...BUT I DON'T GIVE A STUFF ABOUT OPERA!
FORMAL WEAR

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IT'S MAGIC WIN A HEART

WITH FORMAL WEAR
NO NEWS IS GOOD NEWS

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

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

It is hoped that in time they will become highly confused with the Red Tape and thus lose their way forever in the maze of a Semi-Government Bureaucracy.

When asked to comment on the Coup, the Manager replied that, “certain members of the A.B.C. were developing an inferiority complex as no one ever bothered to stage violent demonstrations or takeovers on the steps of Broadcast House as some people did in other fun loving countries such as Pre-Soviet Russia, Indonesia, Ghana and the Congo.”

“Those members,” he added, “were merely endeavouring to rectify a deplorable situation.” When asked had the A.B.C. bothered to check the political backgrounds of the leaders, the Manager replied, “I hardly think it’s necessary now. Judging from their current actions its perfectly obvious that these people are supporters of the Liberal Government. If they weren’t, they’d have taken the damn place over long ago.”

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

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

Meanwhile in Sydney, Mr. Whitlam was still fighting it out with members of a fanatical Sect lead by a White Haired Old Man of 72, at the Mascot International Air Terminal. The trouble apparently began when Mr. Whitlam was trying to board his aircraft for Moscow. A demonstrator ran across the tarmac screaming, “Down with the Witless Gough Drop”. Mr. Witless apologised and a revolution was averted.

Standing before his loyal band of three, Mr. Whitlam intoned, “As a front to the People of Australia, I speak with great confidence when I state that both of us cannot be the next Pope.”

Melbourne police are still continuing their hunt for Australia’s Prime Minister Mr. Harold Hunt. So far police have established the fact that Mr. Holt drove to Port Melbourne, challenged by a crowd of young girls or “constituents” as he told observers. Police are anxious to interview a group of young ladies wearing bright coloured jumpers with “Los Angeles Thunderbirds” printed across them.
I'm All Right, Jacky

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

You agree, don't you; 'course you do. No, I don't think you're really different apart from, say, a natural sense of rhythm and you don't hold your drink in quite the same way (not that it's a virtue) and you need less to eat. Then again, we don't hold the same values, Jacky. I can call you Jacky, can't I? Good boy, Jacky, it comes easier than John.) You have these marvellous tribal values which we lack in our over-civilised city way, you know? Like sharing food and if you have any money, let's say you've been working ... if you have any money then all the relatives can hop in for their bit, isn't that right? Well, there's just not enough sharing in this old world, is there? Mind you — and I'm being frank here Jacky because you seem one of the brighter boys — mind you — I do draw the line at womentfolk. Sharing wealth just seems to me (just a personal thought, understand) well, this is a bit over the fence. I suppose a lubra feels differently about it than the average white man but I can't say it's good.

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

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

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

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

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

The views expressed in this column are not necessarily those of the writer. The view expressed by the Daily Telegraph are not necessarily those of its readers.

I've never believed anything I've written. I've never been allowed to write anything I believed. I believe nothing. No one reads what I write anyway. Help me, I'm a hack.

THE TRUTH IS NON SECTARIAN genuflects Arch-bishop Gough, Greek Orthodox lay Preacher.

The outline of contraceptives in the sinuously tight jeans of these lovely Victorian youths aroused Rev. Gibson to passionately admonish them with his hand.

I don't often agree with members of the opposite church, but the spankings in this case were surely God ordained and no doubt released the pent up emotions of the Reverend. I'm God ordained too.

OP FLOP UTZ OUT, purrs JOHN PRINGLE,

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

Another sad but wise decision is Holt's compliance with American military strategy. It's a pity that 20-year-olds must be sacrificed to help support an unpopular, despotic tin pot Government. But diplomacy before morality, a few hundred deaths before American disdain.

I NEED THE TREATMENT, by MR. X, 43, official police informer and turncoat.

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

I PROMISE TO TELL THE TRUTH, the whole truth and the police tell everything but the truth. So help me! God, I don't know what's wrong with the Victorian police. Maybe it's just me. Maybe it's all the people like me that drag the Force down and out into the glare of publicity.

