40 AUGUST 20c

Registered at the G.P.O. Sydney for transmission by post as a periodical.



abort the gort

OZ does it again! The first major magazine or newspaper to reveal the awful truth that our benevolent press has been hiding for so many months. The first to expose what is common knowledge now in Canberra: that Gorton is not and never will be a shadow of a Prime Minister. And what is worse his Cabinet realises it. Our Political Correspondent's scoop report is still under discussion.

As usual, we will be the only ones to congratulate ourselves on yet another outstanding contribution to the national welfare. But we hear the unspoken thanks of a grateful

nation and we voice them as we say sincerely, loudly and modestly: Congratulations, OZ, well done!

COME BACK MING, ALL IS FORGIVEN





Suddenly the pundits' eyes turn irrisistably to the G.O.M. of the Liberal Party, Sir Robert. For the first time in his long life, he finds himself out on the Left of his party—an outspoken defender of the "great unwashed" and a virulent Gorton critic.

Sir Robert has thrown up his job (telling boring cricket and Churchill anecdotes on the Nine Network) in readiness for the Grand Return from Jeparit-deux-Eglises.

The cries of his people are as strident now as they were long ago—just before he retired. He will not return unasked; even now he maintains an air of detachment in his Cinque Port castle.

Sir Robert is ostensibly enquiring into "Home Rule for Scotland" for the British Conservative Party but his Australian followers and clansmen know where his heart truly lies.

The Prince Over the Ocean will return when he is needed. Come you back, Sir Robbie!

Government by rhetoric is better than no government at all.



HAROLD HOLT IS ALIVE AND LIVING ON KING ISLAND

Meanwhile, in a King Island muttonbird hole—his white hair turned prematurely brown by droppings -Harold Holt waits with his dissident band for the Day of Reckoning.

As each day passes, support mounts on the mainland for the coup which will sweep him back to the power which he enjoyed so much.

The Big Z., frontman for the Holt political machine, is lining up her milliners' militia and scuba-diver shock troops for the final thrust into Lake Burley Griffin.

The entire Holt family have cancelled their overseas trips and funds are pouring into the South Yarra storefront office of the Revolution.

Somehow, mediocrity tomorrow seems better than incompetence today.



WHERE ARE YOU ARTHUR, NOW THAT WE NEED YOU MOST?





In the political desert of Flemington, Victoria, a rose has bloomed and the subtle pink blush is spreading across the face of Australia. In the unpretentious brick bungalow of liver brick, only an occasional stirring of the venetians heralds the whirlwind that the old pro., A. A. Calwell, hopes

Secure, as always, in the knowledge that the people will turn to Calwell in the hour of crisis, Arthur bides his

Only he is sensitive enough to hear the furtive clamour for his return but what a tumult there will be when the People's Centurion makes his bid.

Meanwhile, Arthur is busying himself around the house, nurturing the warts that are breaking out all over the face of his Memoirs and polishing up his part as the Vietnam Possum in the A.L.P. Christmas Panto.



ocial fobbings

I there, Oztralia! It hasn't really heen a very social month but not to worry, there's always enough to fill the Diary. Social days, social daze and there's no time at all to think, but who cares?

OMINATING the Sydney social whirl was a very well known and very dear friend of mine, WAL MEL-LISH. And was he the talk of the town! Wal held a swingin' turn recently that lasted the proverbial week.

Locale was his gracious home in the outer Sydney suburb of Glenfield. Wal spared no expense (spies tell me the do cost over \$4,000!) and aided by his petite blonde wife BERYL, most of Sydney was entertained by

The special cuisine was prepared and served by that Graham Kerr of Glenfield "NUTRITIOUS" NORM ALLAN and it ranged from a tasty curry and rice aux gendarmes to some interestingly sour grapes.

Entering into the bring-your-own spirit, Norm presented Wal with a few bottles of Coke to supplement the bombo and a precocious little Armalite to bomb the complement.

As I said before, everyone who was anyone and a few more besides turned up although Rob Askin sent apologies. Rev. Paton, with his Vicar of Bray impersonations, proved a star turn and an appreciative crowd stayed right to the end til Wal did the old trick of taking the party with him up to his old club—Morrissett.

FTER Wal's turn, a few of the set A decided amongst ourselves to raise some funds for that well-known old charity . . . the ACTU.

So, off to Melbourne for petrol and then back to Paddy's Market for a gas turn selling it at \$10 a gallon. Profits enormous too . . . so half to the ACTU old folks and the other half to yours truly's favourite charity, yours truly.

A ND while tripping down to Mel-bourne, guess who? Saw none other than educated abo. "CHILLA" PERKINS, leading a group of three Arunta tribesmen in a protest march to Tasmania. Topic? . . . "Why pay

TO THE SAME AND THE MENT OF THE PROPERTY OF TH for a Vietnam war orphan when you can get an abo. picaninny for nothing".

And, as "Chilla" told me, that's about the value of it too.

WHILE in the Queen City, I ran into "SWINGIN" SUE BECKER (who opens on Melbourne television . . . every week). Sue was receiving treatment for a slipped disc suffered when BILL PEACH ran amok on her guest spot.

Reticent Sue wouldn't tell me of any plans in detail but I did discover that she'll be demonstrating breast-firming exercises to SIR ROBERT HELP-MANN at a pot party in South Yarra.

ACK in Sydney again, had a really fun time at the Martin Place happening. Dropped in to check out strong rumours that old buddy JACK "Bungles" GORTON was to personally test-pilot the F-111A's.

Jack had fortified himself against the weather and we were treated to one of his popular speeches on Asia at a pre-happening drinks do. Later we all popped out to join the youngies for a really colourful samba and frogmarch session.



John-

Lots of romance in the air for our trendy Cabinet Ministers and consequently no surprise when Prime Minister JOHN GORTON announced his engagement to charming lubra PEARL **BROOME** during the Black and White Ball. Believe there was much excite-

The second second

ment on the floor when John rose to toast his dusky fiancee and leaked out the happy news. John and Pearl plan a "boomerang" marriage at La Perouse and will then leave by air to spend their honeymoon away from it all at lazy Wattie Creek.

ND so as July drew into August,

simply couldn't refuse when asked to

organise JOHNNO McEWEN'S bucks' night. Proved a great turn with all of Johnno's friends there . . . MAX

NEWTON, "WEE WILLIE" McMA-

HON, ART. CALWELL, MRS.

JONES and all the Treasury boys.

