All about OZ

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

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

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

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

What did the Western Powers do when
Japan invaded Manchuria:
Germany re-occupied the Rhine-

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

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

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

All the week I had been getting diarrhoea and now it began again. It was so bad I was stopping every few hundred yards. "Come on," they yelled from the boat. "Hurry up." On a Channel swim they can't even wait for a girl to spend a penny.

SUNDAY TELEGRAPH, AUGUST 8

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Lyndonisation of history is bunk.

BRUCE ANDERSON

August 1st. Mike Glasheen, Peter Kingston, Peter Wright.

Right to self-determination is what the people of New Guinea want. They are determined to stand up to this American imperialism. They want to live in their own country.

The right to self-determination is what the people of Viet Nam want. They are determined to stand up to American imperialism. They want to live in their own country.

Perc Galea's case is a case of individual wealth being used to further White Australian imperialism. But his case is a case of individual wealth being used to further American imperialism.

In 1918 the United States was a small country compared to the United States today. But in 1918 the United States had already begun to move towards a policy of World War I. In 1918 the United States had been the leading power in the world for several years.

Today the United States is the leading power in the world. But in 1918 it was still a small country compared to the United States today.

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the losses.
Surely it isn't possible that Perc runs the biggest baccarat school in Sydney? Not Honest Perc, who gave all the money he earned at the baccarat by the time he took up the plate at Coopie church on Sundays, whose son, Clive, is a Sydney lawyer? It hardly seems possible that he is a crook.

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

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

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

as bad as might have been and anyway we were receiving.

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

"We run this hotel is that we have confined the rank and file dark person to a particular section of the hotel, not all, but the majority. "We have others — we employ a number and others are members of the dart club — and they mix through the hotel..."Don't think for a moment that the towns people are against the dark person."

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

LATE NEWS

* CHANGE OF ADDRESS
The York Club is now 240 Pitt St, Sydney; NOT as on page 16.

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

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

* DID YOU KNOW
Packer is amalgamating soon with Murdoch? And Zell Rabin of the Sydney Mirror is about to edit The Australian!

BACK COPIES
Collector will pay good price for good copies of OZ, Nos. 1, 6 and 8. Please send offer to Lindsay Jameson, 67 Sutherland Road, Jannili, N.S.W., naming price required.

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

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

SEPTEMBER 2. The Sydney Press unearthed someone who did not realise that the Second World War had ended. Naturally we thought it was either Sir William Yeo or Eric Baume. It turned out to be a Formosan in a Sydney mental hospital. We weren't so far out — wrong race, right spiritual home.

September 1. La Stupenda gave her opening performance in Sydney. Her husband had...
THE TEENAGE IDOL AND THE IDOLATER

As I saw him, he cares
nothing about morality, little
about religion, less about
truth. He was the complete egotist
whose main concern is himself
and Mirror circulation.

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

The merchant of hypocrisy

By P.J. PROBY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Did this priest see
no special
responsibilities in writing for a
newspaper?
"Yes. I keep my sentences
short. Leave the sermons for
the pulpit or Dita Cobb's
show. I pride myself on my
pithy style."

I asked him about the in-
cident in which he split his infini-
tives but still continued writing.
No, he said, he had not split
them on purpose. Nor did they
reveal anything more than a
bad style. "I showed no more
than any other hack journalist,"
he boasted, slicking back his
long greasy eyebrows.

Would not his child readers
copy his poor example?
"They read me for the sin,
not the syntax." (His "photo-
grapher" smirked.)

Did he have any reservations
about appearing on television?
"None at all, I'm available for
any show. That's the advantage
in being a free-lance cleric. I
don't have obligations to any-
one."

"The "secretary" gave him
yet another of his long white
cigarettes and her body twisted
in languorous venality as she
moved. I felt unclean.

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

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

"Amen," said his "photo-
grapher."