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

Whatever anyone else says (and they've said it often enough to us, haven't they?) I say that the future is in the hands of you young. We are the Wilsons, Kennedys and the Calwells of the future. (More specifically, I am.) No matter what role in life your past may have fitted you for (and mine is a long past) it is up to YOU to make your own way and push, push, push. You may push into temporary oblivion but don't worry, the future is always ahead. I know that I have a great future ahead of ME - somewhere, sometime, somehow.

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

I begin with a short sentence!

Yes, that's what I do.

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

Do you know why...? Guess! That's right, it's because I re-write all that the brilliant young minds send in. Fancy... we give them absolute carte blanche. Carte Blanche d'Alpuget, that is.
The only movement that is not hypocritical and a pointless attempt to recapture the past order is the cultural re-affiliation in Britain which has been said to form a "new class". This class is known by a number of giggle-inspiring names. Chief of them is the "With-it" Society. Its snob-values are those of Negro intellectuals slightly modified. Hip is in, Cool is in, Knowing smart places before the feature in the fashion mag. is in. Money is in. Worrying about it is out.

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

This collection, dubbed the "Switched-On Set" (the allusion is to pot not television) serves the same function of figurehead as the Royal Fam. does for the squares. Naturally there is little sentimentality in the adulation given them. Rather envy. That's the dark side, of course; an artificial elite aiding manufacturers and the commercial machine; only symbolically, possessing the glamour that makes them noteworthy. The better side exists. At least they were elected to their symbolic posts because of skills rather than birth. Even if the skill was only making money.

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

The music of the Beatles and the Rolling Stones, the Animals and The Who is inspired by the cultural vigour of the urban folk music of the American Negro. It weds this vigour with British ideas of harmony, texture and colour, to create a music that is both popular in the commercial sense, and of real musical interest. The best of it serves its functions; to suggest happiness, inspire dancing. Often outstanding tunes contain real drama or pathos.

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

It is, by the way, the New Proletariat which causes psychologists to express grave doubts for the future. This group, often as much as a decade or more younger than the members of the other strata, are different from early working generations only in their aping of the modes and attitudes of the middle class adolescent group. They are still cannon fodder, regretably; despised by their cultural heroes and made fun of by their social superiors. And yet in them, standing doe-eyed and instinctual before a world of heavy incomprehensible forms, lies perhaps the greatest threat to European civilisation.

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

This group traditionally solved role-problems by the development of the
hyper-male characteristics of brutality and hyper-female traits of connivance and tana-

This group is becoming less deprived economically — also culturally — and this a healthy sign. That it must remain the victim of indiscriminate expansion of un-

Lack of cultural communication invariably breeds hatreds, jealousies and social disruptions. Despite the spirit of synthesis which animates the music of the British pop-culture initiators, despite the break-

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

What WERE you saying about the End of the World?

Adrian Hearld
THIS IS THE HOUSE THAT UTZON DESIGNED.

THESE ARE THE HOPES THAT RESTED ON THE HOUSE THAT UTZON DESIGNED.

THIS IS THE BUDGET THAT KILLED THE HOPES THAT RESTED ON THE HOUSE THAT UTZON DESIGNED.

THESE ARE THE BUNGLES THAT SWELLED THE BUDGET THAT KILLED THE HOPES THAT RESTED ON THE HOUSE THAT UTZON DESIGNED.

THESE ARE THE GAMBLES THAT FINANCED THE BUNGLES THAT SWELLED THE BUDGET THAT KILLED THE HOPES THAT RESTED ON THE HOUSE THAT UTZON DESIGNED.

THESE ARE THE MEN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE GAMBLER THAT FINANCED THE BUNGLES THAT SWELLED THE BUDGET THAT KILLED THE HOPES THAT RESTED ON THE HOUSE THAT UTZON DESIGNED.

THESE ARE THE AMBITIONS THAT GUIDED THE MEN THAT REPLACED THE MEN THAT WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE GAMBLER THAT FINANCED THE BUNGLES THAT SWELLED THE BUDGET THAT KILLED THE HOPES THAT RESTED ON THE HOUSE THAT UTZON DESIGNED.