Started out with a few ambers at the

Brooklyn, stirred up the mates at the

Sukiyaki and then off to have a squiz.

at Sandy Nelson and her new partner

Beryl Mellish. Have one for us, Long

Chow, Swingers!

the whirl grew faster. But I



A Yank in the wrong direction

Mr. William H. Crook, the smooth Baptist who has succeeded the Talking Horse as the man to tell us what our foreign policy is, has one undeniable distinction: pictorially, his family must be the most nauseating ever to appear outside the "Saturday Evening Post".

The son, Bill Junior, wears tartan jackets and says that Australia is the only place big enough for a growing boy; the daughters, Mary Elizabeth and Noel Eileen, are identically blonde and fight over the Australian terrier LBJ provided as an image-builder, and which they have named "Adelaide" because it's such an Australian name.

The wife, Eleanor, is described by the U.S. Information Department as a "gay and information Department as a "gay and informal" person, in quotes, and is a strong and ardent swimmer. They are all "dedicated" to water-skiing.

They may be, to him, assets. Mr. Ed hid an alarming financial acumen (he is reliably reported to have made more than

\$100,000 from investments during his tenure) behind an imbecile exterior. Mr. Crook appears to reveal an extraordinary political naivete through a transparently unpleasant

His Sydney press conference showed him "being pleasant"—i.e., smiling, avoiding questions ("I'd like to talk to you about that some other time") and gazing straightforwardly at reporters from very clear blue eyes, somewhat reminiscent of Peter van Evolk playing a ten Nazi Eyck playing a top Nazi.

His Canberra press conference showed him blundering through the mazes of the ANZUS Pact in a manner somewhat reminiscent of Mr. Gorton, a discussion which the local diplomats hastily declared "off the record".

It would be absurd to think of Mr. Crook, or of any other U.S. ambassador, as anything more than a messenger-boy who passes on orders and is probably not averse to making a dollar on the side. But to gain his confidence can be a major step forward in a political power struggle: vide the kudos Harold Holt picked up from a close association with Ed Clark and, through him, with LBJ.

Whom will Mr. Crook pick as confidant? On the showing to date, the best bet is not Gorton the Gauche, but Billy McMahon. Both are cool plotters, and, perhaps importantly, both have a very strong religious background.

Certainly Mr. Crook is unlikely to find an Australian cabinet minister who is able, or interested, to talk about what appears to be his main concern: the plight of the



The Crook Family relaxes at home.

Bail up

On Wednesday, 24th July, Alan McLaren should have appeared at court in Adelaide to answer charges for assault and drunk driving. The night before, he left town, didn't show at court and so his bail of \$800

His wife had 'gone surety' for him and police went out to collect the money. To no one's surprise, the 32-year-old Kent Town mother of five didn't have it and she was arrested.

It was a fairly slow day for hard news and this family drama hit the front pages soon after Mrs. McLaren hit the cells. She was due to stay there for nine months or until someone paid the \$800.

When anyone goes surety they are asked whether they have the money. If they don't, it is all rather pointless. A man is released on money bail when the court decides that some guarantee is needed that he will turn up to face the charge. In some cases the charged person can pledge his own money, in more serious cases someone else must pledge theirs. In N.S.W., cash must be deposited or it must be proved that the one going surety has possessions which the bailiff can sell up. In Victoria and South Australia, no such proof is needed.

Mrs. McLaren didn't ever have the money she pledged, didn't notify police when her husband scarpered and didn't attend court on Wednesday. The heartless may think she deserved all she got—even if her children didn't.

On Thursday the court reduced 'bail' (i.e., forfeit) to \$400 and gave her 48 hours to find it. That night, TV personality Ernie Sigley launched a TV appeal for the money. On Friday morning Philip Morris Ltd. gave her the bail money for some entirely inexplicable reason and \$100 entirely inexplicable reason and \$100

On Friday afternoon the bail-jumper turned up in Sydney, saying he wouldn't have gone if he had thought his wife would be gaoled. One good reason for her arrest?
On Saturday morning the Victorian police

said they also wanted to extradite him to answer charges. Meanwhile Ernie Sigley had brought in another \$400 and Mrs.

nad brought in another \$400 and Mrs. McLaren was truly grateful.

"I will use some of the extra money on clothing for the children, but I don't know what I'll use the rest of it for. I'll just put it in the bank," she said. "People have been so good."

And complete

And so gullible.

Richard Walsn, Dean Letcher

Production: Eroica Willis

Aris: Garry Shead & Mike

Foreign Agents: Richard Neville, Martin Sharp

OZ is an independent magazine published by OZ Publications ink Limited, Box H143, Australia Square Post Office, Sydney, N.S.W. 2000.
 OZ is printed by Amalgamated Offset Pty Ltd., Chippendale.

OZ pays contributors. Articles should be typed. They do not necessarily have to be satirical. Only those including a stamped addressed envelope will be returned. Send all artwork and copy to The Editors, OZ Magazine, Box H143, OZtraliai Square P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. 2000.

Trade enquiries: 449-1267 (NSW)

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JULY 1: Mr. Fairhall announced in Canberra that he had plans afoot to defend Australia. It was called a Joint Staff, an idea not unknown in other countries where defence is taken seriously.

At the head would be, predictably, Mr. Fairhall, then his Secretary Sir Henry Bland, then Rear-Admiral Dovers with the new title First Director of the Australian Joint

The choice of a naval man as First Director has not gone down really big with the Militia Men, who keep asking: Who is Admiral Dovers? To which Sir Henry can only give his famous bland reassurances of non-interference.

The second innings of the French elections started (badly though not as badly as it ended) with the shooting of an 18-year-old socialist party worker at Arras. Polonius?

JULY 2: A great day for the newsmen: the Mellish Muddle began . . . Tokyo Rose won on points . . . John Lennon broke the news to an astounded world that he had more than a yen for Okay Yoni . . . And Alan Ramsay ran his classic boob-story that the Government had given the Gurindji permanent occupancy of the land they sought "in a radical policy change." Alan had misread his radicals, who were outvoted by a vulgar faction of politicos with Vesteyed interests.

JULY 3: The Great Shotgun Wedding . . "New Asian Policy Lag Attacked by Labor" (The Australian). It was about time that well-known Asian Policy lag, Paul Hasluck, was attacked . . . Aboriginal leaders were "cautious" about the Wave Hill land grant. Smart bastards, those aborigine leaders.