—FRED AND LETCHER.
Sirs

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

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

In the meantime, the battle-scarred troops of the A.L.P. will continue to fight alongside causes on which the good Peter is on the horizon already, and it won’t be long before dawn breaks.

Ian Learry,
Brighton, Vic.

Sirs

On the supposed impartiality of the Mavis Bramston Show:

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

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

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

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

Anne Cutter,
St. Hilda’s College,
Parkville, Vic.

Sirs

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Diary of a Worker

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

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

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


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

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

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

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

— TIM PIGOTT

OZ, September 5
The Photo That Never Was

Late last month, the Sydney press finally gave up hope of ever printing a photo they had dreamed about for years but had never taken: an emancipated Darcy Dugan arm-in-arm with his father outside the gates of one of Her Majesty's prisons. The headline would read: "DARCY PAYS HIS DEBT." Unfortunately, Dugan's 91-year-old father had just died. Although one of their personas was missing, the papers weren't to be deprived of their drama altogether. Their headlines screamed: "DUGAN OUT!" Two old ladies behind me in a bus immediately presumed he had escaped again—as perhaps the papers hoped they would.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The evening papers covered the story of the funeral on front and other pages. They must have sold well, because on Friday, the late final extra of the Sun carried another two pages. The front page story was called "The Man in the Freedom Suit." His face still has the cockiness of the young criminal who has defied the world and will continue to defy it.

But there is something fateful about the picture. It is dated—like the young Dugan himself. He has changed, slowly, as all men change. Men who have come out of Grafton have told of Dugan crying aloud for his mother. The story may be untrue, for many criminals are emotional liars and sentimentalists into the bargain. But the picture on the right shows whatever life has graven on the face and into the soul of Dugan, it is not sentimentality.

Prison wisdom? Yes; softness? No. It was taken yesterday at the graveside of his father, and he is wearing the suit presented to him by friends, for the grand and longed for day on which he was to leave prison—the day his father did not live to see.

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

It's all there: the cheap, tear-jerking journalism that should be dead with The Truth. It was a corny, disgusting story, full of the worst kind of self-righteousness and condescension. No doubt it was intended to make suburban feel cozy, safe and free from sin. It was a phrase-mongers field day. Surely one of the chief regrets of the newspaper world was that Dugan's mother wasn't there to greet him at the foot of the grave and ask at their goading: "Darce, did you really cry out loud for me when you were inside?"

—R.B.

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

Fred's
3 Jersey Road, Woollahra
Telephone 32 4815 for reservations

BOOMERANGS

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

WICKEDNESS
(A GUIDE TO EXTERNAL AFFAIRS)

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

Boys for Hire
Wild Rhythm & Blues band available for any function...

The Showmen
Ring Bill Ferris 40-1628.
After Five
Lion Shoot

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

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

Emergency Ward Ten

Come Heather

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

Bedouin Attack
(Leave this to the imagination.)

VAGINAL ASPIRATOR

105th CAVALRY REGIMENT

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

Broken Cartridges

The essence of 1,000 crushed cartridges in every ½ ounce.
In Memoriam

Soldier Killed in Action, Gallipoli, July 1915.

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

—R.G.M.
To-
Oft have I purposed in my hours of thought
To take my pen and write some lines to thee —
Some snatch of song, some sylvan melody,
Some haunting strain that all my soul has sought.
Yet has my pen refused the grace unbought
That charms the listening heart to ecstasy,
Nor has the Heavenly Muse vouchsafed to me
The power to tell what joys the years have brought.
How oft we've seen it, lived among it all,
Gazed like lorn spirits raptured at the view,
While the vague whisperings of a loftier call
Were more to me, because full shared by you.
For this, the days that come, though dark as night,
Shall be for ever flushed with wondrous light.
'MUM' P. 49; 1915. —R.G.M.