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

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

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

THIS IS THE HOUSE CREATED BY THE RAT THAT ADOPTED THE TACTICS USED AGAINST THE ARTIST WHO THREATENED THE AMBITIONS THAT GUIDED THE MEN THAT REPLACED THE MEN THAT WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE GAMBLER THAT FINANCED THE BUNGLES THAT SWELLED THE BUDGET THAT KILLED THE HOPES THAT RESTED ON THE HOUSE THAT UTZON DESIGNED.
YOU KNOW THAT "PIMPLE" YOU HAD DOWN THERE FOR ABOUT THREE WEEKS? THAT'S WHERE THE SYPHILIS GERMS ENTERED YOUR BODY. THE FIRST SIGN OF SYPHILIS USUALLY A SORE ON OR NEAR THE SE% ORGANS, OR ON THE LIPS OR TONGUE. LATER THAT BY NAME IS KANE, JOHNNY—JOE KANE. I JUST WANT TO ASK YOU A FEW QUESTIONS AND TELL YOU ABOUT SOME THINGS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW, SO TUST ATIT DOWN AND RELAX.

WHAT ABOUT THE SIMPLE KIND OF SYPHILIS... YOU KNOW, THE CLAP? "CLAP" IS GONORRHEA. IT IS A DIFFERENT DISEASE, BUT BOTH SYPHILIS AND GONORRHEA ARE VENEREAL DISEASES—VD FOR SHORT. GONORRHEA CAN MAKE PEOPLE UNABLE TO HAVE CHILDREN AND MAKE ALL THEIR JOINTS STIFF AND SORE.

I'D BE A HEAL-JERK IF I TOOK A CHANCE ON TURNING NV A CRIPPLE LIKE DOC TOLD ME ABOUT. AND MAN, I CAN'T CHICKEN JUT IF I WANT TO GET ELLEN BACK!

UNFORTUNATELY, IT'S OFTEN IMPOSSIBLE FOR A WOMAN TO TELL WHETHER SHE HAS GONORRHEA, FOR THE SAME REASONS THAT SHE SOMETIMES CAN'T TELL IF SHE HAS SYPHILIS. THE ONLY WAY PEOPLE CAN GET V D IS THROUGH SEXUAL RELATIONS OR OTHER VERY CLOSE PHYSICAL CONTACT WITH SOMEONE WHO HAS IT AND THE ONLY THING TO DO ABOUT IT IS SEE A DOCTOR. OKAY?

BUT WHATS A GUY GONNA DO, MR. KANE? IF YOU CAN GET VD FROM PEOPLE, TOILET SEATS, DRINKING CUPS... IF ANY OF YOUR FRIENDS EVER SUGGEST THEY'VE SEEN THEM IN TO SEE ME, YOU'LL BE GIVING ME A REAL MEGAL IF YOU DO.


JOHNNY GETS THE WORD

Johnny is given a short, painless examination by a sympathetic civil servant. Unfortunately, it's often impossible for a woman to tell whether she has gonorrhea, for the same reasons that she sometimes can't tell if she has syphilis. The only way people can get VD is through sexual relations or other very close physical contact with someone who has it and the only thing to do about it is see a doctor. OKAY?
Join the advertising industry. Here unskilled workers can earn more money than doctors, politicians or nuclear scientists. Education is not essential for a successful career — it can even prove a hindrance. There is no apprenticeship system (many top executives have never worked in the despatch department) and creative talent is redundant.

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

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

He must seek client approval for the advertisements created by the agency.

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

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

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

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

Just as the Account Executive has to ingratiate himself before the client, so there are many representatives from the press, radio and TV who will kiss your arse.

These people want to place ads for your clients in their media. They will give you presents at Christmas and remember your birthday. Treat them gently. One day they might become clients.

Despite the money ($120-$160 weekly) you might feel that the image of an A.E. is too mundane for you. After all, you might want to sport a gay beard (this is frowned heavily on by management. Some clients do not like beards), wear zippy suits and camp it up a bit. You will have more freedom to develop a "with-it" personality in the creative department of an agency and in some circles you will have more prestige. Try being a copywriter.
Usually a copywriter never sees the product he tries to sell. He only reads about it from an agency briefing-sheet. This briefing-sheet is an Account Executive’s interpretation of what he thinks the client thinks the agency ought to say about his product.

No matter how bad the product is, agencies always contend the competitor's product is worse. In most cases the product you are asked to write about has been advertised consistently in overseas media. Agencies abound with supplies of overseas magazines and have regular screenings of overseas TV and radio commercials. These are not difficult to adapt. Sometimes TV commercials are copied word for word and their treatments made identical to American counterparts. (Esso Tiger in Your Tank, Fab White Knight, Tab Soft Drinks, Malboro.)

