs. Calwell's Diary", a heavy, painful joke that seems to have been going on for longer than Mr. Calwell himself.

Might I suggest that Ed Clark is not the only one responsible for some mildewed chestnuts.

John Edwards,  
Challis Ave.,  
Potts Point, N.S.W.

Sirs,

Re shit ("Animal Lovers' Page"), goodness me, I didn't realise why present-day dog shit was so gooeey until I read the explanation in your mag. Here I was the other day, heaving buckets of water over a great pile just outside my little terror's house, and it just wouldn't shift. Now I know the answer. And this leads to all sorts of thoughts, and it just makes you realise what a complicated society we live in.

Our native fauna sustains the greyhounds, greyhound shit sustains the blowflies, flies keep the polio virus going, the fear of polio keeps the laboratories working overtime, and they in turn provide a handsome income for Indians, who find hunting monkeys more profitable than working in banks and offices.

I can see now why Mr. Willis has turned a blind eye to the greyhound trainers who blood their dogs with live animals. After all, they won't race unless they are blooded. And if the greyhounds don't race, the country's economy grinds to a halt. The spectre of unemployment raises its head; and what follows unemployment? **COMMUNISM.**

Thinking things over, it seems to me that "they" should re-design this fine country's coat of arms. Something like greyhounds en passant in pursuit of a live animal, the whole device surmounted with a blow fly, and maggots rampant.

"True Blue Conservative"

Thanks, gents, for publishing my winge regarding the greyhound matter on page 9 of your July issue. Please find a small contribution for your trouble enclosed. Since my last letter a passer-by suggested that as they were muzzled they should put a napkin on the other end.

Sir,

After seeing your "Animal Lovers' Page" it is obvious you are like the wishy-washy so-called liberals who have been incensed about greyhounds being blooded on live cats and rabbits. What are a few bunnies and old pussies beside all the pleasure that a fine sport like Dog Racing gives to so many people? They would probably only get myxo or die of worms anyway, so why not make some good use of them while you can?

A lot of decent citizens depend on the Dogs for their livelihoods, so who are you to be a dog in the manger and cripple the movement? Probably you have never seen the thrilling sight of dogs racing under the lights or been exhilarated by laying a bet. You say you are against censors, so why censor this great sport.

Yours,

Dogslover



Tailpiece: John the Boxer, last Sunday's Dog of the Week, was adopted by a Mr. Herod of Damascus Heights but had to be put down when he lost his head.





Dear OZ,

I come from out West and them buggers that own gray hounds out there stuff the dogs noses with Cotton Wool when they want to loose a race. Every body knows they blood them dogs with rabbits and cats. They pull the cats claws out. And they often pull the cats teeth out. Flogging would be to good for them buggers I say.

male Cocker x. If unclamer  
10 a.m. Thurs. will dispose of.  
**LOST dog, black with white**  
markings, chest feet and tail.  
wearing religious medal. May-  
lands area, answers to Tip.  
Reward. 24 5362.  
**LOST female gold Labrador,**  
limps back leg. Possibly Penn.

**JACK KERNOHAN**

THE BOOKMAN,  
MT. DANDENONG RD., MONTROSE  
VICTORIA, AUST.

MAIL ORDER GENIUS

... and who is undone! The Church has now abolished the index, and so my last ad. is obsolete, as NO listed books remain on it, as it isn't.

HOWever!!!

"DIARY OF A GENIUS".

By Salvador Dali. 250 pages text, 17 pages paintings, drawing, photos. Amazing. \$5.50.

**GURDJIEFF.**

By Pauwels. Fanatic, mystic, eccentric, a man who ruined many and helped more. 74 pages of way-out paintings, 450 pages text. \$6.00.

**A HISTORY OF ORGIES.**

From Ancient Rome to now. Got the lot. 222 pages, illustrated. \$3.85.

**KAMA KALPA.**

The Hindu Ritual of Love. 224 illustrations, temple carvings!!!, paintings, etc. 151 pages text, 11" x 9". This is a beauty. \$11.00. Unexpurgated.

**KAMA SHILPA.**

A study of Indian temple carvings, and reasons for same. Also unexpurgated. Religious aspects, etc. Customs. 132 pages text, 79 pages photos. 10" x 8". \$9.00.

**MODEL IN SHADOW.**

72 full-page nudes by Everard. 12" x 10". \$4.00.

**LOVE IN ACTION.**

By Henriques. Action from B.C. to now, all over the world. In word ... 430 pages ... photos ... 64 illustrations. Unabridged cloth-bound original edition. \$7.20.

**THE DECAMERON.**

Unexpurgated, bawdy illustrations. \$4.00.

**SOHO NIGHT & DAY.**

90 photos, covers everything. Cloth bound, full text. \$6.50.

**SEXUAL LIFE IN ANCIENT GREECE.**

32 illustrations, 556 pages. Most comprehensive. \$8.00.

**MANY, MANY MORE. PLEASE, 10 cents for the cause. Thanks.**

Sir,

Please find enclosed a copy of "The Herald", Official Journal of the Aust. Labor Party (S.A.), for July, 1966.

This chatty little magazine has, on page 5, a poem which I consider eminently suitable for your paper. (I think it is meant to be serious.)

Yours faithfully,

F. VYNER-SMITH.

## THOUGHTS ON CONSCRIPTION

### A BALLAD

*Dedicated to parents wherever you may be in  
Asia — Australia — New Zealand — U.S.A.*

Reproduction of these verses in any publication is permissible.

God bless Arthur Calwell,  
He's a man—Australia wide  
'Cause he's voting no conscrip-  
tion  
So our sons can stay alive.

A boy has died in Vietnam  
In a war that won't be won;  
A telegram's delivered—  
It could have been our son!

We're glad our First Battalion  
Arrived home safe and sound.  
We'll all vote no conscription—  
Put Vietnam out of bounds.

Australia—proud Australia  
You've shed your convict link.  
Must you now, by force of arms,  
Tell Vietnam how to think?

Our taxes could be better used  
To advance Australia fair,  
Build roads and harness rivers—  
Must our wealth lay Vietnam  
bare?

Deep in mud—on Flanders Field  
Our old Digs fought and died,  
As they voted no conscription  
So our sons would stay alive.

Are we the man we think we  
are?  
Do we hide behind our son?  
Should we volunteer for Viet-  
nam?  
Have the guts to face that  
gun?

Were we to be so worried  
For our son at twenty-one,  
As when our boy was one year  
old,  
There'd be no bloody gun.

Mothers of Australia! Please  
Don't execute your son.  
Cast your vote for Calwell—  
This battle must be won!

Courageous Arthur Calwell!  
An assassin struck you down.  
Our ranks will never waver;  
We won't cower underground.

We'll tear down arch reaction,  
Our history says we must.  
We'll all vote no conscription  
Australians do have guts!

Today our world has shrivelled  
To ninety minutes flat.  
Astronauts cannot escape—  
For God's sake, think of that!

Please learn to live with neigh-  
bours  
Before it is 'too late—  
An atom bomb explosion  
Does not discriminate.

Asia—proud Asian neighbours,  
You, too, have national pride.  
We'll rid ourselves of guilty  
men—  
We'll all live side by side.

Inserted by Domestic Rentals Pty. Ltd.





Agent "R.B.", in his Cardinal Gilroy mask, shares a laugh with Archbishop Loane (right) and Bishop Dionysios of Nazianzos, representing the Greek Orthodox Archdiocese, outside St. Andrew's Cathedral after Archbishop Loane's enthronement.

THE Roman Senators on my coin cuff-links yawned. I knew it was getting late. I pulled open the deep bottom drawer in my shabby desk, took out the half-empty fifth of altar wine and spilled some into a chalice.

Business wasn't good. It hadn't been any good since they folded the Ecumenical Councils.

I shook some wine into my throat and felt a whole lot better.

I had just got my arm into the left sleeve of my coat when the phone rang: "Yeah?"

"Oh, I'm so glad you're still in!"

There was no mistaking that voice. Ingratiating. Smarmy. Unctuous.

It was His Eminence.

"Sorry, Your Eminence. No more jobs. My bank manager won't take indulgences."

His Eminence sounded hurt.

"But last time I gave you the Sunday takings."

"Sure. From Long Bay. Sorry, no deal."

My coat was right on now and I was reaching for my hat. My business was Ecumenical spying. You know the sort of thing. Check up on Father X to make sure he isn't getting any ideas about change. Make sure Father Y isn't getting too pally with the local heretic ministers. It meant working a lot for Gilroy and I hadn't liked it. The first bill I sent came back soaked in Lourdes water. Very funny. The next time I got a tract about the rich man and the eye of a needle. Later he palmed off a few indulgences. They can't have been too good because the Catholic grocer on the corner didn't cash them. When finally I pressed for cash, he promised me the Sunday payload from one of his churches. I hadn't figured on Long Bay.

No, working for Gilroy had proved a financial flop. I was about to hang up when I heard him get desperate.

"\$200."

"Double it pal and you've got yourself a snoop."

"\$300."

"\$350 and it's a deal."

A pause, then a long sigh. A long, long sigh.

"Very well then."

IT was a short twenty minutes through the traffic soup from my dusty Day Street

office to the Cathedral Presbytery off Hyde Park.

Although he's got the Palace at Manly and the Resch shack at Darling Point, Gilroy lives lean. In fact, I don't know anyone else who soaks his false teeth in his drinking water.

The door was opened by the house-keeper who showed me into a cold, high ceilinged room. I searched the walls for gas jets before I sat in a chair designed to make every bone howl.

On the wall, in large glowing red letters, was framed Cardinal Ottaviani's recipe for chastity: "Fear, Spaghetti and Beans". I made a mental note not to stay for dinner.

## I WAS GILROY'S DOUBLE

"My dearly beloved! How very wonderful of you to come!"

It was His Eminence, Bluey Gilroy, ex-wireless operator, Anzac and now Archbishop of Sydney. I stood up to kneel.