The Soul of Hope
A Reform Song
Out from the mmurk of the time that surrounds us,
Out from the dull, carking cures of today,
Into the future with distant hopes gleaming,
Glimpses of dreamland shall show us the way.
What though the world may laugh, pointing and jeering,
What though mankind may smile wisely and long;
We, with the thought that is burning within us,
Boldly will onward, our pathway a song!
Let the poor fools who delude them with folly,
Say that our cry is but lost in the air,
Let them assert, with their smug self-complacency,
Failure alone waits the men who will dare!
There is behind us a spirit that prompts us;
Time shall approve what we pace the lone path for,
Spaces to come shall resound to our tread;
So we march ever, our gaze still before us.
Dreaming the dream of a world that is better,
Seeing the vision of men that are free,
Yearning to find the great day of our triumph,
Lit with the glory of reaching our goal!
This is the prayer, and the life, and the hope of us,
This is our blazing, unquenchable Soul!
'MUM' P. 22; 1914. —R.G.M.

'De' (2)
I plead for poetry. As an Australian I ask for the day when Australia shall reach a very high place among nations of all time. This result will come by a cultivation of the soil, by a fostering of all that abound in the soil, and by a cultivation of the mind — Australian soil; true, Australian spirit, of course: but I am talking of the soil, and the accuracy of the poet's voice.
We live in a great world; but at times it is narrow. Like a conception alone with Nature, we are but a part of the great world. We should stand on the highest peak, and look across the rolling sea of space. The power and of eternity has its vague sense, awaking a soul, obsessed with thoughts of the world as it may be in the future under its real order. We should live in the future as it should be, and not as it is. We might invent a more hopeful future, and its sweeping power and of eternitv has its vague sense, awaking a soul, obsessed with thoughts of the world as it may be in the future under its real order. We should live in the future as it should be, and not as it is. We might invent a more hopeful future, and

'SOON' P. 85; 1914.

'Some who ar ntvus
And but a bit of sun
to thee
We raised the hope to be
We knew not, and we
We say but Hope's
With the, ore, men see
Grim Mars in majesty,
And weep to hear a
So to unveil the
Bold would he
When a full thou-
And war-wolves and
Yet, though the ch
Another birthday to
'MUM' P. 18; 1915.
"Melbourne University Rifles"

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

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

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

Musketry is to be gone into more thoroughly this year, and a four days' "musketry camp" will be held shortly. This will mean that instead of a few hurried shots with a borrowed rifle in a failing light, the recruit will be taught the elements, and it will be possible to give some of the theories of range practice a practical application.

"The Blue upon the Hills"

(An Extract)

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

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

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

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

"March"

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

After being told for close on 17 years that Holden is Australia’s Own Car we were informed by way of a recent press advertisement that the Holden Premier is “First with the Impressed Look”—Zippy dot!

Now you can have your Holden with a Vinyl Covered Roof just like those exceptionally rare imported cars you’ve admired so much—or so the ad goes on to say. It’s a great gimmick. Best move yet we’ve seen in the planned obsolescence race. Guaranteed for a trade-in in six months—or as soon as it gets dirty and starts to peel. It’s available in two colours: Black and White. With the black, the interior should reach about 180 degrees on a hot summer’s day. The white will get so dirty you’ll have to get the White Knight in every day. But, boy, do they look King on the showroom floor!

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

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

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

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

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

There’s a big finish.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

On July 31 The Australian carried a front page picture of a Perth man burning his car—a 1961 model Falcon. No mention of the car make, but it was reasonably obvious what it was. The story went on to tell that the fellow had had so much trouble with it since paying £1000 that he decided to vent all his pent-up hate by publicly burning it. He must have invited a newspaper photographer along to witness it.

The photograph shows the man gleefully throwing branches and logs on the blaze. His is typical of many people’s reactions to their feelings about these cars, though very few go so far. Well done, Sir! Oz has decided to make you a Life Member of the “Stamp Out Holdens (and the Likely) Club.”