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

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

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

A conscience, if he has one, can sometimes prick a copywriter. Not because he is permanently inventing benefits for phoney product differentiations (petrol, cigarettes, soap, dandruff lotions) but because he is sometimes required to promote products that might do a consumer actual harm (cigarettes, the army, either political party).

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

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

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

As I was going to Strawberry Fair,
Rifol: Rifol8he40a @@ Met a girl named Rosie Dare 4898(5)1/2/1/4 Seventeen times I saw her on that road; then I never saw her again. 1%&%*-&@ (%%%)

Not till yesterday, at least. Rifol. Etc. Then there she was as large as life, totin her Rifol. Folly-diddle-dee, follydiddledee. I said to her O come with me, and bring your Rifol, (follyidibblebee) £25457890*** She said to me O Nosiree not even for £999998642356898649329865447/6/. Stupid girl, says I, You’ll see, what awful things I’ll do to thee. Shutup & go to hell, says she, and so I did, just to please her, and never spoke to her again.

Not till today, at least. “You rotten bitch”, I says, I’ll give you £242659673,49545/3/4 and that’s the limit. She tossed her golden locks contemptuously. “I want at least £999999999988888887772770776666554560465/3/4 before I’ll come with thee” she sneered. “DONE,” said I, and slapped a fat cheque down. “Now come with me and bring your Rifol, etc.”

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

“You’d best be there,” I toothy smiled.

“Or else I’ll bring my own Rifol, etc.”

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

Peter Best

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**COPYWRITER**

**THE STRAWBERRY FAIR AFFAIR**

Mike Brown

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OZ March 11
THE AUSTRALIAN LONDONER

I've been in London for nearly 5 years now... Yes of course I miss Australia... the sun, the beaches, the surfing... But I couldn't survive there... spiritually suffocating... The censorship... the drudgery... The suburbia... spiritually suffocating, the censorship... the suburbia... I was in a farrow... I had to get out, travel, seek my muse... Yes I'd like to go back for a holiday of course, pick up some material, but I couldn't stay long... My home's here... my friends, my career, my life... here... I'm fulfilled, I'm a success, in Australia... I was nothing... Dead... here in London I'm ALIVE... Recognised... I've carved a place for myself... Here... in London... in London... where else could you move 700 poker worked, boomerangs a week...
ONCE upon a time there was a nobody called David Duncan — oops, sorry, David Douglas Duncan.

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

Later, he disappeared into a type-setting machine and emerged at the peak of the anti-censorship movement in 1964. He cashed-in on this (aided and abetted by two other notorious opportunists) by publishing a magazine called "OBSCenity". The first issue swiped reviews of banned books from overseas magazines and reprinted Government regulations on "obscenity."

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

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

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

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

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

God he's QUEEN.

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

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

defn letcher aprs MS

Everybody comes to see what's

MOD

MARKET STALLS WITH:

POTTERY
WEAVING
FABRICS
FASHIONS
COPPERWARE
WROUGHT-IRON
JEWELLERY
"MOD" GEAR
OLD WARES

AND ALL CRAFTWARES

CAN BE FOUND

"UPSTAIRS"

52 PARRAMATTA ROAD, GLEBE

FRIDAYS, 5.30 p.m.-10.30 p.m.
SATURDAYS, 8.30 a.m.-5.00 p.m.

ENQUIRIES, 32-6558
Seems that we're dominated here in the wide brown land of Orstralyer by people called Patty. Putting down gas sets of grooves in the pop industry is Little Patty, and in the Fair and Square cities of Canberra and Melbourne there's the Wife of Ming, lovely and talented Dame Patty. Last, and by no means least, there's Little Patty White, pusher of imposing and, I would venture to say, posing prose. It's so brilliant that the unskulched few like me self mistook it for crap first time magazine round. But a peek at the blurb on the back soon gave us the drum on the fact that this was great prose.

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

Which he did. Good on you, Patty. I reckon any bloke who tries to write and is determined and has the old family dough behind them so they can, should be a bit of OK after all those years. And he is. 'The Alf's Story had reviews like: . . . a tour de force (farce?) and . . . electrifying . . . and . . . one of the best twenty novels of the decade'. I seem to recollect something about "Voss" which said it stood like a "Cathedral among booths" or something along those lines. Or that might have been for Riders. Not sure. Think it was Davenport in the Observer, or it might have been Walter Allen—us satirists don't have to have the facts, we're just here to knock. (Knock. Knock. Who's there? OZ. Knock. Knock. Who's square? Its readers.) On with the show.