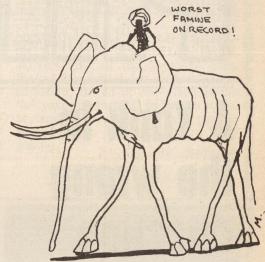
Rylah was attacked by Victorian Country Party leader Moss for his imbecilic advice to drivers—to toot at other drivers seen breaking the law. (Rylah has that characteristically Liberal ideal of wanting to have a policeman in every home).

Moss pointed out that this constituted an incitement to public nuisance—another of

Arthur's little weaknesses.

JULY 4: Horses were used by police to charge a Melbourne student demonstra-





tion. Meanwhile in Sydney the police were helping Wally sort out his affairs.

At first glance it would appear that criminals get better treatment than students but it must be remembered that Wally is a better type of crim-he supports the Government in Vietnam.

Representatives of the primary producers, manufacturers and commercial interests had the opportunity to put their views directly and in person to Cabinet. They asked for a slowing down of Government spending in the Budget; Trade Unions, consumers' organisations and men-in-the-street failed to be invited to express their views.

JULY 5: The Queen dubbed Alec Rose knight. As she did so, it was announced that another 42 British grocers have taken to the water. Three of them were in a circumnavigatory tub and could be heard singing: "Rub up a dub/ For three men in a tub" as they rounded the Scilly Islands . . . Mr. Askin said that police tactics at Glenfield were "unusual".

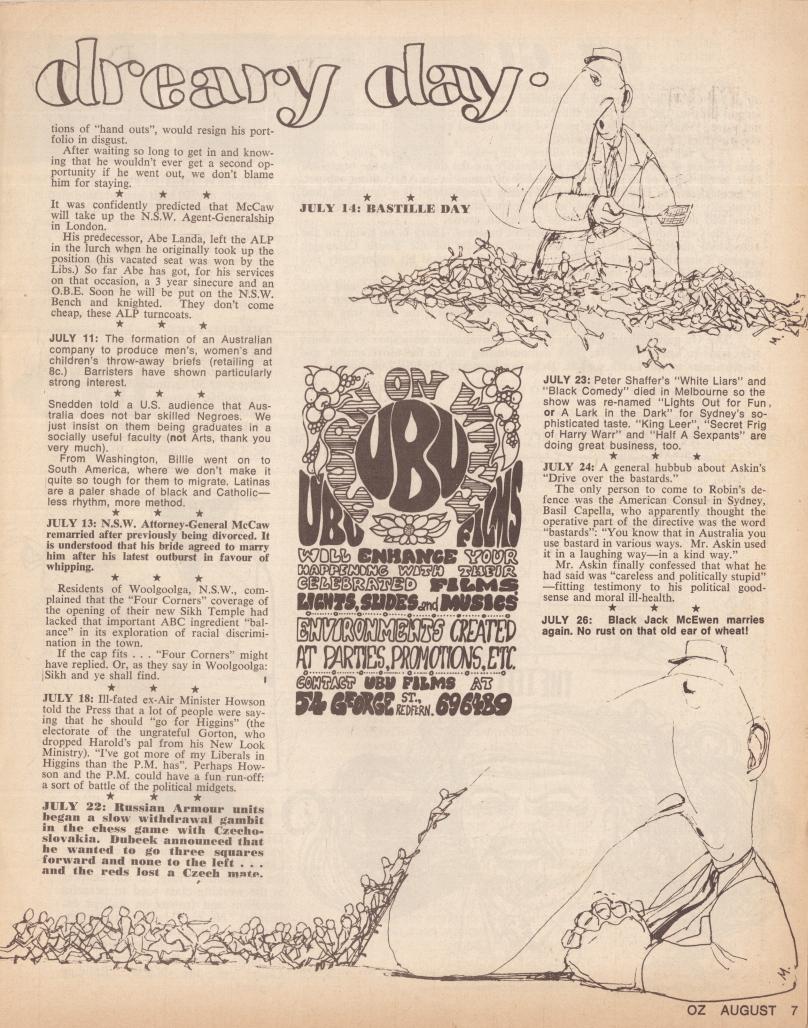
JULY 8: The sweet smell of success: CSR's profit up \$1.7 million. Nothing succeeds like monopoly.

JULY 9: The Mellish melee ended after Norm finaly decided that he could break a promise (Wally asked that "I go to Holsworthy and stay there until such time they take me," which Norm promised but did not keep)

Apart from going to hell for his false swearing, Norm is looking for a knighthood out of the affair and Det. Supt. Fergusson may get a Police Medal.

There still persists a story that Mellish arried Beryl bigamously. Most of the married Beryl bigamously. Most of the papers mised the fact that Wal has a child even if he doesn't have a first wife.

JULY 10: Wentworth and Nixon finally announced that there will be no township at Wattie Creek. In any other democracy W.C., after all his previous promises and castiga-



OZ GUIDB

The Australian Left-that fearful, shrouded, undercover Communist Front of dupes and fellow travellers, agitators and the great unwashed, which is second only to the Peril from the North as a government vote catcher-does not exist. What does exist is a mess of eight distinct groups, with memberships

varying from 25 to several hundred.

There are thousands, even millions, of people who support some of the aims of some of the groups; these, presumably are the dupes. But the organised Left, in the sense of an unspecified number of names in an ASIO filing cabinet, or faces known to Detective Sergeant Freddie Longbottom, is a confusing (and frequently confused) few. And, as the fragmentation process continues-and more and more groups emerge—the confusion grows.

The Left today is a fiercely competitive business. There is no room for the occasional do-gooder, as Barry Robinson, founder of the Youth Campaign Against Conscription (now defunct) was when he grasped his opportunity two

years ago and became, for a time, a "spokesman".

Barry is now on first-name-terms with most of the Left leaders, and some others, including Gough. He is seeking preselection for a Federal Labor seat, and will probably get it. But Barry would never make it the same way in the rough and tumble of today's Left.

The Oz guide to the Left should be of invaluable assistance to all those who want to know whom they are demonstrating for, to the Government, and in particular to the Left's patron: Detective Sergeant Freddie Longbottom.