His chubby bland hands went through my pockets for valuables. An old Anzac habit.

"OK, Your Eminence, what's the job?"

"Mission please, mission!"

He lowered himself slowly into a red, high-backed throne under the framed picture of Pope Paul. He folded his soft, fleshy hands in his lap like any paterfamilias worth his Lot's wife. For the tenth time in two minutes he displayed his astonishing range of teeth.

There was no getting away from it. It was a remarkable collection.

"This morning I had a most embarrassing visit (smile) from that Protestant, Archbishop Loane (big smile). He wants me to attend his enthronement at Saint Andrews next Saturday. (All teeth.) Most embarrassing indeed. I could do nothing but agree!"

At this point, he almost dislocated his

jaw with a smile. It took him several seconds before he could get his lips to meet. All the while he was nodding and waving genially. Sheer habit I guess.

"I want you to attend the enthronement instead of me. Indeed, I want you to go as me! A beautiful honour, you must concede. So much so, that I'm sure you will want to sacrifice any moneys."

I reached for my hat.

"No! Stay, stay. A jest I assure you!"

I was to front up to St. Andrews in full regalia wearing a specially made Mardi Gras mask which His Eminence had bought overseas. It was originally made for a tribal African chieftan who wanted to do a little part-time witch-doctoring. It just happened to be a dead ringer for Gilroy!

"Why can't you go?" I asked, "You won't be assassinated."

Still smiling, His Eminence shook his head sadly. He could see I was ignorant of the finer points of Ecumenicalism.

"An uncharitable man might well say I am reluctant to mingle with our Protestant brethren. But the true reason is purity of intention, so-so vitally important to the Holy Church which, after all, is the font of all wisdom."

To me, it was a Saturday morning in drag for \$350. How could I argue with his reason?

"What do I say when they start asking tricky questions?"

"Do as I do. Quote Latin."

He handed me "The Handy Book of Latin Phrases", a little green book full of quotes culled from school texts, tourist guides to ancient Rome and Papal Bulls.

I might add it came in very handy. When the Greek Orthodox gun asked me some detail about the Councils, I just rattled off: "Livia, conjugii nostri memor, vive et vale", which I understand means "Livia farewell, keep me after the memory of our marriage". It sure had Dionysios fooled.

The sourest note came after I sent in my bill. In the return mail I received \$350 worth of raffle tickets for an Orphanage hamper worth \$10.

An enclosed note from Gilroy read: "How charming of you to buy all these tickets so that the dear nuns can have more children."

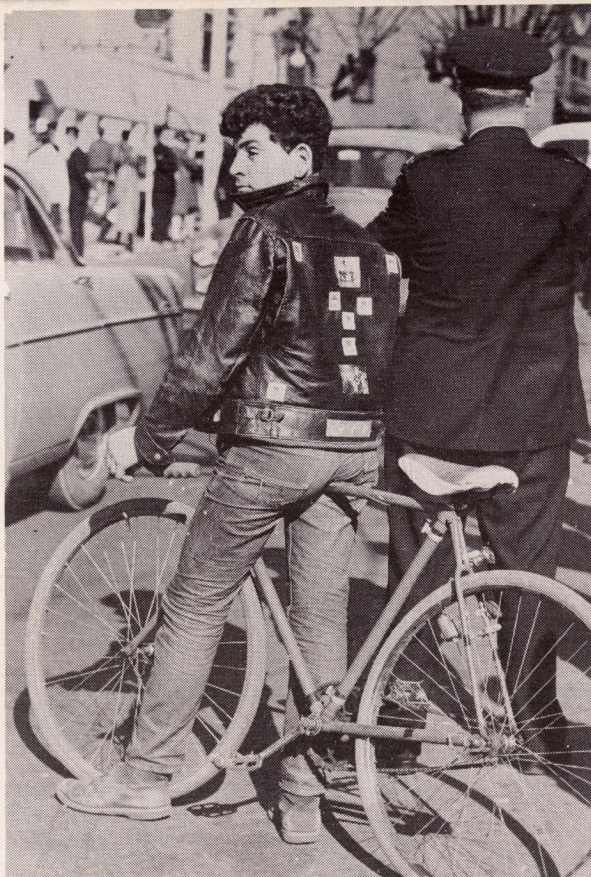
I won the hamper.

-R.B.



# Sharpiesville Massacre

John Romerull



Thus armed, the sharpies stand in the great tradition of the Australian fighting man. They pick and demolish anything from a mod (for looking like a queer) to a queen (for looking like a woman) to a woman (for being there). Taxi-drivers have gone under (feet first and cursing) and even (capable men if ever there were) tow truck drivers have been severely beaten.

This last is itself amazing and bears witness to the prowess of sharpies, since tow truck drivers, notoriously invincible, are seldom beaten by anything but the death of some unfortunate.

The sharpie is strategically a simpleton, no matter how effective he may be. In evil smelling alleys, in twisted lanes, he and his aides mull over past glories, while waiting for a lone mod to walk innocently by.

Policemen, cycling endlessly past in their chuckling pairs, have done little to purge the city of its latest menace. Organisational problems (bikes, flat feet, etc.) seem to hinder their arriving at any of the lightning-like battle scenes in time to do anything but minister aid to moaning mods. Oh yes, they check the discos for "riotous elements" but, since the management has screened its patrons, this becomes rather pointless. Hence these visits are presumably made under the influence of go-go girls, or delicious mod women.

Even this pretence at law and order must now take other forms, because disco owners refuse to let police bring their bicycles inside and, in their turn, the police are reluctant to leave them outside unattended.

It has occurred that while they mingle with the crowd, rubbing shoulders in an attempt to unmask shoulder-padded sharpie infiltrators, certain enterprising sharpies are outside stealing those matt black bi-peds. Caps, too, are prized — along with standard issue bicycle clips and puncture outfits.

Nowadays the spectacle of a sharpie actually inside a dance hall or disco is so rare as to be slightly edifying. But more edifying still, though less rare, is the sight of him and his henchmen in their moronic numbers leaning against the outside walls or lampposts. The implied canine likeness is not merely alarming — they are waiting for YOU.

Like the good oatonic, they have few words to say. These few, emitted in the form of vile threats against the person, are all very picaresque, but equally very unprintable. Thus it is that this article must go without interviews or similar marks of journalistic authenticity.

However, that grand champeen of causes, the melbourne Truth, has recently concerned itself with this sociological phenomenon. Although sharpies don't have tits, they are worth a few lines.

Why, we've even had half-articulate letters from sharpies, though only "some few", the rate of literacy being what it is. In the dullest, unimaginative blank prose they list what they hate about mods long hair, the make up, effeminate dress and so on — all of which is better translated on the street as rotten poofers, anti-conscriptionist bastards, even nigger lovers, etc., etc.

That the fighting sharpie is socially untenable is overlooked by this wondrous newspaper. Like the Improving Grammar it purports to be, it looks beyond the sharpie's barbarism, and rues the fact that he is barred from all melbourne discos.

Playing on this oft-strummed theme of decreased social liberty, it infused with suitable pathos (being spelt capital B) the story of an elwood mother whose daughter, saddened to distraction at the ostracism sharpies were suffering, pleaded with her mother to run a dance — "for sharpies only".

Everything had gone smoothly it seems, right down to a hall and the benevolent eye of some potential promoters — a Latvian fascist organisation and their spacious headquarters.

Oh well, I've always liked my black shirts to have cropped heads and scarred faces. Fists, of course, must be eternally bigger than their brains.

And now, from the angry ashes of the '56 rocker, our garden city melbourne is seeing a new form of lout arise. Like any monster born out of his time he will sink soon to extinction — unless some unscrupulous splinter group, for its own purpose, helps him to survive. And who'd do a thing like that?



# OZ International Film

## Bewustenschleige Zeitgeist (Sign of the Times)

West Germany, 1965

Alf Weidersehn (Kurt Jurgens), an iron magnate, flees from his rich but dumpy hausfrau wife (Elise Taillau) to Marienbad, a mineral spring deep in the forest. Here he begins a desperate search for spa-ing partners.

Alf encounters Rosemarie (Marlene Dietrich) bathing and attempts the first symbolic rape. But the audience is brilliantly cheated of an early climax when Rosemarie's friend Binki (a Hamburger) arrives and creates a Fuhrer. Whereupon Alf retreats to his hotel room, where he re-enters his smothering world of soft living and hard drinking in the company of several Bonn vivants.

Binki then introduces Rosemarie to a Ruhr youth (Hardy Kruger) and they act out a ritualist idyll of love (and Unification) in the forest.

Young director Werner Rath-Finck combines shots of a Lufthansa jet thrusting into the canopy of the sky and music by Wagner (Ride of the Valkyries) into a powerful closing sequence. Alf's problem is left unresolved.

## Salad Days

Czechoslovakia, 1963

This short allegory cleverly employing animated pieces of fruit is a Czech re-make of *Wild Strawberries*.

A wilting banana has become infatuated with a still blooming peach but is repulsed by a rough pineapple and a thicket of berries. The other fruits show no emotion except for the occasional sour grape. The banana's only ally is a fallen apple.

Tom Milne commented: "In this *oeuvre* director Joe Kafka holds up one salad bowl as a mirror to Nature. Through the refractory prisms of this spectacle gleam flashes of real cinematographic brilliance."

In the final moving sequence the pair overcome their opposition when the pineapple decides to leave the banana to his clinging peach. They determine to hatchet the berries and get marshinoed.

## Tundra Plunderer (Rapiste Pervetissement de la Foret)

Canada, 1965

This bi-lingual *cinema verite* re-make of *Rose Marie* (on ice) originates from the new school of Montrealists.

On the surface the plot deals incisively with a Mountie who has Buckley's of getting his man. In the sub-plot are Pete Moss, a Yukon '49-er, and his daughter, Rose Marie, a Klondike.