Arthur Hankin

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

Baptize her, said the priest.
Interview her, said the editor.
Audition her, said the A & R man.
Con her, said the Communist.
Vag her, said the cop.
Check her affiliations, said the security chief.
Ban her, said the professional patriot.
Rape her, said the Rover Boys.
Spray her, said the morals veterinarian.
Take a blood-smear, said the government analyst.
Shoot her, said the soldier.
Let’s go, they all said.
—And pretty soon there wasn’t much left
Except a couple of feathers over near the door.
And a hell of a strong feeling that any day now there’d be WAR...
—BRUCE DAWE
How do you recognise an atomic explosion?

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

How does one recognise these infallible signs?

They can be identified by the following methods:

a. The wet finger. Put your finger in your mouth and then hold it up in the air. If your finger drops to the ground, then it is over ripe: atomic rays ripen fingers prematurely. Shake your hands to allow the others to drop off.

b. The Geiger-counter. The Geiger-counter is a machine which detects atomic rays. If in doubt, hold the Geiger-counter in the hand and carefully observe its reactions. If the machine is transformed to a heap of ash, there has been an atomic blast. If it is thrown out of your hand, an ordinary bomb has probably just been exploded which is still some cause for alarm but quite irrelevant in this context.

Where do you find tall-out shelters?

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

What to do after the explosion

Before anything else, count the survivors. If you can still count, it means you are alive: which is a bloody miracle.

Particular cases

(1) If the bomb has not exploded, it is necessary to unprime it by hitting it hard on the sharp end with a hammer.

(2) If the bomb goes “Pss!” it means the uranium is damp. Put the bomb in the stove for a few moments or take it to bed with you.

(3) If the bomb begins to go tick-tick-tick, wind it up and walk briskly in the opposite direction.

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

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

When can one venture out of the shelter?

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

Good luck!

WHAT NOT TO DO

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

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

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

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

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

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

WHAT TO DO

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

Instead, call out: “Missed! Democracy lives!”

Instead, use your hands to protect your genitalia.

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

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

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

Return to Sender

Jesus H. Christ! I sure am glad that's over.

A new goddamn government every hour,

Disentry rampant after my deodorant Stick ran out; some religious sect

Burning each other off like bonfires...

And I'd still be there but for those bugged mikes That caught me reading some Bertolt Brecht

To a popsie who wanted a German poem first.

They said I had a Commie in my bed.

Jesus how was I to know this Brecht guy was a Red?

After all I'm a quarter Kraut myself.

The whole assignment was hell: barbed wire around My dinner, that food-taster who flaked after His first ginger onslaught on my peas.

Outside, queues of stacked corpses

Were being sent back overseas

To subscribers at home who had patiently Filled out the coupon below.

Make my son a patriot. I understand

You will send his body back gift wrapped

In stars and stripes, post-free.

Name________________________

Address________________________State________

This offer applies only to the first 1,000.

I conquer a cup of tea.

Even the stench from those candy coloured packs outside

Could not extinguish my cigar's glow.
Go Right Young Man

From the current issue of the Australia International News Review:

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

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

Who started the Second World War?
Who runs our newspapers?
Who's poisoning our drinking water?
Who's killed Comecon Robin?

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

THE GREAT PLOT. To understand the Great Plot one must go right back to the most ignominious betrayal of everything we live by—President Roosevelt's signing of the Treaty of Yalta in 1945. In the world of AINR, Judas Iscariot and Lee Harvey Oswald shine as saints in comparison with crisis that requires an 'accord' between the live by—President Roosevelt's signing of eventually with the government of the USSR most ignominious betrayal of everything we "That policy appears to be, to merge eventually with the government of the USN via the UN.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yet if the editors of AINR are sincere in their opposition to Nazism they have a quaint way of demonstrating it. On the one hand, they allow in their current issue one reader furnish the address of the US Nazi leader, George Rockwell, to assist readers "now anxious to obtain authentic neo-nazi literature" and then they add an editorial footnote that "Rockwell is probably the
Communists’ most publicised agent provocateur in the US. His chief job is to maintain the smokescreen of a renascent nazism and so divert attention from the red fascists.”