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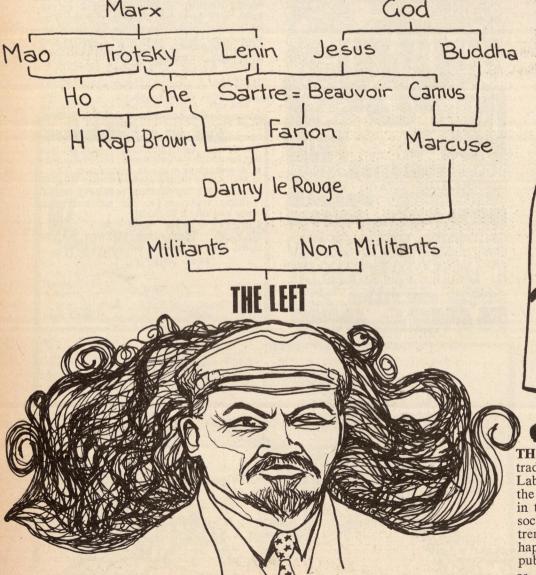
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THE NEW OLD LEFT: Resistance, a group of 70 high school students. led by a couple of Che Guevarist Arts drop outs. Produced the notorious pamphlet "How not to join the Army", and has done nothing else of note. Shares headquarters with Bob Gould (see The Far Left) who is wooing it, largely unsuccessfully. Holds lots of parties; bring your own pot.

THE OLD LEFT: The Establishment. The Communist Party (Moscow line) and the Young Socialist League. The members of this group are almost all either over 50 or under 25, apart from the prolific Aarons family. Laurie Aarons is still the king, but he has his problems: he is reported to have lost four nights' sleep deciding to back the Czechs against the Russians.



THE OLD OLD LEFT: Hardline trades unionists from the Left of the Labor Party and the traditionalists in the Communist Party. It still believes in the working class road to peaceful socialism and frowns on student extremists. No real leaders, except perhaps the Communists: relies for its public appeal on such dynamic figures as Slater of the Postal Workers and Clancy of the N.S.W. Building Workers.

E MAD LEFT: The Melbourne oists, mainly students led by Albert neer, who lives in daily fear of a

linist purge.

Ted Hill, boss of the Communist ty (China Line) rules from an air ditioned penthouse and spends ch of each year in China, getting line (Mao foots the bill). There a minor splinter group: the Old d Left, representing a couple of lbourne unions.



THE FAR LEFT: The self-styled Fourth Internationalists, of whom there are 25 in Australia, mainly in Sydney. Anti-communist (because it's too tame), they want revolution along Trotskyist lines.

The group is split: 12 follow Bob Gould, a bookshop proprietor too old for the Young Left and vice versa. Bob sells every badge from "Support the NLF" to "Up the Tigers", and does very nicely thank you. He also attends Labor Conferences, and is invited to speak against any motion the Executive wants to push through. He is known as "The Fuehrer" and is so far Left he's Right.

The majority of 13 follow the line of Hall Barry Greenland, at present rotting in a Paris gaol, and Denis Freney, who lives off Trotsky gold. Most of the far left have bad necks, through waiting for the ice pick.

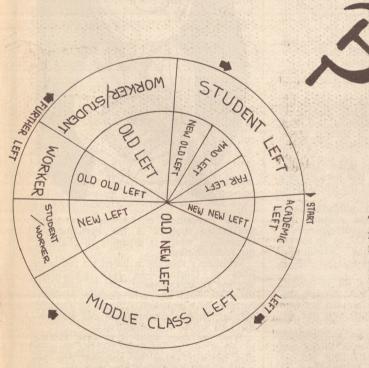
THE NEW NEW LEFT: The classless menagerie of university students, mainly in Sydney. The Melbourne group is led by Doug Kirsner. Ian Channel, a teaching fellow in sociology at the University of N.S.W., runs Action for Love and Freedom (ALF) and is generally described as an ageing idealist approaching second childhood. His wife teaches at Ascham. Mike Jones runs students for a Democratic Society (SDS) at Sydney University; he was a leader of the Students for Labor Victory campaign at the last Federal election, and cost the ALP several hundred votes in every electorate in which he appeared. Considered a social club rather than a political force.

2

THE OLD NEW LEFT: The Vietnam "conscience", spearheaded by the Association for International Co-operation and Disarmament, which is often accused of being a Communist front (it isn't). The predominance of clergymen in this group has also made it suspect as a Christian front.

Other organisations in this highly respectable mob include the Vietnam Day Committee in Melbourne and the Committee of Protest against Viet-

nam in Adelaide.





THE NEW LEFT: Brian Laver's civil rights cum-worker, cum-student group, mainly in Brisbane. Runs the FOCO discotheque in the Brisbane Trades Hall, where he is also Research Officer; (nominally he is also a student, but let that pass).

FOCO was originally backed by the Unions, but now all profits go to the Brisbane Underground Movement; no one knows what happens to them then, although one of Laver's patrons, Communist Union boss, Alex Mac-Donald would like to.

Laver is now off on a year-long trip round the world; the New Left is likely to fall apart without him.



initial moves

"Love me—I'm a Liberal", says the button the crasser of the Young Libs are sporting on their double-breasters. As far as is known, no one has yet taken them up on it. But it might be worth a try for the Prime Minister to wear one into the next cabinet meeting. He could hardly do any

worse than at present.

The politest thing anyone is prepared to say about him these days is that he is a good drinking mate. Those who remember him from school (Geelong Grammar, naturally) may describe him as a loud-mouthed bully; some who have met him since fall back on phrases like "mug lair", and if charitable, add that his wartime plane crash has probably damaged him a little psychologically.

But the interesting thing is not what is being said, although it is fairly strong criticism; or who is saying it, although they are often people close to the Prime Minister. It is where the insults are flying.

The anti-Gorton movement has finally come out of the Australian Club and into

the pubs.

One member of parliament who wishes to remain anonymous (it is understood to be Mr. H. B. Turner, Lib., Bradfield) was quoted during the month as saying that Mr. Gorton could not rely on five loyal votes in the whole parliamentary party, Reps. and Senate.

This sounds absurd when you think that only six months ago the man was elected Leader by a very large majority; but when you think about it, it's hard to pick even five.

Mr. Gorton was definitely in the Alec Douglas-Home position of being most people's second choice in January, and

since then has managed to alienate even his own proteges. Mr. Wentworth, for instance, is known to feel he has been sold down the river on Aborigines and pensioners, because he, poor fool, trusted

the Prime Minister.

It was not Mr. Gorton who refused to let him actually carry out his grandiose, and by then public, plans. It was Mr. McMahon and Mr. McEwen, working for once in harness. But Mr. Gorton, Mr. Wentworth feels, shouldn't have promised what he could not give and in any case. what he could not give, and in any case didn't seem to fight very hard.

The emergence of the Libs' answer to the Basic Industries Group, the Businessmen for Democratic Government, should be seen against this background. The businessmen have never really trusted Gorton since the "John the Strong", and his intransigence and ineptitude helped to prolong it.