I can see the old hackles rising now. Who is this guy, getting up and knocking Our Boy? Well, readers, I dipped out of Eng. I at the Varsity (Farcity?) and that means I've got a brain or two or so and I bought a few Little Patty paperbacks to carry in my hip pocket of me jeans, and I read a bit of a couple of them by mistake, and here's what I might have seen on the White scene:

"Isabel was silent, because odd. But Alf did not hear silences. Therefore he did not speak. The engine of the car was a gauzette in the morning, each note hanging in the stillness. Isabel turned each sound over, gently, in her gloved hand. And was silent."

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

"All swore at a car ahead of them which was pulling out of the traffic stream. "What was that?" asked Aunt Isabel. Her voice had again the quality of water and gum trees which the more sensitive of her maiden lady friends had marked before, but never remarked, it was not the thing to do, the wheels of the car spun back the black of the road and the white of the day, with perhaps prepared her defence, which, as on other historical and perhaps a little hysterical occasions, was attack. For she knew what was coming as the road slid under the small black hunch-backed Beatle of the car, as they neared the flat which was the plain. "All, you are driving too slowly.""

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

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

—PETER DRAFFIN

Sir,

Whatever possessed you to make such a song and dance about Francis James' article in the last issue. I mean I suppose since he's got his appointment as Religious Editor (!) but surely you could have hidden his article under the Binkies ad or somewhere if it had to be published. Surely this was the most uninformative, wildly erratic and incredibly naive piece of foreign-corresponding ever. What a silly little fellow Mr. James must be; drawing vast conclusions from what one little person says to him; forming "impressions" so infantile that the initial humour of his ignorance gives way to an annoyed incredulity.

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

No one could be more easily impressionable and naive, anyone would be better in-
In the light of subsequent repercussions, the publication of the “OZ Guide to Sydney’s Underground” was not justified. For, according to police documents, the guide triggered off the vicious shooting of Robert Steele. Satire is supposed to reform, not exert grievous bodily harm.

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

Much of the information contained in these minutes would be of undoubted value to criminals. It is thus a devastating indictment of the police that OZ obtained its copy from an article from the official Chinese army newspaper. This is what he said:

“The aim of the Russian and Chinese people’s Republics are the same, and that is to spread the revolution throughout the whole world.

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

Now, it’s no use trying to tell me that I read this in a capitalist newspaper—I did not! I received this information first-hand from the mouths of the Red Chinese themselves—they desire war, they made no bones about it—the announcer went on to say that the Chinese are fools, or that they are too cowardly to help the North Vietnamese—because Mao said that if 300 million Chinese were killed by hydrogen bombs, there would still be 300 million left.

Robert Carmichael, Cowper Street, Glebe.

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

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

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

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

S. A. VALENTINE,
P.O. Box 17, Newport, N.S.W.
First, privvy schooles. They're an old favourite of mine in the Long Tall Aunt Sally Department, so let's go.

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

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

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

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

PETER DRAFFIN

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

Yet another "flatout" month for yours truly here at 30 Baroda Street! When will it all end, I wonder? Arthur seems to think it will all be over very soon but I really think that he's being a little pessimistic. Of course, he only says these things to me and I'd hate them to get around, Dear Diary, but he has been very downcast over the last few weeks. Nothing seems to cheer him up. When the radio man announced our wonderful victory in that Queensland seat I rushed into the kitchen and just blurted out the news to him but it only seemed to make him feel worse for some reason.

"Arthur," I cried, "we've won the election!" He was none the worse for some reason. I tried to tell him that it was his short opening speech that did it, but he just kept saying things like "Patterson's Curse" and "I'll northern develop him." Of course, though, the biggest event of the month was Gough's nervous breakdown.

I do feel so sorry for his wife and four lovely kiddies but I suppose he was bound to lose control sooner or later. Arthur is more sensitive than most when it comes to seeing nervous conditions in others and he has always said that Gough had these delusions of grandeur. And now they have overwhelmed what used to be a very sweet personality. Poor Gough.