However, most of the film is preoccupied with an extensive interior monologue as Pete's mind (and the director's) flashback to the days when his proud tribe roamed the tundra unchecked by the hand of the pakaha (*le visage pale*).

But treacherous traders brought their firewater (*le feu-eau*) by under-age voyageurs (*voyeurs*) through the rapids.

The story ends on a bitter note when the Mountie accidentally shoots Pete, mistaking him for a Negro. As he reels from the mortal wound, Pete shouts defiantly to the world his famous last words: "Damn the mangy whites!" ("*Merde les blancmanges!*")

## A Waste of Money

Great Britain, 1961

DIRECTION: Tony Richardson.  
SCRIPT: Alan Steptoe.

This is a film that attempts to suggest the state of mind of a Yorkshire lass who finds she has "a

little pudding in the oven". For the first time, the girl has to face a problem of adult dimensions (Tom Courtenay), for which she is in no way prepared.

Rita Tushingham is again cast in an ingenuous role which takes us for a plain girl's guide of the North Country. She is a shift worker on a smock assembly line in a textile factory and her morals are soon discovered to be somewhat flax.

After the hero has cottoned on to her, her parents, a pair of ageing character actors who have come north to await the resurrection of repertory theatre (Wilfred Bramble and Irene Handl), become suspicious. The father is now a dour Scots coalminer and attempts to shotgun the pair into marriage. However, the hero is already bigamously married to the factory manager's mistress.

The factory manager is indicted on a charge of corrupting the morals of a miner; Courtenay wushes and Tushingham dies in childbirth. Finney.

## Mukherjee's Umbrella

India, 1964

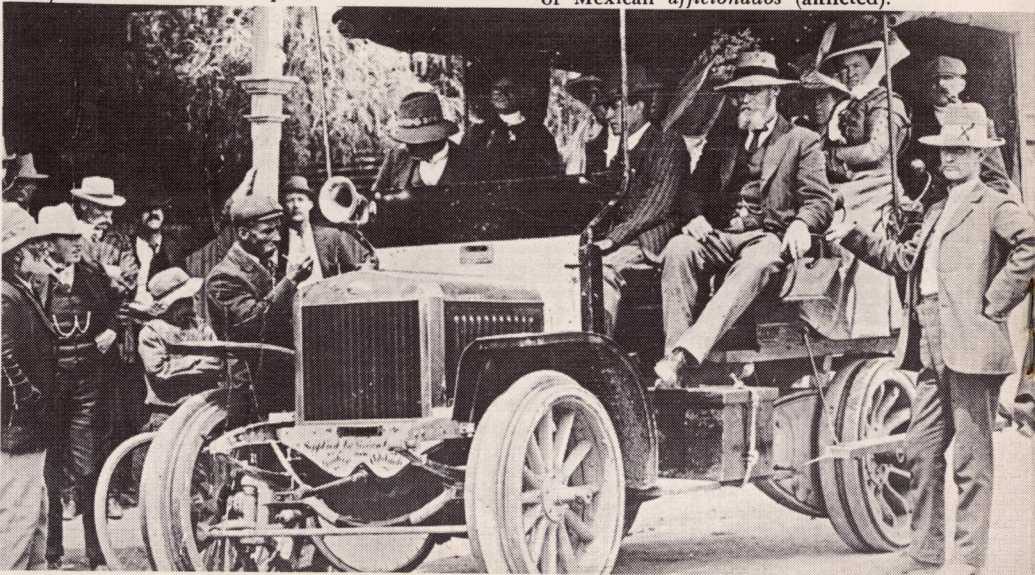
The story of Satyriasis Ray's latest exploration of relationships concerns an Indian youth (Roy Bandranaika) who is enamoured of Bhupati (Kerala Shatterjee), a lovely but Untouchable maiden, when he passes her village to take up a civil service post. Because he is of high caste their love must remain hidden.

When he takes refuge from the monsoon rains in her hut, his umbrella is at once a symbol of his education and an oblique reference to the 19th century love-hate relationship between India and England. In its uselessness against the rains it is also symbolic of his impotence, especially with regard to the caste problem.

Village headman Goshal (Peter Sellersjee) suspects a liaison. When night falls he looses one of the village sacred cows into Bhupati's hut where the lovers sleep entwined.

The youth attempts to ward it off with his symbol (umbrella) but is tossed aside and the film ends as the cow deflowers Bhupati.

With his usual technicians, theme, actors and location, Ray has produced a film both predictable and demanding for foreign audiences. His use of symbolism will not pass unnoticed by those who have seen his other unpretentious but sensitively observed studies of pretence.



MUKHERJEE'S UMBRELLA

## Sleeping Man

U.S.A., 1966

This world-renowned pop movie, first of its type in Australia, has been sadly emasculated by the over-officious attention of prurient Customs officials.

The film concerns three hours in the life of a man asleep. Reminiscent of *Empire State Building* but some 21 hours shorter in length, it is a superbly realistic chronicle of how the man (Rip Winkle) reacts or does not react to his environment in each fleeting instant of time. Audience response (or failure to respond) has proved the universality of the experience depicted and the close identification of an audience with the mental state of the man.

It is somewhat unfortunate that the only action of the film, a deft ten seconds' scratch near the beginning of the second hour, has fallen on the censor's cutting-room floor.

At New York showings of the completed version, audience identification, in both intensity and duration, was almost total. In spite of the childish scissors of bureaucracy, it is felt Festival audiences may be able to share something, though something tragically less, of the experience of the American cineastes.

## Cafe Olé (China Shop Bullfighter)

Mexico, 1965

The tragi-comedy of boaster Farnandel who is determined to be a torreador but, we realize, will never be more than a bull artist.

Laughed to scorn by the village *tortillas* (men) he goes down to Mexico City and hangs about the *corregidas* (arenas) until all the *senoritas* (women) vie for the favours of this "mystery man"

Eventually he flees with his plainest admirer to the desert but they make a prickly pair and quarrel. An attack by *bandidos* (furry rats) occurs just in time for him to save his pride. He dies, but gains respect.

It is not only the Spanish sub-titles and dubbed American voices that mark this film as a Mexican work. The very authenticity of folk-dance and song sequences, the skilful control in camera and guitar work and the colourful Eastmancolor contribute much. With its elements of tragedy, pathos and travelogue this film will appeal to a wider audience than just the growing number of Mexican *aficionados* (afflicted).



# Film Festival

## Jnatrin Ztenshova (The Yellow Tool)

U.S.S.R., 1960

This is the story of a young boy's passion for a tractor.

The traditional life of an Uzbekistan collective farm is disturbed by the arrival of tractors ("yellow tools").

With them comes a harrowing problem—an ideological conflict between old and new. This novel theme is further dramatised by the use of a young Polytechnic dropout—Ilyya Soraya—as the embodiment of the "new".

Using this unusual device as his bedrock, director E. Strogin has constructed a story which ranges across the breadth of Russian society, steppe by steppe.

Technically, the film is in the same class as *Battleship Potemkin* and the short *Mayday Parade* 1923. Music is, in this case also, by Shostakovich.

The film shows a strong ideological commitment and might be best described as being as useful as it is attractive.

SOURCE: Sovexport.

COLOUR: Sovcolour.

PRODUCTION: Sovstudios.

PHOTOGRAPHY: L. Yokol.

## Peter and Pavlov

Czechoslovakia, 1962

This film, part of the *nouvelle Prague*, is set in the Fistula Basin where young Polytechnician Peter has come to set up a new dropforge.

Oxywelder by day, jazz pianist by night, fun-loving Peter soon notices a young girl, Marie Pavlov. Her eyes sparkle as Peter's band play for her popular numbers. They sleep together.

Twenty-eight days pass. Marie goes to Peter's construction camp to tell him some bad news. Everyone has gone. The camera pulls back in a poignant closing shot, then pans in on her love-crossed Czech face.

## Banal

Poland, 1963

This, the sequel to Wajda's famous second trilogy *Warsaw, War Came, War Conquered*, deals with a Jewish boy, Ameba, who forms a single cell of resistance in the ruins of the ghetto.

He finds, by chance, a nice Jewish girl and together they roam the sewers of Warsaw until he dies, heroically, tragically, inevitably.

"In his (Ameba's) end Wajda recalls the Youth, the Ghetto, the Uprising and Death—every element, in fact, of the Polish film" — Charles Higham.

## Courreges, Be My Friend

Great Britain, 1966

This spectacle concerns two Cockney pirate radio pirates (the Warner Brothers, David and Goliath) who both fall in love with Vanessa Redgrave, a Carnaby streetwalker.

With all location shooting, cut-ins from *My Friend Flicka*, speeded action, hand-held camera, freeze frame, and slow motion the film is technically unremarkable.

Vanessa cops with both but ops prevent them being pops.

Finally, she decides to elope with Goliath to his pirate radio where they switch on together.

"Vanessa Redgrave, the Chelsea bun, shows strong undercurrents in this spicy confection" — Craig McGregor.

It is a slightly more polished performance than in her last film, *Organ—a raving case for treatment*. In fact, this film is to Vanessa today what *Jules et Jim* was to Moreau.



SEX AND A HALF

## Sex and a Half

Italy, 1960

An impotent Sicilian nobleman-film producer is living the decadent Roman 'sweet life' but can never throw off nagging fears about his latest film. He feels alienated and unable to communicate with others—except one. This is the prostitute, Ave Maria, played by Impasta Vermicelli. With her he forgets these problems but can achieve only limited commercial release and rejects her finally as he enters the fantasy world his work creates around him.

"The hand-held camera pursues him through lonely, half-remembered streets. Fleeting images of the fleet-footed relentlessly trace back his odyssey of Herculean proportions." — Kenneth Kelman.

As dawn breaks on the film set, he drives away followed only by the *papparizzi* (scandal photographers) anxious to connect him with his nemesis, played by Arriva Deri. But, after the connection, life holds nothing more for him and the death scene is played out in heavy medieval chiaroscuro in his family vault. Struck with amnesia, he is given some relief by the arrival of his brother, now a priest, who is able to deliver the director's message. On this note of hope the film ends.