But they kept their grumbles for the club

and consoled themselves with the idea that a Labor government would have to be worse. It was only last month, confronted with the results of Mr. Gorton's overseas junket (very bad for exports), that they decided something had to be done.

They held a long and boozy meeting, at which were between 50 and 100 people,

representing a vast amount of money and a good deal of influence within the Liberal

Naturally, one would not dream of impugning Sir Theo Kelly of Woolworths, or Mr. J. W. Dunlop of C.S.R. (among other things), or Mr. R. W. Miller of beer and tanker fame, or Mr. L. J. Hooker, still less Mr. H. B. Turner, by suggesting they

were present.
_Still less could one credit that it was Sir Theo Kelly who composed the advertisement that appeared in "The Australian" two days later. Still, an advertisement did appear and it asked all loyal Liberals to write to their M.P. suggesting Mr. Fairhall

for P.M.

The choice of Fairhall was a logical one the meeting had played with the idea of McMahon, Bury, Wentworth, and (wait for it) Ted St. John, but had decided one would have the backing.

Fairhall, on the other hand, was senior, and had clean hands from the last fight. It had also been widely suggested that, had

by Our Political Correspondent

he stood last time, he would have made it. Mr. Fairhall, of course, was informed of all this, and was appalled.

(A) He honestly doesn't want the job, preferring to be a quiet power in the back-

And (B) if he did want it, a public campaign of this kind would be the last way to

But the businessmen had the bit firmly between their teeth. They appointed Francis James as their spokesman, and then, hastily realising this was a tactical error, publicly sacked him. (Privately, of course, Francis is still in there.)

But the damage had been done: the mere mention of Francis's name had been enough to make most people decide the whole thing

was a pointless joke.

In fact, it isn't. Their publicity ideas may be peculiar (they had planned, for instance, to reprint this correspondent's column from last month's OZ as an advertisement in "The Australian". Until the paper's lawyers gently pointed out that it wasn't on.)

But the B.D.G. carry a lot of weight between them; and while they haven't succeeded in getting Fairhall into the hot seat (nor are they likely to), they may yet put

the skids under Gorton.

The letter they have sent to potential supporters (written by Francis James and reprinted elsewhere in OZ) may not do much, but a bit of quiet knifing work in the high places of the Liberal party could—just could—have an effect.

Gorton's defence against all this has been to keep his mouth shut, keep out of the public eye, do his drinking at home and make his public appearances at such innocuous places as Concord Town Hall, the Aborigines' Ball, and the Shore Old Boys'

smoko. (Admittedly he hasn't a lot of spare time, as distraught Treasury officials are monopolising most of it trying to explain to him what a budget is.)

He has also started the great campaign for an early election. His thinking is based on the fact that the Libs would find it very hard to replace a Leader in September and win an election three months later-even against a broke and disorganised A.L.P. It is not based on a desire to test the new electoral boundaries, which on the whole favour the Libs; and it is **not** based on a

fear of a great Labor resurgence next year.

He has support in Cabinet, from those who don't want to replace him and honestly feel he would be a loser in 1969. opposition comes from those who do want to replace him, and from those who feel there's bloody well got to he a hard budget this year or the economy is going to get

right out of control.



The opposition in Cabinet has found unexpected support in the Parliamentary Opposition, which is planning to challenge

the redistribution.
Whitham's thought is based on the same lines as Gorton's—he isn't particularly worried about the seats. But he doesn't in the least want an early election, which—barring the simultaneous deaths of Calwell, Hartley, Brown, Chamberlain and Keeffe—the Libs would win comfortably.

What he does want is to give Gorton as much air as possible, on the grounds that he will either be assholed (the big split) or will drink and talk himself out of

office.

It now looks as though Cabinet will have to grab their chance and replace the man (but God knows with whom) or else sit on him as hard as possible, and hope he imitates the action of his waxwork, which is now frightening children in Madame Tussaud's in London.

The following is the next of a letter, drafted by Mr. Francis James and sent to all Liberal Party branches, all parliamentary members of the Liberal Party, and various businessmen whom the Businessmen for Democratic Government happen to know. The footnotes are by our political correspondent.

A Federal Election must be held by November, 1969. We do not wish to see the Socialists win it. But that possibility becomes stronger every day, and will become a certainty if our Party drifts into even deeper disunity. We feel that drastic steps must be taken—quickly.

It is no secret that there are widespread doubts about the Prime Minister's performance.1 Some of you who will read this letter know already what we have to say: that there is grave dissatisfaction with the Prime Minister in the Cabinet, in the Parliamentary Party, in the Public Service, in the State Executive, and right down to better-informed small Party branches.

Very few members of the Parliamentary Party say a good word for the Prime Minister as Prime Minister, whatever their per-

sonal feelings towards him.

These differences within the Party are already obvious to people outside—the press and the general public. If they continue, let alone increase, then we face certain electoral defeat. Any Ministerial resignation (which is dangerously close at this moment)⁵ would seal our fate.

Differences within the ranks of the Labor

Party, which have helped us in the past, will be of no help whatever if we are in the

same condition.

At this point, let us make one thing clear. We have not been moved to action by any personal feeling against Mr. Gorton.4 On the contrary, some of us, especially from Victoria, have a high regard for many of his qualities. We do not impute it as a reproach that these qualities are not all that are needed for the Leadership in these critical times. He is in the same kind of position as Sir Alec Douglas-Hume or Sir Anthony Eden. In our opinion, he just lacks certain qualities needed by the country, and the Party, at this time.

There is no place in our thinking for the kind of character assassination that goes on in certain quarters, which we view with con-tempt. What Mr. Gorton does with his private time, for instance, is his own business, whether he relaxes on a fishing trips or over a few drinks or in a night club. Any man under the strain of public office has just as much right as the rest of us to seek whatever relaxation he chooses.

Our concern is purely political, and we

want to keep it that way.

Behind our thinking is the fact that Australians have begun to follow the American Presidential-style techniques. The ordinary public nowadays are tending to vote for a "presidential-style" figure, rather than a Party platform. That means that the public standing of the Prime Minister is crucial matter in any election.

Unfortunately, we do not have anything approaching the American system of Primaries, where the rank and file membership of the Party are able to indicate their preferences. We do not have anything like a Nominating Convention, where the Party as a whole can express its choice of the most suitable candidate to appeal to the Nation.

Under our system, the Leader is chosen by the Parliamentary Party. The branches, and the rank and file, have had no say in

it—so far.