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

THE CHURCH. If AINR is not anti-Jewish, at least overtly, it is decisively less tolerant of people who associate itself with the mainstream of liberal Western thought. Liberalisation or “aggiornamento” at the Vatican is seen as a betrayal by Pope John of the great principles adhered to by Pius XII. It is an active connivance with the Left to surrender the West to Communism: “So the aggiornamento party advances, hoping to meet its brothers of the world revolution halfway in common worship of the UN and totalitarian world government.” (2, p.27).

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

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

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

- anti-fluoride: “a minority today is again trying to force the majority to drink itself to extinction.” (4, p.25)

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

- anti-Pill: “The Western peoples, who flocked into civilisation, are bent on wiping themselves out with The Pill” (7, p.25)

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

- the Country Party, of course, is beyond the pale for its support of wheat to Red China. Sir William Gunn is pinpointed as one of the principal advocates of this—and we all know about the Wool Scheme. The CP is also guilty of harbouring within its ranks Mr. Barnes, who might conceivably one day give New Guinea independence.

- the Liberal Party, even, is being “red-anted”: “as Messrs. Wentworth, Jess and Kilien pointed out, the danger today was not communism in its old Marxist guise, but the spread of the same kind of thinkers in the disguise of brave new world planners, liberal Liberals and intellectual socialists. The Liberal Party itself had moved so far to the left they wondered—did it fall or was it pushed?” (4, p.29)

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

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

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

Our Leaders

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

Our leaders, the potent monuments,
Cast gross shadows across his head,
Confident that to all intents
He must be reactionary or red.

Whon self-esteem is cast in bronze
What matter how the patina grows;
Age gives wisdom, if not to dons,
And youth can go and blow its nose.

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

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

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

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

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

Their white Australia being a matter
Of keeping black or yellow out,
While those damn canedaddas
Can go perpetual walkabout.

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

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

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

Q. Bob, when you first started writing songs, did you write like Woody Guthrie? A. Like I'm from Minnesota. Did you ever grow up in Minnesota, or hear Woody Guthrie? I didn't hear him until I was around a college.

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

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

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

Then I heard of Josh White... Then you heard of Guthrie... Then I heard about those riots in San Francisco...

The HUAC riots? And I moved out on meeting James Dean so I decided to go meet Woody Guthrie.

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


I've read his little tiny book, "Evil Flowers."

You're thinking of Baudelaire. Yes, I've read his tiny little book, too. How about Hank Williams? Do you consider him an influence?

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

Tell us about your movie. It's gonna be in black and white. Will it be in the Andy Warhol style?

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

Allen Ginsberg. I'm going to rewrite it. Who will you play in the film? The hero.<br>Who is that going to be? My mother. Will it have significance? That is, some hidden philosophical meaning or message? Say, like Albee's play, "Tiny Alice?" "Tiny Alice" is that what you said? No, "Tiny Alice." Let's drop—Bob, do you have any philosophy about life and death? About death?

How do I know, I haven't died yet. Hey, you're insulting me all to shit—What goes on between you and Joan Baez that doesn't meet the eye?

She's my fortune teller. Bob, what about the situation of American poets. Kenneth Rexroth has estimated that since 1900 about 30 American poets have committed suicide.

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

I don't drink hard liquor if that's what you mean. No. The world in general. You and the world. Are you kidding?

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

David Erskine.

Vatican Roulette

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Alex Comfort

DIG THIS
the YORK club
presents;
JAZZ and BLUES
81 YORK ST 2nd Flr.