## Dutch Dykes

Holland, 1960

The immobile sails of the windmills loom reflectively in the trapped waters of the Zuider Zee while clouds boil ominously but immovably overhead.



## FANNY HILL

or

## MEMOIRS OF A WOMAN OF PLEASURE by John Cleland

A limited edition of this most famous banned book has been published in Australia. It's the complete and unexpurgated story of history's most notorious prostitute. Fanny Hill is banned in Australia; Federal Customs won't allow a copy of the book into the country. Secure your copy by filling out the coupon below.

## OBSCENTY

## BEST OF DE SADE

## SEXY ISSUE



### (OBSCENTY POSTER)

Obscenty No. 2 has been banned in Victoria and Queensland, and is being prosecuted by police in N.S.W. It contains extracts from three banned books: Marquis de Sade's *Juliette*, *Kama Sutra* and *Decameron*; two pages about the four-letter word; review of other banned books; and lots more. There are a few copies of Obscenty No. 1 left as well.

Fill out the coupon below and rush it to GILDROSE PRESS, BOX 87, SYDNEY MAIL EXCHANGE

Do not send to OZ\*

Please send me

- ☐ FANNY HILL (\$2.50)
- ☐ Obscenty No. 1 (\$1.00)
- ☐ Obscenty No. 2 (50c)

I enclose .....

Conditions: Interstate cheque senders please add four cents N.S.W. Stamp Duty. Please don't send cash as there are dishonest postal employees. Remit by cheque or money order. Senders must be at least 21 years old. Publications sent under plain wrapper.

Name .....

Address .....

\* Some people are still sending cheques for the above publications to OZ. Please note that this advertisement has no connection with OZ nor do we take responsibility for orders placed as a result of it.

OZ, October, 1966 11



As sportspeople Australians are known — or, like to think they are known — around the world. As sportsmen they have a somewhat more dubious reputation.

In the world of sport, if there is a complaint to be made we are the first to lodge it; if there is a loss to be explained away, we are the quickest to offer an excuse. No country outside America precludes its participation with so much bally-hoo and ostentatious confidence; none loses with such ill-grace nor wins with such self-congratulation. Where two or three Australian "sportsmen" are gathered together, there they will be found blowing their own trumpets.



## JAMAICA

Consider Bill Young, General Manager of the Australian Commonwealth Games team. Bill was in Tokyo and knows how pleased Afro-Asian opinion was with our performance there, climaxed as it was with the much-appreciated hi-jinks of Dawn and her butch pals.

In Kingston, Australia has never been very popular since Richie Benaud called local boy Charlie Griffiths a "chucker" in the First Test last year. It was only to be expected that there would be organisational hitches.

Here is how master diplomat Bill Young handled the first week of the games.

**August 3:** Criticised the food. There was "no variety", "no fruit", and it didn't "look appetising." He ordered three cases of Australian apples "and, remember, they are only for Australians because they are paid for by Australian money."

**August 4:** Declared that "there will be no excuses if we lose." However, just to get the habit right out of his system, he told reporters that "the boys are bored stiff" and there had been a mounting wave of thefts. Complained about the use of a military band and parading troops at the opening ceremony (even though Australia had introduced these first at the Perth Games). Announced that the Australians would not practice marching.

**August 5:** Jamaican athletics coach and national idol, Herb McKenley, was brought before the organisers on a charge Young made that, after athletes from all other countries had been excluded from the main stadium, the Jamaican athletes had trained there and thus obtained an unfair advantage. McKenley was acquitted—Young was the only coach who made such a claim.

**August 7:** Criticised the swimming organisation: "If you went to Bourke and selected a group of people at random they must have done a better job." Complained that the Canadians and British had large cheer squads: "We need cheer squads. I want all our people to yell like hell."

**August 10:** After Ron Clarke failed to win either the 3 or 6-mile events, he explained that Ron had thought the race was going to start at 10.15, instead of 10.40. Clarke himself explained that he had been suffering stomach trouble ("But he mentioned the fact in passing, not as an excuse," S.M.H.) and that the crowd was too "partisan."

In the end Australia was considerably short of the 27 gold medals Bill had confidently predicted but our Bill isn't one to be caught with his explanations down. By the time of his return to native soil he had devised an ingenious new points system by which all medals are worth exactly the same: "Taking into account all medals won, Australia's 103 competitors had a 59.8% and England's 196 competitors 41.4% (S.M.H.)"

Success always comes to those who rationalise. If pushed, Bill would have been prepared to express these percentages as a vulgar fraction of the national population figures, the birthrate or even the consumer index, so long as he had us winning in the end.

## BARIA

Consider Brigadier O. D. "Old Dicky" Jackson, commander of the Australian Task Force in Vietnam. His is an unusual sport: bleeding babies. His particular babies were in Delta Company of the Sixth Battalion, affectionately known as the "Babes" because they were formed only fourteen months ago.

For the uninitiated, "Bleeding the Babes" means letting them get the first smell of bleeding dead up their nostrils. (Just like getting greyhounds to kill live rabbits, only everyone tut-tuts when rabbits are killed and nobody cares when they are only Vietcong.)

On August 19, somewhere north of Baria in Phuoc Tuy Province, this small company of about 120 men fell inadvertently into a most unsporting ambush. They fought back, a happening which to most would be predictable but which is apparently so uncharacteristically Australian that hysterical newsmen immediately saw it as an act of courage.

Since the company was completely surrounded, they had only two alternatives (1) they could surrender, which would mean that they would be shot in cold blood. That is, if the V.C. are no better than their American opponents. (Look again at "American Atrocities in Vietnam," unless you happen to be Victorian). Or (2) they could fight.

Understandably they chose to fight. They fought single-handed, except that there were 120 of them; alone apart from Australian, American and New Zealand artillery; unsupported except that the U.S. Air Force was bombing the Vietcong overhead.

The U.S. F100 Super Sabres and F4 Phantoms were attacking in waves with napalm and 500 lb. and 100 lb. bombs, dropping 35 tons of high explosives in all. "Senior Australian officers described it as the heaviest air strike in support of the Australians since World War II." (S.M.H.) The artillery was using heavy machine-gun and mortar fire—and poured nearly 3,000 shells into the area.

The Sunday Telegraph spoke for all Australians when it headlined "Young Diggers Kill 230": "Triumphant Australian troops today chased the ragged remnants of a Viet Cong battalion they routed in a fierce battle in Phuoc Tuy Province, inflicting 500 casualties. Members of Australia's Baby Battalion, outnumbered eight to one, killed 230 Communists in a savage four-hour battle."

"Outnumbered eight to one" means there were 1,000 Vietcong encircling 120 Aussies. It politely ignores the number of Yanks flying overhead and the artillery bombarding from outside the circle, let alone the helicopters that flew in more ammunition to the stranded company and the reinforcements that arrived later in the day. (Of course in Aussie Rules war games any number of replacements are allowed without penalty).

We are not going to be drawn into a sordid body count controversy over who killed what but it seems patently obvious that 120 killed nothing like 230, even though our boys trained at Kanungara, the Mecca of blood-sports. The bombing was presumably mildly lethal and all reports revealed that when the reinforcing armoured personnel carriers arrived they snuck up on the V.C. company from behind and killed 45. (The ref. apparently didn't see this one).



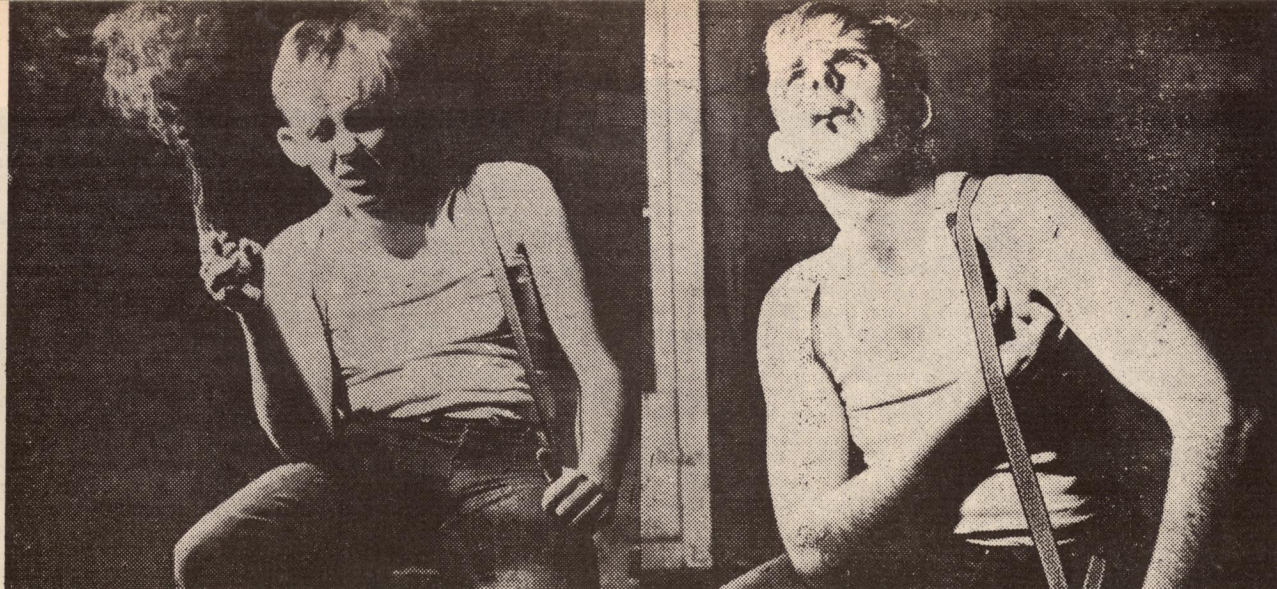
Incidentally it was the reinforcements, not Delta company (which was somewhat battle-fatigued by the time the oranges appeared), that "chased the remnants" and the battle took three hours, not four (according to Reuters; the Telegraph story had no by-line and should be regarded, on principle, as fiction until proved otherwise). The Tele. reported that "all the dead Australians were found clutching their firearms", which it alone would find remarkable.