We do not want to take this duty and privilege away from our Members. They are good men all, and in a better position to make a final judgment than most of us. However, in the present case the bitter truth is that our Members in the Senate and House of Representatives made a mistake. That is what most of them say now. They wish they had made a different choice.

The difficulty they face—and your Member is probably one concerned—is that without outside insistence it would look like an act of disloyalty for them to disown Mr. Gorton at this stage. Decent men do not pull their leader down except for serious reasons and under compelling pressure.8

That pressure, under our Party Constitu-tion, cannot very well be generated at a Council meeting, more or less under the public gaze, with the Party management looking on. There is only one place for it to gather strength—in the branches, and among the ordinary Party membership. In this way, it can be done quietly, and with the dignity we all want.

As mentioned above, we view character assassination with contempt. We are not going to set out a long list of Mr. Gorton's shortcomings. They are better known to members of the Executive, and the Parlia-mentary Party, than to us. In any case, they can be summarised shortly.

One thing disturbs the Cabinet most. It disturbs us most. It is Mr. Gorton's offthe-cuff way of speaking, without careful reflection. This rashness has already landed the Party in difficulty after difficulty. Nothing could be more damaging. He has to take his words back far too often. He fails to consult his colleagues before making statements on matters that concern them closely. He has failed to play the part expected of any Prime Minister in the most important Debates in Parliament. His failure to "do his homework" was shown in his rash statements in America and Asia, and made our Government look silly. He insulted the Prime Minister of India by leaving the country while she was still here, and so on. There are dozens of similar small instances. Individually, they may be unimportant. Any man can make a mistake. When added up, however, their cumulative effect is serious. Do they add up to a picture of the kind of Prime Minister our nation needs? We frankly do not think so.

We think that the country, and our Party, need a leader at this present time who will speak and act with a little more deliberation and dignity, who will keep more closely in touch with his colleagues, and who will

run a happy team.

You do not need to be pompous to be dignified. Sir Robert Menzies is a good example of what we mean. 10 So is the late Mr. Chifley, even if he was unfortunately not a Liberal. No one objects to an air of genuine informality in a Prime Minister. It can be a definite electoral advantage. But it is not an asset if other qualities are not present behind that air.

Our nation is facing many critical questions at this moment. Frankly, we are alarmed at the way they are being tackled. With the British withdrawal, and now Vice-President Humphries' intimation that we must look after ourselves, Defence policy seems to us of crucial importance.

It is no secret that Mr. Fairhall, as Minister responsible, has been urging a review of Defence. But nothing has happened. Foreign investment, the serious balance of payments problem and related matters have never been more worrying. How they are tackled does not only affect wage-earner. It will affect every wage-earner. It will affect the next Election. It is strongly believed in many informed quarters that another "credit squeeze" is imminent. It will affect every

There are too many different approaches to all these matters within the Cabinet. The present leadership has failed to reconcile them. "Glorious improvisation" is just not enough. The ship lacks a competent

helmsman.

After careful consideration, we are of opinion that the first politically possible successor to Mr. Gorton is Mr. Fairhall. It may well be that others would be better choices. Many of us have other ideas. We agree, however, that as a matter of politics Mr. Fairhall is the most suitable choice. We know that the Federal and N.S.W. Executives of the Party share our concern, and our view. Most of our Members of Parliament agree that a change is needed, but for personal and all sorts of other reasons there seems no clear opinion among them about the best successor."

This is where you can help, as a Liberal

supporter.

We ask you to think it over. If you agree, then we ask you to telephone or write to your Federal Member. (If he is a Labor man, write to one of our Senators.)

Mr. Fairhall is obviously not going to thrust himself forward. In public, he has no choice but to say he is not interested. Do not be deceived by that. We have reason to believe that, when the hour comes, he will not refuse to do his duty. 18

Finally, we ask you to keep the contents of this letter confidential. It is obviously undesirable for a breath of it to get into the press, which is always only too ready to print sensational matter about our diffi-culties.18

Businessmen for Democratic Government.

Everyone thinks he's an oaf. They hate him.

- Wentworth; also possibly Fairhall. 3. See 2.
- When he is needed in Cabinet.

6. Or Several drinks. Over several more drinks.

- Which we are doing our best to exert.
- That's how we heard about them.

Also a bad example. 10.

- Some want the job: others want to make sure an enemy doesn't get it.
- We have been deceived by this. Actually of course it isn't, which is why we made sure all papers got a сору.

Freddie & Clyde

Sir Frank Packer has attempted to lock other people out of their offices—e.g., his Great Siege on Francis James' "Anglican". Last month it happened to him.

Following a peaceful (and therefore largely unpublicised) student march through Sydney, about 50 militants decided the "Telegraph" would be a good place for a

About 20 of them actually made it inside before Det.-Sgt. Freddie Longbottom, showing a good turn of speed for his age, caught up and blocked one of the building's many doors. They then played hideand-seek with a very scared security officer (Sir Frank looks after his old reporters) for some time, before Clyde, Sir Frank's son and heir, stormed down and ordered most of them out.

Clyde (a Member of the N.S.W. Legislative Council) then showed the qualities that have marked him for a strong political future by rushing round the block, locking every door and abusing the police. The students gathered outside the Elizabeth Street entrance, hammering on one door and abusing Clyde, who, from behind several inches of wood not including his

head, replied in kind.
At this stage a large black car drew up, and who should get out but Sir Frank, no doubt on his way to order another anti-student editorial. Sir Frank lurched through the scrum to the locked door, ordered Clyde to open it, and, after a few quite funny exchanges, was admitted.

Once in, he worked fast. In seconds, the 20-odd police controlling the 20-odd students were reinforced by two wagon-loads and the entire riot squad van, just back from a happy few days with Wally Mellish.

Meanwhile Sir Frank met four of the students Clyde had accidentally locked inside the building, and promised them space in the "Telegraph" to reply to his editorials (they did, and Sir Frank promptly wrote another one rubbishing the reply). He also offered \$10,000 towards any libel suit they wished to hang on him.

But there was a catch: if the libel suit failed, the leader of the student delegation, Mike Jones (see lift-out on the Left), had to buy the "Telegraph" for the rest of his

Cyclops, as Sir Frank is known to his employees (for both physical and political reasons), has all the odds on his side.

The students have not been able to find barrister prepared to go ahead with the libel action, and they are unlikely to; no names have been mentioned in the Packer anti-student editorials, and you can't libel a

It is not known if Jones has yet taken out his lifetime subscriptions to The Paper You Can Trust; but it seems compulsory. OZ would welcome suggestions from readers for possible uses he could put it to.