BOOMERANGS
YOU become your own target in the fascinating sport of boomerang throwing! Sounds silly but it's fun. Aerodynamically correct, flight tested, returning boomerangs only £1 each, instructions included, post paid anywhere. Specify if left handed. Commercial and private inquiry equally welcome. HAWES BOOMERANGS, P.O. Box 5, MUDGEERABA, QUEENSLAND.
So! The grand old man of satire has condescended to return. Probably as an assisted migrant too, he's been away long enough. He's just the same as the rest of his crowd, my word he is . . . takes a good education in pleasant surrounds from his parents without a word of thanks (which they can ill afford, mind you) and then off on the first boat to sneer at his parents and his parents' friends from across the world. They never did him any harm — on the contrary. But he seems to forget all those little kindnesses that he was once only too glad to accept, he just turns up his nose at the family and even the whole suburb. You'd think he'd never played in the streets or gone to the same school, the way HE goes on.

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

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

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

GO HOME BARRY HUMPHRIES.
In Ballarat on June 5, a man was sentenced to six months goal for breaking a law, window valued at 24/6. His case was heard by Mr. M. Calnin, J.P., a superannuated railwayman. After two months in prison, he was informed that he was going home and released immediately. Mr. Calnin refused to comment.

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

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

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

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

125 Sydney J.P.'s recently formed a vigilante squad to cut the alarming road toll. The idea was to have a roving band of plainclothes J.P.'s out on patrol to book the scheme collided with a wall of opposition from the amateur league alive. They form a club of its kind in Australia. Like most modern organisations, who discovered that the case was "shockingly bad," and released him immediately. Mr. Calnin refused to comment.

The N.S.W. Justices' Association has a rival—the Independent Justices' Group. The Group has no magazine but does post out an enthralling letter, roneoed on blue sumptuous paper with an imposing crest rubber-stamped top and bottom. It goes to new J.P.'s even before they have been officially notified of their appointment: "Dear Fellow J.P.," it begins "Congratulations on your appointment as a JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, the above organisation (badge shown as above) invites you to become a MEMBER. This organisation is the most modern up to date organisation of its kind in Australia. Like most modern organisations we do away with the dull old fashion meetings and recommend the modern J.P. to study the FREED TEXT BOOK ALL OUR MEMBERS RECEIVE ON JOINING. This text book is the most modern up to date and only text book for the J.P. . . . Like most modern up to date organisations this one does away with dull old grammar and syntax. But whom cares? Remember the free text book which you will receive:

"NO JOINING FEES . . . it continues, "NO YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS . . . REMEMBER YOU ONLY PAY 4/14 FOR LIFE . . ."

As well as the book, new members receive:

"ONE BADGE . . . ONE CERTIFICATE, suitable for home or office—10 in. x 8 in. 1 1/2 CORD . . . LEATHER OR PLASTIC BOUND" (presumably to flash at the odd hit-run driver as you pull him over).

The Independent Justices' Group, at first sight, appears to have official backing: the last paragraph of the letter reads: "Should you care to verify your appointment, ring Sydney 26516, Chief Secretary's Dept., J.P. section . . . THERE IS NO NEED TO DELAY AS WE HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED OF YOUR APPOINTMENT . . ."

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

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

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

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

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

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

- **INDIA**—A grand Festival Parade with King Elephant in all his brocaded and jewelled ceremonial finery. The Elephant to be played by Mr. Shastri. The entertainment includes richly embroidered Kashmir tales and a display of plunder from Pakistan. This will be auctioned at the conclusion (younger children excepted).

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

- **NEW GUINEA**—Electrically, wild primitive rhythms and tribal rite performed by 30 warlike warriors wearing the magnificent plumage of the Bird of Paradise.

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

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

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

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

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

Two Indian heads roll at each unbelievable stroke. Fascinating exhibition of hand amputation and disembowelling by master swordsmen Chief Justice Cornelius. Gay traditional dances follow—"Neutralist Two Step and Peking Slide".

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

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

My Dearest Ron,
There ought to be a better word than delicious.

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