This small pitched battle has been hailed as something akin to the great days of World War II or Korea. All have been unanimous in their admiration for the number of Vietcong killed, their pride at the number of Aussies killed (including some conscripts) and their amazement at the vigour of the Australian fighting. It was Tokyo all over again (1945, not 1964).

Brigadier Jackson, as the "Babes" team manager, described it with nothing approaching modesty as "an epic of courage that will go down in Australian history." In which sphere nothing succeeds like excess, especially excessive chauvinism.

As a leading sportsman in a land of great sportsmen, who is to deny the Brigadier's prophecy? Indeed, one can hardly imagine any other nation's history into which such an epic would more easily find itself a ready niche.





## THE BLUES

### —with Hamstring Saliva Thompson

Here are ten Blues from the master of the moaning 12-string, Hamstring Saliva Thompson. Five are old and five are new. They're all his own and they're all blue. The first five were recorded by the DEGREDA-TION label back in 1933.

Back in those rawhouse, poorhouse, cornbread years Hamstring was living in his ante-bellum mansion outside Clarksdale, Mississippi. All the while he was storing up the living Blues from hundreds of negroes working on his cotton plantation. For surely, it is here in the Mississippi Delta — the fertile sandy loam that manured the wide-open groans of the other greats like John Lee Hooker and Muddy Waters — that Hamstring learnt the real Blues.

But Hamstring Saliva Thompson was different from them all in one major respect. He was white. It is Hamstring's greatest regret that he is still white.

Like all great men, Hamstring had a tough early life.

"During those depression years, while all ma coloured friends were havin' it hard, I kep' havin' it easy merely 'cause I was white. That hurt me most of all."

Naturally Hamstring did his best to help his black brothers. He employed a few special friends on his plantation as overseers. Yes! Even through those lean, hungry years, Hamstring never lost an ounce of his 280 lbs.

Life was not without its problems as his songs tell us.

His bulk helped cause a hernia in July, 1932. This lucky accident has inspired some of his most moving songs, like "Ball Tearer" and "Drop Gut Blues".

The worst part was that he could not find a truss big

enough to fit him. Finally, in Galveston, Texas, he found a truss reputed to belong once to Blind Lemon Jefferson ("I Got Me a Truss").

Hamstring has bequeathed this truss to the American People after he passes on.

When ETHNIC TONK re-recorded Hamstring in 1962, his voice was better than ever. It was fruitier and his guitar playing was "dirtier". To get that full, rich pain into his voice, Hamstring is flogged by his Base Flogger, LeRoi Syph.

Many have considered Hamstring's rhythmic expectorating a pretension. False! Such and deep is his emotion that saliva wells up thick and fast in his throat. This he expels in 4/4 time. This way, he supplies his own throbbing, liquid rhythm.

On the 1962 date, Jerkin Welles plays electric spittoon.

Listen to Hamstring the poet! Song after song — many improvised — bear witness to his wonderfully fertile imagination:

*I got me a truss  
Believe it's five miles long. (Repeat 3 times)  
Get your gut a truss  
'Afore your life go wrong.*

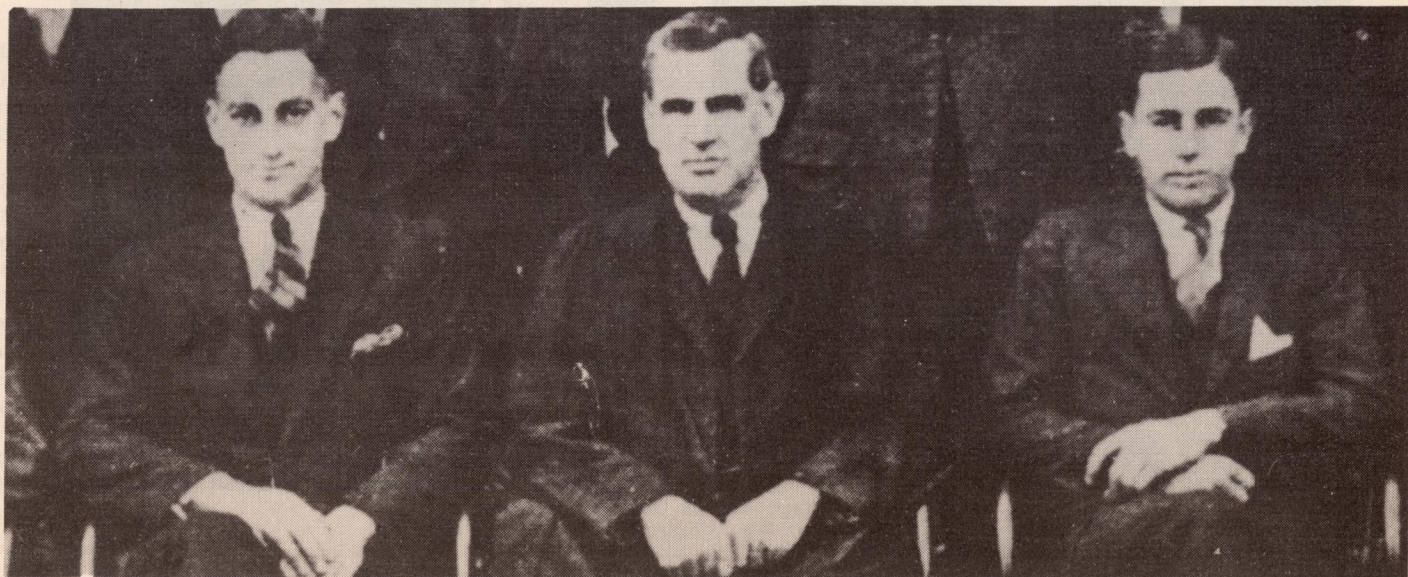
It's all there! The fire, the commital, the raw, earthy passion Yes! Hamstring Saliva Thompson has had to fight hard to overcome obstacles that rarely worry most blues singers. Literacy, immense wealth, white skin and a hernia have not prevented him from carving his name in the pantheon of America's Folk-Blues artists.

—RON BLAIR

**SIDE ONE: You Better Believe (That I'm White); Ball Tearer; I Got Me a Truss; Drop Gut Blues; See Here, Black Man.**

**SIDE TWO: My Ball Done Gone; Gettin' Testicly; Ballin' the Jack; It's a Shame (I'm Rich); Step Aside, Nigger.**





R. J. D. TURNBULL (Senior Prefect), Mr. H. STEWART (Acting Headmaster), H. E. HOLT

# The Harold Holt

WESLEY COLLEGE is one of Melbourne's most illustrious private schools: it has educated Australia's last two Prime Ministers.

In 1925 it celebrated its Diamond Jubilee and that was the year Harold Holt was the form captain of VIB.

On March 19, 400 Old Wesley Collegians crammed into St. Kilda Town Hall. It is recorded with a note of disappointment that "the Jubilee Ode, by Alan Gross (O.W.), was to have been read but the length of some of the speeches made it impossible."

## AN ODE

(for the Diamond Jubilee of Wesley College)

### Stanza II:

*Let it be praised one day at dawn  
When came the founders who decreed  
A College 'Mid the gumtrees. Soon  
The landscape changed, and Hall and lawn  
Replaced the wilderness of that mead,  
Fair was the growth from that good seed.*

—Alan Gross (O.W.)\*

### \*Old Wesleyan

We looked in vain for Harold's name in the Jubilee cricket and tennis teams that took on the fathers; nor was he to be found in the special dramatic entertainment provided. Harold did not even play second fiddle in the Wesley College Orchestra's concert, which ran the musical gamut from *Lilac Time* (Schubert) to *Drum Items* (Winks Smith).

In view of his later vocal accomplishments, we were surprised not to have had him listed amongst the cast of the Jubilee production of *The Headmaster*. However, running our eye down through the *Dramatis Personae*, there was a bonus in store to find that the plum part of Richards Major ("commonly known as Dicky, Senior Prefect of Carchester School") was played by none other than Reg Turnbull, a brilliant piece of type-casting since he was to become Wesley's senior prefect for two years in succession. Here were the humble origins of

Tasmania's independent Senator, today's Doctor in the Upper House. (There was also a minor bonus to find the parts of two schoolboys played by Laurie Pyke, later headmaster of Sydney's Newington College, and Harold Payne, later the Tasmanian Commissioner for Forests).

Harold Holt has become a Liberal Prime Minister; Dr. Turnbull a renegade Tasmanian State Labor Treasurer and senatorial rebel. At Wesley they were contemporaries and Harold was always overshadowed by the schoolboy all-rounder.

Both were born in 1908 but Reg went to Wesley two years before Harold. In 1918. His school number was 5,228, whereas Harold was 5,572. Turnbull was known throughout his school life and afterwards as "Spot" but Harold never became distinguished with a nickname and was merely "Holt i", to distinguish him from Holt ii ("Tubby Holt").

In 1921 both finished Preparatory School and were appointed "Senior Boys." Both made the cricket and footie teams but it was Spot who ended the season with ten goals to Harold's none. At the Sports Day, Spot was well placed in all the athletic events and distinguished himself by winning the Potato Race, a particularly good omen for a budding Tasmanian.

In 1922 they entered the Senior School together as boarders. They were in IVa, of which Harold was form captain. Harold was in the under-15's cricket as a useful bowler; Spot was still kicking well in the under-15's footie team but missed a place at the Annual Sports as there was no potato race in the senior school.