Graft in low places

Warringah Shire Council was in the news recently after one of its councillors was allegedly caught receiving a bribe. One land development company wouldn't pay to obtain approval for its subdivision and this meant the end of what appeared to be a profitable and long-lasting scheme.

It was alleged at the councillor's trial and in other enquiries that there were at least eight councillors involved in a syndicate which formed a majority on council,

split the bribes and guaranteed success

PHIZZGIGS CONT.

Although the records of council meetings show that a group thought with a single mind on many topics, this was not concrete evidence. No follow-up charges were laid.

However, what the Crown Law Department lost on the swings, Taxation may make up on the roundabouts. When police action fizzled out, income tax investigators descended and dragged out all sorts of embarrassing bank accounts, land purchases and false deductions.

Even if crime does pay, at least it

doesn't pay tax-free.

Vatican Sauares

Cardinal Norman (Bluey) Gilroy set for

Cardinal Norman (Bluey) Gilroy set for 4.30 his St. Mary's press conference to explain why the Pill is forever banned.

By 4.45 he hadn't arrived, and the press was getting restive. "Where is the old bastard?" one reporter asked. "Nothing unusual," said another. "He's just thirteen hundred and twenty-two years and fifteen minutes late." minutes late.'

When Bluey, a Harold Holt smile glued to his features and a little red skull cap glued to his head, walked into the crypt ten minutes later, the 20th century might never have happened. He and his hench-men sat under a Gothic arch at a table draped with what looked like a small chenille bedspread.

On Bluey's right (if that is possible): Bishop Muldoon, of Mavis Bramston fame, and Father Murray, the church's mouth-piece. On his left: Dr. Radford SM, Dr. Madden, and a real live doctor, the Guild of St. Luke's leading obstetrician. If Galileo had been present, he would have recanted on the spot.

The papal encyclical, which Muldoon described as "positive, beautiful, and elevating" was translated from the Latin into an almost incomprehensibly flowery English all 8,000 words. Bluey read a letter from a mate in Rome describing the anguish Paulus PP VI went through as he spent

Paulus PP VI went through as he spent three years on his knees trying to think of a way to axe the progressives. Then Muldoon explained what it all meant.

To his credit, he did not actually use the phrase "they will burn in Hell forever", but he did have a marvellous hour talking about mortal sin, grave bindings in conscience purity divine law and truth conscience, purity, divine law, and truth. "The truth spoken can never retard," he explained, in his famous 18th century

What about Protestants who took the pill? Muldoon looked at Radford who smiled like a shark. "That," he said, "would be what we in the trade call invincible ignorance."

"It's been a real pleasure," said Bluey, his face all but breaking in half with bon-homie, and the press conference ended. The reporters went off to spend a few hours on their knees contemplating Muldoon's summing-up: "I think Catholics will heave a great sigh of relief — at last we have a decision from the Vicar of Christ."



Sir Frank talks to young friends before Clyde lets him in.

MADIA TRIA



Magazines: People was added to the heap of fallen magazines. One effect of the increased newspaper competition has been more magazine articles in the daily press. This and television have taken the carpet from under the lightweight weeklies . . . Go Set is not doing as well as it used to, due to that other phenomenon (which caused Everybody's demise), a current acute shortage of pop idols, the essential grist to the pop magazine mill. As usual, the advertising media men are about 12 months behind the times and have just discovered Go Set when it is in decline. By the same token, advertisers are still only slowly coming around to realising that Women's Day is increasing its circulation faster than the Weekly and that the Sydney Mirror has overtaken the Sun.

OZ men in the news: London OZ is currently fighting a rearguard action against the U.K. Taxation Commissioner. London OZ has always been very big on including fold-up posters. In fact, one issue was just two posters (back and front) folded up and sold as a magazine. Because it was unstapled, it was classified by the Commissioner as a poster, not a magazine, and sales-taxed accordingly. London OZ has refused to pay and will ultimately be prosecuted—very Al Capone! . . In Sydney OZ co-editor Richard Walsh is to take up the editorship of Pol, a new high-quality women's monthly magazine, for the Gareth Powell organisation. He will continue to co-edit OZ with Dean Letcher as usual.

Another new magazine will come out of the Melbourne Age offices this month, edited by "Wild Pete" Steedman, former Monash and Melbourne long-time undergraduate.

Steedman is on friendly terms with the young-brigade now running the Age (Old School connections) and has been given virtually "carte blanche"—in fact, so much so that his plans are still a little "blanche". He would like to run an Esquire weekly; they would like him to run a studentorientated news magazine monthly. To begin with, it will most certainly be monthly and distributed only in Victoria. Later (if successful) it may go nationally and even weekly—extra competition for the Bulletin and even New Statesman, which is still actively contemplating a local edition.

and even vew states and actively contemplating a local edition.

Some have asked how this former campus gadfly will fit into the Age's brand of politics, which anyhow is currently undergoing reappraisal of its long love of the Liberal Party. Those close to the scene assure us Steedman will need no sitting on —he has "mellowed".

The A.B.C.: 1968's radio entry to the Italia Prize, "The Non-Commercial Traveller" by Melbourne ad.-man and poet Richard Packer, will never be heard in Australia. It is a stereophonic production and Australian radio doesn't have stereo.

Once upon a time Australia did have F.M. mono. That, at least, was a start. But the P.M.G. re-allocated the channel as soon as TV opened its groups square even

as TV opened its groggy square eye.

However, since the drastic decline of interest in radio, manufacturers have been forced to take up the F.M. standard also. The A.B.C. itself has many influential members willing to talk F.M. at the drop of a finger bun. Maybe one day there will be a change—but not this year in time to hear our entry to one of the world's most important cultural prizes.



When Sir Charles Moses was still going through his Fellini stage, he got the brilliant idea that what the A.B.C. needed was a good Italian director. So he went to Milan and picked up John Carlo Manara.

Despite his presence in Australia for some time, Manara still has not fully mastered the language, not in itself a particularly grave fault but not the most likely credential for directing an Australian literary classic. However, Manara was chosen to produce Special Projects' version of Lawson's "The Drover's Wife".

Nyngan was chosen as the film-site: scenic, yes, but is it Lawson country? The film crew did their stuff and, apart from a bush-fire that got out of control, returned without mishap.

The film is generally conceded to be a flop. It has gone through enough editings to knock any freshness it might originally have had out of it. It will be seen nationally this month.