As I write, Arthur is trying to book him into a sanatorium well away from Canberra and politicians because being near the hurly-burly makes him pitifully unmanageable. Unfortunately, many rest homes insist that two doctors must certify him before admission to a closed ward can be arranged. Arthur will try every avenue to admit Gough before subjecting him to this painful business.

As he says, he can get seven of Australia's top medical experts to say that poor Gough is unbalanced so why do they need two doctors? Dear me, it is a sad episode. Here he was, all set for a good steady career as deputy opposition leader and now this happens.

As if this wasn't bad enough, Arthur is afraid that Gough's disease has spread in some funny way. He didn't like the look of Alan Fraser on the news the other night and I must say that even I thought Alan was saying some very strange things. In fact, twelve of them seem to have caught it from Gough — and very badly, too.

Arthur was saying just last night that Gough seemed to think he was Jesus Christ and that was the only thing that would satisfy them, he said. For a while it did seem to be the only thing but they seem a little better now. Arthur hopes he'll soon be able to wash his hands of the whole business.
DAD: You mean it's not going to be a meaningful experience again?

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

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

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

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

MOM: Oh, Honey?

DAD: Yes, dear?

MOM: Could I ask you something?

DAD: Of course.

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

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

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

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

MOM: They already are doing something.

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

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

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

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

SON: Say, Dad?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MOM: You mean Cuba?

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

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

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

MOM: Oh, God, how have we failed!

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

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

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

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

CUT TO: MOM and POSTMASTER dancing.

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

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

CUT TO: POSTMASTER: You want me to play Post Office?

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

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

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

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

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

RAPIST: I'm going to rape you.

VICTIM: Oh, yes, I will. (Screams.) Help! (She keeps this up, a parody of The Knack, and a crowd gathers around her, being careful not to interfere.)

RAPIST: I love you.

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

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

DAD: We're too soft on Communism, too soft... I want to be sure to... a RAPIST to you?... I want me for your body. (Hangs up. Then licks his chops and rubs his hands together.)

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

POSTMASTER: Postmaster speaking... yes, ma'am, yes... two o'clock this afternoon will be fine... oh, Ma'am, this mail... I'll see you then... thank you... good-bye.

(End of telephone.)

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

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

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

VICTIM: Oh, yes, I will. (Screams.) Help—... I love you... for my body.

SON: And what are your plans, Mom?

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

CUT TO: RAPIST: I'm going to rape you.

VICTIM: (a sweet little old lady): You just tell the Postmaster it's all a misunderstanding.

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

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

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(End of telephone.)

CUT TO: ATTRACTIVE, COLLEGE-AGE GIRL, talking to SON, on campus.

GIRL: I just don't wanna get involved.

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

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

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

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

POSTMASTER: Did you bring the obscene mail?

MOM: Yes.

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

MOM: All right, that's enough—please, no arguments this morning. (To Dad)

Anyway, you've got to get to the office... (To Son) And if you don't hurry you'll be late for class.

SON: And what are your plans, Mom?

MOM: I think today I'm going to report you to the Postmaster.

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

MOM: Dinner's ready.

SON: (Dad goes into the bathroom, and washes his hands. As he is about to dry them, we reach for one, the picture freezes, as at the end of The 400 Blows.

MOM: Call if you need any help, I'm being criminally assaulted...about it, why don't you? You've been waiting all your life for an opportunity like this... Go ahead... Go ahead...

DAD: They must be smuggling them in through Hanoi.

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

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

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CUT TO: MOM, in the crowd. Before we see which towel DAD pulls out of the rack, and the other is inscribed in a baseball stadium, where the attack is now taking place at approximately Second Base. The noise of the onlookers gets louder and louder, reaches a fantastic pitch, and then...)

CUT TO: Close-up of MOM in the kitchen.

MOM: Dinner's ready.

DAD: We're too soft on Communism, too soft... I want to be sure to... a RAPIST to you?... I want me for your body. (Hangs up. Then licks his chops and rubs his hands together.)

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(End of telephone.)
ALL THE BEST POP FOLK HEROES
DEVOUR BINKIES

HI KIDS

BINKIES
DRIVE-IN
RESTAURANT
212 ELIZABETH
STREET

OTHER FOLK HEROES
WHO DEVOUR AT BINKIES
THE PHANTOM &
NANCY MANDRAKE
DR. COUGH - "THE WIZARD OF ID" - PRINCE
VALIANT - CHARLIE A-GO-GO