In 1923 Spot was absent from school for a year and from then on Harold was a form ahead of his rival. His class notes for the school magazine read: "In the Form's Boat Race we came third out of four; but this was chiefly because two of our original crew found, on the morning of the race, that they could not row. Lately a formidable array of budding poets have appeared upon the horizon of the form-room . . . By the time this appears in print the Adamson Hall will have resounded to our rendering of the 'Racing Eight'."

1924 saw Harold dropped as Form Captain of his new class, Vc. But in the next year he was made a prefect, so was Spot.

In 1926 Harold gained the Honours Sixth and retained his prefectship. But he was passed over in favour of Reg Turnbull when it came to choosing a head prefect. This was a bitter blow, aggravated by the fact that Spot was still in the year behind him.

Academically Harold was none too brilliant either and ended the Honours Sixth with third-class honours in Latin—a somewhat telling commentary on the suitability of a long-time Federal Treasurer for his job—thirds also in Economics.

At cricket he was again a wily bowler and did useful things with his bat. Against Xavier it was recorded "Holt also played a good innings, but was often too respectful to the bowling"; against Geelong he was run out in the first innings but when he returned to the popping crease for his second dig "Holt again shaped well, playing a good defensive game with a straight bat, and again attempted a perfectly suicidal run just when he was doing well."

At the swimming carnival Harold made very little splash, not even at the two feature events, "Walking the Greasy Pole" and "Diving for Objects." His skill in this last direction was presumably developed much later.

Turnbull was stroke for the school eight and made the athletic's team as shot-putter.

Both turned out for the school footie team, of which Spot was Vice-Captain. In an early match "Scotch, playing with great dash, were repeatedly stopped by our full-backs, Turnbull and Holt being both very steady and reliable", and this is a fair sample of the notices each received at the hands of the "Wesley College Chronicle" that season.

At the end of 1926, Wesley's great headmaster, D. A. L. Adamson, returned from abroad. This is the "Chronicle's" account: "On Monday morning, 22nd November, Mr Adamson returned from his visit to the Old Country. A number of boys gathered on the pier at Port Melbourne as the Orient liner "Oronsay" was being berthed, and welcomed the Headmaster's appearance at the rail with cheers and College songs. As he descended the gangway purple and gold streamers floated in the air. Having driven slowly back to the College to allow all the boys time to get back, Mr. Adamson was met by the





Reg Turnbull today



Mrs. Jones wants  
to know....

# Story

whole school."

For Harold it was a cherished last memory of his schooldays before going up to Queen's College at Melbourne University. Turnbull stopped on for another year and a second tour of office as senior prefect before also going up to Queen's.

Harold graduated from Melbourne in 1930 and from there commenced his painstakingly careful ascension to the dizzy heights of the Prime Ministership: in 1935 he entered Parliament, in 1939 the Ministry and in 1966 (long pause) the Prime Ministership.

By these standards, Reg Turnbull's career has been colourful. His wife is no less a personality in her own right.

He entered Tasmanian State politics in 1946 and became Minister for Health two years later. In public he was a showman; in Caucus a troublemaker. In 1955 a Board of Inquiry which was set up to investigate criticisms he had made of his own Police Department and the Public Service Commissioner reported that he had acted intemperately but not maliciously in laying the charges.

In 1956 he became Treasurer and shocked the Church with a grandiose plan to establish a gambling casino as a lucrative tourist attraction.

In 1958 he stood trial in the Criminal Court on a charge of bribery but was acquitted and reinstated to Cabinet. But in 1959 he was asked to resign because of persistent unco-operation. He refused and the Governor had to dismiss him from office.

Having resigned from the ALP he was swept back as an Independent and in 1961 he disclosed that certain members of parliament had committed breaches of the Constitution Act. Capitalising on this disclosure, he decided to run for the Senate. Characteristically his resignation from the Tasmanian Parliament was rushed by Mrs. Turnbull from Launceston to Government House, Hobart, in the late evening of the last day that would permit him by law to contest the Senate.

He won the Senate election as an Independent and has remained there ever since. For a time he shared with the DLP the balance of power in that chamber but consistently voted with the Government.

What Harold's relations are with his old school rival can only be conjectured.

# who raced me off?

While a majority of housewives have been battling to get their cotton-seeded hands on to whatever brand of margarine the recent splurge of sickening advertisements has indicated as their democratic best buy, a minority of husbands, reared on and made virile by a healthy diet including BUTTER, have nourished a secret desire to get Mrs. Jones out of her misery and **race her off.**

If 2,250,000 Mr. Smiths want to race Mrs. Jones off, **can they be ignored? Should Mrs. Jones be rationed? The quota system has no right to deny them. How they voted.**

One out of every eight Australians wants to race Mrs. Jones off. This result, painstakingly extracted by the Give-us-the-answer-we-give-you-the-question Research Project Pty. Ltd. from a selected nation-wide sample, **proves** that Mrs. Jones is a minority choice as bed spread. The non-racing eight interviewed were reminded that the seduction of Mrs. Jones had been regulated by quotas brought in over 25 years ago as a war-time restriction and that in this period there had been a significant increase in the general health of the community, as well as a rise in the percentage of virile, poly-unsaturated men. They were then asked: "In spite of the fact that Mrs. Jones lives on margarine, would you like to race her off?"

THE RESULT OF THE POLL. In spite of the fact that Mrs. Jones lives on margarine, I would like to race her off ..... 14.3%  
I would not like to race her off .. 76.6%  
No opinion ..... 9.1%  
These figures indicate that a significant minority of Australian men want to give Mrs. Jones the good oil. What is wrong? Does Mrs. Jones have B.O.? Or, worse, arteriosclerosis? Is she eating the wrong bread spread?

In Sydney and Brisbane, people are more than 12-to-1 in favour of the opinion that Mrs. Jones' diet has made her hard-hearted; 4-to-1 on that she is faint-hearted and 100-to-1 that she is down-hearted. Eminent medical authorities all agree that it has certainly become **harder to butter her up.**

**How deep is democracy?**  
Our hide is only democracy deep. Too many Australian men are being forced by their wives to eat poly-unsaturated sandflower margarine. In this way they can never be virile and poly-unsaturated and hence want to race Mrs. Jones off. This is unwarranted discrimination against an important group of primary seducers — the inedible hay-seeds, who are faced with impending ruin and a major lay-off. Mrs. Jones is not alone; there are over 3,000,000 frustrated voters in this country. That may sound peanuts to the Government but it could well prove a decisive block of poly-unsaturated fats.

Inserted in the interests of the continuing illegal profits of

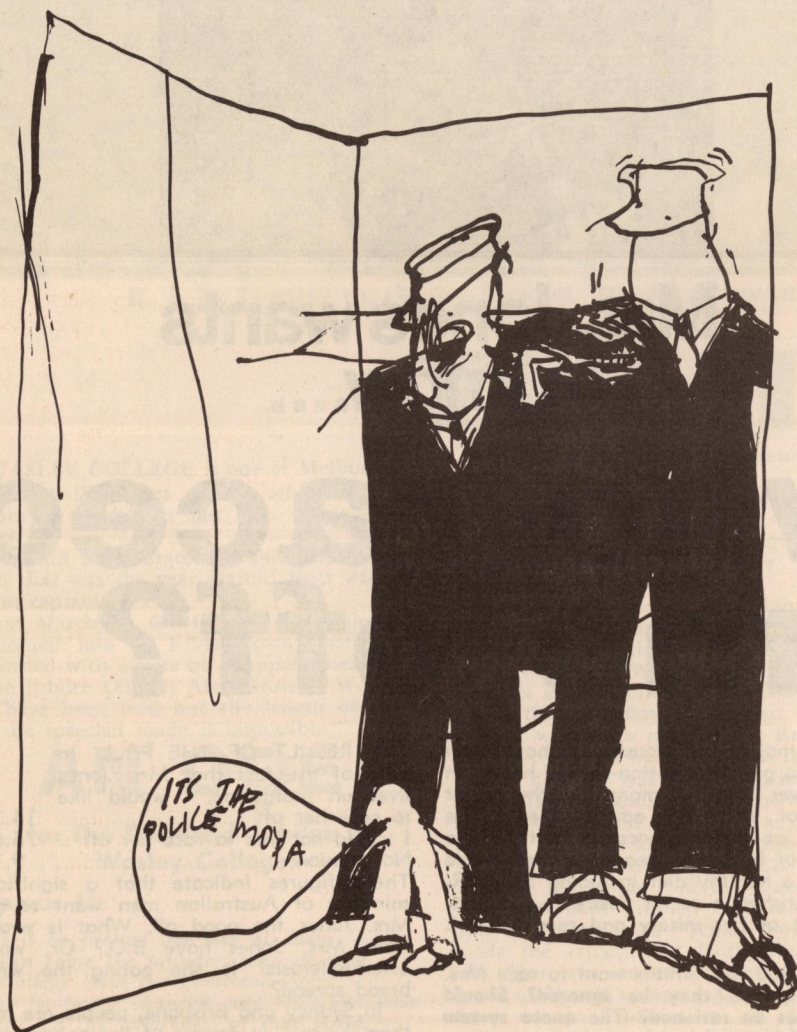
**MARRICKVILLE HOLDINGS LTD.**

**An All-Australian Company**

OZ, October, 1966 15



Two tough-looking fellows are outside on the porch. What are they up to — break and enter? Wait on. Might be police. Focus the eyes a bit. Yes, they're in shiny blue, pocket-books inflating the chest — all ready to get down the sordid details. These are no ordinary men. Both have done short courses in small-arms drill, first aid, Be Courteous to the Public, how to sit in a sidecar correctly. They're at the door and it's half past one in the morning. The party inside is going off like a bomb . . .



# POLICEMAN'S KNOCK

## KILLARA:

She opens the door. The noise is deafening. She is beautiful. She has just slipped on a wedding ring. Her Mum's. It glitters as she raises her glass. A young fellow, must be the husband, is holding her upright. He's worth a few quid. You can tell by the suit.