The A.B.C. is still looking for a tame literary figure to proclaim it a masterpiece. **Television:** "Seven Days" has finally folded. It never recovered from the loss of John Moses, who was bought up by Packer. Either Moses or Kevin Perkins, the *Telegraph's* news editor, will be compere of Sir Frank's answer to "This Day Tonight".

Sir Frank, who is always adventurous in his promotion of Australian talent, has decided to run a pilot of his news-review show—at 7 a.m. From this he will judge whether there is likely to be sufficient public interest to warrant its being given some of his precious peak time. What could be fairer than that?

The slow leakage of personnel from Sydney's TEN 10 has been offset by the new inclusion of Douglas Brass on to the Board. Rupert Murdoch (who was one of the origi-

nal unsuccessful applicants for TEN) has finally managed to clamber aboard the sinking ship.

Programme of the Year was undoubtedly the Andrew Jones/Bob Gould "Encounter" programme. There is a nasty rumour flying that Barry Jones was fed the accusation that Gould is an A.S.I.O. agent-provocateur by a well-known Victorian Labor M.P. Gould is considering legal action against the programme, as well as against Packer for the reportage in the Sunday Telegraph that Gould's office contains a poster "MURDER JOHNSON". (In fact, the poster reads "JOHNSON MURDERER".)

GAUGHT in the A.G.T.

from our Canberra Correspondent

*A seven-foot-high white brick fence has just been completed around the Lodge. It has yet to receive its christening in graffiti. Canberrans feel that rather than keeping demonstrators out, parliamentarians chipped in for the cost to keep Gorton in.

★News of the birth of the second child for the McMahons came as such a surprise (we thought Billy was in confinement preparing the Budget) that no one had time to speculate

*The file detailing how Miss Giotto came to be the P.M's. private secretary is kept under Highest Security in the P.M's. Department. What with Black Jack off getting married again, being a Minister's Secretary has really become the IN thing.

*It's been suggested to Billy Wentworth and his Aboriginal Affairs Board that an

*It's been suggested to Billy Wentworth and his Aboriginal Affairs Board that an "Israeli-type" (keeps cropping up, that term) kibbutz system would be ideal for Australian Aborigines. Presumably they would be kept well clear of the Arabs Billie Snedden is recrueding to migrate here.

is persuading to migrate here.

★The word went around that Gorton was trying to line Miss Giotto up for preselection for the A.C.T. seat—a most unlikely story. However, there are very firm efforts being made to re-site the girl in some less strategic position than her present one—say, Social Secretary to Mrs. Gorton.

★Redistribution and an imminent election have sent the capital into a tizz. Among the rumours: that Vines (late of the Wool Board) will contest Kennedy for the C.P.; Harry Jensen (who dropped out of the N.S.W. A.L.P. Leadership Stakes) will try for Robertson; Mr. Barnes will face Liberal opposition again. N.S.W. State A.L.P. Secretary Armitage, who does not enjoy very high favour, may be kicked upstairs into a pre-selection. His successor? Would you believe Cyril Wyndham?

Finally, The Word is that there will be appressed to the successor.

Finally, The Word is that there will be an escalation in the numbers to be conscripted. If in doubt, there's nothing like a Khaki election to bring the Libs home at a

PRANGO!

THE AIR ADVENTURES OF BUNGLES by Capt. W. C. John

The Aborigines' Ball was in full swing by the time Bungles drop-

ped in.

Every Aborigine of note — from Charlie Perkins' mother to Frank Hardy — was there, jiving it up to a little John Antill number. To add a little more colour, some Negro sailors had come along plus an Eskimo, a Canadian Indian and a Maori, here to enjoy a guided tour of Black Australia.



Bungles was still feeling guilty about not being able to talk the Squadron into giving the Dark People a base at Wave Hill. As revenge, he had decided to front a lucky lube to the Ball.

"Cinderella", the Press had called her. Bungles kept a ner-

vous eye on the time.

The Bungless had refused to join him this evening. She had just found out about his plans to find Ainslie a spare seat in his Sopwith Bicameral and she was furiously

putting pressure on him to marry Ainslie off to Algy.

After a couple of Barnesdances, Bungles decided it was time for his petite partner to take a little amber lubracation. Leaning against the Colour Bar, in one of his more familiar poses, he told the newsmen the old story about Jacky Jacky and the rubber didgeridoo.

Later, he struck up a conversation with the Eskimo, who ran a small mixed business (his wife was

French) at Winnipeg.

The Eskimo explained to him that the guided tour of Aboriginal settlements had only included N.S.W. and Canberra. However, he had found the natives in Canberra particularly restless.

Trouble along the Molonglo? Bungles frowned. He knew there must have been some reason why the Squadron kept urging him to test the F-111s personally.

A brief official communique last night said the 70-year-old Pope would continue his workbut at a reduced rhythm.

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There is a rumour we must deny.
Some members of the police force and their running dogs from the daily press have claimed Liverpool police operated a car-stealing and stripping ring with Wally Mellish.

And, they say, the police wanted Wally dead so he couldn't

talk to Mr. Allan.

How nasty some people are.
Some even suggest police
threw rocks on Wally's house
when Mr. Allan left the scene
to entice him out.

And some people have the nerve to think that somebody found 65 cars only a mile or so down the road from "Honeymoon House".

If all this is true, Wally certainly needed that Armalite.

Now we are hearing scurrilous untruths that Wally has written letters to both Bob Askin and the Commissioner telling them of the car ring.

How refreshing that no rumours have been spread around about the Revesby weekend.





armalite sonata

A man last night was holding his ten-year-old "dream" child hostage in a Sydney opera house. The man, a middle-aged minister for works, demanded that authorities pay a king's ransom before he would give up. Government leaders described the demand for \$100 million as being "very fair". The drama paralleled in many

details the fantastic siege of 1964, involving a deranged Danish migrant and his six-year old baby. On that occasion a diminutive drafts-man was left holding the baby.

Last night state authorities said that they would "play it cool" just as they had on the previous occasion.

"When dealing with a person like this, we have to expect that he will

not honour his promises to come out at a certain time or under certain conditions. Not long ago the man told us that he would give up for \$50 million after three years.'

"He said that he would leave the building if he could talk to Rev. Peter Hall, the well-known Functional Brutalist, but the reverend gentleman seems to have had little success in solving the gunman's problems."

LATE NEWS: The besieged man told police early this morning that he wished to marry Anna Russell and would go to Morisset immediately afterwards. Police are uncertain whether they should increase the number of prima donnas inside the house.



DAILY TELEGRAPH, JULY 29

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