"How nice of you to drop in, Inspector," he says grandly. He takes off his party mask showing lovely white teeth.

The Law, in a split second, has the scene

summed up: most of the guests are in fancy rig playing games, a sort of striptease game. That looks like home movies, too, in one of the other rooms.

This is a Liberal area, churchgoing, full of top people. Nothing disorderly here.

"We just happened to be passing," says one. "Everything going well? Fine. You might just lower the noise a bit. Enjoy yourselves. Yes, it does look a bit like rain. Goodnight, sir."

## WOOLLOOMOOLOO:

The mob is out in the yard with the keg under the rotary. They're a bit tight and coshing each other playfully with back-copies of "Tribune" as they sing militant songs of yesteryear.

Bert is the host. He had a good day at Randwick so now he's turning it on. He's a big brute. Hasn't been to Cyprus but he's played Rugby League. Gets three days' work if he's lucky. Times are hard. His mates on the wharves call him Butch. Hearing the bell he staggers up the hall in blue singlet — anchor tattoo on his left arm. Bert thinks they're going to repossess the lounge suite. Not at this hour, the bastards must be mad. Might be the coppers. He peers through the letter-slit, then opens the door.

His coppers rally up the hall behind him. One is putting on his boots. Another has an alsatian. He's a good ratter. Could be a dinkum blue here. At any moment. Sound of breaking glass. Bert leans against the door. Rolls a fag. Fifteen against two.

"Just thought I'd mention it," says the sergeant. This is good public relations. "There's been a complaint lodged with us. She's just produced a still-born over the road. You possibly know her. Says she can't sleep. You know how it is with some people. Just tone it down a bit and I think she'll be all right. No, not when we're on duty, thanks."

## SURRY HILLS:

Some of the light go off. The door opens. Silence inside. There's this bearded fellow facing them. Beatnik type. Look at the long hair, the jeans. Bare feet. Probably a drug addict. The Law draws itself up an inch, menacing Agents of the State. Notebooks out. They sniff the air for tell-tale traces. You can't fool those noses. They've been trained. The place seems to be full of vagrants. Interesting, this.

They step in over a smudge of claret, prawn shells. Someone rushes off to find that booklet of the Humanists, What To Do In Case Of Arrest.

"We don't want gatecrashers here," says mine genial host, beaming ineffectually.

"Smart aleck, eh?" They know the type. "We'll look around, thanks."

They peer into the darkness. There are plonk bottles on the mattress. On the floor a few filthy girly magazines, some paint pots, a guitar. This lot is up to no good.

Name? Occupation? Well what was your last job? Where are the bedrooms? Who owns this place anyway? Someone quotes the Geneva Convention. "Trying to start something? You know what's good for you, just shut up." Someone else gives them that bit about being innocent before proved guilty Ignored.

The fifteen-stoner takes a turn around the room. Bodies rise. He keeps an eye out for explosives. He fixes on the big wall opposite. "Whatyer going to do with the muriel?" He's sharp, he knows a thing about Art. "Whatyer going to do with the muriel?"

—DOUGLAS TERRY

## POGOPHILES?

The newest work by THE POGS now available. Baroque "Now That It's Over" and abandoned "Hey Miss Thompson" on Leedon. THE POGS available for selected functions but book early (Peter Best, 82-4885) to avoid disappointment. THE POGS are Australia's most exciting new group.



## NOBLESSE OBLIGE

One of Sydney's best-known hash pushers has graduated. Whereas once he used to oblige the hipsters for \$20 an ounce, he has found a wealthier clientele prepared to pay four times as much for the same amount. High society's patronage has proved rewarding in other ways, too. The cops no longer bail him up so often, empty his wallet and send him on his way. Well, not just common constables, anyway.



## NOTHING IS HAPPENING

From the Saturday Evening Post 30/7/66:

**BOB DYLAN:** Albert, it's no good in those arenas. I would rather forget about those arenas and play theatres. I mean, I would much rather have a good show. Are we going to play arenas in Australia?

**MANAGER GROSSMAN:** We have to. We haven't any choice, Bobby. There aren't enough big concert halls or theatres there. The country is underdeveloped.



The tots at Catholic kindergartens while away the hours learning material provided by the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine. For the five-year-olds there is a four-page colouring booklet. Each page sets the child a chore and there are special instructions for the parents:

The first page shows Christ on the Cross and He has to be coloured in. For the Parents: "Show this picture to your children and tell them how Our Lord died for us, so that we could enter heaven one day. Bring out how much God loved them to send His own Son to die for them. Do not dwell too much on Our Lord's sufferings, giving details of scourging, crowning, etc., but rather on the great love which led Him to suffer in this way. Encourage them to kiss the crucifix and say: 'Jesus, I love You'."

The next page is blank and the kiddy is asked to make a big cross in coloured pencil. For the Parents: "Sometimes at night prayers let your children think if they did anything they know God their Father did not want them to do, then let them tell Him they are sorry. 'Dear God, I am sorry. Please help me to be good.' Always have the prayer for help following the little act of sorrow and impress on them that God will always give them all the help they need."

Christ with halo rises in victory on page three. He has to be coloured in. "Put lovely coloured rays coming out from Our Lord." For the Parents: "Tell your children about Our Lord's resurrection, bringing out how wonderful it was, and something only God could do. Jesus died to save us, then rose again on the third day. Jesus is now in heaven, and He is present in the Blessed Sacrament in our churches where we can go to visit Him."

The last page shows some flowers and a series of dots which the child has to link up to make a picture of a chicken breaking out of its egg. Below are two lines of music with the words:

"When I see Easter eggs so gay,

I think of Resurrection Day,

When Jesus rose to life again

May He bring life to us, Amen."

For the Parents: "Tell the children that we have Easter eggs to remind us of Our Lord's Resurrection. A tiny chick breaks its way through the shell to new life and this makes us think of how Our Lord came out from the tomb on the first Resurrection Day. Teach them the little song and have them sing it with appropriate actions. Help them to complete the surprise picture and find the hidden Easter eggs and colour them in."

## From The Pulpit

—The new Anglican primate is to be caged in Sydney.

—They have a cup of tea and a bikkie together and call it ecumenical.

—In my father's house are many mansions. None of them rent-controlled.

## Flash!

### Record Breaking Attempt

Jesus is not in Argentina. Latest reports put Him 700 miles due east of Nova Scotia.

## Later Flash!!

Hurricane Mary which left Ireland yesterday is now in mid-Atlantic. All pedestrians have been alerted.

### BLOOD SPORT

The Catholic Church is not alone in being alarmed by the widespread use of the Pill. It's got some of Sydney's wealthiest abortionists tense, too. Recently, one pregnant lady found she could play one doctor off against another, and cut the \$170 fee down to \$100. With business this slow, boys, you're going to have time to change gloves between rounds.

### Any satirical, topical REVUE SCRIPTS

are wanted for Perth revue Good price for accepted material send MS. now to

N. Solomons, 89 Armadale Crescent Mt. Lawley, Perth, W.A.

Sexual fatigue can be very nasty.

Preventative therapy is available

by regular dining at



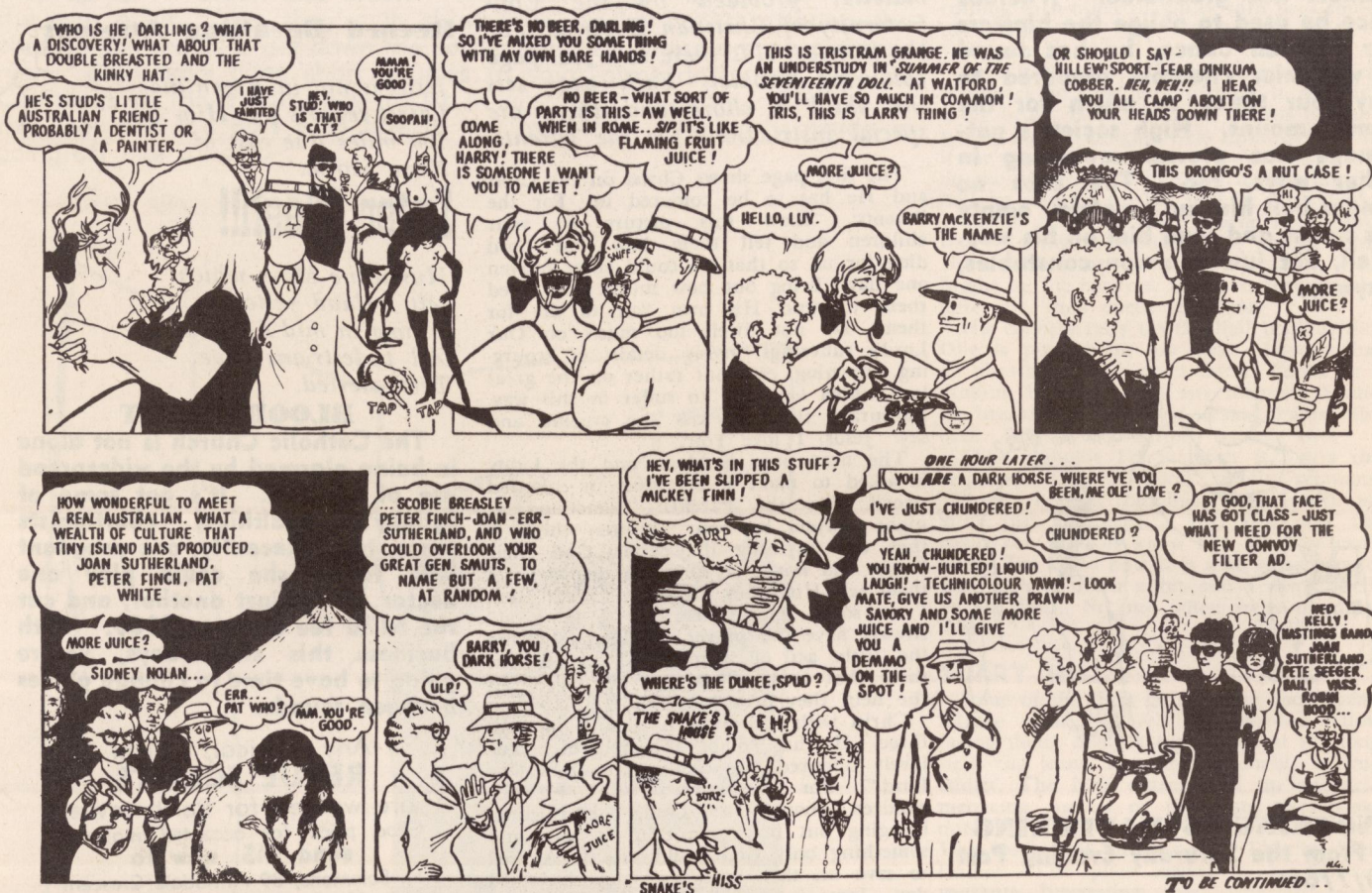
3 Jersey Road, Woollahra

32 4815

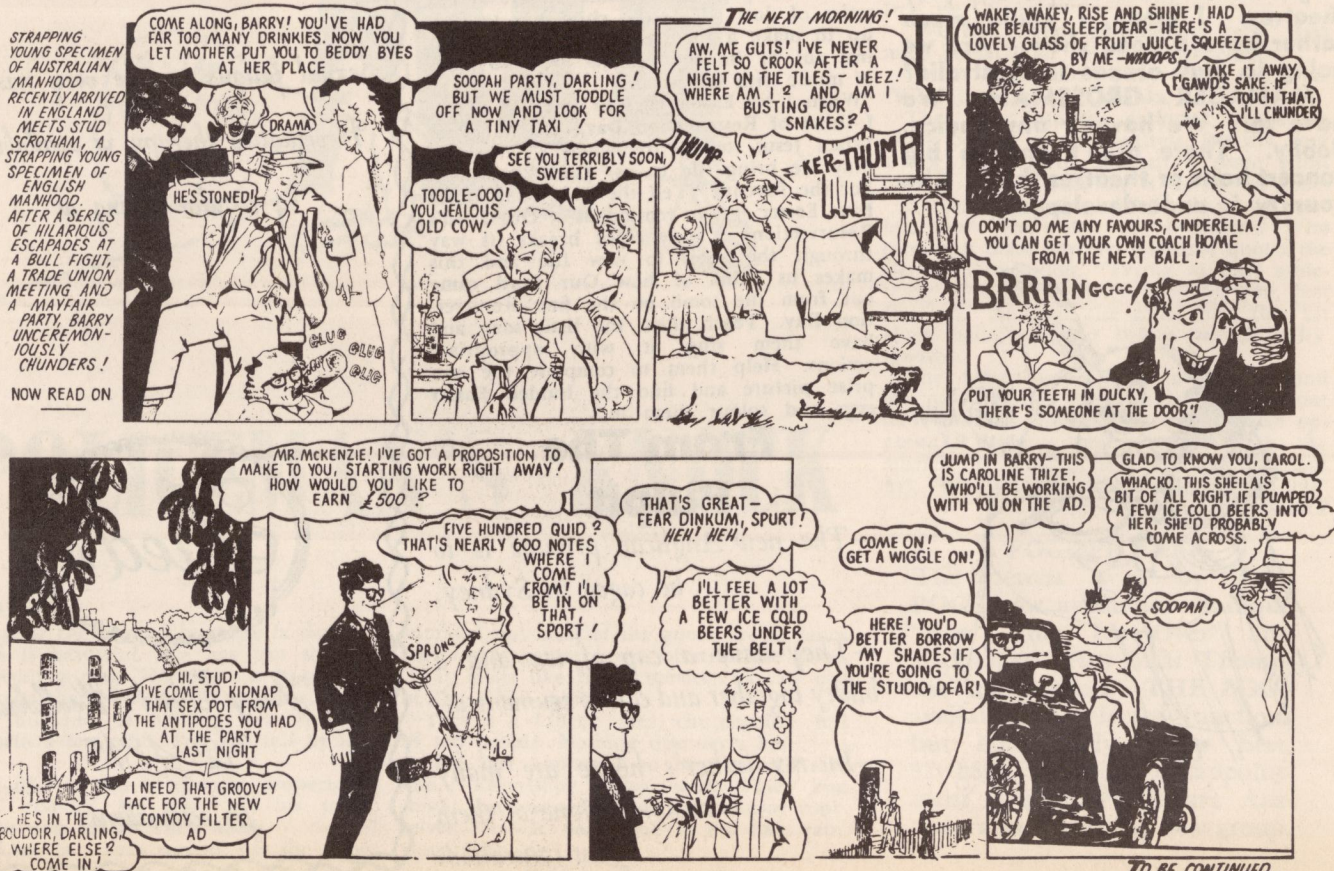
for reservations



# BARRY MCKENZIE



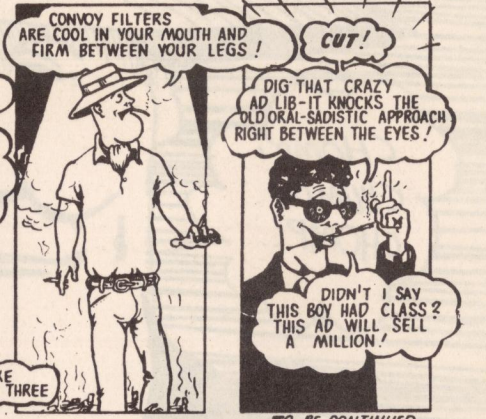
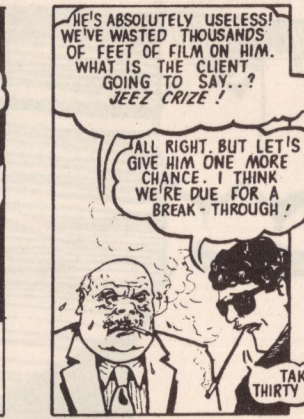
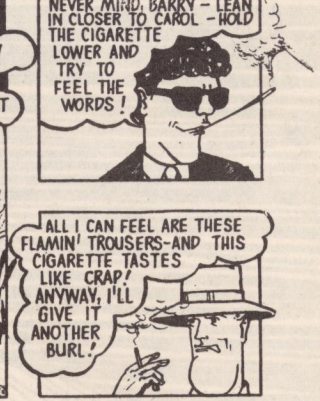
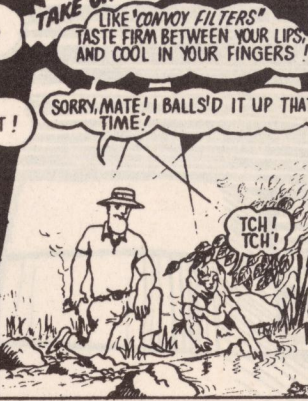
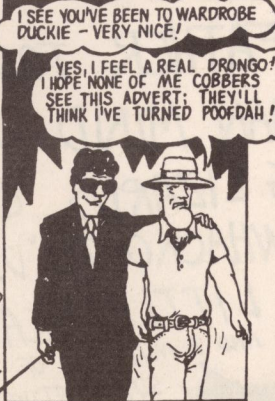
## BARRY MCKENZIE





# BARRY MCKENZIE

**BARRY MCKENZIE, A STRAPPING YOUNG SPECIMEN OF AUSTRALIAN MANHOOD, HAS RECENTLY ARRIVED IN LONDON. AFTER A SERIES OF HILARIOUS ESCAPADES WITH A NYMPHOMANIAC SATIRIST, A TAXI DRIVER, AND A WELL KNOWN PEER, HE ATTENDS A CHELSEA PARTY WHERE HE IS DISCOVERED BY AD MAN SIMON LURCH, WHO INSTANTLY ENGAGES HIM TO LEAD THE NEW CONVOY FILTER CIGARETTE CAMPAIGN. THEY ARRIVE AT THE STUDIO. NOW READ ON—**

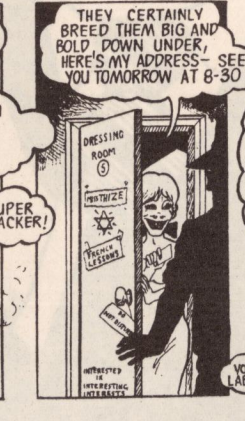
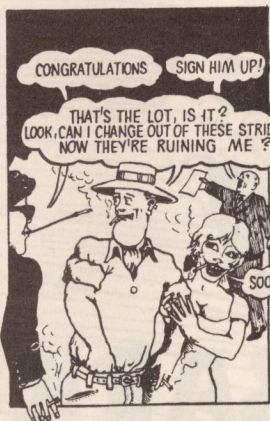


TO BE CONTINUED—

# BARRY MCKENZIE

**THE STORY SO FAR: BARRY MCKENZIE, CLEAN LIMBED YOUNG SPECIMEN OF AUSTRALIAN MANHOOD AFTER A SERIES OF POINTLESS ESCAPADES WITH BAILLIE VASS A NUN AND THE TATE GALLERY IS ENGAGED FOR A CIGARETTE COMMERCIAL IN WHICH HE SCORES A GREAT PERSONAL SUCCESS**

PERHAPS READ ON...



TO BE CONTINUED



STRIKE ME PINK... BLIMEY.  
HOW'S YER FATHER... TOO MUCH  
FER TH' HUMAN MIND.. STARVE  
TH' FLAMING LIZARDS.. CRIPE'S...  
BONZER.. WHACKO TH'DIDDLO...  
YOU LITTLE BEAUT -  
... AND A MULTITUDE OF OTHER  
SUPERLATIVES...

CHOMP!  
CHUMP...  
CHOMP...

... LIKE  
EXTRA-GROUSE  
!!!!!!!!!!!!

**BARRY  
MCKENZIE  
DEVOURS  
BINKIES  
BURGERS**